

How To Use Cottolene

the new shortening, like all other things must be rightly used if you wish the best results. Never, in any recipe, use more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you used to use of lard. Never put Cottolene in a hot pan. Put it in when cold and heat it with the pan. Be careful not to burn Cottolene. To test it, add a drop of water; if hot enough, it will pop. Cottolene, when rightly used, delights everyone. Get the genuine, sold everywhere in tins, with trade-marks—"Cottolene" and *sheep's head* in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Montreal.

"A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed."

I am a young lady, perhaps I ought to say a very young lady—some people call me a little girl, but that is quite a different thing. My parents are very rich, and I am an only child. We live in a fine house in a grand square, and I have fine clothes, and many amusements. I drive with my mother, or ride upon my pony every day, and, in short, I have everything I can wish for.

My companions say that I am quite spoilt, and that I turn up my nose at them. I don't know how I do that, as there is no joint in one's nose, but they say so, and many other things of the same kind, insinuating that I am very disagreeable. Perhaps I was, but I am going to try to improve, so I don't so much mind talking about it now; and, if you like to listen, I will tell you one of the reasons that I have arrived at a better frame of mind.

It is not a very long story, and to begin at the beginning, you must know that I have many aunts and uncles, who all try as much as they can, I suppose, to please my parents, to what the neighbours choose to call spoil me

—that is, to give me everything I may happen to fancy.

Well, a little while ago I saw some children in the square with the sweetest little dog in the world, a lovely little white creature, like a ball of wool, with dear little black eyes almost hidden by its long coat, and a sweet little tiny black nose, and long feathery ears, and a beautiful tail, which it wagged most gracefully. It had all manner of pretty tricks, too, walking about upon its hind legs, and begging so prettily, and always doing whatever it was told.

I was quite angry to think that any other child should possess such a beautiful creature, and that I should not have one, and I went home directly and said that I must have a dog. One of my uncles who was present said at once that I should have one directly; and, behold! the very next morning a dog arrived; but, oh! how different—my only idea of a dog at the moment was a little white fairy king, covered with white feathers, walking about on its hind legs, and behaving like a little gentleman. Enters a large brown dog, very long, yet very short, that is, very long in the body, and large in the head, but with very short legs—with no pretty tricks, but looking very frightened, and crouching behind anything to hide itself.

They told me it was called a *dachshund*, that it came from Germany, and that such a dog was just now very fashionable as a pet.

I was utterly disgusted. What did I care about the fashion? I wanted, as I always did, what I had set my fancy upon at the moment, and that was a wee-wee white doggie, walking on its hind legs, with a blue velvet collar round its white throat, and tinkling bells hanging to it, like that which the young lady in the square had.

Why should she have what I had not? And so I was very cross and sulky, and would not look at the poor *dachshund*. He seemed to know I was his mistress, and looked up at me so beseechingly. He had pretty loving eyes; but then he was a great common-looking dog, with no pretty ways, and so I pushed him away, and would have nothing to say to him.

Some one said he must have a name. Now, if it had been the little white one, I should have called him Pet, or King, or Beauty, or Beau, or some nice name to suit him. But for the poor *dachshund*, I only thought of the most common vulgar name I had ever heard of a dog called. Bob, or Bobby, seemed to me quite appropriate, and so Bob he was to be.

If it had been the white beauty, he should have slept at the foot of my bed, and been cradled half the day in my arms. He should have fed out of my hand, and sat upon my lap; but I turned Bobby out of the room to be taken pity upon by the servants, and to seek a refuge for the night in any hole or corner he could find downstairs.

Well, several days passed by. I took no notice of Bobby, but still, there he was, always following me about, till, one night, we all went to bed as usual, and I was soon sound asleep, and dreaming that the little white dog lay at the foot of my bed, when I was awakened by a whining and scratching at my bed-room door.

At first I thought it was the dog of my dreams, and jumped out of bed; but the whining and scratching continued louder and louder at the bed-room door. I opened it; there stood Bobby, whom I had almost forgotten, in a most excited state. He jumped upon me, and tried to pull my dress. I was quite angry, and beat him—what business had the creature to disturb me?—but suddenly I smelt an extraordinary smell of burning, and I saw smoke rising from the lower part of the house. Bobby began to bark furiously, and to try to pull me away. I was quite frightened. I screamed and ran to my parents' room. They got up, and in less than five minutes the whole household was roused. Every one came out of their rooms, and rushed down stairs calling for the police—only just in time. The despised Bobby had saved not only my father's property, but perhaps all our lives.

It soon appeared that burglars had broken into the house—my father was known to possess a great deal of valuable plate, a temptation to them of course—and to make their escape easier, had set fire to the house.

Poor Bobby sleeping unseen in his corner down stairs, heard them, and knowing my room, rushed up to awaken me. What an interference of Providence! my mother said. But little mischief was done; the police were in time; the thieves were caught, with their spoil upon them; and the fire was soon put out.

Bobby fawned upon me, as much as to say, "I did what I could. I am very fond of you, though you do snub me."

Need I say that he received his due meed of praise and caresses? and I knew then what a good dog he was, and made up my mind to love him, and to think less of a white feathery coat, and tinkling bells hanging to a blue velvet collar, and more of others, and especially of this good creature, who had done us all such a great service.

From that time he has never left me, and there is a picture of us ready to go out together. He is seated on a basket-chair, which he is very fond of, and he is saying to me, "Now, then, let us go out together, and take a nice run in the park; although my legs are short I can run very fast, and we will enjoy ourselves. It is so nice to think that you love me now; I always loved you so very much."

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The Made-Over Gown.

"How do I look, grandma?" Grandma White now turned around and looked at shy little Ruth in her pink wool gown. "You look good enough to eat," she said; "just as pretty as a pink."

"Does the dress really look well?" asked Ruth, earnestly. "Wouldn't you know that it was Aunt Mary's old dress that she had made over twice for herself? And it's pieced and pieced—O you don't know!"

"Dear me! I never should dream of it. Your mother has pieced it so nicely it doesn't show at all."

"I'm so glad," sighed Ruth. "I wouldn't care if it wasn't for Belle Brooks; but she always has such nice

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