MADAME'S WARD

BY PAULINE BEVERLY.

"No," he said, thoughtfully, after a moment's hesitation: "Look here, Ned; I'll tell you all that I can, without breaking the pledge which I was fool enough, I think sometimes, to give her. It isn't much. I met her by chance in France about a year before she came here; Clara, my sister, knew her. Her life had always been rough, though I'm not at liberty to tell you how or why. While I was still there she got into awful trouble—what it was I can't tell you—and it fell to my lot to be of some little service to her. It was a disgraceful business, horrible business; but, mind you, it was not her fault—she was no more to blame for it than you are. I neither saw her nor heard of her again until I met her at Chavasse." Yorke stopped.

"Well?" I said.

"Well, I was awfully surprised, as you must have seen. I knew well enough that, if Madame became acquainted with her past life, she would have to march from the Mount. She knew it, too, and it was to beg me to hold my tongue that she asked me to meet her in the Lady's Walk. I wished that she had never found her way to Chavasse, and I told her so; but I did at last promise that, so long as nothing come out from any other source, I would not speak. That promise I have kept and must keep. Remember, Ned, that for what happened in the past she was not in the least to blame, and it was entirely over and done with before she came to Chavasse."

"You are sure that it is so?"

"I will pledge you my honor that it is."

"And," I said, thinking of what he had told me, and hesitating about what I wanted to say next—"I suppose she's all right? I mean that there's no doubt about her being a fit companion for Nat, you know—eh?"

"If I had had any doubt about that, she would not have been with her for a week," said Yorke, very quietly. "You may be sure of that."

"I suppose I may."

"You may. Well, will you trust me enough to keep silence about this, too, Ned?"

I said "Yes," and meant it, feeling, although I was puzzled still, that, after all, I would take Roger Yorke's word against that of any one I knew. But then a sudden thought struck me, and I said, abruptly—

"You flew off to Paris the next day, I remember. Had that anything to do with mademoiselle?"

"Yes," he answered, readily. "There was one thing she told me which I wanted to prove to be true before finally pledging myself. I went to do it."

"And it was true?"

"Strictly."

I was as satisfied as I was ever likely to be upon the subject, it seemed, and I said so, bidding him good-night, and again promising to keep his confidence in both particulars. But on the door-step a strange fancy came into my head, which made me say—

"I say, Roger; I suppose you weren't sweet upon this blessed mademoiselle, were you?"

"What's that?" Yorke laughed out a loud hearty laugh of frank amusement which was more like his old light-hearted self than anything I had seen in him that night. "What next will you get into your head?" he said. "Remember, silence is golden. Good-night!"

And it was not until I was back at Chavasse and up in my room, hurrying to get my coat changed in time for the ringing of the second dinner-bell, that I uncomfortably remembered two things—first, that after all Yorke had not told me outright that he had never been in love with Lucille Valdini, and, secondly, that I had forgotten to tell him that there had been a second and an unknown witness of that interview in the Lady's Walk.

CHAPTER XIV.

One good habit of Whittlesford was to enjoy itself at Christmas; and this especial Christmas, coming round in due course, brought the usual amount of jolly country gayety with it—rather more than usual, in fact. The old earl, the kindly countess, and the somewhat shrewish Lady Idonea were at Roxborough Chace, and there was to be a host of entertainments there, to conclude with a grand ball. At the Mount, too, we meant to have some fun, for it was Natalie's first Christmas in England, and Madame, who appeared to grow fonder and fonder of the little lady with each day, had determined that she should have a good specimen of our way of celebrating the ancient festival. So before the end of the first week of December Nat's lessons were given up, and the whole house was astir with the bustle of preparation.

Affairs in Whittlesford had gone on in much the same way since the dull day in early November when Alice Deeping's engagement had been announced and Roger Yorke and I had had the confidential talk by the fire in his sitting-room at Redpots. We had met as usual since then, but had never in the slightest way alluded to the two subjects upon which I had pledged myself to secrecy. The less important subject—that of mademoiselle—troubled me very little now—I may say not at all. Having accepted Yorke's explanation, I believed it entirely, and certainly mademoiselle was invaluable at Chavasse. She was the best of teachers to Nat, and she was the most charming of companions to my mother. And she was setting her cap at Fraser Froude.

