

Liniments Won't Cure Lame Back

GIN PILLS WILL—As This Gentleman Testifies



LUMSDEN, SASK.

"I have suffered much from Lame Back and Soreness across the Kidneys, and need to apply liniments to relieve the pain until I was told to try GIN PILLS. Now, I am never without them. As soon as I feel the weakness coming on, I at once start to take GIN PILLS and a very few doses relieve me, but I continue to take them for sometimes two weeks at a time that they may do their work. I heartily recommend GIN PILLS to anyone suffering from Lame Back or Weak Kidneys."

A. B. SPARES.

Lame Back is simply the pain caused by weak, strained or sick kidneys. GIN PILLS heal and cure kidneys. GIN PILLS relieve the bladder, and regulate the Urine. That's why the pain in the back disappears when you take GIN PILLS. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50 and money refunded if GIN PILLS fail to relieve you. Sent on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply them. National Drug & Chemical Co., Dept. B., Toronto.

National Lazy Liver Pills keep the bowels regular, the stomach sweet and the skin clear. 25c. a box.

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, 40 Queen Street.

BUCKLEY Union HATS Price Made \$2.50

Made in an English Factory and from American Styles

For Health Drink McCarthy's Ale and Porter. It's the best.

Agent, R. J. LAWLER

GRAND UNION HOTEL

8000 11th Street, New York City

Geo. Muller & Son

Carpet Cleaning, Sewing and Laying, Bicycles, Gas Cars and Baby Carriages repaired.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

The great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective remedy for all diseases of the female system.

Common Sense Exterminator

A 25c Package Will Kill 50 Rats

Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have no Appetite.

NEW HEAD IS NEEDED

ROTHSCHILD'S WILL MEET TO CHOOSE CHIEF OF FAMILY.

Lord Nathaniel Mayer Rothschild of London Will Probably Be Selected—Founder of the Family Laid an Injunction on His Heirs to Always Be Guided By the Wisest—Several Branches of the Family.

There must be a new ruler chosen to succeed to the throne of the Rothschilds, which was made vacant by the death of Baron Albert Rothschild, head of the Vienna house. According to the custom of the family, which was inaugurated a century ago, the members of the Paris, London and Vienna houses must meet to choose their leader. The head of the London house, Lord Nathaniel Mayer Rothschild, who was an intimate friend of the late King Edward, probably will be chosen on account of his recognized ability. When the founder of the house died in 1812 he called his sons around him and told them always to accept the counsel of the wisest. Their adherence to that command has built up the most powerful family in the financial world.

The name Rothschild dates back a little more than 100 years, when an ancestor kept a red shield over the door of his curiosity and pawnbroker's shop. From that he was called Red Shield or Rothschild. He was a Jew who was forced to hide in his ghetto by night and who was treated like a dog by day. His name was not even of sufficient importance to be recorded. He desired his son, Mayer Anselm, to become a rabbi.

Mayer Anselm went to school, but the desire to handle money, which he had learned in his father's shop, was strong upon him, and he soon turned back to become a clerk for a banker of Hanover. When he became a man he returned to Frankfurt and hung out the red shield of his father.

William IX., landgrave of Hesse, who became Elector William I., was playing chess one day when the young merchant was brought to him. The landgrave was in a tight place in the game.

"Do you understand chess?" William asked.

"Sufficiently well to induce me, were the game, mind to castle on the king's side," was the answer.

The elector followed the advice and won the game. So well pleased was the elector that he and the merchant became friends. Now, the father of the elector was the man who sold the Hessian soldiers to King George during the American Revolution. He received \$20,000,000 for their services, and when he died \$50,000,000 was left, and this went to the son. After the battle of Jena Napoleon advanced on Hesse. William was afraid he would lose the money so he gave it to his adviser of the chess game.

The bulk of the Hessian money was transferred to Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the most brilliant financier in the family. He took it across the mountains on muleback and finally reached Manchester, England, where it soon after that he opened a business in London. At the time of the battle of Waterloo he was the leading financier. He anticipated the taker of to-day by keeping track of the markets of Europe by the use of carrier pigeons.

