

ALMOST GIVEN UP
"FRUIT-A-TIVES" SAVED HIS LIFE

Mr. Dingwall was Superintendent of St. Andrew Sunday School in Williams town for nine years and License Commissioner for Glangary — and Tax Collector for Charlottenburg — for fourteen years continuously. Read how strongly Mr. Dingwall comes out in favor of "Fruit-a-tives."



Williamstown, Ont., April 5th., 1907.

I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvelous benefit I have derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I was a life long sufferer from Chronic Constipation and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of bladder trouble with kidney trouble, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" for Chronic Constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action.

Signed JAMES DINGWALL.

"Fruit-a-tives" — or "Fruit Liver Tablets" are sold by dealers at 50c a box — 6 for \$2.50 — or will be sent on receipt of price. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

IMPERIAL
CREAM TARTAR
BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
E.W. GILLET COMPANY
TORONTO, ONT.

IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING
Sir John Power & Son Ltd.
ESTABLISHED AD 1791
THREE SWALLOWS
IRISH WHISKEY
Famous for over a century for its delicacy of flavor.
Of highest standard of Purity.
It is especially recommended by the Medical Profession on account of its peculiar "DRYNESS"

"Silver Plait that Wears"
Fancy Serving Pieces
Spoons, Knives, Forks, etc.
can be obtained in any quantity
all marked
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
Unexcelled for exclusive designs and lasting quality.
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
In buying for sets, knives, table spoons, etc., insist on goods made by MERIDEN BRITA CO.

Dye to any Color
At Home!
"Maypole" is a cake of soap that washes and dyes at one operation. Not an old-fashioned dirty, messy powder dye. It gives brilliant, fast colors — dyes anything — dye to any color or shade. Goodbye to that trip to the dye house — dye at home with Maypole.
Maypole Soap
No. 37 Colburn-st., for Black.
Pres. L. Baskett & Co. Montreal, Qc.

MONEY IN CANARIES
COTTAM BIRD SEED
24 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

DRESSES OF ROYALTY
BRAID AND GOLD LACE PLAY A CONSPICUOUS PART.

Rich Uniforms Help Monarchs to Look Impressive — King Edward Prefers Comfort — Though Every Inch a Ruler in Appearance — Mesmeric Effect of Royal Robes — State Functions.

Clothes may not make the man, all good democratic doctrine argues the contrary, but they certainly do make the public character, the ruler and the statesman.
A large part of the deference which the public pays to the richly adorned monarchs of Europe would fall away if the people could see these men as they really are in plain attire. Nor does this argue any disloyalty, nor does it mean that the king or Kaiser would any the less be obeyed. Not that, but the thrill would be gone, the feeling of wonderment that comes over the average impressionable mind in the presence of a grand display of gold-laced and purple cloth.

Recently while the Emperor of Germany was in England on a visit, some one snapped a picture of him as he walked out in the country. In the course of his two decades reign the Kaiser has been one of the most photographed men in the world, but there is no such picture of him as he exists as the one the amateur Englishman got.

William has been shown in all the glory of the make-up that hushes retirement those traditional commandments. The tall beaver hat, with a brush, the gold-laced coat, the tight boots, the rich cape, all suit admirably with the stern face, and the picture is immensely popular in the Empire. Also he has been shown in the make-up of an admiral of his navy and in the kingly robes of his highest office, ruler of the empire.

The Kaiser knows that clothes have a lot to do with making the proper impression on his subjects, hence there is no danger that the picture taken in England will be circulated in Germany. Just a little hint conveyed to the police authorities that he did not regard it with pleasure would be enough to prevent this.

The picture in question shows William wearing a sack coat, old pair of ill-fitting trousers, a cap, gaiters and carrying in his right hand a walking stick. His left hand is thrust carelessly in his trousers pocket, a most un-kingly position, though the power that is in the Emperor shows in his face.

William's host at the time, King Edward of Britain, is a veritable Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in appearance. He presents a most astonishing contrast when made up for a state ceremony and when taking his comfort in one of the walks of which he is so fond. King Edward has always been a handsome man, despite his lack of stature, and gray hair and gray beard really add to the gentleness and dignity of his appearance. Arrayed in the splendid robes of his office he makes a most impressive figure — every inch a king, in fact.

But take away the purple and the gold, remove the crown, take His Majesty from the throne room and send him on a stroll through the woods surrounding his country estate, and the suggestion of kingdom passes. Edward, successor of a mighty line of monarchs, then becomes a good-natured looking old country squire, good living shows in his retarding, comfort of mind appears in his cheerful face.

The favorite clothes of His Majesty on such occasions of comfort, when the cares that oppress a king have been put aside, are those that are large and roomy; especially does he lean to homespun and Scotch tweeds. It has been said that when he goes to the Derby, an event he seldom misses, thousands of men there are arrayed in more costly garb than he.

