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GRANDE LIGNE, QUE., Jan. 2nd, 1910.
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ARTHUR BALFOUR IS A GREAT LOSS TO UNIONISTS.

Brilliant Parliamentarian Did Not Look Very Promising at First, But Britain Soon Learned His Calibre—A Wonderful Debater, But Can Never Remember Figures and Requires Prompting.

With Mr. Balfour's disappearance from his old place on the front bench—and his resignation of the leadership means, of course, that he will be less frequent in attendance than usual—there disappears the most winning personage in modern politics, and the most successful practitioner of the political art in a period conspicuously rich in political talent.
 It is interesting to recall the steps whereby he gained his extraordinary ascendancy in the House of Commons. He entered Parliament as member for Hertford in 1874. He did not willingly join the ranks of Parliamentarians. For the first two years of his membership his voice was never heard in debate. His legs were seen. With his head resting on the back of the bench and with his long legs indefinitely extended, he would gaze at the glass ceiling as though his thoughts were occupied rather with philosophic doubt than with the political present. Thus he represented, as a member of the Fourth Party, together with Randolph Churchill, with Drummond Wolff, and with Gorst, in a famous cartoon of the period. It was a strange misreading of character.
 In June, 1898, when Mr. Balfour had been in Parliament for a decade, Lord Salisbury came into power. At the same time Mr. Balfour exchanged his seat at Hertford for a noisier one at Manchester. In the following year, after having been Secretary for Scotland for a few months, came the turning point in his career. To the surprise of the entire world, he was announced as Chief Secretary for Ireland.

The death, in 1901, of Mr. W. H. Smith opened his way to the leadership of the House of Commons. By that time the country knew enough of his powers to accept him with hopeful enthusiasm. He justified that confidence.
 British Parliamentary annals contain the records of few more keenly contested fights than that between himself and Mr. Gladstone in the long-drawn debates on the great Liberal leader's Home Rule bill. With unflinching generosity Mr. Gladstone, both in public and private, accorded the tactical resources of his opponent. When in 1902 Lord Salisbury rather unexpectedly handed in his resignation it was universally recognized that Mr. Balfour was his one possible successor.

More than once Mr. Balfour showed how to place the interests of England above the advantage of party. Party interests might have counselled resignation when the Tariff Reform controversy arose. Mr. Balfour stood at his post because a change of Government and a head election might have exerted a deplorable influence at a moment when Russia and Japan were at war.
 Patience and fidelity to duty were the qualities which Mr. Balfour displayed in his last Premiership. After the great catastrophe of 1903, when the Unionist Party was submerged and when even his own constituency rejected him, his courage never quailed. The City of London chose him as its member with delight, and he returned to a new House of Commons to vindicate his greatness.

Mr. Balfour's shining qualities as a Parliamentarian were his fine fighting strength, the mental nimbleness, and his delicate gentleness. Soberly, analytically, with no faith in political panacea, keenly alive to the absurdity and the hypocrisy of much that is in political preaching, he was never happier than when subjecting all new schemes to cold examination. His disquieting habit was to change the whole face of a battle, a dozen words would be at his throat dealing venomous thrusts at every vulnerable point. A moment later he had clouded the issue, and with a sudden flank movement changed the whole face of the fight.
 Mr. Balfour's main difficulty in debate was the citation of figures and dates. It was one of the sports of the House to watch him on these occasions. A row of colleagues on the Opposition bench would get their whippers ready.
 "The Government," says Mr. Balfour, "are reducing our procedure to a travesty. This motion was brought in only on Monday."
 "Tuesday," whispered Mr. Lytton in the ear of the great leader.
 "On Tuesday, and now we are asked by the Government to pass a resolution, involving £7,000,000—"
 "£2,000,000," whispered Mr. Walter Long.
 "£2,000,000, and we are allowed to do so only four days."
 "Three days," whispers Mr. Chaplin.
 "Exactly, thank you. Three days, Sir, that is worse. We are allowed only three days before their closure, their guillotine is to come down on the further discussion in the House of Commons."
 Mr. Balfour's pet phrase and pet word was in a sense typical of his mind, his pet phrase was "broad constitutional principles." His pet word "admirable."
 Of course, a man with such a head and such a face and such fingers must be fond of music and art. Mr. Balfour is devoted to both. A couple of volumes of Schumann were his constant solace when he was in Downing street.
 The Unionist party is losing a brilliant leader, a fascinating human influence, a deft and dainty controller of the changing forces of Unionism.

No Better Off.

"My boss raises my salary."
 "Yes?"
 "And my wife 'lits' it."
 Look out for the man who "wants everybody to know that he is deeply religious by his conversation, not by his acts."
 Many ministers would fare better if salvation was not erroneously considered by some to be on the free list.

AT GRAY'S INN.

How the Grand Night is Observed by Benchers.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the new First Lord of the Admiralty, was, on Nov. 16, the guest of the evening when the treasurer and masters of the Bench met for their Grand Night at Gray's Inn, and then had an opportunity of witnessing a quaint custom which has been served on such occasions from time immemorial. Grand night at Gray's Inn is one of the most distinguished and exclusive legal assemblies, and the invitation card always bears the pleasant announcement, "No speeches," an announcement made in accordance with the ancient custom of the Inn. But though there are no speeches on Grand night at Gray's, there are three toasts, the submission and acceptance of which are exceeding important.
 On the withdrawal of the cloth, three rapa around the head table, and the voice of the treasurer, who presides at the feast, is heard saying: "Mr. Junior, I give you a toast to the King." From the other end of the table Mr. Junior repeats, in a sonorous voice, "The King!" whereat all the company stand and drink His Majesty's health.
 After a short pause there are three more knocks on the table. "Mr. Junior, the Prince of Wales and the Rest of Wales and the Rest of the Royal Family!" echoes Mr. Junior from the other end of the table.
 Another interval, three more knocks, and then again the voice of the treasurer, "Mr. Junior, Domus!" "Domus!" repeats Mr. Junior. "Domus! Domus! Domus!" is cried from every table; and so the last toast is drunk.

Thirty Miles of Soda.

Forty million tons of the best washing material, supplied and manufactured by nature, are waiting to be carried from Central Africa to the European market, and an extension of the Uganda Railway to be built from Ulu to Lake Magadi in order to effect this. Lake Magadi is not really a lake, but an area of thirty square miles of soda deposit situated in the heart of Africa.

Two expeditions have gone out into this soda lake region, which though hot in the middle of the day, is deemed to be quite healthy. It is in the midst of one of the finest big game shooting areas in the British South African Protectorate. In ordinary times the lake has a perfectly level, hard, and dry surface, like that of a gigantic mass of Fen ice, if a thirty-square-mile area can be imagined.
 It appears that in the past it has been left to the Indians to remove soda from the lake. They cut out blocks, and what is called "Mother Liquid" spurts up and reforms into solid soda, which they cut away next season. This is evidence that the soda in the lake is being continually augmented.
 In addition to the many surface-springs discharging considerable quantities of soda into the lake, there are indications of large springs in the lake itself. On the removal of the soda already crystallized the "Mother Liquid," which takes its place at once, starts to reform the crust.
 It looks as if washermen can sleep comfortably in their beds for some years to come. So long as washing is provided for them, their soda shall be sure.

Should First Cousins Marry?

The seriousness of the risk run by first cousins who marry is emphasized by Miss Ethel Pearson, a co-worker with Prof. Karl Pearson at the Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics, London University. Marriages between near kin, such as uncle and niece, aunt and nephew, or grandparent and grandchild, are forbidden mainly on the principle of resemblance. Miss Elderton therefore determined to see whether cousins are much alike as any of these pairs of relatives. She studied the cases of fewer than 5,000 pairs of cousins, with a view to reforming the measure of the degree of resemblance in health, intelligence, success, temper, and temperament.
 The conclusion she came to was this—that the general resemblance between cousins is about half that between brother and sister, and practically the same as that shown by statistics of uncles and nieces and of aunts and nephews.
 "If the undesirability of marriage within certain degrees is founded on the closeness of resemblance," says Miss Elderton, "the law which forbids the marriage of uncles and aunt with niece and nephew should also restrict the marriage of first cousins."

An African Concert.

Mme. Ada Crossley, the well-known contralto singer, has just returned to England from a visit to South Africa, and has been narrating some of her experiences, which included, among others, the shooting of crocodiles. Referring to her glimpses of native life, she remarks that among the Rhodesia mines we were treated to a thrilling war-dance and a concert with their instruments were chiefly drums and a strange contrivance much like a xylophone, only a great deal larger. Weird but real harmonies were somehow beaten out of these crude instruments, and at times the effects were quite dramatic. Their favorite tune was "Tarara-boom-de-ay," which they played eternally, but so differently that it never grew monotonous.

Canaries Cross Ocean.

A remarkable scene was witnessed at the Halifax (Eng.) railway station recently, when 2,000 canaries of various breeds, comprising Yorkies, Norwich, Norder, Fancy, Lizard and Lancashire were despatched to America.
 At Liverpool the canaries were shipped on the White Star liner Baltic, which sailed on a Thursday. Special arrangements were made to feed the many months on the ocean trip. All the birds were bred in the west riding of Yorkshire, and the exportation is by far the biggest on record from the district.
 There ought to be no particular difference between Sunday and week-day thoughts and aspirations.
 Success, from the world's point of view, may be nothing short of the most wretched failure.

