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ribly, he had a most vindictive temper, and told me many a time that he "hated" me. I reminded him of it this afternoon—mamma looked daggers at me—he laughed, and said "He was a mug in those days and had no eye for beauty." I shall hate him if he talks like that.

I must close as Clark has come to dress me. Archie is taking me to the Opera to-night. This letter seems all about him, but I wanted you to know what was going on.

Do write to me every day, till I can sneak over and see you again, it is more than my life is worth to do so at present. I got some ducky things in Paris.

How goes it with the "Man of mystery"—I mean John Grey—of the inscrutable eyes and grave face? Do you know I think he would look awfully nice if he smiled? Don't fall in love with him, Aunt dear, you're such a daring person, he is far too handsome to drive a young thing like you about! Naughty woman, that was why you engaged him, I feel convinced.

Take care of yourself.

Your loving niece,

Peggy.

Miss Pragg to the Honourable Margaret Assitas.

The White Maisonette.

Dear Peggy,

Your mother came over on Monday. I have not seen her since Christmas, so of course I had a lot to say to her, there are certain things we don't agree about, and I spoke plainly to her on one or two matters.

Yes, I knew Archie Robinson had come back from Rhodesia. It was his uncle's dying that brought him back—Miss Windgrass told me—trust Amelia Windgrass to know all about what is going on! I wouldn't take any notice of that silly boy and girl affair, it is absurd to expect you to feel bound by it. Young Robinson never was a favourite of mine, he always struck me as deficient both in moral, as well as physical, courage and I can't stand a coward!

Alan Winterfield is coming home on sick leave a year before his time, I only heard of it this morning! I wonder if Madge knows? Amelia told me he was due any time. I don't think you knew Alan, you were in Paris "finishing" when Madge had her first season, they saw a great deal of each other at that time.

You absurd child to speak in such a frivolous way about John Grey! I am surprised at you, though really why he drives my car is a mystery to me. One thing is certain, he never was born to that sort of thing, perhaps it is a wager, young men do such outrageous things nowadays.

Come as soon as you can to cheer up

Your affectionate

Aunt Pragg.

The Honourable Margaret Assitas to Miss Pragg.

Curzon Street.

Dear Auntie,

So glad to get your letter. Mrs. Wellington has invited me to join their party on a yachting cruise to Norway. I told Babs if she would guarantee Lord Wallsend was not going, I would accept. Mamma is flinging me at him in the most shameless manner; wherever I go, I meet him, he is getting on my nerves, I am nearly as rude to him as I used to be at fourteen. Colonel Berring is one of the party and Edna Milling; Babs thought it would give Edna a chance, she's madly in love with the Colonel. Wentwell is at the Bannermans house-party in Scotland. So Babs asked Louisa to join our party, but Percy is bad again, and Louisa won't leave him, she does tie herself to that child. Would you believe it, that Potter girl from the "Halls" is at the Bannermans. I'm surprised at Amy asking her when she knows how she and Wentwell carry on, it isn't fair to Louisa—but I suppose she "amuses" the rest of the party.

Louisa came in to-day to get mamma to go to Wentwell House to look at poor Percy, but dear mamma had a Suffragette meeting on and could not go, so I went instead. Louisa had

wired for her husband to come home, but he wired back that "he couldn't leave the Bannermans," and "Percy was always bad," and he "didn't suppose he was any worse than usual."

Louisa looked so wild and strange that I went back to pacify her. We had no sooner got there and entered the nursery, than Percy had one of his fits—they are becoming more frequent now, Louisa says. He beat the air with his little hands, fell down and rolled about, foaming at the mouth. Louisa gave one terrible cry, ran to him, lifted him up and held him in her arms, while he fought and beat at her breast, tearing and clutching at the lace on her gown till it was hanging in tatters. Louisa's face was as white as chalk and she kept moaning, "my poor child—my poor child—my poor child!"

At last Percy became limp and unconscious in her arms. It was an awful scene and one I shall never forget. The doctor came and I escaped, but Louisa's face haunts me. How can Louisa cling to Percy like she does? It seems so unfair for Louisa to have a child like that, when she is such a fine and lovely woman, I think it would be dreadful if he lived to grow up—her only son!

Aunt Pragg, I think I shall never get married—I should be afraid.

Must close to catch post, I do want to see you so much.

Your loving niece,

Peggy.

Miss Pragg to The Honourable Margaret Assitas.

The White Maisonette.

My Dear Peggy,

Go to Norway by all means, and take Colonel Berring with you.

I went to see Louisa at once after getting your letter, the doctors hold out no hope, but no one dares to tell Louisa! She looks desperate, poor woman.

I wired Lord Wentwell myself and told him things were serious, but he had left the Bannermans it seems the day before, and no one knows quite where he is.

The "Potter" girl had left to keep an engagement at Brighton, so perhaps he found the Bannermans dull; he said he was motoring back to town, so he may turn up presently.

I am going over to Wentwell House again this evening, Sir Lawrence Goss was coming for a consultation this afternoon and I want to hear the result. His fee is fifty guineas, but then he is the first authority on the brain, spine and hereditary and nervous complaints. Of course with Percy it is hereditary, Wentwell's youngest brother was an epileptic and an aunt is in the asylum, but it is all kept very quiet.

Eliza had no right to let Louisa marry into such a family, and poor Louisa was only eighteen when she was married and knew nothing about life. I think it is wicked to keep girls ignorant of such vital matters, and you, my dear Peggy, I hope will be spared from such a cruel fate.

Your affectionate

Aunt Pragg.

The Honourable Margaret Assitas to Miss Pragg.

Curzon Street.

Dear Auntie,

Such a dreadful thing happened to-day. Captain Alan Winterfield called and asked to see Miss Assitas. He was shown into the drawing-room. I was looking over some of my songs at the piano and I fancy he thought I was Madge, for when I turned round, he was striding across the room, his eyes blazing, his arms outstretched. They fell to his side and the light died out of his eyes as I faced him, and he became the conventional man of society, but that one glimpse was a revelation to me—I wonder if any man will ever look at me like that? I felt so confused that I left the room with an excuse about finding mamma. He looked awfully impatient.

Papa and mamma were in the middle of a heated argument, and papa flung out of the house declaring that he wiped his hands of the matter, as mamma always had her own way over us girls and she could face the "music" herself.

Mamma had a look in her eye I