

Write for Samples and Price Lists (sent post free) and save fifty per cent.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND,
And 104, 106 and 170 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Irish Linen and Damask Manufacturers
AND FURNISHERS TO
H.M. THE QUEEN, EMPRESS FREDERICK,
Members of the Royal Family, and the
Courts of Europe.

Supply Palaces, Mansions, Villas, Cottages, Hotels, Railways, Steamships, Institutions
Regiments and the general public direct with every description of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

From the
Least Expensive to the
Finest in the World.

Which being woven by hand, wear longer and retain their rich satin appearance to the last.
By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more
than that usually charged for common-power loom goods.

Irish Linen
Best Irish Linen Sheeting, fully bleached, two yards wide, 40c per yard
3 1/2 yards wide, 45c per yard. Roller Towelling, 18 inches wide, 6c per
yard. Surplus Linen, 16c per yard. Dusters from 15c per dozen. Irish
Glass Cloth, 1 1/2c per dozen. Fine Linen and Linen Diaper, 10c per yard. Our
Special Soft Finished Long Cloth from 6c per yard.

Irish Damask Table Linen
Fish Napkins, 70c per doz. Dinner Napkins,
\$1.15 per doz. Table Cloth, 1 yard square, 60c;
2 1/2 yards by 3 yards, \$1.15 each. Kitchen Table
Cloth, 30c each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.05 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coats
of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Clubs, Hotels or
Mass Orders.)

Matchless Shirts
Fine quality Longcloth Bodies, with 4-fold pure linen fronts
and cuffs, \$3.52 the half-dozen (to measure 48c extra.) New de-
signs in our special Indiana Game Oxford and Usherkin
patterns for the season. Old shirts made good as new, with best materials in neck
bands, cuffs and fronts, for \$3.56 the half-dozen.

Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs
"The Cambrics of Robinson and
Cleaver have world-wide
fame."—The Queen. "Cheapest
Handkerchiefs I have ever seen."—*Spirit of the Times*. Children's, 30c per doz.;
Ladies', 40c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 70c per doz. Hemstitched—Ladies', 50c per doz.;
Gentlemen's, 90c per doz.

Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs
COLLARS—Ladies', from 80c per doz.; Gent
lemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes, \$1.15 per
doz. CUFFS—For Ladies or Gentlemen,
from \$1.15 per doz. "Surplus makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedral and
Churches in the Kingdom. Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the
merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*.

Irish Underclothing
A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises,
embroidered, 40c; Nightgowns, 60c; Combination
Gowns, 80c. Undies, or Corsets, 40c; Bed
Trousers, \$2.50; Infant's Layettes, \$12.00. (See List.)

To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and inquiries for samples should be addressed
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland.
Please mention this paper.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

"Was it too late to change?" she asked herself, wearily. "If she could summon up courage now, and try, step by step, to regain all she had lost, would it be of any use?" She was young, and she had a wish. It seemed hard that hope and happiness should gradually fade from her. The sunshine and the flowers seemed to shine upon her. Bending over the golden gladiolus—in whose fragrant bells the bees were humming—she said to herself that she would try.

An opportunity came that very day. During dinner, she had a wish. The evening, and laughed at the countless piquant notion of a committee.

"It is some distance to her house," Violante said. "How shall we go?"

As usual, Miss Leigh, who considered the formation of all plans her own particular province, spoke.

"It will be a fine evening," she replied, and walk by the Arno will be delightful.

"How fond you are of that river, Beatrice," said Vivian.

No one appealed to Lady Selwyn, or seemed to think she had any wish in the matter. Now was the time to try.

"If you have no objection," she said, turning her fair, flushed face to Miss Leigh, "I should like to drive. The walk is rather long for me."

They looked at her with some surprise—it was the first time she had dissented from any wish.

"Certainly," said Vivian. "Beatrice will enjoy a drive. We will consider it settled. I will order the carriage for seven."

It was Lady Selwyn's first triumph. She had not time to feel pleased over it before seeing the expression on Miss Leigh's face. It startled her, for it said that she should suffer for the contradiction, and she considered the victory dearly bought.

CHAPTER XXI.

