

TRAVELING

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EASTER HOLIDAYS

Round Trip Tickets will be issued at Single First-Class Fare Good going April 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th. Good to return on or before April 19th.

TICKETS ISSUED TO INTERMEDIATE POINTS BETWEEN MONTREAL AND TORONTO WILL NOT BE VALID ON TRAINS 1 and 2

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS To WESTERN CANADA and Return

Tuesday, April 2nd and every second Tuesday thereafter until Sept. 17th. Tickets good for 60 days. For full particulars apply to J. P. HANLEY, Agent, Corner Johnson and Ontario Sts.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY IN CONNECTION WITH Canadian Pacific Railway

Easter Holidays

Round trip tickets will be issued at SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE, Good going Thursday, April 4th to Monday, April 8th, inclusive; good return 12th to 19th April, 1912.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS To Western Canada and Return

April 2, 10 and 30, and every second Tuesday until September 17th, inclusive. Winnipeg and Return... \$26.50 Edmonton and Return... \$41.50 Proportional rates to other points. Return limit, 60 days. Full particulars at K. & P. and C.P.R. Ticket Office, Ontario St. F. CONWAY, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Bay of Quinte Railway

SHIPPERS ATTENTION. THE CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY Line from Trenton to Deseronto is now open for freight traffic, and shipments can now be accepted from Kingston to such points as Belleville, Trenton, Brantford, St. Catharines, Cobourg, Port Hope, and Port Franks, as well as for all points on the Central Ontario and Bay of Quinte Railways.

Route your shipments to and from Toronto via Canadian Northern Ontario Railway. Through all-rail rates to points in the North West via Bay of Quinte Railway and Canadian Northern Ontario Railway to Sudbury, and through Canadian Pacific Railway, Port Arthur and Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways to Thunder Bay and Port Franks.

Other information regarding rates, apply to Mr. C. S. Kirkpatrick, Traveling Agent, B. O. Railway Office, Kingston and Pembroke Railway, or to W. Phillips, General Freight Agent, Toronto, Ont.

ALLAN LINE Royal Mail Steamers

St. Lawrence Season To Liverpool

Trenton sails Fri., May 3, May 31, Victorian sails Fri., May 10, June 7, Georgian sails Fri., May 17, June 14, Victorian sails Fri., May 24, June 21

TO GLASGOW

Pictorian sails Sat., May 4, June 1, Hebrarian sails Sat., May 11, June 8, Scandinavian sails May 18, June 15, Glimpian sails Sat., May 25, June 22

TO HAVRE AND LONDON

Sidlian sails Sun., May 5, June 3, Ionian sails Sun., May 12, June 10, Corinthian sails Sun., May 19, June 16

For full information as to additional sailings, rates, etc., apply to C. S. KIRKPATRICK, J. P. HANLEY G. T. R. Clarence Street, Allan Line Agents, Kingston.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EMPRESSES

Length, 570 feet. Breadth, 80 feet. Tonnage, 14,500. Wireless and Submarine Signals. HOLD ALL RECORDS RETURN TO CANADA AND LIVERPOOL.

AND OTHER STEAMERS. From St. John, N.B. to Liverpool. Express of Britain, April 5. Express of Ireland, April 29. L. Manilla, April 29.

From Quebec to Liverpool

Express of Italy, May 5. Express of Ireland, May 19. From Montreal to Liverpool. L. Campania, May 29. L. Manilla, May 29.

Tickets and all information from any steamship agent, or to C. S. KIRKPATRICK, J. P. HANLEY G. T. R. Clarence Street, Kingston, Ont.

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The Dragon Screen

By ELARISSA MACRIE.

When the last wagon load of furniture had been trundled out of the avenue to the highroad and the auctioneer had furl'd his red flag and driven away from the old mansion set among tall growing locusts Deborah Ames smiled quizzically at her niece. "I suppose you think my heart's broken, Polly," she said simply. "I saved what I wanted," said Polly. "You are trying to be brave, you dear thing," she cried impulsively. "If you had only listened and had let me go to work you could have saved all the things that you have always laid about you."

"And of which I am dreadfully tired," interposed her aunt, with sudden energy. "Larkin says the things brought two hundred and fifty, and that will keep us a year, Polly. You see, father let the place free and clear because he did not want his daughters to work for a living. He said the income from the securities would be sufficient to support us for life. But we were never able to find any trace of them. You remember how poor mother and I scoured for the papers up to the very day of her death, and I look and look now, though I am very doubtful whether father ever had them, and yet..."

"I could teach music," said Polly indignantly for the hundredth time in the past year.

"My dear," cried Miss Deborah for the hundredth time, "your gran-father Ames left an ample fortune—enough to educate you and support us for the rest of our days."

"Where is it, then?" Polly saw her own flushed face in the long mirror and beside it Aunt Deborah's tired countenance, and her tender heart smote her. "Don't let us talk about it any more tonight, Aunt Deb. You will sleep on the davenport to-night? You said the very best, you know," suggested Polly gently.

"Come with me, my child. You have not made a trip to the south garret this many a day, I'll warrant," smiled Miss Deborah.

In this attic were many strangely shrouded forms that crowded the small space. Carefully Miss Deborah withdrew the dusty sheets and rolling them into balls, disclosed a closely packed mass of furniture.

"Polly gazed, open-mouthed. 'What is it, Aunt Deb? Where did you get it? Why is it soiled and dingy? Oh, the dear tables and the highboys! Chippendale and Queen—' and real colonial!" Her pretty nose was poked here and there among the treasures of her grandmother's attic, as she reflected from a dozen dim mirrors.

Miss Deborah smiled sadly. "It is my very own, Polly, dear. It was left to me by my great-uncle Hester, and it has remained stored away here for twenty-five years. I planned to give this to you and Dick for a wedding gift, but I shall need it for awhile. After I am gone..."

"Polly stopped her sentence with a gasp. 'After you are gone, indeed!' she cried indignantly. 'You know that you are to live with us as soon as Dick and I make enough for a house to start a home. What a beautiful house we will have—Aunt Deb?'"

She watched the stiff backed spinster about the limited space until Miss Deborah's flying skirt caught in a projecting nail and dragged clattering to the floor a tall screen, whose frame was of carved ebony paneled with heavy Chinese embroidery, now faded and dull.

"Polly picked it up with a little explanation of delight. 'What is this, Aunt Deb? Why have you kept this lovely screen hidden?'"

"Great-uncle Hester left it to my father, dear. He was very fond of it, and for years it stood close to his desk. When he was quite helpless we used it to encircle his chair and ward off the drafts. It grew quite old and shabby and needed mending, and no one but a skilled workman could mend the delicate carving; it was placed up here after father's death, and of course nothing has been done to it since. All the broken bits of carving are in that little bag tied to the top," explained Miss Deborah.

"What a lovely thing! How do you like it?" asked Polly. "Aunt Deb? I'm sure Dick can mend it—he is so clever. And I will mend the broken embroidery."

"Very well, dear. Tomorrow Nora's husband will come and mend this furniture downstairs; to-night, I fear, we must sleep on the davenport. It is



CHRISTIE MACDONALD LISTENING TO HER NEW RECORDS ON THE VICTROLA, WHILE IN TORONTO RECENTLY.

growing late, Polly, let us get downstairs and see about supper."

Together they dragged the heavy screen down to the parlor, where Polly once more fell into ecstasies over its delicate carving and fine inlay of ivory and mother of pearl.

After supper came Dick Fraser, and Polly waited for him in the deep veranda and told him of the sale of Miss Deborah's furniture.

Dick flushed hotly and sank into a low chair with a quick gesture of impatience. "It's a damned shame!" he cried angrily. "Here am I, a great, strong, husky chap, sitting around waiting for people to come and cure for their ills, while Miss Deborah needs a man to go to work and pull her out of her financial difficulties. I wish I'd never studied medicine. I wish I'd learned to be a carpenter—or something else!"

"Fiddle-de-dee, Dr. Fraser!" cried Polly indignantly. "If it were not for you, what would become of all the poor sick people in Little River?"

"What has become of them now?" inquired Dr. Fraser. "They don't fill my waiting room. They don't call my telephone bell, nor do they call me up in the dead of night. I wish they would!" he ended viciously.

