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Ask for S. H. & M. Redfern—a bias corded velvet, cut on a perfect bias, ready to put on the skirt.

Be sure the letters S. H. & M. are on every yard of skirt binding you use.



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CLARIFIED MILK CO.

TO GET SMOUGLER'S GOLD

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A BRITISH ESTATE.

Which was in litigation in the Old Country—Discovery of a Later Will Restores Him to Millions.

Chicago Letter.—Writers of romance have in the past found in dry court records the material for a story, and such a wealth of material as the above over the estate of the late George Johnson, Laird of Lathris, in Fifehire, which has been in the Scottish courts for some time. The records of the case, involving an eccentric old landowner, supposed to have died intestate in the last year, an exciting family history, extending back to the days when smuggling flourished on the coast of Scotland, strange foreign lands, which resulted in the fugitives acquiring remarkable wealth, read like a well-planned novel. Every fact of the successful story was there except the climax, which now has been furnished by the discovery of a will sewed up in an old dress, and still more of a climax—the will is to be proved by the watermark in the paper on which it is said to have been written.

All the details, except, perhaps, a little of the ancient history, came out in a court presided over by a dignified judge and in a land where perjury is a crime that is punished. The case of the Johnsons worthy of attention is David, who was born of humble parents in Falkland in 1731. At the age of twenty he was employed as a postal messenger on small wages. To the court he engaged in smuggling—that at that time regarded in Fife as a dangerous but not disgraceful occupation. The coast from Elie Ness to Kinghorne was dotted with hidden coves and shallow bays, which furnished convenient landing places for the "free traders," as smugglers were called in Fife.

David Johnson was particularly fortunate in his smuggling ventures, and soon managed to carry the post. The time passed he grew rich from the sale of contraband goods. One unfortunate night he encountered the English officers, and in the fight which followed struck one of them on the head with a club. In the excitement he had killed his man, taking with him a considerable sum of money.

India offered the daring adventure opportunities for acquiring untold wealth, and Johnson was ready. He started as an indigo planter and made money rapidly. Then the East India company had the idea that Hindostan might become a rival to China as a tea-producing country. Johnson made a bold strike in that direction, and in a few years returned to Scotland a wealthy man. Not daring to go to Fife, for fear that his old comrades might recognize him, he settled in Aberdeen and married. Then he went to live in Fife. When an old man he returned to Fife, determined to become a Laird, and purchased the estate of Lathris in the parish of Kettle. On his death the estate fell to his son, David, who had fought through the Napoleonic wars with the rank of captain.

He was the principal in a romantic marriage with a poor girl of Strathnigh. As Robert of Normandy was captivated by the "swain" of the fair Ariette as he waded in a brook and made her the mother of William the Conqueror, so William Johnson met and fell in love with pretty Jean Douglas when she was engaged in the lonely task of a Scottish washing day of the olden time. He sent her to Perth for a bit of education, and their married life was most happy.

On her death William became extremely eccentric. He organized his servants into a militia company, and trained them with frequent drills. The work of the estate was carried on under military orders. In his old age he acquired an earth hunger. He added estate after estate, and the large property left him by his father and at the time of his death was the wealthiest landowner in Fifehire.

He bore a singular antipathy to his only heir, his son George, and they had many quarrels. They finally separated after a particularly bitter disagreement. Tradition gives this account of the cause of the separation: Father and son were engaged in a drinking bout, in which the son held his liquor to a slightly better advantage. Becoming enraged at something the drunken father said to him, the son, with the help of a servant, rolled him up in the bearing and sewed it together. Then he fell into a drunken sleep. He awakened some hours later, and seeing the distorted features of the father, believed that he had murdered him. He fled to Paris, where he lived until his father died. At the age of forty-five, in the year 1868, George Johnson came into the estate supposed to be worth over £1,000,000. He returned to the home from which he had been so long estranged and there he lived the life of a Scotch Laird. A lonely life it was, for he speedily developed the morose disposition displayed by his father. Some said it was because of disappointment in love, others that he was ashamed and sorry of the neglect he had shown his father in his old age, while not a few whispered that the Laird of Lathris could not possibly enjoy the wealth which came to him because of the sin of the grandfather, who had founded the gigantic fortune. The surmise is probably the true one, for during his whole life he was regarded as a misogynist, and never once was there a rumor of his proposing marriage. He kept closely to the mansion, rarely travelling beyond its gates and never further than to Falkland or Edinburgh. He had an ungovernable temper, of which many strange stories were told. He died in December, last year, and a careful search revealed no will. His estate, valued at some £2,000,000, fell to David, G. J. M. Magill, Esq. The inheritance, amounting to \$6,000,000, went to the part of him. The case was settled up a few months ago, and the new Laird took possession of his estate.

Imagine the consternation in Fifehire when, early in December, there was filed for record a will alleged to be the last testament of George Johnson. The attorneys said that the will had been found sewed in the skirt of an old dress, the owner of which died some time ago. Whether or not the owner of the dress was privy to its being used as a hiding place for the will, the document was dated in 1869, the year after his father's death, and was a most remarkable document. The bulk of the estate was left to "Miss Ann Preston, whom I dearly love," and provided that in case of her death the property was to be divided among her heirs. She died some years ago. The will cannot affect be entailed property, but if accepted by the court will mean a redistribution of the £280,000 of personal property.

CANADA IS RECOGNIZED

AS BEING GOVERNED BY "BUSINESS MEN."

British Papers Advise The Motherland to Follow Suit—Advice to Canadian Farmers.

Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, June 5.—It is a great help to countries as to individuals to be permitted to see themselves as others see them. In this respect Canada is not an exception, and our population may profitably spend a few minutes viewing themselves in a British mirror. No one who knows the conservative Morning Post, of London (Eng.) will accuse it of undue enthusiasm on any subject, much less of lavishness in dispensing praise; therefore, when Canadians see themselves mirrored to advantage in its columns they may rest assured the reflection is not far wide of the mark.

In the last edition to hand this is the picture presented: "To-day the splendid results of Canada's commercial enterprise are apparent even to the most casual student of affairs. Her foreign trade increases month by month and year by year; the population of Nebraska, the Dakotas, and other western states is being drawn up into her northwest; and almost every day she advances the boundaries of her civilization towards the north. The results are apparent to all, the processes whereby they have been attained are understood by few in this country. That Canada possesses illimitable natural resources and is both the Scotland and the Germany of North America does not explain the amazing rapidity of her development. In the short space of ten years she has grown in to a commercial great power. In particular the growth of her agricultural resources—a sure foundation for national greatness—is without parallel in the world's industrial history. In 1896 the aggregate value of her exports of food stuffs was \$35,773,133; last year it was \$63,098,841. Moreover, the average Canadian's standard of living has been raised in the interval, and since the growth in industrial and mining population has been much greater than in rural districts the difference between these two sums does not adequately represent the increase in the annual value of her farm produce. How has this remarkable advance been brought about? The plain truth is that Canada has always been governed by business men, and that every member of the present cabinet for board of directors for the nation has the necessary talent and training for supervising the business of his department. Not the least able of these able men is the minister of agriculture, the Canadian farmer, who has this agricultural policy under his hand, though it has been revised and extended of late years. And much of the success of that policy is due to Prof. Robertson, Canada's indefatigable "agricultural traveller."

The Canadian farmer, who gave the Canadian men and matters, in a leader's status, "the Canadian department of agriculture is still giving points to the mother country." Here, for instance, is the St. James' Gazette taking the last annual report of the minister of agriculture as affording a contrast between the useful activity of the colonial government and the supineness of our own—(the British)—in these matters. "An excellent example of the way in which the Canadian government assists the farmer, the St. James' Gazette takes a recent article sent out by this department in reference to Canadian cheese, and how to prepare it for the British markets. The Canadian farmer has given me a few such enlightened officials as Prof. Robertson established at headquarters with, say, one-tenth of the present department of agriculture vote at their disposal, the British farmer would soon hold up his head."

The Cork Examiner (Ireland) says: "There are many ways of accounting for the different results attained by the prosperous farmers of the colonies and the embarrassed, unscientific agriculturists at home. For one thing there appears to be more thorough cooperation between the farmers and the department of agriculture, the latter being more than ready to afford advice and instruction, and the former to avail themselves of such assistance on every occasion. The results should be of some value to our department as well as of interest to all concerned in agricultural pursuits. The annual report of the Hon. Sydney Fisher should indicate to Irish farmers how far ahead of them their colonial rivals are in agricultural instruction and experiment, and how seriously handicapped they must remain until cooperation and instruction have advanced to an equal degree in this country, (Ireland)."

The Globe (London, Eng.) suggests in its latest editorial the expediency of establishing in South Africa a centre of agricultural instruction "where new farmers may learn the best methods of cultivation and stock-raising as is already done in Canada." It goes on to state, "The annual report of the Canadian minister of agriculture demonstrates the highly satisfactory results of the enterprises in Canada any farmer who finds himself face to face with some new problem never previously encountered need only state his predicament to the nearest centre of information to have all his difficulties removed."

Referring to our cold storage systems, the Times, the leading daily newspaper in the world, declared in a leader that "Capital put into cold storage warehouses will prove a sound remunerative financial investment" and the Commercial Intelligence, another English publication, has endorsed it.

With such points before him, and such pointers ready for him as he may require, the Canadian agriculturist may do well to dwell a moment upon the superior advantages freely offered for his acceptance; and the least he can do in return for these privileges is to co-operate with the experimental branches of this department in still further improving the farmer's position in this land, and their commercial status throughout the world's markets. The success of

"Ah!" mused the Chicago damsel, "Jack promises to take me to the coronation if I marry him; Fred promises to take me to France, and Tom says he will give me a trip through this country, with a week at the seaside, if I will be his."

Here she knit her brow in pensive thought. At last her face brightened. "I have it," she declared. "I will marry Jack and see the coronation, and tell the other two that they must wait until after I have had my divorce."

An Unequivocal Condition. To eat a hearty meal without injurious after effects is a pleasure that seldom comes to the dyspeptic. He cannot enjoy his dishes and is fearful to eat what he best relishes. Iron tonic Pills will positively cure dyspepsia, indigestion and headache. Each box contains seventeen days' treatment. Price 25c., at Wade's drug store.

The Political Parties. From Life. There are always two political parties; not so much because there are two sides to every public question as because there are two sides to every office, viz., the inside and the outside.

"Oh, yes," said the Chauffeur, "I'm a member of the S.P.C.A." "I shouldn't think you would be so interested in the welfare of animals." "You misunderstand me, evidently. This is the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Automobileists."—Philadelphia Press.

Dr. Pitcher Helps

Suffering Women

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets Bring Ease and Comfort, Health and Strength, to Many Pain-Racked, Health-Shattered Women.

There are thousands of women in Canada to whom life is an absolute burden on account of the unceasing ache in the back, the dragging pain in the loins, the side-aches, headaches, and weary, worn-out feelings which are an invariable accompaniment of kidney troubles.

Many women, too, are suffering from forms of kidney troubles, such as scalding, irritability of the bladder, frequent rising at night, pain and distress in making water, high-colored urine, etc., about which they are reticent, not caring even to mention the fact to their physician.

To every woman suffering from kidney trouble in any way Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets come as a veritable boon and blessing. They clear out the clogged-up kidneys, cure the backache and urinary trouble, roll away the burden of pain, and give health, strength and energy.

SPICING PAIN. Mrs. Alice Saunders, whose home is No. 35 Barrett avenue, Toronto, and a picture of whom appears here, gave the following statement of her case: "I take great pleasure in acknowledging the benefit I derived from the use of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. I can now eat or drink anything, and no increased action of the kidneys takes place. The pain has left my back entirely. These Tablets are sent by mail on receipt of price. T. Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50c. a box, at all druggists, or Dr. J. C. Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont."

TENDER, SORE KIDNEYS. Mrs. George Noble, Hunter street, Peterboro, says: "My back for four or five years has given me a lot of trouble, and the kidneys were tender and sore. I got a bottle of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, and they have done me a lot of good. I have been able to work right along. They never upset me a minute. I am very glad to be able to give this good word for the medicine."

There is not a woman who suffers from kidney complaint but can find relief and a positive cure by Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. Then, why suffer any longer?

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MRS. ALICE SAUNDERS

are worth their weight in gold to anyone who has kidney trouble. I am feeling better now than I have in a long time. Prior to taking the Tablets, I had to give up my work; the pain in my back would be like some sharp instrument piercing through my kidneys. I have had such good results from the use of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets that I stand ready to recommend them to anybody suffering from kidney or bladder trouble."

"THOUGHT I WOULD DIE." Mrs. Joseph Young, Division street, Welland, Ont., says: "I have suffered from backache and kidney trouble for four or five years. At times I could hardly shut my hands together so swollen, and my feet were so swollen, and my feet were so swollen. Going upstairs hurt my back so I thought I would die, and my breath grew awful short. I tried almost everything, with no relief. Black specks floated all around, and my eyes were very bad. The pain ran from the small of my back to the base of the brain. I could not sleep lying on my back. I went and got a bottle of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, and they have been a great boon to me. They are just splendid. I can now go to work, and the pain in the head is about gone. All the old feeling of creaking and creaking in the base of the head is gone, and the back comfortable. The old spells that came on any time night or day are gone, and I feel like living again. I can work with comfort and get upstairs fast with no trouble. I am only too glad to recommend them to everyone. I used to be afraid to turn over at night, and could not sleep, and now I am not afraid at all and can sleep well."

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DR. C. E. O'CONNOR. Late resident Surgeon, New York, and Chief of Staff, U.S. Army. 375 King St. Ont.