Countess Sitani had, perhaps, given more attention to the arrangements of her house than any other woman ever cared to do. Everything was picturesque, beautiful, and graceful. Her saloons presented a combination of colors that charmed all eyes. She could arrange flowers, pictures, and statues as few others had the gift of doing.

But on this evening, when what she called "The Committee of Taste" was to meet she chose the prettiest spot in all Florence for the rendezvous.

It was a scene from Arcadia. The blue sky, the shining river, the tall, tufted trees, the vine-covered arbor, and the beautiful women, on whom the sunlight fell, mellowed and softened through the green foliage. Three women, so wondrously fair, that it seemed like a glimpse of the goddesses that they should have met together—Miss Leigh, with her grand, passionate beauty; Countess Sitani, radiant as a star; and Lady Selwyn, perfect in her pure English loveliness. The three were sitting together, bending over a book of costumes, and the two gentlemen stood looking at them.

Prince Cesare was a handsome, attractive man; he had the dark, melancholy face so common among Italians; proud, too, with gleams of light and tenderness that made him a favorite with all women. He had known Lord and Lady Selwyn for many months, and the more he saw of Lady Selwyn the more deeply he admired her.

Had she been free, Prince Cesare would not have hesitated a moment in asking her to be his wife. Her fair, pure face charmed his fancy; he thought her perfection, and envied any other man. He had no ridiculous or dishonorable notion of failing in love with his friend's wife; he was as noble and chivalrous as the grand old Romans from whom he descended; but he admired and liked her sufficiently to regret that he had not met her before she became Lady Selwyn. Countess Sitani, whom nothing ever escaped, watched with great delight the fealty and homage the young prince offered to the beautiful Englishwoman. He had been so proud, so sure of never loving any one, so confident in his own strength, that she was pleased to find him fallible after all.

Suddenly Countess Sitani raised her bright face from the book.

"I see nothing here that pleases me," she said. "I want something unique. Venetian costumes and Roman head-dresses. Genoese ornaments have no charm of novelty, and it is novelty I want."

"Novelty you shall have, countess," said Lord Selwyn. "If we can procure it for you. You suggested some tableaux from English history; nothing could be better—English history is full of grand situations."

"I read the story of your 'Fair Rosalind' the other day," said Countess Sitani. "We could make a magnificent tableau from that. Queen Eleanor, with a face full of wrath, bending over the shrinking, frightened girl whose royal lover was no longer near to protect her; she half crouching, half shrinking, wholly afraid. It would make a grand picture. Rosalind was a fair beauty; Lady Selwyn, you would represent her well."

"And you, Miss Leigh, must be Queen Eleanor," said Prince Cesare. "I could do just as she did," interrupted Miss Leigh. "Had king of mine played me false for a fair face I should not hesitate long."

"Hush, Beatrice," said Lord Selwyn. "You can but be jesting. Our friends will believe you, if you look so terribly earnest."

"Which did King Henry love best?" asked Lady Selwyn.

"Fair Rosamond," said the countess.

"His wife," replied Lord Selwyn, both in the same breath.

And Countess Sitani, bending over Lady Selwyn, said:

"You shall be fair Rosamond; you shall wear that same graceful dress, and we will let your golden hair fall over your shoulders. If you try to look frightened when the fierce queen grasps you, it will be a pretty group."

"That is settled, then," said Vivian. "And now for the second."

"May I suggest?" asked Prince Cesare. "I find more elements of tragedy in the reign of your King Harry the Eighth than in any other. Take a scene from it."

"Something about Katherine of Aragon," said Lady Selwyn; "I love her very much."

"Then I know the very thing," cried Lord Selwyn. "Whether it is history of fiction I cannot tell; but I remember distinctly the little story. It is that before the hapless Spanish Queen had any suspicions that the king was untrue to her, she one day suddenly entered a room, and caught the royal Harry in the very act of kissing Anne Boleyn's fair hand. Speaking of her queenly dignity, her royal self-control, her regal power of self-command, the story told how she spoke no word, uttered no reproach, but looked at her husband as such sad, wistful sorrow that it pained even him. That would make a good picture; the patient, dignified queen—sorrow, despair, and the dawning of the coming evil all in her face; the bluff, handsome king, half ashamed of being caught, yet braving out the situation; and the beautiful Anne, flattered and proud. What do you think of it, Prince Cesare?"

