

SUNLIGHT SOAP

will not shrink or harden woolens or flannels, and this is the way to wash them: Shake the articles free from dust, cut an Octagon Bar of Sunlight Soap into shavings, pour into a gallon of boiling water and whisk into a lather; when water is lukewarm work the articles in the lather very gently and carefully; rinse thoroughly in clear, tepid water; squeeze out water without twisting and hang in the open air to dry. You can wash out Art Muslins, Cretonnes, Lace Curtains and delicate fabrics in this way.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR

Sunlight Soap Washes the Clothes White and won't Injure the Hands LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

PARIS AND ITS RARE BATHTUB

THE PURSUIT OF CLEANLINESS IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Ten Thousand Great Apartment Houses Without a Single Bathtub-The Bath on Wheels-An Infrequent Luxury-Makeshifts of High and Low.

Paris, July 10.-Ten thousand great

It is a fact that bathing has so far pro

room or salon, as you tell them. winter."

"Ther zinc. They bring it in a special wagon, built to haul it over Paris. The men spend their lives in lugging it upstairs and own, in filling it and emptying it, in

deteiling up she water for it.

The tub sees life. One day it is a Deputy who does not really need it, having had a bath the month before; then it may be a tearful widow for whose young daughter it has been recommended; then a dami-mordeling who will add the selection of the property o

special wagon, with a boiler carrying hot water. This they fetch up, almost boiling water. This they fetch up, almost boiling in ther buckets when they have installed the tub. They fetch towels, soap, baby powder, sawdust, a cologne spray. When the bath is finished they will carry down the tub, soap, towels, sawdust, baby powders, sawdust, sawdust, baby powders, sawdust, sawdust, baby powders, sawdust, sawdus der and cologne spray to others who In

have need of them.

Down in the street a crowd collects around the wagon (which is painted red and yellow and distributes handbills), while the horse champs his bit and shakes his bells: the wife of the butcher runs to tell the wife of the cheese merchant, and the concierge's daughter hastens to her friend who works at the hairdrasser's. her friend who works at the hairdresser's: crowd thickens, traffic is suspended, knock off work and the air is full men knock off work and the air is in of laughter, argument and cheering.

"The Durands are washing!" the crowd says. "The Durands are having a bath." It is thus with the mass of honest lower middle-class Parisians, the average ordinary citizens. They are accustoming themselves to the bath as a simple cere-mony when not ordered by the doctor somewhat later in the century than the Americans and English, so much so that Balzac fifty years ago could set it down in good faith that for women cleanliness is the beginning of all wickedness.

The Spanlards have a proverb that the healthy man does not touch water to his skin once in forty years. All the Latin peoples have a rooted idea that frequent changing of the underclothing inswers better all the purposes of hygiene than bathing in a tub of water.

Here in Paris the lack of the bathroom

Here in Paris the lack of the bathroom

Again she knocks.

bathing in a tub of water.

Here in Paris the lack of the bathroom in all houses older than, say fifteen years, is in accordance with French, Spanish and Italian custom. Has your doctor ordered you a hot bath? Send out for it. Has the time come when, by coquetry or luxury you feel you would like to take one, go out to the bathhouse.

In winter's sieet and summer's heat, the multitudinous bathhouses of the gay French capital conduct their thriving business. Not only each ward, but each division has one, two or half a dozen or them, large establishments, whose employes are never idle.

ployes are never idle.

winter's sleet and summer's heat laundry—absorbs your moisture and you maids and matrons, yes, and little are dry in a jiffy. children hasten to them, each carrying a little satchel or valise. In the valise or satchel they have their clean clothing, comb, brush, towel and like accessories.

A STATE OF THE SECOND STAT

"We just had a

IRON-OX

TABLETS

"and the gentle-

"man remarked

"that they had

"done his wife

"any remedy

Company Lincoln, Neb.

"she had ever

Drug and Book

"more good than

"used."-H. W. Brown

"call for

The bathhouse has its salon, waiting om or reading room, just as you choose call it. Entering, the client "passes e cashier," that is to say, stands at n desk where sits enthroned the woman manager, and specifies the kind of bath he wishes, pays its price, receives his check and goes through the ordeal of refusing (or accepting) the accessories—like perfumed bath salts or a quart of Cologne water—offered by the cashier with water-offered by the eastler with a cold insistence that turns, in case of refusal, to disdain. Once past the eastler the client takes his place and waits his

Some of the customers have come to break up a cold, to use the bath legiti mately by the doctor's order. The modest little housewife, the strinking demi-mondaine, the half-intimidated tourist— conscious of their frivolous excuse, a mere Paris, July 10.—Ten thousand great apartment houses in the gay French capital have not a single bathroom in a single one of their apartments. Does this mean that their inhabitants are ignorant of bathing?

