om the fry.
It present,"
my uncle."
nen the folks
e must not
mething. I

I beg of you ver ask, as it patient with at times, I

l be a kind ever been!" ve a traitor,

half pounds powder well ely chopped, an currants, two ounces l cloves, cinlemon, one Mix all thorin hot water, , tie and boil sauce.

lîver.

pound each ites and yolks ly; two wine or sift thorteaspoonfuls r baking add surrants, one ads blanched.

eat tender; ls of chopped let, add two ine, a cup of together and sses. When love add one and season

tter, one cuprolasses, one egg, one and ler, four cupf mixed mace non, one cupd), one pound of sliced citedge the fruit, ke about an

aach.

baking dish, abs, wet the milk. Next ale with salt, then another ad so on until e crumbs with Bake about

st oysters for the liquor, lay lightly upon oll in cracker kly to a light a warm dish. sick headache

stale bread in fine, stir in salt and pepg cut smoothwith this and king pan with e fish in this ass, shad and

Remember these Directions for using Cottolene

OOK BO

For shortening never use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would of lard. When frying with Cottolene always put it in a cold pan, heating it with the pan. Cottolene produces the best results when very hot, but as it reaches the cooking point much sooner than lard, care should be taken not to let it burn -when hot enough, it will delicately brown a bit of bread in half a minute. Follow these directions in using CottoPene and lard will never again be permitted in your kitchen or in your food. Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere in tims with trade-marks-"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath on every tin.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington & Ann Sts., Montreal.

Frank's Donkey.

I told you about Frank's donkey, whose name was Ned, and what a good fellow he was. You would not think that anybody could be so cruel as to abuse him, but he was once used very badly, and I will tell you how it was,

Frank let Ned go out in the fields to eat the green grass. Ned went into the woods close by, and when it was night he could not find his way home. He did not mind that, for it was not cold, and donkeys can sleep on the ground very well. In the morning he would have gone home, but he did not know the way, and so he went farther off all the time. When he got out of the woods, he was miles away from home. He saw some boys at play, and he thought all boys were as good as Frank, so he ran right up to them.

"See here," said one, "here comes a donkey, let's have a ride."

"May-be he will kick," said another.

"No, he won't," said the first boy; see how still he stands."

## Exhaustion

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Overworked men and women, the nervous, weak and debilitated, will find in the Acid Phosphate a most agreeable, grateful and harmless stimulant, giving renewed strength and vigor to the entire system.

Dr. Edwin F. Vose, Portland, Me., says: "I have used it in my own case when suffering from nervous exhaustion, with gratifying results. I have prescribed it for many of the various forms of nervous debility, and it has never failed to do good."

Descriptive pamphlet free on applica-

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations. For sale by all Druggists. When the boy got on his back, Ned was quite pleased, and he might have had a nice ride, if he had been a good boy. But he began to beat poor Ned, and as Ned did not know what he was whipped for, he stood stock still. Then the other boys got sticks, and beat him in a shameful manner. If Ned had been bad, he would have kicked up his heels, and I am sure the boys would have run away. But Ned would not hurt the boys, no matter how much they beat him.

"O, what fun!" said the boy on his back.

"Pull his tail," said a little boy, that will make him go."

To they all took hold of his tail, and hurt poor Ned so that he cried out for pain, and started to run so quick that the boy who was on his back fell off in the ditch. He hurt his head and tore his clothes so that they were spoiled.

Do not take any substitute when you ask for the one true blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's.

"My Three Little Texts."

I am very young and little;
I am only just turned two;
And I cannot learn big chapters,
As my elder sisters do.

But I know three little verses
That my mamma has taught to me,
And I say them every morning
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou, God, seest me."
Is it not a pretty text?
And "Suffer the little children
To come unto me," is the next.

But the last one is the shortest, It is only "God is love." How kind He is in sending Such sweet verses from above.