"It will make a grand picture," he replied. "Lady Selwyn, you must be Anne Boleyn, the fair young rival of the queen."

"And I must be Katherine of Aragon," said Miss Leigh. "I do not like the role, but I suppose I must submit."

"You look so much like the queen," said the prince, with a low bow.

"But why are we always rivals?" asked Lady Selwyn, looking at Miss Leigh.

"You must be," said Countess Sitani; "you are both queens of different types, therefore you can be nothing but rivals. Then our second picture is arranged. You, Lady Selwyn, will be Anne Boleyn; you, Miss Leigh,

TAYLOR'S CLUB GLYCERINE SOAP
FOR THE TOILET
Manufactured by
JOHN TAYLOR & CO.
TORONTO

Queen Katherine; and you, my Lord Selwyn, will make a grand King Henry.

"Whom did the king love best?" again asked Lady Selwyn.

"History says Katherine, fiction says Anne. I should say neither," replied Vivian. "He broke Katherine's heart, and out of Anne's head; so you can draw your own inferences, Violante."

"He loved Anne best," said Countess Sitani; "he risked the most to win her."

"Then I am glad to be Anne," said Lady Selwyn, and the smile on her fair face was beautiful to see.

"Now, out of the picture," said the countess. "Let us keep to your English history, Lord Selwyn. No fiction can equal it. What of Elizabeth?"

"She, too, had a rival in the heart of the man she loved best," replied Vivian. "Lord Leicester certainly loved Amy Robsart best, although he was dazzled by the light that played around Elizabeth's throne."

"I should like to be 'Amy Robsart,'" cried Lady Selwyn; and this time Countess Sitani laughed aloud.

"You could not play properly the part of one the king did not love," she said.

"Not if the king was Lord Vivian Selwyn," said Prince Cesare, and he bowed low to the fair young girl, who did not seem to remember the existence of any other man except her own husband.

[To be Continued.]

Light and Shade.

Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on.

'Twas not given for you alone—Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, Till in heaven the deed appears. Pass it on.

Not being able to think of anything better, the dear creature asked: "Do you think there is anything in a name, Mr. Croucher?"

"Well," he returned, "you know yourself, now, that you'd rather be called Cecil Rhodes, than Dusty Rhodes, wouldn't you?"

Dr. Squills—What was the matter with that cab driver you were called to see last night?

Dr. Kallomell—As nearly as I can describe what ails him it is automobilousness.

When money talks there are always plenty of attentive listeners.—*Life*.

Mother—Now, daisy, you can tell me the name of the insignificant little worm who industry I am enabled to wear this slinky robe?

Daisy—I know! The insignificant little worm is papa!

A lawyer got a prisoner acquitted before a Welsh jury by a simple argument. "They have produced a witness," he said, "who swears that he saw the prisoner stealing the goose. I can produce here nearly two hundred witnesses who will swear that they did not see him steal the goose. It is one man's oath against two hundred." The man was acquitted.

AROUND THE LAMP

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—*Voltaire*.

Of all the pretty, pleasing pictures that my eyes ever gazed upon, I think of the picture of a woman with a snow-white apron on. Mixing up some dainty dishes. As she scoured my dainties, looking at that Queen Eleanor, I say, "You may then reproach the cook."

Since Miss Kathryn has been going some weeks past to cooking school. Where they measure the ingredients of a pie by metric rule. She will sit for hours reading. Feasts, she says, for me shall cook. Till at last I am asked to cook. Not the cook—Oh, no!—the book.

—*Boston Globe*.

SPRING MILLINERY.

The common features are, first, the tendency to higher crowns, one Leghorn having a crown six inches high; second, having the brims rolled off the face, and third, the use of many flowered ribbons. The hats will be made of veritable flower gardens, and the art of millinery is nowhere more convincingly manifest than in the beauty of the flowers which will adorn millinery headwear during the vernal season.

A FLORAL MIRACLE.

"The most magnificent floral effect I ever saw in my life," said Robert N. Wilson, of the Morgan line, "was in Texas. They have a flower there called the rainflower, the botanical name of which is the *Cooperia*. It usually blooms three or four days after a rain. I was through the country to look after some land for a friend, and the thing that struck me in that particular locality was the utter barrenness of the whole landscape. There was a low piece of land, and there were some that were covered with low, black vines that were decidedly uninviting. Four hours later, after a heavy thunder shower, I passed that place. The vines were absolutely covered with what seemed to be the prettiest flowers I had ever seen. It was one enormous bouquet, and the fragrance from it was almost intoxicating."

