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R. PARKER & CO.,
Dyers and Cleaners,
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The writ has been issued for the bye-election in South Simcoe, rendered vacant by the appointment of Haughton Lennox as judge. June 10th is polling day.
Five-year-old Harold B. Scager, 177 Palmerston avenue, Toronto, was killed by being run over by a wagon.

ON TRAGIC BIRD ROCK

SOLITARY LIGHT MARKS GRAVE-YARD OF THE GULF.

Isolated Beacon in the Magdalen Group of Islands at the Mouth of the St. Lawrence Has Been Scene of Many Fatalities When Keepers Have Lost Their Lives—Heroic Woman and Her Lonely Vigil.

A gruesome record attaches to Bird Rock Lighthouse. Death and disaster seem to pay regular visits to this barren and isolated spot, the northernmost of a group of more than a dozen islands, the Magdalens, located almost in the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In fact, the archipelago itself is particularly dangerous to vessels and is known to the sailors as the graveyard of the gulf, so many have been the wrecks thereabouts.

Bird Rock is little more than a huge rock rising abruptly out of the water to a height of 140 feet, on which the Canadian Government maintains one of the most inaccessible light-house stations on the Atlantic coast. Its sides are washed by the dashing gulf waters, while thousands of sea-fowl have built nests under its rocky ledge. Until a few years ago, when a roadway was blasted out from the summit to water level, visitors and those who were taken ashore by means of a cage suspended at the side, raised and lowered with a windlass, such a landing being possible only in calm weather.

Here it was that Peter Borque lived with his wife and baby; here it was that he kept the beacon going night after night—and long nights and lonely ones they must have been; and here it was that his poor body was cast into the swirling rage of the storm waters, while his courageous wife, remembering her responsibilities above all else, maintained the light for 10 still longer nights before relief came. And when the Government ship arrived, she was so weak that it was necessary to carry her aboard.

Her courage has been commended by the Canadian authorities, for seven though she and her small baby were subjected to severe hunger and exposure, she managed to keep the light burning which no doubt saved many vessels from going on the rocks.

And now another keeper is watching the lamps nightly at Bird Rock Light. May his fate be a better one than that of each of his predecessors. Telephone Turbide, another keeper, remained in charge of the lighthouse for over 16 years, but even he did not escape the dangers of his calling. On June 24, 1891, he was putting home a charge in a signal gun when it exploded and blew off part of his right hand.

In March, 1897, Damien Cormier, an assistant keeper of the lighthouse, started out on a seal hunt accompanied by Charles Turbide, a lad of 17, and Arsene Turbide, cousin of the latter. Cormier's wife was left in charge of the lighthouse during his absence. The hunters made many killings, but as night approached they were overtaken by a blizzard such as is common in that section. As the storm increased in fury and the cold grew more intense, Cormier and his two companions made futile efforts to get back ashore and, failing in this, to at least withstand the buffeting gale. In agony the men jumped up and down on the ice, beating their arms across their chests and pounding together their frozen hands. At length Cormier tumbled over in a heap. Charles Turbide fell unconscious at his side. Before daybreak both were dead.

The rescue Turbide went out into the snowy waste and looked about him. The storm had abated by this time. The snow had ceased to fall. He could see clearly now and quickly realized that it was impossible to return by the route he had come, as the frozen gulf had forced his ice floe far out in the gulf.

In the hazy direction of his home a rough sea tossed, piled up with ragged fragments of ice. No boat could live in such waters. His only chance for salvation lay in the hard, frozen gulf toward the shore of Cape Breton, even though that shore was 70 miles away.

Arsene buried the bodies of his comrades underneath an overturned boat. Grasping the bludgeon he had used in the slaughter of seals he turned his face in the direction of Cape Breton and started on his long journey.

All that cold day Arsene trudged over the rough ice with neither food nor drink. Sometimes he plunged through deep drifts, sometimes he glided more easily over windswept surfaces. As the day wore on he was assailed by frequent spells of drowsiness. But he was determined to fight and struggle to the end. When night fell he dozed as best he could; but always standing, for he knew that once he stretched himself upon the ice it would mean his last sleep. The next morning he crept upon a seal and clubbing it to death drank the warm blood. He did not know that his garments, his face and his hands were smeared with blood, but he did realize that he had secured renewed strength and courage to continue his journey. Late that afternoon he reached Meat Cove at Cape Breton and scarcely able to drag himself along staggered to the first house in sight. Opening the door he entered, not knowing the appearance he presented to the inmates. They questioned him, but he could not speak. So thinking him either insane or a murdered they thrust him out and slammed the door shut behind him.

At the next house he rushed in headlong, flung himself before a fire and at once fell into a sound sleep. When he awoke he narrated his story and then word was telegraphed to Grindstone Island to send speedy relief to the woman who had been left alone at the lighthouse on Bird Rock. Arsene did not recover from his experience and within a fortnight died from its effects.

This old world would be a better place to live in if we all would try and get a corner on goodness. What most of us are sadly in want of is more friends whom we have no financial need or claim upon.

FUN IN COMMONS.

Past Session Has Shown a Renaissance of the Old Humor.

When the late lamented John Barr, the Shelburne doctor, and member for Dufferin, was found dead in bed three years ago, the wise ones who watch the proceedings of Parliament from the Press Gallery chronicled the passing of the last of the long line of humorists of the Laurier regime. A series of sessions, unrelieved by the sparkle of wit, was in sight. The turn of time's wheel, however, has brought into being a Parliament to which Barr is but a half-forgotten memory. A new line of youngsters wears the caps and bells.

The session just ended, the first of the Borden reign, has seen the development of humorists out of what was formerly regarded as somewhat raw material. In years gone by, Frank Oliver, for instance, was seldom taken seriously. With the load of the Interior Department lifted from his shoulders by the elections of September 21 last, the man from Edmonton has displayed a lightness of touch in debate and a delicacy of irony in retort which has astonished political friend and foe alike. It was Frank who referred to a speech of George Bradbury, as "a series of premeditated incoherencies."

Before touching on the new men who have shown indications of turning into "Bill Nye's" and "George Ade's," a further glance over the old timers may be permitted. Emmerson, the bushy-haired man from Moncton, displayed endurance in debate which suggested the lecture Frank Cochran, Visitor to St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary years ago who went to the cell of the Valleyfield murderer, Shortis (of happy Lady Aberdeen memory), will remember that that interesting gentleman used to offer for sale little pieces of round cardboard, the exact size of a ten cent piece, on which he had in large letters written the Lord's Prayer. If Shortis ever wants a change of copy, the Minister of Justice might send him the Unrevised Hansard of last session. The convict could easily copy the speeches of the new Minister of Railways on his little pieces of cardboard.

Those who followed the proceedings will remember the prominent part played by Rodolphe Lemieux, the ex-Postmaster-General, and for a few weeks the Minister of Marine and Fisheries. Lemieux never sat in opposition before. He was born politically with a silver spoon in his mouth, at the general elections of 1896. "We are here, and you are there," as Mr. Monk would say, makes all the difference in the world, and the polished Rodolphe has found little humor in the change. In the intervals between his incessant attacks on Messrs. Borden and Monk the former Minister had one little tilt with A. C. Boyce, of West Algona, which formed one of the spiciest "entre-acts" of the session. Boyce, who has been in the running for the vacant Solicitor-Generalship for some time, was twitting Lemieux on his short tenure of office as Minister of Marine.

"But," retorted Lemieux sweetly, "my hon. friend will admit that I was a minister of the crown. I was not merely a minister in the newspapers." And everyone agreed that that was a good one from Cyril Boyce.—The Mace in Saturday Night.

A Porcupine Character.

One of the most interesting characters in the Porcupine district is Mary Van Geer, known as plain "Mary" to the bulk of the population. She is a Dutch girl who blew in from some time before the first and did heroic work during that devastating experience. She is six feet tall and very strong physically, and many stories are told of her muscular prowess. She keeps a stationery and fancy store which enjoys favor with the community, and if an intoxicated comes into her shop it is no effort for her to throw him out. "Mary" mixes with the male population of the camp on a unique footing of absolute equality and yet possesses the universal respect of the entire community. Her fine open countenance and ability to look every-where straight in the eye, win the visitor in her favor, and with all her ability to take care of herself, there is nothing masculine about her. But Mary is moving on. She likes the frontier life and Porcupine has become less attractive to her since it got a railway and the telephone and electric lights. She is possessed by the wanderlust and one of these days she will turn up in Ungava or at the mouth of the MacKenzie river, and Porcupine will know her no more.

Our Trade With U. S.

Despite the defeat of reciprocity and the keeping up of the tariff restrictions against trade between Canada and the United States, the significant fact is shown by the trade returns for the twelve months ending 29th February, that Canada's total trade with her neighbor to the south increased during the year by \$63,522,940, or about fifteen per cent., while trade with Great Britain increased by only \$18,342,157, or not quite eight per cent. Canada's total trade with the United States for the twelve months was \$487,372,738, and with Great Britain, \$360,473,407. The Dominion's aggregate trade with the world was \$847,372,738, an increase of \$93,432,178, of which \$81,590,430 was in imports. Exports of domestic products, which totalled \$293,607,342, increased by only \$9,455,768. The Dominion's total trade with the United States is, therefore, considerably more than half of the total trade with all the world, and is increasing at a more rapid rate than with any other country.

Impolite Caps.

