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Mr. Jos. J. R., a prominent tinsmith of Bathurst, N.B., July 16, 1907: 'I cannot let this opportunity pass without letting you know what benefit I received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which prevented me from working or from sleeping at night. I had tried everything possible and still could find no relief, until I was advised to try a bottle of your liniment, which I purchased without delay. I only used one half of the bottle when I was completely cured, and now I feel as if I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffering from Rheumatic pains to give your liniment a trial, for I cannot praise it too highly.'

We Are Not Tricksters David Hall, 60 Brock St. Phone 335. Residence 836.

The Jade Bracelet

By PHILIP KEAN.

They were looking for teapots when they came upon a circle of dull green laid out on a square of black satin. 'Good luck,' said the fat, sleek oriental behind the counter. Phyllis coveted it from the moment her eyes rested upon it. Nothing else in the store had any charms for her. Even the teapots, fat little silver things with ribs for decoration, had no charm. Marion tried to interest her in trays, in embroideries, and in the ivory carvings, but Phyllis would wander back from these things to the little corner where the strange jewelry of the East was laid out. 'You see I need something to bring me good luck,' Phyllis said to Marion. 'Everything has gone wrong with me for months. But the price was prohibitive. When Phyllis heard it she sighed and pushed the bracelet away. That settles it,' she said, 'but it was a beauty.' The big Chinaman tried to make a bargain. He came down one dollar and then two, but Phyllis shook her head. 'It would take the price of a story,' she said, and not comprehending, he shrugged his shoulders, and laid the bracelet back on the square of black satin. 'If only I were sure of selling a story,' Phyllis said to Marion when they came out of the incense-scented shop, 'I might venture some extravaganza, but I have lost my grip. I can't think of a plot, and my style is atrocious.' When they reached home the two girls had a frugal supper, and then Phyllis began to write. After an hour or so she tore up all that she had written and began afresh. At the top of the sheet she wrote, 'The Jade Bracelet.' The fragment, dim suggestion of the little shop was upon her, and she wove a tale of mystery and of vivid interest. 'If I sell it,' she said, 'I'll buy the bracelet.' 'If you sell it,' Marion told her, 'you'd better buy a wedding outfit and marry Dick Kenton.' Phyllis looked at her, speculatively. 'I can't imagine a worse fate than marrying Dick Kenton; that is why I want the jade bracelet. It may ward off a day when I shall get desperate and tired of working hard, and agree to marry a man for his money.' 'It is a pity that John Hughes isn't rich,' said Marion. Phyllis looked at her reproachfully. 'If John Hughes would ask me to marry him,' she said, solemnly, 'he wouldn't have to have money.' 'He loves you,' Marion told her. 'Then why doesn't he tell me so,' Phyllis demanded. 'He's too proud.' 'Why should that stand in the way of his brains and energy? And we could both write, and if my stories didn't sell, his would, or when he failed in inspiration perhaps that would be the moment of my triumphs.' 'He feels that you are going to succeed,' Marion said, 'and he is not sure of himself. He doesn't want to drag you down, he says.' 'Men are queer creatures,' said Phyllis, as she began to copy her story. She was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Over the wire John Hughes asked if he might come and have a talk with her. 'I've written a story,' he explained, 'and it is a corker. I want your opinion on it. It is called "The Jade Bracelet."' Phyllis uttered a sharp exclamation. 'Called what?' she demanded. 'He repeated the name, and after a moment's silence she said, "Bring it over."' She hung up the receiver and turned to Marion. 'It is the strangest coincidence.'

