SCOTT'S EMULSION

cures coughs and colds, sore, tight chests, not by "dope," but by increasing the strength and enriching the blood.

All Druggists.

YOU CAN'T "BRIDGE OVER."

The Coal question. You have to confront it. For best quality.

Try WALSH'S, Barrack St.

COAL!

The kind you are looking for is the kind we sell.

SCRANTON

Coal is good coal and we guarantee prompt delivery. 'Phone, 133.

Booth & Co.,
FOOT WEST STREET.

LOOK
THROUGH THE HOUSE
AND SEE

If you have anything you would like to turn into money, I will buy one or all the things you have there.
Old fashioned furniture and bric-a-brac a specialty.
A post card will bring me.

L. Lesses,
Cor. Princess and Chatham Sts., Kingston, Ont.

Fortify the System Against Colds, &c.
By using
Bovril or Johnston's Fluid Beef
We have a fresh supply, in all sizes, 20c., 35c., 65c. and $1.00.
FRESH OYSTERS
D. COUPER,
'Phone, 76. 341-3 Princess St

Wood's Phosphodine,
The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Sexual Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses. Price $1 each, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. The Wood Medicine Co. (formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.

THE FRONTENAC
LOAN AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY
ESTABLISHED, 1863.
President—Sir Richard Cartwright.
Money issued on City and Farm Properties. Municipal and County Debentures. Mortgages purchased. Deposits received and interest allowed.
S. C. McGill, Managing Director
27 Clarence street.

Grand Union Hotel
Opp. Grand Central Station, New York City
Rooms, $1.00 a Day
AND UPWARD
Baggage to and from Station free.
Send 2c stamp for N.Y. City Guide Book and Map

A few more Specials in Wall Paper at Half Price. See them at
D. E. FRASER'S,
'Phone 373. 78 William St.

THE IDEAL BONING

IN SPIRELLA CORSETS.
Best in world, guaranteed not to break or rust. Postal or 'phone 878 and I will call with sample. MARGARET DUNNETT, Sole Agent, 105 Wellington St.

The Horse Still In Use.

Omaha Bee.

With automobiles selling at upward of $1,000 each, 100,000 of them might be bought with the increase in the value of horses in the United States last year, and still leave something over $6,000,000 for the maintenance and repair of the machines. The comparison shows fulfilment of the prophecy that the automobile was to put the horse out of business is a long way off yet, and also gives a hint of the great wealth the country has in its farm animals.

Hard, Soft Or Bleeding.

No matter what kind or where located, any corn is promptly cured by Putnam's Corn Extractor; being purely vegetable it causes no pain. Guarantee with every bottle of "Putnam's." Use no other.

Short Dogs Bite Low.

London Tit-Bits.

Passerby—Here, boy, your dog has bitten me on the ankle.

Dog Owner—Well, that's as high as he could reach. You wouldn't expect a little pup like him to bite your neck, would yer?

SOME ANIMAL "ACTORS"

GOOD TABLE MANNERS OF FAMOUS MONKEY.

Eats Like Perfect Gentleman and Winds Up Repast With Cigarette.

London, March 6.—Nothing ever done by an animal on the stage is so clever or so human as the performance of Consul, the monkey shown at the London Hippodrome, yesterday. The performance is natural enough to appear unrehearsed, for Consul brings to the meal which is the main incident of his "turn," an appetite that cannot be described as an illusion.

Before, hoever, he got to this serious business of a "high tea" Consul

showed a disposition to bolt. His trainer described it as "a strong desire to play." But once he was seated in front of a table, with a table napkin under his bearded chin, he quickly discovered the bell that enabled him to signal for the feast.

His knife-and-fork manners are beyond reproach. He seems to know what society expects of a gentleman, and at table he is certainly the first gentleman of his race. He never mistakes the purpose of either knife or fork. He fills his own cup, puts in the milk and sugar, and tastes the mixture with a spoon before raising the vessel to his lips.

The real fun of the performance is not seen until Consul helps himself to a cigarette from his own case, puts it in a holder, strikes a match, lights the cigarette and lies back to watch the smoke curling upward. The whole business is done without anyone's help on the stage. It is a really marvelously clever piece of training, and certainly delighted and greatly amused everyone who witnessed it at the London Hippodrome.

Consul earns for his trainer $500 a week, and the management is glad to pay it. Other animal "actors" also draw pretty big salaries.

Trixie, the clever old gray mare who is well-known at the Palace theatre, can earn $400 a week for her owner, and Emir, the musical horse, will draw $200 or $250. A troupe of three or four elephants will appear on a salary list at from $500 to $625 a week, and the two tiny parrots shown by Niblo at the music halls are good for $250.

One of the most expensive animal "turns" is Seeth's troupe of lions, which gets $1,500 a week; or about double the sum earned by Henrickson's tigers. Valleeita's leopards are another well-known wild animal "turn," but serpents and snakes are, to-day, poor salary earners.

CANNOT BE WRITTEN,

But the Sentence in English Can Be Spoken.

Philadelphia Record.

"Did you know that there is at least one sentence in English that can be spoken, but that is impossible to write," said a University of Pennsylvania senior. "Yes, it's correct English, I suppose, and then, again, it isn't. Here is the sentence, although I swear I don't know how you are going to write it: 'There are three twos in the English language.' You see if you spell two, t-w-o, the sentence is incorrect, as it is if you spell it either 'too,' or 'to.' Catch the point? You cannot say three twos properly, because three two's are six. Really it is incorrect to say it, although it certainly should be possible to express the thought. This thing has got me going, and it simply goes to show what a mess the English language is. There certainly is a word 'two' and a word 'too' and another 'to' and they are all three pronounced alike—two, too, or to—which makes it incorrect to say, 'There are three twos,' or 'three toos,' or three 'tos' in the English language. But what's the use? I know a whole bunch of awfully nice fellows who are slowly going crazy out in my fraternity house at the university trying to figure this thing out. As far as my intellect can grasp the matter it is impossible to say correctly that 'there are three 'twos' in the English language.' Say, will you tell me if I am going or coming?"

Had Noted The Place.

Youth's Companion.

Believing with Solomon that to spare the rod is to spoil the child, an earnest Boston parent keeps in a certain closet a leather strap with which he administers punishment to his offspring when they commit any misdemeanor. A few days ago he had occasion to need the strap, but it was missing from its usual place, and a thorough search of the entire flat failed to discover it. Then he offered a reward of five cents to whosoever of his olive branches could tell him what had become of the lost article. "Gimme the nickel," cried four-year-old Ben; "I know where it is." When the coin was safely stowed away in his trousers pocket he said with much pride: "I frowed it down the airshoft."

Poverty prevents a lot of people from getting the gout.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days
E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

TALE OF HEROISM.

A Klondyke Miner and His Cornish Mother.

"I would rather be broke in Dawson than anywhere else in the world." I have often heard that sentiment uttered since I came to this sub-Arctic corner of North America, and often have I had practical illustration of its truth. Let me tell your readers in a few words a little tale of Klondyke pluck and love. A young Cornishman, William J. Lowery by name, had been for some time in Klondyke, now up in fortune and now down. For two years he worked on the Bear Creek Bridge, and for the last two seasons was on one of the Yukon Gold company's dredges. His business was that of an oiler, and his dredge was at work on the Klondyke river. While thus engaged one day his foot slipped, and in a moment was wedged in and mangled. His calls brought comrades about him. "It's hopeless," said Lowery; "I can't get out; cut it off." Neither of his comrades had a knife. Lowery calmly produced his own from his pocket, and with it the mangled portion of the leg was carved off. The shock to Lowery was terrible, and in the end he succumbed. "What can a man do with only one leg?" he said when efforts were being made to save his life. "I'm no more use in the world, and I don't want to live; but there's my old mother away in Cornwall. I keep her, and she can't do without me." Nowhere are local patriotism and generous instincts found in a higher degree than among the pioneer people of the Klondyke, and it was only necessary for the facts to be recorded in the Dawson News to cause subscriptions to pour in from high and low. £563 4s. 2d. was thus obtained, and at the request of the subscribing miners and citizens of the Klondyke Lord Strathcona has had the satisfaction of buying an annuity of £52 a year, which will keep the mother, Mrs. H. Lowery, in her Cornish home, beyond want for the rest of her life.

The Love Letter.

New York Sun.

She took it from the postman with a
nervous, trembling hand,
A sort of trepidation she could hardly
understand;
Of course she knew he loved her, so why
falter in this way
When a Valentine was due her and she
knew just what 'twould say?

She took it to her boudoir, not because
she cared to hide
The postmark or the writing or the
verse or two inside,
But because she was a woman with a
gentle woman's heart;
She yearned to feel the rankling, by
herself, of Cupid's dart.

Alone beside the window she observed
the dainty square,
Addressed as is the custom, with an
eye deluding care;
She smiled to think how useless was this
effort of her hand
When, of course, the sweet inclosure was
by him and for her planned.

With thrilling still reluctant she at last
removed the seal,
Observing how ecstatic such a moment
makes one feel;
Then she spread the page before her and
her head spun like a top—
It was only an announcement from a
swell new butcher shop.

Piles Cured In 6 To 14 Days.

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Anyway, the ventilation of an air castle is perfect.

All men are born helpless, and some never outgrow it.

BONUSES FOR BABIES

WILL BE PAID BY ALDERMAN OF HALIFAX.

Novel Experiment in English Village For Preservation of Infant Life

London, March 6.—Seated before a table on which stood a teacupful of bright new sovereigns, Ald. William Wallace, of Halifax, a gray-haired, benevolent-looking old gentleman, was engaged for nearly half an hour, yesterday, in the town museum in redeeming promissory notes.

The latter were nearly a foot square, and were curious documents. The printed matter contained in them referred to the feeding and rearing of infants, but at the foot over the signature of the alderman was the following undertaking:

"Twelve months after date I promise to pay to the parents or guardians of the above-named child the sum of £1 on production of proof that the said child has reached the age of twelve months."

The history of these remarkable bonds is an echo of Ald. Wallace's year of office as mayor. In the hope of reducing infantile mortality in the borough, he promised to give £1 to the parents of the first 100 children whose births were registered in 1908 and were alive at the end of twelve months.

Yesterday was the day fixed for the redemption of the ex-mayor's promises. Ninety-one of the 100 children are alive, and eighty-one of them were publicly exhibited yesterday by proud mothers. Not a few of the babies were able to toddle past the alderman unaided. One chubby-faced little boy evidently took the ex-mayor's fancy, for he had him placed on the table before him and handed the child the sovereign direct. But for a mother's vigilance the infant would have immediately put the glittering coin into his mouth.

Made The Judge's Head Ache.

London Tit-Bits.

Sir Gorell Barnes, who has been making some remarks lately on the manner in which the oath should be taken, is the judge who once complained about the scent used by ladies who came before him in the divorce court. He was suffering from a headache, and said to his hostess one day that it was caused by scent. "Scent!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?" "The ladies of the divorce court love perfumes," he replied. "It has been a hot and trying day for me, for each of the witnesses, who are placed in the box quite close to the judge, has come into court and waived a dainty handkerchief saturated with scent. I have inhaled patchouli, white rose, heliotrope and half a dozen other perfumes since breakfast, and, unfortunately, the more emotional ladies become the more they wave these pretty pieces of scented cambric and apply them to their eyes."

SMART MOTORING OUTFIT

WORN BY MISS MADDEN OF 'QUEEN OF THE MOULIN ROUGE CO.' PHOTO BY HOL. PERRY.

The more English and mannish the top coat is this year, the more dashing. This particular model of block check English tweed is an example of fine tailoring. The slanting side seams, patch pockets buttoned under the flaps, and wide collar caught under a button are all new features.

With this swagger wrap is shown an auto hat by Gage. The arrangement of the veil around the brim is strikingly practical, and the strings that tie beneath the chin will be appreciated by the woman who rides in a stiff breeze.

POETICAL SELECTIONS.

Self Help.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in March Mautilus.

Methinks God must be oft dismayed
Hearing how much our lips have prayed,
Seeing the little that we do
To make the prayers we pray come true.

And so I have resolved no more
To ask for blessings from His store
Until my energetic self
Has searched life's every nook and shelf.

And after I have done my best
And made an unremitting quest,
And hunted high, and hunted low,
Then unto God my prayers shall go.

I would not for one moment ask
A mortal friend to do my task,
Then why on my Creator shirk,
My rightful portion of the work?

An idle mendicant—no more,
Is he who begs at heaven's door
Until with body, soul and mind
He seeks, himself, life's gifts to find.

A Gentleman.

By Margaret E Sangster.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play—
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

The Tramp Cat.

Poor little beggar cat, hollowed-eye and gaunt,
Creeping down the alley-way like a ghost of want,
Kicked and beaten by thoughtless boys, bent on cruel play,
What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day,
Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless bones,
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones,
Shrinking at an outstretched hand knowing only blows,
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer foes.
Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat,
Frightened off at angry cries and broomed into the street;
Tortured, teased and chased by boys, through the lonely night,
Homeless little beggar cat, sorrow is your plight.
Sleeping anywhere you can, in the rain and snow,
Waking in the cold gray dawn, wondering where to go,
Dying—in the street at last, starved to death at that;
Picked up by the scavenger—poor "tramp cat."

The Sunset Hour.

By Madge F. Darling.

The evening shades creep softly o'er the grass,
The breeze a tender message bears the flowers,
The swallows rapturous, twitter as they pass
In their glad flight, at close
Of sunset hour.

The sunset dyes in crimson all the western sky,
While here and there a little star peeps, shy,
Nestling contented in it's bed of blue,
And looks in wonder at the glorious hues
Of sunset hour.

'Tis at this hour fond memories come and go
Of loved ones that we once were wont to know,
The merry voice, the buoyant step,
The happy eyes, full of love's tender glow.
Now in love's tender memories ever kept,
At sunset hour.

Ah, when shall we our loved ones meet again,
Freed from all sorrow, from all strife and pain
And o'er the shining river clasp again
Those forms, that we so fondly used to strain
To our glad hearts,
At sunset hour.

My Mother.

Though others may have failed to see
A line of beauty there,
To me my mother's patient face
Was wonderfully fair,
Those earnest eyes were wells of love
From which my soul drank deep,
And sweet and soothing is the voice
I still hear in my sleep.

My heart would break, did I not hope
That in a little while,
In God's eternal Home of Love,
I'll see my mother's smile.
My heart would break, did I not feel
That she is near me still,
Assisting me to humbly bow
To God's most holy will.

Assisting me to bravely bear
The sorrow and the gloom
In union with the Master's grief
At Lazarus' holy tomb.
Ah! she would sacrifice her life
To shield my heart from pain,
And now her fond protecting love
With me must still remain.

God grant in thought, in word, or deed,
I never may depart
From precepts that she first instilled
Into my wayward heart.
In life, I could not bear to see
Grief's impress on her brow,
Then may no thoughtless act of mine
Bring sorrow to her now.

My mother, you will pray for me,
And pray for those whose grief
Is heavier than mine to bear,
Obtain for us relief.
My father, sisters, brothers, all—
Pray for us, mother mine!
Watch over us, until with you
We rest in Love Divine.

"Hast Thou A Mother?"

Hast thou a mother, loving, kind?
Give thanks to God and be contented;
For not to all on this sad earth
Is this most precious boon extended.
Hast thou a mother, loving, kind?
With tender care, O guard her ever;
That she may lay her aching head
To rest when worn with age and sorrow.
For thee, from childhood's earliest hour,
In sleepless care her life has passed;
At eve she watched thine eye-lids close
At morn with, kisses sweet awaked thee.
Through weary nights beside thy couch,
When thy young life was burning dimly
Tho' hope from ev'ry other heart had fled,
Her faith, her hope, she cherished.
With loving words, with counsel kind,
Thy wand'ring feet she gently guided;
With folded hands, beside her kneeled,
She taught thy lips their earliest prayer;
She tuned thy heart to heavenly love,
Thy youth from dark temptation warding;
To her alone thy thanks are due
If thou in virtue's path art walking.
But should she rest beneath the sod,
From loving hearts for now she's parted
Forget not thou her early grave
To crown with summer's sweetest flowers.
A mother's grave, a holy grave,
To thee a holy place forever,
O hither come to this loved spot,
When weary, worn with life's rude tempest.

ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS.
TO SMOKERS!
500 50c. Briar Root Pipes. Special, 25c.
200 Regular Briar Root, 25c. for 10c.
And all Repairs for Sick Pipes and Squeaky Instruments
AT THE HOUSE OF PERFECTION
A. K. ROUTLEY,
173-5 Princess St.

FURNITURE SPECIAL

Everything reduced from
10 to 15%.
This will be a splendid opportunity to save money
R. J. REID, 230 Princess St Phone 577.

Ganong's Chocolates
The best. Any flavor.
In bulk, 50c per lb.
One-half pound Fancy Boxes, 25c.
One pound Fancy Boxes, 50c.
A. J. REES, 166 Princess St
Phone 58.

St. Margaret's College
TORONTO
A High-Class Residential and Day School for Girls under the management of
GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., (formerly Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto), and MRS. GEORGE DICKSON.
MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A., Principal.
Large Staff of Teachers, Graduates of Canadian and English Universities.
Full Academic Course for University Matriculation with highest honors; Music, Art, Domestic Science and Physical Education.
Write for Booklet to the Secretary, St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

GOOD SALARIES
Go Only to the Well Trained
Our High-Grade Courses never fail to bring success to our graduates. Day and Evening Classes, and Moderate Rates.
FRONTENAC BUSINESS COLLEGE
Clergy street, Kingston.
'Phone, 680.
T. N. STOCKDALE, Principal.

Increase Your Efficiency
Kingston Business College, Limited,
Head of Queen Street.
Canada's Leading Business School
Day and Evening Classes.
Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Telegraphy. Special individual instruction for pupils deficient in English branches. Rates moderate. Enter at any time. 'Phone, 440. H. F. MECALFE, Principal.

You Have Tried Others, Now Order
PRICE'S ICE CREAM
A rich, dainty dessert of a very superior quality, that may be ordered in brick or bulk, at a moment's notice.
Price's, 288 Princess St. Phone 845.

Wm. Murray Auctioneer
27 BROCK ST.
New Carriages, Cutters, Harness etc., for sale.
Sale of Horses every Saturday

LADIES' AND GENTS' TAILORING
We fully guarantee superior quality, correct style, artistic workmanship and perfect fit.
J. B. Ouellette,
228 Princess St.

Auction Sales Rooms
ALL KINDS OF SECOND-HAND goods bought and sold, or goods sold on commission. Auction Sales promptly attended to, at the City Auction Sales Rooms, 88 Brock St., Kingston.
J. E. JONES, Auctioneer.

No Matter

Whether your cash be gold or silver or paper, it's all good here. We give you real estate which is valuable in return for your cash which is standard.

The real estate will increase in value more rapidly than the cash. That's why you ought to invest at once.

D. A. Cays
57 Brock St.

The Best Grade Material and Skilled Labor Combined
Give the Best Results
We Positively Guarantee All Our Work
Turnbull Electrical Mfg. Co.
'Phone, 873. 273 Bagot St.

James Campbell,
TAILOR,
109 BROCK STREET.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's garments cleaned, pressed and repaired by modern methods. Prices moderate. Goods called for and delivered.

OUR ROOSTER BRAND OF TOBACCO
Smoking and Chewing at forty-five cents a pound, is a good tobacco. Why pay eighty-five cents. Andrew Maclee Ontario street.

M. P. KEYS
Antiseptic Barber Shop
Hair Dressing and Shaving Parlor. Three Chair. Quick Service. Your patronage solicited.
336 King Street
Next door to Wade's Drug Store.

TO CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS
The Perfect Brick & Tile Co., Washburn, Ont.
PAISLEY & CHISHOLM, Lessee
Are ready to contract for immediate delivery. Brick that will stand inspection at reasonable rates. Capacity of plant 60,000 daily.

ANGROVE'S FOUNDRY
Brass and Iron Castings of Any Size or Weight.
Place d'Armes