Rothschild's greatest coup was after the battle of Waterloo. He had messengers to bring him reports of the movements of the armies, but for once he did not trust his messengers. He went himself. Just before the tide of battle had turned against Napoleon messengers hastened to London with the news that the battle was lost. It was not so with Rothschild. He waited until the old guard went down to defeat before the fire of the allies. Then he galloped to Ostend, from whence he went to the coast in a carriage.

The next morning Rothschild appeared at the exchange in his disheveled clothing. He stood by one of the columns a picture of despair. He said nothing to any one. The markets went down. Every one was anxious to sell. But the agents of Rothschild had been ordered to buy. When the news of a country's victory came later he was without a financial equal in Europe.

A Fearful Fate. The following is a proclamation made at the Market Cross of Inverary, Scotland, less than a hundred years ago:

"To hoy! To tither a boy! To hoy three times!! an 'a hoy—Whist!! By command of his Majesty, King George, an' her Grace the Duke O' Argyll:

"If anybody is found fishing about to lock, or below to lock, above to lock, or ahint to lock, in to lock, or on to lock, aron't to lock, or about to lock, she's to be persecutt wi' three persecutions: first she's to be burnt, syne she's to be drowned, an' then to be hangt, an' if she ever comes back she's to be persecutt wi' a far waur death.

"God save to King, an' her Grace to Duke O' Argyll."—Everybody's.

Punctuality Promised. "Has your husband an old salt that he ain't usin', ma'am?" asked the tramp, respectfully removing from his head the shapeless remnant of a hat. "No!" shortly answered the woman of the house, eyeing him suspiciously. "My husband has only one suit, and it'll last him six months yet."

"All right, ma'am," he rejoined, taking from an inside pocket a soiled scrap of cardboard and making a memorandum on it with the stump of a lead pencil. "It'll be round agin' in six months from to-day. Afternoon, ma'am!"—Stray Stories.

Britain's Autos. The demand for automobiles in Great Britain is constantly on the increase, and while the area of Great Britain is comparatively small, the number of motor cars in use is proportionately greater than in any other part of the world.

It does not take the average gossip long to create a big lie out of a little truth. In some cases justice is meted out according to the size of the bank account.

THE LURE OF CARDS.

How Society Women Gamble in Dear Old "Luncheon."

A few years ago Father Bernard Vaughan preached a course of sermons on the mania for bridge which was invading smart society. As a matter of fact, bridge is only one of the many forms of gambling in which the up-to-date society woman indulges. Her field of operations includes the Stock Exchange and the Turf, as well as the bridge clubs and the tables at Monte Carlo and Dieppe. The following is a fair sample of how a member of the "smart" gambling set spends her day. In the morning, after a careful perusal of the sporting news in the daily paper, she telephones to her bookmaker backing what she considers the likely winners for the day. This finished, she either gets through to her stockbroker or else motors into the city for a personal interview with him. Nowadays, many society women have a very shrewd business instinct. It was the great ladies of Mayfair and Belgravia who were the first to reap a profit from the rubber boom of last year.

After lunch, our fair gambler turns in to her card club, where she will play bridge, or its latest development—suction bridge—till dinner time. After dinner, more bridge or baccarat, usually at home or at a friend's house.

What is known as the "card instinct" seems to be more strongly developed in women than in men. At any rate, the proficiency at bridge of some prominent ladies of society is astonishing. At the present moment, the best bridge player in London is the wife of a well-known Guardsman. This lady is generally supposed to make \$6,500 a year at bridge, and this result is due entirely to skill.

A curious feature of the bridge spirit in society is the way bridge tournaments have taken the place of bazaars. At these tournaments the entrance money and a percentage of the stakes is devoted to some charitable object. A fund organized by the Lord Mayor last spring largely profited by one of these tournaments.

Most gamblers are superstitious, ladies especially so. There is a certain countess, well-known in the bridge world, who has a method of her own for testing her luck beforehand. Every morning, after breakfast, she plays a couple of games of patience. If the cards come out well, she regards it as a good omen, and goes to the bridge club early. If the cards are perverse, she accepts the warning, and abstains from bridge that day.

Patience, by the way, is often made a medium for big gambling, especially that form of it known as "montana." In a certain club, there is no uncommon sight to see two members gambling heavily at "montana." One plays the cards, and the other bets her a certain sum against the cards coming out. In this way \$50 or \$75 often changes hands in a single afternoon.

