St Lawrence Sugar

HAVE YOUR JELLIES EVER REFUSED TO SET?

Though only best fruit is used, and every precaution taken in cooking and placing in jars, jellies sometimes unaccountably refuse to set.

Many cooks don't know that the SUGAR may be the cause, as if it contains organic matter, fermentation sets in and Jelly will not set. Be on the safe side—Buy

ST. LAWRENCE EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

For years it has given absolute satisfaction. Over 99.99 per cent pure and refined from cane sugar, exclusively, St. Lawrence Sugar protects against these failures

Buy in Refinery sealed packages to avoid mistakes and assure absolute cleanliness and correct weight.

2 lb. and 5 lb. cartons and 10, 20, 25 and 100 lb. bags and your choice of fine, medium, or coarse grains. Sold by most good grocers.

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES, Limited, MONTREAL.

Medium Grain

Coarse Grain

Vermin Proof Fences.

Protection is the prime requisite for increasing the number of birds in any area, and the results of protection are in direct proportion to the amount given. Besides insuring birds against every form of persecution by human kind, we must defend them from various natural foes. The most effectual single step is to surround the proposed bird sanctuary with a vermin-proof fence. Such a fence should prevent entrance either by digging or by climbing, but will serve its greatest use if it can not be climbed, and is, therefore, cat-proof. If it is impracticable to build an impenetrable fence, the next best device is to put guards of sheet metal on all nesting trees and on poles supporting bird houses. This should be done in any case where squirrels or snakes are likely to intrude, as it is usually impracticable to fence out these animals. Tree guards should be six feet or more above ground. Attacks by hawks, owls, crows, jays or other enemies are best controlled by eliminating the destructive individuals.

Well Prepared Soil.

Soil well pulverized before the crop is planted is much more productive than cloddy land or any land left with an uneven surface, because the plantfood already in the land is made more accessible and the little root feeders which literally fill the ground can better gather nourishment from both earth and air. Land thoroughly plowed and thoroughly pulverized before planting is not only rendered more fertile from a natural viewpoint, but is in far better condition to receive whatever artificial fertilizing one may wish to apply.

Put This in Your Scrapbook.

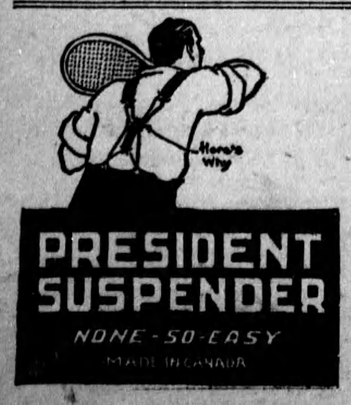
A breeder told his county institute that he always found it profitable to keep the following mixture in a dry place, where his hogs could always help themselves. One wagon load of coal ashes, 100 pounds of salt, 50 pounds of sulphur, twenty pounds of copperas, one barrel of lime. A little charcoal and soft coal might help.

Making a Tree Comfortable.

In planting a tree to make it grow—and there should be no other aim—the tree should be made just as comfortable in its new environment as possible. If the land is wet it should be drained, for trees will never thrive with wet feet. The best results are obtained by preparing the land the previous year for the setting of the trees. Clover or cowpeas plowed under in the fall will make humus the following year and keep the soil about the roots. Trees will often do well in poor soils and unfavorable conditions if good soil is placed about their roots, so that they get a good start the first year or so. After they once become established they can do considerable towards taking care of themselves.

The Farmer's Friend.

The dietary of a toad contains 77 per cent. of insects and the remainder is composed of spiders, crustacea and worms. Having an amazingly active tongue, he captures much of his food on the wing. There is every reason why farmers and gardeners should encourage and protect the toad. European gardeners often purchase toads, considering their vigilance in hunting insects well worth a trifling outlay. Toads become very tame when treated with consideration, and as they never do any harm, beyond occasionally excavating a little cave for midday retirement in a favorite flower bed, while destroying a vast amount of insect life, there is every reason why they should be welcome guests.



When School Closes.

