

YOU DON'T Catch Cold You develop it.

In each person's system are myriads of germs which under favorable circumstances develop into a cold. The coughing, sore throat and discharge from the head and lungs are not the cold but simply the results of the efforts of nature to dispel the poison.

Each attack leaves the system weaker to repel subsequent ones with the result that one becomes "subject to colds." Then come weak lungs and next Consumption.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is a specific for building up the system and supplying the blood with the power to destroy disease germs. "Shiloh's" is thorough and scientific. It cures—not in spots—but through and through. Get a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure at your druggist—use two thirds of it and if you are not satisfied with the results take it back and the whole of the purchase money will be refunded without question.

In Canada and the United States, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. Great Britain, 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d.

The Queen's Veil.

"And what if I did? It cannot help her; no one knows how I discovered it," the man retorted, thoughtlessly; then, as he saw the amused smile hovering about Lord Holborn's lips and realized that he had committed himself beyond recovery, he swore a round French oath, turned quickly on his heel, and dashed out of the shop, vowing vengeance upon poor, inoffensive Tina's head.

Lord Holborn threw back his fine head and gave vent to a hearty laugh at the expense of the enemy thus successfully routed, and then remained conversing with Tina until the clerk came back, when she completed her purchase and prepared to return to Carlford House.

"Mademoiselle Florien, will you permit me to accompany you home?" his lordship asked, following her from the shop. "I do not like to let you go alone, lest our angry neighbor from across the channel should annoy you again."

She gratefully accepted his escort, although with some misgivings as to its propriety. As she entered the vestibule of Carlford House after a most delightful walk, Lord Holborn having bade her adieu at the door, she found herself suddenly confronted by Lady Arlesbury, who appeared to be in an alarming state of indignation.

"What does this mean?" she demanded, sternly.

"Tina gave her a look of surprised inquiry."

"Do you know that man from whom you have just parted?" she asked.

"Yes, your ladyship; he is Lord Holborn," the young girl answered, composedly.

"How dare you allow a gentleman of his rank and position to accompany you home?"

"Tina met her angry glance with one of serene frankness."

"A man insulted me, your ladyship; Lord Holborn chose my seat, and insisted upon attending me home, lest I should be further annoyed," she said.

"Insulted you! Who insulted you?" Lady Arlesbury asked, regarding her earnestly.

"A man whom I met in the shop where I went to get your lace," Tina replied, passing her ladyship the little package, and deeming it unnecessary to go further into particulars.

Lady Arlesbury's stern face relaxed a trifle; she knew that it would be but the part of a gentleman for anyone to go to the rescue of a young girl in trouble; but she realized too that Tina was much too pretty to be thrown very often into the society of so eligible a parti as Lord Ernest Holborn.

"Of course, it was very kind in his lordship to protect you from insult," she returned, in a somewhat milder tone; "but I suppose you realize, without my telling you, the impropriety of a person in your position receiving the attentions of a peer of the realm."

Tina deigned no reply to this arrogant speech, save by a cold bow, and then retreated to the sewing-room, where she found the earl impatiently awaiting her return.

She was so sweet and attentive to him, so entertaining and even merry at times, that he was fast growing to think that he could not do without her.

Her bright face, her pretty ways, her musical tones, and above all, her clear sweet laugh, which of late often rang through the room, were a source of constant delight to him, making his old blood to grow warm and his sad heart to feel almost young again.

He read almost every line for himself now—it was such a pleasure to sit and listen to her, and to watch her as she became interested in and animated by her subject, that he appropriated no small amount of her time.

But the moment she was released from these pleasant duties, for such they were, her busy fingers would seize and fly over her work, and Lady Arlesbury might not have occasion to find fault; and many a time when she knew that the earl was about to ask her to put him to bed to him, she would be pulled into discussing some interesting question so that her ladyship might not be disappointed in the progress of her coveted lace.

These were happy, peaceful days, and Tina always remembered and numbered them as among the pleasantest of her life.

One day Lady Arlesbury proposed to her daughter and the earl that they visit the National Gallery to see a new painting that had recently been hung there and was creating considerable excitement in the world of art.

The earl agreed, but he insisted upon taking Tina with them, much against the wishes of Lady Arlesbury. They went, spent some time viewing the works of art, and were descending the steps to return to their carriage, when Tina's attention was attracted by a familiar figure just in front of them.

It was Barbara Beza. Tina saw that she was cringing with pain.

"Indeed, your 'old bones,' as you call them, are of just as much account as any one's, and I shall mind, if you please. Lean on me, I will help you down the remainder of the steps."

She nearly lifted old Barbara upon her feet, and clasping one arm firmly around her, carefully guided her down to the sidewalk.

She was not hurt as badly as she feared, and once on a smooth surface was able to walk quite well.

