

es dissolve 4 ounces
ot water. Make a
rs into it, rubbing
five or six minutes,
and shake until dry.

ugh a meat squeezer
e clear pulp thus ob-
s, a teacup of milk,
o a buttered frying-
pan, and fry in a warm
oil. This is delicious.

ed in cooking, it is a
boil it and skim it
pleasant raw taste and
gar.

onions in one ounce
of flour, brown this
in a little oil, add
a little salt. Toast
on a plate, pour on the

whites of eggs, put
into a pan of raked

the black crust off
they should be thor-
oughly sand soap or any

heaping tablespoonful
; and make a smooth
sauce of boiling water,
Beat together two
d a heaping table-
spoonful of sugar;
then pour over
paste, stirring con-
tinually until the sugar is melt-
ed. Set back on the
fire, and when the
one large lemon and
juice of two small

selected those of
ash and cut out the
an earthen pie-dish,
one of each as you
te in a quick oven for
r. Grated cracker
crinkled over them if

ing it has been dis-
eases in poor bluing,
certain soaps, will
in the clothing.

Wrong action of the
dyspepsia. Dyspepsia
d. Both these com-
bined, which acts on the
blood, and tones and
it, thus positively cur-
ing bad blood and similar

Gentlemen,—I was
a for over three years
all the medicine I
from two to four days
Fowler's Extract of
use it. Am now all
Bracebridge, Ont.

Gentlemen,—I think
to be equalled, because
it. After suffering
petite for nearly three
at success. It gave
enjoy good health.
Dungannon, Ont.

ned Presbyterian be-
a rector is the "in-
his curate or substi-
tutes." In a Gaelic
and inquired if the
responded the maid,
but if ye leek, ye can

Children's Department.

The Legend of the Sacks.

There is an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of travelling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for?

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view; and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging around his neck under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got here, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other, "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ-grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door; and——"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two, "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

Indigestion

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Is the most effective and agreeable remedy in existence for preventing indigestion, and relieving those diseases arising from a disordered stomach

Dr. W. W. Gardner, Springfield, Mass., says: "I value it as an excellent preventative of indigestion, and a pleasant acidulated drink when properly diluted with water, and sweetened."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For Sale by all Druggists.



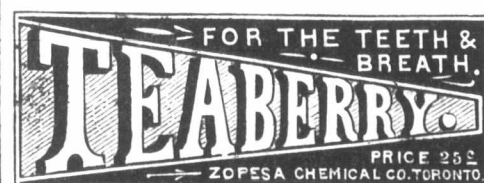
Mr. Chas. N. Hauer

Of Frederick, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he began taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Hauer is now in the best of health. Full particulars of his case will be sent all who address
C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness



It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other, said number one

Number two frowned. He had never thought that, although he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when happily a third traveller, also carrying two sacks, as they were, overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger,

"What do you carry in your sack?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind you can be of little good to you," said number two; "It appears to be empty, and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see I have no weight to drag me down backwards."

Two Untruthful Tongues.

Grandma Bailey stood by the old eight-day clock, winding its weights from the bottom to the top of its tall, time-stained case with the clock's great brass key. Her two little grandchildren, Elsie and Hattie, stood near, peering into the little dark closet where the weights sank from sight near the end of each week, and cautiously touched the massive brass pendulum that

slowly swung back and forth with a steady tick-tock.

Grandma had often told the children of the great age of the clock, how it had stood in a corner of their great grandfather's kitchen over a hundred years before.

As she swung to its glass door the clock struck twelve with a clang and a whirr.

"Why! grandma," exclaimed Elsie, "it is past noon—almost two o'clock; the clock did not strike right."

"Naughty tongue don't tell the truth," said little Hattie, pointing to the brass hammer that had sounded the hours. Grandma smiled at the children's anxious faces; that the old clock which they well nigh revered should be guilty of falsehood was enough to make their little faces look troubled.

"Something is wrong with the clocks machinery," grandma explained, "maybe its wheels are loose or need oiling. The clock's face tells the hours truthfully if its tongue does not, so what does it matter, Elsie?"

"Why, grandma!" exclaimed Elsie, with wide-open eyes, "I think it matters a great deal. The clock had better not strike at all if it can't strike right. How will people know about the hours unless they remember every time to look at its face?"

"Then, if untruthfulness, Elsie, is a bad habit for a clock, is it not much more so for a dear little girl to have?" grandma asked gently, drawing the children nearer her chair. "I am afraid there is another tongue here besides that of the clock's that does not always tell the truth."

"Whose, grandma?" asked Hattie, looking about the sunny room with puzzled interest.

"The tongue of a dear granddaughter whose round earnest face is truthfulness itself."

Elsie's face grew thoughtful. "You mean me, grandma, for Hattie is too little to understand about this. Please tell me how I tell wrong words."

"When my two little girls were playing to-day one of them kept exclaiming, 'Oh, Hattie, its your turn to run after the ball, when I was very sure it was not so, and when they piled their blocks into two long tiers, this same little girl loudly declared her tier to be the longest and highest at each piling, and that was not the truth, for grandma's eyes were watching."

Elsie's head drooped but her grandmother went on.

"Yesterday, when I found my spools unwound and tangled, and tracks of muddy fingers on the windows, you stoutly affirmed that 'Hattie did it.'"

"Was that the truth? Sometimes you tell me your feet are not damp when your boots look as though soaked, that it has stopped raining, if you wish to play out of doors, when the clouds are still dripping, and that you 'have come right home from school' when you have loitered on the road."

"Oh! grandma," cried Elsie, her eyes filling with tears, "I don't mean to tell lies, I didn't know I was so bad, I'm afraid I can't tell the truth right along in all the little things."

"You can, my dear child, if you will let God help you overcome this thoughtless habit. When you hear this old clock strike out wrong hours, which it will do until repaired, think if your tongue has struck any untruthful words that day, and if so, ask God to forgive you and help you to set such a watch upon your tongue that it will speak only the truth."

"Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills.

We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harland among a host of others) are using

COTTOLENE

instead of lard. None but the purest, healthiest and cleanest ingredients go to make up Cottolene. Lard isn't healthy, and is not always clean. Those who use Cottolene will be healthier and wealthier than those who use lard—Healthier because they will get "shorter" bread; wealthier because they will get "shorter" grocery bills—for Cottolene costs no more than lard and goes twice as far—so is but half as expensive.

Dyspeptics delight in it!
Physicians endorse it!
Chefs praise it!
Cooks extol it!
Housewives welcome it!
All live Grocers sell it!

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Streets,
MONTREAL.

Bronchitis

ACUTE or CHRONIC.
Can be cured by the use of
SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

"CAUTION."—Beware of substitutes. Genuine prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

Caught.

"Children," said a teacher one afternoon to her class of thirty boys, "if you study attentively for half an hour, I will give you a holiday. But if any one looks off his book, I want who ever sees him to tell me, as he will remain in the school room while you go to the woods."

Twenty pairs of eyes brightened, and twenty heads bent over their books.

"Ha ha," thought Phil Brown to himself, "now I'll have a chance to pay Tommy Smith for stealing my ball. I'll keep my eye on him, and the minute I see him looking off his book I'll tell the teacher. I'll enjoy-