

Civility is particularly due to all women," said Chesterfield. If you wish to be popular as well as civil, give your friends Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUE LOVE

He buried his face in the fur cloak, and wept aloud. They drew back from the wailing, pitiful cry, unwilling to intrude upon him in his sorrow. Then, when the passion of his grief had ebbed, he rose and stood before them. He laid one hand upon the fur cloak, as though caressing what lay underneath.

"I need make no apology, gentlemen," he said. "She who lies here was my dearly loved wife, whom I have never ceased, and never shall cease, to love."

And then the heavy task came of making home what everybody believed to be the body of Violante Lady Selwyn. Lord Vivian regained his outward calm; in heart and soul there surged a torrent of grief, of remorse, of bewildered sorrow and hopeless despair, that knew no words—but he came of a race strong to bear. When the first sharp pang was over, he began to arrange so that all honor should be paid to the body of his wife. He would not leave her. Hastily writing a note to Mrs. Selwyn, he sent Nicoli back to Florence with every detail of the accident, while he remained at Sedl.

Mrs. Selwyn was dreadfully shocked. For many days afterward she was exceedingly ill, both in body and mind. She would have given all she had in the world to have had the unhappy girl back again.

No one ever knew how Beatrice Leigh felt that intelligence. She it was who received Nicoli, and who, at Mrs. Selwyn's request, read her son's note. She said the usual civil things; lamented with all due propriety the sad accident; condoled with Mrs. Selwyn; hoped Lord Vivian would not be uncomfortable—but no one ever knew what she really thought and felt. As she went upstairs after reading the letter, there was a smile on her face, and a fire in her eyes, that did not speak of sorrow. And in the meantime the state-room of the sunny black steamer, all put into mourning, all the outward forms and customs were observed; and the day after the fatal accident at Sedl, the remains of the supposed Lady Selwyn were brought home to Florence. There was a grand funeral, attended by all the nobility and many of the poor of Florence. Lady Violante Selwyn was laid to rest in the white marble monument was raised, and in letters of gold was inscribed:

To the Memory of
Violante Lady Selwyn,
Beloved Wife of Lord Vivian Selwyn,
Who died in the 23d year of her age,
Regretted and mourned by her
Sorrowing Husband.

CHAPTER XXII.

Two days after the grand funeral that had aroused the attention of all Florence, Horace Temple arrived at the villa. Never once since his daughter left him had he been invited to see her. Lord Vivian had been several times of asking him to the castle, but Lady Violante never seconded his wish. She shrank with sensitive dread from seeing her father exposed to the quiet sarcasms of Beatrice Leigh. His life had passed in a miserable, divided between his literary studies and his law books, he knew even less than she did of etiquette and ceremony. She pictured him to herself in the state-room, shy, reserved, and a cipher in the presence of her surroundings. Ah, no! by no word or wish of hers should the gentle, kindly, scholarly man be exposed to all that she had suffered. She was sensitively afraid, too, that he should see her in a cipher in the presence of her new and magnificent home. For those reasons Horace Temple had never been to Selwyn Castle. He spent a few weeks with Lord Vivian and Lady Violante in London, when Mrs. Selwyn and Miss Leigh were away. Once, too, his daughter had been to visit him, taking with her the help of the Selwyns, little Rupert. And Horace Temple, when he saw the magnificence of her surroundings, the luxury in which she lived, looked into her beautiful face, noted its weary expression, and said to himself that all was not well.

He never saw her again. Lord Vivian wrote to him at once, but by some accident the letter was delayed; and when he reached Florence the grave had closed over her fair head.

They will never forget the sorrow of that solitary night, when he, a man of dignity and self-possession that was not his by nature. No fear of Beatrice Leigh's sarcasms and Mrs. Selwyn's slights now.

They paid due homage to the simple, truthful character, to the grief that seemed boundless. In vain they pressed him, after that long journey, to remain for a day or two in Florence.

"I only came," he said, "hoping to see my daughter's face; as that is gone forever from the sight of men, I will return."

