

"A PERFECT FOOD - as wholesome as it is Delicious."



**Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa.**

"The firm of Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in recommending it."
—*Dominion Medical Monthly.*

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ESTABLISHED 1870.
Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

**THE TRIUMPH
OF TRUE LOVE**

CHAPTER I.

"But look at me," said a clear, sweet voice, with something both of laughter and tears in it, "look at me, Vivian. How can I ever be a great lady? Nature never intended me for one."

"Nature has made you a queen by right of divine grace and beauty," was the earnest reply, "and Nature, Viviane, is a lady who never makes mistakes."

"But said the rich voice again, "a lady, Vivian, to have a title to my name, to have servants and carriages, jewels and all kinds of grandeur. Why, Vivian, I should not even know myself."

"But I should know you, and that is more to the purpose," he replied.

"I should be awkward and ill at ease; I should not know what to do, or when to do it; what to say, or how to say it. I know nothing of your world and its ways, Vivian, and you would be ashamed of me. You would repent of marrying me, and then I should die."

"You sketch some cheerful pictures," tried the young lover, with a smile. "I am to grow old, and you to die. Ah, darling, it will not be so. Other love has grown cold and died; ours will last forever. Other love tires and wearies; ours will grow stronger, and deeper and broader, until it is lost in the love of heaven, even as a river broadens and deepens until it is lost in the sea."

"Women have so little faith," he continued. "Do you see the sun in the blue sky there, Viviane? When it ceases to shine—when its rays grow cold and pale—when it hangs like a dark lamp in a darker sky—then my love for you shall change and fade like the sun."

"Flowers do not grow out of their proper places," said the girl. "Plant a delicate stephanotis there where the laurestinus grows, and it must wither away. So it seems to me, Vivian, that if you transplant me—if you take me from my humble home to your proud and stately one—I should die like the stephanotis."

"On the contrary," he replied. "Listen to me, Beloved, my darling. You would find fresh life and vigor. You must not say these things to me. You have said you love me—you know you love me—and you know you are a gentle, a scholar and a man of honor. What am I more—even if I am so much?"

"You, monsignor," she interrupted, "are Lord Vivian Selwyn, of Selwyn Castle, Knight of the Order of the Garter, Baron of Eglonstone in York-shire, and of Craigleigh in Scotland. You see, I know your name and titles by heart."

He smiled amusedly.

"Never mind my titles," he said. "You are the daughter of a gentleman; you are a lady by instinct, by nature, by training, by education, in a manner, in thought, in word and deed. What can I desire more?"

"Not a lady of your class," she re-ported. "You kissed my hands ten minutes since, and vowed they were white and dainty, and slender as the hands of a duchess. Did you kiss this crimson stain upon them? I was gathering raspberries all the morning; the ladies of your world never gather raspberries—do they?"

"You delight in tormenting me," he interrupted.

"What is evading the question," said the young girl, earnestly. "I thank heaven my dear father's training has made me intelligent, active and per-sonable. It has made me refined and intolerant of all meanness; but—and you know I speak truthfully—Vivian, my manners and habits and cus-toms and daily life are different, al-together from the ladies of your own class. You know there is common sense in what I say;—do you not?"

"I detest common sense," was the impatient reply; "what has it to do with love?"

"But Vivian you must think," she said. "Your rank has its duties, and they must be fulfilled. I should not

know how to fulfill them. Suppose, for instance, you have a grand dinner, I—who have never dined away from home in all my life—now should I possibly know anything about it?"

He laughed.

"I talk of love, and you answer me by talking of dinner parties," he said. I refuse to listen, Viviane. You said last night you loved me—that is quite enough. We can do without parties; without dinner at all if that will set your mind at rest. You are mine, darling; I claim you by right of love. I must have you. You are so quick, so apt, so graceful, that in a few days you will learn more than others learn in years; besides, I shall be near you. I can teach you all you will ever re-quire to know."

There was still some hesitation in her lovely face.

"Viviane," he whispered, "do you see how the flowers bloom, and how their leaves send out fragrant mes-sages to the sun? Do you hear how the birds sing? Do you hear the wind whispering among the trees? Shall flowers and birds and trees be more happy than I, my dear?"

