

THE shoes of a fellow named Wicks, Mud had put in a terrible fix; But the dirt gave way fine To a quick POLO shine— Thus his shoes did Wicks fix in six licks.

POLO SHOE POLISH. A "MINUTE-POLO-SHINE" will keep your shoes black for a week—if they do dull a trifle, a couple of quick rubs will make them as bright as ever. Ask your grocer or shoeman for Polo—the polish in the BIG box—black or tan. The tan both cleans and polishes. 16 "Good for Leather—Stands the Weather" 10c

Three Episodes—and a Climax

By M. J. PHILLIPS.

A line of blue-shirted men came yelling over the entrenchments. The Spaniards swarmed out the other side in haste. Capt. Louis Olfaro, of the Royal 29th Infantry, was the last to leave. Before he had retreated far he found himself engaged in a saber duel with an American who pursued.

The American wore the yellow cord of the cavalry, and his hat was pinned upon one side. He swung his huge saber with ferocity and skill. Capt. Olfaro, a swordsman of note in old Madrid, was hard put to it to defend himself.

The Spaniard took heart of grace when he saw that the odds had turned. The other Americans had stopped at the trenches, a hundred yards in rear of the duel. One of the captain's own men paused long enough in his flight to give point blank at the American.

That bullet merely gave the American's hat a more rakish tilt than before, but it also distracted his attention. Capt. Olfaro struck quickly, and gave his adversary a gash across the right forehead. Then, with a cruel smile, he prepared to kill at his leisure.

But the American was not ready to die. The grazing bullet and the slash simply spurred him to renewed efforts. He leaped at the Spaniard like a mountain cat; his blade flickered bewilderingly in the hot Cuban sunlight. Olfaro, in doubt, gave ground.

"You-yow-yow, whe-e-e!" the American's battler, a high-pitched yell of sheer delight in conflict, broke out.

It was more than the Spaniard could stand. It told of a strength of fibre, an unconquered determination, which he could not match. He turned suddenly and ran. In blind panic he threw away his machete as he fled.

"Whe-e-e!" roared the American again. "Run, you piker, run!"

"Dor," said "Jack" Burnham, 3d, as he sat on the stairs, "there's something I want to say. If it isn't said pretty soon, I'll be ashamed to open my mouth. Why, I'm a doddering old man!"

"You poor old thing!" scolded pretty Doris Van Gilder; "you're all of thirty-two."

"I know, but you're only about twenty."

"I'm nearly twenty-two!" flashed the indignant Doris.

"Well—"

But just then "Tommy" Buttery claimed his dance.

The next day there was a flurry on the street, and "Jack" Burnham lost all his money. After waiting two months for him to call and finish the conversation, Doris went away.

Senorita Isabella y'Nozales, fellow of Vassar College, and well versed in things American, from fourth dimension to college friendship and fudge, sat on the porch of her plantation home, province of Santa Clara, Cuba.

The planter whose tobacco fields joined her own vast estate on the south half reclined in a long chair. A third chair beside the senorita indicated that the party which was now two recently had been three.

seer seemed to redouble his watchfulness. They saw him slip away a few days later, melting into the jungle like a panther. They did not know that he was following one of the maids from the big house, and that he trailed her to a trying place with the planter.

It was bright moonlight and two o'clock in the morning. The traitorous maid had left the front door unbarred. The overseer, his machete across his knees, a revolver on his hip, sat in the gloom of the old storehouse.

The planter, for whom he was waiting, came. He swaggered up the palm walk, secure in the feeling that the American senorita was unguarded.

The plantation workmen were snoring in their kennels half a mile away; the overseer was also asleep in his quarters. And ten of the planter's own men waited by the road.

Twenty paces from the house, in the center of an open space where the white moon beat down, he stopped. A figure with a naked machete advanced to meet him.

The planter's own weapon leaped out as he hissed curses. He recognized the overseer.

At the clash of blade on blade the planter's bullies came running from the fringe of palms. With a laugh the American pressed his attack until his adversary gave ground. He heard the patter of feet and saw the advancing wave of his enemies.

The cave man who overcame his enemies with the stone axe woke in the American. He shouted aloud in sheer delight of the conflict.

"You-yow-yow, whe-e-e-ee!" At the high-pitched yell the planter's thoughts fled back to the scene of twelve years before on San Juan hill. Again he was Capt. Louis Olfaro, of the Royal Twenty-Ninth Infantry; again he was crossing blades beneath the fierce sunlight with an American. No wonder he hated the overseer instinctively—it was the same man.

In his fright and amazement he lowered his guard for the fraction of a second, and the American's machete laid open his cheek from nose to ear.

Blood streamed down his face. He wavered, retreated, turned. And then, in sudden mad panic, he threw away his machete and fled, his bullies about him.

"Whe-e-e-ee!" roared the victor. "Run you piker, run!"

A hand was laid on his arm. He turned to look into the face of his fair countrywoman. "And now, Mr. John Harris Burnham, 3d," she said, calmly, albeit with a little tremble in her voice, "perhaps you will finish that little conversation we began on the stairs?"

"But, Doris," he remonstrated, "I'm thirty-two now; and broke, besides."

"I don't care if you were a hundred," she flashed; "and I have money enough for us both."

So he dropped his machete and took her in his arms.

The Best Medicine. Mothers say Baby's Own Tablets are the very best medicine they can give their little ones. It is the happy experience of one mother that helps others to keep their little ones well.

The Ideal Marriage. When the husband gets ready to regard the wife as an equal partner in the marriage firm instead of as an employee with one share in a million-dollar company, or as merely a housekeeper, when he is willing to regard his income as much his wife's as his own and not put her in the position of a beggar for every penny she gets, when he will grant her the same privileges he demands for himself, when he is willing to allow his wife to live her own life in her own way without trying to "boss" her, we shall have more true marriages, happier homes, a higher civilization.—Success Magazine.

Had Three Accomplices. "How did the burglar escape?" inquired the detective.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills positively cure Constipation and all kindred & resulting troubles. 25¢ a box.

GIFT TO SYDENHAM CHURCH

Of Altar Linen—Church Property May be Sold. Sydenham, April 12.—Farmers have tapped their trees and some fine syrup is being sold in the village. A beautiful gift has been added to the many which has been presented to St. Paul's church during the past year. This time it is a full set of communion linen all beautifully embroidered. The work, which has all been done by hand during Lent, by two ladies of the congregation and placed on the altar, was a complete surprise to all.

Services are being held every night this week and there will be two services on Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., at St. Paul's. The annual vestry meeting is announced to be held on Easter Tuesday, when Mr. Dowdell hopes to have something definite to announce as to the sale of the church property to the C.N.R. The mission band of the M. E. church gave a Japanese tea on Monday night at Wesley hall. Over \$30 was taken in. The Holiness Movement society is still holding revivals each night and good crowds are attending. Presiding Elder A. T. Warren, of Carleton Place, was with them for a part of last week and over Sunday. The pastor, Rev. Mr. McRoberts, is asking help from all who care to give to help build sheds in the rear of the church.

Oliver Christopher is steadily sinking. Joseph Burly, who met with a serious accident, is improving slowly. The railroad ties for the C.N.R. are being unloaded at the park. There will be 20,000 for this route. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Dowsley attended the funeral of their grandchild at Harrowsmith last Friday. Miss Stella Dowsley is confined to her home with a slight attack of fever.

The Sydenham cheese factory opened April 1st. J. W. Trousdale and Elgin Brauley are each shipping a carload of potatoes to Montreal this week and Rutledge Bros. are shipping a car load of pigs. Edward Charleton is repairing his house and expects to move in soon. Harry McNamara is moving in what is known as the Dulmage house. Mr. McKenzie, of the C.N.R., was at the Union House a portion of last week. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, of Bannockburn, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Davis. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Warrant, of Newburgh, spent Monday night with their aunt, Mrs. E. Sills. A great number of foreigners are here working for the C.N.R. F. Grant is very happy over the arrival at his home recently of a baby boy.

CARBOLIC ACID. Peculiar Effect Pure Alcohol Has on This Irritant Poison. One of the most frequent irritant poisons used for suicidal purposes is carbolic acid, and a more agonizing death could not be selected. Why any one should select this poison it is hard to understand unless on account of the fact that it is cheap and easily obtainable. This form of poisoning can usually be easily recognized by the odor, which is well-known, and by the white burns or marks on the lips and mouth, which are typical of carbolic acid poisoning.

Send for the nearest physician, and in the meantime, as carbolic acid kills quickly, the first aid treatment must be prompt in order to get results. If possible cause the patient to vomit by giving an emetic, such as ipecac or salt and water, a tablespoonful to a pint of warm water. This, however, frequently fails to work on account of the irritated condition of the mucous membrane of the stomach. One of the best chemical antidotes is epsom salt in solution. Another good chemical antidote is alcohol, the only trouble with this remedy being that it cannot be given in a pure form. It has to be diluted with water and for that reason loses its efficacy.

Just exactly why alcohol counteracts the effect of carbolic acid is not known, but if, for instance, carbolic acid is splashed on the hands and they are at once immersed in absolute alcohol there will be no resulting burn.—Dr. H. H. Hartung, in National Magazine.

Pure Food Currants. Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the government's food expert, according to the Detroit Free Press, said at a recent dinner in Washington: "But in our search for pure food we may go too far. Thus a lady entered a grocer's the other day and said: 'Have you got any currants?' 'The clerk, a college graduate, replied: 'Yes, madam, we have very fine Corinth, or small dried grapes, from the Greek town of that name—currants, you know, is the corrupted form. How many will you have?' 'None at all if they are corrupted,' muttered the lady. 'I belong to a pure food league.'"

War Out of Date. Montreal Star. A meeting in New York has decided that "war is out of date." Washington and Texas papers please copy. Also this announcement should be cribbed to the knifer, the Austrian reichstag, which has just dissolved over a war note; the Mexican government, which has just voted four millions for war; the Chinese government which is starting an army; the British government, which is building battleships; the French government, which is ordering some new dreadnoughts. In fact, it might be made a circular letter to all governments. They do not seem to have noticed it.

New Method for Cutting Dances. A man attending a wedding dance in Germany left the ball at 3 a.m., and went into the garden to hang himself. After hanging for a little while he was discovered, and the rope was cut. The man then returned to the ballroom. The report does not give the name of the lady whose dance he was so anxious to cut.

Beware of the friendly chap who puts you on the back. The chance is in your pocket. You may meet a politician who says he will give you a job. Beware of the friendly chap who puts you on the back. The chance is in your pocket. You may meet a politician who says he will give you a job.

Comfort Lye will clean that dirty cellar floor for you. Or, when the kitchen floor looks as if "some good hard scrubbing" is needed, put just a little Comfort Lye in the water, and you won't have to scrub. Comfort Lye "makes dirt run" so you can simply mop it up. Removes Paint. Take off the old paint with Comfort Lye. Far easier than scraping or blistering. Large Can 10c. At Grocer's. Valuable Premiums FREE. Each Comfort Lye label is worth THREE Comfort Soap wrappers toward beautiful free premiums. Premium Catalogue free at Grocer's.

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Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES. You'll soon reverse your opinion about "all these cereal foods being just about alike"—once you've tasted the crisp, wholesome savor of that different cereal called Kellogg's. It's the delicate white hearts of the sweetest sugar-corn, rolled paper-thin and crisped a golden-brown. Nothing like it for a pure nourishment. (Look for the name on the package.)

Father Morrissey's Prescriptions. have been curing for 30 years, and are curing to-day, all the common ailments that come to every family. We have hundreds of grateful letters to prove this. Father Morrissey's No. 7 tones up the Kidneys, removes Uric Acid from the blood, and cures Rheumatism. In tablet form, 50c. Father Morrissey's No. 10 is a most effective and reliable cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma and Whooping Cough. A real Lung Tonic. Trial Bottle, 25c. Regular Size, 50c. Father Morrissey's No. 11 Tablets relieve and cure Dyspepsia and all forms of Indigestion. Each tablet will digest 1 1/2 pounds of food. Per box, 50c. Father Morrissey's No. 26 positively cures Catarrh. A combined treatment—tablets for the blood, and a healing salve for the affected parts. Tablets and salve together, 50c. Father Morrissey's Liniment is a household standby for all sorts of aches and pains. Pleasant to use—quick to relieve. Per bottle, 25c. At your dealer's. Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Montreal, Quebec. Sold and guaranteed in Kingston by Jas. B. McLeod.

MOODY'S KLENZINE. What the KLENZINE MAID told the Policeman. "Good morning, Mary, I notice you must have the old standby." KLENZINE MAID—"Well, really, Officer, just feel my hands, how nice and soft Klenzine keeps them. Besides I can get through my work in half the time and everything looks so bright and clean. I wish you would tell Nellie Clancy about it. She thinks her work is so hard—I am sure she has never used KLENZINE." MOODY'S KLENZINE banishes drudgery—makes housework a pleasure. For washing dishes, cleaning windows, or for Laundry Work it is unequalled. MOODY'S KLENZINE Ammonia Washing Compound makes glassware fairly sparkle and linen look like the driven snow. A valuable disinfectant—keeps the kitchen, pantry and bathroom clean, sweet, and free from germs. Insist on MOODY'S KLENZINE. Your Grocer keeps it. Large size packet 10c. Outer one. THE ALPHA CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED BERLIN CANADA For sale by all Wholesale Dealers

SUCHARD'S COCOA Is a Perfect Breakfast Drink. Its flavor is simply delicious, and helps to make even a simple meal enjoyable. It mildly stimulates nerves and brain—tunes them up for the day's activity. Best of all it supplies an abundance of real strength and energy. One cup of Suchard's Cocoa is more nourishing than five cups of coffee, or a dozen cups of tea, and has none of their harmful effects. Start the day right with a steaming, fragrant cup of Suchard's Cocoa, and finish with the same. FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., MONTREAL.