



BAKE A BATCH OF BISCUITS

Sift one quart of flour, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt into a bowl; add three teaspoonfuls of COTTOLENE and rub together until thoroughly mixed; then add sufficient milk to make a soft dough; knead slightly, roll out about half an inch thick, and cut with a small biscuit cutter. Place a little apart in a greased pan, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. These biscuits should be a delicate brown top and bottom, light on the sides, and snowy white when broken open.

The secret of success in this recipe, as in others, is to use but two-thirds as much Cottolene as you used to use of lard. Cottolene will make the biscuit light, delicious, wholesome. Better than any biscuit you ever made before. Try it. Be sure and get genuine Cottolene. 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 and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Speak No Ill.

Oh, speak no ill, but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known:
For life is but a passing day,
No lip can tell how brief its span;
Then, oh, the little time we stay
Let's speak of all the best we can.

The Little Red Crutch.

(Concluded from last week.)

Downstairs they clattered, with noise enough to make up for their silent ascent, the little crutch bobbing along each step as they flew down to grandmother's room.

The look that came in to grandma's eyes when the crutch was held up was very much the look Anita would have shown if the skeleton had been found indeed, or a ghost.

There was clearly something to tell; and, as a story on this wet day would be even more delightful than finding a skeleton, the dear old lady was at

once put in a state of siege, the crutch and two little girls sitting down obstinately before her.

“One breezy fall day,” said grandma, surrendering at discretion, “a little girl went out to the barn to swing.”

“What barn, grandma?”

“This barn,” she answered, “was the most delightful place in the whole world. It was none of your fine Northern barns, with stained-glass windows, but a great high-roofed, dark-raftered place, where cobwebs had leave to sleep, where the breeze wandered in and out all day and the sunshine played about, as the children did hunting eggs. It was full of sweet odors from the hayfield on the one side and the apple orchard on the other; and the little Virginia girl, whose swing dangled from one of the lower beams, had no idea that anybody in the world had a higher claim on it than she had.”

“What was her name, grandma?”

“Her name,” said the old lady, looking startled—“her name was Nancy, of course.”

“And she went out to swing one day,” prompted the listener.

“She went out to swing one day, determined to ‘work up’ till she touched the beam. She was very strong and very skillful. She put her bare feet on the board seat, seized the rope high up, gave a tilt this side and that, and was off. Do you know how to ‘work up’—how to bend the knees and straighten them again with a jerk that sends the obedient swing flying through the air? Nancy came so near the beam that its cobwebby dust sifted down in her eyes (not the beam she was hanging to, you know, but another). So close, and yet not to touch! Ambitious little goose! she suddenly threw out her hand, and struck the great log with her fist. But the loosened rope swung away from her, the board tilted, she hung only by one hand in the air; and soon the impetus of the swing jerked that hold loose, and she fell.”

“Ah!” cried the girls with a sob of pain—“ah, grandma, was she killed?”

“No, not killed, but sometimes in the long winter months that followed, when she was weary and racked with pain, Nancy wished that she had been killed. Then this little crutch was made for her at the carpenter's shop on the plantation, and padded on top and—

“Painted red?” interrupted Anita.

“No, not then. Nobody had ever heard of painting a crutch red; but one rainy day like this, when poor little Nancy felt so tired and sad, and had no hope to cheer her, but lay on the

couch and counted how many long months must pass before she could run and walk again, her mother came and knelt down by her—dear, sweet, angelic mother!—(what made grandma's voice sound so queer, they wondered) and said, ‘Mother would do anything in the world to please her little daughter.’ ‘Would you, mother?’ cried Nancy, starting up from her pillow; ‘would you let me read in your diary?’

“The mother turned red for a minute, while the little cripple watched her eagerly. Then she got up and went to the old-fashioned secretary with sliding doors, and brought back a large red morocco book with a brass clasp, and put it in Nancy's hands. It had been the dream of the child's life to read what mother wrote every night in this book.

“You may read that red book yourselves some day, my darlings, and find out how your blessed great-grandmother lived and loved. But one page in it made a difference in that little reader's whole life. It said: ‘Our Nancy is bearing her pain like a hero. When I see her smooth the little twitching face and smile up at me, I thank God for her brave spirit, and take her for my teacher. I shall be a better woman all my life for watching her.’

“After that rainy day, and after reading that brass-bound morocco book. Nancy was never sad or dreary again. She actually had the little crutch painted red, in token of her gay spirits; and, wherever its tap-tap was heard (and it sounded on those floors for almost two years), a merry sound of laughter and chatter was pretty sure to follow—so sweet was it to the child to win such dear praise, and to know that mother counted her a blessing for which to thank God.”

The story was ended; and in a twinkling the little red crutch fell, resounding, to the floor, while two pairs of soft arms held grandmother in a tight embrace.

“Oh, granny dear! we've caught you now! You were little Nancy, and the crutch was yours.”

“Should Spend his Last Dollar.”

Rev. Chas. T. Cocking, returned missionary from Japan: “I consider K. D. C. worth its weight in gold; any one suffering from dyspepsia, if he has a dollar left, should buy it, and try the truth of what I say. They who give it a trial, will continue to take it I am sure.”

Free sample of K. D. C. and Pills sent to any address. K. D. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity and constantly increasing sales. It perfectly and permanently cures catarrh, rheumatism, scrofula, salt rheum, in fact all blood diseases.

“Before my husband began using Hood's Sarsaparilla he was nervous and had scarcely any appetite, but when he had taken it a week he felt better, and by the time he had taken one bottle he was entirely well.” MRS. G. A. PARKINSON, Mendon, Mass. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

Scott & Bown, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

WANTED 5000 MORE BOOK AGENTS men and women, for the fastest selling book of the times **DARKNESS & DAYLIGHT** in NEW YORK With 250 new illustrations from flash-light photographs. Introduction By Rev. Lyman Abbott. A Christian woman's thrilling story of years of rescue work “In His Name,” alive with intense interest, touching pathos, humor and story. Most splendidly illustrated. 86th thousand in press. Bishops, Ministers, etc., say “God speed it.” Eminent women endorse it. It sells at sight, and pays Agents from \$50. to \$100. a month. **Write for terms and specimen engravings to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.**

Hit the Nail on the Head.

Who wins in any undertaking? He who starts in with a resolute determination to succeed, and sticks to it. In everything there are discouragements and obstacles to be overcome.

A pretty illustration of this is found in the following anecdote:

At a mill in the city of B—a boy was wanted, and a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts:

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.

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.