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Keep Good DIGESTION
and an Active Liver with
Abbey's
Effer-Salt
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

**Was Weak
and Nervous.**

Mr. Paul Poul, Cacapevia, Que., writes:—About five years ago I gave up all hope of getting better of heart trouble. I would nearly choke, and then my heart would stop beating. I could not lie on my left side, and became so nervous and weak I could not work. A friend told me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and before the first box was taken I was almost well, and the second box completed the cure. I have advised many others to try them, and they have all been cured of the same trouble. I have offered to pay for a box for anybody they do not cure.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all diseases or disorders arising from the heart or nerve system. They make the weak heart strong and the shaky nerves firm by imparting a strengthening and restorative influence to every organ, and tissue of the body and curing palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, anæmia, twitching of the muscles, sensation of "pins and needles," general debility, lack of vitality, etc.

Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto Ont.



NEUTRALIZATION
"LET HIM CHOOSE FOR HIMSELF."
FROM THE NATIONAL REVIEW—SHANGHAI.

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Wood's Peppermint Cure
The Great English Remedy
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain worry, depression, sexual weakness, indigestion, rheumatism, and all forms of chronic disease. Price 11 per box, six for 55. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain wrapper on receipt of price. The Wood Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

Motor Boats

When you buy a Motor Boat be sure and get one that will be satisfactory in every way. In order to obtain the best results you must have one of the Davis Launches equipped with a Davis 1910 Model Gasoline Engine.

Our launches are built of the best materials, and by first class workmen, and are perfectly seaworthy.

We are building a large number of our 1910 Model Gasoline Engines, and have a large number ready for delivery.

Call at the works and see them running.

We also carry a full line of Gasoline Engine Fittings and Supplies.

DAVIS DRY DOCK COMPANY
Phone 420.

COGNAC

Milk Commissioners agree that milk properly pasteurized is the milk to use. Now this work is properly done at my dairy, 277 Princess street, and Kingston people are fortunate to be able to obtain pure milk at the very low price that it is sold at in Kingston.

S. T. KIRK,
277-281 Princess St. Phone 417.

AT THE 3 PIGEONS.

By ANDRÉ THEURIET.

When I was about thirty years old I was fishing one Sunday on the banks of the lake near Saint-Avertin. It was Easter time, a little warm, but quite pleasant near the water. I had installed myself in an excellent place. At my feet lay from my bag a few sandwiches, bananas, oranges and held over from a previous day. I was sitting on the bank, close to the water's edge. I heard from time to time the hiss of a gun and Saint-Avertin ringing for service, and I took great pleasure in the thought that it was Sunday, that I had a long day before me, and that I had no unpleasant obligations to disturb me in my enjoyable occupation.

I had unhappily reckoned without my host. About 3 o'clock I saw appear, behind the poplars, a couple, who placed themselves on the other side of my rod, about 15 feet distant.

They were a middle-aged man and a lady, young and very pretty. The gentleman, clean-shaven, clothed entirely in black, had a very correct air and a very severe countenance; the lady, in a gray dress and straw capote trimmed with blue ribbons, was blonde, plump and very lively. They carried a fishing rod, and the husband made his wife sit down while he adjusted the rod and arranged the bait.

Without appearing to watch them, I soon perceived that they were novices in the art.

"Good!" thought I. "They are amateurs, and will not trouble me, unless they frighten away the fish with their chattering."

They caught nothing. On the other hand, in less than an hour I had my basket half-full. My neighbors were still unsuccessful. Finally, the young woman, disgusted, threw down her rod.

I stalked slowly toward me. At the moment she reached me I landed a large perch, and I took a mean pleasure in leaving it flopping about on the grass before putting it in my basket.

"Oh," said the young woman, "what a beautiful fish!" Then, in an insinuating voice, she added:

"Monsieur, how do you catch so many fish while we have not been able to take even a head?"

I was young then, and, though I was always timid in the presence of women, I was not insensible to a pretty face. I replied, therefore, as gallantly as I could:

"Oh, madam, it is only that you do not understand. To fish with a line is a more difficult task than one thinks. But if you will follow my advice I will show you how to fish. Here, seat yourself. I will prepare your hook."

I showed my pupil the tricks of the rod, of which she seemed to be quite ignorant. After a few instructions she did fairly well. The spot was a good one, and the fish allowed themselves to be taken.

At each lucky pull at the line, the little lady laughed like a child, clapped her hands, turned toward her husband, who, gravely smiling, seemed very happy in his wife's joy, and thanked me with a ceremonious politeness.

