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of K.D.C.
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French herbs
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A CRISP CRUST

Is the making of a pie. The making of a crisp crust depends largely upon the shortening. Use COTTOLINE, the new vegetable shortening, instead of lard, and soggyneess will be an unknown element in your pastry. Cottolene should always be economically used—two-thirds as much Cottolene as you would ordinarily use of lard or butter, being ample to produce the most desirable results. The saving in a year represents a considerable item. There are many imitations of COTTOLINE; you should therefore be careful to get the genuine.

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Bed-Time.

The sleepy stars are blinking,
The drowsy daisies nod,
The dew drops bright are glistening
All o'er the grassy sod;
The pretty poppies dreaming
In silk robes white and red,
With violets in velvet
Out in their bordered bed.

In downy nests the birdlings
Have long since ceased to sing;
The little chicks are cuddled
Under their mother's wing,
While puss, with her two babies,
Is curled upon the rug,
And Jip has sought contented,
His corner, warm and snug.

Two blue eyes slowly closing,
And droops a curly head;
And yet, says baby Willie,
"Tain't time tod o to bed."
We'll take him on a journey,
Over to dreamland bright:
So bring his pretty garments
And dress him all in white.

Now here's the car to take him,
That rocks us to and fro;
In mamma's arms pressed closely
How safe and fast he'll go!
He's almost there—the borders
Of dreamland dawn in sight—
Now—to and fro—more slowly—
He's there! One kiss—good-night!

Jack's Temptation.

The long afternoon of the sultry June day was almost gone. Inside the school-room busy young fingers were flying to and fro across big sheets of fools-cap paper, answering examination questions as fast as young minds could frame the sentences. Not a sound was heard, except the scratch, scratch of pens, the regular ticking of the little clock standing on Miss Hart's desk, the occasional shuffling of tired feet upon the floor, or the buzzing of a stray bumblebee which had flown in through the open window.

Slowly the hour-hand of the clock crept around until it pointed to half-past three, and one by one the boys and girls finished their examination papers and tiptoed softly out of the room, until only Jack and a few others were left. Jack's nimble fingers had been working as fast as those of the rest, but suddenly they stopped, for the next question he thought very hard. It was the last on the list and called for a diagram of two or three sentences—sentences which he had diagrammed during the grammar class the day before. But now the usually quick brain beneath the curly brown locks was so wearied by the long, hard day's work, that it could not think how the words should be arranged.

All at once the sunlight slanted in through the window by which Jack sat, and fell upon a piece of paper lying on the floor beside the desk. Looking up at that moment Jack saw the paper, and knew instantly that it was the one he had used for the diagramming of yesterday's sentences.

Here was his chance! He knew that the exercises as they stood upon the paper were correct, for Miss Hart had said so and had praised him for doing his work so neatly and well. Now he had only to pick up the paper and copy the sentences from it. But would it be right?—that was the question.

"Do it," a voice seemed to whisper. "It is your own work, anyway."

But an instant after one of God's errand-angels whispered, "Yes, but you couldn't do it now, and it would be cheating, just as much as if you looked in the book."

"No, it wouldn't either!" said the first voice. "Just because you can't do it now is no reason why you shouldn't have the benefit of what you did yesterday."

And so the battle went on, till finally the bad adviser conquered.

Slowly, very slowly, Jack's hand stole down to the floor, picked up the paper and opened it. Miss Hart's back

was turned or she would have known that something was wrong, from the way Jack's cheeks grew red as he copied the sentences. Then folding his paper, he laid it on the teacher's desk, and snatching his cap from its peg in the hall, ran down stairs as fast as feet could carry him.

Mamma noticed a troubled look on her boy's face when he came in to supper, but said nothing until later when he sat down on the arm of her chair for their usual just-before-bed-time talk. Then with a loving kiss on his rosy cheek she asked:

"Why is my Jack so sober? Was the examination very hard?"

Oh, how Jack longed to tell her all about it! But the evil counsellor was with him yet and kept whispering, "Don't tell." And Jack didn't tell, although the words of confession nearly choked him in their effort to escape, when his mother said, as she bade him good-night:

"I wish my boy would tell mamma what troubles him."

It was a very shame-faced boy who came in and sat down in Jack's seat the next morning, and all day he went about with a cloud upon his usually bright, frank face. When school closed at night Miss Hart gave back to their owners the examination papers, with the grades marked upon them. Jack waited until all the rest had gone, before he moved from his seat.

"Why don't you come and get your paper, Jack?" And Miss Hart smiled at him as she held it up, with the "ninety-seven per cent." marked on it in big figures.

Then as he drew near she continued, "I am proud of you, Jack. You are the only scholar in my room who diagrammed those sentences in the last question correctly."

Jack could bear no more. "Don't—oh, don't, Miss Hart!" he cried, and down went the curly head upon the desk, while between his sobs, his astonished teacher caught the words, "I—cheated—'cause I picked up the paper—I used yesterday—and copied them—from that."

"Oh, Jack, I am so sorry! I trusted you so perfectly, too," and Miss Hart looked as if she were about to cry herself.

"Yes, Miss Hart, I know. But—it seemed as if—I—couldn't—help it,"

"Well, Jack, I know it is very hard to resist temptation sometimes. But if we only remember that Jesus is with us every minute of our lives and knows what we are doing and what we are thinking about all the time, it will help us to keep from many wrong things," said Miss Hart as she looked into Jack's tear-stained face and patted his shoulder tenderly.

Then they had a long talk, and when Jack finally started down-stairs he was whistling as merrily as ever.

He rushed into the sitting-room at home like a small whirlwind, and there, sitting on a stool at his mother's feet, he confessed it all to her too. And his mother laid aside her sewing and to-

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