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Baker's Breakfast Cocoa



Is absolutely pure, healthful and makes a most delicious drink. Get the genuine with our trade-mark on the package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass.

The Army of Constipation

In Crawling Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are remarkable—they only give relief, they permanently cure Constipation. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine with our Signature.



Ready for His Bath! If the bath tub is a late, modern, porcelain lined one, "it will indeed" be a pleasure. How about your home, Mr. Householder? Is it provided with a tub of late design, and is there in the bath room all the little comfort accessories that there should be?

WANT TO TALK WITH US ABOUT IT? David Hall. Phone 835. 66 Brock St. Residence 856.

AFTER SUFFERING YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Fox Creek, N.B.—"I have always had pains in the loins and a weakness there, and often after my meals my food would distress me and cause nervousness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me much good. I am strong, digestion is better, and I can walk with ambition. I have encouraged many mothers of families to take it, as it is the best remedy in the world. You can publish this in the papers."—Mrs. WILLIAM BOURQUE, Fox Creek, N.B., Canada.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery. Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

BACK IN THE OLD DAYS

PESSIMISTIC REMINISCENCE OF ONTARIO FARMING.

"Joe" Clark Draws a Picture of the Isolated Family in Winter Time That May Recall a Familiar Scene to Those Who Remember Less Scientific Farming Than We Have Nowadays.

Discussing the early days on the farm in Ontario, Joseph Clark says in a recent article in The Toronto Star: A great change has come over the scene since those early days. In the older-settled parts of Ontario to-day one would see little that corresponds with the picture drawn. Yet there are points where something similar may be met with. Even yet one may find an occasional farmer in Ontario who seems to have wandered away from early Illinois.

On one occasion I spent two or three winter days on a farm in Ontario. I slept upstairs—and never slept sounder—under plenty of blankets and quilts, but in the morning found snow drifted in streaks all over the attic or loft. Arising at daylight, I learned that the farmer had left two hours earlier, for the bush, to haul a load of wood to town. Long before daylight, in zero weather, he had arisen, waded through deep snowbanks, to his stable, roused his sleeping horses and cows, and fed them a meal which nature never meant them to have. Why should a horse or a cow want to be roused up in the night to eat? It is doubtful whether a hog ever could be fattened if disturbed in its slumber to eat will in the night. When I argued with the farmer about this, he said that he had to get up early that way to feed the stock, and, although, I claimed that the stock didn't want to be fed so early, unless where they had had the habit formed on them by their owner, he took refuge in the reply that he fed his stock no earlier than his neighbors.

While he was out at the stable, his wife arose in the dark and prepared his breakfast, and the whole family was astir long before the sun. The man had gone to town with a load of stove-wood, but there was no supply for his own house. A log buried under the snow was scraped into view by the oldest boy, and from it he hacked enough wet and green chunks or chips to meet the momentary demand of mother. There was no kindling stored up anywhere, although the house stood within three hundred yards of a cedar swamp, from whence on a day in mid-summer a year's supply for that house could have been secured. Except for taking out an occasional load of wood to sell in town or dragging a log from the bush to the house, for cut wood was no work done in winter, except in feeding the stock. Yet the whole family arose two hours before daylight each morning, and thereby lengthened the idle day, utterly devoid of interest, except when some sleigh passed along the distant road. As a rule, there was in the stove a stick of wood too long to permit the door to shut, and, as the wood was green, a certain amount of interest attached to watching the end of the stick from which the sap bubbled and hissed. There appeared to be no books in the house, and no newspaper was subscribed for. The family cooped up in a small house with snow yards deep, with no intercourse with neighbors, with nothing to read, without music of any kind, engaged in no domestic industry, except preparing meals and clearing up the mess—what could these really excellent people do with time and their talents, except cultivate a great weariness of each other.

The head of the family having started before daylight to deliver his load of wood at a house in town where he had agreed to deliver it, was home again by noon, and performed no other work that day. In that case, why was it necessary to arise in the night in order to do that day's work? Having said that this family seemed to spend the day with nothing to interest them except when somebody drove along the distant road in a sleigh, let me add that at such times everybody ran to the window, and began guessing whose turnout it was. Very seldom could they all agree as to the identity of the horses and the driver. Each was willing—even anxious—to argue at length in support of his or her contention. Even after the subject had been swung dry and dropped, somebody would remember something, and revive the dispute, somewhat after this fashion:

"Say, look here, if that was Sam Keller, where was his dog?" "Where was his dog?" "Yes, where was his dog? You know as well as I do—"

"Mebbe he had him in the sleigh, dog, and on a cold day like this—"

"Cold day like this! A heap Sam Keller thinks of cold days. Long's he's got his own fur coat on, a heap he cares about his dog or a human, for that matter."

