

Sleep Preserves Good Looks

TAKE BEAUTY NAPS DURING THE DAY IF YOU CAN.

If You Can't Sleep There is a German Cure for Insomnia Which Includes Coarse Bread and Hard Work.

A wise woman who knows all the secrets of the professional beauty has turned her attention away from the complexion and the color of the hair and is making a study of sleep.

"Sleep is the most important aid to beauty in the world," she says, "and I regard the beauty nap as an absolute essential to a woman's good looks. Lack of sleep will make a woman old and yellow, while plenty of sleep will make her young and gay. Most women think it is enough to sleep at night, but the beauty sleep taken during the day is immensely important."

"The woman who sleeps sufficiently will have hair that keeps its natural color; her eyes will sparkle and her skin will be clear, her step will be elastic and her voice will keep its pretty, even tone. Every one knows how quickly a woman's voice loses its youth. That is on account of the lack of beauty sleep."

"Facts can keep young if their owner will keep rested. I have a beautiful patient who makes a study of looking rested. She always steals a beauty sleep before dinner."

"A very luxurious patient of mine is in the habit of giving her face a beauty bath. She uses champagne and milk, and she dabs her face with a little sponge saturated in the mixture. Then she takes a short nap and when she awakes she is as bright as a button."

"It isn't necessary to spend a great deal of money for the face bath. A dash of diluted cologne would do almost as well as champagne and milk, and there are nice lotions of violets and spirits of cologne that answer the same purpose and can be made at home."

"The beauty nap is a thing that must be cultivated. Getting up too early kills the bright eyes of many a woman. It is a good thing to lie in bed as long as you can."

"Falling asleep is easy if you know its science. Counting sheep as they jump over a wall will not put you to sleep, but cool air will speedily make one sleepy."

"Open the windows so that a gentle breeze strikes your face, cover yourself up warmly, sniff a little perfume and you will drop asleep. After you have formed the habit you will not need the perfume."

"A New Jersey beauty has an open-air sleeping parlor where she takes her daily nap, winter and summer. It is on the sheltered side of the house. In this quiet, cool spot the beauty sleeps."

"She has a Japanese bed, all matting and rugs, and over this in winter there is an abundant feather bed with another feather bed for a coverlet. The result is a delightful beauty nap at a minute's notice."

"The pillow nap is something new. It is specially noted as a complexion nap."

"The essentials are pillows, dozens of them, all heaped upon the couch in such a way as to rest the nerves. The pillows are filled with various compounds."

"One of my patients has three little rose-leaf pillows which she places under her head. She calls them ear-pillows. They are just about the size of the hand."

"She has also three square pillows filled with pine needles, loosely packed, and she has several clove top and

lavender pillows. These are shaken up daily and placed in a warm spot to coax them to send out their fragrance."

"I tell my patients to heat their pillows. A hot pillow is a great comfort. The hot pillow, which is covered with a red flannel cover, can be heated very hot and used at the back of the feet, wherever the tired ache may be."

"Rose pillows should be kept cool; their odor comes out best when they are cool and slightly moist."

"Green is the soothing color for the beauty nap. I advise my patients to have a green room."

"It does one's looks no good to sleep cold. The pretty woman who lies down with cold feet and who drops into troubled sleep still shivering will not benefit by her sleep."

"She must have a pair of warm slippers, lined with down, and her coverlet must be warm."

"The odor of pinks sends many a woman to sleep, and when a patient cannot afford to buy fresh pinks daily for a head rest I advise her to make a spice pillow, which answers the purpose quite as well. It is almost a soporific; it lulls one to sleep instantly."

"The important thing about restoring one's beauty by sleep is that the body shall rest thoroughly. The woman who sleeps with her hair in papers is not resting; her scalp will be tired. The woman who does her hair up tightly before going to bed who holds it closely or in any way that the scalp will wake up with wrinkles in her face."

"The mind is a very important factor of the beauty nap. Don't worry if you want to sleep sweetly."

"Don't go to sleep thinking ugly thoughts. Only the sweetest and most agreeable fancies should engage the mind in the five minutes before one drifts away to dreamland. The woman who cries herself to sleep will wake up with gray hairs and deep lines in her brow."

"In the great retreats where women go to become young they make the patient exercise before going to bed. Bodily exercise of the most vigorous nature is part of the programme."

"An American woman who went to a German cure expecting to be petted and pampered as when at home, received a rude shock. Insomnia had been her complaint from girlhood. Hearing of the cure she went to Germany to take it."

"For breakfast this pampered child of luxury had a cup of coffee, some cold ham and brown bread."

"I cannot eat a mouthful," she complained.

"It is much the better," said the doctor. "The coffee was only a substitute, mostly burnt wheat; and as for the breakfast, you are better off without eating."

"Only one meal a day was eatable and the woman found that she could live richly with one very square meal a day."

"When she grew hungry she ate the coarse brown bread."

"Her exercise was quite unconventional. On raw days she was set to washing the inner side of the windows, and on warm days she was told to sweep the garden walks."

"It is hard to kill me," said she, "recounting the tale to an indignant audience afterward."

"But did you recover from your insomnia?" asked some one.

"Recover?" said the woman with a laugh. "I never thought of it once after I got there. I was so mad and so tired, so utterly worn out by night that I slept perfectly. I even took day naps during the half hour before dinner and luncheon, and I napped a little while in the middle of the afternoon if I had time—when I wasn't sweeping or washing."

"The woman who doesn't protest to sweep or wash can try the Ceylon cure for sleeplessness. A great crystal ball is hung from the ceiling just where the eyes can fall upon it. The rule is that you must concentrate your thoughts upon the globe and its dancing image. In a surprisingly short time you are asleep. You will stay asleep a very long time, for there is a hypnotism about the swinging globe."

—New York Sun.

STRONGEST OF ALL WOODS.

Official tests of the many valuable hard woods native to Western Australia have made known the extraordinary properties of yate, believed to be the strongest of all known woods. Its average tensile strength is 24,000 pounds to the square inch, equaling that of good cast iron. Many specimens are, however, much stronger, and one was tested up to seventeen and one-half tons to the square inch, which is equal to the tensile strength of wrought iron. The sawn timber of yate is probably the strongest in the world. The tree grows to a maximum height of a hundred feet and has sometimes a diameter of two and one-half or even three feet.—Dundee Advertiser.

A Yonkers, N. Y., dog catcher, who had been bitten by dogs more than 200 times, is finally dead. But, after all, spinal meningitis got in ahead of hydrophobia.

When Kings Sit Down to Eat

ROYALTY DOES NOT ALWAYS DINE SUMPTUOUSLY.

King Edward's Arrangement of His Meals an Original One—Austrian Emperor's Meals Are Simple—Kaiser Likes Sausage and Sauerkraut—Fragrant Leopold.

The menus for King Edward's daily dinners are printed on illuminated cards surrounded by the royal arms and having a vignette in sepia of Windsor or of Buckingham Palace, according to the place where the King is staying.

The menu is headed "His Majesty's Dinner," says a writer in Town and Country. Then comes the date, and after that the names of the dishes.

These are in French and include two kinds of soups, two of fish, two entrées, two relishes, two roasts and three entremets. There is also a side table with various cold meats.

The King has arranged his meals in rather a curious fashion. At 9 a. m. eggs, cold meat, toast and tea are served in his study. Luncheon of three or four dishes is at 2 o'clock.

At 5 o'clock there is tea with little cakes. At 7 a light supper with cold meats and, usually, about midnight, a serious supper with many French dishes.

Among King Edward's favorite dishes is a minute chicken on a morsel of toast. These little poussins yield but two or three mouthfuls and in London are retailed at almost prohibitive prices. But in the west of Ireland they are sold by barefooted peasant girls for sixpence each.

The King is abstemious in the matter of liquid refreshment. He takes a cocktail of his own invention made of a little rye whiskey, some crushed ice, a small square of pineapple, a piece of lemon peel, a few drops of maraschino, ditto of bitters, and powdered sugar literally "to the King's taste."

When the table is set for a banquet at Windsor Castle it is a dazzling sight. Only those who have seen the golden plate can have any idea of the wonderful plate owned by the royal family of England.

The collection includes two gold dogs, each three feet high, formerly used as fire dogs; a scent fountain in gold enamel with figures of Arabs grouped around it watching their horses; dozens of heavy gold candlesticks, silver wine coolers and flagons innumerable.

Among the curious customs which are said to survive in the royal household is that of not furnishing finger bowls to any guests except royalty. The custom dates back to the time of the Pretender. Those who sympathized with him had an ingenious way of drinking the health of the reigning King, at the same time holding their glass over the finger bowl, thus qualifying their toast. "To the King—over the water!"

At Austrian state dinners the menu is nearly a yard long and a dish is scarcely placed in front of one before the court marshal taps his gong and away goes the next dish to make way for the next. Upon ordinary occasions the Emperor takes his meals alone, each one being brought to him on a tray. His dinner consists of four courses, his luncheon of two. Neither butter nor sugar is ever allowed on his private table.

When their royalties of Russia dine without guests the dishes are of the most simple, even bourgeois, description; the Czar, although a hearty eater, prefers simple food. When the repast assumes a ceremonial form the cuisine is of the most elaborate character. The chef's staff numbers over 1,200 persons, and these include twenty-four officers of the mouth, fifty yeomen of the buffet and 120 chefs of the first, second and third rank.

Feeding the German Emperor is no light task, and in spite of all that is said about the Kaiser's Spartan habits, there are few monarchs who keep more elaborate tables. He has no fewer than four chefs, a German, an Englishman, an Italian and a Frenchman.

Each of these chefs has his staff of assistants, while in addition there is an individual who may safely be described as a sausage maker to the Kaiser. His Majesty is very fond of the huge white frankfurts and has a supply of them made fresh every day in his kitchen.

When engaged in maneuvering his army on a big field day, these frankfurts and beer, washed down with lager beer, invariably form the Kaiser's luncheon.

The dish dearest to the heart of the Kaiser is sauerkraut, served with sausages and bacon fried together. The Kaiser's cooks are strictly limited as regards table expenses, and are never allowed more than a certain sum for each person a meal, unless, of course, there is a state dinner, when the allowance is much more liberal.

King Carlos is not easy to entertain and he has on royal trick which is not exactly becoming to a philosopher. Once his lip has touched a glass that glass must be replaced; twenty sips means twenty glasses, with much waste of good liquor and twenty-fold work for the waiters.

King Carlos has earned the reputation of being the hungriest of monarchs. His three chief meals are colossal and he cannot exist without a snack every two hours.

He strolls into the bars and tea rooms when the hour strikes and it is even hinted that he was once seen in an automatic lunch room on a Paris boulevard gulping five-cent sandwiches, too hungry to endure the delay of chic restaurants.

Being very fat, King Carlos is forbidden by his physicians to eat much meat. He disobeys the doctors, however, and is especially fond of beef, of which he eats great quantities.

When he visited England, a few

years ago, he was stopping at Lord Salisbury's country seat, where King Edward was also a guest. One day at dinner King Carlos was asked what had impressed him most during his short stay in England.

He replied, thoughtfully, "Well, I think English roast beef is very delightful."

"Oh," laughed King Edward, "surely something else has impressed you as well."

"Ah," was the reply, "of course. The English boiled beef also is delightful."

The Shah of Persia uses a dinner service which is incrustated with precious stones, and the kitchen appointments at his palace in Teheran are valued at \$5,000,000. The Shah's kitchen is of marble with pillars of onyx, which give it the air rather of a banquet hall than the place where his elaborate dinners are prepared. The stove is of massive silver, as is nearly everything else, down to the smallest kettle.

At the home of King George of Greece there are two principal meals. The luncheon is a heavy meal, rather after the German fashion. The King has an extraordinary taste for mutton, which greasy compound figure, nearly every dinner given at the palace. His Majesty is a big eater at the two principal meals, and is not pleased when any dish does not come up to what it ought to be.

There are no less than thirty cooks and undercooks in the royal kitchen, the majority French. Although there are always some Germans, and, of course, a small staff of Greeks to look after the curious Oriental sweetmeats and desserts, which only Turks and Greeks can make and of which the King is a devout admirer.

At half past 3 there is a dinner, a function exactly similar to the luncheon. When there are no guests of distinction the after dinner hours are passed in the most bourgeois fashion.

The private kitchen of the Sultan of Turkey is a veritable fortress, consisting of a small chamber situated to the right of the great entrance, and is guarded by barred windows and an armor-plated door. The cook officials and the ever waiting eye of the keldarji bachi, one of the most weighty functionaries in the Yıldiz Palace at Constantinople; for the health, the very life, even, of the ruler is at his mercy. When the Sultan dines he is attended with red wax bearing the official seal of the keldarji, and remains hermetically closed until the seals are broken in the Sultan's own presence.

The Sultan is not a great eater, for he kills his appetite with the number of cigarettes he smokes, and he takes his meals wherever he happens to be. Scores of people from the kitchen follow the meal in procession into the imperial chamber, and often the keldarji is requested to clear away the smoking dish before the Sultan partakes of it.

For breakfast the Mikado is perfectly satisfied with a bowl of bean soup and a few other dishes, but his dinner usually appears in splendid style, in some twenty courses, and he always indulges in a useless extravagance. When any official feast is held—the cherry blossom viewing party at the Kioshiwa Botanical Garden or the chrysanthemum party at the Akasaka Palace, for instance—he will not spare expense in preparing an elegant European banquet.

King Leopold of Belgium is a most frugal man and the most particular as to his diet of all the monarchs. He eats a small dinner at 1 o'clock, when his early breakfast consists of a little bread and sweets, jam, jelly or marmalade, sometimes a little fruit and a cup of tea. His luncheon is still more simple, and quite often he eats no luncheon.

His evening consists of two courses, never more, prepared in the plainest manner, and he eats absolutely nothing after dinner.

THE SQUIRREL GOT HIS LUNCH

BUT CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WAS AGAINST GIRL.

This is the story of Pedro, the "coo" and "coo" of the tragedy, cranked his noon in the shadow of Low Library on the Columbia University campus.

Pedro, late of Italy, was told to clear away a path, through the snow, leading from One Hundred and twenty street to the steps of the library—a necessary precaution in view of the fact that the university trustees were to hold their regular meeting in the afternoon.

Realizing the importance of his trust, the Italian set to work. He cleared a path, just wide enough to let the trustees go in two by two, if they so desired, to their place of meeting.

By noontime the digger had passed the fountain, and was on the home stretch for the library steps. Then he took off his heavy coat, hung it tenderly on a branch of a nearby tree, and set to work once more.

ENTER THE HUNGRY SQUIRREL. In that same yew tree a squirrel sat summing himself, and incidentally looking for food. His roving eye at length caught sight of Pedro's coat, hanging below, and whether through instinct or from squirrel curiosity, he whisked down from his perch and proceeded to investigate. One of the coat pockets bulged out suspiciously and naturally attracted the animal's attention. In a minute the pocket was emptied, and its contents devoured by the half-starved squirrel.

Now it so happened that as the energetic Pedro finished his pathway and had acquired a robust appetite, a "coo" chance to pass on her way to Barnard, and as luck would have it dropped her muff just opposite the tree where Pedro's coat hung. Several notebooks followed the muff, of course, and it took some time before everything was collected and the "coo" proceeded on her way once more.

But she had taken only a few steps when she felt a tug at her sleeve, and looking around, found herself face to face with Pedro.

"You took da lunch," exclaimed the Italian abruptly, at the same time

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holding up his coat, and exposing the empty pocket. "You took da lunch," he insisted, without relinquishing his grip, "you giva da lunch back, you hear?"

"The 'coo-ed' needless to say, was shocked at the meaning of the accusation dinned upon him."

"Sir—," he began, but the Italian would not stand upon ceremony.

"Da lunch in da pocket, you make da swipe, yes!" He had begun to drag her forcibly back on the campus, evidently intending to appeal to the authorities. For a while, the situation threatened to become serious, had not the late Pedro's eye fallen on a piece of newspaper lying beneath the tree.

It was part of the paper in which his lunch had been wrapped, and contained several crumbs which the mischievous squirrel had overlooked.

"Aha," exclaimed Pedro, as he shook his fist at the young thief. "Da rascal, he took da lunch!"

Apologies followed, and the "coo-ed" with sympathetic gave Pedro a tip that would pay for several lunches.—New York Post.

TEARING DOWN OLD LONDON

CROSBY HALL CONDEMNED—BRICK COURT AND ITS FAMOUS TENANTS.

When the yearly tide of American tourists sweeps over London next spring there will be three places which sightseers will not find as historians have represented them. The fact is that London has joined in the modern cry for sanitation, convenience and quick transit, even at the expense of old traditions and picturesque landmarks.

