

MOTOR TRIP IN CEYLON

DESCRIBED BY CAPT. HENRY SKINNER, OF KINGSTON.

Who is an Officer in the Indian Army—A Harbor That Will Hold All the Fleets in the World.

Writing from Avaradhapura, Ceylon, some time ago, to a friend in this city, Capt. Henry Skinner, of the 25th Punjab Regiment, Indian Army, a son of the late Mrs. Henry Skinner, Kingston, and well-known in the city, tells of a motor trip which he and three others were at that time taking in the tropical island of Ceylon.

In the middle of December, the party left Nunnery, for Kandy, a distance of fifty miles, over a road, probably the most difficult for motors in the east. The first thirty miles they dropped from 6,200 to 1,600 feet. The scenery was glorious, and the turns in the road were so sharp as to place that the car had to be backed up to pass them. Streams began to appear as they got lower, and, at spots there were drops at the side of the thoroughfare of 1,000 feet. Palms and banana trees were in abundance, the growing of tea—the chief industry of the people—surrounded them on all quarters.

While at Kandy, the party visited the Temple of the Tooth, where Buddha's tooth is supposed to have been enshrined for centuries, and they also went to the beautiful botanical gardens. The motorists left Kandy, Wednesday morning, for Trincomalee, through a district of gorgeous scenery, and at noon reached the jungle, through which a road was put to their destination, seventy miles distant.

Capt. Skinner says there is no speed limit in that part of Ceylon, and at some periods the car travelled sixty miles an hour. The sun sets at six o'clock, and at this time, the party had about twenty-five miles yet to cover, owing to the delay caused by a broken tire. Rain began to fall, and this, with the darkness of the jungle, was none too pleasant. The rain was so heavy that at places it completely shut off the road. The party saw and heard the cries of many of the smaller jungle animals. They reached Trincomalee at eight o'clock that evening.

At this place, Capt. Skinner speaks of the large harbor, which, he claims, would hold all the fleets in the world. The place has long been given up as a naval and military centre, and is now but a fishing community. The railway is seventy miles away, and the only approaches are by sea and through the jungle.

Capt. Skinner and his party left Saturday morning for Anuradhapura, the ancient capital of Ceylon. Again the road was through the jungle, open at spots, and the road being washed away at many places. This city was the capital of the island from 450 B.C. to 350 A.D., but has for centuries been buried in the jungle, a city of 5,000,000 people, supposed to be beneath the surface. The place was re-discovered forty years ago and buildings have been erected and historic relics (tablets, 318 B.C.), unearthed. One describes a Buddha's "conversion" of the king. There are three sections to the capital, the political capital, still undiscovered, the king's garden, twenty miles in area, and the sacred capital, now being unearthed. Extensive excavations are now going on, and the party was shown a mound over which Buddha's eyelash is supposed to be entombed.

A number of snapshots were taken during the trip, some of which the Kingston old boy sent to his friends in the Limestone City.

**The Open Door.** Lady (to her servant)—I do not tolerate gossip, but if you know any interesting news you may tell me!

DRIVE STAGE OVER CONTINENT

With Missionary in 1843—Now Aged Ninety-Nine.

Spokane, Wash., April 16.—Though ninety-nine years of age and helpless as the result of a stroke of paralysis sustained a year ago, L. E. Boyd, who claims he drove the team which carried Marcus Whitman, an early missionary across the continent in 1843, is cheerful at St. Mary's hospital, Walla Walla, Wash., where he is under the care of the Sisters of Providence. He is a native of Ohio, and fought in the civil war and the numerous Indian campaigns in the northwest. Soon after piloting the Whitman family to the Walla Walla valley, he continued his travels to California, working in the older settlements; returning in 1847, following the Indian massacre, in which Whitman and his followers lost their lives. At the opening of the civil war he started eastward and enlisted in the southern army in 1862. Returning to the western frontier at the close of the war, he became a stage driver and freighter. He was active until a year ago.

