

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

GOLD MEDAL

to
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

BAKER'S
COCOA AND CHOCOLATES

are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Branch House, 12 and 14 St. John St., Montreal.

Lola's Secret,

A Romance.

There was no rapture in his voice or manner. He looked, as he said, pleased, and nothing more.

Little by little the color came to Lola's face again and words to her lips.

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you, Sir Karl," she replied. "You must stay for dinner—it will be ready in ten minutes."

"Yes, do, Sir Karl," said madame. "It will be like old times to have you with us again."

He had intended to go over to Deeping Hurst that night, and he hesitated. It was still broad daylight yet, if he remained here he would not have time to go.

Lola looked at him imploringly. "Surely," she said, "you could never think of leaving us tonight; it would be too unkind."

"I did not come prepared to stay," he answered, still half hesitatingly. "I have been traveling all night and day and my dress is unsuited for ladies' company."

"We will excuse all that," returned Lola quickly. "There is no need even to mention it. Let me ring and order your horses to be taken to the stables. You will not refuse me, I am sure."

"It is very kind of you, but I cannot," she said. "But no buts!" laughed Lola.

"Now you must consent, I have heard you say that a line from Shakespeare would reconcile you to anything."

He laughed, and with the laugh he yielded. It was pleasant to be welcomed so warmly by those two graceful women, to be made to feel that he had brought brightness and happiness with him, to know that their delight at seeing him was perfectly genuine. It was more like coming home than going to Scarsdale would be; so he yielded to the temptation or the impulse, and remained.

Madame, noting her daughter's delight, felt her heart sink. She could see that Sir Karl did not care for her except as a friend; and it dawned upon her that an unfortunate love affair would be the one thing in the world which would be most baneful to Lola.

She had a pleasant dinner. Madame ordered some of her choicest wines to be brought; the viands were recherche and the fruit was delicious. Afterward all three repaired to the drawing-room. The long windows opened on to the lawn, the turf of which was smooth as velvet, and a white, despairing rain raised to the sky, while the silence of the night was broken by the sobs of a woman, who cried:

"Give me his love, O heaven, or I shall die!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Sir Karl gave a deep sigh of relief when he found himself driving home in the bright moonlight to Scarsdale. He had dreaded this interview with Lola, and now it was over. He had forgotten all about his promise to go to Scarsdale first on his return to England; he would never have remembered it but for the coaxing little letter, which brought it all to his mind. Then he knew that he must keep his promise, and guard himself from peril as well as he could. However, it was over now; and he thought he had a wise and diplomatic thing in telling Lola of his "one great hope." That she should imagine that hope applied to herself never occurred to him; he thought he had let her see that his intentions were fixed elsewhere.

Now all this would be plain sailing, and there would be no more mistakes. As a friend, this beautiful bewitching French girl was certainly not to be equaled; as a woman to love, she could not suit him at all. He was highly pleased with the result of his visit. How well she had received that allusion to his hope! He had been almost afraid that there would have been a scene. He was delighted that she had listened in such sweet sympathetic silence to what he had to say. It was a good omen that she should be so complaisant. Now he could visit Lady Rhyssworth with a light heart; by noon tomorrow he should see her.

That one thought was enough for him to sleep. He did not know what he should say to her, or what the result would be—whether she would be pleased or not to see him, whether he should ultimately win her; he thought only of those few words—she should be with her "by noon tomorrow."

Early the next morning he started for Deeping Hurst. He had not forgotten that Dolores had a little daughter, and he took with him some marvelous toys which he had brought home for the child. He felt sure that the way to Dolores' heart now would be through her little daughter. So he rode on, his heart filled with happy thoughts, until he reached his destination. He asked the servant who answered his summons if Lady Rhyssworth was at home. He remembered that he had never seen her as Lady Rhyssworth; nor had he seen her in her new home. He recalled his parting from her. What would his meeting with her be like?

"Sir Karl," said Lola, "tell me whether you think our friendship has prospered. Are you pleased with the results of it?"

"I cannot but be pleased, and grate-

ful, too," he replied. "Your letters have been a great source of pleasure to me. I must thank you for them. Owing to them, I feel as though I had not been away from home—you have kept me so constantly au courant with all that has happened."

"I am very glad that you are pleased with them. Tell me one thing more. Do you care more for my friendship now than you did? Would you feel reluctant to lose it now?"

"Most certainly I should," he answered. "I should be more than reluctant—I should be grieved. But why should there be any fear of such a thing?"

