MC2398

POOR DOCUMENT

ON SOAP,

IN RELATION TO THE COMPLEXION.

FROM AN ARTICLE BY

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.,

Lecturer on Physiology and Health under the "Combe Trust;" Editor of "Health."

"One important caution should be given, and that is concerning the use of soaps. I would strongly advise all who care for their skin to eschew the use of common soap, which simply roughens and injures the skin, and, if you will be advised by me, I would say never buy those artificially coloured and odoriferous abominations commonly sold under the name of 'Scented' or 'Fancy Soaps' which are the frequent causes of skin eruptions. If I am prepared to recommend any one soap to you, as a satisfactory and scientifically prepared article, I would certainly advise you to buy and use 'Pears' Soap.' Not merely from personal use can I recommend this soap, but I am well content to shelter myself under the names and authority of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons; of Doctor Stevenson Macadam, or of Professors Redwood and Attfield, the eminent analytical and chemical lecturers at the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, who testify to its **entire purity**. Furthermore, I believe it to be very economical, for it contains no free water, and in this respect differs from all other soaps; hence a cake of 'Pears' is really all soap and not soap and water. **I know cases of irritable skin which the whole tribe of much-vaunted 'Fancy Soaps' failed to allay, but which disappeared under the use of Pears Soap,** and for the nursery and for the delicate skin of infancy no better or more soothing soap can possibly be used. There can be no doubt that in respect of the care of children, attention to the skin is specially required. If common soaps are irritating to the skin of the adult, (as they unquestionably are), they are doubly and trebly injurious to the delicate skin of the infant and young child. **I can vouch that the soap I am recommending is not merely a safe but an advantageous one. It does not irritate the skin; but, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, also acts as an emollient.**"

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THE SOUND OF A VOICE,

—OR—

The Song of the Debardeur.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS,

AUTHOR OF "THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS," ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in Paris.

A young American named Alfred Bainbridge, and two young French friends, named Paul and Pierre, are waiting at the entrance of the grand opera at the close of the performance. Among the last to leave are a tall gentleman in Russian uniform, his breast covered with decorations, and leaning on his arm a slight feminine form with head so enveloped in its velvet colored hood, that, but for a pair of wild mischevious eyes it would have escaped notice. Having seen this couple enter a coupe the three friends leave the place. Passing along the street they hear a gamin whistling like a lark and Pierre says it is the Debardeur's song. At subsequent lunch Bainbridge just told his friend of a street incident wherein he figured and punished a fellow who had struck a little girl; when binding up the child's wounds the lady whom they had seen at the opera stood beside him and tendered him her thanks The song of the Debardeur interrupts and Pierre explains the Debardeur is a woman in costume, one of the dancers at a bal masque, and describes her dress.

The American listens spell bound as the beautiful song is sung and speaks of its strong effect on him. A shriek is heard, a crash of glass and the young men rush out to see a coarse fellow escorted away by the police. Alfred's widowed mother has consented to her son making the European tour alone. Pierre and Paul Laborde were his schoolmates in America. Their father is one of the principal merchants of Paris. When Bainbridge calls at the office Pierre presents him with a glove which he said belonged to the lady of the opera, and that she had been there and accidentally forgotten it. He urges Bainbridge to call and return it. The lady is described as the niece of the Russian Count Mhoff, and has no title. She is plain Mademoiselle Boscks, he says, and promises to present Bainbridge.

Alfred is delighted at the prospect of an interview and he accompanies Pierre, themselves Choufleur's to select their costumes for the coming Bal masque. Bainbridge chooses that of a North American Indian.

Bainbridge's valet Isidore, while engaged about his duties, is visited by his finance, Lucille, a peasant girl from Nauteuil and a stranger to Paris. Isidore shows her his master's elegant wardrobe and in compliance with her request, dresses himself in his master's clothes and entertains her to lunch. While they are enjoying themselves Paul Laborde, the "brother of Pierre, enters, and despite explanations and the girl's plea that it was her fault, sends Isidore for his master. The girl remains and Paul wonders why she does not go. She knows no one in Paris but Isidore.

Lucille soon restores order out of chaos in the room. Paul is first amazed and seeing that Lucille is pretty in her grief at Isidore's prolonged absence, endeavors to console her and secures her as maid for mademoiselle Boscks. Lucille consents. Isidore does not tell his master, but Bainbridge and Pierre return from a walk, and entering the room followed by Isidore, are amazed at seeing Paul seated near a sofa on which reclined a pretty peasant girl. Pierre laughs loud and Isidore is jealous.

Bainbridge subsequently meets the fair Russian at a reception and the meeting is keenly watched by Count Mhoff. They meet again and have a conversation during which she tells Bainbridge she is her maid and also says she has something to tell him, but not them. She asks if he will call at his room next afternoon, she will send.

Alfred plays escarte and wins from the Russian Count. The next morning Lucille brings him a note from Mlle. Boscks requesting an interview at four o'clock that afternoon.

Bainbridge pays the visit, is received by Lucille who conducts him to the boudoir of Mlle. Boscks, who says she has taken an interest in him and asks him not to play cards with the Count. He explains that he has already an engagement to the contrary. Isidore has seen him received by Lucille, and is almost insane with jealousy.

Alfred plays with the Count and loses forty thousand francs. He cashes a draft on his New York bankers. Mr. Laborde determines to rescue him from the Russian Count.

While at dinner at Laborde's, Isidore calls him home. He finds Lucille there who with tears tells about the discovery of another note from Louise by the Count, who had struck Lucile with his whip and attempted to kill Louise. Lucille gives the pieces of the note to Bainbridge. When he reads it he is very indignant and sends for Pierre to whom he tells the whole history of his love for the fair Russian.

Next day Count Mhoff and Mlle. Boscks leaves Paris incognita.

At the bal masque Alfred and Pierre are shadowed. The Debardeur's song is heard again. The singer is shabbily dressed. A note handed to Alfred clumsily falls to the ground. He picks it up but the shadowers have seen it. It is signed Louise and asks him to Madame Choufleur's at 2 a.m. The note indicates possible danger, and advises him to bring a trusty friend. Pierre accompanies Alfred to the Madame's.

CHAPTER IX.

A solitary jet of gas, feebly burning showed them the way to the creaking staircase. All was hushed in the house. The vast store-rooms of grotesque apparel were open, and here and there a bluish light from a turned-down burner glimmered over a pile of colors and tinsel. Passing these rooms, they ascended to an upper story comfortably warmed and lighted. "Here," he said, in a whisper, "you will stay for a time. Your frend will not be far off. If he wants you he will call."

Then to a similar room, farther on, he convoyed Alfred, whom he only knew as the Indian chief,—such were his instructions,—and, ushering him in, closed the door. A female figure, wrapped in a dark cloak and mask, confronted him. She dropped the cloak, but, to his amazement, it was not the expected Louise that he saw: it was the figure of the shabby Debardeur of the bal masque.

"Pardon me for this liberty, monsieur," said a well-know voice behind the mask "but, in a masquerade one may assume all disguises. Do you recognize me?"

Alfred dropped upon his knee, threw aside his mask, and seized that delicate hand and pressed it to his lips. He was delirious with joy: the mystery of his fate was solved; the voice that had found an echo in his heart was hers; thus two divinities had resolved themselves into one.

She laid aside her mask. Yes, it was she,—it was the being for whom he would risk all, and protect—ay, until the last drop of his blood. "Dear Louise," he said. She put out her other hand, and, drawing him up towards her, fell upon his neck. He felt her tears fall; he pressed her lips to his. It was but a moment. Suddenly she threw back her arms, and pressed him from her again, with a gesture as of terror. "Do you know what has just happened? has Mesrour told you? Perhaps not. Madame Choufleur——" And she shuddered.

He saw by the expression of her face what had occurred.

"Is dead," she continued. "Therese just told me so. I have been here but a few minutes. Therese is my friend. It is by her friendship I am here to-night. It is to see you that I have come."

He again drew her to his side. "Dear Louise, I love you! Oh, happy heart, that can make such a declaration to you, and feel, too, that you will not reject me!"

She pressed him from her with the same gesture as before,—the same look of terror. At last she said, in a faint voice, "If Monsieur will but hear me, perhaps he will change his opinion. I could be content to follow him to the ends of the earth as his servant, but never aspire to be other than that, for I am not worthy. Look at this dress of mine. Is it the dress of a lady? See how I have exhibited myself in the coarse crowd of to-night! Would Alfred Bainbridge consent that his wife should do such things? I enjoyed the momentary triumph. It is my nature to be free and wild at times. But to-night it was for you I sang, in hopes that my voice might search you out and find you in that crowd. I knew that you had heard me before——"

"Impossible! How could you know that?"

"At the Trois Freres. Ah! you look surprised. There was a waiter there, Francois, an old man—you recollect? I asked him who was in the room adjoining. He described you, and the others. You I recognized. Then I thought the song of poor Debardeur might touch your heart. I felt like singing that night, in spite of the remonstrances of Count Imhoff, I sang my poor little song, but it brought a visitor whom I did not expect, a visitor from the street, and but for my good fortune all would have been at an end then."

"I remember you were interrupted," said Alfred.

"Oh, yes, monsieur: it was a poor peasant from my own parish. Antoine, a former lover of mine. He was violent. He is terrible when he is angry, he is like a giant. But I spoke to him in the old patois of our native village, which the count did not understand, and he wept like a child, monsieur, and suffered himself to be led away by the police.',

Then said Alfred, still more astonished, you are not a Russian?"

"No, indeed, monsieur. I am a poor French girl.". And she wept bitterly. "I am not a niece of Count Imhoff. Oh, monsieur," and she looked at him with piteous eyes, but still beautiful in their bright tears, "do you not know what I am?"

An icy horror, like the hand of death was laid upon Alfred's heart. He turned from her in such dismay as is felt when one sees amid beautiful flowers the horrible coil of a poisonous adder. His spirit seemed to shrink up and wither within him, as she said, weeping as she spoke, "I am not the niece of Count Imhoff. I am not even a relation of his. Imagine what I am; but do not judge me too severely; oh, Alfred, it would break my heart! I saw you, and loved you at first sight. Had you been as wicked as myself, I would have endeavored to engage your affections and make you my lover. As it is, since I know your noble nature, I look up to you with such reverence as I should feel towards my God. I love you with such feelings, not as one should love a man, but as one should worship a Deity. For an hour of pure love in your arms, a hope forever barred against me now, I would suffer all the torments of the damned forever!" She covered her face in her hands and sobbed convulsively.

Alfred took her hand. Tenderly he caressed it; tenderly he spoke to her. "What is your sad history? There is a mystery about it that I would like to hear. Perhaps you do yourself injustice."

"If I may tell you, and you will have patience to hear me, perhaps you will pity me. I cannot hope otherwise. But, whether you pity or condemn me, I shall still remember that wherever you go upon the earth, in these or in future times, you will not forget me. Then I shall comfort my heart even in the sleepless hours of the night, and say, 'Perhaps even now he is thinking of me,—perhaps even now he remembers my little story.' Shall I go on?"

Alfred bowed his head.

Then she continued: "I was born in the parish of St.-Michel, near the wood of Ardennes, in the department of Marne. I was an only child. My parents were hard-working peasants; they lived in a little house and by dint of work and economy managed to save a small sum, year by year, by which I was sent to school and received a little education. As soon as I learned to read, all the treasures of the world seemed open to me. St Michel was no place for books, but a young scholar who had a large store of them, and who came from the College of St.-Esprit, Eugene Boissard, occasionally visited his father's residence. As soon as I grew old enough to attract attention I found his largemelancholy eyes fixed upon mine sometimes. He soon learned my passion for reading. His liberal hand supplied me with many coveted authors, so that in time my shelf of volumes was quite a parish curiosity.

"In those days I used to sing with other children in the parish choir. As my voice developed itself it was said to be something remarkable. Father Jean-Baptiste, the parish priest, engaged to teach me music, But he had but a limited knowledge of the art, and it was not long before I learned all that he knew. I had a yearning to learn more, but there was no one to teach me. So, too, with reading books. I learned more from them than all the parish knew. Oh, how I wanted to commune with some spirit of intelligence, some one who had a brain as active and as acquisitive as my own! As for the peasant-girls of the parish, they could only converse on a few barren topics. Their homespun ideas were too coarse and commonplace for me. I did not care to talk for talk's sake, but what I wanted was to acquire by conversation more than I had already acquired. Alas! their talk could not afford one grain of comfort! I knew all they knew already, and ten times more than they ever dreamed of.

"By this time I had nearly grown up to be a woman. One Sunday, wandering through the woods of Ardennes with a boy lover of mine, Antoine Rocambo, we were startled by a large wolf that crossed our path and showed a disposition to attack us. He was nearly famished, as was evident by his skeleton form, scarcely hidden by his skin, and his glaring hunger-struck eyes. Bnt Antonie was not one to wait for the attack. Drawing a knife from his belt, he fell upon the wolf with such fury that the famished beast was soon despatched,—not, however, before he had given Antoine some frightful wounds. From that time he was called Antoine the Wolf-Killer, and proclaimed himself my little husband. My father and mother approved of this youthful attachment.

"As soon as Antoine recovered from his wounds, he looked upon me as his future wife as a matter of course. He began to persecute me with his attentions; but he was not one whom I could love. I began to long for the return of Eugene from the university. When he returned he had finished his education.

Oh, how handsome he was! Besides his other accomplishments, he had an exquisite taste for music. Often did I wander, in secrecy and silence, at night, near the old chateau to listen to his playing. He it was who first gave me the impression that music had soul.

"As time rolled on, our intimacy was renewed and increased. As his father was often in Paris, and his mother was no more, I went almost daily to the chateau to take my lessons of him. He had once been to a bal masque in the city, and the figure of a Debardeur had made a strong impression upon his melancholy imagination. He it was who composed for me the song that I sing,—the words and the music. Under his care I became a skilful musician, and also acquired great proficiency in other accomplishments.

"My parents, far from objecting to this intimacy, encouraged it. They did not seem to know the danger. The whole parish talked of it incessantly, however, and the whole parish learned my song of the Debardeur. Often of an evening have I heard it sung, first by a single voice, then another would take it up, a third would repeat it, a fourth would echo it, until at last it would swell upon the night from a hundred cottages.

"Antoine often spoke to me of Eugene in great anger. At times he was very violent, and swore he would kill him if I did not cease my studies with him. He had no right to say this to me: the poor fellow had no claim upon me. Yet it is not unpleasant to be loved, even if you cannot return it.

"The parish at this time lifted up its voice and began to prophesy. There was no cause for suspicion then, for I was as innocent as a child; indeed, I was but a child in thought; I knew no evil and outfeared none. People began to avoid me. It made me feel unhappy. Eugene perceived it, and asked me the reason of my tears, and I told him. Folding me in his arms, he said, 'They shall no longer torment thee, poor little sorrowful heart; thou art too good to live amid such a base crew; thou shalt see the world, my child, and know that it is a larger place than the parish of St.-Michel.'

"How my heart bounded at these words! It took but little argument to persuade me to see that which my heart coveted,—the outer world that lay around the narrow parish. In a word, I fled one night from my parents with Eugene, and by daybreak was amidst the roar of the metropolis.

"It was midsummer at the time we came to Paris. We took apartments, and led a happy life. Not a soul came to inquire after me from St-Michel. My father and mother troubled themselves little more about me. Except Antoine, who heard my voice in the street that night when I was singing at the Trois Freres, I have not since seen one person from my native place.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Inject or for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

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April showers may be the forerunner of May flowers, and they are also certain to bring with them cold in the head, which if neglected, develops into catarrh, perhaps into consumption and death. Nasal Balm never fails to give instant relief, and will permanently cure the worst cases of catarrh if faithfully used. Sold by all dealers

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Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.,

Gentlemen,—I take pleasure in giving my testimony to your well known MINARD'S LINIMENT, as I feel that it saved my life. In the winter of 1887 I was attacked by a severe pain in my left side caused by a fall from a building during the previous summer. I got relief every time it was bathed with the MINARD'S LINIMENT and eventually cured by the use of only a few bottles. This liniment has made some wonderful cures.

THOMAS WASSON

Sheffield, N. B.

A Minister Charged With Arson.

IPSWICH MASS., April 17.—Rev. G. A. Andrews of Essex this morning was committed to jail in default of $3000 bonds on a charge of burning his store in Essex to obtain the insurance. The case will be heard April 22.

How Long Must Our People Suffer?

It seems strange, after thousands of years, men have been living in houses, that they should not know how to build them,—and yet this is true, if we are to judge by the complaints and cries of despair which rise every day from all over the newspapers. Some of the weak points are: bad ventilation, imperfect drains and badly constructed traps. These three drawbacks to health in connection with house building are responsible for an immense amount of sickness and disease in every community. We live in a polluted atmosphere and continually breathe sewer gas and the vitiated air resulting from bad ventilation. While this state of things is terribly dangerous to the perfectly healthy, it is doubly dangerous and generally fatal to the weak and those predisposed to disease. Tyhoid, Diphtheria and Blood Poisoning are seen on every hand, and are busy in hundreds of homes. Here is a word of warning and advice to the weak, nervous, brain tired, weary and worn out man or woman is necessary. Those who are subjects of headache, nervous depression, dyspepsia, biliousness, despondency and imperfect digestion are warned of danger, especially if living in badly constructed dwellings. Paine's Celery Compound taken at regular intervals is the best known preventive of disease. It tones the whole system, giving to it, strength, vigor, perfect circulation, and fortifies the digestive organs. It gives a calm and peaceful felling, and a tranquil mind, as well as a cheerful disposition. Paine's Celery Compound does all this, and will assuredly enable all to resist disease and suffering.

OLD FRIENDS ARE THE TRUEST.

Men and woman learn to appreciate and love old and true friends after they have passed through the ordeal of bitter disappointments, treachery, and betrayal by new found friends about whose antecedents they know nothing. It is just so with package dyes for domestic dying. The old and true friends, Diamond Dyes, are loved by all; but at times old and knew friendships are cultivated through carelessness, and crude, common dyes are tried, only to cause regrets, anger and disapointments; strong resolutions are then made, that the old friends will forever be firmly adhered to, and continued confidence placed in them.

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No need to Get Wet Nowadays,

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A splendid assortment of the above on hand, all prices, in 19th Century Style, Fit, &c.
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Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:
1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.
2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O, 6" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.
3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.
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