GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

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GOLD MEDAL Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

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are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, deli-cious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every pack-age, and are made only by

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The Queen's Veil. 🖁

Sandan Sa

"Do not say that, ma belle, when a home is waiting to receive you as its mis-tress; when there is one heart at least that adores you. Come to me, little one, and I will make up for a legion of friends—you shall know no sadness, no loneliness, no fear; I will shield you from everything harsh or disagreeable, and the world henceforth shall hold, nothing but have been the arm pleasure for but happiness, beauty and pleasure for you. Tina, little Tina, you are more beautiful to me than aught else in this

beautiful to me than aught else in this world—you have become my hope, my fate; for you I live, without you I die; look kindly on me, little one, and do not send me away in despair."

The man, swayed by his fierce passion, had crept to her feet, and now held out his hands imploringly to her, his eyes fixed in a wistful, devouring look upon her, his whole face glowing with excitement and entreaty. ment and entreaty.
"Monsieur," Tina answered, more sad-

"Monsleur," Tina answered, more sad-ly than she had yet spoken, "you ask of me an impossibility. I cannot marry you."
"Ah, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, "you shall have

know not what you reject—you shall have the finest and loveliest laces; you shall have the richest satins, silks and velvets, horses, carriages and jewels; there is nothing that la belle shall lack, if she will give herself to me."

Tina's lips curled.

"I have said 'No,' monsieur. I should scorn to sell myself to any man for gold er the luxuries of which you speak."

Her tones were intensely sarcastic, and, as she concluded, she drew herself away. from the supplicant at her feet with the ir of a queen.
His eyes blazed with sudden anger,

more at her gesture and tone than at her

words.

"You care not for gold or jewels, and all the fine things that most women worship!" he cried, resentfully. "Ah! bah! do you care for nothing? Mon Dieu! but you shall care—you shall care for the reputation, for the good name! Mademoiselle Florienz shall become Madame La Fort, or the officer of the law shall come and take her away—she shall be arrested for theft—for the stealing of my beautiful laces."

Tina could hardly comprehend this

passionate statement at first; she regarded him for a moment with amaze ment.

He had just told her that he knew she

was innocent, that the real culprit had been discovered; what, then, could he mean by telling her that she should be

afrested for stealing his laces?

Then it flashed upon her that she was in his power—at his mercy!

She could prove nothing—her word would be utterly useless. The laces had been found upon her person, and in the presence of a witness, whom she more than half suspected was the guilty one, and this passionate, resentful man could easily prove her guilty if he saw fit to

This was evidently what he intended do if she refused to become his wife. doubtless, was the only one who www who the real culprit was, and he robably intended to hold the evidence of her guilt over her to drive her to submission to his will. When he was pleading so earnestly for

her love she had experienced something of pity for him; now she loathed him, and she longed to spurn him from her with the contempt which she felt. But he little knew the character that he had to deal with, if he thought to

drive her to such extremes by adopting any such measures as these.

She was small and slight, she was sweet and gentle and yielding in all that was right; but her soul was such as heroes possess-strong, valiant, fearlessone that would sacrifice everything, save truth and honor, rather than prove false to duty or principle.

CHAPTER XV.

After threatening Tina with arrest if the failed to favorably consider his marriage proposal, he commanded her to go to her own room in the pension.

Turning upon him a look of contempt
and scorn, she started to leave his pres-

"I give you twenty-four hours to de-liberate upon the matter." he said, ere she had disappeared. "If by this time to-morrow your decision is not what I wish, your immediate arrest will follow." She had not been three minutes in her room when she heard the key turned in the lock from the outside. She was a

prisoner.

Selecting a few necessary articles, she put them in a traveling bag, raised the window, passed to an iron balcony, and, by the aid of an overshadowing tree descended to the street. She hastened along a dozen squares, and at last, weary from her rapid walking, came to a halt in the shadow of a small church.

"What shall I do?" she questioned, a feelin of dreariness and loneliness settling down upon her heart; "it is night, and I have nowhere to go. I cannot re-

NOT COD-LIVER OIL

but Scott's emulsion of codliver oil. They are not the same; far from it.

