

The "Albert" Toilet Soap Co's Baby's Own Soap makes youngsters, clean, sweet, and fresh.

> It keeps their delicate skins in good order.
>
> Made entirely from vegetable fats, it is an emoll well as a cleanser, and is as useful on a lady's toilet as in the nursery. Faint'y but exquisitely aro-

> > Beware of Imitations



Dr. Spinney & Co Detroit's Old Reliable Shecialists

Ripe in Age, Rich in Honor, and the Experience of a Third of a Century, Whose successes are Without a Parallel; the Sufferer's Friend; the People's Specialist.

WOMEN weak, pale, tired, nervous, despondent, no ambition, losing flesh, Respondent, no ambition, losing flesh, fretful, overworked, given to worry and solitude, backache and headache, nerves ustrung, sleepless nights, limbs tremble, faint feeling, Leucorrhoea, painful periods, or any Female Diseases, quickly cured by our FAM-OUS PRESCRIPTION.

YOUNG MEN led into evil habits, not knowing the harm, and who are suffering from the vices and errors of youth, and troubled with Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Bashfulness, Confusion of Ideas, Headache, Dizzimess, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes,

Back, Dark Circles Around the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Loss of Sleep, Tired Feelings in the Morning, Evil-forbodings, Dull, Stupid, Aversion to Society, No Ambition, Bad taste in the Mouth, Dreams and Night Losses, De-posits in the Urine, Frequent Urination, sometimes accompanied with slight burning, Kidney Troubles, or Diseases of the Genito Urinary Organs can here find a safe, honest and speedy cure. Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. CURES GUAR-ANTEED. VARIOCELE

and PILES, and KNOTTED VEINS of the Leg cured at once without operation. Doctors will deny this. But we are proving our claims every day. The method is simple, the cure is certain and perma-\$1,000 for Failure.

RUPTURE AND FISTULA CURED. The SIGNS OF SYPHILIS are blood and skin diseases, painful swellings, bone pains, mucous patches in the mouth, hair loose, pimples on the back

and wartby growths. We cure these for life without injurious drugs. Have you the seeds of any past dis-sase working in your system? IMPO-ZENCY or Loss of Sexual Power, and do you contemplate MARRIAGE? Do you feel safe in taking this step? You san't afford to take any risk. Like fa-sher, like son. We have a never fail-ing remedy that will purify the Blood and positively bring back Lost Power, MIDDLE-AGED MEN. — There are many troubled with too frequent evac-mations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient sannot account for. On examination of the urinary deposits a ropy sedi-ment will often be found, and some-times particles of albumen, and color be of a thin milkish hue, again chang-ing to a dark, torpid appearance. There are men who die of this difficulby ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctors will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoraion of the genito-urinary organs. BOOK FREE-Those unable to call should write for question list and book for home treatment. Thousands cur-ed at home by correspondence. Our honest opinion always given, and good, honest, careful treatment given to ev-

Dr. Spinney & Co

Office Hours—9 to 8 p. m.: Sundays,

to 11 a, m., also 2 to 4 p. m. Consultation free.

290 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Private entrance, 12 E. Elizabeth St.

NOTICE

Parties wanting mineral water from the Chatham mineral well on McGregor's farm, can procure the same from Mr. E. S. Broomfield, at the well, between the hours of 2 and 4 p. m., or in small quantities at Room 9, Victoria Block at any

Chatham Mineral Water

WERE I THE SUN.

I'd always shine on holidays, Were I the sun;
On sleepy heads I'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folks of bustling ways, Were I the sun.

I would not melt a stedding snow, Were I the sun; Nor spoil the ice where skaters go, Nor help those useless weeds to grow, But hurry meions on, you know,

I'd warm the swimming-pool just right,

Were I the sun; On school-days I would hide my light, The Fourth I'd always give you bright, set so soon on Christmas night, Were I the sun. I would not heed such paltry toys,

Were I the sun—
Such work as grown-up men employs;
But I wou'd favor solid joys—
In short, I'd run the world for boys, Were I the sun!
-Amos R. Weils in St. Nicholas

ROMANCE IN HER MSS.