It's an awful queer sensation, yet one chuck full of joy, that circulates this time of year in every healthy boy. It makes him stand upon his head, and do all sorts of freaks, to know the lock's tight on the school for nigh a dozen weeks. The man who thought of such a thing as summer school vacation, is worthy of a monument and a silver tongued oration. So let us sing about the chap in all our sweet refrains, and versify the size and kind and color of his brains. The chances are that he was once a tiny boy at school, who learned to figure and to spell beneath the hickory rule. We never heard about his name, nor the color of his skin, but we'll bet our last red nickel that he was white within. He took the damper off of sport, and uncorked lots of fun for we didn't have to start at nine, and then again at one. The wobbly creek with banks of clay became a paradise; we swam with frogs and leeches there, much 'gainst our folks' advice. We played at injun in the woods, with stain and chicken feather, and we were nature's children then most any kind of weather. The whole world seemed a place to play, the ponds were big as lakes, and rafts were strong as battleships, with crews as brave as Drake's. The forest was our grand estate where we could monarchs be, and hold dominion like a king with castle in a tree. We knew most all there was to know concerning birds and things, where the meadow lark had hid its nest and the blue jay flashed its wings. We knew that old black crows could talk when once their tongues were split, and how to wind a birch bark torch and hold it when 'twas lit. We learned an awful lot of things they never print in books, when we lived upon the hillsides and camped beside the brooks. We didn't seem to realize that those days were our best, and they slipped away like morning sun that sinks down in the west. But they're woven in our memories like silver threads or gold—a storehouse vast for after years of stories yet untold. Time won't turn back in its mad flight, but memory always will, and it makes us children camped again on meadowland and hill.—By "Ark," in Guelph Mercury.

Its Middle Name.

Little Robert, says an exchange, rushed into the kitchen one day and asked his mother what kind of pie she was making.

"Lemon meringue pie," she answered.

The little fellow disappeared, but presently returned.

"Mama," he said, "what did you say is the pie's middle name?"

Queen Alexandra is very fond of Yorkshire pudding.

When flying a Union Jack, remember that the broad, white stripe should be on top in the upper corner next the flagstaff.

THE FATE OF AZUMA;

Or, The South African Millionaire.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd).

She was aware this morning that the first note of antagonism had been voiced loud enough to reach her ear, in London. London, that hard market for happiness, where the competition is so close, so raspingly keen, so almost impossible to govern or even to hold one's own in. How many there are who would be happier away from London, the while they imagine it the Mecca of their dreams.

Away from London she had always been the greatst personage, everywhere, moving about like a royal princess, surrounded with every luxury, travelling often in special trains, nearly always in private cars, engaging the finest apartments in the best hotels, the best boxes at the theatre, except at Frankfort, where old Lieb had had his own, followed by a suite of maids and valets and secretaries, unless as sometimes happened, they evaded them all and slipped away to spend a couple of nights at little out of the way places unattended. Yes, thinking it all over, their journey had been almost like a pageant, while the governors and embassies of every place had made much of them.

Now in London, for all that her wealth made everyone civil, for all that everyone came to her parties and dinners, she felt not only one of a crowd, but distinctly and without illusion the wife of Adolphe Lieb, the South African, the Jew.

And because human nature is like that, forgetful of the reasons for its former acts when the hazard which prompted them has vanished, she began to ask herself how it was that she was his wife instead of the wife of men like those her friends had married, were marrying every day, Englishmen of rank and ancient lineage and position, forgetting, in the renewed security her husband's love and wealth afforded her, that it would have been impossible.

Now she told herself that had she waited she might have married another, if a different Sir Hubert or George Danvers. Looking at herself in the glass, at her resplendent beauty which, if it had always been such that nothing could increase it, at least seemed to insist more on being fully appreciated, she told herself that there was no reason at all why she should not have been a Duchess.

Yes, the note of discontent had entered, and the discontent vented itself on Adolphe the while she told herself that the beginning and end of the discomfort lay with Azuma.

Azuma had accompanied them on their travels, creating everywhere an interest which Lady Judith found a very piquant addition to the glamor which surrounded their progress.

In South Africa she had not seemed in the way, falling back into her position of confidential servant almost, attending specially to Adolphe's study, to the dusting of his private papers, to finding out information for him privately, through Kaffirs, to long talks with him on the verandah in the evening while Judith played the piano or read a novel, pretending neither to observe nor to care whether they talked or not.

Marrying Judith had been the one thing Adolphe Lieb had not consulted Azuma about. He could hardly have told what instinct had made him not only avoid discussing it with her, but when on the evening of the day he had told her he was going to be married, she had wanted to tell him what the pebbles said, he had laughingly refused to be enlightened.

For nothing on earth would he have heard what Azuma had to tell him, for if she predicted evil from the match, and somehow he felt as if it might bring evil, he still would marry her, and if it were not, why all the better; that too he would find out for himself. And then there were other reasons why he would not include his love for Judith with the things he consulted Azuma about. It would have seemed almost like disloyalty. Yet he had felt that she did not like his marrying, that she foresaw with some reason an end of their strange alliance of friendship, an end of the long evenings when he either told her of his plans or asked her counsel, or she had sat crouched on the hearth-rug and listened to his playing or seemed to dream from sheer silence while he wrote.

Yes, Azuma hated his marrying although she knew the Baas could never, never have married her. It was the way he had treated her, which had made her love him with a deep love, which had something in it of worship, of adoration. Where was there another white man like him who would have a woman beneath his roof night and day from month to month, and year to year, yet never take advantage of her dependence on him? If he had, she would not have loved him less. But now his marriage with this beautiful white woman seemed to emphasize the different paths along which each would travel, paths which would diverge more and more as the white woman grew to dare more, to control his mind in time. Who could tell, he would even send Azuma away in time. When he did that, there would only be one thing for Azuma to do, die; that was what Azuma would have to do.

And in her quiet observations of the predicting thoughts which came to her, there was something which troubled her in Judith's expression, which troubled her because it might bring trouble to him. And no one knew that alone in her room at night, the room Adolphe had had built for her with a terrace, where at night she could gaze at the stars and breathe the cooler air, she asked the pebbles about the white girl and they told her things which to her seemed terrible, and which she fain would have her master know yet dared not to tell him.

And it had been somewhat of a relief to Azuma to find that Judith did not seem to hate her, that she did not send her away, a relief and a wonder at once, for who can tell the strange thoughts that flitted through her mind during the long unoccupied day, and fears lest she would not be well treated? Adolphe had not allowed her to be treated like the servants, or to do any work. It was a strange life that she led and she hated London, yet for nothing on earth would she have lived away from Adolphe.

Now and then, there had been little rifts in the lute. Azuma would not obey Judith whom she did not recognize as having any dominion over her. At first Judith had grown angry, but afterwards she had laughed. There was something so funny about "Adolphe's black woman," as she sometimes called her. Nevertheless they had had one scene in their home near Johannesburg over Azuma. It was when Adolphe spoke of taking her back.

"Oh, my dear Adolphe, you are not surely going to take her all the way back. It's all very well out here, but in London really, you don't know all people said about it last year, and now really—"

And Judith had not been prepared for the calm firmness of his answer, "This year they can say nothing since you are my wife."

His words sounded like a compliment, but she felt the first pitting of his will against hers and a new arrogance had come to her with her safety of position, the arrogance of thinking that she had done him a favor in marrying him. He had seen signs of this now and then, and it had given him a peculiar feeling, for reasons of his own.

"But Adolphe don't you see how peculiar people will think it? You and I and this woman, nobody believes of course that you only keep her as a sort of mascotte, nobody really believes in a mascotte, or in her advising you on the Stock Exchange. Of course you can't get them to believe in it."

"But you do." He spoke gravely. It was their first dispute, and he did not intend it to spoil their lives by its being the precursor of constant discussions and arguments, which would intensify in bitterness each time.

"Well, of course I do now, but . ." she hesitated, "when you won't leave her behind, don't you know, of course it makes me feel as if there was something in it, as if in a way she was something to you. I wonder," she added, "whether if she insisted on my going away, whether you would let me go or insist as you do about her." The note of jealousy was beginning to pierce.

"To think that, would be to say I love her best," he answered, "the very suggestion is absurd."

"I wonder, Adolphe, whether you really love me as much as you think." It was as if because she had had so many illusions that she couldn't believe in his love, as if she had forced herself to believe that it was for her position that he had married her, or her beauty, or both.

"Is it possible that you do not know how I love you?"

When he spoke like that he always made something vibrate within her, thrill, and yet as he drew near to kiss her she recoiled a little. It was as if she would not let herself love this man, who was not of her world, who for all his wealth never could be.

But of the secret that lay between him, and her, she never thought now, never. The danger was over, all the many little things that might have betrayed her had been passed by, and the people who might have spoken had been silent, and the gratitude to the gods who had sent her love was no burden, because they had sent her love in the person of a low-born German Jew, when she might have been a duchess, or at least the wife of some great ambassador or cabinet minister. Her want of logic was extraordinary.

Yet when they came away from South Africa she had ceased to mind about Azuma, rather something abnormal in her temperament was appealed to by the strangeness of it. She liked the idea of defying London, of exciting its curiosity while she refused to satisfy it.

And she was conscious to-day as she wandered rather aimlessly through the large and small rooms which opened out into each other on the same spacious floor, she had felt different. The very moment they had reached London, the first sight of the Houses of Parliament, grey and grim and ominous-looking in the setting crimson sun of April, it seemed as if new moods had met her and thrown a cloak over her, which held in it the perfume of other days.

Yes, as the fast horses carried them along the Embankment, and Pall Mall into Piccadilly on, on to the house where one year ago he had said with so much earnestness, the unusual words: "I want to show you my heart," it seemed as if she had nothing to do with this man who sat beside her, as if he ought to have remained behind in Frankfort or in South Africa, and that between herself and London there lay hidden secrets with which he had nothing to do. She had felt it, oh, so strongly as they passed her father's house, and she leaned forward to see if the blinds were up. There, were the windows of the room in which she had slept every night when in town, since she had left the floor above, which had been her nursery. How often she had looked into the Green Park from those windows. From that room, she had descended to meet Sir Hubert, and there in the drawing-room she had told him.

