

Fill the Salt Cellars direct from the "Regal" package.

**REGAL TABLE SALT FREE RUNNING**

**The million packet soup**

This soup, of which millions of packets have already been sold; this soup, which has taken over a quarter of a century to perfect; this soup, which is prepared from the finest of Irish garden-grown vegetables—surely it is worth making the right way.

Boil it for half-an-hour at least. Give it plenty of time to cook. It's worth it.

Edwards' Soup is good as a soup by itself, it is good as a strengthener of other soups; good as a thickener of gravies; good for hashes, good for stews—too good to be spoiled by insufficient boiling.

**EDWARDS' SOUPS**

But you must give them half-an-hour—worth it.

Three varieties—Brown, Tomato and White. 5c packet, and 25c tin. Your Grocer has them.

**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 charge.

Or, ride to and from your business on a "RALEIGH"—The very highest type of Bicycle is the—

Fitted with the world famous Sturmey-Archer Tricoaster (this means three speeds)

**Raleigh BICYCLE**

Three Speed Raleigh - Ladies or Gentlemen's Model \$50.00

Write for Catalogue of above and chassis models. The Raleigh Cycle Company, Toronto Warehouse at 193 Queen St., East.

Raleigh, "Popular," with Coaster Brake, \$40.00  
Raleigh, "Gazette," with Coaster Brakes, \$35.00.  
Dealers wanted

**COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS**

Delicious Solid Chocolates (NAME AND DESIGN REGISTERED)

NOT only satisfy the craving for sweets—they are full of nourishment.

THE COWAN COMPANY, LTD. TORONTO, CANADA

**COWAN**

A Most Pleasing SURPRISE

**A ROMANCE OF SILVER**

Forgotten Treasures in the Cellar of a Bank

From the London Daily Telegraph

From a pantry at Beau-desert, the Anglesy rock-crystal and silver-gilt cover of 1550 came to Christie's nine years ago, and was found to be worth 4,000 guineas. Far greater wonders are to be unfolded from another prosaic hiding-place—the strong-room of a bank—where treasures have been lying unheeded for over thirty years, have come the forgotten silver possessions of the noble house of Ashburnham, enough to fill one of Wolsley's famous wagons.

And the Achæus of the world will assemble at the call. For there is sale-lot here to dazzle the eyes of the most jaded of them all. Think of the race for the channel-boat when they learn that there is a Cellini dish in one of the Ashburnham chests, embossed and gilded by that genius of the Cinquecento in days when popes and kings forgave his crimes to win the splendors of his mastery craft. This rosewater-dish can share rank with the Cellini trophies at the Uffizi and the Pitti, or with that in the Durazzo palace at Genoa, and was doubtless taken in his stride by Bertram, fourth Earl of Ashburnham, when he was scouring Europe to form that great library of rare books and manuscripts associated with his name.

Yet in the Ashburnham family silver an even rarer prize has come to light. Hitherto historians and collectors have despaired of discovering an unjewelled and entirely silver ceremonial standing-salt made in the reign of Henry VII. Some of the university colleges possess earlier decorated salts, but the Ironmongers' company has, so far, claimed the earliest silver standing-salt, dated 1518-22.

**Earliest Standing-Salt Known**

Unknown to all the experts, a noble Gothic standing-salt, fashioned in the last year of Henry VII's reign to commemorate the marriage of a Berkeley heiress with an Ashburnham, now stands revealed, and hints at the lost glories of the table pomp of the Tudors. At the marriage of Prince Arthur five huge tiers of gold and silver vessels were displayed, Henry VII left gold and silver in the Tower at his death valued even then at £1,300,000, and when Polydore Vergil walked down the Strand in 1501 he counted fifty-two gold and silversmiths shops holding more treasure than he had seen in Milan, Rome, Venice, and Florence put together.

