BE DONE.

PROLOGUE.

CHAPTER I. "Starvation's a deuced unpleasant thing, Madeline."

"Yes, so it is." The first speaker was a man of about thirty years of age, with a thin dark face, to whose keen eyes and clear cut features a life of shifts had given a hungry hawk-like look. And the submissive answer came from the lips of a woman in whom the virtue of submission was evidently not natural but acquired; a tall massive woman, with a commanding figure, and a beautiful fair face whose grey eyes could look shrewd as well as soft, and round whose red lips there were already indications of future lines of resolu-

tion as well as passion. Her gentle tone of sympathy jarred upon his savage, sullen discontent.

"Yes, dear, yes, dear!" he repeated impatiently, mimicking her. "Is that all you have to say? Don't you know what starvation means?"

"Yes, Louis," she said submissively, rising from the armchair in which she had been indolently sitting, and crossing the room to him as he sat by the table staring fixedly out of the window and across the courtyard to the opposite side of the hotel. "It means no food and then death, doesn't it?'

"Those are the first and the last stages, but there are many others—worse ones—in

between."

"Are there?" she asked indifferently, as she went down on her knees beside him and laid her head softly against his shoulder. Then, as he moved impatiently, she added in a pleading voice: "Don't be angry with me, Louis, for not being frightened enough at the prospect. By and by, when you are gone out and I am sitting alone here in the dark, then shall remember what you said, and I shall feel it and perhaps I shall cry; but while I am with you all sad things seem to fall on but your unhappy face can make me unhappy or seem worth troubling about. So you see, my dear husband, it is not because I am stupid that I don't mind the thought arms I don't care what I die of."

The man turned and examined her face in cold curious wonder. His passion for her | "we shall dine well to-day at least. I think had died out months ago; the monotony of her unswerving affection bored him, and the cynical knowledge that it was entirely selves, and I love St. Germain." undeserved made him look upon the too generous giver with contempt rather than with the freedom of a foreigner, had gone with gratitude. The extravagance of her last assertion, which he did not for a moment believe, attracted his attention.

"Do you mean to tell me, Madeline, that it is nothing to you whether you live on a first floor on the Boulevard Malesherbes, as we did three months ago, or exist like condemned criminals in one little dingy cell stray wanderers from the idle world.

with scarcely room to turn?" And he glanged round the room—a little unpretending bed and sitting-room combined, which hardly deserved his savage criticism; though everything in it, from the tarnished gilt clock, which did not go, to the velvet-pile carpet, whose blue roses and crimson leaves had lost all their startling originality, betrayed the taste of the past. No, Louis, it is something to me where we live, because it makes so much d fference

"Oh, as to that," said he, throwing himself back in his chair and assuming a carecustom. If I were used to second floors and

them." would not have believed her capable of showing after any statement from his lips. But during the twelve months which had Louis de Breteuil she had learnt a good many things which that gentleman prided perfectly well that the prosperity he had and which had continued until three months cheap restaurants were luxuries beyond his tening silence. reach. She had never dared to question had so suddenly come to an end; indeed, close to a window that overlooked the slopcertain other facts mysterious only to her, | trees of an old-fashioned garden, Madeline with a placid acquiescence proceeding sang first some lively French chansonettes, partly from indolence, partly from ignor- glancing from time to time at Louis with inance, and partly from faith. Thus, while | stinctive affectionate coquetry; then letting the ease with which the brilliant Louis had her eyes wander out to the evening beauty of managed to obtain a firm footing in a certain | the landscape below, she broke into the tenfast but exclusive set in Parisian society was | der old melody of "Home, sweet Home," a common topic, the circumstance that it | which she sang through with feeling which was only the gentlemen of this set whom kept the Englishman at least spellbound, ing by birth to the lower middle class, was De Breteuil watched him. easy to deceive on any point concerning bility of whose sayings and doings, as recorded in the literature of her own her own class, nodded to her and glanced at the door. had often surprised her. She had a beautiful home, handsomer dresses than almost Mr. Staunton must see the terrace. any of the ladies she saw at the Opera, in | With an uneasy glance from Louis to the the Bois, or at the races, and she had Louis stranger and back again to Louis, she obedi--or at least as much of Louis as his many ently left the room. in his position. For Louis de Breteuil had of Louis. taken the world of Paris by storm; had cut out the young Parisians by his skill in rid- quickly. ing, driving, love making, by the quality of was a French Canadian whose fortune, left table to ask if it is for sale, I believe." him by an uncle, was derived from oil-springs "Ah," said Madeline, "animals of all kinds in Pennsylvania; but the general ignorance are my husband's passion. A horse that nopearance and manner, and a certain unaf- him as if they were human; and I think the laboriously wicked golden youth of The last words she uttered rather bitterly. I'aris, forever striving toward an ideal of "Indeed !" said Mr. Staunton, with grave paper, "that for the next few days I shall depravity which their little wits find as interest; and there was a short pause, durideal of sanctity.

Louis de Breteuil's reign, if short had been glorious; and the audacity of his abdication was worthy of the brilliancy of his throne. For, instead of waiting until the tide of his prosperity had run out, and vanished with debts unpaid and the reputation of a ruined swindler, De Breteuil had announced his intention of visiting the Eastwhich is a very vague term, and suggestive of the splendor with which his name was associated-had given sumptuous farewell entertainments, had paid enough of his bills to leave the impression that it was failure of memory and not of money which caused him to leave the rest unpaid; had sold his furniture, his pictures, his horses, dismissed his servants, and taken his departure, leaving behind him a reputation bad indee I, but for which half the well-born young men of Paris would have given ten years of their abortive lives. He wanted to be further away from his late acquaintances than any ship could take him : so, instead of going to the other side of the world he went to the other side of the Seine, and lived the life of a poor bourgeois, and, when the summer heat grew too intolerable in the little room on the second floor, he would take Madeline for a few sous on a steamer to St. Cloud, without one fear that the humble couple trudging along in the dust should be recognised as the brilliant De Breteuil and the

very other well-dressed woman in Paris. If, in carrying out this transformation, his temper had proved worthy of his intellect, De Breteuil would have been heroic; but the feat of accommodating his mind, as he did his habits, to circumstances was just a little beyond his powers, and was left to Madeline, who wore a cotton gown, made by her own hands, with the same natural majesty which had attracted all eyes when, at race-meeting or review, she had come straight from the approving inspection of

woman whose toilettes had been envied by

Worth. Now, as she knelt beside Louis's chair, my ears without any meaning, and nothing listening to his gibes at second floors and cheap restaurants, she looked like a queen in exile, while he seemed to have sunk already to the level of his present position, and to bear the stamp of adventurer on his of starving; it is only that if I die in your stooping shoulders and haggard hang-dog

> "Well, Louis," she said, after a pause, Mr. Staunton is rich, I am certain he is generous. I am sure we shall enjoy our-

Mr. Staunton was an Englishman who, from Paris to St. Cloud by steamer two days ago, and made acquaintance with De Breteuil and his beautiful wife, and had begged them to come and dine with him when and where they pleased. St. Germain had been chosen as a place where, in this the beginning of July, they were not likely to meet

"Ah, yes," said Louis, with some animation at the mention of their new acquaintance, "it is getting near the time when he promised to call for us. You must get ready, Madeline, and-and you may make yourself beautiful once more—put on one of your handsome dresses you have so nobly laid aside lately; no one is likely to see us, and you must show your countryman what French taste can do for English beauty."

When Mr. Staunton arrived, and Madame Louis, as she was called in the hotel, swept down the stairs toward him in a cloud of de-138 tone, "of course it is a mere matter of licate lace which showed here and there, the Stock Exchange. He was not kind to as she moved, a fold of dainty shellcheap restaurants, I daresay I should like tinted silk, the Englishman, unprepared for wanted me to go on the stage, which I this transformation in the woman whose thought was wrong, so I would not go; He was not looking at Madeline, or he beauty had already made a strong impresmight have read in her face an expression sion upon him, looked upon her with a wor- cold and selfish, though that was the only of contemp nous incredulity, such as he shipful admiration which De Breteuil noted thing in which I would not obey him. And keenly. All through the long drive to St. | then, when we had been married eighteen Germain Louis said very little, leaving the months, he disappeared; and by that time," talk almost entirely to the stranger and she went on naively, "he had made me so elapsed since her hurried marriage with Madeline; but at dinner he woke up into very unhappy that I did not try very hard sudden liveliness: his animation affected his to find him. And then at last I learnt that companions, and Madeline, as she saw him he was dead, and I married M. de ---, I htmself on keeping secret, and she knew enjoying himself once more, grew fairer with mean my present husband, and he brought the happiness which sparkled in her eyes and enjoyed since she first made his acquaintance, | glowed in her cheeks. And when dinner was over, and De Breteuil told her to sing of the present time, had been preceded by a to them, the first soft notes that fell from period during wnich even second floors and her lips put them both under a spell of lis-

