









"There is no Appeal beyond Caesar!"

The late world-renowned Dermatologist, Sir ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S., President of the Royal College of Surgeons who ever gave a public Testimonial, and the following is THE ONLY TESTIMONIAL HE EVER GAVE.

"If it be well to wash the skin—and we never heard the proposition questioned—it is well that we should be familiar with the means by which that purpose may be most efficiently attained. We once knew a beautiful woman, with a nice complexion, who had never washed her face with soap all her life through; her means of polishing were a smear of grease or cold cream; then a wipe, and then a lick with rose water. Of course we did not care to look too closely after such an avowal, but we pitied her, for soap is the food of the skin—"

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"A LAGGARD IN LOVE."

BY JEANIE GWYNNE BETTANY. Author of "The House of Rimmon," etc.

Continued. She brought her wonderful eyes to rest upon his face and answered truthfully. "Yes, I have seen it. But, Cecil, she went on, "have you not something else to tell me?" Cecil possessed himself of both her hands. "Only this will be my wife Victoria's name."

"What can you want to know, more than that I love you and ask you to be my wife? Oh, do not torture me with vague questions, but give me an answer of your love. Whatever it may have been in the past, your love can work wonders in the future. I seem to have no stability, no foothold. If you love me, do not let me know that will be come of me."

"You know what I have to offer, Cecil, and I what I have to give. You love me; I have always loved you; but—do not deceive me. I could be terrible if deceived!" Again Cecil felt that he ought to make a clean breast of it to Victoria; again he refused to listen to her impatient. "I can never deceive you," he said, referring to his own mind rather than to the truth of course. He had never wished to marry any one else. Moreover, he did love her.

"At this moment a servant entered with a message for Cecil. It should have been by the morning post, and had now come by special messenger. He looked at the handwriting, and a flush ran to his cheek. "What is it?" inquired Victoria. "Oh, nothing," he replied, putting it into his pocket. "Then why did you flush so?" "Oh, did I?" "Certainly you did."

"It is because I am nervous since father's death, I suppose," he replied. "Why don't you open the packet, then?" Victoria demanded. "I can't," said Cecil. "I want to talk to you just now." "I haven't heard all I need, Victoria, say you will be my wife; say if, or swear I shall be a ruined man." "No one ought to let a woman's refusal ruin him," said Victoria. "But you don't mean to refuse me?" Cecil exclaimed, with a look of surprise. "How in the dark?"

"I cannot explain; I can only tell you that I love you; but I feel it is in the dark." "How in the dark?" "I cannot explain; I can only tell you that I love you; but I feel it is in the dark." "How in the dark?" "I cannot explain; I can only tell you that I love you; but I feel it is in the dark."

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