"Well, anyway, that was Sam Keller, dog or no dog." "No it wasn't Sam Keller neither." "Oh, stick to your opinion, right or wrong."

"Yes, I'll stick to it, for I know I'm right. And you stick to yours, that'll be two of us stickin' to our opinions." "All right, all right." Then turning to me: "He's so set in his opinions. Once he says a thing, it's got to be so, whether it is or not. He's just—"

PYRAMID LORE.

Study of Cheops Proves a Fascinating Riddle For the Scientists.

The great Pyramid of Khufu (Cheops) has, for nearly ten years, been the object of special study and investigation by Dow Covington, the American Egyptologist and explorer, and his latest excavation there is of considerable interest.

Last season, with the authorization of Sir Gaston Boscawen, the general of the Egyptian Service of Antiquities, and through the generosity of Frederick S. Phillips, an Englishman, Mr. Covington excavated more than 100 feet at the north base of the pyramid, west of the centre, exposing the masonry, finely cut and perfectly jointed casing stones, such as formerly covered all the faces of the great work. The first three had been discovered and partly cleared in 1837 by Col. (afterward General) Howard-Vyse, and again exposed in 1882 by Prof. Petrie; and fully discussed by him. Last season, however, Mr. Covington discovered and cleared sixteen more of these interesting stones, and a strip 100 feet long and some 15 feet wide of the well-finished pavement on which they rest; and he has just secured a further authorization from the Egyptian Government to extend this first course examination right out to the northwest corner.

The first four casing stones, being at the centre of the great movement (which dates back to about 3,700 B.C.), were perfectly preserved by the debris which came down when the pyramid was forced open in 818 A.D. by the Caliph Mamoun. The remaining 15, however, owing to centuries of exposure, have greatly and picturesquely aged. But Mr. Covington firmly believes that the Great Pyramid was opened and then closed both in remote ancient and Roman times. A few years ago, in the pockets of the natural rock in the well-shaft above the grotto, he found many clear and colored fragments of delicate, well-made Roman glassware; and firmly wedged in at the east end of a loose stone extending across the entrance passage (used by Prof. Piazzi-Smyth as an astronomical instrument stand) he found the right femur of an adult male mummy. The Caliph Mamoun, as we know, found the sarcophagus both lidless and empty.

The joinings of the casing stones, and those of the super-pavement on which they rest, are almost invisible appearing at places like a mere pin-scratch; yet every joint contains a web-like film of an almost white cement.

The few defective parts in the top surface of the casing (or facing) stones, which, of course, were intended to be forever concealed by the overlying courses, had been carefully chiseled out and replaced by a newly fitted set-in stone. The masonry throughout the structure is practically faultless.

Several writers have erroneously stated that the Great Pyramid was covered by marble, by granite, or even in fact, quarried out of a white compact limestone (principally Mahatam). The limestone facing stones still "in situ," the tons of limestone chips and dust which covered them to say nothing of the tremendous bulk of workmen's limestone rubbish covering the face of the pyramid plateau (but not placed there to strengthen it), leave no doubt on this point. Mr. Covington, however, believes with Prof. Smyth that the great quantity of diorite chips—some of which have dressed faces—found on and near the surface of the embanked pyramid of workmen's rubbish, justifies us in believing that somewhere far up in the hidden structure (probably Mahatam) fairly large diorite chamber. Where the sealed entrance to it may be, and what it contains, are thrilling things for future explorers to solve.

With a height of almost 59 inches (58.75), the average length of the 19 facing stones now uncovered is 2 feet 5 inches; the width of the largest measured at its base on the east side (exposed) almost 10 feet 1 inch, and almost 10 feet 11 inches on the west. Across the east face of this first casing stone there is a 2-5 inch vertical shoulder, on which the adjoining core stone fits.

They Agree to Differ. A striking instance of a house divided against itself on questions of politics is furnished by the case of the Earl and Countess of Carlisle and their family. The earl has been described as an "unwavering and rigid" Tory, while his wife has always been a staunch supporter of the Liberal cause. Their son, the Hon. Geoffrey Howard, is also a keen Liberal, while the eldest son of the family, Viscount Morpeth, has been elected again for South Birmingham as a Unionist.

