

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 good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

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

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE.

A Sterling Heart.

"Oh, you surely do not mean that?" Mary Montclair had interposed. "I am sure I think she has been very modest ever since we have been here, and in my opinion Lord Wallace is the one who throws himself in her way. I think she ought to be fair toward her," the girl concluded, her sense of justice prompting her to say this much in Shirley's defense.

"Well, at all events, there is clearly some mystery connected with her past," said Lurline. "But you think so?" Lurline inquired. "Either with her or with Mr. Hartman's," Mary replied. "She seemed to be completely thrown off her balance for a moment when she told him she was as if she had been suddenly surprised by some very unpleasant remembrance."

"Really, I never thought of putting such a construction upon her conduct," cried Lurline, with curling lips. "It struck me that he was simply shocked upon discovering her identity, after his high praise of her during the voyage, that vessel, because of some derogatory secret concerning either herself or her family, which he knew. You saw how abruptly he turned away from her, and he has not even looked at her once since, for I have been watching them both all day."

"I had not observed it," answered Miss Montclair, who, though inheriting some aristocratic notions, was really a noble-hearted girl, and aimed to hold herself above all petty suspicion and spite. "Nor I," said her sister; "and surely Shirley does not betray any consciousness of fear of having anything disagreeable revealed in connection with her life."

"I am sure you are both exceedingly obtuse," retorted Lurline, irritably; "I have scarcely taken my eyes off the girl since the affair happened, and she has appeared troubled and preoccupied—she is not nearly so gay as when we started on our trip. Look at her now! Mr. Hartman is making a fool of himself pouring meaningless flatteries into her ears, and, for once, she does not hear a word that he is saying. I will wager my emerald ring—and she turned a magnificent one upon her finger—that she is absorbing everything over what has occurred, and planning how she can best turn suspicion from herself."

The Misses Montclair involuntarily glanced toward the object of their conversation, and it certainly seemed as if Lurline's suspicion might be right. Shirley was sitting beneath a great pine tree, on a rustic seat, with Mr. St. Clare, in the most visible fashion, and apparently oblivious of everything but the rare beauty of his complexion and the white of his teeth. She was leaning her head upon his shoulder, and her attitude appeared to indicate that she was attentive to his conversation, her eyes were downcast, her white brows slightly contracted, as if from pain or anxiety, and to a keen observer, it was evident that she realized but very little of what was being said to her.

"But she does not seem like a girl who has an unhappy secret, or anything of a dishonorable nature to conceal," remarked Alice Montclair, who, though she could not feel quite the same toward Shirley as before the revelation of her position, did not wish to judge her uncharitably.

"Oh, you cannot always tell!" snapped Miss Lurline, vindictively. "I am a girl as clever and poor and proud as Shirley Livingston is sure to be artful. Of course, she regrets being obliged to earn her living in the way she does, and so will adopt almost any means to better her condition."

"I am afraid that you are a trifle unjust in this respect," Miss Lurline said. "Miss Livingston returned in a tone of gentle reproach; for, if Miss Livingston had regretted, or been ashamed of her position as companion to Madame Marton, she might have ignored what was said last night, instead of making her position more conspicuous by so openly and comportedly avowing it as she did."

Miss Lurline laughed out derisively at these remarks. "My dear Miss Montclair, you amuse me, you are so refreshingly 'innocent,'" she said. "Could you not understand that all that was done for effect? Of course both Lord and Lady Wallace knew that she was Madame Marton's maid, or companion, as she more elegantly put it; and, with their high notions regarding truth and honor, she doubtless argued that she would stand very ill with them if she should be guilty of any deception or subterfuge regarding the matter. She knew well enough that if Lord Wallace was democratic enough to invite her to Ivyhurst as an equal, she would increase his admiration for her by taking a bold stand and posing as a martyr to my unlucky remark. I think that it was unlucky, for I did not dream that the girl would have the face to make any reply to it."

The Misses Montclair regarded the malicious girl with unforgotten astonishment for they had both given Shirley credit for having been singularly conscientious and courageous in so openly avowing her position, when by simply keeping silence she might have avoided becoming so unpleasantly conspicuous.

Again Lurline laughed out mockingly as she met their wondering glances. "I perceive that neither of you has a suspicion of what is so patent to me," she observed.

"And what is that?" inquired Mary. "That Shirley Livingston is playing a very bold game—that she is using her arts to become Lady Wallace, and the mistress of Ivyhurst."

"Why, Miss Lurline, I never thought of such a thing!" exclaimed both sisters in one breath.

"But haven't you noticed how expectantly sweet she tries to be whenever she is with him?"

"I have observed that Lord Wallace appeared to admire her very much," said Alice Montclair, looking greatly shocked over Lurline's suspicion; "but it did not occur to me that he had such serious intentions as you suggest; neither have I thought Miss Livingston forward in her deportment in the slightest degree."

"Don't you consider it forward for a girl in her position to flirt with every young man who meets her, and monopolize their attentions?" jealously snapped Miss Lurline. "I know that she has received a great deal of attention," thoughtfully remarked Mary Montclair; "but," she added, "frankly, I cannot be denied that she is really the prettiest girl at Ivyhurst, and you know that all young men are very partial to beauty; I do not think she ought to be blamed if they choose to show her attention. Still," she concluded gravely, "I hope her longings will be so inconsiderate of her propriety as to marry Miss Livingston."

"I should suppose that one such experience would be sufficient for him," remarked the elder Miss Montclair, with more sharpness than she had yet manifested. Then, flushing hotly, as she suddenly became aware that the conversation had degenerated into vulgar gossip, she abruptly arose and proposed that they return to the company. But Lurline, who was secretly resolved that before the day was over she would mortify still further the girl she hated.

Mr. Charles Wallace and his friend, Mr. Hartman, appeared to enjoy the renewal of their friendship exceedingly, and to forget in their pleasure the presence of the peculiar incident of the morning.

They were inseparable throughout the day and parted with evident regret. It was time for the party to return to Ivyhurst.

Lord Wallace warmly pressed his niece's old acquaintance to return with them, and remain his guest until Mr. Wallace's departure.

Mr. Hartman thanked him cordially for the invitation, but remarked that circumstances would not admit of his accepting it at that time, and so after exchanging friendly adieus and good wishes they parted.

The sail home by moonlight was delightful, especially so as most of the young people were musical and sang nearly thus evening, thus evoking such enchanting echoes among the grand old hills a steeple along the river that many a listener along the shore was charmed by the floating melody.

On their arrival at Ivyhurst they found awaiting them a most appetizing repast, of which every one partook with hungry zest, their long sail and day in the open air having aroused the keenest appetites.

Afterward the mail was distributed, and all adjourned to the drawing room to peruse their letters.

Madame Marton seated herself at a table about midway of the room, and Shirley took a seat beside her, while under by a brilliant lamp, were seated Lurline, Lurline's mother, and the other guests were scattered in similar groups about the apartment.

Shirley was the only one among the company who had received no letters. The poor child had no friends to write to her, and since Clifton's letters had ceased to come to her she felt as if she was left entirely out in the cold.

She sat beside Madame now, feeling strangely sad and depressed as she watched the gleaming faces of those around her; but, after awhile, she dropped her head upon her hand while her mind reverted with almost morbid wonder and curiosity, to her adventure of the morning.

(To be Continued.)

GRIFFITHS' MENTHOL LINIMENT

FOR RHEUMATISM

If you are anxious to get rid of these Rheumatic pains now, and for all time there is only one way to do it. The quickest way to reach the blood is through the skin. Nature put these million of pores in your body so that poisons could come out and soothing healing remedies could go in. The only thing that goes in where the roots of Rheumatism are located is Griffiths' Menthol Liniment. First open the pores by bathing the painful parts with warm water and good soap, wipe dry, then rub Griffiths' Liniment right in to where all the pain is. You will be surprised how quickly the pain, swelling and inflammation will all disappear. Rheumatism is inflammation of the joints and muscles, which causes them to swell and pain. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment isn't a cure all, but it does cure inflammation, that is why it will cure all bodily aches and pains. It is a clean, pleasant, vegetable, white oil Liniment that rubs right in. It's the only absolutely non-poisonous Liniment made. Sold everywhere 25 and 75 cents.



Dr. J. Woodward of Massy-Harris Co. Toronto, writes: "I was laid up for several days with rheumatism, and pain being almost unbearable. I got relief at once as Griffiths' Menthol Liniment was applied, and one 15 cent bottle rubbed on at intervals during two days entirely cured me."

