

YEAR 77—NO. 60.

KINGSTON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1910.

SECOND SECTION.

SUFFERED FOR YEARS

Says Peruna Completely Restored Health.



MRS. CHAS. GROS-LOUIS.

Mrs. Chas. Gros-Louis, Indian Lorette, Quebec, Can., writes: "For years I suffered from a disease that the doctors did not understand. One day I read in the paper about your excellent remedy, Peruna. I procured a bottle of it and took it according to directions. It was not long until I observed a change for the better. I can say that Peruna has cured me. I could not take any nourishment except milk. I will at all times say a good word for Peruna. I hold it in the highest esteem."

Not only women of rank and leisure praise Peruna, but the industrious, useful women engaged in manual toil would not be without Dr. Hartman's world-renowned remedy. The doctor has prescribed it for many thousand women every year and he never fails to receive a multitude of letters like the above, thanking him for his advice, and especially for the wonderful benefits received from Peruna.

Who said "Sour Kraut"? It is now ready for use and you can depend on its being clean and properly made. H. J. MYERS, 69 Brock St., Phone 570.

An Inspiration From The Tomb.

By MAURICE MONTEGUT.

The dramatist, Guillaume Portal, started with amazement and horror as he entered the bedroom of his friend and colleague, Laurent Desmoulin. In the ghostly figure on the bed he could with difficulty recognize his oldest friend and life-long companion. But the spectre opened its lips and the voice, though faint and broken, was unmistakable. "Welcome Guillaume," it said, "No! not a word about my condition. I don't want pity, and I know there is no hope. I sent for you because in our work you and I have presented the rare spectacle of two rivals free from mutual jealousy and always bound together by mutual affection. Listen, I am going to die to-night, to-morrow, it matters not which. My hours are numbered. "Oh, it is hard, at forty, at the height of my career—" He paused an instant, but before Guillaume could speak he resumed: "In the full tide of fame, fortune, love, in the dawn of the autumn of life, which should be almost as glorious as its summer—Bah! I am drifting. This is not what I want to say to you. My great work, as you know, is finished. Impelled by a foreboding, which it seems well founded, I spent last year in revising and improving the first hasty editions. Now, I am at peace with my reputation. I leave behind me nothing base or unworthy, but—" He paused again. "But," echoed Portal mechanically. The dying man suddenly extended his arms towards his friend and exclaimed, wildly: "Swear to me on your honor as a gentleman; on your reputation as an author, that I can speak in these last moments as to a true friend, faithful not only unto death but afterward. Swear it, Guillaume, as you value my soul's peace, swear it!" Portal replied solemnly: "Laurent, as it was in your youth when we had nothing but our dreams and hopes, as it has been throughout our mature years when we have fought all our battles together, so it shall be always. I remain, as ever, your best friend, proud and happy to be thought worthy of that title. Laurent's face became radiant, and "Good!" he said. "Those are noble



The vogue of the tunic is responsible for a variety of new garnitures, of which the smartest-looking is this one of white chiffon cloth, with darts that fit the figure. These are outlined with a silk cord edged, hand embroidered chiffon cloth border. Finest soutache braiding ornaments its the upper portion of the tunic and extends over the hips in vine effect, while the square tabs extend below the knees at the sides and are heavily embroidered in a design of leaves that spring from a large medallion. This type of garniture may be worn over a gown of satin, silk or lingerie and is an excellent accessory for a restaurant or bridge costume of a dark shade.

words and they ring true. Now hear my secret. In these last few days while my body has been slowly dying, my soul, as if released from its prison has taken sublime flights. I have conceived the theme, the whole scenario of a great drama, which I have neither time nor strength to write down. I leave this task to you, my brother. You will finish the work, give it life, and when the curtain has fallen on the first performance of our play the principal actor will announce both our names, as joint authors, to the delighted audience.

"I accept the trust, my brother and thank you for it. I will glorify your memory if the task is not too great for my powers. Give me the outline of the play."

But Laurent started, as if in surprise, and glanced at his friend like a madman.

Then he said in disjointed phrases: "You accept too quickly. You like the task too well. Avant, traitor! You are already thinking of the fame that you will fetch from me. No, no! I will tell you nothing. You would claim the piece as your own."

Portal turned white as death.

"Laurent," he said, "shall we, who have always been such dear friends, part with words like these? You are unjust; I have given you my word of honor, and only an inhuman monster could break a promise made to a dying man. Well—keep your secret, and good-by!"

He turned to go, but Laurent called him back.

"Stop! Forgive me! Oh, it is horrible to be dying like this in body and the mind so active. Stay and listen to me."

