Of Interest to Women

Poverty Marriages.

Not long ago I heard a married woman say to a young bachelor friend of hers: "Why don't you get married, Bob?" and he retorted, "I can't afford to."

He is making about $1,500 a year, not a very princely salary, it is true, but quite enough for two people of the right sort to be able to worry along quite comfortably on in the ordinary Canadian town; and it struck me that this was rather an apt commentary on the customary way of looking at things in this twentieth century of ours.

The trouble is that our youth, of both sexes, are too luxurious in their tastes. They want to begin where their fathers and mothers left off, an automobile, carriages and diamonds, rather than two rooms and—love.

Of course, it is foolish to marry without due regard to the future. You can't live on love alone, because the chances arel strongly against your happiness; but just how much you can marry on is another story.

As a rule, the people who cry out about poverty are not so badly off as they think. They are either not in love or afraid because never yet did fear of poverty and hardship ever stand in the way of two people who were honestly satisfied with each other.

The passion for each other's society strengthens mind, and will so that lack of means becomes but a misty dream, not worth considering.

The man has but to think of the woman he loves to be confident that he can do and dare anything, while a woman is ready to suffer anything in the world in order to be with "him."

What are two shabby rooms, a supper of "herbs," poor clothes and a light purse, if one is supremely happy? Simple pleasures are the best, and the 'rubs' can be accepted with laughter and even relished as a joke.

Of course, if a man is afraid that the girl he loves cannot be happy without gorgeousness, he is a fool to take her into a back-room, even if she is willing to go; but the right sort of a girl would rather go through the world hand-in-hand with the man she loves, like a jolly little comrade, accepting pain and pleasure indifferently, save as they affect him, than sit at home and wait for him to pour the jewels of the world into her lap.

For his own sake she will help him on, as many of the most famous men of the world have been helped by their wives, for, as Mr. Dooley says, "It's the business iv th' men to fight, an' th' business iv their wives f'r to make them fight."

SEEK WIVES BY PROXY.

In order to take wives unto themselves farmers are rapidly establishing a record in making use of the most unheard of methods.

Charles H. Connerman, Superintendent of the Kenosha county poor farm, is said to have been commissioned by a well to do farmer of the county to find him a wife. He claims to be a widower with five children, and he prefers to have a widow preside over his farm household, but if he is unable to find a good, honest woman who has had some married experience he is willing to take any single woman whom the superintendent may recommend. He is willing to leave it all to the functionary who presides over the unfortunate wards of the county.

Not long since an Indiana farmer let it get into the newspapers that he would not be averse to taking a life partner. Within a week he was forced to advertise the fact that he had made a selection to stop the tremendous burden that the rural mail carrier daily hauled to his farmhouse.—Chicago Tribune.

HELP PREVENT DISEASE

In the educational crusade against consumption, now being planned by the Illinois Medical Society, some attention should be given to prevailing fashions in woman's dress.

The street dress which sweeps the sidewalks is a death-breeder. If the wearer of this dress went out deliberately to gather up the germs of disease and distribute them in her own home and in the homes of her friends, she scarcely could succeed better.

The woman with the train to her dress goes down town, dragging the pestilence making contrivance behind her. Of course, she holds it up sometimes, but often it trails along in the dirt, gathering into its folds millions of microbes of unnumbered breeds.

When she gets home again, this woman who conforms to the prevailing fashions, hangs her dress in a closet. The closet no doubt is dark. The rays of the sun never penetrate it. Tuberculosis microbes and most other disease germs love the darkness. They like to get away from the fresh air. They gloat and flourish in this woman's dark closet.

After a time some member of the woman's family falls ill. The dread consumption attacks the fairest one of the lot, perhaps, or a little child is taken off with scarlet fever, or whooping cough.

Then this grief-stricken woman wonders where the disease came from.

It is high time the dressmakers abolish the train. There are enough other ways of contracting disease. —Chicago Journal.

ANTI-FAT FOR LAP DOGS.

A new ultra smart athletic club of fashionable Black Bay women is being organized, to be known as the New Hub club. The opening night is set for Sept. 12, and headquarters are now being fitted up on Marlboro street. Among the features will be training in the Japanese jiu jitsu and wrestling by a Japanese woman expert and in expansion by Prof. von Boeckman, the New York advocate of this phase of physical culture.

