TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE

An Introduction to the Study of the Master by Charles and Mary Lamb.

VI. Two Gentlemen of Verona. There lived in the city of Verona two young gentlemen, whose names were Valentine and Proteus, between whom a firm and uninterrupted friendship had long subsisted. They pursued their studies together, and their hours of leisure were always passed in each other's company, except when Proteus visited a lady he was in love with; and Shese visits to his mistress, and this passion of Proteus for the fair Julia, were the only topic on which these two friends disagreed; for Valentine, not being himself a lover, was sometimes a little weary of hearing his friend for ever talking of his Julia, and then he would laugh at Proteus, and in pleasant terms ridicule the passion of love. and declare that no such idle fancies should ever enter his head, greatly preferring (as he said) the free and happy

fears of the lover Proteus. One morning Valentine came a time be separated, for that he was going to Milan. Proteus, unwilling to necessity of leaving her. part with his friend, used many arguments to prevail upon Valentine not to leave him; but Valentine said, "Cease will not, like a sluggard, wear out my youth in idleness at home. Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. rings, w If your affection were not chained to the sweet glances of your honored Julia, I would entreat you to accompany me, to see the wonders of the world abroad; but since you are a lover, love on still, and may your love

be prosperous!" They parted with mutual expressions of unalterable friendship. "Sweet Val-entine!" said Proteus; "think of me, when you see some rare object worthy of notice in your travels and wish me partaker of your happiness."

Valentine began his journey that same day toward Milan; and when his to her maid Lucetta to deliver to her mistress.

Julia loved Proteus as well as he did her, but she was a lady of noble spirit, and she thought it did not become her maiden dignity too easily to be won; therefore she affected to be insensible of his passion, and gave him much uneasiness in the prosecution of his

to Julia she would not receive it, and chid her maid for taking letters from Proteus, and ordered her to leave the room. But she so much wished to see what was written in the letter, that She soon called in her maid again; and when Lucetta returned, she said. "What o'clock is it?" Lucetta, who knew her mistress more desired to see the letter than to know the time of day, without answering her question, again offered the rejected letter Julia pieces, and threw it on the floor, order- man. ing her maid once more out of the the torn letter; but Julia, who meant

ing them to anger me.' well as she could the torn fragments. She first made out these words, "Lovewhich she made out though they were all torn asunder, or, she said, wounded (the expression "Love-wounded Pro-teus" giving her that idea), she talked to these kind words, telling them she would lodge them in her bosom as in a bed, till their wounds were healed, and that she would kiss each several

piece, to make amends. In this manner she went on talking with a pretty lady-like childishness, till finding herself unable to make out the whole, and vexed at her own ingratitude in destroying such sweet and loving words, as she called them, she wrote a much kinder letter to Proteus than she had ever done before.

Proteus was greatly delighted at receiving this favorable answer to his letter; and while he was reading it, he exclaimed, "Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!" In the midst of his rap-"How now!" said the old gentleman: "what letters are you reading there?"

let me see what news." There is no news, my lord," said Duke of Milan, who daily graces with

"And how stand you affected to his wish?" asked the father. 'As one relying on your lordship's will, and not depending on his friend-

the partner of his fortune."

ly wish," said Proteus. Now it had happened that Proteus' father had just been talking with a friend on this very subject; his friend had said, he wondered his lordship suffered his son to spend his youth at their sons to seek preferment abroad: some," said he, "to the wars, to try

Not Even Crazy People

would scour their faces with brickbats, but thousands of persons do things infinitely more foolish. The skin of the face, though delicate, is rhinoceros hide compared with the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels.

Yet these sensitive organs are constantly scoured with drastic medicines, to their incalculable injury.

The Cure for Constipation is not a violent cathartic, but a

mild and tonic laxative-which is

TABLETS

another way of saying IRON-OX

in his riper age not to have traveled

in his youth.' Proteus' father thought the advice of his friend was very good, and upon Proteus telling him that Valentine "wished him with him, the partner of his fortune," he at once determined to send his son to Milan; and without giving Proteus any reason for this sudden resolution, it being the usual habit of this positive old gentleman to command his son not reason with him, he said, "My will is the same as Valentine's wish," and seeing his son look astonished, he added, "Look not amazed, that I so suddenly resolve you shall spend some time in the Duke of Milan's court, for what I will I will. and there is an end. Tomorrow be in readiness to go. Make no excuses; for I am peremptory."