"I hope there is not," she said. "I was merely wondering, if you were to lose my friendship, whether you would feel it acutely."

"We may be friends always," he responded. "I do not see anything to prevent it."

"You were wrong in one respect," said Lola, raising her bright, beautiful face. "You anticipated finding me married on your return. See how true I have been to our friendship."

"Your marriage need not have impaired it," he replied. "If, however, you had married someone who objected to it, your clear duty would have been to put an end to it."

His thoughts hardly went with his words. He was wondering how Dolores looked with a widow's cap on her fair hair, whether she would be pleased to see him, how she would greet him, what her first words would be; and the emotion of the girl by his side escaped him.

She walked on in silence. At length she spoke. This was to have been a day of supreme happiness to her, and it did not seem to her as though it had fulfilled its promise.

"Is that all you have to say to me?" she asked slowly.

He looked down at her with a smile. "Have I left anything unsaid which I ought to have said?"

"You must be the best judge of that," Sir Karl replied. "I am pleased indeed to see you and hope you are equally delighted to see me."

"I have assured you of that," he said gravely.

"You seem distrustful and preoccupied," Sir Karl—as though your thoughts were hardly here."

"Then I am ashamed of myself," he answered. "That would be pardonable. The fact is," he added in a lower tone, "my mind is full of one great hope, and I am afraid that I lose myself in thinking of it."

Her heart gave one passionate throb; no doubt came to her, as to what that great hope was that filled his mind. It must be the winning of her love; the very fact of his mentioning it proved it. She bowed her head in silence; the words were unutterably sweet to her. Why did he not say more? Surely he would! But he also was silent for some moments.

"Some day," he said, then, "I will tell you, as we are friends, more of this great hope of mine. Now I must go for it is growing late; and Scarsdale is some little distance from here."

"Must you go?" she asked, with the least pressure of her hand on his arm. "I wish you could remain one hour longer. This is, above all others, the night for a beautiful walk."

Who knew his beauty and its dangers better than he did?

"Do not wake madame," he said, "bid her good-bye for me."

"I shall I add that you will come again soon?" she inquired.

Yes, I shall be busily engaged for the next few days; but I will ride over as soon as I can."

"I shall miss the pleasure of writing to you," she said; and the way in which she clung to his arm was almost caressing.

"I shall be here to listen to all your pleasant little gossip," he replied. "Speaking is better than writing."

"I could write more than I can say," she said, with a flush on her face, her eyes averted.

"He made no reply to that, but said 'Good-night' to her gravely."

When the moon rose an hour later, its beams fell upon a beautiful figure lying, with its robes of amber silk and black lace, upon the dry, dewless turf, and under a white, despairing rain raised to the sky, while the silence of the night was broken by the sobs of a woman, who cried:

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DIME NOVELS
OUT OF DATE

Popularity of Blood and Thunder
Stories Diminishes Annually.

Dies With Indians—Boys Nowadays
Know the West is Not Wild and
Woolly—Change Their Taste.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Twenty-five years ago the dime novel was credited with all the shortcomings of masculine youth. The boy who read them was considered booked for the bad. But in these days, when the cigarette has been made to shoulder the sins of misguided youth, the dime novel, as a boy's man, has disappeared from its once high place as a corrupting influence among the young. And the reason for this is that the dime novel itself is as nearly extinct as the dodo.

In the light of trade of the "book manufacturers" the reason for this is easy. The Indian has disappeared from the warpath. The James boys are dead. The Youngers are in State's prison for life. The woolly West is a good deal safer than are many of Chicago's residence streets after dark.

CAUSE OF THE CHANGE.

Always the book manufacturer has kept just behind a news sensation. When Sitting Bull was standing nearly all the time and when Captain Jack of the Modocs was raising Cain and hair on the Pacific coast then the dime novel was in its heyday. In the massacre of Custer and his band of troopers the dime novel manufacturer made thousands. But today the dime novel is about as attractive to its former constituency as would be any novel dealing with scenes and characters in the stone age. A boy cannot be fired with the ambition to kill cords of redskins when he knows that most of them are now wearing case-off any overcoats and trading government rations for forty-rod whisky. Most of the stages of the West have degenerated into the three-seat spring wagon driven by a farmer who sits on a pouch of mixed States mail and spits tobacco juice over the front wheel. To hold up such a vehicle and make even a million dollar haul would have no heroics in it. The West has lost its settings for the dime novel and having lost it, the penny dreadful literature has reverted to the East again and to the slums of the great cities.

