

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PATERFEX TELLS OF LITERARY MEN AND THEIR WORK.

Hon. Charles Collins lays a tribute to Martin Butler—Death of the Author of "Echoes From the Cabin"—"Jimmy" Campbell, the Singer of Negro Songs.

Friend Butler's voice has travelled farther than he could have imagined and has provoked "Echoes from the Highland Hills." Hon. Charles H. Collins writes: "I have Martin Butler's paper. He has wit. His 'Way-side Warbles' are equal to Bill Nye. He is plain spoken and true to his beliefs. He has decided views on the Independence of Canada, also against the tyranny of Spain in Cuba. He also has the same contempt for subservient sycophantic poets laureate that I have. I like Martin, but see very well why he does not get along. He is in the wrong place. It won't do to antagonize place-hunters unless backed by Capital. Butler ought to live in Southern States. There true Democracy resides. It is extinct in Yankeeedom and New York. I sent for some extra copies of March number of the Journal," and will hand them around, so people here can see and know what manner of man Martin Butler is." The Hillsboro, Ohio, "Gazette," to March 13th, contains an article by Mr. Collins, entitled, "A Canadian on Cuba," in which he says: "There is a paper published at Fredericton, New Brunswick, by Martin Butler, called Butler's Journal. It has a fancy heading with a spear across a scroll. A liberty cap is on the head of the spear, and its legend is 'Canada First.' The scroll is decorated with maple leaves, which are also the emblem of Canada. This paper favors the Independence of Canada, and also of Cuba. Its editor is an Englishman, but of broad and liberal views. He respects England and has admiration for her management of Colonial affairs, but he has the contempt all Saxons feel for Spanish cruelty and incompetence. Mr. Butler, speaking of Cuba, says:

The U. S. Senate has at last stiffened up its backbone sufficiently to pass a resolution granting to the struggling patriots of Cuba belligerent rights and expressing its wish for their ultimate independence from the cruel yoke of bloody Spain. As might be expected a large majority of the Americans have sympathized strongly with the patriot cause, and their moral and material help has greatly assisted in beating off the Spanish blood hounds so long. There are in the United States today many noble and heroic souls with whom freedom is not an empty word, and who, remembering the early struggles of their own country against oppression, and the timely assistance of liberty-loving patriots who are ready to lay their lives and fortunes on the shrine of freedom and do all they can to bring about the ultimate peace and liberty of the whole human race.

"Mr. Butler then says: Can Britons and Canadians, remembering the heritage of freedom bequeathed to them by the blood and groans of their brave ancestors, afford to do less?"

We had first heard of John Russel Hayes as the praiser of a brother rhymist, in a mood so generous and gracious,—and yet without flattery, but with taste and discrimination,—that we were instinctively drawn to him. It was with a happy prepossession, therefore, that we took up his delicate little book, "The Old-Fashioned Garden and Other Verses," and, expecting to be pleased, we have not been disappointed. There is nothing here to provoke or astonish, or in any wise awaken a sensation other than that of serene enjoyment of sentiments and feelings we have been often accustomed to indulge. We find no peculiarity that marks this poetry as unique in idea or expression; it is the poetry of taste—a taste instructed and yet sympathetic. Easy, and sunny light, and a scholarly elegance, mark his best pieces. The author has a sincere delight in nature, in her familiar forms, and her haunts associated with quiet and cultivated life, in her literature and art, and old fashioned simplicities. Some of his best stanzas are eulogiums, and he seems especially fond of the elder English poets. We are glad to find our partiality for Herrick shared by Mr. Hayes. Into his "Old-Fashioned Garden," after describing the haunt fit for poets, he introduces some of his select poetic people:

"And here, methinks might poet-lovers sigh
Chime with their ladies' sweetly winsome talk,
Here Astrophel adores his Stella's eyes,
And Waller with his Saccharissa walks,
Or Herrick frame a flowery verse to please
His slitten-bodied Julia here beneath the cherry trees.

"Ah, Herrick, what a sunny charm is thine,
Rare laureate-singer of the lovely flowers!
Across thy page the rosy garlands twine,
And dewy April melts in fragrant showers
Of cloudy blossoms, pink and white and red,
And May-day maidens weave a wreath to crown
their poet's head.

