

## Shadow and Sunlight

"How do, Lashwood?"—quite well?—hot, Miss Yorke?—very warm, Sophie. Er—ah—hem!—he stands and looks round the house, "Pretty full. Ah, I think I see a friend over there. I'll go and look him up," and having shown himself in due form he nods and withdraws.

"Poor Robert!" says Lady Carton, with an easy smile. "He hates theatres; says he never can see anything in them. Odd, isn't it? I hope he'll go to the club."

"Will you have an ice or something of that sort?" says Lord Lashwood.

Madge shakes her head, but Lady Carton nods, and he goes out to call the waiter—or rather waiters, for the dispensers of refreshment at the Coronet are all young girls, and pretty ones, to boot.

Making room for her to enter, Lord Lashwood unconsciously moves to the front of the box, which he has avoided hitherto, and, as if they had been waiting and watching for him, a score of opera-glasses are leveled at his dark face. Not a few times the box and its occupants being subjected to close scrutiny such a face as Madge's does not often shine, even at the Coronet.

"It's Lord Lashwood," says a man in the stalls. "I thought so. He always has the knack of finding the prettiest girls in London. Now, who the deuce can she be?"

He addresses the remark to a friend beside him, but a gentleman on the left, a tall, dark young man, with pale face and sad-looking eyes, turns quickly and addresses the speaker.

"That gentleman in the box is—who did you say?"

"Lord Lashwood," answered the first speaker courteously.

A dark red flows slowly over the thin face.

"Lord Lashwood?" says the younger man slowly. "Are you sure?"

Gentleman No. 1 laughs confidently.

"His lordship is too well known to be mistaken. Yes, that is he, Colonel Lashwood of the Guards."

"The younger man bows and inclines his head."

"I am nearsighted," he says, in a curiously grave voice, "There can be no mistake, then?"

"Sh—sh!" cries someone from behind the opera-box rises, and the young man, looking round with a composed air, resumes his seat, and turns to the stage, but every now and again, even in the midst of the best songs, he turns his dark, melancholy eyes, with a strange expression, on Lady Carton's box.

The opera proceeds brilliantly; the crowded house welcomes its favorite airs with enthusiasm, and demands the usual encores. Madge's soul is in the seventh heaven of delight, and in the dark gray eyes watching her there glows a warmth which their owner scarcely takes the pains to conceal.

It has not been all enjoyment for him; little guessed at by the beautiful girl beside him and the worldly woman in front, a fierce battle has been waging within his breast, in which passion and conscience have been wrestling for life or death; but it has been an unequal fight. Passion has had the odds in its favor, and Madge's face to back it, and conscience lies in plain sight, at least vanquished and overcome.

With a grand finale, a brilliant rush to the front, a dazzling confusion of lovely faces and harmonious voices, the opera comes to a close, and the inevitable green, red, and blue, and shits in the glittering fairyland.

Madge leans back with a sigh of regret.

"Is it really over?" she says. "How short it was!"

Lady Carton smiles.

"Dear child," she murmurs; but Lord Lashwood says nothing for a moment, then as he stands putting his opera-glasses—which he has not used once—in their case, he bends over her.

"And you have been happy. Yes, I am very right, after all. You see, I remember your words, and I, too, am happy."

Madge looks up at him gratefully; how can she do otherwise, seeing how much delight he has given her.

"Yes," she murmurs, "I am."

"Yes, because I have been watching your happiness," and he looks into her eyes. New, too, is his voice, no longer hard and curt, but soft and gentle, and by its novelty it affects Madge more even than it otherwise would.

"You are very kind," she says, timidly, her eyes drooping.

"No," he says, in the same low voice, "I am not. I have been kind. If anyone had told me that I should have found so much enjoyment in a day I should have laughed at them; and to whom do I owe it but to you?"

"Oh, not to me!" says Madge, so lowly and meekly as to be almost inaudible.

"Yes, to you," he repeats—and he bends still nearer, so near that the scent of the rose in her hair steals over him, "to you. With you, I can say, 'Is it all over?' but with greater regret, 'Is it all over?'"