HONOR TO DOCTORS.

London's Lord Mayor of the Art of Aesculapius.

Sir Thomas Crosby's election to the chief magistracy of the City of London—the first Lord Mayor of the City since the institution of that office, more than seven hundred years ago, to hold a degree of Doctor of Medicine—serves to call attention to the fact that the present era is the golden age for the members of his profession. Every country appears to be bent upon overwhelming them with honors and dignities of one kind and another, and seems to be taking it for granted that since they are adepts in the art of relieving physical ailments they are qualified to cure ills of every other conceivable character.
 Universal satisfaction has been manifested that the office of Lord Mayor of London should have fallen to the lot of a physician, and especially one of such professional eminence as Sir Thomas Crosby. The office has often been held by men who, while worthy in other respects, and successful as wholesale and even retail mercantiles, were lamentably deficient in education, in breeding, and in savoir faire.
 The opinion is expressed that the election of a physician—that is to say, of a man of culture—will tend to restore the former prestige of the Mayorship of London, and is hailed with ardent approval, as calculated to invest with new distinction the ancient office of Chief Magistrate of the metropolis.

Sir Thomas Crosby's name is a familiar one in the annals of the City of London. It was Sir John Crosby, the builder of Crosby Hall, who was knighted by Edward IV. for his services as sheriff of London. Then there was Brass Crosby, Lord Mayor of London in 1771, and who won lasting fame, and, incidentally, also imprisonment in the Tower of London, by his vigorous championship of the liberties of the press. Horace Walpole would be compelled to describe him as in every sense of the word "a fine fellow."

Royal Jewels Catalogued.

The royal jewels of priceless value which are kept under the charge of the King's Librarian, the Hon. John Porteus—in a strong room at Windsor Castle have just been re-catalogued and photographed.
 Many of the jewels date back centuries and belonged to former Kings and Queens of England. They consist of pendants, necklaces, hair ornaments, and rings of great beauty. Several of the greatest treasures are of the time of Henry VIII., and belonged to one or other of that monarch's "queens."
 The late King took much interest in the jewels. Previously they were in various apartments in the castle, but he had them collected and deposited in the strong room which was built when he came to the throne. King George and Queen Mary have also interested themselves in the jewels, and by His Majesty's directions the photographer of the Lord Chamberlain's staff at the castle has photographed every jewel. The catalogue and the photographs have been bound and are kept in the royal library.
 In the gold and jeweled Communion cups, which have been used by the Kings and Queens of England for centuries and are still used by the King and Queen when they take the Sacrament. A recent addition to the collection of treasures in the royal library is the shirt that Charles I. wore at his execution.

Why the Train Stopped.

Harry Lauder, the well-known Scottish comedian, tells this story of his touring days. Lauder was in an out-of-the-way hamlet in Banffshire, and wanted to get on the main line. The "local express" took the better part of two hours to cover the twelve or fifteen miles.
 "At last," he writes, "I asked a fellow-traveler if the train in which we were seated was booked to catch the connection I wanted."
 "Oh, yes," he replied, in the broad northern Doric, solemnly removing his clay pipe before speaking, "she's booked right enough, but she vera seldom does!"
 "By and by the train stopped with a jolt of sleepy jerk less than a mile from the junction. I got up and opened the window. The signals were down and there was no sign of any block ahead. I opened the carriage door, jumped on to the line, and walked forward to the engine. The driver and fireman were seated on the footboard, enjoying a smoke. They expressed no surprise at my appearance; indeed, the engine driver was polite enough to remark to me that it was 'a brow mornin'."
 "Yes," replied I, "the morning's all very fine, but what about this express train? What has she stopped for?"
 "Oh, no much, sir, no much," responded the driver. "The fact is," he added seriously, "the engine's gone off the bile!"

Antelopes and Sleeping.

Some interesting investigations on sleeping sickness are recorded by Messrs. Bruce, Hamerton, and Baileman in the Proceedings of the Royal Society. They find that the following antelopes, the water-buck, the bush-buck, and the reed buck, can be readily infected with the human strain of the sleeping sickness parasite (Trypanosoma Gambiense) by the bite of the fly Glossina palpalis. But, strange to say, careful and continued examination of the blood of these antelopes failed to reveal any of the parasites. Equally remarkable is the fact that infected antelopes can transmit the infection to clean laboratory-bred flies.
 Even eighty-one days after the last feed of the infected fly on such an antelope the clean fly will take up the infection and pass it on. It may then pass on to a susceptible animal. Thus it follows that the above antelopes living in areas also inhabited by the fly are potential reservoirs of the virus of sleeping sickness. And yet hitherto no antelope has been found naturally infected.

Prescriptions in Latin.