Mr. Barrould, editor and proprietor of Smart Quills, stood by the fire in his private office biting his lips; his foot impatiently tapped the fender and

Here it was, within six weeks of Christmas, and the "Christmas number" was not yet out. Such a thing had never happened to Smart Quilly

It was all due to the carelessness of one man-the man who always wrote the comic story for the extra number. He had had the stupidity to get an attack of pneumonia before writing the comic story.
"Young lady, sir," said the clerk,

"wants to see you. Said you were busy; she said she wouldn't keep you "Show her up," with quiet resigna-

The girl-she was nothing moreraised her eyes in a shy, frightened way to his, and then dropped them. Mr. Barrould started. Where had he

"I've brought a manuscript," she be gan, falteringly. Mr. Barrould did not speak until her eyes were lowered again, and then he said, gruffly—more gruffly than he in-tended—"It should have been sent in

the usual way. I do not read all manuscript that comes. "Oh, I did not know. At least told me to post it, but I thought it would have more chance of being read this way. It will take it

'What is it-a story? Comic or sentimental?" he asked. "It is not an ordinary love story: if is not sentimental.

eway again."

"Give it to me. I will have a lool The girl's pale face flushed.
"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed.
"The address is on it? I shall let

was all Mr. Barrould said. "Mr. Barrould"-timidly "I suppose-I mean-that is to sayare you-do you want a lady type-

you have my decision in a few days,"

writer girl; they had one down stairs they had not work for more. He said so, and then asked if she were one. "I have had lessons and am now anxious to get work. I know short-

hand, too;" then wistfully, "I can type quickly, Mr. Barrould." But the editor was silent, and in another second she was out of the room and down two flights of stairs.

The clerk was right. She was a lady without doubt. Evidently one who had "come down in the world," but one with gentlewoman stamped on every feature, despite the rubbed facket and somewhat shabby skirt.

Mr. Barrould suddenly called down the tube which communicated with the

"Hullo! One of you go after the lady who was here just now, and ask if she'd mind speaking to me for another second. Also order another type

But even after he had engaged Miss Mackay to come and "typewrote" three times a week he did not feel content. Two eyes would keep coming between him and his work. It was useless to attempt anything.

It was long since he had seen eyes like these, but twenty-five years ago just such another pair, with the same unfathomable gray depths, had look-ed into his, only those had been raised in all the sweet trustfulness of love. while these to-day had been shy and frightened.

There was a blot on the past of Mr. Barrould's life. A blot of wrong done to a woman and a girlish heart broken

Once, long, long ago, there was a girl who had loved him better than all the world besides. Then a woman came between them, and Mr. Barrould threw aside the true gold for glitter. When he discovered his mis-

take it was too late. He came back with the words to plead forgiveness on his lips, but only to find his sweetheart gone-no one

knew whither.

And now he had engaged a type-writer girl—for whom he had no work—to come to the office just so that he might look in her eyes and be remind ed of a girl he had loved and filted, and whose memory he would love un-

"Miss Mackay, may I ask if you have written any stories save that which / used for the Christmas number?" She did not know how often he ask-She did not know how often he asked a question just that she might look at him. It was now close upon the 25th of December, and she had been in Barrould's employ for over a month.

"Yes. I have one ready, which I thought of sending in to the paper in the usual way," she replied.

"Ah! Well, look here, Miss Mackay, I believe Mr. James is rather busy just at present, and it might be sometime before you could have an answer. Suppose you bring it on Friday and I will have a look at it my self."

So when Miss Mackay came on the next day but one she brought with her the manuscript and as soon as she was settled at her work, which, by the by, would have suited Mr. Barrould just as well unityped, the ed-

for drew the story from its blue strapper and began to "look over it."

Something caused him to start and bend close before he had read half through the second page.

He ha read only a few bold strokes, only two or three paragraphs, but they bore the editor of Smart Quills far away and away until they set him down once more in an old village—how plainly he saw it all!

But clearest of all stood out a

But clearest of all stood out a house with plain whitewashed walls and dimin ve walk leading up to the door. He could almost fancy he smelt the honeysuckle that used to climb the wa's and peep around the corners of the windows; and there, in the shadow of the doorway, leaned a girl, her brown hair lit up by streaks of gold, and her gray eyes gazing wist-fully at the sunlight, as she dreamily wondered what life, with all its mystery, would hold for her.

"Who wrote this story?" he demanded, abrurtly.
"I did Mr. Barrould. That is to say, I wrote it at mother's dictation." "You what! Tell me about it, girl!"

the editor cried, hoarsely. And then Miss Mackay gave her story in brief. There was no asking for sympathy, no craving for help; by a few short sentences Mr. Barrould was made aware of how her father had trifled away and squandered his fortune and died while she was yet a child, leaving his widow almost pen-piless; how the mother had struggled on and worked in order to support herself and child, and how a yet more serious calamity had overtaken them, that of Mrs. Mackay's sight failing gradually until at last she became totally blind; how they had managed to gain a little by Mrs. Mackay's stories, and how now Jessie was, in her turn, doing her best to work for them both.

