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An Unprecedented Offer

For \$5.00 we will sell, during a limited period, our \$40.00 Electric Belt.

This offer is made to any man or woman who wishes to regain their energy, strength and vitality. This Electric Belt is the best electric belt on the market. It is fully guaranteed. A week's trial with it will convince you, and if after this you do not want the belt, your \$5 will be returned. This Electric Belt is sold complete with all its attachments.

This Belt cures nervousness, organic weakness, rheumatism, kidney troubles, backache, indigestion. No drugs required. The Belt will be forwarded you securely packed on receipt of five dollars and a full receipt for forty dollars will be sent at the same time. Order at once, as if you have any doubt as to your disease, write us and ask for our question sheet and free booklet. Our doctors give all Medical advice absolutely Free. We do not sell belts to anyone who have incurable diseases. This wonderful belt pours electrical force into your weakened system and works while you are sleeping and supplies vitality upon which health and courage depends. This is a chance of a lifetime. We have thousands of testimonials. Listen intently confidential.

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JAMES LATURNEY The Carriage Maker, 800 PRINCE STREET.

MOOSE HUNT TO ORDER

HOW VAN HORNE FURNISHED SPORT TO TWO WRITERS.

He Didn't Know Where to Find a Moose, But He Warned Them Not to Make a Slaughter—Turned Them Over to Pat Murphy and Patrick Did the Rest—Five Moose Just Off the Railway Track!

Sir William Van Horne, of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, once told Max J. R. Barrett how he furnished Julian Ralph and the late Frederick Remington a complete moose hunt, which was duly described and depicted in Harper's Magazine, a few years ago. True the moose were there, were shot, and photographed, but how they happened to be there is another story. Mr. Barrett quotes Sir William as follows in The Bellman, (Minneapolis):

"I was sitting in my office one day when two cards were brought in bearing the names of Julian Ralph and Frederick Remington. I knew the names and told my secretary to show the gentlemen in. They came, and presented a letter from Harper's Magazine, from which it appeared that they had been sent, the one to write and the other to illustrate a Canadian moose hunt. The editor of Harper's Magazine asked me to show them any courtesies which would assist them in their object.

"Now I hadn't a notion whether there was a single moose along the whole line of the Canadian Pacific, but I wasn't going to say so to two men from New York. So—

"I understand, gentlemen, I said, 'that you have come here to shoot moose.' They said that was the case. 'Well, now,' I continued, 'I suppose that I can take it for granted that you are gentlemen and have the proper sporting instinct. If I turn you loose you are not going to go slaughtering our moose and filling the woods with blood?'

"No, no, no; they wouldn't think of such a thing. 'You don't propose to decimate our herds of these noble animals?' 'Why certainly not.'

"I presume that one good bull moose apiece would satisfy you? And their eyes glistened as they said that indeed it would. 'On that understanding,' I said, 'I'll give you a letter to our agent at Matlawa.'

The reason why I chose him was because if there was a moose to be found in Canada Pat Murphy was the man to find it when told to. If there wasn't a moose in the country, I knew he could take a joke. So I wrote: Dear Murphy—This will introduce to you Frederick Remington, the well-known artist, and Julian Ralph, the equally well-known writer, who have come in the interest of Harper's Magazine to describe and illustrate a moose hunt. They have promised not to kill too many of the noble animals, but will be content with getting one good bull moose apiece. I trust to you to see that they get them. Yours, etc.

Now it was up to Murphy. I had forgotten all about the matter in the press of business, when a couple of weeks or so later, the same two cards were brought to me again and once more I met Mr. Ralph and Mr. Remington. They were delighted. Had they got their mooses, or mease, or whatever it is? Of course they had. They had had a simply glorious time, and couldn't say enough in thanks to me or in praise of Murphy. In due course, the article appeared in Harper's. One of them sent me a copy, and a rattling good article it was, pictures and all. But what puzzled me was how it had all happened. Murphy told me some time later:

"When they arrived with my letter he didn't know whether there was a moose within five hundred miles. He hadn't heard of one for ten years, but he wasn't going to give us away to any New Yorkers any more than I was. Besides, I had said that he was to see that these men got their moose, and he proposed to do it.