He began to unfold the plot of his drama, but suspicion again got the better of his troubled soul. For a whole hour he kept his friend hanging on his words, while he exacted fresh oaths and promises, and alternated insults with expressions of affection.

"He could not bring himself to the disclosure of his great secret, and said at last: "No, no, I cannot! But in a little while, if there is any beyond, if the soul survives the death of the body, I shall, from my distant vantage point, see men as they are. I shall be able to read their secret thoughts, and if I find you true and sincerely devoted to my memory, then, my brother, you will hear words whispered in your ear by invisible lips, and you will know that I, repenting my doubt of you, am confiding my secret and my reputation to your hands. Good-by forever—or is it forever? Give me both halves. Now!"

Next morning at dawn, Laurent Desmoulin passed peacefully away. One evening a year later Guillaume Portal stood in his study, hesitating between the call of an unfinished manuscript and the outdoor element of a summer night.

Suddenly, he knew not how or why, he found himself sitting at his desk, pen in hand. It was as if he were in a hypnotic trance and swayed by some external impulse.

And under the domination of the same mysterious power he began to write. His thoughts came with a rush, clear, complete and rapid, without exacting any labor from his brain. It seemed to be writing from dictation rather than laboriously creating.

In this way a splendid drama took shape and developed in his docile brain, and not only the general idea, but the dialogue and every detail of stage-business crystallized into words under his enchanted pen.

All night long he filled page after page, without an erasure, without a pause for a word or an idea.

In the morning when he looked at his work he was almost terrified. It was his masterpiece, the crowning effort of his life.

For the first time he had a feeling of pride, and folded his arms and held up his head with a sublime contempt for all rivals. He had outclassed them all and taken his place among the immortals. The initiated had extolled the merits of the piece to all Paris, and the theatre was filled with an audience of connoisseurs awaiting a revelation.

The very first lines thrilled the audience and the enthusiasm increased from scene to scene. There were tears in plenty, and each fall of the curtain was the signal for an ovation.

As usual, Guillaume Portal sat alone in his stage box, listening to the frantic applause that proclaimed his glory. But from time to time he was seized by a vague unrest, an irrational discontent, like the pang of an illogical remorse.

At the end of the third act he went into the wings.

A celebrated critic accosted him. "Bravo! Portal. It is immense, but it—" "But what?" "Pardon me, but don't you think that it reminds one of poor Laurent Desmoulin?" Not altogether, of course. There is much more in it—your mysticism, for example, which is almost uncanny."

These words gave Portal a shock, but he controlled himself and said carelessly: "It is a little like his style," and went back to his box, where he sat brooding during the fourth act.

A wild idea came to him. He tried to shake it off, but in vain, and in a little while it had mastered him completely. He muttered broken phrases aloud as if he were replying to an invisible companion.

After the fourth act he went into the wings again. His face was white and there was a wild light in his eyes.

He whispered a few words to the principal actor, who nearly fell down

with astonishment. "I mean it," Portal insisted. "It is only right and I will have it so."

"Very well," said the actor, bowing. "It is your affair, and your word is law."

When the curtain fell after the last act the audience rose as one man, applauding furiously with hands and feet, and calling for the author.

Then the principal actor advanced to the footlights and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the drama which we have had the honor of enacting before you this evening, is the work of the late and deeply regretted Laurent Desmoulin and of Guillaume Portal."

The silence of amazement reigned for a few seconds, then there was a confused murmur gradually growing louder and finally a fresh volley of deafening applause mingled with the shouts of "Bravo!" "Desmoulin!" and "Portal!"

And Guillaume Portal, alone in his box, felt his hands clasped by other hands not seen of mortal eyes.

ONE TRADE MARK.

Covers 125 Preparations of National Drug Co.

A most striking example of the growth of the Trade Mark idea in Canada is being announced for the first time to-day in the newspapers throughout the Dominion. It is the "NA-DRU-CO" line of about one hundred and twenty-five toilet and medicinal preparations, compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, limited.

All these preparations bear the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark, the shield with the red cross, prominently displayed, and to make the line still more distinctive each article is attractively dressed in a pleasing shade of red.

In their first advertisement, which appears on another page in this issue, the National Drug Company feature this Trade Mark. They point out some of the important advantages to every family in Canada of a thoroughly reliable, easily recognized line, covering practically every household need in the way of toilet and medicinal articles, and guaranteed by a responsible firm.

The National Drug Company guarantee that every NA-DRU-CO preparation is compounded by qualified chemists only, and from the purest drugs. As a proof that the formulae are such as the best physicians would use, they make a unique offer which completely dispels the doubts which often creep into one's mind with regard to medicinal preparations.

Their "Money Back" offer helps still more to inspire confidence in the NA-DRU-CO line, whose variety and completeness is shown by the partial list given in their advertisement.