"Thank you, dearie, I can hobble now quite smartly; but what will all these fine folks think to see you helping a shabby old woman like me?" she asked, turning to gaze searchingly into the young girl's face.

Tina's red lips curled at the question, but her dark eyes met old Barbara's with a kind, earnest look.

"I hope you do not imagine that I care what anyone might think?" she said.

Barbara patted the small gloved hand that still upheld her, with a low, chuckling laugh; but there was a slight quaver in her voice as she rejoined:

"My bright, pretty bird, I've lived for more than forty years, and shut every limb being out of my head, but I'm afraid that you've got a wedge in it that is likely to force it wide open again if I don't take care."

"Then don't care, please," Tina returned, laughing; then added, more gravely:

"Are you sure you are not hurt?"

"Not enough to mind, dearie," and she tried to straighten herself and stand alone.

"Shall I not call a carriage for you?" the young girl asked; she was fearful that she was injured more than she would own.

"Does Barbara Beza look as if she could afford such an extravagance? A cab will cost a shilling!" she retorted, sharply.

"Yes, I know, and I have just the change here in my purse—I've got one for you!" and Tina looked very lovely in her bright, earnest face.

The old woman regarded her a moment with a strange gleam in her dull eyes; then she said, with a queer pathos:

"No, no, chicken; my feet were given me to walk with, and I'm going to get all the good I can out of them as long as they last; but you've given the wedge another tremendous blow."

"Are you stooping at No. 4 St. John's Terrace? May I come and see you?" Tina asked, while a smile dimpled her mouth at her last quaint remark.

"When Mademoiselle Florien is ready we would like to return home," Lady Arlesbury said, in her icest tones, just behind them.

Both Barbara and Tina looked up to find her ladyship and Gertrude standing close by them, watching them with mingled displeasure and contempt; while Gertrude muttered something about it not being very delightful to be obliged to wait for her to run to the aid of an old beggar.

"No, no, chicken; my feet were given me to walk with, and I'm going to get all the good I can out of them as long as they last; but you've given the wedge another tremendous blow."

"I will come immediately," Tina answered, coldly, but failing to see how she had kept them waiting, since they had evidently been watching, with no small degree of interest, her interview with Barbara.

"Who are they?" Madame Beza asked, as they swept on toward the carriage.

"Lady Arlesbury and her daughter, by whom I am employed. Yonder is the Earl of Carlford, the countess' father; he is very kind."

"The Earl of Carlford—who did you say?" cried Barbara, with a gasp, and stretching her neck for a better view of his lordship.

"The Earl of Carlford," Tina repeated; then, as she saw her gasp and totter, she added, pleadingly: "Do let me get a carriage for you. You are more hurt than I thought."

"No, no, chicken; my feet were given me to walk with, and I'm going to get all the good I can out of them as long as they last; but you've given the wedge another tremendous blow."

"Yes, your ladyship," Tina repeated; then, as she saw her gasp and totter, she added, pleadingly: "Do let me get a carriage for you. You are more hurt than I thought."

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AROUND THE LAMP.

"BLESSED TWO."

When two souls walk together That love each other's ways, The world's all summer weather, Sweet nights and happy days, And the road is never lonely, And joy is never done, If but two souls may only Go living on as one.

When two souls walk together Life's burden born to share, Oh! lighter than a feather, The weight that each must bear; Nor shall the lack demean them, Of scrip or painted gold, For they own the world between them, Like Eden's two of old.

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

SEASONABLE GOWNS.

Cloth gowns for immediate wear are most in demand just at the moment and here are some descriptions of some of the many new models: A skirt with a wide box-plait effect in front is one of the new models; the trimmings around the bottom being a group of narrow tucks stitched down flat through the three thicknesses. The bodice with velvet collar and cuffs of a pretty model for glace silk. A gown in the new rough serge shows an effective trimming in broad matching the color, which is a soft rich red. One row of braid is woven to simulate small buttons set on at intervals.

The belt is of black velvet with gold dot, the yoke and puffs at the wrist of white velvet, with black dots, and there is a finish of gold and black embroidery down the front of the bodice.

Another model shows one form of the princess skirt, already mentioned, tucked in at the waist line at the back, simulating a black velvet and outlined with gold and black cord forms the skirt decoration, which is repeated on the bodice. The vest is of tucked white chiffon trimmed with black and gold braid, which scrolls over the revers, and an oriental scarf is knotted in front.

Brown cloth forms a fine costume with cream panne revers applique with gold threaded guipure. The vest is a cream lace embroidered in colors, a modern touch, and the bodice is trimmed with stitched bands is a good style for a stout woman, and another desirable model with stitched bands is carried out in dark blue serge.

A brown silk gown with bias bands of velvet stitched on is another desirable model, the vest being of Maltese insertion and tucked batiste, and the large collar of Maltese lace finished with a tuck of black glace and dull gold ornaments. A pretty afternoon gown for the materials is trimmed with bias folds on the skirt, velvet bands on the bodice of lace, with a draped bolero effect of material. The sash is of black chiffon with cream lace insertion in the ends.

WHAT PURPOSE WILL DO. Money will buy many articles, but there are other things money can never purchase. Wealth will cover only a small portion of the earth's area. Purpose covers all of it.—Success, for January.

CURING COLDS. For Threatened Influenza.—Put 20 drops spirit of camphor with 20 teaspoons water. Take one teaspoon every half hour. This is excellent in incipient grippe.

For Threatened Colds in Head.—Wring a cloth from ice cold water, lay over the bridge of nose and eyes, and dry cloths over it. As the wet cloths heat, repeat experiment. If tried on the chest, as the "cold pack" may be feared contracted and settled there, has a number of dry cloths with oil-cloth over all.

For Threatened Pneumonia.—Put the patient to bed with hot water bottles applied to the soles of the feet, palms of the hands, armpits and under the knees. Of course no one with so serious an illness as this should go long without medical advice, if it can be obtained. Till it comes this is a wise way to proceed.

For Colds on the Chest.—Rub the lungs, back and front, with camphor oil—camphor gum dissolved in olive oil till the liquid will take up no more. The skin above the chest is readily applied profusely and cover with cotton batting.

For Hoarseness.—Take frequent sips of glycerine and lemon juice mixed in equal parts, and shaken until they are incorporated.

For Neuralgia.—Place a wet cloth over a hot water bottle, a soapstone heated, or a hot brick, and apply the steam to the afflicted part.

For Bronchial Trouble.—Put ten teaspoon spirits of camphor in forty times their bulk in boiling water. Place in a pitcher and incline the open mouth over the top, so that the steam enters the throat freely. Care must be taken in the perspiration which ensues not to contract further cold; but this is a royal remedy for heavy chest colds.

LAVERENDER SACHETS. Take half a pound of lavender that has been freed from the stalks, half an ounce of dried mint, and the same quantity of thyme, quarter of an ounce of ground cloves, and one ounce of table salt. Dry all in a slow oven. Mix thoroughly, and put in little muslin bags. Store these amongst your clothing.

HERE IS A RESOLUTION WORTH THE WHILE. Resolve that you will stand well with yourself during the coming year, whether you stand well with others or not. Resolve never again to set a cheap estimate upon yourself or your chances in life.—O. S. Marden, in Success for January.

THE CHAINED BOOKS IN HEREFORD CATHEDRAL. One of the curiosities of Hereford Cathedral is the chained books. In the library over 2,000 volumes are to be seen, and 236 MSS., with their original chains, fastened to an iron bar, which is secured to the bookcase by an ancient lock and key. Among these books, says Caldicott, in his "Guide to Hereford Cathedral," are some which are beautifully illuminated and illustrated.

The oldest book is an Anglo-Saxon copy of the four Gospels, given to the Cathedral by Athelstan, or Ethelstan (1012-55), who was the last Saxon bishop of the see. Here also will be found a modest copy of the "Hereford Use," as well as copies of other "Uses" belonging to the various cathedrals. There are many and various

kinds of Bibles, including a handsome copy of the original Wicliffe Bible. Other Bibles, issued from 1450 to 1690, will be found, as also "Gerson's Opera," 1494; Hartmann's Chronicle, 1493; "Higden's Polychronicon," with additions by William Caxton, 1485; also one of the earliest books printed, relating to the mass, sent 1475. Every chain is from three to four feet long, with a ring at each end and a swivel in the middle.—Glasgow Times.

MADAME GRAND'S APHORISMS.

[The Saturday Evening Post.] Madame Sarah Grand recently consented to talk on the Art of Happiness. Some of her aphorisms are worth keeping:

There are minor pleasures whose effect is accumulative, and which make up a happy life.

Even in choosing to be miserable we are not so common that it should be discouraged.

There is a great deal of difference between a copy and an imitation. The misery children make for their parents is well known; the misery parents make for their children not so well.

The two great sources of happiness are health of body and strength of mind.

In recipes for happiness, goodness must always be the principal ingredient.

When people begin to be critical they cease to be pleasant.

SOME RESOLUTIONS FOR GIRLS. 1. Resolve to dress sensibly, and stick to that resolution as long as you can.

2. If you are earning money, or receiving an allowance, resolve to save a portion of it, no matter how small that portion may be.

3. Resolve to do whatever you consent to do at all, as well as anybody can do it—but I have talked about that before.

4. Resolve to be a good, sound, reliable easy-working cog, in the social or business machinery of which you are a part. In the household, in school, in office work, anywhere and everywhere, this routine will apply. Don't say to yourself: "What difference does it make, if I am fifteen minutes late?" That swollen cog, that has to be removed, may still be of use as a paperweight, if anybody wants it, but its days of active efficiency are ended.

All great work depends on organized co-operation, systematized, regulated, mechanically perfect.—Cynthia Westover Alden, in January Success.

PECULIARITIES OF THE BLACK SEA. Sir John Murray recently showed how remarkably the Black Sea differs from other seas and oceans. A surface current flows continuously from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, and an under-current from the Mediterranean into the Black Sea. The latter current is salt, and being heavier than the fresh water above, it remains stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphuretted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black Sea contains no living inhabitants below the depth of about 100 fathoms. The deeper water when brought to the surface smells exactly like rotten eggs.

KEEPING A MEAL HOT. When necessary to keep a meal hot for a belated comer, do not put the plate into the oven, discoloring the china and drying the food. Instead, set the plate over a basin of hot water, covering with a second basin that will just fit over the edge of the plate. This keeps the food hot without drying or injuring the plate.

Miss Lulu Finnegan—I will give you my answer in a month, Pat.

He—That's right, me darlint; tek plenty of time to think it over. But tell me wan thing now—will it be yes or no?

The Queen has 60 housemaids at Windsor Castle. This is the regulation number.

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady Takes on Herself to Cure Her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.

A portion of her letter reads as follows:—My father had often pined mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time, but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day, after a terrible spree, he said to us: "It's no use. I can't stop drinking." Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."

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Model 256.
Made in John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coat, consisting of Velvet revers, prettily White, Plain \$2.56
tily trimmed Black fashionable Skirt with one box-pleat. Price complete, only \$2.56; carriage 65c. extra. Skirt alone, \$1.35; carriage, 45c. extra.

Model 1492.
Made in Heavy Furs Cloth Tailor-made, Double-breasted Coat, and full wide carefully finished Skirt, in Black Navy Blue only; Price complete Costume \$4.10; Carriage 55c.

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KNOCKABOUT FROCKS FOR GIRLS.

Thoroughly well made, in strong Serge, with double die top, long full sleeves, and pockets. Length in front, and in back, 24 1/2 inches. 49c. 61 cents. 30 3/4 inches. 73c. 89 cents. Postage 32 cents. 36 3/4 inches. 97c. \$1.10. 42 1/2 inches. \$1.22 \$1.34. Postage 45 cents.

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WE WANT YOU to sell one dozen at 10 cents each, and for this little service we will give you one of our BLAZING ELECTRIC DIAMOND RINGS which can scarcely be detected from a \$100 ring.

DIRECTIONS.—Send us your name and address and we will send you one dozen of the pins, of different patterns, all being in 10 cents each, return the money, and we will send you the Ring Absolutely Free. As soon as these goods are sold this offer will be withdrawn; so to avoid disappointment write us at once.

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Every caller at this department will be given this unique booklet FREE. It contains all those little secrets of the toilet so dear to every woman's heart. We give below a list of some of Madame Ruppert's Toilet Requisites:

Price.	Price.
Mme. Ruppert's Golden Hair Tonic gives new life to and stops falling hair. 1.00	Mme. Ruppert's Almond Oil Complexion Soap, a perfect soap, a combination of almond oil and soap, not a boiled soap, and contains no lye. .25
Mme. Ruppert's Wonderful Depilatory removes superfluous hair without injury to skin in three minutes. 1.00	Mme. Ruppert's World-Renowned Face Bleach, large bottle, clears the skin of any discoloration, and beautifies the complexion naturally. 2.00
Mme. Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorative is not a dye, but restores gray hair to its natural color. 2.50	Mme. Ruppert's Pearl Enamel gives the skin to assume a girlish loveliness, mainly for evening use. 1.00
Mme. Ruppert's White Rose Face Powder, an exquisite powder. .50	Mme. Ruppert's Egyptian Balm, a valuable skin food, and used in connection with the Bleach removes wrinkles. 1.00

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"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and Dr. Sagar's Catarrh Remedy have been of great benefit to me," writes (Prof.) Pleasant A. Oliver, of Viola, Fulton Co., Ark. "Before I used the above mentioned remedies my sleep was not sound; digestion bad; a continual feeling of misery. I now feel like a new man. Any one in need of medical treatment for nasal catarrh could do no better than to take treatment of Dr. R. C. Pierce. I know his medicines are all right in this class of diseases."

The Common Sense Medical Adviser, cloth binding, sent free by the author, on receipt of 50 one-cent stamps, to pay expense of customs and mailing only. In paper covers 31 one-cent stamps. Address Dr. R. C. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Oh, Madame Beza, are you hurt?" she asked, as she stooped down to help her rise.

"Oh, chicken! it is you?" the strange woman said, looking up with a wintry smile.

"Yes, it is you, sure enough," she con-