

# How To Use Cottolene

the new shortening, like all other things must be rightly used if you wish the best results. Never, in any recipe, use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you used to use of lard. Never put Cottolene in a hot pan. Put it in when cold and heat it with the pan. Be careful not to burn Cottolene. To test it, add a drop of water; if hot enough, it will pop. Cottolene, when rightly used, delights everyone. Get the genuine, sold everywhere in tins, with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and *steer's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

## Grandpa Goodwin's Way.

"What shall we do with John?"  
"John is in mischief again! Dear, dear!"

"Don't trust that boy. You will be sorry if you do."

"John, you careless fellow! I don't believe you ever stop to think! What will become of you, if you go on like this? You couldn't do an errand right now, if you tried, could you?"

Questions and exclamations like these were to be heard daily in the Stacy household. It was a large circle, and many voices echoed and re-echoed these remarks about John. Merry, mischievous John! It seemed as if he were always in trouble, and making trouble for other people. It was simply astonishing, the ways and means he found to do this. The trouble he made was not always of a very dreadful, alarming or disastrous sort, but it was the teasing kind, forever putting people out of sorts. It was a very inconvenient kind. One never could be certain what form it would take, but one thing seemed to be settled in the minds of all: One could only depend upon John to do the wrong thing, or

to do the right thing in the wrong way. In other things, so "they said," he was simply unreliable. No one knew how any matter would end, if entrusted to John, while the affairs which he took upon himself to manage came out in any conceivable way—a series of surprises, in fact, for nobody ever knew what John would do next, or how he would do it.

You will see from this that he was a bright boy. A dull fellow could never have made the trouble that John made.

"Suppose we send our troublesome boy to spend a few months with Grandpa Goodwin," said Mr. Stacy to his wife one day. "Your nephew Paul is there now, you know, and he is one of the most 'proper' boys I know. He may set a good example to our John. What do you say to the plan? The boy might attend the country school out there to advantage."

"I think a few weeks under father's influence would be the very best thing for John," said the anxious mother. "He always had a way of getting on comfortably with boys. We will let him have his way with John for awhile, if you are willing."

"So John, much delighted with the prospect, was made ready for a long visit to Grandpa and Grandma Goodwin in the country. He had an idea, from some things unguardedly said, and much was expected from this visit, but he decided in his perverse young heart that he was not to be made into a different boy by anybody, and nothing should cheat him out of "lots of fun" wherever he was.

At first there were so many innocent ways of having a good time at the farm, that John had his fun without doing any particular mischief in connection, but this state of affairs did not last long.

"That boy is into everything!" complained Hiram, the hired man. "I keep saying to him, 'Stop this' and 'Stop that,' and warning him that he'll come to some bad end, but it does no good at all."

"Then don't waste your time and breath," said grandpa calmly. "When he gets into things, help him out, but don't say a word. Leave him to me."

His cousin Paul, who was never tempted to do the daring deeds that John was constantly doing, began to complain about the boy to Mr. Goodwin, but he received the same advice: "Leave him to me, and don't notice what he does, any more than you can help."

"Seems to me, you only praise him," grumbled Paul.

"Is that the case, now?" asked grandpa, looking surprised. "Well, suppose you watch and see what I praise him for. That will take up your time comfortably. You won't find me commending any of his wrong-doings, I promise you."

One day Mr. Goodwin wished to send John upon a special errand that must be done quickly. He had his own reasons for not sending Paul, although Paul would have done it faithfully in the course of time.

At home John would have heard some such remark as: "Of course you'll play by the way. You always do, but be quick now if you know how to be."

But grandpa said: "John, I never saw a more nimble fellow than you are. I never could get over the ground as fast as you can in my young days. I would like to see now how quickly you can do a little errand for me."

He explained the errand, and John set off whistling the merriest tune he knew. In a short time he was back, still whistling.

"There," said grandpa, in a tone of confidence, "I knew you could go and come on the double-quick, and I'm much obliged to you for doing it."

John hurried away with a queer feeling in his heart, but it was a happy feeling too, for all its queerness. How odd it was to be praised!

Soon after this, in one of his wild scampers through the barn, the boy knocked down a bag of seed-wheat. Instead of putting it up, or asking Hiram to do it, he carelessly left it, and the mice got into it.

Grandpa himself discovered the mischief, but said nothing till he felt sure that John had seen the traces of it too. Then he said quietly:

"My boy, I've noticed an excellent thing about you that pleases me. You are straightforward, ready to own up, and you despise an untruth. This is an honour to your training, for you have been carefully taught in Bible rules. Now, John, is there anything that happened lately, that you wish to tell me of yourself?"

John flushed, looked steadfastly at his grandfather, and then confessed his carelessness, adding sincerely, "Hiram told me to be careful. I'm sorry I forgot."

After that John improved noticeably. When he went home he was far from perfect, but there was a change for the better which delighted his friends.

"Do tell us what way you took to help our boy," wrote Mr. Stacey gratefully.

"Here is my way in a nutshell," was the reply. "I used principally the ancient rule that some wise man

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wrote: 'Reform a crooked stick by praising its straightest part.' John has good traits. I began with what was best in him, praised that, encouraged him to do better, and so tried to lead him on to conquer his faults, because this was well-pleasing to God."

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