"For the first time she turned and looked at him, her beautiful eyes met his, and rested in them. In that quiet, serene glance the destiny of their lives was settled."

The world is full of beautiful pic-tures. Some hang on the walls of grand old galleries; some on the walls of palaces whose very names are redolent of fine art; some brighter humbler homes; some are placed in old chur-ches—over the altars of churches some have never been framed or paint-ed, save by the hand of the Great Creator—pictures whose beauty makes the heart ache with longing, and whose clouds sailing over a blue sky; of golden sunshine falling in soft rays; of pale, pure stars, making more solemn the solemn night-tide; of the silver moon, sailing on the clear sky; pictures of summer woods, of ferny dells, of green valleys, of snow-covered moun-tains, of quaint, fragrant gardens, of rustic bridges crossing deep, quiet streams, of rippling brooks, of clear lakes where waterlilies sleep; such pic-tures as touch men's hearts with a sense of the sublime, bringing deep, holy rapture into the soul, and tears of earnest gratitude to eyes long dry.

And surely the fairest, the sweetest, the purest picture of all was this one. The picture of the sun shone like a smile from heaven. The picture of a long green lane where the grass grew soft and thick, where the banks presented one mass of bloom, and the hedges were white with hawthorn—a green, shady, fragrant lane, such as one only sees in Old England. From between the trees one caught glimpses of the blue-scape, so fresh from the hands of heaven. There was the quaint, pic-turesque town of Woodcove lying in the Leicestershire hills, half buried in green foliage, surrounded by thick green clover meadows, by golden corn-fields, by fertile pasture lands, flower-gardens and fruit-laden orchards, stretching out to the purple hills as to an unknown land.

There was a grand old church whose spire pointed like a slender hand to heaven. It was covered with ivy, and inclosed by tall oak trees, under whose shade the deer slept so quietly and so well. The houses were pretty and em-bowered in trees.

That was the picture one saw from between the trees; and then, turning to the stile at the end of the lane, there was another picture ever fairer still. Behind a cluster of golden laburnums and purple lilacs, there stood a picture-sque, gray old house, brightened by scarlet creepers, by purple wisteria, and climbing woodvines; a house with large, bright windows, framed in trail-ing flowers and roses of white and red. The lattice-work of the windows was overhanging eaves, where birds built their nests and sparrows chirped.

A house that stood in a most bewil-dering garden—not square, but trim, and laid out as the Dutch like to see—but full of nooks and corners; full of trees, whose roots were hidden in great masses of mignonette and clove carnations; full of old-fashioned flowers such as poets loved long years ago—sweet peas, and sweet-williams, southernwood and pansies, lilacs and roses. Every path had a charm of its own, leading either to fragrant rose-bushes or to beds of white lilacs or plants of ripe-red raspberries or raspberries running wild. At the end of the gar-den stood the pretty, rustic old stile; golden laburnums drooped over it and tall lilacs stood proudly near; and here the sunbeams fell as though they loved to linger, for they brightened the fair-haired girl, the fairest girl who ever looked up to the summer skies.

She, Viviane Temple, stood by the stile with the laburnums and lilacs over her. Her lover had pushed aside the boughs, and they made a frame for her lovely, piquant face. He was bending over her, watching the play of her beautiful lips, drinking in the ever-changing beauty of her eyes.

She was a fair picture. No artist ever painted no poet ever sung of a fairer. She could not have been more than 17. Her girlish, slender figure was full of grace, every movement full of harmony. It was of exquisite proportions, with sloping shoulders and a carriage of easy dignity. She em-bodied the very poetry of motion; one's eyes followed her, watching the easy, graceful gestures, so full of unstudied elegance.

No wonder the sunbeams lingered on that face; it was peerless. It was not of the patrician type, it was not of high bred, but it was the face of a beautiful, simple, loving girl; it was full of thought and tenderness; yet one could see that she was all untrained; it was full of poetry, with delicious little dimples playing round the sweet lips—dimples that, when she smiled, deepened into beauty that completely dazzled one.

It was an uncommon type of face; the complexion of wonderful fairness—white, like a lily-leaf, with the sun shining upon it, then tinged with a delicate rose color that seemed to come and go, to rise and fade, with every thought.

Her features were clearly cut, the lips ripe and fresh, the eyes large and dark; the brows straight, the forehead low and broad, crowned with a tress of golden hair; and it was this strange-ly beautiful mixture of dark eyes and fair hair that made the rare charm of Viviane Temple's face.

(To be Continued.)

There is often in one kind word, one look of sympathizing affection or one small act of disinterested love, more of real nobleness of spirit than in scores which have rung in the ears and found an echo in the hearts of admir-ing thousands.

A DAY WELL SPENT.
If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who
heard;
One glance most kind
That fell on mine, should I not
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if through all the long day
We've eased no heart by word or deed;
If through it all
We've nothing done that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face;
Without dinner at all if that will set
Your mind at rest. You are mine,
darling; I claim you by right of love.
I must have you. You are so quick,
so apt, so graceful, that in a few days
you will learn more than others learn
in years; besides, I shall be near you.
I can teach you all you will ever re-
quire to know."

Among the Bulgarians, as among
other nationalities, a young man must
be sought for among the peasantry
and the observances connected with
marriage are not the least interesting.
A recently returned correspondent
land observes that a young peasant
cannot marry until his parents, for
whom he has labored, can afford to
give him a sum of money sufficient to
buy him a wife. The price ranges
from £50 to £300, according to the
position of the contracting parties,
and is settled by the proxies, together
with a smaller sum called the bash
parash, or "head money," which is paid
to the priest. The best deal consists
of the exchange of documents cer-
rifying, on the one hand, the sum of
money to be paid by the bride's
room, and, on the other, the quantity
and quality of the trousseau. Rings
are also interchanged by the couple
after being blessed by the priest, who
acts the part of notary on such occa-
sions. A short blessing follows, the
young woman kisses the hands of the
assembled company, and then retires
with her friends to feast apart. The
young people afterward dance outside
the house, and the bride and groom
man then produces his presents, which
consist of various articles of feminine
apparel, including several pairs of na-
tive shoes, a pair of gold or silver
bracelets and other ornaments. On
the following day the young woman
proudly carries all this dainty equip-
ment herself in the village as "en-
gaged." The marriage does not take
place until the feast of St. Peter, the
engagement feast. During the
week preceding the marriage the par-
ents of the couple complete the fur-
nishing of the new home, and when this
has been accomplished the girl's moth-
er turns her attention to preparing her
home for the bride, and she is sur-
rounded to friends in lieu of invita-
tion cards.

LISTEN TO NATURE.
Many a breakdown in health has re-
sulted simply from an insufficiency of
rest either of brain or body, yet na-
ture has a way of restoring the vigor
of warning. There is the "overcrowded"
feeling in the head, when our thoughts
refuse to flow, although they seem
to be growing and ripening; the "stifled"
within; there is also the heaviness of
hands and aching of the wrists, the
occasional twinges of rheumatism, the
aching of the neck, the un-
necessary hopelessness, the burden of
depression, the idea that our sales
are going to fail, the nervousness of
coming days, the distaste for society,
the want of interest in the things
around us, the desire to be
in a short time that life is not worth
living and that we ourselves are al-
together worth nothing.

NOVEL PLACE OF WORSHIP.
A natural cave in the cliffs of Le-
daig, near Oban, in Argyllshire, Scot-
land, was frequented as a place of wor-
ship by the local poet and postmaster,
Mr. John Campbell, who acted as
pastor for many years, and was much
respected by the people. The cave
and had it furnished with trunks of
trees for the worshippers to sit on.
The table, which was also a reading-
desk, is said to be the portion of a tree
on which King Robert the Bruce re-
sted. The Highland worshippers who
attended in this unique church never
numbered more than thirty, when it
was considered full, and sometimes
the number was but three or four. The
church was uncertain, but the mem-
bers of it were frequently called the

BURDENED WOMEN.
We look in amazement at the burdens
some women carry upon their heads.
Yet how light they are compared with
the burdens some women carry upon
their hearts. There are childless women
whose hearts are burdened because
the childless home. That burden of
childlessness has been lifted from the
heart of many a woman by the use of
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many
of the obstacles to maternity are remov-
ed. Such obstacles are entirely re-
moved by "Favorite Prescription." It
contains no alcohol nor narcotic.

CLEANING SILVER.
An easy way to clean silver is to
dissolve in half a gallon of boiling
water and pouring it over the silver
which is to be soaked in the prepara-
tion for an hour or two. Remove the
pieces, one at a time, wipe dry with a
clean cloth and rub well with a soft
chamois leather.

FOR AN INVALID.
A pleasant drink for an invalid is
made by adding the juice of a sweet
orange to a pint of new milk. Heat
slowly until it turns to curd, and
when remove when quite stiff.
Serve at once.

DAINTY LACER.
You may not have a fortune in lace,
but what you have should be kept
in a lace box, delicately but faintly
perfumed. Two boxes are needed, one
for black and one for white laces.
Watch for sales—buy the richest dress
brocade. Select two well-made Jew-
eler's boxes, the size to suit you, pad
an inside and in, cover outwardly
with your brocade, inwardly with a
soft satin. Make a separate sachet to
fit the bottom of the boxes and renew
the perfume as it may be required.

ABOUT THE EMP.

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I must have you. You are so quick,
so apt, so graceful, that in a few days
you will learn more than others learn
in years; besides, I shall be near you.
I can teach you all you will ever re-
quire to know."

INDIA'S MANY PLANTS
India has perhaps a greater variety of plants than any other country in the world, having 15,000 native species, while the flora of the entire continent of Europe only embraces about 10,000.

TESTED BY HOUSEWIVES.
If tea leaves are to be used to col-lect the dust in sweeping they should be put in a colander, well washed with cold water, squeezed dry and spread on the carpet only just before beginning to sweep.

An orange frosting can be quickly made by mixing together the yolk of one egg, a teaspoonful of orange juice, a half-teaspoonful of orange ex-tract and enough sifted confectioner's sugar to make it thick enough to spread.

WOMAN'S PANOPY.
The first thing a woman looks at in table linens is the napkins. They re-cently, "is the pattern, and until she is suited with that there is no need to talk quality with her. The finest linen she ever wore is the quality of the napkins she uses."

PARIS AT NIGHT.
The Paris Exposition will be brilli-antly illuminated at night. There will be 3,116 incandescent lamps at the great entrance gate, in addition to 12 very large arc lights; on the cupola and minaret will be eight searchlights and 16 simple reflector lights upon the pylons. The Alexander III. bridge will be lighted by 508 in-candescent lamps of 100 candlepower. The electricity building will be lighted by 5,000 incandescent lamps, eight searchlights and four arc and pro-jectors. On the water palace there will be 1,098 incandescent lamps. In all, says the Electrical Review, there will be 12,554 lights. These will only light the buildings as far as the exposition authorities are concerned. Private in-dividuals, corporations, etc., will, of course, result in many thousands of lamps for lighting their exhibits. There will be 174 arc lights on the Champs Elysees.

FLEETS OF GREAT NAVAL POWERS.

The strength of the British, French and Russian naval fleets in the more important types of vessels appears in a newly issued return:

Britain.	France.	Russia.	
Battleships	70	35	24
Armored cruisers	21	20	12
Protected cruisers	116	40	11
Coast defense ships	16	15	23
Torpedo gunboats	35	16	17
Destroyers	12	12	36
Torpedo boats	97	266	180

FOR THE DEBUTANTE.
A novel and very pretty cottage gar-ten for the young debutante is what is called a "border." Small flowers only are used, either rose buds or diminutive roses are the most pop-ular. A bouquet with foliage makes a start from the right shoulder, at-tached to it is a piece of chiffon of the same color. The chiffon is long enough to reach from the left shoulder to the waist line, and is then continued in a graceful scarf about 20 inches in length. A bouquet of these rows into sections, call the sec-tions by appropriate names, and—there you are!

Falling asleep one night over Roget's curious book, I dreamed that I was Roger himself, and a very fat man into the bargain. A gentleman behind me was admonishing me to hasten, with the words:

"Come, come, my good fellow, bow! trundle, roll, s'long!"

"H'm," thought I, "what it is to be stout! Quoting my very words, is he? I'll show him!" And turning, I ex-claimed:

"Get behind me, get you gone! get away! go along! get off with you! get along with you! go about your busi-ness! get away! away! away! away! away with you!"

"Whew!" cried the saucy man. "What an irascible, susceptible, excit-able, irritable, fretful, highly peevish, hasty, quick, warm, hot, touchy, testy, pettish, waspish, snappish, petulant, peppery, fiery, passionate, choleric fel-low it is!"

"Sir," I said, "you shall not ridicule, deride, laugh at, mock, quiz, rally, dou-t, taunt, insult, or make game of me; this is ill-treatment, annoyance, molestation, abuse, oppression, perse-cution, outrage, of a kind that I shall not stand."

The man apparently wanted to fight, for he continued meditatively: "What a corpulent, stout, fat, plump, chubby, chub-faced, lubberly, bulky, un-wieldy!"

"This was more than flesh and blood could stand. I tried to chastise him, but he turned into a policeman, took me to the station, and accused me be-fore a judge of attempting 'by force and naft, viet armis, at the point of the sword, and at one fell swoop, to be violent, to run high, ferment, ef-fervesce, run wild, run riot, to break the peace, to out-herod Herod and to run amuck."

I denied the charge with vigor. "It is false, untrue, unfounded, fictitious, invented, ben trovato, counterfeit, spu-rious!" I cried. "The policeman is a hypocrite, tale-teller, shuffler, dissem-bler, serpent and Baron Munchausen. I am innocent, stainless, unspotted, in-offensive, dove-like, lamb-like, with clean hands and with a clear con-science. I demand atonement, repara-tion, compensation, propitiation, amends and satisfaction."

"Take them all, Mr. Roget," said the Judge; and I was going for the police-man when I awoke. And so the con-versation, which could hardly be called a model of conciseness, brevity, terse-ness, compression, condensation or pithiness, came to a close, termination, conclusion, finish, finale, finish, deter-mination and end.—St. Nicholas.

SCOTCH BUNS.
Make a soft sponge of one cupful of yeast, three cupfuls of sweet milk, and the necessary flour. Let it rise till morning, then add one cupful of butter and sugar, and a pinch of soda. Let it rise till very light, then knead it as quickly as possible, make it into cakes and put it in a pan. When raised enough, bake the buns in a modern oven until they are quite a dark brown, then, with hot butter, pour over them, which will make the crust tender and smooth. Currants are frequently added to three buns.—Housewife.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.
Serious friendship cannot be enjoyed except by persons of character. Those who are without light and frivolous, choose friends from whim or fancy, or drift into the relation from chance proximity, or who make pas-sionate, but shallow, friendships, get-ting the other duties of life in a swift transport of feeling, must forever remain ignorant of the depth, the grandeur and the value of such friendship is capable. Emerson says: "Our friendships hurry to short and poor conclusions because we have made them a texture of fiber, of the human heart. The laws of friendship are austere and eternal—or one web with the law of nature and of morals. But we have aimed at a swift and petty benefit to such a sudden sweet-ness. We snatch at the slowest fruit in the whole garden of God, which many summers and many winters must ripen."

FOR AN INVALID.
A pleasant drink for an invalid is made by adding the juice of a sweet orange to a pint of new milk. Heat slowly until it turns to curd, and when remove when quite stiff. Serve at once.

DAINTY LACER.
You may not have a fortune in lace, but what you have should be kept in a lace box, delicately but faintly perfumed. Two boxes are needed, one for black and one for white laces. Watch for sales—buy the richest dress brocade. Select two well-made Jeweler's boxes, the size to suit you, pad an inside and in, cover outwardly with your brocade, inwardly with a soft satin. Make a separate sachet to fit the bottom of the boxes and renew the perfume as it may be required.

