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Another Lady Thinks "Fruit-a-tives" Greatest Tonic In The World. I can highly recommend "Fruit-a-tives" because they did me an awful lot of good. About four years ago, I commenced taking "Fruit-a-tives" for a general break-down and they did me a world of good. We bought a good many dollars' worth, but they did all that your advertising claims for them, and I can say before I cannot speak too highly for them. Their action is so pleasant compared with other medicines, that I am glad to say to you I trust that some other woman may start taking "Fruit-a-tives" for I know the results will be all that you claim.

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ENO'S FRUIT SALT may be taken as a healthful beverage with perfect safety. It never causes griping or weakness, but gently assists Nature without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality.

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME—IF YOU OWN IT. House on Sydenham Street, \$3000.00. Solid brick bungalow, seven rooms, summer kitchen, improvements, 2007, 2 1/2 baths, close to Princess Street. A splendid home. Must be sold by May 1, \$2550.00; easy terms can be arranged.

IN THE EARLY DAYS

HOW QUEBEC WAS GOVERNED MANY YEARS AGO. Some of the Ordinances of the Early Governor and Council in the Days of the French Regime — They Show to What Extent Government Was Paternal.

Some of the ordinances of the early Governor and Council of Quebec in the days of the French regime, show to what extent the Government was paternal. For instance, the Intendant Rouleau came to the conclusion that the people in and about Montreal, raised too many horses, which prevented them from raising cattle and sheep. He, therefore, commanded that no inhabitant should own more than two horses or mares, and one foal. The people were given a time within which to dispose of their surplus horses, after which animals in excess of the specified number would be killed.

Another remarkable ordinance was that of the Intendant Bigot, the "arch-grafer" of later years of the old regime. With a view of promoting agriculture and protecting the morals of the farmers by saving them from the temptations of the cities, he proclaimed to them: "We prohibit and forbid you to remove to this town (Quebec) under any pretext whatever without our permission in writing, on pain of being expelled and sent back to your farms, your furniture and goods confiscated, and a fine of fifty livres laid on you for the benefit of the hospitals; and furthermore, we forbid all inhabitants of the city to let houses or rooms to persons coming from the country on pain of a fine of one hundred livres, also applicable to the hospitals."

One of the problems of the economists of to-day is how to check the movement of the rural population—how to keep the people on the land. The problem is still unsolved, but, pressing as it is, it is quite certain that our Government would not dare adopt Intendant Bigot's drastic policy, which is only possible under an autocratic rule backed by adequate power to enforce it without regard to the will of the people. That such an ordinance was possible shows what was the condition of public affairs in Canada during the days of the old regime.

"The spirit of absolutism," writes Parliament, "is everywhere apparent. In regard to this very matter," writes the Intendant Meules, "it is of very great consequence that the people should not be left at liberty to speak their minds." One further instance of the point of view of the Government that ruled Canada during those now long-ago years. In 1671 a resident of Quebec named Paul Dupuy was heard to say that there is nothing like fighting one's self, and that when the people of England cut off the head of King Charles I., they did a good thing. This was twenty-two years after the execution of Charles at the close of war against Parliament.

Dupuy was arrested and taken before the Sovereign Council. That body cared little about England's kings and had no reason for caring, but it held Dupuy guilty of speaking ill of royalty in the person of the King of England, and condemned him to be led in a shirt, with a rope about his neck, and a torch in his hand, to the gate of the Governor's palace and there to beg pardon for his words. From there he was to be taken to the pillory in the Lower Town to be branded on the cheek, and set in the stocks for half an hour; then to be led back to prison, and put in irons "till the information against him shall be completed."

