

### THE DEACON'S EXONERATION

It was on the first day of the county fair that Deacon Plunkett fell from grace. There were many who rarely pitied him for ever waging his hard-earned money on the gaunt mare Abigail's Pride, but the insistence of the spiteful few that he be disciplined carried the day, and as a result three fellow churchmen met in solemn conclave to mete out justice.

The postmaster, a staunch elder, presided and duly read the charges. The poor deacon could only groan and twist his rheumatic fingers and gaze appealingly from one stern face to another and breathe hurriedly, as if pressed for air.

"Wal, Brother Plunkett, how d'ye plead to this charge of sinfully bettin' on a horse race?" repeated the postmaster gravely, his angular jaw thrusting forward.

"Laws! What can I say, elder? That pesky Widder Peasly says she see me plank down a half dollar on th' fence an' then see Ab Thomas cover it with another half dollar!" moaned the deacon.

"We're surprised, Deacon Plunkett, that a man of your years should be so weak," growled Hiram Whitten's heavy bass, and he wrinkled his nose scornfully, while his half-closed eyes gave no intimation of leniency.

"It would seem, brother, that a sinner deacon has wait-nigh confessed we can only return a verdict of guilty as charged an' leave it for th' congregation to say what shall be done."

"Mebbe we ought to dig into this a bit deeper," suggested the third investigator, head Selektman Carr. "I've known Brother Plunkett so long it don't seem possible he could go around bettin' money on horse races. Mebbe his mind was upset in some way. What hos did ye bet on, deacon?"

The postmaster's eyes glinted with interest as he squared his elbows and wet his pencil, while Mr. Whitten shaded his gaze with one long, bony hand and inclined his head a bit to catch the answer.

"On that durned Abigail's Pride," sighed the deacon. "She struck me as such a sweet natur'd driver, such a cheerful, gamy little mare, that I didn't think I was gamblin' when I never liked the way she carried her head," observed Mr. Carr mildly. "I dunno about that," protested Mr. Whitten, shaking his head stoutly and pursing up his lips. "She always struck me as bein' unusually clean gaited forward."

"Why, a horse would bet on that race," cried the postmaster strongly, "ain't no gambler. He's jest common crazy, that's all. I wouldn't put a penny on her to beat a hearse—that is, 'sposin' I was sinful enough to bet on a horse race."

"She made good time las' fall on th' Durginville track," defended Mr. Whitten shortly. "Track was muddy, too."

"That's just it," cried the deacon. "She's a hummer on a wet track. That's why tomorrow will see her leavin' everything behind her as if they was hitched. Why, Sim Cole's hired man told me yesterday that after a rain like we've just been havin', she'll go through the field like a streak."

Mr. Carr pricked up his ears and twisted nervously in his chair, while the postmaster bit his pencil dubiously and sneered. "What does Sim Cole's man know about her, anyway?"

"He took care of her at th' Durginville track," informed the deacon. "He knows a hoss all right," declared Mr. Whitten dreamily. "But I can't say I like th' way th' mare was handled 't'other day. Seems if her driver fretted her at th' stretch."

"She grew wuss an' wuss in every heat," added the postmaster, listlessly.

"She'd probably make a line showin' tomorrow if she was given a fair chance," lamented Mr. Carr.

"An' she'll git th' chance," cried the deacon, seeming to forget the hazard of his position. "For Sim's man is goin' to handle her. Lawd! I pity them folks that's weak an' sinful enough to bet agin her. I feel so repentant I calculate it's my duty to warn 'em all."

"No," decided the postmaster firmly. "It ain't your duty, Egbert, to do that."

"I should say not," cried Mr. Whitten, his eyes glittering.

"But folks will be givin' odds against her," protested the deacon humbly. "Joshua Runnells says he'll bet a dollar a half to seventy cents she's dinged."

