

Don't Have "Spring Fever"

What you must do is to get the blood pure—by stirring up the liver—making the bowels regular and the stomach sweet. The quickest, and surest, and pleasant way to do all this is to take **Abbey's Salt**. It's the best spring tonic. 25c and 60c a bottle.



NOW FOR A GOOD DISH I'VE CAUGHT MY FISH AND Sea Bream TOO JUST THE THING FOR LENT!

VETERAN GETS REWARD

HERO OF MUTINY RECEIVES PENSION AFTER 50 YEARS.

Man Who Captured a Town—Caught and Flogged Rajah—Stormed Fort in Dead of Night—Success of a Foreign Hope—Stirring Events During the Famous Rebellion of 1857.

During the past few days the splendid services of a civilian during the Indian mutiny fifty-one years ago have been recognized. The India Office has informed E. J. Churcher that he has been awarded a pension of \$600 per annum, from Jan. 1, 1908. Mr. Churcher is indebted to the direct intervention of the King, through His Majesty's private secretary, Lord Knollys, for this recognition of a romantic deed.

Mr. Churcher, now 76 years old, is a tall, commanding figure. His tread is still elastic, his manner dignified, and his speech quiet but full of force. Two of his sons are officers in the British army. Two of his brothers were killed in the mutiny.

In July, 1857, when the mutiny was at its height and Agra deluged with blood, J. Russell Colvin, the hapless lieutenant governor of the united provinces, sent Mr. Churcher, a young civilian, to attempt to restore British authority in Etah, a town and fort 70 miles away from Agra, on the high road from Delhi to Cawnpore. An order for 5,000 rupees, the greater part uncashed, in the name of Mr. Churcher's treasured possessions. With this he was to raise a force and do his work.

How his ragged force marched from Agra; how they caught and flogged the rajah twenty miles away, who, three months before, had robbed Mr. Churcher's father and mother; how they came through at last to Etah are incidents which would provide absorbing narratives. But a great incident was the taking of Etah.

"I came to Etah in August, 1857, with 100 horsemen and 150 foot," said Mr. Churcher recently, "and called upon the rajah to allow me to occupy the fort for the British. He placed a green flag on the wall and proclaimed himself a vice-regent of the King of Delhi, and refused admission. That evening, camped in the mango grove near the fort, I heard that 20 Sikhs who had mutinied from a regiment at Benares were approaching."

THRILLS OF ICE BOATING.

Sport Seems Tame Till Craft Strikes a Hummock.

One of the most inspiring sports of the winter season is yachting on the ice. The frozen landscape slips by at the rate of forty miles an hour, more or less, and the pure, frosty air makes the ears of the passengers tingle. On, on the machine flies, answering every turn of the helm like an animate creature, and the only regret of the persons aboard is that they can't violate the speed laws and be chased seventy miles by an ice "cop." There is nothing to run over in all the vast shining expanse of congealed water, thinks the amateur. Neither chickens nor dogs will get in his way. He begins to gnaw his lip in disappointment. He thinks a power boat would be better, because there is a chance for it to explode. Nothing can happen, he reasons, on the swift gliding ice of the poetry of motion, which falls on the appetite.

The amateur's heart jumps and he clutches a hand rail as the yacht shivers from a stiff jolt, swerves and leaps into the air like a bird. It comes down rather base and wabbly. That was an encounter with a small hummock. When the boat strikes the next one the action-loving amateur may have a chance to go overboard and sail two or three hundred feet of glassy sea to the west of his trousseau. There is also an exhilarating prospect of meeting cracks in the ice. The boat will leap across ordinary chasms, but it may come to one which will engulf the merry crew and make them swim in water of an extremely bracing temperature.

A knowledge of seamanship comes in play not only for such an eventuality, but in handling tiller and sails. The ice yacht responds more quickly to the helm than a steam craft, and an extremely light wind would suffice to reef for approaching squalls and allowance made for contrary currents of air sweeping through breaks in the shore line.

Racing between well matched boats provides lots of fun and excitement. There is faster going in these contests than in most other kinds, save for automobile and sledding in the Alps. A speed of more than sixty miles an hour has been attained. The yachts are provided with steel runners, which soon become highly polished; a sharp rudder, which cuts into the ice enough to give a purchase in steering, and often a side-extended heavy runner to balance the wind driven craft. The latter feature resembles the device in use by South Sea Islanders for surf boats. In some home made models of iceboats there is merely a platform of board above the runners, and the youthful sportsman goes "belly-whopping" while he steers his speeding craft.

