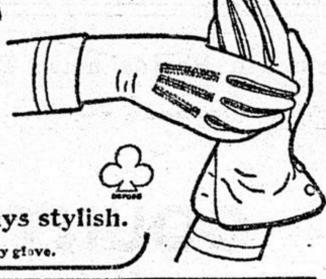


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TRUE FISH STORY.

Flunny Ones So Tame They Are Fed By Hand.

At Logan, near the Mull of Galloway, there is a most interesting tidal fish pond. A rent in the cliffs facing the Irish Channel admits the salt water through a narrow fissure, protecting by a grating, into a circular rock basin some 30 feet in diameter and 20 feet deep.

The cliffs rise high all around. Stone steps descend on one side to a ledge levelled into a footpath at the water's edge. No sooner does the visitor's footfall resound on the stairs than the green water, hitherto motionless and apparently lifeless, becomes peopled with large brown fish arising from the depths, gliding and dashing about in a state of great excitement. These are cod, which, caught on lines in the sea, have been transferred to this pond to be fattened for the table. They are fed daily by the keeper, and experience has taught them to connect the sound of footsteps with their mealtime.

Formerly a clapper used to be rung to summon them, but this was no more than a trick of the stage. The footfall on the stone is quite enough to awaken them to activity. Most of the cod, being deepwater fish, become totally blind in captivity from excess of light; but they become so tame and accustomed to their keeper as not only to feed out of his hand, but some of them allow themselves to be lifted out of the water. One may witness the strange sight of a huge cod, more than four feet long, dangled on the knee like a baby, his mouth stuffed with mussels and limpets, after which he is returned to the water with a mighty splash. On the table these fish, thus tended and fed, prove much better than fish brought straight from the open sea.

A DOCTOR'S SLEEP

Found He Had to Leave Off Tea and Coffee.

Many persons do not realize that a bad stomach will cause insomnia. Tea and coffee drinking being such an ancient and respectable form of habit, few realize that the drug—caffeine—contained in tea and coffee, is one of the principal causes of dyspepsia and nervous troubles.

Without their usual portion of tea or coffee, the caffeine toppers are nervous, irritable and fretful. That's the way with a whiskey drinker. He has got to have his dram "to settle his nerves"—habit.

To leave off tea or coffee is an easy matter if you want to try it, because Postum gives a gentle but natural support to the nerves and does not contain any drug—nothing but food.

Physicians know this to be true, as one from the South writes:

"I have cured myself of a long-standing case of Nervous Dyspepsia by leaving off coffee and using Postum," says the doctor.

"I also enjoy refreshing sleep, to which I've been an utter stranger for 20 years.

"In treating dyspepsia in its various types, I find little trouble when I can induce patients to quit coffee and adopt Postum."

The doctor is right and "there's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. Postum now comes in concentrated, powder form called Instant Postum. It is prepared by stirring a level teaspoonful in a cup of hot water, adding sugar to taste, and enough cream to bring the color to golden brown.

Instant Postum is convenient; there's no waste; and the flavor is always uniform. Sold by grocers—50-cup tin 30 cts., 100-cup tin 50 cts.

A 5-cup trial tin mailed for grocer's name and 2-cent stamp for postage. Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

He that does good to another man does also good to himself, not only in consequence, but in the very act of doing it—for the consciousness of well-doing is very ample reward.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING BITS OF GOSSIP FROM THE QUEEN CITY.

Principal Hagarty and the University—Attorney-General Foy—Big New Hotels—Michael Fraser Case—The New Archbishop.

Principal Hagarty's fighting Irish blood has got him into hot water with the Toronto University students. The trouble arose the other night when Harbord Collegiate Institute, of which Mr. Hagarty is head, was giving a dance. Two or three old boys came to the function without invitation, whereupon the Principal asked them to leave. In resentment, the boys got about two hundred Varsity students, who had been attending a theatre, to come up to the Collegiate, break in the doors and generally "rough house" the dance. After about ten minutes' uproariousness they departed.

Principal Hagarty wrote a hot letter to the newspapers in which he said, among other things, that the students acted as if they were drunk. "Varsity," the College paper, hotly denied the Principal's allegations. The Principal reacted with a threat of a libel action. "Varsity" came back with more denials. The verbal melee meanwhile was enlivened with a threat from Dr. Orr, one of the University Governors, to have Principal Hagarty dismissed, and by letters from parents and citizens telling the Principal to stand by his guns.

A Perennial Controversy.

The incident has served to bring to notice the perennial outbreaks of the students and the controversy they always arouse. It may be said that ninety per cent of public opinion is solidly against the boys and their pranks. Nobody objects much to a parade occasionally and a little noise or singing, but the working citizens will not tolerate anything on the sidewalks or pulling trolley poles off, or the destruction or invasion of private property. City nerves have their limitations. And so the police, who are not more strongly "to do their duty" and year by year the student outbreaks are getting less and less objectionable.

Principal Hagarty is impulsive and did not handle his case very wisely. A more moderate man might have done, but he is not in much danger of losing his job, nor are the boys in much danger of going to jail for libel. Mr. Hagarty is one of the prominent educationists of Ontario. In his younger days he was in the staff as classical master of Aylmer and of Seaford High Schools, and later was headmaster of Mount Forest High School. He has been at Harbord Street Collegiate for twenty-one years, during which period the institution has taken a place in the front rank. Some of his books are used as Latin text books throughout the Province. Mr. Hagarty is an ardent imperialist, and is greatly interested in the cadet movement, his son being a crack shot. He is active in the organization of a "great extension of military training throughout the country."

The Acting Premier.

There have been repeated rumors that Attorney-General Foy, who is Acting Premier in Sir James Whitney's absence, was about to retire from politics, and many people wonder why he has not done so. The answer probably is because he doesn't want to, and because Sir James Whitney doesn't want him to.

Mr. Foy is not the type of man one usually thinks of in the hurly-burly of politics. He is in manner and appearance and manner of speech much more the lawyer than he is the politician. He is also a man of considerable means, probably a millionaire. For many years he has had an exceedingly lucrative practice and is connected with many financial institutions. While he does not give the impression that he is very interested in politics, there is no doubt he enjoys the game and that he gives freely of his undoubted legal abilities to the administration of his department. He is a man who charges him with indolence, but to these he rarely pays any attention.

Mr. Foy's position as first lieutenant to Sir James dates back to the cold days of opposition in former times. Oliver Mowat had secured a pretty solid support from the Irish population of Ontario. When into this Mr. Foy began to make inroads there came one day an offer of a judgeship, but he was loyal to his chief, and to him he has remained loyal ever since. He is by no means a bitter partisan, and has many warm friends on the opposite party, one of them being the present Lieutenant Governor, Sir John Gibson. Should he decide to retire any day, however, the announcement would not occasion great surprise. Hon. W. J. Hanna is regarded as his logical successor, of course, nothing is ever certain in politics.

New Hotels Promised.

Every few days a rumor is published about a new big hotel going up in Toronto. One day it is the C. P. E. that is going to add to its chain of hotels in Quebec, Montreal, Winnipeg, Banff, and elsewhere, by a big new palace in the Queen City. Next it is the C. N. R., with occasionally the G. T. R. as a variation. Then it is the O'Neill's, proprietors of the St. Charles, a moderate sized restaurant on Yonge street, whose property has been purchased by the Dominion Bank and who will have to move somewhere to save their license, who are going to head a big hotel enterprise, and the next announcement is to the effect that E. G. McConkey, of the King street restaurant of that name, is to put up a \$3,000,000 hotel, not far from his present site. And every time any of these plans seem to be approaching fruition the King Edward comes along with a statement that it is going to double its capacity.

Meanwhile, the city is suffering from lack of accommodation. It is not likely that any of the railways will ever build a hotel in Toronto. Generally they build only where private enterprise has not provided high-class tourist traffic with high-class accommodation, as in Ottawa or the Muskoka district. None of the others can put up the cash necessary without assistance, and the financial resources are difficult, they say, by the uncertainty as to the license situation. But it looks as though now some one was getting ready to move. The latest announcements are quite definite as to both McConkey and the King Edward, and the O'Neill's case seems to require action on their part as well.

