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THE ICE IS SOFT

AND PROSPECTS NOT VERY ENCOURAGING

For the Big Match in Ottawa Tonight—Ottawa Rules a Close Favorite to Win Out.

Ottawa, March 5.—The extremely mild weather, this morning, renders the ice prospect for tonight's decisive struggle between Wanderers and Ottawa anything but encouraging. A bulletin from the Arena management, however, states that the sheet is in remarkable condition under the circumstances. There was frost on Thursday night which put the ice in good shape and since then no skating has been permitted. For the first half, at any rate, the game should be fair after that it is felt that it will be a case of the best conditioned team winning out. There has been practically no betting but Ottawa rates a slight favorite. A close score is looked for and there is no talk of doubling the score. Every seat has been sold and speculators are asking anything from \$3 to \$10 for the rush seats and standing room. The line-up is expected to begin shortly after noon. The biggest rush to see a hockey match ever witnessed in Ottawa is expected.

An inquest will be held this afternoon into the circumstances attending the death of Michael O'Brien, aged thirty, a soldier who died in the local hospital on Thursday afternoon. Two weeks ago he resisted arrest by the police and was severely beaten and his friends will endeavor to prove that beating he received, at that time, was the indirect cause of his death. A post mortem examination was held, last night, and as a result of this there will be an inquest.

Death From a Germ. Vienna, March 5.—Prof. Rona, the leading Hungarian dermatologist, died of an infection contracted in hospital. He had examined a case of erysipelas in one ward, and was passing across a court to another when some drops of rain fell on his head. He wiped them away with his hand, which he had not yet washed, and so conveyed the germs of the disease to a minute scratch. In three days he died of a severe attack of this disease.

Wood's Phosphorine. The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole system. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Body Weakness, Insanity, Sexual Weakness, Fatigue, Sleeplessness, and Effects of Abuse or Excess. Price 4 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. New pamphlet, "The Wood Medicine Co. Toronto, Ont."

MADE ODD BET.

And the English Nobleman Looked Amazed.

The Scrap Book. The following story gives a good idea of the drinking style of the last century. This was what our grandfathers took for humor.

Two young English noblemen were paying a visit to Lord Panmure at Brechin Castle. One day he wrote a letter to Panlathie, a tenant of his, to come and dine with him, and at the same time he ordered him to bring a sum of money. Panlathie was aware when he received the order that something was to be done and went prepared. After dinner Lord Panmure gave the first toast, which was, "All hats in the fire, or twenty pounds on the table." Four hats were immediately in the fire.

One of the English noblemen gave the next toast, "All coats in the fire, or fifty pounds on the table." Four coats were committed to the flames. The other English nobleman gave the next toast, "All boots in the fire, or one hundred pounds on the table." The whole of the boots were committed to the flames.

Panlathie's toast came next, which was, "Two foreteeth in the fire, or two hundred pounds on the table," and Panlathie pulled his teeth out and threw them into the fire.

The English nobleman looked amazed. They didn't know he had false teeth, and Panlathie went home without hat, coat, or boots, but with six hundred pounds in his pocket. Lord Panmure thought much of his tenant after that.

Heart of Quebec is Sound. Toronto News. The straw vote of La Presse (re navy), showed that the number of Quebec people who desired to make a contribution was woefully small. But there was a large majority, of all who answered the questions, in favor of a Canadian navy—despite the fact that the original plans for a sea force have been widened sufficiently to provide for the purchase of the first-class cruiser Niobe.

Undoubtedly the only effective guide to the sentiment of Quebec has been supplied by these two newspapers (La Patrie and La Presse). Mr. Monk and Mr. Bourassa have failed to interpret it correctly. Mr. Pope and others have made just as complete a failure.

La Presse especially did not say what the people of the neighboring province wanted—it asked them. And there was intelligence behind such action. The general sentiment of the country naturally would be for an effective Canadian force to co-operate in time of danger with the royal navy. The government proposals as they stand are ineffective. But if they were amended by the addition of two Indomitable, they would fairly meet the requirements of national pride and imperial unity.

