

Sunday Reading.

"IN THE THIRD WATCH."

I was sitting in the house of some friends with whom I was staying in London. I had just returned from Singapore. It was in May of 1892. A servant entered. "If you please sir, there is a gentleman in the dining-room who particularly wishes to see you."

It was Saturday night, not far from ten o'clock. The earnest purpose of my visitor struck me. I found a man of gentlemanly bearing, who inquired, "Am I addressing Mr. Varley?" "You are, I replied. "Oh, sir, I am so glad to see you. Thank God for this hour. I have longed to see you, and now God has granted my heart's desire. Excuse my warmth of feeling," he said, as he grasped and held my hand; "but, under God, I owe all that I am and have to you."

The strong form and open, hardy face of the second officer of one of England's great commercial fleet stood before me, and I replied, "I am indeed glad to see you; but what is the cause of the blessing of which you speak?" "Why, sir," he rejoined, "I count this one of the most blessed hours of my life, to have been permitted to see you. I have come direct from Antwerp, where my vessel is lying at anchor; I told our captain that I must go to London. My earnest desire was to find you, and I have done so, praise God."

"What!" I rejoined; "do you mean that you have come all the way from Antwerp to find me?" "Yes," he replied, "and if the distance had been three times as great I should have done so." "Well, this is remarkable. Why, we reside in Melbourne, and it is quite an exception that you should have found me here. Tell me, now, how you have been helped." "Well, sir, I never saw you before, but about two years since some friend sent me a copy of your pamphlet, "The Curse of Manhood." I'll never forget the effect produced by reading that lecture so long as I live. It roused me up thoroughly. It showed me that I was all wrong, and I tried my hardest to live a different life. The more I tried the worse I found I was—just a miserable captive, constantly overcome by the tyranny of my evil passions and sins. I was almost driven to despair.

"Of course, I could not go on as I had done. The fear of God began to influence me, and I soon ceased to swear at my men, which, I am ashamed to tell you, I used to do. All on board began to see a difference, and that something had happened to me, but I was still in awful bondage to my sins. I kept on, however, crying to God, for I was in terrible darkness of soul. Thus many weeks passed. Well, sir, on Nov. 1 last we were rounding the Cape of Good Hope. It was my watch on deck from midnight to four a. m. It was a very dark night, but the darkness of my heart and mind was far more dense. I cried to God in great agony as I paced the deck, and in our brief minute Christ Jesus was suddenly revealed to my soul by the blessed God, and from that hour to this I have been a free man. The Lord be praised for all his goodness and mercy to me, and oh! sir, I do thank you for the blessing and complete change which has come to my soul."

Need I say that we rejoiced together. "Can you not stay over the morrow? I am to preach Christ in one of the churches near by, and we should be delighted to see you?" "No, sir. I am going to Liverpool by the mail, and I return to Antwerp as quickly as possible." "Why do you go to Liverpool?" I inquired. "To see my father, to tell him that I am a saved man and that Christ has been revealed to me." "Is your father a Christian?" I asked. "I am not sure, sir. He is a Methodist, but whether he has received Christ is what I want to know."

It was delightful to mark the surprising intelligence of this man, regenerated by divine power a few months before, amid the darkness of the sea. "And how have you been progressing since that eventful night?" I inquired. "Praise his name, well," my friend rejoined. "Of course, sir, the change was observed by others, and the third mate, who occupies part of my cabin, soon became impressed. We read the Scripture and prayed together, and the Lord Jesus was revealed in him also."

"Well, this is deeply interesting, and full of cause for joy," I remarked. "Yes," said the officer, "the Lord is indeed a wonderful Saviour, for in a little the chief, who had evidently noticed the work of grace in our hearts, became interested also. Whether at first he was pleased or not with what he saw I am not sure; but one day he came to my cabin. Addressing me by name, he said, 'I have been reading in the New Testament where it says, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of heaven." Now, sir, your righteousness is no better than that,' he said, with some warmth. 'Chief,' I replied,

"my righteousness is first-rate," and then you know, sir, I told him of the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ unto all, and upon all them that believe, for there is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

"Well, sir, in a little the same wonderful Saviour was revealed to the chief officer also, and now we were all three on the Lord's side. We are not ashamed to tell in the fore-castle amongst our men what the Lord has wrought, for He has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." It was now nearing one p. m. I could not longer detain my newly-found friend. With hearty and fervent commendations to the God of all grace we parted on that eventful night to meet again in the morning of the day "without clouds" when Christ shall appear and we shall be like Him.—"The Christian."

HEAVEN'S RECIPE FOR PEACE.

It Differs From the World's Recipe (Which is Worldly Riches).

Vast possessions, the position of ownership, is the world's recipe for peace, but the Divine peace comes to the one who owns nothing, who, in fact, is owned by another to one who is a "bond-slave of Christ." The worldly peace arises from material comforts, while the heavenly peace comes from, or in spite of, every possible form of discomfort, trial and suffering. The very conditions are such that this peace must come from the Omnipotent God, hence we are constantly reminded of our dependence upon him. And as we are reminded of our dependence upon God we are presented with another opportunity to draw fresh upon the Divine source of power; and it is always found that as we draw the supply increases—another direct anti-hesit to things natural. How foolish, then, for the Christian to seek peace in his own way, plans or possessions. And how eminently reasonable that we should bless and praise God when our natural purposes are set aside or blighted altogether. Being God, he knows just what is best, and only gives or withholds in love; hence the withholding is just as much a sign of positive blessing as the giving, and we ought to praise God as readily. But it is easy to see that this calls for active faith every step of the way, and for practical trust, which is as gratifying to God as it is helpful to us. In this view of the case a cross becomes a help, not a hindrance, and a trial is a real friend or at least it is compelled to do a friend's work. The shafts of the adversary are transformed into wings on which the spirit mounts to higher power and glory. It must be positively aggravating to Satan and his side to find that all their strongest efforts to destroy a faithful soul actually help it along to heaven. But it affords us a good opportunity to wonder at the power and love of that God who can so really and effectively transform the work of evil into good.—Capt. Kelso Carter.

Early Religious Training.

John B. Ketchum, corresponding secretary of the United States Army Aid association, relates that more than forty years ago he was a youthful scholar in the Sabbath-school of the old Norfolk Street Baptist church. He says:—"We had but recently moved from western New York. My mother was a Christian woman, and though not then a communicant of the Norfolk street church, having been raised in another denomination, was a regular attendant there, being strongly impressed by the earnestness, religious fervor and faith of the preacher. It was her custom to take with her on Sunday her three children, I being the eldest; and on a Sabbath occasion the sermon was very fervid, being founded, as I remember, on the three words of the twelfth verse of the first chapter of Colossians: "Saints in light." My mother appeared much affected, at times raising her handkerchief to her eyes; and at the close of the service, as we were leaving, I was astonished to see Dr. Amitage coming towards us partly over the tops of the pews. "My good woman," he said, "are you concerned about your soul?" My mother explained that her solicitude was not for herself, but for these her three children. He spoke kindly, very kindly to us, and after learning that we had begun attendance at the Sabbath-school, exhorted us earnestly to seek Christ. Years have passed away and that mother has since joined the angels; and this incident has doubtless faded from the mind and memory of the good man, but it remains yet with those three children, long ago converted to God—a possession and an inspiration even unto that time when we hope to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, and participants in the grace that is to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Fellow editors of the world to be sandwiched in with these delectable occupations is not exhilarating to our profession. I was not surprised when looking over these telltale statistical tables that our Japanese contemporary was a meek and far-off-looking man; that he dressed poorly and did not keep himself as well up in front of the procession as some of our own able colleagues do; that he neither walked into the White House or

imperial palace, I should say, unheralded, nor hobnobbed with the great statesmen, as with us. Here are the facts I found out about assemblies of political meetings and about the newspapers of Tokyo at Police Headquarters. They are interesting, for they give an insight into the journalism of the empire. The total number of assemblies duly reported in 1894 was 734; of these 337 were political lecture meetings. Compared with the previous year this shows a decrease of 483 in political lecture meetings and of 235 in non-political meetings. The reason of this was that public attention was absorbed in the war. The total number of daily papers and periodicals for which surety is required—that is, those that treat of political topics—was 79, of those 124. Compared with the previous year, the first class increased by 6 and the second class by 10. The increase in the total number of copies issued was 28,081, 021, an increase of 24 per cent, over the previous year. This increase was almost wholly in the daily press, and was due to the excitement of the time.

In a conversation with one of the leading editors of Japan he said of the political press: "The leading newspapers of Japan, viewed from a political standpoint, are only four, namely, the Jiji Shimbun, the Nichi-nichi Shimbun, the Nippon Shimbun, and the Kokumin Shimbun. I call these four papers "Dai Shimbun," or newspapers of the first magnitude. Each one of these has its own characteristics and its special class of readers." "Kindly define those differences," I said. "The Jiji Shimbun has great influence in the commercial and industrial centres of Japan, and always exhibits a sympathetic attitude toward the present cabinet; the Nichi-nichi Shimbun is the organ of the Government, and is called by other papers "the semi-official gazette;" the Nippon Shimbun and the Kokumin Shimbun are ardent advocates of the opposition, and take an aggressive attitude toward the Ito Cabinet. Though the last two papers are equally famous for their literary taste, each has its own style of writing."

NEWSPAPERS IN JAPAN.

Limitations of Editors in the Mikado's Empire.

Until after the revolution of 1868 news in Japan was promulgated by itinerant "Letter Readers," who travelled along the streets and gathering around them a small crowd read from a long roll of paper the stirring events of the day. The Japanese press, like many other institutions of New Japan, is of recent date, and the papers of large circulation are few. While Japanese journalism has made considerable progress along the lines of the modern European and American newspapers, it is still far behind what it should be in its influence. This is in part due to the Government, which keeps its hand on the press as it does on all public utterances in the way of speeches and lectures, and in part to the lack of strength in the newspapers themselves, which are far behind those of Europe and America, both in news and in the character and tone of the articles. From what I have learned by having some of the leading journals of Japan summarized to me by expert interpreters I should say that the vernacular press is strongest in all matters relating to industrial conditions and to the material progress of the empire. Here they have full scope, as everybody from Emperor to jirikisha man seems interested in Japanese industrial advancement. The stories published every day are stupid, the political editorials without much point, and the news of a purely local character.

The newspaper offices themselves are, as a rule, like newspaper offices all over the world—dirty, badly ventilated, inconvenient, and uninspiring. In Tokyo I visited nearly all the newspaper establishments, and found in some five American perfecting printing presses running off those curious looking sheets as rapidly as we do. The editors seemed alert, bright fellows, but not as sure of their position in the world as editors in Europe and America. Perhaps my remark about the newspaper offices of Tokyo was rather too sweeping, for three of the great dailies there have corner buildings ten stories high, which look rather imposing for Japan, from the outside, though inside they were far from being comfortable.

That the Japanese editor should be a humble and cautious person, and somewhat shaky as to where he stands in the community, is not a matter of surprise when we realize that the right of blue pencil and revision is not firmly entrenched in the editorial sanctum as with us, but vested in Police Headquarters. This would cool the ardor of the unfettered American editor, and it naturally dampens the exuberance of the budding Japanese journalist, who, educated perhaps in the United States, is anxious to enlighten his fellow countrymen in the arts and artifices of American journalism.

Police Headquarters hold the key. All newspapers are examined and if anything be found therein offensive to Emperor or Government the editors are politely notified to suspend publication for a few days, a week, or during the pleasure of the Chief of Police. This is inconvenient, and hence the editor must be ever mindful of his masters.

Not only are the newspapers of Japan circumscribed as to comment on the powers that be, but they are also prevented from indulging in wild flights of fancy as respects circulation, for that, likewise, must be reported to Police Headquarters and there publicly filed. I had the curiosity when in Tokyo to look into this matter, and was permitted by the police to get a glance at the circulation of some of my esteemed Japanese contemporaries. To my horror I found that we journalists were classified under the generic heading of occupations bearing on the maintenance of the public peace. Here were the occupations placed alongside the ennobling profession of journalism:

- Pawnshops, Cheap wine shops, Bath houses, Snake houses, Gisha girls, Tea houses, Bag buyers, Story telling, Bakers, Intelligence office, Theatres, Show houses, Horseflesh dealers, Broken glass buyers.

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"The Nippon's style is that of the Chinese classics, while that of the Kokumin is European. Moreover, the moral principles of the Nippon are based on Confucianism, the Kokumin is under the guidance of Christianity, so that the former has in its make-up an element of conservatism, while the latter is infused with progressive ideas."

"What is the attitude of the Jiji and the Nichi-nichi?"

As for the Jiji and the Nichi-nichi, though they equally defend the policy of the present Cabinet in certain respects, they are in marked contrast to each other. But it is hardly necessary to describe these differences in detail, though it may be said in a general way that the Jiji assumes a wider view and writes about all sorts of things, like a teacher lecturing before his students. Especially in regard to commercial and industrial matters it is looked upon as our best authority."

"Whom are your leading editors?" "They are Fukuzawa Yukiichi of the Jiji, Asahina Chisen of the Nichi-nichi, Kuga Minoru of the Nippon, and Takutomi Ieino of the Kokumin."

"How do the other papers rank?" "After this come the papers of the second magnitude, such as the Chino, the Yomiuri, the Mainichi, the Tokyo and others. The Yomiuri and the Mainichi are the organs of the opposition—the Chino that of Kokumin Kyokai, that is, the National League; the Tokyo, on the other hand, represents the Liberals, who for the time being are in alliance with the Government."

"I suppose the Asahi Shimbun is the paper of greatest circulation?" "If I am asked which is the richest and most widely circulated paper in Japan, I must answer the Asahi Shimbun. The Asahi has two editions, published from separate offices, one in Osaka and the other in Tokyo. The former is called the Osaka Asahi Shimbun, and the latter the Tokyo Asahi Shimbun. The Osaka Asahi, it is stated, has the largest circulation of any paper in Japan."

"Please explain why the greatest paper in point of circulation and business should be a provincial paper?" "The reason why this provincial paper has so large a circulation is that it was founded very early and so far monopolized the readers in the western part of the country as to render competition on the part of the more recent papers impossible. Moreover, the Asahi is illustrated and contains all sorts of gossip, both moral and immoral, in addition to political and commercial news, so that all classes of men and women, even to servants and cart drivers, are counted among its readers. I regret to say that such a newspaper has the largest circulation in our country. Is it not an indication that Japanese society is still deficient in refinement?"

In my letter on Osaka I mentioned the Osaka Asahi and its editor. Financially it is the most important newspaper in Japan. Japanese journalism will undoubtedly increase in power and influence as soon as it is taken out of the category of occupations which are under police surveillance. This the Imperial Diet will do before long, and then, with proper libel laws, the Japanese press will take its place with the press of other civilized nations. While the police are careful in exercising the right of suspension, the mere fact that they have this power is degrading.

That Japan is drawing heavily upon

TRY SATINS, The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land. GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

other countries for its literature may be seen in the fact that many thousand volumes are compilations and translations, and many original. A large number of these works are of a technical character—over 2,500 on drawing, showing an interest in the Japanese themselves take in art. Indeed, of the original works over 3,000 out of the 7,000 are on drawing and engraving. This table is suggestive in many directions. —Robert P. Porter.

MAKING UNNECESSARY ANY PAINFUL OPERATION.

How South American Kidney Cure Removes Pain and Stems Periods of Distress.

It was chronicled in the local press a few days ago that one of Toronto's best known physicians was leaving for a leading United States Hospital, there to undergo an operation for a hard formation of the kidneys. Everyone will hope that the experiment will prove successful. But is not prevention better than cure, and where the first symptoms of kidney disease assert themselves let that wonderful specific South American Kidney Cure be taken, and the trouble is speedily banished. What is just as encouraging is that where the disease has taken hold of the system, even in extreme cases, relief and cure is quickly secured by the use of this medicine.

MET AFTER YEARS.

Curious Scene in a London Hotel Between two Americans.

There was a remarkable scene at a Northumberland avenue hotel, London recently. It seems that a party of newly arrived Americans, most of them strangers to each other, were sitting at luncheon, and one of them with an English friend, who had called to see him.

The conversation between the two naturally drifted back to the war times, and the American, who had been a Federal, described some of his adventures, and how at one place the opposing soldiers used to work so near each other in the trenches that they were able to engage in conversation, and surreptitiously exchanged tobacco and tea—the northerners having plenty of the latter and none of the former, while the southerners were in exactly the opposite condition. But, he continued, the most curious "swap" he ever made was a small packet of quinine for a pound of tobacco, to which the Confederate added a curiously carved wooden pipe. That pipe he had kept over since, because he regarded it and the tobacco as having saved his life; for somehow or other his superior officer had come to know that he possessed a quantity of "the weed," and ordered him to report himself concerning it. Before he could regain his post a skirmish occurred, and the man who was in his very place was killed.

At this point a tall, sunburnt American, with white hair and beard, who had been listening to the other with considerable emotion, interrupted with, "Excuse me, though I am a stranger to you, but didn't that Southerner tell you that the quinine was for his little daughter, who was down with fever?"

"Yes," said the other, "and didn't the Northerner say that his little girl was ill with fever, too, but he would share her medicine with the other little one, even without the tobacco?"

"Why, yes," cried the original narrator, "I believe he did, and that was me."

"And I was the Southerner," cried the other, "and here is my daughter, whose life you helped to save, and here's one of my grandchildren with her."

The Englishman who was present says that there was then such a scene of hand-shaking, introductions and congratulations as must have made people at the other tables think the company must have been visitors from Bedlam. The Northerner had a'so a daughter with him, who is a widow, and the embrace of the two women who had never seen each other before, but whose early lives had so closely touched, was peculiarly affecting.

"And to think we should meet each other so far from home, and in England, too," exclaimed one.

"God bless England for it, say I," replied the other.—London Telegraph.

A VANCOUVER FRUITER.