"It's been a healthy winter," comforted Polly, "and you know Dr. Brown is going to sell his practice and go away, and there will be a chance for you then."

"I'm afraid not, honey. If I could buy the doctor's practice and his automobile and his whole outfit I'd be made, but what's the use of talking? Let us go in and see Miss Deborah. Perhaps I can help her a bit. You must be at sixes and sevens."

"Nora has worked like a major. We shall camp to-night, and to-morrow we are to have—never mind! If you come over to tea you shall have a lovely surprise," promised Polly as they entered the house.

When they sat around the cozy little fire in the back parlor Polly brought in the dragon screen and showed it to her lover.

"Oh, course you can mend it, Dick," she said confidently.

Dr. Fraser did not reply. He was examining the fine carving with the eye of a lover. His skillful fingers itched to handle brush and glue and restore to its original beauty the dragon screen.

"I shall mend the embroidery," explained Polly, thrusting impudently fingers into the various holes and tips in the panels. "Look at this scaly old dragon, Dick! He is fairly peeling off."

"And this dull green eye needs to be brightened," remarked the doctor absently.

Polly brought a basket of silks and sat down near the light and gravely matched her skins against the faded embroidery of the screen. Miss Deborah, knitting near the fire, watched her with tender interest. These two young people were the very main-spring of her existence now that so much of her life had become merged in the past.

"The light shone on the dragon screen, and the golden dragons glittered until it almost seemed as if their scales moved."

"How father loved that old screen!" murmured Miss Deborah.

"Will it not be lovely to have it around once more?" asked Polly, turning her head, and then the screen slipped from her grasp, and she caught wildly at a panel on which she had been working. She caught a torn fragment of one of the golden dragons and the silk, rotten with age, fell apart in her grasp, showing the white cotton lining.

Dick jumped to catch the screen, and as he righted it there slipped from the torn panel a long, legal looking envelope bearing some memoranda in a crabbed handwriting.

"By George!" shouted the young man excitedly. "What have we here—treasures or trouble? Polly, girl—catch it!"

Polly's eager fingers caught the envelope and gave one glance at the superscription; then she flew across the room to Miss Deborah's side.

"The last securities!" she cried. "Aunt Deb, Aunt Deborah has the them labeled. How do you suppose they came to be in such a place, and suppose we had never found the screen."

"Suppose I had not sold the furniture?" quavered Miss Deborah, as she opened the bulky envelope and extracted the beautifully engraved certificate. "Do look at these, Dick."

Only one "BROMO QUININE" that is

Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Colic in One Day, Cough in 2 Days

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HER CLOAKROOM TIPS.

Saves From \$12,000 to \$15,000 at Hotel.

"While nobody except those direct-concessionaires who hold the hat stand and cloak room privileges in the big restaurants the position of a hat stand maid in a big hotel a few years ago used to be worth a lot of money," said an hotel man, yesterday.

"That was before they imported from London and Paris the idea that an hotel manager ought to get money for seeing that the hats and coats of his patrons were not stolen while they ate their meals."

"In those days the employees kept all their tips. There was no renting the privileges out to men who employed boys and sewed up their pockets so that they would be sure not to steal what patrons gave them; the way of tips, and, by the way, it was a long time before New Yorkers woke up to the fact that in many hotels here the boys to whom they gave the tips did not get them at all, but only worked for a small wage and turned the money they received over to their employer, who was able to turn over to the proprietor of the hotel thousands of dollars annually for the privilege of holding up patrons."

"The case of a man who was arrested the other day when his wife howled dead in their flat recalls how the woman accumulated a tidy sum from the tips she received for taking care of hats and coats at the Manhattan. There were three girls at the rack. Two of them in eight years saved up enough to go back to Ireland and live in comfort. The other, who had come to the Manhattan when it was first opened, quit about the same time to get married."

"The bridegroom was one of the bellhops. Reports as to the amount of her savings varied. She used to take in \$15 to \$20 a day on her long watch, and among the employees she was credited with having saved up between \$12,000 and \$15,000."

No Apology For Him.

Toronto Telegram.

