GRIST OF GOOD STORIES

Escaped From a

French Prison.

During one of the wars between France and Engamd, Mr. Mushuman Boys, R. N., paiced in command of a merchant prize, with orders to proceed immediately to Catalonia, and join Lord Neison in the Victory, fell into the hands of the enemy instead, and was committed to the prison of

Valenciennes. There he remained four years. Then the time came when a scheme to get away, in which he was joined by three companions, seemed practicable. They must scale a wall, ascend the parapet unseen, escape the observation of three or four sentinels, and the patrois, descend two ramparts, force two locks and get over two drawbridges; but by the grace of God they expect-

ed to manage it. In one way and another they pro-cured ropes and picklocks, and when the night came it was dark and cloudy, while the wind blew and the leaves kept up a rustling favorable to the

At half-past-eight Boys and Hunter, with woolen stockings over their shoes, each having a rope, a small poker, a stake and a knapsack, went into the back yard, climbed over the wall, passed through the garden and palisades, crossed the road and climo-ed on their hands and knees until they reached the parapet over the gateway leading to the upper citadel.

With the utmost precaution they

crept upon the summit, and down tre tabli breastwork toward the outer edge of the. the rampart. Both the poker and the stake were

then driven into the ground -by tising their and falling with his fu'l weight Boys hammered them in with his chest-and the rope made fast.
This done, they let the rope down through a groove in the ramparts, and

Boys descended. About two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, but the he caught it between his knees, and on the carried it down without noise. When Hunter had also gone down, they crossed the drawbridge and found

themselves in an arched passage, ending in the door which separated them from the upper citadel. This was the moment for the picklocks to be proved, and they were tried in vain! The bolt was of cast iron; fi'ing was useless; and the stone in which the bolt was fastened was so fortified with bars of cast iron that it could not be cut began to read." "Checkmate!" murmured Hunter.

"We must undermine the gate," said 'We have our pocket-knives." They had worked about a quarter of an hour, making little headway, for had returned to the familiar and dear. the paving-stones under the gate were about ten inches square, and closely bound together, when they were alarmed by a noise like the distant report of a gun. As the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening

of the great gate.

For a moment all seemed lost. Stories, only too true, of the barbarous treatment of fugit es had of-ten reached Valenciennes; to be overtaken meant a horrible death. There was a faint sound of footsteps in the passage, and the two men rose to their feet and stood

"Boys!" It was Whitehurst's whisper and in stantly all was hope again! The noise had been caused by Mansell dropp. g his knapsack on the echoing brige. Whitehurst had remain-d perfectly still while he heard the sentinel walk up and examine the inner side, and then walk away. It was a ratiow escape; the fugitive and the soldier were

scarcely more than a yard apart! They all began work now, and at half-past ten the first sto... was raised, and half an hour later there was hole large enough to creep through. The first and second drawbridges they crossed on the ron hand-rails and thus gained the upper citadel. They then proceeded to the northeast corner, fixed a stake and fastened a rope upon the breastwork of the fourth and last descent, feeling as if they were already embarked for England.

As Boys was getting down, with his chest against the edge of the paraper. married at the home or the bride. the stake gave way. Whitehurst, we was sifting by it, snatched the rope, Mansell seized Whitehurst by the coat, and Boys laid hold of the grass, and by all these means together he was saved from a fall of about 50 feet. They all came down safe at last, with their knapsacks, and this fourth descent had landed them fairly outside the fortress; and in excess of joy, like true Britons, they all shook here's. Getting out of a citadel like that of Valenciennes was one thing, and to leave the enemy's country was another, but at last, after many adventures, the young midshipmen were able to offer up their humble thanksgiving for Celiverance on English soil.

Fooled the Magician

"I never sit down to a good dinner," said the old magician with a reminiscent smile, "but I think of the expensive meal I once indulged in while out west. It was during the political excitement of four years ago.
"I was making a tour of the west,
and one day while traveling I was

obliged to stop at a farm and ask the man who owned it if he would be kind enough to let me have something to eat, as it would be several hours before I would reach a hotel. 'Come right in,' he said genially.