A lot of people in Toronto would like to know whether Sir Rowell's "Abolish the Bar" policy is making progress in the Province. But it is not merely the

Provincial issue the hotel keepers are keeping their weather eye on. One of these days there will be a local option campaign in Toronto itself, and when it comes the result will be worth watching.

A chapter in the Reminiscences of Sir Richard Cartwright, denouncing the Scott Act and similar temperance legislation has been occasioning some comment.

The Case of Michael Fraser.

In a conversation I had the other day with a man who, in an official capacity, comes in contact with a large number of Canadian newly acculturated citizens, he told me that the American settlers told him that they could not see much difference in the laws here and in the United States, but there was a mighty big difference in the way they are administered.

It is a question whether Canada's enviable reputation in this respect will stand many Michael Fraser cases. Michael Fraser was the eccentric old bachelor near Midland who when nearly eighty years old married a young woman, daughter of Rev. Mr. Robertson, of Dundas. Miss McCormick, a niece of Fraser's, brought action to annul the marriage on the ground that her uncle was of unsound mind.

An estate of \$20,000 was at stake. The case in one phase or another has been dragging along for almost three years, and yet when old Michael Fraser died the other day the case was as far from settlement as ever. This is not quite true either, for, as a matter of fact, the case was \$20,000 nearer ending than when it began, \$20,000 being the amount estimated as the costs which have already piled up in the fight for an \$80,000 estate.

The new fact of course, was with plenty of contentious elements on both sides, but it would have added to the respect in which the administration of justice is held if some way had been found to have settled it one way or the other speedily and cheaply.

The New Archbishop.

The arrival of the new Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto within the next week or two is anticipated with interest. The appointment of Archbishop McNeill of Vancouver to the vacant Toronto See created some surprise, because of the fact that he has not had direct relations with the activities of the Church in this Province.

Archbishop McNeill is a Nova Scotian by birth, being now 61 years old. He was educated in Rome and served as a priest and missionary in the Eastern Provinces and in Newfoundland. For some years he acted as editor of a newspaper in Nova Scotia. Curiously he combines an expert knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, of which he is extremely fond, with an unusual fluency in several languages, as he does, English, French, Italian and Gaelic, which he inherits from his Orkney paternal ancestors. To these and his Irish forbears on his mother's side he owes a fine physique.

Archbishop McNeill is described as a dreamer of dreams, but also a man of action. Typically a man of the Church, he is quiet, unobtrusive, reserved. The diocese of Toronto is rapidly growing in importance and influence in the affairs of the Church on this Continent and the appointment to it of a man like Archbishop McNeill is not without significance.

Valuable Horse Saved By "Nerviline"

Was Too Sore and Lame to Work Quickly Cured by Nerviline.

"I have had a long experience in treating horses, and I can safely say that I know of no liniment for strains, sprains, and swelling that is so useful around the stable as Nerviline." Thus writes Mr. J. E. Murchison, from his home, Crofts Hill P.O. "I had a fine young mare that wrenched her right foreleg, and from the shoulder down she was stiff, sore, and swollen. I applied Nerviline, and it worked like a charm; in fact, that mare was in shape to work a day after I used Nerviline."

"We have used Nerviline on our farm for twenty-five years, and never found it wanting. For man or beast it is a wonderful liniment."

Five thousand letters recommend Nerviline as a general household liniment, as an all-round cure for aches and pains. Try it yourself.

Large size bottle, 50c., or sample size 25c.; sold by all dealers, or The Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Women Do Hardest Work.

Quite two-thirds of the work in Portugal is done by women. In the cultivation of the vines and olives—the most important industries of the country—women do the hard labor under men overseers. Women also work in the quarries and are engaged in rowing the heavily laden barges on the rivers. Wherever the work is of the hardest women are found performing it at a very meagre wage.

Constipation

is an enemy within the camp. It will undermine the strongest constitution and ruin the most vigorous health. It leads to indigestion, biliousness, impure blood, bad complexion, sick headaches, and is one of the most frequent causes of appendicitis. To neglect it is slow suicide. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills positively cure Constipation. They are entirely vegetable in composition and do not sicken, weaken or gripe. Preserve your health by taking

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

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CONTAINS NO ALUM
CONFORMS TO THE
HIGH STANDARD OF
GILLETT'S GOODS.



THE DOCTOR'S ORDEAL

"Ninety-nine! Ninety-nine! Ninety-nine!"

The words fall with uncanny cheerfulness on the ears of the young doctor. It is the tone of a man who will not believe that he is ill, who consults a doctor simply to allay the fears of his wife. Only the doctor knows that he is droning his own death-sentence.

There is no need for further prodding or sounding or questioning. The evidence, the message that comes through the stethoscope, is unmistakable. The most stupid student would know that the man is doomed. One lung already is almost useless. The White Plague will claim another victim in a few short months.

The doctor busies himself needlessly with his instruments to gain time.

"Well, doctor?"

He can wait no longer. He must say something.

"I am afraid you are a little worse than you think," he begins. "In fact, it is absolutely necessary that you should go away at once!"

But the fellow won't see. He is of the hearty, manly type, and is dreadfully slow to take alarm—especially about himself.

"It would be so inconvenient, doctor. You see—"

"I absolutely warn you that you will be running a very grave risk if you stop in town. Of course, if you would like to take another opinion—"

For a moment the doctor clutches at the chance of passing his burden to a brother practitioner.

"Oh, it's not that, doctor! But, frankly, I can't really afford it! I have only been with my present employers a short time, and it would be absurd to expect them to stand the racket. Beyond my pay, I have only my savings, and—I've a wife and child, you know!"

Here is a ghastly riddle for the doctor. In his heart, he knows that it will be useless for the man to go away—a mere waste of the money that will be so desperately needed soon by a widow and her orphan!

It is not even possible to leave him in ignorance of his state, for the symptoms he has already felt—the first indications of galloping consumption—will rapidly develop. The tradition of his profession, as well as common humanity, demand that he should at least warn the patient.

"But if you say I have got to go, there's an end of it," the patient continues. "For how long shall I have to stay in the sanatorium?"

"Not long! Say six months, at the outside," replies the doctor.

He is telling the literal truth now. The man will certainly not be in the sanatorium for more than six months.

"Whew! Six months! That will just about take every cent I've got, doctor! Bit rough on the wife and child, if anything should go wrong then! Still, I suppose I should be absolutely fit for work at the end of that time, eh?"

"I fear it would be impossible to say. Of course, we hope—"

The doctor sees that at last an inkling of the truth is beginning to sink into the other's consciousness.

"Then, if I am as bad as that, doctor, is it—is it any good going away?"

The man who is husband and father reads the damning doubt in the doctor's face. For the sake of his loved ones he will have the truth.

"How many months have I left to live!" he shouts hoarsely. "Speak man! The truth!"

For a second, that seems an eternity, the doctor wavers between two courses, each of which must bring suffering. The piercing eyes of the doomed man are upon him. . . .

This is the doctor's ordeal.

"When does your husband find time to do all his reading?" "Usually when I want to tell him something important!"

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Money Talks

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We can offer high-class bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000 each, so that the small investor has the same opportunity of investment as have Banks, Trust Companies and large investors.

We shall be glad to submit particulars of certain issues which we now have on hand.

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Light Your Kitchen with a Rayo Bracket Lamp

Sometimes in the kitchen or elsewhere you need a lamp held high, where it will light the whole room, and be out of the reach of children.

The Rayo Bracket Lamp is made for exactly this purpose. It is one of the famous Rayo Family—the best kerosene lamps made. A clear, white light, steady, diffused. A strong, substantial bracket, easily affixed to the wall. The lamp is inexpensive. Economical. Lighted without removing chimney or shade. Rayo Lamps are made in various styles and for all purposes.

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