For Sale by Anderson & Nelles, 240 Dundas Street.

ON THE FARM.

Grading Up Strawberries.

Sixteen years ago I adopted the following plan: I allowed my plants in spring, and then kept a sharp watch during the summer when hoeing and cutting the plants which show qualities superior to their fellows, and set a numbered stake by them. A record is kept in a field book on a scale of one to ten. Careful examination is made at stated periods during the season. Foliage, disposition to make strong fruit buds, and few runners are carefully noted. The next spring when buds begin to show many of the plants are removed, and from the remainder one-half the buds are removed to prevent pollen exhaustion.

It should be remembered that these plants are grown in stools or hills, and runners removed as they appear, to encourage the habit of forming seed buds instead of runners. Since such plant is really many plants consolidated, the fruit stems must be set as individuals. When the fruit is set it is thinned to three or four berries to the stem. Since strength is developed by exercise, they must be allowed to bear some fruit. I am firmly convinced that if the blossom buds are removed every year, the plants will lose the habit of forming fruit buds and throw their strength into the formation of runners the same as a pollen exhausted plant.

When berries are ripe, their size, color, firmness and flavor are carefully noted in the scale-book, and footings made, and the plant showing the most points of excellence is then taken as the standard. The plants which are of this variety. It is given high tillage and irrigation, and runners are potted as fast as they appear, and transferred to the special propagating bed, where they are allowed to make runners for next season, when the search for new and better varieties is continued as before. Thus year after year we are throwing out the weaklings and accumulating the good qualities in the plants which we are to bestow our labor and use of land. Michigan Contributor American Agriculturist.

Economic Value of Birds.

The economic value of birds to man lies in the service they render in preventing the undue increase of insects, in devouring small rodents, in destroying the seed of harmful plants, and in acting as scavengers. Based upon reliable statistics, leading entomologists estimate that insects cause an annual loss of at least \$200,000,000 to the agricultural interests of the United States every year, exclusive of the damage done to ornamental shrubbery, shade and forest trees. In the air swallows and swifts course ever in pursuit of insects, which constitute their sole food. When they retire the night-hawks and whip-poor-wills take up the chase, catching moths and other nocturnal insects which would escape day-flying birds. The woodpeckers, nuthatches, and creepers attend to the tree trunks and limbs, examining carefully each inch of bark for insects' eggs and larvae, or excavating for the ants and beetles they hear at work within. On the ground the hunt is continued by the thrushes, sparrows and other birds who feed upon the innumerable forms of terrestrial insects.

The Moral Value of a Garden.

In gardens, as in life, one must gain experience at first hand. Books are sometimes as deceptive as the flowers that bloom only on the faces of seed packages. As Huxley's gardener said: "But there is no better place in which to cultivate the moral virtues than a garden, and one may come in time to pride not only in one's sweet peas, but in the sweet principles gained from contact with the soil. Of course, in a back yard, patience is always to be cultivated, and the back steps leading to the garden, and no one would undertake to cultivate the soil without first cultivating her. Humility, too, must go hand in hand with the gardening, for often the beginner is so proud that he will not admit that he is a-ripening there comes a frost, a killing frost, which nips the roots and causes the gardener to bid farewell to all his greenness."

Contentment must fill the heart of the gardener. That eminent horticulturist, Prof. Bailey, declares that if he were to choose a motto for his garden, it would be the words of the philosopher Socrates made when noting the luxuries in the market: "How much there is in the world that I do not want." If one should be successful only in cultivating Johnny-jump-ups, he or she should be satisfied with these and think not of the sweet williams outside of the gate. There is no doubt that in the heart of the persevering gardener all virtues will bloom, and that in the fall he will be able to present his friends with seeds gathered from his own home-grown philosophies.

Value of Roots For Feeding.

