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don't worry about it—there's no good in worry. Get better! If your stomach is wrong, your liver and bowels inactive—your nerves are sure to be on edge and your blood impure. Be cheerful and hopeful. As they have helped in thousands of cases,

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will help you and will give your system the natural help it needs. A few doses will make a great difference in your feelings and your looks. They will help you all along the line—to a clear head, free from aches—to bright eyes—to healthy active organs. This sure, quick and tonic family remedy will help Nature to

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Once made a comparison with other Sugars and you will not be satisfied with any but Redpath.

Dainty Tea Tables are always served with PARIS LUMPS to be had in RED SEAL dust proof cartons, and by the pound.

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Established in 1854 by John Redpath

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 **10¢** per pkg.

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

SOWING HIS WILD OATS REAPING A HARVEST OF SORROW



How many young men can look back on their early life and regret their misdeeds. "Sowing their wild oats" in various ways. Excesses, violation of nature's laws, "wine, women and song"—all have their victims. You have returned but what about the seed you have sown—what about the harvest? Don't trust to luck. If you are at present within the clutches of any secret habit which is sapping your life by degrees; if you are suffering from the results of past indiscretions; if your blood has been tainted from any private disease and you dare not marry; if you are married and live in dread of symptoms breaking out and exposing your past; if you are suffering as the result of a missing life—**DRS. K. & K. ARE YOUR REFUGE.** Try your case before them confidentially and they will tell you honestly if you are curable.

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DRS. KENNEDY & KENNEDY, Windsor, Ont.
Write for our private address.

A JUDGE'S HOBBIES

HE IS QUITE INTERESTED IN MANY THINGS.

Among These are Hockey, Navy, Tuberculosis and Phonetic Spelling—The Judge is Toronto Born.

Judge Barron of the Kindly Heart, who has been busy in connection with the reinstatement of Grand Trunk employes, has at least four hobbies. One of them is the navy and his son was Canada's first naval cadet. In fact, his honor is so interested in naval affairs that he recently answered an advertisement published by the naval authorities of the United States. They proved so anxious to get "John Barron of Stratford" to enlist that he has been deluged ever since with communications setting forth the advantages of a life on the ocean wave in one of Uncle Sam's sea monsters.

There is only one thing which Judge Barron hates worse than he loves the navy, and that is tuberculosis. He has been a whole-hearted campaigner against the spread of the white plague. The cause has profited materially from his connection with "Connection," by the way, he would spell with an "x." That particular form of orthography is another of his hobbies. The fourth of them is the Book of Proverbs. It was only lately that he settled the trouble between the Toronto Railway Co. and its employees by quoting Holy writ.

The judge is Toronto born. Many years ago his father was head of Upper Canada College there. His career as a public man, however, began in North Victoria, where he and Col. Sam Hughes used to fight for supremacy. And those were hot fights. The things that Col. Hughes has said about The Globe editor are mild as milk when compared with his campaign statements about John Augustus Barron. Mr. Barron, however, proved that he could play politics as well as he could play hockey—which was "going some," for he organized the Lindsay team and was an active member of it. He is remembered in the House as an unusually useful legislator, "a crackerjack" was the description which an old Parliamentarian vouchsafed the other day.

It was while a member of the House that Mr. Barron became most prominent in the hockey world, and participated in the genesis of the O.H.A. Hon. Arthur Stanley, a son of a former Governor-General of Canada, on coming to Canada, found hockey was a mere baby in the field of sport. He was captured by the many fine points of the game and soon had a club organized at Rideau Hall, and in 1890 he urged the formation of an association. Barron was then a member of the House of Commons at Ottawa, and a hockey player as well. He talked to his friend Harry Ward, M.P. for East Durham, also a devotee of the new game and they, with the Hon. Arthur Stanley and a few others, had a meeting called in Toronto, which resulted in the establishment of the Ontario Hockey Association.

Canning by Machinery.

Since so much has been written about the uncleanliness of canned meats, canned salmon has come in for its share of doubt, but as in a canning factory in British Columbia usually dispels all qualms. There was a time when much of the work in the factories was done by hand, but that time is past, except in the smaller factories. In the old days the fish were counted and put on tables, behind which stood men armed with large knives, and cut off the heads and tails and removed the entrails. Now beside the table a large machine called the "Iron Chink" does the work of many Chinamen. Then in days gone by Indians washed the fish and sent them on to be cut into pieces of a convenient size to go into cans. This work was done by hand, but now machinery does it all. After the salmon is packed in the cans, the cans are all soldered and are then put into tins. Here if any flaws in soldering are detected, the cans are set aside. If not, they are placed in a resort and subjected to a very high degree of heat which thoroughly cooks the fish. The cans are again tested and then conveyed to the labeling and packing rooms. Care is taken to insure cleanliness, and to prevent contamination of all kinds.

The Sacred Music.

It is only within recent years that the violin has been considered by the "unco guid" anything but a godless instrument. It was formerly associated with all that was unduly hilarious. Consequently, when a change was introduced, some years ago, by which small orchestras assisted in the musical part of the service, there was much disapproval expressed by the more old-fashioned members of the community. Rev. Wm. McDonagh, an outspoken old Methodist minister, who did not care for the orchestral fringe, listened impatiently one morning at the violin, cornet and flute assisted the organ in the prelude. He arose to announce the first hymn, turned at the musicians fiercely and, with significant emphasis: "We will now begin the worship of God,"—*Courier.*

Why Newsie Lacked Cash.

A very small Toronto newsboy, who stands at one of the less-important corners, numbers among his customers a lady who is much interested in such young merchants of the sidewalk.

One evening the youngster hadn't change for a dime, so the lady walked up to a more important corner, where she bought a paper from a Jewish boy.

"That little fellow down at the next corner hadn't change," said the lady.

"Aw, he hasn't any money," said the boy, with a smile. "He works for me."

Play Too Much.

At Peterboro, the school authorities complain of the children being allowed by their parents to give so much time to games and other amusements that they are seriously neglecting their studies.

Experiments on Cancer.

Some 50,000 cancer experiments are made every year in England.

HUNTING YANKS.

Adventures on a Canadian Fisheries Patrol Boat.

Any man who ever carried a gun in the woods or "was a line" in pursuit of any member of the tribe of fins and scales, will find delightful reading in a volume of hunting and fishing stories by Stephen Chalmers which has just been issued, the Canadian edition being published by the Musson Book Company of Toronto. The volume is called "The Trail of a Cenderfoot." It can be read through easily at one sitting. All the stories are full of life and color, and they are related as any jolly sportsman would tell a story to a group of congenial companions.

The last chapter of the book is especially interesting to Canadians. Its title is "Out With a Fish Patrol," and it throws some new light on one phase of a big question—the enforcement of fisheries regulations along the Canadian-American boundary line. Mr. Chalmers was on the patrol boat on the Canadian side of Passamaquoddy Bay when The Hague Tribunal held that Great Britain had the sovereign right "to make fisheries regulations without the concurrence of the United States." So he made friends of seeing how the "sovereign power" worked there. He got up one morning at three o'clock, in the midst of a Fundy fog, and went out with Captain Silas Mitchell, of Dominion Fisheries Patrol No. 2. He saw how things are done. Also, he heard some good stories.

Patrol No. 2 is a fast little boat, "deviously called 'The Pup' by those who fear it." It figures in many adventures. This one was told to Mr. Chalmers by Charles Cline of the crew concerning the handling of some Yankess, who were not only on the wrong side of the line, but were breaking the laws of both countries:

"We had a ticklish encounter not long ago. There were half a dozen dynamiters from the Maine shore that had been awful annoying to Silas and his crew. They skipped over the line just as he came up. Silas hates to use a gun, but one day he got mad clear through. He heard the explosion and saw them take the fish. He crammed on all speed and seemed as if he'd get to them before they got to the boat. But presently it looked like another getaway. Silas couldn't stand for it. He whipped out one of his Sniders and sent a young cannonball right over their heads; then another one between their boats. Still they didn't stop. Silas didn't fire again because there might be a war if you hit an American who was one-eighth of an inch over his own side.

"But the funny thing—as that they got right over the line and began swearing something awful. Silas came up, mad clear through. But what'd you suppose? A couple of them got up with dynamite in their hands and lifted their arms in a way that made a man's scalp creep.

"You blankety blank blank!" they cried. "You'll shoot at us, will you? Now you put down that gun quick or—"

"Silas didn't put it down. He put it up to his shoulder.

"Look here," says Silas, "the minute that leaves your hand, the man I'm covering's a dead one!"

"If you pull that trigger," says one of them, "the rest of us will send you skyhigh to glory."

"So there was a deadlock. They held up the dynamite ready to throw, and Silas never took his finger off the trigger or his eye off the man he was covering. But The Pup was drifting off, and when she was at a bit safer distance, he says:

"Now, listen. If you throw that dynamite, you'll miss our hull, or the concussion won't be hard enough at this distance to set it off. If any of you attempt to light a stick we'll riddle you. Charlie," he sang out to me, "are you ready with that other Snider?"

"I sure was, and so was Polkhenor with the big Colt. They talked a lot, but finally rowed away. You see, the line was between us and them and we couldn't even resent their language!"

The Real "Buffalo."

Most towns are like other towns—as a rule. Wainwright, Alberta, breaks the rule. Wainwright is just as much unlike any town in America as could be. She has a park. So has New York, Central Park; Toronto, High Park. But because Wainwright has a park she is different.

Wainwright's park is the whole town. That explains partly why she is different. Who would think of naming Toronto or New York Paradiso? Wainwright is Paradiso. Wainwright, the park, is different from Central Park or High Park. It's bigger. Wainwright is 11,000 acres surrounded by a wire fence 25 miles long, which cost \$1,000 a mile to put up.

And Wainwright has over a thousand of the rarer animals on the globe—over a thousand buffalo.

Really that is why Wainwright, Alberta, is different—the Wainwright, the park, is different. The Wainwright, he speaks of "Buffalo Park."

INDIGESTION

An Interesting Statement.

Portland, Me.—"I suffered so long with indigestion and stomach trouble that I lost flesh rapidly—I had used all kinds of remedies without help. Vinol was recommended and I decided to try it.

"I soon commenced to feel better, my stomach trouble disappeared and I can eat heartily without the slightest distress. My experience leads me to believe that no other medicine equals Vinol for stomach troubles and indigestion. It tones up the stomach, increases the appetite and creates strength." W. E. Waterhouse. (We guarantee this testimonial to be genuine.)

Vinol seldom fails to strengthen and tone up the tired, overtaxed and weakened nerves of the digestive organs, and remove the cause of indigestion and soon enables the sufferer to digest with ease the foods that once caused distress. Moreover Vinol is delicious to the taste contains no oil and does not upset weak stomachs, as do old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions.

Try a bottle of Vinol with the understanding that your money will be returned if it does not help you. MacLeod's drug store, Kingston.

Canada's Available Water Power.

According to official estimates made by the Department of the Interior, the available water powers of the Dominion of Canada are capable of developing energy representing more than 25,000,000 horsepower, which if produced from coal would represent a consumption of more than 562,000,000 tons per annum, at the rate of 21.9 tons of coal to the horsepower.

A Profitable Flock.

Hugh Ferguson of Eversley marketed the other day 13 chickens weighing 321 pounds, for which he received \$60.99.

A Lucky Diner.

W. H. Eves of Collingwood recently found a pearl worth about \$150 among some oysters.

SNAPPING A LYNX.

Ernest Thompson-Seton Tells of an Adventure With a Camera.

The camera is gradually replacing the rifle as a weapon for sportsmen. It does not bag the dead carcasses of beasts, but it secures what is more valuable, a record of their appearance and habits in the living state. The very act of making the photographic "shot" also discovers traits in the subject that a powder-and-ball hunter never suspect. Ernest Thompson-Seton tells in Scribner's a surprising revelation concerning the lynx. One of those supposedly savage animals had been driven from cover and cornered by Seton and two Indians.

He faced about at bay, says the writer, growing savagely. Dumping his little bobtail from side to side and pretending he was going to spring on me. I took photograph number two at twenty-five yards. He certainly did look fierce, but I thought I knew the creature as well as the men who were backing up. I reloaded, put a new film in place and said:

"Now, Preble, I'm going to walk up to that lynx, and get a close photo. If he jumps for me, and he may, there is nothing can save my beauty but you and that gun."

Preble, with characteristic loquacity, said "Go ahead."

Then I stopped and began slowly approaching the desperate creature we had at bay. His eyes were glaring green, his ears were back, his small bobtail kept twitching from side to side and his growls grew harder and hisder as I moved toward him. At fifteen feet he gathered his legs under him as for a spring, and I pressed the button, getting number three.

Then did the demon of ambition enter into my heart, and I led me into peril. The lynx at bay was starving and desperate. He jumped springing at me, but I believed that if he did he would never reach me alive. I knew my man—this nerved me—and I said to him, "I'm not satisfied; I want him to fill the finder. Are you ready?" "Yep."

So I crouched lower and came still nearer and at twelve feet made number four. For some strange reason, now, the lynx seemed less angry than he had been.

"He didn't fill the finder. I'll try again," was my next. Then, on my knees, I crawled up, watching the lynx until it was full of lynx. I glanced at the beast; he was but eight feet away. I focused and fired.

And now, oh, wonder! that lynx no longer seemed annoyed; he had ceased all growling and simply looked bored.

A Great Geographer.

In an article under this title, in The Geographical Journal, Mr. J. B. Tyrrell gives an outline of the work of an explorer of the old type. David Thompson was born in London, England, in 1770, of Welsh parentage. When seven years old he was placed in the Grey Coat School, a London charity institution which is still in existence. He studied here for seven years, learning the rudiments of navigation, which later in life became useful to him. In 1783 the Hudson Bay Co. applied "to know if this charity could furnish them with four boys against the month of May next for their settlements in America." Thompson was the only one available, and was apprenticed to the company for seven years, and was sent to Fort Churchill.

Thompson spent fourteen years with the "ancient and honorable" company, and during these two terms of service he surveyed most of the rivers tributary to Hudson Bay from the south and west, as far as the east end of Lake Athabasca.

In 1797-8 he made a long journey through all the principal water courses of the northwest.

His last years were spent either in Glenora County, Ontario, or in Longueuil, opposite Montreal, where he died on Feb. 10, 1857, at the ripe old age of eighty-seven years. His wife, a child of the western country, whom he married at Isle a la Crosse, on the Churchill River, survived him by less than three months, dying on May 7 of the same year.

Canada's Boundary.

While the boundary between the United States and Canada follows for many hundreds of miles the River St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, there is a vast distance of prairie land beyond with no natural demarcation. This is marked with pillars of iron and wood placed one mile apart. These are supplied alternately by the Canadian and the United States Governments, and run from Lake of the Woods to the Red River Valley. Beyond mounds of earth and cairns of stone are used as marks. The pillars are hollow castings, eight inches square at the base, four at the top. Inside are well-seasoned cedar posts. Each pillar is inscribed in raised letters on the north, "Convention of London," on the south, "Oct. 20, 1818." The stone cairns are seven feet high, eight feet at the base and shaped like a pyramid. Earth is used where stone is not available.

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If your school is ceiled with plaster your children—and many others—dwell under a menace. For plaster ceilings may crack down and kill or maim at any moment. Cover old plaster ceilings with PRESTON Steel Ceilings—light, strong, beautiful, sanitary (because washable) and fire-proof. Do this without removing the old plaster—we will tell you how. The cost is NOT high; yet these ceilings will outlast the building itself. Have SAFE ceilings. Send for the illustrated book. Write this very day to:

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Some foods merely puff out a child with fat, without leaving any solid good behind. A baby at five or six months may be a triumph of the fattening powers of food—and yet, at two years, may be thin and suffering from rickets.

NEAVE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS

is perfectly balanced. It not only produces a fine baby—it also insures that baby growing into a healthy adult, because Neave's Food contains all the essentials for flesh and bone.

"Our eldest boy, Maurice, is five years old. We put him on Neave's Food when he was one week old and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. He is very bright and intelligent, strong and sturdy, has never had an illness and is one of the bonniest boys I have ever seen. We owe it all to the good foundation laid by Neave's Food." Mrs. J. W. Patterson, 24 Harriet St., Toronto.

Sold in 1 lb. tins, straight thro by all Druggists in Canada.

FREE TO MOTHERS—write today for free tin of Neave's Food and book "Hints About Baby." Address to:

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647 Main St., St. John, N. B., Nov. 27, 1908.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd.

I am writing to tell you I have been a victim to Rheumatism for several years, and have been treated by seven doctors without finding any real relief, until I got Father Morrissey's medicine. It has cured me so I am able to do my work and find I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours truly,
JOHN CRAWFORD.

Rheumatism cannot exist when the kidneys are in perfect working order for then they take out of the blood all the Uric Acid, which alone causes the Rheumatism.

Father Morrissey's "No. 7" Tablets

act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and helping them to clear the blood of the Uric Acid. If the Rheumatism is of long standing it may take some time to clear out all the poison, but almost from the first "No. 7" Tablets relieve the pain, and if used faithfully they rarely fail to cure.

Even if other remedies have done you no good, do not give up till you have tried Father Morrissey's "No. 7" Tablets.

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Father Morrissey Medicine Co. Ltd., Montreal, Quebec.

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