



Is the making of a pie. The making of a crisp crust depends largely upon the shortening. Use COTTOLENE, the new vegetable shortening, instead of lard, and sogginess will be an unknown element in your pastry. Cottolene should always be economically used—two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would ordinarily use of lard or butter, being ample to produce the most desirable results. The saving in a year represents a considerable item. There are many imitations of COTTOLENE; you should therefore be careful to 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.

From Tim's Point of View.
(Concluded from last week.)

"Did I say anything wrong, lady?" he asked, leaning forward, and touching her timidly. "I didn't mean to."

"No, Tim, you have said nothing wrong," answered Mrs Willard, controlling herself with an effort. "I thank you for telling me about Sophie. And, Tim, I want you to come and see me at my home to-morrow. You have helped me so much that if I could I should like to help you."

Tim looked up perplexed. Just how he could have helped this well-dressed lady was a matter quite beyond his comprehension. But he lifted his eyes to hers and the yearning tenderness of the face, bent above him, even the desolate street waif could understand.

It was with a curious sinking of the heart that Tim rang the bell at Mrs. Willard's home, the next afternoon. The girl who opened the door scrutinized him severely, glancing with evident disapproval at his bare feet and ragged coat. Norah was apt to estimate people by their clothing; and judged on that basis, poor Tim certainly had little to recommend him.

Headache

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

This preparation, by its action in promoting digestion, and as a nerve food, tends to prevent and alleviate the headache arising from a disordered stomach, or that of a nervous origin.

DR. F. A. ROBERTS, Waterville, Maine, says: "Have found it of great benefit in nervous headache, nervous dyspepsia and neuralgia; and think it is giving great satisfaction when it is thoroughly tried."

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

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.
For sale by all Druggists.

He felt more at ease when he found himself alone with Mrs. Willard, whose sweet face wore a smile that he did not remember seeing the day before. Yet it did not seem as natural for Tim to open his heart here in the pretty sitting-room, which seemed bewilderingly elegant to his unaccustomed eyes, as it had done the previous afternoon under God's blue sky, with the sunshine streaming down alike on rich and poor.

After some skillful questioning Mrs. Willard succeeded in drawing from the lad the story of his life. It was a short and not uncommon story, pathetic in its simplicity. His father had died before he could remember. His mother had struggled on for several years, and at length, exhausted by the unequal contest, had slipped away from life, leaving Tim alone. Since then he had supported himself, how he could hardly tell. Early in the previous winter he had received an injury which had sent him to the hospital for two months, and that two months was the golden time of the boy's life.

"Tim," said Mrs. Willard, when the story was finished, "my husband has a store in the city, and I persuaded him last evening to give you a trial there. The pay will be small at first, but if you prove faithful and honest we will do all we can to advance you. It will give you a chance to become a good and useful man."

She paused and looked questioningly into Tim's face. The lad's lips twitched, then with his sleeve he wiped away some hot tears.

"What is it, Tim?" asked Mrs. Willard, softly.

"Nothin', ma'am," he answered, huskily. "Only—only I was thinkin' the lady at the hospital was right. She said that I'd find the Lord wouldn't forget me any more than He would Sophie up in heaven. An'—an' don't you s'pose, ma'am, that He meant you should find me yesterday?"

The mother whose child was in heaven looked at the orphan boy tenderly. "Yes, Tim," she said, "I am sure He led us both."

Learn to Say No.

"No" is the most important word in the moral dictionary—the most momentous syllable in the spiritual vocabulary. It is a little word. It consists only of a couple of letters. Yet it is great in its consequences—which reach right through life, and death, and into eternity.

It is an easy word. It can soon be uttered. No university training is needed to say "No." It is one of the

first words the infant learns to lisp. Yet it is a hard word. Only think of the amount of moral stammering there often is before it can be pronounced.

Many find it extremely difficult to say No. It often involves opposition to those whom we love,—and it is a pleasure to meet the wishes of such as are dear to us, painful to thwart them. Imagine that you have a pair of scales. Into one put right and duty, let the other remain empty, and of course right and duty will easily prevail. But if instead of this, you put right and duty into one scale, and in the other the wishes of a valued friend, it is very likely that the latter will outweigh the former.

It is a very difficult task to say no in antagonism to those whom we love. But there may come a time in which honour, and conscience, and religion demand it of us.

Saying no often involves the displeasure of the world. It is a good thing to have men's approval. Although the approbation of our fellows is not to be overestimated, yet it is worthy of our appreciation. "Rather to be chosen than great riches," is Solomon's verdict concerning it. Albeit, if we say no—if we resist temptation—we shall have ever and anon to forfeit the good opinion of others. Not always will they think well of us. This makes it no easy task to say no. Saying no sometimes involves loss of ease and money. When the unjust judge was importuned daily by the widow who cried, "Avenge me of an adversary," for a time he turned a deaf ear to her cry. At length he yielded. Why? Because it broke in upon his luxurious quiet and indolent enjoyment to keep saying "No." This is not seldom the case in respect to temptation. An acquaintance uses all possible persuasion that you may be induced to do something that is wrong. Your reply is, "No." Over and over he assails you, until, tired of refusal, you yield. It is one thing to ship the oars, lie down in the boat, gaze at the beautiful sky, and let the tide carry you on. It is quite another thing to pull against wind and wave until the veins stand out like whip-cord on your brow. To say no continually is like rowing against wind and wave.

Saying no involves pecuniary loss sometimes. To resist inducements to falsehood and other species of dishonesty, amounts to forfeiture of hard cash, and none of us are fond of parting with dollars and cents to our disadvantage. And yet, though hard to utter, we can say no, and we ought to say it.

One of the most wonderful forces given to man is the power of resistance. Body and mind alike have this power. See how the various senses and organs

Always

Taking cold, is a common complaint. It is due to impure and deficient blood and it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood. "I am not very strong and sometimes need a tonic to help me battle against sickness. I find that two or three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what I need. I have taken it occasionally for several years and do not have any doctors' bills to pay." MISS JANIE HIGGINS, 55 Beaufain St., Charleston, S. C. Remember

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the doctors

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can say no. Take the eye. If too much light bursts upon it, it contracts the pupil, draws the curtain of the eyelids, and says no.

Take the mouth. If you walk on the seashore when a strong land breeze is blowing the sand and dust about, the mouth closes against it. "I cannot do with you. Dust does no good to the lungs. Sand is not suitable to

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