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OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindsay, Ont.—'I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.'

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration.

SECRETS OF THE MINT

IS QUITE A DULL, SOBER PLACE AFTER ALL.

Place Where Britain's Loose Change is Coined is Not a Glittering Treasure-House, But a Plain Whitewashed Interior Where Everything is Done in the Most Orderly Manner—Weighing the Coins.

A visit to the British Mint resulted in disillusionment to a representative of The London Express. The walls of what he had in imagination pictured as a sort of Aladdin's palace he found veiled with the whitewash of respectability, their dull, grey stone giving no hint of the millions they ensnare.

Childhood's idea of the Mint workman, glowing over glistening gold, with difficulty restraining his hands from mining his pockets with the "saint-educating" metal, proved a ridiculous dream. It was a case where familiarity breeds contempt.

You start with the melting rooms—one for gold, one for silver. The process is very similar in each. In the silver melting room stands a red-hot crucible of plumbago. Workmen clad in leathern gauntlets and aprons hover amid the fuming glare. Showers of sparks scintillate.

The molten silver is tipped from the crucible into steel moulds some twenty inches long. These are placed upright in a frame, which resembles an ugly and utilitarian umbrella stand. When hardened the silver—looking like bars of chocolate done up in dirty silver paper—is removed. Each bar weighs some 15 pounds.

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Flopping, wobbling, clashing on every side are billets of gold—22 carat gold. They are countless, and they all look just like the long brass slats that are used for beds or brass bandstands to support a muslin window-blind and very unpolished at that.

These billets are passed through a little machine, which punches out circular discs at the rate of 150 a minute. The discs must next be furnished with a projecting rim, and the still brighter bit of mechanism which attends to this splits them out at the rate of 900 a minute.

These discs are too hard to be stamped. They must first be annealed or softened. They are placed in closed cases, not unlike the interior of a coal-box. Each of these is fixed to a rung of a strong iron endless ladder. Slowly the ladder travels down into a bath of water, passes beneath the water right through the heart of a glowing furnace and the discs arise, softened and subdued, through water at the other end.

A heap of dirty yellow counters lies in each case, or they might be the flat chocolates that you buy neatly done up in bronze paper. Each box happens to contain, say \$14,000, but it is difficult to be enthusiastic about it. It looks so little like what you expect \$14,000 to be.

The discs are dried in sawdust, and each \$14,000 is neatly placed in a sack. If you try to lift one they will press you for the first time. The little chocolates are a good deal heavier than they look—over 50 pounds, for 100 sovereigns weigh exactly 20 pounds.

Every one of the elaborate weighing arrangements which insure that exactly the same weight of metal sent out passes through each department, to return as finished money, it is evident that shoplifting is not a pastime to be indulged in with impunity at the Mint.

You pass into a room where twenty presses worked by electricity, whizz and whirr; there is a distracting angle of falling coin. Hungry and insatiable machines consume the unassuming little discs—as many as 120 a minute; they glide down a tube, one after another, and halt for a second at the fatal spot—the obverse die, which is on the flat; the reverse comes down with great pressure; both impressions are thus taken at once—and the collar of the die is grooved so that the expansion of the metal forces its edge into this groove, and thus produces the milling—a three-fold operation at one blow.

Like Jupiter, who transformed himself into a shower of gold to win Danae, the modest discs go up by leaps and bounds in your estimation as they gush forth into a bowl on the ground; they are sovereigns at last—gold, bright and yellow, hard and cold. They clink and glisten in bowls on every side, and on each gleams a portrait of King George V., the head turned to the left.

It is perhaps a wise guide who hurries you on before you have time to realize the fact that you are surrounded by millions.

Behind a glass partition in the following room sits a young man who seems to have so little to do that he whistles away the time by spinning coins in the air. But that is what he is paid for. He is the "ringer," and, allowing each coin to fall on a steel slab, he detects the ring any cracked or flawed coins.

The greatest marvel of the Mint—quiet, unassuming, but none the less marvellous for that—is yet to come. The most delicate operation of all is performed in the weighing room. Here are twelve machines, each costing \$1,250, so sensitive that each is protected by the slightest draught by a glass case. They are driven by an air-engine actuated by a motor.

At one end of a beam hangs a glass disc that is as nearly as possible the exact weight of a sovereign; at the other is a hooked pendulum whose swing is limited to the thickness of three sovereigns.

Those of correct weight drop through a slot into the middle drawer. Because of their intimacy sometimes our friends do us more injury than our enemies.

WHEN THEY HOWL.

Schoolboy Screams That Have Tickled the Teachers.

Considering the number of facts that teachers endeavor to cram into the youthful mind under the heading of Education, it is not surprising that ideas only half grasped and wholly confused should frequently lead to amusing "howlers" that are well worth collecting.

For instance, one boy recently stated that Shakespeare founded "As You Like It" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge; while another put it down that Nelson was killed by a midges man, and buried in the cockpit of St. Paul's Cathedral. The confusion existing in the mind of the boy who wrote the latter sentence must have been pitiable.

But some howlers show natural genius coming to the schoolboy and in his attempt to repeat a lesson but half learned. For instance, a boy asked to complete the proverb "Whose ignorance is bliss" placed a somewhat of the word "is," and asked "is not," making the proverb read "Whose ignorance is, bliss is not."

There is a touch of genius, too, in the definition of an angle as a "triangle with only two sides," and also in "Garrisonism is that which, if there were none, we should stand by away."

And surely there is a depth of philosophy in "Western's" definition of the state of suffering to which they were born.

When a boy writes "In India a man out of a cow may outmarry a woman out of another cow," it would be difficult to say whether he had any real conception of the case laws of the one who stated that "Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the Invisible Armada," however, probably just made a spelling blunder. And, of course, a great many amusing howlers are to be traced to this.

Among the best howlers that have arisen out of a confusion of words are: The Test Act of 1673 was passed to keep Roman Catholics out of public houses; James I. died from argue; a vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives; Martin Harvey invented the circulation of the blood; the teeth of animals are to denigrate their feed; Louis XVI. was guillotined during the French Revolution.

In the English Courts. The missing defendant at the Swansea Quarter Sessions who was found among the grand jury, and explained that he thought they were all prisoners, reminds one of the late Judge Morris.

He once said to the jury, "Gentlemen, take your proper places." "I give you my word," Lord Morris used to add, "they all walked into the dock."

A witness who gave his evidence very badly explained that he was unaccustomed to his position, and was more at home at the post, pointing to the dock.

Lord Morris was reputed the witliest judge on the bench, and as a matter of course every witty story, especially if Irish, was attributed to him, just as every piece of judicial sarcasm used to be fathered on Mr. Justice Mauleverer and examples of extraordinary politeness on Mr. Justice Graham.

Lord Morris once met his match. At a circuit, one one barrister refused to enter his plea. "Surely," Lord Morris said, in despair, "you want to hear of the first breaker of Ballyslicere?" "No, no, Lord," answered the incorrigible one; "that's the one I told you myself yesterday."

Trampy Forty Miles a Day. It was a London policeman who, referring to the splendid physique of Dr. Sinclair, Archbishop of London, whose forthcoming retirement has been announced, said, "He ought to be one of us." Dr. Sinclair stands considerably over six feet in height, and is broad in proportion. His father was one of fifteen children, the shortest of whom was six feet in height and the tallest six feet seven inches. One day the tallest of the archbishop's sons was, according to an Irish beggar-woman, who invoked blessings on her head in the hope of alms. Finding her blessings in vain, the woman charged her with blasphemy and exclaimed, "At least you might give me your shoe to make a cradle for my baby." In his days of greater leisure, Dr. Sinclair used to ride a good deal and cycle—be once cycled from London to Thame, 730 miles—and he has tramped forty miles a day for pleasure for several days in succession, and even slept out one night in Scotland after such a walk.

The Workless Welcomed. The man who is genuinely on the road looking for work is finding things made easy for him just now in Berkshire, England, and adjacent unions in Oxford and Buckinghamshire. Bread stations are established at easy intervals, and men who prove they are really searching for work are given "way tickets," which entitle them to a mid-day meal at these stations.

And then—also casual—worded they are given special treatment. The idea is to test the system with a view to stamping out vagrancy. For the tramp there will be no such consideration shown. Indeed, no cases have been back up all over Berkshire requesting the public decline to assist beggars, and to report all cases to the nearest police-station.

When the King Meets. It may not be generally known that the drivers of the motor-cars of the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cornwall are all policemen. The late King's instructions were "Run no risks, but lose no time." The latter clause used to be obeyed so implicitly that Lord Derby once, when returning from Newmarket to a "horse's length" behind the King, on whom he was in attendance, was stopped in his motor by the police at Barmston, a happy illustration of the principle that the King can do no wrong. The royal drivers do not rely on a motor-borne alone. Alongside them on the box there sits a footman, who plays a key-bugle to announce the approach of the car.

The watched pot will never boil unless you stop watching long enough to get a good fire under it.

"Dear" relatives are sometimes exceedingly dear from the financial sense of the word.

The thistle sower ought not to expect to reap wheat.

There is nothing quite so useless as a penniless financier.

In some cases the veneer of morality is too thin to cover the sin and corruption underneath it.

SEATS EASILY LOST.

Great Britain is Strict With Her Legislators.

To gain a seat in the British House of Commons is no easy task in these days of strenuously-contested elections; to lose one is a far simpler matter.

A glass of beer given by a too-generous canvasser to a wavering elector, a promise of employment, an omission in the return of election expenses, or the issue of a poster without the name and address of the printer and publisher, are a few offences, among many, fraught with grave consequences to the triumphant member. Recent election petitions have shown the truth of this.

If personally responsible for corrupt practices, the unhappy candidate, on conviction, is incapacitated for election to any constituency for seven years, and his late election is rendered void. Whether the candidate be personally responsible, or responsible only through his agents, a conviction of illegal practices usually carries with it the latter penalty, and the unseated member has before him the option of retiring from public life for a season or of once more facing the music of another contest.

It must be borne in mind, too, that a candidate is, with certain exceptions, liable for the illegal practices of all persons who may, on the trial of the election petition, be held to be his agents.

It is possible, however, to have to vacate a seat in the House under happier circumstances than these. For example, a writ may be issued summoning a member to the House of Lords, and as peers of Parliament are of the realm—with the exception of Irish peers, not included in the twenty-eight representatives of Great Britain—are ineligible for a seat in the Commons, the newly-born peer retires to his rest with blushing honors thick upon him, and leaves to some other aspirant for Parliament the fierce turmoil of another contest.

Acceptance of the "Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds," or, when that office is not available, the "Manor of the East Hendred," is, of course, equivalent to resignation, and is the usual method of vacating a seat in Parliament.

There are three cases on record where a member has been appointed agent of a militia regiment to enable him to vacate his seat and stand for some other constituency.

The election of a member to the House of Commons can also be rendered void by bankruptcy or lunacy, but in such a case the seat is not immediately vacated.

Six months' grace is allowed by law before the House can order the issue of a new writ.

A number of most interesting cases have arisen out of the famous Act known as the 6th of Anne, the 25th section of which provides that if a member shall accept any office of profit from the crown, his election shall be void, but such person shall be capable of re-election.

There are certain exceptions, however, provided for by statute. A few offices of profit there are acceptance of which does not entail the vacation of a seat in the Commons, among them being those of Financial Secretary to the War Office, Governor of the Bank of England, and the office of Paymaster-General. A further exemption has been made which provides that a member may accept other offices in succession to those mentioned, which he sought re-election without vacating his seat.

India Land of Holidays. India is a country of eternal holidays. Every sect and tribe, roughly speaking, has its own festivals, and these are religiously observed. On such occasions the open spaces are considerably bright and merry-go-rounds, and the booths where food and sweetmeats are sold do a roaring trade. It is very interesting to watch the different racial types that come to make holiday—here women veiled and mysterious, there women who show their faces and wear tight-fitting trousers instead of skirts. The people are of all shades—from the fair, almost European, complexion of the northern types, to the practically coal-black of the original Dravidian stock of the south. It is in India, at the typical religious fairs, that you will see the quaint originals of the "Great Wheels" known to exhibition visitors of the west.

Marriage in Burma. In Burma marriage is civil, not religious, and is regarded as a simple partnership which, if not happy, may be dissolved at any time. After marriage there is no outward symbol like a wedding ring on a Burmese woman. She does not even adopt her husband's name, but retains her own. The husband has no right over the property which his wife possesses before marriage nor over the property which she might acquire after marriage. The Burmese woman can appear in law courts to represent her husband. In contracts with a third person she and her husband sign their names together. They can borrow money on joint security. Both husband and wife can sign deeds and lend money. And when there is no long any love between a married couple they can get a divorce with alacrity.

Anything to Oblige. The conductor of the old-fashioned, slow-going London horse bus turned to the driver.

"Look here," he exclaimed disgustedly, "a bloke's just got in that wants to pull up at the next 'ouse after the fourth lamppost wot's got yellow blinds!"

"Or rite—or rite!" responded John. "People ain't wearin' out their boot leather, I don't think! Jest go an' look 'im which part of the 'ouse 'e'd like to be drivin'—inter the parlor w' the family, or hap to 'is room in the hattie!"—London Answers.

The Voracious Cod. So voracious is the codfish that it will swallow anything it sees in motion.

Atlantic Liners. It takes 7,000 tons of coal to bring one of the modern liners across the Atlantic Ocean.

If only the good died, the death rate would be lessened materially.

Money makes the fool that makes the mare go.

Procrastination is one of the prides of the devil.

Recklessness usually carries its penalty with it.

HEIRESS WEDS INSTRUCTOR.

Rich Glasgow Girl Elop'd With Man at Roller Rink.

The daughter of one of Glasgow's wealthiest merchants recently eloped with a skating rink instructor.

Some time ago she went on a visit to a distinguished Ayrshire family, and first met her lover at a skating rink at Ayr, where he was employed as an instructor.

The attraction was mutual, and during the remainder of her stay she was a constant visitor at the rink. In due course she returned to her home in the west end of Glasgow, and shortly afterwards the young man secured a situation as instructor at the Victoria road rink, the first skating pavilion opened in Glasgow.

At last they made up their mind to elope, and a few weeks ago, in Edinburgh, the couple, duly accompanied by two witnesses, were united in matrimony by a sheriff. On the following day they set off for London to spend their honeymoon. The father followed, and after a stormy interview, the young wife returned to Glasgow with her father. The husband followed in a phrase as modest as any ever uttered by a gentleman.

"People expect much from him, you see, because he has such a clever mother."

Tulips. Tulips come from the Levant. They grow wild in European Turkey. Lady Holland gave them to England in 1804.

Atlantic Liners. It takes 7,000 tons of coal to bring one of the modern liners across the Atlantic Ocean.

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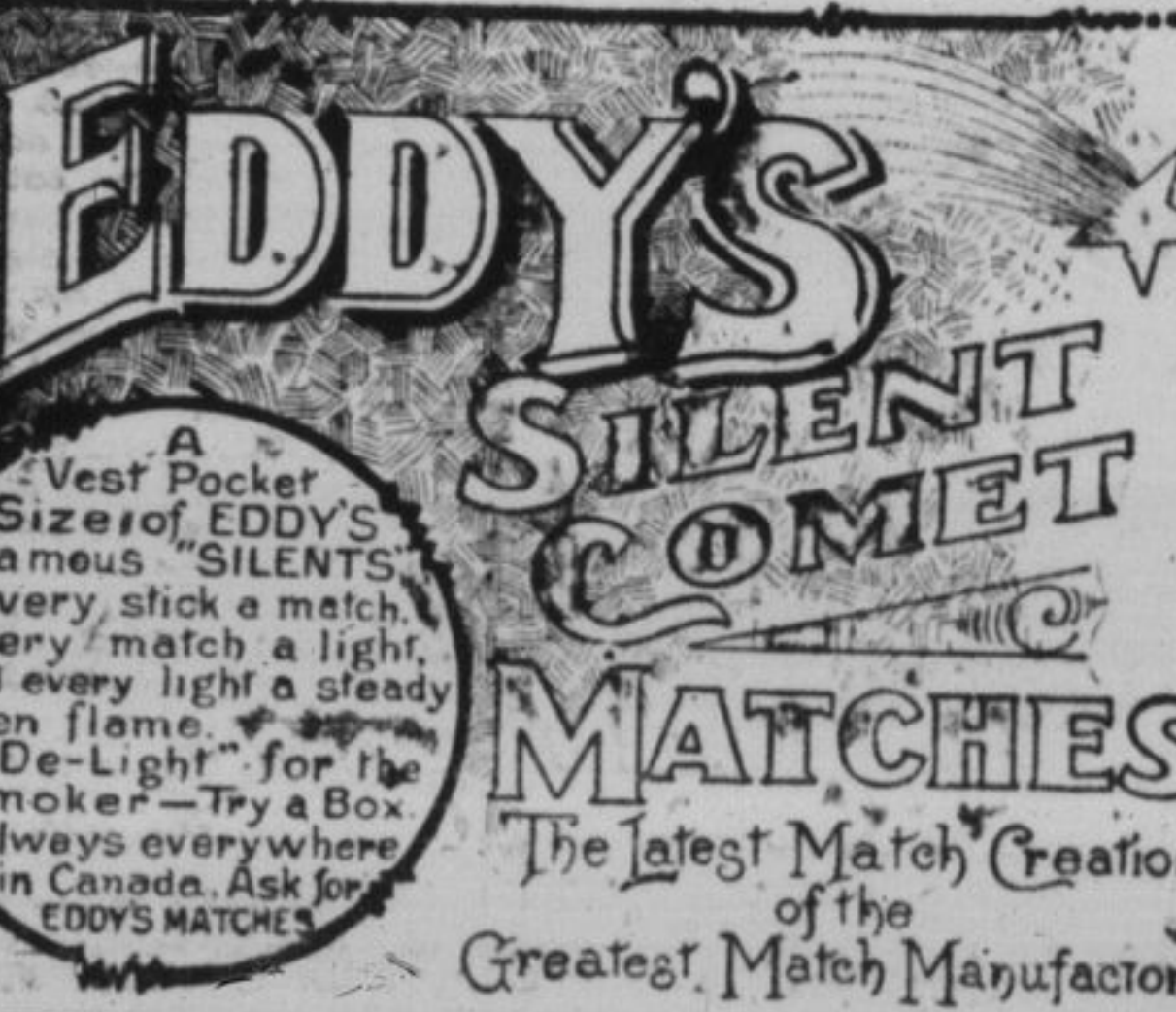
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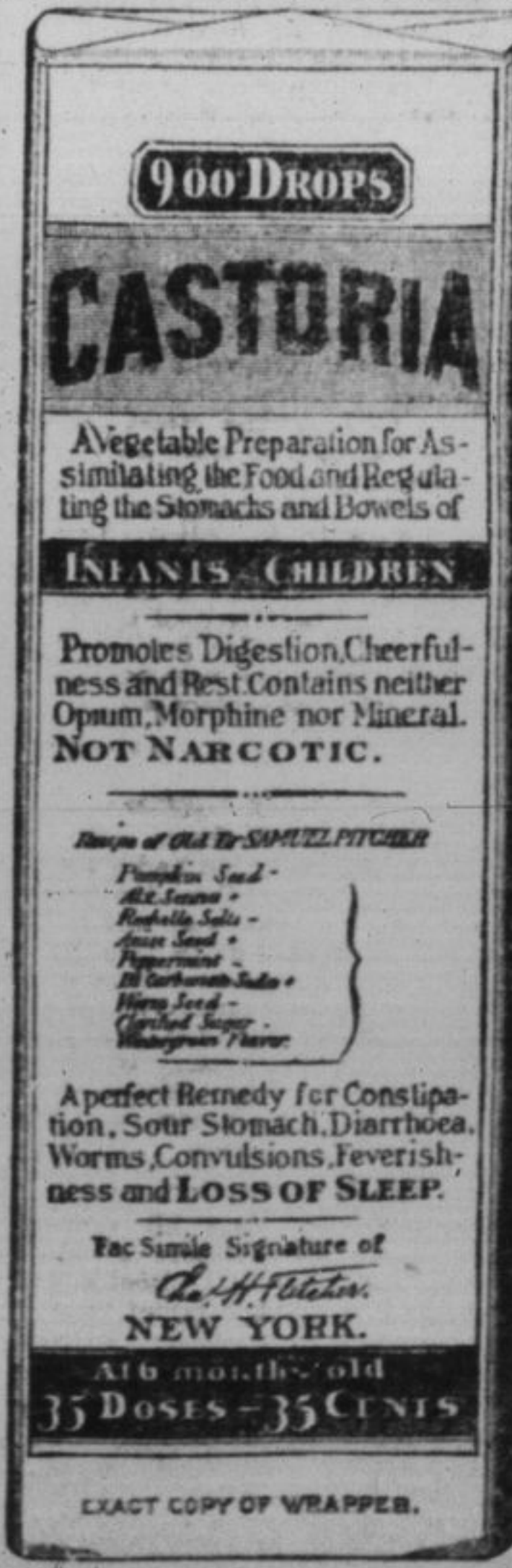
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