Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

Hoopskirt's Choked River.

The Ibalamazoo Council has under consideration the dredging of the Kalamazoo River from the city of Cooper, a distance of several miles, for the deepening of the bed in some places and the removal of sandbars in others. The estimated cost of a thorough job is $30,000, and for half the money, it is believed the situation can be materially improved and the damage by floods greatly lessened.

If the dredging is undertaken, particular attention should be paid to that portion of the river within the corporation which has never recovered, even with time's help, from the choking of the channel received during the hoopskirt era of 40 years ago, when every cast-off crinoline found its way to as near the middle of the stream as a wounded and outraged male member of the houshold could throw it. Those old hoopskirts are there yet, save the comparatively few—which are many—raised out by fishermen with hook and line. They are there by thousands, a plague and pestilence-breeder, They have dammed the river and been damned by riversiders.

The merits of these ancient skeleton balloons beat brushwood blind for straining water and retaining residuum. All sorts of floating wood trash found a foothold and lodged in them. They became shallows, and the shallows of pestilence for which the hoopskirts were responsible. All these antique memories of the maids and mothers of many years ago should be scooped out of Kalamazoo and something done to put them out of action, though heaven knows how it can be done. Possibly a deep pit in some secluded place would hold them. They should be planted as near the center of the earth as possible, lest some scientific researcher for prehistoric remains find and exploit them as the bones of pre-Adamitic Kalamazooloos. —Detroit Tribune.

Preparatory Schools

The best-known preparatory schools in the land seek pupils who, at 13 to 15 years of age, are asked to demonstrate a most limited acquaintance with their native tongue, a meager knowledge of arithmetic and geography, and perhaps the ability to rattle through the Latin declensions. Your son's 14 years need show no more (and may show less!) than this pitiful inventory demands, and he will be welcomed into the typical preparatory school, and started expeditiously on the designated grind warranted to carry him safely into the college for which he is labeled. Educationally, these requirements are absolutely without significance. There is nothing in them calculated to reveal the lad's mental and moral assets—his development, his outlook; on the one real educational concern—the child's "buried life" — they shed no light. They come down to us sanctioned only by the convenient tradition that made the three R's the common educational staple of mankind. Genuine, inner activity, they neither attend, require, nor promote. In complacently accepting half-grown boys on these terms, the preparatory school does something worse than detach itself from sound elementary training —it becomes a source of actual demoralization. It makes no demand upon the elementary school; neither does it furnish the elementary school any inspiration. It does not presuppose sound elementary training; it does not pretend to continue it. Hence, why trouble one's self about it? Habits may form or not; aptitudes live or die; neglect and conventionality combine in blighting the rich promise and variety of child life. Fifteen years are thus suffered to elapse without an effort to discover or employ power, after which four years more of grinding routine complete the effacement of individuality.—Abraham Flexner, in the Atlantic.

To Enliven the Liver

Aid Digestion and Regulate the Action of the Bowels You Must Use

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

The Great Specific for Liver and Kidney Diseases.

It is the liver that is largely responsible for indigestion and constipation—derangements that are a constant source of trouble.

The bile, which, when left in the blood, is a poison to the system, causing biliousness, headache and muddy complexion, becomes of priceless value when passed into the intestines to aid digestion and insure regular action of the bowels.

The healthy liver separates bile from the blood and sends it into the intestines.

IF YOU FIND YOUR LIVER SLUGGISH AND TORPID IN ACTION DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS WILL BRING RELIEF AND CURE MORE PROMPTLY THAN ANY TREATMENT YOU COULD FIND.

By enlivening the action of the liver they remove the cause of biliousness headache, indigestion, constipation and other accompanying symptoms.

This specific action of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills on the liver is what makes them of so great worth as a family medicine and insures them a lasting place in the home.

MR. ROGERS CLANCY, farmer, Chepstowe, Bruce County, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and would say that there is no medicine that equals them as a cure for stomach troubles, biliousness, torpid liver and headache. I was troubled a great deal with these ailments before using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they have proven wonderfully successful in my case."

One pill a dose at bedtime and Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will insure healthful, regular action of kidneys, liver and bowels; 25 cents a box at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe book author, are on every box.

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Lady Gregory, who is just now attracting a good deal of attention in England by securing a license for a new theater at Dublin, for the production of exclusively Irish plays, and by her active support of the Irish literary and language revival movement, is the widow of old Sir William Gregory, who became member of Parliament in Dublin more than three score years ago, in the face of the opposition of Daniel O'Connell, and who was one of the most charming but wrongheaded men in London society. He held various important offices under the crown, including the governorship of Ceylon. But he attracted most attention by his enthusiastic advocacy, first of all, of the confederacy during the civil war in the United States, and, secondly, of Arabi, and of the rebels during the Egyptian troubles in 1882. Indeed, he seemed to have a specialty of always being on the wrong side.