Proteus knew it was of no use to led, to the anxious hopes and make objection to his father, who never suffered him to dispute his will; and he blamed himself for telling his Proteus to tell him that they must for father an untruth about Julia's letter, which had brought upon him the sad

Now that Julia found she was going to lose Proteus for so long a time, she no longer pretended indifference; and to persuade me, my loving Proteus. I they bade each other a mournful farewell with many yows of love and con-Proteus and Julia exchanged rings, which they both promised to keep forever in remembrance of each other; and thus, taking a sorrowful leave. Proteus set out on his journey to Milan, the abode of his friend

Valentine was in reality what Proteus had feigned to his father, in high favor with the Duke of Milan; and another event had happened to him, of which Proteus did not even dream, for Valentine had given up the freedom of which he used so much to boast, and was become as passionate a lover as Proteus.

She who had wrought this wonfriend had left him, Proteus sat down drous change in Valentine was the lady his discourse, "her doors are fast to write a letter to Julia, which he gave Silvia, daughter of the Duke of Milan, locked." and she also loved him; but they concealed their love from the duke, because although she showed much kindness for Valentine, and invited him every day to his palace, yet he designed to marry his daughter to a young courtier whose name was Thurio. Silvia despised this Thurio, for he had one of the fine sense and excellent qualities of Valentine. And when Lucetta offered the letter

These two rivals, Thurio and Valentine, were one day on a visit to Silvia, and Valentine was entertaining Silvia with turning everything Thurio said in ridicule, when the duke himself entered the room, and told Valentine the welcome news of his friend Proteus' arrival. Valentine said, "If I had wished a thing, it would have been to have seen him here." And then he highly praised Proteus to the duke, saying, "My lord though I have been a truant of my time, yet hath my friend made angry that her maid should thus take use and fair advantage of his days, the liberty of seeming to know what and is complete in person and in mind, she really wanted, tore the letter in in all good grace to grace a gentleand is complete in person and in mind,

"Welcome him then according to his room. As Lucetta was retiring, she worth," said the duke. "Silvia, I speak stooped to pick up the fragments of to you, and you, Sir Thurio; for Valentine, I need not bid him do so." not so to part with them, said, in pre- They were here interrupted by the entended anger, "Go, get you gone, and trance of Proteus, and Valentine in-let the papers lie; you would be finger-troduced him to Silvia, saying, "Sweet lady, entertain him to be my fellow-

When Valentine and Proteus had ended their visit, and were alone towounded Proteus;" and lamenting over gether, Valentine said, "Now tell me these and such like loving words, how does from whence you came? How does your lady, and how thrives your love?" Proteus replied, "My tales of love? love used to weary you. I know you

joy not in a love discourse."
"Ay, Proteus," returned Valentine, "but that life is altered now. I have done penance for condemning love. For in revenge of my contempt of love, love has chased sleep from my enthralled eyes. O gentle Proteus, Love is a mighty lord, and hath so humbled me, that I confess there is no woe like his correction, nor so such joy on earth as in his service. I now like no discourse except it be of love. Now I can break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, upon the very name of love."

This acknowledgment of the change

which love had made in the disposition of Valentine was a great triumph to his friend Proteus. But "friend" Proteus must be called no longer, for the same all-powerful deity Love, of whom they were speaking (yea, even 'My lord," replied Proteus, "it is a while they were talking of the change letter from my friend Valentine, at he had made in Valentine), was working in the heart of Proteus; and he, "Lend me the letter," said his father; who had till this time been a pattern of true love and perfect friendship, was now, in one short interview with Proteus, greatly alarmed, "but that he Silvia, become a false friend and a writes how well beloved he is of the faithless lover; for at the first sight of Silvia all his love for Julia vanished away like a dream, nor did his long favors: and how he wishes me with triendship for Valentine deter him from endeavoring to supplant him in her affections; and although, as it will always be, when people of dispositions naturally good become unjust, he had many scruples before he determined to forsake Julia, and become the rival of Valentine; yet he at length over-

ame his sense of duty, and yielded himself up, almost without remorse, to his new unhappy passion. Valentine imparted to him in confidence the whole history of his love, their fortunes there, and some to dis- and how carefully they had concealed cover islands far away, and some to it from the duke her father, and told study in foreign universities: and there him, that, despairing of ever being able is his companion Valentine, he is gone to obtain his consent, he had prevailto the Duke of Milan's court. Your ed upon Silvia to leave her father's fit for any of these things, and | palace that night, and go with him to it will be a great disadvantage to him | Mantua; then he showed Proteus a ladder of ropes; by help of which he meant to assist Silvia to get out of one

of the windows of the palace after it was dark. Upon hearing this faithful recital of his friend's dearest secrets, it is hard- keeper, to hire herself to Proteus as ly possible to be believed, but so it that Proteus resolved to go to

This false friend began his tale with many artful speeches to the duke, such as that by the laws of friendship he ought to conceal what he was going reveal, but that the gracious favor the duke had shown him, and the duty he owed his grace, urged him to tell that which else no worldly good should draw from him. He then told all he had heard from Valentine, not omitting the ladder of ropes, and the manner in which Valentine meant to con-

ceal them under a long cloak. The duke thought Proteus quite a miracle of integrity, in that he pra ferred telling his friend's intention rather than he would conceal an unust action, highly commended him, and promised him not to let Valentine ow from whom he had learnt this intelligence, but by some crtifice to Valentine betray the secret make himself. awaited the coming of Valentine in the had sent, refused it, saying, "The more evening, whom he soon saw hurrying shame for him that he sends that ring; of penance for his love-prompted towards the palace, and he perceived I will not take it; for I have often faults, to be present at the recital of

"-"May it please your grace," rival's tongue cheered the drooping alentine, "there is a messenger heart of the disguised lady. said Valentine, "there is a messenger that stays to bear my letters to my friends, and I am going to deliver Now this falsehood of Valentine's had no better success in the event than the untruth Proteus told his father. "Be they of much import?" said the

"No more, my lord," said Valentine, "than to tell my father I am well and happy at your grace's court."

"Nay then," said the duke, "no matter; stay with me a while. I wish your counsel about some affairs that concern me nearly." He then told Valentine an artful story, as a pre-lude to draw his secret from him, saying that Valentine knew he wished to match his daughter with Thurio, but that she was stubborn and disobedient to his commands, "neither regarding," said he, "that she is my child, nor fearing me as if I were her father. And I may say to thee, this pride of hers has drawn my love from her. I had thought my age should have been cherished by her child-like duty. I now am resolved to take a wife, and turn her out to whosover will take her in. Let her beauty be her wedding dower, for me and my possessions she esteems

Valentine, wondering where all this would end, made answer, "And what would your grace have me to do in all

"Why," said the duke, "the lady I would wish to marry is nice and coy, and does not much esteem my aged eloquence. Besides, the fashion courtship is much changed since I was young; now I would willingly have you to be my tutor to instruct me how I am to woo.'

Valentine gave him a general idea of the modes of courtship then practiced by young men, when they wished to win a fair lady's love, such as presents, frequent visits, and the like. The duke replied to this, that the lady did refuse a present which

sent her, and that she was so strictly kept by her father, that no man might have access to her by day. "Why then," said Valentine,

must visit her by night." "But at night," said the artful duke. who was now coming to the drift of

Valentine then unfortunately posed that the duke should get into the ady's chamber at night by means of a ladder of ropes, saying he would procure him one fitting for that purpose; and in conclusion advised him to conceal this ladder of ropes under such a cloak as that which he now wore. 'Lend me your cloak," said the duke, who had feigned this long story on purpose to have a pretense to get off the cloak; so upon saying these words, he caught hold of Valentine's cloak, and throwing it back, he discovered not only the ladder of ropes, but also a letter of Silvia's, which he instantly opened and read; and this letter contained a full account of their intended elopment. The duke, after upbraiding Valentine for his ingratitude in thus returning the favor he had shown him, by endeavoring to steal away his daughter, banished him from the court and city of Milan for ever; and Valentine was forced to depart that night,

without even seeing Silvia. While Proteus at Milan was thus injuring Valentine, Julia at Verona was regretting the absence of Proteus; and her regard for him at last so far overcame her sense of propriety, that she resolved to leave Verona, and seek her lover at Milan; and to secure herself from danger on the road, she dressed her maiden Lucetta and herself men's clothes, and they set out in this seized with penitence and remorse; after Valentine was banished from for the injuries he had done to Val-

Julia entered Milan about noon, and she took up her abode at an inn; and her thoughts being all on her dear Proteus, she entered into conversation with the innkeeper, or host, as he was called, thinking by that means to learn some news of Proteus.

The host was greatly pleased that this handsome young gentleman (as he took her to be), who from his appearance, he concluded was of high rank, spoke so familiarly to him; and being a good-natured man, he was and to amuse his young guest, he ofwith which, he said, a gentle-

ade his mistress. The reason Julia looked so very melancholy was, that she did not well the ring, saw that it was the one he know what Proteus would think of the gave to Julia, in return for that which imprudent step she had taken; for she he received from her, and which he knew he had loved her for her noble had sent by the supposed page to maiden pride and dignity of character, Silvia. "How is this?" said he, "this and she feared she should lower herself in his esteem; and this it was that made her wear a sad and did give it me, and Julia herself hath thoughtful countenance.

She gladly accepted the offer of the

host to go with him, and hear the music; for she secretly hoped she might meet Proteus by the way. But when she came to the palace Whither the host conducted her, a very different effect was produced to what the kind host intended; for there, to her heart's sorrow, she beheld her lover, the inconstant Proteus, serenading the lady Silvia with music, and addressing discourse of love and admiration to her. And Julia overheard

Silvia from a window talk with Proteus, and reproach him for forsaking his own true lady, and for his ingratitude to his friend Valentine; and then Silvia left the window, not choosing to listen to his music and his speeches; for she was a faithful lady to her banished Valentine, and abhorred the ungenerous conduct of his false friend Proteus. Though Julia was in despair at what

she had just witnessed, yet did she still love the truant Proteus; and hearing that he had lately parted with a a page; and Proteus knew not she was him not. Julia, and he sent her with letters and he duke, and disclose the whole to presents to her rival Silvia, and he even sent by her the very ring she gave him as a parting gift at Verona. When she went to that lady with the ring, she was most glad to find tian as she was called, entered into conversation with Silvia about Proteus' first love, the forsaken lady Julia. She putting in (as one may say) a good word for herself, said she knew Julia: as well she might, being herself the Julia of whom she spoke; telling how how his unkind neglect would grieve her; and then with a pretty my height, and of my complexion, the as mine;" and indeed Julia looked a most beautiful youth in her boy's atforlovely lady, who was so sadly somewhat was wrapped within his heard him say his Julia gave it to him.

saying, "Whither away so fast, Val- fortable words coming from her kind

But to return to the banished Valentine; who scarce knew which way to bend his course, being unwilling to return home to his father a disgraced and banished man; as he was wandering over a lonely forest, not far distant from Milan, where he had left his heart's dear treasure the lady Silvia, he was set upon by robbers, who de-

manded his money.

Valentine told them that he was a man crossed by adversity, that he was going to banishment, and that he had no money, the clothes he had on being all his riches.

The robbers, hearing that he was a distressed man, and being struck with his noble air and manly behavior, told him if he would live with them, and be their chief or captain, they would put themselves under his command; but that if he refused to accept their offer, they would kill him.

Valentine, who cared little what became of himself, said he would con-sent to live with them and be their captain, provided they did no outrage on women or poor passengers.

Thus the noble Valentine became,

like Robin Hood, of whom we read in ballads, a captain of robbers and outlawed banditti; and in this situation he was found by Silvia, and in this manner it came to pass.

Silvia, to avoid a marriage with Thurio, whom her father insisted upon her no longer refusing, came to last to the resolution of following Valentine to Mantua, at which place she had heard her lover had taken refuge; but in this account she was misinformed, for he still lived in the forest among the robbers, bearing the name of their captain, but taking no part in their depredations, and using the authority which they had imposed upon him in no other way than to compel them to show compassion to the travelers they

Silvia contrived to effect her escape from her father's palace in company with a worthy old gentleman, whose name was Eglamour, whom she took along with her for protection on the She had to pass through the forest where Valentine and the banditti dwelt; and one of these robbers seized on Silvia, and would also have taken

Eglamour, but he escaped.

The robber who had taken Silvia, seeing the terror she was in, bid her not be alarmed, for that he was only going to carry her to a cave where his captain lived, and that she need not be afraid for their captain had an honorable mind, and always showed humanity to women. Silvia found little comfort in hearng she was going to be carried as a prisoner before captain of a lawless banditti. "O Valentine," she cried, "this I endure for thee!"

But as the robber was conveying her to the cave of his captain, he was stopped by Proteus, who, still attended by Julia in the disguise of a page, having heard of the flight of Silvia, had traced her steps to this forest. Proteus now rescued her from the hands of the robber; but scarce had she time to thank him for the service he had done her, before he began to distress her afresh with his love suit; and while he was rudely pressing her to consent to mary him, and his page (the forlorn Julia) was standing beside him in great anxiety of mind, fearing lest the great service which Proteus had just done to Silvia should win her to show him some favor, they were all strangely surprised with the sudden appearance of Valentine, who, having heard his robbers had taken a lady prisoner, came to console and relieve

Proteus was courting Silvia, and he was so much ashamed of being caught disguise, and arrived at Milan soon and he expressed such a lively sorrow that city through the treachery of Pro- entine, that Valentine, whose nature was noble and generous, even to a romantic degree, not only forgave and restored him to his former place in his friendship, but in a sudden flight of heroism he said, "I freely do forgive you; and all the interest I have Silvia, I give it up to you." Julia, who was standing beside her master as a page, hearing this strange offer, and fearing Proteus would not be able with this new-found virtue to refuse Silvia, fainted, and they were all employed in recovering her; else would Silvia have been offended at being thus made over to Proteus, though she sorry to see him look so melancholy; could scarcely think that Valentine would long persevere in this overfered to take him to hear some fine strained and too generous act of friendship. When Julia recovered from the man that evening was going to seren- fainting fit, she said, "I had forgot, press. my master ordered me to deliver this ring to Silvia." Proteus, looking upon is Julia's ring; how came you by it, boy?" Julia answered "Julia herself

brought it hither." Proteus, now looking earnestly upon her, plainly perceived that the page Sebastian was no other than the lady Julia herself: and the proof she had given of her constancy and true love so wrought in him that his love for her returned into his heart, and he took again his own dear lady, and toyfully resigned all pretensions to the Silvia to Valentine, who had so lady

well deserved her.

Proteus and Valentine were expressing their happiness in their reconciliation, and in the love of their faithful ladies, when they were suprised with the sight of the Duke of Milan and Thurio, who came there in pursuit of Silvia.

Thurio first approached, and attempted to seize Silvia, saying, "Silvia is mine." Upon this Valentine said to him in a very spirited manner, "Thurio, keep back; if once again you say that Silvia is yours, you shall embrace death. Here she stands, take but possession of her with a touch! I dare you but to breathe upon my love." Hearing this threat, Thurio, who was a servant, she contrived with the assist-ance of her host, the frendly inn-cared not for her, and that none but cared not for her, and that none but a fool would fight for a girl who loved

The duke, who was a very brave man himself, said now in great anger, "The more base and degenerate in you to take such means for her as you have done, and leave her on such light con-Then turning to Valentine, ditions. that Silvia utterly rejected the suit of he said, "I do applaud your spirit, Val-Proteus; and Julia, or the page Sebas- entine, and think you worthy of an empress' love. You shall have Silvia, for you have well deserved her." entine then with great humility kissed the duke's hand, and accepted the noble present which he had made him of his daughter with becoming thankfulness; taking occasion of this joyful minute fondly Julia loved her master Proteus, to entreat the good-humored duke to pardon the thieves with whom he had associated in the forest assuring him, equivocation went on: "Julia is about that when reformed and restored to society, there would be found among color of her eyes and hair the same them many good, and fit for great emfor the most of them had ployment: been banished, like Valentine, for state tire. Silvia was moved to pity this offenses, rather than for any black crimes they had been guilty of. To saken by the man she loved; and when this the ready duke consented; and For this purpose the duke Julia offered the ring which Proteus now nothing remained but that Proteus, the false friend, was ordained, by way the whole story of his loves and false-hoods before the duke; and the shame

ment; which being done the lovers, all four, returned back to Milan, and their nuptials were solemnized in the presence of the duke, with high triumphs and feasting.

THERE'S MUCH IN NAMES

History, Fads and Faith Can Be Traced in Christening Books.

Names, according to Carlyle, are the most important of all clothings. His majesty the King may, therefore, be looked upon as master clothier to the rising generation, for without doubt Albert Edward is the most popular name of the hour, says London Ex-A study of the baptismal registers

of several famous churches reveals this interesting fact. Within the last few weeks the registers of such typical middle-class churches as St. Pancras, St. Mary, Whitechapel, St. Clement, Danes in the Strand and the pro-cathedral of Liverpool have been scanned and at each of these the register bristles with Albert Edwards. Fluctuations of national sentiment

are reflected as in a looking glass in the registers of the churches named. At the time of the coronation several girl babies were christened Corona, while on the declaration of peace quite a number of little Misses Peace confronted the clergy.
When Queen Victoria died many

thousands of mothers christened their newly born children after that illustrious monarch. One loval mother called her child Victoria Alexandra. There is quite a run on Alexandra in the parish of St. Pancras

The influence of the late war upon recent baptisms was truly extraordinary. Grace Darling Pretoria is one of the Christian names registered at St. Marys, Whitechapel, in 1900. In August of that year a Whitechapel soldier sent his infant son to the font of St. Marys and had him baptised Henry Edward Baden-Powell. Another Whitechapel soldier, about the same time, had his baby girl christened

The Whitechapel parish church also records Sarah Pretoria. Mary Ann Pretoria and Edith Sarah Baden. St. Pancras Church register bears many names of the sort. On two pages facing each other six Pretorias are recorded. Here also is a Charles Hector MacDonald, and dozens of Badens and Baden-Powells. One St. Pancras infant was christened Carnival, in re-

the Liverpool pro-cathedral. The reg-Baden-Powells, Redvers and Bullers. By far the most popular war names were Baden and Redvers, of which there are literally hundreds.

Particular periods of our history have invariably brought forth fashions in names. Perhaps the most striking instance on record of this curious but inevitable influence is that of the Puritan period, when such names as Prudence, Mercy, Faith, Hope, Charity and so on, came into vogue, to say such extravagances as nothing of Love-not-the-World, Original Sin and the notorious name of Praise God Barebone's son-to wit, If-Christ-hadnot-died-for-thee - thou - hadst - beendamned-Barebones.

cleak. which he concluded was the I love thee, centle youth, for pitying hoods before the duke; and the shame of the register at St. Clement Danes her, poor lady! Here is a purse; I give of the recital to his awakened conscience was judged sufficient punished and professional classes simple



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break down before long, and yet this terrible ordeal is exactly what

AWOMAN

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leaves every article as clean and sweet and as pure as if never worn.

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charge

names are favored, while the less refined indulge in far more pretentious The Corporation of Colonial and Gennomenclature. "Marys and Anns and Susans are

going clean out of fashion with the min's Hotel (close to Westminster Abbey), and other selected hotels, hydros and boarding establishments in Great lower classes." said one parish clerk. "and Irenes and Penelopes and Gladiolas are all the rage. Only," he added, pathetically, "they will call them Irons and Penny-lopes."

Beauty's Handicap.

"Superficially it may seem absurd, but it is nevertheless a fact that the membrance of the war carnival held pretty typewriter girl is handicapped there in aid of soldiers' widows and in securing a position," said the prin-orphans. War names are recorded to an ex- school, "For this state of affairs I tent unique in the whole country at blame the comic papers entirely. The average woman is notoriously lacking ister for 1900 positively teems with in the sense of humor, especially, for some reason or other, if she is a married woman, and it is quite impossible to convince her that the stock joke about the pretty typewriter has no more foundation than the one about the mother-in-law. Every married woman is suspicious of her husband's typewriter, and for that reason the pretty ones are really laboring under a disadvantage in securing employment. When a girl takes a course in stenography and typewriting her face is surely not her fortune."

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