In British Columbia rheumatism is very prevalent, and very hard to cure owing to dampness of atmosphere. Mr. W. F. Beggs, the well-known fruiter of Vancouver, B. C. says:—"I suffered intense pain for over four years from rheumatism of the ankles and feet. I doctored with every one, even employing a Toronto specialist to treat me but could not get cured, and had almost given up in despair. A friend told me how South American Rheumatic Cure had acted in his case and advised me to try it. The very first bottle gave me immediate relief, and I am now on my second bottle and almost entirely cured. I consider it the only cure for rheumatism."

Impudence.

"Look here, waiter! These eggs are not cooked properly."

"I know it sir, but you said they were for your wife, and I knew if the lady was your wife she couldn't be very particular."

—Sketch.

JOHN BRIGHT AND OTHERS.

We want to quote you a sentence from a woman's letter. Here it is: "I had no ease or comfort except when my stomach was empty."

Now, isn't that strange? It is exactly contrary to nature. Animals and little children sleep when their stomachs are full, and most people rest better after having taken food. Empty stomachs are commonly the uneasy ones; they are asking for something to do. To be sure the late John Bright said we could promote unnecessary hunger by eating every piece of the stomach hanged by a trifle collapsed, just as we can cultivate an artificial thirst; but the facts observed by Mr. Bright do not disprove the rule.

Besides that, what are we going to do with such a tremendous consideration as this, for instance? We get all our life and strength by way of the stomach; and if the putting of food into it comes to be a source of pain and discomfort to us—why, where are we? It follows that we can only be comfortable so long as we are slowly starving to death. And starvation is not comfort. If it were, the human race would die out in a hundred years. Does this woman realize the importance of the thing she has said? Let us ask her to explain.

She is a young person, and writes a straight and intelligent letter. Here is the rest of it: "It was May, 1891, when I began to be ill. At first I had a sour taste in the mouth, and was constantly spitting up frothy water. After eating food of any kind I had an awful pain at my chest and heaving at the pit of the stomach. I never had a moment's ease until I had vomited it all up. For hours together I would be vomiting and straining until my side was tired and sore with the labour of it."

This is a frightful picture. Take account of the object of eating, and then think what is sure to be the end of such a state of things as this lady describes. Fill a metal jug with water; punch a hole in the bottom as big as a pin, and set the jug away. After a week look at it. What will you find? An empty jug. But we have interrupted the lady.

She concludes, "Week after week, month after month, I went on in this way. I got so weak that for sometime I had to leave the mill where I was employed. I consulted two doctors, one after the other. They gave me medicines, and advised me to restrict my diet to particular kinds of food. I did so; still the sickness and the pain continued, as before, and my strength left me day by day."

Of course we say, "To be sure it did. How could it possibly be otherwise with her? Life running out, and none coming in. Heaven pity us all! A giant himself would soon be weak as a baby under that process."

Well, Miss Crossdale finishes her clear-headed little letter in a more cheerful strain. And we're glad she can, and does.

"After having been under the doctors' treatment for seven months," she says, "and spending many a pound in doctoring, my brother urged me to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup."

"Not from any faith in it on my part, but altogether from my brother's persuasion, I sent to Messrs. S. Burch & Co., Grocers, Manchester Road, and bought a bottle or two. In a few days I felt relief. My food didn't hurt me any more, and I was never sick again. So I kept taking the Syrup, and was soon as strong as ever. (Signed) Clara Crossdale, 37, Manchester Road East, Little Hulton, near Bolton, Oct. 13th, 1893."

When Miss Crossdale said she had no ease save when her stomach was empty, she meant comparative ease. She was not thinking or speaking of the future. Today—thanks to Mother Seigel—she doesn't desire that sort of ease. She is, and ought to be, more comfortable after taking the nourishment which a kind Providence appoints for us all.

We hope that she may never again know the torments of indigestion and dyspepsia, for how dark and dismal they make life seem. Indeed they do.

Bottled Tears.

The Persians are the only people in the world who still adhere to the old custom of bottling tears. In that country it constitutes an important part in the funeral ceremonies performed over the dead.

Each of the mourners is presented with a sponge with which to mop the face and eyes, and after the burial these are taken by a priest who squeezes the tears into bottles.

Mourners' tears are believed to be the most efficacious remedy that can be supplied in several forms of Persian diseases. The custom of bottling tears is mentioned in the Bible.

The Sting Within.

It is said there is a rankling thorn in every heart, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another. Be that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real enough, and in this kind of tight boots a very common complaint also. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a never failing remedy for this kind of heartache, as you can easily prove if afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

Frugal.

"Glamely never treat anybody, does he?" "Treat?" When he's thirsty himself he just gets out his telescope and looks at the Dipper."—Chicago Record.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1780. Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE Cocoas and Chocolates. on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.