

HAYS HAIR HEALTH

Never fails to restore gray hair to its natural color. Positively removes Dandruff. Is not a dye.

Send for gratis and your dealer's name for a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE to Philip Hays Spec. Co., Newark, N. J., U.S.A. 51 and 52c. bottles, at drug or dept. stores, or direct upon receipt of price.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

HAYS LILY WHITE CREAM beautifies the complexion, prevents wrinkles, eczema, freckles, pimples, blackheads. Not greasy or sticky; leaves no shiny spots. Does not promote hair growth. 25c. 50c. Drug & Dept. stores.

Jas. B. McLeod, Agent.

Wah Long's Laundry

First-class work guaranteed. Drop me a card and I will call promptly for your laundry. 100 Wellington St. between Brock and Clarence Sts.

OUR BEAVER BRAND

Of Flour is unequalled for bread or pastry. Price is moderate.

A. MACDONALD, 100 Wellington St., Ontario Street.

FOR SALE.

The Albion Hotel property, corner Montreal and Queen streets, Kingston. Will sell at a sacrifice. For particulars apply to

T. J. LOCKHART, Real Estate Agent, 159 Wellington St., Kingston.

Wood's Esophagus

The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood, cures indigestion, constipation, flatulence, acidity, nervousness, and all ailments of the stomach, liver, and bowels. Price \$1 per box, six for \$5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed to you on receipt of price.

Wood's Esophagus

PICTURE SALE.

Special Sale of Unframed Pictures. Large variety of sizes and styles greatly reduced prices.

WEENE & Co., Wallpaper, Photos, Framing.

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Honest Measurement. Low Prices.

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DYEING FOR A WOMAN.

One has to be more than particular when dyeing or cleaning women's garments. We are particular always and with all work.

R. PARKER & CO., Dyers and Cleaners, 65 Princess St., Kingston, Ont.

Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without those bad feelings. Try them.

CASCARETS 10c. a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world—Million boxes a month.

THE CLUB HOTEL

WELLINGTON ST., near PRINCESS. There are other hotels, but none approach the Club for homelike surroundings.

Located in centre of city and close to principal stores and theatre. Charges are moderate. Special rates by the week.

F. M. THOMPSON, Proprietor.

Silverwear

Let us have it to replate. Now is the time; also

Skates

Nickel Plating and Electro Plating of all kinds. Nickel, Copper, Brass, etc.

We guarantee a good job.

PAATRIDGE & SONS KING STREET WEST. Phone 380.

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THE NEW REMEDY FOR Nervous Exhaustion

Whipping an exhausted nerve system with alcoholic stimulants only shortens the road to physical collapse. The only remedy is Food, Rest and nerve repair. "ASAYA-NEURALL" is and makes possible this cure. It feeds the nerves, induces sleep, improves the appetite and digestion; and soon full nerve vigor is regained. \$1.50 per bottle. Obtain from the local agent.

L. T. BEST, T. J. HOAG.

SERMON FROM SHAKESPEARE

Me poor man, my library Was dukedom large enough. Tempest, Act. I, Sc. 2.

Shakespeare was evidently a book lover. His dramas prove that. They show a wealth of knowledge that could only have been gained by affectionate study. It was not unusual that at the height of his dramatic power, in the closing years of his devotion to his art, he should have created a drama in which the central character was a bookman, being endowed with the magic of learning. Prospero felt that his library was dukedom large enough. No doubt Shakespeare when he settled down in his Stratford home, after his successful business career in London, like Prospero became devoted to his books; not to the same extent, however, for he never neglected his business as Prospero, to his temporary loss, did his dukedom. Shakespeare has a strong affection for his bookish characters. Prospero in his adversity, Henry VI., Hamlet Brutus, are all created so as to win the sympathetic affection of cultured minds. There is a fineness about them, born of their reading and their dreams, that is attractive.

Prospero called his library a dukedom. Dukedom or kingdom is an excellent term to apply to a collection of books. It is a dukedom richer in willing subjects than any ordinary one. The owner of it has at his command an army of men and women who cannot but obey his will. He is at a loss how to act as a citizen,—he has Plato and Aristotle, Locke and Mill, Benjamin Franklin and Emerson to advise him. The problems of life and death oppress him; Job and Isaiah, David and Solomon and St. Paul, Epictetus and Seneca, Kant and Hegel, Berkeley and Spencer are ready to assist him in solving the riddles of existence. He desires a knowledge of the planet on which he lives,—Hugh Miller and Dana, Darwin and Wallace, Huxley and Haeckel, Agassiz and Bessey have wrested her secrets from nature, and delight in disclosing them to anyone who seeks the light of truth. Does he desire theology? Calvin and Knox, Rutherford and Mathier, Robertson and Stanley, Phillips Brooks and Beecher at his command will discourse eloquently to him. Is he dejected, melancholy? The wits and humorists of the past and present are at his elbow. He has but to reach out his hand to command the genial laugh of Tom Hood or Mark Twain, "Tartarin of Tarascon" or "Sam Slick" can be made to "play the fool" for his amusement. Has he a craving to know the deeds of men in bygone times? Josephus and Thucydides, Herodotus and the "mighty Caesar," Hume and Gib-

son, Monmsen and Merivale, Prescott and Parkman are ready to satisfy his hunger for historical information.

Let his imagination yearn after the immortal music of the bard and the "captains of the hosts of song." Homer and Virgil, Dante and Hugo, Goethe and Schiller, Chaucer and Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, Burns and Wordsworth, Shelley and Tennyson, Poe and Longfellow rejoice to pour into his ears their imperishable songs. Sitting by his fireside he can travel through torrid Africa with Livingstone and Stanley, search the remote regions of China and Tibet with Sven Hedin, voyage through the tumbling ice-packs surrounding the South Pole with Scott and Shackleton, experience the perils and the glories of the Arctic seas with Franklin and Kane, Nansen and Peary.

It is something to be able to sit by the fireside and command explorers, poets, historians, humorists, theologians and philosophers. In his library on a winter's night a man can take down his Marlowe and Ben Jonson and Shakespeare and without difficulty imagine himself an inmate of the Mermaid Tavern, enjoying the flashing wit and penetrating insight into life of the master minds of the Elizabethan age. A good library is indeed a dukedom; its owner is a ruler of the world's choice spirits.

A home without a library is like a body without a soul. Gross and material are the lives of the ignorant. There are many who profess carelessness with regard to books, who take pride in saying that they never read. They are parasites enjoying the spiritual environment created by readers.

There is a danger that books may become tyrants and enslave their devotees. A witty writer once wrote regarding a contemporary that "he might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know, but he laid so many books upon his head that his brains could not move." Unless knowledge is applied the mind is affected through great learning such as the body is affected by gluttony.

A large library, a broad dukedom of literature is an excellent thing but it is impossible to have an intimate acquaintance with all the books in it. It is necessary to pick and to choose, to select some and to read and re-read them. The Latin orator who said "Beware of the man of one book" was wise. Know and love a few well. These few make "a substantial world both fair and good." Chaucer and Shakespeare, Milton and Browning, Carlyle and Emerson can be any man's boon companions. What a privilege!

A Job Lot Of Joy.

By RYAN WALKER.

MODERN. Will you go sailing down the stream of life with me? "No; but I'll go aviating through life's air with you."

A HOT ONE. "Whose umbrella have you got?" "Hard to say. I found it on your hall rack."

GOOD ADVICE. "What should a man do before he learns to skate?" "Take out an accident policy and learn to swim."

SO MEAN OF HER AGE. "In spite of all Miss Antiquie has done to appear youthful, her age is telling on her." "How ungrateful."

JOHNNY KNEW. "Johnny, name one of the earth's coldest spots." "Please, ma'am, our bathroom in winter."

USED TO LAYING AROUND. "Why do you think he would make a good policeman?" "His youth he was a messenger boy."

A LOST DIPLOMAT.

Recently Found Skeleton May Be That of Young Benj. Bathurst.

One November evening a British envoy, returning home from Vienna, took his way through a Prussian forest. He was never seen again. That was 100 years ago. The other day in that forest a skeleton was found which is supposed to be that of the missing man. He was Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, a son of Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, 1805-37, and he was in 1809 envoy to the Court of Vienna, and had been following the campaign between the Austrians and French. He seems to have been incomprehensibly afraid of falling into the hands of the French, and as soon as the treaty between Napoleon and Austria was signed he fled from Vienna, making for Hamburg, whence he intended to reach London. In November, 1809 he had arrived at Berlin, spent several days there, and continued his journey, in the slow fashion of the times, by coach. With him traveled his secretary and a confidential servant. On the 25th inst. he arrived at Kletsche, the last posting station before Perleberg, which is to-day a railway station between Magdeburg and Berlin. Here, when asked for his passport and papers, he declared he was a Berlin merchant named Koch. While awaiting a relay of horses, he put a number of questions to the postmaster concerning the safety of the roads, and if he should be likely to meet any French patrols. He seemed altogether to be in a very nervous condition. Those in the posting house saw Bathurst pull a pair of pistols out of his pocket and watch him adjust and readjust the trigger continually. He was warned twice that the horses were ready, but he seemed lost in terrified conjectures, and took no notice. Finally, on being reminded that the hire of the horses began from the moment they were harnessed, he made a start. At half-past five he arrived at Perleberg, and there he left his carriage and insisted on being conducted to the house of the governor of the district, from whom he again inquired with much anxiety about the security of the roads, begging to be told the shortest route, saying he had a terrible fear of French patrols and customs officers, who had twice already tried to poison him. The governor recognized that Bathurst was suffering from dementia, and did his best to reassure him. The British envoy left and started for the posting house, where he was found by two men gathering dead leaves in the forest of Quitznow, close to Perleberg. The prevailing idea was that Bathurst had been assassinated by French soldiers, who were after his despatches. His wife appealed to the Emperor Napoleon to give her every facility to seek her husband, and this was done, all the resources of the country being at her disposal. The hat of the lost diplomatist was found on the edge of the River Stepnitz, and this was consequently dragged for his body, but in vain. Recently some wood cutters in the forest of Quitznow discovered a skeleton in a good state of preservation, not far from the spot where Bathurst's riding breeches were found. The bones are thought to be those of the envoy, whose disappearance has always been a mystery.

Adam's Politic Act.

Mrs. Benham—Men aren't as chivalrous as they used to be. Benham—Oh, I don't know; I never heard of Adam giving up his seat in a street car to a woman. Mrs. Benham—Perhaps not, but he gave up his rib to one.

Keep Baby's Skin Clear

Mothers, do you realize the importance of caring for baby's tender, easily irritated skin? Neglect or unsuitable methods may give rise to simple rashes or tiny sores. Torturing, disfiguring humors follow and threaten to become permanent. Not only is Cuticura Soap the purest and sweetest for baby's bath but, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, it affords the speediest and most economical method of clearing baby's skin and scalp of eczemas, rashes, itchings and irritations, and of establishing a permanent condition of skin and hair health.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists everywhere. Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., New York, Boston, Mass. Send for free Cuticura Book on the care of skin and scalp.

A Venturesome Peer.

The adventures in strange lands of Lord Headley, who was sixty-five recently, would provide material for more than one fascinating volume. An Irish peer, he has seen a great deal of soldiering. He fought in the Carlist wars, and went through the Franco-Prussian War with the French Army Corps. And he has made long journeys and explored the slopes of the Andes and the hinterland of Peru. Some months after Lord Headley was expected back from a shooting expedition in Mashonaland, a grisly story arrived of his having been cut to pieces by Matabele. But he came home safe and sound, while obituary notices of his career were still current.

A square deal is as broad as it is long.

How a little woman does like to impose on a big man!

When you think that you are pleasing yourself, do you?

DIAMOND DIGGING.

How Precious Stones are Mined for in Kimberley Workings.

Kimberley is a curious place, not beautiful either in itself or its surrounding country, but interesting as the centre of the world's diamond supply, which it entirely controls, and also as the centre of a certain gambling spirit which seems to permeate South Africa.

When the hard blue clay has been dug from the mine and spread out to break and crumble under the African sun, it is difficult to believe that diamond tiaras and necklaces are hiding in those uninviting fields behind their wire fences. There is something rather fascinating about the actual extraction of the stones. The crushing of the clay in the great central "pulvator" is noisy and unpleasant, as is all machinery on a large scale to anyone not accustomed to it; but when the finally crushed stuff comes pouring out of the huge machine and is thrown in little handfuls upon the sloping tables, down which it is washed by running water, the spirit of "shikar" of the chase, enters into one.

As you stand by the side of one of the tables and watch, you see the little throbbing shallow stream carrying down bits of iron pyrites and other matter, which slide and roll into a receptacle at the bottom of the table. The tables are covered with a coating of grease, but it does not seem able, as a rule, to hold these against the slight force of the water. Suddenly a little white object drops upon the top of the table with the rest of the handful, turns over, and sticks, the water running around it but failing to dislodge it.

You look closely and see that it is a diamond—a clean, regularly shaped, eight-sided figure, with one flat side lying against the slope. The smoothness of its surface or some other quality makes it cling to the grease, and the water fails to move it. A certain proportion of the rubbish also sticks.

After various processes the selected crushings are finally picked over by hand. I was invited to sit down before a long table, not graced or sloped, and a sheet of white paper was put down before me. Upon this was poured a handful of blackish stuff, and with a little pair of pincers I set to work to pick out the diamonds. As a rule it is easy, as they were of fair size, quite regular in shape, and colorless, or very slightly tinged with yellow. In a minute or two I had twenty.

But the stones are often irregular, or small or colored, and then the work requires the skill of an expert; and even an expert's eye is apt to get tired and overlook some of the stones—St. Mortimer Durand, in Blackwood's Magazine.

Lost—£100.

Years ago when the electric telegraph was a new idea and a mystery to the masses, there came trouble one Saturday night in the Bank of England. The business of the day had closed, and the balance was not right. There was a deficit of just one hundred pounds. It was not the money, but the error, that must be found. For the officials and clerks there could be no sleep until the mystery had been cleared up. All that night, and all Sunday, a force of men were busy. The money was surely gone from the vaults, but no one could discover whence.

On the following morning a clerk suggested that the mistake might have occurred in packing, for the West Indies, some boxes of specie that had been sent to Southampton for shipment. His chief acted on the suggestion. Here was an opportunity to test the powers of the telegraph—lightning against steam, and steam with forty-eight hours the start. Very soon the telegraph asked a man in Southampton, "Has the ship Mercator sailed?"

The answer came back, "Just weighing anchor."

"Stop her in the Queen's name," flashed back the telegraph. "She is stopped," was returned.

"Have on deck certain boxes (marks given), weigh them carefully, and let me know the result," telegraphed the chief.

This order was obeyed, and one box was found to be somewhere about one pound and ten ounces heavier than its mates—just the weight of the missing sovereigns. "All right. Let the ship go," was the next order.

The West India house was debited with the one hundred pounds, and the Bank of England was at peace again.

SPECIAL SALE During February of GOLD FISH

SENT SAFELY DURING THE WINTER ANY DISTANCE BY EXPRESS. If you wish an Aquarium for your Home or for the Gift, this is your opportunity. These Two Bargains are to introduce Gold Fish into your Home.

A Complete Aquarium for \$1.00

On receipt of \$1.00 we will send you by express the following:

POPULAR GIFT

- 1 4-in. Crystal Fish Globe.
- 1 Fancy Gold Fish.
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- 1 Choice Silver Fish.
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- 1 Bunch Aquarium Moss.
- 1 Booklet—Price List and Instructions how to Feed and Care for Gold Fish in the Home.

Regular Catalogue Price of above collection is \$2.75. Order at once and we will supply for \$1.00.

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Catalogue and Price List sent Free on request.

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Our Big Furniture Sale NOW ON.

Combination Bed Couches and Davenport, converted into a bed in a moment's notice. Hall Mirrors and Hall Racks on sale.

James Reid, The Leading Undertaker. Phone 147.

Your New Overcoat

LET US MAKE IT TO YOUR MEASURE.

In breadth of shoulder and in length to suit your proportions. In no other way can you hope to wear a classy, distinctive looking coat.

Our Overcoatings for Winter give you a wide choice of really exclusive fabrics.

Our Styles, everything adapted by custom tailors as "right."

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The Gatlin Treatment Cures Liquor Drinking in **THREE DAYS Under Contract—No Hypodermic Injections or Other Disagreeable Features.**

The Gatlin Institute was established eleven years ago. More than eleven thousand men and women have been cured of liquor drinking by the Gatlin treatment—there has been failure to cure is no case.

No hypodermic injections, no bad after-effects, no poisonous drugs, no substitutive stimulants—a treatment so harmless that any child could take it.

Each patient is accepted for treatment under legal contract to cure in **THREE DAYS**—the cure to be entirely satisfactory in every particular or the fee paid is refunded when the patient is leaving the Institute and treatment costs nothing.

The Gatlin Home treatment is just as effective as Institute treatment if plain, simple directions are followed.

Call or write for books of particulars, copies of contracts to cure and other information.

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Our Men's Box Calf and Tan Double Sole Leather Lined.

You need no rubbers with these boots.

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