In Egypt, particularly, his openly avowed sympathy for the Arabists was a source of no end of trouble to the British authorities. For the natives, failing to realize that he was merely a retired official, imagined that his advocacy of their cause involved the approval and support of the English Government. It therefore neutralized most of the efforts made by the regular English diplomatic agent there at the time, who was Sir Edward Malet, afterwards ambassador at Berlin; and there is no doubt that Sir William was largely responsible for the trouble which culminated in the bombardment of Alexandria and in the subsequent British occupation of Egypt.

Sir William was a most delightful story teller, and his "memoirs" are amusing, although they created a good deal of bad blood when they first appeared; notably, the version which he gave of the manner in which the London Times had managed to secure the information that the English Government had determined upon the repeal of the corn laws. Sir William declares that it was Mrs. Norton, the lovely and poetic aunt of the late Lord Dufferin, and the grandmother and guardian of Lord Grantley, who, having managed to worm the secret out of the susceptible Sidney Herbert, who was a member of the cabinet, after dinner, carried the news to the Times. He relates that she had asked Sidney Herbert (father of the Sir Michael Herbert, who was ambassador at Washington) to remain at her house while she went to visit a sick friend a few doors off. According to Sir William, instead of going to the mythical invalid, she got into a cab, drove down to the Times office, told Mr. Delane, the editor, what she knew, received from him a check for 500 guineas, and returned to poor Sidney Herbert with the check in her pocket, allowing him to depart an hour or two later in happy ignorance of her treachery.

The late Lord Dufferin was particularly indignant about this version of the manner in which the Times secured from his aunt the earliest news of the repeal of the corn laws, and much acrimonious correspondence ensued in the newspapers.

Lord Halsbury has just entered upon his 80th year with an indignant denial that he has any intention of resigning the office of lord high chancellor of the realm on the score of old age and infirmity. He is one of the oddest looking little men that have ever occupied the woolsack, being indeed of such stunted stature that when he sits on the woolsack to preside over the deliberations of the House of Lords his feet do not touch the floor, and his short legs dangle uncomfortably under his black silk gown when sleep overtakes him, as it sometimes does. For the atmosphere of the upper house of the English Legislature is conducive to somnolence. Lord Halsbury, whose quaintness of appearance is still further increased by an entire absence of eyelashes and an uptilted hose, is thoroughly aware of his lack of majesty, and his occasionally been known to express the opinion that he would have been far better fitted, at any rate from the physical point of view, to take the place of a puisne (pronounced puny) judge on the bench than as lord high chancellor.

Lord Halsbury does an amazing amount of work for a man of his advanced years. For when he takes his seat on the woolsack to preside over the deliberations of the House of Lords every day when Parliament is in session, shortly after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he has already been sitting all day long ever since 10 o'clock in the morning as premier judge in cases of appeal. No matter how long he may be detained in the House of Lords, and sometimes it is until midnight, he is always in his place as the first judge of the land at 10 o'clock in the morning.

By one of those strange anomalies that are so frequent in England he receives several thousand pounds a year less remuneration from the national treasury than either of his subordinates, the attorney-general or the solicitor-general. Still, at the same time, he is well paid, for he gets $50,000 a year—namely: $30,000 a year as judge of the Court of Appeals and $20,000 as speaker of the House of Lords.

He was one of the late Lord Salisbury's oldest friends, and worked for the press with him when neither had either fame or money. He may be said to have won his chief laurels as counsel for the part which he took in the famous Tichborne claimant case, and by his defense of Gov. Eyre of Jamaica, and he has had his life attempted. For one day at the Old Bailey court a madman shot at him point blank with a revolver, fortunately doing no harm.

The Countess de La Tour du Pin, whose arrest the other day at the instance of a jeweler of the Rue Francs-Bourgeois on a charge of fraud created so great a sensation in the Faubourg St. Germain, at Paris, is by birth a Countess de Chateaubriand, a grand-niece of the famous poet and statesman of that name, and by her marriage a member of one of the oldest and most illustrious houses of France, which traces back its ancestry in an unbroken line to the sovereign barons de La Tour of the twelfth century, who figured in nearly every one of the crusades.

The countess, who is an elderly woman and whose husband owns not only a fine mansion in Paris but also an old chateau and large estates near Nemours, has for some time past been exceedingly extravagant, especially in connection with matters of dress, so much so that when the time came for making a wedding present to her nephew, the Marquis de La Tour du Pin, on the occasion of his marriage to the daughter of Gen. O'Connor, she found that she had no money left for the purpose.

Instead of addressing herself to her husband, who had repeatedly remonstrated with her about her expenditures, she determined to borrow the amount needed, and, together with one of her friends, the Countess De Morigny, she entered into negotiations with a woman, who, bearing the name of Countess de Horn, apparently makes a business of acting as broker in securing loans for ladies of rank. This woman offered to procure a loan of 100,000 frans ($20,000), providing she received a commission of 25,000 francs ($5,000).

The Countess de La Tour agreed to these terms, and was taken off to the jeweler Marty by Mme. de Horn, who, according to the latter, was prevented by the laws against money lending and usury from advancing the money in cash, but who would give her on credit 200,000 francs' ($40,000), worth of jewelry, which she could then sell, pledge, or dispose of as she pleased. Mme. de La Tour, on arriving at the shop with Mme. de Horn, chose a collar of pearls worth 160,000 francs ($32,000), and other jewels representing about 50,000 francs ($10,000), more, and ordered them to be sent to her house.

The jeweler brought the jewels himself, and on leaving them with the Countess de La Tour asked her to sign a receipt which contained the proviso that if the gems were not satisfactory to the countess' husband they would be returned on the following day. The countess, thinking to herself that it was a mere formality, destined to shield the jeweler from all trouble in connection with the laws against money lending, signed, and no sooner had the jeweler left than Mme. de Horn coolly appropriated about 50,000 francs' ($10,000), worth of the jewels, declaring that they represented her commission and stating that if, after having them valued, it was found that they amounted to more, she would return them.

On the next day, just as the countess was going out, the jeweler arrived and asked of her whether she had decided to keep the jewels or not. Greatly astonished and completely mystified, the countess thereupon asked for an explanation, and when she related to the jeweler the role played in the affair by the Countess de Horn he at once exclaimed that he was not a money lender, that he had never dreamt of any such transaction, as the one of which he had just been made aware, and that all he knew of Mme. de Horn was that she had occasionally purchased some trifles in his store.

The countess immediately returned to the jeweler the $30,000 worth of jewels which she had still in her possession. But Mme. de Horn had in the meantime disappeared with the other $10,000 worth of gems, and as the countess was unable to pay and declined to appeal to her husband in the matter, fearing his anger, the jeweler resorted to the extreme measure of having her arrested on a charge of obtaining goods under false pretenses. In fact, she was arrested on emerging from the church where her nephew's wedding had taken place. Her imprisonment was not of long duration, as her husband notified the magistrate that he would pay for the missing jewels unless they were recovered from the Countess de Horn. But he at the same time caused his wife to be placed under judicial tutelage with regard to money matters — that is to say, reduced to the legal status of a minor.

Meanwhile Mme. de Horn has been found and arrested, and while she declines to make any revelation regarding the missing jewels, it has been ascertained that she is a full-fledged Countess Von Horn, of the celebrated Russo-German family of that name, which figures in the tragedies of Schiller.

Lord Kitchener has allowed it to become known that he does not approve of amateur acting on the part of military men, taking the ground that their mind and energy could be better employed in connection with their profession than by posturing before the footlights. The consequence is that histrionic talent is no longer a road to military promotion and to comfortable and lucrative berths on the staff, as was the case until he assumed command in chief of the British military forces, white and native, in India. Formerly, to be a successful actor counted for much at Simla, at Calcutta, at Bombay, and at Madras, for a military man. But things nowadays are different. Military men who can act, steadily refuse to do so, and it has become a sort of unwritten law in India that no officer should imperil his reputation and his prospects by appearing on the amateur stage.

King Edward, always alive to the trend of public feeling, lately has caused it to be known that he has given instructions to Lord Farquhar, the master of his household, that the legal amount of duty should be paid to the customs department for all the wines imported for the use of the court, although until he gave these directions they had been admitted free of any impost. King Edward took the ground that any exemption in this line of which he took advantage rendered the burden of taxation upon his fellow-countrymen more onerous.

While this move on the part of the English King has caused a good deal of annoyance among other scions of royalty, both in England and on the Continent of Europe, yet it cannot be denied that it is in accordance with popular sentiment, which is distinctly averse to the continuance of the privilege enjoyed by reigning houses of exemption from taxation. The latter, of course, dates from the time when taxes were solely for the maintenance of monarchs and rulers.

Despite all reports to the contrary, the marriage between Arthur Meyer, the editor of the Paris Gaulois, and Mlle. de Turenne, daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Turenne, is to take place shortly, and it is announced that the bride's grandfather, the Duc de Fitzjames, will officiate as one of her witnesses. He was an intimate friend of the late Baron Hirsch, also a member of his household, and used to act as a sort of lord chamberlain to the great Hebrew philanthropist. The duchess was a Mlle. de Loewenheim, and their daughter, the Comtesse de Turenne, has, under the guidance of Arthur Meyer, her future son-in-law, dabbled in literature under the pseudonym of "Comtesse Neo." Indeed, it is to this literary intimacy between the editor and the Comtesse de Turenne that her daughter's amazing engagement is ascribed by Parisian society, which does not view the union with approval.

The present Duc de Fitzjames is descended, like the Spanish Duke of Alva, from James Fitzjames, the illegitimate son of King James II. of England and of Arabella Churchill, sister of the first Duke of Marlborough, and wife of an officer named Godfrey. It was a brother of the Comtesse de Turenne—namely Count Henry Fitzjames—who, after his divorce from Mlle. Adele de Gontaut Biron in 1897, was engaged for a time to the late Sibyl Sanderson, who, however, broke off the match on her return from America to France.

IN THE SHADE.

London Sketch.

Mrs. Tomkins—How hot it is!
Mr. Tomkins—Do you think so, my love?

A PRICELESS LOVE

"Forty years of hard labor in quest of wealth, 40 years spent in the foothills with a log cabin for a home, 40 years of ignorance of the outside world, and now—now, that I have accumulated a fortune, what am I going to do with it?"

The speaker was an old time miner—one of the few who went to California in an early day and had remained for that length of time in search of gold.

Others had passed Joe Hepburn's cabin for newer and richer fields, and Joe himself had been tempted at times to join them, but the old longing to be alone, to forget, to live a new life, held him back. Grub stake followed grub stake, and claim after claim proved of little value, but there was always enough gold in the sack which Joe carried to supply his needs and he tried to be satisfied with the hermit's life he was leading.

Occasionally, as he wended his way through the foothills after a hard day's work, he allowed his mind to wander back to his eastern home—to the scenes of his boyhood, and try as he would the events of 40 years ago would pass before him as though they had happened but yesterday.

Reaching the cabin at such times, as the sun sank behind the pine covered peaks, Joe would eat a hastily prepared supper and again sit down to think. Gloomy, despondent, broken-hearted Joe. Month after month and year followed year. The nuggets were accumulated now, but the longing to again see the old home, to again meet former comrades, and, most of all, to again see the one woman he had ever loved, prompted him to leave forever the gold-bearing claims for others who might pass that way.

But no—she had sent him away and had chosen another—a man more polished and more highly educated than Joe Hepburn, a young fellow who was capable of saying nice things in a nice way. The world suddenly grew dark in Joe's life as he was forced to realize the truth, and acting upon the impulse of the moment he had joined the vast throng of fortune-hunters who were bound for California.

But now, now that he had made his fortune and there were at the best but a few years remaining before he would enter the last long sleep, the old longing to return came once again and he had decided to answer the call.

Closing up his business affairs, which consisted of finding a buyer for his mines and converting his carefully hoarded gold into currency, Joe Hepburn boarded the overland flyer at Oakland one evening and was soon on his way.

As the magnificent train whirled through the valley and entered the foothills the old miner reclined in his cushioned seat and marveled at the improved service of railroads and the many hundreds of changes which had taken place since his journey with a team and wagon across the plains. It was a new life, a sudden awakening, and at every city through which the train passed he scanned with eager eyes the strange sights.

Strange and interesting as the constantly changing panorama proved to be, however, it was not sufficient to keep the one thought uppermost in Joe's mind in the background.

Would he find Nellie, his Nellie, alive, and what would she say to him? That she had married George Farson he was sure, but was it not possible that he would be allowed the pleasure of seeing her once more to hear her voice, to know that she was happy. Never had a man loved more deeply, never had a woman been more highly honored than when Joe Hepburn offered his heart and hand to the woman of his choice 40 years ago.

Love laughs at old age, and love laughed at Joe. To be sure he was old and gray, even feeble from the many years of hard work and exposure in the California foothills, but his heart was light, his cares were few, and again and again during that trip he was once more a young man and Nellie was by his side.