I doubt if any one but myself noticed it. Certainly Madame had never troubled her head about anything of the kind, and Miss Nat, I believe, never gave a thought to either one or the other. But I did not like and did not trust the black-eyed Frenchwoman, and I saw her game clearly enough, which I fancy is more than Froude did, for Nat, and Nat only, brought him to Chavasse, and I, seeing his polite deference to the little lady, and the quiet devotion which no amount of half-childish snubs and sarcasms succeeded in lessening in the least, was surer than ever that Roger's suspicion had been wrong, and that it was Natalie herself and not her ten thousand pounds that was the bait which had caught the middle-aged, melancholy, visaged master of Holmedeane. And—seeing, too, that Yorke's frank handsome face was always more or less clouded with gloom, while Nat's brown cheeks grew thinner, her laughter and pert speeches less frequent, that she was apparently trying to ascertain by personal experiment how little a healthy young woman could live upon, that she developed an altogether new passion for reading doleful poetry, and contracted a singularly uncomfortable habit of staring pensively at the moon when she should have been fast asleep; and, further, that she invariably almost snapped off my innocent head if I ventured to ask her what was the matter, while the rich blood would glow redly in her little dusky face and her lovely golden-black eyes would shine and sparkle like a couple of stars whenever Yorke was in the way, and that she would droop and turn pale when he was out of it—I began to fancy that there was not much more than a paper wall between this pair of lovers after all, and conjured up a score of crack-brained and perfectly impracticable schemes for somehow giving my friend his little sweetheart, and bearing the brunt of Madame's wrath myself afterward. But they were all castles in the air unfortunately, and, although I smoked an awful quantity of cigars over the subject, the plans all ended, like the cigars, in smoke. So I could do nothing but extract what comfort I might from the very obvious fact that Nat did not care a straw for Fraser Froude, and await the development of affairs as patiently and philosophically as I had it in me to do.

By the way, I think I ought to mention here something that happened a fortnight before Christmas-day, when the servants at Chavasse were busier than ever — a terrific quarrel between Virtue Dent and Valla. That the two were always in true feminine fashion jarring against and spiting each other whenever there was a chance, the house knew well enough by this time, but there had never been an open and violent rupture before. I don't know exactly how it arose, but one day, when we were all in our respective rooms getting ready for dinner, a tremendous uproar was heard in Nat's room—screams, loud shrieking words, a mash of broken crockery. I hurried out with my coat off, just as Madame appeared in the corridor; and mademoiselle, peering over the balustrades from the upper floor, ran off a dozen rapid French sentences with a question at the end of each, while Nat came flying out of her room with her dress half-fastened, and clung to my arm, scared.

"What on earth's the matter?" I said, astounded.

"My love, what is all this?" asked my mother.

"Ah, heaven, what is wrong? Is Mademoiselle Natalie hurt?" cried mademoiselle, shrilly, gesticulating from over the balustrades.

"What is it, Nat?" I said—for indeed she seemed for the moment either too startled or too frightened to speak.

"Oh, I don't know! They are fighting! Valla struck Virtue. I don't know what is the matter with them."

"Fighting! My servants fighting!" cried Madame, in an awful tone; and she swept across the corridor in her dressing-gown to the door of Nat's room.

A pretty scene, truly! In front of the dressing-table was a chair which I suppose Nat had knocked over as she sprung out of it; a broken ewer lay in a pool of water which was soaking into the green and white carpet; and over the fragments the two combatants stood glaring at each other. Valla's turban was half off, her massive braids of black hair were partly down, and her black eyes and heavy brown face were full of sullen fury. Virtue was as neat as ever, and stood perfectly still and quiet; but her large bright eyes looked fit to scorch her enemy, and there was a great vivid scarlet mark upon one usually pale cheek—the effect of an angry blow.

(To Be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

NO. 8586—A SMART SHIRTWAIST.

Strictly tailored shirtwaists are always in demand, and the model here illustrated will meet with general approval. It has broad tucks over the shoulders, which may terminate at yoke depth or extend to the waistline. The front is double-breasted and finished with a chic revers. The sleeve is the regulation shirt model. Poplin, madras, linen, flannel, or silk may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 inches, bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement—Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

BIG FRAUD WORKED BY DOCTOR BODIE

Had Gained for Himself the Reputation of a Miracle Worker.

