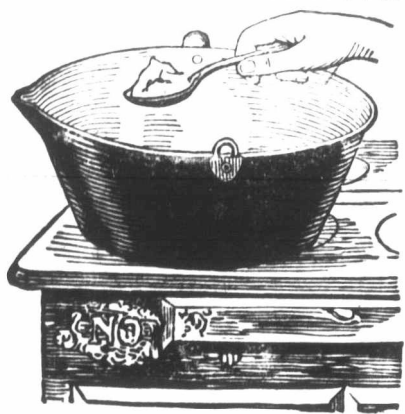


## How to Fry with Cottolene



Fry everything from potato chips to doughnuts in Cottolene. Put Cottolene in a cold pan—heat it slowly until it will delicately brown a bit of bread in half a minute. Then put in your food. It will pay you to try Cottolene just this way—see how delicious and wholesome it makes the food.

Get the genuine, sold everywhere in one, three, and five pound 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.

### Children's Department.

#### The Winter of Our Discontent.

Marcia was smiling. The sun was shining brightly on the plants in the window by which we sat; my tabby cat dozed on the rug before the fire, so I flattered myself it was sheer content which brought the smile to Marcia's lips; in order, therefore, to humour my self-satisfaction, I asked: "What amuses you, Marcia?"

Imagine my surprise when she made the reply, "The winter of our discontent."

"And you are discontented?" I inquired snipping off a leaf from the geranium nearest me.

"In a general way, yes. Without discontent there could be no ambition."

I pondered over her answer for fully three minutes, and then I said: "Setting aside paradoxes, and without going into a metaphysical discussion, I

should say that you are wrong, and 'I'll tell you wherein,' as old Deacon Stubbs used to say. One may make strong effort with ambitious intent and yet not be miserable if the effort fail. I think it depends a great deal upon the motive which actuates the effort. Now, there is Alicia Dusham, she had ardent ambitions. She wanted to be an artist, and worked night and day with that end in view, but now she is married, and her husband and children claim her first attention. She is one of the most contented persons I ever saw."

"And has lost all ambition."

"You are wrong, she has simply shifted her goal. She has accepted the 'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever.'"

"You have proved my statement to the letter," interrupted Marcia in triumph. "If it is more praiseworthy to be clever than to be good, then Alicia has retrograded, but it seems to me that her ambition is in a much higher direction. She has improved immensely, I should say; and if art or music or literature does not elevate us more than something else we could follow, then I say it is not our duty to follow art, literature, music nor anything which does not raise us up to our best."

"Define ambition."

"Leaving notoriety out of the question?"

"Of course."

"Let us get the dictionary—here it is—'Ambition—eager desire of superiority, power, honour or fame.'"

"'Ambitious—desirous of superiority; aspiring.' There is then ambition and ambition, or in other words, laudable ambition and unworthy ambition, as the books say. I define the first somewhat as some one does happiness—'The best use of our best powers.'"

"And it lies with us to decide which are our best powers?"

"Lucia makes a better wife and mother than she could make an artist; her talents are superior in the former direction, consequently I maintain she is still ambitious."

"I knew you'd reason out of it, somehow. Domestic lives are not for all of us, cousin. What about the rest, like you and me?" said Marcia.

"We must use our best powers, my dear, and be content. That is where the discontent comes in; the wanting to use powers that are not our best, and being unhappy because we fail of success. What is your particular wintry discontent, Marcia?"

"Because I haven't a special place in the world, and because I am always infringing on some one's rights."

I laughed. "Other rights are you, wrongs, aren't they? My dear woman, we get that way as we grow older, and would like to plan all other lives according to our idea of what would be best for them. Let us be warned, and allow other people their contents without making them our discontents. Now, I am not gifted, and my pet discontent arises from my wishing I were. For why? Because I'd like to be famous, and that is not a laudable ambition, viewed from the ground of my desire, and since I have not 'gifts.' If the Lord had endowed me with great talents, and I had put them to their best use, because they were heaven-sent, it would be all right, but as I should have wanted to use them merely to glorify myself, it is a mercy I haven't them, so I must be content with a very quiet, obscure existence, thanking the Lord that I have appreciation if I haven't the capacity for creation. Hunt up your niche, Marcia, and fill it contentedly; don't go and crowd out someone else, and say, 'I want to stand here.' Come to think of it, I shouldn't wonder if I had missed my vocation after all. I seem cut out for a lecturer. Strange, I am not discontented at never having mounted the platform. Perhaps it is a school marm I should have been." Marcia smiled again, and this time I knew why.

#### Take Time for the Bible.

As we drift along the swift, relentless current of time toward the end of life; as days and weeks and months and years follow each other in breathless haste, and we reflect now and then for a moment that, at any rate for us, much of this earthly career has passed irrevocably; what are the interests, thoughts, aye, the books, which really command our attention? What do we read and leave unread? What time do we give to the Bible? No other book, let us be sure of it, can equally avail to prepare us for that which lies before us; for the unknown anxieties and sorrows which are sooner or later the portion of most men and women; for the gradual approach of death; for the period, be it long or short, of waiting and preparation for the throne and face of the eternal Judge. Looking back from that world, how shall we desire to have made the most of our best guide to it! How shall we grudge the hours we have wasted on any—be they thoughts, or books, or teachers—which only belong to the things of time!—Canon Liddon

## March

April, May are most emphatically the months for taking a good blood purifier, because the system is now most in need of such a medicine, and because it more quickly responds to medicinal qualities. In winter impurities do not pass out of the body freely, but accumulate in the blood.

## April

The best medicine to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, and thus give strength and build up the system, is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands take it as their Spring Medicine, and more are taking it today than ever before. If you are tired, "out of

## May

sorts," nervous, have bad taste in the morning, aching or dizzy head, sour stomach and feel all run down, a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will put your whole body in good order and make you strong and vigorous. It is the ideal Spring Medicine and true nerve tonic, because

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This preparation, by its action in promoting digestion, and as a nerve food, tends to prevent and alleviate the headache arising from a disordered stomach, or that of a nervous origin.

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