According to the tables sent out by Prof. Henry in "Foods and Feeding," the artichoke is the most valuable root for feeding, as while it has but twenty pounds of dry matter in one hundred pounds, it has more than double the amount of protein than the potato has, and its feeding value is reckoned as \$2.44 per ton, while potatoes are but \$1.66, and are not equal to parsnips, which are \$1.82. Next comes the sugar beet at \$1.42, the common beet at \$1.38, rutabaga at \$1.22, flat turnips at \$1.16, mangold wurtzels at \$1.10, and carrots at the bottom of the list at \$1.06. Never having grown artichokes we have not known much about their value for feeding. All our other friends have, and our experience would rank them about as in the analysis, unless it were to change places with flat turnips and mangold-wurtzels. But the farmer has the cost of production to consider, and that is the cost of production. We believe we can grow, or any other man can, with a little trouble four times as many rutabagas on an acre as he can potatoes, county, Me., and the rutabaga is a potato growing, and in other like sections, and on any soil we can grow twice the weight of mangolds that we could of sugar beets, and more pounds of common beets or flat turnips than carrots, which we think give the least value per acre, as they show the lowest value per ton. — Massachusetts Ploughman.

Poultry.

There has been so much talk about the hens that are expected to lay 200 or more eggs in a year, that we desire to suggest that such a hen may not be more profitable than one that produces twelve dozen. She may have the ability to produce an egg nearly every day in the week during the summer, but the eggs are selling for a cent apiece, and persistently be non-produc-

tive in winter, when they are worth three or four cents each. Under these conditions she would prove less profitable than the less prolific hen that laid well in the winter. Here is where we have found more profit in Bantams and Plymouth Rocks than in the Leghorns. The fanciers who want from \$1 to \$5 a dozen for their eggs for hatching, do not care to have even as many as twelve dozen eggs a year from a hen, but want most of them to come from February to June, hatching their own chickens when they can longest sell eggs, in order that the pullets may not begin to lay in winter, when no one wants to buy pure bred eggs. The period of prolific laying can be very nearly regulated by time of hatching the pullets and by the method of feeding them, so as to bring about early maturity, or to make them mature more slowly, and attain greater size and vigor when they begin, which is expected to result in a greater proportion of fertile eggs. The pullet that is forced to begin laying at five months old often will be found to lay very small eggs, not only at first, but ever afterward, or at least until she has taken a rest while moulting.

Poultry and Small Fruit.

Small fruits and poultry make a good combination, each being a benefit to the other. The poultry needs both sunshine and shade, and they find both where there are small trees and rows of bush fruits. They need sometimes places to hide away from the hawks and the cats, or bushes furnishing this, or at least, a much better chance for escape than the open fields. The fields are better for having grass and weeds kept down, and for light but dainty applications of fertilizer worked into the soil, and this the poultry attend to, when yarded among the trees. The fruit is better if the insects are kept away, and fowl will be glad to pick up every bug or worm that ventures within their reach. Many people have succeeded in growing peaches and plums where the hens were kept under the tree, which they could not do before. Among the small fruits, currants and the berries, the hens greatly increase the yield and improve the quality if they are kept there when there is no fruit for them to pick. Let them in when the bearing season is over, and allow them free run until the bushes are bare again, and small chickens will do but little damage even to the ripe fruit, if they are not lacking for green food, in which case they may do as much injury in picking the leaves as by picking the fruit.

The Great Spring Medicine Cures When All Others Fail.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

MAKES FRESH, PURE RED BLOOD FOR FALE AND SALLOW PEOPLE.

It matters not whether the trouble be rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disease, liver complaint, nervous debility, dyspepsia, or diseases arising from foul and impure blood, Paine's Celery Compound is guaranteed to make you well and strong. Paine's Celery Compound, unlike other medicines, is a true and rapid banisher of disease; it makes the blood pure, so that the life-giving energy flows quickly to every muscle, nerve and tissue. Nature's medicine promptly restores strength, vigor, appetite and good digestion; it gives sweet sleep and repose to the wearied and restless. The experience of physicians and their kindly words in favor of Paine's Celery Compound should be a sufficient guarantee to you that it is the medicine you require. One bottle experimented with at this season will be sufficient to cause the most obstinate to continue with the medicine until they are cured.

Masonic Stories.

[From The Toronto Star.]

In the new Windsor Magazine is a story of a Canadian Mason meeting, a Boer Mason in a critical moment, and it reminds T. P. O'Connor of similar stories which he tells in the current number of M. A. P.