Tale of a Tab. In "A Motor Tour Through Canada" the author tells this story, as it was told him at the club in Regina, of a man who had been caught by a cyclone while taking a bath. His bathroom was instantaneously demolished, and before he could scramble out of his tub he found himself sailing over the city on the breeze at a fifty knot clip. He was always a man of quick resources and ready expediency. That's why, no doubt, the cyclone picked him out of the crowd. Anyhow, he never once lost his presence of mind in spite of his Lady Godiva appearance, but he seized hold of the "hot and cold" taps with both hands and started steering his craft. Would you believe it, he found it answered the helm like a catboat, and he at once turned it a point or two so as to bring him to the waterworks. There he descended, filled the tub again and calmly finished his interrupted bath!

A WOMAN LORENZ.

Little Montreal Lady Is the Surgeon of the Athletic Fraternity. Somewhere in the very centre of the uptown residence district of Montreal, near where there are a lot of churches of different creeds and denominations, and close to one of the biggest of these, there resides a wonderful little woman, says "The Montreal Standard."

Slight, grey-haired, with all the appearance and the soft voice of the religious; and of middle age, she is reported to be a giant of strength and marvellously gifted in her own special way. She has friends and admirers by the dozen amongst all classes of society, from the people who drive up in their carriages and motors, to the humble pedestrian, who does not even feel justified in wasting money on car fare, and amongst the people who know her best, it is said, are the members of the athletic and wrestling clubs, looked upon as big, burly brutes of men, who apparently could outdo the little woman alive at one time.

But these very mountains of flesh and bone and brawn, have cringed before her, when she once got them within the grip of her fingers, for it seems that she is somewhat of a Dr. Lorenz and Bonsetter Heese combined. She seems to have been practicing her natural gifts for years, and all that time to have hid her light under a bushel. Her clientele seems to have grown of itself in the same mysterious way in which she conducts her business. Those who have benefited by her gifts are only too ready to praise her, but at the same time apparently very reluctant to go into any details about her methods, her charges or her personal life, as if they were afraid to offend her.

In fact, there seems to be, in that respect, a good deal of mystery amongst them. They appear to be quite willing to give information if they think that the enquirer is in need of her services, but when they find out that the questions are put out of mere curiosity, they shut up like a clam. Simard, the big Montreal wrestler, recently in an unguarded outbreak of praise, let out the name and address, so a reporter went to see for himself. First, there was an outer door with a small name plate. Then an inner door with a big brass plate, and after this opened, apparently of its own volition in response to a ring at the bell, a long stairway loomed in view, which after being mounted, led into a hall of similar length, which in its get up and furnishing resembled in a general way the entrance halls of ten out of a dozen convents in Quebec.