The Prince of Wales is much like his father in this respect. In appearance he has the characteristics of the line of which he comes, though not nearly so good-looking as his father. But take away the admiral's uniform, which he wears in most of his favorite pictures, and present him as a plain citizen and he looks a little like the man who will some day succeed to the throne of the Hanovers.

BELE OF THE LAKES.
The Schooner Erie Belle, a Vessel With a History.

The old schooner Erie Belle, which has lain in the harbor at Chippewa for the past dozen years, is now being dismantled. Her works over the waterline will be destroyed, and the portion of the hull that lies below the water will be fixed up and used as a tool scow.

The Erie Belle was at one time the belle of the lakes. She was a three-masted schooner with double topsail and top-gallant sail. She was the only schooner on the lake with five jibs. On her masts there were three bells in token of her name. She was built by Youell, of Port Burwell, in 1873, and was sailed by her owner, Capt. John MacDermott, a Highland Scotchman. She was next under the command of Capt. Duncan Macleod, and during his time she once met with a serious mishap on Lake Erie. In a heavy storm she was dismantled. The tug Mary took her to Port Huron for repairs. Her last owner and master, Mr. J. W. Brantford, died in 1905, and his wife inherited the vessel. She has taken a load of pulp to La Salle, and while unloading the crew went on strike for unpaid wages. The story runs that the captain, seeing a favorable opportunity, single-handedly ran her out into the Niagara river, and getting the help of a friendly tug, slipped down to Chippewa and tied her up. Here she was seized by a Port Hope bank that held a mortgage on her, and it was destined that she should never sail again.

She was a trim schooner on the day she reached Chippewa, and as the weeks and months went by she rotted to pieces. Today you could crush through her timbers with your foot. Were you to jump on the deck you would be in danger of going through.

The Erie Belle has been sketched and photographed a thousand times. One artist came all the way from California for the purpose. An author from the sunny south wove her into a story in a narrative for boys.

A FAMOUS WAR ARTIST.

How a Japanese Maid Interpreted His Sketches.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, the famous war artist, has probably seen as much active service as any living army veteran. He gained his first experience as a war artist in Serbia as far back as 1876, and since that time he has traveled nearly all over the world. In 1898 he was on board the Comor with Lord Charles Berosford at the bombardment of Alexandria; he accompanied the Nile expedition for the relief of Khartoum; he went through the South African campaign, and had some thrilling adventures during the recent Russo-Japanese war. Mr. Villiers was the first to introduce the cinematograph camera on to the battlefield, and he was also the first correspondent to use a bicycle during a campaign.

Mr. Villiers and a friend, who fancied himself an artist, were once visiting a tea-house in Japan, and a little Japanese girl brought them each a tiny cup of tea. They waited for further orders. The visitors tried to explain that they were both exceedingly hungry and would like a substantial meal; but their limited knowledge of Japanese failed to make the waitress understand their meaning.

At last Mr. Villiers suggested that his friend should try her with pictures. "Draw a fish, an egg, a loaf of bread and a bottle of beer," said he; "she can't misunderstand you then."

DELIGHTS OF THE PRAIRIE.

Young Englishwoman Describes Life on a Canadian Farm.

We have heard a lot of the experiences of the usual immigrant who takes up land in British America, but it has remained for "The World's Work" in its "all round the world" May issue to give us the vivid picture of a young Englishwoman who runs a Canadian farm. Miss Binnie Clark, in telling her story, says: "The sun was my clock. I was due to leave my bed the moment it escaped the lingering embrace of the horizon. My room faced east, while the sun's rays veiled the window, but not the hired men were supposed to put in an hour's work before six o'clock breakfast—feeding, milking, grooming. The Canadian always turned out at dawn, it was his strong point; the Englishmen hated early rising and talked to a man, bar one, and he was endowed with the conscience of an Arthurian knight; the Irishman had a deplorable weakness of not being able to awaken, but he was so convincingly sorry for it, he had a way of convincing himself in the true Hibernian turn of the tongue, with the true Hibernian smile to help it out, so that it was not until duck shooting started when I understood to provide cartridges for shooting before or after work hours. I started to understand the way of the awakening and some other ways of the Irishman. On Sunday mornings I was as a rule the solitary human in residence.

I must acknowledge that the sun often soared from crimson nearness to distant gold before I obeyed the wireless message from my four-legged friends assembled at the paddock gate to urge the fact that the golden rule of oats for breakfast was not to be cancelled even by the well-appreciated delight of sleeping out on summer Saturday nights. Now and again I obeyed the summons ungraciously enough, with the deliberate intention of turning in again to breakfast. I had measured up breakfast, but if the fine air of the Canadian prairie the special quality of Canada, the hearty morning air is the essence of the quality; day by day it gives me completely and mentally to the somewhat arduous duties of the daily round, and it can stimulate to that inspiring degree of life which may only be written down as the purgatorial joy of being alive; so that although I have turned in again after preparing kitchen breakfast for the household, never after measuring up stable breakfast for the beasts.

A JOURNALIST PEER.

Member of the Fourth Estate Who Sits In the House of Lords.

Lord Lucas, who has been appointed private secretary to Mr. Haldane, can be claimed as a member of the Fourth Estate, for he is not only a journalist himself, but the son of a journalist. As Mr. Auberon Herbert, he was out to the South African war as representative of "The Times" and was wounded in the early days of the campaign. But it was not till June last that he was elevated to the peerage. The bluest of blue blood runs in his veins; he is the son of his father, Auberon Herbert, that eccentric genius, whose politics used to astonish the House of Commons when Mr. Gladstone was at the height of his fame, he is of near kin to the Earls of Carnarvon, Bunsford and Powel, while through his mother, a sister of the last Earl Cowper, he inherited his English barony of Lucas and the Scottish barony of Dingwall.

STRANGE FANATICS.
Ascetic Customs and Practices of the Doukhobors of Canada.

Of the many strange sects which find followers in some portion or other of the globe there is none more eccentric or more Spartan in self-discipline than the Doukhobors. It is a sect which responds to a call that brooks no caviling, no hanging back.

The people who voluntarily accept its obligations impose upon themselves a penance which is calculated to test the limit of their endurance. Humiliation of the flesh is part and parcel of their creed. To such extents do they carry their fanatical beliefs that they are frequently to be seen marching through scorching heat or bitter cold with practically no clothing beyond a loin cloth to cover their loins.

The Doukhobors make sacrifices which surpass in severity those of the most rigid ascetic. They have been ordered by their leaders to sell their cattle. They have done so. Now their children are dying for want of sustenance. Last autumn they were ordered to sell their sheep, and they disposed of 15,000. They then sold their chickens. Now they are paupers.

Their leaders have abolished time. Nearly 25,000 will and watches and clocks have been taken away from the people by their head men. Mirrors have been forbidden; to make sure, special agents have collected all the looking glasses, tea, coffee, sugar and pancakes and women have been ordered to sell their food now that most of the Doukhobors are really in a dead letter, and births, deaths and marriages go unrecorded.

They live in northwestern Canada, these strange fanatics. Only a little while ago they were Russian emigrants in reality. Like some of the earlier English Quakers, they were forced by persecution to leave their country and flee to North America. Their English prototypes went to Pennsylvania more than two centuries ago; the Russians went to Canada in 1826. They settled near Lake Winnipeg, and there they are now, where 300,000 acres are reserved for their colonization.

Tree 800 Years Old Destroyed.

One of the seven fine old oaks in Salcey Forest, Northamptonshire, was burned down recently. It is situated at that some visitors to the forest made a picnic fire in the hollow trunk, the result being the complete destruction of the tree, which is said to have been 800 years old. The commissioners have now given instructions to the ranger that no picnic parties will be allowed in future, and that trespassers in the forest will be severely dealt with.

All that's needed to remedy the tainted dollar is to make its purchasing principle pure.

This world can never be kept clean when people neglect themselves to scrub their neighbors.

2 in 1
Shoe Polish
is a railroad shine, quick as wink. Puts a polish on that lasts like patent leather. Saves and feeds the leather too, and makes the shoes last longer. Do not let your boot-black ruin your shoes with any old polish. Insist on getting "2 in 1" and get satisfaction.
At all dealers
10c. and 25c. tins

After the game
—after any violent exercise or whenever you are overheated—don't drink ice water plain. It merely aggravates thirst and is apt to upset the stomach.
"MONTERRAT"
Lime Fruit Juice
in the form of a delicious limeade, cools, refreshes and satisfies.
It is the ideal thirst quencher—mixes with everything (except coffee).
Order by name—"Montserrat."
Canadian Agents: NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA LIMITED.

The
"Hecla" Furnace
Each one of these four grates can be shaken separately
The outer edge of a furnace fire burns up quicker than the center.
This raises a wall of ashes between the firepot and the coals, just where the hottest part of the fire should be.
To heat the house properly and economically, these ashes must be removed whenever the furnace is attended to.
In most furnaces, all the grates are geared together. They must all be shaken together. As the coal burns unevenly, either good coal must be shaken down with the ashes, or the fire slightly shaken and the ashes and clinkers raked down with a poker.
In the "Hecla" Furnace, each of the four grate bars can be shaken separately. When ashes accumulate on the sides of the firepot, shake only the side bars. This means getting rid of all the ashes—saving coal—keeping the fire clean—and doing away with sifting ashes.
When the furnace is almost out, you can shake down the ashes farthest from the fire without disturbing the live coals, and quickly have a blazing fire. Clinkers cause no trouble, as they do with grates that are fastened together and must all be shaken together.
It is certainly easier to shake one grate than four.
An Automatic Lock holds each bar in position. This Lock opens as the shaker is put on and locks when released.
"Hecla" Triangular Bar Grates may be removed in an instant and each bar replaced separately.
Our new catalogue describes the "Hecla" Bar Grates, Steel Ribbed Firepot, Fused Joins and other exclusive features. If you are going to put in a new furnace this year, write for a free copy.

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