He knows the chapters I can't learn, So I think He sent those three hort easy texts on purpose For little ones like me.

### "The Common People,"

As Abraham Lincoln called them, do not care to argue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me," is the best argument in favour of this medicine, and this is what many thousands voluntarily say.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c. How to be a Man

Truth, my boy, is the only foundation on which manhood can be erected for otherwise, no matter how beautiful the upper stories may be, and no matter of how good material they may be built, the edifice-the character, the manhood—will be but a sham which offers no sure refuge and protection to those who seek it, for it will tumble down when the trial comes. Alas! my boy, the world is very full of such shams of manhood in every profession and occupation. Now I want you to be a man, and that you may be that, I want you first to be thoroughly true. I hope you would scorn to tell a lie, but that is only the beginning of truthfulness. I want you to despise all sham, all pretence, all effort to seem to be otherwise than you are.—Bishop Dudley.

#### A True Story of a Cat.

" Children were very different when I was a child," we hear the grown people say, nowadays. Well, may be so; but I know, in a great many ways, they are just the same as they were when I was a little girl. I am quite sure, for one thing, they are just as fond of true stories as I used to be; and for another thing, I know they are just as fond of cats. Do you know, the other day I passed a little girl sitting sadly on a doorstep with her dead kitten in a white pasteboard box for a coffin, while a friend was helping to deck it for the grave! I knew just how she felt, poor little dear, and couldn't help stopping to have a chat with her about her loss. So you see I just know without you telling me, children, that you will like to hear a very short, true story about a cat. Miss L., the lady from whom I heard it, has a very intelligent cat for a pet. Some people you know, say cats haven't any intelligence nor any affection, that all they know or care for is to keep warm and comfortable and get plenty to eat. But those people, you see, have never had pet cats, so they don't know, do they?

Well, Miss L. has also a pet canary, and Puss has always taken a great interest in watching her feed the kird, give him his bath, and finally hang the cage on its hook by the window.

"Aha," I hear some of those people say, "watching for a chance to catch and eat the bird!" Just wait and see. One day Puss came trotting up to his mistress in another part of the house, with something in his mouth. She supposed it was a mouse, of course, but what was her horror to find that it was her dear little birdie!

"O you naughty Puss!" she began, but as she took it from him, expecting to find it dead, or at least torn and bleeding—to her great surprise, she found that Puss had carried the bird so carefully and tenderly that there wasn't even a feather turned!

It seems the bottom of the cage, not being properly fastened, had fallen out, bringing birdie down with it, and Puss, seeing something was wrong and that the floor was not the place for a bird, had promptly settled the matter by taking birdie to his mistress to dispose of as she thought best. Wasn't that wonderful for a cat? If it had been a dog no one would have thought so much of it, of course.

Now, whenever you hear anybody running down poor Puss, and saying she has no intelligence, just tell them this little story, will you?—The Churchman.

## Nervous

Troubles are caused by impure and impover hed blood because the nerves, being fed by the blood, are not properly nourished. The true way to cure nervousness is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has built me up, increased my appetite and accomplished what I desired. My oldest daughter was nervous and not very rugged, but her health is good since she began using Hood's Sarsaparilla." John L. Pingree, 172 Hayden Row, Hopkinton, Mass. Get Hood's and only

## Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5. Hood's Pills are mild and effective. 25c.

## **W**eak **W**omen

and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

# Scott's Emulsion

is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anaemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

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A Christian woman's thrilling story of years of rescue work "In His Name," alive with intense interest, touching pathos, humor and story. Most splendidly illustrated. 56th thousand in press. Blahops, Ministers, etc., say "God speed it." Eminent women endorse it. It sells at sight, and pay Agents from \$55. to \$100. a month. Of We Pay Preight to all points, Give Gredit, Extra Terms, Premium Copies, and Free Outfit. We also pay all duties for our Canadian agents Write for terms and apecimen engravings to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Comm.



