

Common soaps destroy the clothes and render the hands liable to eczema.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Sweet as a Rose.

She opens the door of the drawing-room, a room whose beauty and perfect taste strikes Paula instantly, and the slight, graceful figure rises from the sofa with outstretched hands.

"The beautiful face is very pale, all but the two spots on the cheeks, which glow brightly."

"How kind of you," she says, and her thin fingers close round Paula's hand, almost clinging, as she leads her to the sofa.

"Do you know this was not altogether unexpected by me? I thought—I felt somehow that you would come, and her eyes seek Paula's with an intense look."

"Did you?" says Paula with a smile. "I am glad I came, then. It is very strange."

"What is strange?" asks Flossie, earnestly, and with suppressed eagerness. Paula colors and then laughs.

"I have had the most intense desire to come and see you—but I did not like to," she says. "I do not know whether you would be well enough, or whether you would care to be bothered."

Flossie smiles strangely, then she laughs, and with suppressed eagerness, Paula colors and then laughs.

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was the time talking about me: tell me something about yourself, will you?"

"Am I rude and unattractive in asking?" Paula laughs and takes a rose from a vase and smells it.

"Not at all," she says. "I am only sorry there is so little to tell. I am the most commonplace of individuals. I haven't even a history."

"No?" says Flossie, her eyes fixed on the lovely face with an intense interest.

"Well, at any rate, it is a very poor one," says Paula, smoothing the rose-leaves with her finger. "For nearly all my life I have lived in a country village in England with my brother and sister. In such a dear old place; we were all our lives there."

"Lightly as she speaks, her eyes grow moist and her voice quivers. Flossie eyes her intently."

"I understand," she says in a low voice, "and why did you leave it? Why did you come to this horrible oven of a place?"

Paula laughs. "That's simply answered, too," she says. "We had to leave it because we were too poor to remain."

Flossie's eyes grow meditative. "I understand," she says. "You left Woldshire?" she stops suddenly, arrested by Paula's look of surprise.

"Yes," she says. "I left Woldshire, and I came here to—economize; that is all."

"I think that is the way to put it, and I am glad you have found it," says Flossie innocently.

"Did I?" replies Paula, with a smile. "I was wondering how you knew. Well, we left Woldshire, my sister and I, and came here to—economize; that is all."

"I think that is the way to put it, and I am glad you have found it," says Flossie innocently.

Paula flushes and then turns pale. "All of any consequence," she says. "I forgot to say that my brother is abroad."

Flossie looks at her reflectively. "And that is all you know of life," she says. "How happy you must be."

Paula is silent a moment, then she looks up and catches the blue eyes fixed keenly upon her.

"Happy? Yes," she replies, "as happy as I can be."

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as most people, I suppose. There is not too much of that commodity—happiness—in the world, I am afraid."

"Not too much," admits Flossie, "but she stops and hesitates."

"Well?" says Paula. "But your story is not complete. It leaves out the chief element in a woman's life—love."

"Yes," she says, with a hollow laugh. "Too hackneyed, quite worn out, in fact—fit only for school girls. Yes, let us talk of something else. Any fond of music?"

"Very," says Paula, and her eyes turn to the cabinet piano in the corner of the room.

"Will you play—sing?" says Flossie. Paula laughs.

"I can do neither," she says. "But you, no, you are not strong enough."

"For answer, Flossie springs to her feet and runs to the piano. "Not strong enough," she retorts; "why, I could sing if I were dying."

"I have sung with a splitting headache, with my heart beating like a hammer, with the people waiting."

She stops suddenly and slides to the piano. "Paula follows her and opens the instrument for her; she is so frail and ethereal that Paula deems even so slight an effort too much for her."

"You are sure you are well enough?" Paula says gently. "I long to hear you sing."

[To be Continued.]

The Juniors Win Another; Now Tied for the District

Londons Shut Out Petrolia in a Good Game—Tie To Be Played Off.

As a result of Saturday's game at Tecumseh Park the London juniors are now tied with Petrolia for the championship of the western district. By a score of 4 to 0, they defeated the strong Green Stockings. The deciding game will be played on neutral ground.

Game of Saturday was an interesting one, all through, and was more interesting than the senior game, because of the closeness of the score. A crowd that completely filled the main stands cheered the local team on to victory.

The work of Mr. F. D. Woodworth, who refereed, was adversely criticised at times by the spectators, but the referee penalized the local team most severely, whether rightly or wrongly.

Thompson, the captain of the London, did splendid kicking for the London team, and without doubt, he might have been different. Rowlands and Tierney did excellent work on the wing line, and Alexander, Mason and McGregor, are also entitled to a large share of the praise. Roy, the full back of the visitors, played a great game.

What are you going to do?" she says, for Paula has risen and reached a Turkish cushion from a chair.

"I am going to put this under your head," says Paula, and she reaches for the cushion and places it under Paula's head. "It is much more comfortable," she comes to the sofa with the cushion in her hand.

Flossie sits up and laughs, then suddenly she turns pale and seems to faint.

"No," she says, "you must not wait upon me. I am not worthy. I—then as if mastering her emotion, she laughs again. And Paula, with an air of gentle authority puts the cushion in its place."

Flossie sinks back, pale, and panting a little.

"Yes, it is much better," she says. "But—but you mustn't be deceived. I won't let you think that I am ill enough to really be ill, you know, not ill to death."

Paula cannot suppress a shudder as the awful words leave the pretty lips, but Flossie laughs.

"People like myself live on for an unconscionable time," she says. "I hope you will," says Paula; "but still I think you are not at all well, or strong."

"It is all a mistake," says Flossie, shaking her head with laughing eyes. "It is more illness on my part than anything else. I have been ill, of course, but I am better now. But, with feverish impatience, 'don't let us

you can eat all you like

what you like and when you like if you take Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure, the most infallible cure ever contrived for indigestion and all other forms of stomach trouble. Indeed, eating will be the delight and pleasure it was intended to be if Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure is depended upon to keep the stomach in order, for when the stomach is in order the blood, the heart and usually the entire human machine is working right and disease will be unknown.

Munyon's Heart Cure

People are frequently alarmed over actions of the heart when it is really the stomach that is at fault. Over-eating and indigestion will sometimes lead the heart to thumping wildly, while as a matter of fact, that organ is simply making a vain effort to get rid of the food that is crowding so by the stomach that it has no room to do its work.

Munyon's Heart Cure will control the heart and make its action regular. It strengthens the heart and frequently saves serious heart trouble. If the heart is acting at all unusual take this heart cure. Like all of Munyon's Remedies it is absolutely harmless.

For Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dull Complexion and Bileless Stools, take Munyon's Pile and Hemorrhoid Remedies.

Munyon's Pile and Hemorrhoid Remedies will improve any condition. For sale everywhere.

Chicago, Nov. 5.—Tommy Ryan and Jack Root, who, it was reported yesterday, would meet before a St. Louis club, have finally decided to turn down the St. Louis offer, which was a guarantee of \$4,000 for him and \$2,500 for Root, and have accepted an offer of \$2,500 for a six-round bout before the National Sporting Club of Philadelphia, which will furnish the wind-up of the Quaker City show Nov. 23. The articles call for 165 pounds one hour before entering the ring. It is said that Ryan can do with ease, and which Root says he will make without difficulty.

The Badger Athletic Club at Milwaukee succeeded yesterday in matching Tommy Mowatt and Charlie Neary. The boys met at 120 pounds at 12 o'clock on the afternoon of the fight. Mowatt takes McClellan's place. Tom Wallace and Martin Duffy were matched yesterday to meet at Dubuque, Iowa, on Nov. 21. The men will weigh in at 148 pounds.

An interesting exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition is a locomotive that was built at 120 miles an hour in railroad yard tests, and another locomotive that pulls a train weighing 400 tons at a speed of 60 miles an hour.

and was frequently applauded for his effective play.

London defended the north goal in the first half, and the first score was made when a long kick from Towson was fumbled by Jackson, and went over the dead line, counting one point.

Thompson made another long kick, and the ball went over the dead line for another point. The ball was then made by Tierney, who tied Jackson in goal, and forced him down.

This brought the score up to 4 to 0, and no other scoring was done, although the second half was a fierce struggle from beginning to end, and neither side was able to score.

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It was not for excellent playing by both back divisions, and a number of sure plays were counted. The pace set by the players badly, and they were in bad condition at the end of the game.

The line-up was as follows: Petrolia: Rae, full back; Jackson, Colwell, Fraser, halves; Blake, quarter; Thomas, center; Tanton, Crane, P. Wilson, backs.

London: Reid, full back; Alexander, quarter; McGregor, center; Carmichael, Walsh, Westman, Hopkins, Rowlands, backs.

Referee—F. D. Woodworth, Toronto. Umpire—W. A. Hewitt, Toronto. Timekeeper—Billie T. Cox, London.

MANY GAMES PLAYED ON THE CANADIAN FIELDS ON SATURDAY

McMASTER IS CHAMPION.

Toronto, Nov. 5.—The final game in the Intermediate Collegiate Rugby Union between Varsity II and McMaster University, was played at the latter's grounds yesterday afternoon. The one-sided score of 20 to 1, McMaster will now play off with either R. M. C. or with McGill II. If McGill wins the game from R. M. C., then McMaster and McGill play a sudden-death game at Kingston on Nov. 11. If R. M. C. beats McGill, then home-and-home games will be played at Kingston on Nov. 12 and Toronto Nov. 13.

Varsity won.

Toronto, Nov. 5.—The Quaker Varsity Association game at Varsity field on Saturday afternoon drew over 300 spectators. The game was a good exhibition and Galt won by 2 to 0.

BROCKVILLE WON OUT.

Kingston, Ont., Nov. 5.—The Junior O. R. F. U. match this afternoon between Royal Military College II and Brockville resulted in a victory for the latter by 18 to 2.

THREE TEAMS TIED.

Toronto, Nov. 5.—By defeating Peterboro II 7 to 0 on Rosedale field this afternoon, the Varsity team created a three-cornered tie in this district of the senior series, O. R. F. U. The attention of the Varsity team is directed to the hope of a Toronto team figuring in the finals depended on the game. The Quaker team never really went into the second half, when the Quaker's aggressiveness kept the