This sumptuous Ashburnham standing-salt, 12 1/2 in. high, is like a Gothic hour-glass in design, with a conical cover, the small mermaid surmounting the figure, however, showing signs of restoration of about 1850. But the Ironmongers' company salt of later date has no cover at all. Applied figures of mermaids cover the surface of the Ashburnham trophy, and the use of this ornament definitely connects the salt with the historic house of Berkeley, as it is their family badge. Lora, the Berkeley heiress whom John Ashburnham married about 1510, was of the younger branch of the martial house, one of whom fought at Flodden. The salt bears the London hall-mark 1508, with the mark of the maker—a sailing sun—an unconscious link with the last year of Henry VII's reign. The sight of this ceremonial relic at once causes one to understand the dignified satisfaction of honored guests who were privileged to sit "above the salt" in the days when hospitality was more of a rite than a right. It is to be hoped that some effort will be made to obtain the Ashburnham prize for the Victoria and Albert museum on March 24 next. As the national provision for purchases is only £10,400—exactly the sum paid many hundreds of years ago by the ardent Zopyros for two cups showing the trial of Greece by the Aropagos—some Greek forger will have to be inspired in the hard-hearted bosom of the English treasury. There are hour-glass salts at Christ's, Cambridge, the pious gift of Countess Margaret of Richmond. The Ashburnham salt should be for the public to see at South Kensington.

**Wonderful Cellini Dish**

When Christie's experts lifted the Cellini dish from the Ashburnham chest they could not believe their eyes. "A dainty dish to set before a king!" was a weak exclamation of admiration. Of course there was no signature, but, as the late Mr. Woods used to say about an unsigned picture, "Can't you see, man, that it is signed all over by the name of Cellini!" seemed to be written all over this wonderful dish, in which hundreds of minutely tooled figures in low relief prevailed, leaving no space apparently unfilled. Yet at length, in the corner of a panel, a tiny cardinal coat of arms was found by one with an eagle eye. After much research this was found to be the coat of Ippolito Aldobrandini, afterwards Pope Clement VIII. Before this discovery—the dish's decorations display the history of the Emperor Titus—it had been discerned that in the panel showing Titus at the feast of the sacred bull of Apias, the gorgeous beast had embossed on his side the badge of the order of the Crescent, founded by Rene, Duc d'Anjou, in 1446, of which the knights were chiefly Florentine nobles. It could then be historically established that Cellini executed the dish (with the ever, alas! mislaid) for one of these knights, about 1545, after his return from France, where he left his naughty pupil Andrea, who might otherwise have helped him at the court of Francis I.

The four panels of this wonderful dish, 14 1/2 inches in diameter, show the siege and sack of Jerusalem; Titus at Memphis; the triumph at Rome of Titus and his father Vespasian; and, fourthly, the dedication festival at the Colosseum on the completion, a variable anticipation of

**Headless Chef**

The palace was in a state of bustle, turmoil and confusion. "Double-lock all casements!" roared Czar Niekle, in pale terror. He rushed blither and yonder to and fro, ever and anon, "eye and no, from basement to the pinnacle of the highest turret, giving frantic orders. "Raise the drawbridge and turn on all the fire extinguishers!" he shrieked (in Russian). "Let every Vodka remember the future of his country be at breakfast!"

For fifteen minutes the air was full of the sound of bolts sliding, windows rattling down, shutters slamming and oaths flying.

Finally all was air-tight. "Now, bring Adrev Olovitz, the chef, before me!" commanded Czar Niekle.

"Did I hear you say there was a bomb outside the kitchen door?" quavered Niekle.

"No, your highness," trembled the chef. "I said a bum. He wanted a slice of coffee and a cup of bread—I mean—"

Mingled with the noise of windows rattling up again and oaths flying back and forth and around, came the sound of the chef being beheaded.—Detroit Free Press.

**KEPHALDOL**

"Is Absolutely Marvellous As a Pain Killer"

Mrs. Beatrice Cassey, of Swalecliff, England, knows what it means to be bed-ridden with pain. She also knows now how easily the tortures of Rheumatism and Lumbago may be overcome. She says: "My experience with KEPHALDOL as a pain-killer is absolutely marvellous. I had a fearfully acute attack last year of Neuritis, Sciatica and Lumbago, and suffered in bed for many days. Finally, I heard of KEPHALDOL, which did wonders for me. I shall always feel most grateful for what it has done, and I am most happy to let others know of its wonderful effects as a pain destroyer."

KEPHALDOL is the only pain reliever that does not affect the heart. It acts directly on the nerve centers, easing and quieting the pain. KEPHALDOL is the favorite combination of nerve stimulants and tonics prescribed by the famous Doctor Stohr, of Vienna, the great nerve specialist.

KEPHALDOL is now sold in Canada by druggists in 50c tubes or may be had by sending 50c direct to Kephaldol Limited, 31 Latour Street, Montreal.

**BARGAINS IN TITLES**

Some Foreign Countries Have Fixed Rates for Distinction

These lots for sale: Duke, \$5,000; earl, \$3,750; marquis, \$2,500; count, \$2,250; baron, \$1,250; knight, \$1,000, and a splendid assortment of orders and decorations at prices ranging from \$100 to \$2,500.

Although foreign countries do not thus openly advertise their readiness to do business with those who aspire to affix a handle to their names, the fact is generally recognized that a considerable traffic in titles is carried on, says "Stray Stories."

The tiny republic of San Marino, which does a roaring trade in titles of nobility at fixed rates, devotes a greater part of the profits to the maintenance of its founding and orphan asylum. It will make you and all your heirs, or only your heirs male, if such is your desire, a duke for \$5,000 or an earl for \$3,750.

An idea of the traffic done in titles may be gathered from the fact that a German firm trading in Sweden sends out a circular marked "Private and Confidential," offering to secure any orders and decorations required. The list includes papal honors—for the pope does a little business, too, and will make you a count for \$250, a baron for \$1,250—honors of Persia, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Roumania and Austria, the cost of which vary considerably.

The Portuguese Order of Christ, for instance, according to the list, may be had for between \$1,000 and \$1,500, while the Order of Isabella of Spain, with a ribbon identical with that of the Prussian Red Eagle, costs from \$1,000 upward. The Austrian Iron Crown runs to \$5,000.

The Orders of St. George vary in price in different countries. In Sicily it costs \$275, and in Bavaria more than twice as much; but you may become Knight of Montenegro for as little as \$75.

The king of Greece does rather a prosperous business with the Order of the Redeemer, which can be had for \$250, while Serbia bestows the Order of Takova for a like sum. The prince of Monaco has for disposal the Order of the Star, for which he asks \$175, and for \$50 less one can secure the Order of the Sun of Nasr-ed-din from the Shah of Persia.

Although titles cannot be bartered in England, it is of course, an open secret that a generous contribution to political funds often paves the way to a place in the peerage.

Apocryphs of this it is interesting to note that Frank Kossuth, the son of the famous patriot, charged the Hungarian government with receiving no less than \$1,450,000 by selling baronies.

Another phase of this traffic in titles is revealed by carefully worded advertisements which have appeared in London papers from time to time, offering for sale the titles of impoverished noble families of France. It is not so long ago since three titles, two of which were French—one count and the other a marquis respectively, and one of an Austrian prince—were put up for sale in London, the prices ranging from \$200,000 to \$500,000.

**Not What Their Names Indicate**

Arabic figures were not invented by the Arabs, but by the Indians. Bahia's Bay is not a bay at all. Brazilian grass does not come from Brazil, will not grow in Brazil, and, in fact, is not a grass at all. Dormouse is dormouse, a sleep animal. Galvanized iron is not galvanized. It is iron coated with zinc, and this is done by dipping it in a zinc bath containing muriatic acid. German silver is not silver, nor was the mixture invented in the land of the Kaiser. It has been in use in China for centuries. Irish stew is a dish utterly unknown in the Emerald Isle. Pen means a feather. A steel pen is, therefore, a rather curious expression. Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the pith of oranges, or hollow plant, called because it is hollow when the pith has been pushed out. Sealing wax is not a wax at all, nor does it contain a particle of wax. It is manufactured from shellac, Venice turpentine and asphaltum.—Detroit Free Press.

**Centenary of Author**

This is the centenary of the birth of Mrs. Henry Wood, author of the "best seller" of the nineteenth century, "East Lynne." Mrs. Wood was 40 and a wife and mother before she turned her hand to novel writing, and her most famous book seems to have been written to soothe the weariness of a severe illness.

Much of it, indeed, was composed in bed, and the writer scarcely hoped to live to complete it. After running an obscure course in a monthly magazine, the story was refused by several publishers, and accepted only with considerable misgiving by Richard Bentley. It fell flat until some one reviewed it enthusiastically in the Times, and then the printers worked night and day to cope with the demand. Within a very short time "East Lynne" was translated into almost every language in Europe, and as book and play its popularity has known no eclipse.—London Chronicle.

**Follow the Cat**

Smith and Jones met in the smoke end of a Pullman car one afternoon, and during the gabfest that ensued Smith referred to the town into which he had just moved.

"The streets of the blooming burg," he eloquently described, "are the crookedest of anything in that line on the face of the earth. You may not believe it, but a couple of days after we got there my wife had a cat that she wanted to lose, and told me to take it over and leave it along the river about a mile distant. Well, sir—"

"I see, old pal," smilingly interjected the other. "That's where you lost the cat all right."

"You've got another guess," returned Smith. "If I hadn't followed the cat I would never have found my way back home."—Vancouver Province.

**AFTER SICKNESS OR OPERATION**

It is a pathetic mistake to accept drugs or alcoholic mixtures when nature craves nourishment to repair the wasted body and restore the vigor of health.

For forty years the best physicians have relied on the wholesome predigested nourishment in SCOTT'S EMULSION which is totally free from alcohol or opiates.

Scott's Emulsion sharpens the appetite—renews blood—nourishes nerves—strengthens bones and restores the courage of health to make life bright.

**Scott's Emulsion sets in action the very forces that promote health. Its purity, richness and strength has stood the test of forty years.**

**"Beaver Flour"**

is the finest blend of the two best wheats Canada produces—Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat. One provides the rich gluten that makes bone and muscle, the other gives lightness and whiteness to the bread and pastry. Beaver Flour makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour on the market—loaves that are sweet, nutritious and light, and it also makes delicious biscuits, cakes and pies.

Try it, and show your friends the excellence of your baking.

DEALERS—Write for prices on Wood, Coarse Grades and Cereals. 117

**The T. E. TAYLOR CO., Limited, Chatham, Ont.**

**WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT**

à la Quinta du Perou

**THE TONIC THAT BUILDS**

For many years Wilson's Invalids' Port à la Quinta du Perou has been THE wine tonic, and the increasing demand proves its merit—

Scientists have tested it. Doctors have prescribed it. Time has proved it.

and people in every walk of life are constantly using it for Anemia, Weakness, Brain-fag, sleeplessness. For Convalescence it has no equal, it nourishes the blood and its wonderful effects make it a boon for those advanced in years.

Dr. D. H. Dowley, the distinguished Surgeon, (Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England) says—

"Having made some observations of Wilson's Invalids' Port with reference to its palatability, action on the stomach, etc., both on young and very old people, I was favorably impressed; since then I have prescribed it in varying conditions, with good results to both patient and myself."

D. H. Dowley 311

**ASK YOUR DOCTOR**

BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS

**The New Spring Shoes Are Here Now.**

You'll soon be wanting a pair; the cut represents just one of the many smart, new styles we are showing for the coming season. Come in and let us show you the season's best.

**J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO**

**THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES**