GLORIOUS HAIR

Any Woman Can Have It.

Many thousands of women refined and educated have learned that it is not hard to have and to keep an abundance of lustrous hair, if Parisian Sage, the hair grower, is used daily.

Since its introduction in Canada Parisian Sage has become a prime favorite with the women who desire luxuriant and radiant hair that will not fall out or turn gray. Used daily as a dressing it will keep the scalp immaculately clean; will stop itching and falling hair and remove every particle of dandruff. J. B. McLeod thinks so much of Parisian Sage that he guarantees it to do as advertised. Large bottles 50c.

HOTEL DIRECTORI.

Go to the STEWART HOUSE. Leading Commercial Hotel. Rates, $1.50 per day.

JAS. STEWART, Prop.

TRAVELLING.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Low Rates Pacific Coast

One way Second Class Colonist tickets on sale daily, March 10 to April 10th, at the following rates:—

SPOKANE, WASH., VANCOUVER, B.C., VICTORIA, B.C., SEATTLE, WASH., PORTLAND, ORE., **$45.10**

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., LOS ANGELES, CAL., SAN DIEGO, CAL., MEXICO CITY, MEX., **$47.05**

And rates in proportion to all Pacific Coast Points.

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J. P. HANLEY, Agent.
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In Connection With CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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12.01 p.m. Express—For Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Peterboro, St. John, N.B.; Halifax, Boston, Toronto, Chicago, Denver, Renfrew, Sault Ste. Marie, Duluth, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco.

5.00 p.m.—Local, for Sharbot Lake, connecting with C. P. R. East and West.

7.45 a.m. Mixed—For Renfrew and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., and Friday.

Passengers leaving Kingston at 12.01 p.m. arrive in Ottawa at 5 p.m.; Peterboro, 4.35 p.m.; Toronto, 6.55 p.m.; Montreal, 7.05 p.m.; Boston, 7.30 a.m.; St. John, 12.00 noon.

F. CONWAY,
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Train leaves Union Station, Ontario street, 4 p.m. daily (Sunday excepted) for Tweed, Sydenham, Napanee, Deseronto, Bannockburn and all points north. To secure quick despatch to Bannockburn, Maynooth, and points on Central Ontario route your shipments via Bay of Quinte Railway. For further particulars apply R. W. DICKSON, Agent 'Phone No. 1.

GO TO BERMUDA

Round Trip $20 and Up

Fast Twin Screw S.S. "Bermudian," 5,530 tons, sails from New York, 10 a.m., Jan. 18th, and 25th, every Wednesday.

Bilge keels; electric fans; wireless telegraphy.

Fastest, newest and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda.

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NEW S.S. "GUIANA" and other steamers every alternate Saturday, from New York for St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadaloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia Barbadoes, and Demerara.

For full information, apply to J. P. HANLEY and C. S. KIRKPATRICK, Ticket Agents, Kingston; A. E. Outerbridge & Co., 29 Broadway, New York; Quebec Steamship Co., Quebec.

A POINTED DISCUSSION.

Miss Chatty—Mother—Well, my dear, from whom do you get your groceries?

Mother—From the grocer, of course. Why asking such a question?

Miss Chatty—Well, papa was at the window when the grocer drove up with some goods, and papa said he did not keep his rigs up in very good shape.

Right opposite another grocer was delivering goods, when he remarked the difference in the two rigs, one up in good shape, you would not be ashamed of in front of your place.

Miss Chatty—Yes, papa, but a new rig costs money.

Papa—He need not get a new one. Just take old one up to Laturney and he will soon fix it up like new or will sell him a new one if he wants it.

THAT'S THE POINT.

Let us have your Waggons or Orders now, and we will have you fixed up in good shape for the spring.

JAMES LATURNEY,
THE CARRIAGE MAKER.

With 3 Words

BEST PLUMBING DONE

WE TELL OUR STORY

David Hall,

'Phone 335. 66 Brock St.
Residence 856.

My Fellow Traveller

By MRS. BOYSE.

I was off to Touraine, via Paris, to stay with friends, and on the day before I left received a note from my elder sister:

"Dear Betty,—You, of course, remember dear Mrs. Primrose, of Green Lanes? Like a good girl, just look out for her at Victoria; she is going to Paris for her first trip abroad.

Yours, Sue."

Sister Sue has a large heart and is always trying to get other people to help her friends. The friends are grateful; I do not know if the other people are—always.

I like to travel on my own, and flatter myself that I am good at it. Still, one must not be selfish, and, of course, Mrs. Primrose would know the ropes, more or less, so I just wired off a rendezvous and advised her to book a seat on both sides.

With luggage registered and seat engaged, I waited calmly at the station. Time went on, no sign of the lady. At the very last possible moment I saw an agitated, almost tearful, plump apple-faced creature, very dishevelled and untidy, hurrying along. She had waited at the wrong station till an intelligent porter rescued her.

It was a wild rush to get her boxes registered. One was painted tin, another covered with unbleached linen, edged with red braid, and the third wooden and corded—and I am rather vain of my neat luggage. But there was no time to think. We raced down the platform, I flying almost, the porter a fair second, and Mrs. Primrose a bad third. The engine was snorting and the guard whistling, as, panting, we were landed into the first available door, Mrs. Primrose ripping three feet of braid off her dress in her hurry. Of course my duly labelled seat was filled with the other passengers' luggage, and they glared at me reproachfully. Mrs. Primrose had no seat, explaining that she thought a ticket gave one a right to sit down, but at last a man, obviously thankful to escape to the smoking carriage, gave her his. Mrs. Primrose beamed as she took it.

"It is quite an event to be going abroad," she said. "You have been before, I think."

"All round the world," I said briefly.

"You don't say so! Why, I thought dear Mrs. Narrowby, our rector's wife, quite a traveller. She has been twice with conducted parties. So nice, you know, very clever lectures on antiquities every night from the guide. Did you ever go with one?"

Dunn.

I said "No" firmly, and ventured to offer to re-tie her veil—everything about her seemed at a loose end, but her nice round pink and white face was radiant. It was less so when the boat rose a little to a choppy sea, and I handed her over to a stewardess.

It was a pleasant crossing. Some very nice people dropped into conversation with me, and proposed that we should lunch together in the train, but I had to murmur something about being in charge of an inexperienced traveller; and just then Mrs. Primrose appeared. I had not realised how many items she carried. There was a string bag which bulged, evidently with food, and a sad-looking lettuce leaf dropped from it disconsolately. There was also a shiny sort of bag and two parcels, and a fat round brown holland bag with a red braid creepy, twirly pattern on it, and a hold-all, out of which odd tapes and other fragments fluttered, and a sturdy umbrella.

She advanced cheerfully and explained that the French coast reminded her of Slowcumber-on-Sea, and she had hoped to see oranges growing. All her various veils, ties and other fragments fluttered on the breeze, and her beaded mantle flapped up and down. I wondered which of her goods would look least in keeping with my new travelling coat, which was really the last word in coats and a dream. She smilingly asked me just to hold the holland atrocity while she united her hold-all, extracted a large waterproof cloak of the old-fashioned style, and put it on over the mantle.

"Dear Mrs. Narrowby told me that anything would do for travelling, to save my best clothes," she said sweetly; and a purple and green knitted scarf crowned the whole arrangement, two tasselled ends being added to the other floating fragments of sorts. However, I got her off safely and into the Douane. She knew nothing of this, and resented the inquiries so obviously that a searching investigation was made, but as the bags only contained odds and ends of every possible and impossible description, they were grudgingly passed in time. Of course my one smart bag had long since been chalked with a beaming smile by the authorities.

The Paris train at last—luckily not too crowded. Mrs. Primrose, having been much surprised at the fluency which small French children spoke English, investigated the crochet antimacassars, as she called them, with deep interest, and being reminded by them of the rectory drawing-room, suddenly jumped up and seized the string bag.

"You must share my lunch, my dear," she said. "Mrs. Narrowby brought it all ready packed, her very own potted meat and fresh lettuces, 'so nice, and so much more wholesome than French food,' she says. 'Only think that we might eat horse, or cabbage-stalk soup,' she says, 'without knowing it, or snails.' I never like killing them even, it's so messy."

I had visions of a lunch in the restaurant car and of perhaps finding, after all, a vacant place with those very nice people. The brother really was just my style; brown, thin, and clearly a sportsman, and such pleasant manners. But when I suggested it, Mrs. Primrose's blue eyes looked almost tearful, and her lips drooped like a child's that had to eat rice pudding on its birthday. She must be fifty, but I suppose village life does keep one fresh. So I gave in and ate very dull sandwiches that tasted of mutton and nutmeg, and had certainly been cut overnight, nibbled a leaf of tired lettuce that was also past its youth, and sipped a clerical cordial composed of cloves and cheap whiskey.