**How Jews Were Eliminated.** One of the oldest mathematical problems extant is of Scandinavian origin, and dates from a period long anterior to Christianity. It is to be found in most old Bunic almanacs, and has been turned into a tradition by the early Christians in the following manner: St. Peter, so the story runs, was taking a journey in a ship when a violent storm arose. It became necessary to lighten the ship by putting overboard half her passengers, who numbered thirty, and it was, therefore, arranged that every ninth man should go over the side. Now St. Peter and his Christian friends numbered fifteen, and the remainder of the passengers were Jews. The problem, therefore, was to so arrange matters that every ninth man was a Jew, and this managed by placing them as hereunder:

By striking out every ninth figure it will be found that the fifteen crosses, which represent the Christians, will be left after the process has been gone through fifteen times, and consequently all the Jews went overboard.

**His Masterpiece.** The young novelist had had a tough time of it, and so had his dear wife. She held his talents in poor esteem and often urged him to try something else, as she was sometimes hungry, and all the time ill clad. But one day his luck changed. He began to make money. And there came a day when he was able to write his cheque for \$100 and pass it to his wife.

Her eyes filled with tears as she read it. "Willibrand, darling," she said, as she hastened around the table and put her arms about his neck. "I'll take back all the mean things I ever said about your work. This is the best thing you ever wrote!"

**Left That to Him.** "I love your daughter, sir," said the young man, who was risking boot and all, to the millionaire. "It is true I haven't a penny, or a prospect, or a position; it is true that I am heavily steeped in debt."

"Yes, I admit freely, sir, that I haven't any right to aspire to her hand. But my love is so great, so all-consuming, that I cannot allow these things to influence me. Ah, sir, will you give your consent?"

"But, tell me," he asked, "which of my three daughters do you want?" "Ah, sir," exclaimed the young man ardently, "I leave that to you!"

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UP-TO-DATE WRINKLES

FADS AND FANCIES FOR THE MOTORIST.

Shops Offer Many Novelties in Accessories and Wraps for the Spring Tourist.

A most fetching little automobile bonnet—in rather a Quaker shape—is made of plaid silk, finished with a ruching of plain navy blue satin. The veil that comes out of the centre of the crown is of plaid chiffon in the same as the silk only the plaid is larger.

A rather novel silk coat for a dust coat is of changeable taffeta. It is made with a short cape effect and trimmed pinked pleatings such as adorned our grandmothers' gowns. It is also shirred at the waist line with cord shirtings that make it a very dressy garment.

Another model in the cap coat effect is made of dark blue rough "mohair" silk and is finished with stitiched folds instead of the pleatings. Large silk buttons form part of the trimming. It is also a dressy coat. Motor beauty-boxes are at this season indispensable, for the spring winds and sun are hard on the complexion, and the creams and soothing lotions must be used freely to keep the skin in perfect condition.

There is a new vacuum basket with two metal cups that is very good and not very expensive. Another new one has a sandwich box in the cover.

A new glove for summer wear is being shown. It promises cool comfort for the wearer. It is of lisle outside and leather inside where the hand comes in contact with the steering gear.

The new silk and the striped wool blazers are going to be used greatly this season. They are nice to slip on for short walks at luncheon time, leaving the heavier garments in the car.

The Garbardin coats for men and the silk raincoats for women seem to be in about the same models as last year. They all button well up to the throat to offer more perfect protection.

The brass buffalo, about three inches high, seems to be on the list of favorite mascots this year, and is giving the British lion a hard run for first place.

The new luncheon baskets and hampers for spring use seem to vary but little, excepting in a few added conveniences. The leather ones are the best used because they are absolutely dust proof and one is not forced to eat his "peck of dirt" at one meal.

The folding umbrella is now a regular occupant of the rail pocket for to arrive at a country hotel in a thunderstorm and have to race across a possible garden to the veranda for cover is not a dignified way of arrival.

The shepherd's plaid tailored skirt with the white sweater coat and the white wool "tam" are very popular with the junior set for short trips, and are smart and attractive in appearance.

The automobile luncheon is quite as much of a care to the hostess as the winter bridge refreshments have been and in her search for new sandwiches, the mosaic, ribbon and motor-wheels should not be overlooked.

The enthusiasts are going to make much better use of the "event" book this season, writing a little story of interest about each place visited, so that the particular funny episodes may not be forgotten when the book is referred to during the winter season.

It is glory enough for some men to be referred to as authority on baseball.