As long as they are in England, society women do their gambling in private. But all this secrecy is thrown off as soon as the Channel is crossed. At Monte Carlo in the winter, and at Dieppe and Dinard in the summer, any casual visitor to the Casino at these places can watch some of the most exclusive of society dames playing baccarat or chemin de fer with Tim, Dick, and Harry.

They are there for the purpose of gambling, and so long as they win, it is no concern of theirs from whom their winnings come, or to whom their losses go, for the matter of that. Many of them gamble in the most reckless fashion; but, with hardly an exception, they are most unemotional players.

There is no greater offence than to grumble when one loses or to chortle when one wins.

Fitzwilliam Heir. With the pomp and ceremony of feudal days, Viscount Dillon, the infant heir of Earl and Countess, Fitzwilliam, was, on Saturday, Feb. 11, christened at Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorkshire, perhaps the most magnificent mansion in the whole of England, and the ceremony acquired an added interest from the fact that it was the first time for nearly three-quarters of a century that a direct heir had been born to the reigning head of the family.

Outside in the great park hospitality was dispensed on a lavish scale to the seven thousand guests who had been bidden to the christening. There were fireworks, football matches, and entertainments galore for the multitude of guests, including all the old English sports. Thousands of people gathered round the giant spit where an ox was roasting, and countless glasses were raised to the health of the baby heir.

Only the immediate relatives and friends of the family were present in the little private chapel, and the baby who was the occasion of all the festivities without was carried into the chapel wearing the historic scarf of the Fitzwilliams. According to tradition, this scarf was presented by William the Conqueror to Sir William Fitzwilliam for valor at the battle of Hastings.

Distinctly Tall. "You see this mountains!" exclaimed the jaunty car driver. The tourist admitted that he did see them. "That's the highest mountains in Oirland."

"You don't say so," said the tourist. "Oh, no, sir, inside! An' you see this mountains!" went on the driver, flicking a whip to another range. "That's the highest in the warrauld!" The tourist expressed his incredulity.

"Surely not!" he protested. "Shure, it's true," retorted the driver, bridling, "exceptin', av course, for thim in furrin parts."—Answers.

Willingness. "But would you die for me?" persisted the romantic maiden. "I would," replied the frank and elderly suitor. "Even now I am using a high-priced preparation warranted to restore hair to its original color."

CHOLERA IN INDIA.

How Mahomedans Seek to Avert the Dread Plague.

During the past century cholera has made frequent ravages in India, which this year also has crept into the valley, silently along with the Hindu pilgrims, ash-beans, and women from every part of India on their way up to the sacred caves of Amarnath—which are situated in the snow-covered mountains at the top of the valley—either by the pass over the Pir Panjal range or along the 125 miles of road which leads here from the nearest railroad station, Rawal Pindi, in the Punjab.

Despatches describe the methods to avert the cholera adopted by these semi-developed Mahomedans, who have many superstitions, more of a Hindu character than in accordance with the faith they profess to follow. A small party of men and women parade up and down following some leaders with a long pole from the top of which flutters a small triangular flag, the very shape of which is Hindu, and a couple of tom-toms; this is to invoke the aid of some of the many saints these people worship. The fact that the pilgrims carry "chatis" is due to a brilliant notion arrived at by the chief "mullah," or priest, of a mosque situated on the hill crowned by the fort of Akbar, which is seen in the distance. He had a vision this year, and in consequence it was noised abroad that the tank of the holy edifice, which had lain parched and dry for some time, must be filled if the cholera were to be subdued. So inhabitants from villages far and near flocked to the capital carrying "gurrals" of water, which were emptied into the holy tank whether they had been brought from some badly-infected district or not. Each villager, feeling that he had done all in his power to avert the calamity, returned happily enough, little realizing that perhaps he was destined to die on his several days' march back or was carrying infection to his hitherto unaffected home from this city of mud-roofed houses, in which dwell huddled together some 120,000 exceedingly dirty inhabitants.

What can a civilized nation do (writes our correspondent) to help such ignorant wretches, who will go down to the river, wash themselves and their clothes, throw all refuse into it, and the use of its water in preference to that brought through pipes clean and pure, direct from the snows, to their very doors? The Fatteh Kadri is very typical of those in Kashmir. Built up entirely of timber and the foundations of the piers being boats filled with stones to sink them to the bed of the river, the skeletal structure stands the strain particularly well when the river rises to flood level.

The quaint spired building in the distance is the great mosque of Shah Hamadan, a Mahomedan saint of repute who established Islam in the valley. His brief martyrdom seems to have taken place on his return journey from Kashmir; it is said that after his death his coffin miraculously completed the journey to Kuttan in Persia by itself. He was poisoned, one may surmise, by someone who resented his having converted the Hindu priest of the ancient temple on the site of which the mosque stands.

How to Grow Rich.

Many years ago there were few better known characters in Manchester than Mr. S. Brooke, the wealthy and eccentric banker. Of "Sam Brooke" innumerable stories were told, illustrative of his acuteness or his generosity.

One day, as he was seated on the knifboard of an omnibus, he was joined by an acquaintance who, years before, had been one of his school-fellows. After some general conversation his companion said:

"Mr. Brooke, there is one thing I very much want to ask you."

"Ah, what is that?" "Well, all through your career everything you have touched has seemed to turn to gold. My experience, unfortunately, has been precisely the opposite. Now, what I want to know is—your secret."

"My secret," replied the banker, with a knowing look. "You don't suppose I am going to tell you that for nothing. But I will tell you what I will do. Give me a sovereign and you shall hear it. It is worth that."

"Oh, Mr. Brooke, you are joking."

"No, I am not. If you want to know my secret, there are the terms."

Finally his interlocuter hesitatingly drew out the coin, which was promptly pocketed.

"Now," said the banker, "you have paid for my secret, and you shall have it. It is in a nutshell. I never spend a shilling till I have made half a crown."

THE LURE OF CARDS.

How Society Women Gamble in Dear Old "Luncheon."

A few years ago Father Bernard Vaughan preached a course of sermons on the mania for bridge which was invading smart society. As a matter of fact, bridge is only one of the many forms of gambling in which the up-to-date society woman indulges. Her field of operations includes the Stock Exchange and the Turf, as well as the bridge clubs and the tables at Monte Carlo and Dieppe. The following is a fair sample of how a member of the "smart" gambling set spends her day. In the morning, after a careful perusal of the sporting news in the daily paper, she telephones to her bookmaker backing what she considers the likely winners for the day. This finished, she either gets through to her stockbroker or else motors into the city for a personal interview with him. Nowadays, many society women have a very shrewd business instinct. It was the great ladies of Mayfair and Belgravia who were the first to reap a profit from the rubber boom of last year.

After lunch, our fair gambler turns in to her card club, where she will play bridge, or its latest development—suction bridge—till dinner time. After dinner, more bridge or baccarat, usually at home or at a friend's house.

What is known as the "card instinct" seems to be more strongly developed in women than in men. At any rate, the proficiency at bridge of some prominent ladies of society is astonishing. At the present moment, the best bridge player in London is the wife of a well-known Guardsman. This lady is generally supposed to make \$6,500 a year at bridge, and this result is due entirely to skill.

A curious feature of the bridge spirit in society is the way bridge tournaments have taken the place of bazaars. At these tournaments the entrance money and a percentage of the stakes is devoted to some charitable object. A fund organized by the Lord Mayor last spring largely profited by one of these tournaments.

Most gamblers are superstitious, ladies especially so. There is a certain countess, well-known in the bridge world, who has a method of her own for testing her luck beforehand. Every morning, after breakfast, she plays a couple of games of patience. If the cards come out well, she regards it as a good omen, and goes to the bridge club early. If the cards are perverse, she accepts the warning, and abstains from bridge that day.

Patience, by the way, is often made a medium for big gambling, especially that form of it known as "montana." In a certain club, there is no uncommon sight to see two members gambling heavily at "montana." One plays the cards, and the other bets her a certain sum against the cards coming out. In this way \$50 or \$75 often changes hands in a single afternoon.

As long as they are in England, society women do their gambling in private. But all this secrecy is thrown off as soon as the Channel is crossed. At Monte Carlo in the winter, and at Dieppe and Dinard in the summer, any casual visitor to the Casino at these places can watch some of the most exclusive of society dames playing baccarat or chemin de fer with Tim, Dick, and Harry.

They are there for the purpose of gambling, and so long as they win, it is no concern of theirs from whom their winnings come, or to whom their losses go, for the matter of that. Many of them gamble in the most reckless fashion; but, with hardly an exception, they are most unemotional players.

There is no greater offence than to grumble when one loses or to chortle when one wins.

Fitzwilliam Heir. With the pomp and ceremony of feudal days, Viscount Dillon, the infant heir of Earl and Countess, Fitzwilliam, was, on Saturday, Feb. 11, christened at Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorkshire, perhaps the most magnificent mansion in the whole of England, and the ceremony acquired an added interest from the fact that it was the first time for nearly three-quarters of a century that a direct heir had been born to the reigning head of the family.

Outside in the great park hospitality was dispensed on a lavish scale to the seven thousand guests who had been bidden to the christening. There were fireworks, football matches, and entertainments galore for the multitude of guests, including all the old English sports. Thousands of people gathered round the giant spit where an ox was roasting, and countless glasses were raised to the health of the baby heir.

Only the immediate relatives and friends of the family were present in the little private chapel, and the baby who was the occasion of all the festivities without was carried into the chapel wearing the historic scarf of the Fitzwilliams. According to tradition, this scarf was presented by William the Conqueror to Sir William Fitzwilliam for valor at the battle of Hastings.

Distinctly Tall. "You see this mountains!" exclaimed the jaunty car driver. The tourist admitted that he did see them. "That's the highest mountains in Oirland."

"You don't say so," said the tourist. "Oh, no, sir, inside! An' you see this mountains!" went on the driver, flicking a whip to another range. "That's the highest in the warrauld!" The tourist expressed his incredulity.

"Surely not!" he protested. "Shure, it's true," retorted the driver, bridling, "exceptin', av course, for thim in furrin parts."—Answers.

Willingness. "But would you die for me?" persisted the romantic maiden. "I would," replied the frank and elderly suitor. "Even now I am using a high-priced preparation warranted to restore hair to its original color."



Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS"

Supplied Under Royal Warrant of Appointment to

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.



A Moment's Reflection Will Show You

You simply can't imagine the graceful styles, smart cut and fine fabrics of Sovereign Brand Clothes for men until you have seen them and tried on a suit. Go to the leading clothes shop in your own town and ask to see the range of styles for Spring and Summer. Look them over carefully and select a pattern you like—you'll surely find one—take the suit and put it on. Now step up to the large full-length pier glass and note the effect. Here you will be able to see the suit as it looks on you and form your own opinion as to its fit and style. Note, for one thing how splendidly the coat fits you around the neck—the supreme test of scientific tailoring—observe the graceful curve of the lapels, the symmetrical cut of the cloth. Examine the inside—the linings—see the well-finished effect of the fine, thorough needlework—no ravel or unsightly seams—every characteristic of a high-grade garment.

It is these things—these unusual qualities of ready-to-wear clothes that command Sovereign Brand to mark of taste and judgment.

W. E. SANFORD MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON.

Is there anything else you eat that is so pure as

St. Lawrence Sugar

Compare the report of the Provincial Government Analyst, with the Analysis of any other sugar. You will find that "ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED" is the equal of any other sugar, not only in Canada, but throughout the civilized world.

MONTREAL, 22nd February, 1909.

I HEREBY CERTIFY that I have drawn by my own hand ten samples of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co's EXTRA STANDARD GRANULATED SUGAR, indiscriminately taken from four lots of about 150 barrels each and six lots of about 450 bags each. I have analysed same and find them uniformly to contain 99.99/100 to 100 per cent of pure cane sugar, with so impurities whatever.

(Signed) MILTON L. HERSEY, M. Sc., L.L. D. Provincial Government Analyst.

Not only compare the analysis, but compare the sugar—and you will see for yourself that ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED is purer and better than any other sugar.—20 lb. bags—also by the pound and barrel.

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. Limited, MONTREAL.

We have a large stock of COOKSON'S ANTIMONY for immediate delivery. Prices right.

THE CANADA METAL CO., LTD., - TORONTO