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**HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS TO WESTERN CANADA.**

Via Chicago, Port Arthur and Sarnia, every Tuesday, March 4th to October 25th inclusive. Good to return for TWO months.

We can make all arrangements to bring your family or friends from the Old Country. Special attention will be given them.

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Railroad and Steamship Agent

Corner Johnson and Ontario Streets.

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By "BERMUDIAN," twin screw, 10-115 tons displacement, sails from New York, 10 a.m., every Wednesday. Submarine signals, wireless, orchestra. Record trip 39 hours 20 minutes. Fastest, newest and only steamer leading passengers to the dock in Bermuda without transfer. S.S. "SIBOTANIA," 10,000 tons displacement, sails from New York 10 a.m. every Tuesday. Tickets interchangeable with I.L.S.P. Company. WEST INDIES—New S.S. "GUIANA" and other steamers from New York fortnightly for St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadalupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados and Demerara.

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**New "OLYMPIC"**

FITTED WITH DOUBLE SIDES AND ADDITIONAL WATERTIGHT BULKHEADS

EXTENDING FROM THE BOTTOM to the TOP OF THE VESSEL.

SAILED FROM NEW YORK, April 12-May 3 AND REGULARLY THEREAFTER

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**Real Whole Wheat Bread**

The digestibility of ordinary whole wheat bread is a much debated question—but there is no question about the nutritive value or digestibility of

**TRISCUIT**

the Shredded Wheat Wafer, a crisp, tasty toast containing all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded, compressed into a wafer and baked a crisp, golden brown. It is a delicious "snack" for luncheons or for any meal with butter, soft cheese, peanut butter or marmalades.

Made of the Highest Grade Canadian Wheat  
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Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East



**SEVEN QUEBEC NATIONALISTS.**

Who voted against the Borden government on the navy resolution, and proposed a general plebiscite on the question. They lost their votes twice. Sir Wilfrid Laurier remarked: "It is a government of nationalists and imperialists. You can fill the stomach of a leopard, but you cannot change his spots."

**RAIDING THE LAW.**

"No, you can't stay here!" exclaimed Squire Daniel L. Gole, pompously, after listening to a few whispered words from the tremulous, weak faced man who had got off the up train and come hesitatingly across to the squire's store. "You haven't a cent."

"I didn't say—"

"Your looks do," interrupted the squire sharply. "We've got three paupers on our town now, and don't want any more. Am I not right, gentlemen?" to the half dozen loungers in his store.

"Sure!" they agreed promptly. "We ain't got no money to feed to paupers."

**Must Be Sold**

Eight-roomed Brick Veneer House on Princess Street near the car line; good plumbing, good barn. Price \$2,750.00.

Brick Veneer House on Toronto Street, one hundred and fifty feet frontage; good stable and poultry house, \$1,800.00.

Good frame house on Albert Street; hot water heating, corner lot. \$2,750.00.

**Norman & Webb**

Real Estate and Insurance.

177 Wellington Street

"You hear?" to the man. "Now, what time is the down train due, gentlemen?"

"Eleven forty-one passes the up freight here," came several deferential voices.

Squire Gole was town clerk and justice of peace, and postmaster, and storekeeper, and most of these owed him small accounts. "Yes, 11.41 is the time," he said. "I wish the man to know we're unanimous, gentlemen. Now, he'll take that train away and keep on till he gets back to Ohio."

"But I didn't—"

"Only twenty-seven minutes," warned the squire. "I suppose I'll have to pay your fare, but I shall go along to the station to see you get off."

"Squire ain't so all-fired stingy as some folks let on," whispered one of the loungers to another. "But what makes him look so red and upset like, and don't the stranger favor him in face and figure?"

The squire certainly did look red and upset, as all the loungers could see, even though they lacked the hardihood to say it aloud. He talked steadily, and whenever the stranger started to speak broke in and cut off a sentence before it was finished. Still talking, he took his hat and went behind the counter, shutting and locking a drawer in which were kept the county records. He had had charge of those books for twenty years, and he never left the store without locking the drawer and slipping the key into his pocket.

"Now I'm ready," he announced. "Sammy," to his boy, "you look after things."

Beyond hearing of the others his voice changed to a sudden snarl. "Now, David, what dy'e mean by coming back here like this?" he questioned, angrily. "Didn't I give you a little farm in Ohio on condition that you never returned to disgrace me with your shillies ways? You know this forfeits the farm?"

"Taint worth over \$500, and we've had to mortgage it for most that. And she said—"

"Who said?"

"My wife," defensively. "She married me six and, of course, asked about my folks. I told her you and me were own brothers, and that dad had owned a store and some farms and houses and things, and that I'd heard him say we'd share and share alike. Then he died and you told me everything was yours because you were businesslike and took care of it, and that he didn't leave me anything because 'twould slip through my fingers on account of me being sort of—sort of simple. And you gave me the poor bit of farm in Ohio and I went to it. You know I did, Daniel, and I meant to pay, but I wasn't much more than a boy then, and I was scared of you."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Why, she asked me if I'd looked into it any or knew more than your say so," apologetically, "and—and I had to say no. I said we'd better come on and look things over and—"

"And I say I ought to take that farm away and sell it and put the money in my pocket," snarled the squire wrathfully; "but I won't. After all, you're my brother, even if you don't deserve to be. I'm going to pay your fare back to Ohio, and I want you to tell that wife of yours that she'd better be looking to the buttered side of her bread if she don't want to go hungry."

"My wife's right here in the depot, now, waiting," stammered David. "She said for me to go up and speak to you first—only you wouldn't listen."

A long, discordant shriek from the freight engine sounded at the head of the station and the heavy train rumbled into view. As it came to a stop on the outside track and two men swung themselves down and crossed to the station platform the passenger whistle sounded from above.

The two men walked straight to the squire and his brother. "Can you tell us where to find Mr. Gole?" D. L. Gole?" one of them inquired.

The squire inclined his head pompously. "As the largest land owner of the place, he was glad to welcome strangers."

"Then I'm lucky, for I was afraid I wouldn't be able to take the train back. Come along now, I've a warrant for your arrest. Here 'is," drawing out a paper which his position as justice of the peace made look familiar to the squire. "Hurry, now, for there's the train coming in and it stops only a minute. Get on t'other side of him, Bill."

"But I haven't done anything," protested the squire, in sudden terror, as he was hurried along. "I ain't hardly ever been away from right here."

"Don't concern me a bit, all that," interrupted the officer. "My work is just to take you back. It's by order of the court. And I reckon I'd have known you all right, even if you hadn't confessed, for the description's pretty accurate—coarse black hair, sallow face, goatee, over six feet and thin. That's plenty for me. We traced you straight from Ohio—"

"Then it's my brother you want!" shrieked the squire.

"Brother nothing," retorted the officer, "the description fits you too close. And, anyway, there's no time now. You can give your say so to the court. Into the car with you!"

And protesting, kicking, threatening in full view of the station and store loungers, the great man of the town was hustled and lifted almost bodily into the car. A moment later the train moved away. Then the entire square, as it were, drew one long amazed breath and talked.

With the first appearance of the officers David had sunk into the back-ground, and then sidled round to the station where, plump, determined-looking young woman was waiting.

"That was your brother Daniel, of course," she said. "Was he glad to see you?"

"No," admitted David. "He was ordering me back to Ohio when they brought me here now, and I feel awful mean about that, Elsie, for 'twas me they were after, as a witness in the hog scrape of Green's. 'Twa'n't right for me to skip out after I'd been summoned by order of the court, but this mortgage'd closed down on us with the court, and I was important; and, of course, 'twa'n't right for me to let the officers take Daniel—only I didn't have money enough to come on again, and 'twould leave you here alone, and—and I felt Daniel could afford it better. I and he got all."

"The record books are kept here, I believe," said the woman, stopping in front of Sammy.

