



A LESSON IN COOKING

When a recipe calls for a cupful of lard or butter, use two-thirds of a cupful of Cottolene—the new shortening—instead. It improves your food, improves your health, saves your money—a lesson in economy, too. Genuine **COTTOLENE** is sold everywhere in tins with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin.

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

Children's Department.

If I Were You.

If I were you, and had a friend
Who called a pleasant hour to spend,
I'd be polite enough to say,
"Ned, you may choose what games we'll play."

That's what I'd do,
If I were you.

If I were you, and went to school,
I'd never break the smallest rule;
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say he had no better boy.

And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

And if I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things only I despise—
A coward heart and telling lies;

And you would, too,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd try my best
To do the things I here suggest;
Though since I am not you, but me,
I can not very well, you see,
Know what I'd do.
If I were you.

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.

A True Story.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my creatures, ye did it also unto me."

Only a dog—Oh, how tired he was, the poor dog!

Day was waning. Up and down Tremont street throngs of people all busied with themselves, all careless of the poor creature who lagged and stumbled and at last dropped down at their feet just where he was sure to be most in the way of those who were coming up Temple Place, as well as of those who were on the broader pavement of Tremont street.

On they went, these hustling people, swaying aside in two varying currents as they found that some one must yield the way and that the dog would not.

And there he crouched till one came who was as hurried as the swiftest walker there, but who stopped instantly to respond to the silent appeal for sympathy.

She stroked his poor head until the dim eyes were raised to her, and then she tried to coax him to get up and go with her to the office of the S.P.C.A. on Milk street, where he could be housed and sheltered.

Ah no! He was spent. Perhaps he did not believe in anybody just then. Had he not run hither and yon in search of some last friend and been repulsed, and bidden to "get on," and heard only strange voices when he craved a loving tone, until he was too cowered to ask more? He would not commune with her. No. He was so tired.

She, who always thinks of a wise expedient, did not tarry longer, but went straightway to Dooling's dainty restaurant, and walking up to the counter asked for a saucer of raw meat.

This was quite amazing to the attendants of a man who does not cater for ghouls nor cannibals; so all traditional storemanners were not equal to the strain and the girl said: "What do you want raw meat for?"

"There is such a tired dog out on the corner. I can't make him get up. Of course I must not leave him out there all night. If I can get him to eat something, perhaps he will go with me then down to the Dumb Animal Society, where his owner may find him."

The girl gave the very unusual order through the speaking tube for a saucer of raw meat cut up fine. When it came up, she passed it over the counter to the lady, whose purse was open. "We don't take pay for such service," she said, smilingly. The lady knew

the kindly will that prompted this and took the saucer without another word.

Bit by bit the hungry dog ate what she brought and then laid his head down again; no persuasion could move him to any action.

Finding herself powerless, away hied the gentle lady down to the society rooms in Milk street, and asked them to send up for the dog.

The gentleman sitting in the office said:

"Our man has gone to the home in Brighton; he will not come in again until to-morrow morning. If you can only keep the animal this one night, I will telephone for a cab which shall carry you to the place where the dog is and take you both to your house, at our expense. In the morning we will send for him and try to find his master."

The lady consented. But while she was speaking there were sounds in the hall, and some one spoke of a stray dog. The gentleman sprang up with, "I should not wonder if that were your dog." Even as he spoke a gentleman came in, half leading, half carrying the very creature for whom she had been pleading.

He, too, had stopped as he was running "to catch his train," and, unwilling to leave the dog, with a more persuasive force than the tender lady could use, had brought it with him.

The society took charge of the lost animal and the gentle lady sped away happy in the consciousness of the kind act she had done.

Pure, rich blood is the true cure for nervousness, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier and nerve tonic.

Because He Loved Him.

When Gustave Dore, the famous painter of Biblical pictures, was once painting the face of Christ, a lady came into his studio, and began gazing most intently at the almost completed face. As she was gazing, the artist retired from the picture to one corner of the room, and looked at the face of his friend as eagerly as she looked at the face on the canvas.

Turning around, she said: "M. Dore, why do you look at me so anxiously?"

"I wanted to watch," he said, "the impression that face produced upon yours, and I think you like it."

"Yes, I do," she said; "and do you know what I was thinking?—that you could not paint the face of Christ like that unless you loved Him."

"Unless I loved Him," said Dore, agitated. "Well, I trust I do, and that sincerely; but as I love Him more, I shall paint Him better."

Spring

Is the season for purifying, cleansing, and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force, and awakening power.

Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should but have accumulated in the blood.

Spring

Is therefore the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

consumption

There is ease for those far gone in consumption—not recovery—ease. There is cure for those not far gone.

There is prevention for those who are threatened.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is for you, even if you are only a little thin.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion, with trade-mark of man and fish.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited.

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their **Breakfast Cocoa** is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their **Premium No. 1 Chocolate** is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their **German Sweet Chocolate** is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine **Walter Baker & Co.'s** goods, made at **Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.**

CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.