

k Thee at
dost com-
dost offer
Ve are un-
hy might.
ne wisdom
pleased to
nese price-
nem in the
cifying the
for men.
Thy Son,
Cleanse us

four dozen
ice them;
ee pods of
with salt;
ounce each
s and cover

es of green
grind in a
urn into a
Put in a jar
seed, pow-
; chop two
with strong

firm, good-
y straggling
slice thin.
e for forty-
liquor which
e a pickle of
ed for each
one-quarter
two sticks of
oves. Place
e cabbage is
ay be pickled

if a pound of
the juice and
at jelly, and
minutes; add
cool.

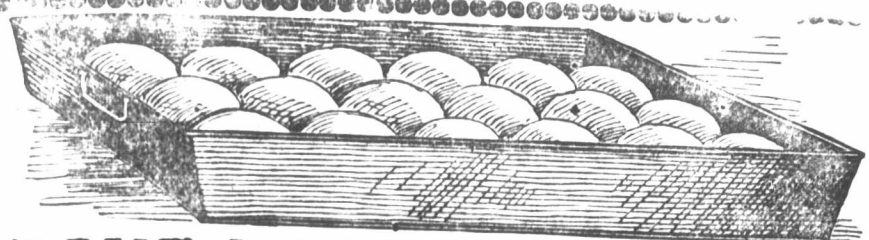
whole system.
gelatine in a
juice of four
the whites of
stir over the
ally-bag until
n, a few drops
th a few drops

if gelatine in
half a pound
s beaten in a
fire and stir
pass through a
d water, and
r-flower water
es; pour into

e same as the
the pith, and
p knife; when
oranges; place

pounds of ripe
, put in a pre-
let come to a
he fire, strain,
unds of sugar
oil until thick,
; take from the

of cold, sweet
corn, two eggs,
rter teaspoonful
l of soda, two
d thickened with
ether; grease
oonfuls and fry
side.



BAKE A BATCH OF BISCUITS

Sift one quart of flour, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of salt into a bowl; add three teaspoonfuls of COTTOLINE and rub together until thoroughly mixed; then add sufficient milk to make a soft dough; knead slightly, roll out about half an inch thick, and cut with a small biscuit cutter. Place a little apart in a greased pan, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes. These biscuits should be a delicate brown top and bottom, light on the sides, and snowy white when broken open.

The secret of success in this recipe, as in others, is to use but two-thirds as much Cottolene as you used to use of lard. Cottolene will make the biscuit light, delicious, wholesome. Better than any biscuit you ever made before. Try it. Be sure and get genuine *Cottolene*. Sold everywhere in 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.

Fun and Frolic.

When Annie Scott had the measles, Edna thought it must be the nicest thing in the world to be the object of so much attention; but when the measles really came to Edna herself, she did not think it so much fun after all.

She was such a cross little girl when she was getting well that her mother found it very trying to sit within call and hear the doleful little complaints that were continually coming from Edna's room. It was nothing but "Oh dear! I'm so tired!"—"Oh dear! I'm so warm!"—"Oh dear! I'm so thirsty!"—"Oh dear! I want something to amuse me!" all day long.

So, one evening, Edna's papa came in and said: "Well, daughty, how are the measeles?"

"I'm so tired!" replied Edna. "I want something to amuse me."

With that papa opened his coat, and out peeped the bright eyes of the dearest little dog you ever saw.

"Oh! oh!" cried Edna, "is that for me? O papa! you are a dear! I'll get well right away—indeed I will!"

Papa laughed, and said that was a fine promise.

Nervousness

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Many diseases, especially disorders of the nervous system, are attributed to a diminution of the phosphates, which are found in every fibre of the body. Horsford's Acid Phosphate supplies the phosphates, and relieves nervous exhaustion.

Dr. Gregory Doyle, Syracuse, N.Y., says: "I have frequently prescribed it in cases of indigestion and nervous prostration, and find the result so satisfactory that I shall continue its use."

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.

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For sale by all Druggists.

All the next day Edna's little dog entertained her by his funny, frisky ways, and she didn't complain of being thirsty or tired or warm more than a dozen times. In the evening her papa came in to make his usual visit to the little invalid. "Well, how did to-day go?" he asked.

"Oh, papa, it went twice as fast as yesterday. I do love my doggie: he is fun. I don't know what to call him, though."

"Why, didn't you just tell me he was fun? What better name can you have?"

"Of course!" exclaimed Edna. "That will be just the name for him!"

So Fun the little dog was called; and a very nice, obedient little fellow he soon became, and was so devoted to Edna that he would scarcely leave her side.

Getting well was rather a slow process, and, even with such a companion as Fun, the little girl found the hours very long. Her eyes were too weak to allow her to read, and there was not always spare time for mamma to spend in reading to her. Every day she begged to be allowed to go down stairs, and after a while she was permitted to dine with the family. Next came a day when she could sit out on the porch, and that was a great event.

"O mamma! it is so good to get out of doors again! You don't know how nice it is. I feel as if I had been shut up in a cage," said Edna, leaning back in her chair. "I may stay here a long time, mayn't I?"

"Until you get tired, Now mamma must leave Fun to take care of you, for she must go to market."

For some time Edna sat very still, looking about. Fun quite enjoyed the freedom of the yard, and was constantly bringing his mistress all sorts of offerings—old shoes, bits of stick, pieces of ragged carpet—anything that he could find in corners or barrels or boxes. These would be laid at Edna's feet, and Fun would look up, with one ear cocked over one eye in such a ridiculous way that Edna would have to laugh. That was the signal for much biting and pawing and tossing of the article brought; and then off the little dog would trot for something else.

Once he was gone quite a long time, and finally Edna heard him barking excitedly.

"I wonder what he has found now?" she said. "Here, Fun! Here, Fun!"

It was some minutes before Fun returned, and then what do you suppose he had in his mouth? A little bit of a kitten, which he had discovered in some out-of-the-way corner. He put

the little, blue-eyed creature down at Edna's feet, wagging his tail and looking up as much as to say: "Now see what I have brought! What do you think of that?"

"Oh, the poor, dear little, cunning tootsy-wootsy!" said Edna, stooping to pick it up. "Oh, I must keep it! I hope mamma will say I may."

Mamma was good enough to countenance the keeping of little kitty, and Edna felt that she would almost be willing to have the measles over again for the sake of the pleasure her pets gave her.

Fun had to be taught not to interfere when the kitten was taking her meals; but he soon respected her rights, and the two played together so happily that Edna was never tired of watching them. There never was a more playful kitten. So, at her papa's suggestion, Edna named the little thing Frolic.

"Fun and Frolic always go together, you know," said papa.

When Edna went back to school, she and Annie Scott exchanged experiences.

"I was a great deal sicker than Annie," Edna told her mother; "but she didn't have anything but a new doll for her measles, and I have two live darlings, which I think are ever so much nicer."

Why Not You?

When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to cure rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer? Hood's cures others, why not you?

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. 25c.

Our Record.

We are writing an imperishable record by our fleeting deeds. Half a dozen pages carry all the story of that stormy life of David. It takes a thousand and rose-trees to make a vial full of essence of roses. The record and issues of life will be condensed into small compass, but the essence of it is eternal. We shall find it again, and have to drink as we have brewed when we get yonder. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." There is a time to "sow," and that is the present life; "and there is a time to reap" the fruits of our sowing, and that is the time when times have ended, and eternity is here.

Justice.

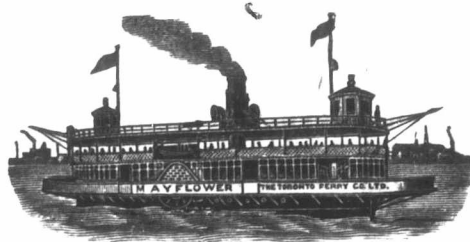
Rev. Thomas Cumming, Truro, N.S.:—"It is only justice to say that your K. D. C. has been several times used by members of my family, and always with good results."

These burdens of life, palpitation of the heart, nervousness, headache, and gloomy forebodings, will quickly disappear if you use K. D. C. The Greatest Cure of the Age for all forms of Indigestion.

How Willy Got Seared.

When Willy first went to the country, to see his cousin Jo, he had never seen a live turkey, nor a peacock, nor even a cow.

One day he was crossing a field not



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far from the house, and he heard something make an awful noise. He ran to the house and told his aunt there was a big lion over in the woods.

Jo came in, and when he had heard what Willy had said, he laughed heartily.

"There are no lions here," said he. "I know what it was. It was Mr. Cole's donkey. We will go and see him some day."