London, Nov. 30. — The extent to which an unscrupulous individual can impose upon the credulity of the public has again been revealed in a case just concluded in the London courts. Charles Henry Irving, son of a Cumberland farmer, sued Samuel Murphy Bodie, otherwise known as "Dr. Walford Bodie, hypnotist, mesmerist, bloodless surgeon and medical electrician," for the recovery of $5,000, Bodie having undertaken to teach him all the details, methods and secrets of all his business for that sum.

Bodie has been one of the leading vaudeville attractions in this country for many years. His "cures" of paralysis, his hypnotic feats, his tricks with electrical apparatus have so impressed the unsophisticated that in the eyes of some he has appeared a miracle worker. The result of the present trial has been an exposure of charlatanry so transparent as to cause wonder at Bodie's audacity in contesting the claim.

Bodie's methods were to invite paralytics to come upon the stage and be cured of their affliction. He would pretend to hypnotize them and treat their disease by manipulation and electricity, which he called "Bodic force."

One man who had submitted to this treatment told in the witness box how, although he could walk, he was forced into a chair and carried on the stage. He had never used crutches, but Bodie produced a pair and hung them across the stage, telling the audience that he would never want them again. After the treatment, which was painful and of no benefit, the man limped off the stage, while Bodie struck an attitude of triumph. The audience invariably greeted such exhibitions with enthusiastic applause.

Paralytic Walked.

Another patient was carried similarly on the stage, although he could walk, and Bodie broke the sticks he had been using for support. Bodie then applied the electric current, which gave the man such pain that "if it had not been for the orchestra playing a lively tune the people would have heard me yelling." When the victim asked how he was to get home without the aid of his sticks, Bodie gave him a shilling for cab fare.

Another man upon whom Bodie had experimented told the court that he publicly pronounced Bodie a fraud when he applied the current to the wrong leg. He was promptly ejected from the theatre.

Another feature of the performance was the "Cage of Death." This was a wire-work cage in which Bodie stood while an electric current of upward of 60,000 volts was sent through the wires. To make this feat appear more picturesque Bodie placed firework crackers on the wires and these exploded as the electricity reached them. Although this apparatus was proved by actual demonstration in court to be quite harmless to human life. Bodie used to issue a challenge to his audiences offering $5,000 to anybody who would perform the same feat.

Bodie, in the witness box, had to confess himself a romancer of a calibre equalling that of Baron von Munchhausen. His autobiography, copies of which were on public sale, he had to admit was a mass of falsehoods, which he sought to excuse by maintaining that showmen were privileged to lie to a certain extent.

THE DOWNS ESTATE.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 30. — Letters of probate were granted today in the estate of the late Martin James Downs, proprietor of Cole Bros.' circus, who died in the general hospital in this city on Oct. 19 last, as the result of an injury he sustained some months before by being kicked by a horse. The estate is valued at $100,448. The widow receives $15,000, including $5,000 insurance, the father the yearly income on $12,500, and the son practically all the rest.

7,500,000 pairs of CATSPAW RUBBER HEELS will be sold and worn this year. That's some heels. All dealers.

SOO LOCKS TO CLOSE.

Sault Ste. Marie, Nov. 30.—The Weitzell lock will close for the season next Wednesday, it is reported. The lock has been in operation ten days later this year than last, it having closed Nov. 20, in 1908. It opened this year May 8. New gates will be installed at the upper end before the opening of navigation next year, and this will necessitate considerable work either after the close this fall or early next spring.

KNEW ROSENBERG WAS TO BE ROBBED

"But I Did Not Think Frank Would Go That Far," Frisbie Told Prosecutor.

Port Huron, Nov. 30.—A portion of the bloodstained clothing found in the room of Samuel Frisbie and Frank Elbera at Joe Bedore's summer hotel at the St. Clair Flats on the day following the crime in which Louis Rosenberg was done to death, was introduced in evidence at the trial of Frisbie this afternoon. The clothing consisted of two shirts and a pair of suspenders.

All the apparel bore evidence of much blood, particularly Elbera's shirt and Frisbie's suspenders, which the prisoner said, he loaned Elbera on the night of the crime.

"Frisbie admitted to me while at Bedore's hotel," said the prosecutor, "that he knew that Rosenberg was going to be robbed.

"But I did not think that Frank would go that far," Frisbie added, meaning the murder of the Cleveland man.

Since that one admission, the prosecutor testified, Frisbie has insistently maintained that he did not know what Elbera intended to do the night they left the Flats dance hall together.

County Physician Hanson testified to having made a chemical analysis of Frisbie's and Elbera's clothing and found blood stains upon them.

Dr. Stringer, of Algonac, was on the stand at the conclusion of today's proceedings. He said that in his opinion, Rosenberg's death was caused by strangulation, as would be indicated by a depression in the Adam's apple.

It is likely that Lieut.-Gov. Treadway, of Ohio, who is a brother-in-law of the accused, will come here this week and refute the statement that he had tried to induce witnesses to remain away from the trial. It is said that the Ohio official is highly indignant over the accusation of Prosecuting Attorney Brown and that he will defend his own name, now that it has been dragged into the case.

CUTS WIFE'S THROAT

Crazed New Yorker Kills His Wife and Attempts Suicide.

New York, Nov. 30.—Patrick H. Rafferty killed his wife in their Brooklyn home early today by cutting her throat with a razor. Frank O. Hanland, a brother-in-law, attempted to interfere, as did Mrs. Margaret Kelly, mother of Mrs. Rafferty. O'Hanland was severely cut and Mrs. Kelly's skull was fractured by a blow from a broomstick. Rafferty then ran into the yard and attempted to kill himself by cutting his own throat with the razor he had used on his wife.

Mrs. Kelly and Rafferty are in the hospital, where it is believed both will die.

Rafferty had been staying out late at night, according to relatives, and when he returned this morning his wife remonstrated with him.

WHO WILL LAND IN MINTO'S BERTH?

Winston Churchill Seems Less of Possibility; Lord Crewe Suggested by Some.

London, Nov. 30.—There were recently many persistent reports that Winston Churchill, the rising hope of the Liberals, is to succeed Lord Minto as viceroy of India. Lord Minto's term will be up next year and he has had much strain in dodging would-be assassins. The prospect of a general election in England, however, and Indian opposition to Winston Churchill's claims, have set Premier Asquith thinking of a different selection.

Politicians are confident Herbert Gladstone is going out to South Africa as governor-general when Lord Selbourne returns, but they shake their heads over Mr. Churchill being sent to Calcutta. Yet gossips quote a chance remark of the Princess of Wales at the dinner table, apropos of the birth of Mr. Churchill's little daughter, which seemed to afford absolute confirmation.

Now, however, the story is going round the clubs that Lord Crewe is to succeed Lord Minto. Such an appointment would have much to commend it; but there is the obstacle that Lord Crewe is almost indispensable to the Liberal party in the House of Lords. Unless Lord Morley should be willing to assume the role it is difficult to see who is to succeed him as Liberal leader in the upper chamber.

NEW BOOKS AT LIBRARY

Savage—The Story of Libraries and Book Collecting.
Stewart—Tell Me a True Story.

Sociology.

Milner—Imperial Unity. Chamberlain—Technical Education. Woolhouse—Measures, Weights and Moneys of All Nations.

Natural Science.

Aylmer-Small—Elementary Electricity, Up-to-Date. Connan—Switchboard Measuring Instruments. Harris—Granites and Our Granite Industries. McCook—Ant Communities.

Useful Arts.

Cresce—Practical Pointers for Patentees. Adams—Harper's Electricity for Boys (two copies). Wells—The Bread and Biscuit Makers, etc. Wells—Ornamental Confectionery. Blakely—Practical System of Drafting (two volumes). Buchanan—Brassfounders' Alloys. Graham—Brassfounders' Manual. Hodgson—Practical Stonemasonry, Self Taught.

Fine Arts.

Hare (editor)—The Three Great Portrait Painters of the Seventeenth Century; The Great English Portrait Painters of the Eighteenth Century; Three Great Florentine Painters; Three Great Modern Painters; The Leaders of the English Pre-Raphaelites. Thorpe—The Art of Engraving. Mason—The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do.

Literature.

Bangs—The Autobiography of Methuselah. Kiser—Soul Sonnets of the Stenographer. Alexander—Selections from Shelley.

Travels.

