



Make a Pie

Shorten it with Cottolene instead of lard and see what a crisp crust it will have; how delicious and wholesome it will be. Pie made with Cottolene will do a dyspeptic good. Do everybody good because it is good. There is only one secret in cooking with Cottolene—use but two-thirds as much as you would naturally use of lard. Follow this rule and Cottolene will do the rest.

Genuine is 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.

The Children of a King.

One cold, wet day our city missionary climbed the steps of a house he had never visited before. He had heard of some little ones up in the garret room, and his visit was for them.

The steps were very steep and very dark, and the missionary had to fumble about a good while to find the handle of the door. He knocked, but there was no answer; so he opened the creaking door and walked in.

“Oh, please don’t make such a noise, sir,” said a sweet voice; you’ll wake the prince.”

You may imagine how astonished the visitor was to hear of a prince in that half lighted bare room. Presently he saw through the dim light a little wooden cradle with a poor skin and bone baby in it, and on the foot of it a girl about six years old, anxiously rocking it to and fro.

“You see, the prince is very hungry,” she said, “an, ef he wakes up he’ll holler orful.”

“Are you hungry, too, my child?” asked the missionary.

“Yes, course; I’m big, you see, an’

kin wait. The prince don’t know ‘bout mammy comin’ home ‘fore dark and bringin’ a loaf.”

The gentleman brought out of his overcoat pocket a couple of sandwiches, intended for his own lunch, and gave them to the brave little sister; and while she devoured one he asked her why she called the baby by such a strange name.

“Oh, that’s a little play mammy taught me,” said the child, with a smile, “to keep me from thinking about being cold and hungry. She tells me stories nights ‘bout kings and queens; and then when she’s away at work all day, I play the queen’s out drivin’, and me and baby are livin’ in a big warm house, and havin’ sausage every day for breakfast. It helps a lot.”

“Well, my dear little princess,” said the missionary, “you and baby are in truth children of a heavenly King; and he has sent me to-day to see about you. There is a nice warm house not very far from here, just opened to-day, where you and the prince can stay while your mother is at work. You’ll get bread and milk there every day, and sausage, too, sometimes.”

“Is it the palace?” asked the little girl, her eyes shining.

“They call it ‘The Nursery,’” answered the gentleman; “but it belongs to your heavenly Father, and He has sent me to tell you about it.”

Just try to think what it was to these cold and hungry children to be taken to this warm, comfortable place every day to be clothed, and fed, and be taken care of! The baby got fat and merry, and was always called “the prince;” but the brave little sister who had given him the name never forgot that the King, her heavenly Father, had sent them all these beautiful times.

Catarrh can be successfully treated only by purifying the blood, and the one true blood purifier is Hood’s Sarsaparilla.

Grandmother’s Story.

The children sat in the old back garden—a pleasant nursery for them. Lisa and May had their knitting to do, while they watched over the little ones at their play. By-and-by grandmother came out, and placed her chair near the sunny wall.

“Won’t you tell us a tale, grandmother?” they asked; “it will help us with our knitting, and we always like your stories.”

Grandmother smiled. “I will tell you a tale you never heard before,

about a little boy called Willie. It happened long ago, when little boys had to work in the coal mine as trappers; that is, he had to sit by a trap-door all day long, and open and shut it when the men went by with the coal. One morning he had forgotten to take candles with him, so he ran home for them, and by the time he got to the mine the men had all gone down to work. But Willie thought he should soon find them. He wandered down one dark passage after another, and sometimes could hear the hammers of the men at work, but he could not find them, though he called loudly and long. Nobody heard him, and the poor little fellow at last felt that he was lost. He was only ten years old, and he was in sore trouble. Hour after hour passed, and everything grew still, for night was come, and the men were gone up out of the mine. All night long Willie wandered about; his candle went out, and he was in the dark. He was hungry, cold, and tired, and very frightened too.”

“Did he die?” asked Lisa, sadly.

“No. Next morning he saw lights in the distance, and groped his way to them, and the men took him up to the daylight. He was nearly worn out, but after good nursing he got all right again.”

“Is that a true story?” asked the children.

“Yes, quite true. Willie afterwards became your grandfather. You can ask him more about it all, when he comes in, if you like.”

Give the Boys a Chance.

All over the country there are bright and aspiring boys of limited means, who are hungering after a thorough education. They would give all they possess—many of them would—if they could only enjoy the opportunities which are so frequently despised and misused by the sons of rich fathers. As a teacher and an editor we have had letters from them that brought the tears to our eyes. We appeal to their parents to make any reasonable sacrifice for them. Instead of hoarding up a little or a large sum of money to give them when you are gone, lay out all you can now on the cultivation of their minds. A good education is a better fortune than \$50,000.

To these young men themselves we would speak a word of encouragement. “All things are possible to him that believeth.” If you resolutely determine to acquire learning, and have the persistency to toil on to that end, you will reach it by and by. There is nothing much more heroic than the struggles of a noble-hearted young man to overcome the difficulties that surround him, and to store his mind with useful knowledge. “Where there is a will there is a way.” One by one the obstacles will vanish as you approach them.

Rheumatism Runs Riot

When there is lactic acid in the blood. Liniments and lotions will be of no permanent benefit. A cure can be accomplished only by neutralizing this acid and for this purpose Hood’s Sarsaparilla is the best medicine because Hood’s Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye.

Hood’s Pills act easily, yet promptly and effectively, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

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HOOD’S Sarsaparilla

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Makes the Weak Strong

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