The iceboat is not so popular in country districts as it is near cities. Long experience of rural mankind has shown that an iceboat requires too much attention when two persons go out together, and nothing can beat the old-fashioned one-horse sleigh. The horse steers himself while the young man and the girl sit far apart in blissful meditation or allow their hands to touch under the buffalo robe. Yet, for all that, when a third person manages the iceboat, the young man and girl have a chance to hold or be held which is not to be despised.

New Prairie Towns.

In view of the approaching completion of their main line from Winnipeg to Edmonton, the Grand Trunk Pacific Co. is now busy making arrangements for placing about one hundred town-sites in Western Canada on the market. These town-sites are dotted all across the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, the average distance between them being above the range of 20 to 30 miles. The indications are that there will be no lack of competition for lots in these town-sites, and that upon most of them, before the season is over, the foundations will be laid of goodly towns.

House of Lords Shabby.

The House of Lords is indeed sadly in need of repair. Not only are the red leather benches in a dingy condition, but the seats in the Strangers' Gallery, in which the peers may invite their admiring friends, are too uncomfortable to deserve the name of seats at all.

TALE OF PINCHER CREEK.

How the Neighbors Helped themselves to a Shack.

In the early days in the Canadian West the rancher or the homesteader felt quite free to leave his shack for days or weeks at a time, confident that on his return nothing would be found amiss—except, perhaps, that passing strangers had found shelter there for the night, and made use of the place as if they owned it. Such was the custom. But no damage could be done, and nothing would be carried off. Of more recent years a more mixed class of people have been entering the West, some of them unversed in those traditions of the plains in which the early comers took so much pride.

The new homesteader, if a bachelor, used to put in his time while doing his homestead duties, by working for a neighbor, during which time he might not visit his own shack for weeks. This shack of his was, perhaps, not large enough to contain a "four-poster" of our grandfather's time, and its furnishings were few and simple in the extreme.

There is a story told at Pincher Creek of a young bachelor, absent from his shack in this way, who discovered that his few possessions were rapidly disappearing. A sleigh, griddle and a team of horses. None of these things had been borrowed in good faith by neighbors, but it was bad form to take them in that way, and he decided that he must put a stop to it, and in order to do so he went "home" to sleep at night.

The first night was uneventful, but on the second he had a dream, in which he felt that he was on the sea crossing the rolling billows towards his English home. A noise awakened him, and his amazement may be imagined when he discovered that his residence was actually gliding across the prairie. Various wild theories flashed over his mind as he sprang up, but on looking out of his little window he found that a team of horses was rapidly hauling his shack away, the long grass serving almost as well as snow for the purpose. His indignation was great and just, and his first impulse was to take summary vengeance, but being a young man with a strong sense of humor, he threw himself on his couch and decided to wait until morning and see the strange adventure through.

At daybreak his shack ceased its long journey, and it was evident by the noises outside that it had reached its destination. Those outside imagined that this was to be its future site.

MAKING NEW BLOOD.

Sir James Grant Uses Electricity to Relieve Aged Man.

Sir James A. Grant, physician to Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, and consulting physician to the Montreal General and St. Luke's Hospitals, announced recently in an article in the New York Medical Journal that blood can be made by electricity, and that persons suffering from anaemia can be benefited greatly thereby.

"An important fact, demonstrated clearly," says Sir James in his article "is that blood can actually be made by electricity, by stimulating through the abdominal walls the ganglia that take part in the process of blood formation."

Indian Poisons.

An old Cherokee Indian recently gave away the secret of how the Indians of olden times used to poison their arrow heads for war purposes or for killing bears. They took a fresh deer liver, fastened it to a long pole, and then went to certain places where they knew they would find rattlesnakes in abundance. About mid-day the rattlers are all out of their dens, coiled up in the cooking sun. The bucks would poke the first rattler they found with the liver on the long pole. A rattler, unlike common snakes, always shows fight in preference to escaping. The snake would thus repeatedly strike at the liver with its fangs until its poison was all used up, whereupon it would quit striking and try slowly to move on. The bucks would then hunt up another rattler and repeat the performance, keeping up the work until the liver was well soaked with snake poison. Then the pole was carried home and fastened somewhere in an upright position until the liver became as dry as a bone. The liver was then pounded to a fine powder and placed in a burlap bag, to be used as needed for their arrows. This powder would stick like glue to any moistened surface and was death to any creature which it entered on arrows.

To a Tramp.

O happy tramp! I envy you,
Whose cares and clothes are very few.
It never puzzles you to choose
What tie to wear, which shirt or
shoes.
Your pants may bag, but you have
ceased
To care if they're correctly creased,
And one pair satisfies you, which is
An embarrassment of breeches.

Nearly all our little ills come through inactive bowels. Those days that you lose because you don't feel right—Cascarets will save them all.

In the old days, physic was dreadful—calomel, castor oil, salts or cathartics. And they were worse than they seemed, for they irritated the stomach and bowels. They acted much as pepper acts in the nostrils. They flooded the bowels with fluids. But those fluids were digestive juices. And a waste today means a lack tomorrow. You secured relief, but you were actually worse off than without it.

It's different with Cascarets. Their effect is the same as that of laxative foods, or of exercise. They stimulate the bowels to natural action. No griping, no irritation. They act as a bowel tonic.

The old way, too, was to take large doses of physic. People waited until the bowels were clogged. The new way is to take one Cascaret when you need it. Carry the box in your pocket or purse. Ward off the troubles instantly. The modern plan is to keep at your best. The old way wasted too many good hours.

Cascarets are candy tablets. They are sold by all druggists, but never in bulk. Be sure you get the genuine, with C.C.C. on every tablet. The price is 50c, 25c and **TEN CENTS PER BOX**



The Sign of Satisfaction

Do you appreciate the importance of the Fit-Reform trademark and what it means to you? It is the personal guarantee of the Fit-Reform Company that every garment they make must be satisfactory, or the money will be refunded. This is the platform on which the Fit-Reform business was founded, and on which its magnificent success has been built.

Fit-Reform CRAWFORD & WALSH

Sole Agents for Kingston.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AFFLICTIONS.

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure. I want to tell all women about this cure—see, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand woman's sufferings. What we women know best ourselves, we know better than any doctor. I know that my house treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or White Discharge, Uterine Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Prolapse, Stasis or Painful Periods, Dizziness or Quivering of the Head, also pains in the head, back and breast, bearing down feelings, nervousness, craving for sweets, the spine, melanolia, desire to cry, hot flashes, weakness, kidney and bladder troubles were caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

THE 20TH CENTURY TREATMENT, The source of all Power, discovered in the Laboratories of Dr. Jules Kohr, The Fountain of Youth.

The result of 50 years of scientific research. Lost manhood brought back after years of weakness and despair. Nature's Secret restored by combining three of the most chemical essences in the world. This is no experiment. It is proved by its use in the L. Republic of Europe. Tens of thousands of weak and hopeless cases cured by 30 days treatment. This is a fact! Prove it yourself by a test. A 5 days treatment with full particulars sent absolutely free. All packages are carefully sealed in a plain wrapper with no marks. A full 30 days treatment, (180 doses) with guaranteed cure or refund of money, for \$3.00.

\$500.00 CASH in prizes for St. George's Baking Powder LIMERICK

\$200.00 will be given to the person making in the best last line. 100.00 to the person sending in the 2nd. best. 25.00 to the 3rd. 5.00 each to the next twenty-five best. 1.00 one hundred best.

And a Special Weekly Prize of \$5. for the Best Last Line Sent in Each Week

A GAIN, we give you a chance to share in the \$500 offered as prizes for the best last lines submitted for St. George's Baking Powder Limerick. This second Limerick contest continues until May 31st.

Nearly all cheap Baking Powders are made from alum. It is against the law to use alum in England. St. George's Baking Powder is made from 100% pure Cream Tartar. Use St. George's and avoid alum poisoning, indigestion and other stomach troubles. Get a can of St. George's and compete in the Limerick contest, but by all means use the Baking Powder and see for yourself how good it is.

CONDTIONS:

- Each week, a special prize of \$5.00 will be awarded for the best last line in that week. The Limericks, winning the weekly prizes of \$5, will also compete for the \$500.00 prizes.
- Carefully remove the trademark from the tin of St. George's Baking Powder by wetting the label with a cloth dampened in hot water (be careful not to get the baking powder damp). Paste or pin the trademark to the corner of the coupon in the space provided.
- Competitors may send in as many lines as they like, provided each is accompanied by a trademark cut from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder.
- The Editor of The Montreal "Star" has kindly consented to act as judge, and all answers must be addressed to The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal.
- All answers must be posted not later than May 31st, 1908. The names of the prize winners will be published in this paper as soon after that date as possible.
- No trademark, cut from our sample package, will be accepted.
- No personal explanations will be made, nor the receipt of Limericks acknowledged.

CUT HERE

A young lady near Napanee
Said "Thank you, no Alum for me;
My cake must be pure
And St. George's, I'm sure

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor of The Montreal "Star" as final, and enter the competition with that understanding.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Dealer's name from whom you bought St. George's Baking Powder _____

Dealer's address _____

Address this coupon, with St. George's trademark attached, and your tin and name plainly written, to The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal, before May 31st. No other dues and have St. George's Baking Powder, used in the same way as we sell and you will enjoy it.