"Ah," he said, when she had finish-d. "I never knew she was married. But Mary blind, you say-little Mary But the typist did not catch the

words; she had resumed her tapping on the keys. "Does your mother know you came to me?" he asked.

She answered in the affirmative.
"Has she ever spoken of me? I—1 knew her once—long ago—before she was married." But no, the girl never heard Mr.

Barrould's name mentioned. Was he sure it was not another Mary Ogilvie he had known? Her mother had never spoken of the friendship, as she would have otherwise done. "Miss Mackay," he said, very sud-

denly, "are you aware that it is very dark, darker than usual, this afternoon! Suppose I were to see you home? You have a long way to go, and our paths do not lie apart so very much."
"Oh, I could not think of troubling you, Mr. Barrould; thank you so much all the same; I shall be quite safe. And then, too, Mr. James sometimes

lives near ifs, you know."

Mr. Barrould coughed. He did know; he knew very well that James lived in quite another direction, quite close to the editor's own house in fact. "Miss Mackay," he said, in desperation, "would you mind if I were your

accompanies me most of the way. He

escort this evening instead of Mr. James? I-I should like to see your A long way it was, too, or it seemed

so to Mr. Barrould, but at length they stopped in the narrow street and Miss Mackay led the way up countless stone stairs, right to the very top flat. A woman sat by the fire. She must have been pretty once, but now she was faded and weary; life had gone hard with her. But to Mr. Barrould

she was still young and beautiful; she did not seem faded. As they entered she raised her head and turned her sightless eyes in the direction of the "Is that you, Jesse? You are home earlier to-night, dearie, are you not? Mr. Barrould took a step forward.

"Mary, my beloved! Is it too late? Can you forgive me after all these years?" He fell on his knees by the

"Jack!" she said tremblingly, feeling vaguely for his hand. "Jack!" Jessie could not understand it all, but she slipped out of the room and closed the door softly behind her. Half way down the stairs she met

sub-editor, who was coming up to ask her a question that he had been trying to put for some time, but for which he had always lacked the cour-

Then they went for a walk and when they came back the sub-editor had as important an announcement to make as the editor.—Cincinnati Com-

What We Are Coming to. Teacher (to applicant for admission) -Johnnie, have you got a certificate of vaccination for smallpox?
"Yes, sir."

"Have you been inoculated for

"Been treated with diphtheria se "Yes, sir." "Had your arm scratched with chol-

era bacilli? "Yes, sir." "Have you a written guarantee that you are proof against whooping cough, measles, mumps, scarlet fever and old

"Have you your own private drinking cup?" "Yes, sir." "Do you promise not to exchange

with the boy next to you, and never use any but your own pencils? "Will you agree to have your books fumigated with sulphur and sprinkle your clothes with chloride of lime once

week?"
"Yes, sir." "Johnnie, you have met the first requirements of the modern sanitarians, and you may now climb over yonder rail, occupy an isolated aluminum seat and begin making P's and Q's as your

Scaling Cans by Electricity.
'A new application of electro-depositing is in the scaling of cans of fruits and meat, and of bottles of wine and

Lawyers work in the cause of jus

BOYS OF STOCKHOLM

Games in the Parks Encouraged to Keep

Stockholm, Sweden, has found of way to keep its public school boys of the streets after school hours, says Chicago Tribune. A year ago school principals were instructed to encour-age the gathering of pupils in the public parks after school hours for the purpose of playing outdoor games, and several of the larger boys in each school were officially selected to lead. the games.

The innovation proved popular and many boys who formerly were in the habit of spending their late afternoons smoking cigarettes and learning bad habits on the street corners may now be seen each evening playing games. The Board of Education of Stockholm thinks so well of the exed three men teachers to the position of superintendents of outdoor exercise. It will hereafter be their duty to get together all pupils who are willing at the close of school and lead them to the parks, where, under the auspices of the board, games will be provided daily during the season from 4 to 8 P. M.

- A Fox Terrier That Talks. A. M. Herring, of St. Joseph, Mo., owns a fox terrier named Tatters that can actually talk. He understands many hundreds of English words, but cannot articulate so many. He speaks very good dog English, however, which is as intelligible as pigeon English. When he wishes to have a doo



Tatters and Rags.

Orpe wa ore!" and when the door is opened for him he says: "Wow! wow! wow! Shank woo!" When he wants a drink he whines: "Awan yeenk!" and he gets it.

Tatters has a son eleven years old named Rags, who has not his daddy's efficiency as a linguist, but who is playful and an expert bicyclist. The picture shows father and son out for a spin on their wheel.

Origin of the Numeral "IIII." Seldom, if ever, do the numerals on notice further than to satisfy the inquiry "What time is it?" Neverthe

there is a history worth the reading on the face of every clock and watch made. The Roman numeral for four is IVexcept on a time-keeper. There, instead of IV will be found IIII always. Why is this? Why are four I's any correct on watches than they

would be for chapters in books, and They are not, IV, when Roman numerals are employed, ought to be used to designate four just as much in one place as in another, and would be but for the presumption of Charles V. of France, better known as "Charles the Wise," a title which may have been deserved so far as his being wise ruler is concerned, but certainly

not as regards learning. When the first clock constructed. in the year 1370, was made by Henry Vick and was presented to this "wise" being, he of course wanted to air his "learning" by finding fault with it;; for he fancied (as, alas, a good many people yet do) that to criticise a thing shows great scholarship and shrewdness. Not understanding all the wheels and machinery of the clock, however, he resorted to the figures on the dial, which he could comprehend, and so said condescendingly, to Mr.

"Yes, the clock works well enough, but the figures on the face are wrong. Where you have IV it should be foun

"Your majesty is wrong," said Mr. "I am never wrong," thundered the

"Take it away and correct the mistake."
"Corrected" it had to be, therefore; and from that time until now the four of a clock or watch has been IIII instead of IV-a lasting memory of the ignorance of "Charles the Wise."-

MUMPS

Fred O. Sibley.

Once I took the mumps, and my! Didn't I look funny! I Made the people laugh and roar When they peeked in through the

But ma didn't laugh, and she Was jes awful nice to me— Even though I had the "grumps, For that always goes with mumps.

And I couldn't swaller good; So she fed me all she could With a spoon, on soupy stuff; Jiminy! I got enough Of that sort of thing, you bet!-Soup's too watery and wet. And pa had to do the chores, 'Cause I dassent go outdoors

was down in bed three days! . Sick in lots and lots of ways; And they promised me some figs And new books and guinea pigs. And some more that I forget-But I haven't got' em yet! And I foun'-jest think of it— Two whole loads of wood to split!



F YOU want something that has a great deal more beneficial effect that medicine—that tastes a hundred times nicer than medicine—take Powley's Liquified Ozone. The condensed oxygen is a splendid invigorator-its healthening effect clears every organ of the body-an especially valuable quality for the Spring.

Mrs. PEARSON, who resides at 22 Locomotive Street. Hamilton, says: Have used your remedy for kidney disease, also pains in the head and dizziness. Was see bad at times with dizziness I could scarcely prevent myself falling down. Ozone has given me great relief, and I believe the new system of treatment is far ahead of anything we have ever tried for a family remedy.

50c and \$1, all druggists. Write for information. The Ozone Co., of Toronto, Limited, 48 Colborne Street, Toronto; or the Liquid Ozone Co., 229 Kinzie Street, Chicago.

Powley's Liquified Ozone.

The Grass Is Beginning To Grow

And Lawn Mowers will be needed and to get a first-class Lawn Mower at manufacturers prices you will have to go to Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas. They have a very fine assortment in all sizes. You will save money if you buy your Garden Tools there, as they buy direct from the manufacturers and sell on a very close margin.

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AT LOWEST PRICES

Our Carpets cannot be surpassed for choice colors and fashionable designs. Prices va.y from 25c to \$1.25. All carpets over 50c yard sewn and laid ffee of charge.

MATTRESSES

The Health Mattress is made of pure elastic fibre, interlaced to prevent getting uneven, and covered with pure white cotton, guaranteed to be sanitary. Price \$4.50.

The Gilt Edge Mattress is filled with pure curled Fibre, interlaced to prevent uneveness and covered with white cotton—a perfectly Hygienic bed—finest of ticking, price \$5.50. The Ostermoore Patent Elastic Felt Mattress is a perfect bed, price \$15.

Besides these we have good mattresses at \$2.50, \$2.75 \$3 and \$3.50, Iron Bedsteads which are sanitary, easy to handle and look well range in

Hugh McDonald

price from \$4.50 to \$18.00.

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