At last the afternoon waned. About six o'clock we stopped fishing, and I was about to take leave of my companion when the young woman ran to her husband and whispered to him. He listened with a thoughtful air, evidently a little startled. After a moment I saw them coming toward me, but it was the lady who said to me:

"Monsieur, you have been so kind to us that we cannot leave you in this way. It is owing to your goodness that we have caught these fish, and it is but right that we should eat them in company. Will you give us the pleasure of dining with us?"

The gentleman added his invitation to that of his wife. They urged me in such a cordial way that I accepted and we went to Saint-Avertin.

At the Three Pigeons the husband asked for a private parlor and dinner

for three. We were pleasantly served in a room where windows opened wide upon a garden filled with flowers.

The fresh air had sharpened our appetites. Besides our fish we had a soup, roast fowl, asparagus, a tart, and vintage wine. I was seated to the right of the pretty lady, who laughed constantly, and did not leave my plate or glass empty for a moment.

The husband was less jovial; he wore a constrained smile, and even the wine did not have the effect of loosening his tongue. At certain moments he seemed almost embarrassed. I had taken upon myself the duty of carving the fowl, and sharpening my knife, I cried gaily:

"Pass the fowl to me, I know how to carve, and I can cut off heads in great style."

I was astonished at the smallness of my pliantry. The husband reddened to his eyes, his wife turned pale, and a dead silence reigned in the room.

They were very reserved about their affairs. I had put adroit questions, because I was anxious to know with whom I dined—but they answered in a very evasive way. All that I could learn was that they were staying at Tours, and that they lived at Orleans.

When we had taken our coffee, night had fallen and it was time to depart. I had done justice to the roast and was very gay; before leaving I thanked them warmly for their hospitality, and declared that I had never enjoyed myself better than in their society. That made the young woman smile, and I cordially extended my hand to her husband, who, after a moment's hesitation, gave me his. I shall never forget the strange sensation I experienced when I grasped that icy hand.

"I hope that we may meet again," I said, "when I may have the pleasure of returning your hospitality."

"I do not believe that," he said with a singular accent. "We leave Tours to-morrow for Angers, Monsieur."

In fact, I never did meet them again at Saint-Avertin, although I went every Sunday. I often thought with pleasure of the good dinner which I had eaten at the Three Pigeons.

Three months passed. One day I was exceedingly busy at my desk in the office and someone entered and presented at the wicket a check. In those days we frequently had checks presented for payment for public services. I took the paper, without looking at the person who handed it in, to my chief to sign. Returning, I was curious enough to read it.

It was an order for three hundred francs to be paid to the bearer, M. Bleiger, High Executioner.

What was my horror when I reached the wicket to recognize in the "high executioner" my host at the Three Pigeons and the husband of the pretty lady.

I then remembered that an execution had taken place at Tours the day before the fishing excursion.

I had dined with a headman.

**Sluggish Liver Ruined
Business Man's Health**

Story of a Merchant Who Almost Lost His Business and His Health Through Neglecting Early Symptoms of Disease.

"My life for years has been of sedentary character," writes T. B. Titcomb, head of a well-known firm in Buckingham. "Nine hours every day I spent at office work and took exercise only on Sunday. I disregarded the symptoms of ill-health, which were all too apparent to my family. I grew thin, then, pale, and before long I was jaundiced—eyes and skin were yellow, my strength and nerve energy were lowered, and I was quite unfitted for business. In the morning a lightness in the head, particularly when I bent over, made me very worried about my health. Most of the laxative medicines I found weakening, and knowing that I had to be at business every day I neglected myself rather than risk further weakness. Of course I grew worse, but by a happy chance I began to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. I was forcibly struck by the fact that they neither caused griping nor nausea, and it seemed incredible that pills could tone, cleanse and regulate the system without causing any unpleasant after effects. Dr. Hamilton's Pills acted with me just as gently as nature—they gave new life to my liver, strengthened my stomach, and won me back to perfect good health. My skin is clear, dizziness has disappeared and my appetite, strength, spirits are perfect."

If base anything offered you instead of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are sure to cure. Sold in 25c. boxes.

LONG POINT DEATHS.

Measles Are Very Prevalent in That District.

Long Point, March 11.—On the morning of Feb. 23rd at his residence here one of the oldest and most respected residents died in the person of William C. Bryan, who had reached the advanced age of eighty-one years. He was a lifelong resident of this place, and leaves a wife, two sons, two daughters, all married, and six grandchildren. He was only sick a few days with pneumonia. The funeral took place on Wednesday, March 2nd, and was conducted under the Orange Order, and the funeral services were performed by Rev. Mr. Smith, Anglican minister in the church at Lyndhurst, the body being placed in the vault to await burial in the spring. Little Miss Mary Bryan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bryan, died on Thursday morning, March 4th, after a long illness, pneumonia following the measles. She was a bright child of six years, and the only daughter in a family of five children. Her funeral was on Friday to the Methodist church at Lansdowne village, and the body was placed in the vault.

