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Leave City. Arrive City.

No. 5 Mail	12:15 a.m.	12:57 a.m.
3 Express	2:48 a.m.	3:25 a.m.
11 Local	8:15 a.m.	9:47 a.m.
1 Int. Limited	12:25 p.m.	12:57 p.m.
2 Mail	3:17 p.m.	4:02 p.m.
13 Local	7:00 p.m.	7:58 p.m.

**Going East.**

Leave City. Arrive City.

No. 6 Mail	1:40 a.m.	2:17 a.m.
2 Fast	3:45 a.m.	4:25 a.m.
14 Local	8:15 a.m.	8:50 a.m.
4 Fast	10:15 a.m.	11:00 a.m.
12 Local	7:00 p.m.	7:58 p.m.

Trains 1, 2, and 8 run daily; other trains daily except Sunday.

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**SOME VIOLIN SECRETS**

**A CHAT WITH A COLLECTOR OF RARE FIDDLES.**

The Wood. For violin-makers, comes from various parts of the world, and is chosen for its resonant qualities—the great secret in violin-making is the composition of the varnish.

How do you account for the extraordinary prices which old violins of famous makers fetch today? An interviewer put the question recently to a famous collector who has gathered together many valuable instruments—amongst them the fact that Kublik recently completed the purchase of the famous "Emperor" Stradivarius violin, pronounced by Joachim to be the finest instrument he had ever seen, and which is stated to be worth \$50,000. "It is because," the reporter continued, "manufactured by the old makers are unobtainable now."

"No," was the reply, "it is easy enough to get good wood, but it is not so easy to discover the secrets of the art of violin-making possessed, for instance, by Antonio Stradivari, the famous violin-maker of Cremona. The materials with which he made violins cost him but a few shillings; but whereas makers today turn out violins by the hundreds, he spent months upon one instrument, and even then it is an artistic fact that he sent a lot of violins to England to be sold at a low price, and they had to be returned because they could not be disposed of."

"Stradivari knew the best wood to use for the body of the violin, and he used it in making the violin—maple for the back, the spruce pine for the top, and the ebony for the finger-board, the tail-piece or string-holder, and the pegs. The fine maple-wood is usually bought in Bohemia. It is very hard wood, and difficult to work. This maple-wood should be both resistant and elastic. In order to send back the vibrations produced by the top, and for the top a spruce pine is chosen, which must be at the same time very firm and little resinous; for the top must produce the greatest number of vibrations possible. The best violin-tops come from Switzerland."

"Then, of course, much depends on the shape of the instrument, and the beauty of a Stradivari is that it is built on a model which can be made to speak in all tones. Mereweg does not make a violin perfect. If it was climaxed and badly made in the beginning there is no magic in time that will remedy these defects. All the old instruments—that is, those genuine ones, for there are hundreds of fakes which are passed off as old-makers—are built on lines which have certainly been successfully copied, but which fail to reach the tone of the old violins simply because of some little defect in the wood or the varnish."

"The violin is, therefore, the same instrument as it was three hundred years ago, and this in spite of the fact that every violin-maker has at some time in his career been possessed by an ambition to improve on the violins as it stands. I have seen at least five hundred specimens of these experimental designs, and some of them are the crassest notions that ever hatched in the human brain. I have seen a violin-shaped like a triangle, a violin with a set of strings under the ordinary set, violins with strings inside as well as outside, violins with a metal cone inside, which gives a metallic tone, violins with double posts, violins with flat tops, violins without any openings, and others with openings of strange shapes. There is no end to these wild imaginations; but the violin of the twentieth century remains in principle the same as that of the Italian inventor."

"But the great secret of the wonderful tone of ancient violins lies in the varnish. The varnishing is, perhaps, the most delicate part of violin-making. The varnish must possess a great warmth of tone, a fine transparency, and great elasticity. It must neither be too dry nor too soft. It should have a beautiful, warm, amber color approaching the purple orange, and must be free from the shrill tint of the factory varnishes. It is, to a great extent, the varnish that gives to the old Italian violins their great value. These possess a richness of tone compared to the orange-red of the most beautiful paintings of the primitive painters of the Italian and Flemish schools. Besides its beauty, the varnish constitutes the sonorance, an astonishing statement may be made."

"Every violin-maker who is worthy of the name is careful to have a supreme good varnish, and every man guards his secret. But somehow they do not seem to be able to find out the secret of the varnish used by the violin-makers of centuries ago."

"But it must not be overlooked that much depends on the bow. It was Francesco Trossi who was the bow-maker of Stradivari was the violin. Those old bows were made of snakewood, ironwood, and several other varieties. Bows become tempered—educated—with time and use, so that a man's bow becomes almost as precious to him as his fiddle itself."

A Barrel of Balsac Letters.

The French Academy has received from the Comte de Lovenjoul a priceless collection of letters written by Balsac. The story of his acquisition of these letters is as follows: One day he saw a cobbler light his pipe with a twisted letter. The ink on the paper thereof was faded, but the handwriting interested the collector. He had recognized the great novelist's script and straightway bought the letter for a napoleon. The cobbler then informed the count that he had bought a barrel of these letters as waste paper, which he used for wrapping shoes when he was not lighting his pipe. And that is the history of the Academy's Balsac Letters, fonde Lovenjoul.

**MILLION ACRE FARMS.**

Strange Origin and Improvement of Australian Merinos.

C. E. W. Bead, of Sydney, has written in an Australian paper of the great sheep industry. His story is in part as follows:

A century ago, when Australia was a dumping ground for England's scum, a British fleet, received from a Spanish fleet a present of merino sheep, at a time when to export merinos from Spain was a criminal offence. The little flock reached Australia, and from it are descended the hundred million merinos which have made Australia great and wealthy, despite her small population.

Vastly improved is the modern merino, for the original of 3-12 pounds to a fleece has been raised to 12 pounds, and there are runs in Australia which shear 40 pounds.

Nowadays the good land near the coast is being given over to agriculture, and the sheep are driven back further into the desert. A terrible desert it is at times, where not one green leaf can be seen, where the red glare of the sun is so intense that the sheep which it is covered gets brown away, and the bare hard bones of the earth are left. The sheep die by the million for want of the smallest scrap of nourishment, and are sometimes killed by the thousand because it is hopeless to expect to nurse them alive.

Then comes the rain, and as if by a miracle the whole land is green again, the flocks increase out of all bounds, and the men who have been nearly ruined, make new fortunes in a few years. That is happening now. From 1896 to 1898 occurred the biggest drought known, and many station-brokers lost their all. It has been there has been a steady succession of good seasons, and the problem now is what to do with the enormous surplus of old ewes. Such are the vicissitudes of that strange land, the oldest part of the earth's exposed surface.

Some of the great sheep runs cover millions of acres, or about 1,500 square miles. Each run is divided into paddocks, which cover all Australia. The average western paddock contains 100 square miles. If one fence is on the horizon behind, the other is over the horizon ahead. You could walk till you died in that paddock without seeing a fence. Last men have before now found the fence as they were on the side of it before it led them anywhere.

There may be a hat in each paddock with a boundary rider—sometimes two, living together. Every day except Sunday, the boundary rider is expected to be out in his paddock. About one day in two he may spot something like a line of posts, which is probably a line of sheep in mirage on the horizon. Occasionally he cuts through a wire of them. He sees a man or gets a mail, perhaps, once in three weeks. And yet, the boundary men get to like the lonesome life.

Then, there is "the boss" the lord of many acres, a man of power, character, and liberal education, living a life not unlike that of an English country gentleman, in his remote home, but carrying on his work with the ability and keenness of a man who has been trained in business.

The hired body of men who live by the sheep industry are the shepherds, who work through the country from north to south, making plenty of money, and living in a rough way on the fat of the land as they pass from one shed to the other. They are a class unlike any other.

**SOME GOOD YARNS.**

Reminiscences of Admiral Montagu Concerning Royalty.

Admiral the Hon. Victor Montagu, C.B., tells in his reminiscences just published, some good stories of sport at home and abroad. A sailor of the old school—he served in the Crimean War and helped to blockade Sebastopol—has been famous in the social world as one of the most distinguished and enthusiastic members of the Royal Yacht Squadron. Admiral Montagu has had the friendship of several kings, and among the best of his friends was King Edward, the present King, and the German Emperor. His general anecdotes about them have more than a literary interest. It was at Cowes that he was on closest terms of friendship with these monarchs, though King Edward had been friends with him since boyhood.

He tells an amusing story of how he was commanded to dine with Queen Victoria, at Osborne, one evening at 8.30, and immediately afterwards received a huge envelope with a massive seal from the Hohenzollern, commanding him to dine with the Kaiser at the same hour. He goes on:

Reader, put yourself into my flannels and jersey for a moment—fired, covered with salt water, a humble creature, a mere nobody, embarrassed with double honors and not having the slightest idea which command I was to obey on such a momentous occasion!

He signalled frantically to the royal yacht for the "Prince of Wales" advice in this dilemma, but the Prince (afterwards King Edward) did not return to his yacht until 7.30. What made the dilemma worse was that one costume was needed for dinner with the German Emperor and another for the Queen. When the prince answered the signals his advice was to obey Queen Victoria first and proceed afterwards to the Kaiser. The Admiral rushed into tight and long stockings, and drove madly to Osborne.

After dinner the Queen excused him, and he resumed his journey in a fly.

My next difficulty was to find a place in which to change from tight into full naval uniform. I decided to do this in the cab, and implored the driver to go slowly downhill. As everybody knows there is little difficulty in pulling off one's clothes and putting others on in a cab, even in total darkness, but there comes a moment when one has to stand up to complete one's toilet, and to stand up in a low fly is no easy task. "Driver, just pull up a moment," I said, "and open the top of the cab." "It's pouring with rain, sir," was the answer. "Never mind that," I said. "You get on top, too, and hold your coat over me." This arrangement worked beautifully, and in due course I arrived at the landing, and went off in a steam launch to make my obeisance to his Imperial Majesty. The Emperor received me in his usual cordial manner, and after a good laugh at my description of all my adventures, "Well, anyhow," he said, "I have never been asked to dine with two Sovereigns the same day! Do you want another dinner?"

Admiral Montagu tells several stories of King Edward's delightful kindness of heart. The admiral suffers from a great difficulty, which is a great honor, but I fail to see how I shall be able to hear what the Emperor says. He smiled and said: "You are not the first deaf individual the Emperor has addressed. I will tell him all about you. Do your best." It so happened that I got on particularly well with the Emperor, and I had difficulties. The King, however, who was close by, noticing this, in the kindest possible manner came to my rescue, repeated the subject to me, or answered the Emperor for me.

**MONKEY LAND.**

Where Armies of Gibbering Apes Make Life Miserable.

If at any time you should happen to be in India, just remember to let the monkeys alone, for to kill one would mean to get yourself very cordially disliked by the Brahmans, whose religion forbids them to take the life of any creature. As a result the people of India are overrun by a great many animals against which they can make but a feeble resistance, the monkey in particular being a real tyrant.

The shops of the cities are without doors, windows, and whatever is offered for sale is exposed to the open air. The monkeys are always at hand watching their opportunity and if the merchant absent himself for a moment, instantly the nimble apes are helping themselves to anything they fancy.

On one occasion the streets of Benares, the sacred city of India, had become so overrun with these impudent little plunderers that the merchants held a meeting and decided that something must be done. Inasmuch as their religion forbade them to kill the monkeys, they decided to banish the pests.

The streets were surrounded and invaded, the monkeys were all captured and placed in cages. Then they were taken to a large forest at a considerable distance from the city and freed in the middle of the trees. The scampered into the branches as if they were having a very good time; and there the merchants left them and returned to their shops, rejoicing that now they could not be seen. That evening there was a rare sight in Benares. Into the streets, just at dusk, there came a great capering army of apes. They were the monkeys of Benares, who had found their way home from the forest into which they had been banished, and though they must have been very tired from traveling on foot so long a distance, their joy on reaching home again was so great that they gambled like a troop of school children coming home from a picnic.

Being town bred monkeys, they had not enjoyed country life. Next day they were all at their old posts, raiding the food shops with renewed and eager appetites and greatly refreshed impudence.

**IN 1898**

The London Lancet, after a careful examination of **Scott's Emulsion**

reported that "the preparation fulfills ALL the requirements and presents ALL the conditions of a very satisfactory emulsion. In appearance and consistency it is not unlike cream and under the microscope the fat globules are seen to be of perfectly regular size and uniformly distributed. So well has the oil been emulsified that even when shaken with water the fat is slow to separate. The taste is decidedly unobnoxious and the Emulsion should prove an excellent food as well as a tonic."

We believe no other preparation of Cod Liver Oil has received such weighty commendation and if the same high authorities were to examine it now they would find it even finer, more digestible, more palatable and more satisfactory in every way; in fact, SCOTT'S EMULSION has so long been the one standard and perfect Emulsion that it is accepted as the standard by medical practitioners all over the world, by the public and by hundreds of imitators, for it is the one and only Emulsion limited.

The imitations are in name only for no other preparation of Cod Liver Oil is so pure, so perfect and so beneficial.

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**The Policeman's Dangerous Life.**

About one in every six London policemen is injured during the year.

More than one thousand men were on the sick list from injuries received while on duty, and nearly seven hundred more who were injured off duty. Some of the cases were so serious as to disable the men for a week or more, and these amounted to no fewer than 677. Besides these, there were twice as many injured less severely, who were not placed on the sick list.

The following examples show the multiplicity of dangers to which the police are exposed: 2,366 men were assaulted or injured when making arrests; 102 bitten by dogs; 51 hurt by persons not arrested; 17 injured while dispersing disorderly crowds; 44 hurt, some very severely, when stopping runaway horses; 22 injured when assisting fallen or restive horses; 25 kicked, trodden on, or knocked down by horses; 31 injured (14 very severely) by vehicles when regulating traffic; and 28 were injured when extinguishing fires.

And further large numbers suffered injury by their horses falling or throwing them, by cyclists, while riding their own bicycles, at fire drills, by slipping and falling when examining premises, etc., so that the total of injuries while on duty for the year is brought up to 3,310.

**An Honest Man.**

A preacher near Bloomersburg, Pa., grew fervent in exhorting to an honest living, and near the close of his sermon he said: "Let every person in the house who is paying his or her debts stand up." Instantly a man and woman in the house, save one, were standing. After they were peacefully seated, the domini asked: "Now let those stand up who are not paying their debts," and a long lean man of sixty or more years, clothed in a seedy suit of the past decade, slowly assumed a perpendicular position in his pew. "How is it, my friend," enquired the minister in austere tones, "that you are the only one in this intelligent congregation who does not meet his obligations?" The lanky individual meekly answered, "I run a newspaper, and the brethren here are my subscribers," and the minister broke in abruptly with, "We will close with the benediction."

**Tobacco For British Smokers.**

More tobacco is apparently being smoked, for in November 6,210,998 pounds were cleared for home consumption, the largest quantity for one month under normal conditions. Since April 61,389,318 pounds have been cleared, as against 57,896,911 pounds last year.—Tobacco Trade Review.

**A Rosebery Romance.**

To those who love romance and the romantic, an unusual episode in the life of one of Lord Rosebery's ancestors has appeared in the pages of the eighteenth century, when the then Lord Dalmeny was a young man. He fell in love with a very pretty girl, says "The Gentlewoman," and eventually a secret marriage was contracted. The pair spent their honeymoon on the continent, and the bride, becoming seriously ill, confessed that she was the wife of the rector of Thorpe, from whom she had run away. Dying shortly afterwards, her husband had her body embalmed with a view to bringing it to England for burial. However, the Customs House officials opened the case in which the grim burden was packed, and it was only to avoid a far more serious tragedy that the truth was made known. The body was eventually buried at Thorpe in the presence of both "husbands."

**Soldier and Sculptor.**

It is said of Captain Adrian Jones, who has designed the four-horse chariot, weighing upwards of thirty tons, which is to be erected near Hyde Park Corner, London, as a memorial to "Peace," that he is probably the only living sculptor who understands a horse from tail-tip to nostril. As a boy he loved and studied horses, and he has liked to become an artist, but his father had other plans, and he entered the army. He saw much active service, and was then advised to become a sculptor, having devoted most of his spare time when in the army to painting and sculpture.

**Beresford's Bon Mot.**

Lord Furness was the victim of an amusing bon mot when he was contesting York against Lord Charles Beresford. To the aid of Lord Charles came his two brothers, and the trio were cordially chaffed on the number of Beresfords in the field. But "Charles" was ready with his apt retort: "Yes," said he, here we are—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, came to save you from the fiery Furness."

**Prevaricator.**

The word prevaricator is from the Latin and originally meant a straddler with distorted or misshapen legs. In the Roman courts of law the expression was applied to one who in a suit was discovered to be in collusion with his opponent to compass some dishonesty. As falsehood was the necessary part of such a performance, the word by and by came to have the significance at present attached to it.

**Beautiful woman without a heart.**

A beautiful woman without a heart is like a broken bottle, equally useless and dangerous. It occurred in the Testament of a man who had other plans, and he entered the army. He saw much active service, and was then advised to become a sculptor, having devoted most of his spare time when in the army to painting and sculpture.

**Love's young dream.**

Love's young dream, as it is called, is sometimes the forerunner of a long period of wakefulness.