There are many conservative lovers of the traditions of the good old days who view with horror the destruction of ancient buildings where Dr. Johnson and his Boswell, Goldsmith, Garrick and many others lived, struggled, suffered and achieved. But modern progress takes small heed of their protests.

When the Kingsway, that short-cut from Oxford street to the Strand, was constructed to relieve the congestion of the narrow streets, whole blocks of old houses were ruthlessly swept away to a chorus of indignant protest, which has gradually changed into a grudging appreciation of the advantages of the thoroughfare.

There has been a similar indignant protest against the proposed destruction of Crosby Hall, but it is not likely to be of avail. This historic building, where stormy debates have been held among the nobles of past centuries, and where regal banquets have taken place, will be sold, and on its site may be built an ordinary dwelling, or, if the possessor is enterprising, a modern store. The movement to collect subscriptions to keep and renovate this relic of the past has died of inanition. Americans who have not already wandered through its corridors and studied its ancient glories are not likely to have the chance to do so now.

Another change which is causing a stir is placing an observatory on Hampstead Heath, which for years and years has been a stretch of softly rolling ground, gorse covered, wind blown with a wonderful view for miles around. Here have passed countless processions in bygone years, here a battle was fought. Here Dickens loved to wander, and here he pictured Barnaby Rudge and his raven.

Now the Heath is a sort of happy hunting ground for sweethearts of the crowded districts whose family-filled homes allow of no tender interviews between a girl and the man of her choice. On holidays they come in swarms to the "Heath."

It seems the irony of fate that an observatory should rise upon this Garden of Eden. It will be for astronomical and scientific studies, but he will be a hard-headed scientist who does not study a little human nature in the course of his observations.

One more sign of the times: In a little court in the Middle Temple, that home of lawyers and students for so many years is a row of small brick houses which have stood since the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Edmund Spenser wrote of them that their "bricky towers" rose where willow Templar Knights were wont to bide." Of these old-time dwellings, always a

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delight to Americans tired of the newness of their own country, one was torn down and remodeled several months ago, and now the first house in the row, No. 1, is to share the fate of its neighbor, No. 4.

Time had dealt gently with these ancient buildings till of late years, but today they are pronounced unsafe for habitation and must go. No. 1 will be rebuilt entirely, and the "quiet brooding front" at which Goldsmith used to gaze in his times of gloom will disappear. The little lattice panes where Blackstone sat to catch the last bit of daylight as he worked on his "Commentaries" will be replaced by modern bay windows in a spruce new dress of brick and freestone.

It was in 2 Brick Court, whose lease of life will not run much longer, that Goldsmith lived, and Blackstone from his room could see "mad Noll" as he pranced about in front of the windows in gorgeous raiment of Tyrian dye celebrating the success of the "Good-natured Man" with other light-hearted revellers and shouting to the grave young Blackstone to come and join them. The little row of houses is permeated with thoughts and traditions of the author of "The Deserted Village."

All the occupants came out and cheered him when he sallied forth to thrash the editors who had abused him as an author. The whole court rang with his escapades, and when finally his wild life ended in poverty and despair there were no dry eyes in Black Court.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Dr. Johnson and Garrick all visited the famous old houses in those days to argue with Blackstone or revel with Goldsmith.

Eighty years after the death of "poor Noll" a gentle old man with silvered hair entered Brick Court and asked to have the chambers where Goldsmith worked and died. This was William Makepeace Thackeray, and here he, too, worked for some years in the peace and quiet of the old place.

Now the destruction has begun and the end of it all is not far distant.

The beauty about superstition is there are so much satisfaction and delight in it.

Chicken fanciers and agriculturists hereabout are puzzled over a remarkable egg-laying hen living under the guardianship of Jacob Geler in Madison avenue. The hen strayed from her roost and wandered into Geler's backyard several weeks ago. When Geler opened his kitchen door the hen flapped her wings, flew on the porch and in at the open door past Geler. "That chick must be darn hungry; I'll feed her up good and strong, b'gum," said Geler to his wife.

He made good his word by preparing a ration of milk and bread, with the hen devoured ravenously. Cackling her thanks, she departed to the backyard. About an hour later the hen was discovered sitting comfortably on a settee on the porch. When the fire whistles tolled the noon hour the hen exuded a joyous series of cackles. When Geler arrived on the scene he beheld a fresh-laid egg and the hen strutting proudly around the yard.

Since then the