



FOR lunch, dinner, or on those occasions when good fellows get together, you can't find better ale than

WHITE LABEL ALE

I has character, uniform purity, and an unusual deliciousness to its flavor.

ORDER FROM

RIGNEY and HICKEY,
136 and 138 Princess St.

BREWED BY

DOMINION BREWERY CO. LTD.
Toronto.

LIME For Sale

BEST FOR PLASTERING
STONE AND BRICK WORK.

W. Drury,
235 Wellington Street.

For Health

Drink **McCarthy's Ale** and Porter. It's the best.

Agent, **R. J. LAWLER**

Geo. Muller & Son

Carpet Cleaning, Sewing and Laying, Hobbies, etc. Cars and Baby Carriages repaired.

Wood's Phosphorine

The Great Rheumatism Remedy. Treats and cures the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nerve pain, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc.

300 Cords Peeled Pulp Wood

This Wood was peeled and piled under cover to dry. We are offering this Wood to the public at \$5.00 per cord, cut in any lengths. This is the best lot of Wood ever offered for spring and summer use. Try it and be convinced.

SOWARDS

Phone 155.
North End Ontario Street.

Silverware

Let us have it to replat. Now is the time; also

Skates

Nickel Plating and Electro Plating of all kinds. Nickel, Copper, Brass, etc.

PARTRIDGE & SONS

KING STREET WEST.
Phone 289.

DON'T BE BALD

Nearly Anyone May Secure a Splendid Growth of Hair.

We have a remedy that has a record of growing hair and curing baldness in 93 out of every 100 cases where used according to directions for a reasonable length of time. That may seem like a strong statement—it is, and we mean it to be, and no one should doubt it until they have put out claims to an actual test.

We are so certain **Revox "33"** Hair Tonic will cure dandruff, prevent baldness, stimulate the scalp and hair roots, stop falling hair and grow new hair, that we personally give our positive guarantee to refund every penny paid us for it in every instance where it does not give entire satisfaction to the user.

CLEANING UP CITY

STARTED TEMPERANCE WHEN HE WAS A BOY.

John H. Roberts a Man Full of Energy and Determination—He Has Often Been a Storm Centre.

A little man, but full of energy and determination, convinced that drink is a curse, that the police will do nothing to stop it, that preaching temperance, while all very fine, is by no means a practical way of downing the Demon Rum, and that he must succeed by digging out and doing what the police fail to do, shutting up the dives and making the license-holders live up to the law.

Such is **John H. Roberts**, secretary of the Dominion Alliance, who, perhaps, has more enemies than any man in Montreal, yet is probably proud to have been able to make so many. A Welshman by birth, Mr. Roberts started temperance work early in life, touring England and Wales several times in a series of lectures before he was accustomed to long trousers. Three years ago he came to Canada and settled down in Montreal for a time. He was engaged by different organizations, and made several extensive lecture tours through the Eastern part of the Dominion. It is only a little over a year ago since he settled permanently in Montreal, becoming the secretary of the Alliance, and yet to day everybody knows John H.

Ample proof of the affection of the saloon men for Mr. Roberts was given recently when Mr. Roberts obtained a chair which was meant for a lawyer, Mr. St. Julien, at a hearing of the license commissioners.

Mr. Roberts asserted his right to the chair, and so did Mr. St. Julien, backed up by a couple of court house ushers. A scrap finally developed, in which Mr. Roberts was rather roughly handled.

"Kill him!" shouted half a hundred saloon men who were at the hearing. "Kill the son of a gun."

A few days ago, Mr. Roberts, with three detectives, undertook to raid a tough dance hall in the east end of the city. They marched through a crowd of dancers—coal heavers and like athletes, for the most part—and seized half a dozen bottles of whiskey which they found in the refreshment room. They started back through the crowd, and just as they reached the door somebody threw a bottle. Then a little storm broke loose, and Roberts was the storm centre. He was knocked down and clubbed with bottles and sticks, but finally he escaped with his three followers, bruised and bleeding, but still determined and full of energy.