DETECTIVE STORIES POPULAR.

With the passing of the dime novel a great "literary" field, once followed and productive, is now waste. Time was when even who wrote for the dime novel publishers rode in carriages and had valets if they wanted them. In the minimum of time they turned out manuscripts for hard work. But today a man with a thrilling, blood-curdling story of the West could not sell it at any price.

"Old Sleuth"—Herland P. Halsey, of Brooklyn, has left behind him the nearest substitute for the dime novel. It costs only half as much, however, and it deals largely with the detective side of life. The fact is, this man's manuscripts were left in the safe of a New York publishing house, and every sixty days one of his stories is issued, averaging close to 75,000 copies before the plates finally are taken off the press. These stories of the "Old Sleuth" series deal with men who are capable of disguising themselves until their mothers wouldn't know them, and they come out of tight places with easy confidence that sends little thrills up and down the backbone of the reader. When they are consulted in a great case they look for clues, measure all the surrounding things with a bit of tape, tell the complainant to keep "mum," and the next thing he knows the villains are in custody.

FEW NEW PAPER-BOUND BOOKS.

Of the books in paper covers, printed "for the grade," few of them are new. Before international copyright was cured the publishers in the United States grabbed every story as soon as it came from the press. Thousands of these books are now lying in vaults in New York, ready to be drawn upon at some time. When they are drawn a new title and new covers will make them new books. These books of 200 or 300 pages can be furnished to the retailer at a little more than 6 cents each.

Some of the old weekly papers which ran from three to five serial stories all the time, are gold mines to the book-makers. They go back through the

files of these papers, most of them dead and reprinted the old serials that served to amuse and entertain another generation. Titles are always changed and if necessary a little editing is done to bring the stories up to date. There is nothing to pay for manuscripts, no royalties, and the excess over typography and paper is all profit.

The Spanish war made a field for some new, cheap fiction, but it has been worked out. The suppression of "Sapho" on the stage made that book immensely in demand. It had been printed before the copyright law was passed and one house in New York printed and sold 1,000,000 copies of it while the sensation lasted. It is dead stock today. When Kipling was so dangerously ill more than a year ago his pirated work had an enormous sale, dropping off again as he grew better.

Just now it is the regret of the book manufacturer that there seems to be nothing on the tapis which promises to awaken in the trade along such lines.

The Poets.

Old Mother Earth.

I am a part of your being,
As you are a part of mine;
Kindred we are to each other,
Kindred by ties divine.

I am a part of the glory
And the wonder that no man knows,
Crowned with the springtime's beauty,
And the winter's drifting snows.

Mine are the pleasant valleys,
And the mountain's dizzy height,
Wrapped in the glory of morning,
And the sunset's fading light.

Mine are the verdant pastures,
And the hills where the cattle graze,
And the far-off stretches lying
Asleep in the noonday haze.

Mine are the rivers flowing
With their waters to the sea;
And the woods where the wind is sigh-
ing.

They are all a part of me.

Mine are the purple asters,
And the yellow daffodils,
All of the perfumed sweetness
That each fragrant petal spills.

Mine is the grass that's springing
And the moss where they lie asleep,
In the peaceful churchyard slumber—
My weary wandering sheep.

I am the earth who loves you,
With all of my treasures vast,
And unto my peaceful bosom
I will gather you at last.

The Moon-Baby.

There's a beautiful golden cradle,
That rocks in the rose red sky;
I have seen it there in the evening air,
Where the bats and beetles fly;

White little white clouds for curtains,
And pillows of fleecy wool,
And a dear little bed for the Moon-
Baby's head.

So tiny and beautiful,
There are tender young stars around it,
That wait for their bath of dew,
In the purple tints that the sun's warm
prints.

Have left on the mountain blue;
There are good little gleam planets,
That want to be nursed and kissed,
And laid to sleep in the ocean deep,
Under silvery folds of mist.

But the Moon-Baby first must slum-
ber
For he is their proud young king;
So, hand in hand, round his bed they
With an

And lullabies low they sing,
And the beautiful golden cradle
Is rocked by the winds that stray
With pinions soft, from the halls aloft,
Where the Moon-Baby lies today.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sunset.

He gazed on the sunset glory
Of the clouds piled high in the west,
And he poured forth his soul in a
Full of truth and beauty and rest.

He knew not the source of his power,
And he wrote not in praise of the
But he wrote for a soul in a troubled
hour,
Inspired by God's love in the cloud.

The artist stood at his easel,
And his brush did appear
A vision of hope and beauty,
To fill the lonely with cheer.

Long had he stood in the garden,
And watched with his heart aflame
The marvelous colors of sunset—
To him there the vision came.

And another sat at an organ,
As twilight succeeded the day,
'Neath his fingers such wondrous
music arose
As only the angels might play.

It stole through the darkened chapel,
It quivered on wings to a room,
Where it brought to a mourning
mother
God's voice of hope in the gloom.

He, too, had watched the pageant,
That preceded the coming of night,
In his soul rose the exquisite harmonies
That struggled for freedom and light.

To each came an inspiration,
As he gazed through the gates of
the west,
And touched by the heavenly glory,
Each gave to the world his best.

—Isabel C. Armstrong.

Household Hints.

In making gelatine jellies it is well to remember that to one-fourth of a box of gelatine take one-fourth of a cup of water; to one-half of a box, one-half of a cup, and to one box, one cup. Let it soak fully one-half of an hour. In summer more gelatine will be required to solidify a given amount of liquid than in winter, and some fruit juices take more than others. Experience is the best recipe for perfect jellies.

Sieves should not be washed with soap, but cleaned with a brush and clear water, using soda if necessary.

The outside of all pans, sauce pans, in fact, all utensils, should be cleaned with as much care as the inside. Keep things clean—do not get them so once a week.

Use clean, hot, soapy water, changing as soon as it becomes greasy; wash and rinse the dish towels after each using; use strong linen cloths for dish washing, and keep the drain pan clean, flushing it often with hot suds and soda water.

Ice cream freezers and all utensils

This is a "free country," still
a law that compelled people
to try *Blue Ribbon Berylton*
Tea would do a lot of good.

SILK
REMNANTS

By special arrangement with large manufacturers we have been able to purchase an enormous quantity of beautiful silk remnants and propose giving a great bargain in silk to the lady readers of this paper who are interested in making fancy trousseaus, nightgowns, and many other beautiful and economical articles. Each piece is a different design, carefully trimmed, of good size, and will surprise and astonish all who receive them. Readers have taken the trouble to write us their thanks, adding that they received five times the actual quantity expected, measure by square inches. Reuse any package ever offered. We positively guarantee absolute satisfaction. One large package postpaid, six silver, two for \$2.00. Johnston & Co., Box 551 Toronto.

OUR BEAUTY DEPARTMENT OF

Mme. A. Ruppert's Specialties



Mme. A. Ruppert's World-Renowned Remedies

ARE THE BEST

They are the pioneers of all complexion preparations, having been sold for many years longer than any other. They are used and recommended by the best people, and always give complete satisfaction.

Owing to these Well-Established Facts, we give Mme. Ruppert's Remedies this Well-Earned Preeminence.

Mme. A. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH

\$2.00 a bottle; 3 bottles for \$5.00.

Madame Ruppert's Face Bleach is not a new, untried remedy. Its use assures a perfect complexion. It has been sold for 20 years longer than any other of its kind, and today has a larger sale than all these combined. We are receiving constantly supplies fresh from the laboratory of Madame A. Ruppert, No. 6 East 14th Street, New York, and they are of pure excellence.

Book "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL" Free

Every caller at this department will be given this unique booklet FREE. It contains all those little secrets of the toilet so dear to every woman's heart. We give below a list of some of Madame Ruppert's Toilet Requisites:

Price.	Mme. Ruppert's Golden Hair Tonic gives new life to and stops falling hair.	Price.	Mme. Ruppert's Almond Oil Complexion Soap, a perfect soap, a combination of almond oil and wax, not a boiled soap, and contains no lye.
1.00	Mme. Ruppert's Wonderful Depilatory removes superfluous hair without injury to skin in three minutes.	.25	
2.50	Mme. Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorative is not a dye, but returns gray hair to its natural color.	2.00	Mme. Ruppert's World-Renowned Face Bleach, large bottle clears the skin of any discoloration, and beautifies the complexion naturally.
1.00	Mme. Ruppert's Pearl Eucal causes the skin to assume a girlish loveliness, mainly for evening use.	1.00	Mme. Ruppert's Egyptian Balm, a valuable skin food, used in connection with the Bleach removes wrinkles.
.50	Mme. Ruppert's White Rose Face Powder, an exquisite powder.		

...FOR SALE BY...