No persuasion could change his resolution. He said to himself that the home from which his daughter had fled should not shelter him.

"I should like to see Violante's grave," he said to Lord Vivian. And the master of Selwyn Castle, feeling humbled, he hardly knew why, in the presence of the man who had trusted him with his greatest treasure, took him there.

The sun was shining brightly, and the warm air was odorous with the perfume of almond and orange blossoms; the joyous music of the singing birds rose shrill, clear and sweet to the blue skies; such a morning as makes men's hearts glad with sense of infinite delight. They passed the calm, deep river, and came to the sunny cemetery, where the dead sleep, lulled by Nature's own music.

The grave where they had laid her was under the shade of a tall tree with crimson flowers. The grass had not grown over it—the soil was freshly turned. They stood side by side—the husband and father—too deeply moved for words.

"Heaven knows," said Horace Temple, at last, "I little dreamed of such an ending as this to my darling's bright life."

"Her life," said Lord Vivian. "Believe

me, I would cheerfully have given my life for hers."

"As this may be the last time we meet," said Mr. Temple, "let me ask you for the truth. I do not yet understand what drove my daughter from home to her death."

Lord Vivian raised his haggard face, and the morning sun, shining on it, showed the deep lines that care and sorrow had graven there.

"She was not happy," he replied, "but, as I am a true man, I can hardly tell you why. She was jealous, I fear, and it was utterly without cause. She has never been quite happy, I'm afraid; but, truly as the sun shines above us, I declare to you I do not know why."

"I blame you," said Horace Temple. "I cannot help it. It seems to me that you might have shielded my daughter from sorrow. I trusted her to you, and you have betrayed the trust."

Lord Vivian bowed his proud head in humility before the man whose only treasure he had taken from him, and lost.

"I will say good-bye to you here, Lord Vivian," said Horace Temple. "It is probable that we shall meet again. The only favor that I ask from you is that I may sometimes see Violante's child."

So by the grave they parted, never in this world to meet again. Horace Temple went home, and Lord Vivian returned to the villa, haunted by the face and voice of his lost wife.

As a matter of course, their plans were all altered now. Lord Vivian was not to leave him, and Beatrice was only too pleased to remain. The master of Selwyn Castle declared that he would remain at Florence until the white marble monument had been erected for his wife's grave was completed. So the villa was shrouded in mourning and gloom; no more festivities, no more laughter or song. The guests who had crowded there fell off one by one. Only Countess Stiland and Prince Cesare remained, and they felt anxious and uneasy in a house where all was mourning and gloom.

And Beatrice Leigh waited her time. Her behavior during those days was nearly perfect. She saw but little of Lord Vivian, avoiding him when it was possible, yet ministering quietly and unobtrusively to him.

His motherless child, Rupert, she was all to him. She played with him, cared for him, did all she could to supply his mother's place. In the same quiet way, the management of the household fell to her. She kept the villa in the best of order. No smile of exultation ever appeared on the beautiful lips, but none the less deep in her heart she felt that she had succeeded, that her victory was won.

It was settled that the monument was to be finished, then return to Selwyn Castle.

Quietly and unobserved, Lady Violante Selwyn had stolen from the station yard. Dressed in a dark cloak, her golden hair hidden beneath a plain dark bonnet, she was secure from recognition. Her plan was to remain near Florence a few days, until the search for her was over, then on to Genoa, and, with her maid, go straight to England.

Silently and swiftly she threaded the quiet streets of the sleeping city; she left it behind her at last, and walked on until she came to the little village of Campo—a village that seemed to have been forgotten by the world. It lay among the purple Italian hills, and had no great charm either of scenery or anything else. Tourists never went there, the inhabitants spending their time in visitors never came. But Lady Selwyn remembered having driven through the village once with Vivian, and he had said that if anyone were ever lost there it would be difficult to find their way. There was a light in her eyes when she reached the quiet place. She took two rooms in the house of a respectable widow, and waited there until she thought it safe to go to Genoa.

There she passed the first day in what seemed to her one long dream of pain, unable to think clearly, or to remember, or to plan for the future, or do anything, except realize that she had left husband, child and home for a second time. The second day passed in the same manner; hour after hour Lady Selwyn sat in her solitary room watching the clouds that drifted along the blue sky and the birds that came to the shelter of the green boughs.

[To be Continued.]

Light and Shade.

The glorious summer has chased the winter. The winter of our discontent. But you'll observe—may, do not smile. The slush is here which should have went.

First Tramp—Say! dat bulldog gev you a lively chase.

Second Tramp—Dat's right. I never knowed I wib capable of sich extrordinary mobility.

"When Cholly went to school he promised to become a mathematical prodigy."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; it took him so long to learn addition that his teachers thought he was going to break the record!"

Dozer—I see your crowd is calling for a reform in the town government for next year.

Dinner—Yes, sire! and mark this, by fair means or foul, we're determined to get it.

Teacher—Tommy, can you give me a sentence in which "but" is a conjunction?

Tommy—See the goat butt the boy. "But" is a conjunction, and connects the boy with the goat.

Cobbie—I don't think the landlord of the Ocean Bar House liked what I said to him before I went in bathing.

Stone—What was that?

Cobbie—I asked him if there were any other sharks around.

"I have got great trouble in keeping the wolf from the door," said Barrows. "Humph!" said the inventor.

"I'd never try to. If a wolf comes to my door I'd kill him and eat him, using his skin for an overcoat."

AROUND THE LAMP.

One of the sweetest things about pain and sorrow is that they show us how well we are loved; how much kindness there is in the world; and how easily we can make others happy in the same way when they need help and sympathy.

WHEN SUMMER'S JUST AHEAD.

How can the day be dreary,
How can the heart be sad,
How can the soul be glad—
When all the world is glad—
When every bud is leaping,
Triumphant from its bed,
When March is spent and sleeping,
And summer's just ahead?

There's joy among the flowers,
There's glee upon the hills;
There's laughter in the showers,
That swell the leaping rills;
There's gladness in the hedges,
Where happy songsters wed,
Exchanging loving pledges,
With summer just ahead.

There's joy in every cluster
Of buds upon the slope,
Each morning lends new luster
Unto the shield of hope!
Why should a heart beat sadly,
An eye look out with dread,
When all the woods ring gladly
And summer's just ahead.

—S. E. Kiser.

SPRING FASHIONS.

Plain dress fabrics are the most fashionable this spring, as they have been for several seasons past. Ladies' cloth, broadcloth and Venetian cloth are the three favorites among smooth-surfaced dress goods, and on these machine stitching, now so popular, appear to the greatest advantage.

Jacket costumes for spring wear have box-pleated skirts, and tight-fitting jackets with flare collars, or rolling collars, with small lapels. Their sleeves, almost without exception, are close fitting, and are without cuffs, although sometimes the wrist edge is shaped and extended over the hand. Much machine stitching is seen on these costumes, and when well executed certainly forms a neat and stylish finish. Rows of uneven stitching, however, detract materially from the garment they are intended to ornament.

Shirt waists are growing more and more elaborate with every succeeding season and now are far from the plain linen or percale models of four or five years ago. Now they have fancy yokes, bolero jackets, chemisettes and vest fronts, and no material is considered too handsome to use for their construction, nor any trimming too fanciful for their embellishment.

Many very handsome draped skirt models intended to be made in thin wash fabrics have gored slip skirts, either with or without flounces. These slips are generally made of a contrasting color of material to that of the skirt, and are either soft-finished taffeta or Japanese, is, of course, the richest and lightest material to use for them, but so many cotton fabrics are now made with the silky finish that in nine cases out of ten these will be used.

French broadcloth—which is really a fine grade of ladies' cloth—dotted with tiny silk or velvet-covered buttons, is used for vest fronts, collars and revers, and is an evidence of the continued demand for polka-dot effects.

Cotton crepon is a novelty, especially when polka-dotted, and it is claimed by the manufacturers that such material will launder as well as a smooth surfaced one. Certainly the fabric is light, cool and attractive.

Javanese crepe is another novelty. This is woven in horizontal tucks, and will probably be much used in the many waists and skirts in which tucking is a prominent feature.

Buttons of all kinds play a prominent part in dress decoration. The handsomest are the carved pearl, either white or smoke, but the most novel are the large ornate ones of silk or velvet, worked with beads or tiny spangles.

Silk gingham is striped with a decided cord in contrasting color, the ground work of the fabric, the plain portion being frequently worked with polka dots the color of the stripe. Madras gingham is shown in wide stripes of color, separated by narrow stripes of white or black, and make handsome morning costumes when a little plain gingham is combined with them.

THOROUGHNESS.

A want of thoroughness in whatever is undertaken is perhaps one great cause of men's failure. A practical writer on that topic gives the following good directions: "Never leave what you undertake to learn, until you can reach your arms around it, and clasp it." "The amount of reading you accomplish that will ever make you learned; it is the amount you retain. Dr. Abernethy maintained that there was a point of saturation; that there was a limit beyond which it was not capable of taking in more. Whatever was pressed upon it afterwards crowded out something else."

PLAIN FOOD.

While it is true that "variety is the spice of life," the best judgment of careful students is in the line of simplicity in the matter of food. Have an adequate supply, have it thoroughly and intelligently cooked, and let it be plain, simple, digestible. In a western health journal, peremptorily, if not very elegantly, remarks: "Never have a great variety at one meal, but make the variety from one meat to the next. Did you ever see a pig eat a conglomeration of all the things that come out of a man's stomach contained after eating a variety at one meal? If not, just imagine all you have eaten and drank mixed up in a bowl, and then ask yourself the question which is the best. Is any wonder people have dyspepsia?"

BAKED APPLES.

Baked apples are a recent addition to the exhibit of the fruit stands and stationary push-carts at the street corners. The apples are usually cold, and are sold in little wooden dishes. They are sold at 5 cents apiece, and the vendors say that they are about the most profitable item in their business. During the recent cold weather, some of the more enterprising peddlers were enabled by the assistance of friendly roast peanut men in the neighborhood to offer hot apples, and

to these the nickels flowed in in a constant stream.

MADAME PATTI'S AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Madame Patti has been telling an interesting and true story concerning herself. She had arranged to sing at a big concert in the United States, but when the night arrived the weather was very bad, and she felt she could not venture out. At the last moment she notified the management, who in turn notified the public, and she fled to her room in her hotel. After waiting there for some little time she was disturbed by the continual sobbing of a little child in the next apartment. The crying became so distressing and hysterical that she felt impelled to go out and what was the matter, and going to the room found a little girl in bed sobbing her heart out. After some coaxing and pressing Madame Patti learned that the child's mother had gone to the concert to hear her sing. "Mother's gone to hear Madame Patti, and I wanted to go, but mother said it was too wet and foggy, but she's gone and I wanted to go, oh! so bad. I never have heard Madame Patti sing, and she's going away tomorrow!"

All this information and lament came out by degrees, Madame Patti goes on to say, and between gasps and sobs and groans she said, "I soothed the pretty thing as well as I could, and at last told her I would sing to her. But she would not hear of it; she wanted Madame Patti, and evidently thought I would make a very poor substitute. However, after a while I persuaded her to let me try—and not particularly graciously, she consented, and I sang—for it was, I have said, only the muggy night air and the fog that was gratified, and applauded and encored me. Presently I found her sitting up in bed and gazing at me intently, and suddenly she cried, with pleasure in her voice, 'Why, that was Madame Patti!' And the child's happiness seemed to be complete."

THE DANGER OF ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

A New York oculist believes that from continued exposure of the eyes to electric light a slighter race may be evolved. To remedy this he believes that electric lights should be abolished, and fluorescent tubes substituted in their place, giving a steady light, no more expensive. It is said that arrangements are being made to light an entire block in New York by fluorescent tubes.

A BANQUET UNDERGROUND.

Lord Beauchamp, the governor of New South Wales, has had a novel experience. Some of the roads find it a good policy to provide their employees while off duty with a waiting-room where there are no temptations to vice, and they are liberal contributors to these homes. The most costly was built at Temple, Texas. Some of these roads have plans on foot for the extension of the work to all the points which constitute the ends of their divisions. Miss Helen Gould, who takes an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the employees of the Missouri Pacific, was a liberal contributor to the Railroad Y. M. C. last year as she had previously been. Eight railway branches have their plans already on foot, and their buildings in progress of erection. It sometimes looks as though the railway, with its strict enforcement of temperance among employees, the encouragement of leisure hours, and the promotion of the country at large. The strongest roads in the United States today are those that are making cities proud of their terminal stations, their employees grateful for profit-sharing and accident insurance schemes, and the morale of the line elevated by associations that preserve self-respect and insure conscientious service.

SALT IN A TON OF SEA WATER.

In a ton of Dead Sea water there are 137 pounds of salt; Red Sea, 93; Mediterranean, 85; Atlantic, 81; English Channel, 72; Black Sea, 26; Baltic, 13; and Caspian Sea, 11.

ABOUT THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

The Great Wall of China was recently measured by Mr. Unthank, an American engineer. His measurements showed the height as eighteen feet. Every hundred yards there is a tower 25 feet high. For 1,300 miles the wall goes over plains and mountains, every foot of foundation being of solid masonry.

NOVEL USE OF ELECTRICITY.

Electricity is soon to be put to a novel use by Anton Schulze, a florist, of College Point, L. I., who will try the power of electric light to hasten the blooming of flowers. He devotes much attention to chrysanthemums and carnations, and believes that if his greenhouses are brightly illuminated during the night his plants will flower in at least half the usual time they require. He has closed a contract with the New York and Queens Electric Light Company, to have electric lights in large numbers put in all his greenhouses.

FASTEST NAVAL VESSEL AFLOAT.

The Viper is the latest addition to the navy of Great Britain. She can go better than 35 knots an hour, the highest speed ever attained by any vessel. The Viper is a torpedo boat destroyer, and in construction resembles the Turbina, the turbine principle being used to propel her and with the greatest success. There is an almost entire absence of vibration, which enables the guns to be trained with great accuracy. General description—Length, 210 feet; beam, 31 feet; displacement, 350 tons; indicated horse-power (about) 11,000; speed, 35.5 knots, or nearly 41 statute miles.

AN EMPRESS WHO WRESTLES.

The Empress Dowager of China is described by an English lady, who has spent the greater part of her life in the Celestial Empire, as a much more remarkable woman than most Europeans suppose. She is an ardent painter, and her pictures are said to be admirable specimens of Chinese art. Strange as it may seem, her majesty is also said to be fond of wrestling, and frequently indulges in this rather unusual form of exercise. She is well read, is fond of European music, and has some skill as a pianist. She is said both by her friends and enemies to be absolutely without any sense of fear, and to have spent her life has been attempted a number of times.

EGG MEMBRANE IN SKIN GRAFTING.

Medical science has discovered that the hen's egg provides an admirable substitute for human flesh to graft on open human wounds. The substitute is the delicate membrane that immediately lines the inside of a hen's egg. The German surgeons first found that this membrane can be successfully used as the nucleus for granulation of open wounds. The surgeons of the St. George Hospital in Brooklyn were the first in America to adopt the practice the Germans discovered.

"Murder will out." Impurities in the blood will also be sure to show themselves unless expelled by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Irish Damask Table Linen. Fish Napkins, 70c per doz. Dinner Napkins, \$1.14 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 50c each. 2 1/2 yards square, 55c each. 3 yards square, \$1.14 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 90c each. Strong Huckaback Towels, \$1.08 per doz. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Moss Orders.)

Matchless Shirts. Fine quality Longcloth Bodice, with 4-fold pure linen fronts and cuffs, \$3.52 the half-dozen (to measure 48c extra). New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old shirts made good as new, with best materials in neckbands, cuffs and fronts, for \$3.50 the half-dozen.

Irish Cambric Pocket-Handkerchiefs. "The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver" have a world-wide fame. "The Queen." Cheapest Handkerchiefs I have ever seen. Sylvia's Home Journal. Children's, 30c per doz.; Ladies', 50c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 75c per doz. HEMSTITCHED—Ladies', 60c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 90c per doz.

Irish Linen Collars and Cuffs. Collars—Ladies', from 80c per doz.; Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes, \$1.18 per doz. Cuffs—for Ladies or Gentlemen, branch stations, all completed and free of debt. These were for the most part in communities where there was no city association, and some of the buildings were placed in comparatively remote towns which happened to be important railroad centers. They were chiefly in the west and southwest, along the extension of trans-Mississippi railroads; but one at least was in New York City, at West Seventy-Second Street. While not designed to be ornamental, they were not built solely with an eye to economy. The Y. M. C. A. building at Cleburne, Texas, is, in anything, finer than the passenger station. Some of the roads find it a good policy to provide their employees while off duty with a waiting-room where there are no temptations to vice, and they are liberal contributors to these homes. The most costly was built at Temple, Texas. Some of these roads have plans on foot for the extension of the work to all the points which constitute the ends of their divisions. Miss Helen Gould, who takes an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the employees of the Missouri Pacific, was a liberal contributor to the Railroad Y. M. C. last year as she had previously been. Eight railway branches have their plans already on foot, and their buildings in progress of erection. It sometimes looks as though the railway, with its strict enforcement of temperance among employees, the encouragement of leisure hours, and the promotion of the country at large. The strongest roads in the United States today are those that are making cities proud of their terminal stations, their employees grateful for profit-sharing and accident insurance schemes, and the morale of the line elevated by associations that preserve self-respect and insure conscientious service.

Irish Underclothing. A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, small trousers, 4c; Nightdresses, 84c; Combination, 91c. India or Colonial Outfits, \$4.00; Bridal Trouseaux, \$35.50; Infants' Layettes, \$12.00. (See List.)

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Please mention this paper.

The Railroad Y. M. C. A.

The Chicago Interior says: It is a remarkable record that the Railroad Y. M. C. A. made in 1899, in the erection of twelve fine new buildings for branch stations, all completed and free of debt. These were for the most part in communities where there was no city association, and some of the buildings were placed in comparatively remote towns which happened to be important railroad centers. They were chiefly in the west and southwest, along the extension of trans-Mississippi railroads; but one at least was in New York City, at West Seventy-Second Street. While not designed to be ornamental, they were not built solely with an eye to economy. The Y. M. C. A. building at Cleburne, Texas, is, in anything, finer than the passenger station. Some of the roads find it a good policy to provide their employees while off duty with a waiting-room where there are no temptations to vice, and they are liberal contributors to these homes. The most costly was built at Temple, Texas. Some of these roads have plans on foot for the extension of the work to all the points which constitute the ends of their divisions. Miss Helen Gould, who takes an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the employees of the Missouri Pacific, was a liberal contributor to the Railroad Y. M. C. last year as she had previously been. Eight railway branches have their plans already on foot, and their buildings in progress of erection. It sometimes looks as though the railway, with its strict enforcement of temperance among employees, the encouragement of leisure hours, and the promotion of the country at large. The strongest roads in the United States today are those that are making cities proud of their terminal stations, their employees grateful for profit-sharing and accident insurance schemes, and the morale of the line elevated by associations that preserve self-respect and insure conscientious service.

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Dr. T. Felix Gouard's Oriental Cream
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Removes tan, pimples, freckles, etc., and restores the skin to its natural beauty. It is the best of all skin preparations. It has stood the test of 50 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the Haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend Gouard's Cream as the best of all skin preparations. It is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of the name. Dr. L. A.