"Yes'm, in the drawer here, but you can't see 'em."

"I know I've a right to look over the records," she affirmed positively. "Everybody has."

"She went behind the counter to the drawer. At the third blow of a hatchet it opened. It was nearly full of books and papers.

"Come, Davie," she called, "you may help me go through 'em."

"I-I don't believe I would, Elsie," he demurred anxiously. "Maybe 'tain't lawful."

Several of the loungers had half risen; now they sank back on their boxes again. "Highway robbery," one of them wheezed shrilly. "Burglary and—and arson," croaked another. "State's prison, sure's the world," mumbled a third, "and that's what the squire'll give 'em."

But the woman paid not the least attention. She went through the records rapidly, selecting those that were fifteen years old or more. Finally she pushed a book across to her husband. "Read that, Davie," she said, pointing with her finger. "And I guess it means there's something more among these bundles of papers."

She took up one, slipping off the rubber band while she ran through the papers it contained. Then she went through another, and started on a third. In the middle of that she found a paper that she read carefully and then drew out. "That's all I want," she said, as she came from behind the counter. "You can shut the drawer, boy. And now," to the loungers, "can you tell me where Meadowbrook farm is?"

"I can tell that," spoke up David quickly. "It joins right on the town, only a quarter of a mile away. It used to be one of the finest places around."

"Is now," said a lounge, "except Spring farm, where the squire lives. That's as good."

"Thank you," said the woman. "This paper I hold is the last will and

testament of old Mr. Gole, and it gives all his property equally to Daniel and David, excepting two houses, to which he made them deeds before he died. They're on record in the book there. Spring farm to Daniel and Meadowbrook to David. Likely Daniel didn't quite dare to destroy the will, as that would have been a crime. Come, David."

"But-but renting folks live in Meadowbrook house," stammered one of the dazed loungers.

"Well let them stay with us until they can find another house," said the woman. "When Brother-in-law Daniel gets back tell him to call. I don't think he'll make any trouble."

He did not. At the end of two days he came back raging, and his rage was increased tenfold by the volunteered information he received between the station and his store. But after he had reviewed the entries in the records and thought things over a bit, prudence forced the rage away. He went across to Meadowbrook farm.

"I meant to let David have his full share just as soon as I felt he was capable of managing it," he insinuated. "I suppose you'll want me to look after his property a little. There's considerable in houses and lands."

"I—we are perfectly capable of managing it, I think," smiled his sister-in-law, "but we'll be glad for you to come and talk things over and advise. I'm sure we'll like it here."

They did, and lived happily ever afterwards, for David was not obliged to work any now, and for the first time in his life his wife had plenty "to do with."

Professor R. E. J. Davis, Captain H. E. Book, Messrs. Hymann, George Richardson, Arthur Dalton and Stanley Cunningham.

The tea at the Curling Club on Wednesday afternoon will be given by the following—Miss Vera Carson, Mrs. Ekpeet Young, Miss Maude Betts, Miss Essie Smythe (skip).

Mrs. W. B. Dalton, Johnson street, is entertaining informally at tea this afternoon in honor of Mrs. George Sears.

Mr. Francis King is entertaining the Old Tramp Snow Shoe Club, this evening, at his cottage on Wolfe Island.

A number of Queen's students were

guests at a very jolly drive on Friday evening, to Cape Vincent.

Miss Newlands, Barrie street, entertained at a jolly informal little party on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nickle, Earl street, returned to town, on Friday, from Ottawa.

Miss O'Dell, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Robert Laird, Albert street, has returned to her home.

Professor and Mrs. W. Nicol have arrived home from Germany, where they spent several weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. L. Hoppins, of Sefton Current, are expected in town on Tuesday, to spend a short time.

Mrs. Stafford Kirkpatrick, Gore street, has returned from Windsor, where she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. R. Craig, for several weeks.

**Told in Twilight**

(Continued from page 2.)