Mrs. Primrose beamed with satisfaction, and thought it all delightful. She told me all her family affairs, and that she was going to stay with her favorite niece. "So sweet of dearest Fan to have me, and, my dear, you have been so sweet too. I knew Mrs. Grey's sister must be charming, but how I should ever have managed without you and it is so nice to think that we have had one more real English meal, and that we are to be at the same hotel to-night. Fan comes to-morrow. Didn't you know that dear Mrs. Grey had arranged all that?"

I did not know. She had not revealed the extent of her plotting, afraid, no doubt, that I should turn restive, and I had thought of looking up friends to-night and perhaps a theatre or something cheery. But one cannot desert a babe in the wood, so I reluctantly determined to sacrifice myself.

I had prepared Mrs. Primrose for the investigation of boxes in Paris. After searching through every parcel and bag despairingly she remembered leaving her keys on the washstand at home, but luckily they turned up in her inside pocket, which was under her skirt. Once more her hesitation excited suspicion, and the corded box was opened. She uttered a despairing cry, bristling with indignation. The officer thrust his hands in vigorously and withdrew them, sputtering with rage and ejaculating in—well, French golf language possibly. Under a layer of intimate flannel garments were many big pots of jam, and his forcible on laught had burst the covers so that he was jammy nearly to the wrists. I became helpless with suppressed laughter. Mrs. Primrose moaned over the beautiful home-made jam which she had made for dear Fan's little ones, and the official's wrath grew uncontrollable. I fancy our lives were at stake, but the nice-looking brown man, who had enjoyed the scene, came quietly forward to the rescue, and in five minutes we were in a cab and he was raising his hat politely with just a little twinkle in his eye as he glanced at Mrs. Primrose. There are moments when a man is appropriate, especially when he knows how to do things and looks masterful.

"Who is your nice friend?" asked Mrs. Primrose.

"I have no idea," I said briefly.

"Oh, but, my dear," gasped the startled lady, "you were not introduced? Dear Mrs. Narrowby always warned me to be so careful, as swindlers dressed well now and looked almost like gentlemen."

"It's only a proper English feeling," I explained. "He saw that man was rude."

Mrs. Primrose shook her head sagely, but the wonders of the streets attracted her, and she prattled as artlessly as a child about everything till we reached the hotel. There her gratitude came once more to the fore.

"You must dine with me, my dear. I insist on it."

I suggested table d'hote as saving trouble, but from the depths of the canvas bag, after searching in the shiny one, she produced a paper, "Written out by dear Mrs. Narrowby to save me trouble," she explained.

"Ally carty, garson," she said firmly. "Compreenv?"

The waiter glanced at me and I intervened and murmured the hour and had a table reserved. I was hungry and looked forward to a nice little dinner—probably the clerical tastes were simple but good. The menu was mutton broth, boiled cod, with plain sauce, chops, boiled potatoes, and a milk pudding, the latter, of course, extremely sweet and lemony. Mrs. Primrose gushed over dear Mrs. Narrowby's foresight, "such really wholesome food; we really might have been at home." She had rather dreaded the first dinner and unwholesome food. Coffee did not occur to her, and we adjourned to a salon, looking at picture papers and some fellow-creatures. The nice family came in, but were evidently going to a threatre or something, and bed seemed the only haven left for us.

Mrs. Primrose had a room next to mine, with the usual door between. I saw her safe into it, and into a nice thick puce-colored flannel dressing-gown. My frilly one evidently startled her, and she murmured that it was a pity to use it only in my bed-room as if there were not long passages to bath-rooms and chances of fire.

I was awakened next morning by a knock, and said, "Entrez," but it was at the next door. Mrs. Primrose called out "Come in," and in another moment there were wild, stifled screams. I jumped up, donned the frilly gown hastily, and rushed to her aid.

She was quite invisible, but the bedclothes moved wildly up and down, and the cries continued from under them. By the bedside stood a man in uniform, expostulating in French, "Madame, madame, c'est le facteur. Madame, mais, madame——"

It was the postman with a registered letter, and she fancied that he was an official come to arrest her with regard to the jam question of yesterday.

Peace was restored, the cheery facteur went off laughing, and with him various people who had been attracted by the commotion. The letter was just a line from Matilda Narrowby "to prevent your feeling lonely, dear Mrs. Primrose." Well, it certainly had the desired effect.

Two hours later a smart motor drove up and "My niece, Fan Vandeleur," was duly introduced, a pretty, charming woman who laughed till she cried over "Auntie's" adventures, and begged me to dine with them that night.

I wondered if the occasion was worthy of my newest dress of mouse grey gauze over apricot, very subtle, or would the black be better? Mrs. Vandeleur's skirt was beautifully cut and her hat was perfect. The mouse and apricot was my final choice and the right one. It was a very smart party, and I was taken in by the nice brown man, who was Major Greville, and a cousin of Mr. Vandeleur. Mrs. Primrose made so much of my very small efforts on her behalf that I was asked to stay with "Niece Fan" before going to my friends in Touraine.

I have seen Major Greville daily, and he says that it was my kindness to my fellow-traveller that made him resolve to be introduced, and if I don't mind going to India—— I think India must be delightful with the right person.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day. Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

ENGLISHWOMAN HUNTS AT 83.

Hon. Mrs. Colville Follows the Hounds With Keenness of Girl.

The spectacle of a lady of eighty-three riding to hounds, with as straight a seat as any girl of eighteen, was enjoyed by the members of the Atherstone Hunt the other day. The lady was the Hon. Mrs. Colville, of Dudlington Hall, Burton-on-Trent, mother of the late Major-General Colville, who commanded the brigade of Guards in the Boer war.

Mrs. Colville rode her favorite mare, which stands sixteen hands, and followed hounds as keenly as anyone present and with as much zest as she did twenty years and more ago. At the close of the run she declared merrily she had thoroughly enjoyed the day's sport. Her close, straight seat and almost "juvenile" enthusiasm were the envy and admiration of many of the younger members of the hunt.

Operations Resumed.

The operations which were recently resumed for the recovery of the fabulous treasure, believed to have gone down with the Spanish Armada galleon Florencia in Tobermory Bay, 322 years ago, begin with better prospects of success than any of the previous attempts. Spanish, Italian and British records have been ransacked, with the result that Lieut.-Col. Foss, who takes charge of operations on the spot, has all the available information at his finger ends. He believes that he has located the wreck within 400 square yards, so that the energies of the search party will be concentrated on a comparatively small area. Many articles have been recovered from time to time, but the bulk of the treasure still lies at the bottom of the bay.

Just a Little Exercise.

The elevator conductor of a tall office building, noticing that the colored janitor had ridden up with him several times that morning, remarked: "Sam, this is the fifth time I have taken you up, but you have not come down with me." "Well, you see," Sam replied, "Ah been washin' windows on de 'leventh floor, and every now and ag'in Ah misses mah hold and falls out."

Tutelary Trees.

Ancient people had their tutelary trees just as they had their tutelary gods—the former being the altars and shrines of the latter. Among the Scandinavians the ash was held to be the most sacred tree. Serpents, according to their belief, dared not approach it. Hence the women left their children with entire confidence under its shade while they went on with their harvesting.

The Retort Stinging.

They're telling a good story of a Toronto man who is fond of the cup that inebriates and that is supposed to cheer.

A bartender in one of the hotels at which this man "gets his moisture" noticed that the customer was pouring an exceedingly generous quantity of whiskey into a highball glass.

"You ought to go into the hotel business," remarked the bartender.

"Why?" asked the customer.

"Well, I think you ought to go into this business," said the man behind the bar. "I'm sure you'd make a success of keeping hotel."

"How do you make that out?" asked the heavy drinker, who was a trifle afraid that the other man was trying to "put it over" him.

"Why," answered the bartender, "you can buy this stuff so much cheaper than we can."

London Police Tests.

Only twenty of every hundred candidates for the London police force are successful in passing the entrance examination.

CURED OF DRINK BY SIMPLE REMEDY.

A Devoted Wife Helps Her Husband to a Cure Through Samaria Prescription.

Mrs. S., of Trenton, was in despair. A loving father and a careful provider when sober—her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor and breaks all family ties.

But read her letter:

"I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I sent and got a bottle, thinking I would try them in secret. My husband had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Port Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him all about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same, so I sent and got the second bottle for fear one would not be enough. He writes me saying that he has taken the contents of both bottles, and he feels splendid, does not care for drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from the first of my giving it to him. I feel I cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful Remedy.

"Mrs. S——, Trenton, Ont.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving for drink. It restores the shaking nerves, improves the appetite and general health, and makes drink distasteful, and even nauseous. It is used regularly by Physicians and Hospitals, and is tasteless and odorless, dissolving instantly in tea, coffee or food.

Now, if you know any home on which the curse of drink has fallen, tell them of Samaria Prescription. If you have a husband, father, brother or friend on whom the habit is getting its hold, help him yourself. Write today.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed packages to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

The Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 7, 49 Colborne street, Toronto, Canada. Also for sale at Jas. B. McLeod's Drug Store, Kingston, Ont.

MOUNTED BOY SCOUTS

SASKATCHEWAN LADS DO THE THING ON BIG SCALE.

Youth of the Prairies Keep Up the Old Spirit and Tradition of the Riders of the Plains In Their Military Training — Light Horse Is Made Up of Boys From 14 to 17 Years of Age.

Out on the fertile prairies of Saskatchewan the cadet idea has been carried to its highest development in Canada in the successful Horse Mounted Cadets. Five troops of boys from the age of 14 to 17 have been formed, annual encampments are held at which, for eight days, the lads follow the routine of the ordinary cavalry corps in camp. The training is thoroughly practical, the syllabus laid down for cavalry at camps of instruction being carried out in its entirety.

The idea is now three years old and its success is evidenced by the fact that each year has witnessed an expansion of the cadet corps, which now embraces units from Grenfell, Broadview, Moosomin, Indian Head, and Wolseley. The efficiency of the cadet regiment is promoted by the fact that prairie-bred boys seem to ride as a matter of course, and all of them are in a position to command the use of a mount at any time. The same element has contributed in large measure to the remarkable results secured by the cavalry corps recruited in the prairie provinces since autonomy introduced the militia to the Northwest, where previously the only scarlet jackets were those worn by the "Riders of the Plains," the Royal Northwest Mounted Police.

The 16th Light Horse Mounted Cadets wear smart khaki kits, with stiff-brimmed sombreros, carry the regulation rifle, and use regulation saddlery loaned for the encampments by the parent corps. The lads take the keenest interest in the work and it is no exaggeration to say that for efficiency and smartness they will give any regiment of militia cavalry in Canada a stiff brush for honors.

The cadet corps is an adjunct, in a sense, of the 16th Light Horse, one of the newer cavalry regiments on the Canadian Militia roster, which has already attained a splendid reputation for smartness, keenness and efficiency. The corps originally comprised four independent squadrons, formed in 1906, soon after autonomy was achieved. In April, 1908, a regiment was formed under the command of Lieut.-Col. R. J. Gwynne, who originally raised and commanded D squadron. The corps comprises the regimental staff of nine officers and 23 non-commissioned officers and men; and four squadrons each embracing six officers and 68 non-coms. and men on a peace footing. The temporary headquarters are at Grenfell, where the C.O. resides, and squadrons are located at Grenfell, Moosomin, Regina and Moose Jaw, with troops in adjacent towns and villages.

The regiment is at present armed with the Ross rifle and bayonet, all members above the rank of corporal carrying swords. The full dress is scarlet with lemon facings, while Wolseley helmet with cavalry spike and chain for state occasions. For undress, scarlet and blue serges are worn with steel chains, and blue breeches with single yellow stripe. Khaki uniform, general service pattern, is usually worn. The regimental crest is a silver semi-circle of maple leaves surrounding a moose head in gold, with the motto "For King and Empire."

Generals French and Otter and Col. Williams, inspector of cavalry, have inspected the 16th Light Horse, and warmly commended the work done by the regiment and the state of the lines. Manoeuvring exclusively by signal and the performance of the rough-riding squadron, whose members put their horses down from the saddle, then fire over the recumbent mounts, have especially pleased inspecting officers from year to year. Half the horses in the corps are thus trained to work that is rarely expected from militiamen. The cavalry efficiency cup in M.D. 10 has been captured by the 16th Light Horse ever since it was put up for competition.

The recital of the success attending the 16th Light Horse and its cadet branch would be incomplete without more than passing reference to the commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Gwynne. The latter is from an old army family, Major.-Gen. Gwynne (retired) having commanded the Shropshire Light Infantry and many members of the family having served in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers as becomes an ancient Welsh line. Lieut.-Col. Gwynne has resided in Canada for many years, for a considerable portion of which he served as overseer (a post paralleling that of reeve in an Ontario municipality) at Grenfell. As a result of his work in this capacity, Grenfell is probably the most attractive town on the prairie stretches of the C.P.R.

On entering the militia Lieut.-Col. Gwynne devoted the major portion of his time to the corps under his command. He has secured every certificate issued by the schools of instruction, and had the distinction this fall of being appointed to command the Royal School of Musketry at Rockcliffe, a distinguishing evidence of appreciation and confidence on the part of the Militia Department.