The measles are in nearly every house at present and a deal of other sickness beside. Some have commenced to make maple syrup, but this cold snap will put it back. Miss Ellen O'Connor is visiting friends in Germany. The attendance of pupils at the school has been very few on account of so many having the measles. T. McConnell and bride (Miss M. Mulvena, of Charleston), who were married in Kingston on March 1st, arrived at his home here on Friday night last. Miss Lenna Bryan and Miss Helena Singleton returned to their studies at the high school, Athens, this week after being home here for the holidays for several weeks. Recent visitors:—Mrs. J. T. Moorhead, Sweet's Corners; Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Yates, Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. D. Cross, Lansdowne; Mr. and Mrs. L. Murphy, Pottsdam, N.Y.; Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Chipman and little son, Victor, Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. George Chapman, Seely's Bay; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leeder, Calntown; Mr. and Mrs. J. Plunkett, Morton; George Stery and his mother, Elgin; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Moorhead and little daughter, Outlet; Dr. F. J. O'Connor, Gananoque.

With the Best Intentions.

"I'm going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter, Mary. "Mrs. Brown hanged herself in their attic last night."

"Oh, mother, don't get you know you always say the wrong thing."

"Yes, I'm going, Mary. I'll just talk about the weather. That's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over on her visit of condolence. "We have had rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she said.

"Yes," replied the widow. "I haven't been able to get the work's work dried."

"Oh," said Mrs. Jackson, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."

The One Weak Spot.

London, Feb. 11.—A religious worker was visiting a southern penitentiary, when one prisoner in some way took his fancy. This prisoner was a negro, who evinced a religious fervor as deep as it was gratifying to the caller.

"Of what were you accused?" the prisoner was asked.

"They says I took a good thing," answered the negro. "I made a good thing. I had a dandy lawyer, and he done prove an alibi with ten witnesses. Den my lawyer he shore made a strong speech to de jury. But it wa'n't no use, sah; I got ten years."

"I don't see why you were not acquitted," said the religious worker.

"Well, sah," explained the prisoner, "dere was shore one weak spot 'bout my defense—they found de watch in my pocket."

Before and After.

Utica Globe.

Conversing with an interviewer in New York, Miss Maud Allan said:

"My critics have been so kind that I fear they have acted as people after marriage are advised to do. A famous London beauty, you know, gave this advice at a wedding breakfast:

"'Before marriage we should keep our eyes wide open. After marriage we should keep them half shut.'"

**How Long, Madam,
Will Your Flour Keep Sound?**

Says the FRA:
I once knew a dear Old Lady who had a way of saying when you told her anything—
"I want to know—I want to know!"

I used to laugh at this, but now I sympathize with the sentiment—"I want to know—I want to know!"

Just so, Madam, every little now and then we like to tell you little things about flour, little wrinkles it has taken us a long, long time to learn.

For, perhaps, YOU "want to know?"

And nobody else could tell you but we who know good flour, since we make FIVE ROSES.

For instance, Madam—
Why do some flours get moldy, acid, discolored, streaky, even wormy?
Why can't they remain on their good behaviour long after you have paid over the good coin?
Of course, Madam, you remember what wonderful promises were made for a brand which simply dealt out doses of disappointment the older it got.

Turning out like that youth Mark Twain talks about—"of rare promise and much rarer fulfillment!"

When a flour doesn't keep sound, you see, it's because it contains too much of the branny particles and low grade portions of the wheat, maybe little pieces of the oily germ.

Which act on one another, and the first thing YOU know—why, your flour is working merrily away in the wrong place—in the bag instead of in the dough or oven.

The purer the flour, Mistress Housewife, that is the freer from branny particles and such like, the better its power of keeping sound and sweet.

If we say FIVE ROSES contains only the heart of the hardest, meatiest wheat in Manitoba, it's only the simple truth, Madam. Keep FIVE ROSES in a dry place for six months or more, and you will find it even healthier, sounder, fresher, drier than the day you bought it.

Madam, we defy YOU to improve it. Is it a dare?

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

In Touch with the Office

How is the Work Progressing?

**THE business man can be in two places
at the same time if he uses the Bell
telephone.**

It provides him with the means of keeping a watchful eye on the progress of the day's work. He can consult his partners, give instructions, make appointments, and hold personal interviews, though confined at home.

If he wants to do business in distant cities, the everywhere-reaching lines of the Bell system will afford immediate communication.

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THE ADJUSTMENT OF STEEL AND COAL MERGER HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

The adjustment of steel and coal merger directors are to pay, on April 1st, the entire amount of interest due shareholders.

J. H. PLUMMER.