Valets and ladies' maids will be provided, the former having a smoking room and pool tables for themselves, while the latter will have a reading room. A private wire will be strung to the clubhouse so that returns of all athletic contests can be received by the members direct.

The piece de resistance, however, is a training quarter for pet lap dogs, with a merry-go-round apparatus constructed like a backyard clothes reel. This will be used to exercise the dogs and take off their surplus fat. Tied to its arms, when it is spun around, they will have to keep on the run or be snatched off their feet. Baths and sleeping quarters for the dogs will also be provided. —Boston Traveler.

TAKE TO MATRIMONY IN DIFFERENT WAYS

THE SUB-CURRENT OF FEELING THAT MAKES VARIETY IN LOVERS' ROMANCES.

Folks take to matrimony in different ways. Of course there is always the prevailing romantic emotion, but generally there is a subcurrent of feeling which makes one romance different from others. And this is more conspicuous when the two young people have adopted some unusual method of joining their lives.

Naturally no married couple ever admits that any other romance was exactly like theirs, but generally they could not tell how it differed if they had to make a point of it.

Now, there is nearly always some different subcurrent. If the young man has had an uphill fight to win his bride he can be relied on to feel thankful when he finds that he has succeeded at last. If the bride has overcome reluctant parents she is apt to have such a feeling of gratefulness. If they have had to elope and have succeeded they get another variation on this emotion, and so on with all the others.

DEFIANT.

Here, for instance, is a couple that were defiant. Miss Julia Wright and James Johnson, of Rochester, N. Y., wanted to get married and the parents of the bride objected. If it were not for the objecting parents some of the emotions attending marriage would not be so strongly developed.

Well, with parental opposition to overcome, the young people ran away.

The first thing the bride's parents knew of their daughter's action came when they received a telegram from St. Louis saying:

"In St. Louis; married; glad of it."

There was plainly visible between the lines of this telegram the curt inquiry: "What are you going to do about it?"

The parents wisely saw that there was nothing to be done about it except to wire back their congratulations and ask Mr. and Mrs. Johnson when they expected to come back home. It is not every parent who is wise enough to see this plain truth even after a marriage license and a ceremony have aided them to observe it.

EMBARRASSED.

The above couple were defiant. The following were embarrassed. Miss Zora Anderson, of Waycross, Ga., set out for Atlanta, there to meet William E. Nesbit, of Greenville, S. C., and become his wife.

Such a proceeding is bound in the mere nature of things to strike a certain number of people in a town about the size of Waycross as being the most amusing thing which has happened since the circus was in town last. That is what they thought of it in Waycross and the village wits proceeded to make it hilariously funny. Before they were done with it the circus was eclipsed.

They telegraphed to every way station between Waycross and Atlanta, informing whoever cared to know, that a bride, a real bride, on her way to get married would pass through the town at such an hour and such a minute.

Then they decorated the bride's trunks with great streamers and tagged them conspicuously with announcements of her contemplated step. The poor bride did not learn of their endeavors until she had started on the journey. Of course the wits had not left the passengers on her train in ignorance. It grew worse and worse. At every station there were large crowds collected to see the bride pass through. She grew embarrassed, blushed, pulled down her veil, and finally tried to hide herself, but there was no help for it.

The nearer the train came to Atlanta the bigger the crowds grew until there were mobs on the station platforms to see the bride. Even in Atlanta, where the bridegroom was awaiting the young girl, the trainmen had spread the secret. The young man thought it was a distinguished general coming to visit the town. When his embarrassed bride got down from the coach amid wild cheering and when the be-ribboned trunks were taken out of the baggage car both the bride and the bridegroom realized that matrimony has its terrors.

Both agreed that it was worth the trouble, but, as Mrs. Nesbit said, after she became Mrs. Nesbit:

"I hope I shall never experience anything like it again. It was simply awful."

GRATEFUL.

Here is a grateful couple. Not long ago, just as Representative Jones, of Virginia, was getting into bed at the Hotel Varnum in Washington, a bellboy came to his room and told him there was a young man to see him downstairs.

