



# SUNLIGHT SOAP

will not shrink or harden woollens 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, Gorettons, 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 Bath-tub—The Bath on Wheels—An Infrequent Luxury—Makeshifts of High and Low.

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

At the appointed hour there is a rattling in the street, and soon a man, wearing a cap and carrying a basket on his back, is seen descending the stairs of the apartment house. The cause of the disturbance is the bath-tub, the hot water, the whole outfit.

The men are carrying the bathtub up four, three or four flights, as it may be, hanging it against the wall, and gonging chunks of plaster from the wall, to place it in your bedroom, dining room or salon, as you tell them.

It is a large tub of copper, lined with zinc. They bring it in a special wagon, built to haul it. They spend their lives in lugging it upstairs and down, in filling it and emptying it, in setting up the water, and in taking it away.

The tub sees life. One day it is a Deputy who does not really need it, paying for it a hundred francs. The next day it may be a fearful widow for whose young daughter it has been recommended; then a denouement, when the tub will add a quart of cologne water.

They have brought the bathtub in its special wagon, with a boiler carrying hot water. They fetch towels, soap, baby powder, a cologne spray. When the bath is finished they will carry down the tub, soap, towels, savanet, baby powder and cologne spray to others who have need of them.

In the street a crowd collects around the bath wagon. The tub is yellow and distributes handbills, while the horse changes his bit and shakes the bells. The wife of the butcher runs to tell the wife of the clog merchant, and the clog merchant's daughter hastens to her friend who works at the dressmaker's. The crowd thickens, traffic is suspended, men knock off work and the air is full of laughter, chatter and cheering.

"The Durands are washing!" the crowd says. "The Durands are having a bath." It is thus, in accordance with French custom, that the middle-class Parisians, the average ordinary citizens, they are accustomed themselves to a bath as a simple convenience 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 Spaniards have a proverb that the healthy man does not touch water in his skin once in forty years. All the Latin peoples have a noted idea of frequent changing of the underclothing, answers better all the purposes of hygiene than 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 custom. Not only the middle-class, but even the division has one, two or half a dozen of them, large establishments, whose employees are never idle.

In winter, when summer's heat, the multitudinous bathhouses of the gay French capital conduct their thriving business. Not only the middle-class, but even the division has one, two or half a dozen of them, large establishments, whose employees are never idle.

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## HIS LADY OF DREAMS.

SUSAN SAYRE YARMOUTH.  
In the Evening Post.

She came suddenly into his sight, dispelling his brown study and interrupting his pipe. She stood beyond the table, beside the door, tall and slight, in a white gown that clung to her arms and shoulders and rounded waist, and swept about her feet in heavy folds. A cross swung from her neck by a long silver chain, and she wore a broad-brimmed hat with a gauzy white veil, so her face was in shadow. She leaned slightly towards Ashe as he clutched the arms of his big chair and sat forward in amazement.

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

"Of-of Russia?" he asked, stupidly, trying to fan away the haze of tobacco 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 reality, he stooped to pick it up, and as he rose he struck his head sharply against the corner of the library table. Dizzy from the blow, he staggered to his feet and looked towards the door. She was gone, as mysteriously as she had come. He rushed blindly around the table and across the room, stumbling over easy chairs and foot stools, and sending a revolting bouquet of smoke and sound. The hall was brilliant after the smoky library, and it was also empty. No trailing gowns had turned up the edges of the rug, nor could he hear any hurrying steps on the polished stairs. He blinked at the sun pouring red and purple through the painted glass windows, and then turned back and sat down on the nearest chair. Good heavens! what a dream! Who was she? What was her motive in appearing and appearing herself in that royal way? And he hadn't seen her face! Well, if it was as pretty as his 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 hall.

"Well, old chap," said Thurston, coming in, "saw! but that pipe of yours is a fright! If we don't air this room before the mater gets into it, your goose is cooked!"

"Why, what will she do?" inquired the other, uncertainly.

"You'll never get another bid for Sunday," said the first, throwing open one of the windows. "Ge! I didn't realize how rank Cissie is getting. Retire her, Billy, and get another. But, say, what's the matter with you? You left your composing a sonnet and going to sleep over it. What's wrong?"