Howells—Seven English Cities. Kirkham—Mexican Trails. Francis—Americans.

History.

Synge—The Great Victorian Age. Markham—The Story of Majorca and Minorca. Osborn—The Andean Land (South America).

Biography.

Abbott—Alexander the Great. Butler—Sir Redvers Buller. Murray—Recollections.

Fiction.

A. Barr—The House on Cherry Street. Connor—The Foreigner (three copies). Jerome—They and I. Nicholson—The Lords of High Decision. Little—Little Sister Snow. Gerard—The King's Signet. Maartens—Brothers All. McCarthy—The God of Love. Nesbit—Daphne in Fitzroy Street. Newbolt—The New June. Roberts—The Backwoodsmen. Selincourt—The Way Things Happen. Smith—Forty Minutes Late. Von Hutton—The Pool of Flame. Vance—The Lordship of Love.

Juvenile.

Barbour—Double Play. Gould—Felicia. Warde—Betty Wales & Co. Warde—Betty Wales, B.A.

LOOTED A RINK.

Toronto, Ont., Nov. 30. — Eleven boys are being held at the children's shelter, Simcoe street, on charges of housebreaking or shopbreaking, the oldest being not more than 16 years of age. Seven of the boys are under detention in connection with robberies at the Grand Central rink, Spadina avenue. The rink has been completely sacked, and in addition damage has been done to the extent of $500. The boys claim a jockey belonging to Waterloo, claiming he represented the management of the rink, told them they could do just about what they liked in the rink and assisted in looting the place.

AUSTRALIANS ARE CHAMPIONS.

Sydney, N. S. W., Nov. 30.—The Australasian defenders retained the Dwight F. Davis challenge cup by defeating the Americans today in the final matches of the international tennis tournament. The play was in singles, and the Californians made a better showing than in the earlier matches.

The score—International singles, A. F. Wilding, of New Zealand, beat Maurice E. McLaughlin, United States, 6—6, 8—6, 6—2, 6—3. Norman E. Brookes, Victoria, beat Melville H. Long, United States, 6—4, 7—5, 8—6.

REFUSE ARBITRATION.

Ottawa, Nov. 29. — The leather goods manufacturers of the city have declined to submit to arbitration the dispute which led to the stroke of their workmen several weeks ago. The employers, declare business conditions at the present time will not permit of the paying of a higher wage scale. Many of the men are seeking employment at other work.

CATSPAW is synonymous with comfort, grace and ease; with elasticity and firmness—CATSPAW RUBBER HEELS are true to name. All shoe dealers and repairers.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

Orillia, Nov. 30. — Samuel McCaughey, who lived eight miles out in Orillia Township, was accidentally shot and killed by a rifle in the hands of his eldest son. The son had taken the rifle to go hunting foxes. It slipped from under his arm, and in his endeavor to save it from falling to the ground the rifle was discharged. McCaughey was blacking his shoes with one foot on the stove. The ball entered the back of his neck, and came out at the front of the head, and death was instantaneous. The son lost a finger.

JUST A FEW DOSES END KIDNEY MISERY AND MAKE YOUR LAME BACK FEEL FINE

Out-of-Order Kidneys Are Regulated, Making Backache or Bladder Trouble Vanish.

A real surprise awaits every sufferer from kidney or bladder trouble who takes several doses of Pape's Diuretic. Misery in the back, sides or loins, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism pains, heart palpitations, dizziness, sleeplessness, inflamed or swollen eyelids, lack of energy and all symptoms of out-of-order kidneys simply vanish.

Uncontrollable urination (especially at night), smarting, offensive and discolored water and other bladder misery ends.

The moment you suspect kidney or urinary disorder, or feel any rheumatism, begin taking this harmless medicine, with the knowledge that there is no other remedy, at any price, made anywhere else in the world, which will effect so thorough and prompt a cure as a fifty-cent treatment of Pape's Diuretic, which any druggist can supply.

It is needless to feel miserable and worried, because this unusual preparation goes at once to the out-of-order kidneys and urinary system, distributing its cleansing, healing and strengthening influence (directly upon the organs and glands affected, and completes the cure before you realize it.

Your physician, pharmacist, banker or any mercantile agency will tell you that Pape, Thompson & Pape, of Cincinatti, is a large and responsible medicine concern, thoroughly worthy of your confidence.

Only curative results can come from taking Pape's Diuretic, and a few days' treatment will make any one feel fine.

Accept only Pape's Diuretic—50-cent treatment—any drug store—anywhere in the world.

Great Clearance of Dress and Suit Fabrics

Value to $1, Thursday 42c Yard

In this lot you can find material for any kind of a suit or dress. Fancy Worsteds, Serges, Satin Cloths, Venetians, etc., in all staple and new shades, such as wistaria, smoke, peon, taupe, navy, brown, green and black. In addition, we have a few Plain Panamas, 54 inches wide, in greens and browns. Gordon and Forbes' Tartans, 54 inches wide, worth $1.00, and Black and White Check Plaid, 54 inches wide, worth $1.00. They're just the odds and ends of the best selling lines we have had this season; dependable and right up to date. Any woman or girl with a dress goods want to satisfy can't afford to miss this opportunity. Remember, THURSDAY IS THE DAY. THE PRICE IS 42c YARD.

Collars

We have the greatest range of Fancy Collars of all kinds we ever had. We couldn't make a greater boast, for our Collar Department has long been recognized as the leading place to find the newest ideas in pretty Collars. This year we have all shades and styles, including the popular Jet and Pearl trimmed effects. Our range at 50c is enormous, and they're all suitably boxed for gifts. We have a limited quantity of Collars in separate boxes, at .....35¢

Belts

Our range of Belts never was greater or more select than this year. Elastic, Jet, Silk Web, etc., and we have them all. One worthy of special mention is our Jet Belt at 29c. It's worth 50c, and should be seen to be fully appreciated. We have another miscellaneous lot of Belts, value to 75c, we are selling at ..... 39¢

Don't buy Belts till you see ours.

Handkerchiefs

Thousands of Handkerchiefs, from the low-priced Cotton, at 2 for 5c, to the high-class Embroidered Linen, go to complete one of the greatest and best collections of Handkerchiefs we ever had. Many boxed individually, or in quarter or half dozens. Linen, Silk, Plain Hemmed, Hemstitched, Lace Edged, etc. Space will not permit of any detailed description. The assortment is at its best NOW.

GRAY & PARKER

PHONE 1182 150 DUNDAS, AND CARLING STREET

Why Does It Cure

Not because it is Sarsaparilla, but because it is a medicine of peculiar merit, composed of more than twenty different remedial agents effecting phenomenal cures of troubles of the blood, stomach, liver and bowels.

Thus Hood's Sarsaparilla cures scrofula, eczema, anemia, catarrh, nervousness, that tired feeling, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, and builds up the system.

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. Prepared by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass.

TO-NIGHT Cascarets

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists

BENGER'S Food

is quite distinct from any other. It possesses the remarkable property of rendering milk, with which it is mixed when used, quite easy of digestion by children, invalids and convalescents.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by druggists, etc., everywhere.

BEANS AND BOY are BOTH READY

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS

are so good that they are always welcomed.

They are *so economic to buy* that they save you money to spend on other goods.

They are so nourishing that they supply all the strength and vigor needed for the growing boys and girls, and grown men and women.

They are so well known and generally accepted as the best made that there is a pleasure in saying to guests "These are CLARK'S."

At your Grocer's—

6c., 10c., 12½c. a tin

CLARK'S "CHATEAU" BRAND

5c., 10c., 15c. and 20c. a tin

WM. CLARK, - Montreal

Manufacturer of High-Grade Food Specialties 5-11-09

Leaves No Streaks

With ordinary soap you wash—then spend nine-tenths of your time rubbing and polishing—that is if you are extra particular and can take the time.

When you wash your windows, for instance, little streaks of "dirt" seem so hard to get off—it's really the soap—not the dirt—that's the trouble. With Taylor's Borax Soap you wash and rinse, dry once and your glassware sparkles like crystal.

It's all in the borax—the way Taylor blends it in

Taylor's

Borax Soap

The soap removes the grease—the borax removes the soap—and there you are!

It's fine for woolens, too. It positively will not shrink them. It brings them out of the wash as soft and fresh as new. Thousands of Canadian women are using Taylor's Borax Soap today. Try a cake at once and know the reasons why.

At All Dealers— 5c [16]

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