The front door, she seemed to see herself as if it were someone else stepping into the carriage alongside of her mother, to set forth on one of those eternal rounds which sometimes had brought pleasure, but oh, how often humiliation, weariness, pain. The memory was gruesome, and yet it seemed to be part of her being, part of herself as the daughter of an English peer, in which this foreigner beside her had no part. They were all arraigned before her, the crowd of men who had thought to love her, whom she had thought to love, yet who one by one had dropped away, afraid, afraid. Then flashing across her brain, vivid, realistic like lightning illumining a forest, then leaving it blacker than before, she thought:

And this man if he knew would have gone too, this man who was deceived, duped, yet who was the only one whom she had been able to cling to.

She started at the sound of his voice, started and turned for a moment and stared at him dazed, as if he were a stranger, as he said:

"Well, here we are at home. It is good to be at home again."

"Home," was this then her home?

CHAPTER XX.

And he, Adolphe, recognized all the signs of her restlessness, and this morning, the morning of his wedding day, the twenty-fifth of June, asked himself too, whether he was sure that he rejoiced, the while he refrained from uttering the words which would make her quiet and yielding, and unresisting for evermore. He did not want her to love him, not in that way, not for those reasons, and for those reasons he had kept silence, silence even in the face of her occasional disdain. He knew how it was with her here in London. She noted the difference between her fate and that of other women, noted the tiny and most imperceptible difference with which for all her wealth she was treated by the women of her world, how sensitively she felt tiny humiliations which had been heaped on him, and which left no impression on him, but which to her were galling beyond power of speech.

They had arrived in April and stayed with her people, and he had become at once aware of the difference in her. It was as if the old haunts had brought back memories which were seared into her very soul, and which had only been covered up during those brief months when he could not help but acknowledge that all his joyous moments had come from unexpected moods of Judith's rather than from daily realization of anticipated delight. He had not minded the faintly outlined condescension, the tone of patronage of Lord Glaucourt and his son, the ill-veiled, if well-bred insolence of Lady Glaucourt, tempered by occasional outbursts of confidential intimacy. He had smiled to himself at the way they called him "Mr. Lieb," and held him at arm's length, the while they and their friends asked him for tips, and allowed him to advise them about speculations, while they in turn suggested his giving fabulous sums for country houses of their friends, as soon as it became known that he was seeking a country-place.

All this he put up with for Judith's sake, and because his inner sense of superiority made him feel that the very fact that they treated him in this way, brought them down closer to his level, or perhaps, who will say, thrust them beneath it. For Judith's sake, and because he was beginning to understand their point of view. But what he told himself he was not going to put up with, was anything but devotion on the part of Judith herself.

(To be continued.)

Nature Makes The Flavour of

"SALADA"

The cool, tempered breezes of the hill-top gardens in Ceylon, produce a tea of delicate, yet rich and flavoury quality. A careful selection of the finest growths is blended to make "SALADA". B 78

IN DEFENCE OF A BERRY.

By Peter McArthur.

There is an old saying, "Give a dog a bad name, and kill him," which applies everywhere in life. No matter how good a thing may be, if you give it a bad name you may as well do away with it. It is all very well for Shakespeare to say that "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but if you called a new variety of rose "The Skunk Cabbage Rose" it would take a long while winning favor.

I am moved to make these reflections because one of the best of our tender fruits suffers from a bad name, and I wish to proclaim the fact that its bad name is due to a strange mistake. The very name gooseberry suggests something about which one could not hope to be enthusiastic in spite of the fact that gooseberry wine figures in the Vicar of Wakefield, that literary masterpiece in which everything is dainty. And the children who have not yet learned the disfavor that goes with the name "goose" will reach for gooseberry tart before any other, but the name "goose" puts all grown ups on their guard. And now comes a great philogist who proves the name is a vulgar and ignorant mistake. The berry is one that should be known as the Saintsberry—and the berry of the most beloved of saints at that.

Mr. Fox Talbot gives the following remarkable account of the origin of the name "gooseberry"; Gooseberries are called in German, Johannis-beeren, that is, "John's berries," because they ripen about the feast of St. John. St. John is called in Holland, St. Jan, and the fruit is there called "Jansbeeren." Now this word has been—centuries ago—corrupted into "Gansbeeren," of which our English word Gooseberries is a literal translation; Gans in German signifying a goose.

So you see that the only thing the matter with the delicately flavored St. John's berry is that it has suffered from a touch of German Kultur and has been called out of its name. Give it its right name and saintly character and you will never be without jam from it for your tarts.

Superfluous Grit.

During a particularly nastly dust storm at one of the camps a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain.

After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook:

"If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much of the dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder and then broke out:

"See here, my lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," interrupted the recruit, "but not to eat it."

More lunatics are caused through drink than through any other vice.