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ESTABLISHED 1870.  
Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

**LITTLE VIXEN**

Vixen shivered and followed the girl into the room that she opened on the left side of the hall. She had not perceived, as Lettie did, that there was a key on the outside of the door. It was a large, bare room, dreary and chilly even on this bright May afternoon. There were two large windows, the panes all broken, and the faded, tattered curtain flapping idly in the wind. Lettie thrust her hand through a broken pane and pushed aside the overhanging ivy.

"Oh, look, Vixen! It is a beautiful sight from this window. It overlooks the whole of Sunnyside!" she exclaimed, and Vixen gazed enough for a sight of anything but the bare, ghastly room, peered curiously out through the ivy leaves.

Lettie smiled triumphantly. Like a flash she was outside the door, the rusty key went "click!" in the lock, and she turned away, her high-heeled slippers going pita-pat along the uncarpeted hall.

**CHAPTER X.**

Vixen was a prisoner in the haunted west wing. She realized it in an instant even before she flew across the room and hugged wildly at the immovable handle of the door. It was one of Lettie's mischievous pranks that she was always playing on her. By and by, after she had suffered agonies of dread, she would come and unlock the door and ask her if she was cured of being a little coward. This was what she said to herself, not dreaming that the cruel girl meant her to pass the night here alone.

A great awe and terror fell upon her at finding herself deserted and locked in at the mercy of the God-damned ghost. An impulse came to her to shriek out aloud, to call for help and succor, but an instinct of pride made her sternly repress it.

"They would be angry, those proud, rich people, to find me here where I have no business. They would perhaps turn my old father out of his place for having such a meddlesome daughter, and he would never forgive me. I ought not to have listened to Lettie, but since I did, I must bear the penalty of my rashness and wait until she chooses to release me," she said.

Her frightened gaze fell upon another door at the side of the room and she opened it half fearfully, hoping to find her way out. But it only led her into a suite of dreary rooms, all of whose outer doors were locked. She passed through them until she came to a communicating door that was locked also, then leaving these doors carelessly, she retraced her steps to the first one to await for Lettie's return.

Light and Shade.

A Big Wash—The wash of the sea.

"That trip to Europe did much to broaden your son Henry's views and polish his manner, didn't it?"

"I should say so. Instead of saying 'I'll bet you,' as he used to, he now says 'I'll lay you a wager.'"

He—Who is that ugly old woman over there by the piano?

She—Oh, that's Mme. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.

"How long will it be before Higbee recovers from his injuries?"

"It will depend on what the railroad company settles."

"Can you depend on what Jones says?"

"If you know Jones."

"Well, if Ananias had been a contemporary of Jones' he'd never have become celebrated."

"I suppose you see some funny things about here?" said the visitor to Niagara.

"Indeed we do," replied the guide.

"Why, only yesterday there was a Kentucky colonel here, and as soon as he saw the rapids he wanted to shoot 'em."

Are you troubled with Starch sticking to your irons? Try a package of

**CELLULOSE STARCH**

AND

Your Troubles Are Over.

**AROUND THE LAMP.**

Many children, as they grow older, are obliged to learn the rules of politeness as they would a lesson. The consequence is, when they appear in society they are awkward and blundering. On the other hand, children who have been accustomed to politeness at home are at their ease in the most polished circles, and are saved that confusion and bitter self-condemnation which are sure to follow any breach of the rules of etiquette.

A pretty dame  
Remains the same,  
Though cumbered by a hat that's horrid.  
One's look must go  
To what's below,  
And not to what's above the forehead.

Beauty is queen—depend upon it—  
No matter what its gown or bonnet.

**A HINT TO LETTER-WRITERS.**

The practice of writing private letters from the first to the third page of a letter sheet, and then going back to the second page, is a matter of taste, but it is the most common course of procedure in writing legal documents. The New York courts have just disallowed the provisions of a will written in this way. An executor wrote the will on three sides of a folded paper, commencing on the first page and continuing on the third page, at the top of which was written "second page," and completing and signing the instrument on a page marked "third page," which, in fact, was the second page of the sheet. The court held that the will was not signed at the physical end, as required by the statute. The law does not contemplate going backward in order to get forward, and the will was refused probate. The New York court of appeals sustains the decision throwing out this form of will.—Boston Herald.