The city of S—— was wild with excitement the afternoon that Joe reached home. The two local papers had issued extra editions to tell of the reported failure of the First National Bank and newsboys were quickly selling their stock in trade.

"Extra; Extra paper! All about the great $20,000 robbery! George Farson arrested!" yelled the little fellows as they darted here, there and everywhere to hand a paper to their customers.

So great was the excitement that no one paid any attention to Joe Hepburn as he walked up the main street toward the best hotel in town. He was dressed neatly but plainly. He was a stranger among strangers. The city had changed, the people of his time were scattered to the four winds, and Rip Van Winkle like everyone passed him by without a second glance.

Registering at the hotel, Joe asked to be shown to his room. He had purchased a paper and the name called out by the newsboys as they sold their extras was still ringing in his ears.

"George Farson, George Farson," thought the old miner. "That name among a thousand would be remembered. George Farson in jail accused of robbing the bank of which he was cashier, of $20,000." The lines of Joe's face were drawn a trifle tighter and the firm expression around his mouth became just a little more firm, if possible, as the truth dawned upon him.

The battle was on, the fight between the priceless love which Joe had always cherished for Nellie, his Nellie, and the chance to see the man who had taken the one woman of his life away from him go down, down into the depths of hell — into the cold, black cell of the state penitentiary. Who can tell what passed through the mind of that grand old man as he sat down to a table and wrote. Wrote for the first time in years, but in a hand which could not have been misunderstood, for each letter was penned in a careful and painstaking way.

The president of the bank and the stockholders were busily engaged in talking over the affair of the day that evening, trying to figure how best to meet the demands of depositors which were sure to follow in the morning, when they were interrupted by a knock at the door. The president answered the summons himself and was surprised to be confronted by an old fellow who simply handed him an envelope and walked away.

"For the sake of his family — for the sake of those who loved him best," the letter read, "I am going to save George Farson from prison. My check for $20,000 is inclosed. Please keep this matter a secret and see that George Farson secures his liberty at once."

The wonderful letter was unsigned. The check was made payable to the bearer and was signed by J. Hepburn. The valuable slip of paper had been drawn on a San Francisco bank and of course it could not be cashed until a telegram was received from the cashier of the far-away institution. The answer came and with it the information that J. Hepburn's check was good for several times the amount.

The directors were completely thunder-struck. If anything this was more of a surprise than the discovery of the shortage, but there was but one thing to do and they did it—informed Farson of the stranger's visit and gave him his liberty.

The story soon went the rounds, not only of the city in which it happened, but of the great daily papers as well, and there was considerable speculation as to who the stranger was and what prompted him to do as he did, but there was one person who heard of the affair who remembered the Joe Hepburn of 40 years' ago, and that person was Nellie Farson, the wife of a self-confessed embezzler.

"An old man," she repeated when the good news reached her, "an old man who registered at the city hotel as Joe Hepburn? Yes, I know who he is, and may God bless him. He was once — he was once a very dear friend of mine!" —H. C. Westgate, in Terre Haute Star.

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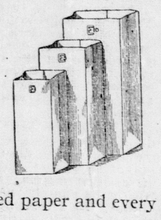

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE
TORONTO

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GOLD MEDAL, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, London, 1900.

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Mental Jaundice

A new disease, or at least a new name for an old disease, has been discovered by a noted brain specialist of London. It is mental jaundice. Worrying over trifles is one cause. Greed, pride and prejudice are others. Whatever the cause, the effect is to make one look upon this beautiful world of ours with discontent and to find continual fault with our fellow-travelers toward the grave, writes Robert Webster Jones, in the September Housekeeper. "Let a person once become infected with this disease," says the specialist, "and nothing but the most rigorous measures will effect a cure. I believe mental jaundice is on the increase, especially among the upper classes. It is the source of more unhappiness, to the patient as well as to those about him, than almost any other disease. Physical jaundice produces yellowness of skin, which, after a while, becomes yellowness of the eyes. This produces a condition of the eye which makes the patient see everything yellow. Mental jaundice is analogous. Its victim sees nothing in its true colors or proportions. Everything is distorted by his diseased mental condition."

What is the remedy? The specialist does not say, but it may be assumed that the cure rests almost wholly with the patient. Optimism may be made a habit as well as pessimism. It is well within anyone's power to open the windows of his soul and let in the sunshine. Cheerfulness produces both mental and physical health. Let us avoid getting into that condition which invites mental jaundice. It is best combated by a smile on the face and a song in the heart.—Massachusetts Plowman.

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