Their Bosses.

Witty Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, was outwitted by another countryman a few days ago with a joke so good that it cost him a new hat. An Irish laborer was placing wood-block paving at a crossing in front of the Mercantile Trust company's bank, in which the archbishop keeps his account. The boss of the gang was an Italian.

The prelate, who dearly loves his joke, bantered the son of Erin. "Well my good man," said he, "how do you like having an Italian boss?" "Faith, your grace," retorted the man with the wood-blocks, "an' how do you like havin' one yourself?"

No one was more delighted than the archbishop, who went in person to the nearest hat store, where he fitted the muddy Irishman with the finest hat he had ever worn.

A Night Thought.

Of John Sloan, the brilliant ether, a story was told the other night at the Franklin Inn in Philadelphia.

"I used to take long walks with Sloan," said an essayist, "when he lived here. He had an original and interesting mind.

"Nature is often beautiful," he said one evening, as we walked in the park. "But to-night how hideous she is!"

"Here Sloan shuddered. "I objected, 'look at the stars. Surely they're very fine to-night.'"

"Sloan looked up, then frowned and shook his head.

A Beautiful Complexion.

As a substitute for a beautiful complexion, some women resort to paint and powder. But the more sensible use Wade's Iron Tonic Pills, which produce a natural, healthy complexion, make new blood and a robust constitution. Price, 25c., at McLeod's Drug Stores.

A Wise Girl.

Miss Mary Garden, at a tea at the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, praised the skill of the modern corset maker.

"It is really wonderful," said Miss Garden, "what this artist can do. I have seen fat old women who, from certain aspects, looked like supple girls. It was the corsetmakers. And that reminds me of an answer that I heard in Sunday school when I was a little girl.

"What is it," our superintendent asked, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Our corset, sir," piped a wise little girl of 8."

The Trust and Guarantee company, Toronto, are applying for letters of administration of the estate of Robert Johnston, late of the city of Toronto, builder, who died on or about February 26th, 1910. The estate is valued at \$5,400 and consists of a small parcel of real estate on Pearson avenue and two insurance policies.

It is every man's ambition that a lot of good food is spoiled working it over into salads.

The New Millinery Store.

The Misses Hannay & Ramsay

Will Open with a New Stock of SPRING MILLINERY on

Wednesday, March 16th

AT 179 WELLINGTON STREET.

MISS KILLINS

Successor to Miss Sutherland, invites you to her

Millinery Opening.

On March 16, 17 & 18, at Her Millinery Parlors, 178 Wellington St.

Where she will be pleased to show all the new creations in French and Paris Patterns. Children's Hats a specialty.

Spring Millinery Opening

MARCH 16th and Following Days

FULL LINE OF UP-TO-DATE AND FASHIONABLE MILLINERY

OPEN WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY EVENING FROM 7 TO 9 O'CLOCK THROUGHOUT THE SEASON.

MISS M. G. BLAKEY, CORNER PRINCESS AND ALFRED STS.

Fancy Goods March 16th

Opening

Miss Sutherland

90 PRINCESS ST.

A most complete line of Fancy Goods. All New and Up-to-Date.

Spring Millinery Display

WEDNESDAY, March 16th

SPECIAL DESIGNS TO ORDER.

THE SOMERVILLE CO., 174 Wellington St.

The Return.

Anthony Drexel, Jr., shortly after the announcement of his engagement to Miss Marjorie Gould, dined at the Knickerbocker Club in Fifth avenue.

Mr. Drexel, apropos of parsimony coupled with great wealth, said: "We have in Philadelphia a notoriously mean millionaire. This man, while dressing the other morning, looked closely at his valet's legs. Then he said: "Those are very good trousers. Thompson. Did I give them to you?" "Yes, sir," said the valet, "last month, sir."

"Well, here's a quarter for you," said the millionaire. "I'll have them back."

The Larger Way.

San Francisco Star. Apropos of J. Pierpont Morgan's immense resources as shown in his recent proffer of \$100,000,000 wherewith to build more New York subways, a broker said:

"Mr. Morgan's wealth causes him to look at money in a large way. Once, at the Metropolitan club in Fifth avenue I told him of the death of a mutual friend.

"How much did he leave?" Mr. Morgan asked.

"A matter of five or six millions, believe," said I.

"Mr. Morgan's eyebrows lifted. "How despicable circumstances sometimes are," he said. "I always supposed him quite comfortably off."

MOVING ON MARCH 15th

To 167 PRINCESS ST

Next to BIJOU THEATRE



WITH A FULL STOCK OF Electric, Gas & Motor

Boat Supplies.

Visitors Welcome to Our Fixture Show Rooms.

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