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URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a Glass of Salts if Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back, or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue in coat, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's uric waste, get a few ounces of **Dr. Williams' Pink Pills** here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush out and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink.

Agent, G. W. Mahood.

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2 for 25 cents

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From "Man's Maladies"...

With "Man's Maladies" is a failure. What for? It is a constitutional vigor health, it is keen, responsive, vibrant nerve force, that gives wonderful inner strength of will sustains a sound body, makes money and keeps friends. Keen, strong, sensitive, it trembles, melts, and with it man can excel in business, sport, pleasure and social favor. Without it, he is apt to be weak, timid, weak, nervous, feeble in motion, with cold hands, cold feet, nervousness, timidity, fear, with out cause, tremble, melancholy, pain in the back of head, neurasthenia and a general lack of grit, courage and nerve, so that it is impossible to act naturally under all circumstances, as a man with stamina should. It should be the aim of every man to correct this condition, even if for failure and unhappiness, for it can be done by the simple use of the nerve force of nature's law that the nerves receive their nourishment through the blood, which flows through the nerve fluids to recover the daily waste which is constantly taking place. The nerve fluids and body tissues undergo constant changes, and unless the supply is equal to the demand the stream of health ebbs low, and misery results. Astonishing strength, nerve force and pulse is quickly restored by the following valuable formula, which anyone can prepare in the privacy of home.

First, obtain three ounces of syrup sarsaparilla composed in a six ounce bottle, add one ounce of compound fluid balsam wort, shake well, and let stand two hours. Then add one ounce (not cardamon) and one ounce compound essence cardiol. Mix. Shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one when retiring.

The above ingredients, except the syrup, are rare concentrations of purest drugs without opiates and are used for various prescriptions.

NELL

"I think that will please him," she said, as she looked at the flowers she had arranged on the table.

He was going away to be married. Oh, she did hope that he would be happy. She hoped that other girls loved him as much—as much as he deserved to be loved.

A hasty step sounded on the gravel walk outside. She placed her hand to her breast for an instant, and then walked to the table and began to touch a flower here and there as if completing the arrangement of the vase.

Jack Marston burst into the room. His manner was boisterously boyish, and there was a freshness about his handsome face and frank, brown eyes that made him look younger than his years.

"Hello, Nell," he cried, "fading up the flowers for the last time, eh? By jove, they look all right. The train starts in an hour. Could you get me some lunch before I go?"

"Yes, I thought of that. I'll bring it in directly. Mother has it all ready."

"Well, come back to lay the cloth. Do you remember when I first came here, Nell, when you brought me my first chop and looked so frightened and shy?"

"Yes, I remember," she said. "It seems such a long time ago. I was only a little girl then."

"What's up? Nell?"

"The girl turned her face away and tried to reach the door. He caught her hand and held her.

"Nell, what is it? You're not crying, because I'm going away?"

"Oh, no, no, no, don't stop me; I must bring in your lunch. You'll be late for the train."

The pain in her face made him reckless of consequences.

"Hang the train. What is it, Nell? Tell me about it. Do you mind my going away as much as all that?"

"It was silly of me, but I just felt I couldn't bear it. It'll be all right. I'll get used to it. There, you mustn't keep me; you've got to catch your train."

She broke from him and ran down the passage. Jack rose to his feet and took one or two turns up and down the room. Then he went to the hall and got his hat.

"Nell," he called from the front door, "I don't want any lunch yet. I'm going out for half an hour. I'll get the late train."

He went out and climbed the snow-covered hill at the back of the township. His brain seemed all in a whirl of conflicting emotions, and out of the tumult of his thoughts there came no clear issue.

It only he had known; if only he had known, Nell's eyes haunted him. He knew now that he loved her all the time, and he marvelled at his own blindness.

In three days Allison was to become his wife. Did she care for him? Dare he tell her the whole story and beg to be forgiven for what was, after all, a terrible mistake?

Suddenly he determined on a course of action. A quarter of a mile away there was a flag station on the railway line. He had just time to catch the 5.30 train at that point. He would go down to the city and trust that some honorable means of escape might open before him.

He found his way to the familiar house, and, not without feeling of guilt and shame, pressed the bell.

He was shown into the drawing room.

He waited a long time. Why did Allison not come? It was hardly courteous on her part to treat him in this way. The servant returned bearing a note.

He tore open the envelope and read the contents of the note.

Dear Sir—regret that I feel quite unequal to seeing you to-night. I have been greatly pained and upset by the shock I have received. On the receipt of the news of your marriage I at once communicated with you, and I feel for you in the circumstances, I can only add that my decision as expressed in my letter must be regarded as final.

Yours sincerely,

ALLISON GREY.

He looked from the letter to the face of the servant and then back again to the letter. All his irritation was gone, and in its place was a sense of puzzled wonder. There was a mystery somewhere that he could not understand.

"Has anything happened?" he asked awkwardly.

"Miss Allison has not been very well, sir," the servant answered.

"Thank you," said Marston, as he turned and slowly left the house.

He was altogether at a loss to understand the meaning of the note, but through his perplexity a great hope rose in his heart.

"Hey, Marston!"

He started at a familiar voice.

"By jove, Jack, I'm sorry. This is confoundingly bad luck for you."

"What?"

"I know something has happened, but what it may be I haven't the least idea."

"Great Scott! I'm afraid I'm the bearer of bad news, then, but you'd better have it. Bruce and Sampson have failed for close on a quarter of a million. We had the news before this morning."

At any other time the news that his firm had failed, and that his own prospects in New York were for the moment ruined, would have come to him with the force of a knock-down blow. Now it set his pulse bounding with a great joy.

"I'm glad to hear it," he said.

"There's a train for Orkney at half-past eight. I must catch it and get home."

He started running in the direction of the station. His friend looked after him and shook his head.

"Poor beggar, it's clean thrown him off his balance," he said.

Jack Marston reached the house that had so long been his home tired and worn out, but with a light heart. He opened the door and went into the familiar room.

A letter in a lady's handwriting lay beside his plate. He tore open



PANNIERS AND RUFFLES ADD WIDTH TO THE HIPS

Just as we had settled down to the straight silhouette along comesthetonic, the panner and ruffles without number with their added width to the hips to upset it all.

All of these will be worn the coming season: in some instances the poplin, coat-tail or ruffle will be attached to the blouse, but more often it is a part of the skirt.

Sashes and belts also will continue popular and there are many new ribbons and silks designed almost entirely for this purpose. There are Roman stripes, plaids, broadened effects in bright Chinese colorings and dark, rich looking laces. These sashes are wide, low and loose.

In numbers S127-S151 crêpe meteor is used for the skirt with the bodice and panner ruffles of flowered crêpe de Chine.

the envelope and read it. Then he slowly twisted it in his hands and threw it in the fire.

Presently a light footstep sounded in the passage, and Nell opened the door. He rose to meet her holding out both his hands.

"Nell," he cried, "I've come back. Come and sit down beside me."

"Nell, dear," he said, and his voice was thick and hoarse. "It has all been a foolish mistake. I ought to have known, and I didn't. Forgive me, dear. You are the only woman I ever cared for in my life. The other girl was a little cry, but he took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips. Suddenly she released herself and stood up.

"I don't understand. Oh, you mustn't—the other girl—"

"The other girl has thrown me over," he said, and he laughed lightly.

"Nell, I've lost my position. Bruce and Sampson have failed. Will you throw me over too?"

"No, I'll never throw you over," she said.

The Prairie

Where the wild flowers, wind-shaken, their heads are tossing, In this lone western land, on prairie rolling and vast; Here, where the whisp'ers of solitude ever are crossing; Here, if nowhere else, there is peace at last; Rest for the heart and brain, for the soul, world-weary; In the strength and might and the beauty of trackless prairie.

In this far land is no taint of civilization. No stain of smoke—the heavens above are clear as glass— With never a sign or faintest trace of any nation. Naught but a waving, boundless world of grass; Where the shadows, the sunshine shifts and flingers, And the weeds bend low at the touch of the wind's light fingers.

No voice save the voice of Nature, yet all pervading; Rich in its own strange music, the sweetest ever sung, With earth and sky and the faintest breeze the echoes shading, And all the billowy prairie overhung With a nameless sense of loneliness and wildness; That thrills with its life, and color

the summer mildness. Miles upon miles of grassy swells, sown thick with flowers in yellow and purple lines, in clusters faintly red. Tinted with Nature's brushes and watered by the showers, On the slopes and over the hollows spread; On every hill their gorgeous banners showing, And far across the prairie in vivid colors glowing.

Here, indeed, is the keen, strong wine of freedom tasted; A draught once drunk, it is never forgotten again. Where never a man's heart wears away by sorrows wasted, For Nature's moods are kinder than those of men. This is the land whose healing touch is sure and painless— This is the land that God smiles on—the prairie pure and stainless. Ernest McGaffey.

Teeth and the Task

Everybody knows nowadays, or should know, that the health of the body depends, to a great extent, upon the condition of the teeth. Many strictly persevering with their teeth as regards cleanliness, yet still they are defective and fall out. Perhaps the fault does not lie with the teeth, but with your employment. People who work in soda factories find that this mineral affects them in a peculiar manner. Their teeth first become translucent, then soft, eventually breaking off close to the gums.

The workers in quicksilver mines have the worst teeth of any worker. Constant saliva is produced by the fumes of the mercury, and the human system soon becomes permeated with the metal. Teeth absolutely fall out in this business. Any person employed in a bleaching factory is liable to suffer from defective teeth. The chloride of lime used in the bleaching process destroys the enamel of the teeth, leaving them open to decay and disease. The phosphorus used in match factories is very injurious to the teeth, as are also the drugs used in dye works.

A report published by the department of agriculture and technical instruction for Ireland gives the quantity of sea fish landed in Ireland during the year 1912 as 47,707 long tons, valued at \$1,492,874.

A man may be as young as he feels, but he doesn't always look the part.

THE ANCIENT REGIME

CANADA'S FIRST GOVERNMENT DIFFERS FROM PRESENT.

The Advisers of the Governor-General Did Not Care Much About Elections in Those Days, But Worried More Concerning Their Superiors and Standing at Court — Intendant Designed to Spy on Governor.

Under the political institutions enjoyed by the people of Canada, it has been found possible to carry on a government that insures to the governed the greatest measure of liberty that is consistent with order, that guarantees to each citizen the enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, and encourages national development and progress. For these great blessings the Canadian people must thank their heritage in the British Constitution, which, under a government monarchical in form, gives to the people responsible and elastic democratic rule.

These thoughts are suggested by the session of our Federal Parliament which has just begun, says a writer in The Montreal Standard, and that, too, tends to cause one to look backwards to the beginning of government in this country, and to contrast the institutions of long ago with those under which it is our good fortune to live. This backward glance enables us to see how far the world has moved in the matter of government since white men came to the valley of the St. Lawrence and planted here the seeds of civilization.

Canada's earliest rulers were trading companies that, in consideration of monopolies granted them in the fur trade and the fisheries, undertook to rule the country for the King of France and develop it as a colony. Among these early mercantile rulers were the Company of Merchants of Rouen and St. Malo, the Company of Canada, the West Indies Company, and lastly the largest and best-known of them all, the Company of One Hundred Associates.

The companies did something to colonize and to protect the colonists, but on the whole they did more to prosecute the fur trade and enrich themselves. Corporation-rule did not prove a success, and finally in 1663 it was brought to an end, and royal government was set up. This year is called a starting point in what may be called the history of government and laws in Canada, for the consequences of many things done by that first of Canadian royal governments influenced the course of Canadian history, and are felt to this day, especially in the Province of Quebec.

The beginning of royal government and local legislation in Canada takes us back to the year 1663, when Quebec City was only fifty-five years old, and Montreal only twenty-one, and when the great Western wilderness of the Ottawa, the Upper St. Lawrence, and the Great Lakes reached down to the very walls of the little fort that Maisonneuve had built on what is now part of the business quarter of Montreal.

The seat of that first of Canadian royal governments was Quebec, which is day is well and truly called the "Ancient Capital."

At the head of the Government was a Governor-General, appointed by the King of France, whom the Governor-General represented and a small part of whose glory the Governor-General was permitted to reflect in the miniature court that in the rather rude palace on the heights of Cape Diamond mimicked the pomp of Versailles.

Judging from his title and from a considerable part of his commission, the Governor-General of Canada was the all-powerful local head of the administration whereas, in fact, he was generally considered to be subordinate to the Governor, and yet who, with respect to some matters, seemed to have outranked him. That second high official was the Intendant.

The Intendant was virtually a spy on the Governor, and every year he sent to the Minister of Marine, whose department administered colonial affairs, letters, often forty pages in length, filled with the secrets of the colony, political and personal, great and small. The Governor also wrote letters, and each was jealous of the letters of the other.

To assist the Governor and the Intendant there was a body known as the Sovereign Council, composed of the Governor, the Intendant, the Bishop, and at first of five other councillors, but whose number was subsequently increased to twelve.

This remarkable Council combined some of the advisory and executive functions of the Cabinet of to-day, with some of the legislative functions of Parliament, and the functions both of a trial court and a court of appeal. The law that it enforced and, therefore, introduced into Canada, was what was known in France as the "Coutume de Paris"—the Customs of Paris, based on the ancient Roman law.

The rule of the Governor, the Intendant, and the Sovereign or Superior Council, continued to the end of the French regime. It had its qualities, especially with respect to military affairs, for it made New France the strongest fighting unit on the continent.

With respect to civil matters, the system did not work remarkably well, in fact, it seems to have worked remarkably ill, for a French writer in describing the state of Canada in 1758—two years before its surrender—says that it is the "country of abuses."

Such, in outline, was the first royal government in this country—a system that came to an end with the surrender by Vaudreuil at Montreal in September, 1760, after an hundred years of existence.

Some people have an idea that reform only makes the world better by making it more uncomfortable. Put your best foot forward and you won't have so many kicks coming.

There is nothing like a "Tea Pot" test at your own table to prove its sterling worth!

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The Call of Spring will soon be here

The open roads will beckon! Will you follow them? The choicest scenery is situated away from beaten tracks, but all roads are available to the Cyclist. Ride a "RALEIGH" and enjoy the great "Out-of-doors" in its fullest health-giving charm. Or, ride to and from your business on a "RALEIGH." The very highest type of Bicycle is this—

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