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Love's Fulfilling

"I wasn't thinking of Italian exactly," said Gladys, coloring. "You know we have sometimes read English, too. If I tried, I might make that Italian novel we are translating interesting to the others, or you could, certainly, and anybody who cared at all for Italian would like the music of Dante."

"Well, it shall be as you choose of course," said Raymond, smothering his own chagrin. "As you say, there might be someone who would enjoy it." He remembered Anna Clifford. And such things always settle themselves in the end; the dissatisfied drop off after one or two trials, and the class shrinks into its original elements. But you forget your personal share in the matter, my progress in Italian—what is to become of that?"

"Oh!" cried Gladys, her face flushing again in her eagerness to have the painful matter happily settled, "you have made progress, haven't you? Really, you speak so well, have been surprised."

"Thank you," said Raymond, lightly; then, pausing a moment at Dr. Forster's gate, where Gladys made a determined stop, he held out his hand, forcing her eyes, as it were, to meet his. "You speak the other day of my being too busy to read. My engagements, you know, are regular ones, and those are the easiest in the world to manage, but if anything comes up which you want to do, and here will be a great deal, don't feel obliged to keep a troublesome engagement."

His eyes looked into hers so full of an expression which was quite new to her, a sort of deep comprehension and wistful tenderness, that Gladys was half startled, half perplexed.

"Troublesome? Oh, no! oh, no!" she said, slowly. "I should never feel that."

She turned up the garden path as she spoke, and, if the truth must be told, the eyes which met the old doctor's so laughingly a few minutes later, were just then filled with tears.

Raymond stood watching her until she reached the house. "Poor little girl! dear little girl!" he said to himself. "What have they been saying to her? But there was no sadness in his face as he said it; on the contrary, an unusually bright, almost an exultant expression played about his mouth and looked from his eyes as he walked away."

All this had passed quickly through Gladys' mind as she sat silently awaiting the end of the doctor's letter, still, impatient just then of her own restless thoughts, she opened the unfastened sketch book, and looked about her for subjects. Her eyes fell on a crayon head hanging over the doctor's writing table. It was the portrait of a man of perhaps thirty; a strong, good face, not handsome, certainly, Gladys thought, but something in the steady, earnest expression of the eyes as they met hers, struck her fancy, and seemed to exercise a resistful influence on her troubled mind. A few moments after, she was quite engrossed in trying to catch that very look in her pencil likeness.

"And now," wrote the doctor, "though I know the young girl does not much interest you (unless, perhaps, I should add, she has need of a physician), I must appeal to your indulgence for once, and break off my letter sooner than I intended, out of consideration for one of the sweetest, brightest specimens of girlhood I know, who has just dropped in to make a call. She is Gordon Lyman's daughter, and if I were not tired of holding out such inducements to you I should advise you to return home in a hurry before this sweet little rosebud gets her petals a trifle soiled by the dust of the world's garden. But what an old fool you will think me! I am almost ready to acknowledge it myself, for trying such blandishments on a hardened subject like you."

He folded and addressed the letter, smiling, then returning to the table, after giving it to the servant, he stooped over Gladys' shoulder to look at her sketch.

"Why, that is a coincidence!" he exclaimed. "What do you think of that face, my dear?"

"I like it," said Gladys heartily, holding off her sketch at arm-length, and examining it critically; "not because it is handsome, you know, for it is not, but just for that downright heart-and-soul look is has in the eyes."

"Ah, that is Stephen's strong point," said the father, pleased in spite of Gladys' frank admission.

"Oh!" a little abashed by the recollection, "is that your son? I said he was not handsome, but one cannot tell much from a sketch like that. The face doesn't matter much in a man, of course."

"Especially as there is quite enough of Stephen to make up for possible drawbacks in beauty of features," smiled the father, as you will say yourself when you see him—that is, if ever he does settle down at home, like his sober married contemporaries."

"Then he is not married?"

"His work is his wife," Carlyle says somewhere. "Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessing; and Steve is so nearly of his mind that he will be satisfied, I think, with that state of single blessedness all his life."

"Remember Mr. Lyman's saying," said Gladys, thoughtfully, touching her pencil portrait here and there, and dismissing the original from the canvas, "that that was one of Carlyle's truest sayings; but there are not many people who do find their right work, I suppose, or who are able to devote themselves to it if they do. What a pity that is!"

"So Lyman has been reading you Carlyle with personal foot notes, has he?" said the old doctor, with a glance from under his bushy eyebrows. "By the way, how does my prescription for him work? How do you like him?"

"Every one likes him now, I think," Gladys replied guardedly.

"Good! I told you they would, and you've succeeded bravely in drawing him out. I'll tell me the supposed saint in a new character as the rescuer of young ladies from a watery grave. How came you to be so interested in such a mad frolic as that, Miss Gladys?"

"I was over-persuaded," said Gladys, her color deepening at the recollection of her own chagrin. "Well, don't let me over-persuade next time, my dear. Just go on your own straight course, which, I am sure, will be the right one, and preach independent action to every girl, mind, but I think you have a steeper head than most of the girls about you."

"I begin to think," said Gladys, then hesitated so long that the good doctor grew impatient.

"Well, what, my dear?"

"I was only going to say that I thought it very hard for girls to be independent, hard for them to know what it is right to do. They have to think so much of what other people will say."

"That's the doctor's word," said Gladys emphatically. "Nine tenths of 'what people will say' is bosh, take my word for it; possibly it will never be said. Just get that idea out of your head before you launch out into the world. But you are enigmatical this morning. Tell me the whole story of this unlikely water-party, who over-persuaded you, and what did you fear most?"

"I said if those six young people were not fine specimens of our American youth,

there would be rheumatic fever after their ducking. Let me hear the story."

"I haven't time to tell it today," said Gladys, hurriedly closing her book as she glanced at the clock. "Even if it were worth your hearing. Good-bye for this morning. Dr. Forster. You see, you should not have written such a volume to your son if you wanted me to talk to you. And, with an April flash of the brown eyes, she was out of the house and at the gate."

The old doctor walked thoughtfully up and down the piazza, his hands folded behind him.

"Girls! girls!" he muttered to himself. "I begin to think I know even less about them than my son Stephen. Have I been making any mischief, I wonder? What sent that little witch off in such a hurry?"

CHAPTER VIII.

As Gladys neared the hotel, a gentleman, mounted on a beautiful saddle-horse, was talking with her cousin Madge, who stood on the steps, while a groom walked another round the carriage sweep at the side of the house. On the horse, a bright bay equipped with a silksaddle, Gladys cast longing eyes as she crossed the gravel path.

"She is the gentlest creature in the world," the gentleman was saying.

"Oh! I am not at all afraid," Madge replied, "but I don't appreciate horseback riding as my sister or my cousin might. It seems a pity to waste a thoroughbred on me—oh, Gladys! I am so glad you live come—Mr. Amory, my cousin, Miss Lyman." Gladys, raising her eyes with a lively recollection of Madge's "making over" to her, her share in the gentleman's monologues and saddle-horses, was somewhat surprised to see in him a handsome, rather distinguished-looking man, who bowed and spoke with a peculiarly unassuming, almost languid air, but with none of the superciliousness she had expected from Madge's description of him.

"Are you fond of riding?" he asked, looking at her with a smile. Gladys's eyes were dancing.

"Oh, so fond! And I have not ridden—why, I have not even seen a horse since I came to America! I have been at school in New York," she added, as if afraid of seeming to cast a slur on the American stud.

"Do you care to see her put through her paces?" the gentleman asked, still with a smile, and a half-trained, half-pleased glance of attention at Gladys's eager face. The groom, mounting and holding the blanket over his knee for a skirt, made the beautiful creature trot and canter about the grass-plot, ending with a flying jump over the five-palmed fence into the pasture.

"Oh! if I might!" cried Gladys, ecstatically.

Mr. Amory looked inquiringly at Mrs. Waterston, who stood with a group of other ladies surveying the little exhibition from the piazza. "You would have no fears for your niece? The animal is really perfectly safe, and I would promise not to carry her out of sight."

"No, no fears at all with you, Mr. Amory," replied Mrs. Waterston, graciously. "Gladys is an experienced horse-woman, I believe."

There was time for some little explanatory conversation while Gladys was putting on her habit, and as she reappeared, glowing like a rose in her girlish delight, Madge's eyes met hers with a most mischievous, "Did I tell you so?" expression; while Mr. Amory surveyed her with another of his quiet glances of "observation" as he led her down the steps.

[To be Continued.]



Safety for Bread Winners

The workingman is the backbone of the nation. His industry, his integrity, his brains and his muscle not only contribute to the support of his family, but to wealth of the country as well. But constant work means wear and tear on the machinery of the human frame. The human constitution needs as much attention as the finest piece of machinery, else a health breakdown may occur. To guard against such a breakdown a tonic medicine should be frequently taken, and the world over it has been proved that

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Mr. F. Mission, a well-known resident of Deleau, Manitoba, says:—"From personal experience I can speak in the very highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a medicine for building up those who are weak or run down. I found myself suffering from extreme nervousness accompanied by frequent violent headaches, and loss of appetite. As a result I soon grew extremely weak, and the least work would fatigue me. I tried several medicines, but without gaining any strength until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not taken the pills long before there was a marked improvement in my condition, and the use of a few boxes restored me to perfect health. There are few men who do not at some time or other feel weak and run down and to such I can recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with every confidence that they will restore them to a condition of health and vigor."

There are many imitators trading upon the reputation of this great medicine, and it should be remembered that the imitations are worthless, often dangerous. Only the genuine have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

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STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows:—"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time, but then returned to it as soon as ever. One day, after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Sanaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him, and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

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LITERATURE.

GREAT BOOKS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

An article in a recent number of the Outlook embodied the views of several prominent writers on this subject. It is a subject of deep and enduring interest, because it affords one way at least of showing what the nineteenth century has done for civilization. A writer in the Chicago Dial dwells more especially on what may be called the "books of thought," which the nineteenth century has bequeathed to posterity.

"The Origin of the Species," by Charles Darwin, is given a place alongside of the "Wealth of Nations," the great work of Adam Smith, near the close of the eighteenth century. "It is doubtful," says the writer, "if any other book in all the history of modern thought has been so far-reaching in its influence, or productive of such immense intellectual results." In fact, the true measure of the power of the great thinkers of the past depends largely upon the extent to which their work anticipated the evolutionary method. The pre-eminence of the "Origin of the Species" is due to the fact that Darwin's work in the biological field extended far beyond the status of knowledge of his time, in this particular department.

In the field of geology we have the works of Lyell, especially his "Principles of Geology." In art, Ruskin's "Modern Painters," and in jurisprudence, Maine's "Ancient Law" are given as the greatest works of the century just closed. Pasteur is the greatest name in medical science. His researches have been so fruitful in the domain of bacteriology that he may be practically viewed as the founder of that science. It is to him and his followers we owe the first rational theory of disease, and its treatment, that has ever been put forth.

In the domain of political economy, owing to the development of socialism, which has become such a marked feature of the political life of most civilized countries, the work of Karl Marx, "Capital," is given the first place. The writer goes so far as to predict that fifty years hence it will wield an influence even larger than at present. John Stuart Mill's work on political economy is given as the best all-round book on the subject, but originality is less a feature of it than the clearness with which it presents the old ideas of social and political science.

A LITERARY BISHOP.

The Church of England chooses many of her highest dignitaries from the ranks of men who have distinguished themselves in scholarship and literature, and some of them prove that a man who has given much energy to the pursuit of special learning can also distinguish himself as an administrator, and move with great influence as a man among men taking an interest in social questions, and guiding great philanthropic movements.

The late Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, is a case in point. We have referred to his ceaseless activity and large influence as an ecclesiastical dignitary; it is worth while also to notice his literary career, which fell in the second half of the nineteenth century.

A high authority has said that his "History of the Papacy During the Reformation" is the only first-rate piece of church work in narrative form that

the nineteenth century has produced in English. Whether that is absolutely true or not, great industry and learning must have gone to the making of such a book, and the author must certainly be classed among those who do not cease to be students when they become clergymen. In fact, it is said that Creighton disappointed expectations as a student, but that is better than being a brilliant student and doing nothing afterwards.

His work was in the historical sphere, and he produced a number of books of output, as a whole, was large enough to fill two pages of the British Museum catalogue, but includes surprisingly little theological writing. This bishop seems to have been more of a literary man, and especially a historian, than a theologian. In addition to writing books himself, he did a great deal in the way of criticising and reviewing books written by other people, as well as other journalistic work.

In his time he must have corrected proof-sheets, an operation which many regard as easy mechanical work. He himself says: "To be able to correct proof-sheets with attention implies an absolute power of self-concentration on the work in hand; to be able to delight in the process implies a fullness of knowledge, which makes accuracy an instinct, and enables a writer to weigh what he has written apart from the sources which helped him as he wrote." These remarks he makes in reference to a phrase of Bishop Stubbs, who said he was trying to wear himself from "love of correcting proof-sheets." It is possible to hold the opinion that a clergyman, and especially a bishop, might be better employed than in correcting proof-sheets. But as a matter of fact, many of the most successful clergymen, from the practical, or, indeed, any point of view, have been men who instructed their generation through the press as well as in the pulpit, and we feel sure that this busy and capable man in his country parish, fitting himself to be a professor of church history, a bishop, or anything else that his church required of him, did not neglect his parishioners. But while that is true, it is as a literary man that Dr. Creighton will be remembered, and his influence will be on the side of truth and fairness. His literary influence is larger than any parish diocese, and is one of which his church need not be ashamed.

The Empire Review, bearing the imprint of Mr. Macmillan & Co., London, England, is among the latest to appear in the field of magazine literature. It is to be a practical organ of imperialist thought. No questions of a sectional or party nature are to find a place in its pages. It is opportune that such a magazine should have its birth in the beginning of a new century. It has been the custom for years of the Britisher to view matters too much from an insular standpoint. This, on the other hand, has caused the colonist to relax his interest to a certain extent in the motherland. Certain events which have lately transpired have had the effect of drawing together the different elements of the empire and inspiring them with a sense of that greatness which is the outcome of

unity. If, in the present century, the different communities which form the vast population of the British Empire are to reap the full benefit of their grand inheritance, they must march shoulder to shoulder in times of peace just as during the closing years of last century they fought side by side in war. In this way only shall we

"Far as the breeze can bear, the billow's foam, Survey our empire and behold our home."

The Duke of Devonshire, in an article on "The British Empire," writes to the effect that, when the delegates of the North American colonies met in 1864, at Quebec, to arrange some scheme of federation, the project, if the difficulties by which it was surrounded could be overcome, would benefit the colonies themselves. At the same time, however, it was regarded by many as a step towards eventual independence, and not closer union with the mother country. Men not open to the imputation of want of patriotism calmly discussed the question of the value to Great Britain of colonies which were protected by British troops, and at the same time excluded the products of British manufacture of their markets by high tariffs. The offer of preferential trade by Canada would have seemed to them as improbable, as the spectacle of Britain's dependencies joining with her to fight the battles of the empire. Many looked upon the welding together of the colonies on this side of the Atlantic with favor, as an indication that, with their independence, she could honorably renounce the burden of their defense, since little or no advantage was ever derived from them.

Times have changed, and we have a corresponding change in ideas. The success attending the federation of the provinces of Canada has caused Britain to view the new commonwealth of Australia in a somewhat different light. The lukewarm reception accorded the British North America Act of 1867 is no longer in evidence. The confederation of the Australian colonies, it is hoped, will insure

their continuance as integral portions of the British Empire.

The Empire Review contains the following poem dedicated to Lord Wintour, V. C.:

"V. C."

There's the order of the Garter and the brilliant Indian star,
And many a shining medal, great or small,
And the K. C. B.'s and earldoms, and all the spools of war,
But the little cross of iron is most glorious of them all.

For he that owns it earned at the peril of his life,
Nor recked if for his country he should fall.
He bore our Britain's colors through the fire and the strife,
So the little cross of iron is the gallantest of all.

And mercy goes with valor, and the hero stays to save,
Self-forgetting, at a wounded comrade's call.
Thus among the glittering baubles that are gauds to the brave,
Still the little cross of iron is the noblest prize of all.

Among the many interesting articles in the Engineering Magazine for February, is one by Mr. C. B. Going, which presents an original and effective argument for arbitration of labor disputes. This means of settling such disputes is shown to be a necessary advance in the economy of production. Commenting on the arbitration idea, Mr. Going writes: "The growing movement toward organization among employers and workmen both affords the perfect machinery which should be installed in place of the old disorder. I believe that in the conferences of the leaders of manufacturers' and workmen's associations the complete solution of the matter. The overwhelming majority desire only what is fair and just, and in the organization the few hot heads are harmless against the prevailing reason of their fellows. Most of the difficulties of the past have arisen from partial ignorance, on the part of each side, of the views, the difficulties, and the surrounding conditions of the other. Organization facilitates association, and association promotes understanding. In this voluntary arbitration, in which the representatives of the co-operating parties—capital and labor—are their own arbitrators, I believe, lies the perfection of harmony and the completion of economy in the industrial world."

There has been a tendency during the close of last century to recall the lives of great men, thus verifying the assertion that after all the most in-

teresting study for mankind is man. We have our lives of Gladstone, of Cromwell, and of other men whose works will remain an imperishable monument to their energy and worth. The Popular Science Monthly for February contains an interesting article on Huxley's work by Lord Avebury. The writer points out many interesting characteristics of the eminent naturalist. It is rather surprising to hear that Huxley's desire in his youth was to become a mechanical engineer. "The only part," said he, "of my professional course which really and deeply interested me was physiology, which is the mechanical engineering of living machines; and, notwithstanding that natural science has been my proper business, I am afraid there is very little of the genuine naturalist in me. I never collect anything, and species work was a burden to me; what I cared for was the architectural and engineering part of the business; the working out of the wonderful unity of plan in the thousands and thousands of diverse living constructions and the modifications of similar apparatus to serve diverse ends." The only conclusion we can draw from such a confession is that Huxley was an all-round man, and would have been as successful in other departments of investigation as he was in science. His power of clear description and his admirable style would have entitled him to a place in the front rank in literature.

We are told that an "abler and more accomplished debater was not to be found, even in the House of Commons." But, like the Greek Demosthenes and the English Sheridan, his degree of eloquence was not attained without a struggle. He always experienced a nervousness at the beginning of a lecture, which, however, eventually wore off when he became warmed up to his subject. It is said that after his first Royal Institute lecture he received an anonymous letter advising him never to undertake to lecture again. Notwithstanding the amount of such advice he received, perseverance enabled him to reach the top rung in the forensic art.

Huxley's work falls into three principal divisions—science, education and metaphysics. These, Lord Avebury deals with as fully and comprehensively as can be expected in the compass of a lecture.