During the present war the tie of the brotherhood has been recognized both by Boers and Englishmen. A colonel of a Canadian regiment at Modder River, on a Sunday morning stroll, strayed too far from his camp, when he suddenly found himself covered by a rifle of a Boer. By a fortunate impulse he made the customary sign, and cried out, "Don't shoot!" The Boer immediately threw down his gun and hurried to the colonel, informing him that he belonged to "De Broederband in Pretoria," and was a member of the same lodge as the colonel. He begged him to return at once to his camp, and made him accept a valuable coin as a souvenir of his escape.

The "Fiscal Minister" who was accepted from the State of New Granada—now Colombia—to the government of Lord Palmerston, was a worthy and eccentric Spanish gentleman, named Senor Raphael de Ayala. He had been over both to represent his adopted country at the Court of St. James and to consolidate the Colombian debt—in fact, it is his hurried signature which became the "Racala" familiar to holders of Colombian bonds. In his time he had been a prominent Freemason. "Once a Mason, always a Mason," but so far as in him lay he had quite severed his connection with the craft some little time before leaving New Granada—as it then was—for London, and for the same reasons which prevailed with a former grand master of England, Lord Ripon. However, in one of the almost monthly civil wars of the New Gracians—nouveau gréins, De Ayala always called them, for they treated him badly—he fell into the hands of the enemy's troops.

The commander was an ambitious medical man, who insisted upon a solemn trial and lengthy interrogatories—Latin republics run to that kind of thing—although it was a foregone conclusion from the start, Paine's Celery Compound is guaranteed to make you well and strong.

"A woman's advice may be no great thing, but a man is a fool that doesn't take it" is true and the will probably advise you to try Blue Ribbon Beyflon Sea!



"Straight Front."

Low bust, long waist, cut away hips—that is fashion's latest corset decree.

The "N.C. TAILOR-KUT" corset with the straight front is a genuine straight front corset.

It gives a graceful curve to the back and hips; it supports,

but does not press the abdomen. Correct in every line. See that it is branded:

Two qualities, \$1.00, \$1.25.

National Corset Mfg. Co., Quebec and Toronto.

PAINT IT.



Give your house a coat of paint. Brighten it up with the best and handsomest that can be got. Your house will look better and be worth more. Take care to get the best paint. Paint that has stood the test of years.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS

are the oldest brands in Canada well known for durability, for wear and tear on buildings—they preserve and beautify. Sold at reasonable prices. Do you want to learn all about painting houses and see how some beautiful homes are painted. Drop a post card for booklet "B" free.

A. RAMSAY & SON Est. 1842. MONTREAL. Paint Makers.

Air-circulation.

Every pore of the skin is a nerve feeder—an ejecter of waste an inhaler of oxygen.

Patent leather, Chrome, and most other leathers stifle feet because they are air-proof.

Stagnant air is not ventilation.

Circulation of air is necessary to renew oxygen, to evaporate moisture, and to keep the feet hardy and healthy.

The Resilia Centresole acts as an effective air pump, bringing in a current of fresh atmosphere, at every step.

Goodyear welted—\$5.00 grade.

"The Slater Shoe"

The SLATER SHOE STORE

J. H. Brownlee, Manager, - 146 Dundas Street.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

English Tourists Find Pleasure in the Oasis of the Sahara.

[London Daily Mail.]

Nowhere within such easy reach of England can the Oriental world, with all its dreaminess and vivid color, be seen so free from Western influence as in Southern Algeria, which has the desert for its bounds. There here to the desert and to El Kantara and Biskra in particular, which lord it over all the other oases and form the keys to the Sahara. For such a week-end as one can spend there it is nothing that it involves over three days of travel. Leaving London on Monday you can get to Marseilles in 24 hours, and another 24 hours will land you at Algiers or Philippeville, while Thursday will see you bathed in sunshine and blue sky, and if you wish, in hot sulphur spring with a temperature of 112 degrees Fahrenheit. At whichever port you land you at once plunge into the Arab world, or, rather, it dashes at you—a splendid wave of color—consumed with the desire to carry your baggage. There is plenty to do at Biskra. A month might easily be spent in the market place watching the Arabs as they ply their trade. Caravans are constantly passing in and out of the oasis, and those who want to do a real bit of desert travel can go south to Tuggurt, three days journey (23 kilometers) by diligence, and as they go they will be certain to see that wonderful optical illusion, the mirage.

Pimples, blotches and all other spring troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla—the most effective of all spring medicines.

No woman's waist can compare with the waste of time. Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.