"O sweet old English gardens, he is gone,—
Green Devon lanes, ye know his face no more;
But long as dew-kissed buds shall wake at dawn
And daffodils sway by the grassy shore,
So long will Herrick's floral music sound,
And memory's greenest tendrils climb to wreath his
name around.

"And here on dreamy August afternoons
I love to pore upon his golden book;
And here among the roses that are June's,
On some green bench within a bowery nook,
Where rose petals drift may strew the page,
'Tis sweet to read the pensive numbers of old Per-
sian's sage

"Omar Khayyam, the wisest of the wise,
Ah, now in balmy Naishapur he sleeps
These thousand years; and where he lies
His well-loved rose each spring her petals weeps.
Of what may be hereafter no man knows,—
Then let us live today, he cried, as lives the lovely
rose!"

"O stately roses, yellow, white, and red,
As Omar loved you, so we love to day,
Some roses with the vanished years have sped,
And some our mothers, mothers laid away
Among their bridal gowns' soft silken folds,
Where each petal for their sons a precious
memory holds."

Again, in his poem on "England," he returns to Herrick, in the easy stanza that follows:

"As in the rural lanes you roam
Of olden Devonshire,
The echoes of the golden harp
Of Herrick you may hear.

Beside these brooks he loved to pipe
In summer's dreamy hours,
And watch the hock-cart coming in
Engarlanded with flowers.

"Along these leafy lanes he trudged
To wassail and to wake,
Or where the rosy country girls
Swung through the barley-break.

"Old Devon's flowery meads and daisies
Can never withered be,
For Herrick shed on them the dew
Of immortality!"

Mr. Hayes shares in the partiality which many a cultivated American has for England, and these noble associations which, despite all prejudice, we esteem our own as well as hers. The poem, quoted above is an address to a friend who has gone to "Our Old Home." The poem follows in fancy:

"I see the velvet meadows walled
With hedges deep and green,
The lordly forest trees that mark
The noble man's demesne;
The gray old church and Norman tower
Embossed deep in trees,
The fields a flame with poppy-heads
Where flit the drowsy bees;

"Old gardens and old village inns,
With all their old time charm,
And ancient coaching-roads that wind
By ancient garth and farm.
By Cam and Isis' banks I see
The hoary college towers,
Where cloistered scholars pace the walks
In medieval gowns;

"Where silver chiming vesper bells
Peal from a score of spires,
And glorious anthems soar on high
From snowy-vested choirs;
Where old libraries, oaken-ceiled
And dim with Learning's haze,
Entice the traveller to stay
And dream away his days.
"And over all that storied land,
In every burgh and shire,
Are spot the poets' lines or lives
Have made forever dear.

"Along the Canterbury road
With Chaucer we may ride,
Or pace the placid Ouse's bank
By pensive Cowper's side;
"In stately Penshurst's summer woods
With courtly Sidney stray,
Or muse beneath the churchyard elms
With meditative Gray.

"Fair are the fields of sunny France,
And fair is Italy,
But dearest is the love we bear,
Sweet English land, to thee
"Thy Saxon blood we share, and all
Thine ancient memories;
To thee with filial love we look
Across the ocean seas.
"We love thee old ancestral worth
Throughout the ages long,
But most we love thee for thy wealth
Of glorious English song!"

Mr. Hayes is Professor of English Literature in Swarthmore college, Delaware county, Pennsylvania, and is an amiable and scholarly gentleman. Some ten miles from him, over the hills, is the little town of Ward, and the residence of a kindred spirit, whose name is not unknown to our readers,—Prof. Benj. F. Leggett, author of "A Sheaf of Song." Strange to say they have never yet met, but it is not singular that they have had communication. What is friendship, after all, but a spiritual matter? The clasp of a hand may mean much or little; to enter a man's house may mean to go further from him; the improper familiarity induces profound dissatisfaction in the dissipation of sympathy and reverence; but when two spirits have disclosed to each other their best and fairest, if they go no farther, there is a bond of union established not to be broken by untoward circumstances. Mr. Hayes has by his book awakened the most cordial emotions, not unmingled with respect and admiration; and from it we arise with a pleasurable consciousness of deeper content in the midst of this fair world of God and the society of our fellowmen.

