

"Spring Fever" won't catch you

if you start in right now to take Abbey's Salt regularly. A dessert-spoonful, in a glass of water, every morning rids the system of all impurities—starts the liver working properly—and purifies the blood.

Abbey's Salt is the best spring tonic for young and old.

25c and 60c a bottle.



Rich as cream and as wholesome The most digestible of nourishing beverages

Labatt's ALE and STOUT

Creates appetite; makes meals taste better; brings healthy sleep. Keep it always in the house. Your dealer sells it, or you can order direct.

John Labatt LONDON - CANADA

Agent, James McParland, 339-341 King St. E., Kingston.

A Wholesome Food For Growing Children

A regular, plentiful diet of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes makes children strong and healthy—capable and willing for study and play. Serve it to your children at meal time and after school.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is an ideal food that builds up the body without burdening the digestive organs.

Look for the name on the package.

Kellogg's 10c per pkg.



TOASTED CORN FLAKES

The Mexican vanilla bean gatherer.



Know the real vanilla flavor

Ordinary "vanilla" extracts are not made from vanilla beans and do not give the true flavor. Why not have the REAL thing? Next time demand Shirriff's.

Your dainties will never taste so delicious until you use this peerless extract.

Just try

Shirriff's True Vanilla

Made from the finest Mexican first-quality vanilla beans—and aged till the strength surpasses all others.

CAUTION: A smaller quantity required than of any other extract

Other delicious Shirriff flavors are Lemon, Almond, Ratafia, Rose, Pineapple, Strawberry and ninety more.

Ask the Groceryman

PROMOTER AND PRIEST

FATHER PARADIS IS A UNIQUE FIGURE IN THE NORTH.

The French-Canadian Who Was Once a Teacher of Civil Engineering at Ottawa University For Six Years Was Also a Lawyer, and His Skill Dismantled a Lumber Company—Owning Forty-Five Claims.

One winter on the Gatineau River a settler "put in" a good, big-cut of logs, writes S. H. Howard in The Toronto Weekly Star. In those days a settler was entitled to the timber which grew on his own place, and it was the custom for him to cut it himself and sell it to the lumber company on the river. The lumber company would measure it, and pay so much a foot, board measure, for it. The settler used to wonder how it was he could work all winter and receive so little for his labor. There seemed no help for it. The settlers were poor French-Canadians with little influence and less education. There seemed no way of checking the lumber company save by approximate estimates and guesses that sounded conclusive to no one but the settler himself. But at the same time the settler knew in his own mind that he was being cheated; know that his booms of logs contained more than he was being paid for; knew just as a man who has much winking to do knows how far he has come in a day.

That Gatineau settler was very much put out. He went to the priest and to him he told his suspicions. He knew he was being robbed. If he could only get some one to scale his logs, some one independent of both the company and himself, he would know he could get justice. But who was there? Whom could he trust?

"I will scale your logs," said the priest. "You may trust me."

That priest, it seems, had taught civil engineering at the University of Ottawa for nine years. He could scale logs and do a great many other things. His name was Father Paradis, born in Kamouraska County, "three weeks below Quebec."

Father Paradis scaled up the logs of this Gatineau settler, measured them as his own case. Let us go inside the boom and find the worst suspicious bit short of the mark. On his own responsibility he broke the company's seals on the boom, and replaced them with his own. Then he altered the company's tally to agree with the measurements, and left word that in due time he was prepared to be called upon.

He was called upon. The company paid full price for the logs and sued Father Paradis for breaking their boom-seals. The reverend father pleaded his own case. Let us see what formed part of his remarkable education. The court decided in his favor. The lumber company appealed. Again Father presented his own case, and again he won. There was a further appeal. He won in the Supreme Court. The company took the case to the Privy Council, and the reverend father, nothing daunted, crossed the Atlantic and fought the habitant's battle out again in England. And again he won, with costs. This, of course, was final. The lumber company was done. Legal expenses had amounted to a disastrous height. Unlike Father Paradis, they had not been able to present their own case. Other misfortunes pressed upon the company, and it went bankrupt. Their old mill, one of the largest in Ontario in its day, has fallen in, and the machinery has been taken away and sold.

Father Paradis figures now in the Percopie country. He owns a stopping place on the all-bush road, and he is the prospector and promoter of the Ben Trovato. He owns some 45 claims in the north, counted altogether. The prospector of the Ben Trovato, Father Paradis, is one of the most famous and the most picturesque personalities of New Ontario. Sixty-two years of age, he is as straight as a wire, and as sound as an athlete. This very winter he walked from the centre of Deloro Township, eight miles south of the Hollinger mine, to the railway at Kelso, a distance of forty odd miles, starting in the middle of the afternoon and walking all night, with the thermometer down to about 40 below! He has the face and head of a man of intellect, and wears the dress of the cleric. He came north thirty years ago in response to the old craving for the wilderness for which French-Canadians have a wayward note. The missionary and the course he had combined in Father Paradis with something else—the desire to be practical, to do something tangible. It was this phrase of Father Paradis' activities that brought about a rupture with his bishop. There was too much material business about Father Paradis, the spiritual element was like to be over-balanced.

Father Paradis has been a priest, a lawyer, a farmer, a missionary, a colonizer, a prospector, a road builder, a lodging-house keeper, and a promoter. He is 62 years of age, but still as young as a city man in the prime of his activity. He wears light clothing and doesn't cover his ears or face on the coldest of days. "I stoop," he explains, "hold my breath, and cause a flux of blood to the head."

As a scientific method for keeping one's ears from freezing, the formula holds the supreme merit of simplicity. Also it is typical of the mind-over-matter attitude of the Rev. Father Paradis of the Frederick House.

Her Own Ticket.

"Well, of course I don't know how the young man will turn out. Marriage is a lottery."

"Yes, mamma, I know, but a girl should hardly be expected to let her mother select her ticket."

WESTERN INDIAN BEST.

The Horse Indians Always Superior to the Forest Men.

In the early days of the C. P. R. surveys, through forests, across plains and over mountains, the Aborigine was always a factor to be reckoned with and sometimes a serious one.

The harmless eastern brand of Indians had been reduced to a tribe of mendicants. When not too lazy to breathe, an occasional muskrat or mink skin furnished a precarious existence. And when the white man came along, the crumbs that fell from his table were not despised by his red brothers, and they would often camp alongside of him and laboriously move along.

With their well-known instinct of true allyship they would ally themselves with the squaws and a small retinue of dogs, never absent, to pack heavy loads of their belongings, while the haughty chieftain strode along in the lead with nothing heavier to carry than an old musket.

Of course, the class of Aborigine, principally of the Cree persuasion, "cut no ice." He was simply regarded as an indolent, improvident, dirty, unreliable lying son of the forest. All Cooper's fairy tales fade away when you encounter the real child of nature so different from the tall, lordly savage portrayed by the novelist, marching along, arrayed in a bunch of leathers and a coat of red paint, with his lovely consort by his side, whose simple toilet, inexpensive, but effective, consists of a string of beads, a chumuk made up with the aid of bacon grease, buckskin leggings and embroidered moccasins.

Alas! how all is changed. The wretched old ragged, peck-marked, unsanitary, insect repository who follows along your trail now, with his wrinkled old nose, and a pair of numerous "feeping, picking up" the white man's leavings, tells a pitiable tale, and shows only too plainly the decadence of the redskin.

On the Western plains, of course, different tribes are encountered. Horse Indians are invariably superior to those other decaying specimens.

Many a fine, tall, straight, upstanding, unreliable savage might one have encountered a few years ago, clothed simply in his right mind, mounted upon the self-supporting little waddled cayuse.

The different tribes were seldom, if ever, friendly, and in the old days any plain Indian would kill a Cree on sight.

The "Stonies" inhabited the Rock Mountain range, and seldom if ever saw the Swift Current Creek, then there were "Sarcees," "Blackfeet," "Bloods," "Pagans," and many other hard varieties.

Archives at Regina.

Lisle, M.P.P., in the Saskatchewan Legislature, brought an interesting matter before his fellow-members of the Provincial House the other day. He wants his Government to start an archives department. He is right. What country has ever been great without some history to sentimentalize over? Saskatchewan has history—the story of missionaries who went sky-plotting among the redskins; explorers who discovered the world of its great heritage; fur-traders who proved what the explorers had to say. Until very recently Saskatchewan had no respectable temple to enshrine her sacred records. No excuse now. As Lisle, M.P.P., pointed out, the parliament in Parliament in Regina stands waiting in splendid magnificence. There is much room in that building for the precious written records of the early days of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, the Hudson Bay Co., the missionaries, explorers, and the Government. It is a shame to note that Mr. Haultain and the leading members of the Legislature, both Government and Opposition, are favorable to the archives project. Courier.

Sir Wilfrid's Joke.

No one enjoys a joke more than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Premier's sense of humor is keenly developed, and when anything happens in the House which tickles his fancy, he throws back his head, gives a musical chuckle, and allows the famous sunny smile to shine out. When the joke is a very good one, in addition to the above-mentioned performance, Sir Wilfrid pokes his desk-mate, Hon. William Peterson, vigorously in the ribs, and out of courtesy the veteran Minister of Customs always laughs heartily, whether he sees anything funny in it or not.

After Mr. Foster's characteristic attack on the reciprocity agreement, in which the man from North Toronto spilled the vials of his sarcasm over the Fielding-Taft pact, turned it inside out, jumped on it, set it up again, and immediately dealt it a severe upper cut, Sir Wilfrid met the Tory orator in the lobby, at the door of the chamber. The Premier tapped him gently on the shoulder and said smilingly:

"Why, George, you don't seem to think much of reciprocity?"—The Mace in Saturday Night.

Would Serve Useful Purpose. On the opening of the New Brunswick Legislature in 1897 the speech from the throne referred to the expected development of salt wells in the County of Kings, and the mover and seconder of the address spoke of the matter in glowing terms.

Dr. A. W. Stockton, the then leader of the Opposition, congratulated the Government on the anticipated development of this important industry, "because," he gravely announced, "the statements of honorable members opposite generally have to be taken with a good many grains of salt."

Two New Expressions.

Of the making of many new expressions there is no end. A man who considers that "going to see a man about a dog" is out of date, recently explained his leaving a little gathering by saying, "I'm going to give a music lesson to a Chinaman."

Another new one shows that our navy is beginning to affect our speech. A man who swore off indulgence in strong wet stuff declined a drink, with the remark, "I'm in dry-dock now."

DESCENDANT OF HERO.

Colonel Fitzgibbon Ancestor of Farmers' Bank Accountant.

Those who have followed the downfall of the Farmers' Bank will remember that the beginning of the end was certain litigation before the High Court sitting at Lindsay, Ont., in which three former employees of the bank were prosecuted for conspiracy, but who were honorably acquitted.

In those proceedings, and in the later one, a principal witness was the chief accountant of the bank, named Fitzgibbon. The presiding judge complimented him upon the transparent candor and unquestionable honesty of his testimony. The witness, said the judge, ought to be an honest man from the fact that his forebear was the hero of Beaver Dam, who, with Laura Secord, ought to be held in the highest honor. That generous reference by Mr. Justice Harding recalls two remarkable and very important events in Canadian history, and one of the most interesting characters of which that history contains an account.

The victory at Beaver Dam that made Colonel Fitzgibbon famous, is the well-known "second" social battle, and the memory of that remarkable affair has been renewed by sketches of Laura Secord published during the past few months. It will be remembered that, in the early summer of 1813, the Americans were in possession of Fort George, situated at the mouth of the Niagara River on the Canadian side. An advance was made towards Hamilton, but it was checked by the night attack at Stoney Creek in which 1,400 Americans were defeated by 800 British-Canadian troops, who captured two general's, four cannon, and 120 men. The American advance party then fell back towards the Niagara River.

Shortly after that victory a British outpost on this frontier was a stone house at Beaver Dam, about 17 miles west of Fort George, held by Fitzgibbon and forty-seven men reinforced by a number of Indians, the entire force of regulars, militia, and Indians making all told 310. Laura Secord, whose maiden name was Ingersoll, and whose husband was then lying wounded in his home at Queenston, hearing that the Americans intended to surprise Fitzgibbon, tramped at night alone through the forest to warn Fitzgibbon of the impending attack. The warning was turned to good account. The Americans were surrounded, and so confused did they become in the wilderness that they surrendered to a force very much smaller than their own. The heroine of Beaver Dam was Laura Secord, but great credit is due Fitzgibbon for the manner in which he made use of the information carried to him by the brave woman, for the resourcefulness displayed in meeting the crisis, and for the courage and dash with which he carried out his plan, and whose successful issue made Beaver Dam one of the most brilliant events of the war.

Sure of His Planks.

The late Sir John A. Macdonald, as all the world knows, rejoiced in a ready wit, and the following anecdote, which has not yet found its way into print, is typical:

In the old "N.P." days a hot campaign was being waged in Prince Edward County, and Sir John had been brought up to speak at a gathering in one of the western townships where the Grit candidate seemed to be getting too influential. Crowds were out to hear the Old Chieftain, and the extemporized platform groaned beneath the weight of more or less influential specimens of rural humanity.

As the speech wore on some of those in the audience nearest the platform noticed that the section of it, where Sir John stood, was getting shaky and motioned anxiously to him to come down. With a gay laugh, however, Sir John stepped nimbly to one end, calmed out, "It's all right, gentlemen. Everything's solid where I stand."

Isn't the Wait for the quietly humorous situations not yet on record concerns a painter and several young men of a Toronto life insurance office.

Squatted on the floor, the painter was doing a little graining on a partition at the rear of the office. "Is that varnish you're putting on?" asked a clerk who had strolled away from work for a while. "No," said the painter, "this is a special preparation we use for this kind of work."

A couple more clerks happened along and, strange to say, one of them asked just the same question. The painter smiled and repeated his answer.

Soon there came along the office "junior," a bright lad who still wore short trousers. The youngster looked on with deep interest but made no remark. The painter, however, caught quite a laugh by looking up into the boy's face and saying, "This isn't an ordinary varnish, here, it's a special preparation we use for this kind of work."

Fixing the Line. The fourth report of the Alaska Boundary Commission, which is signed on behalf of Canada by W. F. King, and on behalf of the United States by O. H. Tutman, states that boundary work has been completed between Naiah Ridge and the Yukon River. A line was traced from a point 40 miles north of the Yukon River, the terminus of last year's work to a point about ten miles north of the crossing of the Porcupine River, 137 miles of line projecting was done. The distance monumental was 146 miles, and the number of monuments placed 49.

Dicing for Legacy. In accordance with a custom 213 years old, two servants were thrashed at Guildford, England, recently for the "mascot's" money, \$50, squashed by a former burgess. They tied twice before one threw nine to her opponent's six.

The women of the church are the life of the mid-week prayer meetings. Friendly rivalry may be civilized. Conies are people who are happy only when they are saying something mean.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement with logo and text: 'The kind that pleases the people. COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. COMPLIES WITH ALL PURE FOOD LAWS. Does NOT contain ALUM. FULL WEIGHT ONE POUND CANS 25c. E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.'

NEAVE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS advertisement with image of a baby and text: 'A Typical Neave's Food Baby. Baby Blaney was brought up on Neave's Food. At 7 months, he was 30 inches tall, weighed 30 pounds and had 7 teeth. He has always been splendidly healthy. FREE TO MOTHERS. Write today for free tin of Neave's Food and book "Hints About Baby's." Address to Canadian Agent: EDWIN UTLEY Mrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO. 27 St. Paul St. E., TORONTO, CANADA.'

H. JENNINGS, KING STREET advertisement for Girl's Good School Boots. Text: 'Just received a shipment of Girl's School Boots, several kinds in the lot. Just what you need for this time of year. All Good and Strong. We are going to sell them at \$1.50. Sizes 11 to 2.'

MODERN MARTYRS! advertisement for ORANGE LILLY medicine. Text: 'The age of martyrs is not passed. There are thousands of women all over the country enduring physical torture and mental anguish beyond description. They are not victims of persecution, like the martyrs of old; they are not called on to face the scaffold or the stake, but their sufferings—born of science and hidden from the world at large—are scarcely less intense. These ladies, as a rule, are women and girls of refined and sensitive temperaments. Knowing that their sufferings are due to a disordered condition of the female functions, their native modesty detests from seeking relief in the earlier stages; and when they do consult a physician, they usually seek some drastic medicine to take internally, which is not more effective for troubles of this kind than it would be for a toothache—a bruise or any other strictly local ailment. The seat of the trouble being in some one of the female organs, the remedy, to be effective, must act on this portion of the anatomy. This is the secret of the success which always follows the use of ORANGE LILLY in the treatment of this kind of trouble. It is a strictly local treatment, is absorbed directly into the parts that are inflamed and congested and its beneficent soothing influence is noticeable from the start. The irritation of the delicate membrane is relieved, the congestion is overcome by the discharge of the watery matter which is served to oppress the nerves and cause mental depression, which is usually toned and invigorated, and the sunshine and joy of life is restored to her being. Read the following letter: Dear Sir, I feel it my duty to write you a testimonial as to what Orange Lilly has done for me. Last winter I was feeling very miserable indeed. I could scarcely do my household work during my menstrual period, and for two months or more I was never free from pain in the womb. The pain was so bad that I could not go to my work, so I would frequently nearly double up. Then the pain began going up the back of my neck to my brain until I hardly knew what I was doing at times. Life was a burden indeed. I finally could endure it no longer, so I went to my town doctor and had an examination. He pronounced it (if I forget the word) a rigid condition of the generative organs, produced by repeated attacks of inflammation. He said I would have to take a course of treatment, and if that failed to overcome the rigid condition I might in time be compelled to have the ovaries removed. I objected to that, so I filed out Dr. Cooley's symptom blank and forwarded it to him, and completed the same. The same day I received your medicine, so I decided to take Dr. Cooley's Treatment. I have used two jars of Cerise Massage, two packages of Hermal Womb Tonic and six boxes of Orange Lilly. It is eight months since I began the treatment, but I feel like a new woman. I can now go to my work right through everything now. Hardly know a pain, even during menstruation now. I often say "I would not take \$100 and be in the state that I was last March." I feel that Dr. Cooley's Home Treatment is a Godsend to suffering women, and I shall continue to sound its praises whenever I have an opportunity. Yours gratefully, MRS. T. H. HATTON. Dear Sir, I feel it my duty to write you a testimonial as to what Orange Lilly has done for me. Last winter I was feeling very miserable indeed. I could scarcely do my household work during my menstrual period, and for two months or more I was never free from pain in the womb. The pain was so bad that I could not go to my work, so I would frequently nearly double up. 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