

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

Walter Baker & Co.'s

PURE, HIGH GRADE

Cocoas and Chocolates.



Breakfast Cocoa.—Absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

Premium No. 1 Chocolate.—The best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice-cream, etc.

German Sweet Chocolate.—Good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

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BRANCH HOUSE, 12 and 14 St. John St., MONTREAL.

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE.

MYSTERIES OF THE SOUTH.

British Expedition to Investigate the Secrets of the Antarctic Regions.

The discovery of the south pole is not alone the prompting motive of the British polar expedition which is to start this year for the Antarctic region. There are many important features in that unknown land which require investigation. One of which is the tides. One need only glance at a map of the world to see that the Southern Hemisphere contains twice as much area of ocean surface than does the Northern Hemisphere, and it is this great southern ocean that is really the center of the tidal system of the globe, says the London Express.

The tide which carries the barge up the Thames today has really been in this vast ocean for some days ago. Evidently, then, something should be done in this direction, and conclusive facts obtained, for perhaps in the case of England's coal supply being considerably reduced, her people may have to turn to the tides for the generation of power for their manufactures; in fact, such a scheme, for the sake of economy alone, is only comparable with the harnessing of the Falls of Foyers or Niagara for the supply of motive power. These and many other points have not been lost sight of by those planning and undertaking the expedition.

Two others, dealing with the scientific side, may be mentioned; first, that of the geology. From the nature of the rocks it will be possible to say whether the Antarctic continent, be it of large area, or only one made up of small islands, is a connecting link between South America and Australia. Should this be so, and it is highly probable, there is no reason why the land should be rich in minerals, but whether the miner would face severe climatic conditions than those prevailing even at Klondike would remain to be seen.

The second is meteorology. The study of the weather in the Southern Hemisphere is of necessity in a less satisfactory state than that of the Northern Hemisphere, on account of the fewer stations; but at the same time atmospheric as well as oceanic circulation is such a complicated machine that our relatively warmer climate, compared with others of the same latitude, is dependent upon processes taking place some thousands of miles away.

Surely an area nearly as large as Australia, unexplored, unknown, must make its impression somewhere in other countries, but what this function is remains still to be solved.

Hanging For Burglars.

[Pittsburg Press.]

There is not a more heinous offense in the whole criminal calendar than burglary. The man who breaks into a house at night does not do so merely to rob. He is prepared, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—indeed, in one hundred cases out of a hundred—to commit murder in addition. The only difference between him and the other variety of murderer is that the ordinary murderer is half the time the result of passion, and deliberate. The burglar, on the other hand, is a man possessed of some of the finer instincts. The burglar—the able-bodied brute who in absolute cold blood chooses plunder and bloodshed as his profession, can never be anything else than an abandoned brute. It is a question to be left to the moralists and the psychologists whether it would not be an act of mercy on the part of the law to take such a man off the world and enable him without unnecessary waste of time to enter some other sphere and begin all over again.

There is another phase of the matter. The theory of the law being that the administering of punishment for crime is designed not so much to gratify the spirit of reprisal and revenge as to vindicate the right and to warn all men that it must not be violated, the question rises whether the present penalties for housebreaking are such as to exercise the proper deterrent influence.

Jack—No; I don't see May as much as I used to.

Gill—Really? Why, I heard you were engaged.

Jack—That's just it. It's dark in the parlor when I call now.

NOT COD-LIVER OIL

but Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil. They are not the same; far from it.

Scott's emulsion is cod-liver oil prepared for the stomach.

Let cod-liver oil alone if you need it. When your physician orders toast, do you breakfast on flour?

Pure cod-liver oil is hard to take and hard to digest. A man that can keep it down, can saw wood. He thinks he is sick; he is lazy.

We'll send you a little to try if you like.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

WITH THE POETS.

Man Was Made to Mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
In Pleasure's lap career;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Their weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Involved with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!
See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

If I'm designed yon lordling's slave
By nature's laws designed,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow-mourn?

—Burns.

April Weather.

Soon, ah, soon the April weather,
With the sunshine at the door,
And the mellow melting rain-wind
Sweeping from the South once more.

Soon the rosy maples budding,
And the willows putting forth,
Misty crimson and soft yellow,
In the valleys of the North.

Soon the hazy, purple distance
Where the cabin'd heart takes wing,
Eager for the old migration
In the magic of the spring.

Soon, ah, soon the budding wild flowers
Through the forest white and frail,
And the odoriferous wild cherry
Gleaming in her ghostly veil.

Soon about the waking uplands
The hepaticas in blue—
Children of the first warm sunlight,
In their sober Quaker hue.

All our shining little sisters
Of the forest and the field,
Lifting up their quiet faces,
With the secret half revealed.

Soon across the folding twilight
Of the round earth hushed to hear,
The first robin at his vespers,
Calling far, serene and clear.

