

HELPS THE SICK TO GET WELL

A Good Friend To GIN PILLS. The letter below is only one of many that show how GIN PILLS are regarded by those who have used them.



"I think it my duty to tell you that GIN PILLS are a sure cure for Kidney Trouble and La Grippe. I suffered so much with my kidneys and La Grippe until I used GIN PILLS, and now I am well and without them in the house. I shall always recommend GIN PILLS to anyone I know is suffering with their kidneys."

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Our Robt. 1000 brand of flour has a guarantee in every bag for good quality.

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Cotton and Wool Waste and Acme Sanitary Cotton Wiping Cloths

for Power Houses, Packing Houses, Engine Rooms, and anywhere and everywhere where machinery is used.

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WOMEN FROM 45 to 55 TESTIFY

To the Merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during Change of Life.

Westbrook, Me. - "I was passing through the Change of Life and had pains in my back and side and was so weak I could hardly do my housework. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has done me a lot of good. I will recommend your medicine to my friends and give you permission to publish my testimonial."

Manston, Wis. - "At the Change of Life I suffered with pains in my back and joints until I could not stand. I also had night sweats so that the sheets would be wet. I tried other medicine but got no relief. After taking one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I began to improve and I continued its use for six months. The pains left me, the night sweats and hot flashes grew less, and in one year I was a different woman. I know I have to thank you for my continued good health ever since."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled in such cases. If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

LITTLE PARISENNE

Helene Avril draws a charming picture of a day in the life of the little Parisienne. It is a cold morning in February, dull and chilly. Out of doors passers-by hurry along wrapped and miserable looking. Simonne wakes early in her warm little bed, adds as soon as she opens her eyes she smiles at the thought of the happiness that is in store for her. This is the day on which she has been invited to a children's party at the home of her little friend Jeanne, and they are going to have such fun. The night before the dressmaker sent her the dress specially made for the party. It is a "robe fourreau," in dark green velvet, which makes her look ever so tall. In a few hours everybody will be admiring her at Jeanne's house; her little friends first, but perhaps also their big brothers. In Simonne's heart is already awakened the desire to please "ces messieurs," the oldest of whom is not yet sixteen years of age.

While her little brain is still excited at the thought of what the day is destined to bring her, Simonne's mother enters to give her the usual good-morning kiss. She bends over the bed, puts her arm round the frail body, which clings to her with affection, and mother and daughter pass a delightful moment. "Vite, Monette, levons nous." You will amuse yourself this afternoon, but this morning we must work hard. The French teacher will be here shortly. Are you quite ready with your lessons? Simonne hesitates to reply. Trying on her new dress, last night kept her behind with her lessons, and she has not had time to go over her grammar again. She hurries, however, and dressing does not take her long this morning. Five minutes to swallow her chocolate—then there is a ring at the bell. It is mademoiselle. Looked at the second page, which she does not know at all. She runs to meet her teacher, throws her arms around her neck, and kisses her. "Oh, ma petite mademoiselle," she exclaims. "If you knew how delighted I am. This afternoon I am invited to Jeanne's. Mamma has had a new dress made for me, and we are going to have lots of fun."

Mademoiselle is used to these effusions. With both hands she takes the girl's head between hers and gives her a long maternal kiss on the forehead. Her pupils are almost as dear to her as if they were her own children. Simonne knows it well, the silly little mix. Now she feels in the moment to admit that she does not know her lessons very well. Mademoiselle does not scold her, but improves the occasion to give her some wise counsel. Mademoiselle does not like vain and coquettish little girls, and their beautiful dresses leave her absolutely indifferent, but she draws a pleasing portrait of simple good-hearted children, and makes it so attractive that little Simonne feels a wee bit ashamed of the sentiments that agitated her shortly before.

Two o'clock! If anything were needed to add to Simonne's happiness, it is provided in the auto that whisks her to Jeanne's house, where nearly all the other children have arrived and are gathered in the hall, by a corner, seated by a little table, where they are turning over the leaves of a picture book, are a little boy and his sister, who seem out of place in these surroundings. The boy is thirteen years of age, his sister eleven or twelve. No one takes any notice of them. Simonne asks Jeanne who they are. "Oh," replied Jeanne, "they are the children of a post-mistress mamma knows. She invited them so that they might have an opportunity of amusing themselves—a thing that does not happen often. But I am sure they will be rather bored here for no one knows them. Have you noticed the girl's dress. It must have been her mother who made it; it is not elegant. And anyone can see that the boy's suit is ready-made."

Simonne stood thinking for a while. These little ones "whom no one knew" interested her. She remembered what mademoiselle had told her in the morning, and found that they resembled in an astonishing manner the portrait of the little ones whose greatest charm was their simplicity. Her heart was stirred. It was true that they were not very fashionably dressed, but a suggestive movement sent her to their side. Might she sit by them and look at the pictures. In a few moments all three were chattering away as if they had known each other for years. Their laughter soon brought the other children around them. They joined in the games they organized and during the whole afternoon they amused themselves with a heartiness that made Simonne very pleased. She forgot all about her beautiful dress. Besides, other girls were as well dressed as she, so it was not really worth while to make any fuss about her dress, even if it was a "robe fourreau." What a delightful afternoon she had had making two other children happy, who, but for her, would have been left out in the cold. She would be sure to tell mademoiselle how she had carried her lesson into practice.

STRANGERS. Day Constable (relieving night man): "How's the mischief?" Night Constable: "I don't know. I haven't seen her this seven years." Day Constable: "But you and she live together, don't you?" Night Constable: "Yes, but she's a charwoman and is out all day, and I'm out on duty all night, so we haven't met since we settled after our honeymoon."

MUST BE CLEVER. "She'll be a clever woman that I marry," declared a confirmed bachelor, who was being chaffed on the subject. "Thought you didn't like these clever women," said a friend. "I don't," rejoined the bachelor. "But if ever I marry, it'll be a clever woman who does it."

Love is blind; or at any rate the little rascal doesn't always succeed in shooting straight. A girl should allow her parents to pick out a husband for her. Then she can always blame it on them.

UNEXPLORED ISLANDS.

Some Places From Which Adventurers Have Never Returned.

News has just come that still another explorer has met his fate on a Tiburon island. His name is Wayne, and he is said to have been a clever mining engineer.

Wayne went across to Tiburon in October last, and not a trace has since been seen of him. Nor is it likely that his fate will ever be known.

He was warned of the dangers that were before him. In spite of offers of double pay, he could not get a nautic to accompany him. So he crossed Hell's Passage alone—and like all others who have preceded him—has never come back.

Tiburon is no lonely island in the Gulf of California, separated from the Mexican mainland by only a few miles of salt water.

Yet it remains one of the world's black spots. It has never yet been explored by white men. Its only inhabitants are a tribe of Indians who, armed with bows and arrows, dipped in some deadly and deadly poison, shoot down to accompany him.

The expedition of 1872 vanished into the interior and was never seen again, and the same fate befell the party headed by Professor Millies in 1894.

There is only one other island in all the world which can match Tiburon, and that is in Malaysia in the Solomons. Match it, that is, in the way of savagery. And even in Malaysia there are white men on the coast. Valuable plantations of coconuts and other tropical produce have been planted on the shores of Malaysia, but inland is a mountainous country covered with thick bush and inhabited by fierce tribes of cannibals.

Gold is believed to exist in the interior of Malaysia, and more than one expedition has been organized to search for the precious metal. But the bushmen, who steal noiselessly through the tropical forest, have wiped out every one of the explorers, and their smokes-dried heads decorate the dark temples in the central mountains.

Other islands there are which are as impregnable as Tiburon and Malaysia, but for different reasons. One such is Tromelin, a lonely spot of land 30 miles north of Mauritius. It is surrounded by a terrific rampart of coral which is fully 150 yards wide. A mile out on any side of the island the sea is from 10,000 to 12,000 feet deep. The surf, which all this submarine mountain top, makes landing practically impossible. Yet it was here that, in 1761, a French transport was wrecked, and 110 survivors—out of 800 aboard, got ashore alive. Of these, seven, all black women, were rescued in the year 1775, having by some amazing miracle kept life in themselves for a space of fifteen years, with no food but shell-fish and no drink but brackish water.

In the year 1607 that famous navigator, Henry Hudson, reported the existence of a rocky island 300 miles east of Greenland. It was named Jan Mayen. That island was never seen again until the year 1860, when a party of English people, among whom was Lord Dufferin, caught a glimpse of it.

Then it vanished for another fifty years, to be seen once more in July, 1910, by the tourists aboard the yacht "Oceana." No one has ever set foot on Jan Mayen. No one is ever likely to, for no navigator would willingly approach it. It is the centre of the thickest fogs on the surface of this planet, and from one year's end to another usually remains totally invisible.

