



# RED ROUGH HANDS On Retiring

One night treatment for red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends with

# CUTICURA

Works wonders. Soak them, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap, dry, anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old loose gloves during the night.

# SOFT WHITE HANDS On Rising



Don't Throw It Away!

Though a dress, a ribbon, a bow, a curtain is soiled or faded, it may be made as beautiful as ever.

# Bye It With MAYPOLE SOAP

The easy home dye that does not stain hands or kettle. 24 rich, fadeless colors. Colors 10c, Black 15c, at all dealers, or postpaid with free Booklet "How to dye" from F. L. BENEDICT & CO. 78, Montreal.

# THOUSANDS HAVE WEAK LUNGS AND DON'T KNOW IT

Editor Used a Well Known Tonic and System Builder

The Editor and Manager of the *Burk's Falls "Arrow,"* is only human. This being so it is not surprising that he should feel and suffer as other men. Mr. Alex. Favotelli says: "I had a very severe attack of La Grippe which left me very weak, spiritless and run down. I seemed to have lost all ambition. 'At this point I realized that my condition was likely to become more serious unless I took myself in hand. One day while in this 'Half dead and alive condition' I was listlessly looking over recent issues of my paper, *The Burk's Falls Arrow* (of which I am Editor and Manager), when my eyes rested on an advertisement of PSYCHINE. This clearly and explicitly set forth a case so exactly resembling my own that I at once purchased a bottle at the Medical Hall. After taking two or three doses I felt like a new man, and before half the second bottle had been used, every trace of the bad effects of La Grippe had left me. 'PSYCHINE is a marvel and I have strongly recommended it to some of my friends similarly afflicted and they have said it with equally beneficent results.'"

For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited - Toronto

# PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

STRENGTHENS WEAK LUNGS

# Every Woman

It is interesting and should know the value of the *MARVEL Whirling Spray*. The new Vaginal Spray. It cleans, soothes, and relieves. Ask your Druggist for it. It is the only one of its kind. *Whirling Spray Co.,* 115 Water St., Montreal, Que.

# Number Seventy-One

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Jack Lane turned into the doorway of the Studio building with a relieved sigh. He whistled all the way up the five dusty flights to the top floor and passed in front of his own door. The heavy whistle came to an abrupt close, even as the door slammed mostly in his face. He had seen nothing save the bare, lofty room, with the gray sky beyond the north windows. Now he heard little rapping heels-taps on the boards—the sounds he had paid Ann Moran to scrub the day before.

He leaned against the banister and moodily surveyed his trunks and boxes piled in a mountainous heap against the opposite wall. He had moved in that morning—and now it was evident that he had moved out. His peremptory knock on the door brought the heels rapping across the floor. The door opened briskly and Jack removed his hat in the presence of a most bewildering vision. Graceful, with a mist of blond hair blowing about a pink and white face, gray-green eyes lark-lashed, with a fine line of arching brow, a charming nose and indescribable mouth—that was the girl he beheld. She was enveloped in a corse, blue apron, indicating that she had been engaged in domestic duties.

"I beg your pardon," Jane said, meekly; "but will you be so good as to tell me why I have moved out?" Her face crinkled into a sympathetic smile. "You were in the wrong room," she said, kindly. "I wanted to move in here myself, so I had the janitor put your things outside."

Jack stared, amazed. "There must be some mistake. I engaged this room yesterday from the agent, paid a month's rent, and hired a woman to scrub the floor—in fact, I was here when she scrubbed it. I moved in this morning."

She leaned against the door—with a little puzzled frown. "That's very strange! I came up and looked at the room last night, and it was so sweet and clean that I decided to take it at once. I did so and paid the janitor a month's rent—see here is the receipt."

She drew a small piece from her apron pocket and flourished a strip of paper in Jack's face. He bent over it just long enough to catch the name. "J. Lane!" he exclaimed. "That's my name!" "It's my name, too," said the girl, quietly. Jack bit his lip and knitted his brows. He felt very awkward standing there and disputing possession of the room.

"I am very sorry," she was saying, half apologetically. "The surely has some mistake; perhaps the room you engaged is on the floor below. You see, I wanted this room because of the light—I am an artist."

Jack bit his lip and knitted his brows. He felt very awkward standing there and disputing possession of the room. "I am very sorry," she was saying, half apologetically. "The surely has some mistake; perhaps the room you engaged is on the floor below. You see, I wanted this room because of the light—I am an artist."

much difference between the rooms myself—I did just then, because I supposed it was the only vacant room in this building—I had been waiting for some time to get in there. I don't know where to go until I tramped around the hall and hit and came upon this room—empty."

"You knew, then, that I was in a wrong room?" "Yes," he admitted reluctantly. "I did. But I don't care a bit. I like this first rate. I hope you like your room as well."

"I do—it is very comfortable and nice. If you do not care to exchange—why, I'll remain here."

"I'd rather be here," he declared. "You are very good," she murmured and then with a little grateful nod she was gone.

That was the beginning of many things. First, Jack fell in love with Miss J. Lane—a fact of which she was blissfully ignorant. Second, Jack received several commissions that might make his fortune had not a third thing happened. Another rich relative died, and because he had not troubled to make a will and leave his wealth to charities, Jack Lane and several other heirs came into possession of more money than they had ever dreamed of possessing.

It was Jack's opportunity to execute his commissions, close the studio and travel in several years' study abroad. On the contrary, he did not stir a step. He merely stayed and painted in the big room long after the winter days had fled and the warm spring sunshine lured him into the open and away from the noise of the city.

It was spring and summer and indeed the richness of the whole year combined, to meet J. Lane and walk with her. Perhaps it was to drop her at the dairy lunch room half way down the block, or to carry a bundle up the stairs. He fancied she grew paler as the spring advanced and he angrily wondered if she got enough to eat.

He learned that she painted miniature and had come to the city on the strength of several orders which were now filled. One day in June he boomed up the stairs looking eagerly for the flutter of a blue skirt or the glint of her golden hair. It was a shock to him to find the door of 71 wide open. Miss Lane was putting on her gloves and peeping wistfully through the door into the empty room. "You are going away?" he asked sharply.

# A SPOT ON THE WALL.

New Insomnia Cure—Psychological Explanation. Some months ago a friend informed me that he was a great sufferer from sleeplessness. He had experimented with all manner of remedies—baths, drugs, exercise, dieting—but could find no relief, writes H. Addington Bruce in the April *Bulletiner*.

"How about the 'spot on the wall' cure?" I asked him. "I haven't heard of that. What is it?" "It's a very simple," I told him, "yet very efficacious. I presume that some light from the street lamp or the moon usually gets into your bedroom. Well, where it strikes the wall you will be pretty sure to find spots that seem to stand out vividly from the dark background. Select one of these patches of brightness, one preferably not much larger than a silver dollar. Settle down comfortably in such a way that it will be within easy range of your vision without straining to see it. Then gaze at it steadily."

"Do not, however, try to stare it out of countenance, so to speak. Instead, let the muscles of your eyes relax until the spot appears to have a tremulous outline. At the same time, if possible, think of nothing but the one idea—"I am going to sleep!"

"Before long, your eyes will begin to feel tired, and they will gradually close. Open them, and once more gaze at the spot on the wall. Again they will close. Again open them. Presently you will find it impossible to open them, and the next instant you will be asleep."

Recently I again met him, and found him full of enthusiasm. "That was a splendid scheme," said he. "I sleep like a top nowadays—and asleep almost as soon as I touch the pillow. But I can't for the life of me understand why that—should have worked when everything else failed."

"It worked!" for the reason that I had succeeded in lodging in his mind the idea that it would work. Chronic insomnia, such as my friend suffered from, is in many cases nothing more than a habit, and may accurately be described as the result of a frame of mind. It is distinctly a psychological rather than a physical malady.

# THE G.T.P. COAL BEDS.

Ex-Army Officers Unearthed Vast Areas. Half a dozen young men, ex-army officers, from *Frazar*, it is said, are entitled to the credit of first unearthing the vast coal beds near the Y. I. lowland on the Grand Trunk Pacific. This coal is equal in quality to the coal of Crow's Nest, of Vancouver Island, of Sydney, Nova Scotia, and the bituminous coal of Pennsylvania. A great find is at the head waters of the McLeod, Pembina and Embarras Rivers. Not only is the quality of this coal good, but it is there in abundance. Experts estimate that there are eight hundred tons in sight. The outcrop is level and extends over a vast area of about 1000 acres, with two or three other veins or strata below and underlying the main vein. If the builders of the Grand Trunk Pacific could have ordered the placing of these coal deposits, they would in all probability have placed them just where they are, near the summit of the Rockies, and on the eastern slope. From the mines it will be generally down hill to Winnipeg and all the prairie cities, although as a matter of fact, there are no hill grades on the National Transcontinental line. In the year 1908 a million tons of Pennsylvania coal went into the Canadian west. With the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific the west will have not only an abundance of coal, but have a quality of coal that can be stored in the early summer before the crop begins to move. Also it will supply the much desired return load for the cars that will carry wheat from the prairie provinces to Prince Rupert.

The line will be completed and in operation to the Pass by the end of the year, and as a spur line of only twenty miles will then be getting to the mine, the west should be getting this coal in a year from now. This discovery is important to the whole country. It will enable manufacturers to establish in the west, and will help the economical operation of the railways.

# IMAGINATIVE AMATEURS.

Guides Had to Wear a Very Peculiar Garb. Portland, Me., Argus. "We have deer up in our state of Maine," said General Frank Cushing, of Cushing's Island, which abuts that pleasant commonwealth, "and, naturally, hunters come up to hunt them. The hunters got to killing so many guides, mistaking them for deer, that the guides were forced to put on some distinguishing dress, such as a red hat, or a yellow coat, or something so the amateur sportsmen would not plug them. Red hats got common, and there were hunters who, after killing a few guides, said they thought the guides were a new species of red-headed deer; so one fellow I knew decided to make himself perfectly sure. He had an outer suit of black-and-white bedtick made, which he always wore when he took a green hunter out. It was a grand idea."

"Did it work?" asked a bystander. "Well, it had its disadvantages. One day this guide took out a hunter and let him beside a run. Presently the hunter saw something and shot. He killed the guide. At the coroner's inquest they asked him why he shot at a man dressed in a black-and-white striped suit and the hunter said he thought it was a zebra."

Why She Was Happy. London Argonaut. Last summer Louise Clouser Hale, author and actress, and Dorothy Donnelly, a sister professional, went to Europe. On the way across the Atlantic Mrs. Hale inspired the admiration of a handsome boat first, whose attentions she evaded until one sunny morning she encountered her in enraptured contemplation of the summer sea as she leaned over the rail. He approached and in proprietary tones inquired, "What, may I ask, makes you so happy today?"

And Miss Donnelly from her deck chair saw Mrs. Hale look up at him with a beatific smile and say, "Because I don't know you."

# NA-DRU-CO

Formulae Have Been Well Tried Out. Though the NA-DRU-CO line of Medicinal and Toilet Preparations have been on sale for a few months only, don't think for minute that in buying NA-DRU-CO goods you are experimenting with new or untried preparations.

Their Origin. The twenty-one wholesale drug firms now united in the "National" had all of their lengthy careers, some for fifty to one hundred years, prior to the union. Each firm had acquired or developed a number of valuable formulae for medicinal and toilet preparations, all of which became the property of the "National". Since the union our expert chemists have carefully gone over these formulae and selected the best for the NA-DRU-CO line. Every formula has been carefully studied by these experts, improved if possible, and then thoroughly tested again, in actual use, before we consider it good enough to bear the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

An Example. A good example of what we mean is NA-DRU-CO Nervosine for Brain Fog or nervous break-down. The formula was pronounced the most scientific combination of nerve medicines, but this was not enough for us; we had it tried out with a dozen different kind of brain workers—School Teachers, Lawyers, Bookkeepers—as well as Society leaders and home workers, and everywhere the result was so good that we adopted it as one of the best of the NA-DRU-CO line.

Some NA-DRU-CO Preparations You'll Find Most Satisfactory.

Compound Ice	Baby's Tablets	Dropicillin Tablets	Rheumatism Cure
Greenish Toilet Cream	Carbolic Salve	Headache Wafers	Sore of Milk
Talcum Powder	Cosmetics Laxatives (Tablets)	Herb Tablets	Stomach Indigestion
Tooth Powder	Cold Lotion (Oil Compound)	Nervosine	Whooping Cough
Youth Powder	Tasteful (2 Sizes)	Pile Ointment	White Lintment

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Pleasant to the eye—the pocket, and last but not least—the aesthetic sense by reason of their perfect contour lines. An ill-fitting coat or an ill-fitting shoe causes actual pain to the well balanced mind. The Fashion-Craft Chest-erfield for Spring 1910—varied in style, price and pattern, meets your over-coat requirements in an acceptable manner. We specially feature a \$25. coat. Hosts of others at \$15., \$18. and \$20.



Agent, E. P. Jenkins' Clothing Co. Kingston.

# LABATT'S ALE

Has the pleasant flavor of barley malt and the pungent bitter and aroma of the hop, softened by natural age. Is made of light quality, suited to the climate,—in fact, might almost be called a 'barley wine. An agreeable and valuable stimulant and a support to those who have to undergo much mental or bodily fatigue.

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