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COTTOLENE COOKS

Should remember to use only two-thirds as much Cottolene as they formerly used of lard or butter. With two-thirds the quantity they will get better results at less cost than it is possible to get with lard or butter. When Cottolene is used for frying articles that are to be immersed, a bit of bread should be dropped into it to ascertain if it is at the right heat. When the bread browns in half a minute the Cottolene is ready. Never let Cottolene get hot enough to smoke.

THREE IMPORTANT POINTS: The frying pan should be cold when the Cottolene is put in. Cottolene heats to the cooking point sooner than lard. It never sputters when hot.

The Cottolene trade-marks are "Cottolene" and a steer's head in cotton-plant wreath.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

The Trouble with Amy.

"Come, Amy, and water the plants for mamma. You know exactly how to do it. Here is the little water-pot."

Amy came at mamma's call and took the pretty green watering-pot. Then she went out to the back yard where a long row of thrifty plants, that had not yet been set out in the flower-beds, stood waiting for a sprinkling.

Amy tipped up the watering-pot over a great geranium, whose leaves needed dusting after yesterday's breeze, but she did not look at the plant. Her eyes wandered to the farther corner of the yard where stood an apple tree in full bloom. It was her own tree and Amy was thinking, as she poured the water quite over the side of the flower-pot, what she would do with the apples from that tree when they were rosy-red and ripe. She did not notice that the thirsty plant only got a few drops to drink, while a stream of water trickled down upon the porch floor. She went on to the next plant and that one she splashed till she washed part of the soil quite away from the roots. So she continued her work, only half

thinking of what she was about, till she called her task done and put away her little sprinkler.

After Amy had run away upon her own affairs, mamma came out and saw at once that some plants had been only half watered while others had been half drowned. She sighed and then took time to pat the earth around the bared roots and sprinkle the dry soil in other pots.

When Amy came home from school in the afternoon, mamma called again, "Come, Amy, and amuse little brother. He is fretful and I am very busy. Take him into the dining-room and build a block house for him."

"Mayn't I take him outdoors?" asked the sister.

"No. He must stay in. Keep him amused; so he won't cry, for that will make him feverish."

"How beautiful it is outdoors," thought Amy, as she began to put Earl's blocks in a row. And then she kept thinking what a fine thing it would be to take a walk in the woods after school to-morrow. As she pictured the place where wild flowers grew and wondered how many she could find, she went on putting the blocks together, but she did not build anything, nor did she talk to little Earl at all. Baby saw that nothing pretty was taking shape from the blocks, and soon, growing tired of this stupid and silent way of amusing him, he broke into a loud, fretful cry, and then Amy could do nothing with him. Mamma had to come at last and quiet him, which sadly interrupted the work she was doing.

On Sunday afternoon, mamma said to her little daughter, "Now, Amy, take time before looking at your paper, to learn the Golden Text for next Sunday. It will only take you a few minutes, and then you can say it every day, and learn a little more about the lesson each evening, as you know I like best to have you."

Mamma then read the text over and explained it, leaving Amy to commit it to memory by herself, which she was well able to do. The little girl gazed at the words and then read them aloud two or three times.

"It's a very hard text, seems to me," she said, complainingly. Then she looked at it again, thinking all the time of something one of the girls in the class had told her that morning after Sunday-school. After a little time mamma came back.

"I will hear you say your text now, Amy," she said, "and then you can read over your paper. At four o'clock we will have our Bible stories."

"I haven't learned the text yet, and I don't believe I can," replied the little girl, looking rather ashamed, as indeed she should have done.

"Yes, you can," said mamma, seriously, "and you must. I can tell you why you have not done it. You fail in doing other things for the same reason. I have been distressed about it this week more than ever before. You leave out something from your work when you begin, that spoils it all and makes it very hard."

"Why, what is it?" asked Amy, much surprised. She never thought that the trouble was with herself. She believed the trouble was with what she tried to do.

"You leave your heart out of things you are told to do," said mamma. "You leave it out altogether, or you only put half of it in. You do things with your hands, or with your lips or feet, but you are thinking of something else all the while. The Bible tells of a good king who was much blessed, and it says that whatever he did, he 'did it with all his heart and prospered.' Now, little girl, if you don't put your heart into what you do, you will not succeed in anything, you may be sure of that."

You Can Believe

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest people, who have actually found in their own experience that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, creates an appetite, strengthens the system and absolutely and permanently cures all diseases caused by impure or deficient blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act promptly, easily and effectively.

The Little Comforter.

Little Blanche was only four years old when her young brother was stricken with a serious illness. Patiently she waited beside the little bed, ever ready to do some act of kindness for her loved brother, or to try to amuse him with some favourite toy. When his lips were parched with fever, she was quick to bring a cup of cold water to moisten them. But the hour came when loving hands could do no more, and the pure spirit of little Charlie was called to come up higher. The household pet was dead.

Blanche could not realize why the little hands were so cold, or why her brother slept so long. But mamma told her it was death; that baby would never suffer any more, but be with Jesus and the angels. The days that followed were full of sadness. Charlie was gone. The empty crib, the vacant chair, all told the story. Then came the gathering up of little playthings and laying away of pretty dresses, and dainty shoes, which opened anew the fountain of sorrow in the mother's heart.

Blanche had listened to the meaning of grief and seen the scalding tears as they trickled down the pale cheeks of the heart-broken mother, until it seemed she must do something. Rushing to her mother, she threw her arms around her neck as she said:

"Mamma, please don't cry any more. I expect God knows best!"

"Dear little comforter," the mother said, taking the child in her arms. "You have taught me a lesson of trust. May your faith ever be abiding as now. Yes, God does know best, and mamma will try to be reconciled to His will."



Purified Blood

Saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

"A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever." FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

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For all the ailments of Throat and Lungs there is no cure so quick and permanent as Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. It is palatable, easy on the most delicate stomach and effective.

Scott's Emulsion

stimulates the appetite, aids the digestion of other foods, cures Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and gives vital strength besides. It has no equal as nourishment for Babies and Children who do not thrive, and overcomes Any Condition of Wasting.

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

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