(3333333333333333333 OUR SHORT STORY

"The Boy At Number Ten."

Teddy Mills and I became friendly the moment we discovered a common interest in the feats of her Majesty's I, smoking my morning cigar to catch his train. "Rather swagger, Common, and he, evading his too. I think you'll like her." on the Common, and he, evading his nurse at a moment when she was enmon afforded. Teddy was generally an admiral of a rather dogmatic kind, and I think that I was an underling—say a midshipman. The foreign foes which we together engaged in combat and routed entirely were past counting. His nurse called him a young Turk, and having done so seemed to disengage herself from all responsibility; he certainly was a little 5-year-old with spirit, but when he became too boisterous one could always make him respect the laws of order by a casual word about his mother.

"You don't know where she's gone, of course, do you?" he asked inquir-

Mills, the boy's father, had warned me on this point, and I was ready with my answer. "I don't know, Teddty," I said, "for

certain. We're not allowed to stay in this world for ever."

"She must be somewhere," said Teddy, acutely. "I 'spect the gipsies know." "I should think," I said, "that the

gipsles would know as little as we do. Perhaps less! They never go to "Don't mind me saying that you're

quite wrong, will you?" remarked the boy politely. "My mother used to say when I asked her questions, she said: There are things I can't tell you, my For only the gipsies know."

"Oh," I said, "then I've made a mis-"Yes," replied the boy. But you don't often do so. And look here! S'posin' you was a Spanish ship and I'd blowed you right into twenty thousand pieces with my torpedo, what would you think, and what-

Teddy's father conducted an orches tra in London and composed a little. Teddy's mother, a good country girl, her christian name. the daughter of a Kentish farmer, had "Don't ask me," s the daughter of a Kentish farmer, hat been the best of mother's to the little chap. When two months before the not happy." Being one of those who time of which I am writing she had foresee aspirates in a sentence as a given the world for a h rief space a lit- cautious hunter sees a difficult hedge tle baby, and had treiveled away into she took breath at each attack. "Three the next world taking her new baby lumps of sugar, please." with her, Mills had become frantic "Isn't three rather a large number?" with grie'i, pacing the house with his asked Teddy. The boy stood near to rather extravagant head of hair dis- me with an illustrated volume of sea heveled, calling upon her appealingly stories under his arm, to be explained to come back to life.

"Tor, strong to last," said my house-Tinis, indeed, speedily appeared to be

the case. In a fortnight Mills had your late parent. position of funeral marches and desolate whines; his grand piano went edly, "rather heavy cannon, Miss weeks he took trouble with his hair and bought a new sikk hat; in little the said.

"It is best to start children we said."

"Didn't your mother think of that?" back to the familiar waltzes. In three Blanshard, for such a small contest. over a month he had quite a cheerful men's party at his house, at which 1 found myself unable to be present.

"Didn't your mother think of that?" asked the boy.

I carried him off quickly to the other He was genuinely fond of his boy, but his affection came cant by fits and that she was now genuinely out of starts, remaining quiescent when other temper, and that Mills seemed persubjects occupied his mind. I spoke turbed in watching the duel; the aunt cent after her hansom; the brown-to him one evening as he started for his did not count. We discussed the batmusical work in town, and he told me that the Crescent had taken exception

"The common sense view of the matter. That's my view of the matter. Besides, they must make some allowance for the artistic tempera-

He took off his hat and ran his hand through his thick hair. "What is the artistic temperament?" I asked.

'Oh, you know. It's just a phrase." "Is that all?" 'Come in and have a smoke some

time," he said, evading the question.
"My little chap's always pleased to see "He misses his mother," I re-

"Yes," he said slowly. "Yes, I suppose he does. Daresay he tells you more than he tells me. He's a mysterious little chap sometimes, and I across the room and stood there with scarcely know hom—Wish you'd come his hands in his knickerbooker pockets, across Sunday evening," he said, breaking off rather confusedly. "A Miss Flanchard is coming down with her sunt-the Miss Blanchard you

When a man falls headlong from a roof, we think only of the hazardous character of his employment. It does not occur to us that thousands of men at sea or on land are hourly climbing to dizzy heights without a fear and without a fall, and that the real danger is not in the employment but in the weakening of the nerves and giving way of the muscles. That danger is just as great to the man on the sidewalk or in the office as to the man on the roof. When the stomach and the organs of digestion

and nutrition are diseased the blood becomes impoverished, and nerves and muscles grow weak for lack of nutrition. More fatal diseases probably begin with "weak stomach' than with any other cause. The first symptom of disordered stomach calls for prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a vegetable medicine, absolutely non-alcoholic and nonnarcotic, and is unequaled for the strength

it gives to blood, nerves and muscles. "During the summer and fall of 1896," writes Chas. H.
Sergeant,
Esq., of
Plain City,
Madison
Co., Ohio.
"I became
all 'run down,'
nerves and stomall 'run down,'
nerves and stomach were out of
order. Iwrote to Dr.
Pierce for advice.
He said I had general debility, and advised Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, and, thanks to you for your ad-vice, I used six bottles; and since I stop-ped taking it about one year ago, I have not taken any medi-cine of any hind, and have been able to work

"The name is not familiar." "She's singing in a musical farce of mine," he said, preparing to turn off

I did not like Miss Blanchard, but gaged in a debate of which servants that fact has nothing to do with this never tire—"Mistresses and how to story. She was a dark, black-haired circumvent them," a question in woman of the aggressive style, which which she had really no concern, seems to say, "If you don't admire me since the small boy had lost his mother—we would stroll intuitively to the empty band-stand, the nearest thing to a man-of-war that the Combined for temporary use, complained thing to a man-of-war that the Combined for temporary use, complained to for the inconvenient situation of our suburh comparing it in this rebitterly of the inconvenient situation of our suburb, comparing it in this respect to Kennington road, to its great disadvantage. Miss Blanchard herself had clearly made up her mind to become the second Mrs. Mills, and she assumed an air of proprietorship about the place that annoyed me, but gratified Mills. After all, it was not my house, and I had no good reason to be indignant until my friend Teddy

> "Teddy boy," said his father rather anxiously," here is a lady who wants to know you, and who wants to be a very good friend to you.' "How do you do?" said the little

was brought in.

chap, politely.

"Oh, the dear sweet child," cried
Miss Blanchard, effusively, taking him
up and dancing him as though he were a baby. "I simply dote on children.

She had the mincing assumed accent of refinement that is easily detected. had struggled away from her, "I don't think that I like people who

"We shall become such dear friends, Neddie darling."

"Teddie," corrected the small boy.
"His mother used to call him Teds,"
remarked Mills from the fireplace. "But I don't want you to," said the boy to her quickly; "I don't want any-body else ever to call me that."

There came an awkward pause, and

I asked Miss Blanchard if she knew the neighborhood, a banality that can always be uttered without trouble. The maid brought coffee. "I used to know the road by the Common," she said, in a way hinting that she did now condescend to know roads. "I was always fond of outdoor life."

"Did you live near here, Netta?" The small boy looked round sharply as his father in speaking to her, used

to me. "My mother only tookf'Fortunately," interrupted Miss Blanchard, annoyed, "my rules of life are not necessarily modeled on those of

"So I see," replied the boy, quickly. "Surely," I remarked, goodtemper-

end of the room, because I could see tle of Trafalgar, Teddy and I, the boy assuring me that he would have to his quick recovery of spirits.

"That," I said, "is a matter that he been in the great admiral's place.

"Exactly!" he exclaimed, with enwatch Miss Blanchard. She had recovered her self-possession quickly, and engaged in discussing a new part in a new production, she became excited and more brilliant-looking than before. She had a loud, high voice (which I hold to be an unnecessary trait in a woman), and as she became interested in her conversation with the admiring Mills, made little slips in her talk that seemed to betray her origin. The aunt slept and woke and slept again, sometimes re-opening one

eye only to save trouble.
"I certainly believe she is," said Teddy, who had been looking at her very hard.
"Your remarks, Teddy," I said, "are

not always lucid." "I've a good mind to ask her. I am going to ask her," he said. He strode waiting until there came an opening.

"Miss Blanchard," he said. "And I don't take it on." Miss Blan-chard was saying, "without I get a song in each act, and if you like, you can tell him I said so."

"Miss Blanchard," repeated the boy. "Unless anybody asserts herself," she went on strenuously," there's a jolly good chance of being stepped on, and I-well, what do you want, now?' "I want to ask you a question, Miss

Blanchard.

"Ask away." "Are you-are you a gipsy, please?" For answer she raised her right hand and boxed the little chap's head. She had a large hand, and the boy staggered from the effects. "My dear," said the aunt, awakening,

reely. "You should not have done that, Netta," said Mills sharply, as he helped his boy up. "You have no right to touch my son."

"He is not accustomed," I said, rather white. I am afraid, with annovance, "he is not accustomed to brutal-

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, with penitence. "I scarcely knew what I was up to." "You managed to let the boy know,

Miss Blanchard.' The little chap did not cry. I think he was as much astonished as hurt. He blinked at her, holding at his father's rock coat.

"But I meant it as a compliment," he said. "I thought," she said, with confu-"I thought that it was impu-

"I only asked because gipsies know such a lot, and—"
"I know a lot, but I don't want to

be called a gipsy."
"Dou you mind," asked the boy, courteously, "If I go up to the nursery? My head's hummin' a bit.' "Let me take the dear little chappie upstairs," she said, endeavoring to am-

"I can walk." Miss Blanchard." he said, in a dignified way.

Miss Blanchard called more than

end the blunder: "I believe I can carry

once afterwards at Number Ten, accompanied always by the impossible aunt, and I could see that her determined efforts to ingratiate herself into the good favor of the boy met with no success whatever. With his father, the task was less difficult, and I was not surprised one evening when Mills strolled over to me with Teddy, for

whom he had that day ourchased a new cricketing set, and gave me news. Teddy was in exuberant good humor, talking of prospective feats with the bat in a way that would have been slightly over-confident on the part of a W. G. Grace. We sat out on my square billiard table of a lawn at the back, and Mills tolked nervously on a number of subjects; of the weather, of his dealings with a music publishing firm, of his newest ballads. "By the bye," he said, suddenly,

didn't tell you, did I?" He wasted for during recent years, and a comparison a reply to this vague question.
"Do you think," Teddy asked "that if I hit the ball very, very hard I could make a sixer?"

'Don't interrupt, Teddy." He turned again to me. "Did I tell you?"
"Of what?"

"Of my approaching marriage." The boy stopped in a desperate swipe at a visionary ball and looked round

grass, "I thought perhaps I had told you. I am going to marry Miss Blan-"Miss Blanchard, papa?" said the boy, very slowly.

"Yes, Teddy, my lad. You'll have a new mother then.' "Nobody never wants more than one mother ' he said, deliberately. placed the bat on the ground and came to the iron chairs on which we were seated. I think Mills noticed that the boy came to me and not to him. "And chard at all.'

"The point is," said his father, lighting a cigarette, "that I do."

"I see," remarked Teddy. They went home. Twenty minutes ried less erect. An artist who has later Mills ran across to see whether studied the originals of the old masters the boy had returned to my house. Twenty minutes later still he hurried has not only suffered by the use of in to say that Teddy had certainly left unnatural collars, but that many of "I don't think," said Teddy, when he the house after their return together, "I and no trace could be found of him. I went out at once to the Common inely stirred by fear, ran down to-wards the train-lines and hurried on to and flow in graceful curves. These had become entirely dark, we were of modern pictures that the difference the least trace of the boy.

I found myself sorry for Mills during those days. An emotional man, with usually the gift of dispersing his grief rapidly, he became over the disappearance of his boy a serious, quiet, regretful man. He engaged a substitute to take his London work, and lost no moments whilst he pursued his search. Posters were issued, hand-bills were distributed, advertisements were placed in the daily papers. Mills did not weep publickly, as he had done on the death of Teddy's mother, but I am sure that his grief was none the less sincere, and I know that the Crescent sympathized the more because of his We all did something to chap knocked any more tennis balls over on her lawn, took a four-wheeler one day, and drove three miles to a distant children's hospital, being possessed of the mistaken idea that Teddy was to be found there. Miss Blanchard and her imitation aunt came and wished also to join, but Mills, I was glad to see, begged her to refrain from interfering, and Miss Blanchard stalked away with a look in her eyes that promised no happiness for Mills. I heard afterwards that immediately after this they quarreled by letter. Eventually as she intimated, but ten minutes to stuck about with brushes in the manner of a porcupine, with windows curtained discreetly, came round the Cresspirited encounter of words with the

young driver of the cab. "I am not a mere foolish, simple-minded girl," said Miss Blanchard,her black eyes scintillating. Mills nodded assent. "And I can tell you this, that if you don't marry me after making a formal proposal, I shall most certainly take legal action."

Mills turner paler than usual, and rubbed his hands through his hair. Misfortunes were coming down upon him in a shower.

' he said, "I want you to leave me alone, at any rate, until I have found my boy.' "I hope," she retorted angrily, "that there is no chance of the youngster's reappearance. I saw quite enough of

"The dislike was at any rate mutual.' "Personally, I should look upon it as good riddanice.'

"This is a subject," said Mills, "which I cannot discuss with steadily, you. Allow me to show you to the He went out and she found herself

obliged to follow him. As he opened the door the brown-faced woman of the van stood on the mat outside. "Any nice brushes, sir, any kind of A small boy looked between the cur-

tains of one of the windows of the van and instantly slipped down the wooden steps into the roadway. He ran across a rather torn, untidy little man, and hopped, skipped and jumped from the gate to the open door.
"Dads!" he cried, "I've come home,

and the gipsies couldn't tell me anything about my mother.' "It's my boy, sir," said the woman. excusingly. "He's a—"
"On the contrary," said Mills, delightedly, "on the contrary, he's my

Miss Blanchard came forward. "Well," said the brown-faced woman, shifting her bundle of brushes from one arm to the other, "If I've lost one of me offspring, I've found another. How

comin' back to Reuben?' "Never!" she cried. "Don't forget, my dear," said the other woman, warningly, "don't forget, whatever you do, that yer cousing Reuben is your lorful married 'usband.' "The gipsies couldn't tell me where mums had gone to," said Teddy Mills again to his father. "I think dear mums must have made a mistake when she said they knew everything."

"They know a good deal, my boy," replied his father.-British Weekly. A PITIABLE CRIPPLE

From Rhaumati: m-Blistered by Doo tors Till He Didn't Knew Himsolf-South American Rheumatic Cure Performs a Wondrous Cure.

D. Desanetels, Peterboro, writes: For months I was unable to work. had rheumatism in every part of my body. I was blistered by doctors at ten different times. My hands were drawn out of shape, my fingers were distorted, and my wrists and forearm were double their natural size. My leg was encased in a plaster cast for four months. I tried South American Rheumatic Cure. I took two bottles. Twenty-four hours after first dose I felt like a new man. One week after I was able to go to work. Now I am as hearty and strong as ever."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

CH | WES DE

High Collars a Detriment.

The artist's ideal of feminine beauty seems to have altered considerably of paintings of women by old masters and by modern artists leads one to see that there is a surprising difference between them in important matters of detail.

The difference is most strongly marked in the pose of the head and the lines of the neck. Some artists explain that such pictures are mere imitations of life as found in the best models, and that it is the human figure itself which "Oh," said Mills, pulling a sprig of has changed in this way. The fact is now becoming more and more recognized among artists, and is generally attributed to the use of stiff and high collars. Wearing a stiff, high neckband will, as everyone knows, change the pose of the head to a marked de-gree, and this habit continued through generations, causes important changes in the muscles of the neck, which soon become permanent.

In the old paintings of women, whether Madonnas, angels of grace-the models were, of course, people who had I'm afraid that I don't like Miss Blan- never known anything of collars, and whose heads, therefore, rested on their bodies in a perfectly natural, easy way. The neck then were shorter generally than now, and heads were carfor years says that the human form the most beautiful lines have been lost through their influence. He points out that in old paintings the pose of the shouting his name; Mills, now genu- head is perfectly natural and graceful, the junction. Two hours later, when it lines contrast so sharply with those back at his house, without having found he says, must be patent to everybody, whether he be an artist or not. In modern studies of woman's figure the curves of the neck and shoulders

will be found to have almost disappeared. The perpendicular lines of the side of the neck meet the almost horizontal line of the shoulder, forming an angle of about 90°. The influence of the high collar is often to give the head a strained pose, and the effect is frequently hurtful from the health point of view. A very high band about the neck tends to strain the muscles and. incidentally, the cords of the neck and shoulders. If the collar be very high in front, it will impede the circulation. and in time result in headache and nervous strain. It is also thought that help him; a morose old lady next door, sponsible, by impeding circulation, for who had frequently threatened to much of the bad sight of the present write to the Morning Post if the little day

The Ways of Royalty.

While is it claimed that the Princess of Wales is the most exacting member of the royal family regarding the fashioning of her clothing, she is by no means a fashionable dresser. A style she once favors it is with greatest difficulty she is induced to change. She ones had become established, and now she came down early one evening with, that tight sleeves are returning she steadily refuses to relinquish the more spare; that ten minutes she proposed roomy coverings. And this may be to utilize to the full by demanding of accepted as an index of her complete Mills an explanation. A yellow van wardrobe chapter. The princess had a practical rearing, and there are cal views, which are more or less followed, claim that they are due to the fact that in her girlhood she made her own gowns and trimmed her own hats. Twelve dressmakers are kept constantly busy supplying the wardrobe of the German empress. When the empress is preparing for a journey, or court festivities are progressing, the regular staff of twelve is increased to Her highness orders yearly 100 evening and state dresses. double as many visiting and carriage costumes, and upwards of 150 house and demitoilets. Each, and all of these, are made by hand; the sewing-machine is an unknown quantity in the royal work-rooms. The Empress of Russia is the most extravagant dresser in all Europe, and this not from choice. She is naturally simple in her tastes, and for the first year of two after her marriage wore only the plainest costumes. The ladies of the court took exception to this, and the grumbling reaching the queen's ears, she responded to the extent of buying the most costly materials and winning for herself the title of

the best dressed woman in Europe.

Friendship Pillows. Experience teaches that to hoard letters is a mistake, while to destroy them is a heart trial, their cremation sorrowful in the extreme. The latest with very delicate sweet sentiment. Torn or cut into mere bits they are stored away until sufficient to fill a couch or bed pillow. The covers for these "love" or "friendship pillows" as they are called, are wrought with wash silks upon art linen and thus when soiled can be easily laundered again and again. A torch of love in-terwoven with roses or ornamental design surrounding monogram are favorite patterns for these cushions. Better a thousand times to feel that our heads are pillowed in sleep upon letters from our loved ones (in another form it is true), than to leave them to the curious eyes and irreverent touch of those to whom they can possess no value. It seems for the present at least, to solve the per- An' look an' listen in the glen are you, Serphia, and when are you plexing problem "what to do with old letters'

Snowball Pudding.

Beat the yolks of three eggs until light, then add gradually one cupful of granulated sugar, beating all the while. When very light add two tablespoonfuls of milk, one cupful of flour and beat again. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff dry froth, add quickly to the batter with one rounded teaspoonful of baking powder. Fill well buttered cups two-thirds full and steam for twenty minutes. Roll in powdered sugar and serve with FOAMY FRUIT SAUCE.

Put three tablespoonfuls of apricot marmalade, the juice of one lemon and one cupful of boiling water into a saucepan; bring to the boiling point, sweeten to taste and stir in one scant tablespoonful of arrowroot disolved in a little cold water. Boil for five minutes and pour it over the stiffly beaten white of one egg. Serve at once.

A Pot of Ferns.

Many people find that the little ferns which they use for table decoration, in spite of watering, soon fade and die. The reason for this is generally that they are not watered in the right way, and that they are allowed too little and, as an inward speci-light. If possible they should be put, most substantial results

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erits of excellence and cheapness."-Court Circular. IIISh Underciound A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed embroidery, 47c; Nightdresses, 84c; Combinations, 94c. India or Colonial Outfits, \$40.32; Bridal Trousseaux, \$25.80; Infants' Layettes, \$12.00. (See list.)

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morning, that they may have the bene-fit of the light. They do not require sunshine; and once a week they should be placed in the pantry sink and well watered to remove all dust. When they have drained dry they may be replaced on the table. Pots should never be kept standing in water, but the earth should be kept damp, for if it is allowed to get hard and dry the air, which is necessary to the life of the plant, cannot penetrate to the root, and it will soon perish. Over-watering has the same bad effect. A really excellent mode of supplying the right amount of moisture to ferns is to put a little warm water into the saucers of their pots every day. The steam will permeate the mold without wetting it over much. Any water left in the saucer at the end of half an hour should be thrown away.

0000000000000 The Poets.

So Many Ways.

Earth has so many ways of being fair. Its sweet young spring, its summer clothed in light. clothed in light, Its regal autumn trailing into sight

As summer wafts her last kiss on the Bold, virile winter with the windblown hair, And the broad beauty of a world in white.

Mysterious dawn, high noon and pensive night. And over all God's great world watching there. The voices of the birds at break of

The smell of young buds bursting on the tree. The soft, suggestive promises of bliss. Utter by every subtle voice of May,

And the strange wonder of the mighty sea, Lifting its cheek to take the full moon's kiss

Love has so many ways of being sweet. The timorous rose-hued dawning of its reign Before the senses waken; that dear pain Of mingled doubt and certainty; the

First moment when the clasped hands In wordless eloquence; the loss and gain When the strong billows from the deeper main Submerge the valleys of the incom-

restless passion rising into method of disposing of old letters is The growing beauty of two paths that blend Into one perfect way. The glorious

That feels no fear of life's expiring And that majestic victory at the end When love, unconquered, triumphs over death.

Since Molly Went Away. Don't seem jest like it used to seem Since Molly went away; The dark has lost the rosy dream,

The sunshine's left the day. The birds don't sing as sweet as when

It jest seems like for bird an' brook There's never no more May, An' that when Molly went she took The world an' all away!

To hear the step of her

I jest set here when day's begun An' feel the lonely place, The sunflowers follerin' the sun An' dreamin' of her face.

An' wonder why in shrub an' tree The sweetest birds are dumb. While all the roses look at me

An' whisper: "Will she come? I didn't think it would seem strange-That any heart would break. But how this world o' God can

change For jest one woman's sake! One little woman-"Will she come?" The roses say, day by day;

I answer not, my heart is dumb Since Molly went away! -Frank L. Stanton.

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