**SHE SECURED HER HIRED HELP.**

"We ministers have many strange experiences in performing the marriage ceremony," said Rev. W. F. Sheridan, of Pontiac, Mich. "One which is most curious in my experience occurred not long ago. A large and heavy woman, accompanied by a comparatively small and meek-looking man, had come in and asked to be married. Everything was regular, and the ceremony was performed as usual. After this the bride explained her position.

"You see, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "my hands are mighty hard to get in this party, and they are even harder to keep. You get a good hired man and get him well broke in to the work around the farm, and the first thing you know he quits the job and goes off to town or somewhere else. Last spring I had a first-class hired man, and he was ever expect to get, but just when the season got right busy he up and quit me.

"I just made up my mind that I wasn't going to be left in the same fix this summer, so here we are.

"The hired man came simply stood and smiled meekly. He had nothing at all to say."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**PERSONAL INFLUENCE.**

What is the secret of personal influence? Who can tell? In a voice at times, in a manner, in a look, in an assumption of infallibility; in sympathy and in directness; in opposition and in a shifting which is quite opposed to directness; in an outlined acceptance of your views with a fine shading of "essent which shows you to be quite right in your own eyes, but somehow a little wrong in individual points; in smiles that attract confidence and in silence that gives assent; and in none of them can we find much to lay hold of.

**RECIPE FOR OLD CREAM.**

The life of the skin is the oil which nature stores up under it and sends to the surface as required. As we grow older the supply gets less, and the skin shrivels and the muscles relax, and if we wish to retain our freshness a little assistance should be given the skin with the proper oils. The following is good: Get one pound of fat mutton and melt it down slowly in an enameled saucepan. When thoroughly melted down, pour it through a hair sieve; then stir into it as much glycerine as there is fat, add a few drops of perfume and keep stirring gently until it begins to thicken, when it should be put into little jars or wide-necked bottles.

Rub the face every night with this preservative, and particularly into any wrinkle appearing, and rub it off in the morning. The above is said to be the secret of Mme. Patti's good complexion.

**FRILLS OF FASHION.**

One revival of fashion on the white tulle bow at the back of the neck of light silk theater waists.

The bandanna ties worn a few months ago are supplanted by the softer and lighter tones of the Parisian patterns.

Gourilla aigrets, which resemble a bunch of disheveled brows by the wind, are one of the fashionable hat trimmings.

Lace boleros, with black velvet ribbon run through them, are as useful as well as effective addition to the bodice needing a fresh touch.

New spotted silk muslins in all black and mixed with accordion-plated black chiffon form lovely mourning evening gowns.

Evening gowns may certainly be elaborate, with that curiously simple elaboration which necessitates the best taste with an almost unlimited expenditure.

Suitings and tuckings form an important part of blouses and accordion-plated mousselines and chiffons are again to the front, when worn without a coat these look best with a high, swathed band or broad ribbon twisted deftly round the waist.

Since the tailor gown has become an accepted feature of the feminine wardrobe, the vest is an important item for fashionable consideration. This year especially open-fronted coats will be very fashionable, and women who desire to vary their coat costumes are ordering two or three sleeveless waist-coats.

Toques are the prevailing style of hat, perhaps, but there are hats with bands, hats with bell crowns, and hats with almost no crowns at all. Polka dots of straw on black and malines formed into a toque are

- 30-Guinea BICYCLE (Lady's or Gent's) FREE.
- 30 " PIANO FREE.
- 30 " GOLDWATCH (Lady's or Gent's) FREE
- 30 " SEWING MACHINE FREE.

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**COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA**

This the makers guarantee absolutely pure.  
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CHOCOLATE GINGER,**

ARE DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS.

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Has no equal.  
It is a luxury.  
TRY IT.

The Greatest Labor-Saving Device of the 19th Century.

**"PERFECTION"**

I. "I always dread the ironing days," a tired woman said. "And if I don't soon get relief I'm sure that I'll be dead."

II. Two little girls were puzzled one day To know what they would do To iron Daddy's dresses out, So that they'd look like new.

III. Mamma, however, surprised them; She'd been the day before And bought a "Perfection" Gas Iron And brought it from the store.

IV. The little "Tots" were delighted; "It's just the thing," said they; "It's not a bit of trouble To iron with it all day."

V. No more sweltering over stoves; The old way's a thing of the past. So simple a child can use it— Relief has come at last.

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