A story of Viscount Morpeth's candidature for South Birmingham is to the effect that Mr. Chamberlain remarked at one contest to Lord Morpeth, "If women were allowed to stand for election, I suppose we should have your mother down here running against you as a Liberal candidate!" "I have not a doubt of it," the viscount is said to have replied, "and a poor figure I or any other man would cut beside her. She is one of the best of mothers, but for the good of the country, as she sees it, my defeat would cause her unbounded satisfaction."

Maxing the Latinists. One of the best of the numerous class of sham Latin inscriptions was that which appeared recently in a Dublin paper. It was in antique "Latin," as follows: "I sabyllie haeres ago, fortis es in aro. Nobile Thisbe, fortis trux es vaticinam... pes anax. This purported to have been found near the site of a church dedicated to "the saint known to the chroniclers as Uncatus Ambulans." The "Latin" inscription was in reality an absurd rhyme— "I say, Billy: here's a go; Forty buses in a row. N. O. Billy, this be forty trucks. See vot in 'em - peas and ducks."

SOME CAMBRIDGE CAPERS.

Leaves From the Life of an 'Unruly Undergrad.

There are occasions in the life of the undergraduate when he goes temporarily off his head. The writer has seen the Market Square at Cambridge full of wild young maniacs, demolishing everything they could lay their hands on—shutters of shops, fencing-wooden doors—anything that would break.

There was an occasion when the Dean thought he had quelled some riot, and retired upstairs to his room. To make quite sure that he did not leave them again, the undergraduates got hatchets and tore the wooden stairs down. Then everything available in the way of a significant bonfire in the middle of the court, and all because the college boat had gone up a place in the races.

On one occasion, when a "rag" was expected, the authorities were surprised to find the courts absolutely deserted. Then the awful truth was realized. Every undergraduate in the college was on the roof! The movements of the Dean and the porters were carefully followed with a searchlight. An attempt to surprise the citadel by means of ladders was met by gently shaking the ladders from the top. Then, from their secure position, the undergraduates threw squibs and crackers into the courts, and fired off rockets.

In the writer's first year, the authorities of the college raised much feeling by enforcing the regulation that no undergraduate was to walk on the grass plots in the centre of the college courts, and after some hard thinking, a few original sparks hit on a brilliant plan. One night, in the small hours, a certain tutor attacked with insomnia was prowling round the courts, when he was surprised to notice that the grass in one court was covered with men, apparently searching for something. He came forward to inquire, but as soon as his presence was realized there was a general stampede.

The truth came out a few weeks after. The quality of the grass seemed to decline, and, on examining it, the gardeners were horrified to find that it was full of tiny carrots and turnips!

Carrie Nation, the famous saloon-smasher of America, was announced one day to speak at the debating society of a certain college. Everyone was on tenterhooks at the thought of a terrible feminine tub-thumper within the sacred precincts of a college. The debate was crowded, and then a heavily-veiled, sombre-gowned female, carrying the emblem of her cause—a hatchet—entered the room. Five minutes after, everything was pandemonium, the hoax was discovered, and the undergraduate impersonator had gathered up his skirts and run.

The dread summons from the Dean of the college to his presence comes when it does come—in a gently-worded missive, something like this: "Mr. — is requested to call upon the Dean between 7 and 7.15 p.m." An innocent young freshman, in pure ignorance of some inadvertent crime, mistook it for a kind invitation, and replied in the following terms: "Mr. — is very much obliged to the Dean for his kind invitation to dine this evening, which he is, unfortunately, unable to accept, owing to a previous engagement."

Gallantry Among the Wounded. Army doctors have not as much chance to distinguish themselves on the field of battle as their fighting brethren, yet nevertheless, among their fair share of decorations. Among the disciples of Aesculapius now alive who are entitled to wear that much coveted honor, the Victoria Cross, the dozen is undoubtedly Surgeon-General Sir Anthony Home, who has celebrated his ninetieth birthday. He was the doctor of the Light Brigade at Balacava and of the 90th Light Infantry during the Mutiny. It was while at Lucknow that he won the V.C. for his gallant defence of the wounded in the Residency, only he and six men being left who could handle a musket. Three years later he was in the North of China, and assisted in the capture of the Taku forts. From 1863 to 1865 he took part in the New Zealand War against the Maoris, his excellent work winning promotion and a Companionship of the Bath. Next he served in Ashanti against King Koffee under Sir Garnet Wolseley.