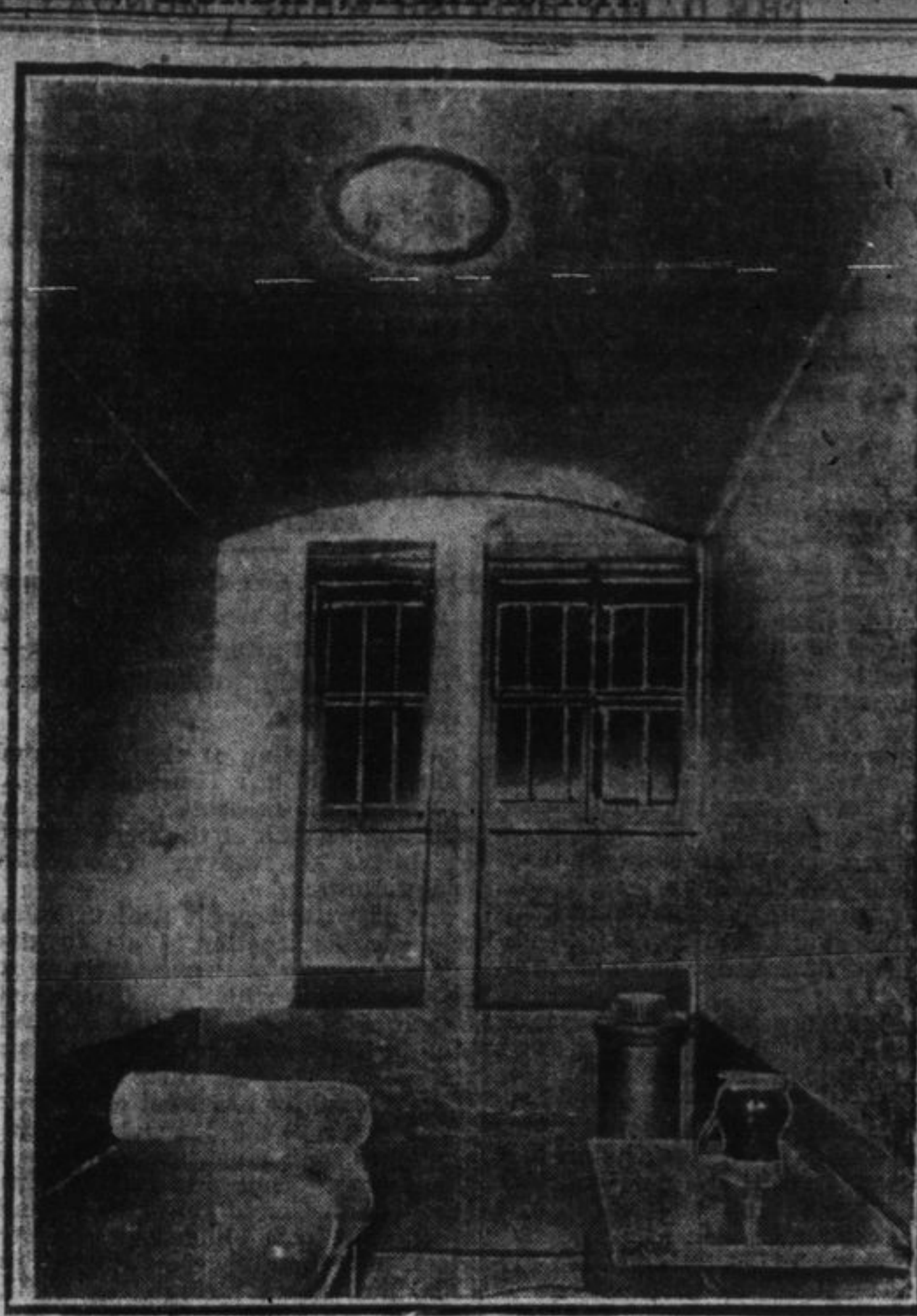
On the left of the hall were half a dozen or so of small rooms. On the right were other doors, which must have led to bigger rooms, and near the door of the stairway, was a short hall which led straight to the front of the house, where there was a window, with a couple of chairs in front of it. Another stairway led to a flight above.

To these stairs, the lady of the house, "the wonder," led the way without speaking, motioned the visitor to sit down, and sat down herself. She wore a house-dress, and did everything with a serious, half religious air, that was not exactly flattering, but might have been a little awe-inspiring to a timid person, especially one in not the best of physical condition. She was of small build, of middle age, grave of face, and grey of hair, and nothing in the appearance of her hands showed their marvellous strength or wonderful cunning.

Though French-Canadian, she appeared to understand English well, and spoke it plainly. When told that the object of the visit was to write something about her, she was polite, but decisive. She did not wish any publicity and that was all there was to it. Pleading availed nothing and finally the reporter was bowed out. So except in athletic circles, the affair is still a mystery.

Masons Honored Centennial. On attaining his 100th birthday, Francis McManus, who resides at Maitland, a small village east of Brockville, was waited upon recently by a delegation of St. James' Masonic Lodge and presented with a handsome chair. Mr. McManus was the first candidate initiated in the lodge in 1854. In those days Maitland was a historic Masonic centre. Craftsmen journeyed thither from all parts of the United States and Eastern Canada to receive high degrees.

The veteran Mason, after reaching the century mark, retains all his faculties unimpaired and is strong and healthy physically. He relates many interesting stories of early days along the St. Lawrence, and of amusing Masonic experiences with the old-timers. Given Pioneer's Picture. At the annual meeting of the Goderich, Ont., public library board, recently, John Galt presented to the library a handsomely framed picture of his grandfather, John Galt, founder of Goderich and Guelph, also author of "The Annals of the Parish." Mr. Galt, the elder, was the owner of Ridgewood Park, now restored to become the property of the Government for camp purposes.



CEL OF MME. CALLAUX IN ST. LAZARRE PRISON. A good picture of the cell in which Mme. Callaux, the murderer of M. Calmette, the editor of Figaro, is imprisoned. The shooting was on account of the appearance in Figaro of certain statements regarding her husband's political affairs. M. Callaux, her husband, resigned his portfolio as Finance Minister. Preliminary trials are now proceeding.

Will Harness the Nile. Work has been commenced on another great scheme to reclaim by irrigation vast tracts of desert in the Sudan. It is believed it can be made to add enormously to the cotton output of the British Empire. The tract which is to be watered is known as the Giza territory. It lies between the Blue and White Niles, below Khartoum, and consists of 1,500,000 acres. The force and flow of the two rivers are sufficient to water the entire district when properly harnessed.

The proposal is to build two dams south of Khartoum, one over each of the rivers. Thus the tract between the streams will be irrigated, while at the same time the force of the water flowing into Egypt will be controlled. At present the Blue Nile comes down in a raging flow, and the White Nile, flowing in staid fashion, combines with it to make a huge overflow. The building of the two dams will enable the flow to be properly regulated and will practically mean the final harnessing of the Nile.

He Knew How. The English portrait painter, Tennyson Cole, has been fined \$50 or a month's imprisonment, at Greytown, Natal. He was convicted of striking Mrs. Roycroft, wife of the local district surgeon, on the ground of walking stick. The defence was that Mrs. Roycroft, during an altercation, struck Mr. Tennyson Cole with her parasol, and that he "parried" without intending to injure her. Mr. Tennyson Cole was hooted when he left the court in a motor-car. In his evidence the artist said he had had two wives and knew how to handle women.

The Gorgonzola. A famous maitre d'hotel, said the other day of cheeses: "The public taste has returned to the more delicate cheeses—the bries, the gruyeres. It has turned away from cheeses of the ripe gorgonzola type." "That is a good thing too. These ripe cheeses are not healthy. By 'ripe' I mean, of course, cheese like that of which the editor wrote in his paper: 'Will the person or persons who shipped us the gorgonzola cheese last week kindly call or send for same? Otherwise we shall be obliged to shoot it!'"

Newspapers and Geography. A correspondent, writing on the subject of a daily paper is a geography, states: "I have carefully gone over twenty-four pages, with their 188 columns, not to the places named. The list numbers 1,447, of which England claims 622, Scotland 64, Ireland 29, Europe 363, Asia and Australasia 163, Africa 110, North America 159, South America 37. In point of space they range, of course, not only from China to Peru, but from pole to pole."—London Chronicle.

Knew Them at Once. The vicar appointed to a living in an old English village was anxious to restore his church. On either side of the porch were grotesque, not to say hideous, faces that had become almost hidden. The vicar had these ancient faces worked up until their features were made distinct. Then he took a very old lady of the parish to see them and jokingly asked if she could tell him who they were. "Why, bless my heart, sir," said she, peering at the old ornaments, "it's you and your good lady!"

Expert Tattooers. The inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands are among the most expert tattooers on earth, and not even the crown of the head, the fingers and the toes are exempt from the needle. The hands are ornamented with utmost care, all the fingers having their own pattern, so the hand would look as though imbedded in a tight fitting glove were it not for the finger nails of enormous length which complete the hand adornment of the wealthier natives.—London Telegraph.

Her Good Advice Appreciated. Here is a story of King George of England when a boy at school. Having spent his allowance too rapidly, he appealed to his grandmother, for aid. Queen Victoria, previously notified of the young man's spendthrift tendencies, wrote in a tone of gentle remonstrance, but sent no money. In due season came this reply: "Dearest Grandmamma: I received your letter and hope you will not think I was disappointed because you could not send me any money. It was very kind of you to give me good advice. I sold your letter for five guineas."

Piazas Pronunciation. The "Piazas" in Covent Garden, London—the open arcades on the north and east sides of the market, supply, perhaps, the only surviving instance of old-time Cockney pronunciation. For when built it was too hard a word for the frequenters of the market to attempt, so they called it, and continue to call it, "Pee-sches." Is there another place name in London that is so curiously mispronounced?—London Daily Chronicle.

Car Built in Eleven Minutes. The other day a motor car was built in 11 minutes at Trafford Park, Manchester, Eng. In seven minutes the chassis was on the ground complete in every detail, and four minutes later the body was in position and all ready for the road. Unfortunately someone had forgotten to pack the induction pipe, and eight minutes were lost remedying this fault. At the end of 19 minutes the engine was started and the car taken for a run around the works with six passengers.

Righteous Indignation. Miss Josephine Kipling, eldest child of Rudyard Kipling once was reproved for telling a fib and went to bed in a passion of angry tears. "I think it's a shame I should be treated so! My pa writes great big whoppers and everybody thinks they're lovely. But if I tell just a tiny little story I get scolded and sent to bed."

Life and Its Pictures. Life, according to a writer in the London Academy, is one of the few uninteresting towns of France. He went there "obstinately in the belief that no town in France with over 200,000 inhabitants could be entirely without interest," but finally "fed to the station, defeated, and took train for Laon." In justice, however, the critic makes the considerable admission that "Life has perhaps the finest collection of pictures in France outside Paris."

Why She Held on to It. Mrs. Willful—My husband told me if I didn't like the brooch you'd exchange it for me. Jeweler—Certainly, madam. I'll be only too glad, as four different ladies of your set want it.

Economy. "Oh, Ethel, why don't you use your finger bowl?" "What's the use o' wastin' this good jam, mother, when I can lick my fingers?"—Life.

By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world. The exports of cheese from Montreal, Quebec, Fortland and St. John, N.B., from May 1st, 1913, to April 26th, 1914, were 1,657,119 boxes. In 1913 the exports for same time were 1,833,173. At Greensville, N.C., Eben S. Draper, former governor of Massachusetts, died on Thursday, Mr. Draper was stricken with paralysis Tuesday. He was sixty-five years of age and a prominent manufacturer of textile machinery in New England.

A London despatch says the man on the street looks with confidence towards an early settlement of the Irish question without serious trouble. He believes the attitude of the politicians at present is towards a sacrifice of party politics for national security.

BIRDS WHICH STAY.

Seventy-Seven Kinds Remain in Ontario During Winter. People who complain that bird life is practically an unknown thing in Canada during the winter time will no doubt be surprised to know that Mr. Charles W. Nash, ornithologist of the Toronto Museum, has located about 77 different species in and around Toronto this winter. Many of these birds are denizens of the north who find their way south, either on account of exceedingly hard times in their natural haunts, or else because their normal conditions being so excellent here the boundary line of their migrations is extended.

On the other hand the robin, flicker, meadow-lark, and numerous other summer birds never migrate entirely. Wherever there is some extra measure of shelter or some additional supply of food they remain. The service rendered by these birds is enormous. Red-poll and snow-birds in particular are invaluable as weed destroyers, if the snowfall has not been a particularly heavy one, the heads of the taller weeds stick above the snow, thus preventing a spread of the plants. Many of these winter birds live on the berries left hanging on the trees, the mountain ash berry, or the berry of the Northwest maple, or barberries being typical examples of the winter food of the common grosbeaks. Many birds formerly migratory are now no longer so. A notable instance of this is the common crow, and the reason he stays is that increased cultivation, and particularly the custom of farmers of manuring their land in the winter leaves large quantities of grain on which the birds can feed. There is also the fact that unthreshed corn is often stacked for the winter. The visits of northern birds are erratic and difficult to understand, sometimes one species appearing in great abundance and at other times some other species. Some six years ago the North Canada jay, or Whitey Jack as it is called by the lumbermen, appeared here in large numbers. This was their first recorded appearance, in any quantity, since 1897, when the Hon. W. Allen observed a similar visitation.

The northern birds particularly prevalent this winter are the pine grosbeaks, veerys, grosbeaks, red-poll, and an unusually large number of snow bunting or snow-birds as they are commonly called. It appears that the migration of birds is governed almost entirely by the quantity of available food, and if they are able to get a sufficient quantity, and also shelter such as that provided by evergreen for cover, or barns, the birds will remain. The goshawk is another bird present in considerable quantities this year, and although an inveterate foe of rats, mice, and other injurious rodents, he is also a poultry killer. Its particular prey being absent it turns to the students of Toronto University next year, had its origin in this way: Three years ago Mrs. Marfleet came from her home in Illinois to Toronto to consult President Falconer as to a gift of \$5,000 which she proposed to make to the university as a memorial of her late husband. She explained that a number of years ago she and her husband spent a winter in Toronto. They were shown considerable courtesy by citizens, and their intellectual interests were stimulated by such opportunities as the university offered to visitors. As a mark of their appreciation of these kindnesses this gift of \$5,000 was offered, with the suggestion that with it a lectureship be founded, a course of three lectures to be delivered once every three years, the subject of each course to be of public interest in the life or history of the United States and Canada, and the lecturers to be chosen from among men of distinction in public affairs or academic circles in either country.

An International Bond. The Marfleet Foundation, under the provisions of which Prof. William Howard Taft, ex-President of the United States, will deliver three lectures to the students of Toronto University next year, had its origin in this way: Three years ago Mrs. Marfleet came from her home in Illinois to Toronto to consult President Falconer as to a gift of \$5,000 which she proposed to make to the university as a memorial of her late husband. She explained that a number of years ago she and her husband spent a winter in Toronto. They were shown considerable courtesy by citizens, and their intellectual interests were stimulated by such opportunities as the university offered to visitors. As a mark of their appreciation of these kindnesses this gift of \$5,000 was offered, with the suggestion that with it a lectureship be founded, a course of three lectures to be delivered once every three years, the subject of each course to be of public interest in the life or history of the United States and Canada, and the lecturers to be chosen from among men of distinction in public affairs or academic circles in either country.

The Evening Meal. It is an interesting and instructive sight to watch a party of grouse at their evening meal in Algonquin Park. Quick and lithe as shadows they steal from knoll to knoll, their whole minds intent upon the work before them, that of appeasing their appetites, before the low call comes from the sentinel cock on the top. As the shadows lengthen and the blue-dusk night begins to set down, the actions of the birds will become quickened, for they realize that the command "By to roost!" will shortly be given.

And given it is. Just as the last long streaks of daylight are being drawn across the drab uplands, and the silence—the wonderful silence of the northern woods—grips the wooded world, the low "whirrit-whirrit" is sounded, and quick to obey it, the whole bevy rises as one bird, and on thunderous wings they speed away to some protecting jam-pile deep in the forest.

Farmer Has Wireless. Lynn Zuefelt of West Oxford, Ont., a former telegraph operator, who is now engaged in farming in East Oxford, has erected a wireless station on his farm and daily picks up important messages from land and sea. The aerial is attached to Mr. Zuefelt's silo, and he frequently picks up messages and press despatches from Cape Cod to Florida.

The station is attracting much interest in the district. Within and Without. The man who lives within his income may some time be able to get along without it.

St. Thomas painters' strike was settled on Thursday. The men accept a minimum wage of 27c an hour, and in some cases 30c. will be paid. The former rate was 22c. and 25c. and 30c. was demanded.

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