She looks up with a piteous look in her dark eyes.

"Yes," she says with a sigh, "I shall go back to school and the old life, and you—I mean all this go on just as before."

"You said 'you,'" he murmurs, eagerly.

Madge looks down.

"Did you mean it? Do you mean me to think that I have made any difference?"

"You—yes. Why, I owe it all to you," says Madge, trying to smile, but feeling her heart throbbing and the color coming and going.

"Take care!" he says warningly. "Do not use such words lightly—not tonight—for I shall remember and dwell on them. Yes, long after you have forgotten them and me!"

"Forgotten!" says Madge, quickly, with a long breath. "Do you think I am likely to forget—that the whirl of excitement and pleasure to which I am returning at Minerva House will be likely to crowd this day from my memory?"

He stands and looks at her.

"I see," he says, with a sad contraction of the brows; "it is the day—not me, you will remember."

"No," says Madge, earnestly; then she bites her lips and flushes, for the light has come back to his eyes. "I mean—mean"—then at last she raises her eyes and looks at him with candid truth, and says simply, almost mournfully, "Do you think I should forget you, Lord Lashwood?"

"What if I said 'No'?" he returns, his hand lingering almost caressingly on hers, as he draws it through his arm. "What if I said 'No'? Should I be right? Is it true that there is fate which foretells us, and has it decreed that we two should never forget each other? Madge—"

"What are you two doing?" breaks in the third voice of Lady Carton. "Are you going to stay all night? They are putting covers on the seats, and turning out the gas."

"I cannot find Miss Yorke's opera-coat," he says, coolly.

"I found it, in here!" retorts Lady Carton. "It is in the cloak-room. If someone hasn't walked off with it, as is very likely. Do be quick. I lost a beautiful wrap last winter by waiting till the last."

Thus adjured, he takes them on his arms, and leads them to the cloak-room. Lady Carton, and she hurries Madge into the cloak-room.

But Lady Carton's fears are groundless. The opera cloaks are still awaiting their owners. Lady Carton, however, has a little squabble with the attendant, her ladyship's mind is like her complexion and figure, quite artificial and overstrained, and lasts only for a time. The hall, theater, rubber over, she has a knock of suddenly falling to pieces, as it were. The cloak has now arrived, and she begins to look tired and cross.

They emerge at last and find Lord Lashwood, in his light coat, patiently waiting for them.

"I do hope you shan't have to wait for the carriage," says Lady Carton fretfully; "John is such an idiot, he always manages to be the last in the row."

"Don't think we shall have to wait," says Lord Lashwood, calmly. "He will be sure to be waiting for us, as we are rather late."

"Rather late," says Lady Carton, irritably. "We shall find the doors shut. What an earth were you two chattering about so long?"

Lord Lashwood looks at the downcast face at his side with a meaning smile.

"Are you well wrapped up?" he murmurs. "Let me put this close round you," and he stops short and arranges the cloak round her throat. He is unnecessarily long about it, and his eyes rest on her with lingering wistfulness that is as eloquent a caress as the most passionate kiss could be.

"Thank you," murmurs Madge, scarlet and trembling. "It is all right now."

"Then pray come along," says Lady Carton, not altogether unreasonably. "I am sure that wretched woman in the cloak-room took time enough to make a mummy of you."

He laughs, and takes the round, warm arm on his.

"Come, then," he says.

But suddenly, and yet not suddenly, for it seems as if he has been waiting for them, a young man, with a dark, thin, melancholy face, strides up to them and confronts them.

"Lord Lashwood, I believe," he says, in a voice not loud—worse than loud, in its tone of suppressed passion and unnatural calm.

Lord Lashwood turns his glance upon him with a cold surprise and haughtiness that might, Madge thinks, have struck him dead.

"I am Lord Lashwood," he says, in a curt, icy voice. The thin lips quiver. "Do you know me, Lord Lashwood?"