"I could scarcely believe the evidences of my own eyes, but there it was, what seemed to be an unshiny waste, transformed as if by magic into a bower of bloom."

"I made inquiry of the natives, and learned that once in a long time the rainflower blooms. The few after a rain, though ordinarily the blossoms did not appear for three or four days, and then usually came in the night."—*New York Commercial*.

AN ELECTRIC LIGHT BATH.

The Alexian brothers at their hospital in Chicago have an interesting electric light bath, which is essentially a large wooden box, the walls and top of which are lined with mirrors and studded with incandescent lamps. The interior horizontal dimensions of the cabinet are 3 1/2 by 4 1/2 feet, with a height of about 7 feet. The bottom, side walls and the ceilings are lined with rectangular plate-glass mirrors, between which are narrow wooden strips with porcelain sockets for the incandescent lamps. In the lower half of the cabinet there are 60 lamps, and in the upper there are 26. The cabinet is carefully insulated to prevent the radiation of heat. The door of the cabinet is in two parts, the lower one being filled with mirrors on the inside and the top one formed of clear glass. The temperature varies from 110° to 140° Fahrenheit, says the *Western Electrician*. The electric light bath

LADIES, ATTENTION!

One Dollar's Worth
For Fifty Cents.

THE LADIES' JOURNAL is an old established and thoroughly up-to-date home journal. It contains short and serial stories, poems, latest fashions well illustrated, fancy work designs, household recipes, in short something to interest every member of the family.

REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION PRICE ONE DOLLAR. We want to get a list of red thousand subscribers. We therefore offer The Ladies' Journal at half price.

Fifty Cents for a Whole Year's Subscription.

Try it for a year; you will not be disappointed. Only fifty cents. Send script, postal note, or express order. Send now, as this offer may be withdrawn at any time.

\$120.00 in Cash, Absolutely Free and other Valuable Prizes.

AN ENTERTAINING PROPOSITION. We frequently have something novel to interest and entertain our readers. Just now we offer \$120.00 in cash and other valuable prizes to our subscribers for the solution of the geographical problems given below. No charge for competing, but actual subscribers only can enter. Make out of the mixed up letters given below names of Canadian cities and Ontario counties.

LANEHIUROT	RACUVEOVN	RAEPEIDWDRCM
FIIDUNOT	AFKLAHI	NJTIANOHS
LARTMOE	NOOTLOH	UKMOASK
FLAKNA	TDNONL	TWMO
TFODNRAB	CRIVATIO	EIVNLEBLG
	TEWNIPGN	THSNGASI

\$100.00 will be given to the sender of the first correct list of these names of cities and counties. If more than one correct solution is received the \$100.00 will be equally divided among the first five persons sending correct or most nearly correct answers.

Ten Ladies' Gold Watches to the senders of the next ten correct or most nearly correct solutions and one hundred other valuable prizes to the next one hundred persons who give the correct or most nearly correct solution.

The above gifts will be made strictly in the order the letters are received at the Ladies' Journal Office, so do not delay. Make out the names and send now, but you have a good opportunity any time before the close of the competition, March 31st, for not many will likely be correct.

As a consolation for late comers we will give \$20.00 to the sender of the last correct solution received. The latter must be postmarked not later than March 31st. Ten days after the close of competition will be the time for letters to reach us from distant points. If more than one correct solution is received we will divide the \$20.00 equally among four late comers. If not, then among three or less, but the \$20.00 will not be divided into more than four parts. The competition remains open only until 31st March next.

Bear in mind all these gifts will be surely made, for if no correct answers are received they will be awarded to those who are most nearly correct.

Every one competing must abide by the decision of the proprietors of The Journal, for it will be final. The names and addresses of those successful competitors will be given in next issue of The Journal after close of the competition.

Please state where you saw this advertisement.

Address
THE LADIES' JOURNAL, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Canada.

AROUND THE LAMP

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—*Voltaire*.

