

# FREE SOAP COUPON

## HERE IT IS GOOD FOR ONE WEEK

We will buy you a 10c cake of Infants' Delight with every 25c purchase of Taylor's Borax Soap. Cut out the coupon and present it to your grocer when you buy your next 25c worth of Taylor's Borax Soap and he will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE the full size 10c cake of Infants' Delight which we have bought for you. We pay your grocer the full price of 10c each for these cakes of Infants' Delight which he hands out, because we know that nothing we can say will show you so quickly what a wonderful soap it is,—how it wears as thin as a wafer, how perfectly it cleanses, and how soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

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We are so sure that when once you have used Taylor's Borax Soap for the Laundry, and Infants' Delight Toilet Soap that you will never be satisfied with other kinds, that we are buying thousands of cakes of Infants' Delight and giving them away free to the ladies who buy Taylor's Borax Soap.

We pay for  
Infants' Delight

You pay only  
for Taylor's  
Borax Soap

#### FREE SOAP COUPON

This coupon, when properly signed and presented to your grocer at any time within one week, with 25c in payment for five bars of Taylor's Borax Soap, entitles bearer to a 10c cake of Infants' Delight Soap free.

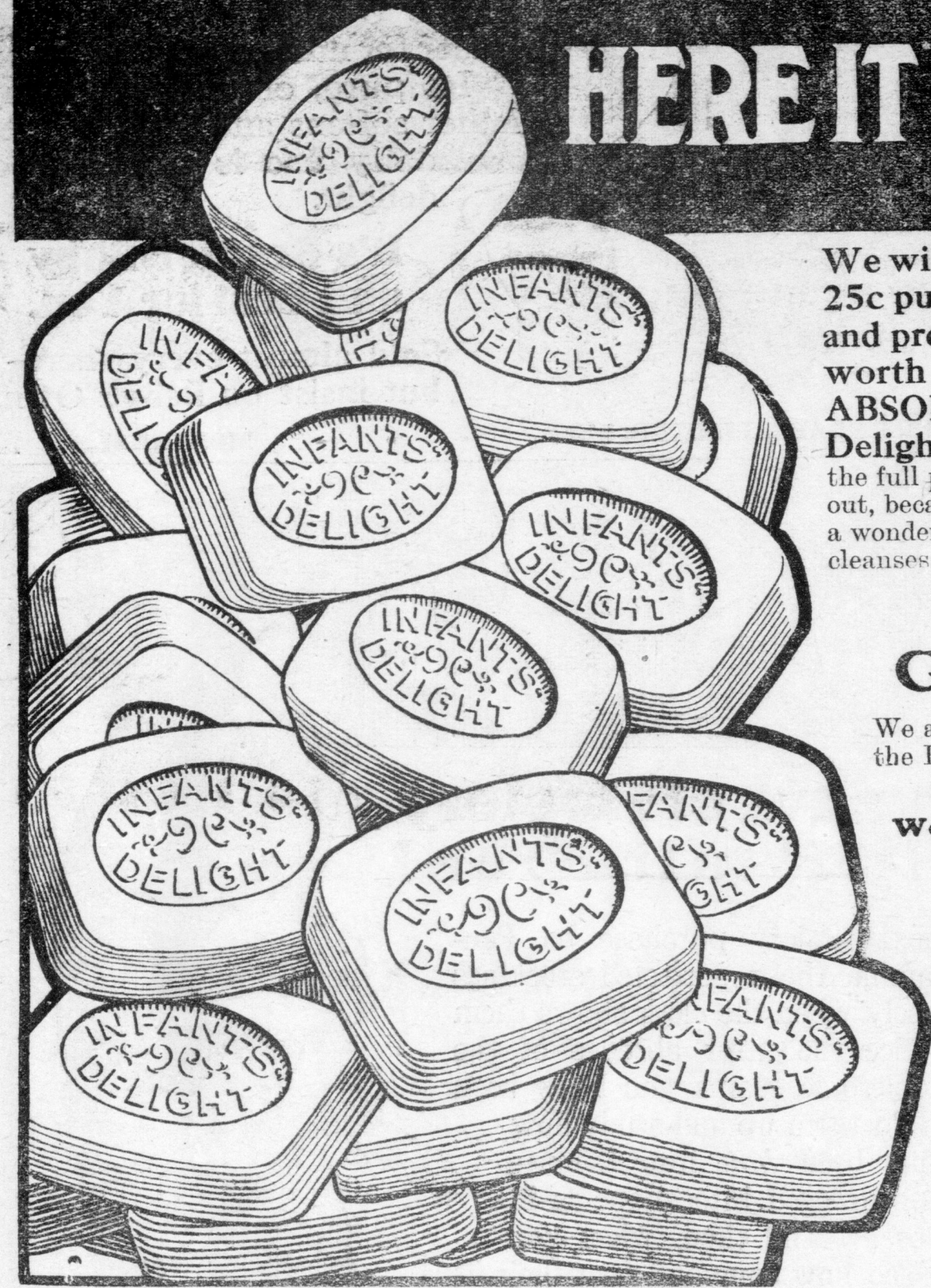
Name \_\_\_\_\_

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#### Notice to Dealers

Please honor this coupon at its face value for a regular 10c cake of Infants' Delight Soap, when properly signed by a customer who also buys 25c worth of Taylor's Borax Soap. In accordance with our agreement we will redeem these coupons to allow you the regular profit on the Soap.

John Taylor & Co., Limited



## A Whole Month's Salary 'Went' in 30 Days of Bridge

How One Toronto Man Became Wiser and His Wife Sadder When the Skeleton Stalked Out of the Family Cupboard—"All the Women. Except a Few, Play for Money."

(The Ferret, in Toronto Star.)

The past season of bridge whist has left many things in its trail, pleasant and otherwise. Among the "other-wise" are a sadder woman and a wiser man. The former was a bridge fiend. The game had taken such complete possession of her that, through constant indulgence, it had developed into a feverish malady. No invitation was ever refused, no opportunity to play was ever missed. Whatever came