

## Delicious

Food, crisp pastry, delicate cake, good digestion, all come with the use of **Cottolene**, and it saves money as well. Its wonderful success has brought numerous imitations. Genuine has the trade mark—steer's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Take no other. Made only by

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




### GREAT!

# CAESAR!

Had to "Grin and Bear It" when he had a pain. You can grin and bear it at once by using **Pain Killer**.

## Pain Killer

Sold and used everywhere. A whole medicine chest by itself. Kills every form of external or internal pain. Dose—A teaspoonful in half glass of water or milk (warm if convenient).



## BABY'S OWN SOAP



is made of pure Castile Soap, and is delicately perfumed. It is the most innocent and perfect Soap you can buy.

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.**

## 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.

CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF TRUSTEES, - - - THE BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA.

LADY PRINCIPAL, - - - - - MISS MACHIN  
With a Staff of Thirteen Governesses and Instructors.

Board and Tuition in English Branches and the French Language, \$185.00 per school year.

Michaelmas Term Begins September 7th.

For Calendar and Form of Application for Admission, apply to

DR. HIND, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

### Mother's Corner.

THE VOICE OF THE HELPLESS.

I hear a wail from the woodland,  
A cry from the forests dim;  
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,  
From the willows and reeds that rim  
The sedgy pools; from the meadow grass  
I hear the pitiful cry, alas!

It drowns the throbb of music,  
The laughter of childhood sweet,  
It seems to rise to the skies,  
As I walk the crowded street;  
When I wait on God in the house of prayer,  
I hear the sad wail even there.

'Tis the cry of the orphaned nestlings,  
'Tis the wail of the bird that sings,  
His song of grace in the archer's face,  
'Tis the flutter of broken wings,  
'Tis the voice of helplessness—the cry  
Of many a woodland tragedy.

O! lovely, unthinking maiden,  
The wing that adorns your hat  
Has the radiance rare that God placed there,  
But I see in place of that  
A mockery pitiful, deep and sad,  
Of all things happy, and gay and glad.

O! mother, you clasp your darling  
Close to your loving breast;  
Think of that other, that tender mother,  
Brooding upon her nest!  
Is the little chirp from the field and wood,  
Does no sound touch your motherhood?

That little dead bird on your bonnet,  
Is it worth the cruel wrong?  
The beauty you wear so proudly there  
Is the price of a silenced song;  
The humming-bird on your velvet dress  
Mocks your womanly tenderness.

I hear a cry from the woodland,  
A voice from the forests dim;  
A sound of woe from the sweet hedge-row,  
From the willows and reeds that rim  
The sedgy pool; from the meadow grass  
I hear the pitiful sound, alas!

Can you not hear it, my sister,  
Above the heartless behest  
Of fashion that stands, with cruel hands,  
Despoiling the songful nest?  
Above that voice have you never heard  
The voice of the helpless, hunted bird?

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

We were going from A. to S. one day. My nephew, a lad of fourteen, was driver; beside him was a grandchild, and before, a pair of favorite horses. We came round a sharp turn in the road, and at the foot of a steep hill found a quadruped and a biped. The former was a noble-looking horse, the latter an unmistakable brute. The horse was harnessed to a farm wagon, containing perhaps half a ton; the man was beating him, and shouting loud enough to be heard a mile away. I told Eddie to stop, and I said to the man, "Please don't whip that horse any more." He answered churlishly that he thought he knew his own business. I thought he did not, but kept it to myself. I kept talking to him pleasantly, as I wished to gain time for the panting horse. After a few minutes, I said, "You think, probably, that women don't know how to manage balky horses, but I have been accustomed to ride and drive ever since I was twelve years of age. If you'll allow me, I would like to try your horse, and if I fall with him, I will help you up the hill with my team." He looked annoyed, but after a little hesitation said, "All right, you can try." I stepped from my carriage and went at once to his horse's head, which I loosed from the vile check. He dropped his head, and, as if he knew I was his friend, he turned his face towards me for a good look. I patted him on the neck and face for a minute, and we soon were on the best of terms. Soon I mounted the wagon, and indicated my wish by slightly pulling one rein, and saying "come." He started promptly, and went straight up the hill to the top, when I stopped him! His owner followed. To his credit be it said, he removed his hat, helped me from the wagon, and said, "I thank you; you have taught me a lesson."