No Sign of Danger. Canadian Courier. W. R. Brock, a prominent merchant and conservative member of the House of Commons, recently ventured the assertion that the new trade arrangement with Germany, whereby the surtax on German goods was removed by Mr. Fielding, is better than ten Dreadnoughts. He meant apparently that Canada has created an additional reason why Germany would not make war on Great Britain. The Telegram says that it will make no difference. If Germany was willing to sacrifice her \$190,000,000 sales to Great Britain, the extra sacrifice of a possible ten millions would not count. The Telegram's point seems well taken. No matter how highly Germany values our trade, when she makes up her mind to sacrifice her British market, she would not consider her Canadian. However, there is no evidence that she is willing to sacrifice the British market even temporarily. There would need to be some overpowering reason for such action, and that reason is not in sight. Germany's naval activities, like those of Great Britain and the United States, are an insurance against war, a preparation only for possible contingencies which Germans, Britons and Americans hope will never occur.

In Slippery Places. St. Louis Star. Most of the old colonial mansions in Virginia have winding staircases of polished wood. There was a party at one of these a time ago. Presently the brother of the host came in. He was somewhat exhilarated. He glanced about the room, and, realising his condition, took up a stool from a hall table and started upstairs.

He reached the next to the top stair without accident, although everybody was expecting something to happen. Then he slipped, emitted a loud whoop and came down the stairs head over heels, with the lamp, which had gone out, following or accompanying, to put it accurately.

The guests rushed out in the hall. The brother picked himself up slowly and painfully. He braced himself against the stair-post, waved away all who offered assistance, and beckoning to his host, said: "Brother, you should tell the man who waxes those stairs to be more careful. Somebody will fall down them some day otherwise."

And No Wonder. Seattle Times. Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau and president of the National Geographic Society, has not been asked to verify this story, but it is told on excellent authority. People are afraid to get Prof. Moore excited. Someone stirred him up one night last March with the result that he got all the weather wires crossed and broke up President Taft's inauguration with the worst weather since Noah's flood.

Prof. Moore was doing his Christmas shopping one evening in December. He stopped at a bookstore in one of the big department stores. "Have you any books about the North Pole?" he asked of a sweet young thing who smiled at him from under an altitudinous pompadour. "Which do you wish," she queried, "a Cookbook or a Penology?" The weather chief faints.

Joseph Nash, in the hospital with typhoid fever for the past week, woke up on Friday.

THE DAYS EPISODE'S

LOCAL NOTES AND THINGS IN GENERAL

Occurrences in The City and Vicinity—Other Brief Items of Interest—Easily Read and Remembered.

Livingston's for hats. Bibby's for men's gloves. Justice Britton is in the city. Miss E. V. Greaza and Miss Peters have returned from Toronto. Be sure and hear Rev. S. D. Chown tomorrow evening in Queen street church.

Try Bibby's \$1 street glove. Dr. I. G. Bogart was reported greatly improved to-day by his attending physician. William Swaine, piano tuner. Orders received at McAuley's, Phone 775. The ladies of Cook's church will tender a banquet to the men of the congregation on the 15th. Livingston's for ties.

E. J. Long, a guest at the Frontenac, for the past few days, left to-day for Brandon, Man. Where's Preston? This is the enquiry everywhere. It is in Waterloo county now. Go to Galt, or H. Cunningham, piano tuner from Chikering's. Leave orders at McAuley's bookstore.

The Portsmouth philosopher says we will have two weeks more of winter to pay up for the few days of fine weather. Try Bibby's special \$1 glove. A. Shaw, Kingston, provincial prior of the Knights Templar, made an official visit to Gendarm Preceptory, Brockville, on Friday night. Livingston's for hats.