"He made excuse that his best hunters happened to be away for a few days and it would be necessary to wait till they came back. Then he sent out runners. He sent them to every point of the compass to start the Indians beating the woods towards Matlawa. I don't know how many Indians and others he got to work, but they beat for all that was in them. From somewhere up in the Arctic regions, from east to west, the entire population of the country came converging toward Matlawa, with a distinct understanding all along the line that any man who let a moose through would be shot out of hand.

"It took six days, but they got 'em. By the evening of the sixth day, men came in and told Murphy that they had five moose, two bulls and three cows, safely cornered ten miles off in the woods. So Murphy announced that his hunters had come back, and would be ready to go out next day.

"They went. The skill those men showed in making the moose signs impressed Ralph and Remington as simply marvelous. Within a few hours they were on the track of a herd of five, and early next morning one of the ambitions of the lives of both was realized, for each had shot with his own rifle a good Canadian bull moose.

"Within a few miles of the line of the railroad, to strike off at random into the woods and pick up moose as if they were prairie-chickens—what a paradise for hunters!

"A Link of Empire. Another link in the bonds of Empire was forged the other day when the Tasmanian Government presented a gold watch, suitably inscribed to Constable Walter Lygo, who, while on duty in London, some months ago found a young Tasmanian seaman named George Johnson in a starving condition and assisted him with both food and money. The people on the West Coast of Tasmania, where Johnson's parents lived, desired to make some recognition of Constable Lygo's kindness and opened a subscription for the purchase of a testimonial.

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ASTONISHED THE QUEEN.

They Knew Their Bible But Not Their Court Etiquette.

Recently two little girls from London came down to spend the day at Windsor Castle with the little Duke and Duchess, Queen Victoria's grand children, and it so happened that Her Majesty paid a visit to the nursery and found them there.

The young visitors were taken a back; they had not expected to see the Queen, and had not been instructed how to conduct themselves in the presence of royalty; but they had been well brought up and knew their Bibles, and they thought at once of Daniel before King Darius. They decided that what Daniel had done must be correct, so the pair threw themselves on their faces on the floor at her astonished Majesty's feet, and cried out with a loud voice:

"Oh, Queen, live forever!" However, this proved an excellent introduction, and presently the Queen and they became great friends. She took one of them on her knee, and all three chatted together in the friendliest way.

"And whereabouts in London do you young people live?" asked the Queen.

"Oh, said the little girl on her knee, 'we live just opposite W's,'—naming one of the new mammoth stores that had just been opened in London, and also a mammoth store. "But please won't you tell us where you live when you go to London?" said her little friend.

The Queen looked thoughtful for a moment, and then remembered that in Buckingham Palace road there is also a mammoth store. "Oh," said she, smiling, "when in London I live opposite Geringe's."

On an Ostrich Farm.

A writer in a recent number of the Boy's Own Paper gives an interesting account of a visit he paid to a South Australian ostrich farm at Port Augusta. The ostriches, he says, were chiefly hatched in incubators. The eggs take 45 to 50 days. The chicks are first fed on bread crumbs, bran, and water. On the fourth day a little enclosure is made round the incubator and the young are allowed to take exercise. They are then fed on grain, green vegetables, and water. The dangerous age is from birth to three months, after which time they generally live. When the ostrich is seven months old the first crop of feathers is ripe. At 12 months he begins to develop black feathers, and his plumage reaches perfection at the end of three years. The hen ostrich lays from 15 to 20 eggs, but if these are removed she will continue to lay like a domestic fowl. One bird has been known to produce 120 eggs annually. Both parents share the duties of incubation. The hen covers the nest during the day, and the cock throughout the night. The chicks are released by the old bird pressing upon the shell with its hard breast. Ostriches are not expensive to keep, because the greater part of the year they find sufficient food in the paddocks, but at other times they only require a little Indian-corn or beans and some additional green food, such as lucerne or cabbage.

Russia's Greatest Dancer.

So, by general consent, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, whose wonderful dancing at the Palace Theatre in London has aroused such enthusiasm, has been termed. Mlle. Pavlova, in her infancy, decided to become a dancer. She was taken by her mother to see a ballet. The dancers fascinated her, and she exclaimed, enthusiastically: "Oh, mother, that's what I want to do. I want to be a dancer, too. I must dance. I'll never do anything else when I grow up." And before she was ten she entered the Imperial School of Dancing in St. Petersburg, and studied under M. Petipa, who danced with Taglioni and the great dancers of the past. And when the curtain fell after her debut the old dancer, who is now ninety-two years of age, put his hand on her head and said: "My child, you are the only woman fit to dance in Taglioni's shoes," so impressed was he with her performance.

"Hard Wood."

Ever since he was a boy at school Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, who recently celebrated his seventy-second birthday, has had a tough time, and often has been called "Hard Wood." At the age of ten he went to Marlborough Grammar School, and when the college in the same town. Here he received his baptism of "war." It was a riot among the boys, brought about by the prohibition of pyrotechnic displays on the Fifth of November. The culmination was a month of mutiny, during which the master's desk was burned and great damage done to the premises. Young Wood was flogged, fined \$10, and given 200 lines of Latin to learn by heart.

Gladstone Talks Dutch.

Lord Gladstone, the first Governor-General of South Africa, left London recently to take up his new duties. The large party which gave him a rousing send-off, included a number of Dutchmen. So much progress has Lord Gladstone made in learning Dutch that he was able to converse with them in their own tongue and to promise of his policy in South Africa that "Alles zal recht kommen" (the Dutch proverb, "All shall come right").

A Moist Show.

A catchy unhearsed act took place at a London music hall the other night. When the fireproof curtain was about to be lowered, a stage hand new to the work pulled the wrong handle, with the result that the water sprinkler was set in motion. The stage was swamped, the orchestra receiving a shower bath, to the considerable amusement of the audience.

Pursuer Shoots Friend.

Extraordinary excitement prevailed over the pursuit of the escaped prisoner Powell, who has been terrorizing the Manawatu district of New Zealand. Scores of armed men were out in pursuit of the robber. One of the searchers, by an unfortunate accident, shot another member of the pursuing party, who died of the injuries received.

Exporting Cabinet Ministers.

In proposing "Scotland and her Industries" at a Glasgow corporation dinner recently an Englishman remarked that the two chief industries of the northern land were the manufacture of marmalade and Cabinet Ministers. Sir Samuel Chisholm, who replied, suggested that they had a good-going business in the output of Ministers—for export as well as for home consumption.

A Limited Stock.

Manchester Guardian. They tell in London a story of an elderly American lady who, while sight-seeing, visited Westminster Abbey. After going about for some time with an air of eager curiosity, she approached a vergor.

"I wonder if you can help me?" she asked, hopefully. "I am looking for the grave of King Edward II." "Sorry, ma'am," said the vergor, apologetically, "but we haven't got Edward II."

"But," protests the visitor, "I understood that the Abbey was the burial-place of kings." "Yes, it is, ma'am, in a way," returned the vergor, "but we only have a few hundred names of kings left."

EDWARD AS MOTORIST.

He Was an Enthusiast and Patron of the Toot-Toot Art.

By the death of King Edward, motoring in common with many other forms of sport has lost a magnificent patron. His Majesty was the proud possessor of a baker's dozen of motor-cars, most of which represent the last word in the automobile world.

The King was immune from the tyranny of the number-plate, and his cars were therefore innocent of the symbolism which appeals so strongly to the executive of the police-trap. A detailed description of all the King's cars was issued to the police throughout the Kingdom together with instructions that "all facilities" were to be given for their progress on the road. But this concern at headquarters was not sufficient to prevent mistakes. He had long been held up owing to the interference of some officious constable, who was disappointed in his search for a number, and a considerable amount of time and breath has been wasted before he has been convinced that "the King can do no wrong."

Unlike his brother, the Duke of Connaught, the King was remarkably free from anything in the nature of a serious accident. He had long been in the habit of driving some of these little unpretentious inconveniences—but he always proved himself equal to the emergency by availing himself of the first handy vehicle and so avoiding becoming an object of interest to all and sundry.

A short while ago his car came to a sudden stop in Richmond Park. In a moment a vast crowd appeared, apparently from nowhere, and enjoyed the spectacle of the King of England instructing his chauffeur in the true inwardness of the breakdown, showing him the best method of remedying the fault, and exhibiting in a number of ways his intimate knowledge of motor-car mechanism. He owed this knowledge to Mr. Oliver Stanton, who, years ago, taught His Majesty cycling, and more recently made him a thorough master of the automobile.

King Edward's chauffeurs were all picked men. Most of them served in Scotland Yard, and have, at some time or other, driven the official motor-cars of the police. How this idea of the King's was carried out is interesting. One day a chauffeur in the employ of the Commissioner of Police was told off to perform some service for the King, and the fine physique and bearing of the man attracted His Majesty's attention. While this man was in attendance at Buckingham Palace something went wrong with the royal motor-car, which seemed to puzzle the King's own chauffeur, and resist all his attempts at remedy.

At last the man from Scotland Yard stepped forward, and in a few minutes found a remedy. The King was so pleased that he asked the man to take service with him, and the permission of the Commissioner being secured, the corps of policeman-chauffeurs was inaugurated. As it was necessary for policemen to accompany the King almost everywhere he went, the men performed dual service.

Although the King was extremely free from accidents, he had foresight enough to know that he was not in a position to have a complete first-aid outfit attached to each of his cars. This miniature surgery weighs about six pounds, and includes an India rubber tourniquet to stop bleeding, several pairs of scissors and forceps, antiseptic swabs, gauze, bandages, a variety of unguents and dressings, a selection of stimulative drugs, and a bottle of brandy. These contents are arranged in the order of their use in the eight different compartments of a silver box which fits into the royal blue morocco case.

On the lid of each case are detailed instructions, while on the front of each silver box is the inscription: "A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed."

The Names of the Mighty.

Talking of family names, the new issue of the London directory provides some curiosities. Sebastian Bach is a horse dealer, Robert Bruce and John Bunyan are green grocers, John Milton is a chandler and James Boswell a mason.

William Shakespeare is the name of a barber, tailor and a van builder. There is a Crusoe and also a Gulliver. Julius Caesar is a chemist; Livy keeps apartments. Hom— is a lighterman, Pindar an electrical engineer, Mars, retails beer, and Venus, not inappropriately, sugars, candies. Frances Bacon is an architect and Bayard a dairyman. And what could be better for the name of a sadder than Whippy?

From Sailor to Royal Academician.

Mr. C. Napier Hemy, one of the newly-elected Royal Academicians, has had an extremely eventful career. Born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was taken by his parents to Australia, where in his early days he worked hard as a miner in the bush. The call of art was strong upon him, however, and he abandoned everything to study painting in Antwerp. Returning to England in 1870 his success with the brush was soon assured, and, elected an Associate in 1888, he has now honorably achieved the highest honor the art world has to offer.

Healy on Redmond.

The Irish politician takes his business seriously and when he strikes an opponent he strikes to kill. The other day a mass meeting in Cork, Mr. M. Healy, M.P., said that Mr. John Redmond and his party, in voting for the Budget, had committed the greatest act of betrayal of Irish interests since that memorable act of treachery in Ireland's history when, 110 years ago, other Irishmen put their hand and seal to the Act of Union.

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Flour Without Gluten Is Flour Without Life

Gluten, Mistress Housewife, is the very "Soul of Flour". It is the one essential element—it means Energy, Nourishment, Strength, Breadlife. It is the element which makes Wheat Bread the best, most profitable food on earth—civilized nations are judged by the bread they eat. It's Gluten that makes your bread-stuffs rise and stay risen—making them light, porous, toothsome—giving them every single quality worth having. Gluten, Madam, is most plentiful in our own Manitoba Spring Wheat. And FIVE ROSES is milled essentially from the purest Manitoba



made Manitoba Spring Wheat the costliest under the sun. FIVE ROSES is everything you want in flour—nothing that you don't want and wouldn't want if you knew. It is not Bleached, not Mixed, not Cheapened in any way. That is why FIVE ROSES is the healthiest, wholesomest, most profitable, strongest of all flours. Simply the concentrated nourishment of the amber wheat kernels reduced to flour form. FIVE ROSES foodstuffs, Madam, are not "just filling". Every ounce is food, not a grain is wasted. Why don't YOU use FIVE ROSES?

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

Nutritious—Glutinous—Wholesome

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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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J. Mc Parand Agent, 339-341 King St. E., Kingston

HE WAS LONG HEADED.

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

Prospective Father-in-Law Had Sized up the Duke:

Chicago Record-Herald.

The duke and his sister had been sitting through his rapidly thinning hair and turned and looked at the beautiful girl.

"I had another bloomin' talk with your fathah, don't you know," he quizzically remarked.

"Yes, Fitzherbert, I heard your voice in the library."

"Your fathah," said the duke, doggedly, "is a decidedly practical old feller."

"Yes, Fitzherbert."

"I told him, y'know, that before I could take you to the ducal palace a number of repairs would be required. Bless if he didn't know all about it! 'Ah, Jove!' he had every little item down in his bloomin' notebook, y'know. Roof of th' ancestral art gallery leakin' badly, seven windows gone from the king's power, wall of the left wing sinkin' fast, floor of the ghost's walk fallen through, refectory plumbin' droppin' off, plumblin' all to foul, cornice rusted off, newa topplin' ovah—he's got it all down in black and white, don't y'know."

The lovely girl faintly smiled.

"Papa has a great head for details," she said. "What else, Fitzherbert?"

"What d' you think?" cried the duke. "He's talked with me inter gettin' him the contract for all the repair work, do y'mind. Roofin', plasterin', plumblin', furrin'—every blessed thing, bah, Jove!" He says he might as well get the job as to let some bloomin' English 'ave it—and, anyway, it ought to be kept in the family."

"What else, Fitzherbert?"

"He's going to take the ar-million he promised me an' use it to square the repairs—and I'm to pay him the balance in easy instalments. What do you think of that?"

"Father is awfully long-headed," said the lovely girl.

Suggest a Tele-A-Tele

The young man, who desires a quiet tête-à-tête with a particularly charming person of the opposite sex, should accept this gentle hint and take along a box of Moir's chocolates when he calls. We will wager his lady friend will readily discover a secluded corner wherein they can exchange confidences and enjoy the incomparable deliciousness of these pure, wholesome bonbons. The only regret that accompanies a box of Moir's Chocolates occurs when the last one has vanished. Every ingredient the purest and best. Every bonbon the highest quality. Ever, box spiced with the charm of wide variety.

MOIR'S, Limited, Halifax, N. S.

SHREDDED WHEAT

A vacation for your stomach

Eat easily digested food. A crispy biscuit served with cream and fruit at all meals. Contains all the strength-giving elements of the whole wheat. Heat in oven to restore crispness.

Sold by all grocers, 1 lb. a carton, two for 25c.

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Latest in Design and Best Workmanship Guaranteed at Lowest Possible Prices.

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