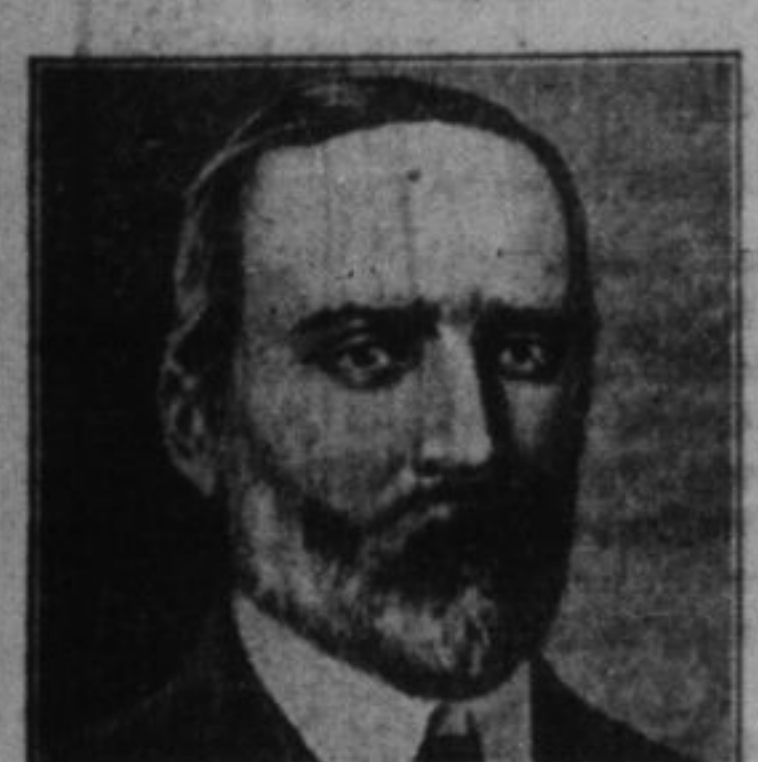


EVERY GENERAL STORE-KEEPER NEEDS "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

INKERMAN, Ont., Sept. 23rd, 1910. "I am in the General Store business and have been a resident of Inkerman for thirty-seven years. Since I started this store four years ago, I have found your remedy "Fruit-a-tives" the most satisfactory one I have used. Many of my customers have used "Fruit-a-tives" with the most beneficial results and I know of two cases that have been completely cured of Dyspepsia.



"Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy in the world made of fruit and the only remedy that will positively cure Constipation, Indigestion, Pain in the Back, Headaches, Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

HOTEL DIRECTORY. DESERONTO. GO TO THE STEWART HOUSE, LEADING Commercial Hotel. Rates, \$1.50 per day.

TRAVELLING. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Ottawa Horse Show Ottawa, Ont., May 2nd to 6th. Round Trip Tickets will be issued at \$4.20.

Trains leave Kingston 12:25 noon, arrive Ottawa 5:00 p.m. daily (except Sunday) and 2:45 a.m., arriving Ottawa 9:57 a.m. daily.

For full particulars and sleeping car reservations apply to J. P. HANLEY, Agent, Corner Johnson and Ontario Sts.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY in connection with CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

First Annual Horse Show Ottawa, Ont., May 2nd to 6th. Round trip tickets will be issued, including one admission to the Horse Show, at \$4.20.

Good going May 3rd. Good to return until May 8th. Leave Kingston 12:01 p.m., arrive Ottawa 5 p.m. Leave Ottawa 10:45 a.m., arrive Kingston 3:55 p.m.

HAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY. Train leaves Union Station, Ontario Street, 7 p.m. daily (Sunday excepted) for Tweed, Sydneyham, Napawa, Deseronto, Bancroft, and all points north.

ALLAN LINE Steamship Co., Ltd. OPERATING THE FINEST FLEET OF PASSENGER STEAMERS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE.

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL ROYAL MAIL SERVICE. "Corcoran" May 15th, June 2nd, "Virginia" May 22nd, June 9th, "Tunisian" May 29th, June 16th, "Victorian" May 26th, June 13th.

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW "Toucan" May 6th, June 3rd, "Gramplan" May 13th, June 10th, "Scottie" May 20th, June 17th, "Hibernian" May 27th, June 24th.

THE BISHOP'S DITTY

GIRL JUSTIFIED HER WISH TO ATTEND THEATRE.

Many Stories Told About the Bishop of Winchester—His Wonderful Rhetoric Was Finely Exemplified.

There are more stories told of Dr. Talbot, the new Bishop of Winchester in succession of Dr. Ryle, who was installed as Dean of Westminster, than any other living cleric. To a Blackheath audience he once recounted a story of a clergyman much esteemed for his skill at collecting funds for church purposes, who found himself stopping in a country house which was reported to be haunted.

On being asked if he would mind sleeping in the ghost chamber, he stated that it would give him great pleasure, as he should be very happy to meet the ghostly visitor. In the middle of the night, sure enough, a spectral figure appeared, clanking his chains and in other approved ways testifying as to his genuineness.

The clergyman showed no sign of fear, however. Greeting the apparition in a most friendly way, he desired permission to put the ghost down as a subscriber to his school funds. Then, jumping out of bed, he begged to be excused while he found his pocket-book. By this time, Dr. Talbot has said, the ghost had disappeared.

Dr. Talbot was Vicar of Leeds from 1880 to 1885, and Bishop of Rochester from 1895 to 1905, when he became Bishop of Southwark. His lordship's wonderful rhetoric was exemplified not very long ago when preaching in celebration of the reopening of a magnificent church after the installation of the electric light. The light went out in the middle of the sermon, and with the exception of a remark to the effect that it would not hurt to be in the dark, the bishop continued his sermon as fluently as if nothing had happened.

Dr. Talbot is very tolerant and broadminded, apropos of which a story is told. One of his young lady parishioners on one occasion asked her mother's permission to visit a local music-hall in the company of her "young man."

"The music-hall!" exclaimed the parent, "and what will the bishop say when he knows you have been there?" "The bishop?" responded the girl; "why, he won't mind. I heard him humming 'Stop yer tickling, Jock' on the top of a tram-car."

A Sporting Offer. Lord Inverclyde, chairman at the annual dinner of the Glasgow Shipowners' and Shipbrokers' Benevolent Association, went into business with Messrs. G. and J. Burns of Glasgow, on leaving Repton, and acquired a knowledge of shipping affairs, which subsequently made him known in the House of Lords as the representative of shipping.

Then, again, Lord Inverclyde is one of the best-known sportsmen in the north, and besides being a good shot, is an expert at hockey, and curling. His lordship has recounted many good stories, one of his best concerning a pigeon-shooting match. A party of amateur pigeon-shooters some time ago arranged for a match, and ordered thirty pigeons from a dealer in a neighboring town. The shooting was of a really marvelous character; but the actual performances need not be described in detail.

The net results will be gathered readily from the following table, which was subsequently received from the dealer. It ran—"Gentlemen, I beg sincerely to thank you for your order, and to intimate that I shall be only too happy to supply you with any number of birds on future occasions of this sort. The whole of the thirty birds, for which you paid me at the rate of eightpence per head, returned home in safety, and moreover, brought with them a stray pigeon. My price to your party heretofore will be sixpence a dozen."

Anything to Oblige. There was no greater admirer of the qualities of Lord Fisher, who, having attained his seventieth birthday, retires from the active list of the navy, than Queen Victoria. A delightful story is told of how, when a certain French admiral was about to pay a visit to Portsmouth—this was when Sir John was admiral superintendent at the dockyard—the Queen requested him to be sure and "be very nice" to the visitor. With a face as impassive as a Chinese mandarin the admiral replied, "I'll kiss him if you wish, ma'am." Devoted to duty, Lord Fisher would brook no shirking from any man under him. A certain captain once sent word that it was impossible to get his ship to a given date, and such a piece on a given date. "Umph!" replied "Jacky Fisher," as he is known in the service. "Tell Captain Blank that if he is not ready to leave for X—on the day named I'll have him towed there."

Canadian Stage Favorites. A London news item of some interest to Canadians is that Beatrice La Palme, the charming French-Canadian singer, who was in the Beecham Co. at Covent Garden this winter, is now singing with the same company at the Palladium, and receiving good notices. She is giving a recital of her own early in May, the first one she has given in London. Miss Madeleine Allan, also a Canadian by birth, reappeared recently at the Palace Theatre, the scene of her first sensational triumph of a couple of years ago, and again charmed the great gathering of people who came to welcome her back. It is said that her dancing has improved, and all the items on her program being new, it was not a case of showing to advantage in a limited repertoire.

Only Run at a Loss. Mr. Hyde, the general manager of the Great Eastern Railway, told the Railway Commission that the cost of working trains at cheap workmen's fares on the Loughton and Romford lines, asked for by the London County Council, would entail a daily loss of £18 10s in the one case and £20 5s in the other. This would mean a yearly loss of more than £12,000.

J. P. HANLEY, C. E. KIRKPATRICK, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto.

"THE SARN MAJOR."

About the "Crowned" King of the Lower Ranks.

"Sergeant-Majors are unpopular," said ex-Sergeant-Major Robert Edmondson in a recent famous law suit. And he was about right. In the days of Queen Elizabeth the sergeant-major could afford to ignore this; for he ranked as a sort of brigadier on the staff, with pay at \$5 a day—just double the colonel's rate!

But, alas! he fell on evil days, for by 1860 that princely salary had been reduced to 42 1/2 cents per day. He gets three times as much to-day, and in his way he approximates to what Tommy Atkins calls "a tin god." But his evil genius is still at work. All the officers who want unpleasant duties done, fly to the sergeant-major. If rubbish has to be cleared away, or a trench dug, or baggage loaded, or extra sentries mounted, or coal carried, the sergeant-major has to "find" the men.

His chief duty is to see that everybody else does theirs. He cannot, then, expect popularity any more than a hangman. There is that terrible "Sergeant-major's parade," generally in the early morning, and consisting mostly of rapid evolutions that mean torture to the older non-commissioned officer burdened with "avoids."

But there is no escaping him. If you plead a blister on one foot, he may send you down to the gymnasium for hopping exercises on the other foot. If you plead inability to do fatigue work because of injured hands, he may have you harnessed to the heavy roller on the officers' cricket-pitch.

One bold Tommy pleaded exemption from church parade on the ground that he was an agnostic. The sergeant-major assumed an expression of innocent interest. "Don't you believe in the Ten Commandments?" he mildly asked the bold free-thinker. "Not one, sir," was the reply. "What! Not the rule about keeping the Sabbath?" "No, sir."

"Ah! Well, you're the very man I've been looking for to scrub out the canteen!" The sergeant-major wears a gold crown on the arm, of course—which is the envy of all the non-commissioned ranks. He must always be addressed as "Sir"; and, if other staff-sergeants share his privileges of gold lace and slung sword, the sergeant-major is the only man who ever unsheathes that sword.

Yet, with all these privileges, the sergeant-major cannot escape his evil genius. He is responsible for seeing that the canteen and sergeants' mess are cleared out at night; he has to remove the caps of prisoners before marching them in for their "inter-view" with the colonel, and their stripes as well, if they be reduced. But he has the goodly compensation of marching at the head of the regiment, next behind the colonel.

The S.M. is generally credited with the ability to drill a squad on a three-penny-bit. And if, during the process known as marking-time, a lack of harmony mars a squad consisting of only two recruits, the sergeant-major is the only possible human being who could solve the puzzle as to which recruit is out of step!

If sergeant-majors be doomed to unpopularity, there is obviously unlimited popularity in store for the soldier who can take them "down a peg." Private Murphy was being treated right royally in the regimental canteen, and his comrade Jones watched the proceedings with a jealous eye. He inquired the reason. "Why, Murphy's the regimental hero!" was the reply. "There was a company cricket-match this afternoon, and Murphy was one of the bowlers. He's a great bowler, is Murphy?"

"Oh! He got 'em out quick; did the trick—eh?" "No, he didn't; he never hit the wicket once." "Thought you said he was a great bowler?" "So he is. Why, man alive, he knocked out four the sergeant-major's teeth first ball. The bouncer won't be able to shout, 'Shun! As-you-were! 'Shun!' until he gets a new set!"

In the Good Old Times. The brand of "S" figures in an extraordinary act passed by our Parliament in 1847, says a London paper. Any able-bodied man or woman found loitering and not seeking work for the space of three days could be seized and brought before two justices of the peace, who, upon confession or on the proof of two witnesses, shall immediately cause the said laborer to be marked with a hot iron in the breast the mark "S" and adjudge the said person liable so idly to his present or to be his slave for two years. The said slave shall be made to work by beating, chaining, or otherwise. If convicted of running away during this period, the justices could cause him to be branded on the forehead or the cheek with the letter "S" and then adjudged to his master as a slave for ever. For running away a second time the penalty was death.

Birds Are Early. Rev. Mr. Philip, of Essex, referring to the large variety of spring birds already seen, says, "This is the earliest coming that I have ever known and I have kept track of their migration for many years."

Usually the meddler is the purveyor of trouble.

SANTOL is Life and Accident Insurance for your teeth. The germs that produce decay and discolor teeth can not exist where Santol is used. Santol is a scientific germicidal preparation assuring white solid teeth, hard healthy gums and leaving a refreshing taste. Santol is pure white—no coloring matter to cover a deficiency.

MINER TO PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

Thomas Burt Is Father of the British House of Commons.

The honor of being "father" of the British House of Commons belongs to Mr. Thomas Burt, who has represented the Morpeth Division since 1874. There is only one older member of the new Parliament in point of Parliamentary service, but his presence at St. Stephen's has not been continuous. This is Mr. Henry Chaplin, who made his Parliamentary debut in 1868.

The son of a miner, Mr. Burt was born near South Shields in the same year that Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and his childhood was filled with scenes of strikes, while one of his earliest recollections was seeing his father's furniture bundled out of his cottage.

Although he is now one of the best educated of men, Mr. Burt, who is a Privy Councillor, had little education in his youth except such as is gleaned from the stern school of life. At ten he was engaged as a trapper boy in a mine. It was his business to open and shut the door which directed one of the air currents in the mine as he sat in the dark, and worked twelve hours a day. From this position he was promoted to that of donkey-driver at one shilling a day.

Mr. Burt's popularity with his fellow-miners was very great, and in 1865 they elected him secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Mutual Provident Association. In connection with his election to Parliament—he was the first miner to be so honored—some amusing stories have been told. Mr. Burt's opponent was Major Duncan, and wherever the major went he was received with every kindness. Once he was lured into seeking a vote of confidence as a Conservative candidate.

Practically only the mover and seconder voted for it, which caused the major to comment: "What do you mean? You come in crowds to my meetings; you do not interrupt my speech; you cheer my speeches; and then you vote against me to a man!" "Oh, yes," replied one of the miners, speaking for the rest, "we like you well enough, but we're gan to vote for Tommy Burt!"

Dalhousie and The Kohinoor. Lord Curzon, while Viceroy of India, once referred to his predecessors in the Government there as men who "worked between an earth like iron and a sky like brass, laying the foundations of empire." None worked more strenuously than the Marquis of Dalhousie, to whom is mainly due the unity of the Indian Empire. As Governor-General Lord Dalhousie introduced the telegraphs, built railways, constructed canals, reduced postage, and organized departments of public instruction.

It is to Dalhousie that the English owe the possession of the great Kohinoor diamond, a find of famous history. In 1813 Runjeet-Singh, an Afghan potentate, extorted it from a political refugee. After the second Sikh war in 1849, Lord Dalhousie confiscated it on account of the heavy debt owed to the East India Rubber Company by the Lahore state.

It is said that the company imagined it was to become their property, but the Governor-General sent it to Queen Victoria. Those were adventurous times, and it was only by great care that the jewel reached its destination. For weeks the Governor-General wore it on his person night and day.

The tassels of the armet in which the diamond was set had been cut off to diminish its bulk, and Lady Dalhousie had enclosed the armet with his jewel in a leather sash. This bag was sewed into a cashmere belt lined with chamois, which Lord Dalhousie wore constantly.

Two dogs, Baron and Bendar, were chained to the Governor-General's bed, so the safety of the jewel was insured while he slept. Sir Michael Culme-Seymour. The principal witness in the royal libel action, Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, is the head of a family whose motto might be "Admirals All." His cousin, Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, retired from the active list last year on reaching his seventieth birthday, while their uncle, another Sir Michael Seymour, was in command of the British naval forces in the China War of 1856-57, both his nephews serving under him. Another of their ancestors, the first baronet, won his title for gallantry while in command of the thirty-six-gun frigate Amethyst in 1809, when she captured in succession the forty-gun frigates Thetis and Niemen.

When Sir Michael Culme-Seymour was younger than he is now he was a very handsome youth, who, having more success with the fair sex than sailors usually have, was nicknamed "Ocean King" by his comrades. Sir Michael, however, is not averse to journalists, and it was he who once marooned a too-enterprising correspondent who was with him during some manoeuvres for sending to a newspaper certain information that was of value to the enemy.

Conundrums. Why is a nobleman like a book? Because he has a title. What class of women give tone to society? The belles. What is that which has a mouth, but never speaks; a bed, but never lies in it? A river. Why is a four quart jar like a side-saddle? Because it holds a gall-on. Why are airships like tramps? Because they have no visible means of support.

