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WE SELL Scranton Coal Co's Coal. THE JAS. SOWARDS COAL CO.

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Constipation Vanishes Forever. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

THE SIGN OF THE INN

QUAINT NAMES AND DEVICES FOUND IN ENGLAND.

The Swinging Board Bearing the Name of an Animal, or a Hero, or a Well-Known Object is Frequent Throughout the Old Land and Very Often an Ordinary Name Has a High Sounding Origin.

Swinging signs are a familiar sight outside country inns, though in most towns the authorities look on them with disfavor.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend. With creaking noise, then rainy floods around.

In former days, not only inns and coffee-houses, the doctor and the schoolmaster, the barber and the pawnbroker had their special signs, but every shopkeeper and artisan displayed them.

Hotels and taverns have always kept up the use of signboards, and a number of London inns owe their names and devices to the badges of the City Companies.

Adam and Eve with the Apple seems a curious title for a tavern till we learn that it was the badge of the Fruiterers' Company.

The Dolphin, popular by the river and in seaports, belonged to the Watermen's Company. The Angel and Trumpet was the sign of the Stationers, the Carriers had "The Goat" and "Stag and Goat," while "The Horse" was very appropriate for the Saddlers' Company.

We must not forget, however, concerning this particular device, that this was not only its significance, for in many country districts this sign was usually an armorial bearing, as was, indeed, sometimes the case in various explanations are given as to the origin of "The Green Man" or the country it generally meant that the original owner of the inn had been a gamekeeper, but it was sometimes a heraldic sign, and in London "The Green Man and Still" stood for the Distillers' Company.

In older counties "The Apple Tree" is a common sign, and "The Bush" dates from the time when the victuallers set up a bush outside their doors as a token that wine was sold on the premises—a custom still existing in many parts of the continent, and which gave rise to the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush."

Hampstead, famous for picturesque old inns, possesses "The Bull and Bush" and "The Holly Bush," as well as "The George," "Jack Straw's Castle," and "The Spaniards." The origin of the last named is disputed; some imagine that it was founded by Spaniards, or that Spaniards' wines were sold there; others say that it was originally "Espaliers," because some famous espalier apple trees grew on the site.

The old London inns had endless literary associations, from the days when Chaucer wrote "The Babard" and "The Bell" at Southwark, and the Elizabethan period, when Shakespeare frequented "The Mermaid," and "rare Ben Jonson," with Beaumont and Fletcher, and many other men of letters met at "The Dog," "The Sun," "The Triple Tun," or at "The Three Nuns" in Aldgate, down to modern days when Tennyson immortalized "The Cock Tavern," on the south side of Fleet street, and Dickens and Thackeray loved to resort to the picturesque old inns, so many of which, alas! are now swept away.

The famous "Cheesbore Cheese" was the haunt of the literary men of the eighteenth century, and the Society of Antiquaries was started in "The Young Tavern" Fleet street, "The Old Devil" stood at Temple Bar, on the site of Child's Bank. The name was given in compliment to St. Dunstan, whose church stood near "The Rainbow and the Devil" is a very inexplicable title, but if his Satanic Majesty was associated with many taverns, a far larger number are dedicated to "The Angel," including the well-known Islington inn of that name, and the celebrated Strand Angel on whose site Danes' Inn has been built.

"The Turk's Head" and "The Saracen's Head" probably date from the time of the Crusades; "The King's Head," of course, represents Charles I. as "The Royal Oak" was named out of compliment to Charles II.

A perfect menagerie of beasts, birds and fishes may be gathered from old signboards—"Red" and "White Lions," "White" and "Black Horses," "Blue Boars," or "Blue Pigs," "Stags" and "Greyhounds," "Old Dogs" and "Black Cats," "Peacocks," and "Cranes," "Whales" and "Dolphins," "Fish," and "Salmon," to say nothing of the strange heraldic creatures, "Griffins" and "Unicorns," "Dragons" and "Satyrs," and those wonderful birds, the Phoenix and the Live—the latter, by the way, gave its name to Liverpool.

Many a woman goes to her grave with the one regret that she had a lot of bargain remembrances saved up that she never got a chance to use.

The man who harbors envy always has a troublesome guest.

A WASHINGTON STORY.

General Gassaway Saw the Great Man in a Comic Situation.

A correspondent favors us with this unpublished anecdote about George Washington, obtained from a manuscript autobiography:

In the spring of 1814 I fell in company with General Louis Gassaway at Annapolis, Md., then clerk of the district court, by whom I was informed that in the Revolutionary war he was an old-de-camp to Washington. I will let General Gassaway relate the anecdote himself:

"In the winter of 1770 and 1780, called the 'hard winter,' the American army went into winter quarters at Morristown, N. J. General Washington and his staff had their headquarters at the farmhouse of one Gabriel Ford, a large and convenient establishment. One bitterly cold night, about 2 o'clock, there was an unusual bustle at headquarters. I lodged below on the first floor and soon learned the cause of the stir. General Washington ran to the head of the stairs in his night dress with a pistol in each hand and called to me to know the cause of the uproar.

"A soldier on guard, sir, has been frozen at his post and brought into quarters."

"See that the poor fellow is well cared for and change the guard every hour," was the humane reply.

"To see a man six feet high in his night clothes with a pistol in each hand bordered so near on the ludicrous that I could not easily keep my equality to answer the great general of the American army with becoming respect."—Army and Navy Journal.

TONE UP THE BODY.

It Will Help to Fortify Your System Against Serious Illness.

There is a saying, much wiser and cheaper than it seems at first glance, to the effect that "you won't get sick if you keep well." It is a half-jesting way of setting forth a profound truth. The risks and exposures of life are so many and so insidious that they cannot be escaped. The only hope of passing through them unharmed is to keep the body so strong and sound that it can defend itself against the diseases which are constantly lying in wait for the unguarded and the weak.

It is a mere commonplace to say that one man will take exactly the same course and face precisely the same risks that another man finds fatal and go entirely unscathed. Sometimes it is a difference born in the two organisms, but often it is the result of different living and different conditions in respect to strength and health.

If the body is maintained at a high state of efficiency and if care is taken to overcome and correct the little disorders and signs of trouble as soon as they appear there is not much danger of a serious illness. The small precautions and the constant toning up of the body by exercise, fresh air, sensible eating and drinking and abstention from all excesses and follies ward off prolonged and often desperate struggles against disease.

It is the principle of the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine." The same rule applies to the care of health.—Cleveland Leader.

The House of Lords. The house of lords was composed chiefly of clerics until the time of Edward III. Thus in 1236 the peers were ninety spiritual and forty-nine lay members, including twenty archbishops and bishops, sixty-seven abbots and priors and three masters of orders. Many clerical dignitaries summoned did not attend at Westminster, refusing to recognize the authority of parliament over their own convocations of Canterbury and York. It was partly from this cause that the lords spiritual decreased in number until early in the reign of Edward III, the upper house consisted of eighty-six lay and only forty-five clerical peers, while during Elizabeth's parliament there were forty-three and twenty-six respectively.—London Standard.

Insect Curiosities. Insects do not follow the rule of abiding in higher life—that of a brief youth followed by a longer period of adult life. The May fly lives two years as a grub in a pond and then is granted a life of but a few brief hours. The dragon fly spends more time even than the May fly in seclusion and then is cut off after a few weeks of existence. But the palm goes to that strangest of American insects, the cicada. Pesticidal swarms of these sweep over the country for a few weeks—a veritable scourge to all whom it visits, planting, the while, its eggs in the bark of trees. As grubs they crawl out and bury themselves in the soil at the roots of the trees, whence, in sixteen years, they issue as insects, having thus spent seventeen years in maturing.

Tragedy in a Clock. Hogan was late at work several times and was advised to buy an alarm clock. It worked finely for a time until one of the kids got to monkeying with it and took it apart. When it was put together again it wouldn't run. Hogan couldn't understand it, on account of past performances, and did a little dissecting on his own account. When he opened the clock he found the remains of a large insect mixed up with the machinery. "No wonder it won't run," he said to his wife. "The engineer is dead."—Chicago Post.

A Transposition. "There is one thing I cannot understand," said the student of theology. "What is that?" inquired the professor. "Why Moses, the lawgiver, should be called the meekest of men, while Solomon, with hundreds of wives, was called the wisest."—Washington Star.

Money. "Say, pop, what is money?" "Money, my son, is the root of all evil—that is to say, with it you can buy a wife or keep expensive bachelor apartments. No matter which one you choose, you'll wish you had the other."—Philadelphia Record.

Many owe what health they have to the unquenchable flame that burns undimmed in the faculty of hope.—Walter De Vos.

As a matter of fact, a woman never enjoys crying unless there is a man present whose feelings she wants to hurt. There was never yet a head swelled by good, healthy brains.

Orson McDougall, of Morrisburg, died on Wednesday, aged forty-two years. He is survived by his widow. All men are born free and equal, and each has everything his own way—until he is a year or two old.

GROTESQUE DANCES.

Yaqui Natives Wear Antlers and Jump Like Deer.

Natives of the Yaqui region in Mexico make use of queer costumes in their dances. Seated on the ground around a fire, four good singers chant dialogues between the deer and other animals and birds, such as the coyote, the jaguar, the wolf, the bear, the eagle and the hawk. Their music is made by beating with small sticks, saturated in blood and then dried, on "megas" or tightly stretched mats of plaited tule leaves.

The dancer ties on his head the skin and horns of the head of a deer—which is often better than his own—and from his belt of deer hide hang many deer hoofs, which rattle continuously as he goes through the steps of the dance. In his hands he carries two large rattles, made of gourds partly filled with pebbles. These he also shakes to keep time to the music.

The dancer tries to imitate, as far as possible, the movements of the deer. He shakes himself sideways and with his hands makes motions similar to those of the deer's long white tail as the animal goes running swiftly over the plain, leaping through the underbrush or trying to free himself from the flies which infest the valleys of the mountains. He whitts around, jumps and leaps straight up and down into the air. When we are least expecting it another pascala appears, wearing the head of a coyote, a bear or a puma, chases the deer, tries to bite him, leap on his back or otherwise harm him to the ground, but the deer always escapes.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

DISRAELI AS A SON.

His Generosity in Becoming Reconciled to His Father.

Lord Dufferin used to tell the following story about his mother and Disraeli:

My mother was among the first of Disraeli's acquaintances to recognize his great ability, and she saw a great deal of him when at Mrs. Norton's, when he was a young man about town. She did not see very much of him after he had once entered upon his political career. Here, however, is a little anecdote which is very characteristic and amusing. My mother had a great admiration for the "Curiosities of Literature" and was anxious to make the acquaintance of Disraeli's father, but there was a difficulty about this, as at the moment he was not on good terms with his father.

However, he appeared one day with his father in tow. As soon as they were both seated Disraeli turned around and, looking at his father as if he were a piece of ornamental china, said to my mother: "Madam, I have brought you my father. I have become reconciled to my father on two conditions. The first was that he should come to see you and the second that he should pay my debts."

Why Elizabeth Ordered Fish. The connection between fish eating during Lent and a strong envy may appear remote, but to Elizabethan statesmen it seemed very real and vital. So much so that every one should eat fish on every day of Lent, as well as on certain appointed days throughout the year, under penalty of a heavy fine. And the reasons set forth for this enactment made no mention of religious observance. It was simply stated that the queen needed ships for the defense of the realm, and as not only was the fishing industry "the chiefest nurse for the bringing up of youth for shipping," but "great numbers of ships be used therein, furnished with stuff and men at all times in readiness for her majesty's service," the consumption of fish must be enforced.—London Chronicle.

A Bill That Wasn't Paid. A medical man in France was asked to be present at a duel in his professional capacity. He got up early, traveled some miles, "dressed" the swords and ministered to his client, who was slightly wounded. When both honor and wound were healed he looked for his fees and sent in a bill for \$10. The patient replied through his wife, who wrote: "I am told that between men there is a question of delicacy which forbids even the slightest appearance of trade in such a matter. Neither the doctors nor the seconds are brought on the ground for money. If you persist in your claim I shall, to my great regret, be obliged to leave to others the duty of settling this fine point with you."

Domestic Repartee. "You will remember," said she laughingly, "that you proposed to me four times before I consented to marry you. You wouldn't take no for an answer."

"I remember," he replied sadly. "It seems to me that every time you have changed your mind I've got the worst of it."—Exchange.

A Mean Retort. Wife—According to this paper, hot water will prevent wrinkles. Huband—So? Then how do you account for the numerous wrinkles I have? Wife—How do I account for them? Huband—Yes; you keep me in hot water nearly all the time, you know.

Defined. French Teacher—Now, Tommy, what is money in French? Tommy—Argent. French Teacher—Good, and what gender is it? Tommy—Feminine; money talks—Satire.

Farmer Hornbeak—What's your nephew that graduated from college a spell ago doin' now? Farmer Henstover—Still colorin' a meerschaum pipe—Judge.

Nations, like individuals, live or die, but civilization cannot perish.—Maxim.

It is easy to appreciate the duties of the simple life—if you are not obliged to live it. But you can't judge what there is in a woman's head by the size of her hat.

REAL VALUE OF PLAY.

A Brief Period Snatched From the Regular Routine Aids Health.

Self-improvement societies that have tried to find the best way to live have never discovered anything more valuable than play, says Collier's Weekly. A man may shake up a continent by his energy or build kingdoms by his brains, but so far as his personal life is concerned he has been a failure if he has not learned to play.

Play, of course, is not confined to games. It may be a walk in the woods, a row upon the river, a sail upon the lake. To some making a garden is play, as to others is chopping wood. To play is to follow the irresponsible inclination which gives the most pleasure with the least mental strain and bodily wear.

Ideal play is a brief period of care-free living snatched from the regular routine. It is enjoying the pleasure of being alive; it is absorbing from the earth and air and sun without conscious effort. More and more we are trying to teach the children how to play, but we do not know how ourselves. Before us always is the boggy of wasting time, and the devil of disease, old age, misery and failure never invented a falsier boggy. We send our children to the public playground and go on ourselves getting soggy and heavy and gloomy and nervous.

COLONY OF THE GRAZED.

A Belgian Town Where Insane Folks Are Wholly Unrestrained.

In the year 600, according to legend a young Irish princess named Dymphna seeking to escape from her cruel father, traveled to the continent of Europe and in Belgium established herself in a hut, where it was her misfortune to be discovered and murdered by her parent. A temple was afterward built to the memory of the princess, and it later became a refuge for the "sick in mind." Huts and houses were gradually built to accommodate those who came until after many centuries it became the town of Gheel, known far and wide as the colony of the crazed.

The remarkable thing about this Belgian town is that the residents accept patients into their own homes so that they may enjoy the beneficial effects of domestic and social intercourse. Nearly every house contains at least two mental incompetents, and except in certain cases all patients are permitted to go about town and enjoy themselves. A stranger may not know whether he is meeting a patient or a sane resident in his walks through the town.

For more than 100 years this system has prevailed at Gheel. Attempts at suicide are few, the death rate among the unfortunates has averaged about 4 per cent during the past few years, while in England the rate has been 7 per cent for the past ten years. The percentage of recoveries for twenty-five years has been almost double that in England.—New York World.

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For stings, sunburn, cuts, burns, bruises, etc.—just as effective. Mothers find it invaluable for baby's sores!

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