Our readers will remember that we recently introduced to them the singer of songs of negro life, familiarly known, among Chicago newspaper-men, as "Jimmy Campbell," author of "Echoes From the Cabin and Elsewhere." Close upon the publication of our article, and while his letter was newly in our hands, came the news of his death. Mr. Gustav A. Roedel, Ohio, a gentleman of refined and literary taste and a friend of authors,—though not one himself,—writes to us as follows:

"Let me tell you of the death of our friend, Mr.

Campbell, which will grieve you, I am sure,—for you, too, had taken a kindly interest in him; and it will give you pleasure, at the same time, to know that you were among the last who gave him pleasure for your beautiful present came only a few days before he was taken away. He had come to spend a day with me, late in the old year, and while he was here your book arrived, so I gave it to him with my own hands; and it would have done your soul good if you could have seen him just then. I could not draw his attention from it. . . . Indeed, the last thing he said, at his bedside, was: 'How my wife will enjoy this book with me!' His wife, by the way, is a teacher in Wilkes force College, and a very intelligent woman. Had you a letter from him? He told me he intended to write you at once; but I have a fear that he was overtaken with illness before he could do so. Since his death there have come to him kind letters from England, and Mr. Le Gallienne sent him one of his books of essays. Poor man! He was just on the threshold of realizing his dreams and ambitions. Be sure that all your kind words and generous acts were grateful, and touched him deeply."

A clipping is given below taken from a journal published at Pomeroy, O., where he resided. The substance of it was taken from the Chicago "Times Herald" and it tends to show how he was regarded in the great teeming, seething metropolis of the northwest:

"Colored writers who have made more than a local reputation are so few that the announcement of a death in their ranks carries with it general regret to colored people and the grief of personal loss. There is an abiding faith among thoughtful minds of the colored race that in the future, as in the past, America's greatest novel will tell of heart history as it is written, through centuries of bondage and warfare, to the dawn of liberty and peace. Both in story and song the hearts of American people have been touched more tenderly by the burden of the slaves' lament than otherwise. No other creature in American fiction can move so quickly to tears as does 'Uncle Tom,' and no strain in the realm of song touches the heart with more tender pathos than that inexpressible said refrain:

All this world is sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam;
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary
Far from the old folks at home.

"Few colored men have hoped more for the race than James Edwin Campbell, whose sudden death was recently announced by dispatches from Pomeroy, Ohio. Not only did he believe that the coming great American story and American poem would tell the history of the bond rather than of the free, but he believed that out of the depths of his own experience some negro would write this book and song. The writer was too modest to admit that he hoped to do that service for his race. He was young and full of ambition; if he aspired too high,—by that sin the angels fell! Pity it is that the shadows gathered in the morning, for none can know what ripper hours would have brought.

"Campbell's 'Echoes From the Cabin' contains his first contributions in the field of poetry. He had done a good deal of hard work, but had met with only scant encouragement. In the early part of last year he wrote to Kate Field at Washington, outlining his aim in life and mentioning the many discouragements to which his color subjected him. He asked her advice. His letter won her interested friendship, and her answer gave him much hope. She accepted and published some of his best poems in her well-known journal and thus introduced him to the world of readers. Coming to Chicago later, his contributions found ready admission to the columns of the daily press, his chief work being done for The Times Herald. He contributed largely to magazines, and was fast making for himself a worthy place among the writers of the day.

"The years of study and observation in the south gave him a fund of plantation philosophy. Among his unpublished papers are many 'Cabin Echoes,' some of which follow:

De'ol' hen nebbes foun' dat bug 'twel she scratched.

"Tain' de gyral dat com' bub bangs de mos' dat sweep un'er de bald de ofenes'.

De mule cyawn' sing lak de red bud', but neider kin de red bud' kick so high an' so ha'd.

Dars many a good gyral gibs up hun'erd dollar daddy fur ten cent husband'.

De pea fowl hab ur mighty fine tail, but den his feet ain' mates.

