

If You Are Limited in the matter of fresh air and cooling breezes to the supply city life stingily doles out you'll have a hard time keep-



ing life in the little babe's body this summer. You can go a long way toward supplying these essential conditions by adding a drop of Powley's Liquefied Ozone to baby's food; you sterilize the food in that way and keep the little one's stomach in a healthy condition. Two things that prevent cholera infantum. We give you these suggestions because they are valuable to you. Just as valuable as baby's life in some cases. Of course we expect to profit by selling you a bottle of Powley's Liquefied Ozone. If you didn't profit by taking it we wouldn't be in business very long, however.

COKE CURE advertisement for preventing baldness, featuring an image of a bottle and text describing its benefits.

PACKARD'S SHOE DRESSINGS advertisement, featuring an image of a shoe and text about the product's quality and availability.

Free! Maypole Soap advertisement, featuring an image of a soap box and text about its quality and availability.

SMITH BROS. Ornamental Fencing advertisement, featuring an image of a fence and text about their services and products.

WHIG'S FASHION LETTER

LATEST NOTES FROM AMERICAN METROPOLIS.

The Beautiful Things Designed—A Bewildering Mass of Lace and Flowers—A Pretty Jacket—Some Striking Gowns.

New York, June 7.—In selecting a wardrobe which will be on style for the entire season, the summer woman finds herself much in the same position as a good conversationalist with the exception that the difficulty lies in knowing what not to select instead of what not to say, for indeed the summer wardrobe as it is spelled with a capital W contains dainties almost too numerous to mention.

To be sure it is a labor of love to tell of all the beautiful things designed for the season of nineteen hundred and two, nevertheless it is a despair because words are inadequate to express all that the eyes behold. Such a bewildering mass of lace and flowers; such a carnival of colors, all blending into one harmonious scheme, such intricacies of stitchings and tuckings, it is too dazzling to think about, except to grieve that the average-sized person cannot boast them all.

Never was there a more transitory season than the summer girl of this year. From morning until night she is continually changing and it is only the greater wonder how she accomplishes so much and dresses so often within the short space of eighteen hours—for she has only six left in which to sleep when a complete schedule for a day is carried out.

There is the outfit suit for the walk before breakfast. This, consisting of walking skirt, shirt waist and jacket is smarter than ever. The particular grace and prettiness of the latest walking skirt is really derived from the complexity of its cutting—six pieces and a front width is the statistic thereto belonging, and at the foot of each seam there is a subtle, slightly wavy movement. The top fits plainly around the hips and is beautifully slim and natty. To be ultra-smart, grey, attached in dull black, should be selected.

The shirt waist is a Gibson of white pique or madras adrooping over a small little patent leather belt and smartened at the neck with a broad four-in-hand tie of the same material. The jacket matches the skirt and shows the "slot-ear" effect. It reaches barely to the hips and is lined either with white or grey tulle or satin.

The stockings are dreams of open-work affairs, may be of lisse embroidered in French notes of a contrasting color. These show prettily above the low shoes of dull kid faced with strong strings of lisse.

After the morning constitutional, there is the dainty breakfast gown of lawn. White, simply made, or a delicate shade of blue is very desirable for this purpose and the simpler the design the more common it falls, for early morning is one of the few periods on the schedule of fashion when simplicity is the quintessence of fashion.

Following breakfast there is the hour in the boudoir preceding the one-hour dip, or game of golf or ping-pong, if one is in the country. Dressing becomes of dainty trimness with ribbon and ruffles, edged with Valenciennes, are quite as smart as anything else one could select, though there is a decided leaning toward the more elegant effects in China silk. To choose in later, however, is only a matter of falling into the ranks of the luxury loving, yet this is a sine qua non of fashionable attire.

THE RISE AND FALL OF LOVE

New Eden, May 10th, 1902. My Angel—I am in Paradise! The thought of you is a constant source of delight. I never knew what it was to be happy before, but now the whole world is running over with joy.

Since we parted, I have seen your face everywhere—in dreams, in the sky, in the trees, in the flowers. The birds sing your name, and the wind whistles it in the grass. O, my darling! I have found heaven at last, and you have led me into it. How I long to hear your voice again, to look into your eyes, to clasp your hand!

Believe me there is not a moment of the busy day when I am not in my thoughts. How shall I manage to exist until we meet again? Do you think of me always, love, as I think of you? I know you do! And now farewell for a few hours. A thousand kisses, sweet! Do not fail to answer all my letters promptly.

Your devoted, faithful lover, Clarence.

New Eden, May 12th, 1902. Sweetest—I have just received your letter—the very breath of your presence in it, the delicate perfume of it. How good of you to write so promptly! I am charged with you all night, and am dreaming of you now. The fellows laugh at me for my absent-mindedness. What do I care! I have something better to think of than logarithms and Greek roots. But I must study some, I suppose, or our secret will be suspected. So good-bye for now. I enclose a leaf from the inmost heart of my rose. Kiss it for me, as I have kissed it for you!

Forever yours, Clarence.

New Eden, May 15th, 1902. Darling—You are too unkind, I know. You have missed a day, but examinations are close at hand, and those two weeks, while we were finding our heaven, have made such a gap in my work! You say that I love you less than my "nasty old books." That is just like a girl! Why can't your sex have a little common sense! But there goes the bell—confound it!

Hastily, Clarence.

New Eden, May 20th, 1902. My Dear Jessie—Why can't you keep your temper! I have not been lecturing you, and I have not neglected you. One charge upon the other, I simply asked you to have a little charitable common sense, in view of the hard work that is crowding on me just now. Of course, I am just as ready to write you as ever I was; but I can't write you at the same time, and no reasonable girl would expect it. You know that I love you. Why should you insist upon my repeating it every single day?

Lovingly, Clarence.

New Eden, May 25th, 1902. My Dear Miss Northcote—I am sorry you feel as you do. I thought you truly loved me. Love is always willing to make sacrifices; love is always ready to accept his whole self, a man cannot give up his whole time to sentiment. It is different with women. This is a fact which you do not seem to have taken into consideration at all. I shall have more time after the present week, and will write you at least once a week on this subject. Then, perhaps, you can consistently claim that I am lecturing you!

Ever sincerely, Clarence.

New Eden, May 27th, 1902. Miss Northcote: Dear Madam—I beg to acknowledge receipt by express of the package containing ring, letters, photograph, etc. I return, also by express, like articles of yours in my possession. Kindly acknowledge upon delivery, and oblige. Yours respectfully, Clarence Murchison.

What The Little King Did. One bright summer evening, as the new king of Spain, then aged five, was playing on that part of the beach at San Sebastian which is reserved to the royal family, one of the ladies of the court came up to him. "Sire, it is your majesty's bedtime." His majesty instantly stuffed two pocket-knives into his eyes, and raised a most unkingly howl. "Oh, look!" said the queen regent, who passed by at that moment, accompanied by the marchioness de Buenos. "Look at our king! Did anybody ever see a king cry? The monarch instantly took his fists out of his eyes, and raised a red, angry face. "Do kings never cry?" he asked, doubtfully. "Never," was the emphatic answer. "Ah, well, but out to the far distant horizon is the glorious over-matless ocean. Backed here and there with the sunlit white sails of coasters and outward bound vessels.

And lastly the more recent deposits of sand—the Baghdad sands—impart a totally different aspect to the scene. Here we see broad tracts of purple heather, pine woods and birches in abundance, but not a solitary elm, and but few of several other of the woodland trees.

But what a different and less interesting country would old England have been had the entire land been granite, or chalk, or sand. Happily, the "Providence" has, by causing such a variety of strata to form, made her out of the garden of the world. Would that the empire would better acknowledge all the varied benefits conferred upon it by the Almighty, by confederating to His laws and by believing in His Son, who died upon the cross to atone for our misdeeds.

Miller's Headache Powders cure headache in five minutes. In boxes 10c. and 25c., at Wada's drug store.

THE BEAUTIES OF BRITAIN.

One of the Gardens of the World.

By a Banker. One of the principal causes of the varied beauty and charm of the scenery of the British Isles is the fact that within its narrow sea-girt boundaries strata of all ages—from the phoscoric rocks forming the skeleton of the earth, right on to the very long sea of geologic time—have been forced from beneath, and now, in different parts of the islands, form the surface.

Along a few of the principal formations in their natural acquire, we find that granite, one of the earliest of the primary rocks, gives to the scenery a wild and mountainous aspect. These precipitous, dark caverns and rugged, though beautiful, prospects, diversified with those peaked crags and upreared pyramidal pines which add so much to the grandeur of the lake scenery. Serpentine, another of the earliest of the earth's foundations, gives to the coast a peculiarly massive sublimity and as the rock appears to vary in hardness, numerous deep caverns are worn by the over-continued onslaughts of the wild Atlantic rollers, in some cases a narrow rowlet being cut from the end of the cavern, through which, in rough weather, a great roaring jet of foaming water is forced high in air, at certain stages of the tide.

The carboniferous, which abounds in lovely Derbyshire, has produced those sublime cliff-bordered gorges, those precipitous acclivities and precipices; and also that wonderful subterranean scenery with its pillared halls, its dark, solemn, and varying torrents which so bewilder the explorer who ventures into those vast and gloomy nature-hewn caves. Then comes the red sandstone of that garden of England, Devon; its shores bordered by bold jutting cliffs, rising as though carved out of cornelian, and its newly ploughed, almost blood-red fields, contrasting marvelously with the vivid emerald green of its verdure.

Omitting, from want of space, any reference to some other beauty-creating strata, we now come to that pre-eminent English formation, those upreared, buttressed cliffs of chalk, which, white and glistening as the driven snow, are such a welcome sight to the returning emigrant as he sees the long white line rising above the distant horizon in all their well-numbered beauty. And wherever there is chalk, undulating green slopes, varied by steep combs and hollows, may almost always be found. And what more enjoyable than to walk along the edge of these hollow downs on the close cut springy turf, in that invigorating, crisp, and life-giving air. Far beneath, the foam-crested waves are breaking on the golden sand, while sparkling in the sun, and stretching out to the far distant horizon is the glorious over-matless ocean. Backed here and there with the sunlit white sails of coasters and outward bound vessels.

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BEACONSFIELD'S PROPHECY.

Discovered the Tory in Radical "Joe" Chamberlain.

London Daily News. "Colonial Secretaries. I have known" is the title under which, in Chambers' Journal, T. H. S. Eccott gauges entertainingly of some of Mr. Chamberlain's predecessors, and of that great man himself. Of Lord Carnarvon, as mayor of Birmingham, used of special interest to-day. He was at the colonial office when the Boer delegates visited England in 1875. He entertained the delegates at Highclere castle, near Newbury, Berkshire, and the "Transvaal" was so impressed with the brew laid before them that one of them observed: "Really, this old ale is one of the very few English institutions which we can conscientiously approve."

It is of Mr. Chamberlain that Mr. Eccott tells the most characteristic anecdotes. Mr. Newgate, the typical Tory squire of the house of commons, in the days before Mr. Chamberlain had recalled his radicalism, used pleasantly to remark: "You radicals seem to think my Birmingham friend belongs to you. No such thing. Some county constituency. He is in a sense of the Birmingham district is in my very college, and I ought to know. There lives not a stouter Tory of the feudal school in England than he whom they call the people's Joe."

Mr. Newgate based his then apparent paradox on the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, as mayor of Birmingham, had lately welcomed to his city, with an old-world courtesy recalling Sir Walter Raleigh, the prince and princess of Wales.

To the same effect the future Lord Beaconsfield had expressed himself. "That man a Gladstonian! Why, he's born to be Salisbury's colleague. Disraeli had not forgotten, adds Mr. Eccott, what he had been told by the late Lady Moleworth, who heard it from Tom Hood, the younger, the Birmingham statesman's contemporary at University college school; this was to the effect that as a boy the future colonial secretary prided himself on his ancestors, who wrote their name "Chamberlayne," and, who like the popular Joseph himself, were descended from a Welsh non-conformist divine who suffered many things under the Stuarts. We are reminded by Mr. Eccott's story that, in this instance, Disraeli was a true prophet.

The Only One. The man who says that all patent medicines are worthless is a fool. For Dr. Hall's Rheumatic Cure has no equal. W. C. Switzer, Harroworth, O., writes: "I have been suffering for ten years. He tried every remedy recommended for the cure of rheumatism without obtaining relief. Six bottles of Dr. Hall's completely cured him. This great blood purifier is put up in bottles containing ten days' treatment. Price 50c. at Wada's drug store."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury. As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous membrane, be careful to purchase such ointments only from reputable sources and be sure you get the genuine. It is sold by J. J. Chase & Co., Toronto, Ont. Contains no mercury, and is taken internally. It cures all catarrhs of the nose, throat, and ears. It is sold by J. J. Chase & Co., Toronto, Ont. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.



Sunlight Soap is pure as snow. That's why linen washed with Sunlight Soap is white as snow. That's why woollens washed with Sunlight Soap are soft as the snowflake. You could not expect pure white linen and soft woollens using common soap made from impure fats and containing free alkali. SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE. Ask for the Octagon Bar. The Ideal Laundry Soap.

Corticelli



FOR dressmaking and family sewing Corticelli Silk is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal. Corticelli Silk runs smoothly in the needle; it is always even in size and always full length and full strength. Ask your dealer for "Corticelli" and politely but firmly refuse all substitutes which some clerk may say are "just as good." You may be sure they all lack the many excellent qualities of the genuine Corticelli Silk. If your dealer does not keep Corticelli Silk it is probably because he makes a little more money selling you some other brand. As Corticelli costs YOU no more than poor silk, why don't you try it? Ask for "CORTICELLI"—the Dressmakers' Favorite Spool Silk.

PROVE IT!

Some day just go shopping around town. Look at the best shoes for women you can find. Fit them on and see how they feel. Then come here and let us try on a pair of QUEEN QUALITY. If the Queen Quality shoe isn't a better shoe than any you've seen for three dollars and seventy-five cents—if it isn't better than you've seen at any price—if it isn't the easiest shoe you ever tried on—then we don't want a cent. We have the sole right of sale for them, because it's given us the leading shoe of the town. OXFORDS, \$3. BOOTS, \$2.75. J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO.