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Dr. Martel's Female Pills

EIGHTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

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

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

We guarantee a good job.

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A WARNING

A Milkman in Montreal was fined \$20.00 and his license cancelled for selling milk from a dirty wagon.

A Suggestion

All pigs, boxes or tins in which food is handled should be of the cleanest.

Advice

Send your Pig to Laturney and have it done up. It will look so much better, and will give new customers enough to pay for it.

Experts in each department. No delay with work. Send it along. We will care for it.

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390 PRINCESS STREET, Phone 152.

Got Father Morrissey's "No. 10"

Just in Time To Save His Life.

Mr. Ayward's letter tells the story:

Campbellton, N.B., Feb. 5, 1909.

Father Morrissey Med. Co.,

During the winter of 1907, while travelling on the Gaspé Coast, I contracted a severe Cold which settled upon my lungs.

After I returned home I wrote to Father Morrissey explaining my case. I received a letter from him with a prescription for his medicine, which could not be filled at the time here.

After one week's delay I received it, just in the nick of time to save my life. After one month's use I felt like a new man.

Yours truly,

Jno. Ayward.

There is not much time to lose when a cold settles on the lungs. Pneumonia kills within a week. With Father Morrissey's "No. 10" at hand, you don't even have to wait for a doctor. "No. 10" cures all throat and lung troubles. It is a real Lung Tonic, and fortifies against future attacks. Trial bottle 25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Montreal, Quebec.

Sold and guaranteed in Kingston by Jas. B. McLeod.

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An Unprecedented Offer

For \$5.00 we will sell, during a limited period, our \$40.00 Electric Belt.

This offer is made to any man or woman who wishes to regain their energy, strength and vitality. This Electric Belt is the best electric belt on the market. It is fully guaranteed. A week trial with it will convince you, and if after this you do not want the belt, your \$5 will be returned. This Electric Belt is sold complete with all attachments.

This Belt cures nervousness, organic weakness, rheumatism, kidney troubles, backache, indigestion. No drugs required.

The Belt will be forwarded you securely packed on receipt of five dollars and a full receipt for forty dollars will be sent at the same time. Order at once, or if you have any doubts as to your disease, write to and ask for our question sheet and free booklet. Our doctors give all Medical advice absolutely Free. We do not sell belts to anyone who is incurable disease. This wonderful belt puts electrical force into your weakened system a week's trial, you are sleeping and supplies vitality upon which health and courage depends. This is a chance of a lifetime. We have thousands of testimonials. Letters strictly confidential.

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DOCTOR McDONALD

ELECTRIC BELTS NO. 59

Office, Commercial Buildings and Laboratories No. 42 BUREY ST., MONTREAL.

Dignified Mrs. Slade.

"It's father," Clara Horton announced in consternation, as the crunch, crunch of approaching footsteps on the gravel walk below was distinctly heard.

"Then it's up to me to do the vanishing stunt," Warren Claggett declared. "He simply must not find me here after having forbidden me on the premises."

Like many another poor young man, Warren Claggett had made bold to love his employer's daughter, with the usual result—he had brought down that employer's wrath upon his erring head. He knew that discovery at the present moment would be as such as his job was worth, and he could not afford to lose that while he was not reaping for, and had almost secured, a higher salaried position with the firm of Smith & Tuller, for those gentlemen would certainly have nothing more to say to a young man who had been fired. And his marriage with Clara depended upon his becoming independent of her father.

He was too honorable to ask the girl to wait in her lot with his, trusting to the slight prospect of her father forgiving them. But it is one thing to say one must get out of the way and another thing to do it.

The young couple were having a stolen interview in the upper story of a little building in the grounds of Mr. Horton's suburban home, the lower story of which was nothing more than an open summer house. The upper room, which Clara, who dabbled a trifle in literature, used for a warm-weather study, was reached only by a flight of stairs leading up through a trapdoor in the floor.

It was useless for Warren to attempt an exit by way of the stairs unless he wished to run into the arms of his employer, so he turned his attention to the windows. The building was low, and he thought he should be able to scramble from some window to the ground. Alas! One glance revealed the fact that the rooms contained no windows which would not be in full view of the approaching Mr. Horton.

Seeing that escape was impossible, the young man looked about him wildly in search for a spot, however small, in which he could hide until Mr. Horton had taken his departure.

But, in this direction, too, hopes seemed futile. The whole place did not contain so much as a cupboard. And in the way of furnishings, Clara had affected an almost masculine simplicity. Across the blank rear wall of the room were rough shelves loaded with books and papers, but the curtains, behind which as slender a person as Warren might have flattened himself, had been omitted. The only article of furniture large enough to have concealed any one was the roll-top desk, but unfortunately this occupied the middle of the room, and offered no secure protection.

Warren gave Clara a look of comical despair.

"Guess I've got to face the music, all right," he grinned.

But Clara's wit had been working. She knew how much depended upon Warren's not being discovered there by her father.

Warren did not refuse to allow himself to be helped into the long, loose motoring coat and close, gay little bonnet. Goggles and a thick wrap, wrapped about the lower part of his lean, smooth-shaven face, completed the disguise. Fortunately Warren was a slender youth, while Clara was decidedly tall for a girl, and the garments were a fair fit.

The task was completed not a moment too soon. The conspirators had barely seated themselves when Mr. Horton stepped into the room.

"Why, father, aren't you home early?" Clara asked with well simulated unconcern.

"Oh, I had to return after some papers I'd forgotten," Mr. Horton explained briskly. "I'm going right back. Thought I'd run in for a moment."

Then catching sight of the stranger, he added, "Excuse me, I didn't know you had company."

Warren trembled lest his employer recognize his daughter's apparel when he felt that gentleman's keen eyes fixed upon him, but Mr. Horton proved himself as indifferent to the details of feminine attire as the average man. "My friend, Mrs. Milton Slade," Clara murmured, realizing what politeness required of her.

Warren could have groaned in despair. Why couldn't Clara have given him some fictitious name instead of a real, though new, acquaintance? Of course, he saw the point, the real Mrs. Slade was dignified, and he—er—well, he was stiff. There the resemblance ended. What if Mr. Horton had seen the lady, even though he had not met her? It was not at all unlikely.

But once more Warren's fears proved groundless.

"Pleased to meet you, I'm sure," Mr. Horton declared heartily, starting as if to shake hands, but Warren only half rose, including his head slightly. He had no desire to shake hands.

Mr. Horton was not one, however, to be easily daunted.

"Fine day for motoring," he continued volubly. "I suppose you motored out, though I can't see any car outside."

The too dignified Mrs. Milton Slade murmured an inaudible reply.

"Oh, what's that?" queried Mr. Horton.

"Mrs. Slade says that she sent her machine back," explained Clara mechanically, suddenly realizing poor Warren's plight—he possessed a deep bass voice.

"She has a terrible cold and it's impossible for her to talk much. She intends to return to the Albion House where she is living, you know, by the next trolley car."

Warren drew a long breath of thankfulness, for he had been wondering what he should do should Mr. Horton persist in conversing.

"I shall be very pleased to have you return in my car," Mr. Horton insisted, graciously. "It will be pleasant and quick."

The two young ones gazed at each other in dismay, but there seemed no

way out of the predicament.

If Warren refused to accompany Mr. Horton, that astute gentleman would surely suspect something.

Warren slowly preceded Mr. Horton down the stairs in an agony of dread lest his shoes be noticed. He walked, in quaking silence, beside Mr. Horton through the yard, and let that gentleman assist him into the waiting runabout. The old gentleman sprang into the chauffeur's seat beside him, and they were soon whizzing away in the direction of town.

Warren was lost in gloomy wondering as to what he should do after Mr. Horton let him down at the Albion House. How was he to get out of his present fix without attracting undesirable attention? He could not shed it on the street, and he certainly could not appear at his boarding house or at the office in it.

He was suddenly aroused by a little gasp from Mr. Horton. He turned about, just in time to see that gentleman's hands fall limply from the driving wheel.

Warren sprang forward and grasped the wobbling wheel just in the nick of time to prevent the car's colliding with another rapidly approaching machine.

As soon as he could, he brought the car to a halt, and turned his attention to his companion. He knew that Mr. Horton had had several slight heart attacks, which he had kept from the knowledge of his family, and he feared the worst.

To his great relief Warren found that his employer had not even lost consciousness.

"My tablets—in my inner pocket," he gasped, faintly.

As soon as he had swallowed two of the tablets Mr. Horton began to feel better.

"How can I ever thank you, madam," he began. "Your presence of mind undoubtedly saved our lives. But for you this car would have collided with the other." Then he broke off abruptly and stared hard at Warren.

In the stress of the past few minutes Warren had forgotten all about his disguise. He had pulled off his goggles and the muffling veil, and the wide bonnet strings were untied and dangling about a decidedly masculine face.

"Claggett!" gasped Mr. Horton and Warren's face assumed a horrified expression as he realized what recognition meant.

"You young scamp," Mr. Horton chuckled weakly. "Thought those shoulders looked somehow familiar. Well, well, since you were on hand when needed I won't be too hard on you. If you'd really been the dignified Mrs. Slade you probably wouldn't have known enough to stop the car. By the way, I hear you've been trying for a berth with Smith & Tuller. You'd better not go any further in the matter. I've always meant to take my son-in-law into partnership with me."

SEVERE NEURALGIA

Cured After Long Years of Suffering by Pink Pills.

There is an excellent reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the most severe cases of neuralgia, sciatica, and other complaints in the group that are known as disorders of the nerves. This group also includes St. Vitus' dance and paralysis, and the common state of extreme nervousness and excitability. Each of these complaints exist because there is something the matter with the nervous system. If the nerves have tone—are strong and healthy—you will not have any of these complaints. The reason Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders is that they restore weak, run-down nerves to their proper state of tone. They act both directly upon the nerves and on the blood supply. The highest medical authorities have noted that nervous troubles generally attack people who are bloodless and that the nerves are toned when the blood supply is renewed. It is thus seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure nervous disorders by curing the cause of the trouble.

Mrs. J. C. Adams, Norris Lake, Minn., says: "I am writing you on my husband's request to let you know the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to him. He is a river driver and therefore much exposed to all kinds of weather and wetting. As a result he had an attack of rheumatism, and then, to add to his misery, a severe type of neuralgia set in, locating on the left side of the face, and causing him such terrible pain that it would drive him almost wild. He was treated by several doctors, and finally went to Winnipeg where they bled him and applied hot plasters which really only added more to his misery, and he returned home still un cured. In this way he suffered for nearly six years, trying all sorts of medicine, but never finding a cure. One day while he was suffering I went to a store to get a tin of ointment, but they did not have the kind I wanted and the storekeeper asked me what I wanted it for. I told him about my husband and how he suffered, and he placed a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the counter, saying, 'Take my advice, this is what your husband should take.' I took the Pills home with me and my husband started taking them. I am not sure how many boxes he took but one thing is certain, they completely cured him, and he has never since had a touch of those torturing pains. You can tell how much he suffered when I say that the hair on the side of his head in which the pain was located turned quite gray. It looks odd, but he says it does not matter since the pain is gone. I believe he would not have been living now had Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not cured those terrible pains, and you may be sure we gratefully recommend them to all our friends and all suffering ones."

Sold by all dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It's an easy matter for a married man to keep posted on what's going on in his home neighborhood.

A man is never too old to learn that he knows a lot of things he should forget.

Some men go about seeking temptation in order to test their will power.

THINGS THEATRICAL

NOTES ON PLAYS, PLAYERS AND PLAY HOUSES.

Vesta Victoria on a Ten-year Tour of the World—Margaret Anglin Produces Play to Retain Her Rights.

Emma Janvier and Walter Jones are to appear in "The Rose Shop," with Fritz Schell.

Winchell Smith is writing a play, which Colman and Harris will produce. It is called "The Only Son."

Lewis Waller has made arrangements for his first tour in America the latter part of this season.

Edna Goodrich is to appear in an elaborate vaudeville farce-comedy act, requiring the services of fifteen people.

"The Slim Princess" company will on March 16th, present for charity the four-act play, "A Star For A Night," written by Elsie Janis.

Robert Lorraine is to play the leading role in "Leaves and Fishes," a farcical comedy by Somerset Maugham, in London.

Although Blanche Ring is to have a new comedy written for her, she says she will never retire "The Yankee Girl" from her repertoire.

Miss Stella Mayhew, of the Jolly Bachelors' company, has been engaged for the opening production at the Winter Garden.

Ocean Davis, who has turned out 150 plays in the last eighteen years, is just completing a comedy for Charles Frohman entitled "Lola," in which Laurette Taylor is to star.

Sidney Jarvis, of Toronto, a brother of the well-known Harold Jarvis, is one of the leading actors in "Everywoman," and sings a difficult grand opera aria in the new play.

W. S. Gilbert, although in his seventy-fifth year, has just written a one-act play called "A Character Study," which James Welch will produce at the London Coliseum.

A mixture of musical comedy, Empire ballet and fourteenth century "morality play" is how a New York critic describes "Every Woman," which was seen there last week.

At the head of a vaudeville company Vesta Victoria is to make a tour of the world to last ten years. She began her Canadian tour on March 6th at Ottawa.

"The Witch," the Wiers-Jensen play, in which Bertha Kalich acted at the New Theatre, last season, has just reached the London stage with Janet Achurch in the title role.

"Doctor de Lave," the latest play from the pen of Otto Haverbach and Karl Hochman, has been selected as a coming starring vehicle for Ralph Herz.

Margaret Illington has ended her tour in "The Encounter." Matrimony will now no longer suffer a nightly mauling. Montreal saw this play. Miss Illington will start a new tour in a new play next month.

The date of the Coronation gala theatrical performance at His Majesty's theatre, London, has been officially fixed for Tuesday, June 27th. Details of the programme will be announced within a short time.

Pessie Abbott, who was to have starred in Masquini's "Ysobel," has started with David Bispham on a 12,000 mile concert tour. By the end of June they will have sung in practically every state as well as in Canada and Mexico.

Mabel Tallafiero gave a matinee performance of William Butler Yeats' "The Land of Heart's Desire," in Chicago last Sunday, assisted by members of companies playing there at the time.

Following in the wake of Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones and Alfred Sutro, Sir William Gilbert has tried his hand at writing for the variety stage. His sketch is called "A Character Study," and is said to contain a humor that is grim.

"Hippolytus," a play in blank verse, written by the late Julia Ward Howe for Edwin Booth, will be produced in Boston this month by a professional company, including Margaret Anglin. The proceeds from the performance, which will be by professionals, will be added to the Howe memorial fund.

Somerset Maugham's new play, "Leaves and Fishes," just produced in London, is based on his novel, "The Bishop's Apron." It satirizes socialism, teetotalism, socialism, politics

and other topics in witty dialogue of the Maugham type and provokes plenty of laughter, but it is not a great play.

Martin Harvey recently produced a new play, "The Wolf of the Lowlands," at Leicester. The preparation for this production has interested in support of Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Two Women," was for a number of years an officer in the British army, serving in India and South Africa. He left home in England when a boy in his teens, and when he left the service he was a sergeant-major in the King's First Dragoon Guards, a troop of rough riders.

Graville Barker has written what he describes as a busting farce in one act called "Roscoes," which is to precede the revival of John Mayfield's tragedy, "Nan," at the Court theatre.

Mr. Barker says he wrote it one day in a fit of depression, when he happened to feel too dull and dejected for serious work. He thinks that owing to the conditions under which it was written it should prove a bright and merry trifle.

Last week in Detroit, in order to retain her rights to a play from the French which called for its presentation before March 15th, Margaret Anglin gave a special performance of "The Rival." The adaptation is laid in London, where Anne Milne, a noted sculptor, resides with his wife to whom he owes his present success. In their life comes Sybil Galtion, with whom he falls in love. Barbara, his wife, pleads with him, but he decides to leave her. Too late he contrasts his feverish existence with Sybil to the serenity of Barbara, and wishes to return to her. But she has set out on a path of her own.

Myers' Cave Budget.

Myers' Cave, March 7.—The roads are in fine order for taking out logs and hauling them to the various saw mills in the neighborhood. Mr. and Mrs. E. F. DeLoe, of Arden were week-end visitors at the Cave, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. McGregor. Mrs. James Hickey, of Marston, returned home last week. Mrs. Hickey was called to the bedside of her father S. Cuddy, during his late illness. Mr. Cuddy is slowly recovering. John Curtis and son James have returned from Carleton Place, where they have been working for the last six months. Edward Dally and sons Henry and Mitchell, returned home from Webbwood, on Friday last. W. Loucks also returned home from Webbwood, on Thursday last, when he had been employed during the winter.

James and Harold Perry, have returned home from Nairn Centre, where they have been working during the winter in the lumber woods. M. Hawkus and son John, of Tweed, spent Monday night at Lake View, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mitchell. C. D. Perry, assessor, has completed his work. Alexander Delaney is at home for a few days as the mine where he is employed is installing new machinery and other improvements. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Mitchell spent Sunday at Grayville, the guests of their daughter Mrs. D. Gray. T. and E. Delaney made a business trip to Fredon, on Tuesday.

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CLIFTON CRAWFORD, in "The Three Twins," at the Grand on Tuesday, March 14th.