


**EASY TO SEAL**



**RUBBER SEALER**

Fruit is not perfectly preserved unless sealed in Schram Automatic Sealer

The "Schram" is the best thing you can use for preserving fruit jars. It is as clear as crystal and as durable as plate glass because all green glass is rejected when it comes to manufacturing Schram Automatic Fruit Jars. The "Schram" has a wide, smooth, polished mouth. It admits whole fruit easily. You could not cut your thumb on it if you tried. The "Schram" is easily sealed. Simply place your jars on a level surface, press the automatic sealer gently down—thus forcing the air through two small vent holes. When the cap is pressed home these holes are automatically sealed—your fruit is hermetically sealed. This exclusive feature prevents decomposition—your fruit or vegetables cannot spoil. You can put "Schram" jars away for months, or years, and be quite certain that they will not sour or ferment. See cause for this can enter sealed Schram jar.

The "Schram" is as easily opened as sealed. Insert the back of an ordinary table knife under the edge of the sealer—pass all around and the cap is off. No wrist-spraining, waiting-for-bubbling, old-style, stick-fast, screw top, but a simple scientific arrangement that every housewife will appreciate. The "Schram" Fruit Jar is the best and cheapest on the market—the best because the most durable—the cheapest because there are no extra rubbers to buy as with other jars.

You'll buy "Schram" Automatic Fruit Jars ultimately. Why not now? A Dainty Receipt Book Free. Ask your grocer to show you the "Schram." Send us his name if he doesn't carry them and we'll mail you a pretty little book of reasonable preserving receipts absolutely free.

**The Schram Automatic Sealer Co.**  
Makers of the Only Patent Automatic Fruit Jar of Canada, Ltd.  
Waterloo, Canada

**EASY TO OPEN**

R. CARSON, KING STON DISTRIBUTOR.

**WHEN SHIPS ARE MEAN**

HOW JACK TAR FARES ON A STINGY BRITISHER.

Double-Belt Pie Is the Sailor's Peculiar Horror and He Takes a Reef in His Girdle After It—Top-Gallant Tea is Made From the Old Used Leaves—Dog Chowder Is Another of the Parsimonious Dishes.

There is nothing so mean on earth as a "mean" ship, which is one that feeds her crew on "lops"—on double-belt pie, "cow-jipper," "by-the-wind soup," and all the other extraordinary concoctions that are served up to her hands. A ship is good or bad for Jack as the master tries to save money for himself or the owners by seeing how close he can come to starving his crew and yet keep within the limits of the law; or by feeding them well and getting so much better work out of them.

Now and again a British "windjammer" proves to be a "mean" ship. When he is in port with a newly-sighted crew, they are fed well on a diet mainly of baked mutton and potatoes, and plum-duff thrice a week and more. But when she is at sea out come "by-the-wind soup" and the other strange dishes of the "mean" ship. "By-the-wind soup" is a standing feature to her seamen, and is made of equal parts of well-scraped mutton bone, potato peelings, a handful of stale meat trimmings, and other odds and ends from the captain's table. This is well boiled for an hour or two, and results in a light brown liquor, with blobs of fat floating on its steaming surface. Some sea biscuit is then thrown in, and the "soup" is ready for the forecastle's consumption.

"To-gallant-tea" is one of the earliest rations on board the "mean" ship, and is served four times a week in the dog watches. Very weak tea, made from fresh leaves is given the men three times a week, and the leaves, instead of being thrown away, are then kept together with those from the captain's cabin, and on the other days are put into a large stew-pan with plenty of water and a bit of soda to make the tea "draw." This is boiled for about an hour or so, when black sugar or blackstrap is added to taste, and the resulting stew—a hot, brown, tannic liquid—is sent "for-ard" to the hands' evening meal.

"Dog-chowder" is a regular standby on board "do-the-men's" ship. It is something like a pudding, consisting of all the things which the cook has either not the courage to serve up, or not the skill to cook, carefully cut or shredded small, and liberally treated with fat, drippings, grease, to hide its true nature, then dished out piping hot. Even in its most palatable form, "cow-jipper," the stuff of which too many forecastles know so well. It is a kind of broth made from stale bones boiled for seven or eight hours, well seasoned with salt and coarse pepper, and thickened with all manner of things, including crumbs and bits of biscuit. This is a standard feature in the "mean" ship's bill of fare for the hands, and effects a great saving to the master's or owner's pocket.

