

WHY WOOLLEN BLANKETS WEAR THIN.

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Sir, I have just come round myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me.

Yes, sir, you have! Surely you are mistaken, madam! I am not mistaken. I sent round my little girl a few days ago for a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things in all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ruined, sir, and it's your fault!

Yes, but I sent what I usually send in such cases. What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I find you usually send her the same soap.

But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it. Named a better brand! How was I to know anything of brands? But I know better, now, and I know what ruined my blankets—and my hands are in a nice plight, too!

I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands.

Well, I was telling Mrs. Nell my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it.

Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive power of soda upon wool very graphically.

"After mentioning how strong alkali such as potash and soda, disastrously affect cotton, linen, and wool, he says:—

"On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our hospitals, which, when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and that led to an investigation as to whether the blankets were genuine or not. They looked well, and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that there was cotton mixed with

the wool, and the question was as to separating the two, because they were thoroughly woven throughout, and it was only by detaching the fine fibres from each other that you identified the cotton fibre. I fell on the device of using soda. I took a bit of blanket and put it in a vessel with soda, and boiled it there, and very quickly the wool got away by the soda, and there was left behind the cotton as a kind of skeleton—a sort of ghost—of the original blanket out of which it was taken. I mention this merely to indicate to you the pernicious effects of using caustic materials, which, when employed strong by themselves, affect woollen articles in this way, and which, even when not very strong, will more slowly, but with equal certainty, tend to destroy the woollen fibre.

Now, I want to tell you that we neighbors have had a talk over the matter, and we are not going to have our clothes and hands ruined in this way. Several of our neighbors who know have proved to us that Washing Soda, Potash, Chloride of Lime, and "soap substitutes" are most injurious to clothes and hands. "Free alkali" in soaps is practically the caustic soda that burns the clothes. Why, you dare not keep Caustic Soda in a tin canister; it must be in an earthen jar, or it will even corrode the tin! Now, it's for you to provide us with pure soap without free alkali, or we must find it elsewhere.

Madam, you enlighten me! So many soaps are advertised as pure, that I really took little heed to any difference between them.

I have one, however, that has medical certificates of its freedom from free alkali. It is guaranteed pure; and the makers offer \$5,000 reward to any one who can prove it is not pure, and further, I am authorized to return the purchase money to any one finding cause for complaint.

Let me see it! Why, Sunlight Soap! It's a beautiful clean, fresh-looking soap, and this Octagon shape is very handy. Give me five bars.

Note by the grocer.—This whole neighborhood is using Sunlight Soap now. There are no more complaints. I have no room in my store now for reclusive competitors of alkali poisons; but it is not the grocer's fault if the public are satisfied with common soap. If the public see for Sunlight Soap—colours last—see to it there.

BROADBRIER'S LETTER.

'stands Visited by God's Heaviest Curse.

THE DEATHS OF NOTED MEN

LIVES THAT WERE GREAT HAVE GONE OUT.

A Great Naval Commander Dies in Sorrow—A Shocking Fratricide—Reminiscences of the Men Who Have Passed Beyond Earthly Ken.

(This correspondence, letter No. 1,204, New York, May 16, 1902, will be one of the red letter days of history as long as time shall last. Far away among the islands of the sea two of the most beautiful of the Antilles have been visited by the heaviest curse. There are few more beautiful spots on the face of the earth than the islands of Martinique and St. Vincent. They are very little about being up-to-date. The wonderful civilization of the world have little charm for them. They prefer the good old ways of their fathers and so dream on from age to age satisfied with their surroundings. Simple in their wants, the abundance of the earth yields without much exertion supplies their every need, and so they might dream on till the last judgment call. The inhabitants of the two islands are entirely different. Martinique being French and St. Vincent English. The difference in the inhabitants of the two islands can be better imagined than described. Neither of them are subject to great changes in their population as the nations in other portions of the globe which are nearer in touch with each other and all the world beside.

It is too early yet to give an account of the calamity which has befallen these West Indian islands, but we know it is fearful. It comes with a peculiar terror when in an instant, almost in a twinkling of an eye, beautiful towns and cities and thousands of industrious population are swept from the face of the earth and blotting from time's calendar, leaving no record that they had ever been except a vast bed of consuming fire, like that which blotted from existence Sodom and Gomorrah of old, and which in 2,900 years ago, razed Pompeii with all of its beautiful surroundings, and which, after 1,800 years of entombment is given back to us exhibiting almost every act of its daily life. We know the story of its destruction for here, where the dead, we have the living proofs, the merchant still vends his wares, the luxurious noble is stricken down on his way to the beautiful marble bath, an absolute necessity to Roman life. The Roman sentinel still mounts guard at the city gate, he sees the danger, he faces the death which is inevitable and near at hand, but true to the demand of duty, he seems to fly, and so never returns to the living testimony of his virtue, fidelity and faith. In our own land a series of phenomenal scenes have passed in review, a mighty representative of the prince of peace has been called by the Almighty to his reward. At the capital of the nation a great naval commander gave up the ghost in sorrow, for by a misunderstanding which should never have occurred his sun went down in darkness and clouds. The splendid and noblest of the highest in the nation rendered at his passage to the grave can bring no joy to the desolate heart now still and silent. The escort which followed his mortal and honored remains led by his widow, surrounded by his wise advisers, were there to render their tribute of honor and love. The eyes of beauty were dimmed with sorrowful tears as the procession passed slowly on to the rear admiral's last resting place, where he was indeed buried in consecrated ground, every inch of which was made holy by the ashes of the nation's defenders. Many of his companions in death have gone down in the shock of battle, their presence being, like that of the immortal Nathan Hale, "that he had but one life to give." The unseemly strife which has disturbed the nation's peace ever since the death of our hero, is no more. His life, from the first hour he entered in the nation's service, needs no vindication. The fair page of his history comes to us without a blemish, and so we pass it to our posterity without a stain. Trust among the brave, trust among the true, we lay him gently and lovingly beneath the earth, there to rest in peace till the last great call summons the quick and the dead to their common home. We are following all that was mortal of our great admiral to the necropolis where rest many of those who were his companions in a number of the most eventful scenes of his life, and all the honors that a grateful people render to the honored ashes of the dead, another grand pageant of the metropolis of the republic was passing slowly down to the grandest mausoleum on the American continent to lay the ashes of their beloved archbishop in the crypt of that noble temple which was to be the scene of his final earthly rest. Small gatherings and processions have assembled to do honor to the sacred ashes of their dead, but no religious pageant ever seen in this land could compare with the gathering that bore the honored form of Michael Corrigan to the splendid cathedral of St. Patrick.

No doubt that in his quiet moments his vision looked forward to the hour when he should appear before his Lord and Master to give an account of his stewardship, and in that dreamy state he might have seen in that vision assembled thousands of the flock of which he was the earthly shepherd, while in thought he wandered among the delights, the riches and the fruit of Carman with its abundance of wealth, and money, he raised his eyes and before him lay the emblems of his priestly authority, the crozier and the miter, the proofs of his earthly commission. When the spirit had spoken out of his mortal clay, and no further benefit was to be expected from him by the earthly church, that he should have behind would they pay the same reverence, honor and respect to the ashes of the dead that they

did to the mortal clay of the living? If he had let his fancy soar away to the uttermost limit of human ken he never could have dreamed of the magnificent homage and respect to the ashes of their beloved archbishop dead greater than he has ever known or hoped for in his life. The distance from the archiepiscopal residence is only a few blocks from the cathedral of St. Patrick, where the archbishop was laid to rest. Nearly a thousand acolytes led the way and a thousand priests, faithful ministers of Christ, were there to do honor to Christ's vicar. The avenue was crowded, and, although thousands upon thousands were assembled, there were no unnecessary noises to disturb the communion between the living and the dead. He had, indeed, been a faithful servant of Him who offered up his life as an atonement and redemption for sinners at all times, and now the hour has come when he should return to his Master the crozier and the miter, the emblems of his commission and power and standing there, naked as he was born, all that was earthly about him had been dissolved like the morning dew as he stood before the great white throne to be invested in an angel's robe of spotless white and to receive for his fidelity the crown of everlasting light and the harp of gold on which he stroged during the reign of his Lord forever and forevermore.

Never before in our country's history did our people realize in its fulness the great power of the Roman Catholic church. Within the memory of living men it was but an insignificant factor in our national politics, but to-day it challenges our respect and honor wherever its name is known. No wonder that it has increased its numbers, wealth and influence. It has survived the prejudices that existed in our country fifty years ago, and never was the change illustrated more fully than it was in a great religious gathering held at Carnegie hall a few months ago when the great missionary who had been absent in New Guinea for thirty years and who in that time had succeeded in gathering a half dozen natives who had been saved as brands from the burning, he desired to know how the gospel progressed during the years of his absence and whether any successful efforts had been made to convert the Catholics and the Jews. A fellow missionary to whom the question was addressed pointed to the window of a Jewish institution, magnificent in its proportions, and rich in its ornaments, which existed but a few blocks away. It is of little use, he replied, to seek the conversion of those who do not see exercising such an influence in the charitable and religious world. If it were not that I knew they desire no proselytes I should not be surprised at any time to hear that they had accepted the Christian faith. It was the spring Christians who had wandered away from the fold. There was but little evidence of grief in the vast throng that followed the remains of the archbishop to St. Patrick's cathedral. When the great and noble man who stood in the presence of his Master to receive his cross and crown and to hear the words from those immortal lips, "Well done, well done, thou good and faithful servant," But while this religious pageant stirred the hearts of this community as it has seldom been stirred before, a shocking fratricide took place on Thursday for which, thank God, the annals of the world have but few parallels. Malcolm Ford might be called the leading representative of one of the proudest and most aristocratic families in the borough of Brooklyn, more widely known in former times as the family of the Duke of Marlborough. The splendid and noblest of the highest in the nation rendered at his passage to the grave can bring no joy to the desolate heart now still and silent. The escort which followed his mortal and honored remains led by his widow, surrounded by his wise advisers, were there to render their tribute of honor and love. The eyes of beauty were dimmed with sorrowful tears as the procession passed slowly on to the rear admiral's last resting place, where he was indeed buried in consecrated ground, every inch of which was made holy by the ashes of the nation's defenders. Many of his companions in death have gone down in the shock of battle, their presence being, like that of the immortal Nathan Hale, "that he had but one life to give." The unseemly strife which has disturbed the nation's peace ever since the death of our hero, is no more. His life, from the first hour he entered in the nation's service, needs no vindication. The fair page of his history comes to us without a blemish, and so we pass it to our posterity without a stain. Trust among the brave, trust among the true, we lay him gently and lovingly beneath the earth, there to rest in peace till the last great call summons the quick and the dead to their common home. We are following all that was mortal of our great admiral to the necropolis where rest many of those who were his companions in a number of the most eventful scenes of his life, and all the honors that a grateful people render to the honored ashes of the dead, another grand pageant of the metropolis of the republic was passing slowly down to the grandest mausoleum on the American continent to lay the ashes of their beloved archbishop in the crypt of that noble temple which was to be the scene of his final earthly rest. Small gatherings and processions have assembled to do honor to the sacred ashes of their dead, but no religious pageant ever seen in this land could compare with the gathering that bore the honored form of Michael Corrigan to the splendid cathedral of St. Patrick.

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Women And Jewels. Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preferences. Even that greatest of all jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to save the money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boscher's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not a cure-all, but it is a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get this reliable remedy at Wade's drug store.

Trouser Goodness. We can't change the weather, but we can help you change your trousers, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, fine worsted at \$3, \$3.50, \$4 pair. The H. D. Bibby Co.

START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.

If you are not already using MONSOON Tea, we would ask you to get a packet from your grocer. It is the most delicious of all teas.

MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA



CONTELLI SPOOL SILK MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING SILK. Unequaled for Hand or Machine Use. CONTELLI is the smoothest, strongest and best Spool Silk made. For over sixty years this silk has been a favorite with almost every household in the country. CONTELLI BUTTONHOLE TWINE is furnished put up on 10 and 12 yard spools. Both Spool Silk and Buttonhole Twine are made in colors to match all standard dress goods found in the market.

F. G. LOCKETT, Sole Local Agents for the SLATER SHOE.

years he stood without a rival. Having no settled means poverty stared him in the face. He was frequently an applicant to his brother Paul for himself and boy from day to day. No greater contrast could be conceived than the physical difference between the brothers. Paul Leicester was a hunchback and dwarf; Malcolm was a well developed giant, one of the finest specimens of physical perfection to be found in his country. On Thursday last he called on his brother, soliciting his aid, which Paul said he desired to give. High words ensued, when suddenly Malcolm drew a self-cocking Smith & Wesson pistol from his pocket. He placed the muzzle close to his brother's side and murdered him at the desk where he was writing, then turning to a female attendant, he said, "See me kill myself." He placed the muzzle of the revolver nearest his heart, fired, and in an instant, he reeled on the floor, dead. The phenomenal fact of the death of the two brothers startled the community, when it was shown that the brothers were to sleep side by side in the city of the dead. It is useless to inquire why the course was taken. It is generally believed that Malcolm was insane on the subject of his father's will. It preyed on his mind night and day, when hungry creditors came knocking at the door. This verdict is considered just by the relatives that remain and so they bury his errors with his body in the grave.

THE SLATER SHOE. It has an inside and an outside! The inside of a pudding, like the inside of a shoe, is the most serious part of it. If "the proof of the pudding is in the eating" the proof of a shoe is in the wearing of it. It is the wear of \$3.50 and \$5.00 Slater Shoes, which proves the materials put into them equal to their appearance. Price-control, by the Makers helps the inside of Slater shoes, even more than the outside. Booklet "Shoe Identities" explains why.

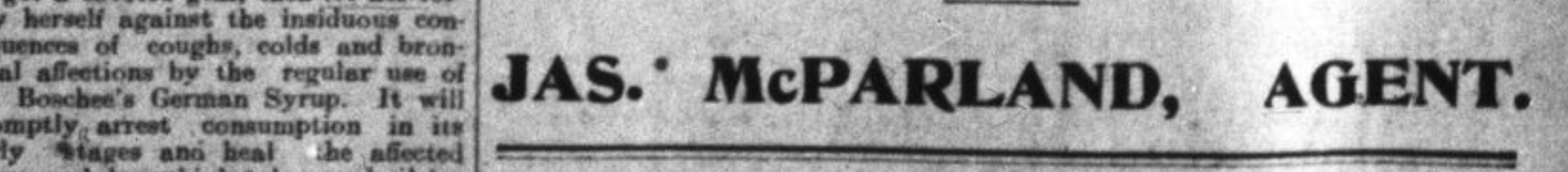
F. G. LOCKETT, Sole Local Agent

THE CHEAPEST CANNOT BE THE BEST.

LABATT'S

Is Undoubtedly The Best Ale On The Market. It is Remarkable For Its Purity.

JAS. McPARLAND, AGENT.



\$30.00 EAGLET BICYCLE. Cut this ad. out for \$1.00. State whether you wish Best or Cheapest. EAGLET Bicycles, light of frame and gear, and we will give you the High Grade 1902 Model EAGLET Bicycles by express, C. O. D. delivered to your door. You can examine it thoroughly at your Express Office and if found satisfactory, return it as represented by EAGLET BICYCLE, with \$25.00 cash and Express costs at each \$5.00. We are cheap for Ladies Bicycles. EVERYONE KNOWS THE EAGLET BICYCLES. They are the Highest Grade wheels made; no Bicycle has a better reputation; no Bicycle has been more widely advertised by the makers; but few know that the EAGLET Bicycles are the leading wheel with pneumatic tires. Each one has a front lamp, bell and horn, lightest grade equipment. Fitted with Victor single, Taylor tires, \$2.00 extra for Hargis & Wright tires—\$1.00 extra for Dunlop tires. Height of frame—Men's \$50, \$25 and \$20 in, unmounted tires. WE OFFER related chance to a good agent in each town. Send for catalogue and ask for Agents' Circulars. Wholesale slightly used, \$1.00 to \$2.00. Write Agency at once. T. W. BOYD & SON, 1202 North Base St., MONTREAL.

