

What shrunk your woollens?
Why did holes wear so soon?
You used common soap.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Sweet as a Rose.

"Oh, no, miss, certainly not. She is coming."

The blue eyes open with a vacant stare that grows intelligent as it falls upon Weston.

"Where am I?" she asks. "I have had a dreadful dream, Weston—and she says Paula, she starts and shrinks from her. 'Why are you here?' she says with a shrill almost of terror in her voice. 'You have been a long time coming. Have you come to reproach me?'"

"My dear," says Paula pityingly, "I have to reproach only myself for keeping you so long in the sun. Indeed, I did not know, you have been very kind."

"You called it an ugly name, didn't you, or did I dream it?" she asks, looking down, but the next instant her eyes seek Paula's as if they were magnetized. "Did you or did I dream it—did you tell me your name?"

"Yes," says Paula, nodding with a smile. "I did—'you asked me.'"

"It was—'Paula Estcourt.'"

A faint shudder runs through the frail form, but the actress calls her art to her aid.

"I fancied that I had dreamed it as I went off," she says, with a smile lighting up her face, and the hectic flush returning to the sunken cheek. "You called it an ugly name, didn't you, or did I dream it? I don't; I think it is very pretty."

"You mustn't stop to discuss my name now," says Paula, eagerly. "You should not be in the sun a moment longer than you can help. Shall I tell you my name?"

A shrewd, almost a suspicious light, glances in the keen eyes.

"Do you want to get rid of me? No, no, of course, I know you do not; but, indeed, I am quite well now. I often faint, do I not?" she asks, looking at Weston, remembering her answer to Paula's question, remains silent.

"I am in a stupid sort of state," she says, with a mingled fear and hesitation. "Paula thinks a moment."

"No, I don't remember. Why do you ask?"

"Flossie shrugs her shoulders, and breathes a sigh of relief. 'Well, good-bye. I just asked. I was good-bye, but the action has a strange effect upon the other. She turns white to the lips, and an awful look comes into her face as she remains motionless for the moment, then she comes back, almost from under the furs, and slowly, almost with reluctant furs, puts it into Paula's cool, firm one.'

Paula feels the hand burn like a hot coal, and pressing it gently, puts it back amongst the furs, almost as if it were a child's.

"Good-bye," she says. "Perhaps we shall meet again."

"Perhaps," said Flossie in a low voice. "Good-bye," and she speaks the words, in a tone of exquisite music, her blue eyes grow dim with unshed tears.

At a sign from Paula the old man, who had stood by during the scene as if he were a block of wood, lays his hand on the chair and trundles it away.

Paula stands looking after them, a strange sensation taking hold of her. The peculiar fascination which had drawn her to speak to this Miss Hamilton has increased instead of diminished during the interview, and the interest she felt had become heightened and transformed into pity.

Like a true woman, all Paula's heart had gone out to the slender, wasted girl lying upon her bosom, so beautiful, so helpless.

And yet—and yet, mingled with the pity and attraction, she was conscious of a feeling of repulsion. Suppose one went to pluck a beautiful flower, and yet suspected that the touch was poisonous, and still felt compelled to pluck it away.

A Death From Heart Disease

Overtakes Those Who Neglect Their Weak Heart and Tired Nerves.

Is the One Sure Heart Tonic That Always Cures.

An attack is liable to come at any time from over-exertion, excitement or emotion.

If blood rushes to your head and palpitation and shortness of breath are noticeable, there's great cause for alarm.

A. F. Beattie, of the Allen Hotel, Bay City, Mich., was cured heart disease by Ferrozone. See if your case is similar to his:

Palpitation, Nervousness, Trembling, Dizziness, Sinking Feeling, Heart Pains, Short Breath, Weakness.

Mr. Beattie says: "I was weak and miserable. 'I was subject to heart palpitation and dizziness. 'As I grew worse I began to have trembling and sinking sensations. 'Ferrozone strengthened my heart, gave vigor to my nerves, soon made me well. It's a great restorer. 'The one medicine for the people with weak heart and poor nerves is Ferrozone, 50 cents a box or six for \$2.50. At all dealers in medicine, or Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

and caress it; that would describe her feeling to a nicety, and the sensation puzzled and annoyed her. Florence Hamilton! Had she heard that name before? She ransacked her memory as she sat upon the bench, but could not recall the name of the delicate features.

"I am getting as fanciful and nervous and worried as an old woman, after her sixth cup of green tea," she murmurs, with a laugh. "Poor girl! So beautiful and so young! How like death she looked as she lay in my arm? Who could help pitying her? And she looks so unhappy, too! I wonder whether she has had any great sorrow. Perhaps some miserable love affair? With a bitter laugh, 'Here is just the nature to go down under such trouble. I am glad,' with a smile, 'that Alice was not here.'"

The next moment that young lady comes tripping up the steps. Her yellow hair is falling like golden catenae down her back, she is enveloped in a loose dolman of soft sheeny silk, her charming costume—which folds into a very small space—is in her hand.

"My dear," she says, with her thin smile, "you have missed a treat. The water was as warm and as soft as new milk. What have you been doing with the bath-chair? Have you been confab with the bath-chair? Have you discovered some rheumatoid old lady?"

"No," says Paula. "It was not an old lady."

"Really! One of the consumptive young gentlemen, I suppose. That's better, especially if he happened to be of the notabilities. They tell me there are no less than half a dozen young noblemen, to say nothing of a couple of millionaires, down here, with weak chests."

Paula laughs absently. "She says, 'curly.'"

Alice shrugs her shoulders with contemptuous indifference.

FIELD DAY AT THE WESTERN; JOHN WOOD IS THE CHAMPION

Athletic Events on the 'Varsity Campus Closely Contested Before Large Crowd.

If there is one day towards which students of the Western University look forward more than another it is the annual field day on which the championship of the school is contested. The day always brings an animated appearance to the grounds, and it brings the opportunity to each pupil to demonstrate his or her ability in field sports. There is always a splendid program arranged, good music, and that general heartiness prevails which is as essential as the weather itself. Yesterday the latter was ideal. It was just cool enough to allow the events to go on without discomfort to the competitors. There were plenty of entries, and also the number of entries augured well for the day from the first, and attendance, which it was felt was needed to make the day a successful one, was more than usually large. The campus presented a brilliant scene, and throughout the events were keenly contested. The races, conducted by capable officials, were run off with a regularity that was praiseworthy.

Some of the events had to be postponed in the morning, and with this provision the games were not concluded before 6 o'clock. When the points were summed up it was found that Mr. John Wood, of the arts department, had won the championship, with Mr. John Wood, of the arts department, a close second. These two young men took part in almost every event, and from time to time they were tied for the first place.

Immediately after the games the prizes were presented, and the hand of the medal was given to Wood as the champion of the day.

During the afternoon the Seventh Regiment Band played pleasant music, and the students were given the proceedings a snap and vim.

The results of the games in full were as follows:

Running broad jump—F. Adams, 18 feet 9 inches; J. Wood, 18 feet; J. Polinsbee, 17 feet 4 inches.

Running hop, step and jump—J. Wood, 40 feet; F. Adams, 39 feet; J. Polinsbee, 38 feet 4 inches.

Putting 16-pound shot—C. Brown, 31 feet 2 inches; Hixon, 28 feet 10 inches; Thompson, 26 feet 4 inches.

Race, 100 yards—J. Folinsee, F. Adams, J. Wood, Time, 10.4 seconds.

Putting 12-pound shot—Hixon, 38 feet 10 inches; C. Brown, 35 feet 8 inches; Walker, 31 feet 5 inches.

Girls' 50 yards dash—Miss Hodge, Miss Tamblin, Miss McMechan.

Running high jump—Hixon, J. Wood, J. Polinsbee, C. Brown.

Shoe race—Russell, Hughes, Washburn.

Race, 220 yards—J. Folinsee, J. Wood, C. Brown.

Girls' throwing baseball—Miss Culver, Miss McMillan, Miss Hodge.

Pole vault—J. Wood, 8 feet 11 inches; Cornish, Bucke.

Boys' throwing baseball—White, Woods, Gould.

Open race, 40 yards—J. Gilmore, W. Duff, Garrett.

Kicking football—White, 141 feet; Thompson, Powell.

Half-mile run, open—J. Wood, J. Polinsbee, C. Brown.

Half-mile run, school championship—J. Polinsbee, Gould, J. Wood.

Relay race five college team (Gilmore, Walker, Garrett), Medical School (Adams, Polinsbee, Gould).

Relay race five college team (C. Brown, 60 feet 4 inches; Hixon, Chamberlain).

Throwing light hammer—C. Brown, 127 feet 6 inches; Thompson, 72 feet; Hixon.

Wrestling match—Thompson, C. Brown, Hixon.

Tug-of-war—Divinity students won from Medics after a six-minute pull.

Referee—Dr. A. F. Wright.

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Judges—Rev. C. V. Waller, Dr. George Clark, Dr. J. R. Campbell, Dr. Merchant.

Timekeepers—Provost James, R. Bayne, Jun.

Clerks of course—Dr. J. Downing, W. C. Ferguson.

Referee—Dr. A. F. Wright.

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"I can't get up an interest in the invalids of my own sex," she says. "I don't believe in half of them. I'm half inclined to go in for a bath-chair myself. One would look so interesting." Paula, with that pale face in her mind's eye, rises with an expression of impatience.

"Let us go home," she says. "I am quite ready," says Alice with a yawn. "I hope that old hag will do the sweetbread properly today. I could fancy a sweetbread if it were nicely browned," and she gathers her dolman round her, and trips off, her sunshade nicely balanced so that it throws its pink shade on her pretty face.

Paula walks by her side and in thought. But she looks up suddenly. "Where are you going, Alice?" she says, for Alice has entered the gardens of the Casino and is walking towards that palace of the Goddess Chance.

"I like to peep in at the doors," is the reply to goodness, we had a gentleman to chaperone—which folds into a very small space—is in her hand.

"I do not," says Paula laconically. "My dear, you are a brute. The most stiff of our compatriots. Every-body looks in and stakes a little on you. What is the meaning of that?"

"No, I because I can't go alone. It is enough to make one go stark, staring mad, the position in which we are placed. Alone in this place, where everybody has some friend, some cavalier to attend them."

"I am quite content," says Paula, answering with a sneer. "You would be content in your present frame of mind to be a convict and permit me to remind you that we have not all been jilted."

"And a red flush suffuses Paula's face for a moment, but the next she laughs indignantly."

(To be continued.)

Football Teams Getting in Shape For Two Hard Tussles at Tecumseh Park.

The boys turned out in earnest at the Rugby practice last night, and prospects are beginning to look promising for next Saturday's games. Many of the senior boys feel that the only thing needed now besides more practice to give the Tigers a good, hard tussle, is to get McNeen and Kingsmill into the game. These two men would very materially strengthen the back division, and both are said to be available. McNeen at full back, is just the man for the position, and local football cranks will be glad to hear that he is on the lineup for Saturday if he can be induced to play. The forward line is strong now, but needs more working together. Crawford will play on Saturday again, and Sal Taylor may be in the game also.

Saturday's next promises to be the greatest day in the history of Rugby in London. The Hamilton contingent will bring up several hundred supporters, as the Old Town is a good one when it comes to putting on a good sport. Londoners should turn out in full force, and wear the club's colors—black and white.

The two hardest and most important games of this season will be played, and the local boys are out to win both.

Capt. Thomson will take charge of the team on Saturday.

If either team loses on Saturday it is "back to the mines" for it.

"Chips" Reid is anxious to coach the back divisions and every man is wanted on the grounds.

Alexander, Skinner, Jackson, Thompson, Gillies, Brunton, Peel, Labatt, A. Reid, McNeen and all other defense men are requested to be on the field at 5 o'clock.

Practice again at 7:30 tonight, and every man is wanted.

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PRACTICING HARD FOR SATURDAY

Football Teams Getting in Shape For Two Hard Tussles at Tecumseh Park.

The