Six tons of high grade ore, the first sent from Porcupine camp, is being sent to Kingston College of Mines, for grading. The members of the Salvation Army band went to Sydenham, Saturday afternoon, where they were billed to give a concert in the evening. On Sunday, March 13th, Prof. Jordan will preach in Brock Street Methodist church, taking as his subject, "Glory and Danger of The Book."

Bibby's for Bibby's best \$2 hat. Charles E. Errett, principal of the Bradford Technical School for some years, has resigned. Mr. Errett was formerly of the Kingston Collegiate Institute. For an up-to-date hat, Livingston's. Mrs. William McDonagh died, at Perth, on Tuesday, aged seventy-five years. She was the mother of Rev. Father McDonagh and Sister Mary of the Annunciation, House of Providence, Kingston.

Bibby's \$2 derties are winners. W. M. Elliott, M.A., died in Toronto on Saturday. He was at one time principal of Kemptville High School. A widow and four sons survive. He was an uncle of J. G. Elliott, Barrie street. Bibby's new hats are ready. The first touch of spring seems to be bringing the people out in large numbers. On Friday evening, Princess street was crowded with people, as lively as on a busy Saturday night. The weather was fine, only it was very wet under foot.

Try Bibby's to-night for hats. M. A. Williams, advance agent for Charles Grapevin, in "Above the Limit," was in the city to-day arranging for the production of his show here on Saturday, March 12th, matinee and night. Bibby's, the \$2 hat store. Spring is certainly here as all the youngsters are out playing marbles, crowds of them holding down every corner, and in between are the little girls with their skipping ropes. The fine, mild weather is certainly a welcome gift to the young folk.

At the Methodist parsonage, Lyn, on Wednesday, in the presence of intimate friends, the marriage of Milo C. Wilse, Athens, and Pertha M. Cole, Yonge, occurred. Mr. and Mrs. Wilse intend taking up residence at Athens. Bibby's, the best \$2 hats. Mrs. James Lemmon, Barrack street, entertained a number of young people at her home on Friday evening. A pleasant time was spent with cards and dancing, dainty refreshments being served at midnight. The party broke up about 2:30 o'clock. Livingston's for the best \$2 hat. The Trusts and Guaranty company, Toronto, are applying for letters of administration de bonis non administrationis of the estate of the late William Joseph Ryan, of the city of Toronto, furrier, who died on or about March 4th, 1907. The estate consists only of a veteran land grant.

Doesn't Always Snow. There is one good thing about the weather, however, says the Schemectly Star. The oldest inhabitant cannot gloat over the younger citizens any longer. He can't tell any more lies about the "old fashioned winter weather when he was a boy." The weather this winter has not even his tales in the shade, for nothing to beat this could possibly have been known to anyone now living. It recalls the jest related of the guide in the Adirondacks. A tourist, who made his first visit to the mountains in March saw nothing but snow as far as the eye could reach. "Do you have perpetual snow here?" he asked the guide. "Yes," was the answer, "in the winter."

Which deserves to be classed with the reply of the girl who stammered: "Do you always stammer like that?" inquired a solicitous stranger. "No," replied the girl, "not all the t-t-t-time o-o-o-only w-h-h-when I t-t-t-t-talk."

Conscious During a Fall. Every time a workman falls from a forty story building there are people to say, "Well, he probably didn't feel it when he struck. There is little or no basis for this belief that a person is dead or unconscious at the end of a long fall. Our surviving jumpers from Brooklyn bridge prove this, and that a person retains consciousness is shown by the case of the English boy who fell down a pit some 250 feet deep and shouted "Below!" three times on the way down. One theory is that a person falling would not be able to breathe, but a train at sixty miles an hour is moving faster than one would move in falling a hundred or so feet, and so one pretends that one would die of suffocation if he put his head out of the train window.

TALK ON ROADWAYS.

Writer Speaks About a Rough Ride in Turkey.

Of all villainous roads, those outside of Skutari are the most depraved. They are not roads at all, but just washes and wallows and ditches and stone gullies. I have seen bad roads in Virginia, roads surveyed by George Washington and never touched since, but they were a dream of luxury as compared with these of Turkey. Our carriages billowed and bobbed and pitched and bumped themselves until I got out and walked to keep from being lamed for life.

And then the houses—the villas I had expected to see, dear me, how can I picture those cheap, ugly, unpainted, over-decorated architectural crimes? They are wooden and belong to the jigsaw period gone mad. They suggest an owner who has been too busy saving money for a home to acquire any taste, who has spent his savings in lumber and trimmings, and had nothing left for paint. Still he managed to reserve enough to put iron bars on his windows—that is, on part of the house, the harem—every man becoming his own jailer, as it were. I remarked: "I suppose that is to keep the neighbors from stealing their wives." But the horse doctor, wiser and more observant, said: "No; it is to keep a neighbor from breaking in and leaving another."—Albert Bigelow Paine, in Outing Magazine.

Fine Thing, the Telephone. Boston Journal. Telephone girls are used to being called up to give the correct time of day; to being called down by the man—in a hurry for reporting that the number he calls does not answer when he is "sure" some one is waiting beside the phone at the other end for his signal; but a Malden telephone girl has one on them all when it comes to being a bureau of information. Last Sunday this call came to the Malden Switchboard: "Say, operator, my wife has gone away and left me to cook the Sunday dinner. I have got along all right except for the spinach, but that's got my goat and I can't even find a recipe book. How do you cook the blessed stuff?"

It wasn't exactly telephone business, but he got the directions, Out in Malden there is some woman who is extolling the virtues of her husband as a cook, and the recipient of the praise isn't saying much.

There Was a Reason. Philadelphia Times. When a negro was arrested the other day for wandering around the streets, he wore one of those invincible smiles. When he was taken before Magistrate Briggs he was still smiling. "What's your name?" asked the magistrate. "Ah don't know, sah," smiled the negro. "Where do you live?" "Ah don't know, sah."

"Where do you work?" "At the Hotel, sah." The magistrate thought that perhaps there was some truth in the negro's place of employment, so he thought he would see if the negro knew any of the students in the college near this particular hotel. "Do you know any of the students of Test College?" "No, sah," answered the negro, his smile bigger than ever, "Ah nebber goes in the bar!"