TENDERS FOR COAL, 1902.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Provincial Secretary, Province of Ontario, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and marked "Tenders for Coal" will be received up to noon on MONDAY, May 26th, 1902, for the delivery of coal in the sheds of the institutions named below, on or before the 15th day of July next, except as regards the coal for London, Hamilton and Brockville Asylums and Central Prison, as noted.

Asylum for Insane, Toronto. Hard coal—1,250 tons large egg size, 200 tons stove size, 100 tons soft size. Soft coal, 400 tons lump, 150 tons soft screenings.

Asylum for Insane, London. Hard coal—2,600 tons small egg size, 250 tons stove size, 60 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—40 tons for grates. Of the 2,950 tons 1,000 may not be required till January, 1903.

Asylum for Insane, Kingston. Hard coal—1,350 tons large egg size, 260 tons small egg size, 25 tons chestnut size, 500 tons hard screenings, 500 tons soft screenings, 15 tons stove size (hard).

Asylum for Insane, Hamilton. Hard coal—3,575 tons small egg size, 474 tons stove size, 146 tons chestnut size, coal for grates, 50 tons stove size, 100 tons soft size, 120 tons hard slack screenings. Of the above quantity 2,000 tons may not be required until January and February, 1903.

Asylum for Insane, Mimico. Hard coal—1,600 tons large egg size, 120 tons stove size, 105 tons chestnut, 100 tons soft screenings, 50 tons stove size (hard).

Asylum for Idiots, Orillia. Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 2,000 tons; 90 tons hard coal, stove size; 80 tons hard coal, grate size.

Asylum for Insane, Brockville. Hard coal—1,800 tons large egg size, 125 tons stove size, 75 tons small egg size. Of the above quantity 1,000 tons may not be required until January and March, 1903.

Asylum for Female Patients, Cobourg. Hard coal—450 tons large egg size, 15 tons stove size, 50 tons chestnut size.

Central Prison, Toronto. Hard coal—100 tons small egg size. Soft coal—2,000 tons soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 50 tons stove size, to be delivered monthly, as required.

Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville. Hard coal—800 tons large egg size, 90 tons small egg size, 15 tons stove size, 14 tons soft size.

Institute for Blind, Brantford. Hard coal—475 tons egg size, 155 tons stove size, 15 tons chestnut size.

Reformatory for Boys, Penetang. Eighty tons egg size, 51 tons stove size, 25 tons soft size, 200 tons soft coal screenings or run of mine lump. Delivered at institution's shed.

Reformatory, Toronto. Soft coal screenings or run of mine lump, 640 tons; stove coal, 110 tons.

Tenders are to be sealed to the order of the Hon. the Provincial Secretary, and must also have satisfactory evidence as to the quality of the coal to be supplied, and the quality of same, and must also have satisfactory evidence as to the quality of the coal to be supplied, and the quality of same, and must also have satisfactory evidence as to the quality of the coal to be supplied, and the quality of same.

We guarantee safe delivery—prepay charges and cheerfully refund money if you so desire.

DIAMOND HALL—Established 1854.

Ryrie Bros., Toronto.

Refuse the substitute offered by the trade name infringer. See the word EAGLET upon every bottle of genuine CALEDONIA WATER. The only mineral water in Canada distilled.

"Elephant"

That name stands for the BEST READY-MIXED PAINT on the market. You get it at STACHAN'S HARDWARE.

FAITH



TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

As a spring medicine it has no equal.

It purifies and enriches the blood. Acts on the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Cleanses and invigorates the entire system from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet.

Don't be sick, weak, tired, worn and weary.

THIS SPRING TAKE Burdock Blood Bitters AND KEEP WELL.

Write us a Letter.

If you have any need in the jewelry line, however small, just write us about it.

Our Catalogue contains photographs of many beautiful pieces of jewelry, and will be sent you free.

We guarantee safe delivery—prepay charges and cheerfully refund money if you so desire.

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