Dressing rapidly, Mr. Jones went down to the parlors, and there found Miss Ellen B. Robinson and Frank Kinnier, of Essex County, Va. They had run away from home, taken a train out of Richmond, and had hurried to Washington. There was no objection to their marriage, but they wanted to hasten things a little. They had left home ostensibly to take a buggy ride and had driven to the railroad station instead of returning.

When they reached Washington it was late at night, they having been delayed on the road. The only person Miss Robinson knew in the city was Representative Jones. He fixed matters up all right, and the next morning with the young man he started out to get a marriage license and a clergyman. They were married the next morning in the Varnum Hotel parlors.

They declare that the representative helped them out of a disagreeable state of things, and he has one vote "cinched" for life in Essex County.

PATIENT.

The following story represents the patience with which some lovers will wait for things to adjust themselves so as to permit their marriage. Rufus A. Wood, of Nesa, Colo., and Miss Emma Whiteside, of Chillicothe, Mo., were married recently. They were child lovers when little more than out of their babyhood.

The boy was poor and he had to make his fortune, or the beginning of it, before they could take each other seriously. After the boy had grown up he left his native town and went further west. He worked hard and finally became a cattle owner.

His competence did not come to him until he was advanced in middle age, but the girl was still waiting. One day she went to visit friends in St. Joseph, Mo. Wood learned that she would be there. He looked at his bank book and decided that he had enough money now. He visited St. Joseph and met the girl there. They were married three days afterwards.—Chicago Tribune.

HAS A RIGHT TO BE AN OLD MAID

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

I cannot for the life of me see why a woman who happens to be married should consider herself entitled to look down upon a woman who is not. It has often puzzled me, and neither as a single nor as a married woman have I been able to penetrate the mystery. If a married woman considered herself superior to all the women whom her own particular husband had not chosen, I could understand it better, naturally—if she is a dutiful wife—she must consider that the woman chosen by a man who is superior to all other men must of necessity be superior to all other women.

That seems logical enough. But in that case her scorn would include her married as well as her single sisters—which most certainly it does not. And her openly expressed opinion of many of the husbands of her acquaintance precludes the idea that she considers their choice a mark of any special or distinctive merit.

It cannot be that she regards marriage as altogether a testimony to a woman's power of attraction, because no woman with a head on her shoulders and eyes in that head can pretend for a moment that, taken as a whole, the married women of her acquaintance are more atractive than the single ones. On the contrary, I should say, roughly speaking, that single women are the more attractive—principally because as a rule they take more trouble to make themselves agreeable.

I admit that the typical old maidish character—in whatever state or sex it may be found—is neither lovable nor stimulating. Its sympathies are so narrow—its methods so circumscribed. To live with it for long is to feel that you are looking at life through a microscope which makes dragons of microbes and cart ropes of hairs, and which never gives you a glimpse of the mountains or the stars at all.

But the old maid (falsely so-called), who is one by state and not by nature—who has no right to the epithet at all, save that in her career she has missed the incidents of marriage—what a delightful person she can be—and often is! There is a certain charm about her which in the very nature of things the married woman lacks.

In her case the flower of romance has never changed and developed and become a fruit; it is still a flower—even if slightly faded—with a flower's subtle fragrance and delicate bloom. The garden is still her place rather than the storeroom—the atmosphere which surrounds her is yet the breath of spring. She has never crossed over and entered into that promised land of which all girls dream in life's beginning; she has only stood alone upon the mountain tops and seen its beauties from afar. For her the morning mists have never faded away in the light of noonday, but still surrounded her with their soft and pearly haze.

Therefore, her sympathy with those who are no older in years than she is in mind is perfect, for at heart she is as young as they; only in her case youth's romance is tempered by womanhood's wisdom—youth's hopefulness by womanhood's tenderness—and youth's smiles by womanhood's tears. She is fresh without being crude, inexperienced without being hard, imaginative without being vague.

Of a truth there is no more delightful personage living than your delightful old maid (so-called). And it takes a far cleverer woman to be an admirable old maid than an admirable wife; let no one forget that.