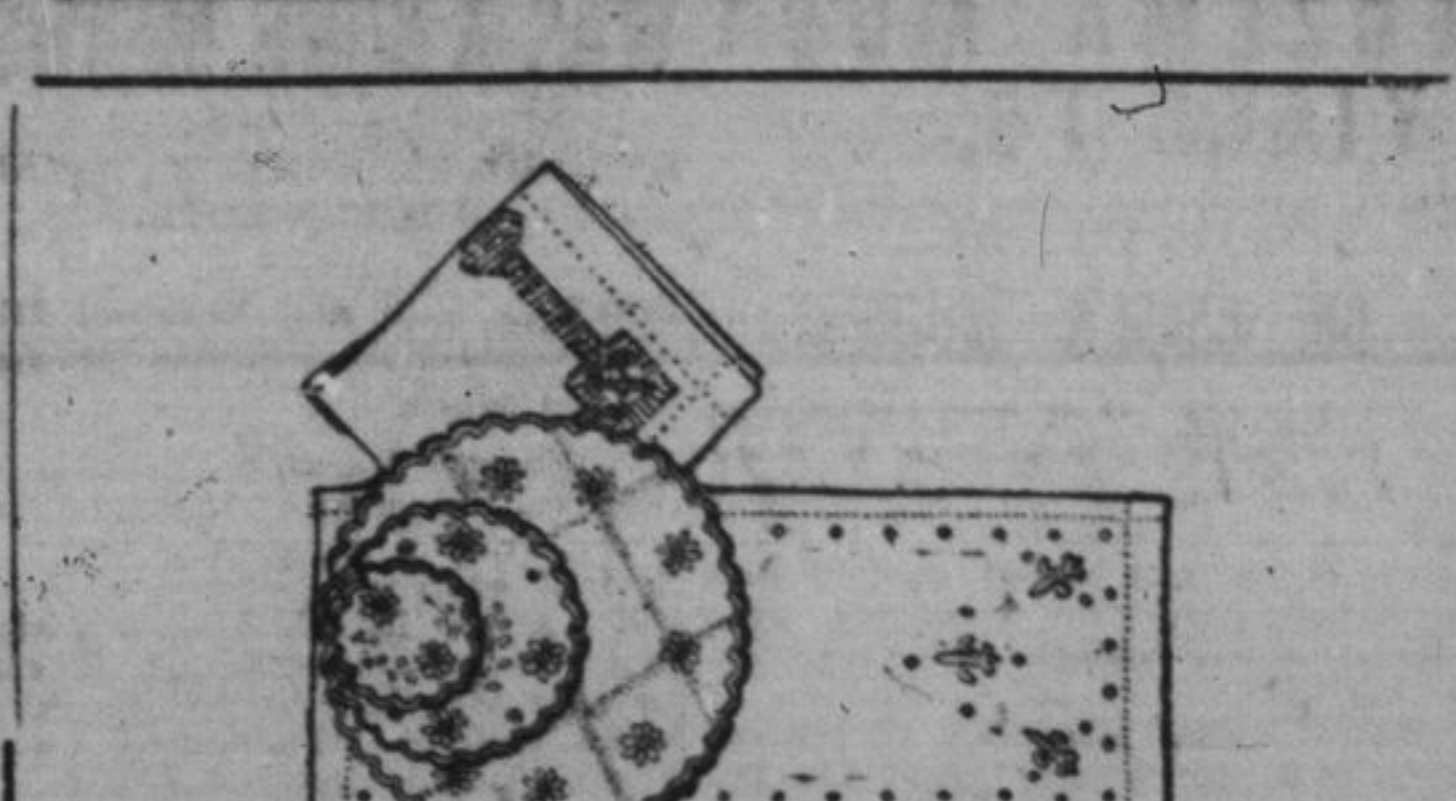
The Wisdom of Two Strike. Utica Globe. When General George W. Harries was out at the Rosebud Agency at the time of the Sioux troubles, part of his work was to get Indians to sign some treaties. One chief, named Two-Strike, one night agreed to sign, but when it came time for him to come in next morning, touch the pen and make his mark, he reneged. It was important to get him for his signature controlled about three hundred Indians. "Why not?" asked Harris persistently. "You promised last night to sign this morning."

Two-Strike said a short sentence in Sioux and the interpreter turned to Harries and translated. "The chief says he has thought it over and will not sign, for he notices every time he touches that thing"—pointing to the pen—"he loses something."

New Use for Ropes. Rochester Democrat and Chronicle. There is a growing use in this country of Manila rope for power transmission in mills and factories in the place of leather belting. In English factories ropes superseded belting long ago and their use is nearly universal. In the United States the change that is taking place is in part due to the acquisition of the Philippines, where the Manila hemp flourishes.

The fibre of this hemp varies in length from six to 12 feet and occasionally attains a length of 15 feet. It is said to possess greater tensile strength than any other fibre known, exceeding 50,000 pounds a square inch. "Rope-drivers," as transmission ropes are called, possess the advantage of noiselessness, owing to their flexibility and to the existence of an air-space in the groove between the rope and the sheath.

His Two Troubles. London Argonaut. There was a time when Lyman Trumbull was chairman of the senate committee on judiciary, that Benjamin Butler was chairman of the judiciary committee of the house. It was at that period that a delegation from one of the Southern States visited Washington with a desire to secure the impeachment and removal of the federal judge of their state. They interviewed Mr. Butler as to the probability of carrying such a measure through that session. "I don't know," was Mr. Butler's reply. "I am chairman of the judiciary committee of the house. The necessary action can be had there. But Lyman Trumbull is chairman of the senate committee, and Judge Trumbull is troubled with two things—dyspepsia, which makes him miserable, and constipation, which makes him uncertain."



TO-NIGHT, 7.30 to 10

WE WILL PLACE ON SALE the following goods purchased at a price that enables us to give you a genuine bargain.

500 Pretty Little Linen Damask Plate Doylies

With neat, small drawn work design in centre and finished with narrow tied fringe. Size 9 inches square. Yours To-Night 9c Each.

120 Linen Damask Tray Covers

26 inches long by 18 inches wide, neat designs with small centre piece of drawn work. Yours To-Night 20c Each

120 Fancy Stand Covers

Size 42 inches long by 12 inches wide, White Austrian Drill Centre, with lace insertion down the middle, side and ends finished with pretty white lace. Yours To-Night 20c

TO-NIGHT

You may select your New Spring Suit

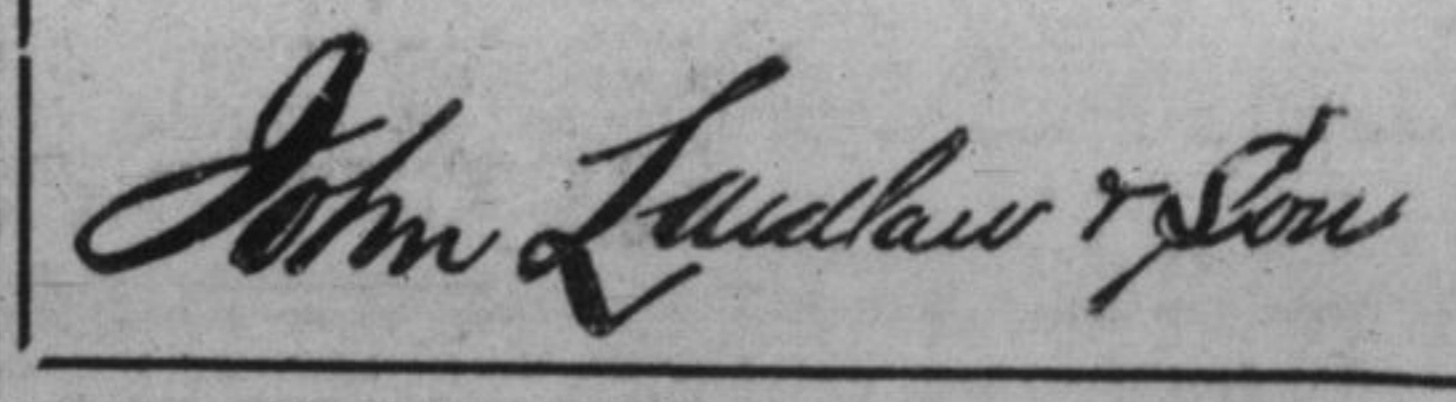
It is not one day too early just three weeks to Easter and it will be impossible to secure the same choice later you may have To-night.

Ladies' Spring Suits \$11.50, 14.95, 15.75 and on up

Through a long list to \$25.00. COME To-night and make a selection. Even if not prepared to buy you may have your choice placed aside until required.

Stockings For All the Family

Now ready at our usual moderate prices. CHILDREN'S Fine Ribbed or Plain Cashmere Stockings. Many makes and all sizes. BOYS' Extra Strong Ribbed Cashmere Stockings, all sizes. WOMEN'S Stockings in Cashmere, 25c, 35c and up to 65c. MEN'S Cashmere Socks, a great variety to choose from, 25c, 35c, 49c.



No Damp Feet, No Sore Throat, No Colds

If Your Children Wear Rubber Boots

We sell the best and at the lowest price. Children \$2 ; Boys' Heavy 2.50 ; Big Girls' 2.25 and 2.50

THE LOCKETT SHOE STORE