Scott's emulsion is cod-liver oil prepared for the stomach.

Let cod-liver oil alone if you need it. When your physician orders toast, do you breakfast on flour?

Pure cod-liver oil is hard to take and hard to digest. A man that can keep it down, can saw wood. He thinks he is sick; he is lazy.

We'll send you a little to try if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronte main in the street; I dare not go alone to a hotel."

Suddenly she thought of that queer old woman whom she had seen at Monsieur La Fort's-Barbara Beza. She had seen her several times, but the strange creature had never spoken to her since their first meeting. If she came into the room where she was to see monsieur, she would always give her a keen, searching glance, nod her head not unkindly, and then pass on: though Tina always imagined that her face assumed a ghastly hue whenever she looked at her, as if there was something about her appearance which arous-

ed painful memories.

"Barbara Beza said she would be my friend if I ever needed one," she mur-mured, thoughtfully: "I do need one now most surely; but she is so strange, and I know nothing about her, and-she is dependent, perhaps, upon monsieur. I might get her into trouble also; besides, I think it hardly safe for me to remain

if undecided what to do, then all at once quickened her pace, a new purpose in her eye, a resolute expression about her

sweet mouth.

The railway station was not far away, and thither she bent her steps.

A train was being made up for Lille, en route for Calais, France, as she entered the station.

Repairing to the ticket office she bought a second-class ticket through to Calais, drew her veil closely over her face, and then proceeded down the long platform to find a place in the train.

She had gone but a little way, when she felt a hand laid upon her shoulder.

A tremor of fear ran through every

she felt a hand laid upon her shoulder.

A tremor of fear ran through every nerve. Had she been followed? Had that wretch, who wished to force her to marry him, tracked her to this place?

She turned, and, with a sense of infinite relief and astonishment, found herself face to face with the woman of whom she had been thinking only a little while before-Barhara Beza.

she had been thinking only a little while before—Barbara Beza.
"Hey, chicken! Old Barbara never forgets a face nor a form; I knew it was you. Whither away at this untimely hour of the night?"
Instinctively Tina felt that she could trust her, and, feeling so forlorn and friendless, she longed for someone on whom to depend.

whom to depend.

She laid her hand eagerly on the old woman's arm, and in a few hurried words

woman's arm, and in a few hutried words
told her everything.

"Monsieur La Fort was born a rascal
as well as a miser," she said, grimly,
while her eyes sparkled angrily. 'And
so he thought to win you, my fair dove?
Why, you are as far above him as yonder stars are above you. You were not
here to make with such as he and your born to mate with such as he, and your face has the impress upon it of a differ-ent life from that you are leading. Little one, why did you not come at once to old Barbara? She would have shielded you."
"I did think of coming to you," Tina said, and she saw the old withered face light with momentary pleasure; 'but—but—you are employed by him, and—and I

did not know—"
"You did not know but that I might be made to suffer through you," Barbara interrupted, with a chuckle of amuse-ment. "Bless the child! but old Barbara stands no more in awe of Monsieur La Fort than she does of your little finger. But whither are you going tonight,

bought a ticket for Calais; I had no place to go to. I thought I would be at least safe upon the train, and perhaps be able to catch a little rest," Tina said, with some confusion. Old Barbara's eyes glistened with some-

her utter friendlessness.

her utter friendlessness.

"And what were you going to do at Calais?" she asked, after a moment.

"I thought of going to England."

"To England!" cried the woman, sharply, and with a suspicious glance into her fair young face. "Why do you want to go to England? Were you ever there?"

"No, madame; but—I have a desire to—to leave the continent," Tina admitted, besitatingly.

hesitatingly.
"Ma foi! you have a strange taste," Madame Beza said, with an accent of bitterness that the young girl could not understand. "But why to England? Is there anyone there whom you know, or particularly desire to see?" and she eved her closely "No, madame," she replied, sadly.

have no friends there—I have not a friend in the world—" "Except Barbara Beza!" was the sharp interruption. "I told you that she was always your friend."

"Thank you, madame!"
"Yes, and to prove it, la belle shall come home with me tonight, and I shall protect her from all harm." protect her from all harm."

"You are very kind," Tina said, gratefully; "but I cannot feel safe in Brussels; not that I have done anything wrong, but—I cannot stay—I am not happy here; I cannot tell you why—you would not understand; and though I thank you for your kindly interest in me, yet I have made up my mind to go to yet I have made up my mind to go to

Madame Beza scowled and bent her head in thought for a moment. She saw that the girl's resolution was unal-"But mademoiselle must not travel alone," she said, at length, with a very troubled glance into that face so won-

drously fair.

"I shall do very well," Tina answered;

"the train runs through to Calais, where
the steamer leaves almost immediately
for England. I shall go directly to London, where I hope to find something in
the way of employment by which to gain
a livelihood." drously fair. a livelihood."
She strove to speak bravely, but her

tones faltered now and then in spite of herself.
"You will go to London? London mighty place, mon enfant-you will be but an atom in the great whirlpool; but
—wait; if go you must, I will give you
an address that may be of some service. Have you a pencil and paper?—quick, for the train will be off in five minutes now." Tina gave her the required articles, and she wrote something hastily upon the paper and returned it to her.
"When you reach Dover," she said, "take the express direct to London; when you arrive, take a cab and drive to the address that I have given you—you will find a kind friend in the woman to whose care I send you; and, petite, don't trust anybody whom you don't know. Now, get in, for it is time you were off, and think kindly sometimes of old Barbara Beza, who somehow has conceived a for you as strong as it is strange As Tina was about to step upon the train destined for Calais, Barbara Beza

"I have business which will soon require my presence in London. [To be Continued.]

What of the Future?

We have received a new mandate from the people. We are now just entering into the execution of that mandate. What shall it be? It shall be the continuation of the policy which we adopted four years ago, a policy of conciliation, a policy of justice for all, a policy of equal rights for every British subject upon this part of the globe, a policy of progress, a policy of development. We shall continue our preference to Great Britain—(cheers) -as we have, and on no other terms. We shall endeavor to increase trade amongst other nations, and I hope that when again the bugle is sounded, when we have to call again to the people of Canada, we shall be able to present to their attention a brighter record, a brighter record even, if I may say it modestly, than the record which we have presented to the people, and which received their sanction and approbation on the 7th of (Great cheering).-Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Toronto.

A SCHOOLBOY'S REFLECTION. If voice were all that's needed to make

a people truly great. strength of lung were all it took to guide affairs of state, On tasks now set before me I would

never pause to look; I'd throw my lessons all away and buy a singing book.

POPULAR SONGS OF THE DAY.

And the Men Who Make Them-Some of the Recent Successes.

When Paul Dresser wrote his famous song, "On the Banks of the Wabash," and Harry Von Tilzer created Chorus his equally successful darky ditty, "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You," it was presumed by some critics that these men had exhausted their fund of musical production. But this has proved to be a mistake. Each of these writers has won new laurels by the creation of songs which have proved to be more successful than those already mentioned.

The sale of nearly 200,000 copies of Mr. Dresser's later song, "The Blue and the Gray," indicates his power to still touch the popular heart, while Von Tilzer's "When the Harvest Days Are Over," which is climbing to the 100,000 mark at the present_writing, attests the fact that this com-poser's fountain of song is still in full

Paul Dresser's latest venture is also along patriotic lines and is entitled 'Give Us Just Another Lincoln." Some judges think that this song, musically considered, is superior to "The Blue and the Gray." The following words will indicate the character of the se-

Give us just another Lincoln or Thomas Jefferson, Give to us a Grant or Jackson, whose fame lives on and on;

who's loyal to his country, whose work when done be loved by all the nation as they loved George Washington.

Lovers of popular songs will re-member that Mr. Harry Von Tilzer's list of successes comprises "My Old New Hampshire Home," "Where the Sweet Magnolias Bloom," "A Bird in a Gilded Cage" and kindred songs. His very latest "hit" is a rural love ballad entitled "When the Harvest Days
Are Over." It embraces both sim Are Over." It embraces both simplicity and tuneful melody the chorus particularly possessing that lilting quality which has already carried it into thousands of homes.

