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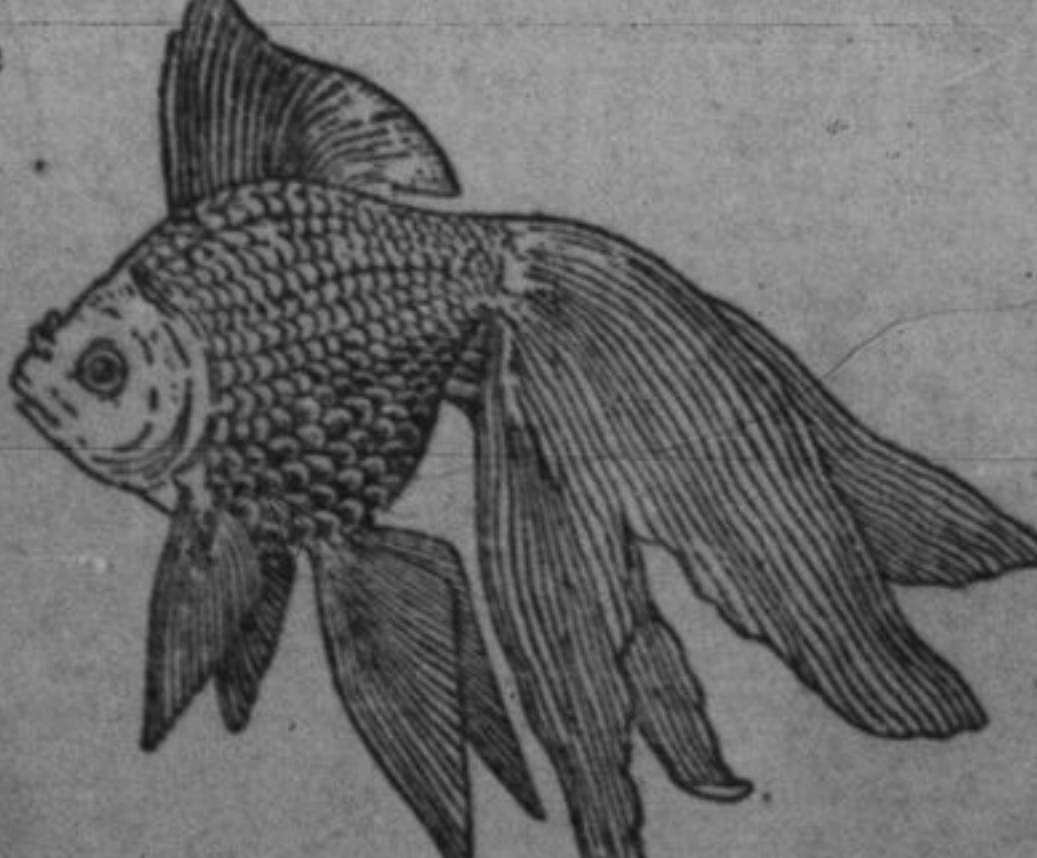
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A Complete Aquarium for \$1.00 On receipt of \$1.00 we will send you by express the following POPULAR OUTFIT



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- Regular Catalogue Price of the above collection is \$1.25. Order at once and we will supply for \$1.00. Catalogue and Price List sent Free on request.
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The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator on which women can depend. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, 2, 3; No. 1 for general cases, No. 2 for special cases, No. 3 for special cases. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly W. Lindsay)

**Afternoon Teas...**  
Will be complete with some of GRIMM'S Delicious Ice Cream Phone 797.

## OUR CATHOLIC WRITERS

### CANADA OWES THEM A DEEP DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

From the time of the Jesuits whose "Relations" Form a Mine of Historical Wealth Right Down to Today the Adherents of the Church of Rome Have Been Prolific Litterateurs.

From the very dawn of Canadian civilization Catholic writers have been conspicuously in the forefront, this as a natural consequence of the part Catholics played in early colonization. In a short article of a few hundred words countless names cannot be mentioned and the detailed and laborious writings of those early Jesuit Missionaries who gave to all Canadian history its foundation and authority in the "Relations of the Jesuits," may be but referred to here. These are beginning to receive the recognition due them and future ages will give them their crowning. From the "Relations" to the present, the activity of Catholic writers though intermittent as to quantity and quality has been continuous. Here we may only mention a few of our own day who by the making of books helped or are helping to place Canada in the van in the field of poetry and prose.

The area in fiction is probably least rich, and here it is popularly the test, first place must be given to two women. Mrs. J. Sandler, who though not a Canadian, spent many years in Montreal, gave to the world her every word where "Blakes and Flanagan's," the "Confederate Chieftains" and other stories and translations, some sixty in all. In 1896 Notre Dame University conferred on Mrs. Sandler the Laetare Medal in recognition of her services as a Catholic writer. Miss Anna T. Sandler, of Ottawa, following in the footsteps of her mother, has given us several novels and translations. Her latest production "Philippa Fox, Attorney" is just now receiving ample praise from the critics. Miss Sandler was the only woman to address the late Eucharistic Congress.

Frechette as the classic poet of his people has left us a memory which endures, and Thomas D'Arcy McGee, though his lyre was largely tuned to the critic's ear, has given us his poem "Jacques Cartier" to link his name with binding ties to Canada. To-day in Toronto we have Rev. J. B. Dollar whose book "Irish Mist and Sunshine" has in the minds of many, noted Canada as the home of the greatest living writer of Irish ballads. A collection of one hundred and thirty poems by this gifted son of Canada's adoption is just from the press, appearing under the title of the "Extension Edition." A rare treat is here given to lovers of the poetic muse.

Thomas O'Hagan, writer of prose and poetry has given us a fine output of each, his essays being of great value for their store of information. Dr. O'Hagan is now editor of The New World, Chicago. Rev. Arthur Barry "Between Whiles" gives us a taste of true poetic sweetness. Dr. Wm. J. Fischer, poet and novelist, has given us "The Teller," a book of verse which here and there touches the sublime, note and is everywhere sane and satisfying. Charles Phillips, whose school days were largely passed in Toronto and who is still an occasional visitor to that city, has lately published a book of verse. Many of Mr. Phillips' lines have an exquisite tenderness, revealing their strong Catholicity. He is now editor of The San Francisco Monitor. Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., of Montreal, in his book "Across the West" presents to the public a store of precious information clothed in the most pleasing diction. The versatility of Father Devine is shown in his well conceived and ably written story "The Training of Silas." Another writer who though for many years a resident, is partially at least as Canada is Rev. John Talbot Smith for some time past, at St. Michael's College and a brilliant writer in many directions, whose reported ambition to be the author of sixty volumes is nearing its fulfilment. The late Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax was a finished maker of sonnets. Rev. P. W. Brown, late of Halifax now of Ottawa University, recently published his valuable and interesting "Where the Fishers Go."

The greatest results from the endeavor of Catholic writers are undoubtedly in the realm of biographic and historical research, where there is space for mention of only a few. The prolific pen of Abbe H. R. Casgrain now engaged on the history of Canada, has given us amongst other good things a "Pilgrimage to the Land of Evangeline" and a "History of the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation." Very Rev. W. R. Harris, the long-time Dean of St. Catharines and a copious writer of rich and classical English has written "Early Missions in Western Canada," "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula," "Days and Nights in the Tropics," etc. "The Sublime Volume of the Archdiocese of Toronto," evinces much research and care and is largely written and altogether edited by Rev. Dr. Teedy. "The Mistakes of Modern Infidels" places the well-known editorial writer, Rev. Father Northgraves amongst the bookmakers. Rev. Dr. Dawson wrote a "Life of Pius IX." "The History of the Catholic Church in British Columbia," is the work of Rev. A. G. Morice. The Right Reverend A. A. McDonald of Victoria is a fecund writer on theological and kindred subjects. Miss Hughes has recently published the life of her uncle, the late Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax. A short but valuable life of Mde. D'Yonville, foundress of the Grey Nuns of Canada, is written by Rev. D. S. Ramsay, an English Dean for some time resident in this country.

**Stars of the Ring.**  
"You don't hear of any actresses losing their jewels these days." "No, but occasionally an actor gets robbed of his championship belt."

People talk lightly of "spelling" children, but tragedy of a very real kind lurks behind the phrase. The yield of the Egyptian cotton fields for 1910 was about 700,000,000 pounds.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that's Laxative Bromo Quinine "Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days."

