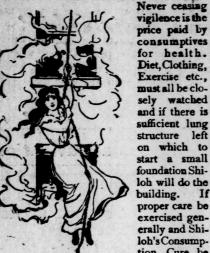
EATH TO LET GO.

Until a consumptive be actually in the sheaf of the Grim Reaper it is foolish to give up the struggle and let go. In thousands of cases Shiloh's Consumption Cure has wrested afflicted people out of Death's grasp and restored them to health and hope.



sely watched and if there is sufficient lung structure left on which to foundation Shiloh will do the building. If proper care be exercised generally and Shiloh's Consumption Cure be taken faithfully

as directed the building will be sure, there will be no failure. This grand restorer is guaranteed not to fail. The whole purchase money is returned if it does not fulfil our promises. Aurora, Ontario, Feb. 20, 1899. S. C. WELLS Co., Toronto.—"I have taken your Shiloh's Consumption Cure and can oroughly recommend it for Consumption. I have taken one bottle and am able to get out of bed. I would advise all suffering from that disease, or any lung trouble, to try it and be convinced. Yours truly, Mrs. Horbury Turen. Sold in Canada and United States at 25c, 5oc and ar oo a bottle. In Great Britain at 13 2d, 28 3d and 48 6d.

- The Face -Behind the Mask

A Romance.

"Is that ali? If my memory serves me right, you have told me that fittle fact several times before. Is there anything else tormenting you, or may I go in? Ormiston ground out an oath between his teeth, and La Masque raised one jeweled, snowy, taper finger reproving-

"Don't, Mr. Ormiston—it's naughty, you know! May I go in?" "Madam, you are enough to drive a man mad. Is the love I bear you worthy of nothing but mockery?"

"No, Mr. Ormiston, it is not; that is, supposing you really love me, which "Madam!"

"Oh, you needn't flush and look indignant. It is quite true. Don't be ab- ravishing items, and that her morbid surd. Mr. Ormiston. How is it possible for you to love one you have never pared with them, but he knew he would I have seen you. Do you think I am

"My face. I mean. I don't consider know I have any face at all?'

'Madam, you mock me." what is behind this mask?' I feel it, and that is better; and I

love you all the same." I am ugly?" 'Madam. I do not believe you are; you are all too perfect not to have a

perfect face; and even were it otherwise. I still love you!" She broke into a laugh; one of her low, short, deriding laughs.
"You do! O man, how wise thou art!

I tell you, if I took off this mask, the eight would curdle the very blood in your veins with horror-would freeze to look on and live, and this-this is

started back and stared at her "You think me mad," she said in a

less fierce tone, "but I am not; and I repeat it, Mr. Ormiston, the sight of what this mask conceals would blast you. Go, now, for heaven's sake, and leave me in peace, to drag out the rest of my miserable life; and if ever you think of me, let it be to pray that it might speedily end. You have forced further in the me to say this; so now be content. Be his dignity.

merciful, and go!"

"Silence at She made a desperate gesture, and

hand and held it fast. "Never!" he cried fiercely. "Say what you will; let that mask hide what it may, I will never heave you till life eaves me."

"Man, you are mad! Release my hand and let me go!"
"Madam, hear me! There is but one way to prove my love and my sanity,

and that is—"
"Well!" she said, almost touched by his earnestness. Raise your mask and try me. Show me your face, and see if I do not love you still."

Truly, I know how much love you will have for me when it is revealed. Do you know that no one has looked in my face for the last elight years?" He stood and gazed at her in won-

"It is so, Mr. Ormiston, and in my heart I have vowed a vow to plunge beadlong into the most loathsome plague-pit in London rather than ever it again. My friend, be satisfied. Go and leave me, and forget me.'

This dangerous Blood Disease aiways oured by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Most people are aware how serious a disease Erysipelas is. Can't rout it out of the system with ordinary remedies.

Like other dangerous blood diseases, though, B.B.B. can cure it every time.

Read what Rachel Patton, Cape Chin, Bruce Co., Ont., says:

"I wish to state that I used Burdock Blood Bitters for Erysipelas in my face and general run down state of my health. I tried many remedies but all failed to cure. I then tried B.B.B. Two bottles nearly cured me and four bottles completely

to forget everything else earthly. Madam, I implore you to hear me."
"Mr. Ormiston, I tell you you but court your own doom. No one can look

"I will risk it," he said, with an incredulous smile. "Only promise to show me your face." "Be it so, then," she cried passionately. "I promise, and be the consequences on your own head." His face flushed with Joy.

on me and live."

"I accept them. And when is that happy time to come?" "Who knows? What must be done had best be done quickly; but I tell thee it were safer to play with the lightning's chain than tamper with what thou art about to do." "I take the risk. Will you lift that

mask now?" "No, no, I cannot. But yet I may be fore the sun rises. My face"—with bit-ter scorn—"shows better by darkness than by light. Will you be out to see

"Most certainly."

"Then meet me here an hour after midnight, and the face so long hidden to the cushioned was alongside, and very white and exciming the cushioned was alongside, and the face so long hidden to the cushioned was alongside, and the face so long hidden to the cushioned was alongside, and the cushioned was alongside, and the cushioned was alongside. shall be revealed. But, once again, on the threshold of doom, I entreat you to

pause.' "There is no such word for me!" he said flercely and exultingly cried, "I have your promise, and I shall hold you to it. And, madam, if, at last, you discover my love is changeless as fate itself, then-may I not dare to hope for a return?"
"Yes, then you may hope," she said,

with cold mockery. "If your love survives the sight it will be mighty, indeed, and worthy a return." "And you will return it?"

"I will." 'You will be my wife?"

"With all my heart!"
"My darling," he cried rapturously -"for you are mine already-how can I ever thank you for this? If a whole lifetime devoted and consecrated to your happiness can repay you, it shall be yours.'

During this rhapsody her hand had been on the handle of the door. Now she turned it. 'Good-night, Mr. Ormiston," she said and vanished.

CHAPTER VII. Shocks of joy, they tell me, seldom kill. Of my own knowledge, I cannot say, for I have had precious little ex-perience of such shocks in my lifetime, heaven knows; but in the present instance, I can safely aver they had no such dismal effect on Ormiston. Nothing earthly could have given that young gentleman a greater shock of joy than the knowledge he was to behold the long-hidden face of his idol. That that face was ugly, he did not for a mo-ment believe, or, at least, it never would be ugly to him. With a form so perfect—a form a sylph might have envied-a voice sweeter than the Singing Fountain of Arabia, hands and feet the most perfectly beautiful the sun ever shone on, it was simply a moral and physical impossibility, then, that they could be joined to a repulsive face. There was a remote possibility that it was a little less exquisite than those fancy made her imagine it homely,comnever share in that opinion. It was the

reasoning of love-or, rather the logic: for when love glides smiling in at the door, reason stalks gravely, not to say that you can see a person without subkily, out of the window, and, stand-looking in her face. Now you have ing afar off, eyes disdainfully the didoes never looked in mine, and how do you and antics of her late tenement. There was very little reason, fore in Ormiston's head and heart, "Not at all. How are you to know but a great deal of something sweeter -joy-joy that thrilled and vibrated through every nerve within him, Leanve you all the same." ing against the portal, in an absurd delirium of delight—for it takes but a trifle to jerk those lovers from the slimiest depths of the Slough of Despond to the topmost peak of the mountain of ecstasy—he uncovered his head that the night air might cool its feverish throbbings. But the night air was as hot as his heart; and, almost suffocated by the sultry closeness, he was about to start for a plunge in the river, when the sound of coming foot-steps and voices arrested him. He had met with so many odd adventures tothe tife-blood in your heart. I tell you!" met with so many odd adventures to-the passionately cried, "there are night that he stopped now to see who sights too horrible for human beings was coming, for on every hand all was

was coming, for on every hand all was shent and forsaken. Footsteps and voices came closer; two figures took shape from the gloom, and emerged from the darkness into the glimmering lamplight. He recognized them both. One was the Earl of Rochester; the other his dark-eyed, handsome pagethat strange boy with the face of the lost lady! The earl was chatting familfarly, and laughing obstreperously at something or other, while the boy merely wore a languid smile, as if anything further in that line were quite beneath

'Silence and solitude," said the earl, with a careless glance around, "I proturned to leave him, but he caught her test. Hubert, this night seems end-How long is it till midnight?" "An hour and a half at least, I should fancy," answered the boy, with a strong foreign accent. "I know it struck ten as we passed St. Paul's."

This grand bonfire of our most worshipful lord mayor will be a sight worth seeing," remarked the earl. 'When all these piles are lighted the

city will be one sea of fire."
"A slight foretaste of what most of its inhabitants will see in another world," said the page, with a French shrug. "I have heard Lilly's prediction that London is to be purified by fire, like a second Sodom; perhaps it is to be verified tonight."

"Not unlikely; the dome of St. Paul's

would be an excellent place to view the "The river will do almost as well, my

lord. "We will have a chance of knowing that directly," said the earl, as he and his page descended to the river, where the little gilded barge lay moored and

the boatman waiting. As they passed from sight Ormiston came forth and walked thoughtfully after them. The face and figure were that of the lady, but the voice was different; both were clear and musical enough; but she spoke English with the purest accent, while his was the voice of a foreigner. It must have been one of those strange, unaccountable likenesses we sometimes see among perfect strangers, but the resemblance in this case was something wonderful. It brought his thoughts back from himself and his own fortunate love, to his violently smitten friend, Sir Norman, and his plague-stricken beloved; and he began speculating what he could possibly be about just then, or what he had discovered in the old ruin. Suddenly he was aroused; a moment before the silence had been almost oppressive, but now on the wings of the night there came a shout. A tumult of voices and

footstens were approaching. "Stop her! Stop her!" was cried by many voices; and the next instant a fleet figure went flying past him with a rush, and plunged head foremost into the river. A slight female figure, with floating robes of white; waving hair of deepest blackness, with a sparkle of jewels on neck and arms. Only for an instant did he see it; but he knew it well, and his very heart stood still. "Stop her! stop her! she is til of the plague!" shouted the crowd, pressing, panting on; but they came too late; the white vision had gone down into the black, sluggish river, and disappeared.
"Who is it? What was it? Where is ft?" cried two or three watchmen, bran-dishing their halberds and rushing up;

"I can do neither until I have ceased and the small crowd—a mob of a dozen of Fife does not frown the decollette or so, answered all at once: "She is down entirely; she merely maintains am, I implore you to hear me." ning through the streets; we gave chase, but she outstepped us, and is now at the bottom of the Thames." Ormiston waited to hear no more, but rushed precipitately down to the water's edge. The alarm had now reached the boats on the river, and many eyes within them were turned in the direction whence she had gone down. Soon she reappeared on the dark surface—something whiter than snow, whiter than death; shining like silver, shone the glittering dress and marble face of the bride. A small butteau lay close to where Ormiston stood; in two seconds he had sprang in, shoved it off, and was rowing vigorously toward that snow wreath in the inky river. But he was forestalled; two hands, white and jeweled as her own, reached over the edge of a gilded barge, and, with the help of the boatmen, lifted her in. Before she could be properly established on the cushioned seats, the batteau was alongside, and Ormiston turned a very white and excited face toward the [To be Continued.]

Proper Adieux.

In Anishing a call, dear young women, please bear in mind that a thing "if 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly," says Demorest's Magazine. When you've decided that it's time to go, "stand not water. When the berries are soft add upon the order of your going," but go and don't prolong the operation.

Don't wait until after you've gotten to your feet to knit up the loose, end of the conversation and give the finishing touches. You are subjecting your hostess to an undeserved ordeal. Standing and waiting are a strain even to the most robust.

Nothing essentially uncomfortable is good manners.
Don't fancy that it's flattering to your hostess to dawdle at every stage of the exit. Don't attack a fresh subject between the parlor portieres, nor cleave to it galvanically when you've reached the newel-post, nor start over the ground again at the threshold of Occocococo the vestibule. If, as is not infrequently the case,

it is diffidence that prolongs the agony and keeps the final wrench at arms length the victim cannot take herself in hand too promptly. Not that brusqueness and abruptness, in taking leave, is any more commendable than the lingering process.

The shot-out-of-a-cannon mode of exit is also a phenomenon of diffidence. It has a "do or die" effect that savors of the burlesque. But if the caller will direct her tact

and judgment toward this end, she can taper her visit in such a way that her adieux may be easily both short and graceful, and the hostess be made glad only once, and that not when the front door closes on the guest.

The Drawing String.

What funny old fashions are being revived. One that is coming in again that of looping the skirts up into Ye call me Master, and obey me not; horizontal folds around the bottom with perpendicular drawstrings Skirts of this description will be worn here next year. They are already on the streets in Paris. Every grown girl's mother can remember when they were worn before. They remind me more of old-fashioned lambrequins and mantel covers than anything else I can think of. When they "arrive," though, they will no doubt be considered beautiful. The looped-up skirt is a very noticeable part of a blue velvet gown that is quaint in every particular. The yoke and sleeves are of cloth, heavily embroidered with light and dark-blue silk. The skirt is in tunic form, cut out at the bottom in umbrella points that fall over a lambrequin drapery at the bottom. The drapery is gathered onto a tight lining, is laid in horizontal folds from the bust to the waist and the back and front. The lambrequin drapery of blue velvet covers the edges of the very deep yoke and passes over the shoulder. Like the bottom of the skirt, it is edged with fringe. There is no escaping it. It is sure to be inflicted upon us in a very short while

White for Elderly Women.