Good cookin' keeps lub in de house much longer 'an an'ood looks.

De man ain' done been 'o'n s'at kin lib and lub on bad bread.

Coxin' sometimes he'ps yo' male ur long 'w'en yo' blacksma'ke folks.

De 'p'ose is a d's lak som' folks 'I 'k'ows; he tinks ne kin fool yo' wid ur grin.

Some folks pray an' den des sot still ar waitin' fur de rabens of de Lawd. Dey doan seem ter know dat de rabens med ur 'signmen' w'en 'Lijah died.

Pr'a'am ur good hoos, muscle am ur nudder Dey's ur mighty good team. De dead nader one kin budge; dey bote kin tote right ur long'.

"Campbell's last poem, written in Chicago just a few weeks before Christmas, reflects faithfully the spirit of confidence and resignation which gave him strength in his fight against odds. He little thought that his inspiring lines would speak to comfort the stricken hearts, whose pleadings for his coming to personally and loved him for his splendid work, to those who knew him only by his verses of constantly increasing merit, and to those who, because of ties of kinship, are heart-broken by his death, his last poem must come with comfort. Not for himself but for others he left the 'Lesson of Sorrow,' which is here given.

I sang light songs
Of bird and bees and brooks,
Nor thought of wrongs,
Of grief, of pain; sad looks,
That showed sad hearts;
Sunshine, my verse,
Joy danced through all its parts.

Then sorrow came,
My joyous heart she crushed;
With sorrow, shame!
Birds, bees and brooks were hushed;
A minor strain
Pulsed through my verse—
The sad, sad note of pain.

Yet, since I know
Sweet sorrow face to face,
My songs sweet flow
With fuller, deeper grace.

I make no moan;
Sorrow is joy,
But older, sober grown!

My little daughter comes to me, bringing a treasured gift volume, and saying: 'Papa, this is the book Mr. Martin gave me!' I take it and glance through the pages. It is entitled, 'The Land of Summer Glee,' and its verses are illustrated with colored prints. In a childish hand her name is written at the head of the title page, and on the cover I find inscribed the following lines by one of the warmest hearts ever given to me in friendship.

To Gracie.

The summer is gone,
The flowers are dead;
Far away to the Southland
The robin has fled.

But dear little Gracie
Will smile when she sees
The snowflakes like butterflies
Light on the trees.

The swing and the skipping rope—
Pat them away,
And bark to the musical
Bells of the sleigh.

The blue eyes of Gracie
And ringlets of gold,
In her picture before me
'Tis joy to behold.

May heaven and earth
Join in happiest strife
To bless the wee wee
All the days of her life.

Sweet child of Maine's poet,
A brighter friend,
This greeting from Canada
Gladly I send.

Montreal, Dec. 25th, 1891.

We have the report of the destruction by fire of the Peter Paul Book company's warehouse, at Buffalo, N. Y., and all books stored there, to the value of \$20,000, all covered, it is stated by insurance. Among the stock were some 350 or more copies of "Beside the Narraguagas." Our little bantam dead some time since, has been recently cremated; it has gone up in smoke, and down in ashes, and therefore asks nothing further of our praise or blame. We have distributed them nearly as fast as we could lay hold of them; but we will soon have no further satisfaction in selling them, or in greater pleasure of giving them away.

PARABLE OF AN ARTERY.

Incident Showing That We are all Under Sentence of Death.

Dr. Westmoreland, an eminent army surgeon, tells of a soldier who was shot in the neck, the ball just grazing and wounding the carotid artery. The doctor knew that it hung on a hair; and one day as he was dressing the wound the walls of the artery gave way. Instantly the surgeon pressed his finger upon the vein, and held the blood in check; and the patient asked, 'What does this mean?' 'It means that you are a dead man,' answered the doctor. 'How long can I live?' 'As long as I keep my hand on the artery.' 'Can I have time to dictate a letter to my wife and child?' 'Yes,' and so the letter was written for him, full of tender farwell messages, closing with an expression of trust in Christ and assurance of departing to be with him, and when all was finished he calmly closed his eyes and said, 'I am ready, doctor.' The purple tide ebbed quickly away and all was over. What a parable is here of a far more solemn fact. Oh, unsaved one, you are by nature 'dead through trespasses and sins.' Because of your transgressions the death sentence has been passed on you. But God keeps his hand upon your pulse, preserving your life and holding death back that you may have time for repentance. Every day his long suffering hand slips from some artery and the red tide rushes out and the pale form tells that all is over. How long will he hold you in life? I know not; only that he is waiting for you to repent. His heart yearns for you as you remain indifferent. 'How can I give thee up?' he asks again and again. You wake and pass the day still with no thought of God, and then lie down to a prayerless sleep. But he slumbers not nor sleeps. His hand is on your life current, keeping it from breaking over its banks. He waits for you to stretch forth suppliant hands to him, crying: 'Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' But he waits in vain, saying, 'All day long have I stretched forth my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people.' How long will you make him wait? Now cry unto him: 'Father, I give my heart to thee.'—Dr. A. J. Gordon.

BURGERS WITH A BIBLE.

Value of the Book as the Thieves Explained It to Their Lawyer.

When a Western lawyer of distinction was once visiting a strange town he volunteered to defend two men charged with stealing a boat. The men were found in possession of the boat and were suspected of being prisoners recently discharged from a neighboring penitentiary.

They were frank enough with their counsel to own that they were discharged prisoners, and they said they had taken the boat merely to aid them on their journey. They professed to have no money, and the only things found upon their persons were a child's picture bearing an affectionate inscription, a little arrangement of hooks and wire apparently for hanging up the picture, and a Bible inscribed, 'From Mother to Harry.' One of the prisoners was willing to stand and swear that they were not discharged prisoners, but the other declared that he was a Catholic, and as such had conscientious scruples against perjury so neither was put upon the witness stand. The defence was mainly an appeal to the jury in the name of the Bible found upon one of the prisoners, and so effective was the lawyer's plea that many of the jurors wept as he pictured these virtuous and penniless young men tempted to borrow the boat in order that they might reach home and kindred. The result was the prompt acquittal of the prisoners.

Soon after the verdict was given the lawyer had a private conference with his clients and on their confessing that they had \$30 between them he asked for \$25 for his services. They admitted the obligation, but begged time for payment. They owned it that they were burglars and earnestly begged for the return of the property taken from them. The lawyer had it in his possession, and he begged his clients to tell him its special value. They promptly showed him that the queer little device seemingly for hanging up the picture was really a set of skeleton keys. As to the Bible, why, a Bible was on excellent thing to have on hand in case of arrest, and this particular Bible was valuable for other purposes, as one of the lids contained a secret receptacle for a set of delicate burglar's tools.

The lawyer ended by accepting the promise of his burglar friends as to sending him his fee when they could spare the money, but he insisted upon keeping the Bible and the skeleton keys, though they pleaded hard, especially for the former. He had returned home and almost forgotten the burglars when one day he received a letter enclosing the amount of his fee and saying that this was part of the first money that his late clients had earned. This last word was significantly underlined. When some months after the lawyer and his family were summering away from home, he received a letter saying that his house had been entered by burglars and completely ransacked for valuables. The lawyer returned to find that the house, indeed, had been turned topsy-turvy, but none of the valuables was gone. One thing, however, was missing, the Bible of his burglar clients, and he recognized in the burglary their handiwork.

Miss Gladstone as She Is.

Miss Helen Gladstone, the daughter and companion of the "Grand Old Man," is a tall, stately woman of 43. The genius of her father seems to shine out of her deep, earnest eyes. For a number of years she has been vice-principal of the Newnham College for Women, at Cambridge. Notwithstanding her work for and her intense belief in the higher education of women, Miss Gladstone dislikes the masculine girl. She believes that the great mission of woman is to be womanly, and that college life has no influence in robbing women of that chief charm. She not only coincides with her father's political views, but like him, is a great believer in the virtues of

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ness stand. The defence was mainly an appeal to the jury in the name of the Bible found upon one of the prisoners, and so effective was the lawyer's plea that many of the jurors wept as he pictured these virtuous and penniless young men tempted to borrow the boat in order that they might reach home and kindred. The result was the prompt acquittal of the prisoners.

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