Ashe looked down at his maligned pipe and then up at his friend.

"Did she wake you?" he asked.

"The mater?" said Thurston, puzzled. "She hasn't been here already, has she? If so, we'd better go back to-night. Did she wake you?"

"No, I just dreamed it," said the 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 nervous leather cushion from the nearest Morris chair at him.

"Wake up, you idiot!" he said. "This is no sleeping car!" The idiot parried the cushion with his head.

"Dick, has your sister a friend visiting her?" he inquired.

"No," said the other.

"Well, there was one in here, anyway," pursued Ashe.

"One what?" demanded Thurston.

"One princess," said the other. His host surveyed him in silence for a moment.

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

Mr. Wilmerding Ashe was making for himself a rather neat reputation as a writer of current magazines as a writer of clever little occasional verses. Among his friends at his clubs he was considered a good fellow, and they chose to assume that somewhere he kept hidden away the prototype of the verses for his verses.

His mother's friends approved of him because he paid his calls, and he was chiefly famous with the young ladies of his rather general acquaintance as a master of the art of Welsh rarebit and badinage. But he was a bit of a mystery, and 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 vivacious of his first impression, but six months without any farther development, which, of course, had dulled his keen conviction of his psychic value. Meanwhile, a comfortable check from the magazine had seemed to take the thing out of the province of psychical 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 feeling 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 to smile as he listened to his verses misquoted by fair flatterers; he retained 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 dream, with her white gown that clung to her shoulders and round waist, and flared with heavy folds at her feet. This time Mr. Ashe, and not to forget your old friends, now you are such a celebrity. And to reward you, I am going to introduce 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 he is going to be your guest. All remarks of his self-possession vanished at the sound of the names, and interrupting Miss Gregory'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 him in surprise. "Do—do you believe in telepathy, and astral bodies?" he went on at a moment's pause. "Or are you only a dream?"

"Dear me!" said the girl. Mrs. Foster said you were so nice, and as startling—that no one would know that you were a poet or anything else at all awe-inspiring, and here you have called me three alarming names in as many minutes. Is this poetic license, Mr. Ashe?"

"Did you really mind Cissie Loftus?" he asked anxiously. "You see, she's my favorite pipe, but she's rather old, and I don't know how too strong to be pleasant to strangers. But I didn't expect you, you know, when you came in so suddenly."

"The girl's face was gravely puzzled, but her eyes looked at him with an idea of you?" she said, with a shake of her head.

"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 to find that I don't know you at last take an intelligent interest in the conversation. The Thurston's library isn't it a fascinating place?"

"You were in it long enough to find out," objected Ashe. "And do you think it was quite kind of you to make me bump my head?"

"Long enough," I've spent hours in the Thurston's library," said the girl in mock indignation. "And I never made you bump your head."

"Well, perhaps not," he said, "consciously," admitted Ashe, "but it was under your spell." Miss Gregory looked at him with a smile beginning to show at the corners of her mouth.

"You are certainly casting a spell over me," she said. "Really, Mr. Ashe, I don't know what you mean, but I never had anything to do with your bumping your head—but I'm not sure that it wouldn't do it good!"

"Could it?" he asked. "Well, since you won't admit it, let's leave it. I am very glad to meet you, Miss Gregory. Mrs. Foster is too good to me. Do you know, your face is very familiar—haven't I met you before?"

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

"How time must clamor at your door to be killed!" said Ashe. "Ah, now you are unkind to your little brain-children!" reproached the girl.

"You have been sufficiently overkind to even up accounts, in mentioning them at all," returned Ashe. "There, you see, I can do too. I can do too for heaven's sake Miss Gregory, tell me if I dreamed of you or saw you that day at Dick Thurston's?" The girl didn't understand you," she said, a little laughingly, and then she smiled at his crestfallen face.

"It can't be possible!" insisted Ashe. "The Princess Constantia Gregorius—and I was ass enough to ask of what! Don't you know, Miss Gregory—didn't you realize that you are my 'Lady of Dreams'?"

"Did Miss Gregory—? I your Lady of—oh, Mr. Ashe! Remember that I'm not a resident—not to the manner born, as it were. I'm just a country cousin from Birmingham. 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 not near far from here. I am a native of the banality of quietude, my own verses. Miss Gregory surveyed him with amusement.

"This is too fine a frenzy for me," she murmured. "Aren't you hungry, Mr. Ashe? Shall we go and have something to eat?" Ashe followed her mechanically.

"It isn't you sometimes wear a cross on the chain?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she answered, with lifted eyebrows.

"Weren't you in Morris-town at the Thurston's last September?" he pursued.

"Yes, I was in Morris-town, but only occasionally at the Thurston's," she returned.

"Then, you did walk into the library one Sunday afternoon and tell me you were the Princess Constantia Gregorius?" he said positively.

"Mr. Ashe," she said reprovingly. "Hush! you a twin sister?" asked Ashe desperately.

"I am all the daughters of my father's house," she said lightly; but her eyes were dancing as she gave

him his chocolate.

"Don't you remember the painful taking-off of Sapphira?" he inquired sternly.

"Miss Gregory counted on her fingers. 'A princess, Constantia Gregorius, an astral body—let me see a dream, and now a liar!' she said.

"Oh, Mr. Ashe!"

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

"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 I 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 else? No. Well, then, come back to Mrs. Foster. I'm afraid

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# Positive Proof of Pinkham Cures

The wonderful power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound over the diseases of woman-kind is not because it is a stimulant,—not because it is a palliative, but simply because it is the most wonderful tonic and reconstructive 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's 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 ill, 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), leucorrhoea, 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 ill. 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 contracted for—one year ago, with some of the largest Seed Growers in the world, and now we are going to give thousands of new customers the advantage of our foresight by offering them our selection from the following varieties:

VEGETABLES.		VEGETABLES.		FLOWERS.	
1. Beet, Long Blood.	22. Onion, Silver Skin Pickling.	43. Asters, Comet Mixed.			
2. Beet, Blood Turnip.	23. Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers.	44. Asters, White Varieties.			
3. Beans, Golden Wax.	24. Onion, Red Wethersfield.	45. Balsam, Fine Double Mixed.			
4. Carrot, Danvers.	25. Parsnip, Long Rooted.	46. Stock, Dwarf Ten-week Mixed.			
5. Carrot, Oxheart.	26. Parsnip, Moss Cured.	47. Morning Glory, Fine Mixed.			
6. Cabbage, Winningstadt.	27. Parsnip, Moss Cured.	48. Phlox, Drummond, Fine Mixed.			
7. Cabbage, Long Hearted.	28. Parsnip, Moss Cured.	49. Portulaca, Fine Mixed.			
8. Cabbage, Red Drumhead.	29. Radish, French Breakfast.	50. Verbena, Fine Mixed.			
9. Cauliflower, Early Paris.	30. Radish, French Breakfast.	51. Zinnia, Choice Double Mixed.			
10. Cauliflower, Long Green.	31. Radish, Scarlet Turnip.	52. Sweet Peas, Choice Mixed.			
11. Cauliflower, Boston Pickling.	32. Radish, Scarlet Turnip.	53. Marigold, African Mixed.			
12. Celery, Golden Heart.	33. Squash, Hubbard.	54. Petunia, Choice Mixed.			
13. Celery, White Plume.	34. Squash, Vegetable Marrow.	55. Candytuft, Fine Mixed.			
14. Corn, Early Green.	35. Squash, Vegetable Marrow.	56. Nasturtium, Dwarf Mixed.			
15. Corn, Stowell's Evergreen.	36. Spinach, Thick-leaved.	57. Nasturtium, Tall Mixed.			
16. Lettuce, Curled Simpson.	37. Turnip, Golden Ball.	58. Pansy, Fine Mixed.			
17. Lettuce, Curled Simpson.	38. Turnip, Dwarf Champion.	59. Mignonette, Sweet.			
18. Lettuce, Curled Simpson.	39. Turnip, Dwarf Champion.	60. Poppy, Fine Mixed.			
19. Lettuce, Curled Simpson.	40. Turnip, Dwarf Champion.	61. Dianthus, Chinese Hank.			
20. Watermelon, Peerless.	41. Sage.	62. Dianthus, Double.			