

NEVER MASSAGE YOUR WRINKLES

MASSAGE ONLY STRETCHES THE SKIN, MAKING IT MORE LOOSE AND WRINKLED THAN EVER. PLASTERS STRETCH IT STILL MORE, WHILE LOTIONS, CREAMS, STEAMING POTS, PRESCRIPTION REMEDIES, APPARATUS AND APPLIANCES DRY OUT THE TISSUES, ENLARGE THE PORES AND CAUSE COMPLEXION TROUBLES INNUMERABLE.

How to tighten loose, inelastic and flaccid skin without any of these harmful and dangerous methods. Famous beauty at last reveals how she permanently banished every trace of line or wrinkle in a single night. Any reader can do the same by means of this accidental discovery, a jealously guarded secret no longer.

BY ELEANOR LAWTON.

Years of trouble, worry, and ill-health had seared and seamed my face with deep, repulsive, and disfiguring wrinkles. My skin hung in loose, flaccid folds which not only marred my appearance, making me look nearly twice my real age, but I realized that they were constantly growing worse, and would greatly interfere with my success, because a woman's success in life, either socially or financially, depends to a very great extent upon her appearance. The plain, unattractive woman whose face bears a network of tell-tale lines, proclaiming that youth has long since departed, must, indeed, fight an unequal battle in competing with her younger and more attractive sisters.

Almost in desperation, therefore, I bought and tried various kinds of skin foods, and massaged my face with most constant regularity, hoping to regain my former youthful appearance. But the wrinkles simply would not go. On the contrary, they seemed to grow deeper, and my skin was stretched more than ever. Next I went to various beauty specialists, who assured me they could easily rid me of my wrinkles. I paid my money in each case and took the treatment. Sometimes I thought my face looked better, but after spending all the money I could afford for such treatments I found I still had my wrinkles. So I finally gave up in despair, and concluded I must carry them to my grave.

But one day a friend of mine made a suggestion that gave me a new idea. I immediately set to work making experiments and studying everything I could find on the subject. After several long months of almost numberless trials and discouragements I finally discovered a method by which, in a single night, I banished every trace of line or wrinkle from my face. In a short time I noticed that the skin was no longer so loose and thin that it would separate from tissue beneath when I pinched the skin between my fingers. On the contrary, the skin seemed to fit tightly again, feeling quite thick, and attached to tissue beneath like a young child's, so I then realized that it could not form sharp creases and wrinkle again, for it lay firm and perfectly smooth on a sustaining cushion of flesh. Since that day, many months ago, not a single wrinkle has ever returned. Facial expressions now simply cause my skin to form in soft, gently rounding curves, and I no longer have the least fear of wrinkles. In a single night, therefore, twenty years appeared to be taken from my age, and naturally I was delighted beyond expression.

I next offered my treatment to several of my intimate friends, who used it with

surprising results, and as not a single one failed to succeed I have now decided to have 500 more ladies try it, with the understanding that if it proves entirely satisfactory—not otherwise—they will write me a confidential letter to that effect and agree to recommend it to their friends. Then when the treatment is offered to the public I will have indisputable proof that it is practically infallible, and the method will also be well introduced by the recommendations of the ladies who receive it through accepting this introductory offer.

Mrs. A. Chester, of Belfast, writes: "My wrinkles have all disappeared and my skin is smooth and clear. I really cannot speak too highly in its praise." Mrs. M. McVittie, Carlisle, writes: "The improvement is really wonderful. It does take the wrinkles out... so I look years younger. Makes it look like a child's."

Mrs. H. Glynn, Bedford, writes: "Now you cannot see any trace of a wrinkle. My husband also says it is very wonderful." I have many other letters like these, and will gladly send copies to anyone interested. My method is nothing like anything before used for the purpose. It is an entirely new discovery of my own, based on a new principle, and it involves no loss of time, trouble, nor the slightest inconvenience. Also it can be used in the privacy of your own room without the knowledge of your most intimate friends. If interested in my discovery, please send me the following coupon to-day, and I will reply promptly under plain sealed cover. There is no charge for this, but if convenient you may send two 2 cent stamps to cover posting expenses. You incur no obligation by writing me, and if you do not care to try the treatment after seeing just what it consists of, simply write me and I will forward postage for its return. There is, of course, no interruption to the regular mail service between this country and England.

WRINKLES FREE COUPON

Good This Week to Toronto
Canadian Courier Readers Only.
Eleanor Lawton (Suite 517. A.),
197, Regent Street, London, W., Eng.

I send this coupon as evidence that I am entitled to accept your free introductory offer in regard to removing wrinkles.

Name
Address
Free Coupon No. 517. A.

SHOPPER'S GUIDE

PRINTING.

PRICE TICKETS that sell the goods. All prices in stock. Fifty cents per hundred. Samples for stamp. Frank H. Barnard, 35 Dundas St., Toronto.

STAMPS AND COINS.

PACKAGES free to collectors for 2 cents postage; also offer hundred different foreign stamps; catalogue; hinges; five cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Co., Toronto.

BOOKS.

ASSIMILATIVE MEMORY, OR HOW TO ATTEND AND NEVER FORGET. Prof. A. Loissette tells how you may strengthen the power of your memory. A perfect memory means increased capabilities and a larger income. 12mo., cloth, \$3.00, post-paid. University Book Co., Desk A., 8 University Ave., Toronto.

HOTEL DIRECTORY

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL. (European Plan)

One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.

Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.

St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

KING EDWARD HOTEL, Toronto, Canada.

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests, \$1.50 up. American and European Plans.

MOSSOP HOTEL. (Limited)

TORONTO, CANADA.

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof. Rooms with or without bath from \$1.50.

Worse Than Death

(Continued from page 8.)

go to the Home for Starving Cats at Swedeville, North Dakota. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly."

"At the same time, ma-in-law never professed to love me. She pretended to at first—ours was a run-away match—but finding out how the will was fixed she up and got mad. It was only the dough in prospect that had kept her quiet, and when she saw it wouldn't be Eva's when I died—which means, roughly, that it wouldn't be hers—she commenced her tactics. Then suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to her! She is as avaricious as sin—why shouldn't she get the money? Now do you begin to see light?"

"Not yet."

"WHY, the old fox went and bought up the Home for Starving Cats, lock, stock and barrel!"

"Aha! So if you die, your mother-in-law gets your money?"

"Why, yes. And poor little Eva gets not a thing—I fancy I see that old woman parting with any. She'd allow her about a dollar a week spending money, that's all."

"How did you find this out?"

"In a letter I got the other week from Eva. She hadn't known it till then, and she got real mad. She found it out accidentally, and had a most violent quarrel with the old dame there and then, and turned her out of the house. But what's the use—that don't alter things."

"But yet," said the colonel, "I don't see how I am to help you without buying the cats' home over your mother-in-law's head?"

"You've quite made up your mind about to-morrow morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's an open question, which is the worst—death or tyranny. Poor little Eva—she's fond of me in a way, and I want to do the straight thing by her. But you probably notice one thing. Uncle Silas put it clearly that if I pre-deceased my wife, etc., etc.,—my wife, you will note. Now, supposing I had no wife, whose would the money be—the cats' home's, or mine?"

"Yours, without a doubt."

"That's my point," cried the youngster enthusiastically. "If I had had no wife, it would be mine, subject to no conditions."

"But you have a wife—that's the trouble."

"Colonel," said the young man, "what I propose to do is to deny Eva as my wife, and then deed the money to her in her maiden name!"

"You are truly a youth of resource!" the colonel said admiringly. "But how?"

"How? There's lots of ways—bigamy—fake marriage—oh, heaps of ways! Which do you think best—bigamy or fake marriage?"

"Both will want proof, of course."

"I can arrange for that. In the United States you can arrange anything if you have the gall. In short, I propose to write two letters to-night—by the way, can I send letters from here?"

"We have an excellent field postal service."

"Will your censor let them through?"

"I will personally undertake to see that they are sent."

"Thanks—that's a load off my mind. As I said, I'll write two letters, both to Eva. One will be my dying deposition, confessing my penitence at having contracted a bigamous marriage with her, and so on—fake, all of it. You'll kindly witness it, if you don't mind. She can show this to the whole world. Then I'll write a private one to her, explaining the ruse, and telling her to secure the services of some trustworthy woman—with baby if possible—to obtain a forged certificate of marriage with her some time previously. How does that strike you?"

"The only weakness I see is that you still have a wife—the first one—and will have pre-deceased her."

"That's true, too, by gad! Well, I see no hope for it—that poor first wife of mine will have to get the axe somehow. Did I divorce her?—no, that won't do, because if I did I should have been un-married. Well, she'll have to die—since my bigamous marriage—that's it! Only—"

"Only what?"

"It means extra trouble—getting a forged death certificate as well as a forged marriage certificate. But it can be arranged—in America."

"This America of yours seems a wonderful place," hazarded the colonel.

"It is. But can I trouble you for some writing materials? Time presses." The colonel nodded, and from a small travelling attache case produced a non-spillable bottle of ink, a pen, and some writing paper, which he handed to his guest.

"How shall I begin—what do you call this place, I mean? I'd like something besides the date."

"You can call it 'A hut in the Trenches,' if you like."

"Good enough—and romantic! 'A Hut in the Trenches. My dearest wife'—guess I'd better not call her that, seeing she's not my wife. 'My dearest Eva—It is nearly midnight, and at eight in the morning, possibly nine, I shall be a stiff, stark corpse. Good, eh? 'I have been captured near the lines, and, having lost my papers to prove my identity, am to be shot at sunrise as a dangerous spy.' Eight will be about sunrise, won't it?"

"Oh no. I can see you aren't in the habit of getting up with the sun! Besides, we have left off shooting spies at sunrise—our own men began to grumble so much at getting up so early."

"I thought you always shot spies at sunrise? Never mind, though it spoils the effect. Shot at eight or nine as a dangerous spy, I'm not sure which. Before I die I want to confess the great wrong I have done you. Eva, you are not my wife! About eighteen months before I met you I married secretly a certain Sarah Jenkins, of Payne County, North Carolina, but, sickening of her society, put her away from me. When I met you I fell in love with you so violently that I could not bring myself to tell you this. The ceremony of marriage we went through was false, because I had a wife already. Since that time I have lived a double life, dividing my time between you and Sarah. That strike you as O.K.?"

"Rather overdone, if you want my candid opinion."

"OVERDONE nothing—remember, it's my dying deposition, not yours! Three months ago Sarah died, so I became a free man. I should have confessed to you then, but, alas, I could not do it—you had trusted me! Now, with death so close, I cannot leave this world without making these facts public, in justice to you and Sarah. You were never my wife; but in partial reparation for the wrong I have done you I herewith bequeath you all the property I inherited from my Uncle Silas. Enquiry in Payne County, North Carolina, will prove my statements to be true. Forgive me if you can, and forget your loving husband—friend, I mean—Jack."

"Consummate!" said the colonel.

"Now for the other letter. You don't mind, I suppose, if I take a little longer, and don't read it to you?"

"No. Go ahead."

The colonel smoked in silence, and threw his cigar butt away before the other finished. When the second letter was sealed up, he asked, idly, "I suppose your wife's not jealous?"

"Jealous—I should say not—well, perhaps I'd better qualify—"

"You needn't! I know. What, another letter?"

"Yes—to my wife's mother—to tell her, for once, what I actually think of her." This last letter seemed to afford its writer great enjoyment, for he chuckled throughout its composition, and, when he re-read it, laughed unashamedly. "That'll make her sit up."