"It ain't our duty to save Josh Runnells' money for him," reminded Mr. Carr decisively. Then he added, "An' so Josh is stoppin' here at th' village this week, eh?"

"He's workin' at th' livery stable durin' th' fair," informed the deacon.

"M'm," muttered the postmaster, eyeing Mr. Whitten's unfair proximity to the door in gloomy disgust. "Wal," he finally added, "seem as how Deacon Plunkett is repentant an' don't know hardly nothin' about

hosses, I guess we'll draw up a report sayin' he is innocent."

"I'm in a hurry," explained Mr. Whitten, "an' I guess I'll sign my name to this blank sheet an' let ye fill th' report to suit yourself, elder."

"I'd trust th' elder to say th' right thing," added Mr. Carr warmly, as he followed the other's example.

The postmaster frowned, and when left alone wrote his brief report most hurriedly. Then he jammed on his hat and sauntered carelessly down the street toward the livery stable.

The next day Deacon Plunkett slowly entered the fair grounds, where he met the tribunal of yesterday in the immediate vicinity of the stables.

"Lookin' at th' hosses?" he asked gaily of the postmaster.

The postmaster bit a straw reflectively and then in a confidential tone returned, "Th' more I see of Abigail's Pride, th' more foolish I think you was to bet on her."

"I think she's gone plum lame," declared Mr. Carr, joining the other two.

"Shows too heavy," answered Mr. Whitten from the other side.

And in vindication of the trio's judgment Abigail's Pride that afternoon, despite the shrewd jockeying of Sim Cole's hired man, proved a complete failure, and was thoroughly distanced.

"Thought ye said she was all-hunky-dory on a muddy track," snarled the postmaster, as his friends silently slouched into the back room.

"Simply chain lightnin' to go," sneered Mr. Whitten bitterly as he mechanically slapped an empty pocket.

"A dollar and a half to seventy cents?" numbed Mr. Carr despondently.

"Wal, I'm do' rotted glad ye lost on th' first day's racin', Plunkett. Wish ye'd lost to-day," growled the postmaster.

"So do I," added Mr. Whitten grimly.

"I can't lose all th' time," grinned the deacon complacently, edging toward the door. "Jim Silby's roan Bluey, looked purty good to me to-day, an' I hedged a bit."

"A regular gambler," gasped Mr. Carr as the door softly closed and the trio were left alone.

#### Pass a Law

Chicago Public.

Are your neighbors very bad?  
Pass a law!

Do they smoke? Do they chew?  
Are they always bothering you?  
Don't they do as you would do?  
Pass a law!

Are your wages awful low?  
Pass a law!

Are the prices much too high?  
Do the wife and babies cry?  
Cause the turkeys all roost high?  
Pass a law!

When M.D. finds new diseases,  
Pass a law!

Got the mumps or encephalitis,  
Measles, croup or "expertitis,"  
Tease us all by all to pieces,  
Pass a law!

Are the lights a-burnin' red?  
Pass a law!

Paint 'em green, or paint 'em white?  
Close up all them places tight!  
My! Our town is such a sight!  
Pass a law!

No matter what the trouble is,  
Pass a law!

Goodness sakes, but ain't it awful!  
My! What are we going to do?  
Almost anything ain't lawful,  
And the judge is human too!  
Pass a law!

—W. L. TWELL

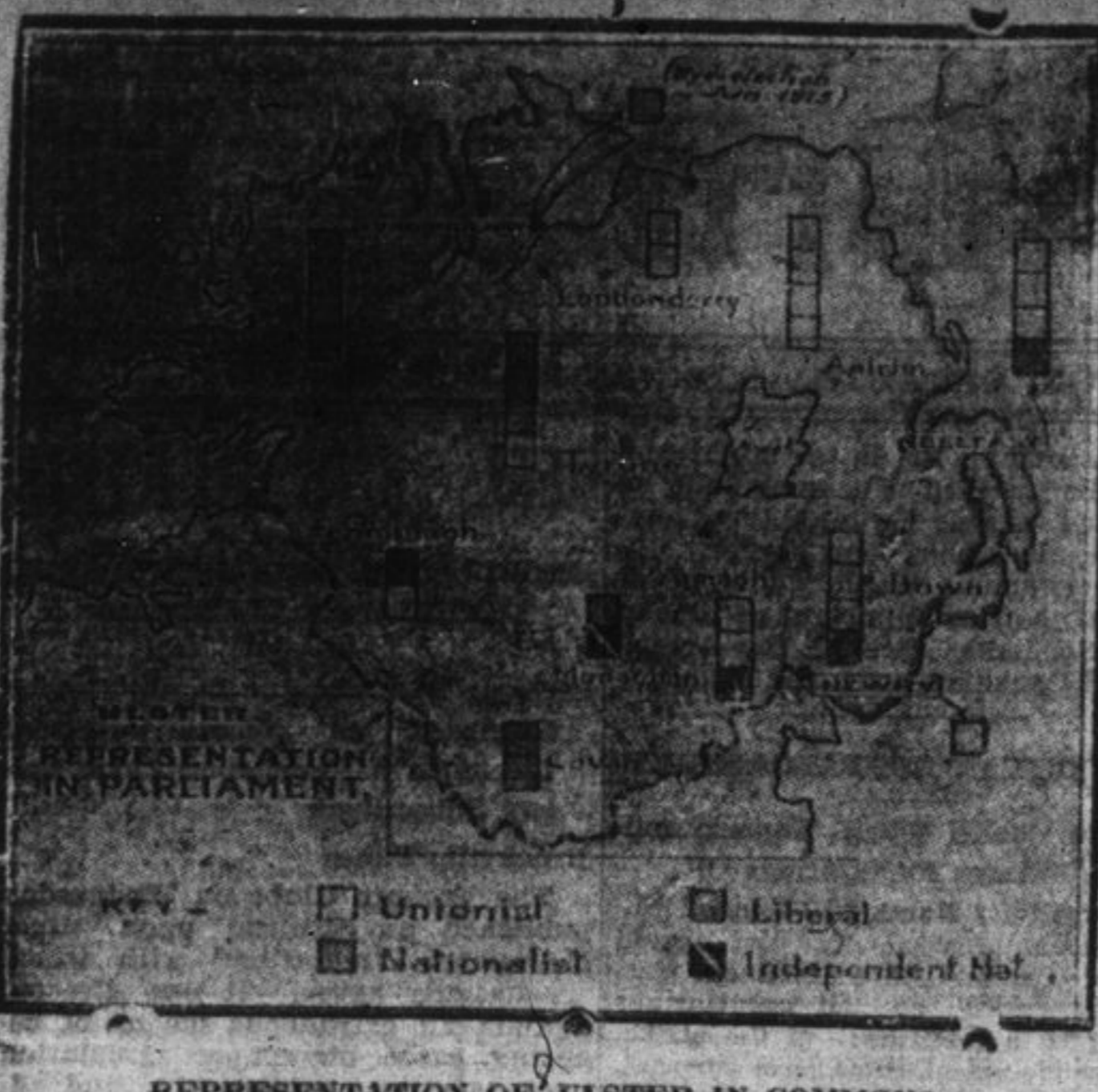
### SICK, SOUR STOMACH, INDIGESTION OR GAS

Take "Pape's Diapepsin" and in Five Minutes You'll Wonder What Became of Misery in Stomach.

Wonder what upset your stomach—which portion of the food did the damage—do you? Well, don't bother. If your stomach is in revolt; if sour, gassy and upset, and what you just ate has fermented into stubborn lumps; head dizzy and aches; belch gases and acids and acetate undigested food; breath foul, tongue coated—just take a little Pape's Diapepsin and in five minutes you wonder what became of the indigestion and distress.