The following ludicrously illustrates the necessity of a reform in medical nomenclature.
 Dr. Doane was very much confounded a few years since, by a remark of one of his patients. The day previous the doctor had prescribed that safe and palatable remedy, syrup of buckthorn, and left his prescription duly written in his usual calligraphic characters—"Syr. Rham. Cath." On inquiring if the patient had taken the medicine, a thundercloud darkened her face, lightning darted from her eyes, and she roared out:—
 "Not I can read your doctor-writing. And I ain't a-going to take Syrup of Ram Cats for anybody."

A Military Hospital.

Serby Hall, near Retford, Eng., the stately home of Viscount and Viscountess Galway, possesses the distinction of being the only military hospital established in England by authority of the War Office for the reception of wounded in the event of the invasion of that country.
 Sometimes we call it fate when it is nothing more or less than the work of our own hands.
 Forgetting condemnation is often times charity, more or less than genuine charity.

MODERN POISON TESTS.

Make the Path of the Poison-Giver Thorough and Lead to His Conviction.

Most of our deadly poisons are comparatively modern discoveries. In the middle ages arsenic, which is still the favorite weapon of the common-place poisoner, was almost the only poison commonly known.
 Tartar emetic, a tartrate of antimony and potash, which is used in medicine, may be called the first of the modern poisons. It was discovered about the middle of the seventeenth century, and there are many cases of people being done to death by its means. The latest was the infamous Chapman, who was hanged some seven years ago for poisoning three women with this metallic drug.
 The scientific poisoner is careful to avoid arsenic of antimony, or any other metallic poisons, because they remain in the body for almost any length of time, and are easy to detect by simple chemical tests.
 As a proof of the astonishing way in which metallic poisons cling in the human body, the following case is worth quoting.
 In the year 1883 a wealthy country farmer who had lived in Yorkshire died and was buried in the same tomb to which his father had been interred thirty-five years ago. The old coffin was accidentally broken, and it was noticed that certain small particles of bright metallic substance were clinging to the bones which it contained. These were collected, and analysed showed them to be oxide of mercury. The deceased had taken this poison during his life time as a medicine.
 Strychnine was the poison employed by the infamous Dr. Palmer, of Rugby, in the terrible series of murders which he perpetrated in 1856, yet although strychnine is not a mineral but vegetable poison there are now tests which will betray its presence in the body of a victim.
 Before modern tests were discovered, the alkaloid poisons could be used almost without fear of detection. Acetone, for instance, which is a terribly deadly drug, was without a test until comparatively recent times. It was the poison employed by Dr. Lamson, who was executed in April, 1882, for the murder of Percy M. John.

Poisoners who are ignorant of the effects of poisons are apt to make the most ghastly blunders in the doses which they administer to their victims. Fraulein von Haussler, Lady Superior of the Royal Maximilian Chapter, who was tried at Munich in 1903 for the attempt to murder a young nurse girl, Minna Magner by name, was said to have put muriatic acid in the girl's coffee cup. The burning qualities of this poison would leave effects plain to the eye of any doctor.
 In another and more recent case a French girl was arrested in London for sending to another young woman sweets which were simply saturated with perchloride of mercury, better known as corrosive sublimate. But this poison gives itself away by its horrible taste, and no creature in its senses would dream of swallowing such a mixture.
 The commonest of eastern poisons is powdered glass, though not in itself a poison, sets up irritations in the stomach ending in death.
 In Burmah the powdered hairs of the bamboo are employed in similar fashion.
 A curious superstition prevails in Morocco. If a man has a grudge against another he procures some human bones and grinds them into fine powder which he mixes with his enemy's bread or other food. It is universally believed that the man who eats this horrible compound will begin to fade away, and eventually die.
 If a doctor wishes to commit suicide he almost invariably has recourse to prussic acid, which kills instantly and quite painlessly. Some, however, prefer to use one of those numerous drugs such as veronal or chloral which induce a sleep ending in death.

Municipal Enterprise.

Many British holiday resorts have gone extensively into the entertainment business for the purpose of attracting visitors. Among them is Margate, which twenty years ago had no municipal enterprises in the shape of concerts, shelters, band stands or pavilions or bathing facilities. All these were later provided and the total revenue for last season from all sources totalled up to \$75,000, as against \$25,000 in 1910. Some of the revenues are remarkable. The new Forth Pavilion opened in August, drew on the average \$1,500 a week, while two concert parties attracted \$2,500 a week and were paid by a percentage on the profits. The municipal orchestra produced \$1,750 a week on the average at its open-air concerts. An older pavilion, the Westonsville, has already been paid for out of the profits. Margate's record has been surpassed in extent and results in other watering places in England, but it is an excellent example of the way in which a municipality can both boost itself and improve its revenues.

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