

Scrambled Eggs

Take a small quantity of Cottolene and a little cream; warm in a frying pan. Break 6 eggs in it and stir until slightly cooked. Serve hot.

Use not more than two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would butter and be sure that you do not overheat it before dropping in the eggs. This is always essential in cooking with Cottolene.

Genuine Cottolene is sold everywhere in tins with trade marks—"Cottolene" and *steel's head in cotton-plant wreath*—on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Eyes and No Eyes.

Charles Kingsley says: "The art of learning consists first and foremost in the art of observation."

In connection with this thought he tells an old story:—

"When we were little and good," he says, "a long time ago we used to have a jolly old book, called 'Evenings at Home,' in which was a great story, called 'Eyes and No Eyes,' and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read."

"A regular old-fashioned story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins:—

"Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?" said Mr. Andrews to one of his pupils at the close of a holiday. Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull; he hardly saw a single person. He would rather by half have gone by the turnpike road.

"But where is William?"

"Oh, William started with him, but he was so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that Robert

would rather walk alone, and so went on."

"Presently in comes Master William dressed, no doubt, as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago—frill collar, and tight skeleton monkey-jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, a pair of low shoes which always came off if stepped into heavy ground; and terribly dirty and wet he is, but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and he has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities."

"He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is, and seen a woodpecker and a wheat-ear, and got strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a pewit, because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog, and he got wet; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf-cutting; and then he went up a hill and saw a grand prospect, and because the place was called Campmount he looked for a Roman camp, and found the ruins of one; and then he went on and saw twenty things more; and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week."

"Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all."

"Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough, in his solemn, old fashioned way: 'So it is; one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other.'

"I have known sailors who have been in all quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tipling-houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind."

"While many a vacant, thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and enquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use."

"And when I read the story, as a little boy," says Kingsley, "I said to myself, I will be Mr. Eyes, I will not be Mr. No Eyes; and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and Mr. Eyes I

advise you, everyone of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful."

"Boys!" he says, "if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which many young men lead when their day's work is done, continually tempted to sin and shame and ruin by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves and helping themselves forward in life, then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, and of having some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours."

Marvellous.

Rev. John Roadhouse, Seeley's Bay, Ont., Can.:—"Allow me to tell of my high appreciation of the K. D. C. you kindly sent me last fall. The state of my stomach was affecting my throat. At times I feared the loss of my voice, but K. D. C. brought such relief that I cannot but believe it to be a Godsend. It is the best stomach medicine I have met with."

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"Hush, Do Not Disturb Him!"

Miss Nelly was very fond of a little dog that was given to her, and took great care of him when he was ill or when she thought he was ill, or when she made believe to think he was ill. I saw her once, when she had been putting a cap on that belonged to Nurse, and some more of Nurse's things; and she was sitting in her chair with this dog in her lap, nursing him. I opened the door all of a sudden, and was going to laugh out loud when I saw how she had dressed herself up, but Miss Nelly put her finger to her lips, and said, "Hush, hush! please don't disturb him!" Her dear little dog was not asleep, he was only dozing. But I took care not to make a noise, and Miss Nelly was pleased with me.

Dogs know very well what it is to be ill. Most animals tease other animals of their own kind when ill; but some dogs are kind to other dogs that are not well. I have read a story, told, I think, by Miss Francis Power Cobbe, about a dog that was very kind indeed to another dog which was sick. This dog used to be sent to the baker's every morning for twelve rolls. These were put into a basket by the baker, and the dog brought them home in his mouth day after day, all right. But all of a sudden he took to bringing home only eleven rolls. This was strange, as he was a very honest dog. So they had him watched, and what do you think they found? On his way from the baker's he had come across another dog that was ill and hungry, with some puppies to feed too. And he had taken, of his own accord, to leaving one roll with this poor dog. Well, the next thing they did was to tell the baker to put thirteen rolls into the basket. He did so. And then the dog left the odd roll with his poor, sick friend, and brought home the twelve. As soon as ever the poor sick dog got better and went away, the other dog took to bringing home all the rolls again. Is not that a pretty story? Good-bye, Miss Nelly, for the present; and when you are grown up, I am sure you will be kind to all who are ill and in want of rest. Why, even now you go about softly, taking care not to slam doors or to speak loud, when any one is poorly in the house. That is right, Nelly.



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