It is not so abhorred by Jack as "jumping-jenny," otherwise known as "double-belt pie," in his partaker requiring to take in two or three holes in his belt till the next meal comes along. "Jumping-jenny" is made of one week's breakfast leavings from the captain and officers' tables, boiled in a few gallons of water plus an option a handful of flour or meal, and half a dozen of ship's biscuits. To strengthen the concoction there is boiled in it half a pound of meat, which it has not been boiled away, and gives rise to much grumbling and wrath from those who have not had the luck to get a bit of it.

But all vessels are not "mean" ships, and on many, aboard of which the captain pays strict heed to the Board of Trade regulations and his crew's health, the hands fare well and liberally. In steamers the sailors and stokers have the same—each hand one pound of fresh beef, mutton, or pork every day, or if salt, one and a half pounds; one pound of butter a week, one pound of ship's biscuit or bread, one pound of sugar, and half pounds of flour, and a tin of syrup, jam, or marmalade to each watch per week. There is usually no stint of water on board a steamer, unlike a sailing ship, where the men are as a rule three quarts of water per day, for drinking, cooking, and washing hands, face and clothes.

**Militia Humor.**

An unusual "ceremony" was recently performed in the camp of the Devon Militia at Willworthy. The qualification test for marksmanship had recently been made so severe. In consequence of this there are no possessors of cross-gun badges in the battalion now assembled for their annual training.

A grave was dug and lined with turf, flowers, and evergreens, into which, after a solemn procession from the Devon lines to the "grave," and a funeral service, the cross-gun badges which had hitherto adorned the tunic-sleeves of the marksmen were "interred."

Two or three wreaths were placed on the grave, and also a cross, bearing the inscription: "In loving memory of the guns of the Devon Militia Battalion, which were brutally murdered by Mr. Haldane, 1909."

A Veteran Horse.

The extraordinary age of forty-five years and nine months was attained by a horse owned by Col. Heath which has just died at the colonel's farm at Apollo Bay, Victoria, Australia. Col. Heath states that there can be no possible doubt as to the animal's age, as he still has the diary containing the entry showing when it was foaled (it is, in all probability, the greatest record known). The horse was ridden by the colonel as a charger in its youth, and several times carried him from Melbourne to Shepperton—180 miles—in two days. It was sired by a famous racehorse named King Alfred, its mother being an Australian Arab-bred mare.

Prosperity quite frequently comes to men who at once become top-heavy with pride and insolence. Without any urging on our part, usually the hard times will come from the man too lazy to turn and look work in the face.

**UNITED AFRICA.**

Support of the Dutch Leaders Happily Won the Day.

Empire-making nowadays proceeds at a quickened pace, and South Africa—so lately the scene of sanguinary military conflict and bloodless but not less determined racial feud—is about to receive its imperial seal as a Dominion under constitutional government. "The World's Work" in an article on "Sealing the South African Constitution," points out, that in offering thanks the nation might well, bearing in mind the clouds of doubt that recently darkened the skies, remember the superb sentence which is engraved on the base of Drake's statue. "He blew his winds and they were scattered." The Dutch leaders have displayed a quite unexpected and untraditional magnanimity—"General Botha, Mr. Smuts and Mr. Steyn, though the back-sighted Dutchman set them in power, have not walked in the foot-prints of Mr. Kruger as was expected and desired by their supporters. They have been, in the eyes of the old Boer, indecently British. They have adopted large parts of the policy in particular has been of a Progressive. They have offended the class of "Predilators," the powerful priestly tribe whose ideals are chiefly known in England from the biblical utterances of Mr. Kruger. Their educational policy in particular has been offensive to Dutch feeling, for it has encouraged the teaching of English. They have, of course, removed many English officials and behaved frequently in a manner most painful to English sentiment, but they have not fulfilled the expectations of the Dutch. So much is fact; and to pass from fact to speculation, to explain events by a theory which may perhaps overshoot the present truth but has certainly a close relation to it, it appears certain that a day has come when General Botha and his friends must rely less upon the support of the extreme Dutch reactionists and more upon the approval of the Progressive school of thought, whether among Dutch or British."

