

Served with a silver spoon

A new Canadian process, preserves the very best elements of the very best Canadian wheat.

The result is Orange Meat—the essence of a perfect, sustaining food.

It requires no cooking—every particle is perfectly digestible. It is supplied in germ-proof packages, and may be served hot or cold.

Each 15c. package contains a coupon. Your grocer will tell you what they mean—heavy silver-plated table service free—made by the same manufacturer, of the same material and in the same manner as the silverware on most of your tables now.

SEND COUPONS TO
THE FRONTENAC CEREAL CO., Limited, 43 SCOTT ST., TORONTO



THE CLOUD THAT CAME AND WENT.

A Story of the St. Croix.

BY REV. A. W. MAHON IN THE WESTMINSTER.

Louis LaMotte was a Huguenot whose father had fallen in the fearful massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, which took place thirty-two years before the Sieur de Monts and Samuel de Champlain sailed on their eventful voyage of discovery and colonization, the tercentenary of which is to be celebrated this month in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The bitter memory of that awful day of blood in which his father had been cruelly murdered, and his barely escaped with her life and her child, ranked revengefully in the soul of this brave boy, but his mother's beautiful spirit of forgiveness, which she had learned from the great Master teacher Himself, exercised a restraining and ennobling influence over her child. In the sweet and wholesome atmosphere of his mother's presence, Louis gradually outgrew the revengeful feelings of his boyhood; but he could never talk about St. Bartholomew's Day without getting excited, without manifesting in tone and gesture, in flashing eye and quivering lip, the pent up emotion in his soul.

After his mother's death, when he heard that DeMonts, himself a French Protestant, was preparing to sail for the new world, LaMotte decided to cast in his lot with the ex-

plorers. He had not been long on board ship when he met Nicholas Aubrey, a French priest, a man of bright intellect and attractive personality, who loved controversy more than anything else except a rare specimen of a plant or flower. During that month at sea many a fierce wordy warfare was waged by the priest and the Huguenot over St. Bartholomew's Day. It often required an effort on the part of the wise and witty, the good and genial Champlain himself to quiet the religious combatants. Coming upon them in the excitement of the debate, the great navigator, who might well be called the great christian, would cry "Another St. Bartholomew's Day!" and then would look about him for evidences of the bloody encounter and feign great surprise that so fierce a conflict should result in so little carnage.

One day when about to sail from a beautiful spot in the western part of the Acadia Peninsula, called by the French St. Mary's Bay, where some of the company had wandered far inland, noting the character of the vegetation, and the peculiarities of the soil, and gathering specimens of wild June flowers, they made the painful discovery that Father Aubrey was missing. Far and wide they searched for him, firing guns to help him find his way, but all in vain. For four days the search went on, but not the slightest trace of the missing man could be discovered. At last when all hope of finding him had died out in their hearts, they set sail. No man had searched more untiringly for the lost man than Louis LaMotte; and no one saw the coast of that beautiful bay recede from view with more regret than he.

As they sailed away, casting regretful looks behind, many were the surmises as to the melancholy fate of their favorite priest. Some were

not slow to whisper among themselves that perhaps the young Huguenot knew more about the missing man's whereabouts than he was willing to tell. When they began to turn their eyes suspiciously upon him LaMotte's sensitive soul became painfully aware that something was not right. Seeking out one whose friendship he prized most he asked for an explanation, and learned to his utter bewilderment and bitter resentment that he was suspected of having murdered the priest. It was a dark day for the young Huguenot when this cloud of cruel suspicion rested upon him.

It was late in the month of June of that year 1604 when De Monts and Champlain, after making many interesting discoveries in the Bay of Fundy, which De Monts named the great French Bay, but which was often called the Bay of Fogs, and sometimes the Bay of Tides, found themselves sailing amongst a group of picturesque islands, some of them rising abruptly from the sea, other low and undulating, and all the more or less rock-faced and tree-crowned.

As the French ships sailed through this enchanted archipelago, and entered a large and almost land-locked bay, a vision of beauty and peace and safety burst upon their view. They were not long in deciding to make a home for themselves on the shores of what is now known as Passamaquoddy Bay.

While passing through these beautiful scenes, which many a traveller has since likened to the Bay of Naples, the young Huguenot, who possessed the soul of an artist, felt the healing touch of nature's kind hand, and almost forgot at times that he was suspected of having committed a dreadful crime.

After a settlement had been effected on the picturesque little Island of St. Croix, in a river to which they gave the same name, which flows into Passamaquoddy Bay, and which today forms one of the boundaries between Canada and the United States LaMotte's melancholy mood returned. Many of the company took no pains to conceal their suspicions of him, and their dislike for his companionship. As they went about preparing homes for themselves on this small island of not more than fifteen acres, which lies in the middle of the river, about half a mile from either shore, the young Huguenot realized that it would be worse than death for him to try to live amongst those who suspected him of such a crime; so he decided to make a home for himself on the mainland, away from the atmosphere of cruel suspicion which was embittering his life, and spend his days in teaching the Indians the story of the Cross, as he had learned it in his happy home in France.

It was a sober, serious day for him as he rowed his little boat up the river and landed in the wilds of the New World, where no white face had ever gone before, and prepared to make for himself a home. The words of the Master, which so often had been the words of his mother, came to him. "Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

(Concluded Monday.)

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

Don't be Deceived

By some slick and talkative agent, who dumps a steel range at your door and tries to persuade you to buy it—at a BIG PRICE and on LONG TIME notes.

The Oxford Chancellor

Is the Steel Range with a reputation of durability, efficiency and economy. The Oxford Chancellor is not sold by agents, and when you buy the Oxford Chancellor you do not have to pay an agent's salary, commission and expenses, etc.

JAMES S. NEILL,

Hardware Merchant, Fredericton, N. B.

I USE a Cuban filler in my Pharaoh Cigar. So do some other manufacturers, but there's a difference—not all Cuban filler is good filler. I make special yearly trips to Havana, so that I can buy the choicest leaves for Pharaoh filler. These are grown in the Manicaragua district, in the Province of Santa Clara—the locality par excellence for fine tobacco. The warm, moist atmosphere and marvellously rich soil of this locality fit it peculiarly to grow tobacco of the quality kind—delicate leaves, clear and flawless.

J. BRUCE PAYNE, Limited
Granby, P.Q.

With a Connecticut Broad-leaf binder, the highest quality and highest priced binder grown, and a genuine Sumatra wrapper I import direct from Holland—I believe my Pharaoh will give as pleasant a smoke as one could desire.—J. B. P.

None genuine unless branded PHA-RO

Geo. W. Adams, FUNERAL DIRECTOR,

UP TOWN, OFF. PEOPLE'S BANK

Orders promptly and carefully attended to day or night. Telephone connection at undertaking rooms or at residence, Carleton street extension.

THE PARISIAN.

We have just opened another case of SPRING MILLINERY of the latest designs. We would be glad to have our friends come and see our bargains before going elsewhere. Newest, cheapest Millinery at the newest, cheapest store.

Several Girls wanted to learn the business.

MRS. H. G. VENESS,

Queen Street, THE PARISIAN, Just below People's Bank.

FINE TAILORING.

Our Stock is now complete in all the leading makes in

Spring Overcoats, Suitings and Trouserings.

IMPERIAL HALL, | GEO. S. STANGER, MERCHANT TAILOR.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR

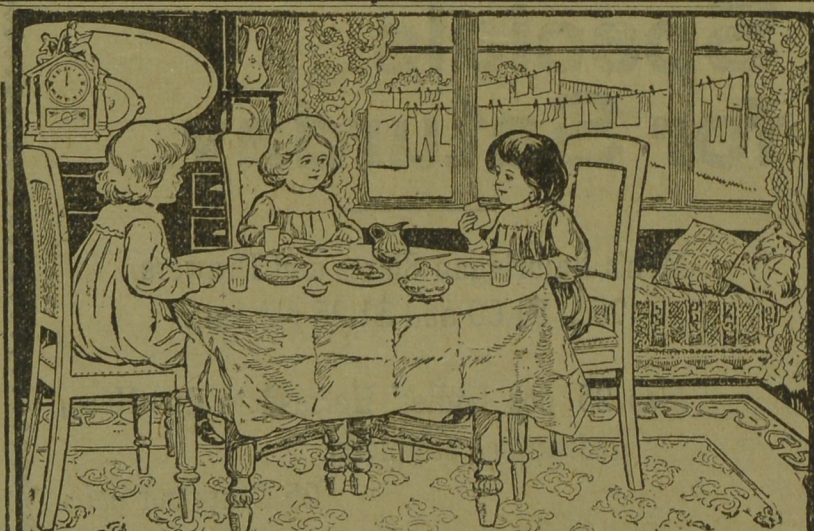
Spring and Summer Suit?

It is time now for you to order your new Spring and Summer Suit, and you are almost sure to find something to please you in the fine stock of

English and Canadian Suitings

I am showing for this season, and you will be sure to find prices right and get satisfaction if you have your clothes made here.

JAS. R. HOWIE, 150 Queen St.



The Sunlight Maids are always through their wash at twelve o'clock.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

With ordinary soap a woman has to work so hard and so long on wash day she has no time for preparing any of the family meals. Wash day is a trial, and the good wife faces each with a sigh of despair.

Sunlight Soap makes all the difference in the world. No toiling—no rubbing—no boiling—less than half the labor with much better results. Most women are all through their wash by twelve o'clock when they wash with Sunlight Soap the Sunlight way. It makes child's play of work.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR.

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands.
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.