Harried Six Years and Childless.
"I have never written you how grateful I am to you for your help in securing good health and one of the sweetest babies I have ever had. I had a letter from Mrs. M. that she had come into a home," writes Mrs. M. "I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, four of the Good Medical Dispensary, and one of the Good Medical Dispensary. Before I had taken four bottles of the Favorite Prescription, I had a letter from Mrs. M. that she had come into a home. I cannot make any more of it, but I can say that I will close by saying if any one disputes the value of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, please to confirm the truth of all I say if they will send me a bottle of the Favorite Prescription. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a ladies' laxative. No medicine equals them for gentleness and thoroughness."

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BELFAST, IRELAND,
And 164, 166 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

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Members of the Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions, Regiments and the general public direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS
From the
**Least Expensive to the
Finest in the World.**

Which being worn by hand, wear longer and retain the rich satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

Irish Linen
Road Irish Linen Sheetings, fully bleached, two yards wide, 45c per yard
3 1/2 yards wide, 50c per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 40c per yard. Surplus Linen, 16c per yard. Dusters from 15c per dozen. Linen Glass Cloth, 18c per dozen. Fine Linens and Linen Dusters, 10c per yard. Special Soft-Finished Long Cloth from 10c per yard.

Irish Damask Table Linen
Flesh Napkins, 70c per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.25 per doz. Table Cloth, 2 yards square, 80c. 2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.25 each. Kitchen Table Cloth, 80c each. Strong Hackback Towels, \$1.00 per doz. Monogrammed, Green, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered.

Matchless Shirts
Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts. Finest for the season. Fine Linens and Linen Dusters, 10c per yard. New design in shirts made good as new, with best materials in neckbands, cuffs and fronts, for \$3.30 the half-dozen.

Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs
The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver are famous. The Queen, "Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen." Sylvia's Home Journal, Children's, 30c per doz.; Ladies', 40c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 70c per doz. Embroidered—Ladies', 80c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 90c per doz.

Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs
Collars—Ladies', from 80c per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 1.00 per doz. Cuffs—Ladies', from 80c per doz.; Gentlemen's, from 1.00 per doz. "Surplus makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedral and Churches. Collars, Cuffs, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness.—Court Circular.

Irish Underclothing
A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, Corsets, Nightgowns, &c. India or Colonial Outfits, \$40.00; British Trouseaux, \$30.00; Infants' Layettes, \$10.00. (See list.)

To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for samples should be addressed

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland.
Please mention this paper.

Boys and Girls.

Grandma's Valentines.
He sent a valentine to "Grandma dearest";
She lived in the country far away,
And grandma brought it home within
his lister,
You see he was a very little laddie,
And found it harder far than any
play;
Then said, "My grandma's sure to un-
derstand it,
Some awful chilly February day."

He wanted, ah! so much, to write, "I love you,"
And she said it made her happy as a
snow, snowy, blowy February day.
Yet stamped it quick while Jane, the
nurse, directed,
All on a certain February day.

But all that grandma saw within the
letter
Was "C-A-T, D-O-G, just that way,
And she said it made her happy as a
prince."

That snowy, blowy February day,
—Youths' Companion.

NEAVE'S Food

**BEST AND CHEAPEST
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.**

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutri-tious."
—"LANCET."
"Equally suitable for Invalids and Old People."
—"MEDICAL OPINION."

NEAVE'S FOOD has for some time been used

**THE RUSSIAN
IMPERIAL FAMILY.**

"Admirably adapted to the wants of
Infants and Young Persons."
—SIR CHARLES A. CALVERT, M.D.

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THE TORONTO PHARMACEUTICAL CO.,
Toronto.

Manufacturers: **JOSIAH R. NEAVE & Co.,**
Fordingbridge, England.

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PERFECTLY WELL?**

TINY TABLETS
FOR
PAINED
NERVES

WILL MAKE YOU SO

Once you have felt the great bless-ing
of good health you will never
be without TINY TABLETS.

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BETTER THAN A TRIP TO EUROPE**
At Druggists. By mail from
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