**Escaped From Davis Island.**

Some unpleasant experiences have been undergone in country districts of British Guiana, lately, due to the frequent arrival of escaped prisoners from the penal settlement in French Guiana, the well-known Devil's Island of Dreyfus fame. Supervisors of the territories by the French settlement authorities is very lax, and any wishing to escape have little difficulty in making their way to British Guiana, and they arrive in the colony in a famished and desperate condition. Coming to a house on a village they will demand food, and a good deal of alarm is often created among residents in remote districts, where police aid is far away. A few weeks ago a tattered and exhausted Frenchman dragged himself into a village and said he was the only survivor of a party of six who had sailed from Devil's Island. Soon after they left the shore he explained, a storm arose; the small boat was capsized, and his companions were all lost. After suffering great hardships he had been able to reach British Guiana. A day or two afterwards a letter-carrier, while traversing a lonely and isolated piece of country, was attacked by several wild-looking men, who, after robbing him made their way into the savannah and were instituted. The men could not be found. It was subsequently ascertained that the story of the Frenchman was a fabrication. He had been one of six who had landed. The remainder had made their way to the savannah backlands.

**A Linguist.**

One of Marion Crawford's talents was a special facility for acquiring languages. Having been partly brought up in Italy, he naturally spoke Italian in most of his many dialects perfectly, and he also had the frequent experience of being taken for a German in Germany and a Frenchman in France. At one time he spent a winter at Prague, in order to obtain local color and atmosphere for one of his novels, and in the short space of eight weeks he had acquired enough of the difficult Bohemian language to make himself easily understood wherever he went, and to gather material from those who spoke no other tongue. But although he knew many languages well, he did not pick them up carelessly; his grammar and a dictionary were always at his elbow. One of his latest pastimes was to read everything he could find of Pindar, a huge enjoyment, he said, because "most of it was pretty tough Greek."—Bookman.

The happiness of a home depends not on what is in it, but what is in us.

**Publish My Letter the World Over**

The Words of Harold P. Bushy, Who Was Permanently Cured of Chronic Lumbago by "Nerville's."

"Three years ago I discovered that a man subject to lumbago might just as well be dead as alive." These words open the sincere, straightforward letter of H. P. Bushy, well-known man in the plumbing and tin-smith business in Portland.

"One attack came after another, and lumbago got to be a chronic thing with me. I could scarcely get in a day's work before that knifing, cruel pain would attack my back. I used a gallon of liniment; not one of them seemed to treat me except to get at the core of the pain. I read in The Montreal Witness about Nerville's, and got five bottles. It is a wonderful medicine—I could feel its soothing pain-relieving action every time it was applied. When I got the disease under control with Nerville's, I built up my strength and fortified my blood by taking Ferro-China, at meals. This treatment cured me permanently, and I urge everyone to give up the thick, white, oily liniments they are using, and try an up-to-date, penetrating, pain-destroyer like Nerville's."

"Please publish my letter the world over. I want all to hear of Nerville's. Don't be careless into receiving anything from your dealer but 'Nerville's.' Large bottles, 25c; five for \$1. Sold everywhere."

**LETTER NO. 4511**

A wonderful medicine—I could feel its soothing pain-relieving action every time it was applied. When I got the disease under control with Nerville's, I built up my strength and fortified my blood by taking Ferro-China, at meals. This treatment cured me permanently, and I urge everyone to give up the thick, white, oily liniments they are using, and try an up-to-date, penetrating, pain-destroyer like Nerville's.

"Please publish my letter the world over. I want all to hear of Nerville's. Don't be careless into receiving anything from your dealer but 'Nerville's.' Large bottles, 25c; five for \$1. Sold everywhere."

**ADELAIDE PROCTOR.**

Something About One of England's Great Poetesses.

Patience, faith, earnestness, courage, disinterested devotion, are the themes which inspired the songs of Adelaide Proctor, whose poems were but the expression of her daily life. This sweet and gentle writer was born in 1825, and was the daughter of the poet known as Barry Cornwall.