It is anything but profitable to load up with to-morrow's burdens to-day. There are counterfeit people as well as currency.

BRITISH INSURANCE ACT.

What it Will Cost the Taxpayer is Outlined.

London, Eng., April 16.—The full additional burden which the insurance act will cast upon the taxpayer for the financial year beginning last Monday is shown by the detailed civil service estimates issued to be £3,029,177. £199,352 is for office accommodation and £95,000 for printing and stationery.

As no benefits accrue till six months after the act comes into operation, on July 15th, the government has only to provide for contributions becoming payable by it under health insurance during a period of less than three months.

The insurance stamps alone are to cost £15,000 a year. For the first time the estimate for government printing and stationery exceeds £1,000,000. Large buildings are to be erected at Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Leeds, Edinburgh, Dundee, and elsewhere. Under labor exchanges and unemployment insurance salaries account for £33,537, while the contribution to the unemployment fund is put at £600,000. The act will cost the post office £39,500.

**Nothing to Regret.**

"You find a vein of humor sometimes behind the blue uniform of a railroad conductor," said the old traveler.

"I had occasion to go up the Susquehanna railroad during the recent cold snap. It was hard steaming for the locomotive, and when we got to Newfoundland the train was three-quarters of an hour late. A fussy passenger across the aisle from me was fuming at the delay.

"I wonder how late we shall be at Stroudsburg?" said he to the conductor, who came through the car just then.

"Maybe an hour and a half," was the response. "The fussy passenger ripped out a fuss word.

"My friend," said the conductor, gently, "how long are you going to stay in Stroudsburg?"

"All night and all day to-morrow, why?"

"Well, my friend, after you have been in Stroudsburg twelve hours you will wish that this train had been about twenty years late."

**The Family Shoes.** Two little girls stood, not long since, at Thirty-first street and Dales avenue. The larger, with a tiny switch in her hand, bent over the smaller one and said:

"Take that back."

"I'll not," the smaller replied. "Whack! Whack! went the switch a couple of times on the cloak of the smaller girl, though the blows could not have been felt through the thickness of the garment.

But there was no "taking back." The larger girl finally, tired of administering punishment and walked on. When she was a safe distance away the smaller girl revealed the cause of the dispute.

"Got on your mother's shoes; got on your mother's shoes," she cried, as she sped up the street towards her home.

**Different Points of View.** "Good morning, Jones."

"Good morning, Brown. Any news to-day?"

"Well, yes. You know my brother who works at the bank? Well, he went to business the other day and found £1,000 on the counter. And what do you think he did? Stole the money and tripped off to Canada. And when the news reached my father, it broke the old man's heart!"—London Tit-Bits.

**Getting Together.** While discussing church union one day this week a Toronto clergyman told a good story, about Rev. Dr. Carman, the veteran general superintendent of the Canadian Methodist church.

Dr. Carman appeared at the Presbyterian general assembly, hearing greetings from his church. He said: "Presbyterians and Methodists are getting very much alive. You Presbyterians believe in the final perseverance of the saints, but you do not practice what you preach. We Methodists believe in falling from grace, and we live up to our creed. That gets us pretty close together, does it not?"

**Long Trials.** Westminster Gazette. The Camorra trial, which has now lasted a year, will have to drag on a good deal longer before it establishes a record in criminal procedure. Pride of place, probably still belongs to the trial of Warren Hastings, which began in the spring of 1758 and "concluded in the spring of 1795. The arraignment," as Hastings said, "had taken place before one generation and the judgment was pronounced by another." Of 160 peers, who attended the opening of the proceedings, sixty died before the trial was finished.

**An Awkward Break.** "You've made a mistake in your paper," said the indignant man, entering the editorial sanctum. "I was one of the competitors at the athletic match yesterday and you have called me the well-known lightweight champion."

"Well, aren't you?" said the editor.

"No, I'm nothing of the kind, and I'm confoundedly awkward, because, you see, I'm a coal merchant."

**Uncontradicted.** "I have noticed," said the man sitting opposite, "that the prettiest girls always marry the biggest fools."

"Say no more, Mr. Slowboy," rejoined the fair maiden. "I appreciate your friendship, but I can never be your wife."

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