Millions of men and women to-day know that it is needless to have a bad stomach. A little diapepsin occasionally keeps this delicate organ regulated and they eat their favorite foods without fear.

If your stomach doesn't take care of your liberal limit without rebellion; if your food is a damage instead of a help, remember the quickest, surest, most harmless relief is Pape's Diapepsin, which costs only fifty cents for a large case at drug stores. It's truly wonderful—it digests food and sets things straight, so gently and easily that it is really astonishing. Please, for your sake, don't go on and on with a weak, disordered stomach; it's so unnecessary.



### 100 YEARS OF THE CIGAR

Smoking Became a Feature of Paris Life Before Letopia

Paris Letter to London Truth.

It is just one hundred years ago since the cigar was brought into France and smoked by Spanish officers who had attached themselves to the fortunes of Joseph Bonaparte. The winter had been severe, the suffering great from want of sugar, coffee and other small luxuries to which Parisians had been accustomed. Women piled the razors on men's faces in the barbers' shops. They unloaded barges in the Seine and drove wagons to the markets.

The soothing effects of the Count Montolio's and his friends' cigars were observed in high places, and the government introduced the tobacco state monopoly to manufacture them ad libitum after a model purchased in Spain. The police saw to the distribution of the new comforter, and cigar smoking became a feature in Paris life before the disaster of Leipzig. The aides-de-camp saloon at the Tuilleries reeked with cigar smoke. There was then no prejudice against the cigar. There was against the pipe, which the fine gentlemen—all snuff-takers—left to the common people.

### THOUGHT SILVER VALUELESS

Labors Led. Valuable Queen Anne Specimens in a Field

While "mudding" an old pond near the parish church of Uckfield, Sussex, some laborers found some old silver plate, which, however, they did not recognize as valuable.

As the plate was quite black when discovered, it was thrown out in a field, where it lay for some weeks. Eventually a laboring man picked up one piece and took it home, where a local collector purchased the "old pot" for a small amount. He sent it to an expert on old silver in London, who said it was a very valuable specimen of the time of Queen Anne.

The local tradition associates the find with a tragedy of a century ago, when a bulger was murdered by burglars at Howland Place, Uckfield.

### Warning Against Tea

Tea drinking in England, which is a national habit, has just received a hard blow, which the sarcastic comments of American papers, in connection with the interruption of cricket matches so that the players may be enabled to imbibe the beverage which cheers, are making it more severely felt, says the New York Times.

The board of education has issued a warning against the perils of tea-drinking in a circular outlining a scheme of health teaching in elementary schools. After declaring that tea-drinking is unnecessary and that too much strong tea is very injurious, the circular adds that a diet of bread and butter and tea is foolish and non-nourishing.

One old belief that a cup of tea is a good pick-up is discounted by the circular which declares that persons who drink tea continuously lose their energies from flagging soon become exhausted, since reaction invariably follows. It is pointed out that the tea-drinker is taunting the board of education with being like the fat boy in "Pickwick," "wanting to make our flesh creep."

### Device Bars Shop Lifters

A sliding bar safety stand for displaying jewelry and fancy goods in stores, that is designed to prevent shoplifting, has been invented by the chief decorator of one of the big New York department stores. The device resembles the ordinary "stand," excepting that it has a sliding bar with ball stops, placed at suitable distances over the main crossbar.

The fixture can be opened at either end to enable the salesperson to remove easily any of the articles displayed. Its safety features lie in the fact that only one end can be opened at a time, and that two hands are necessary to operate the device. The stands are being successfully used now in the store referred to.

### Gray Hairs a Handicap

Tendency of Modern Business is to Favor the Young Men

This is the young man's age. Everywhere you will find the big jobs in the hands of young men. The appearance of the articles displayed. Youth and efficiency are fraternal in the eyes of business men. Don't let a few gray hairs spoil your chances when it's so easy to prevent or cure them.

Hay's Hair Health restores the natural color to gray hair and no one will know you use it.

It is not a dye. It is a hair tonic that re-invigorates the hair roots and the scalp, supplies new nourishment, a new lease of life for your hair, thus bringing back its natural color and luxuriance. It removes dandruff.

We guarantee it to do this. Your money will be refunded if it fails after a fair trial.

\$1.00, 50c, 25c, get it at our store.

FOR SALE AND RECOMMENDED BY J. B. McLEOD, DRUGGIST.

### Sidelights

Bertha M. Clay

Toronto Mail and Empire.

Bertha M. Clay is dead, leaving a gap in literature that will not soon be filled. In private life Bertha masqueraded under the name of Thomas W. Hanshaw, and was of the sex that the Christian name implies. To many persons who had formed a mental picture of their favorite author as a somewhat soulful person attired in flowing robes the real Bertha M. Clay would have been a shock. He was, in fact, an extremely business-like person, well past middle age, who made novels just as another man might busy made shoes. He did not wait for inspiration, but diligently turned out four books a year, and at the time of his death was hard at work to keep up with his engagements to the publisher. To the credit of Bertha M. Clay stands 200 volumes of fiction, probably a larger output than can be claimed by any author, living or dead.

### Gentle Sarasin

Saturday Night

When the present Judge Longley was attorney-general of Nova Scotia he was arguing a case in which he pointed out that whatever decision was given would be a precedent for an authority when all the parties concerned had passed off the stage of life.

"This case will be cited," he announced, "and referred to as authority when this court house has crumbled into dust, when I have gone to heaven, and when my learned friend has gone to his reward."

### A Grandfather's Ambitions

Montreal Herald.

Napoleon Hebert's advertisement, asking the citizens to elect him to the board of control, makes the assertion that he is "one of the most remarkable of Montreal's French-Canadian citizens." At thirty-seven years of age he was a grandfather. Mr. Hebert evidently believes that in the feverish fight for controllership, it is just as well to state all your qualifications.

### The Guests That Never Came

London Chronicle.

An unusual experience that will not be found recorded in the official obituary notices befell Lord Minto during his governor-generalship of Canada. Lady Minto had fixed up a garden party. The appointed day arrived; the band came out to play; the sun shone; and Lord and Lady Minto awaited their guests. But no guests arrived. The mystery was unravelled when it occurred to the memory of a startled aide-de-camp that he had prepared the invitations, but had forgotten to post them!

### Extenuating Circumstances

Chicago Tribune.

Mrs. VanKeuren was acquitted by a jury on the charge of murder. Neither she nor her attorneys denied the murder. It is supposed that she was acquitted on account of the extenuating circumstances in the case—namely: that the victim was her husband and she shot and killed him.

### Utilizing the Mirror

A dentist was filing a lady patient's teeth. When he finished with the first tooth he handed the lady a hand mirror that she might see the result for herself. Then he went on with his task, repeating this performance with the mirror after each tooth was filed. Finally, when the job was completed and she had handed back the mirror with thanks, he said:

"Well, madam, how do they look?"

"How do what look?" she returned.

"The teeth I just filed."

"Oh, I forgot about the teeth," she exclaimed reaching for the hand glass.

"What did you look at each time I gave you the mirror?"

"My hair."

### Kipling and His Name

The new Seven Seas edition of Rudyard Kipling has brought up a great deal of interesting and little known gossip about the famous Englishman. For instance, how many Kipling lovers know that he was christened Joseph Rudyard Kipling? Like George Bernard Shaw and Thomas Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Kipling has shown his sense of the value of words by lopping off the uninteresting prenom.

The origin of his better known name is interesting. Lake Rudyard is a beautiful sheet of water in North Staffordshire. It was at a picnic at Lake Rudyard that young Lockwood Kipling first met Mrs. Maedonald, his future wife. They commemorated that happy occasion by giving their son the name of Rudyard.

### Men Were Sentenced

Napanee Beaver.

On Thursday morning the young men who broke into a Grand Trunk car at the Napanee station on Thursday, March 12th, and took boots from a case, were before the magistrate and given the following sentences: Albert Lapointe, Montreal, nine months in central prison, Frederick Smith, Halifax, nine months in central prison; Emerald Stinchford, Kingston, who had three previous convictions of theft against him; was given not less than six months nor more than twenty-three months in central prison; Edward Drinkie, Oshawa, who has been in the reform school, was remanded for a week for sentence; Ford Sanford, allowed off on suspended sentence, and his father entered into a bond for his future good behavior.

### She Made Her Hang Up

A young lady took down the receiver of the telephone one day and discovered that the line was in use. "I just put on a pair of beans for dinner," she heard, one woman complacently informing another.

She hung up the receiver and waited for the conversation to end. Upon returning to the telephone she found

### A BREAKFAST IN CEYLON

would not bring you a more delicious cup of tea than you may have at your own table by using

# "SALADA"

It is the world's choicest tea, at its best—the finest hill-grown Ceylon—in sealed lead packets.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED

the women still talking. Three times she waited, and then at last, becoming exasperated, she broke into the conversation.

"Maddin, I smell your beans burnin'," she snarled, crisply.

A horrified scream greeted the remark, and the young lady was able to put in her call.—Everybody's Magazine.

How He Made Sales

A couple of travelling salesmen bumped into each other on King street the other day.

"How's business?" queried the first one.

"Rotten," was the answer. "How is it with you?"

"Fine. Simply fine. On my last trip I opened ten new accounts, and did a total business of \$45,000. I sold one man a \$6,000 bill, and another one \$5,000."

"So? Well, I think I ought to get a commission on these sales."

"Whaddya mean you ought to get a commission on these sales?"

"Sure! I ought to. If you hadn't met me you never would have made them."

At Old Cataract Bridge

The summer sun is sinking. It has kindled a golden fire, blaring like imperial gems. On tower, cupola and spire. It tints with rosy pencil The bridge with a ruby glow. Lovingly rests on its girders, Lights up the arches below.

Gilds a cliff in its bulwarks, Where a swallow has built its nest. This old grey magnet lodestone, Draws the sun rays to its breast. The mellow music of water Rings on time-honored stone. The breeze kissing the sunlit Ridaou Is weaving patterns of foam.

A dove grey pathway serried, Shows the trample of many feet, Memory-like incense, it's fragrance flings;

O'er a hallowed past replete, This golden links the imperial fame, Ah! many a tale it could tell, Redolent of thumping history A reminder of days that were. Brave men have wore that serried path.

Men of action and power, Makers of our fair Canada, Their lives are history's dower. Kings and queens, princes and knights, With cavalry's clanking sound, The call of the bugle, the blare of drums.

How the pregnant echoes resound? The life of the bridge seems welded. With that of our city fair; But the hand of Time, so ruthless, Hath left its imprints there. It must give place to modern needs We mourn its passing away. Stillletted off the heart of the past By the glittering hinge of To-day.

—E.F.H.

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LACKS SINCERITY WHEN HUNG ON RENTED WALLS. OWN THE KEY TO YOUR FRONT DOOR.

Cement block house on Russell street, seven rooms good cellar; will be complete on the first of May, for \$2500.00.

Double frame house on a corner, \$2850.00.

Erick veneer house on Sydham street, lot 25 x 65 feet; furnace, electric light, gas and improvements, \$3650.00.

Double frame house on Montreal street, \$1500.

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**NEW YORK GIANTS**

The New York National League team photographed at their Southern training camp, Marlin Springs, shortly after their return from their globe-circling tour. In their practices, the players who took in the winter trip with the Giants are showing better "class" than those who have been out of practice all winter. The team is as strong as ever, and McGraw is looking forward to a prosperous season.