The regiment pulls solidly together, good work is never overlooked, efficiency is observed and utilized and splendid discipline is secured without any manifestation of the iron hand that every member of the regiment knows is concealed within the velvet glove. The corps as a whole realizes the value of the work done by its commanding officer and it is probable that no commanding officer in the whole militia force has the respect and confidence of his subordinates to a higher degree than the officer who has brought the 16th Light Horse to the very front rank of Canadian cavalry regiments.

The Napanee public schools have been closed this week on account of the epidemic of scarlet fever.

William Anderson, baker, has purchased the Weatherhead property, in Perth, for $3,000.

The Gatlin Institute

THE GATLIN INSTITUTE, A PRIVATE SANITARIUM FOR THE SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF ALCOHOLISM, 428 JARVIS ST., TORONTO.

Liquor Habit

THE GATLIN TREATMENT CURES LIQUOR DRINKING IN THREE DAYS WITHOUT HYPODERMIC INJECTIONS—IT IS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT IN THE WORLD FOR THE DRINK HABIT.

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.

THE GATLIN INSTITUTE OF ONTARIO, LIMITED.
428 Jarvis St., Toronto. Phone North 4538. A. Hargrave, Mgr.

A MARTYR TO HEADACHES?

NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

25c. a Box at your druggist's.
will make life comfortable for you again.
They relieve the worst headache in 30 minutes or less. 31
National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited. - - - - Montreal.

A Fighting K.C.

Sir Edward Carson, the famous K.C., who challenged Mr. Asquith recently to an open debate on Home Rule, has always been noted for his strenuous fighting qualities. He is at his best when there is a difficult case to be won or a severe party battle to be fought. He has been a fighter all his life. Even during his schooldays in Dublin he displayed decidedly pugilistic tendencies. The cricket team of which he was captain, so the story runs, challenged the team of a regiment to a match. A dispute arose and as neither side seemed willing to give way, the future K.C. suggested that the best method of settling the matter would be for him and the captain of the regimentals to fight it out. But for some reason or another the soldier declined the proposal.

Sir Edward was a great athlete in his younger days. At Portarlington School he was in the first cricket eleven and the first football fifteen and one year he carried off the championship cup for all-round athletics, winning most of the races from the 100 yards to the mile, as well as the high jump, the long jump, and throwing the cricket-ball. Sir Edward started life, by the way, as an architect.

The Oldest New Year Custom.

Every New Year's Day an interesting custom is observed at Malmsbury. The story is romantic.

In 937 the Saxon King Athelstan won a great victory at Brunanburg over a combined army of Danish vikings, wild Scots, and Welshmen.

The men of Malmesbury did yeoman service on this occasion, and Athelstan was not ungrateful. He not only gave the Wiltshire town a charter, but also presented it with a large piece of land to be held as common, and to this day the commoners keep up the old custom of the grant.

On the first of each January the Commoners are taken, one by one, by the steward of the manor to their allotments. The tenant digs a small hole, and the steward places at the bottom of it a new shilling. He then strikes the tenant three times on the back, and repeats these words:

"I give this to thee as freely as King Athelstan gave it to me, and hope a loving brother thou wilt be!"

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days.

Your druggist will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The remains of Mrs. E. P. Houck, who died in Winnipeg on February 7th arrived at Picton for interment on Saturday, in charge of Howard Arkett. Mrs. Houck was the daughter of the late Elder Arkett, and the funeral was held from the family's old home on Washburn street, now the residence of Philip Haight. Mrs. Houck had been ill for several years.

Emmanuel Dafoe, an aged and highly respected farmer in Richmond, died on February 9th, after a very short illness. Deceased was pumping water, when he was taken with a stroke and died the next day. The funeral was held last Saturday.

R. S. Richardson, an old Napanee boy, assistant superintendent of the Canadian Northern Quebec railway, has resigned to accept the position of superintendent of the Transcontinental railway from Henry Junction to Grants.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful

MARVEL Whirling Spray

The new Vaginal syringe. Best—Most Convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

Who cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated booklet—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

FRENCH DRY CLEANING:

Let us once more draw your attention to our French Dry Cleaning Process. We clean your clothes perfectly, without taking them apart, thus avoiding any risk of spoiling the appearance or fit.

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

PILES

"I have suffered with piles for thirty-six years. One year ago last April I began taking Cascarets for constipation. In the course of a week I noticed the piles began to disappear and at the end of six weeks they did not trouble me at all. Cascarets have done wonders for me. I am entirely cured and feel like a new man." George Kryder, Napoleon, O. 920

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

SHOES

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