her own story. "Read that," she said. He looked at the title in wonder. "Why-how?" he demanded. "I had written it before you told me of yours," Phyllis explained. "It is telepathic or what," John Hughes said. "It is the strangest thing," John told her. "See here, Phyllis, I might as well tell you. I was in a little Chinese shop, this morning, and on a square of black satin there was a jade bracelet. No matter what part of the store I was in I was drawn back to that bracelet. It was an expensive thing, but I rashly squandered my last penny and bought it for your birthday, and now you've made me produce it prematurely. I want you to have it because the Chinaman said it would bring good luck. "It is the strangest thing," Phyllis said. "Why, Marion, it is the same bracelet, and he must have bought it in the same shop." When they had matched their experiences John Hughes said: "Let me read your story." He found it a wonderful little piece of cameo work unlike his own, yet no less wonderful. "Phyllis," he said solemnly, "you and I have never written such stories, and we cannot sell them both under the same title. What are we going to do about it?" "I might call mine, 'The Green Circle,'" said Phyllis, but Hughes wasn't to be outdone in generosity. "Let me change my title," he said, "to 'The Jade Bracelet That Brought Good Luck.'" But practical Marion had a better suggestion. "The pay you will get for those two stories," she said, "will net you a nice little nestegg. Any old name will do, but the important thing is that you two should understand that this isn't a coincidence, it is fate." "You mean?" asked John. "I mean," said Marion, "that after this your pride and Phyllis' poverty should be things of the past. The jade bracelet has brought you together; has brought you good luck, and has shown you that your two minds working on the same idea can produce masterpiece-think of that for a future." "I'd like to think of it," said John solemnly, "if I dared." Then Phyllis came to the rescue. "Why not dare?" she asked softly. "Am I so formidable, John?" Then Marion slipped out and left them. When she came back the jade bracelet was on Phyllis' arm. "It is his fortune," said Phyllis, "but I like it better than the other kind."

RHEUMATISM CURED Through the Blood

This article is intended as a talk to the man or woman with rheumatism who wants to be cured, not merely relieved, not half cured, but actually cured. The most a rheumatic sufferer can hope for is in rubbing something on the swollen joints is a little relief. And all the while the trouble is becoming more firmly seated. Medical authorities now know that rheumatism is rooted in the blood, and that while rubbing on liniments or hot fomentations may give temporary relief, they cannot possibly cure you must go to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism. They make new, rich blood, which expels the poisonous acid, and the rheumatism disappears. There are thousands of former rheumatic sufferers in Canada, now well and strong, who thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that they are now free from the aches and pains and tortures of the dreaded trouble. Mr. Joseph Luddington, New Harbor, N. S., says: "Non-stricken three years ago my wife was stricken with rheumatism, and suffered so much that we despaired of her ever getting well again. At first she was able to go about, but in spite of all we did for her she grew so bad that we had to lift her in and out of bed and finally the pain grew so excruciating that we could only revive her little by little, with the sheet under her. Finally we were induced to get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for her. I do not remember just how many boxes she took, but I do know that she reached the first medicine that she continued to improve until she was again as well as ever, and could do her household work. To us it is simply marvellous what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for her, and we are glad to give this testimonial in the hope that it will benefit some other poor sufferer." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ownership Not Desired

F. W. Hibbard, K.C., president of the Quebec Utilities Commission, in addressing the Empire Club, Toronto, argued strongly for the just regulation of public utilities rather than for public ownership and operation. "It would be a venturesome man," said Col. Hibbard, "who would suggest municipal ownership as a remedy for the evils of monopolistic enterprises." He was frankly opposed to any public utility commission being called upon to interfere with private rights and contracts. Lieut.-Col. Hibbard has some old-fashioned ideas of justice and honor which hardly meet the views of some of the ownershipsppers.

Journalism in Japan

Journalism in Japan is nearly three hundred years old, but the publication of newspapers there as a distinct enterprise is recent. Until after the middle of the nineteenth century such news sheets as were published were somewhat of the nature of bulletins roughly printed from wooden blocks and issued at irregular times by anyone who saw fit to have them printed. The first of the great daily of later times was the Yokohama Meiji Shimbun, which made its first appearance about forty years ago. It was afterwards moved to Tokio, where it is still published as the Tokio Mainichi. "Fresh for Saturday," says a sheet, at Gibson's Red Cross drug store. The business ship is often swamped and sunk because the pumps were not used when the leak came.

THE DRINK HABIT

GATLIN TREATMENT SPECIFIC FOR ALCOHOLISM.

No Extended Detention From Business—Strictest Privacy Afforded. Are you or some member of your family drinking to excess? If so, you should write to the Gatlin Institute, of Toronto and get full particulars of the Gatlin treatment for the drink habit. The Gatlin Institute, at No. 428 Jarvis street, Toronto, Ont., is maintained in plain surroundings, the strictest privacy, and is homelike, being the most equipped institution of its kind in the province. It seems that the eleven years of uninterrupted success of the Gatlin treatment is due to the fact that the cause of drink and not the result is treated. The Gatlin treatment is purely vegetable, taken internally and harmless—no bad after-effects—no podermic injections. The Gatlin system of treating alcoholism requires but three days' time to accomplish the most satisfactory results. The matter of a cure is doubtful by many of the so-called "cures." This is not the case where the Gatlin treatment is taken for each patient is accepted for treatment with the plain understanding that if there is a failure, the money paid is refunded; this understanding is made in writing, if so desired. All communications answered and book of particulars, contract, etc., are mailed in plain envelope upon request to the Gatlin Institute, 428 Jarvis street, Toronto, phone North 4438, A. Hargrave, manager. The home treatment is for anyone who cannot go to the institute for treatment. Do not delay, but write at once and learn how to rid yourself of this ruinous habit, or how to save someone near and dear to you.

The Dilly Life of a King

King Alfonso is one of the hardest working men in all Spain," says Kellogg Durland in Woman's Home Companion for March. "Ordinarily he rises at seven to seven-thirty, and after breakfast in the queen's boudoir he is busy on his official duties until half-past one or two o'clock. Mornings when he reviews troops he leaves the palace at six. After lunch he attends to affairs about town—opens exhibitions and bazaars and performs such other social duties as devolve upon a sovereign. At five o'clock he plays polo or goes shooting in the parks. Even-thirty, when he returns to the palace and looks over the news of the day gleaned from forty-six leading newspapers of the world. At eight-thirty he dines, and in the late evening goes to other social functions, the theatre or the circus. The queen has several months of the circus season in Madrid he attends regularly every Thursday night. He is as delighted with the performing horses, the trained monkeys and the tumbling downs as any small boy. In his kingdom. Anyone who knows how strenuous is the life of King Alfonso from early morning until five o'clock in the afternoon marvels at his strength and energy, yet constantly one hears and sees in the newspapers that he devotes all of his leisure to polo playing and shooting. Without this hour's sport of daily exercise he could never maintain the energetic routine of his life."

Way Our Childhood Went

Thine-away an 'that-away' an' an' through the gate of morning an' a lane dancin' dew. Through a day of sunshine an' a day of weepin' rain. Through a day of pleasure an' another day of pain. Over the fields of Summer, through the cross the fields of wonder was the way our childhood went. Don't you mind the faces of the tired little men Trampin' beside us through the orchard lands of Then? Don't you mind the maidens with their tucked-up skirts and bright eyes? Pucker sweet as blossoms that was in their content—of music an' the children's voices blent down the way our childhood went. Now the world is changin' an' it seems to me to-day. All its golden splendor is a fading dream. An' there's less of music in this grey old world of His— What the life is 'out of tune' as ol' time sayin' is. Yet we keep on livin' an' contrive to be happy—just a-dreamin' of the way our childhood went.

Increased Indemnity

Regina Phoenix. It has become a practice, in recent years in Canada for legislators to increase their indemnity on the slightest excuse. The principle is wrong. If members of the House of Commons or the various legislatures are not receiving sufficient remuneration, at the last session of the house or the legislature, the increased remuneration should be fixed for the next parliament or legislature. Members are elected for a certain time and at a fixed salary. They should not see their position to increase that salary without the consent of the electors. Continual raids on the treasury should be condemned.

Sunshine and the Death Rate

Co-operative News. In striking proof of the value of sunshine or sunlight, the fact may be cited that in Paris the death rate from consumption is inversely proportioned to the number of windows per head—that persons living on the lower floors of buildings are more liable to it than those living on the upper stories, for the simple reason that the former are less exposed to the sun's rays.

The Coronation Color

Outfitter. There is a general conviction that the color for coronation year is to be blue, so far as men's dress is concerned, and the demand for blue serge is extensive. Blue is a royal color, and woolen manufacturers are putting forward blue serges for general wear for all classes, and especially for those who are prepared to pay a good price.

SCARE AND A DELIGHT

The First View a Mammy Had of Snow.

There is one woman in Canada, who, through her experience of the last few days, would undoubtedly accept as the truth the mythical tales of "Alice in Wonderland," and "The Arabian Nights." She is Donna Augusta Robinson, sixty-five, negro, raised by Violet Seaton's grandfather, Miss Seaton is the widow of a prominent black musical success. "The Goddess of Liberty," which comes to the Grand Opera House Wednesday, March 28th. The negro refused to accept her freedom, at the close of the civil war, insisting that she would never leave the Seaton family. When Miss Seaton's mother decided to visit her daughter, Violet, and enjoy a few days of Canada's delightful winter weather, she insisted on bringing Mammy Donna Augusta with her, and, after considerable persuasion, Mammy Donna consented. As the Lake Shore train neared Toledo one morning last week Donna glanced out of her Pullman window, and for the first time in her life she saw snow. Excitedly she exclaimed: "Lordy! I know I've awake, but the groom am all painted white. Where am I? A snow flurry added to Donna's bewilderment. "Look! look!" she cried. "De air am filled wit feathers." The explanation that the "feathers" was snow meant nothing to Mammy Donna; she gazed at the passenger scene, at first with fear, but gradually she became as enthusiastic as a child, when she realized that her fellow-passengers felt no alarm. The chilly atmosphere was also a novelty to the woman, when she transferred to the Grand Trunk station at Detroit en route to Toronto, she walked timidly towards the carriage over the snow-laden station platform; laughing aloud hysterically. The negro gazed in wonder at the passing sleigh, which she at once designated as a "slider." She touched the silvery flakes to her lips and laughed excitedly. "I sure am going to take some of dis back when I go home." Mammy Donna has been in the Seaton family for sixty years, and was born near the Seaton plantation in the town of Seaton, on the gulf border of Southern Texas, and had never been out of that warm climate until she made this trip last week.

GATHERING RUBBER

The Sap is Coagulated by the Action of Pungent Smoke. The industry of collecting and preparing rubber is carried on extensively in the valley of the Amazon. There are districts of many miles square owned and operated by one person. The rubber trees are scattered more or less plentifully among other trees that yield no profit at all. When one has secured a large tract of forest land for the industry he puts up a rough shelter upon it, and engages Indian natives of the neighborhood to aid him in the work. Early in the morning they start out to make the rounds of the estate, for they must get back to the riverside before the heat of the day becomes too great. They tap the trees, attach little tin cups to catch the sap and take home whatever sap may be collected. The rap of the rubber tree is a white liquid of the consistency of goat's milk. It is necessary that it be converted into a solid. This is effected by the action of a pungent smoke that coagulates or curdles the milky fluid. For this use the seed of two different kinds of palm are employed. The seeds are put in an earthen jar which has a narrow neck, the bottom of which is perforated with a number of square holes. The holes in the bottom of the jar admit a draft and cause a dense smoke to issue from the neck. The operator takes a paddle similar to that with which he paddles his canoe and holds the blades of it over the jar. Upon it he pours the milk juice cup by cup, all the time turning the blades so as to bring all parts of it into the smoke. The fluid is instantly fixed and adheres to the wood or to the rubber already formed. This process is continued until a solid lump is formed that will perhaps weigh six or seven pounds. When the lump has grown large enough for handling it is slit out in it and the blades are drawn out. A mass of rubber is left ready for exportation. It is the smoke used in coagulating the sap that gives curle rubber the dark appearance familiar to every one.

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KIND CAPTAIN KIDD

His Weakness and Buried Treasure Both Said to be Myths. Doomed to an infantly underserved, his name reddened with crimes he never committed, and made widely romantic by tales of treasure which he did not bury, Captain William Kidd is fairly entitled to the sympathy of posterity and the apologies of all the bad makers and alleged historians who have obscured the facts in a cloud of fable. Fats has played the strangest tricks with the memory of this seventeenth century seafarer, who never cut a throat nor made a victim walk the plank, who was no more than an anti- pirate in an era when this interesting profession was in its heyday, and who was hanged at Execution dock for the excessively unromantic crime of cracking the skull of his gunner with a wooden bucket because, forsooth, his majesty's officers were unable to prove their charges of piracy. As for the riches of Captain Kidd, the original documents in his case, preserved among the state papers of the public record office in London, relate with much detail what booty he had and what he did with it. After they reveal the fatality of the search for after the stout sea chest buried above high water mark. The only authentic Kidd treasure was dug up and inventoried more than 200 years ago, nor has the slightest clue to any other been found since then. "Reminiscences of Buried Treasure" in Metropolitan Magazine.

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