Mrs. Walter Macnee, Union street, entertained at a very bright and enjoyable tea on Wednesday afternoon, in honor of the birthday of her son, Mr. W. Kent Macnee. The tea table was attractively arranged with daffodils. Mrs. Carlos Kirkgaard poured coffee, and Miss Dorothy Hill poured chocolate, and Miss Hilda Kent cut the ice cream. The guests included Miss Lottie Kirkpatrick, Misses Nora and Helen Gordon, Miss Charlie Shortt, Miss Marjorie Brownfield, Miss Dorothy and Kathleen Carruthers, Miss Kathleen Crisp, Miss Kathleen Ryan, Miss Gladys Burton, Miss Helen Uglow, Miss Rose Hopkins, Watertown, Miss Florence Kerr, Toronto, Miss May Rogers, Miss Dorothy Hill, Miss Doris Kent, Miss Vera Carson, Miss Aileen Benson, Miss Lillian Mandell, Misses Mamie and Susie Anglin, Miss Anita Fenwick, Miss Sylvia Cochran, Miss Florie Stewart, Messrs. Sydney McCann, Herbert Stephen, St. Johns, Que., Kenneth Mundell, Ross Livingstone, Hugh Ryan, Gordon Smith, Leonard Birrell, Storms, Blackstock, Garland, McQuaig, Bauteley, Laughlin Hughes, Niel Polson and Arnett Minnes.

Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Kalmus chaperoned a very jolly party of boys and girls to Wolfe Island, on Friday evening, where they enjoyed a most delicious dinner and spent an enjoyable evening. The guests included Misses Mabel and Dorothy Brownfield, Misses Emma and Elsie Pense, Miss Nan Paterson, Miss Nora Gordon, Miss Mildred Jones, Miss Marie Carruthers,

**Break the Habit**

Having drank Red Rose Tea at a friend's house or having seen it advertised, you believe it is "good tea" and have been intending to try it for some time, but from force of habit you have just kept on using another tea. Why not Break the Habit and order RED ROSE next time.

RED ROSE TEA IS NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

**RED ROSE TEA** is good tea

**Rheumatism Cured**

By a scientific remedy. It acts directly on the blood. It combines with the uric acid and makes it soluble, and the blood carries the combination to the kidneys, where it is eliminated in the ordinary way. No other preparation like it on the market. Absolutely harmless. Send for a trial package Red Rheumatism Cure to-day. Price, 25c, postage paid, or five for \$1.00.

**E. E. JESSOP, Phm. B.**

NAPANEE, ONT.

**New Business Open**

**A. RAWSON**

(Nearly five years with the Wm. Davies Co.)

41 Montreal Street, near Princess Street.

**Fresh Meats and Groceries**

By strict attention to all orders we hope to merit a share of your patronage. Phone 1364.

**Men's Heavy Wearing Boots**

Box Calf and Tan Calf, leather lined, double sole, Goodyear welt. Just the boot for this kind of weather, regular \$5.00, reduced to

**\$ 3.75**

**H. Jennings, - King St.**

**SATURDAY AND MONDAY**

We place on sale Men's and Young Men's Suits and Shirts. They are odd lines which we are anxious to clear out. All new within the last five months, and every one is a real bargain.

50 Men's and Young Men's—latest style and hand tailored—guaranteed to keep their shape—all sizes 33 to 44 in the lot—former prices were \$13.50, \$15.00 and \$16.50. We want to clear them out.

**Take Your Choice For \$9.85**

50 Suits—Browns, Greys and Blues; every suit worth the original price they were sold at, which was \$18.00 and \$25.00. They are odd lines and must be cleared out, so

**Take Your Choice For \$12.95**

15 dozen soft colored shirts; all sizes 14 to 17; regular 75c; to clear at 45c each.

Remember, these are not paper bargains, but genuine.

**RONEY & CO.**

The Store that Sets the Pace. 127 Princess Street

**THREE EXILED AND IMPOVERISHED WOMEN.**

Miss Angelina Madero, Mrs. F. I. Madero, Sr., and Miss Mercedes Madero who are now exiled from Mexico.