'We ain't got much, but I guess we can cook ye up a snack.'
"The political excitement was running high at the time, and I soon found that the old man was a wild defender thing else while I was eating. Thinking to have a little fun with aim I I pretended to find a five-dollar gold-

To the Lungs.

Do you go to Chicago to reach Quebec? No.
There's a better and more direct way. Then why try to reach your lungs by way of your stomach? Don't. Do you go to Chicago to Better go straight to the lungs at once. Just light the vaporizer and breathe-in the healing, soothing vapors of Cresolene. The medicine goes exactly to the right place. Your lungs quickly heal and your cough disappears. For whooping-

cough it's simply perfect.

piece in the bacon, which I put in my mouth and went through the motion of

swallowing. "Much to my surprise the anding of the gold did not excite the old man a bit, so I picked out another gold piece and put that in my mouth seven \$5 gold pieces out of that bacon. one lafter another, and he never so much as lifted an eyelid, and I gave up trying to amuse myself at his expense. 'How much de I owe you?' I asked when I got through.

cents,' he answered calmly. " 'What!' I shouted in amazement. " 'That's what,' he grimly replied, as he fingered his gun. 'Bacon, 25 cents, seven gold bugs at \$5 a bug, \$35 Hit's

fronts ve "I paid it, for the old man would not listen to reason or the explanation that I offered, and he had a way of handling his gun that positively made me

Bays in a Book Store.

A true story is told in the family of in Boston bookseller which has rith the holiday time. Just beto do ristmas the little boys of the old were told that, as a treat, ight go down to their father's they business and look over the It was a treat, indeed, in anon, for reading was their chiefticipat

ay came, and joyfully did the ds take their way down town. ere turned loose in the big eslittle ent among books big and litere were children's books and ully illustrated ones for happy olks. There they were left to wn devices, and presently for-

the time for lunch came round their He oked about; they were nowhere een. He made his way round wded shop, and finally came upon them in an unoccupied corner, in-dustribusly reading. One had "Swiss Family Robinson" and the other "Rob-Crusoe."

"Did you get tired of looking round?" he asked. One boy glanced up shyly. Evidently he felt that he had not been quite equal to the situation, but he must tell

"But you have those at home!" "Yes, papa, but we like them best." Queer little souls, so very like grownup humanity! They had been bewilder-

Newspaper Picture

Won a Husband.

James Ready, of Chicago, fell in love with the picture of a girl. Afterward he fell in love with the girl herself. They were married the other day in Belleville, Ill.

The picture was that of Miss Carrie Westrich. Two years ago she was one of the leading candidates in the contest for queen of the Belleville carnival. Her picture was printed in a newspaper. Ready, who is connected an express company, was Belleville at the time. He saw it, and told himself that it was the prettiest face he had ever seen, or something foolish like that.

Miss Westrich was not elected queen. but she finished second in the contest, and was made the first maid of honor to the queen. Ready lingered in town until the night of the coronation, to get a glimpse of the original of the picture. He saw her, and the impression made by the picture was deep-

Fate or circumstances favored him, and before the close of the fair he was able to obtain an introduction to Miss Westrich. Since then he has been able to visit Belleville only on rare sions, but the interim has been filled in with frequent letters Ready is now in charge of the Springfield office of his company. The couple were

Was Able to Bear

All the Blame.

his wedding trip, and was again at his desit in the office. It was the day after his return that the junior partner called him to his desk and said: "Now that you are married. Quils, I trust that you will be con-siderate in your treatment of me."

"I don't quite understand you, sir!" exclaimed the young man in surprise.
"Oh. it's a little early I suppose." admitted the junior partner: there's nothing like taking time by the forelock I suppose you haven't been out late at night yet?"

"Certainly not, sir!"
"And it's none of my business if you have. But when you do stay out some night, be considerate. Remember that I have a reputation for fairness and humane treatment of everybody e that I would like to retain. Don't tell your wife that you're sorry you're late but that that slave-driver he office piled work upon you to an extent that you had to work t into the night; don't tell her the tyrant you work under gave one-and-sixpence for dinner, and you that you would have to post he books in the office before leavfor the night. Just invent some excuse, you know.' young man thought the matter

for a minute or two, and then Well, if I should be late, what shall n, put it on the senior partner, as do. He can stand it."

Lights Out.

street that wou'd not rather have been in Terry Branigan's spick-and-span suit than be candidate for pre-

for Terry, be it known, was a bugler in the Sixty-ninth, and when, as upon on particular summer evening he sot the rear fire escape and practiced the calls prescribed in the book of military tactics he was the acknowledged sovereign of boydom within a sphere bounded only by the sound of his bugle. And, truly, he threw into rollicking calls part of his own vitacious nature, and with "taps," "church calls" and such other cal's a so t of sentiment of his own. But the n shbors were divided as to which of t o moods they preferred; but then a

ants knew little of him. A quiet, feeble man, who always paid for all he got from them, he lived alone in a house whose population exceeded that of many a western city. So the fact that for three days he had not left his room aroused no comment. The few mutter-ed utterances showed that his mind was wandering, and for some time the only movement noticeable was the ng and closing of his thin fingers. Suddenly the notes of a bugie came floating into the room, and as the first note fell on his ear, with a start the old man sat'up in bed. His staring eyes and open mouth showed how intently he was listening. He spoke, hen I got through.

"Thirty-five dollars and twenty-five ous tone: "First call for drill, boys; tumble out lively," and his palsied limbs sought the floor. But the effort

pillow with a groan, and after a mo-ment's silence muttered: "Tell the Cap a condition, not a theory, that con- I am not able for duty this morning, Call after call followed in quick succession, each eliciting from him some response, and driving through his tor-tured brain a train of long-forgotten just an overgrown baby. experiences. Again he was fighting Indians on the sun-baked lava beds of Arizona; now freezing in the awful winter campaigns of the Northwest; now in the hospital with wounds suffi-cient to kill other men. Then it all became a hazy recollection, too tire-some for him to untangle.

was too much; he fell back on his

Still the bugle sounded, but for many moments he lay wifhout hardly a sign that he heard till tattoo fell his ears; then he turned and said: thought 'twas time for it." and closed his eyes. Soon that long-drawn, beautiful call, "Taps," floated in. but it was unnecessary. The light had been out before

Christmas and Poetry.

sounded .- Pittsburg Dispatch

(By Sir Walter Scott.) ather remembered with a start | England was merry England when Old Christmas brought his eports

> 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale. 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale. A Christmas gambol oft would cheer A poor man's heart through half the

year.

(By John Johnson.) I sing the birth was born tonight, The author both of lif eand light, The angel so did sound it: And like the ravished snepherds said, Who saw the light and were afraid. Yet searched and true they found

(By Rudyard Kipling.) High noon behind the tamarisks-tue sun is hot above us-As at home the Christmas Day is breaking wan. They will drink our healths at dinner

-those who tell us how they love And forget us till another year be

(By William Cullen Bryant.) No trumpet blast profaned The hour in which the Prince Peace was born;

Earth's silver rivers on that sacred But, o'er the peaceful plain, The war-horse drew the peasant's that Jim was goin' to git.

When Jim Meechum come back from (By James Whitcomb Riley.)

word of godspeed and good cheer To all on earth, or far or near, Or friend, or foe, or thine or mineecho of the voice divine, Heard when the star bloomed forth world's face, with God's smile on

Christmas Hot Pots.

A savory compound baked in large brown "mugs" forms one of the principal Christmas attractions to certain of the poor of England. Every Christmas at Liverpool thousands of "hot-pots"—a local dish of much esteem, usually composed of beef. mutton, rabbit, oysters, etc.—are given to the poor. Public subscriptions for this purpose are collected by a committee. Beef, potatoes and onions are then bought in enormous quantities; an army of workers—the butchers alone number about 50-are employed in preparing the edibles and filing large brown "mugs." or pots, with them; and finally the dishes are sent to bakehouses in various parts of the

city to be cooked Meanwhile tickets are distributed among the deserving poor, who are told at the same time where they must call between 12 and 1 on Christmas Day for their hot-pots. The number of meals thus provided varies, but two years ago 4,000 hot-pots, each containing eleven pounds of savery food (three pounds of boned beef seven pounds of potatoes and one pound of onions), sufficient for a family of ten, were given away. Altogether it is calculated 40,000 people

For the hot-pots alone 20 tons potatoes. 20.000 pounds of beef and 21 hundredweigh of onions were required. nd there were also distributed 4000 four-pound, or "quartern," loaves, 4.000 one-quarter pounds of tea and 4,000 one-pound jars of jam, besides a quantily of coal. Tea and jam, however, are presented by gentlemen in the respective trades, not purchased from the hot-pot fund. Not only are the poor benefited by

Christmas "hot-pot" fund, but the grocers, the butchers and the bakers all rejotce in a share of the "hot-pot" profits especially at the numerous bakehouses where they are sent to be cooked.

First and Poremost

In the field of medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses actual and un-equaled merit by which it cures all diseases caused or promoted by impure impoverished blood. If you have rheumatism, dyspepsia, scrofula or catarrh you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla cured If you are run down and feel weak and tired you may be sure it will do you good.

The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

Maine has 175 factories in which fish and vegetables are canned. A hymn book which belonged to one of Cronje's drivers, and which had been perforated by a bullet, brought \$7 at a recent sale in London.

NO HEART TOO BAD TO BE phoors were divided as to which of CURED. — Testimony could be piled moods they preferred; but then a high in commendation of the wonderful moods they preferred; but then a sall cause will create much discussifing the tenements.

the Heart. No case stands against this great remedy where it did not relieve the most acute heart suffering incide of thirty minutes. It attacks discussed the sall cause will be the most acute heart suffering incide of thirty minutes. It attacks discussed the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will create much discussions and stiffing the sall cause will be sall Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists everywhere. The Vaporizer and Lamp, which should last a lifetime, and a bottle of Cresolene complete, \$1.501 gard supplies of Cresolene complete, \$1.501 gard supplies of Cresolene complete, \$1.501 gard supplies of Cresolene 25 cents and 50 cents. Illustrated booki. Containing physicians' testing points free upon request. Vapo-Cresolene Co., and the light or air except the most acute heart suffering inside. In a small, poorly furnished the direction of the light or air except the most acute heart suffering inside of thirty minutes. It attacks dispersionally for the light or air except the most acute heart suffering inside of thirty minutes. It attacks dispersionally for the light or air except the most acute heart suffering inside of thirty minutes. It attacks dispersionally for the little that filtered through the air.

shaft, an old man lay gasping for breath. Though he had lived among them for months, the rest of the ten-CURED HIM OF ALL HIS LITTLE TROUBLES

Jim Meechum, ornery Jim, they used and begs and prays me not to shoot to call him, was the no-'countest man him to call him, was the no-'countest man "'But,' I says, 'Jim, think of your troubles. There's that floatin' kidney, he took the trip to Pike's Peak overland, with a lot of us fellows in an early day. He's been improved a heap since then. Major Harris learnt him a lesson on that trip that I reckon did Jim more good than all the preachin' he ever heard, although Jim's a powerful hand to go to meeting, and I've there's them bowel troubles; they seen him git converted several times. can't stand this alkali water.' Pact is. Jim was a better hand at

Well, as I was sayin', a party of us we concluded we'd go out to Pike's Peak; and so we bundled up our traps and got some wagons, and went it overland. We hadn't been out very long before Jim began to get weak in the gills. He sort of lost his nerve, and thought he was goin' to die, and kept complainin' about everything. The water didn't agree with him, and he felt his rheumatism comin' back, and everything-he was gruntin' all the time. When we got out from St. Joe a ways, he begun to weaken. He was bushwhackers, and spent his time regular way, you may not be ready.' between layin' in the wagon and "'Oh, but,' he says, and he got u prayin' and walkin' around like a

Well, the boys they got mighty tired of his carryin's on. They'd run Sure I don't,' he says. him about it, and joke him, and try "We jawed on to an grip when he's crossin' the plains. And we was all sorry for him, too; we know'd if he didn't brace up he'd really die, but it seemed like we couldn't git no hold on him.

So one day Major Harris says: "I'm going to cure Jim Meechum," says he. "I'm going to cure Jim Meechum. You fellers just watch me," says he. Major Harris wasn't no hand to talk; he was a quiet-spoken man; but he was clean grit, and I never see him flustered in my life. He was sociable, too, though he'd never talk much, but just sit with us around the camp-fire and chaw; and every once in a while he'd put in a word, and when he said somethin' it was worth while.
"Well," says the major, "I'm going to cure Jim Meechum," and then we all knowed some fun or another was

up. So we laid low and waited. One day, when Jim was feelin' specially downcey, and a-droopin' around the camp like a chicken with the gapes, Major says to him, says he, "Jim," says the, "come on; let's walk over yonder behind them willers to the spring. They's a spring there that's got mineral in it, and a drink of it will do you good," says he. Jim allowed it wasn't no use, that nothin' would ever do him any good, but by he grabbed my hand and by he went along; and when we 'Don't the boys know?' them two go behind them willers we wunk at each other and kind of smiled, because we knowed somethin was up, and it wasn't spring water

that little season with Major Harris, he was a changed man. He picked right up, never complained no more, eat his side meat like the rest of us, and made a full hand all around. No, sir; we never heard a chipper from Jim after that. We told Maje that he'd ought to take out a license to preach. because Jim had got somethin' on that occasion, whether religion or not, that stuck to his ribs better than any convertin' he ever had before. And Maje he'd kind of smile, and say nothin'. He never give Jim away till long afterward, and then, one day, he told us all about it, after we'd all come

"Well," said Major Harris, when we finally asked him to let us into the thing, now that it couldn't hurt Jim's feelin's: "Well." says he, "I saw Jim was just a-goin' down like a sick runt, and I knowed there wasn't rothin' the matter with him, but he'd lost his grit, and that will kill a man same as disease, unless he can git cured. So I made up my mind I'd cure him. I always liked Jim. He was a good feller, and they wasn't no harm in him. So I toled him off down behind the willers, and then I says to him, when we got out of range of you fellers. I says, says I:

"'Jim, ain't you feelin' no better?" "'No.' he says: 'I got them same pains in my back. I believe I got a. floatin' kidney. My wife's fathe one and my symptoms are just like

"But don't you think you'll get over it?' says I.
"'No,' says he: 'it's only a question
" 'No,' says he: 'I come along for of time. I'm sorry I come along for I hate to be a bother; but I can't hold out much longer.

"'You're sure of that, Jim?" says I "'Yes,' he says, and he hove a sigh and walled his eyes like a sick calf. and then he went on talkin' about his family, and a-workin' himself up mellike you know he used to keep

"I let him run on awhile, and finally

says: 'Well, Jim, me and the boys

have talked it over, and we've come to the conclusion that you're right, ments generally. You are a-dyin' by inches; it's only a question of a week or so. You're gittin' weaker and weaker, and, Jim, it's an awful thing to die of disease Preparations sent post free on application. out in this here God-forsaken prairie They ain't no way to take care of a sick man in an outfit like ourn. They ain't no women, folks, nor nothin'only us men. And so we've talked it over, and we've decided that if you've got to die. Jim you had ought to die all to once, and not peter out in a long sufferin' So we drawed straws to see who'd undertake the job, and I'm sorry to say that I was the one elected to this office, and a blamed disagreeable one it is. But I'll do my duty Jim; I ain't a-going to let no squeamishness keep me from doin' a kindness to a pardner in distress; and with that I pulled out by old horse-pistol. "Well, sir, you'd ought to see Jim wilt when he saw that gun. He turned white around the mouth, and says:
"'You ain't a-goin' to shoot me,

"You ain't a-goin' to shoot me, Major?' he says.
"'Jim,' says I. 'that ain't fair to put it that way You know yourself you can't last long. It's a mercy and a kindness to do it.'
"'But,' says he, 'you ain't goin' to shoot me right down like a' old horse that's broke its leg, are you' he says.
"'Jim,' says I, 'you was always a fair-minded man; and I put it to you,' I says—'I put it to you, if you are not kind of hard on me? Here I am. with the best of intentions; I simply want to help my feller-man, and save him from a heap of sufferin.'
"Well, we argued back and forth quite a spell, Jim a-gittin' scareder and scareder as he saw I meant business. scareder as he saw I meant business. Finally, down he goes on his kness.

and that's certain death."
"'I think it's some better,' he says. "'And then,' says I, 'your wife and folks ain't here.'
"'I don't mind that,' says Jim; don't mind that at all. Nance will be all the gladder to see me when I git

back.'
"'But,' says I, still strokin' my gun,
troubles: they 'Oh,' he says, 'I'm gittin' used to it. I rather like the water now. gittin' converted than he was at "'And then,' I goes on-and then, the rheumatism. This kind of layin' out of nights in a wagon is bound to make that worse. It's goin' to your heart, you said." 'No, Major,' says Jim, 'don't you

remember how old Doc Meserve said they wasn't nothin' so good for sore joints as plenty of open air? My arm's a theap better. I can wallop it around every which way now. It's got better recent,' he says; and it was all I could do to hold in when he sawed his arm around through the air, showin' me how supple he was.

"Jim,' says I, 'you're all prepared now. You've been sayin' your prayers constant for a week, and you never will be readier to pass over. If you afraid of the Indians, and afraid of wait till the summons comes in a more "'Oh, but,' he says, and he got up and laid his hand on my arm, caressin' like—'oh, but I ain't ready, Major; I don't feel the witness as I once did.

"We jawed on to and fro for some to rally him up, but it didn't do no good. He just moped and sulked, and it looked like he'd peter out sure. You know, it don't do for a man to lose his pared to brush the dews on Jordan's banks, as he had been allowin' he was about to do for some time back; and finally I says, says I, kind of slow like: "'Well, Jim,' says I, 'if your kidney ain't a-floatin' no more—'

"'Oh, she ain't,' says Jim; 'she's stuck now; I feel it,' and he thumped his back a good, healthy welt. 'And if your rheumatism is improvin' in the open air—'
"'Rheumatism? Pshaw!' says Jim, and the fetched a caper with his game leg equal to one of them variety theater actresses. "'And if you can stand it to be away

from your wife-"'Oh, I don't care,' he says. 'Fact is, Maje, Nance is kind of worrisome sometimes, and I really enjoy a little "'And if you ain't quite wholly sanc-

tified and ready to go—'
"'Be dog-goned if I am,' says Jim, just to show me he could cuss a little.
"'And if,' I says, slipping my gun into my belt and extendin' the right hand of fellowship to him-and if you've made up your mind, Jim to quit bein' an all-fired baby, and be a man, why put her there, and we'll say nothin' to the boys about it.' "The tears come into Jim's eyes, an he grabbed my hand and he says: "'No,' says I; 'and if you behave yourself I won't tell.'"

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Mme. Ruppert's World Received Face Bleach, large buttle clears the skin of any discoloration, and beautified the

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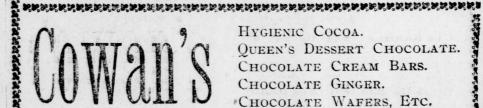
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