The minister of justice decided that because the law says "The secretary of state may" grant letters patent to the promoters of horse racing as a sport—the statutes really declare that the secretary of state must issue a charter to Robert Davies and the London promoters of horse racing as a business. The law also says that the minister of justice may grant a pardon to G. M. Atlas or any other man who has been acquitted in a superior court on evidence which secured conviction in an inferior court. The application of G. M. Atlas for the pardon which the minister of justice may grant was not recognized as a demand which the minister of justice must grant. The spirit of the law and the equities of the case gave G. M. Atlas a better right to his pardon than the Thoroughbred and London applicants had to their race track charters. Hon. C. J. Doherty permits Mr. Atlas to whistle for his pardon, and Mr. Doherty should have permitted the applicants whose prayer the Hon. Charles Murphy rejected to whistle for their race track charters.

The Dead Sea.

In shape the Dead Sea resembles an elongated oval, some 47 miles long, and about 10 miles wide at its greatest breadth. One of the most remarkable features about it is that its surface lies 1310 feet below that of the Mediterranean, and as it is some 1310 feet deep in some places, it means that its greatest depth reached a point no less than 2600 feet below the waters of the Mediterranean.

It is famed for the saltiness and bitterness of its waters, which are extremely dense, containing 23 per cent. of solid matter and being bulk for bulk, heavier than the human body.

How dense the water is may be realized from the following facts: In a ton of water from the Caspian Sea there are 11 pounds of salt, in the Baltic 18 pounds, in the Black Sea, 20 pounds; in the Atlantic, 31 pounds; in the English Channel, 22 pounds; in the Red Sea, 93 pounds, and in the Dead Sea, 187 pounds.

His Only Request.

A pretty young girl was walking through a Richmond hospital with crutches for the sick and wounded. She overheard a suffering young consolerate officer say, "Oh, my Lord."

Wishing to re-join, him slightly she came to his bedside and said: "I think that I heard you call upon the name of the Lord. I am one of His daughters. Is there anything that I can do for you?"

"He looked upon the lovely face. 'Yes,' he said, 'please ask Him to make me His son-in-law.'"

On the Prince.

"When I was abroad, I was constantly taken for a certain crown prince whom I believe I resemble."

"I suppose you had to shell out some tips?"

"No, I let the prince get the reputation of being a piker."—Washington Herald.

NO MORE CHEAP MEALS FOR BRITISH M.P.'S.

Now That They Draw Salaries They Must Pay at Least Thirty-five Cents for Dinner.

Not much longer are the members of the House of Commons to remain in enjoyment of the cheapest meals in England. For some years they have been eating twenty-five cent dinners that would cost the less fortunate millions who never enter the portals of Westminster almost twice the sum. Now it has been discovered that the refreshment department of the House of Commons has been dropping money at the rate of \$17,000 a year, and a new kitchen committee proposes to jump the price of the members' dinners to thirty or thirty-five cents.

Just why the members of parliament should be so advantageously placed that they are able to eat in what has become known as "the finest club in the world" no one knows. But when the members, who formerly worked without pay, were recently granted two thousand dollars a year each in salary, everybody agreed that they could afford to pay a few pennies more for their food, especially as everything served at Westminster is of the best quality and the service is the same as is found in the most fashionable London restaurants. An enormous business is done, and during a session, from February to November, more than 185,000 meals are served. The restaurant enjoys a state subsidy of \$10,000.

How Abe Loves Jack!

Abe Attell's pet feline is Jack Johnson.

"I met the big fellow when he was doing a turn at Hammerstein's," he said. "I went around behind to see a friend and bumpoi right into Johnson."

Jack dropped right in my way and said 'You are getting now, Mister Attell, but when I saw you in 'Jefrica's' corner at Reno you wasn't grinning. I guess you had to walk home after that fight, Mister Attell.'"

"Yes," I said, "and if you had met Jeffries when he was the real Jeffries you would have jumped out of the ring and walked home!"

"That's all right," said Johnson, "but out here on the curb is an automobile, Mister Attell, and there's a big crowd around the automobile, waiting to see Mister Johnson. Do you get that, Mister Attell?"

"Yes," I said, "and they'd be there waiting the same way if I did, the dog-faced boys, or any other heel, was to come out—if it didn't cost anything!"

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