## A SILENT WORKER.

### Tommy Russell Started Out to Do Big Things in the World.

T. A. Russell is one of the silent men in Canada. But a few days ago The Toronto Globe gave nearly a page of space to a speech at the Canadian Club—on reciprocity. The main part of Mr. Russell's able discourse was directed against the recent demands of the grain-growers at Ottawa. He does not believe the farmer is in need of reciprocity. Having been raised on a farm before he became a student and lecturer in political economy at the University of Toronto, Mr. Russell may be assumed to know how it feels to be a farmer. For the past ten years he has known still more practically how it feels to be a manufacturer. Up till seven years ago Mr. Russell was secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, where he learned what protection practically means. He went from that to be manager of the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., then struggling to build up an industry against United States competitors under a tariff wall, and since competing as severely with United States factories in Canada. On the farm he was an early riser and hard worker. At the works of the Canada Cycle and Motor Co. he is the first to arrive in the creep of the morning and the last to leave in the dark. He is no harder working man in Canada than "Tommy" Russell. When he squeezes out enough time to prepare a speech in reciprocity he must be credited with meaning exactly what he says—and he does.

T. A. Russell's career is well worth the emulation of any young Canadian. He might have gone in for academic honors, but he was more ambitious. When he got a comfortable berth, as secretary of the C.M.A., he might have kept it—but he preferred bigger responsibility. When he took hold of the Canada Cycle and Motor Co. he began such a task as might have driven a less determined man back to a mere desk and a convenient salary. He has won out, by sticking to the game.

## Young But Wise.

Cute youngsters have been at it again, and here are some of their sayings and doings:  
In an office in Toronto is an office boy who has some idea of what should and what should not be coming to him. He never actually objects when anybody asks him to hurry out to deliver a message, but he writes on his desk he recently wrote, in large, easily-seen letters, "Rush orders a delight."  
In a school in a Western Ontario town a little girl who has not taken quickly to the mysteries of addition. "One 'n' one" asked the teacher, while putting the class through the easiest of the addition tables. The little girl referred to was the only person in the class who couldn't give the answer. "Two 'n' one" asked the teacher. "The little girl smiled confidently, put up her hand and, when noticed by the teacher, said "Shoe polish."

Another lad of four years was asked to "stay-to tea" at a house in Toronto where he had spent the afternoon with the children of the house. The head of the house being away, the mother decided to have for herself and children a simple meal including cornmeal mush. Not being sure how the little visitor would like the idea, she said to him, "Do you like porridge?" "Yes," admitted the child, and he added feebly, "But I don't like it when I'm out for tea."—Courier

## Canadian Pulp Facts.

According to statistics collected by the forestry branch of the Department of the Interior, there were 622,129 cords of pulpwood used in Canada during the year 1909. Of this the total value at the mill was \$3,404,050. In spite of a decline in the price of pulpwood, the value of the wood consumed increased from \$1,989,000 over that used in 1908. The quantity used being more than 30 per cent in advance of that used in the previous year. There are some sixty pulp mills in the Dominion.

Three-fifths of the pulp wood cut in Canada during 1909 was exported to the United States for manufacture. Nearly all this wood went from Quebec.

The manufacture of the pulp wood exported in 1909 kept 69 out of the 251 pulp mills of the United States running at full capacity for the year. Had it been manufactured in Quebec, it would have kept running 71 mills of the same size as those now running in Quebec.

## A Dark Secret.

Will the engagement be broken? The question is being asked by those who witnessed the incident. Montreal. The young man had carried the young lady's grip to her section in the Pullman, and had deposited beside it a suspicious looking box. Then he stood talking on the station platform near the door of the car. The couple apparently had much that they wished to say, but little that they could utter.

"All aboard," cried the conductor. The young man's feelings seemed to overcome him. He turned away as he held out his hand. Then the girl uttered a cry, and he turned to see that he held not hers, but the itching palm of the colored porter.

More you tried it? More report for the doctors. A consular report from Prince Edward Island tells of a new cancer product, "lobster rarebit." A cancer has been discovered that by a combination of lobster tail and the liver of lobsters he can make a salable product. The mixture is thus described: "Lobster rarebit is a compound of the meaty layer of the liver and of the fat, to which some spice is added. The result of the components used is the best part of the crustacean; the liver, glandular, is large and retains a high percentage of bile. The number of eggs found in a lobster is estimated from 5,000 to 40,000, according to size. The three ingredients are mixed in these proportions: Six-tenths meat, three-tenths liver, and one-tenth roe."