Bouvet Island, in the Antarctic, is almost equally inaccessible. It is the summit of a dead volcano, which rises steeply from immensely deep water, and it has only been sighted twice since its discovery in 1730.

When Charles James Fox stayed at Chatsworth in 1777 foot racing was a favorite pastime among the guests at country houses. To the intense delight of his hostess, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, the Whig leader proved the victor in two races, which, she writes, "considering his not having been to bed and his size, is doing a great deal." Seeing that Fox, although under thirty, then weighed close on twenty stone, his performance did him credit. The duchess also derived keen enjoyment from his conversation. "He talks like a brilliant player at billiards—the strokes follow one another, puff-puff."—London Tatler.

Rats at Food. Rats are not entirely unknown as a food in England. Not so very long ago rat pies were comparatively common in Nottinghamshire, and one inn near the county town made a feature of periodical rat suppers and did very well out of it. And rats have been proved to have a medicinal value, for one Arctic explorer has recorded that those of his crew who were not too fastidious to eat of the good rat soup set before them by the cook enjoyed an immunity from scurvy, when all the abstainers from rats were stricken down.

To Abolish the Veil. A strong movement is on foot in Cairo, Egypt, for the emancipation of the Moslem woman and the discarding of the traditional "veil." The leaders of this movement are young men who have studied in the colleges and universities of England, and other European countries, and who consider that the seclusion of the Egyptian and Moslem woman behind the "veil" has been the chief factor in keeping her in her present backward state.

Subsidy to Amerer. The Amerer of Afghanistan receives from the Government of India an annual subsidy of about \$600,000.

The proper time to congratulate a bride and groom is after they have lived together for at least a year, and are still happy. And lovers rush in where husbands fear to tread.



Are Cheapest by the Box

How you smack your lips over the delicious tang of a golden "Sunkist" orange Breakfast would be a blank without it. "Sunkist" are the finest selected oranges grown. Seedless, tree-ripened, thin-skinned, fibreless. Picked and wrapped in tissue paper, and packed by gloved hands. Cleanest of all fruits.

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Guaranteed Rogers A-1 Standard Silver plate. Rich, heavy. Exclusive "Sunkist" pattern. 27 different premiums. For this orange spoon send 12 trademarks cut from "Sunkist" orange wrappers and 12 cents. "Red Ball" orange wrappers count same as "Sunkist." In remitting, send amounts of 20 cents or over by Postal Note, Postoffice or Express Money Order.

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OUR FRESH GROUND COFFEE AT 40c. CAN'T BE BEAT. Try a sample order and be convinced. NOLAN'S GROCERY, Princess St., Phone 720. Prompt Delivery.



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THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME IF YOU OWN IT. House on Sydenham Street, \$3600.00. Solid brick bungalow, seven rooms, summer kitchen, improvements, good stabling, close to Princess Street. A splendid home. Must be sold by May 1, \$2550.00, easy terms can be arranged. Frame house on Albert St., hot water furnace, the best locality in the city. Must be sold to wind up an estate. \$2650.00. Terms can be arranged. Solid brick house on John Street, seven rooms, improvements, \$3,000.00. HORACE F. NORMAN, Real Estate and General Insurance, 177 WELLINGTON ST.

Notice PALACE Livery. 34 to 38 Princess St. Has re-opened as a first-class livery, hack and boarding stable. Vehicles of all descriptions. L. LAWLESS, Prop. Phone 77

WE SELL Scranton Coal Co's Coal. Selected from the celebrated Richmond No. 4 and Ontario No. 1 mines, the best Anthracite Coal Mines in Pennsylvania. Place your order with THE JAS. SOWARDS COAL CO. North End Ontario Street.

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Announcement. Having in stock a large number of the newest designs in Monuments, we are prepared to quote exceptionally low prices until April 15th. Lettering in cemeteries a specialty. J. E. MULLEN, Cor. Princess & Clergy. Phone 1417

Your Easter Breakfast! Make it worthy of the anticipation—a morning meal that shall stand right out from the ordinary run of breakfasts. Let it be "Swift's Premium" Ham or Bacon. A few slices of this mild, delicately-cured ham or bacon—cooked to a tempting brown—served sizzling hot—here's a repast indeed! Never again will you want to go back to "ordinary" ham and bacon. "Swift's Premium" will win you for all time. There's a sweet, succulent tenderness about "Swift's Premium" ham and bacon you find in no other brand. Tell your dealer you must have "Swift's Premium" for Easter Sunday Morning! Order it now. Swift Canadian Co., Limited. Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton.