

Ladies



WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

KIT'S GOSSIP AND CHIT-CHAT.
TRAMPS WITH THE GENIES OF LONDON.—II.



WHOSOEVER goes into Marshalsea place, turning out of Angel court, leading to Bermondsey, will find his feet on the very paving stones of the extinct Marshalsea gaol: will see its narrow yard to the right and to the left—very little altered, if at all, except that the walls were lowered

when the place got free—will look upon the rooms in which the debtors lived: will stand among the crowding ghosts of many miserable years. Where we stood yesterday, the place is much changed, but the Horric block is still standing, and the pump is there where Mr. Packer coiled his head while Mr. Rugg took a turn at the handle the night Little Dorrit came into her fortune, after which then and there, on those dismal stones, Packer, the fortune-teller, played at leaping with the said Rugg of Pentonville, general agent, accountant, and recycler of debts. That side of the yard—the aristocratic or pump side—is now covered over by platforms, but we crept under them and went up to the pump and jugged the old handle.



CHERRY AND CO.'S.

"It's the original pump, ma'am," said a man in rusty black, he might have been Packer himself he looked so like him. "Many's the time I've seen Mr. Dickens walking here, and as for visitors and sketch' people, they're always a goin' all over the place. We're turning it into a warehouse now—tins, iron, all sorts in that line, but the Horric block an't goin' to be touched. You can walk up to the room where Little Dorrit was born, if you like." The man spoke so seriously as he opened the door to let us pass through that again—for it was not for the first time by any means—we were struck by the way in which Dickens made real creatures of his brain children to the busy, practical every-day men and women of such a city as this, and as we climbed the narrow stairs—so many of them, too—the light little figure of the child of the Marshalsea went fitting on before us, up the steep staircase, to the ugly garret so neatly and beautifully kept, and we stood by the long, low window and watched the sunset, and thought of the tiny woman and

shelsea loon still attached to the door, where young John used to watch Little Dorrit, and, in intervals of not seeing her, compose doleful epitaphs sacred to his own memory, wherein his ashes, the word Amy, and his Admited Parents played prominent parts. Very soon almost every vestige of the Marshalsea will be gone, but at the moment of writing one can easily fill the place with the miserable shadows of many miserable men, for the yards and the pump are the same as when Dickens described them; and one whole side of the prison is standing: only the walls are lowered in places and the spikes are gone.

It is but a step round to St. George's church, Southwark, and here is the verger again. "Walk in, madam. Yes, this is the vestry where Little Dorrit slept the night of her party. She was christened here, too, you know, and married as well," and he opened a black oaken press and pulled out the ponderous volumes weighty with joy and sorrow. "She slept with her head on the burial volume, you will remember. Here we are." And with a shaking hand the old man sets the volume upon the table, and somehow, night comes down on London, and the noises cease outside, and we see the little shivering creature with her big staring child close by her, lying with her head on "that soiled book of fate" that had "Mrs. Bangham" inside, "untroubled by its mysterious blank leaves."

It is not a long way to walk along the High street borough till you come to Horse-monger lane (now Union road), where Chivery & Co. kept the tobacco establishment "one storey high, which had the benefit of the air from the yards of Horse-monger lane gaol." We found the little house—at least I pitched on the one that looked most like it to my mind, because there in the door-post is the mark of the bracket where stood the little Highlander "who looked like a fallen cherub that had found it necessary to take to a skit." There was a flower-pot and a bird-cage in the front window, and a card telling us to "enquire within" for apartments, which we did just to get a peep into "the little parlour behind the shop with a little window in it commanding a very dull little back yard." And though the shop is gone and the cherub in the kilt is gone as well, there indeed is the little parlour, and there are sheets and table-cloths, too, "trying to get themselves dried on a line or two," but there was no young John sitting forlornly amidst the dilapidated linen comforting himself by inventing cheerful epitaphs in the event of his early demise.

We took a walk down by Bath terrace, opposite Horse-monger lane gaol, and looked over the railings at the queer, black little gardens and air of faded gentility about the small hail doors and two-par-fronts. They used to make plenty of money by letting those same dingy windows "out on hire" whenever there was a public execution at the gaol opposite. The front of the latter alone remains, and as we walked about the yard where criminals lie buried we were glad to hear the merry shouts of children—the gaol yards are now public playgrounds—who were running, leaping, swinging, and playing at see-saw in the wide court.

Cross Newington causeway and High street and you will come upon Lant street, Borough, where young Dickens himself lived in a back attic at the time his family settled itself in the Marshalsea, and where the immortal Bob Sawyer gave the benefactor which ended so unhappily because of the vindictiveness of Mrs. Radicle, his landlady, who wouldn't allow Betsey to bring up hot water for the gentlemen's punch, but "raked out the kitchen fire afore she went to bed and locked up the kittle." I have quite settled in my mind that No. 31 is the house that enshrined the indignant Mrs. Radicle and her "cowardly" husband, who allowed his wife to be treated in such a way "by a parcel of young cutters and carvers of live people's bodies." There is a lean small girl, a cross between Betsey of the dusty head and black cotton stockings and the Marchioness, standing at the door of No. 31, and to her we appeal to find out the way to the King's

on into Blackman street, take the first of two turnings to the right, cross the road, and then take the first on our left," we'll get to King's Bench prison—or rather, the site on which it stood—and see the place where the wonderful Micawber waited with a fortitude which would have served a better cause for something to turn up. So we thank our poor, red-eyed little Marchioness, who tucks her hands under her apron and blinks up with her bald red eyes at such sun as ever finds its way into Lant street, and move slowly from that historic spot. First, with recollections of Bob Sawyer strong upon us, we go through the Borough market and look for the door upon which Mr. Ben Allen, the night of the party, "knocked double knocks,



THE ST. GEORGE'S INN.

and took short naps on the steps alternately till daybreak, under the firm impression that he lived there and had forgotten the key." We cannot find the door: so we stroll in and out between market wagons, and bargaining Jews, and stealthy, scowling street arabs, and at last we bring up into High street again. Being tired, what could be nicer than a cup of tea at the White Hart Inn, just opposite, where Mr. Alfred Jingie

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MIDNIGHT ON LONDON BRIDGE STEPS—THE WATCHFUL POLICEMAN.

took Miss Rachael Wardle, pursued with much vigour by Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Wardle, of Manor Farm? White Hart did I say? Not so. If you want the real inn where all these wonderful things happened, where Sam Weller cleaned those eleven pairs of boots and the shoe that belonged to No. 6 with the wooden leg, and where he was abused by the bustling landlady, you must pass the real White Hart, and turn down the very next court on the same side of the way, and if you don't see Sam and the pretty housemaid there it will be your own fault.

The George inn is the place, and a rare old place it is! There is the yard where the stage coaches used to run to and from, and although at one side and at the end there are now railway offices, still the old George holds one side of the court, and the bedrooms open on the galleries, on the rails of which are flower-pots of all sizes and shapes, and the bar is there, with its rows of bright little barrels, winking pewters, and astonishing measures and bottles and jars; and there's the snugery behind it, where a green parrot (it used to be a grey one in Schofield's time is hospitably asking you to "Walk in and take it 'ot," and where the landlady—a fine, stately, comfortable-looking woman in a dress cap and crocheted collar, black alpaca gown, and black silk apron, is having dinner, and heartily invites you to come in and have a look round, which you do, and wonder at the jars of preserves and pickles that shine behind little glass doors, and get a bite from that knowing Polly because you don't want it "ot," and won't have it on any account, and where you sink into the easiest of chairs, drink the lowest cup of country cream, and listen to the country wagons rolling in and out of the court-yard outside, and find yourself really and truly in Dickensland, and wonder—but, oh, dear! I really must come to a full stop.

When we rest a little, and watch the little glass window of the bar go up and down several times, and wonder almost tremulously if that isn't Mr. Pickwick who is talking to Mr. Winkle outside there, we go upstairs—quite a broad winding stairs—and come out on the first gallery. The bedrooms open upon this, and although they have no fireplaces, and open on the outer air, yet owing to the thickness of the walls, and the fact that they are wainscotted, not papered, they are all warm and exquisitely clean. The beds too, three or four great feather ones piled one on the other, and the quaint carved old four-posters—one of them as large as a very big carriage with castors more than seventeen inches high, and covered (the beds, not the castors) with blue and white checked quilts, are perfectly lovely. We went into the parlour, on this gallery, where the irrepressible Alfred Jingle forfeited, for the consideration of one hundred and twenty pounds, all pretensions to Miss Rachael's hand; and where Mr. Wardle had the heartlessness to tell his maiden sister she was fifty if she was an hour, whereupon she fell—as any proper female would—in strong convulsions and hysteria, and the landlady, as women will—called her unfeeling brother a brute.

We were in the coffee-room, too, where a gentleman in top boots and gaiters groaned dismally behind a newspaper. "He an't

dows, and we had coffee served on a narrow long table in a sort of high pew or box, by an exceedingly young waiter with a very big head, who pocketed the tuppence change with a knowing air that made us think he was a transmutation from some Borough Todgers' or maybe from a fanny little note in High street, on the windows of which we were told that "single gentlemen could be



THE MARSHALSEA PRISON.
(The window on the roof is that of Little Dorrit's room.)

quite—gone now, thank Heaven!—must have weaved themselves into in the gentle nook into the two narrow presses, and we even wondered if her neat hands had ever been able to make the ugly shelves look beautiful. A low-browed dingy room; made lovely only by the thought of great-limbed Maggie and her little Mother.

The debtors' rooms are all queer three-cornered places, with tiny bricked-in fireplaces. They were let out in tenements until lately, but no one lives there now. Where stand there is now a cheese and butter shop, and the proprietor very kindly took us through and into what used to be the governor's house, but which is now his own. We saw the turnkey's lodge, with the old Mar-

behind her and see if her bonnet and shawl are hanging on the banisters, and whether or no there are any patterns lying on the back parlour door-mat. It's Bob Sawyer's house. I feel sure of it now, for there is the little corner outside the parlour door where the umbrellas were heaped, and which Mrs. Raddie knocked down in a fit of exasperation, and there is the staircase window where the "kitchen candle, with a very long snuff, burnt cheerfully" to show the guests the way up. One can almost see Mr. Pickwick's venerable legs trotting down the narrow staircase, urged by the irrepressible landlady's "get along with you, you old wretch, old enough to be his grandfather, you villain. You're wuss'n any of 'em."

However, here is this poor little Lant street Marchioness telling us that "if we go

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A SPECIALTY.

STOVEL & COMPANY,

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73 King West, Toronto, Canada,
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well in "is art," said the landlady in a whisper, "he's often taken like that, something internal 'as gone wrong with him, pore fellar!" If his legs had been hollow and a goblin lived in his boots whose mission it was to groan in a deep and fearful manner, I don't think we would have been surprised to hear it. We sat down and looked at the low ceiling and comfortable red-curtained win-

provided with clean beds at a moment's notice for a shilling a night," and that they might depend on the Boots calling them at any hour. "No ladies, married or single, need apply," which again set us wondering whether or not it wouldn't be a good spec to start a similar establishment for ladies with a female Boots to do the calling.

But our coffee has long ago been finished, and it is getting dark. They are already lighting up the little bar, and the glass shutter is up for the evening now, and the landlady and pretty fair-haired barmaid are bustling about. I can tell you, and the pewters and little barrels are twinkling, and glasses are ringing, and again we catch ourselves listening for Mr. Jingle's "Stop here—good house—nice beds—Wright's next house, dear—very dear—half a crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—rum fellows—very." Though, of course, this was written of the Bull Inn in Rochester. So we rise at last to leave reluctantly enough this the most Dickensian inn anywhere about London, and as we step into the little snugery behind the bar to say good-bye to our pleasant landlady, she will make us sit down for a few minutes while she tells us how Mary Anderson with her friends had been down recently to luncheon. "We 'ad nothing ready for such a party, as you may well suppose; only stewed steak. 'Ave you vegetables?" says Miss Anderson. "Bless you! plenty of them, if that'll do," says I. So we got up a good luncheon, and set out the antimacassar and flower-pots and shiner in Mr. Jingle's room, and made everything look cheerful. You see we 'ave to keep 'em locked up all the week until Sunday comes. The maids do spoil 'em so!"

We spend some more time dawdling about the big yard. Twenty bedrooms were cut off from the George to make room for the railway offices at the end, but there are a good many bedrooms left, and there are a good many huge tent-covered wagons here to-night, too, and somehow standing there in the dim light, watching them and the men-carters and hostlers—going about with lanterns, one can easily persuade oneself that the coach is getting ready to start, and that they are filling the boot down there under the archway.

It is late when we say good-bye to the good old George, where we have spent such a happy afternoon, and we hurry along High street towards London bridge, for there is

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per SS. France more novelties
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Johnston's Fluid Extract

Is a good
It is made quickly.
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very young.

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yet very few apply

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will convince the most
that Freckles,
Tan,
and other
Skin Discolorations

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AGENTS WANTED.
THE BERLIN CHEMICAL CO., E

how the thick boots of Noah Claypole found room to rest upon the narrow ledges. On and down, the policeman at the top watching, and following leisurely. He is evidently thinking that some one, maybe, has a mind to go splash into the black river and end the tangle of life there. It gets very slippery as you creep cautiously below the landing stage—though on the opposite side of it—and get behind the piasater where the spy, Noah Claypole, listened to poor Nancy's conversation with Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow. As you place yourself in position and peep out cautiously you are disturbed—not to say startled—at finding the policeman peeping from the other side at you; and his, "I say, none o' that now, you know!" is too ludicrous for anything. He must be got rid of at any cost or he'll spoil everything—And so one has to climb up and explain things a little—at which he looks doubtful and goes slowly away, and walks to and fro on the first platform or landing from where you stand. Let him go. He has already gone from your mind. The river is black enough to-night, and is horribly suggestive of crawling, slimy things. The wind comes with a shriek and moan through the arch; the water laps up greedily against

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It is late when we say good-bye to the good
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 street towards London bridge, for there is
 something to see there which can best be seen,
 or rather felt, when the city clocks are close
 upon the stroke of twelve. I mean the steps
 of London bridge—close by the Bridge
 House hotel, and past the dark little valley
 in which the Church of St. Saviour's, or St.
 Mary Overy's, stands opposite which Over-
 ham's almshouses for old women used to be,
 where Mr. Meil played dimmed airs on his
 flute for his mother, while tired, hungry,
 little David Copperfield ate his breakfast of
 brown bread, "streaked bacon" and a basin
 o' milk. The almshouses are gone now.
 Here are the steps of London bridge, on the
 Surrey side, and steep and dark they look,
 leading down to the water's edge, and just
 there thick with the slime and ooze of the
 river.

One wonders as one climbs softly down

THE BERLIN

how the thick boots of Noa
 room to rest upon the na
 and down the policeman a
 ing, and following leisurely,
 thinking that some one, m
 to go splash into the black
 tangle of life there. It ge
 as you creep cautiously b
 stage—though on the oppo
 and get behind the pilast
 Noah Claypole, listened t
 conversation with Rose J
 Brownlow. As you place y
 Brownlow and peep out cautio
 turbed—not to say startle
 policeman peeping from t
 you; and his, "I say, not
 you know!" is too ludicrous
 He must be got rid of, an
 spoil everything—and so
 up and explain things a li
 looks doubtful and goes al
 walks to and fro on the l
 lander from where you stan
 He has already gone from
 river is black enough to-bi
 ly suggestive of crawling, s
 wind comes with a shriek
 at the arch; with the water
 the lowest step, almost agai
 you stand and bend over t
 is very cold. The lights al
 from the barges look like dru
 bob up and stare so for a mi
 out and are swallowed up i
 are very far down—very far
 spoil everything—and so
 the bridge above, but an aw
 lines come upon you, the a
 lute loneliness of a stranger in
 great city. The Church of St
 by strikes twelve. London
 night! Thoughts crowd
 thickly. Little Dorrit wand
 cold through the ghastrly
 hurried away with Rose M
 chief pressed against her bu
 going to her death? Lost lit
 Mr. Peggotty vainly search
 Martha lying down the river
 All the homeless and lost of
 I crowd by and look over the b
 at you with reproachful fin
 that which makes a grating
 your foot? Only a rusty, c
 Who's? Gather your parts
 flee up the steps, quickly
 evil place, and evil fac
 ing at you from the
 you pass. A lonely cry goin
 night sets every nerve tit
 whistle to each other at the
 and then slink hurriedly out
 the bells of London are trippin
 and growing hoarse and ang
 sant repetition that it is mid
 they cease and a quiet fall
 think of the spirit of the Geni
 that has been with you all
 cross this Bridge of Sighs wi
 figure of Little Dorrit fitting
 her shadowy hand in yours; p
 as, long ago on this very sp
 and protected her old, old
 and so, strangely enough, yo
 lonely, you are comforted by t

Continued on Sixth P

Demonstrated.

Sometimes it costs hundreds
 convince a man; very often les
 but in the case of Poison's N
 sovereign remedy for pain, l
 bill, and supplies enough Nervilin
 every purchaser that it is th
 prompt and certain pain ren
 world. Nerviline is good for
 pain, pleasant to take, and s
 cramps and all internal pains.
 to rub outside, for it has an ag
 quite unlike so many other
 which are positively disagreeab
 it now. Go to a drug store a
 cent or 25 cent bottle. Poison
 Take no other.

ELECTORAL CORRUPT

To the Editor of The M
 Sir,—Nearly forty elections
 voided, in most cases for unb
 ruption. So far as I rememb
 man has been disqualified. I
 to know it, at the elections no
 persons who have been convict
 and taking bribes—and it is
 say which class most deserve p
 are allowed to exercise their ele
 and record their votes.

Yours, e
 ANGLICAN

Toronto, March 17.



Dorrit's room.)
 d see if her bonnet and shawl
 the banisters, and whether or
 ny patterns lying on the back
 nat. It's Bob Sawyer's house.
 t now, for there is the little
 the parlour door where the
 s heaped, and which Mrs. Rad
 own in a fit of exasperation,
 e staircase window where the
 die, with a very long snuff,
 ly" to show the guests the
 can almost see Mr. Pickwick's
 s trotting down the narrow
 d by the irrepressible landlady's
 th you, you old wretch, old
 his grandfather, you villain,
 any of 'em."
 ere is this poor little Lant
 ness telling us that "if we go

LADIES' TAILORS,
 3 King West, Toronto, Canada,
 and 23 Conduit Street, London, Eng.



It is made quickly.
 Is effective in cases of exhaustion.
 Adapted to the weak digestion of the aged and very young.

THE BEAUTY OF VENUS
CREME DE VENUS

Is not acquired in a day, and yet very few applications of
 will convince the most sceptical
 that Freckles,
 Tan,
 and other
Can be Removed
 Skin Discolorations
 PRICE 50 Cents.

THE BERLIN CHEMICAL CO., BERLIN, Ont.

"art," said the landlady in a hoarse voice taken like that, some-thing was wrong with him, pore his legs had been hollow and a deep and fearful mutter. I would have been surprised to see him sit down and look at the low comfortable red-curtained win-

provided with clean beds at a moment's notice for a shilling a night," and that they might depend on the Boots calling them at any hour. "No ladies, married or single, need apply," which again set us wondering whether or not it wouldn't be a good spec to start a similar establishment for ladies with a female Boots to be calling.
 But our coffee has long ago been finished, and it is getting dark. They are already lighting up the little bar, and the glass shutter is up for the evening now, and the landlady and pretty fair-haired maid are bustling about. I can tell you, and the pewters and little barrels are twinkling, and glasses are ringing, and again we catch ourselves listening for Mr. Jingle's "Stop here—good house—nice beds—Wright's next house, dear—very dear—half a crown in the bill if you look at the waiter—rum fellows—very." Though, of course, this was written of the Bull Inn in Rochester. So we rise at last to leave reluctantly enough this age most Dickensian inn anywhere about London, and as we step into the little snuggerly behind the bar to say good-bye to our pleasant landlady, she will make us sit down for a few minutes while she tells us how Mary Anderson with her friends had been down recently to luncheon. "We had nothing ready for such a party, as you may well suppose; only stewed steak. 'Ave you vegetables?' says Miss Anderson. 'Bless you! plenty of them, if that'll do,' says I. So we got up a good luncheon, and set out the antimacassars and flower-pots and shiner in Mr. Jingle's room, and made everything look cheerful. You see we 'ave to keep 'em locked up all the week until Sunday comes. The maids do spoil 'em so!"



We spend some more time dawdling about the big yard. Twenty bedrooms were out off from the George to make room for the railway offices at the end, but there are a good many bedrooms left, and there are a good many huge tent-covered wagons here to-night, too, and somehow standing there in the dim light, watching them and the men—carters and hostlers—going about with lanterns, one can easily persuade oneself that the coach is getting ready to start, and that they are filling the boot down there under the archway.

It is late when we say good-bye to the good old George, where we have spent such a happy afternoon, and we hurry along High street towards London bridge, for there is something to see there which can best be seen, or rather felt, when the city clocks are close upon the stroke of twelve. I mean the steps of London bridge—close by the Bridge House hotel, and past the dark little valley in which the Church of St. Saviour's, or St. Mary Ovary's, stands opposite which Overham's almshouses for old women used to be, where Mr. Mel played dismal airs on his flute for his mother, while tired, hungry, little David Copperfield ate his breakfast of brown bread, "streaked bacon" and a basin of milk. The almshouses are gone now. Here are the steps of London bridge, on the Surrey side, and steep and dark they look, leading down to the water's edge, and just there thick with the slime and ooze of the river.

One wonders as one climbs softly down

how the thick boots of Noah Claypole found room to rest upon the narrow ledges. On and down, the policeman at the top watching, and following leisurely. He is evidently thinking that some one, maybe, has a mind to go splash into the black river and end the tangle of life there. It gets very slippery as you creep cautiously below the landing stage—though on the opposite side of it—and get behind the pillar where the spy, Noah Claypole, listened to poor Nancy's conversation with Rose Maylie and Mr. Brownlow. As you place yourself in position and peep out cautiously you are disturbed—not to say startled—at finding the policeman peeping from the other side at you; and his, "I say, none of that now, you know!" is too ludicrous for anything. He must be got rid of at any cost or he'll spoil everything—and so one has to climb up and explain things a little—st which he looks doubtful and goes slowly away, and walks to and fro on the first platform or landing from where you stand. Let him go. He has already gone from your mind. The river is black enough to-night, and is horribly suggestive of crawling, slimy things. The wind comes with a shriek and moan through the arch; the water laps up greedily against the lowest step, almost against your feet, as you stand and bend over the black river. It is very cold. The lights along the river and from the barges look like drunken eyes, they bob up and flare so for a minute, and then go out and are swallowed up in the fog. You are very far down—very far from the hurrying, bustling crowds you have just left. The tread of feet and roll of vehicles go on over the bridge above, but an awful sense of loneliness comes upon you the utter and absolute loneliness of a stranger in the heart of a great city. The Church of St. Saviour's hard by strikes twelve. London bridge at midnight! Thoughts crowd on each other thickly. Little Dorrit wandering lonely and cold through the ghastly streets. Nancy hurrying away with Rose Maylie's handkerchief pressed against her bursting heart—going to her death. Lost little Emily with Mr. Peggotty vainly searching for her. Lost Martha flying down the river side in despair. All the homeless and lost of London seem to crowd by and look over the bridge and point at you with reproachful fingers. What is that which makes a grating noise beneath your foot? Only a rusty, coarse hairpin. Whose? Gather your skirts together and flee up the steps quickly. It is an evil place, and evil faces are peering at you from the niches as you pass. A lonely cry going out upon the night sets every nerve tingling. Men whistle to each other at the bridge corners, and then sink hurriedly out of sight. All the bells of London are tripping themselves up and growing hoarse and angry in their incessant repetition that it is midnight. Then, they cease and a quiet falls upon you, and you think of the spirit of the Genius of London that has been with you all the day. You cross this Bridge of Sighs with the patient figure of Little Dorrit sitting at your side; her shadowy hand in yours; protecting you, as long ago on this very spot, she sheltered and protected her old, old child, Maggie, and so, strangely enough, you are no longer lonely, you are comforted by the "Children

Clearing Sale of Pianos and Organs.
 Mason & Risch, 32 King street west, having finished stock-taking, find themselves crowded with good organs which they have taken in part payment for pianos. In order to make room they are selling off these instruments at prices from \$15 upwards, and at rates of from 50 cents per week upwards. Call early and secure a bargain. Pianos from \$25 each and upwards.

First student—Why do you beat your dog so? "Because he always stares at me with the same questioning look the professor had at the recent examination."

The best drink on earth, I think, is nature's more than wonderful life-giving water St. Leon.—Wm. Flood, Paisley, Ont. So says every sane person. Try it if you wish to dispel the dark gloom and rise from the vale of dependence freed from your deadly burdens to the enjoyment of a sweet life, to exalted health and strength beyond any comprehension.

Clergyman (to dying parishioner)—My friend, you are not afraid to meet your Creator? Parishioner—No, sir; to tell the truth, it's the other party that I'm more afraid of meeting.

Medical.
ALASKA CREAM.
 A most delightful preparation for soothing and softening the skin. Every body should use it in cold weather. For sale by all druggists. Prepared by
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 287 KING WEST. 6

AT MRS. GERVAISE GRAHAM'S 701 St. Patrick's, 3 King St. East, Toronto, ladies will find any nice preparation required for the hair, face, hands, or figure.
WHAT A LOVELY COMPLEXION! everyone is remarking of a certain Toronto lady who formerly suffered from those ugly pimples and blackheads. One bottle of Mrs. Gervaise Graham's Acme Cure was all she used. Use JAS. MINE KOSMEO after being out in these March winds. Inquire about Eyebrow Stimulant. Call or send stamp for any particulars you require. Lady agents wanted. Druggists supplied.

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 FOR CLEANING THE TEETH.
 30 YEARS IN USE.
Millinery.

MISS MORRISON, 41 KING ST. WEST. Miss Morrison invites inspection of her stock, which is complete with a choice assortment of

POLICEMAN.

ad coffee served on a narrow tray of high pew or box, by an uring waiter with a very big ketted tuppence change air that made us think he station from some Borough be from a funny little hotel on the windows of which we "single gentlemen could be

CURES OTHERS WILL CURE YOU
SUPERIOR BLOOD-MEDICINE
PERFECT DIGESTION
SOUND SLEEP
LONG LIFE
SARS
VITAMIN

Continued on Sixth Page.
Demonstrated.
 Sometimes it costs hundreds of dollars to convince a man; very often less is required; but in the case of Poison's Nerviline, that sovereign remedy for pain, 10 cents foots the bill, and supplies enough Nerviline to convince every purchaser that it is the best, most prompt and certain pain remedy in the world. Nerviline is good for all kinds of pain, pleasant to take, and

the illness of a material witness. W. J. Leys, for the plaintiff, contra. Enlarge before the judge at the trial.

Vaughan v. Springer.—D. Armour, for the Sheriff of the County of Wellington, move for an interpleader order. C. W. Kerr for the execution creditors. A. Hoskin, Q.C. for the claimants. Order made directing an issue.

Meyer v. Comover.—E. J. B. Duncan, for the defendant, moved to change the venue from Toronto to Goderich. W. R. Smyth for the plaintiff, contra. Reserved.

Connelly v. Connelly.—E. F. Blake, for the plaintiff, obtained an order to transmit papers to Guelph.

Robertson v. Chatham Street Railway Co.—R. B. Henderson, for the plaintiff, obtained an order for leave to amend the writ of summons.

Manufacturers Life Insurance Co. v. Gordon.—M. J. [unclear], for the defendant, move to change the venue from Toronto to Ottawa. Faskin, for the plaintiff, contra. Order made changing the venue; the action to be tried

Judgment on motion by Robert E. Pound to quash a local option by-law of a municipality on the grounds that, by mistake of the returning officer certain qualified voters were not allowed to vote on the by-law; that the by-law amounted to an absolute prohibition of the sale of liquor in shops, and on other grounds. The learned judge finds that if the voters whose votes were refused had all voted against the by-law it would still have been carried by a large majority; and holds as to the other objections that they cannot prevail since 54 Vic. ch. 46, sec. 1. The motion is therefore dismissed with costs. DuVernet for the motion. Langton, Q.-C., for the municipality.

CHANCERY DIVISION.

Before Ferguson, J.

Baldwin v. Wanzer, Baldwin v. C. P. I. Co.—Judgment on motion by plaintiffs to be allowed to amend by adding one J. B. Baldwin as a party plaintiff, and to put in evidence a certain deed. Order made allowing the amendment and admitting the deed in ques-

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Continued from Fifth Page.

of the Master's brain," and glancing across the lights of London you see the tall towers of Westminster rising against the dull red glow, looming faint indeed, but yet you know that they are there, and you hear the voice of him who lies at peace there, crying "Sad heart be comforted, rejoice for the great voice of human love: which is not dead which never dies, which cheers the

juice of the poor man's heart has been conducted and is now on board some daring lady's yacht, and lost to his bride for the time being. This being leap year, too, adds to the grim comicality of the thing. Gentlemen are looking warily about them—in 'busses and tram cars, and edging away from their female neighbours, which is a good thing in its way, as it leaves us more room for our bags and parcels. The reverse happened one day last week in a tram going between Vincennes and Paris. A stout old lady was noticed to keep bouncing and bounding about in an undignified manner, glaring the while at an innocent



Results.

EXAMINE the wash closely when **Surprise Soap** is used.

NOTE that white goods are made whiter: coloured goods