There is a growing tendency among the girls of the present day not to marry. In our grandmother's time every woman considered marriage as her raison d'etre, and spinsterhood as an unmitigated calamity; but nowadays many women deliberately prefer to remain single. And there is much to be said in favor of the single life, with its independence and its freedom from anxiety and responsibility. It has fewer joys than the married state, but also fewer cares. And a single woman has a far better time now than she ever had before, owing to her increased liberty and freedom. Nevertheless, this present reaction against marriage is not altogether a good thing.

It is all right for a woman with means and position of her own; she can afford to please herself; but there are numberless daughters of middle class men who have comfortable homes and a good time during their father's life, and refuse suitable offers in their teens or their early 20s; and then—when the old home is broken up—they find themselves left in their 30s or 40s alone and unprovided for, and with no further chance of changing their state.

Sometimes they make this mistake because they prefer the pleasure and independence of a single life; and sometimes they do it in the hope that if they wait a little something better will turn up—something, in short, which they consider more worthy of their choice. Hundreds of girls spoil their lives by expecting too much. And the absurd thing is that while they demand so much, they offer so little. What are they, forsooth, that they should expect ideal perfection of mind, body, and estate in a husband? What do they propose to give in exchange for all this fairy princeliness?

Of a truth they had better "Down on their knees And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love" even though the "good man" may incline to rotundity of figure and have his name unwritten in the Red Book. I would advise those fastidious young ladies to remember the story of the Scotch beauty who, on being asked why she had never married, replied: "I wadna look at the walkers, and the riders a' gaed by."—Chicago Tribune.

The cost of the British army in 1904 will be £30,000,000. In 1884 it cost £16,060,000. The navy in 1904 will cost £34,000,000; while in 1884 it cost £11,000,000. The normal total expenditure in 1904 will be £140,000,000, as against £86,000,000 in 1884.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Father—Why, what a little woman she's getting!

Mother—Yes, a very expensive young lady. She grows out of all her frocks.

Dorothy—Mamma's expensive, too. She's grown out of her pretty frock!

STYLE 474. Satin ribbon girdle, for young ladies with slender figures.

For comfort's sake don't make your figure fit any corset you buy. The E. T. Corset provides a distinct model that gives a stylish figure to each different build of woman.

That means comfort, health, graceful, stylish carriage, and perfect fitting garments.

¶ If you get anything short of perfection in E. T. Corsets, return them and get a new corset or your money back

¶ Most all dealers sell E. T. Corsets.

ET Corsets

ARE SOCIETY WOMEN DRINKING TOO MUCH?

TWO NEW YORK DOCTORS DENY THE CHARGE BROUGHT BY BRONSON HOWARD.

Since Bronson Howard used to analyze the "400" in "Aristocracy," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," and "The Banker's Daughter," he has not attracted so much attention as by his statement made recently in Salt Lake that women of wealth and position in New York drink too much for their own good.

A Sun reporter talked with two men who might be expected to have positive knowledge on this subject. One is the head of a physical culture institution that includes among its pupils every winter some of the women best known in New York society, and noted in many cases for the looks they struggle so hard to preserve. Another is well known for his success in treating victims of excessive indulgence in drink.

Dr. Watson L. Savage, who is at the head of the physical culture institution in Fifty-ninth street that bears his name, does not agree with Bronson Howard.

"I have many women among my patients every winter that come from the class Mr. Howard described," he said, "but I cannot recall a single instance in which a woman who came here needed treatment for the results of excessive drink. Many of them bring letters from doctors and I never had one that named drink as the cause of a patient's condition.

"Possibly obesity, of which some women come here to be cured, might be called the result of too much drinking. But the cases of obesity I have treated during the past few years have not been of that kind.

"Nowadays most women want to be slight, and they are willing to give up a great deal for that. They know that nothing will fatten them more quickly than alcohol. Now people know as they never did before what the result of their imprudences will be. Women realize that cocktails and champagne will puff them up.

"It is inexcusable now to be fat, because so many women have shown that it is possible to avoid that condition by healthy exercise and diet. Women, therefore, who think of their appearance are more careful about drinking than they ever were. And the women who have social position find liquor more accessible to them than it was ever before. There are half a dozen restaurants or cafes in this region which women may enter with impunity and take a drink if they want to, and I very frequently see them doing it.

"Drink may have increased with those women, but those of position, who have to compete in looks with many others, are more careful than they ever were. They avoid liquor and they are coming to look after their physical development more and more closely every year."

Dr. I. T. Shaffer is the New York physician who probably treats more cases of alcoholism than any other. He was not prepared yesterday to say that the number of excessive drinkers among women of society had increased during recent years.

"I know," he said, "that the number of my women patients has increased during the past five years, but I would have to go over my books very carefully to say whether that increase had come among women of the class that Mr. Howard mentions. I don't believe it does.

"I think that women, as well as men, drink more nowadays than they did. Money is more plentiful and champagne is bought with a frequency that was unheard of a decade ago. So it is natural that the women should do some of this drinking, as they go to restaurants now to an extent that was formerly unheard of.

"But I could not say that the habit of drinking has grown more among women of social importance than among others."

A steward of a large Fifth avenue restaurant which serves more private dinners and entertainments than any other restaurant in New York and has the reputation of having the most fashionable patrons was a disgusted opponent of the theory that women in society drink too much.

"Why, if we relied on what the women order," he said, "there would not be wine enough sold to make any profit. Most of the women who come here refuse even a cocktail. They may sip a little champagne or some other wine, but that is all they'll take.

"I've begun to believe that it's the fashion now for the women to refuse wine, and you'll never see them taking a liqueur after dinner. Now they'll shy even at a creme de menthe with ice, which used to be popular with them. I should say that the average drink of the ladies who come here is a half glass of wine.

"And it's not only in restaurants that they are so sparing. At the dinners in private houses and at dances the women drink nothing. At the balls given upstairs and at those in private houses it's only the men that drink champagne, if the women of society do drink too much. I don't know where it is done."—New York Sun.

CHOKED WITH ASTHMA

The Experience of Captain James MacDonald of Kingston, Ont.

Very few men are better known in marine circles in Eastern Ontario than Capt. MacDonald, of Kingston. His suffering from asthma and bronchitis is well known. "For years," he writes, "I battled with the agonies of these diseases, often I couldn't sleep for nights at a time. Spent hundreds of dollars on doctors without relief, but one dollar's worth of Catarrhozone cured me."

This statement was made three years ago. Today the captain is still well, proving that Catarrhozone cures asthma permanently. Price $1 00 at all druggists. Get it today. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., and Kingston, Ont.

Last year there were taken from the streets of Manchester 78,660 tons of mud in various stages of moisture and deposited on moss and peat land with the result that really valuable agricultural land is reclaimed. Now the London Corporation has bought about one hundred acres of ground near Barking, and will soon make similar experiments.

You can't cure a cough or cold from the outside. You must cure it through the blood.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure The Lung Tonic

is the only remedy that will do this. It gets right to the root of the trouble. It is guaranteed to cure.

Prices: 25c. 50c. $1. S. C. WELLS & Co. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can. 312

MISGUIDED SOLICITULE; WARNING TO MOTHERS

HOW THE INTERFERING MAMMA MAY SPOIL DAUGHTER'S MATRIMONIAL CHANCES.

"My mother nearly ruined all my chances of marriage. If I hadn't taken the reins of life into my own hands I should have lived and died an old maid," said a young married woman recently to an assembly of old schoolfellows. Most of them were married. All had met together to celebrate the wedding anniversary of the latest bride in the old school set.

"Let's have an 'experience' meeting about our engagements and marriages," said a sprightly young matron. "All must be bound in honor to tell the truth. We're lifelong friends, and can talk candidly. The old schoolgirls present who are still spinsters can learn by our experiences. By other women's mistakes wise girls correct their own," she quoted mischievously."

"Jack says he carried me off despite mother doing her level best to spoil his and my chances," said Matron Two. "You all know mother, girls! She's a great talker, as many middle-aged women are. With the best intentions in the world she used to take the chair at all our socials at home—we poor daughters always had back seats—talking and talking hour after hour and pressing our men visitors, of every age and degree of eligibility, into an unwilling circle around herself. Jack says all our courting was done by chance encounters in the hall. Mother never let a man get a moment's talk with any of us girls at home."

"Why don't our fond mammas give us daughters a fair show with young men?"

"My mother spoiled all my chances without meaning it," said Matron Three. "But where there's a will there's a way, and Charlie and I managed to take a trip to the altar. Mother was forever sending her girls on errands. I think she wanted to show how dutiful we were. Whenever young men came to call, it was: 'Rosie, do run upstairs and bring me so-and-so,' or 'Just go, like a good girl, and see if your father wants anything.'

"Perhaps it was a sweet little domestic picture. But the errands used to keep us out of the room all the time the young men were in it.

"Why doesn't she go and look after father herself, and leave you to look after me?' Charlie used to mutter under his breath, and with rage in his heart. I wonder mother didn't spoil his temper as well as my chances."

"Girls never, never will be wives until their mothers learn more tact," said one of the unengaged school set. "My mother is so keen on showing young men how well I have been brought up that she keeps on reproving and training my mind and morals before all who come, so that they grow bored and weary with hearing me 'put through my catechism,' as they dub it. And they give up calling in despair of a pleasant, amusing afternoon."

"That's better than being lauded up to the skies," said the other unattached girl. "I simply sit with scarlet cheeks while mother describes me and my domestic virtues, just as though she were an auctioneer trying to sell a forlorn hope to the best advantage. I'd much rather be scolded before the young men than treated as a job lot on a bargain counter, to be got rid of at any sacrifice of dignity and self-respect."

Thirteen out of the fifteen young women who went to school together voted that their mothers had placed no end of obstacles in the way of their engagements.

"All whose mothers spoiled their chances of marriage hold up their hands," insisted the hostess.

Thirteen hands were raised.

"Of course, we don't blame her. She didn't intend to," said all the daughters in chorus.

PRINCESS OF WALES' GOWN WENT ASTRAY

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD IN A PECK OF TROUBLE AT MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS ALICE.

At the marriage of Princess Alice, the Princess of Wales was forced to appear in a gown not specially made for the occasion.

Never in a royal household surely has there been so much anxiety displayed over a single dress, and it all came about in the old simple way of a wrongly addressed reading "Princess of Wales, Frogmore House, Berks," the label bore the following: "Princess of Wales, Frogmore Hall, Herts."

When the dress did not arrive on the wedding morning the Princess naturally grew anxious. Messengers were dispatched from Frogmore, telegrams were sent to the dressmakers, telephone bells were kept continually ringing—but still there were no tidings of the all-important wedding dress. Ultimately, however the origin of the mistake was discovered, and a special messenger was at once dispatched from London to St. Albans, which is the post town of Frogmore Hall, Herts.

When the messenger arrived, there were the packages which all the King's horses and all the King's men could not get to Windsor in time for the royal wedding. It wanted only an hour or two for the ceremony to commence, and the messenger was in despair. He could not send the parcels by wireless telegraphy or by telephone. He did the next best thing—he asked for a special train. But even this was out of the question, as no spare engine was at St. Albans. The planets were decidedly against that beautiful wedding gown getting to its proper destination in time.

The desperate messenger, after tearful but fruitful entreaties to the railway authorities to come to his aid, at length had to take an ordinary train to King's Cross.

It was a race against time. The hands of the clock were creeping on towards twelve, and the royal guests were then getting ready to leave the castle for St. George's Chapel. The messenger's heart beat wildly as he jumped into a cab and told the cabman to drive like fury to Paddington. How that cabman drove! He lashed his horse until the animal thought that he was pulling a fire-engine to the scene of an outbreak. Paddington was reached about 12 o'clock, and there—grand news—was a special in waiting to convey the messenger and his prize to Windsor.

Past flooded fields and brimming rivers sped this extraordinary royal special. The sight of the towers of Windsor Castle raised false hopes in the breast of the messenger, for the bell-ringers were already in the church tower waiting to ring the joy bells.

Hurriedly the messengers threw the parcels out on to the Windson platform, and then flung himself into a cab, the packages being put in after him by excited porters. The cab dashed up Castle Hill, and almost ran over some wedding spectators, who were surprised to see a modest cab going up to the Castle at such a time. The gates of the castle were flung open wide, and the messenger dashed into the palace with the wedding dress.

Those fatal words "Too late," however, were thrown in his teeth. The wedding had begun, the Princess had to wear another dress, and the messenger sank down exhausted and baffled.

There was much banter at the wedding luncheon, it is said, but the Princess was quite good-humored about it, and in the morning papers one was able to read that the Princess looked charming in a dress of lovely material, and everything ended happily.

Surpasses Everything.

For artistic elegance of case, scientific precision and excellence of construction, the New Scale Williams Piano is unequalled in Canada to-day.

For sale by The Williams Piano Company, Limited, sole agents, 171 Dundas street, London, Ont.

Maypole Soap Dye

The English home dye. A cake of soap. Clean, quick, safe. Brilliant colors. Dyes to any shade. You can't wash the color out—it's fadeless. Dyes anything. The largest sale in the British Empire.

Made in England but sold everywhere.

10c. for Colors—15c. for Black.

Iceland Refrigerators

In construction, vastly different to anything yet shown.

No Sweating. No Mustiness.

Perfect circulation and perfect ventilation secured by a scientific flue construction, making a perfect refrigerating system, requiring less ice than any so-called Refrigerator made at the present time.

A Refrigerator Not an Ice Box.

The Hobbs Hardware Co.

LIMITED.

G. McLEAN, TALBOT STREET

How Easy

to dispel all anxiety about providing for your wife and family in case you were suddenly called away.

For $2.00 Per Week

THE NORTHERN ... LIFE ...

will guarantee to pay your wife, after your death, the sum of

$250.00 Every Year.

for twenty years certain, and as much longer as she will live.

Write for booklet giving description of this and other policies.

JOHN MILNE,

Managing Director. London, Ont.

Lee Hing Laundry.

Telephone 1,344. 467 Richmond Street.

Shirt collars ironed straight, so as not to hurt the neck. Stand-up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are not suited, no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and delivered.

In English schools three hours a week are given to needlework; in New York but one.

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

Men Restored to Vigor

Are you one of the thousands of men, young and old, who lack virile power? Do you crave to be robust and vigorous, to have perfect manhood? Thousands know they are weak and impotent, but neglect to take the right steps to regain their full vigor and strength. Are you one of them?

Thousands suffer in ignorance of their real condition, believing themselves to be strong and well when they are far from it. Perhaps you are one of them. It is worth your time to ascertain your true condition of health, if you have any reason to doubt or suspect that you are not what you once were.

If you belong to either class mentioned above, do not be discouraged. Do not lose hope. Help is within your reach. You can be cured. Vim, vigor and vitality, health and happiness have been given to men who had been reduced to physical wrecks.

Be Honest With Yourself.

If you have been a victim to the follies and indiscretions of youth, committed excesses in married life, if you doubt your strength, it is your duty—your duty to those you love and who love you—to at once, today, consult an honest, reliable, recognized physician—a specialist who has a record for CURING weak men. But do not go astray. Consult no quack. Take no patent "Cure All." No two cases are precisely alike. Every individual needs a treatment particularly suited to him. Go where you can get the right treatment for your case.

Cure Yourself at Home.

If there is no successful specialist near you, write at once to Dr. Goldberg, the noted specialist. He is the possessor of 14 diplomas and certificates which he received from medical colleges and state boards of medical examiners and he will send you his method free, to use in the privacy of your own home. It does not interfere with traveling, as it can be taken with convenience anywhere.

If you have stricture, prostatic troubles, sexual weakness, varicocele, lost manhood, blood poison, hydrocele, emaciation of parts, impotence, etc., or any complications, such as rheumatism, bladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, etc., write the doctor and if he accepts your case for treatment it is equivalent to a cure, as he never accepts an incurable case for treatment, and remember you may

Pay When You Are Cured.

The doctor realizes that it is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has made it a rule not to ask for money unless he cures you, and when you are cured he feels sure that you will willingly pay him a small fee. It would seem, therefore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor at once and confidentially lay your case before him. He sends the method, as well as his booklet on the subject, containing the 14 diplomas and certificates, entirely free. Address him: Dr. S. Goldberg, 268 Woodward Ave., Room 201 Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free, in a plain, sealed package.