Of all the pretty, pleasing pictures that my eyes ever gazed upon, I think of the picture of a woman with a snow-white apron on. Mixing up some dainty dishes. As she scoured my dainties, looking at that Queen Eleanor, I say, "You may then reproach the cook."

Since Miss Kathryn has been going some weeks past to cooking school. Where they measure the ingredients of a pie by metric rule. She will sit for hours reading. Feasts, she says, for me shall cook. Till at last I am asked to cook. Not the cook—Oh, no!—the book.

—*Boston Globe*.

SPRING MILLINERY.

The common features are, first, the tendency to higher crowns, one Leghorn having a crown six inches high; second, having the brims rolled off the face, and third, the use of many flowered ribbons. The hats will be made of veritable flower gardens, and the art of millinery is nowhere more convincingly manifest than in the beauty of the flowers which will adorn millinery headwear during the vernal season.

WOMAN'S PLUCK WINS.

A Lady Who Cured Her Husband of the Liqueur Habit Writes a Pathetic Letter.

She writes: "I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaritan Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his wife's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming at all hazards. I sent for your Samaritan Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning, and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more, and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me. A peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comfort, and everything else dear to a woman's heart for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff, and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope sent free giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaritan Prescription. Correspondence considered strictly confidential. Address the Samaritan Remedy Co., 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

THE LITTLE COAT

Oh, this empty coat of his! Every tatter worth a kiss; Every stain as pure as mine. As the white stars overhead. And the pockets—homes were they Of the little hands that play among the stars—beckon thus. Now no more—Beckon us.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

STRAWS, RIBBONS AND ROSES.

Some of the most attractive pastel combinations are carried out on coarse straws in ribbons and roses, the harmonies most favored being green, blue and mauve, two different shades of green, blue and lilac, mauve or pink; all the tints named being of an equally pale, low tone.

Preference is given to the greens over all others, for the straw, the shape proper being of sometimes one shade and the braids used to trim it of another. At the Maison Jame I was shown a charming selection of models built up after this fashion, also an admirable specimen of the Amazon

AROUND THE LAMP

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—*Voltaire*.

Of all the pretty, pleasing pictures that my eyes ever gazed upon, I think of the picture of a woman with a snow-white apron on. Mixing up some dainty dishes. As she scoured my dainties, looking at that Queen Eleanor, I say, "You may then reproach the cook."

Since Miss Kathryn has been going some weeks past to cooking school. Where they measure the ingredients of a pie by metric rule. She will sit for hours reading. Feasts, she says, for me shall cook. Till at last I am asked to cook. Not the cook—Oh, no!—the book.

—*Boston Globe*.

SPRING MILLINERY.

The common features are, first, the tendency to higher crowns, one Leghorn having a crown six inches high; second, having the brims rolled off the face, and third, the use of many flowered ribbons. The hats will be made of veritable flower gardens, and the art of millinery is nowhere more convincingly manifest than in the beauty of the flowers which will adorn millinery headwear during the vernal season.

WOMAN'S PLUCK WINS.

A Lady Who Cured Her Husband of the Liqueur Habit Writes a Pathetic Letter.

She writes: "I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaritan Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his wife's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming at all hazards. I sent for your Samaritan Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning, and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more, and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me. A peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comfort, and everything else dear to a woman's heart for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff, and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope sent free giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaritan Prescription. Correspondence considered strictly confidential. Address the Samaritan Remedy Co., 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

THE LITTLE COAT

Oh, this empty coat of his! Every tatter worth a kiss; Every stain as pure as mine. As the white stars overhead. And the pockets—homes were they Of the little hands that play among the stars—beckon thus. Now no more—Beckon us.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

STRAWS, RIBBONS AND ROSES.

Some of the most attractive pastel combinations are carried out on coarse straws in ribbons and roses, the harmonies most favored being green, blue and mauve, two different shades of green, blue and lilac, mauve or pink; all the tints named being of an equally pale, low tone.

Preference is given to the greens over all others, for the straw, the shape proper being of sometimes one shade and the braids used to trim it of another. At the Maison Jame I was shown a charming selection of models built up after this fashion, also an admirable specimen of the Amazon

AROUND THE LAMP

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—*Voltaire*.