No. Like Mahomet and the mountain, they may go out to the bath; or if they will not, the bath will come to them. It is a fact that bathing has so far pro

"Then why waste space on second-class rooms?" She looked shocked. "There must be second-class," she said, "or how could there be first-class?" I had troubled her French sense of order.

then a demi-mondaine who will add a quart of cologue water.

They have brought the bathtub in its special wagon, with a boiler carrying hot mixture. Pleasing perfumes rise in the steam and fill the room with an atmosof sensual luxury. phere of sensual luxury. "Will monsieur have a sheet?" the bath

The sheet marks the client of gentility.

outside and touch the floor. It takes some art to spread the sheet and make it line the inside of the bath tub when the tub has been already filled with water. On your side it takes a with water. On your side it takes a certain habit not to disarrange it.

The mission of the sheet is to assure you that the bath is really clean. The sheet's elegance is almost feminine, and as the perfumed water scents the Lamber, on begins to feel intoxicated as with incerse

Again she knocks.

"Mon Dieu, what is it now?"
"The bath girl cuts corns." a soft voice murmurs through the keyhole. When you have finished washing she (or he) will bring you your choice of a deal of linen. Two towels or four? She vill persuade you to take six if you allow

The pelgnoir you must have. It is a voluminous bath robe, hot from the Jaundry. As you step dripping from the bath tub the assistant throws it round you and t tight. Then he begins t The peignoir—hot from th draw it tight. hump you.

bathman must be tipped. And each accessory will be put down in the 'note.' In Paris they can do this, because when the Parisian bathes it is with the expansion and highmindedness of some great act, where little prudences would unworthy-not the daily habit Horace Valbert boasts in his book 'My morning ablutions, the old customs my childhood, very healthy, very com-rting, very reposing, and which I reforting, very reposing, and which I re commend to my contemporaries, without the pretence to have invented anything." You will ask how can these things be the midst of a population of 3,000,000 minated by a leisure class sufficient for e population of a smaller capital, a isure class unequalled in the world for

its luxury, its profuse money-spending and its feverish pursuit of enjoyment. The reply is answered in the question aris has a population of 3,000,000. Paris a crowded capital.

Its a partment house system cramps the small householder, who has never the room really needed by his family. What would be the bathroom in America must be a bedroom for the lower middle class between the room for the lower middle class. housekeeper in the gay French capital. When a man has lived ten years aris he begins to understand the hings. Undoubtedly the topic of sent bathroom affords tourists matter hilarity, and properly, because the in the surface, feel that the tale can tend with the bathhouse or the bath rought-to-you. is so; among the middle classes of

merica the bathroom built in the house tiny room just big enough to hold the bathroom does not exist. But, with the well-to-do, is it a proof hey do not bathe at home? No. For hem, such a miserable little bathroom would not be sufficiently luxurious.
Therefore they do what the fair creature on the floor below me does; they have a luxurious bathtub put into one of the bedrooms, which is transformed by the process into something very charming, d true temple of the toilet.

HIS LADY OF DREAMS.

SUSAN SAYRE YARMOUTH.

in the Evening Post.

She came suddenly into his sight, no hat nor veil, so Ashe could see that dispelling his brown study and inter- she was regarding him with the frankrupting his pipe. She stood beyond tractive brown eyes. He flushed with the table, beside the door, tall and surprise, and his remarks to Mrs. slight, in a white gown that clung to Foster died on his lips. She was not a slight, in a white gown that clung to dream, then, his princess! A sudden her arms and shoulders and rounded recollection of the check from the waist, and swept about her feet in "Hundred Years" made him warm, and heavy folds. A cross swung from her neck by a long silver chain, and she psychic Research—good heavens! wore a broad-brimmed hat with a

"I am the Princess Constantia Gregorius," she said, gently.

"Of-of Russia?" he asked, stupidly, trying to fan away the haze of to-

bacco smoke, "There are other lands," she said, indifferently. "And not so far away."
"Great Caesar!" he breathed, bewildered, and his pipe dropped from his astonished fingers. With the feeling that it was the only bond between him and rationality, he stooped to pick it him in surprise. "Do-do you believe up, and as he rose he struck his head in telepathy, and astral bodies?" library table. Dizzy from the blow, he are you only a dream?" staggered to his feet and looked to- "Dear me!" said the girl. Mrs. Foswards the door. She was gone, as ter said you were so nice, and not mysteriously as she had come. He startling—that no one would know ushed blindly around the table and that you were a poet or anything else across the room, stumbling over easy chairs and foot stools, and sending a have called me three alarming names evolving bookcase spinning round. In as many minutes. Is this poetic The hall was brilliant after the smoky license, Mr. Ashe?" library, and it was also empty. No trailing gowns had turned up the edges to the rugs, nor could he hear any she's may favorite pipe, but she's hurrying steps on the polished stairs. rather old, and I'm afraid she's a little He blinked at the sun pouring red and too strong to be pleasant to strangers. a moment, and then turned back and when you came in so suddenly. heavens! what a gream! Who was traid Mrs. Foster has a fraid Mrs. she? What was her motive in appearing and appounding necest in that royal way? And he hadn't seen her head. face! Well, if it was as pretty as her figure—oh, confound his head! and he was still feeling of it gingerly, too dazed to think of more than one thing at a time, when he heard his friend's

cheerful whistle in the nall. yours is a fright! If we don't air this room before the mater gets into it, your goose is cooked!"

spessed in Paris that there are stock companies whose business, lucrative and flourishing, less to bring baths (engaged the day before) to the apartments of those wind desire them.

At the appointed hour there is a rattling in the estrect, and soon three men are quarrelling with the conderge or jumior. The cause of the disturbance is the bath. The bathrub, the bathrub, the hot water, the whole out it.

The men are carrying the bathrub up your three or four or five dilghts, as it may be, banging it againts the ballusters and gonging chanks of plaster from the wall, to place it in your bedroom, dimingroom or salon, as you tell them.

It is a large tub of copper, lined with interesting a son of the second case is smaller and with only the plants of the second class is entired in the other, uncertainty.

"You'll never get another bid for Sunday," said the first, throwing open on of the windows. "Gee! I didn't realize how rank Cissie is getting. Return the bathrub, mirror, shelf, hooks and a chair, the hot water, the whole out it.

The men are carrying the bathrub up your three or four or sunday. "said the first, throwing open on of the windows. "Gee! I didn't realize how rank Cissie is getting. Return the Billy, and get another. But, say, what's the matter, old man? I left you composing a sonnet and going a the other, uncertainly. the other, uncertainly.

"You'll never get another bid for Sunday," said the first, throwing of in mock indignation. "And I never in mock indignation."

owner of the pipe, and began to feel of his bump with a frown of pain. His friend looked at him for a moment curiously, and then aimed a heavy cushion from the nearest leather Merris chair at him.

"Wake up, you idiot!" he said. "This is no sleeping car." The idiot parried "Dick, has your sister a friend visit-

ing her?" he inquired. "No," said the other. "Well, there was one in here, any-

way," pursued Ashe. "One what?" demanded Thurston.
"One princess," said the other. His little brain-children!" reproached the host surveyed him in silence for a moment.

"Ashe, you're crazy!" he said at last. "Come out and take a walk."

a writer of clever little occasional girl drew back. verses. Among his friends at his clubs he was considered a good fel- a little haughtily, and then she smiled ow, and they chose to assume that at his crestfallen face. somewhere he kept hidden away person who wrote his verses for him. His mother's friends approved of him chiefly famous with the young ladies of his rather general acquaintance as a master of the art: of Welsh rarebitry and badinage. But no one was prepared for the almost Oriental beauty and mysticism of his latest verse, which appeared in one of the best of the monthly periodicals under the name of "My Lady of the Realm of Dreams," and which would have done credit to a much more ambitious poet than Billy Ashe. Ashe himself thought rather well of them; he felt that it in some way compensated for the very nasty knock on the head that the Lady had been the means of giving him, and that he had turned a

most perplexing dream to very good account. It was better than taking it to the Society of Psychical Research, which he had thought of doing in the vividness of his first impression, but six months without any farther developments, waking or sleeping, had dulled his keen conviction of its psychic value. Meanwhile, a comfortable check from the magazine had seemed to take the thing out of the

province of psychic research. Ashe was a modest man, but not too much so to find a little lionizing quite to his taste, and he went to afternoon teas and cotillions with a reeling that to-morrow would be some one else's day, and he must gather his roses while he might. So he entered Mrs. Foster's long drawing room prepared

ed that serene attitude of mind while he shook hands with Mrs. Foster, and not one minute longer. For beyond Mrs. Foster, and standing just outside the ring of light from a tall lamp, was the Lady of his dreams, with her white gown that clung to her shoulders and round waist, and flared with heavy folds at her feet. This time she wore a fan on the long silver chain around her neck, and she had est interest from a pair of most at-

Meanwhile Mrs. Foster was saying gauzy white veil, so her face was in graciously, "So good of you to come, shadow. She leaned slightly towards the arms of his friends, now you are such a celbrity. Ashe as he clutched the arms of his And to reward you, I am going to inbig chair and sat forward in amaze- troduce you to a very dear young friend of mine, Miss Gregory, who admires your poems so much." And Ashe found himself before his Princess, while Mrs. Foster went on fluently, "Constance, my dear, this is Mr. Ashe," and turned to greet another guest. All remnants of his self-possession vanished at the sound of the names, and interrupting Miss Greggory's polite expressions of delight at making his acquaintance, Ashe asked abruptly:

"Are you a princess?" She opened her brown eyes wider and looked at sharply against the corner of the went on after a moment's pause. "Or

purple through the paint d window for But I didn't expect you, you know.

The girl's face was gravely puzzled, afraid Mrs. Foster has a mistaken idea of you," she said, with a shake of

"Where do you live?" inquired Ashe. "When you're not in a dream, you know-when you're not in the

Thurston's library?"
"Well," said Miss Gregory, "I am relieved. I am so glad to find that I "Well, old chap," said Thurston, coming in: "Phew! but that pipe of library—isn't it a fascinating place?" can at last take an intelligent interest "You weren't in it long enough to find out," objected Ashe. "And do you think it was quite kind of you to "Why, what will she do?" inquired make me bump my head?"

I am very glad to meet Gregory. Mrs. Foster is too good to Do you know, your face is very me. familiar-haven't I met you before?

"Mrs. Foster has been kind to me, returned Miss Gregory prettily. "No, Mr. Ashe, I'm sure that I should not have forgotten it if we had met before. My home is not in New York, and I am not here very much. But I have heard of you often from Mrs. Foster, and the Thurstons in Morristown, and, of course, I have read your

"How time must clamor at your doors to be killed!" said Ashe.

"You have been sufficiently overkind to even up accounts, in mentioning them at all," returned Ashe. "There, you see, I can do the proper; now, Mr. Wilmerding Ashe was making for heaven's sake Miss Gregory, tell for himself a rather neat reputation me if I dreamed of you or saw you with readers of current magazines as that day at Dick Thurston's?" The

"I don't understand you," she said,

"It can't be possible!" insisted Ashe. "The Princess Constanti Gregoriusand I was ass enough to ask of what! because he paid his calis, and he was Don't you know, Miss Gregory-didn't you realize that you are my 'Lady of Dreams'?'

"I?" said Miss Gregory—"I your Lady of—oh, Mr. Ashe! Remember that I'm not a resident-not to the manor born, as it were. I'm just a country cousin from Binghampton Do you think it's nice to make fun of me? Constantia Gregorius, indeed!" She laughed out, a merry little laugh. "'She comes from a land nor near said Ashe, guilty of the banality of quoting his own verses. Miss Gregory surveyed him with amusement.

"This is too fine a frenzy for me," she announced. "Aren't you hungry, Mr. Ashe? Shan't we go and have something to eat?" Ashe followed her mechanically. "Don't you sometimes wear a cross

on that chain?" he asked. "Sometimes," she answered, with lifted eyebrows.

"Weren't you in Morristown at the Thurstons' last September?" he pursued. "Yes I was in Morristown, but only

returned.

Gregorius" he said positively.
"Mr. Ashe!" she said reprovingly. "Have you a twin sister?" asked Ashe desperately.

"I am all the daughters of my to smile as he listened to his verses father's house," she said lightly but misquoted by fair flatterers; he retain- her eyes were dancing as she gave

a day our Gov-

ernment Observers tick

the correct time to thousands

Every Elgin watch has the word "Elgin'

engraved on the works. Send for

free booklet about watches.

ELGIN NATIONAL

WATCH CO.

Elgin, Illinois

over the wires.

ELGIN WATCHES

tick it continually to millions.



The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of womankind is not because it is a stimulant, - not because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructor ever discovered to act directly upon the whole uterine system, positively CURING disease and restoring health and vigor.

Marvelous cures are reported from all parts of the country by women who have been cured, trained nurses who have witnessed cures, and physicians who have recognized the virtue in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and are fair enough to give credit where it is due.

One of Many Women Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Without Submitting to an Operation, Writes:-

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham: - I was a great sufferer for three years, had some of the leading physicians, and they all said nothing but an operation would cure me, but to that I would not submit. "I picked up a paper and saw your advertisement and made up my mind to try your medicine. I had falling and inflammation of the womb and a flow of whites all the time, pains across small of back, severe headache, did not know what it was to be without a pain or an ache until I used your medicine. After three months, use of it, I felt like a new woman. I still sound the praise of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."-Mrs. Wm. A. Cowan, 1804 Bainbridge St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Graduate Nurse, Convinced by Cures, Endorses Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. She Writes:-

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - Ministering to the sick I have had numerous chances to compare Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with other medicines in cases of diseases of women, and the number of cures recorded where your medicine was used convinced me that it is the safest and surest medicine for a sick woman. Doctors certainly must know the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am convinced that you deserve the splendid record you have made.—Yours very truly, Mrs. Catherine Jackson, 769 Beaubien St., Detroit, Mich." (Graduate Nurse and President Detroit Emergency Association.)

Many Physicians Admit that no Medicine Known to the Profession Equal Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound for the Cure of Woman's Ills, and We are Permitted to Publish the Following: -

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham: - It gives me great pleasure to state that I have found Lydia E. Pinkham" Vegetable Compound very efficacious, and have often prescribed it for female difficulties. "My oldest daughter found it very beneficial for uterine trouble some two years ago, and my youngest daughter is using it for female weakness, and as a tonic, and is slowly but surely gaining strength and health. "I freely advocate it as a most reliable specific in all disorders which women are subject to, and give it honest endorsement. - Yours very truly, SARAH C. BRIGHAM, M.D., 4 Brigham Park, Fitchburg, Mass.

If physicians dared to be frank and open, hundreds of them would acknowledge that they constantly prescribe Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in severe cases of female ills, as they know by experience that it can be relied upon to effect a cure.

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular menstruation, backache, bloating (or flatulence), leucorrhœa, falling, inflammation or ulceration of the uterus, ovarian troubles, that "bearing-down" feeling, dizziness, faintness, indigestion, nervous prostration or the blues, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences, and be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for further free advice. No living person has had such a vast and successful experience in treating female ills. She has guided thousands to health. Every suffering woman should ask for and follow her advice.



One Million Five Hundred and Fifty Thousand

Of the following packets were put up last November and December, and are now ready for our 1903 trade. To fill this large number of packets, an enormous amount of seed was required, which we contracted for one year go with some of the largest Seed Growers in the world, and now we are oing to give thousands of new customers the advantage of our foresignt by offering their own selection from the following varieties:

10 Pkts. 25c. 25 Pkts. 50c. 50 Pkts, \$1.00. VEGETABLES.

22. Onion, Silver Skin Pickling.

25. Peas, Little Gem.26. Pepper, Long Red Cayenne.

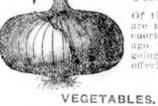
Radish, French Breakfast.

27. Parsnip, Hollow Crown.28. Parsley, Moss Curled.

30. Radisti, French Breakfa 31. Radish, Scarlet Turnip.

29. Rhubarb, Victoria.

23. Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers. 24. Onion, Red Wethersfield.



Long Blood. Beet, Blood Turnip. Beans, Golden Wax. Carrot, Danvers. Carrot, Ox-heart. Cabbage, Winningstadt Cabbage, Late Drumhead.

8. Cabbage, Red Drumbend 9. Cauliflower, Early Paris. Cucumber, Long Green, 11. Cucumber, Boston Pickling. Celery, Golden Heart.

13. Celery, White Plume. 14. Corn, Early Cory. 15. Corn, Stowell's Evergreen.

19. Musk Melon, Osage. 20. Watermelon, Peerless. Onion, Spanish King.

occasionally at the Thurstons'!" she

"Then you did walk into the library Sunday afternoon and tell me you were the Princess Constantia

him his chocolate. sternly. Once

32. Radish, 33. Squash, 34. Squash, Vegetable Marrow. 35. Salsify, Mammoth Sandwich Island. 36. Spinach, Thick-leaved. 37. Turnip, Golden Ball. Corn, Stowell's Evergreet Lettuce, Curled Simpson. Lettuce, Hanson Cabbage, 38. Tomato, Dwarf Champion, Musk Melon, Green Nutmeg. 39. Tomato, Mikado. 40. Savory. 41. Sage. 42. Thyme. Every packet is filled with new crop seed, and is our regular 5c size. ORDER BY NUMBER. Sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price to any post office in Canada. Address all orders to Darch & Hunter, The Mail Order Seedsmen,

45. Balsam, Fine Double Mixed. 46. Stock, Dwarf Ten-week Mixed. 47. Morning Glory, Fine Mixed. 48. Phlox, Drummondli, Fine Mixed. 49. Portulaca, Fine Mixed. 50. Verbena, Fine Mixed. 51. Zinnia, Choice Double Mixed. 52. Sweet Peas, Choice Mixed. 53. Marigold, African Mixed. 54. Petunia, Choice Mixed. 55. Candytuft, Fine Mixed. 56. Nasturtium, Dwarf Mixed. 57. Nasturtium, Tall Mixed, 58. Pansy, Finest Mixed, 59. Mignonette, Sweet. 60. Poppy, Fine Mixed. 61. Dianthus, Chinese Pink. 62. Gourds, Choice Mixed.

FLOWERS.

43. Asters, Comet Mixed.

44. Asters. White Varieties.

London, Ont. We publish 5 catalogues-Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Farm Seeds, Poultry Supplies, Bee Supplies, Dairy Supplies. Which do you want? All free.

taking-off of Sapphira?" he inquired which you are straining your poetic

"I have fifty dollars that belongs to you," said Ashe irrelevantly.
"I beg your pardon?" said the girl

"By rights" asseverated Ashe, with a nod. "Half of what I got for that poem you know. I calculate that my thought and labor are good for half but you furnished the idea, you see." Miss Gregory sat down on the nearest chair and laughed aloud. Ashe sipped his chocolate meditatively and

watched her. "For a poet" she said at last, "you are most unexpectedly practical!" "When I've offered to share my income with a comparative stranger-a chimerical, elusive dream-lady at that ?" he asked raising his eyebrows

"I'm not sure about chimeras, but think they were monsters of some kind," said the girl. "And your income is too small to be alluring Mr. Ashe. If you don't wish any more of that chocolate won't you have something cold? No. Well, then, come back to Mrs. Foster. I'm afraid selle Sapphira," he announced.

"Don't you remember the painful next, to say nothing of the way in ternly.

Miss Gregory counted on her fin- fancy to find flattering names for me.' She took his cup and turned gers. "A princess, Constantia Gregor- away. Before he could follow, he was ius, an astral body-let me see! a seized upon and carried off in tridream, and now a liar!" she said. umph by some fair admirers, and a "Oh fie Mr. Ashe!" quick glance back showed him that quick glance back showed him that a fortunate elderly gentleman had taken possession of her, so he resigned himself to the inevitable, and did not see her again until just as he was leaving. He had looked for her to say good-bye, but in vain, and Mrs. Foster did not know where she had hidden herself, so he was starting off disappointed, but resolved not to let the thing drop, when her voice stop-ped him with his hand on the door-"Au revoir, Mr. Ashe" she said, eaning toward him from the lowest step of the stairway. "Au revoir." "Thank you" he responded heartily. And very soon, most fair lady of the

> realm of my dream." "That is really a lovely thing, Mr. Ashe," she said, "and I am very proud to think that you think that I

had any part in it."
"But didn't you?" he demanded. "Do I believe in telepathy?" she isked mockingly. "Am I an astral asked mockingly. body, or a bad dream?" He shook his

"Hear the lion growl!" she retorted with a saucy nod, and turned to go upstairs. He took a step toward

"Miss Gregory!" he said imploring-"Seriously, now?" She looked at him over her shoulder with dancing "Do yoù know, until to-day, I al-

ways supposed it was Dick Thurston that I woke up that afternoon," she said confidently, and ran lightly upstairs.

WHOLESALE FIRMS.

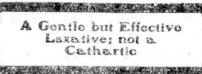
Robinson.

CARPETS. Little & Co. OIL OLOTES. LONDON, . . . ONTARIO.

H. M. Smith & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

LONDON, ONTARIO.



100 - 50 1/1 AND

WHOLDSALD

DRY GOORS