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OPERATIONS AVOIDED By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bellerive, Que.—"Without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For five months I had painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the uterus. I suffered like a martyr and thought often of death. I consulted two doctors who could do nothing for me. I went to a hospital, and the best doctors said I must submit to an operation, because I had a tumor. I went back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise."—MRS. EMMA CHATEL, Valleyfield, Bellerive, Quebec.

Another Operation Avoided. Foughkeepsie, N.Y.—"I run a sewing machine in a large factory and get all run down. I had to give up work for I could not stand the pains in my back. The doctor said I needed an operation for womb trouble but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did more for me than the doctors did. I have gained five pounds. I hope that everyone who is suffering from female trouble, nervousness and backache will take the Compound. I owe my thanks to Mrs. Pinkham. She is the working girl's friend for health, and all women who suffer should write to her and take her advice."—MISS TILLIE FLEMING, 3 Jay St., Foughkeepsie, N.Y. Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases.

WHAT'S LIKE HIM? THE WEST MOURNS THE LOSS OF DR. LUNDY.

Severe Experiences Were No Novelty to Him—Knew the Trails Well and Also All About the Indians.

Dr. Frank B. Lundy, of Portage la Prairie, died a few weeks ago. A short time before his death he drove fifty miles across prairie, got caught in a blizzard, and slept all night under his upturned cutter. Such an experience was no novelty to Dr. Lundy. He belonged to the swift-passing type of prairie doctor that went the trails before there were railroads. In all Manitoba there was no character better known. He went to Portage in 1882 when the caravans of Red River carts came honking up from Fort Garry en route to Edmonton, Battleford and Calgary. Portage, now the junction point of four railways, three of them transcontinental, was then the point where the old trails diverged. Dr. Lundy knew every trail, every coulee and every hill in that part of Manitoba. He was a young man when he started trailing; had spent a short while in Bruce County, Ontario, after graduating from Trinity in 1880. In the twenty-seven years of his trailing he saw many changes; more transformations in the country than in the science of medicine. He was a characteristic "old-timer," who knew as much about Indians, as about white men. To doctor up a sick man west of a hundred miles away was part of Dr. Lundy's practical religion. He was never known to send a patient a bill, and he was never known to need money.

But one morning this "Dr. McClure" of the prairie, was found dead in his office. With a score of doctors in the town where once his had been the only shingle, he just quit—and the long trails of Manitoba will never feel the click of his horse's hoofs again. The citizens of Portage were deeply interested in Dr. Lundy. There is much talk of a handsome stone memorial in the form of a statue, to adorn a public square in the town. If this act of benevolence is carried out, it will be but a fitting sequel of the long line of benevolences practiced unobtrusively by Dr. Lundy.

The late doctor was born at Shakespeare, Ont., eldest son of Dr. J. B. Lundy, once of Preston, Ont. He was educated at the old grammar school at Galt, Ont. He entered Trinity Medical School, Toronto, in 1877; graduated Fellow of Trinity, and M.B., Toronto, in 1880; passed examination for license to practice in Ontario that year. He practiced a short time in Bruce County, Ont., going to Portage la Prairie in 1882. He lived there continuously until his death. Member of the Manitoba Medical Association; he was also past president of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Manitoba.

Three Macdonalds in the Senate. In the Senate there are three veterans of the Clan Macdonald, whose combined ages total 238 years. There is Andrew Archibald, from Charlotte town, who has seen 82 summers and as many winters. William is a political striping of 79 years. He hails from Cape Breton, and can address the Upper House in Gaelic. Lastly comes William John, of Victoria, B.C., who is 78 and has a son old enough to be considered in the new party. The Hon. William John gave his colleague a rude shock recently when he suggested that the only thing the matter with the Senate was that the majority of its members had become too weary with the burden of years to take any interest in public life. This humble expression of opinion was called forth by a motion of Senator David, himself 71 years of age, who, when he is not writing pamphlets eulogizing Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or acting as clerk of the City Council of Montreal, is trying to solve the problem of better distribution of work between the Commons and the Senate. Mr. David, therefore, moved that a committee of both Houses be appointed to discuss this matter, but the champion of "more work for the money" was obliged to go about his task with that diplomacy brought to a high state of perfection during his long experience with the aldermen of the metropolis.—Saturday Night.

Just Like the Men. The discussions of the question of votes for women which have taken place in Toronto of late as a result of the visit of Miss S. K. Pinkham, recalls a story of a report once made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to a member of a party of ladies which waited upon him as a deputation, asking for several things.

The main point was the necessity of enacting anti-cigarette legislation. The members were well-pleased. C. T. U. workers, and they presented their arguments with force and ingenuity. But presently one of the ladies strayed from her subject, in an attempt to bring tact as well as argument to bear on an appeal to the Premier.

The Wrong Quotation. It is related of an absent-minded Canadian professor that his once ordered a wreath to be sent as a floral tribute to a deceased trustee and, on being asked what message was to be written on the card expressing sympathy, replied abstractedly, "I don't know. I'll think of something." Taking out his fountain pen he wrote a line on his card and returned it to the florist's assistant, who sent written on the card expressing sympathy, the translation of the line which had been written in a fit of abstraction, but which was fatally apropos, "Facilis decemus Averni." (Easy is the descent to Lake Averni—the mouth of Hades.) More Butter; Less Cheese. Prince Edward Island dairy products for 1910 were worth \$374,000, an increase of \$12,000. Cheese decreased and butter increased.

"WELL, I'M WELLINGTONED!" Some Marvellous Hands That Players Have Held at Cards.

Card-players sometimes get some marvellous "hands." In 1901, four passengers on board the South African liner Greek were playing ordinary whist after dinner in the evening.

A. held all the thirteen hearts, B. all the diamonds, C. all the clubs, and D. all the spades. The odds against such a thing happening have been said to be as many as 158,753,388,896 to 1.

One of the most surprising calls on record at solo-whist was made in a game between five gentlemen at Twickenham, where each man stood out in turn. On the cards being shuffled, cut, and dealt, with hearts as trumps, the caller went "Solo." The second player then called "Misere." The third man was this time standing out, and so the next, to everybody's amazement, said he was going "Abundance on diamonds."

"Well, you'll have to go, I suppose," exclaimed the other, "but you've done me out of a fine solo." "I'm going abundance declared the fourth man chirping in sweetly, putting his cards down on the table; for, of course, he had first lead, and made his own trumps with such a call.

And he put down the nine clubs, including the top seven, and also the ace, king, queen, and jack of spades! Of course, he won his abundance. A writer to one of the morning papers last year mentioned two notable experiences within his own knowledge at local whist-drives at Busbridge, Godalming. In one case, a player sat at the same table for fifteen hands out of twenty-four games, and another was one of the losing partners for seventeen hands out of the twenty-four games.

At Wakefield, in 1892, four friends—two gentlemen and their wives—met for a game at ordinary whist. On the cards being dealt, after several hands had been played, one of the men found he had no trumps. At the end of the game this was laughingly mentioned. But he stared when, in the next hand, with different trumps, he again had none! And the company was more surprised at this. However, when, a third time in succession, the same man found he hadn't a single trump, he began to wonder what was the matter.

Some suburbanites, a few years ago, were playing nap. Owing to the "kitty" being doubled when a caller of "Nap" lost, it had got to £2 10s. at midnight. The amount, then, to be divided, frightened the three players, and it was certain that no one would again call until he had got an absolute "cert." So, for two hours, not one "Nap" was called. Then, at five minutes to two o'clock, the players agreed to divide the "kitty" and when they did the next deal yielded nothing in that way.

The cards were dealt as usual. The caller looked at his five hearts—ace, king, queen, jack, and eight—and of course, he promptly called "Nap!" "Well, then, I'm going over you!" Napoleon said to the other.

