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Many people who have been unsuccessful in their search for money in the city, have found it in the country. Buy a pair of COTTAM BIRD SEED.

Carrying a bill under the arm does not prevent carrying poison under the tongue.

CAPT. KIDD'S CAREER

NEW LIGHT HAS RECENTLY BEEN THROWN ON IT.

There is a Possibility That the Noted Pirate Was a Tool of a "Gratifier."

Some interesting manuscripts have been discovered at Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Portland, whose titles and estates are being contested in the sensational Druce case, which throw some new light on the career of Capt. Kidd. They are mostly letters from the Earl of Bellomont, who was sent out by William III. as governor of New York and Massachusetts, with special instructions to suppress the pirates infesting the Atlantic. He supplied Kidd with a vessel of thirty guns and a commission under the great seal, both to act against the French and seize the pirates. Kidd, as everybody knows, fell a victim to temptation and turned pirate himself.

There was much suspicion at the time that Lord Bellomont was really backing Kidd in the pirate venture and was not at all averse to making money that way, as long as his own participation in the nefarious business was not disclosed. Kidd, in his "protest," which is included in the documents, says: "The ship being bought, rigged, manned, and named the 'Adventure Galley,' the Lord Bellomont encouraged me to proceed, by assuring me that the noble lords above mentioned, the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Lord Chancellor, Earl of Romney, and Admiral Russell should stifle all complaints that should be made in England, and he himself would prevent all clamors in those parts where he was governor, by condemning all the goods and treasure I should bring aboard and disposing of them privately, and satisfying the owners for such part as should be due to them."

These accusations Lord Bellomont, of course, bitterly resents, and declares that the pirates have cost him more trouble and torment than any business during his whole life, and he is not a brass farthing the better for them. One of the most interesting disclosures made by these documents is that it seems to have been hard at that time to tell just who were pirates and who were not, so dishonest were the King's own officers. Gardiner, the deputy lieutenant of Rhode Island, refuses to give up to the earl all the pirates in his hands and "has writ me an evasive, tricking letter," writes the earl. "He is an ill man. Capt. Gullock assures me that a silver tankard of his that was in the ship 'Bradish' (one of Kidd's crew) ran away with and was seen in Gardiner's house. It is scandalous that such a man should be in the King's service."

He adds that he is continuing the search for Kidd's treasure, "but without much success." "A Capt. Thomas Clarke," he continues, "was said to have £10,000 or £12,000 in his hands, and I have confined him in the fort at New York. I wish he were going to give it up, but some pettifogging lawyers advised him to set me at defiance."

In another letter he writes: "The preserving of Kidd and the rest and hindering their escape out of prison, is in great measure owing to the rewards I gave the sheriff and keeper of the prison here in New York, and the caresses and good words they had every day from me."

Up to the last Kidd protested his innocence and said that far from being a pirate himself he had done his level best to capture the famous pirate ship, Mocha, with all its vast store of treasure. But Joseph Palmer, one of his men, turned state's evidence to save his own skin and deposed that he had encouraged and aided the Mocha instead of attempting to capture it.

Kidd is spoken of in the correspondence as a "villainous monster," and everybody seems to be disgusted with the whole affair. The earl writes: "Sir Edmund Harrison, who sent me to America, gave me a terrible hard Presbyterian gripe in the articles between him and me," and he speaks elsewhere of being given a "Presbyterian gripe"—apparently the worst possible thing that could befall an English nobleman of the seventeenth century.

Frequently in the correspondence the earl complains that his salary of \$12,000 is inadequate and beseeches his friends to use their influence to get it increased. He makes frequent allusions to his rights in the booty captured with the pirates. "I am told as vice-admiral of these seas," he writes in one place, "I have a right to a third part of them; if the rest of the lords come in for snacks I shall be satisfied."

Hunting For Treasure. Mr. Wigglesworth, an Englishman, who lives at Arcis, is to make a search for mysterious treasure buried by one of his ancestors in that portion of the wall of Joan of Arc's tower at the castle which formed the old dungeon of the castle.

The treasure had been a family tradition, but its whereabouts was unknown. Mr. Wigglesworth states that one of his ancestors was a Bailie, or Mayor, of Arcis, at the time when the town belonged to the English. He says that he discovered quite recently some papers which prove that treasures belonging to his family were hidden in several places in the ruins of the old town of Arcis.

One place indicated was a hole in the Joan of Arc tower, covered by a stone on which the word "Open" was stenciled in English. The place was examined, and a stamp was found bearing the letters "en"—the last two letters of the word "Open."

Mr. Wigglesworth has had photographs taken of all the places indicated, and in every case the photographs show that the brickwork has been interfered with at some distant date. One of the statues in the tower, of which a photograph has been taken, is that of an ancestor of Mr. Wigglesworth.

He has written to the Ministry of Fine Arts for permission to take up the stone bearing the letters "en" and secure the treasure.

Knickers—My son, this hurts me more than you. Johnny—Well, pa, don't you take chloremol be-fore you knicker?

THE DEADLY HOUSE FLY.

Worst Known Disseminator of Disease Germs.

The common house fly is one of the greatest enemies of man. He is one of the worst disseminators of disease known. In spreading evil he so far surpasses the mosquito as to render the needle-beked insect a negligible quantity by comparison. He thrives where the mosquito would die of inanition. He is omnipresent, and the amount of danger that he can spread over a city absolutely staggers the imagination. With one kick of a hind leg, for instance, he can distribute among men, women and children one hundred thousand disease-laden germs.

Medical men have long known that typhoid and other intestinal diseases are due to a germ which arises from fecal matter, but they have been at a loss to know how these germs have been disseminated. New York health officials claim to have solved the puzzle. They have traced the crime home to the house fly, have caught him with the goods on.

This is how the fly was unmasked. Under the direction of Dr. Daniel D. Jackson, fly-traps were placed this summer on piers, under piers one block from the river and so on, around the waterfront in the various boroughs. Inspectors were detailed to gather the captive flies, which were taken to the laboratory, and daily records made of their numbers and the material on the body, mouth and legs of the insects examined. To prove by experiment, captured flies were thoroughly cleaned and then allowed to walk over infected material. They were again examined and the material which they carried was analyzed. In one instance, a fly captured on South street this summer was found to be carrying 100,000 fecal bacteria, showing the affinity to dangerous germs of this active medium of dissemination.

Dr. Jackson, who made most of the experiments, declares solemnly that the flies are responsible for 5,000 of the 7,000 deaths annually in New York from typhoid and other intestinal diseases.

DEAD FOOD FOR SNAKES.

Successful Attempts to Cultivate Reptiles in the Zoo.

"Can the snakes in the zoo be civilized?" It is a vital problem, especially in the case of the reptiles which follow their food while it is alive and kicking. Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, the secretary of the Zoological Society, London, and Mr. R. I. Pocock, the superintendent of the gardens, have been gauging the reaction of the reptilian palate by a series of interesting experiments, says The Daily News.

These experiments were made in the reptile house at feeding time. After carefully noting the way in which the reptiles reacted to the food in which they approached their prey, they came to the conclusion that all the snakes would swallow warm, freshly-killed food, and that small animals and birds, which are generally the favorite dish of captive snakes, were not frightened when put into the cage. Even the great python, which thought nothing in the old days of swallowing a live goat, a couple of rabbits and several pigeons, was satisfied with the same menu when served "dead."

One of the results of these experiments is that a motion will be brought forward at the next meeting of the society recommending the council to discontinue the feeding of the snakes with live animals. There are still one or two fastidious reptiles in the zoo that will not take their food dead, but the civilizing influence of the officials is being brought to bear upon them.

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Fox-Hunting Curates. To The London Times a correspondent writes: "Once when a duke of Gratton was thrown into a ditch by a young curate, who had been competing with him for pride of place, shouted 'I'll still you curate,' and cleared him and his hunter, and the fence at a bound. So pleased was the duke with the performance that he declared he would give the young divine his first vacant living, and not long afterward carried out the promise, vowing that if the curate had stopped to pull him out of the ditch he would never have patronized him.

"Sporting parsons" are still to be found in almost every county to-day who can hold their own in the ring when hounds run hard, and some of the keenest fox hunters in all times have been supplied from the ranks of the clergy. Even the warning against their "hunting, hunsyng and dunsyng," in the reign of Henry VI., appears to have had very little effect.

It is difficult, indeed, to understand why riding to hounds should be considered an unclerical practice, for if skill with bat and ball is commendable in a curate it seems somewhat illogical to condemn the love of field sports in a vicar, and men of the stamp of Rev. Jack Russell or Rev. Charles Kingsley were not the worse clergymen for being expert fox hunters. But reverend masters of hounds are becoming scarce.

Dodging the Rules. After being conducted through an old church by the verger a visitor was so pleased with the official's courtesy and information that he insisted on giving him half a crown. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but it's quite against the rules."

"I'm sorry for that," said the visitor, about to return the half crown to his pocket.

"But," added the verger, "if I were to find a coin lying on the floor it would not be against the rules for me to pick it up!"

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IS BRITAIN TO LOSE INDIA?

Native Woman In America Stirring Up Sympathy For Hindoos.

Driven from her country by British secret agents, according to her own story, Mrs. Phik-lay Kustom Cama, wife of a Bombay solicitor, recently arrived in New York from India, in the interest of a propaganda for the release of that country from the British.

She says she has been driven from her country to country by British secret agents who are constantly on her track, and that she is never free from espionage.

Even while she was talking to a reporter two women, acknowledging themselves to be Englishwomen, sat near, and one was detected making surreptitious notes of every word Mrs. Cama uttered.

Mrs. Cama was aware of the surveillance. In a distinct voice she threw down the gauntlet, informing them she feared neither them nor their country.

"The British Government," she said, "may drive me out of America, Italy and France, but it will simply drive me to some other land where I will spread the truth and show the people how England rules her colonies. They may kill me, they may imprison my husband, who is in Bombay, but the Government cannot quench this fire, which in the end means the freedom of India."

Mrs. Cama dresses in the flowing fantastic robes of her countrywomen. She travels as a rich tourist. "In India," she continued, "there is a National Political Party. There are two factions in the party, the Modernists and the Extremists. The Modernists are simply the representatives of the English Government, masquerading as natives. The Extremists are the real natives of India, who wish to be free.

"The plan of the Extremists, of which I am one, is to refuse absolutely to pay the exorbitant taxes imposed by England. We realize that we are the richest possession of the crown. We realize that we grow every particle of raw material owned by England, but we are unable to manufacture it into the finished product. Instead, it must be sent to England and then shipped back to us.

"The real estate tax must be done away with. Not only do we have to pay an acreage tax, but we have to pay a tax on the net income from our land. This combined tax now amounts to 65 per cent per annum of the value of the land.

"But the struggle will last only a few months more. When the tax collectors try to levy their tribute again they will be met with a refusal to pay. They may throw the natives in jail, they may flog them until the flesh is cut to pieces, and that bruised flesh will be the opening gun of a war that will echo throughout the civilized world.

"Even then the natives will not rebel. They will take their floggings, they will be thrown into jails, they will bear everything without protest. But the coffers of England will remain empty. The taxes will remain unpaid.

"Then it is expected old England will throw her army after her into India. The native regiments, commanded by English officers, will be asked to shoot down their countrymen, and they will refuse. When England fires the first gun—then will come rebellion."

The movement represented by Mrs. Cama is so far advanced that the doctors have a name and a flag for the country when a republic. The country is to be known as the United Colonies of India.

The flag is three broad bars of different hues. The top bar is the color of Mohammedanism, or red, and is eight lobed flowers, symbolizing the eight provinces of India. The centre bar is in the old gold of Buddha. The third bar is the crimson of Hindoos, on which representations of the sun and moon appear in white.

The King's Surnames. The question is often asked as to whether King Edward has a surname, and if he became a private gentleman whether his name would not be Mr. Guelph. This has recently been discussed by Mr. T. P. O'Connell, who is emphatic on the point. He says in the conclusion of a long article: "When we come to the dynasty known as the Guelphs, we find that in a small way sovereign long before hereditary surnames existed. They never required or used a surname, and never had one. With the death of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, the Guelph dynasty ended, and with His Majesty King Edward VII. the Dynasty of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha commenced. Here again, a new line of male ancestry must be traced, but here once again it is traced to a surname and a surname of ancestors living at a period before the introduction of fixed hereditary surnames. The result is, that the King has never inherited any surname, and has no male ancestor who ever had one. The origin of most royal houses was similar throughout Europe, and kings and their families, speaking broadly, never had or used surnames. They signed their Christian names alone. So universally was this the case that it became rigid etiquette that a person of royal birth should not use a surname, though there have been numbers of cases of dynasties, like our own Sturges, like the Bernards, Dynasty of Sweden, or like the Bonaparte family, who unquestionably and indubitably had inherited surnames."

The Syrian Shoemaker. Cobblers are proverbial smokers, and the Syrian shoemaker is no exception to the rule. He, however, smokes not a short pipe, but a long stemmed hookah, while he works. He is propitiously a slipper maker, and to his skill in handling leather he must add a knowledge of embroidery in order that he may decorate with colored silks and bullion the gorgeous footwear of his feminine customers.

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USED POISONED DARTS. Extraordinary Story of Threats Made Against an English Farmer. An extraordinary story was related at Preston County Police Court recently, when a painter named John Balslaw was charged with sending threatening letters to George T. Hunt, his former employer, a farmer of Inglewood Cottage, Broughton.

TRANSFER CASES "CHEAP" vs. "DEAR." YOU may think that you are saving money in buying a "cheap" Transfer Case of inferior make, but you will soon find that the same case is very "dear." Cheap cases soon fall to pieces and jeopardize your records.

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