

WHEN

LENE is put in. Remember that COTTOLENE heats to the cooking point sooner than lard and that it must not be allowed to burn.

COTTOLENE

when rightly used, never imparts to food any disagreeable greasy odor or flavor. For pastry or any shortening purpose, but $\frac{2}{3}$ the quantity that was formerly used of lard, is necessary, if Cottolene

IS USED

Look for the trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

The Little Girls in Block Ten.

"How many of you studied the lesson before coming to-day?" asked Miss Fairley, as she gathered her class of bright little girls about her. The teacher always asked this question, and marked in the class-book those who had come prepared. She thought the Sabbath lessons even more important than the week-day ones, and insisted that a record should be kept.

Somehow the scholars did not feel about this matter as Miss Fairley did. Certainly they would have been ashamed to go to day school as unprepared as they often came to Sunday school. Sometimes, hard as it is to believe, they did not even know the Golden Text, nor so much as the subject of the lesson.

"Oh, Miss Fairley, I forgot," was one regular answer to the regular question, and it was given to-day.

"I hadn't time," was another excuse, and if the truth had been told outright others would have said, "I did not want to study it. I wanted to do something else."

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 application to

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For sale by all Druggists.

It is just possible that other classes might be found that do no better, but to say this to Miss Fairley would not have helped matters in the least. She was much troubled about her own little girls, and on this day she talked to them about it so seriously that as a company of them walked home together they talked it over among themselves.

It is a good sign when scholars talk over afterward what they have heard in the class. It shows that they have at least carried some of the good seed beyond the door. Sometimes idle thoughts and chatter about week-day things scatter the seed almost before the school is fairly dismissed.

"We ought to be ashamed," said Ida, as the group walked along.

"We are a little ashamed," said Bess, "let's do better."

"How shall we?" asked Alma.

"I wonder if we could help each other remember," said Grace.

"Mr. Harlow said that the meeting for studying the lesson was to come among the first things," said Bertha.

"He was talking to the teachers, of course, but—but—Oh, girls, why couldn't we have a meeting all of our own, and study the lesson together?"

"Sure enough. That's just the thing, Bertha!" exclaimed Ida. "Let's do it."

"The whole class couldn't come, and Miss Fairley couldn't, of course, when she lives so far away and is so busy," Bess suggested this in a doubtful tone.

"But five of us live in 'Block Ten,' and we could come together once a week," said Alma. "If five studied, perhaps the rest would, and we might do something, even without Miss Fairley."

"If we had a kind of a teacher's meeting, who'd be teacher?"

"We could take turns."

"Let's have two teachers. One couldn't ask questions enough."

"You could come to my house. I live in the middle of the block."

This invitation came from Alma, after the others had brought forward various suggestions without waiting for an answer to any of them.

Once fairly before them, the new plan seemed wonderfully interesting. Finally it was all arranged. The five girls in Block Ten, fronting on Ellis street, were to meet with Alma on Fridays at a convenient time, and stay an hour. In the beginning, Grace and Alma were to be the teachers and the rest would be a sort of class. The two teachers were to think out questions and plans of learning the lesson, and they all agreed to study hard and find

out all they could. How pleased Miss Fairley would be, and how happy they would feel in doing what they knew to be right. And they were sure it would be easier and pleasanter to do it together in this new way.

Was it a success, this bright little plan? Indeed it was. It is actually being carried on now, or you never would have been told about it. This story, you see, was not made up by some one, but it is told in the hope of helping others to think of and do something like it.

Prompt Relief.

Rev. Thos. E. Archer, Saltspings Island, B. C.: "From the package of K. D. C. you sent me, a quarter of which I have used, I can say with truth that I never tried anything that so quickly relieved the pains consequent upon indigestion. I shall always be pleased to recommend your cure to all and every person inclined to dyspepsia."

If you doubt the great merits of K. D. C., send for a free sample. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

A Word for the Boys.

"If you want to be a sailor the first thing you must learn is to do what the captain tells you," said an old seaman to a ship's boy. "I know that very well," replied the boy. "If the captain tells you to jump overboard you must jump at once," continued the wise old quarter-master. "But I cannot swim; I should drown," said the boy. "That's none of your business, my boy," was the reply; "that's the captain's business. Yours is to jump overboard when he orders you to." That was the old rule of the sea, and it made men—brave and dutiful men—of the boys. It is the true rule of our lives toward God—to do our duty, and leave the result to Him.

Do not dally with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's

The Gargoyle and the Statue.

A PARABLE STORY.

"It's horribly windy," said the gargoyle.

"But very sunny," answered the statue.

"You're all very well," grumbled the gargoyle; "you are sheltered in that niche of yours, and the sun is full on you. I get all the winds and disagreeables."

"Yet you have a fine prospect," the statue reminded him gently.

"Viewed upside down," snapped the gargoyle.

The speakers were part of the ornamentation of an old, old church, which had fallen into a sad state of decay and dilapidation. Of late, men had been busy with its restoration; while the ancient character of the place was reverently preserved.

Then it was that the statue and the gargoyle, parts of the ancient building, awoke as from a long sleep. The statue, which represented some forgotten bishop in mitre and cope, was restored to its niche, while an overgrowth of moss was cleared from the gargoyle, which showed once more in its original ugliness.

It was ugly enough in all conscience, as with straddling splay feet, dragon's tail, and horribly contorted visage with



In Advanced Years

The strength and pure blood necessary to resist the effects of cold seasons are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have for the last 25 years of my life been complaining of a weakness of the lungs and colds in the head, especially in the winter. Last fall I was again attacked. Reading of Hood's Sarsaparilla I was led to try it. I am now taking the fifth bottle with good results. I can positively say that I have not spent a winter as free from coughs or pains and difficult breathing spells for the last 25 years as was last winter. I can lie down and sleep all night without any annoyance from cough or pain in the lungs or asthmatic difficulty."

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Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

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in fact, for all conditions calling for a quick and effective nourishment. Send for Pamphlet. FREE. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

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ever-open mouth, it seemed perpetually trying to get away from the church; and so in its apparent fright and haste it served as a foil to the bishop, who stood there as if calmly waiting and watching.

Yet, strange as it seems, the two were friends, and into the ear of the statue the gargoyle poured out all its