While yet too young to write she had a little album into which her mother copied for her her favorite verses. This little book she read and re-read, and constantly carried about with her. Her father did not suspect that she had inherited his poetical gift, and did not know that she had composed a line until her first verses appeared in print. These were not published in book form until two years before her death.

Dickens, while editor of "Household Words," noticed among the contributors a short poem which he considered unusually good. It professed to be the work of a Miss Mary Berwick. He wrote to her, and she became a regular contributor. Dickens had known Miss Proctor since her childhood, her father being one of his oldest and dearest friends. She sent her writings anonymously for that reason, lest if her name were known his judgment should be embarrassed by his friendship. When her name became known to Dickens he wrote her: "You have given me a new sensation. I did suppose that nothing in this singular world could surprise me, but you have done it. You will believe my congratulations on the delicacy and talent of your writing to be sincere." He went on to tell her of "Miss Mary Berwick," as she was imagined in the publishing office.

"Rather advanced in life, a governess; with feelings desperately wounded early in life by some cause, real or imaginary; that she wrote after the educational duties of the day were discharged."

Miss Proctor's second volume, "Legends and Lyrics," contains many of her finest poems, and is much better than her first book.

The second series which followed under the same title, was her last book. It opens with the "Legend of Provence," a lovely tradition, clothed in exquisite verse, and contains other poems braver, but not less beautiful.

Adelaide Proctor died at thirty-nine of overwork—not literary work, for all her poems together make a volume of moderate size, but of the ceaseless labor of charity, and which she the cause of, Dickens said, with a flushed earnestness that disregarded season, weather, time of day or night, food, rest.

With a patience touching to witness she resigned herself without complaint to the weary fifteen months of her last illness.

Many of Adelaide Proctor's poems are real songs, whose full beauty can only be appreciated as such. "Cleansing Fires" and "The Last Chord," fitly rendered, illustrated this view.

Her poetry has made her appear as a poetess and serious woman, while in reality she was possessed of a lively sense of humor, and had a peculiarly pleasant, ringing laugh.

**The Sunday Stone.**

In the University Museum, at Oxford, England, there is to be found a large mass of limestone known as the "Sunday Stone." It is composed of alternate layers of white and gray formation, and reveals a remarkable record of the regular working and resting periods of the coal mine from whence it was taken.

This peculiar stone is a stalagmite deposit of limestone, which formed on the floor of the mine. There is a "drip" of water, each drop permeated with particles of lime, constantly falling from the roof of floor of the mine. Of course, the water soaks away, while the lime forms the deposit known as the working days in the mine, the chamber is filled with coal dust, and the water carries to its deposit the dust which is in the air, as well as the lime in the water. On the Lord's Day there is no work done in the mine, and consequently there is no dust in the air. Thus the stone is formed in layers—six-sevenths being grey, and one-seventh being white—thus keeping a calendar of working days and resting days in the mine. It is well named "The Sunday Stone."

**A Parish of 420,000 Square Miles.**

If the report that Dr. Wilfred Grenfell is to lead the Norwegian expedition to inquire into the discovery of Andree's grave is correct, the selection will be regarded with satisfaction for the noted missionary and explorer is the most suitable man for the task. For many years the doctor has devoted himself to the physical and spiritual needs of a parish containing 420,000 square miles of territory, carrying a sparse population of Eskimos and natives of Labrador. He has set their broken limbs, cured the ophthalmia caused by the glare of the sun, and battled with the scourge of consumption. During his sixteen years' service in that bleak region he has established four hospitals, an orphanage, and many stores where the fishermen, none too worldly-wise, may be assured of not being cheated.

**Sir Francis Galton.**

Amongst the conclusions arrived at by Sir Francis Galton, one of the new knights, who first suggested the system of finger-print identification, is a curious theory concerning ancestral inheritance. He asserts that we inherit one-fourth of our character from each parent, one-eighth from our grand-parents, one-sixteenth from our great-grand-parents, and so backwards. Many agencies, however, prevent the law operating in so ideally simple a manner, and it is to the elucidation of these that Sir Francis has devoted his latter years.

Life Plus Ten Years.

At the recent Nasik Sessions the judge sentenced Ganesh Damodar Sawkar to imprisonment for life and confiscation of his property for seditious writing and to ten years' imprisonment for exciting disaffection in India.