English Clay Pipes. The clay pipe, which is vanishing from the Fleet street chop house, was the only variety smoked in the country until quite recent times. The clay pipe made its appearance in England in the latter years of the sixteenth century. Writing about a century later, a French author remarks that the English "invented the pipes of baked clay which are now used everywhere."

A Historic House. The Countess of Warwick, who is about to sell off part of her Easton Lodge estate in Essex, is the lineal representative of the Maynards, whose seat it has been for well over 300 years. The manor of Little Easton, in which the venerable and picturesque lodge is situated, was granted by Queen Elizabeth to Henry Maynard, secretary of the great Lord Burlington, her famous treasurer. His grandson was advanced to the peerage in 1627 as Baron Maynard, and the seventh baron was raised to a viscountcy.

Cosmudrums. What is the difference between a cry-baby and an umbrella? Well, an umbrella you can shut up. What is the difference between a light in a cave and a dance in an inn? One is a taper in a cavern; the other is a taper in a tavern. What is the difference between a boy looking upstairs and one going up? One is stepping upstairs; the other is staring up steps. Why is a horse stick like a race horse? Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

Most women can be happy because they imagine they are. Being unselfish is a virtue some people try to dispense with. Faint hearted men fear fair lady—if it should prefer a lunatic.

Look out for the little woman. Dynamite usually comes in small sticks. Humanity looks good to us when it breaks out on our enemies. An argument is merely a windmill. What else people do worries us more than what we do not.

MAKING OF A BRITISH SEAMAN.

How Jack-Tars Are Educated For Their Life Work.

The making of a British sailor begins with the selection of boys of good parentage and not over 14 or 15 years of age. While there is still a possibility of coming in through the house-pipe and going out by the poop, or to rise from an ordinary sailor to captain, this possibility has practically died out so far as officers of liners are concerned. The would-be navigator must go through his deep water training of three or four years before he is eligible to be examined for a second mate's certificate, and the usual procedure is for a boy to become a second mate apprentice to a sailing ship firm. Apprentices are signed for four years, and the boy's parents or guardians pay a premium of from \$150 to \$500, as the case may be.

Once he has joined his ship, the apprentice after a few days is expected to find his way aloft and perform any little odd jobs which do not call for much experience, and after the softness has been knocked out of them the boys really enjoy the battling with the elements, as it gives them a feeling that they are doing a grown man's work. At the end of the four years, if they apply themselves, they are good for as far as making, knotting and splicing or steaming and furling sail go. In order to pass a second mate's examination the candidate must prove that he is capable of navigating a ship to any part of the world by means of sun and sextant, and he must also produce his first aid certificate. This time the age of 18 has usually been reached.

For a first mate's certificate the British Board of Trade demands one year's service on a sailing ship as second mate, and at least eighteen months as third mate in charge of a watch on a steam vessel. The candidate must also satisfy the authorities that he can navigate a vessel anywhere by means of sun and stars and that he has a sound practical knowledge of chart work and can find the error of compasses by star or sun azimuths. He must also have a knowledge of stowing and care of cargo. Having secured a first mate's certificate after twelve months in a sailing vessel in that capacity he is qualified to demand his mate's examination, in which to be successful he must show that he can navigate a vessel by means of the sun, moon and stars, and compensate the error of the compass by means of magnets. In addition to navigation and seamanship, in the latter of which he must give satisfaction in every detail, he is expected to know all about charter parties, bills of lading, etc.

The minimum age limit to hold a master's certificate is 21 years; the "boy" referred to, as they are sometimes referred to, who officer passenger steamers, are only so in appearance and age. In experience they are men in every sense of the word, and no matter what might happen to the master or the majority of the officers of a liner, if there were one certified officer left, the passengers need have no fear of her not reaching port safely so far as human nature is concerned.

How Purple Was Discovered. The discovery of purple was achieved by a very humble boy, a fisherman named Alonso. His master, also a fisherman, left him in the boat, telling him to watch the nets. While Alonso did this he also did something else, his master one day discovered. He marked pieces of linen with letters and designs. A ring which he had found one day upon the shore served as a stamp for these designs, but what attracted the attention of Alonso's master was that they were made in a color not then known—purple.