What islands would form a dainty party luncheon? Sandwich and Madeira. A Talking Canary. One of the most interesting exhibits at the Crystal Palace, London, was a talking canary. His vocabulary included "Dear boy," "Kiss your missus, pretty boy," and "Jojo, you are a dear beauty."

The cut of his garments betrays the dude before he speaks. Nowadays it is money that makes the automobile go. If you try it nothing more or less than a slight fluctuation will make it stop.

THE ELECTRIC BEAN CHEMICAL CO. LTD. OTTAWA.

MONUMENTS TO WOMEN.

Canada Has Very Few Memorials of Feminine Valor.

The custom of expressing public sentiment and appreciation for the deeds of individuals by means of graven images, stamping of coins and medals is almost as old as time itself. In the ancient days few women were thus honored and then it was only queens who received the mark of distinction because of their power and glory, says Edith Carey on Saturday Night.

In modern times the custom has become more common and we now have monuments, tablets, statues and buildings erected to honor one whose life is considered worthy of such distinction. Three monuments and one building have been erected in Canada to keep alive the memory of dead women and hold in perpetuity the remembrance of historic events.

In the Place d'Armes at Montreal stands a monument to Maisonneuve, the founder of the city. Among the subsidiary figures on the corners of base of this monument is one which seldom fails to attract the attention of the passer-by. It represents a woman tenderly stooping to bind up the wounds of a captive boy. This woman was one of the pioneers to Canadian soil, and hers was a life of self-sacrifice to the fugitive Indians whom that little company, led by Maisonneuve, had come to Christianize. There are few lovers of Canadian history who do not honor and love the name of Jeanne Mance.

In February, 1866, a fire occurred in a suburban school of Montreal, which occasioned a terrible loss of life. All Canada was thrilled by the heroism of one of the teachers in that building, a Scotch girl. She had charge of the primary department on an upper floor and succeeded in conducting forty of the small pupils to safety. She went back to the sixteen remaining ones in the face of certain death, and when the flames were subdued she was found dead with her little charges about her. Much enthusiasm was aroused by her act of heroism and self-sacrifice, and a children's hospital of that city was erected and dedicated to her memory.

Further down on the banks of the St. Lawrence is a simple stone telling of the dauntless courage of a fourteen-year-old girl, who is ranked among the bravest of our early pioneer heroines. The story of Madeleine de Vercheres is familiar to every student of Canadian history. Her brave command and defence of a lonely fort manned by two soldiers and her own younger brothers against a band of blood-thirsty Indians, which included two cowardly soldiers who would have blown the fort up rather than make a defence if she had not deterred their hands and spurred them on to action. Her act of heroism merits more recognition in the way of public memorial than it has yet received.

One of the most prominent historical figures among Canadian women is unquestionably Laura Secord, who has twice been honored by public memorials, one, a bronze bust at Lady's Lane, where she is buried, and another a bronze tablet on a marble monument at Queenston Heights, near Brock's monument, but recently completed.

All who knew Laura Secord in her time testified to her noble character, and there were none who did not rejoice to see her honored before her nation as, perhaps, its bravest woman. She was of fair face and kind brown eyes, and a sweet, loving smile hovered about her mouth. The bust at Lady's Lane more justly represents these characteristics of her features, while the recently completed tablet at Queenston Heights represents her in old life wearing her quaint white cap framing a face lined with care.

There are plans in a more or less completed state to honor other Canadian women in the near future, and there has been some very recent talk of a memorial to the mourning green mother, Alexandra. Only a few days since a huge deputation went sent to ask the Government for funds to erect a monument to the men who fell in the war of 1812, and in summing up their appeal they asked that it be not only to commemorate the men who fought and fell in that war, but also to the women who aided them so valiantly, many of whom loaded their husband's muskets and helped in every way in their power to carry the war on to victory. "They," said the speaker, "merit honor quite as much as the men."

Canada's Battleships "Dry." The Canadian navy has just taken a step unprecedented in its history. The two cruisers Rainbow and Niobe are to be totalled men-of-war, contrary to all marine traditions.

Greg has always been a part of the standard ration, being a concoction of one part rum to three parts water, but no such luxury is to be permitted on the two ships above mentioned. In the old days—in fact, down to 1830—the daily allowance to each man was a gallon of ale and half a pint of rum. The quantity has been greatly modified, but it certainly never entered any lar's head that the time was coming for total abstinence.

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