between her and a game was put aside as of secondary importance and she was everywhere, for she was popular. An honest little soul she was, who never quarrelled over anything her partner did, never said biting things across the table, never made another woman feel embarrassed or uncomfortable, never stooped to gain a trick by unfair means. But she was a foolish little butterfly, and a very unlucky player.

The man, on the other hand, took no interest in the game, and never played it; but being out of town five days of the week, his wife went unchecked along her chosen path, and that path led to trouble, for the man had only an average salary, and with everything at top-notch price, he had to stretch

his small income to snapping point, sometimes, to meet his expenses.

Pencil in hand, and a pile of bills in front of him, he sat at his desk one evening wrestling with the question of ways and means. Things downtown had not been running smoothly, and things uptown had been growing a little heavy for his overburdened shoulders. Debt he abhorred. His principle was "get only what you can afford, and do without whatever you can't pay cash for." But the problem of just how to do it was gradually growing serious.

Across the room his wife sat, gazing with unseeing eyes into the glowing fire. Her trouble took the form of a skeleton in the cupboard; and, while it clamored for immediate attention, she felt she had to keep the door close shut for fear its presence would be discovered.

She looked uneasily once or twice at the worried face of the man and the pile of papers in front of him, and she plunged suddenly at it.

"Billy," she began, haltingly, "I want some extra money."

The man stopped in his reckoning, and showed his papers aside.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Everything. I've had nothing but annoying experiences all week, and Briggs wrote very insolently, this morning about his account."

She stopped with a sudden wave of remembrance, and bit her lip.

"Briggs!" echoed the man, his eyes wide with astonishment. "I gave you sixty dollars last week to settle that bill. What did you do with it?"

"And there's Myers," went on the woman, hurriedly.

"Get back to Briggs," insisted the man. "How is it you didn't settle that?"

"Why don't you follow the hounds, Billy? A fox would be run to earth in no time with you after it. I didn't settle with Briggs simply because I had nothing to settle with."

"But I gave you sixty dollars—"

"Oh, yes! Yes!" she broke in, impatiently. "I know you did. Keep on pounding that into me. You've told me that three times inside three minutes. You gave me sixty dollars, but thirty of it went on Monday, and the rest on Wednesday. I had nothing to give him."

"It just 'Went.'"

"I don't understand," protested the man. "What do you mean by 'went'?"

Did you take it to settle some other account?"

"Yes—no. It just 'went,' repeated to the woman, confusedly, and her little, incapable hands, palms upturned, opened and closed suggestively. "But since we are on the subject of money, Billy, I wish you would just let me have enough to wipe off all the little bills that have been accumulating—the grocer and the butcher, and the others, and I can start a month clear. It's only a matter of forty or fifty dollars—perhaps a little more—"

"Great Scott!" gasped the man. "What in thunder are you talking about? Briggs' money 'went,' and now you imply the housekeeping money

'went.' You've had the regular allowance every week to run the house on. What have you been doing with it? Haven't you been paying as you went?"

His startled eyes searched the room for a possible evidence that it had gone into some extravagance which he hadn't noticed—some piece of furniture, some hangings or decorations. Everything looked the same, and his glance came back to the little figure in the armchair. Her gown was a season old, and she wore nothing new in jewels. "What have you done with it?" he repeated, blankly.

"There is no use in making two bites of a cherry," was the enigmatical answer. "I need extra money. I needed more when you were away last month. I simply had to have it, so I borrowed some from Bunson."

The patient look had gone from the man's face.

"How much?" he asked, grimly.

Her eyes fell guiltily. "Forty dollars," she said, with assumed nonchalance.

"Forty dollars!" repeated the man, with tightening lips. "And is there anything else?"

"Didn't want to be shabby."

"Nothing much. Just a little account at the caterer's. I had several bridges while you were away, and I had to do things on rather a bigger scale than usual, because Mrs. S— was coming, and the B's, and I thought you wouldn't like me, under the circumstances, to do anything shabby. They entertain so lavishly, and I knew some of the women objected to play for—that is, preferred to play for prizes. So I got prizes for all the tables—that is, for all the tables in the room. That cost rather a lot. They are all making a sort of fad of collecting cups and saucers this winter, and I could get those easily and charge them at Ryard's. Other things would have meant cash, and cost just as much. So I got cups and saucers. I don't suppose the bill will come in till the spring. By that time I expect to be able to pay off that and the other little items myself."

"What other little things?"

"Oh, just a few little trifles I got for one of the other bridges I had. I've been to so many this winter that I owed quite a lot. I paid them all off while you were away."

"And what were the little items?"

"Played in the Other Room."

"Oh, flowers and ices and that sort of thing, and a man to open the door,

and an extra maid to bring in the tea, and a few other prizes. I would love to have won a Boulton jug that I gave at one of the tables, but a hostess can't take her own prizes. It's a waste of time to play for them in one's own house. If you come first, you just have to buy your own scores, and let the second one have it. So I played in the other room."

"The other room? What other room? What do you mean?"

"Oh," impatiently, "with the ones who preferred to play for—who didn't want to play for prizes, I mean. Don't bother me, Billy! You don't understand."

But Billy was beginning to understand. He made no comment but on the back of the gas bill he jotted down a column of figures.

"Can you think of anything else?" he asked, with ominous quiet. "I have here Briggs' sixty dollars that 'went,' about sixty for overdue tradesmen's accounts, ten for the caterer, twenty for prizes, ten for the florist, and ten for any other little things you may have forgotten to mention. That brings the amount that 'went' to one hundred and seventy dollars. Is there anything else?"

The woman had shrunk to a very small speck in the big chair, and her voice had lost its cheerfulness as she answered:

"Just that for Bunson."

"Yes, I had forgotten Bunson. That brings the total up to two hundred and ten dollars."

"I had no idea, Billy—"

"Two hundred and ten dollars," repeated the man. "I suppose the whole of that 'went,' in one month one way or another, into bridge?"

"Yes—one way or another."

"And do you remember what my salary is?"

"Have you stopped to think in the last thirty days how much we have to live on?"

"Can't Always Be Shaving."

"Oh, I don't know, Billy! I can't be always shaving things down to a cent, and waiting to cut up every dollar I spend. And I don't see why you are worrying me about things like that! The bills can wait, and be paid off gradually, and I suppose your salary would cover them, anyway. We are not beggars."

The lines in the man's forehead grew deeper.

"Not yet," he said, bitterly, "but we soon will be if you go on playing bridge at that rate. We can't run tandem with people like the B's, or try to keep pace with Mrs. S. They have as much pin money as we have income. It will take every dollar of my salary for a month to pay for your bridge nonsense, and meantime, who is going to pay the running expenses of the house? The tradesmen won't supply us for nothing."

"And I can't play bridge for nothing," retorted the woman. "You have your club. You smoke cigars. I suppose you treat all the men you want to. You go out to the hunt club, and down to the Woodbine when the races are on, but I don't sit in front of you with a pen and a bit of paper and count the cost of everything you do."

"If you did you would find I had never yet spent one month's salary on one month's pleasure! It is ridiculous! I don't know how I am going to get out of this hole you have got me into, and all for a foolish game and a lot of trifling gew-gaws that you put up for prizes. I don't understand you."

A curious little smile played for a moment on the woman's lips.

"Yes," she agreed, "it is foolish to play bridge for silly little prizes."

"Then why do you do it?"

"I don't."

Skeleton Stalked Forth.

"But you do. What else are all these bills for? Didn't you just admit—"

He stopped short. A sud-

## A Noted Prima Donna and Her Protege



Marguerita Silva, the prima donna, and her Canadian protegee, Miss Kitty Saville. The prima donna, on the left is wearing a black velvet suit, edged with sable, with lace ruff, and very handsome chinchilla Russian stole, muff and toque.

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Thought She Was So Far Gone Nothing Could Cure Her.

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Many women get run down, and are unable to look after their household duties, owing to their nervous system becoming unstrung; and when this happens, the heart starts to work in sympathy with the nerves. In Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is combined a treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act on the heart itself. Mrs. F. McFadyen, Brookside, Sask., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received from using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. This spring I was so run down I could not do any work, and one day a neighbor advised me to try your Pills. I told her that I thought nothing could cure me, as I was too far gone. But she told me to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did, and before I had finished them, I began to improve, and when I had finished the one box I was as strong and healthy as any person. Anyone who is suffering from heart or nerve troubles should take your Heart and Nerve Pills and they will soon discover their worth."

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den suspicion became conviction, and the skeleton stalked from the cupboard. "Is that how it is?" he asked, with a searching look into her abashed face. "Is that where all this money 'went'?" Is that why you dodged your butcher and your grocer, and borrowed more when you had used that? Is that why you have piled up a lot of bills we have no means of paying? You have been playing bridge for money?"

"Of course, I have," she admitted, turning a red face towards him. "All the women, except a few, play for money. You are left out of everything unless you do. We don't play for big sums, like the men do, and we never lose more than—well, more than just a few dollars at a time. If the luck's bad, but—where are you going, Billy?"

Billy was shuffling angrily into his overcoat and cap.

"Down to the club," he answered, with measured politeness. "It is better for the man of the house to do the gambling, if there is going to be any done. We seem to have plenty of money to throw away on games of chance. I am going back to poker."

The door shut with a bang, and the woman gazed fearfully past the accusing pile of papers in front of her into a future full of tragic possibilities.

## LOST HIS MEMORY

Englishman Who Regained It Under Influence of Hypnotism.

Hypnotic influence appears to have played an important part in bringing back the lost memory of a London man who was found at Leicester, England. The man was discovered in St. John's Church, Leicester, on Feb. 27, and could give no account of himself. He was taken to the Leicester workhouse, and was put under hypnotic influence.

This seems to have had effect, for next morning he gave his name as Ernest Fuggie, of Godolphin road, Shepherd's Bush, London, and said he remembered being at work as a railway clerk on the Central London Railway on Monday, the 19th, but that his memory since then had been a blank.

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