

Crisp Pastry

Free from all the disagreeable greasy effects that result from the use of lard will be had, if Cottolene is used. Fish and cakes fried in it are simply delicious because it adds flavor to them that cannot possibly be obtained from the use of any other frying material. Get the genuine Cottolene, as there are numerous questionable imitations. The trade mark shown here is on each package. Sold in one, three and five pound tins. Made only by



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The
N. K. Fairbank Company,
Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

COLIC,
Cramps and Cholera,
Morbus, Diarrhoea, Dys-
entery and Summer Com-
plaints, Cuts, Burns, and
Bruises, Bites, Stings, and
Sunburn can all be prompt-
ly relieved by
PERRY DAVIS'
Pain Killer.

**ONE THING
IS
CERTAIN,
PAIN KILLER
KILLS PAIN.**

Dose—One teaspoonful in a half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).

I am going to the nearest
store that keeps



BABY'S OWN SOAP,

and must not forget what mother
said about being sure to
get the genuine.

CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

EDGEHILL,
WINDSOR, - - NOVA SCOTIA.

Established by the authority and under the Patronage of the Synod of the Diocese of Nova Scotia, and the Synod of the Diocese of Fredericton.

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With a Staff of Thirteen Governesses and Instructors.

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Michaelmas Term Begins September 7th.

For Calendar and Form of Application for Admission, apply to

DR. HIND, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

Astronomy Made Easy.

Hi diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
And planets around him so grand
Are swinging in space
Held forever in place
In the Zodiac girdle or band.

Hi diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
And Mercury's next to the sun;
While Venus so bright,
Seen morning or night,
Comes second to join in the fun.

Hi diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
And the third in the group is our Earth;
While Mars with his fire,
So warlike and dire,
Swings around to be counted the fourth

Hi diddle-diddle,
The Sun's in the middle,
While Jupiter's next after Mars;
And his four moons at night
Show the speed of the light;
Next golden-ringed Saturn appears.

Hi diddle-diddle
The Sun's in the middle,
After Saturn comes Uranus far;
And his antics so queer,
Led astronomers near
To old Neptune, who drives the last car.

Aunt Susan's Plain Talk.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright, "do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"
"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."

"O Auntie!" Hester began.
"Don't interrupt me until I've finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are; in fact, I think not; but she will be good-natured."

"Why, Auntie—?"
"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half-way across the kitchen floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on and say, 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor. I won't have my floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To-day you screwed up your face when he kissed you, because his moustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything, you tell him not to spill it; when he lifts anything, you tell him not to break it. From morning till night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter, when you were sick, you scolded him about his allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump.'"

"But auntie—"
"Hearken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in

that sweet-natured woman has not been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better-tempered woman in existence."

The Baldwin apple is to have a monument—a granite shaft seven feet high, crowned with an apple—erected near Woburn, Mass., the exact spot where the first Baldwin apple-tree was discovered, a hundred years ago, by a surveying party. The name came from Col. L. Baldwin, a distinguished engineer, who sent apples from the tree to friends, and they spoke of it as the Baldwin apple.