Alonso could not explain any better than by showing how it was done. He dropped the ring into the slimy matter of a shellfish. The mantle of this creature had been torn in some way, and the slimy matter was oozing from it. This made marks on the linen which when dried by the sun turned into purple. This color was adopted by the king of the country where Alonso lived as the color of royalty and has thus remained to this day.

Sending a Man to Coventry. The expression "sending to Coventry" had a military origin, according to The London Chronicle. It arose, so it is said, in the days of Charles I, when the inhabitants of Coventry strongly objected to any intercourse with the military quartered in their town, and a woman known to speak to a man in a scolding tone was at once the subject of scandal. So rigid were the natives that the soldier was confined to the mess room for conversation. Thus the term "sending a man to Coventry" if you wished to shut him from society took root on the English language.

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PROMINENT MEN AND WELL KNOWN WOMEN

Gladly Testify for "Fruit-a-tives"

One reason why "Fruit-a-tives" is winning a welcome in the hearts and homes of thousands from coast to coast, is because so many of the leading citizens of Canada have spoken so strongly in favor of this wonderful fruit medicine. In every province—in every city—in every hamlet—throughout the three million, seven hundred square miles of the Dominion, there are many who owe their health and some who owe their lives, to the marvellous virtues of "Fruit-a-tives". NELSON BANISTER, Esq., (Capt. "A" Squadron, 12th Manitoba Dragoons) of Oak Lake, Manitoba, says—"I was stricken with Sciatica and Neuralgia of the Heart—was in bed for six weeks—I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and it completely cured me. Today, my whole family use "Fruit-a-tives."

Mrs. LIZZIE BAXTER, 5 Home Place, Toronto.—"I was a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism for nearly a year. Two doctors treated me but I became a helpless cripple. I saw "Fruit-a-tives" advertised and decide to take it. After taking five boxes, I was well!" HENRY SPIERS, Esq., the well known Justice of The Peace of Moorefield, Ont., "I suffered from severe indigestion for almost two years and became almost a skeleton. Two experienced doctors pronounced my case hopeless. My son asked me to try "Fruit-a-tives" and from the outset of taking these wonderful tablets, I was better and "Fruit-a-tives" completely cured me."

N. JOHNSON, Esq., a well known and highly respected citizen of Grande Ligne, P. Q., says "I heartily recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to all who suffer with Constipation." H. MARCHESNAULT (High Constable of Province of Quebec), St. Hyacinthe, says "Fruit-a-tives" cured me of Chronic Pain in the Back." EDWIN ORAM, Sr., of Sydney Mines, N. S., writes "For many years, I suffered from Indigestion and Dyspepsia—lost 25 pounds—and thought the disease was Cancer. After taking three boxes of "Fruit-a-tives", I was much better and now I can say that "Fruit-a-tives" has entirely cured me."

Be guided by these letters of Canada's well known men and women. Try "Fruit-a-tives" and see for yourself that it will do for you what it has done for thousands of other sufferers. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

50 YEARS EXPERIENCE. Redpath EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR IS ABSOLUTELY PURE. The first and great essential of a food product, is Purity; the Purity and Quality of our Extra Granulated have never been questioned. Once made a comparison with other Sugars and you will not be satisfied with any but Redpath. Dainty Tea Tables are always served with PARIS LUMPS to be had in RED SEAL dust proof cartons, and by the pound. The Canada Sugar Refining Co., MONTREAL, CANADA. Limited. Established in 1834 by John Redpath.

If You are Not at Your Best don't worry about it—there's no good in worrying. Get better! If your stomach is wrong, your liver and bowels inactive—your nerves are sure to be on edge and your blood impure. Be cheerful and hopeful. As they have helped in thousands of cases, BEECHAM'S PILLS will help you and will give your system the natural help it needs. A few doses will make a great difference in your feelings and your looks. They will help you all along the line—to a clear head, free from aches—to bright eyes—to healthy active organs. This sure, quick and tonic family remedy will help Nature to Restore Your Full Vigor. Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

The Robin Hood Mill where ROBIN HOOD FLOUR is Made "Different". Ever since this mill was started it has been working at its full capacity trying to keep up to the demand for Robin Hood Flour. Ever since this flour first got into the homes of the West, its success has been nothing short of sensational. We want you to be a party to this success. How can we induce you? By highest quality? Robin Hood Flour has it. By best value? This flour gives it. Then, Madam, why not start using it? Ask your grocer about our Money-Back Guarantee. SASKATCHEWAN FLOUR MILLS CO., Ltd. Moose Jaw, Sask.