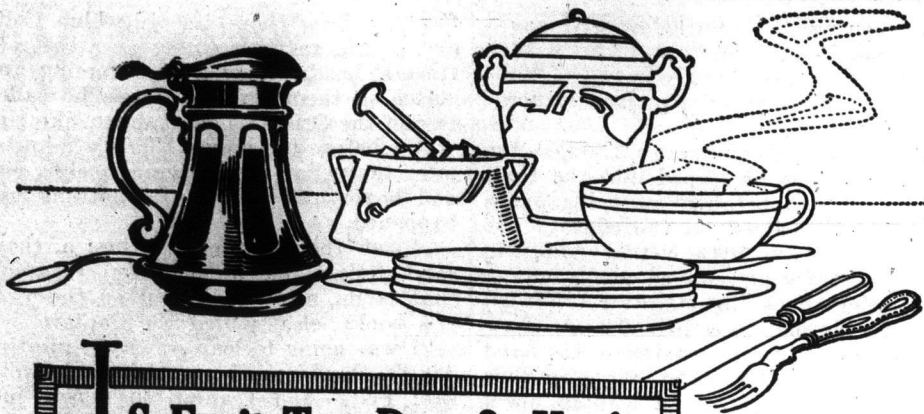




Is Fruit Too Dear? Yes!

Then Use More Of

ROGERS' GOLDEN SYRUP

Keep a generous jug of Rogers' Golden Syrup on the table. It's simply delicious with bread, hot biscuits or crackers, and is the one best "trimming" for griddle cakes.

You'll never get tired of its full, rich flavor, because Rogers' is a pure Sugar Cane Syrup, wholesome, nourishing and delicious.

Rogers' Golden Syrup is just as good for making gingerbread, puddings, cakes and candy as it is for table use. Put up in sealed tins of 2, 5 and 10 pounds net. Get it at your grocers.

For sale
by all
grocers.



The Best of all Remedies for Children.

From Mr. H. EVERED, Norway House, Pictou, Nova Scotia:—

"I am writing to you in praise of your Gripe Water as a tonic. My little girl who is now 12 months old has thrived on it wonderfully. We have given it to her almost since she was born. WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER has proved the best of all remedies we have tried. We would not be without it. Trusting that our experience will decide others to test this most valuable medicine, I am yours faithfully, H. EVERED, Gardener to Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner of Canada."

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

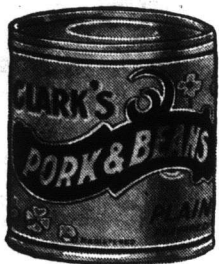
INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

For three generations it has nourished and strengthened infant vitality. It contains no preparation of Morphia, Opium or other harmful drug, and has behind it a long record of Medical Approval.

Of any Druggists. Be sure it's WOODWARD'S.



CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest

ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM
UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

Blackwood's Raspberry Vinegar

Something Delicious

To be obtained of all Grocers

Manufacturers of Blackwood's Celebrated Soft Drinks

The Blackwoods Limited

Winnipeg

Leper station—poor doomed wretches—past the busy towns of Nanaimo, Ladysmith and in for coal at Union Bay—off an anchored tug, mind you, as some wrinkle with another railroad prevented us using the dock and our coal had been mislaid at Victoria. Now we round Cape Lazo and soon are at the "Meeting of the Waters"—where the tides that circle Vancouver Island leap abreast of each other—then into the terrible pass. On the left is Campbells River, noted the world over for its magnificent salmon fishing—but ahead is Seymour narrows—an almost impossible passage at full tide "in." Now we were timing to make it during the "slack water"—between tides—but it is very difficult to strike this auspicious time and we were a bit late and met the roaring flood on the "run in." We entered between the great cliffs of the Island (Vancouver) and the swiftly rising banks of Valdes, ahead, was a river of foam and boiling eddies and roaring open tide rips. The confusion in that narrow passage was something terrific—how many knots an hour that tide was running I dare not guess, and part of my work on the coast consisted of "taking the tide." We drove in against it on an even keel and met the side current—I should think the sides of this rushing flood were

came aboard in tons and swept a few loose things about helter skelter. It took us three hours to cross the worst part of the Sound and we were thrown about like a cork in the mighty seas—but the "Prince" is a good craft and we landed safe and sound at the brand new city of Prince Rupert our namesake—very new, very mossy, very rocky, everything well built, prices high, times good, property selling as if these were the only lots in the only town upon earth.

We entered into our work with glee, examining the products of the fisheries, going out on the gasoline propelled Fraser River fishing boats and catching many kinds of cod, huge halibut, skate and sole flatfish, myriad salmon. Dodging inquisitive "blackfish"—a whale about twenty-five feet long, they were in pairs love-making—for this spring month is the breeding season—and they have a most unpleasant way of suddenly coming up right near your fishing boat and exhausting their vitiated air and your nerves at one and the same time—none dared to come near us as I had my camera; leave it at home and they would be rubbing barnacles off on our gunwales all the day long—such is life!

Here is the land for the follower of



Cod Fish of the Northern Pacific ocean—five varieties.

three feet higher than the middle—and we bowed to its power—over and over and over she leaned slowly and gracefully until nervous women screamed and the men took a bit tighter hold of good graspable things—my heart got tired of being away down there in the dark and tried to creep up into my throat. Now the "Prince" is righting himself like a lord—now he strikes the other current and tips slowly but surely over and over and over the other way—more squeals and I shut my mouth firmly and swallow hard—Fritz has a grasp the rail of the observation deck guaranteed never to come loose—right ahead is the Rock, a ledge in the boiling mass on which several things that man has built went to speedy destruction—we edge over for the awful looking whirlpool on the right shore and creep past that rock slowly but surely—we throb and spin and tip—ever that awful slow tip—tip-tip over and finally, after an hour's work emerge into swift steadily flowing water and pass strange villages of the Coast Indians with the totems—huge carved and painted poles—standing in front of the house, like some distorted grove of insane petrified monsters, weird beyond imagination. Then we enter Queen Charlotte Sound—this wide stretch of water is protected (!) by the distant shores of Japan only—so look out for squalls—we got them, a nice big southwestern swell, waves three hundred feet across and fifteen feet high.

"Will we buy this good steady boat?" asked Fritz as we entered a fearful looking sea that drove everybody to shelter—I think the spray of that noble roller washed the very tip of our "airless" with its spray—anyhow the wave

rod and gun, net or trawl. Here Nature is prolific—and so is the United States fisherman. He knows a good thing when he sees it and he fishes all along our coasts—you know we have a three-mile line that marks our water boundaries, well! the poor U. S. fisherman evidently thinks this is a rule laid down to guide and help him as he always seems to fish inside this line. Never mind, Mr. U. S. Fisherman—there are two nice little armed fishery cruisers just built in England creeping around the dreaded Cape—that cape of storms, Cape Horn—headed right your way and the things they promise to do to you fish pirates is something awful to contemplate. A few days more, a few dozen more good pictures of scaled and furred and feathered ones and we catch the good old "Prince Rupert" and toss and roll southward once more.

Mrs. Listen Well—"Don't you think Miss Thumpford is playing that nocturne through too fast?"

Mr. A. Boardman—"Too fast. Good heavens, madame. She can't play it through too fast to suit me."

Reporter (to laborer run down by street car)—"Do you expect to get damages from the company?"

Mike—"Expect 'em? I've got 'em!"

"And when they call up from the office, dear, and ask what's the matter with you, shall I say indigestion?"

"Indigestion! Nobody has indigestion now. Do you want to disgrace me? Tell 'em it's complicated ptomaine!"—
"Cleveland Plain Dealer."