Soon the waking and the summons,
Starting sap in hole and blade,
And the bubbling, marshy whisper
Seeping up through bog and glade.

Soon the frogs in silver chorus
Through the night, from marsh and swale,
Blowing in their tiny oboes
All the joy that shall not fail.

Passing up the old earth rapture,
By a thousand streams and rills,
From the red Virginian valleys
To the blue Canadian hills.

Soon, ah, soon the splendid impulse,
Nomad longing, vagrant whim,
When a man's false angels vanish,
And the truth comes back to him.

Soon the majesty, the vision,
And the old unfaltering dream,
Faith to follow, strength to 'stablish,
Will to venture and to seem.

All the radiance, the glamor,
The expectancy and poise,
Of this ancient life renewing
Its terrors and its joys.

Soon the immortal magic
Of the young Apollonian moon,
And the wonder of their friendship
In the twilight—soon, ah, soon!

—Bliss Carman.

April's Return.

A flush is on the woodland,
A song is in the hedge;
The meadow wan is fair again,
For April keeps her pledge.

A thrill with every heartbeat,
A rapture touched with sighs;
New luster on the soul of Life,
Tears in my happy eyes.

—Grace Richardson.

THE LOST GAINSBOROUGH

Story of the Famous Picture's Recovery
After Many Years—Mystery Still Surrounds Its Disappearance.

The mystery surrounding the stolen portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough, which has just been reported found after a disappearance of a quarter of a century, threatens to become as extended a subject of controversy as the kidnapping of Charlie Ross.

Robert Pinkerton told what he knew of the recent whereabouts of the artistically inclined thief. "The only condition which the thief imposed," said Mr. Pinkerton, "was that before the picture was delivered the cash reward should be in the hands of my brother, William Pinkerton. There was no promise made to refrain from prosecution. Indeed, the thief demanded none, because the crime was already outlawed.

"Mr. Agnew and my brother went to a Chicago bank, and when they had drawn the money and placed it in the hands of my brother, they telephoned to the sporting man that all was arranged. The sporting man replied that the trunk containing the stolen portrait would be delivered at Mr. Agnew's room at a certain hour. When it came, Mr. Agnew took it out of its wrappings, where it had been rolled, and laid it upon the table face side up, and let it flatten out of its own weight, because he was afraid his pressing it might crack the paint. When he was assured that the picture was the genuine one, he took the cotton in which it had been wrapped and laid it again over the face of the painting.

At Sea.

O, we go down to sea in ships,
But Hope remains behind,
And Love, with laughter on his lips,
And Peace, of passive mind;
While out across the deeps of night,
With lifted sails of prayer,
We voyage off in quest of light,
Nor find it anywhere.

O, Thou who wroughtest earth and sea,
Yet keepest from our eye
The shores of an eternity
In calms of Paradise,
Blow back upon our foolish quest
With all the driving rain
Of blinding tears and wild unrest,
And wait us home again.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

In the Old Home.

They are left alone in the dear old home,
After so many years,
When the house was full of frolic and fun,
Of childish laughter and tears.
They are left alone! they two—once more!
Beginning life over again,
Just as they did in the days of yore,
Before they were nine or ten.

And the table is set for two these days;
The children went one by one,
Away from home on their separate ways,
When childhood's days were done.
How healthily hungry they used to be!
What romping they used to do!
And mother—for weeping—can hardly see
To set the table for two.

Ah, well! ah, well! 'tis the way of the world!

Children stay but a little while,
And then into other scenes are whirled,
Where other homes beguile.
But it matters not how far they roam,
Their hearts are fond and true,
And there's never a home like the dear old home.

Where the table is set for two.

—Youth's Companion.

Two Schools.

I put my heart to school.
In the world where men grow wise,
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again.
"And where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school,
In the woods where wild birds sing,
In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said; "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song.
"I find this school is home."

—Henry Van Dyke.

To Marry or Not to Marry.

Mother says, "Be in no hurry,
Marriage oft means care and worry."
"I find this school is home."

Auntie says, with manner grave,
"Life is synonym for slave."
Father asks in tones commanding,
"How does Bradstreet rate his standing?"

Sister, crooning to her twins,
Sighs, "With marriage care begins."
Grandma, near life's closing days,
Murmurs, "Sweet are girlhood's ways."

Maud, twice widowed ("sod and grass")
Looks at me and moans "Alas!"
They are six, and I am one,
Life for me has just begun.

They are older, calmer, wiser,
Age should say be youth's adviser.
They must know—and yet, dear me,
When in Harry's eyes I see

All the world of love there burning—
On my six advisers turning,
I make answer, "Oh, but Harry
Is not like most men who marry."

"Fate has offered me a prize,
Life with love means Paradise
"Life without it is not worth
All the foolish joys of earth."

So, in spite of all they say,
I shall name the wedding day.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

That Old Pain Again.

It's an old enemy. You thought you had shaken it off, but the winter winds and the variable spring weather find the weak spot, and the old pain is back again—perhaps even worse than before.

If you have severe pains in the joints and the muscles—pains aggravated by cold and damp, so that you find it difficult to walk, or your shoulders ache so that it is a torture to get into your clothing, it is RHEUMATISM. Do not neglect it or your joints may grow so stiff that you will be permanently crippled. Liniments and outward applications are of no use.

Rheumatism is a disease of the blood and must be treated through the blood. There is only one always reliable, permanent cure for Rheumatism, and that is

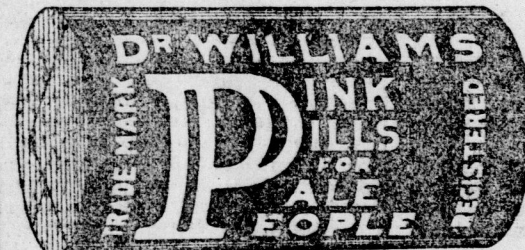
DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

These pills have repeatedly cured the most severe cases of Rheumatism—cured even after doctors and other medicines had failed. They go direct to the cause of the trouble, drive it from the system and thus make permanent cures.

HERE IS THE PROOF.

Mr. Moise Laframboise, St. Scholastique, Que., says:—"During the years 1897 and 1898 I suffered very much from rheumatism. The disease settled in my knees, and I often endured the greatest agony in going about. I tried several kinds of medicine, but did not find relief. In the spring of 1899 I decided to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and purchased six boxes. Before these were all gone the disease had disappeared. As a sort of preventive I took a few boxes more the following autumn, with the result that I have not since felt an ache or pain. I naturally think there is no medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for rheumatism."

Mrs. A. Huscroft, Pittston, Ont., says:—"For several years I was very much afflicted with rheumatism, which at last became so bad that I was unable to move about or do any housework. I was treated by one of the best doctors in this locality, but the results were far from satisfactory. A neighbor who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with benefit urged me to try them, and after using four boxes I found myself restored to good health and have not since had the slightest return of the trouble. As my experience occurred over two years ago, I think I may safely say the cure is permanent, and that other rheumatic sufferers will do well to try this medicine."



Sold by all dealers in medicine or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.



Goat Milk In Athens.

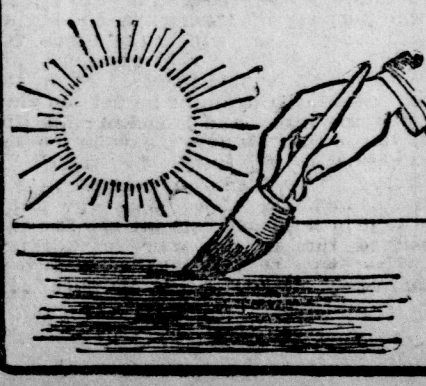
[Scribner's.]

Nor do the men who sell milk and its various products lie in bed all the sun long. There are a couple of European dairies in Athens, whose proprietors keep cows; but they do business mostly with the foreigners and with those Greeks who ape foreign manners. Your genuine Athenian believes the goat to be the proper milk-producing animal, and he regards the cow in this connection about as we Americans do the mare. The milkman takes his animals with him, jangling their bells and squeezing "Gala!" he shouts, a quick, startling cry with a "g" whose guttural quality is unattainable by adult learners, and usually unperceived by them. When a customer comes to the door he strips the desired quantity into the proffered receptacle before her vigilant eyes, selecting one of the goats and paying no attention to the others, who understand the business as well as he does. Patiently they stand about, chewing the cud or resting on contiguous doorsteps. When their master moves on they arise and follow, more faithful than dogs. The obvious and well-nigh overpowering temptation to which the milkman is subjected affects him in Greece as in America. In Greece it is taken for granted that he cannot resist, and he is therefore obliged to take his animals with him. But even thus he is not above suspicion, for they tell of a robber water-bag carried inside the coat and provided with a tube reaching to the palm of the hand. Each time the milkman closes his hand over the udder he presses the bag between his arm and his body.

A GREAT GUN.

A new 80-ton wire gun will be tested with shells at Sandy Hook some day soon, General Miles and the board of ordnance being present. This gun, which is intended for coast defense work, is able to hurl a 55-pound projectile 2,800 feet per second. Its makers claim that, from its pit at the Hook, this gun could easily drop shells into Forty-second street, more than eighteen miles away. The gun contains 75 miles of wire and cost \$33,000, being the most expensive piece of ordnance along the Atlantic coast.

WHEN YOU PAINT



avoid cheap stuff that has no reputation. Buy the best paint—paint that has a name—paint that preserves, that beautifies. Buy paint that fights off hot sun and rain, that will not crack nor blister that keeps its color, that looks best, wears best, covers most and work easiest.

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are that kind. Do you want to learn all about painting and see how some beautiful homes are painted? Drop us a card and ask for

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