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SAMANTHA ALLEN

HOW IT WAS CREATED WITH OTHER CLEVER TYPES.

Author's Ambition—Did Not Expect to Achieve Fame With Dialect Stories.

"I have been asked to tell how I came to write my first books and to adopt the pen name of 'Josiah Allen's Wife,'" writes Miss Marietta Holley in Harper's Bazar. "I really do not know.

"Perhaps I may have had a thought that it was an original name that no one else would be likely to want. And though at that time decidedly unfashionable, my first sketches were as full of woman's suffrage arguments as the most ardent suffragette importuning parliament-to-day could desire.

"Probably I thought that it would soften somewhat the edge of unwell-come argument to have the writer meekly claim to be wife of Josiah Allen and so stand in the shadow of a man's personality.

"At any rate I can remember distinctly that the two leading characters of my first book, Samantha and Betsy Bobbett, stood in my mind for the two sides of the argument. The plain, common sense woman who, although devoted to home and home-lilies, was still desirous of claiming all the just rights belonging to our common humanity, while in Betsy Bobbett was portrayed the lackadaisical romantic female, who in an endeavor to please the foreign masculine professed herself willing not to have my rights, and was only too desirous to become a clinging vine if a tree were forthcoming to which she might cling.

"How far off those days seem, when, alone, but not lonely, I sat in the small cottage room and wrote and wrote and rewrote! And looked through the lines and rows that grew about the low window, and saw beyond the long green fields the sunset behind the drooping elms, and saw that youth seen, what hope seen, the clear waters springing up in the desert over the flat fields of the present, the blue mountains of my desire.

"But I never hoped to win favor by my dialect sketches, no, decidedly, I saw my essays, my poetry, my castles in Spain that were to bring my heart's desire. But on sending specimens of the three different styles of writing, poems, imaginative sketches in good English, and dialect, it was a great disappointment to me that the one-eyed publisher, who had already made a success of Mark Twain and several other humorous writers, chose the dialect stories.

"I cannot say that I had the hard time that young writers not infrequently have to get their books before the public for this publisher, who proved a helpful friend ever afterward, wrote me, after reading the specimens I sent him, to go on and write a book and he would be glad to publish it. But to my grief it was the dialect he insisted upon, and not the finer writing I esteemed so much more highly.

"I vainly endeavored to convince him that he was making a mistake, and made the most mournful prophecies concerning the forthcoming book, which he met bravely but unflinchingly; in fact, had he not held up my drooping courage by his constant encouragement, by letter, for I had never met him, Betsy Bobbett would surely never have seen the light. Truly it was no idle words I wrote in the preface, but a question I was constantly asking my soul:

"Who will read the book, Samantha, when it is written?"

"And no one was more surprised than myself at the kind reception it met from the public. The name chosen by the publisher and myself was My Opinions and Betsy Bobbett's," wrote it Betsy Bobbett, but by a printer's mistake it was allowed to remain so.

"Of course, in a quiet country neighborhood the fact that one of its old inhabitants had written a book was with startling effect. It was known that I had written sketches and poetry for local papers; but perhaps

FREE OF DRINK BY SIMPLE REMEDY.

A Devoted Wife Helps Her Husband to a Cure Through Samaria Prescription.

Mrs. S. J. of Trenton, was in despair. A loving father and a careful provider when sober—her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor and breaks all family ties.

But read her letter:

"I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I sent you a bottle thinking I would try them in secret, my husband had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Port Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him all about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same, so I sent and got the second bottle for fear one would not be enough. He writes me saying that he has taken the contents of both bottles, and he feels splendid, does not care for drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from the first of my giving it to him. I feel cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful Remedy.

"Mrs. S. J. Trenton, Ont."

Samaria Prescription stops the craving for drink. It restores the shaking nerves, improves the appetite and general health, and makes drink distasteful and even nauseous. It is used regularly by physicians and hospitals, and is tasteless and odorless, dissolving instantly in tea, coffee or food.

Now, if you know any home on which the curse of drink has fallen, tell her of Samaria Prescription. If you have a husband, father, brother, or friend on whom the habit is getting its hold, help him yourself. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, prices, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence strictly confidential. Write to-day.

THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., Dept. 7, 49 Colborne street, also for sale at J. B. McLeod's drug store, Kingston.

with a little of Samantha's common sense and foresight I had never told that I was writing a book, and even my relatives in the neighborhood were taken wholly by surprise when the book came out.

"Many people expressed surprise that the writer, being unmarried, could have such knowledge of man's nature, forgetting that every woman has male relatives, and as one writer has a father and usually brothers and male relatives, and as one writer has said, 'Catch one man and describe him and you can describe the species.' And the same thing, I suppose, can be said of women.

"Of course when the book appeared the characters were dissected one by one and classified. A man and woman living quite near the authors were said to be the living models from which she drew the characters of Josiah and Samantha; of course, nothing could be more absurd than this story. I do not know whether they ever heard this surmise or not; at all events if they did, it did not change their friendship for the writer.

"It was soon after 'My Opinions' was published that a Chicago club was formed, called the Betsy Bobbett Club, each member taking a character and name from the book and sending a report of their meetings to the author. Josiah Allen, president of the club, personated by a dignified Chicago business man, came to Pierpont Manor to see the author, who, he said, was giving them all so much pleasure.

"Many elocutionists have personated Samantha or endeavored to do so, but few have succeeded, nearly all of them making her too tragic, too bizarre, she being a combination of earnestness, common sense and calmness in fact it was and is her constant endeavor to be megrim herself and influence her excitable partner to be so. But many of these elocutionists are far from megrims, being inclined to bear emotion into tatters, and they make Samantha's common sense sayings and eloquent epigrams seem like the ravings of hysterics."

It Was a Surprise.

"We have the surprise beautifully planned," said young Mrs. Westerleigh to the guests, "and Frank doesn't suspect a thing. I think that he has even forgotten that today's his birthday. He will get home from the office at about seven o'clock. Then he always goes upstairs to take off his coat and put on his smoking jacket for the evening. When he is upstairs I will call out suddenly, 'Oh, Frank, come downstairs—be quick! The gas is escaping.' Then he will rush down here and find the crowd of friends waiting for him."

It went exactly as planned. Westerleigh came home at the regular hour and went directly upstairs. The hidden guests held their breath while Mrs. Westerleigh called out excitedly, 'Oh, Frank, come down quick. The gas is escaping in this parlor.' Every light had been turned out, and the parlor was in perfect darkness. There was a rapid rush of feet down the stairway, then a voice said, 'I don't smell any gas.'

"Better light the gas," Mrs. Westerleigh suggested tremulously. "Here's a match."

The match was struck and suddenly the room was flooded with light. Everybody screamed. The hostess fainted. For there in the centre of the room stood Westerleigh, attired only in a night union suit with a fresh pair of trousers carried over his arm.

The Property Lime.

The consumer of the gin rickety who knew all there was to know about gin rickety, detected something wrong about the taste of the one he was drinking. Study of the matter told him that instead of lime juice, it was flavored with the juice of the lemon.

But, no. There in the glass, up-compromisingly green and genuine, was half a lime.

Still, there was something wrong. After taking two or three additional sips he decided to speak about it to the bartender.

"Isn't there lemon juice in this rickety?" he inquired.

The bartender realized that before him was one who could not be bluffled.

"There is," he confessed, shamefacedly. "You see, we ran out of limes long ago, so each time a rickety's ordered we take a lime and put it in your glass, squeeze it full of lemon juice to freshen it up, and serve the drink."—New York Times.

Presumption Rebuked.

Samuel Rogers, the versatile wit, banker and poet, used to gather at his famous breakfasts the most brilliant minds in Great Britain or among visiting strangers. One of the most frequent guests were Douglas Jerrold famous as a dramatist, satirist, and one of the "fixed" stars of Punch.

His impromptu and retorts were so brilliant and sudden as lightning. On a certain occasion a recent possessor of Victor Hugo's was under discussion, and a fledgling poet, who was a scion of a noble house, drawled:

"I have just written a poem on the same subject, Hugo and I row in the same boat, you know."

"Yes, yes," said Jerrold, with a withering sneer, "but not with the same sculls."—New York Evening Mail.

A Marvelous Inventor.

M. Bleriot, the inventor of the most successful monoplane, has now built a new and strange-looking craft called the aeroplane, which runs on wheels, and which carries a tail similar to the mainmast of a yacht. He made it solely for his own amusement, and that of his wife and five children, who love to sail along the sands at a terrible pace at Hardelot in Northern France, where the famous airman has recently built himself a chalet. In a high wind M. Bleriot attains a speed of sixty miles and hour with his aeroplane, and claims that it is absolutely safe.

A Distinction.

Prof. Brander Matthews in an address at Columbia University, once made a striking distinction between the words gourmand and gourmet.

"The difference between these two words," he said, "is plain. Gourmand and gourmet, they alike enjoy a good dinner; but as soon as it is over the gourmand asks, 'What is there for supper?'—New York Press.

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THE steadily increasing demand for PAQUET FURS has been the direct cause of the adoption of this new method of selling Furs, from Trapper to YOU. Our new system will enable every man and woman in Canada to enjoy the comfort of rich and luxurious Furs at prices they can well afford to pay—prices which have never before been possible—the MANUFACTURER'S PRICES of Canada's Greatest Fur Factory. It will enable us to keep our Immense Fur Factory running at full capacity all the year round, turning out Furs and Fur Garments of the most approved designs originating in the great fashion centres of Paris and New York. The main reason why Furs have heretofore been so expensive is that other Furs sold in Canada are made up for the most part from finished skins, bought from Dressing and Dyeing Houses which charge a profit on the skins before they are cut into all.

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which is by far the largest establishment of its kind in Canada, and one of the largest in the world, is the only Fur Factory in AMERICA, where every process such as dressing, skinning, dyeing and finishing of Furs, from the raw skins to the finished garment, is in operation under the one roof. Thus, in dealing direct with this factory you save all the intermediary profits.

The Fur Set Illustrated, \$115

No. 6025—Lady's "Noblesse" Set in Genuine Mink, falling to the waist in back, trimmed with heads and tails, lining of finest quality waist Satin. Special \$70.00

No. 1772—Lady's Cushion Muff to match, Genuine Mink, finest Satin lining. Special \$45.00

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Don't Eat All Your Salary

Eat the simple, nourishing, inexpensive foods and you will be the gainer in health and pocket. The "cost of living" generally means the high cost of things you do not need. The high-protein foods cost the most, are the hardest to digest and hence the least nutritious in the long run.

carbohydrates for heat and fat, the nitrates for building muscle, and the outer bran coat for keeping the bowels healthy and active.

Shredded Wheat is the whole wheat—the most perfect food given to man—steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits for breakfast with milk or cream and a little fruit make a complete, nourishing meal, supplying all the strength needed for a half day's work at a cost of five or six cents. Your grocer sells them.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer—a crisp, tasty, nourishing whole wheat Toast, delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Always toast it in the oven before serving.

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Ben Tillett's Trousers.

Benjamin Tillett, the general secretary of the English Dockers' Union, relates an amusing story of his early electioneering experiences, when he contested West Bradford, as a socialist, one of his ardent canvassers was arguing with a voter who was reluctant to admit that Mr. Tillett had any claims to his consideration. He could not get over the fact that the candidate was "a workman," and dressed the part. "Why," he objected, "you would look like in parliament? Look at his trousers." The loyal canvasser was deeply offended, and answered in agitated reproach: "What's that got to do with it? Benjamin Tillett's trousers may be shabby, but they cover an honest heart."

He often find sham dressed up in real worth clothes.

Last Time.

The late Sylvanus Miller, civil engineer, who was engaged in a railroad enterprise in Central America, was seeking local support for a road and attempted to give the matter point. He asked a native:

"How long does it take you to carry your goods to market by mule, without meaning it?"

"Three days," was the reply.

"There's the point," said Miller, "With our road in operation you could take your goods to market and be back home in one day."

"Very good, senator," answered the native. "But what would we do with the other two days?"—Boston Record.

We often say "kindest regards" without meaning it.

There's a doubt, investigation ought to follow.