Lord Lashwood eyes him, not scornfully, but with cold, impassive hauteur. "Do not, sir; and at the present moment I am not anxious to make your acquaintance. Be good enough to allow me to pass."

"No," says the other, in a voice of constrained passion, and with a quiver of the thin, bloodless lips, "you shall not pass until you have heard me call you a cold-blooded scoundrel and villain!"

Still cold and impassive, Lashwood looks at him, but there is a dangerous glint in the dark-gray eyes.

"A cold-blooded scoundrel," repeats the other, with increased intensity.

"Are you mad?" says Lashwood, coldly. "Let me pass, unless you wish me to call the police to remove you. Do you not see that I am not alone, and the garb the only attribute of a gentleman you possess?"

Still immovable, defiant, threatening, the other stands and confronts him.

"You lie when you say you do not know me! I am—"

"Lady Carton's carriage," shouts the porter, in stentorian tones, drowning the next few words.

But perhaps Lord Lashwood hears them, for a strange look comes over his face.

"I understand, sir," he says, with a sort of courtesy which might well drive a man mad, "know your name, as you appear to know mine; you know also where to find me. If not—"

And disengaging his arm from Lady Carton's, he throws a card at the feet of his assailant.

The younger man instantly puts his foot on the card and grinds it into the crimson velvet that covers the corridor.

"You have my address," says Lord Lashwood; "let that suffice for the present; or do you count upon the presence of ladies for protection?"

The young man removes his eyes from the first time from Lord Lashwood's face and looks at the white one of Madge.

"No," he says, "that shall not serve you. If there was ever a fitting moment when your true character should be revealed, it is now, with that young and innocent girl on your arm. Lord Lashwood, here and now, in her presence, and beseeching her to hear and mark my words, I repeat that you are a scoundrel. You know me, and what full cause I have to call you so! You cannot deny it. Look at him!" he exclaims, in the same unnaturally quiet

voice, and bringing his burning eyes on Madge. "Look at him! If you knew the character of the man upon whom you lean, you would tear your arm away and shrink with loathing. Lord Lashwood," and he turns swiftly again—"I demand my sister at your hands."

There is a moment's pause—a terrible moment, which, while life lasts, will live in Madge's memory. Then, with a cold smile that is more menacing than a blow, the man to whom this appeal is addressed opens his lips.

"Your sister?" he says calmly.

"My sister," repeats the other, hoarsely; the girl whose life, whose happiness, whose soul you ruined. Can you deny it?"

Silence!

As a man hangs upon the sentence of the judge before whom he stands, and to whom he looks for life or death, Madge hangs and waits on the answer; her heart scarcely beats; the gaily-decorated corridor, even the white, passionate face of the stranger, die out before her, and a black void fills the space. The answer, oh, the answer!

It comes at length, in cold, measured tones that fall like icicles on the silence.

"I can," he says. "I have done your sister no wrong."

The man stares for a moment, then, as if overcome by the cold denial, which bears, if ever words bore, the ring of solemn truth, he staggers back.

Lord Lashwood drags the two trembling women toward him.

"You are answered, sir, if you require further confirmation, you have my address, and," with grim significance, "you will find me ready."

Then, with the same cold, immovable manner, he passes on, the two women clinging to him with helpless and trembling limbs.

In silence he puts them into the brougham and raises his hat, then, as if with a sudden impulse, he leaps in, and the brougham drives off.

[To be Continued.]

### THOUGHT HIM DETECTIVE

#### Man Arrested in Paris Streets by a Stalwart Lunatic.

Paris, Jan. 14.—While walking along the boulevards yesterday a clerk named Mascrot was arrested by a man of powerful build, who said he was a detective, and who, in spite of the clerk's struggles, led him to the police station.

The superintendent of police, however, did not recognize the detective, and as he had no papers to show, refused to receive the prisoner. The detective thereupon led his prisoner from one police station to another, until, on being questioned, he was found to be a lunatic, who imagined himself to be a policeman.

The clerk was therefore at once liberated, and the madman was led by stratagem to an asylum.

### UNDERTAKERS' TO STRIKE

#### Eager for Pension Fund and Think Trappings of Woe Grotesque.

Paris, Jan. 14.—The Paris undertakers' men—mutes, horse drivers and coffinmakers—threaten to go on strike within the next few days.

Until recently the undertaking business was the monopoly of a company, which was obliged to pay a large percentage of its profits to the municipality.

The monopoly has been put an end to, and the municipality has taken over the employees of the company, but refuses to be responsible for a men's pension fund.

It is on this ground that the men threaten to strike, but they also complain that their pay is ridiculously small and that their uniform is grotesque.

### \$10—Excursion to Washington—\$10

#### Via Lehigh Valley R. R.

From Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls, Friday, Jan. 19. Tickets good ten days, stop-over at Baltimore and Philadelphia on return trip. For further particulars call on or address Robert S. Lewis, passenger agent, 10 King Street east, Toronto. 20c

### Just \$2.35 to Toronto.

Jan. 18, leaving at 8:10 a.m., returning until Jan. 19. Secure tickets at Grand Trunk offices. 23c

### \$2.35 Toronto and Return via Canadian Pacific Railway.

The above cheap rate to Toronto and return has been arranged with the C. P. R. by the Colborne Street Methodist Church, who are running a special train on Thursday, Jan. 18, to give Londoners a chance to hear the renowned evangelists, Torrey and Alexander. Tickets are good going on special train which will leave London at 8:15 a.m., and are good returning on any regular train up to and including Jan. 19. Special train will make fast time, and will be equipped with new standard coaches. Call on W. Fulton, C. P. R. corner Dundas and Richmond streets, for further particulars. 23c

### Special Cheap Excursion to Toronto via Canadian Pacific Railway.

The Colborne Street Methodist Church have arranged with the Canadian Pacific to run a special train to Toronto on Jan. 18, so as to give Londoners a chance to hear the great evangelists, Rev. Mr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, as it has been decided that these gentlemen will not hold meetings in London. Special train will leave the C. P. R. depot Thursday, Jan. 18, at 9:15 a.m., and will make fast time, stopping at Thamesford, Woodstock, Drumbo, Ayr and Galt, arriving in Toronto about noon. Fare from London has been fixed at the low rate of \$2.35 adult, and \$1.20 for children. For further particulars see W. Fulton, city passenger agent, corner Dundas and Richmond streets. Tickets are good to and including Jan. 19. 23c

### Low Rate to Toronto.

\$2.35, good going at 8:10 a.m., Thursday, Jan. 18, via Grand Trunk, and valid returning from Toronto until 19th. Secure tickets at city office or at depot. 23c

## PSYCHIC LOVE OF SUSAN FOWLER

The Pioneer Female Wearer of Trousers to Give Love Letters to the World.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15.—Miss Susan B. Fowler, Vineland, N. J., who at the age of 23 cast off skirts and donned trousers, and at the age of 82 still wears 'em, is about to publish the uplifting of carnal world her psychic love letters, written her during a psychic courtship of five years by a psychic lover, George Edward Fowler, a young Englishman, whose subsequent fate after paying one of his visits to the pantalooned lady is shrouded in mystery.

Like Tolstoy, whom she also loves with a lesser psychic love, Miss Fowler lives a simple life. She sells apples, driving a donkey cart, and tills the soil for vegetables for much of Vineland's soup. Marriage, as it exists today, she thinks, is the crime of the age, and it is to show the world what woman should require of man and man of woman that she has decided to cast the joint Fowler-Fowler psychic product upon the field of erasing souls.

Incidentally, she hopes, too, that the apple cart will be no longer necessary when the returns begin to come in.

**Is Pioneer of Pantalons.**

Miss Fowler is one of Vineland's greatest monuments. Before Dr. Mary Walker she was, yes, even before Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony. She is the pioneer of pants and all others are but imitators.

When Miss Fowler at the age of 78 announced that she had discovered a true lover Vineland rejoiced with her, but felt poignant anxiety to see him. He was billed as George Edward Fowler, of London. He wrote many letters, he seemed to fulfill the psychic bill, and at last he came. He was a big, broad-shouldered Englishman, with much more of a look of beef than psychics. Only the spiritual part of his small catch was taken on it.

He came, he was seen, he was conquered or was conquered. Any way, he disappeared after a day. Vineland again was racked with poignant anxiety as to his fate. Miss Fowler only smiled sweetly at the question, being questioned, he was found to be a lunatic, who imagined himself to be a policeman.

The clerk was therefore at once liberated, and the madman was led by stratagem to an asylum.

**Explains Sudden Departure.**

Now with the announcement of the intention to publish the letters the lady of the pantaloons also throws light on the mystery of the fate of her lover.

"He had urgent business in London," she said, "so urgent that he had to leave late at night. We had talked all day on the beauties of psychic love. George found me his affinity in everything. Then he had to leave so suddenly. He was to return soon and I was to marry in psychic fashion. I did not hear of him for weeks. Then he wrote me that he had just fallen down a long, steep flight of stairs. I have not been able since to determine if the fall was fatal or not."

"All my letters have come back to me. I know his family, who does not believe in psychic love, is trying to separate us. I do not know now whether we ever will be married. But it is time to give our letters to the world to show what psychic love is."

"I have had several offers of marriage, and somehow George heard of me in England. He wrote me. It was a strikingly manly letter. My heart and mind equally were touched. I wrote. Our letters, short at first, grew longer. They are now volumes, exhausting psychic love. They will prove a new force to the world."

**Rich Only in Thought.**

"Then George came—came all the way from London for me. He had thought much in worldly goods and was so pleased to be rich only in thought. He told me with tears in his eyes that his only fear was that he would find me in a sordid atmosphere of wealth, and this had caused him to postpone his visit so many months. He had fully understood my reference to wealth in my letters. I meant spiritual, psychic wealth. He thought I meant worldly wealth and hesitated, but finally came to find out himself."

"And then, after a brief day, he went away. We both shed tears at the parting."

"What is the flesh," wrote George to me just before he came over. "It is the evil of the spirit. Shall we thicken that veil or shall we lessen it, living only soul to soul on a psychic plane, till the veil is rent and the spirits twain made one, and we wing away to the spirit land. What are the years? Nothing but errors of the flesh. The flesh ages, but the soul is ageless. Your body is 80 years old; mine is but 40. Ah, but our souls are the same. I call to you my psychic mate, I come to you that we may dwell forever in psychic harmony."

"That is illuminative of George, unselfish spiritually and pure in psychic love."

"Of course, we would not have been married by the rites of any church. We would by our own psychic rites. You would not call us husband and wife, but we would have been psychic mates."

"I have the same shrinking from publicity that most women have. So far as love letters are concerned, I have decided that, in view of my well-known position regarding woman's sphere, it is my duty to make these letters public, so that the young girls of today can profit by the thoughts suggested."

Vineland believes George Edward was a fortune hunter, who thought Miss Fowler rich and eccentric. They think G. E. got just what was coming to him. Miss Fowler, though, believes implicitly in his sincerity. She still takes care of her farm alone. Sometimes the neighbors use a day off and help her catch up with the work, but she has maintained an independence through misfortunes that would have crushed an ordinary woman. She un-



## A Word to the Public About Our 1-5th Off Sale

We'll not enumerate today the list of goods we allow this big reduction on—we want to tell you why we do it and why you should buy up these values at this time.

**FIRSTLY**—January, immediately after the holidays, is usually dull. People are tired and have spent a good deal of money in gifts.

**SECONDLY**—In order to awaken interest, we turn in about 35 lines of most needed goods, on which we allow a reduction of 20 per cent. It's a big reduction, but we make it. We get the advertisement, though customers get our profit.

**THIRDLY**—We take stock near end of January, and it's worth a little to us to reduce stock as much as possible. The large quantities we carry of most of these lines makes it almost imperative that they be reduced.

**FOURTHLY**—Now the whole tale is before you. It's plain—it's reasonable. We should receive a large share of the public patronage. The values are tempting. No old goods, no job lots, no bankrupt stock—the same kind of good goods that you will have to pay regular prices for within a day or two.

## GRAY & PARKER, 150 Dundas and Carling

questionably has won a warm place in the regard of every resident of Vineland, and the book will have many readers.

**Necessary Ingredients**

The ingredients necessary for the successful treatment of consumption are combined in Angier's Emulsion. This is why it is particularly adapted for the cure of chronic coughs, weak lungs and wasting disease. It makes breathing easy, relieves irritation and soreness of throat and lungs, improves weight and strength.

The religion of some people is all right as long as it is in the show window.

**Pure Olive Oil**

Imported direct from Italy by **Catalano & Sansone**

Put up in tins and bottles. For sale at any grocery store in the city or at the importers, 292 Dundas street. Price, 25 cents bottle, or \$2 tin.

**BE CAREFUL.**

You can't be too careful in buying candy. The dyes we use are all vegetable, the coatings pure chocolate, and the sugar the best we can buy.

**OLYMPIA CANDY WORKS**

**LADIES!** MADAME DUVONT'S FRENCH FEMALE PILLS Are the most efficient remedy for Delayed Menstruation and Irregularities. Full-sized \$2 box sent in plain sealed package, on receipt of \$1. DUVONT MEDICINE CO., TORONTO.

**Michigan Central**

The Niagara Falls Route  
City Office, 255 Richmond Street.  
Phone 205.  
Leave London 5:35 p.m., and take

**The Wolverine**

the fastest train to  
**New York City**

Arrives Grand Central Station 8 a.m.  
THOMAS EVANS, C. P. A., LONDON.  
O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

**A GUIDE FOR TRAVELERS**

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**MAIN LINE—SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE.**

Arrive from the east—10 a.m., 10:45 a.m. (except Sunday), 11 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 11:35 p.m., 7:43 p.m., 10 p.m. (except Sunday).

Arrive from the west—12:15 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—12:20 a.m., 8:25 a.m., 8:10 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:20 a.m., 2:05 p.m. (except Sunday), 4:25 p.m., 6:35 a.m. (except Sunday).

Depart for the west—4:15 a.m., 7:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:10 a.m., 11:32 a.m., 1:55 p.m. (except Sunday), 8:10 p.m.

**LONDON AND WINDSOR.**

Arrive—10:40 a.m. (except Sunday), 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11 p.m.  
Depart—6:35 a.m. (except Sunday), 11:25 a.m., 2:20 p.m. (except Sunday), 7:50 p.m. (International Limited).

**STRATFORD BRANCH.**

Arrive—10:40 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 10:55 p.m.  
Depart—6:20 a.m., 10:45 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.  
Passenger trains do not run on this branch on Sundays.

**LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.**

Arrive—9:45 a.m., 6:40 p.m.  
Depart—8:15 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

Arrive—From the east—11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., 11:30 p.m. From the west—5 a.m., 8:35 a.m., 5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—5:05 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 5:25 p.m. For the west—11:33 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 11:35 p.m.

\*From Chatham only.  
\*\*Runs only to Chatham.

**FERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.**

Arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 2 p.m., 4:45 p.m., 10 p.m.  
\*From Walkerville.  
Depart—8:45 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 4 p.m., 6:40 p.m., 9:45 a.m., 2:35 p.m. To Walkerville, without change.  
\*To St. Thomas only.

**MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.**

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:45 p.m.  
Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., 10:25 p.m.

**Leading Chemist of the Laboratory of Practical Sciences, writes as follows:**

I hereby certify that "WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT" is a wine of good quality, agreeable to taste, and that the medicinal properties of Quinquina which it contains, make it a powerful tonic.

*L. Minnie*  
Paris. Chemist.

35a

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacture of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, St. Groves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 58 Richmond St. Phone 867.

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