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THE MAPLE

A TOUCH OF GREEN.



Comin' Thro' the Corn.

ASHION, in one of her bright caprices, has sent snatches and touches of vivid green into the hats and coat suits which bloom in early autumn. It matters not early autumn. It matters not whether the costume be blue, gray or brown; a hint of emerald green will be seen somewhere at the edge of cuff or collar and, if it is not allowed in cording or other embellishment, it will break out in time green buttons which out in tiny green buttons which look like bits of curled-up leaves which have strayed from June into September.

There are many superstitions associated with this colour of the forest and the meadow. For certain Scottish clans, green is considered a most unlucky colour. as Sir Walter Scott does not fail to remind us. It is the sacred colour of the Moslem, the hue associated with Mahomet and the crescent. It is the colour of for-

ber the hunter's and outlaw's Lincoln green? There is many a rhyme about its virtues or its supposed baneful power and William Black in one of his leisurely, old-fashioned romances, explains that

"Green's forsaken and yellow's forsworn And blue's the sweetest colour that's worn."

For those who prefer the wearing of the blue, this season provides a soft and pleasing tint to which the name, canard, is given.

### PEACOCK FEATHERS.

THERE has been a superstition, also, in regard to peacock feathers—among Nature's most riotous triumphs of colour. Yet many timid householders would not have a peacock feather showing its brilliant dyes in the remotest corner of mantel or cabinet, because some one has told them with all solemnity that peacock feathers bring bad fortune. This beautiful plumage has come to public favour this autumn because, it is said, royalties are fond of the brave show. Peacock blue, in feathers, furniture and hats will be brightening the prospect this winter. Queen Victoria's fondness for the iridescence of peacock plumage was often regarded with disference between the iridescence of peacock prospect this winter. Queen Victoria's fondness for the iridescence of peacock plumage was often regarded with disfavour, but it is said that they were used in decoration in several of her apartments at Windsor Castle. Perhaps King Edward has banished them, together with the plaid hangings of Balmoral.

#### THE DIRECTOIRE GOWN.

NOW that the directoire gown is here in all its glory, we wonder why there has been such a talk about its construction—unless, indeed, some subtle modiste induced an editor to write the first criticism by way of advertising its charms. Men are always fussing about what we women should wear and do. They are such lovely examples of grace and goodness to "us weak sisters." It would be a lonesome world, after all, without the masculine censorious ways and we can always do as we please anyway. The directoire gown is graceful and feminine—not the correct thing for the street but, when at its best, an attractive garment for a woman who is "a daughter of the gods."

CANADIENNE.

#### ROSE DOLORES.

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

The moan of Rose Dolores, she made her plaint to me; "My hair is lifted by the wind that sweeps in from the sea; I taste its salt upon my lips—O jailer, set me free!"

"Content thee, Rose Dolores, content thee, child of care! There's satin shoon upon thy feet and emeralds in thy hair, And one there is who hungers for thy step upon the stair."

The moan of Rose Dolores: "O jailer, set me free! These satin shoon and green-lit gems are terrible to me: I hear a murmur on the wind, the murmur of the sea!"

"Bethink thee, Rose Dolores, bethink thee ere too late! Thou wert a fisher's child, alack, born to a fisher's fate; Would'st lay thy beauty 'neath the yoke—would'st be a fisher's mate?"

The moan of Rose Dolores: "Kind jailer, let me go! There's one who is a fisher—ah! my heart beats cold and slow Lest he should doubt I love him—I! who love not heaven so!"

"Alas, sweet Rose Dolores, why beat against the bars?
Thy fisher lover drifteth where the sea is full of stars;
Why weep for one who weeps no more—since grief thy beauty mars!"

Why weep for one who weeps no more since g.

The moan of Rose Dolores (she prayed me patiently):
"O jailer, now I know who called from out the calling sea,
I know whose kiss was in the wind—O jailer, set me free!"
—McClure's Magazine.



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