It was at the Pavilion Henri Quatre that him as to the sources of the wealth which they were dining; their table was drawn up she accepted that mystery, as well as ing hill and the quaintly-cut box and yew she ever met woke no suspicion in the in. gazing at the beautiful singer with admira genuous young Englishwoman, who, belong- | tion which was almost devotion. And still

Madeline's voice quivered on the last that vague "society," the curious improba- notes; as she ended, Mr. Staunton's enthusiastic thanks almost startled her. Louis

"Go and put on your bonnet, my dear.

engagements would allow. And these en. When she returned, Mr. Staunton alone gagements grew ever more numerous, as a was waiting for her. The expression of

man's are apt to do as the honeymoon fades easy good-humored enjoyment which his into the past. But his empire over her was face had worn throughout the day had distoo strong for her to complain; and never appeared: he looked so cold and so grave having been a spoilt woman, she consoled that Madeline stopped short in the doorherself for his neglect by the pride she took | way, and glanced round anxiously in search

"Where is my husband?" she asked,

"M. Louis will join us, madame, if you his horses, the cut of his coats, the daring will do me the pleasure of starting with me of his speech; and had become the Admira- toward the terrace," said he, with curious ble Crichton of the frivolous life of the stiffness. "He was much struck with a boulevards. Nobody knew more about him horse on which a gentleman has just ridden by nothing baser than time or trouble, satison his first appearance in Paris than that he up to the hotel, and he followed it to the

concerning his antecedents, his name, and body but himself can ride, a fierce dog that his title, had weighed lightly in the balance nobody else dares to approach unless it is was writing on it with a pencil. "And, against an unmistakable distinction of ap- chained up, seem to understand and obey tected sincerity of cynicism which dazzled Louis loves them better than if they were."

fondness of his for animals, which takes him -and driving ?"

She looked up at him in some surprise. What there had been of sternness in his face a few minutes ago had given place to a kind, sad look of compassion and sympathy, which suddenly brought the tears to her eyes and made her stop in her walk for a few on, involuntarily hurrying her steps a little.

"Yes -no," she answered, nervously. Then, stopping again, and looking straight into his face with her frank eyes, she said : "You think I am unhappy, I see, and that I of the road?" am jealous of my husband's love for his

horses. I am not, indeed ; I- What makes

you think I am unhappy?" she asked, in a different tone, with curiosity and suspicion. Mr. Staunton had stopped too, and he ton?' was answering her questioning gaze with a look as frank as her own, full of deepest thirteen." pity,-pity that surprised, alarmed her, and brought the blood to her cheeks. He hesitated, as if debating desperately within himself whether he should tell her something. But he turned away sharply, muttering, in a voice too low for her to hear

distinctly, "God! I can't tell her!" "What are you saying? what do you mean ?" Madeline asked, abruptly, alarmed,

but retaining her dignity. Instead of answering, he asked her

in France-in Paris-Madame?" "Friends? No-o; at least, I know-I knew-I have met a good many people, see or hear them. She said hurriedly to the druggist's and for twenty-five cents get but I can hardly call them friends.'

friendless—"

interrupted, sharply. "And what can a silly to tell my feeling, doesn't it?" she woman want more than a good, loving-" She checked herself, and, facing him again, asked, slowly, "What has he been saying have too many friends, and I am thankto you? Ah! I know-I can guess; I was afraid of that," she faltered, in boy," said he kindly. a lower voice, losing her self-control. not that?"

are very fond of him?" he asked, after a were staying, and when, with a warm presshort silence.

low voice that it sounded like a soft sigh.

sider my impertinence." "O no, indeed I don't," broke in Made- She reached her room, lit a candle, and

that you are-good."

Mr. Staunton promptly took advantage of her permission, and said simply, "You have been married before, madam?'

She looked rather astonished, but an-

swered at dnce: "Yes. Three years ago, when I was nineteen, and a teacher in a school, I married a man named Meredith." She paused; but as her hearer was evidently much interested, continued: "He was a clerk on me: he drank, and neglected me, and and he complained that I was hard and me over to France, and then for the first time I learnt what it is to be happy."

"And you are sure your first husband is really dead?" asked Mr. Staunton slowly. "Oh, yes. I saw the announcement in two papers, and I heard all about it from Louis besider."

"From Louis, your present husband, you say?" significantly.

But there was no suspicion in her eyes, and again Mr. Staunton found himself unable, voluntarily, to call it up there. He looked away from her for a minute, and then said, "And so you are afraid that soon you may be forced to seperate for

"I-I am afraid so," tremulously. "At least, Louis has hinted that."

"And what will you do? "I don't know-yet. But I have been used to earn my own living, and I have learnt some French, and I am not at all a helpless woman. And, with the thought of helping to form a home some day for Louis and me, I feel that I shall get on-yes, further than seems possible now," said she, with a quiet bright resolution with deepened alike Mr. Staunton's pity and his admir-

"I quite believe that; I am sure you would meet any trial, no matter how severe," said he, with emphasis, "in the most courageous and high hearted manner. But the world is very hard for women, and although I know that many brave girls do struggle on alone and successfully, still the battle is much less hard if they have friends in whom they can trust. Will you trust in my friendship?"

Madeline fixed her long gray eyes thoughtfully upon his face. She was an experienced judge of faces, and a very short examination of the kind brown eyes, irongray beard, and the lines and furrows worn fied her. "Yes," she answered simply.

"Very well. Then I will give you my private address in England." He had taken some letters out of his pocket, and having found a spare half-sheet of paper, in case you should want any help or any advice sooner than you expect, I will let you know just where I shall be for the next fortnight. You see," and he gave her the be at Lyons, and after the 8th I shall be at

And so this is a little trouble to you, this a stockbroker, traveling with valuable securities which I must deliver in Turin by away from you a good deal, perhaps-riding the 9th; and I have some business to do in Lyons before then."

> "You are a stockbroker !" "Don't look so shocked; I am not one of the very worst."

"Oh, no, no; but-" "Ah, of course. Your first husband was in a stockbroker's office, you say; Mereseconds. She recovered herself, and went dith, I think you said his name was. Iswas he on the House himself ?" "Yes, I believe so. Yes; I am sure of

> They had turned, and were walking back toward the hotel. Madeline had time for more questions before they rejoined him. "Have you any daughters, Mr. Staun-

"Is not that M. Louis on the other side

"No. I have only one child-a boy o

"You are very fond of him?" "Very. They say I worship Gerald." "Gerald Staunton," she repeated softly. "I wonder if I shall ever meet him?"

"I hope so. In the mean time, remember, if you are in any difficulty, write to me; I am a widower, and have no one to than ever. How can you accomplish this interfere with my correspondence. If you result? Easily; cut down your doctor's want my presence I will come, if I can."

had marvellously sharp ears. But as they fore low-spirited, don't rush off to the another question: "Have you any friends crossed the road slowly to where he was family physician for a prescription, or, on standing, cigar in mouth, looking at the sun- | the other hand, wait until you are sick abed set between the trees, he did not appear to before doing anything at all; but just go to her companion, in a low voice.

that pain you, I am almost old enough to may meet your darling son, and be able to terested (except the doctor), will feel happy. be your father, and to see a young lady so do him some kindness or some service to show you I am grateful. I know I am not "Friendless! I have my husband," she likely to have the chance; and it sounds added timidly.

"No, my dear young lady. No man can ful to have made another friend for my

Madeline felt, when Louis became aware "He told you that, now we are of their approach, and they all walked back poor, we shall have to live apart for a time, to the hotel, that there was an awkward did he not? He has hinted it to me, but constraint between the two men; and this never dared to say it outright; he is so feeling grew so strong during the return afraid of wounding me, poor fellow! Was it drive that she felt quite relieved when the victoria stopped at the porte-cochere of the Mr. Staunton did not answer. "You dingy third-rate hotel where she and Louis ure of the hand, Mr. Staunton looked into "O yes." The reply was given in such a her face kindly and gravely for the last time. She did not notice his parting with "Ah! And he is very fond of you, of Louis, for something in the Englishman's course. Don't be angry with me for my pitying face had suddenly woke a rang of impertinence-or what you, no doubt, con- horror and fear in her heart that made her turn quickly away and hurry up stairs.

line, with a shrewd, unmirthful little laugh. | pored over a half-sheet of scrawled addresses "I know the world and the people in it bet- almost reverently with glistening eyes. ter than you think. There are gentlemen, Suddenly the paper was taken from her, friends of my husband, whom I have to re- and, looking up with a cry, she saw Louis, ceive and talk to, whose very look is an im- who examined the scrawl carefully, and pertinence; and I have learnt to be discrim- | then folded it up and put it in his pocket. inating. I will listen to whatever you have Then, still without speaking, he got a writto say. I will answer any questions you ing-case, placed it on the table before her, like, for I know that you are kind, I know drew the inkstand forward, and put a pen her hand.

> "Now write what I tell you," said he very gently, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "My dear sir-"

> She wrote obediently, with trembling "Can you fulfil your promise, and come

and see me? I would not trouble you, but my need is urgent—and it has indeed come soon, as you prophesied-" dictated he. She wrote the first few words in stupid,

timid, unreasoning submission. But as he spoke the words, "My need is urgent," her hand stopped. As soon as he noticed that she was not

writing-for her eyes were fixed on the opposite wall as he arranged the sentencehe shook her by the shoulder. "Well, go

fear, and looked up into his face in heart sick wonder. "What does it mean? What is it for,

"Never mind. Write as I tell you." from head to foot. Then, with a great sigh, as if she found it hard to draw breath, she

mind. Now sign it, 'Madeline.'" She did so, and he passed the blotting paper over it, took it from her, wrote one word at | Herr, instead of him. the top of the page—it was the name of a place she had never heard of-folded it, put it into an envelope, and dictated the direction: "M. Staunton, Hotel Collet,

She made one out cry as he put the pen again into her hand. "O Louis, for God's sake tel. me what it means !"

"It is all right, you shall know presently my darling," said he. "Now you are tired; you had better go to bed at once. I came up without finishing my cigar; I think I must run down and have one in the court

"Louis-one moment I don't understand. You must have overheard-" He laughed as he parted her shoulder

good-humoredly. "Well, I confess it. When I went to join you. I felt a little jealous to see how well you and the Englishman seemed to be getting on together; so J followed you pretty closely, and you know I have sharp ears; and when I saw you almost whispering to him as you came toward me, I thought to myself that I would play you a little trick to puzzle you, and punish you for exchanging so much as the shadow of a confidence with any one but your hus-

He gave her a long kiss which filled the loving woman's eyes with light and life. But through all the happiness which his unusual tenderness woke in her, she did not forget to whisper, "Oh Louis, thank God, thank God! You need never, never be jealous with me. And your pune with !"

And he laughed at her and kissed her again; and she clung to him and forgot everything else for the moment in the joy of feeling his reviving tenderness. But when he had gone down-stairs for his cigar, ugly misgivings would rise again to trouble her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

hard to reach as ever anchorite found his ing which they sauntered on toward the ter. Turin for a week. I should like to be able throughout Berlin by women, who did the Toronto. Branch Offices: 4 John St. N., race, both thoughtful and preoccupied. to stay a few days longer in Paris, but I am | work so quietly that they were not noticed. | Hamilton; 10) Colborne St., Brantford.

She Couldn't Under and It

"What in the world has happened to you since the last time I saw you?" asked one lady of another when they met on the street the other day; "I can't understand Then you were pale, haggard and lowspirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. To day you look ever so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight." "Yes, indeed," was the reply; " and shall I tell you what drove them away? It was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was a martyr to functional derangement until I began taking the 'Prescription.' Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. No woman who suffers as I did, ought to let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy."

A magazine writer has been discussing the question, "Will the coming man read books?" Not if he has to nurse the baby while his wi'e attends women's rights conventions.

How to Reduce Your Expenses. You can do it easily, and you will not have to deprive yourself of a single comfort; on the contrary, you will enjoy life more bills. When you lose your appetite, and Madeline glanced in terror at Louis, who become bilious and constipated, and therea supply of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Her hesitating answer seemed to him "I cannot thank you; I am sure you Pellets. Take them as directed, and our pathetic. He spoke more gently than don't expect to be thanked, for you are word for it, your unpleasant symptoms will good because you cannot help it. But I disappear as if by magic, you will have no "Forgive me, madame, if I say things have been praying God that some day I big doctor's bill to pay, and everybody in-

> This is the festive season of the county fair, when the big pumpkin vies with the pretty country girl for the attention of the crowd, and gets left every time, world without end.

A Prize of \$100,000.

is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning \$100,0 0 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery, if he takes Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in time. For all scrofulous diseases (consumption is one of them), it is an unfailing remedy. All druggists.

Domestic-"What will I get for breakfast? There isn't a bit of bread in the house." Mrs. Youngwife-"Dear, dear,! that is too bad! I suppose you had better make toast.

Coff No More.

Watson's cough drops are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. See that the letters R. & T.W. are stamped on each drop.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

"What was Nero's greatest act of cruelty?" asked a teacher of the class in history. "Playin' the fiddle," was the prompt response, and the teacher let it go at that.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggiste, 50 cents.

"Waiter ! such a little bit of sausage for ten cents, and it smells, too!" "Well, if it was bigger I guess 'twould smell worse !" The Sporting Record,

In Book form, contains a correct record of the Fast-EST TIME and best performances in all DEPARTMENTS of Sport, Aquatic and Athletic performances, Billiard, Racing and Trotting records, Baseball, Cricket, Lacrosse, etc. Price 6c. Stamps taken. Address all orders to THE RECORD, 50 Front St. East, Toronto, Canada, Room No. 15.

Customer-"What do you sell these cigars for ?" Clerk (absently) - "Havanas - but Then she turned her head slowly and in | they ain't by a long chalk !"

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Bufferers are not generally aware that these diseases Louis?" she asked, in a husky guttural are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the note and eustachian tubes. Microscopio research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a She hesitated a moment more, shaking simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 808 King "What a scrawl, my child! Never Street West Toronto, Canada.

There is something very Irish about the Germans. They speak of a gentleman as

A GENEROUS COMPANY. - A beautiful present will be given by the Breadmakers Yeast Company, of Toronto, to nearly every one, as long as they last-first come first served. The most accomplished woman has still something worthy to be added to her list if she has never yet made a good sweet white loaf of bread. To encourage the art of Home Bread-making this Company have secured ten thousand presents, which will be sent to all who comply with their terms. They want all who are old enough either to follow directions or work under instructions, to learn how to make bread. They will take your word for it when you have succeeded to your own satisfaction in using their Hop Yeast, and write them to say so, enclosing a wrapper of a five cent package of THE BREADMAKERS' YEAST, when they will send in return a lovely gift. This offer is open to any young lady, girl, single or married woman, matron or housekeeper, who has never before made a loaf of bread. Any person having domestic charge of a household who is not now baking for the family, and who will commence by using their yeast, and who will send to them the wrapper of a package, and write to that effect, will receive a still better class of gift than that above offered. Better yet: any one at present making their own bread, using their own or other yeast, but who will buy a five cent package of the Breadmakers' Yeast from any grocer or storekeeper, and, after using, will write and say that their Yeast is Superior, they will believe heralso, ishment was too hard. That note-I-I and will astonish that lady by return mail don't know what mad fancies it filled me with a lovely gift. You must get the yeast from your own grocer. Don't send money to the Company direct.

> It hasn't yet been definitely settled at what age an unmarried female becomes a chestnut.

Free! Free!! Free!!! A Book of Instruction and Price List on Dyeing and Cleaning, to be had gratis by calling at any of our offices, or by post by sending your address to R. Parker & Co., 81,000 Socialist pamphlets were delivered Dyers and Cleaners, 759 to 763 Yonge St.,