When the second player put down his hand, he had in it five spades—the ace, king, queen, jack, and eight—exactly the same value cards as the man who had called on hearts!

But, what was more extraordinary still, perhaps, the third man had in his three diamonds—seven, four, and deuce—and two clubs—ten and five. He could have gone "Wellingtoned," and beaten the lot—Answers.

Composer of "The Better Land." Dr. F. H. Cowen, the famous musician, whose latest work, "The Veil" was heard for the first time in London at the Queen's Hall on Feb. 21, was a young man of twenty-five when he wrote the music for "The Better Land." It was written in an hour or two, on the suggestion of the late Mme. Antonette Sterling. Dr. Cowen was calling one day upon the popular vocalist, when she read Mr. Hennessy's poem to him, saying she thought it would make a beautiful song for her. When the score was sent to her next morning, Mme. Sterling liked it so much that she offered to buy the copyright from the composer—an unusual course for a singer to take; but to this, fortunately for his pocket, Dr. Cowen did not agree.

The Lord Chancellor's Pipe. What he afterwards laughingly described as a "nerve-racking experience" once befell Lord Loreburn, who is a great smoker. During the course of an important speech in the Commons, he was pulling a bundle of notes out of his pocket when a much-smoked briar-root pipe rolled on the ground. Flinging his memoranda on the seat behind him, he made a dart for the pipe, and, amid the breathless interest of the House, examined it carefully to see if it was damaged. With an air of relief he restored the precious object to his pocket, and the House cheered sympathetically. Lord Loreburn is a Dumfries man—he comes of an old Jacobite family—and is justly proud of his country. He is one of the cheeriest and most genial of men.

A Friend From the Cradle. Alluding to the accidents of birth, Lord Warwick told an amusing story recently. Some years ago when he was connected with the Warwickshire Yeomanry, and drilling his men on the common, a man in very poor circumstances and indifferent health came up and said: "Good morning, colonel; I know you very well, my lord." The peer answered that he did not remember the man, whereupon the latter retorted, "My lord, am the baby that you were vaccinated from."

Insuring the Orationation. Heavy insurances are being negotiated at Lloyd's against the risk of a goupsement of the orationation.

THE TRIBE OF MAC. It Has the Clans of the Smiths and Joneses Beaten a Mile.

The tribe of Mac is greater even than the Smiths, the Joneses or the Cohens, and you never will mistake them for anything else. You might accidentally address a man whose real name was Smith as Cohen, but you would not commit the blunder of thinking a man whose name is Mac Somethingorother was named Jones. The Macs have the advantage of being able to come from everywhere, and most of them do. Furthermore, most of them go everywhere. They may be descended from the pioneers who settled in America, or from the persons who were forcibly settled at Botany Bay, or from kings or chiefs, lords, or almost anything.

It is the easiest part of a name there is, and it is an open question as to whether the collective Macs do not exceed the sons, sons, sons, and vicissitudes of the rest of the world. One thing is certain, the Macs have such a flying start that they never can be overtaken. Even now the directories and other lists have to divide them into sections under Mac, or Mc, or M', but they are all Macs.

If you walk along the streets of any Nova Scotian cities, there will turn around to look, because you have pronounced at least a part of their name. In St. John perhaps half have been interested, and in the streets of every other city and town of Canada there will be some few Macs in the Mexican rebel army and other Macs in the regular army are chasing them around or being chased about.

But while it is a satisfying thing to belong to such a multitudinous and ubiquitous family, it has its disadvantages. A person who does not have the name finds it easy to walk up to one who has the name and say: "Mac old man, let me have \$10 until to-morrow, will you?" Now you couldn't act in the same familiar, easy, confident way with a man whose name was Mr. Whiddicomb, or Jamieson, or Peterson, or Berkowitz, or Simkovich, or Mandelsohn.

Any name that inspires you to put Mr. before it robs you of confidence, and very few persons with a Mac to their name ever hear the whole of it pronounced, and the Mr. is prefixed still less often. They go through the world as Mac from boyhood till they forget what their name really is. Another disadvantage the wide family of Macs have is that it is easy for a tempter to say: "Come on, Mac; let's go out and get something." It is also easy for one who has but slight acquaintance with the person to say, "Got a smoke about you, Mac?"

Mabeo Carried It. There is a good story told of Chairman Mabeo of the Railway Commission. It has to do with a certain bylaw which was to be submitted in Stratford, the purport of which is a matter of no moment. Mr. Idington was city secretary, and he was violently opposed to the proposition. He was to address a public meeting, and the friends of the bylaw were almost panic-stricken for they had no material heavy enough to oppose him. At this critical moment, however, a member of the Board, and Trade Union, Mr. Mabeo, was inspired. He imparted his idea to a few of his colleagues, and they at once sought out Mr. Mabeo. He took little interest in civic affairs, had no knowledge of the question at issue, but he loved a "scrap," and he quickly fell in with the plan. The meeting was held, and after Mr. Idington had fired all his big guns, Mr. Mabeo appeared on the platform. To all but those concerned in the plot, his arrival was a surprise. Then, for the space of an hour or so, to the infinite delight of his hearers, he proceeded to twist Mr. Idington inside out. He cannot be said to have had his "case" well prepared. He did not know the intricacies of the situation, but he did know how to make fun of his opponent. After that night there was nothing to it but the bylaw.

"Go It, Dad." Rev. Jesse Gibson, the traveling secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, delights to tell this good story on himself. He is a member of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, and occasionally takes one of his young hopefuls with him to prayer-meeting. On one of these momentous occasions, the lad noticed that his father was seeking a chance to get to his feet and make a contribution to the devotions of the evening, but each time someone else got the floor ahead of him. Suddenly there was a lull, and quick as a flash the boy leaned over, poked his eye in the ribs, and in a stage whisper that could be heard all over that side of the room, said: "Go it, dad! Now's your chance!" Needless to say, it was up to Mr. Gibson, and he had to make his little speech.

Paterson's Career. Hon. William Paterson, Mr. Fielding's colleague in the reciprocity negotiations, the proprietor of an extensive and thriving industry, has had an interesting business career. Born in 1830, he was but ten years old when his parents were both carried off by cholera. He was adopted by Rev. Dr. Ferrier, a Presbyterian minister, and early entered the house of his father-in-law, Brantford. When 24 years old he went into business for himself, as one of the founders of the enterprise which he now owns. In his bakery and confectionery business he was first in partnership with Mr. H. B. Leeming, but on that gentleman's retirement in 1876, he became sole proprietor.

Knovies' Repartee. Here is a story to illustrate the quality of the gift of repartee possessed by Rev. E. E. Knovies of Galt, author and publicist. After delivering a lecture in a western Ontario town on "Scotch Queens," a young lass of about 18 summers met the pastor author and paid him this compliment: "Mr. Knovies, you would make a horse laugh."

Electric Light Rays. Ranking next to the sun's rays in stimulating and germicidal effects are the rays from electric lights.

If he keeps out of the clutches of this law, the transgressor still may have a good time.

While looking for the lost sheep others of the ninety-nine might jump the fence.

WHERE WOMEN ARE WANTED. Farmers of Canadian Northwest Suffering From Loneliness.

The farmers hang about the tiny stations that dot the great transcontinental railroad tracks between Winnipeg and the Rockies, waiting for a sight of the emigrant girls on the west-bound train that goes through once in 24 hours. Every one of them is on the lookout for a wife.

These are the words of a writer who has studied the conditions of western life and who says that the need of domestic help in Canada is chronic and continuous. Loneliness is not good for a man, and that is why one finds hundreds of young fellows who are developing the land of the great northwest eager to find a mate. He says the right type of girl for domestic work in Canada is to be judged from the words uttered by the Bishop of London a short time ago. "It is practically impossible," he said, "to get a servant in Canada for love or money. I could find places for 250 girls to-morrow, if we had money to send them out."

Further proof of the dearth of women in Canada is furnished by A. M. Grenfell, son-in-law of Earl Grey, the Governor-General of Canada, who says: "There are eight men to every woman in the land. Domestic service of various kinds is to be had for the asking."

Just a word of warning, however, girls must not expect to go out there, be snapped up by the first man that comes along and have a nice, easy time of it. Girls are only wanted who know how to work and who will work, and for them the wages range from \$1 a month for common help to \$3 and \$50 for specialists—that is, for instance, qualified cooks.

Women, indeed, are wanted in Canada to the number of many thousands, such as "farm workers and wives," to quote the words of the superintendent of Canadian emigration in London, while both New Brunswick and British Columbia offer great inducements to women emigrants. Says the agent general for the latter country: "I do not know any part which is such a promising country for women as British Columbia," while the representative of New Brunswick says: "We are constantly sending girls out and are receiving satisfactory reports of their progress from time to time."

His Turn Next. James I. Hughes, who has been chief inspector of Toronto's public schools for thirty-six years, has two families. His first family consists of two daughters; his second a daughter and a son. His second wife's chaplain has always been fond of mathematics. Even as a child she saw mathematical problems in her environment and experience very clearly. One day at luncheon, when she was six, her mother was very quiet for some time, and then she turned to her mother and said: "Mamma, Helen and Bertha" (her older sisters) "are only half-sisters to Chester and me. Now if you should die, and papa should marry again, and they should have children, would my children be any relation at all to Helen and Bertha?"

She knew that the death of one wife had done away with one half of the relationship, and she wondered whether the death of another wife would do away with the other half relationship, and leave no relationship whatever between the first family and the third family.

Her younger brother, then about four years of age, was evidently not considering the question from a mathematical standpoint, but from the standpoint of justice only. He promptly said: "I think it's dad's turn to die next."

William Sore-Middlebro. After the votes were counted at the last general-elections, among the gains to be found in the Conservative column was North Grey. The turnover in a riding which had gone consistently Liberal by large majorities since 1896, was due entirely to the good campaign of William Sore-Middlebro, a barrister-at-law at Owen Sound. Since he entered Parliament Mr. Middlebro has forged his way rapidly to the front and this session he was called upon by his leader and colleagues to fill the position of Opposition whip for Ontario. A formal debater, with the ability of thinking clearly and rapidly while on his feet, Mr. Middlebro is easily a leader of the group of younger Conservatives who came to strengthen the old fighting line of Oppositionists at the last appeal to the country. He has a head which closely resembles in its contour that on which reposes the saucy black derby of Sir Alan Aylesworth. The Aylesworth head, with its long bald stretch, and massive forehead, is as familiar to those who frequent the precincts of the clock in the main tower. It seems to be built in a series of layers. But his frame does not rest on that alone. The member for North Grey is always in the thick of the fray, and his oratorical repertoire contains many a slashing appraisal.—The Mac in Saturday Night.

Canada's Trade. Canada's trade for the first ten months of the current fiscal year totalled \$634,431,075, an increase of \$76,144,296 over the corresponding ten months of 1909-10. The imports totalled \$276,653,308, an increase of \$74,431,313. Exports of domestic products totalled \$357,777,767, a decrease of \$2,767,934. Exports of foreign products were \$19,022,270, a decrease of \$1,519,064. The January trade totalled \$56,671,147, an increase of \$4,631,545.

Odious Comparison. A Boston woman, who attained some prominence in the campaign for women's suffrage, once said at a public meeting that she thought T. R. Aldrich was effeminate.

The remark was repeated to Aldrich as a joke, whereupon he very dryly remarked: "Yes, so I am—compared to her."

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