That the vogue of the coon song is not by any means exhausted is indicated by the success of "I Ain't A-Goin' to Weep No More," Mr. Von Tilzer's latest negro oddity, a companion piece to his "I'd Leave My Happy Home for You."

The movement of the song is dis-

tinctively ragtime, and is a very original production. The idea in the song incorporates in a very humorous manjealousy and forgivenness, wedded to spirited music which keeps the feet in motion.

The irrepressible Irving Jones, cre ator of scores of popular darky mel-odies, such as "I'm Livin' Easy," "I "I Don't Like No Cheap Man," etc., brought out a new song, "My Money Never Gives Out." The words have a fair degree of humorous merit, and the music is very tuneful.

While on the subject of instrumental music it will be interesting to note that the leading popular set of waltzes of the day, "The Calanthe" waltzes, also bear this prolific composer's name.

extensively by John Philip Sousa in ning popularity. This was written by his recent tour of Europe, and they Stanley Carter, the author of "Bred in occupy a prominent place on the programmes of social funcions in the diplomatic circles of Washington. Mr. grammes of social funcions in Holzmann has very properly been termed the Strauss of America in con-Many of the leading theaters and dance organizations are featuring this delightful combination of waltz movements. The languorous, dreamy quality of the music in these

waltzes brings visions of the South Seas and Hawaii to the listener. The public taste in high-class songs still runs to sentiment. The love motive is a never dying theme in the mind of the composer. The authors of "Because" and "Always," Messrs. Horwitz and Bowers, have produced a most charming little romanza, entit-"Wait." It deals with immortality, and reflects great credit upon these writers because of its purity of thought, elevation of sentiment and tuneful melody. Here are a few lines suggestive of the theme:

They tell me souls that loved upon this earth Renew their love upon that golden shore;

And when we meet, beloved, in realms above Our hearts entwined shall be for

evermore. Another song of a refined character which is being universally sung is entitled "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder." The music is by Harry Dillea, and the words are by that prolific writer, Mr. Arthur Gillespie, the author of "The Songs the Boys Are Singing in the Camp Tonight." Home to Dad" and other successes. Mr. Gillespie has taken as the title of his song a familiar line, as above indicated, but so skillfully has he developed the idea that a charming po-etical and musical effect has been se-The words of the chorus will

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, That is why I long for you; Lonely through the nights I ponder, Wond'ring, darling, if you're true. Distance only lends enchantment, Though the ocean waves divide Absence makes the heart grow fonder, Longing to be near your side.

The West can also boast of a most prolific and talented writer of clean ballads. His name is Raymond A. Browne. He writes under many noms de plume, but his productions are equally sought for under any name, showing that his work has inherent merit. He it was who wrote that cap-tivating ditty, "Certainly Living a Rag Time Life" and the songs "Don't Send Her Away," "If I Could Hear That Song Again" and kindred com-

Mr. Browne's most recent production is the quaint little ballad of instruction in the art of love, which Jessie Bartlett Davis is featuring in her repertoire throughout the country. Browne asserts that he has found the secret key which will unlock a woman's heart, and he voices his idea in the following manner:

If you'd win a woman's heart I will tell you how 'tis done, For by very simple art every woman can be won; And, although the task seems hard,

you will find when you've once Every heart, though locked and barred, can be made to open wide.

Refrain-True love, that's the simple charm, etc. It is extremely difficult to convey in simple words without music the humor of a song. Both must be present in order to be effective. In order to thoroughly appreciate Mr. T. B. Harms' latest English publication, "More Work for the Undertaker," it

must be heard upon the stage. Suf-fice it to say that whenever so suns

it is heartily encored. Here is stanza of this unique comic ditty:

Listen to the song I'm going to sing you. You'll laugh till you haven't any People, as a rule, now seem to think it funny

When they hear of a violent death. Poor little Solomon Levi got to heaven on a plass: He searched 'round the house with a match in the night

More work for the undertaker, an-other little job for the casketmaker, At the local cemetery They've been very, very, very Busy on a bran' new grave!—Levi blew himself!