## ABOUT SPIES.

### Great Britain Is Not Fond of Watching the Enemy.

Much twaddle is told concerning British spies. Britons dislike the word spy; it goes rather against the grain of their character. The main part of the grain-growers at Ottawa, he does not believe the farmer is in need of reciprocity. Having been raised on a farm before he became a student and lecturer in political economy at the University of Toronto, Mr. Russell may be assumed to know how it feels to be a farmer. For the past ten years he has known still more practically how it feels to be a manufacturer. Up till seven years ago Mr. Russell was secretary of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, where he learned what protection practically means. He went from that to be manager of the Canada Cycle and Motor Co., then struggling to build up an industry against United States competitors under a tariff wall, and since competing as severely with United States factories in Canada. On the farm he was an early riser and hard worker. At the works of the Canada Cycle and Motor Co. he is the first to arrive in the creep of the morning and the last to leave in the dark. He is no harder working man in Canada than "Tommy" Russell. When he squeezes out enough time to prepare a speech in reciprocity he must be credited with meaning exactly what he says—and he does.

England is worse off as regards secret service than any other European great power. Lord Charles Bessborough is a typical Briton, if ever there was one, and to him we owe our Intelligence Department. We have to spy, if only in self-defence.

Look at the Borkum affair the other day. An object lesson in fine-art spying. The Board of Admiralty had to have a plan in case Germany attacked us. They decided that Borkum Island, most easterly German territory, was the place we should have to take for a base.

By means of her spies Germany at once knew that. She started strengthening the forts. When British officers arrived to see what was going on, as we are aware, they were arrested. Everything was known; they had it all nicely wrapped up for us.

Instead of being indignant for our spying, how mildly we play the game amuses some of our neighbors. Particularly, they pull our leg. A cartoon shows two somewhat "haw-haw" British officers as tourists, with enormous "War Office" notebooks. A foreign officer holds open the door of a fortress, inviting:

"Only having a little holiday look round! Well, won't you step inside—and stay?"

Some ask why naval and military officers are employed in spying, honorable and dangerous as it is. The reason is because civilian spies make a hash of military matters. Officers know what to look for, and where what it is when they see it. A few years ago a civilian spy reported a huge bastion to protect a coming naval dockyard. An officer went over, and found the solid foundations of a large observatory.

Then officers always keep faith. Professional spies sell to the highest bidder. If there are two bidders, they sell to one, and spoof the other. The Lords of the Admiralty were approached as to plans of Toulon, Best and Cherbourg. Carefully checked by officers, these proved to be only builders' plans, supplied to contractors for portions of the work.

Arguments against British officer spies are they look officers, and disfavor their work.

Three years ago a stalwart cyclist, with camera, pottered about observing coast defences. "On your honor, are you a British officer?" he was asked. "I am," was the reply; and he was promptly escorted out of the country.

About the same time a well-dressed gentleman presented to the sentry of Breakwater Fort, Portland, a card from the admiral then in command. Complying with the written request, the visitor was shown all over the fort. Returned to the admiral, the card was found a forgery.

Formerly all information obtained was submitted direct to Secret Intelligence Service headquarters in London. That was cumbersome; it gave facts away. Consequently, a British Government Intelligence Bureau was established in a northern capital, and there may be others. It is easier working in such that amidst hordes of foreign spies, cat-like, watching Spring Gardens and Pall Mall. There are overlooking houses in four great capitals, whence observation is kept on the British Embassy day and night.

## NOT IN CHINA SHOP.

### Curious Adventure of Bull Which Climbed Castle Stairs.

One day recently people walking in the neighborhood of Ballyadam Castle, Athy, glanced up at the historic pile, stopped and rubbed their eyes, then rubbed them again.

Standing high up on the battlements of the fortress, calmly looking out over the surrounding country, was a sturdy bullock. There were various wagers as to how the animal reached its precarious position. That it could climb up the ninety feet of stone spiral stairs, broken and worn in parts, seemed absolutely incredible.

It was found, however, that the bullock had actually done so, tempted by an open doorway and the cooler air above. On reaching the top the poor animal seemed to realize its danger, and the big crowd that the strange sight attracted were not a little apprehensive that it would jump over the low balcony to destruction below.

Several times it seemed inclined towards this course; with forefret on to the low wall, it would gaze nervously and wistfully from his terrible height, then retreat, make a circuit of its narrow platform and repeat the performance. At length the on-lookers determined to try and secure the animal, although success seemed very remote, and the effort certainly was not unattended by risk to the lives of the rescuers, half a dozen of whom went aloft to attempt to catch the frightened brute. A wild rush of the party would be hurled from the parapet, only two or three feet away. However, after a good deal of skillful manoeuvring, the rescuers induced the bullock to get into the gallery, and gradually it was forced down the narrow stairs, eventually getting to terra firma safely. Ballyadam Castle, the theatre of this occurrence, is one of the most interesting and historic, and perhaps one of the best preserved of the many of those old strongholds with which ancient Leix is dotted. It stands on the land of Dermot Hurley, Ballyadam, though the castle itself is in the control of the Board of Works.

The "Little Man" at the Pillars. Close to the famous clock in the Cathedral of Strasbourg there is a little man in stone gazing up at the angle of a pillar which supports the south wing of the cathedral. Long ago the little man who is now sculptured in stone stood there in flesh and blood. He used to stare up at the pillar with a criticizing eye which swept from top to bottom and again from bottom to top. Then he would shake his head doubtfully each time.

It happened once that a sculptor passed the cathedral and saw the little man looking up as if he did not like the looks of the pillar.

"It seems to me that you are finding fault with the pillar, my good fellow," said the stone-carver, and the little man, who had just been found out, spoke out, my man, said the sculptor.

"Well, would you just think of it? Speak out, my man," said the sculptor.

"The pillar is fine enough," the little man said slowly. "The figures on it are beautiful, but I fear that slender pillar cannot hold up the heavy weight much longer. Soon it will totter and fall, and all will go to pieces."

"An odd fancy seized the stone-carver. 'You shall stay right where you are always gazing at the pillar' until it falls under the heavy vault."

And he brought from his workshop his hammer and chisel and made in stone a figure of the little man just as he was, looking upward with a knowing face and an important air. And there this little figure in stone stands to-day, awaiting the fall of the pillar.

**Ninety "Not Out."**  
"If I had my life to live again I would, without hesitation, be a Free Church minister. There never was such a golden opportunity for the man of a Christian message as to-day." Thus Dr. Guinness Rogers, the veteran preacher, orator, and politician, who recently entered upon his ninety-first year. Dr. Rogers has a ministerial record of sixty-five years and is the oldest surviving ex-chairman of the Congregational Union. And, in spite of his great age, his voice is still as clear as a bell, and his energy amazing. Needless to say, he has some interesting recollections, and can look back to the time when there was hardly a daily paper in the provinces. In the home of his father, a minister, they had to be satisfied with a weekly journal which cost fivepence a copy. To-day, as he once remarked, porters pick out an empty table more newspapers than were taken in a whole town seventy years ago.

**During Lady Aeronaut.**  
It is a curious fact that the Hon. Mrs. Amherst Harbord, who recently placed another long balloon voyage to her credit by making an aerial voyage to France, became a ballroom accident. In 1906 she went to see some friends of who were making an ascent, and at the last moment they suggested that she should go with them. She went, and returned to earth with an enthusiastic aeronaut. Since then she has made more than a hundred voyages, owns her own balloon, and has been entertained by the members of the Aero Club in token of their appreciation of her pluck. She has made voyages across the Channel, and on one occasion, when making a descent in France as it happened on the ground. "I can claim, therefore," she humorously remarks Mrs. Harbord, "to be the only woman who has landed in France on her head."

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**Fine Picture Framing**  
at Reasonable Prices  
Original works by British Artists, and full line of all kinds of pictures.

**Regilding a Specialty**

**A POINTED DISCUSSION.**  
Miss Chatty—Mother—Well, my dear, from whom do you get your grocer?

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 eyes 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. He will soon fix it up like new or will sell him a new one if he wants it.

**THAT'S THE POINT.**  
Orders now, and we will waggon or fixed up in good shape for the spring.

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THE CARRIAGE MAKER.

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You cannot afford to ignore these extraordinary Bargains. Even though you do not need Furniture until spring time.



- \$75 Dresser, solid Mag. February Price... \$62.50
- \$70 Dresser, solid Mag. February Price... \$59
- \$150, 3-piece Circassian Walnut, February... \$125
- \$65, Brass Bed, Feb. Price \$52.50
- \$20, Brass Bed, Feb. Price \$18
- \$25, Brass Bed, 2 in. posts, \$20

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