



WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

KIT'S GOSSIP AND CHIT-CHAT.
TRAIPS WITH THE GENIES OF LONDON.

OME with me to a queer little square close by Piccadilly and Oxford street, and very near Regent street, and I will show you Ralph Nickleby's house in Golden square, a place unchanged surely since the usurer gave his famous dinner party there, and Lord Frederic Verisopht and Sir Mulberry Hawk approved pretty Kate Nickleby with their coarse attentions. The house—the only double one in the square; it is now a hotel—looks as mysterious and dingy as ever, and standing out in the road to look at the front garret window, we think of the dreadful "something" that was cut down from the hook "immediately below the trap door in the ceiling—in the wery place to which the eyes of his son, a lonely, desolate little creature, had so often been directed in childish terror fourteen years before." The square is a faded old place, given over to rust and decay, and melancholy, musical gentlemen,

city! Who liked the view from his back attic window with the mignonette box in the middle, and the four flower-pots, "two on each side," better than all the green lanes and fresh country gardens in England. We take a last glimpse at him and his cheery little wife, Miss La Creevy, and as we look the crowding ghosts of "Nicholas Nickleby"—Nicholas himself, Kate, Newman Noggs, Smike—happy at last and blessing Nicholas to the end—the two good brothers, cheery John Browdie and his wife Tilda, the hideous Squeers family and grim Ralph—all pass before us and fade away, and we find ourselves setting out on a good long walk to Limehouse Hole, down by Ratcliffe and by Rotherhithe, "down by where accumulated scum of humanity seemed to be washed from higher grounds, like so much moral sewage, and to be pausing until its own weight forced it over the bank and sunk it in the river," to where the black tide washes against rotting piles and wharves, until at last we come to the jolly old "tavern of a tropical appearance," where Bob Glibberly lights a fire in "Cosy," and where Mr. Inspector and Eugene Wrayburn sip their burnt sherry, and where we rested yesterday and had our luncheon of cheese and biscuits. Very few people can find the place out, for soreach it you must go through byways and narrow, foul streets, and past Pleasant Riderhood's "Leaving shop." We were in it—a

the bar beyond over the little red curtain. The ceilings bulged down over us frowning threateningly, and the windows, long and low and narrow-paned, but exquisitely clean, had many a score scratched upon the glass. The house, from the river, looks as if it were going to tumble incontinently into the water, which washes up against the crazy wooden verandah, and indeed at high tide the old place groans and creaks as though it were afloat.

You can have the best of good cheer at the "Two Brewers." If you are so minded the good landlady will mill your ale or spiced wine in one of the "comfortable fireside tin utensils, like models of sugar-loaf hats, made in that shape that they might, with their pointed ends, seek out for themselves glowing nooks in the depths of the red coals." Bless the place! One could see Miss Abbey (short for Abigail) Potterson near her throne, the bar, reading her newspaper with her feet on the fender in this very little snuggerly (where we are now eating our modest luncheon), and disturbed from her usual gravity into her favourite exclamation, "Gracious Lud!" when Rogue Riderhood talks of knocking people on the head and "pitchin' 'em in aforehand" if you want to find bodies in the river. We are shown upstairs by the pleasant landlady, and climb the very funniest and crookedest steps you ever saw. The hand-rail or bannisters are a good two feet out from the wall, and as you go up you look down into this curious space and wonder what on earth it was left for instead of being used in this queer old house where the places that should be wide are narrow, and those that could afford to be narrow are wide and straggling. The rooms upstairs, where the little kitchen is, over which a small girl in patters is presiding, are even more crooked, and low than those below, and the ceilings



DICKENS BETWEEN 1840 AND 1843. (from drawing from life by R. J. Lane).

bulge ominously, though they are safe enough, the landlady tells us. There is a profusion of wood every where. The beds are great wooden fourposters that had to be cut down before they could be coaxed in, and so look lopsided and crazy in keeping with the house. The rats and mice scamble and scratch behind the wainscot in spite of the efforts of the two fine cats purring away betwixt the snuggerly fire. Wooden beams and partitions are knotted into all kinds of odd shapes, the floors are hilly in places and covered with knots and twists and knots that absolutely refused to be carpeted. "They will come through," said the landlady, dimly, "and what a deal of carpets they spoil to be sure." It was as if a shower of warts had fallen on the old house, and were now breaking out in a sort of warty rash in its inside. We leave it with a sigh, for in the order of things, though it is still in "a state of hale infirmity," the old house-boat must soon go. The one next to it—divided from it by stairs and a landing stage—was pulled down some time ago, and a staring new warehouse is in its place. Before we leave we lean over the half door—fastened by heavy iron chains and bolts—and, left alone for a few minutes, we say good-bye to the queer old house. The sun is shining broadly, redly, across the water. The barges are hammering away mending their barges, drawn up close there by the steps. Slowly and gracefully a long low boat goes sailing by, the light shining through her dusky sails, turning them to a pinkish yellow. Small, dirty rowboats are moored under the door, and bump against the old house with every wash of the tide as though they wanted to knock holes in themselves so that they might be taken up and repaired. The smell of boiling pitch is rising from below where the men are at work. Great drays loaded with merchandise make a rumbling noise in the road without, and men are shouting and swearing on the wharves near by. One last

Ladies' Tailors



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

West's
Safety



A SPECIAL
STOVEL & CO
LADIES' TAILORS
73 King West, Toronto, Canada,
and 23 Conduit

The wind and beg you to buy them for one and three pence, and seafaring shirts and gaiters, and blue jackets entreat you to take them off their hooks and send them to sea again.

Butchers' boys, in playful endeavours to hit some other lads down the lane, let fly a bit of tainted meat that strikes you under the ear, and cats prowl among the dirty fish stalls, and small, lean dogs, generally of a whitish brown appearance and character, growl at one another in the saddest under butchers' stalls. If Noah Claypoll went on the "kinchin' lay" about this neighbourhood, he would do a famous business, for everywhere small girls with big pitchers are going to and from public houses with coppers clutched tightly in their cold, red fingers. We reach Limehouse church at last, and go into the mortuary and look at "Found Drowned" and others laid out on slabs like fish, waiting to be identified and buried. Not a pleasant sight these poor dead creatures, whom nobody seems to care enough for to make enquiries about, but we see the Blackwall bus going citywards, so we hail it and tell the conductor to set us down at the Exchange, for we have important business to do in Mincing Lane, whither we betake ourselves in all haste.

To be Continued.



A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

The days run by in even grooves: Some have their homes—some, work they love; And, though some heavy loss befall, 'Tis but a shadow over the sky. Top soon our griefs, our tears are dry: The warmth of life absorbs them all. Yet, however warm and sweet

People women's penitence for the was the and Mr would a matter name in reputat Not, mi rich at fact W punible Osborne months forgot a dress, b friends, back up handcer ment: are two the rich it do to briekiaj his wife stairs; it be in th nothing Smith's He had maintai admirah has all life there distinct disgrace any sou for Mrs. health. fight in that I h sake of her so I wish might. Don't y I see had rest reasons, enough,



THE "TWO BREWERS" (The "Six Jolly Fellowship Porters").

the practice on flutes and various other musical instruments in dismal back chambers. The throst hospital occupies nearly one side of the square opposite to Ralph Nickleby's house. Jews reside in Golden square, now, and foreign gentlemen

dismal little hole, a pawnbroking establishment for seafaring men, where you must be careful as you enter or you will fall down two steps which are just inside the door. Poor "Pleasant" was not there winding up her back hair, but a coarse, rounz nian.



THE "TWO BREWERS" (The "Six Jolly Fellowship Porters").

the practice on dates and various other occasions. The "broad hospital" occupies nearly the side of the square opposite to Ralph Nickleby's house. Jews reside in Golden square now, and foreign gentlemen live in the "bygone, faded, tumble-down street" close by, where we have no difficulty in determining the houses in which the Kenwigs family lived, because here it is, quite plain to be seen, with as many plates and bell-handles on the door as were worn when rusty old Newman Noggs lodged in the back garret. The associations connected with the place crowd quickly on us as we wander about these neglected regions close to the brilliant life of Regent street, yet so far removed from it. Kate Nickleby's sweet face is looking at us from the first floor front of the tall gloomy house at the corner of Golden square. Nicholas too, and poor lean Smike; but a laugh comes with the thought of the Kenwigs and the "liquor vitae" faced collector of water-rats, and the party on the first floor given by "the Kenwigs" in his honour, where the young lady of sixty, "who was very fat" came down in a deollete book-muslin dress and short kid gloves, and where Miss Henrietta Peewee, of the Theatre Royal, Drury lane, let down her back hair, and recited "The Hood-drinker's Eulogy" to the admiration of all the company, including Mr. Noggs. Turning city wards, after having had a peep at Madame Mantalini's grand establishment at the top of Regent street, we walk with Miss Knag and Kate Nickleby, and delightful Mrs. Nickleby, who is overwhelming everyone with her incoherent reminiscences, to the bye-street off Tottenham Court road, where Mr. Mortimer Knag sits sighing over his book stall, oblivious of the complaining charwoman who is setting out supper in the back parlour, and assuring him that she

dismal little hole, a pawnbroking establishment for seafaring men, where you must be careful as you enter or you will fall down two steps which are just inside the door. Poor "Pleasant" was not there winding up her back hair, but a coarse, rough man, smelling of the river side, of pitch and tar and cordage, was there, and gruffly told us—as Rogue Riderhood himself might have



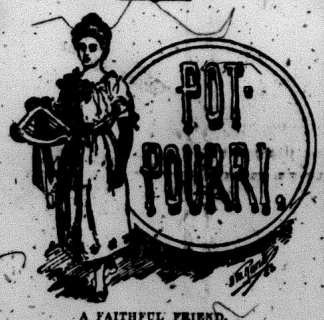
RALPH NICKLEBY'S HOUSE IN GOLDEN SQUARE, done to—"get out. He didn't want no spyin' arter him, he didn't." There are numbers of marine stores on every side in Limehouse Hoie; horribly dingy, murderous looking places, with faded silk and cotton handkerchiefs, old silver watches, useless compasses, bits of iron chain and ends of rope for sale in the dirty, retreating windows. But we must hurry on to the "Six Jolly Fellowship Porters," which is really the "Two Brewers," at the end of Fore street, now-called—and deservedly—Narrow street. The old public still stands just as Dickens describes it in "Our Mutual Friend." An old place; three hundred years old, the landlady tells us, with not a straight floor or ceiling in it. A lopsided, crazy old building, but infinitely picturesque and interesting. It is exactly like living in an overturned ship when you get inside for it abuts far upon the river, and alongside are steps leading down to the water's edge, where barges are moored to black piles, and small boats "foul and furtive" lie close under the queer little half-doors at the end of two long rooms or galleries—one above the other—that abut on the river.

If any lover of Dickens who reads these lines happens to come to London I advise him, no matter to what trouble or inconvenience it may put him, to visit this quaint old place. You may ask—"How can you tell that it is the original of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters?" Because no matter what fictitious names Dickens gives of houses or streets or squares he, is so faithful in his delineation, so exact in his local-colouring, so minute and perfect in every small detail, so precise in marking out every odd or quaint feature, that you know the places the minute you come upon them. It is this way with the "Two Brewers." Read the description of the Jolly Porters once, and if you happened to pass down by Limehouse Hoie and came upon the tumble-down old stack of buildings you would say at once, "There's the very spot." The bar is slightly altered to give more room, but otherwise the place is unchanged. It is the oldest riverside tavern in London. We sat yesterday in the little ship's-cabin-like bar parlor, where a good fire was burning in the old-fashioned grate, with two iron kettles sizzling on the hob, and we could see into

the courts of the two nice cats purring away before the angery fire. Wooden beams and partitions are knotted into all kinds of odd shapes. The floors are hilly in places and covered with knots and twists and knobs that absolutely refused to be carpeted. "They will come through," said the landlady, dismally, "and what a deal of carpets they spoil to be sure." It was as if a shower of warts had fallen on the old house and were now breaking out in a sort of warty rash in its inside. We leave it with a sigh, for in the order of things, though it is still in a "state of hale infirmity," the old house-boat must soon go. The one next to it—divided from it by stairs and a landing stage—was pulled down some time ago, and a staring new warehouse is in its place. Before we leave we lean over the half door—fastened by heavy iron chains and bolts—and, left alone for a few minutes, we say good-bye to the queer old house. The sun is shining broadly, redly, across the water. The barges are hammering away mending their barges, drawn up close there by the steps. Slowly and gracefully a long-low boat goes sailing by, the light shining through her dusky sails, turning them to a pinkish yellow. Small, dirty rowboats are moored under the door, and bump against the old house with every wash of the tide as though they wanted to knock holes in themselves so that they might be taken up and repaired. The smell of boiling pitch is rising from below where the men are at work. Great drays loaded with merchandise make a rumbling noise in the road without, and men are shouting and swearing on the wharves near by. One last look and then we must go. The sun is shining redly on Rotherhithe and Limehouse crench steeply, telling us he is thinking of going to rest. Boats are putting off for somewhere further down the river, and we "put off" too and walk down the uneven crazy old gallery and out into the shining bar, where little fat green bartels try to outshine big yellow ones, and the great cheese on the snowy cloth outshines them all, where seafaring men and carters and millers are drinking pints of bitter ale and glasses of rum shrub; and at last we pass out into the narrow crooked streets that smell of stale fish and rotten meat, and "going by a blind wall we come on a damp bill on which, in the same fat black letters that told of John Harmon's death, we read of another: "Found drowned," and we pass the marine shops again where oilskin trousers float but upon

fish, waiting to be identified and buried. Not a pleasant sight these poor dead creatures, whom nobody seems to care enough for to make enquiries about, but we see the Black-fall bus going city wards, so we hail it and tell the conductor to set us down at the Exchange, for we have important business to do in Mining Lane, whither we betake ourselves in all haste.

To be Continued.



The days run by in even grooves: Some have their homes—some, work they love: And, though some heavy loss befall, 'Tis but a shadow o'er the sky. Top soon our griefs, our tears are dry: The warmth of Life absorbs them all. Yet, howsoever warm and sweet Were Life, with every joy complete, Death comes but as our kindest friend, To fold us in oblivion ere Our fortunes chance, our homes grow bare, Our high ambition hath an end. There is a great deal of talk about Mrs. Osborne, and as you know a petition has been got up and was signed by a great many persons, influential and otherwise. We did not go to the court to see the poor lady, because it surely was no place for women, yet I noticed that at the first bringing up of the case the court was crowded with females. It seems as if women should think the unhappy woman who now lies in gaol ought, for many reasons, to be an object of at least so much sympathy as would keep members of her sex out of the court. One hears a good many diverse opinions among clubmen, in restaurants, theatres and other public places.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
CURES
OTHERS
WILL
CURE
YOU

Are you troubled with loss of appetite, nausea, biliousness, sick headache, offensive breath, or a bitter taste in the mouth? Are you fretty and nervous? Do you have drowsy, dizzy sensations, a feeling of being all tired out, continued languor, and of general discomfort? These are symptoms of impure blood, usually manifested in

The Spring Season
and for which **AYER'S Sarsaparilla** is the Best, the Superior Medicine. Close confinement during the winter, in poorly ventilated, over-heated rooms, work-shops, and offices, excess of animal food, and lack of out-of-door exercise have poisoned your blood. It is this which causes Loss of Strength, Lassitude, Sleepiness, and Dyspepsia; Pimples, Boils, Blotches, Sties on the Eyelids, Sore Eyes, and other varieties of skin diseases. In all such cases, take **AYER'S Sarsaparilla**. It will healthfully stimulate all the great organs of the body to expel the poisons which clog your blood; it will quicken your appetite, and regulate your liver and bowels; it will overcome that tired feeling, free your skin from eruptive diseases, make your step lighter, your eyes brighter, your head clearer, and your arm and body stronger. It will prepare you for the warm summer weather better than any other remedy can. For Scrofula, Catarrh, Rheumatism, or for any other disease originating in impure blood, take **AYER'S Sarsaparilla. BE SURE to get AYER'S.**



CHARLES DICKENS IN 1838 (from a sketch by S. Lawrence).

would make coal if she could; but not being able to perform this astonishing feat he will have to go without hot water, whereas he heats, and so snuffs himself out. And so on of the Brothers Chesnybis (the originals of whom were Grant Brothers), and we rise a topic and take a peep in at good Tim dust and biomish as if he had been fixed into the glass case before the top was put on, and Tim who couldn't be persuaded to go to the country and take the fresh air, as if there wasn't enough and to spare fresh air in the

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the bar beyond over the little red curtain. The ceilings bulged down over us frowning threateningly, and the windows, long and low and narrow-paned, but exquisitely clean, had many a score scratched upon the glass. The house, from the river, looks as if it were going to tumble incontinently into the water, which washes up against the crazy wooden verandah, and indeed at high tide the old place groans and creaks as though it were afloat.

You can have the best of good cheer at the "Two Brewers." If you are so minded the good landlady will mull your ale or spiced wine in one of the comfortable fireside tin utensils, like models of sugar-loaf hats, made in that shape that they might, with their pointed ends, seek out for themselves glowing nooks in the depths of the red coals." Bless the place! One could see Mrs. Abbey (short for Abigail) Potterson near her throne, the bar, reading her newspaper with her feet on the fender in this very little spuggery (where we are now eating our modest luncheon), and disturbed from her usual gravity into her favourite exclamation, "Gracious Lud!" when Rogue Riderhood talks of knocking people on the head and "pitchin' em in aforehand" if you want to find bodies in the river. We are shown upstairs by the pleasant landlady, and climb the very funniest and crookedest steps you ever saw. The hand-rail or banisters are a good two feet out from the wall, and as you go up you look down into this curious space and wonder what on earth it was left for instead of being used in this queer old house where the places that should be wide are narrow, and those that could afford to be narrow are wide and straggling. The rooms upstairs, where the little kitchen is, over which a small girl in pottens is presiding, are even more crooked and low than those below, and the ceiling



DICKENS BETWEEN 1840 and 1843 (from drawing from life by R. J. Lane).
bulge ominously, though they are safe enough, the landlady tells us. There is a profusion of wood every where. The bedsteads are great wooden fourposters that had to be cut down before they could be coaxed in, and so look lopsided and crazy in keeping with the house. The rats and mice scurried and scratch behind the wainscot in spite of the efforts of the two fine cats purring away before the snuggery fire. Wooded beams and partitions are knotted into all kinds of odd shapes: the floors are hilly in places and covered with knots and twists and knobs that absolutely refused to be carpeted. "They will come through," said the landlady, dismally, "and what a deal of carpets they spoil to be sure." It was as if a shower of warts had fallen on the old house and were now breaking out in a sort of warty rash in its inside. We leave it with a sigh, for in the order of things, though it is still in a "state of hale integrity," the old houseboat must soon go. The one next to it—divided from it by stairs and a landing stage—was pulled down some time ago, and a staring new warehouse is in its place. Before we leave we lean over the half door—fastened by heavy iron chains and bolts—and, left alone for a few minutes, we say good-bye to the queer old house. The sun is shining broadly, redly, across the water. The barges are hammering away mending their barges, drawn up close there by the steps. Slowly and gracefully a long low boat goes sailing by, the light shining through her dusky sails, turning them to a pinkish yellow. Small, dirty rowboats are moored under the

Ladies' Tailoring.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

West's

Safety



Habit

Skirt

A SPECIALTY.

STOVEL & COMPANY,

LADIES' TAILORS,

73 King West, Toronto, Canada,

and 23 Conduit Street, London, Eng.

the wind and beg you to buy them for one and three pence, and saffaring shirts and you wasters, and bluejackets entreat you to take them off their hooks and send them to sea again.

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People argue that were Mrs. Osborne a poor woman she would have got the full term of seven years' imprisonment. But these people perhaps do not take into consideration that no poor woman would have the opportunity of committing just such an offence, for the most grievous thing about the case was that Mrs. Osborne stole from her friend and then sought to throw discredit on Major and Mrs. Hartgreave. Again, a poor woman would not suffer so much, because it would matter little or nothing to her to have her name in every paper and every poster, and her reputation torn to shreds by all her world. Not, mind you, that I would advocate the rich, and cry down the poor, but as a plain fact Whitechapel Lottie would not feel as punished in getting seven years as Mrs. Osborne has already done before her nine months. She has lost everything. No—I forgot that she has her husband's dear love and tenderness in this her awful hour of distress, but she has lost the respect of her friends, and, for ever, society has turned its back upon her. To a fashionable, young, handsome woman this is a terrible punishment. Some people like to argue that there are two kinds of law in England—one for the rich, another for the poor. How would it do to put against this that last week a bricklayer here got six months for taking his wife by the throat and flinging her down stairs, inflicting such injuries that she will be in the hospital for many a day. Besides, nothing could be more just than Mr. Justice Smith's remarks when he passed sentence. He had a difficult course to pursue, and he maintained the dignity of the law in an admirable manner. However, Mrs. Osborne has suffered enough, and will suffer all her life through, whereas a woman of less social distinction would be able to live down the disgrace. There is not a woman living with any touch of feeling in her that will not feel for Mrs. Osborne in her present condition of health. That her little child will see light first in the dreary prison cell is something that I hope will be spared her, if only for the sake of the gallant man who has stood by

To be Continued.



Ladies' Tailoring.



R. SCO
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LADIES'

ESTABLISHED 1843.

77 King Street W
SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Johnston's Fluid

IT IS DIFFICULT TO CAT
They need strong nouris
But cann
A Food that supplies all the virtuo
easily-digested



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THE DELIGHT OF
is undoubtedly SUNLIGHT
its wonderful. Cleansing,
Labour-saving qualities. M
throughout the World can t
Don't be another day
LIGHT" in your Home.

tend customers; then he carefully brushed himself—my water did—put on a pair of cuffs that he kept ready in a little cupboard where they looked, among the other salads and sweets on the shelves, like two tall shapes of shiny blacorange, drew a ring with a big carbuncle on it, like a bad "breaking out," on his little finger, dived into some mysterious region for his top hat, inside which were his kid gloves and a crumpled jockey-clubbed handkerchief, took a crusty case from the rack and walked out as though he had just dined there, and was a free and independent gentleman going out to look at the pretty girls coming home from church, and smoke some big cigars. I should never have known him from a gentleman. He would go up and talk to strange ladies who happened to be alone just like a tip-top fashionable chappie.
Busses are capital places for studying faces and making up little stories about other people, if you are fond of that sort of thing.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Continued from Fifth Page.

anything. The grey luncheon is par excellence the dissipation in which ladies of mature age indulge. Grey hair is almost a necessity. The costumes were of grey cloth or silk, and as for the table arrangement, well, there was a grey plush scarf-down the centre of the cloth (I hate those scarfs, I much prefer white damask), with squares of lace to let the pink satin beneath "show up." A low silver



JAMES BERRY.

basket of pink carnations was in the middle and at each plate there was a pink corsage spray for every guest. The two maids who waited wore plain grey gowns and had pink bows in their caps, the hangings were grey, the ladies were grey-haired. In fact the grey side of life was uppermost, though there was a touch of gold too.

Writing as I am of Charles Dickens just now, I was much interested to see reference to some of his characters in three London papers this week, one of them being the immortal "Judy" referring to the red-nosed shepherd, "Mr. Stiggins." Another was a case where a small workhouse boy ran away from the man to whom he was apprenticed because he had been badly beaten. The humane jury suggested that it was good for him, and that a sound box on the ear livened a boy up, cleared his brain as it were of any foolish notions as to running away, and so this poor Oliver Twist was sent back to his master. The evening papers commented strongly on the inhumanity of the decision and, of course, the name of Oliver was introduced. The memory of Charles Dickens, and widespread good he has done through his works, will not soon, if ever, pass from the minds of the English people.

A SONG.

Your heart is broken, you think, my dear,
And you're weary of life you say;
But in youth new hopes make old loves forgot,
So runs the world away.

And you are but young, Ah! I know, my dear,
That your wound is deep to-day;
But the spring will bloom after winter's gloom,
So runs the world away.

You will ne'er forget? Perhaps not, my dear,
But oft-times the new love may
Be as true as gold, though the old were false,
So runs the world away.

—MARION LEBEL.



CORRESPONDENCE.

RUBY PEARL.—I haven't the recipe you want by me just now.

KATHIE.—Perhaps you are right. Love works wonders, but it is nonsense to say that one hour of perfect love would compensate for the "blackest, bitterest aftertime." Evidently you would like to play Maud to some ardent young fellow who would spout:—

"Oh, let the solid ground
Not fall beneath my feet,
Before my life has found
What some have found so sweet!
Then let come what come may;
What matter if I die?"

A CLOSE



DEAR DR. REAR.—I th that I should bear testimony of my case. I have three times. The second I left a cough, followed by catarrh and asthma. It laid me I again tried to work, took I settled on my lungs. The in a severe form. Last Chr seized me the third time. failed so fast that I felt t very near. The catarrh, asthma, all bad, fatigues, heart, loss of appetite, ton breath offensive. Two we down. Was wrapped in bli ing chair; seldom closing night, cough distressing. from half to a pint in 24 hor

At this stage I heard of Medicine Association. I a treatment. I took it for a came discouraged. In t more, however, my attentio the fact that I had had no a! This encouraged me to co for three weeks I have cough almost gone, catarrh not expectorate a half pin appetite could not be bette one pound of my best weigh statement in brief. I could

Enclosed please find amou treatment, as I wish to give and now fully expect a rat treatment is so efficacious i general, and great sufferer will do well to try it.

Yours respect

ANDREW

Bracebridge, March 28th, 1

Free books, free examin ACTUAL COST of the medicine perience physicians prescri Remember, all chronic and treated, and you only have t pay for. Question sheets a patients, who are treated THEIR HOMES. Will you bel ments of your neighbours? get well? TRY ONCE MOR all else will, for it is the late achievement of medical scienc

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And you're weary of life you say;
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WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Continued from Fifth Page.

anything. The grey luncheon is par excellence the dissipation in which ladies of mature age indulge. Grey hair is almost a necessity. The costumes were of grey cloth or silk, and as for the table arrangement, well, there was a grey plush scarf down the centre of the cloth (I hate those scarfs, I much prefer white damask), with squares of lace to let the pink satin beneath "show up." A low silver



JAMES BERRY.

basket of pink carnations was in the middle and at each plate there was a pink corsage spray for every guest. The two maids who waited wore plain grey gowns and had pink bows in their caps, the hangings were grey, the ladies were grey-haired. In fact the grey side of life was uppermost, though there was a touch of gold too.

Writing as I am of Charles Dickens just now, I was much interested to see reference to some of his characters in three London papers this week, one of them being the immortal "Judy" referring to the red-nosed shepherd, "Mr. Stiggins." Another was a case where a small workhouse boy ran away from the man to whom he was apprenticed because he had been badly beaten. The humane jury suggested that it was good for him, and that a sound box on the ear livened a boy up, cleared his brain as it were of any foolish notions as to running away, and so this poor Oliver Twist was sent back to his master. The evening papers commented strongly on the inhumanity of the decision and, of course, the name of Oliver was introduced. The memory of Charles Dickens, and widespread good he has done through his works, will not soon, if ever, pass from the minds of the

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