A woman may be too old to wear purple or lavender, or any shade of blue or brown, but she is never too old to wear white or cream. By this I mean that, when colors prove unbecoming and black brings out the teiltale lines, a woman should turn to white or cream, says a writer in the Minneapolis Times. The power of white to soften lines, and bring out the best notes in the complexion is wonderful. Women over forty should never wear a black or colored gown without a bit of white lace at the throat, and I commend all white when it is possible. At a recent wedding the grandmother of the bride made almost as lovely a picture as the bride herself. She was dressed in a white ribbed silk, a little lace bonnet on her snowy hair. There were violets in the bonnet, and a huge bunch of violets with long streamers fastened at the corsage. The cloud of lace made her complexion as clear as the petals of an apple blossom, and one forgot the wrinkles, looking at the fresh coloring.

Women and Work.

Rev. S. G. Smith, pastor of the People's Church, in St. Paul, has found out the trouble with this tearful old world, says the Detroit Free Press. Women work. Women, fashioned for dependence and offices. Women, tended by the Almighty only to love and be loved, are giving their lives to manufacturing and figuring. The weak-er vessel has become the burden-bear-The clinging vine is the stormtossed oak.

That is what ails society. That is the secret of crime's increase and the prevalence of poverty. That is why the American physique is destined to grow puny. That is what points to the doom of our national strength, says Dr. Smith.

The Decollette Gown.

The Duchess of Fife, the daughter of the Princess of Wales, has undertaken a herculean job. It is nothing less than the destruction of the Eng-Wish fashion of going decollette promiscuously. The English women, as Marie Corelli remarks in "Vendetta," expose themselves more than the women of any other civilized nation, despite their boasted prudery. The women of wicked France, surprising to state, have long since abandoned the lownecked gown for ordinary events. their English and American sisters continue to abbreviate their bodices at every possible chance. The Duchess

as at the theater, the seaside, or at ordinary receptions, a yard or two of shoulder, neck and arm are exposed needlessly. At the first night of some great opera or play, she would go with her gown cut low, but despite the Queen and the fashions of the world, she must say that on some occasions this dress is entirely out of place. Just what effect her crusade will have is hard to predict. The Queen is firmly set for the low-necked style, and will allow no lady to be presented at her court unless so attired, yet the Duchess of Fife is quite a leader in society, and is supposed, in addition to have the sympathy of her mama, the Princes

Correct.

This season the proper way of performing the ceremony of greeting is something like this: The challenging party, that is to say, the person who offers the salute, holds out the hand at about the level of the waist, palm down. The party of the second part grasps it, lifts it high in the air, bending over it as if he were about to kiss it, and lets it go. There is no side movement, there is no hint of a shake, and the operation is performed as quickly as possible. It is simply a jerk upward, and the hand is released high in the air, to get down as best it can. Of course, it isn't graceful, but if you want to be really correct you'll begin to practice on it.

Something New.

A novel dessert combines cranberries with bananas. Cook a quart of cranberries in one and a half cups of cold two cups of white sugar. Strain through a colander. Have a deep dish, put a layer of the cranberries at the bottom, then cover these with a layer of banana, and so alternate the two till the dish is full. Make a meringue with the whites of four eggs and rather more than the usual amount of sugar. Add this to the dish and brown in the oven. It should be eaten

The Poets.

Sleep.

Now that the charge is won, Sleep in the narrow clod; Now it is set of sun. Sleep till the trump of God. Sleep.

Fame is a bugle call Blown past a crumbling wall; Battles are clean forgot; Captains and towns are not; Sleep shall outlast them all. Sleep.

-Lizette Woodworth Reese in Atlantic Monthly.

Saying and Doing. In the Cathedral of Lubeck, in Ger-

many, there is an old slab with the following inscription: Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us: Ye call me Light, and see me not; Ye call me Way, and walk me not; Ye call me Life, and desire me not; Ye call me Wise, and follow me not; Ye call me Fair, and love me not; Ye call me Rich, and ask me not: Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not: Ye call me Gracious, and trust me

not; Ye call me Noble, and serve me not; Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not; Ye call me Just, and fear me not; If I condemn you, blame me not.

Find So Much of Honey.

I like the weather rainy an' I like the weather dry, I like the world an' like the plan the Ruler runs it by!
There's mebbe drouthy seasons in some fair and farmin' spot, While a streak of too wet weather blights another, like as not. But I so love earth's roses that the little thorns don't hurt,

An' life to me is something more than drudgery an' dirt: God tuned my taste to sweetness, so I shun the bitter lees An' find so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the bees.

I've found that corn-fields stunted till they wouldn't pay to shock, yield in huskin' season lots o' nubbins for the stock, the shrivelled wheat that rusted. one o' Nature's weather tricks.

Will do a sight toward feedin' all the hungry hens and chicks. So what's the use o' whinin' if the run o' things don't suit, You get to smell the blossoms though some insect takes the fruit!

I reckon life's so happy I can wander

where I please
An' find so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the bees. A happy life's dependent not on gumption or on grit, But jes' the plain philosophy of make-

the-best-of-it! Of course I aint denyin' Sorrow's stalkin' through the land,
But her sister, Joy, is with her, an'
a-holdin' of her hand, So write me down as happy, in the summer, spring or fall, An' even storms o' winter doesn't ice the blossoms all. So I jes' keep an a-huntin' in the frag-

rance or the freeze.

An' I find so much of honey I'm arobbin' of the bees -James Riley.

THE CZAR'S PRIVATE TRAIN

A Magnificent Moving Establishment Fitted Up Luxuriously.

[London Standard.]

The imperial train in which the czar and czarina usually travel is wholly of Russian workmanship, having been made in the Alexander works at St. Petersburg. It consists of eleven carriages, painted blue and gold. They are connected by corridors and provided with every luxury. Behind the luggage wagons there are, first, the kitchen, containing a splendid French stove and two large fixed samovars. Then comes the pantry with all its appendages, to which is actached a second-class carriage for the kitchen servants. The dining-room, a whole carriage, is furnished with a large table in the center and small tables along the sides, the walls being paneled with red beechwood inset with huge mir-rors. The chairs are upholstered with brown Russia leather.

Another carriage serves as a recep-tion room, the walls being ornamented with stamped leathed in beechwood

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast, Ireland. Please mention this paper.

frames. The seats are salmon-colored with white stripes in Louis XV style. The reception room also contains five small and beautifully inlaid tables and

three hanging candelabras. The czarina's carriage is light blue with padded walls, and contains her majesty's writing table and an enormous mirror, and is decorated with beautiful creeping plants, of which the czarina is particularly fond. Next to the czarina's room, and in the same carriage, is the imperial nursery, while the whole of the adjoining carriage is also devoted to the children and their wants. Here are their low cradle beds. A special coupe is reserved for the governesses and nurses. The czar's apartments consist of two rooms, his

study and a dressing room. The study is fitted with brown Russia leather. and the study table is ornamented with fine bronzes. The next two carriages are reserved for the suite. In them travel Baron Fredericks, Gen. Pless, Princess Orbeliani, and the court marshal. Each coupe is lined with brown leather, and contains a red beechwood chair, a writing table with bronze fit-tings, and washstand table. The electric light can be switched on at will. The floor is carpeted, and the double window hung with elegant curtains.

train is regulated. All the carriages are connected and heating is carefully attended to. Over three hundred lamps are supplied by the electric battery on the train. On the train being transferred from the Russian to the German railway, the gauge of which is smaller, the axles are changed. The train runs quite noiselessly, even at the highest speed.

he last car

HIS STATUS. 'Dorothy," said the mistress of the establishment, happening in just as the gardener went out, "who is that man?" a hoe beau, ma'am," replied

the kitchen maid, blushing rosily. THIS MINISTER

Three Painful Surgical Operations Fail ed to Cure-Suffered fe: Twenty Years-Found Relief and Cure in Dr Chase's Ointment.

Rev. J. A. Baldwin, Baptist minister, Arkona, Ont., writes: "I wish to say that I have been a great sufferer for over twenty years with itching piles, both external and internal. I have used a great number of remedies and undergone three very painful surgical operations, all without obtaining bene-

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Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive and guaranteed cure for piles. You can rely on it absolutely in every case. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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DENNIS WIRE & IRON CO., King. Insurance.

HORTHERN LIFE, Masonic Temple. Lumber Boxes. LONDON BOX MFG. & LUMBER CO (Limited).

Tea Importers.

MARSHALL BROS. & CO., 67 Dundas. Wholesale Druggists. JAS. A. KENNEDY & CO., 342 Rich.

Wholesale Grocers. M. SMITH & CO., 176 York street.

ELLIOTT, MARR & CO., 333 Rich