One of the most prolific teams of song writers in the United States is Will A. Heeland and J. Fred Helf. Their latest and best work in the comic line has more than usual merit and is entitled "Every Race Has a Flag but the Coon." Mr. Helf is the composer of such well-known and widely differing songs as "Just What the Good Book Taught," "How'd You Like to Be the Iceman?" "A Picture No Artist Can Paint" and kindred successes. He is a Cincinnatian by birth and, although comparatively young, occupies a high position among the popular song composers of this coun-

Will A. Heelan, his partner, is likewise the author of innumerable pop ular lyrics, such as "Her Name Is Rose," "He's Not Coming Home With the Boys," "Stories That Mother Told Me," and many others of clever poetic construction. The chorus of their darky "hit," "Every Race Has A Flag But the Coon," runs as follows:

Even China waves a dragon. Germany an eagle gold; Bonnie Scotland loves a thistle, Turkey has her crescent moon; And what won't the Yankees do For the old red, white and blue? Every race has a flag but the coon

Ireland has her harp and shamrock,

England floats her lion bold;

Speaking of "rag time music, probably the most successful writer in the United States today is a man of the name of Abe Holzmann. Strange to say, he is a German by birth, but he writes negro melodies of the most delightful character. He possesses the proud distinction of having written the only piece of music that has cleared \$50,000 in this country. called "Smoky Mokes," and every man, woman or child has either heard or whistled it. This composition was speedily followed by another of a like character, entitled "Bunch o' Blackberries," which also gained a wide popularity. Mr. Holzmann's latest creation, "Hunky-Dory," is said to excel either of his previous works and is exceedingly melodious.

On a line with the beautiful ballads of Stephen Foster and the more recent works of George Cooper, who wrote "Beautiful Isle of the Sea."
Sweet Genevieve" and "Must We Then Meet as Strangers?" (and who, by the way, is still living), there has just appeared an exquisite little highclass ballad, written by a young society woman of New York, Miss Caroline F. Briegel, entitled "The Sweetest Dream," which bids fair to rival the works of the past masters. "You Needn't Say the Kisses Came From "The Calanthe" waltzes were played Me" is also another song that is win-Old Kentucky" and Max S. Witt, who "The Moth and the Flame" wrote also has a like triumph in his new work, "When the Birds Go North Again." So has Charles B. Ward in Again." his new song, "Just a Little Attic, but It's Home."

In martial music and dance compositions the leading new creations are "Fair Harvard," by Wheatley; "Les Aspirants," by Bernard, both good marches, and a spirited two step by Jean Schwartz, the author of "Dusky Dudes," entitled "Across the Continent." In waltzes F. L. Clarke's "Constancy," Grimm's "Love's Confession" and the "Quo Vadis" waltzes are forest. A highly meritorious caprice Alberto Himan, entitled "Mimosa," is the rage in society circles. In quaint Ethiopian cakewalks a composition uniquely dubbed "The Japanese Rag," by Moses Gumble, a German, fairly teems with new jingle, while Brennan's "At an Arkansaw Shivaree" and "Darky in the Woodby Barbara Kleinbeck, are the rage of many cities. One of the most beautiful semi-sacred songs of the hour is entitled "Beyond the Gates of Paradise.

A most interesting fact is that the title of a popular song is frequently of the least importance in designating its popularity. "Strike Up the Band, ere Comes a Sailor," a new "hit" by Andrew Sterling and Charles Ward, has no particular fascination in title, but is exceedingly popular. Day," by Tony Stanford, is also a "winner" though trite in title, while "I Love You, Yes I Do," by J. M. Gould. despite its simplicity in name, is widely sought for and sung. A startling emphasis of the indifference of titles is seen in two prominent songs, one an exquisite sacred song by Paul Armstrong, entitled "Salvathe other a humorous darky ditty by the same title, in which a hapless "cullud gen'man" yields the following plaint:

Sal-va-a-a-tion! Sal-va-a-a-tion fo' yo' soul!

If you'se black 'tis hard to get, you's white you get it whole-Sal-va-a-a-tion! Sal-va-a-a-tion fo' yo' soul!

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