One thing that annoys the young man partial to the looking glass is because it is difficult to see how his back looks.

Some men seek to become their brother's keeper for the purpose of robbing him.

**Rosy Cheeks or Pale Ones?**


A moment's reflection with your mirror will give the hint as to the condition of your system. Pale cheeks, muddy complexion, dull eyes, show a poverty of blood. You require something to make a plentiful supply of rich, red blood course through your veins. To ensure this take

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**

the wonderful little blood-makers. Whatever your blood may need the stomach will supply from the daily food when it is in good working order. Beecham's Pills aid the stomach to digest its food and to assimilate the blood elements. They increase the supply and improve the quality of the blood. If you are pale, weak, languid, or anaemic, a few doses of Beecham's Pills will

**Make all the Difference**  
Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywher in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

**Good Luck!**



**Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes**

Flakes affords that smooth, rich, full-cream flavor which only Kellogg's can give. Kellogg's sends Vegetable Iron into your blood, reddens it, and brings color to your cheeks. If you want your children to grow up healthy, cut out candy and give them all the Kellogg's they want. Demand Kellogg's.

Made at London, Canada.

10c. Package. All Grocers.

**TOASTED CORN FLAKES**

**Canada Club LAGER**



Recommended as a healthful and invigorating Tonic. Kept by all dealers.

**CARLING London**

**BLOOD DISEASES**


Guaranteed Cured or No Pay.

If you ever had any contracted or hereditary blood disease, you are never safe until the virus or poison has been removed from the system. You may have had some disease years ago, but now and then some symptom alarms you. Some poison still lurks in your system. Can you afford to run the risk of more serious symptoms appearing as the poison multiplies? Beware of mercury or mineral drugs used indiscriminately—they may ruin the system. Twenty years' experience in the treatment of these diseases enables us to prescribe specific remedies that will positively cure all blood diseases of the worst character, leaving no bad effects on the system. Our New Method Treatment will purify and enrich the blood, heal up all ulcers, clear the skin, remove bone pains, fallen hair will grow in, and swollen glands will return to a normal condition, and the patient will feel and look like a different person. All cases we accept for treatment are guaranteed a complete cure if instructions are followed.

Reader if in doubt as to your condition, you can consult us FREE OF CHARGE. Beware of incompetent doctors who have no reputation or reliability. Drs. K. & K. have been established over 20 years, and we cure Nervous Debility, Varicocoele, Stricture, Blood and Secret Diseases, Kidney and Bladder Complaints. Consultation Free. If unable to call write for a Question List for Home Treatment.

**DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY**  
Cor. Michigan & Griswold Sts. Detroit, Mich.

**Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Stomach Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all Looseness of the Bowels**



**Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry**

It has a reputation of 65 years' standing and never fails to either relieve or cure.

There are many imitations of this remedy on the market that sell for less per bottle. Dr. Fowler's is 35 cents, so be sure and get the genuine. The cheaper articles may be dangerous to your health.

**SUMMER COMPLAINT AND DIARRHOEA**

Mrs. GEORGE PHILLIPS, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., writes: "My baby one year old took the Summer Complaint, and was so bad as to pass blood. I got a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and only had to give a few doses before my baby was cured. My husband had diarrhoea and three doses cured him. I have used it in my family for over three years with great results and feel safe in recommending it to everyone for all kinds of Summer Complaints."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

**TRISCUIT**

For Dainty Luncheons

You cannot serve anything that is tastier and more wholesome than Triscuit (Shredded Wheat Wafer). Eaten with butter and cheese or marmalade. Heat in oven before using.

At all Grocers.

**Creammalt Contest.**

Creammalt Bread is here and its popularity has been truly marvelous. If you have been observant you will notice a little football label on the bottom of every Creammalt loaf.

To this boy or girl in Kingston saving the most Creammalt labels by Dec. 20th, we will give a prize of \$10 in gold. To the one bringing in the second greatest number we will give a prize of \$5.

The boy or girl who starts saving now has the best chance. Entrance slips to the contest may be obtained free from Lackie, the Baker.

In our window we will give results of contest week after week.

**J. J. LACKIE, PRINCESS ST.**