"No, I didn't lay a complaint—yet," he said the following day. "We are going to raid some more places like that one in a few days, and I will get them all in court together."

A Big Man With Big Views.

Charles A. Magrath, M.P. for Medicine Hat, is a big man with big views. He told the Montreal Canadian Club, a few days ago, that if Ottawa is to preserve her national identity she must keep the key to commercial success—which is cheap power—and use it to open the world's markets instead of letting it go to trade competitors in the United States. He said that Canada with her wealth of undeveloped water powers, was like a nouveau riche, with a crowd after her to exploit her wealth for their own advantage. With a view to preserving our water energy for ourselves he would have a commission of competent consulting engineers.

Mr. Magrath is one of the best men that the West has sent to Ottawa. He was born in Augusta, Ont., a little more than half a century ago, but he has lived in Western Canada for thirty years. So it's no wonder that he has a goodly share of a fine spirit of big game.

That his fellow Conservative members think well of him is shown by the fact that he is Permanent Chairman of the Conservative Caucus—Canadian Courier.

Rumored Fortune.

George Normandin, notary of Montreal, has received a letter announcing that the family Normandin dit Beausoleil has fallen heir to \$300,000 by the death of a widow in France. A Marie Normandin dit Beausoleil, so runs the story, became engaged of an English officer in 1837 and left with him for England after the rebellion. He served in all countries of Europe till he was killed in Afghanistan, with the rank of general. He was very wealthy, and his widow retired to Paris, where with her quiet living the fortune grew to the amount stated at the time of her death.

The letter is from another of the name, saying that the death of this lady had occurred and asking all the family to unite in an attempt to get the fortune.

Slightly Inappropriate.

Clergymen are placed in an especially embarrassing position when anything goes wrong in the service, for the solemnity of the church makes the ridiculous all the more incongruous. One Ontario minister told recently of a contretemps with the choir, arising from his not having informed them of the subject of the sermon. He had put thought and vigor into a discourse on the text: "Woe, Thou That Sleepest!" To his horror, the choir followed with a number entitled: "Sleep on, sleep on, and take thy rest!"

Another pastor related how an unusually stupid choirmaster arranged for the hymn, "Oh, What Must It Be To Be There!" at the close of a sermon with the title, "Hell." There was a noticeable coolness after that, for some time, between pastor and choir leader.

A Van Horne Story.

Sir William Van Horne, on his sailing for England recently, was smoking a cigar at the Sand Point docks, St. John, N.B., when a dock policeman, not knowing him, informed him he was breaking the regulations. Sir William threw away the cigar, and remarked: "He's right. That's what we pay him for."

OLIVER AND THE GALICIAN.

The Last Visitor Bore the Brunt of the Editor's Wrath.

Out West they call him "Pa. Oliver." At Ottawa he is known as "The Honorable" the Minister of the Interior. Both East and West there are many stories about him which are worth telling; none better, perhaps, than that which has to do with his adventure with the Tenth Galician.

It was some years ago, Mr. Oliver, at that time, was devoting much of his time to the editorial management of his paper, the *Edmonton Bulletin*. A member of his family seemed to resent the proprietor's intense interest in the writing of "leaders," and determined to interrupt the paternal manuscript mill. One day he conceived this idea took bore fruit. The mischief-maker waited upon a group of unemployed Galicians, assured them that "Pa. Oliver" had jobs for a few good men, and left the plot to develop. The Galicians wanted to wait upon the editor in a body, but they were cautioned to go upstairs to his sanctum one at a time, at decent intervals.

They went. Mr. Oliver hated to be interrupted, but the first two—he dismissed with all the courtesy which is due to the citizen who will come as a harder time of the day. When half a dozen had climbed clumsily and noisily up the steps, the writer was saying things which were very much to the point. Number Nine was so started by the explosion which greeted his appearance that he merely stuck his head inside the door—and fled. At the usual "decent" interval, however, a clump-clump-clump was heard in the distance. It came onward and upward. The proprietor was tried beyond endurance. This time he determined that the intruder should not even reach the door. To that purpose he directed at the oncoming visitor a series of well-chosen remarks which penetrated the door like bullets. But the Tenth Man still advanced. The clump-clump-clump came nearer and nearer.

If anything was to be done to prevent the intrusion of the sacred precincts of the proprietor, it must be done now. The occupant of the room rose magnificently to the occasion. He excelled himself. From his desk to well down the stairway, the air was stinging with remarks about Galicians in general, and this one in particular. But whatever the visitor's faults, he was courageous, for the door opened—and in walked the Presbyterian minister—Toronto Weekly Star.

Our Spendthrift Youth.

The other night, Mr. H. J. Judge, manager of the Prince of Wales Theatre, Montreal, sent his cloak room attendant behind the scenes on a message. He took the keys and solemnly stationed himself at the cloak room door. It was during the intermission between the acts, and many of the male members of the audience were hurrying out.

One of these—a youth with a very large expense of shirt front—stopped suddenly in front of the mournful looking manager.

"I want my cigarettes out of my overcoat pocket," he announced. "Will you get them for me, please?" Mr. Judge slowly unlocked the cloak room door. "I can't put my hand in your overcoat pocket, sir," he drawled. "It's again the rules, sir."

The youth handed over his check. Mr. Judge handed over a checkbook. The youth fished in the pocket and finally produced a ten-cent package of cigarettes. Mr. Judge returned the coat to its peg, locked the doors, and coolly received the quarter which the young man dropped into his hand.

"Thank you, sir," he murmured politely, touching his hat.

And it was not until about five minutes later when he was telling his friends about it that he smiled.

The Reporter and the "Chaw."

Judge Morgan, who is very fond of plug tobacco, is not the only member of the Ontario bench who has found chewing an intellectual stimulus. The late Justice Ferguson, known as an expert on the question of demurrers and special pleadings, was also an expert judge of the "weed," and was accustomed to use it extensively. A reporter who had formerly been employed in his law office and knew the judge well, dropped in one day, found a vacant desk, and incidentally noticed that a plug of tobacco was lying within reach. With a rapid glance around the room, he grabbed the tobacco, took a healthy but determined bite, and prepared to decamp. To his horror he saw Judge Ferguson regarding him over the top of a screen, behind which he had shortly before retired in order to wash his hands. But the judge saw the humor of the situation, and stopped the flight of the intruder by exclaiming: "Take a good chaw, my boy. Take a good chaw while you're at it."

Guardian, Mason and Lover of Sport.

Thirty years in the one law office, as student and partner, is the record of **F. W. Harcourt, K.C.** Toronto, who is the new Grand J. in the Grand Chapter, the governing body of caputular Masonry in the jurisdiction extending from the Ottawa River to the Yukon. He was born at Cayuga, Ont., fifty-four years ago, and was educated at Cayuga High School and Upper Canada College. He received the law office of Dr. John Hoskin, K.C., and later became a member of the firm—McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin and Harcourt. Since the time when Dr. Hoskin resigned the position of Official Guardian of Infants in Ontario, some six years ago, Mr. Harcourt has held that position.

His great hobby is sport. He used to go in for cricket, Rugby football and foot-racing, and he is now a member of several prominent clubs.

Looking Backward.

"Were you nervous when you proposed to your wife?" asked the sentimental person.

"No," replied Mr. Meekton, "but if I could have foreseen the next ten years I would have been."

You are getting off easy if you think your duty to the Lord ends by church attendance on Sunday.

Some women seem to think it is praise enough to have their husbands refer to them as "good workers."

Hay's Hair Health

Restores color to Gray or Faded hair—Removes Dandruff and invigorates the Scalp—Promotes a luxuriant, healthy hair growth—Stops its falling out. Is not a dye.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

Jas. B. McLEOD Agent

THOMAS COPLEY,
PHONE 987.

Drop a card to 19 Pine Street when wanting anything done in the Carpenter line. Estimates given on all kinds of repairs and new work also. Hardwood Floors of all kinds. All orders will receive prompt attention. Shop, 48 Queen Street.

OUR SHOW ROOMS

Are Nearly Fitted Up

We invite your inspection. Let us show you our beautiful array of Electric and Combination Fixtures lighted up.

Showers from \$7.50 up.

Every home, new and old, should have electric light.

H. W. NEWMAN
ELECTRIC CO.
79 PRINCESS STREET.
Phone 441.

WHEN ORDERING FLOUR

Ask your grocer or dealer to send you a trial sample of QUALITY Flour.

Try it and be convinced of the celebrated quality of the Flour.

Manufactured by the

Maple Leaf Milling Co.,

Branch Office, Ontario Street, Kingston. Telephone 884.

For Skin Health

A lifetime of disfigurement and suffering often results from improper treatment of the skin or neglect of simple skin affections. Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, affords the purest, sweetest and most economical method of caring for the complexion, preventing minor eruptions from becoming chronic, and speedily dispelling severe eczemas and other torturing humors, itching and irritations, from infancy to age.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists everywhere. Puter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed free. Cuticura Book on the care of skin and scalp.



The best of us and the worst of us are, sooner or later, to view trouble and sorrow as slow rain of wisdom when at times we do not know.

KNOWS THE NORTHLAND.

J. F. Whitson Went Over the Ground in the Very Early Days.

Mr. J. F. Whitson, chief surveyor and engineer for the Provincial Department of Lands, Forests, and Mines, was elected president of the Association of Ontario Land Surveyors the other day at the annual gathering of that sun-burned, black-bitten legion of explorers and wilderness fanners.

For twenty-two years Mr. Whitson has served in the Crown Lands Department, entering the civil service in 1890, when he was put in charge of certain explorations, surveys, and timber estimations in the Rainy River District. Since that date he has seen a great deal of the north country, and handled the details of a great many of its affairs. He, indeed, may well be regarded as one of the prime authorities on New Ontario, and an expert on the raw, vital resources pertaining thereto—miscellaneous products ranging through a list of items such as rocks, timber, mineral deposits, survey posts, snow-shoe claims, and husky dogs.

Like plenty of others of the earlier explorers of this province, Mr. Whitson never shrank upon a rich mineral discovery, though he traveled over and camped upon the slopes of future Cobalt, Porcupine, Gogawanda, and other places since metallurgically famous, long before they became so.

It was away back in 1886 that his first trip was made into the Temiscamingue region. He traveled up the Ottawa by canoe as far as modern Haileybury, where at that time the bush stood heavy and unbroken. Very little lumbering had yet been done on Lake Temiscamingue, though considerable square timber had been taken out from the Montreal River.

The Ontario territory of the New Transcontinental Railway was familiar to Mr. Whitson long before average optimists even dreamed of the actual road. He has, in fact, traveled most of the main water highways of the north in this province, and camped on many a lonely little lake over the hills and valleys above the C.P.R. And in thirty years of canoe travel, never has he suffered serious accident. Many times has his canoe been swamped, but always has his party managed to safely reach the shore.

As for snowshoes, they are an old story to the new president of the "O. L.S.," the duties of the head surveyor or taking him into the north country at all seasons of the year.

Mr. Whitson tells how one time on the Mississauga River, traveling by dog team and toboggan, an Indian was appealed to for a map of the route. It seems as a guide he was a failure, because he made too many stipulations about "extras," and wanted to leave his family with enough provisions for the winter before he would make serious preparations for a start.

So Mr. Whitson bought his dogs at top price and asked for a map to proceed without the Obijibway's aid. That map turned out to be a curiosity too big for a Geographical Society Museum, though entirely worthy.

It began on a piece of brown paper, was contained on the bark of a birch tree several pieces away, produced eight feet upon a toboggan, where it ran off at the tail end and disappeared into four feet of snow.

Mr. Whitson is said to have allowed the next instalment of the map to go by default, and, judging by its start it may be going yet.

A quiet, modest, undemonstrative sort of a man is J. F. Whitson, with an inherent objection to figuring in the despatches. But it's those quiet fellows who carry the biggest packs. —Toronto Weekly Star.

Canadians With Mexican Rebels.

A Toronto man whose people are spending the winter in Southern Colorado, in the area affected by the insurrection in Mexico, received a letter recently telling of the eagerness displayed by the rebels in securing recruits for their ranks.

It is of interest to learn that there are a good many roving Canadians in that country, who seem quite willing to join in a Mexican insurrection or try a hand at any other game. It is said that on a recent occasion a party of 120 men, Americans and Canadians, left Pueblo for the front. Some of the Canucks who took part in the uprising in its early stages must have given a good account of themselves, for the leaders of the movement in awarding land scrip to recruits—which will be honored if the uprising succeeds—are giving each Canadian twice as much land as they award to each American. When asked why this was so, the agents who are looking for men replied that they valued one American as equal to eight Mexicans, and one Canadian as equal to two Americans.

It isn't often that we get an unbiased outside estimate like this, and we must confess that it is highly flattering.

Priest Holds Record.

Sir George Simpson, the old Hudson Bay governor, held the canoe record for the trip between Moose Falls and Abitibi at eleven days. Father Paradis, the famous priest-prospector of Porcupine camp, claims to have broken that record, reducing it to eight days and a half. For four days and nights of that trip they Canadian prices as much land as they award to each American. When asked why this was so, the agents who are looking for men replied that they valued one American as equal to eight Mexicans, and one Canadian as equal to two Americans.

To the Point.

Tax Collector **William Heppburn** of Stratford, Ont., used to keep a furniture store, also an undertaking establishment. The newspaper boys were accustomed to call there daily to secure obituary notices. One day a couple of them dropped round when the proprietor was very busy. "Any thing fresh?" asked the scribes. "No thing," was the prompt answer. "No thing, boys—except the reporters."

It is usually the slow pacer of his own debts that demands prompt settlement from others.

Fortune usually favors those who have fully determined in advance to look out for themselves.

La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

French Corsetières

Nearly 1,000 French-Canadian needle women, inheriting the deftness and skill of their French ancestors and directed by Canadian energy and a great industrial organization, produce the D & A and La Diva Corsets. The latest ideas from Paris are carried out by these clever French-Canadian work people in our model factory.

When you purchase a corset made in France or the United States, 40% of your money goes to pay the duty. When you purchase a D & A or La Diva Corset, you are getting Parisian style, French workmanship and up-to-date methods, all at a moderate price. You pay no duty, but the entire value of your money is in the corset.

A DE LUXE MODEL

La Diva No. 810, illustrated here, which sells at \$4.00, is an example of our best grade corsets. It compares with imported corsets selling at \$7.00 and \$9.00. For medium figures there is no better corset. Sold everywhere.

DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC, Que.
Makers of the famous D & A Corsets. 27-11

Why let that headache spoil your day's work or pleasure? Take

NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

25c. a Box at your druggist's.

Guaranteed to contain no morphine, opium or other poisonous drugs, by the 30 National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

LIST YOUR PROPERTIES NOW

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

SALES NEGOTIATED. FIRE INSURANCE. RENTS COLLECTED. CONVEYANCING AND REAL ESTATE.

E. Blake Thompson,
OVER NORTHERN CROWN BANK MARKET SQUARE, KINGSTON, ONT. Phone 226.

We Lead in the Making of Ice Cream

Ice Cream made by us can always be relied on for Purity. It is made of rich, fresh cream and flavored with pure fruit syrups. Best by government test.

SAKELL'S Ice Cream Parlor
Telephone No 640.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE

For Alcoholic and Drug Addictions. 1253 Dundas St. Toronto.

Young Girls' High Shoes

With Low Heels

Deagela Kid, made with good weight of sole.

\$2.00 and \$2.50
Sizes, 2-12 to 6.

Good Year Well.

\$3.00

Patent Leather, made with good weight of sole.

\$2.50 and \$3.00
Sizes, 2-12 to 6.

H. JENNINGS, KING STREET