Two policemen in Montreal have been compelled to work an extra hour's duty a day for a fortnight because they declined to give up their seats to ladies who were standing in a tramcar.

A Long Walk.

Two men recently walked from Tets Jaume Cache to Fort George. It took them twenty-one days to walk the three hundred and fifteen miles down the Fraser river.

The talkative man is always saying things that afterwards he wishes he had kept still about. Some men fail to realize the fact that money was made to comfort not to hoard and worship.

BEAUTIFYING OTTAWA.

Government is Spending \$100,000 a Year at the Dominion Capital.

To embellish and beautify the capital of Canada the Dominion Government is spending no less than \$100,000 each year, the money being disbursed by the Ottawa Improvement Commission, of which Sir Henry Bate is the chairman.

More than one million dollars has already been spent on driveways and parks, and in the next five years probably one million more will be expended on the scheme of beautification along broad and comprehensive lines.

The Ottawa driveway, one of the principal works of the Improvement Commission, is universally recognized as one of the finest, if not, indeed, the finest, on the continent of North America.

Bit by bit, the driveway system has been gradually extended year by year, until it now reaches from the Experimental Farm, on the extreme west of the city, to the Rockcliffe rifle ranges, in the east, two miles beyond the city limits.

From the Experimental Farm to Cartier Square—the Champs de Mars of Ottawa—the driveway parallels the Rideau Canal. A quarter of a mile farther on the driveway resumes in Major's Hill Park, and circles around the rugged Nepean Point cliffs, overlooking the Ottawa River, and continues right up to the very door of Canada's Royal Governor-General in the Rideau Hall grounds. But the driveway does not stop there. It extends for a mile and a half farther down the Ottawa River to the rifle ranges, where the annual D. R. A. matches are held.

The driveway itself is a splendidly macadamized roadway, the most popular route for motor cars and carriages in the city. On either side, the driveway throughout its entire length is bordered with beautiful lawns, shrubbery, flower-beds, shade trees and rustic work. Here and there miniature lakes add to the attractiveness of the general scheme.

All but one of the members of the commission are appointed by the Dominion Government. The exception is the Mayor of Ottawa, who is ex-officio a member.

The length of the driveway at present is 13.28 miles, and it is being added to year by year. Right now the Improvement Commission is considering a scheme to illuminate the driveway with the "white way" lights from Rideau Hall to the Experimental Farm, a distance of some four miles. One feature of the driveway is a speedway at Rockcliffe Park. It is a mile in length, and is used for speeding motor cars.

The general impression through the country seems to be that the Dominion Government is giving Ottawa something for nothing. However, Ottawa gives good value for the money that is spent within its borders by the Improvement Commission. The Government buildings are exempted from taxation, and the city gives fire protection and water gratuitously.

Hon. Mr. Monk, the new Minister of Public Works, intended to continue on an even larger scale the policy inaugurated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues for the embellishment and beautification of the national capital.—Vincent Park in Toronto Globe.

Bulgaria and Canada.

For many years before 1909, a very large number of Bulgarians, Macedonians and Greeks left their own countries to settle in the United States, but from the beginning of this century there has been considerable preference shown by these sub-Balkan people for Canada. In the year 1909, the immigration department figures showed a quite small number of these, but this has annually increased until in 1911-12, 4,494 Bulgarians and Macedonians alone had arrived here, and about one-third of that number of Greeks. Many Servians are with this immigration company also. The majority of them find their starting spot at Belgrade, in Serbia, and thence they travel to Buda-Pesth. From Buda-Pesth they proceed to Havre, and travel via London or Liverpool to Quebec, come on, the large majority, to settle in Toronto. Here they get employment as street laborers on railroads, or many of them at first as waiters in restaurants. These blossom out later into proprietors of the cheaper feeding places in the city. There are not a few of the small capitalists among them who open up as grocers, butchers, tailors or shoemakers, and some go further west and become prosperous farmers. Many of them become naturalized, marry and add to the mixture of Canada's population. Very few of them go back to Europe.

These facts are gathered from a new newspaper, The Balkan Star, the first number of which was published, printed in the native character, on the 6th of April. It is a well-got-up sheet of four pages, and is evidence, by its existence of the fact that these people, native of the Balkan states, have already become a considerable item in Canada's national life.

French Mail Rates.

The direct parcel mails from Canada to France, which went into operation recently, will be made up at Montreal and Halifax during the winter, and will be despatched by steamers of the Allan line sailing direct to Havre.

The rate will be—1 pound, 18 cents; 2 pounds, 26 cents; 3 pounds, 34 cents; 4 pounds, 42 cents; 5 pounds, 50 cents; 6 pounds, 58 cents; 7 pounds, 66 cents; 8 pounds, 74 cents; 9 pounds, 82 cents; 10 pounds, 90 cents; 11 pounds, 98 cents, and each parcel sent to Algeria or Corsica will be subject to a charge of ten cents in addition to these rates.

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HAYS' BIG MEN.

Chief Lieutenants Have All Been Mentioned to Succeed Him.

Three men have been mentioned as successors of the late Charles M. Hays as president of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways—Mr. E. H. Fitzhugh, first vice-president of the G.T.R., Mr. E. J. Chamberlin, vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and Mr. F. H. McGuigan, formerly one of Mr. Hays' right-hand men on the G.T.R.

Earl Hopkins Fitzhugh, who stood next to Mr. Hays and who followed his chief through most of his career, was born in Missouri in 1853, started out as a banker, and then entered the service of the St. Louis, Kansas City, and Northern Railway as a clerk. When that road was absorbed by the Wabash he made the acquaintance of Mr. Hays, and when Hays went to the Grand Trunk he soon sent for Mr. Fitzhugh. The latter came to Toronto as superintendent of the middle division of the G.T.R., and won rapid promotion. He was one of the men brought in by Mr. Hays to galvanize the old road into action, and he helped a whole lot.

When Mr. Hays left the G.T.R. to become president of the Southern Pacific he took Fitzhugh with him, and brought him back when he returned to the G.T.R. in February, 1902. In 1904 Mr. Fitzhugh became third vice-president of the G.T.R., and in 1910, first vice-president.

Mr. Edson J. Chamberlin, who succeeded Mr. Frank W. Morse as vice-president and general manager of the Grand Trunk Pacific three years ago, is somewhat older than Mr. Fitzhugh. He is a native of New Hampshire, and was general manager of the Canada Atlantic when that road passed into the hands of the Grand Trunk. He has lived in Canada since 1886, and is an able, all-round railway man.

Mr. McGuigan, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the big appointment, is better known to the public than either Mr. Fitzhugh or Mr. Chamberlin, because of his rather picturesque qualities. He came up from the ranks, and he is the sort of man about whom many stories are told. It is said he called J. J. Hill a liar on the occasion of his rupture with that magnate when he left the Great Northern, after a very brief stay in St. Paul, after he severed his connection with the G.T.R. It is also said that he applied the same epithet personally to an Ontario Cabinet Minister in connection with the construction of the Hydro-Electric line, which he recently built.

Mr. McGuigan's success and the fact that he is looked upon as big enough to fill Mr. Hays' position may be traced to his persistence when young of always fitting himself for a better job than he held. One day when he was a boy carrying water on the Great Western down near St. Thomas there was talk of a strike. An engineer laughingly said to him: "You'll lose your job, son, if the men go out."

"Oh, I guess not," said young McGuigan, "probably I'll get your job." "Who do you mean?" asked the engineer.

"Why, I'll drive your engine," was the reply.

"What do you know about the national capital," said the driver, "go ahead and show me."

Whereupon McGuigan, the water boy, took hold and ran the locomotive! He had kept his eyes open and found out all about it.

A Studholme Story.

Mr. Allan Studholme, M.P.P., the only Labor member in Ontario's Legislature, is a much better speaker than he was when he first entered the House. He used to play the very dicken with the English language. The Labor member from Hamilton simply couldn't be kept from a front bench, which is not too much to say in his early, extra-linguistical days in the House, he was a back-bencher, but it was his habit as he warmed up in a speech to emphasize each good point he made by a step forward, landing finally at an empty front bench, from which he finished his oration. One day he had accomplished this advance movement, and was eloquently holding forth at some one else's seat, at the front. Likewise he was smashing the rules of grammar and pronunciation recklessly.

Hon. Richard Harcourt, an ex-Minister of Education, was one of those most affected by Mr. Studholme's language. At last he signalled a page, and the latter soon returned with an enormous book—the biggest dictionary in the Legislative Library—which he slammed down on the desk in front of Mr. Studholme. The latter glanced at the volume, and instantly noted the significance of its arrival. But he was not upset. With the good-natured complacency which, among other qualities, has endeared him to the press gallery, he merely remarked: "My language may be none of the best, but—" and continued with his speech.

Death of Selis.

A despatch from St. John's, Nfld., by wireless to Montreal, states that the sealing fleet off the east coast of Newfoundland reports the worst season in the history of the sealing industry. The total catch so far is only 50,000 seals, which is less than one boat secured in 1910.

The fleet sailed on March 14, and comprised 2,000 men and many vessels. On March 20 they struck an ice "pan," with 30,000 seals which they speedily slaughtered. Then followed a hunt by the steamers, plowing through the ice for the main herd, which usually floats down on ice from the Polar regions.

The search was kept up for hundreds of miles through the ice in every direction, but without success. The fleet is now sailing south, and hopes to find the main herd. The average catch is 300,000 skins, representing a million dollars. With the best luck it is not expected to exceed one-third this year.

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