Of all the pretty, pleasing pictures that my eyes ever gazed upon, I think of the picture of a woman with a snow-white apron on. Mixing up some dainty dishes. As she scoured my dainties, looking at that Queen Eleanor, I say, "You may then reproach the cook."

Since Miss Kathryn has been going some weeks past to cooking school. Where they measure the ingredients of a pie by metric rule. She will sit for hours reading. Feasts, she says, for me shall cook. Till at last I am asked to cook. Not the cook—Oh, no!—the book.

—*Boston Globe*.

SPRING MILLINERY.

The common features are, first, the tendency to higher crowns, one Leghorn having a crown six inches high; second, having the brims rolled off the face, and third, the use of many flowered ribbons. The hats will be made of veritable flower gardens, and the art of millinery is nowhere more convincingly manifest than in the beauty of the flowers which will adorn millinery headwear during the vernal season.

WOMAN'S PLUCK WINS.

A Lady Who Cured Her Husband of the Liqueur Habit Writes a Pathetic Letter.

She writes: "I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaritan Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his wife's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming at all hazards. I sent for your Samaritan Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning, and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more, and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me. A peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comfort, and everything else dear to a woman's heart for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff, and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope sent free giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaritan Prescription. Correspondence considered strictly confidential. Address the Samaritan Remedy Co., 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

THE LITTLE COAT

Oh, this empty coat of his! Every tatter worth a kiss; Every stain as pure as mine. As the white stars overhead. And the pockets—homes were they Of the little hands that play among the stars—beckon thus. Now no more—Beckon us.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

STRAWS, RIBBONS AND ROSES.

Some of the most attractive pastel combinations are carried out on coarse straws in ribbons and roses, the harmonies most favored being green, blue and mauve, two different shades of green, blue and lilac, mauve or pink; all the tints named being of an equally pale, low tone.

Preference is given to the greens over all others, for the straw, the shape proper being of sometimes one shade and the braids used to trim it of another. At the Maison Jame I was shown a charming selection of models built up after this fashion, also an admirable specimen of the Amazon

AROUND THE LAMP

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—*Voltaire*.

Of all the pretty, pleasing pictures that my eyes ever gazed upon, I think of the picture of a woman with a snow-white apron on. Mixing up some dainty dishes. As she scoured my dainties, looking at that Queen Eleanor, I say, "You may then reproach the cook."

Since Miss Kathryn has been going some weeks past to cooking school. Where they measure the ingredients of a pie by metric rule. She will sit for hours reading. Feasts, she says, for me shall cook. Till at last I am asked to cook. Not the cook—Oh, no!—the book.

—*Boston Globe*.

SPRING MILLINERY.

The common features are, first, the tendency to higher crowns, one Leghorn having a crown six inches high; second, having the brims rolled off the face, and third, the use of many flowered ribbons. The hats will be made of veritable flower gardens, and the art of millinery is nowhere more convincingly manifest than in the beauty of the flowers which will adorn millinery headwear during the vernal season.

WOMAN'S PLUCK WINS.

A Lady Who Cured Her Husband of the Liqueur Habit Writes a Pathetic Letter.

She writes: "I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Samaritan Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his wife's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming at all hazards. I sent for your Samaritan Prescription and put it in his coffee as directed next morning, and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more, and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me. A peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comfort, and everything else dear to a woman's heart for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff, and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from his promises before. He never has, and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

A pamphlet in plain, sealed envelope sent free giving testimonials and full information, with directions how to take or administer Samaritan Prescription. Correspondence considered strictly confidential. Address the Samaritan Remedy Co., 23 Jordan street, Toronto, Ont.

THE LITTLE COAT

Oh, this empty coat of his! Every tatter worth a kiss; Every stain as pure as mine. As the white stars overhead. And the pockets—homes were they Of the little hands that play among the stars—beckon thus. Now no more—Beckon us.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

STRAWS, RIBBONS AND ROSES.

Some of the most attractive pastel combinations are carried out on coarse straws in ribbons and roses, the harmonies most favored being green, blue and mauve, two different shades of green, blue and lilac, mauve or pink; all the tints named being of an equally pale, low tone.

Preference is given to the greens over all others, for the straw, the shape proper being of sometimes one shade and the braids used to trim it of another. At the Maison Jame I was shown a charming selection of models built up after this fashion, also an admirable specimen of the Amazon