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A PIONEER OF EMPIRE

CHALMERS VIRTUALLY FOUND BRITISH NEW GUINEA.

Scottish Missionary, Who With Nothing But His Courage and Faith in His Work, Went Among Cannibals and Stayed There More Than a Score of Years—Gave His Life For the Cause.

"Of the many gallant men," the late Lord Shaftesbury once said, "who have done heroic work in the name of Empire, I know none who bore a braver heart through more perils than James Chalmers, who was the pioneer and virtual founder of British New Guinea."

If ever a man was born for adventure, it was surely this son of an Aberdeen stonemason, who was graduated at the University of Glasgow on an obscure fishing village on Loch Fyne; and who seems to have imbibed a passion for roaming with the first breaths of sea-air he drew.

Before he had entered his teens, James Chalmers had made a local hero of himself by saving two lives at great risk to his own, and was known as the most fearless lad in the district. It was an unkind fate that condemned him for a few years to a stool in a solicitor's office at Laveray; and it was a glad day when emancipation came, and, after three years' training, he was sent away to the far South Seas as a missionary to Rarotonga, a voyage on which he had his fill of adventure. Shortly after leaving Sydney his ship struck an uncharted reef, and for three weeks, until a lightning race with death.

When the John Williams set sail again, her damage repaired, she was driven, a helpless wreck, on the rocky coast of the Savage Islands; and Chalmers and his fellow-passengers narrowly escaped with their lives in a whale-boat. Arrived at last, after such perils, at Rarotonga, Chalmers was destined to spend several years in the South Sea Islands before at last the long-cherished desire of his heart was realized, and he was sent to the most dangerous missionary work in the world, among the cannibals of New Guinea, where, with his wife, he arrived in the summer of 1871.

Here indeed, was a fine field for a man of lion-heart—the only white man in an island nearly three times as large as the United Kingdom, peopled by the fiercest of savages, whose chief passions were murder and cannibalism. But to James Chalmers danger was the very breath of life, and without a tremor he greeted the dusky crowds, retaining necklaces of human bones, which thronged the beach at his coming, and thankfully made his quarters in a portion of their chief's house.

At any moment he knew that his life might be in danger; and indeed the peril was very near, for he was scarcely awake in the morning when the house was surrounded by excited natives, and a gigantic savage, wearing a human jawbone suspended from his neck, demanded gifts for them all—tomatoes, knives, or beads, of which a large quantity had been brought ashore. To demand and threaten alike, however, the stout-hearted Scotman presented a granite front. "No," he replied. "I will give nothing to men who carry arms," and so resolute was his attitude that at last the crowd slunk muttering away.

The cannibals had already learned to respect the missionary who had so confidently trusted his life to them. One by one they came to him with friendly overtures, and were genuinely grieved when he declined their invitation to join them in their feasts, or to eat of cooked human flesh.

But to these days of growing security there soon came a variant of grave peril. Chalmers had transferred a few of his trunks for safety to a lagger moored in the bay; the natives had made a raid on the boat with an eye to booty, and in the fight that ensued one of them had been killed. This was an outrage which must be wiped out in blood, and within an hour the mission house, which Chalmers had now built and into which he had moved, was surrounded by a dense mob, brandishing spears and clamoring for the lives of the white man and his wife.

"Escape if you can," said a friendly native. "If you do not they will murder you." But both Chalmers, and his wife refused to budge an inch. During the long night they awaited the end, while the bestial, their numbers now grown to thousands, filled the air with blood-curdling cries and the blasts of war horns. When at last dawn came, Chalmers showed himself and offered compensation for the slain man's life, exhibiting parcels of tomahawks, cloth and beads; but his offers were greeted with cries of derision. "Give us more, much more," their leader cried, "or we will kill you now!" "You may kill us if you like," said the undaunted missionary, "but at any rate we shall die fighting." And, pointing his musket at the mob, he dared them to "come on."

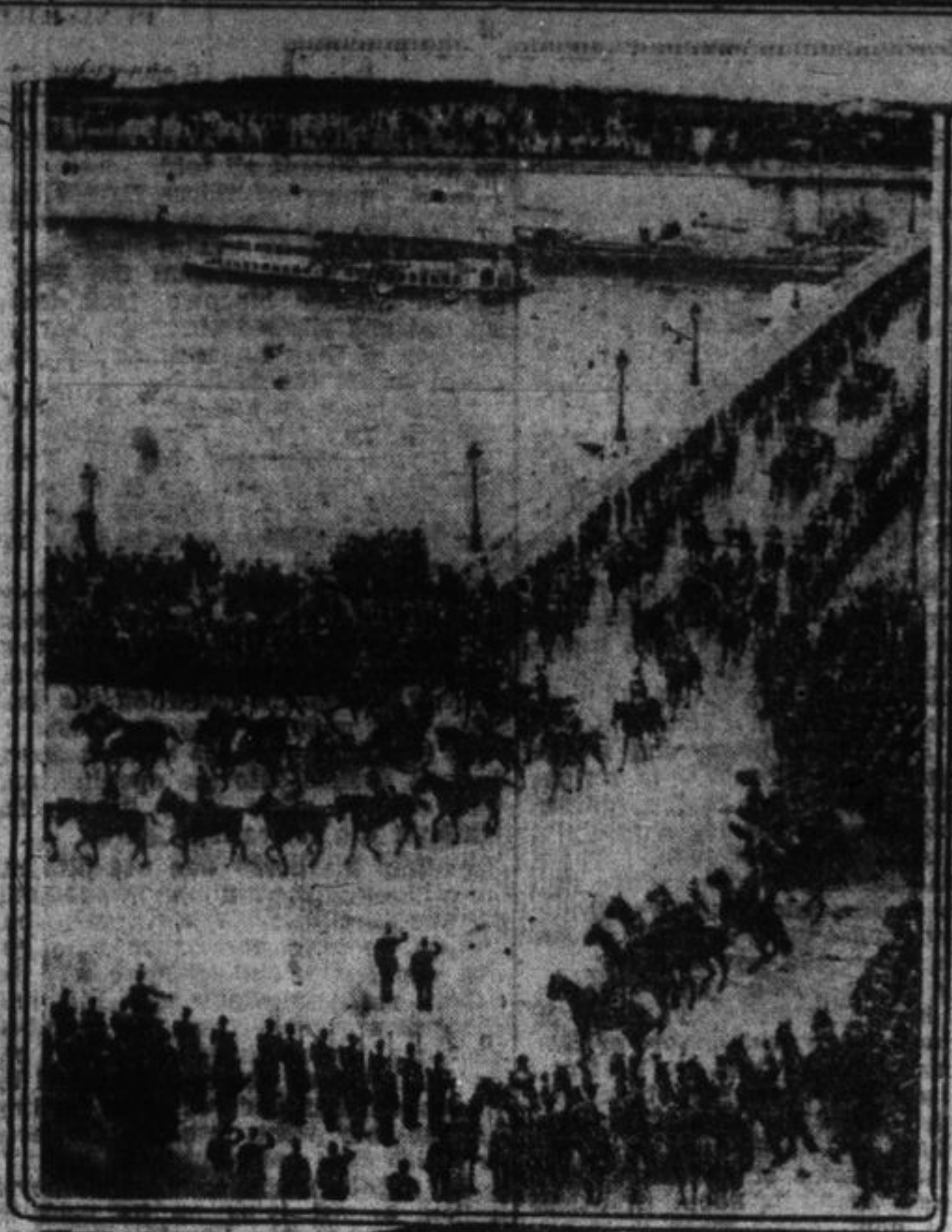
The first, he shouted, "who moves a step forward is a dead man." At the sight of the pointed gun and the grim resolute face behind it a silence fell on the crowd for they knew the deadliness of the fire-weapon; then one after another they began to sink away; and to the missionary's amazement, within a few minutes he was facing an empty square.

Not until Chalmers had spent twenty-one years in New Guinea did he enjoy the well-earned luxury of a holiday-trip home; and within a year he was back again among his flock, very many of whom had now abandoned cannibalism and were leading reformed lives.

In 1901 his end came suddenly—a tragically when on a visit to a blood-thirsty tribe he was slain and his body eaten by the cannibals.

A lot of young men are good baseball batters and fallows with the hoe and lawn mower.

Stand for your own rights, and, at the same time, regard the rights of the other fellow.



ROYAL PROCESSION CROSSING POINT DU LA CON. CORDE. ARRIVAL OF ROYAL YACHT AT CALAIS. KING AND QUEEN AS GUESTS OF FRENCH REPUBLIC.

A GLIMPSE OF MANCHURIA

Its Wind Whipped Natives and Its Empty Brown Wastes

Manchuria means an interminable brown plain—dry stubble, endless open furrows to be filled by and with millet, kaoliang, waving, wonderful green plumage, high as a man and higher, in which not many years ago the Japanese hid whole armies.

Today it is the emptiest, most desolate spot in unthinkably fertile and tranquil in unthinkably ferocious. The sun beats down fiercely out of a deep unbroken field of turquoise blue. The air is biting cold. A sudden breath of it is like a slap. A great tingling follows and a sense of extraordinary buoyancy. One feels impelled to laugh, to shout, to strike out, to do violent things. To sit or sleep with folded hands would drive one mad. There is that in the air which compels like the lash of a whip.

Over this brown waste, sheltering a million seedlings, trails an endless line of native life—a dull blue, curiously blunt outline—wheelbarrow men with sprawling legs and arms wide outstretched, coolies with bamboo poles slung across their shoulders, innumerable mules, cased like warriors in brass studded bridles and headpieces, donkeys picking their steps with lifters on their backs, with wide toppling loads, with native women sitting astride far back upon their tiny haunches.

These Manchurian people are a big, bold-faced race, with brown skins, whiskered dull red by the northern winds. Shapeless bundles of them, hoods pulled over ears, stand at the stations and stamp their feet and beat their arms and watch the trains come in. A struggling line of native soldiers in bungling black uniforms, their heads wound tightly in black turbans, a great splash of blood red lettering across their breasts, present arms rigidly, with bayonets fixed, as the train pulls in and draws out. From "The Color of the East," by Elizabeth Washburn.

One good resolution to form early in life is to keep out of the prison and poor-house. The loud-mouthed individual always hugs the delusion that he impresses his listeners. The man of sense will have much more to answer for than the fool.

FLOWER FIRE

Some Plants Will Emit a Mysterious Radiance at Times

The most wonderful—it might almost be said spiritual—attribute of flowers is neither their beauty of color or form nor their fragrance, but, strangely enough, a mysterious radiance that sometimes surrounds them, writes J. Carter Beard. It is strange that this flower fire is so little known and so seldom noticed.

The best time to watch for and to witness the sunset of a warm day, just after sunset of a warm day, when the atmosphere is perfectly clear and clear. On the contrary, if the air is dense or the day has been rainy nothing of the kind can be seen. The light emitted from flowers is sometimes continuous, but of tenses, perhaps, represents itself in flashes and flickerings like the sparks from a piece of paper that has been electrified. The duration of the light varies according to the state of the atmosphere and the sort of flowers that are under observation.

A daughter of Linnaeus is credited with having been the first, as long ago as 1762, to have observed the luminous emanations. While seated alone in her father's garden on a fine, warm summer night her attention was attracted to a cluster of the common nasturtiums, whose flowers shone with iridescent luster amid surrounding gloom. Captivated by the charming novelty of the spectacle, she repeated, her nocturnal visits to the flowers, a number of times and never once failed to witness the gleam of the nasturtium.

Numerous other flowers, many of which can be found in our gardens, are discovered to be self luminous after exposure to the strong, sustained light of the summer sun, for not only do groups of nasturtiums exhibit the phenomenon, but the corolla of the common sunflower, the dahlia, the tuberose, the yellow lily, and, indeed, a number of blossoms not named here.—Christian Endeavor World.

All He Had Left Mrs. Goodsole (feeding tramp)—You seem to have a good appetite? Hungry Higgins—Ah, mum, dat's all I have left in de world dat I kin rightly call me own.—Boston Transcript.

PATENT CRANKS

They Give the Clerks a Merry Time With Their Devices.

Surely there is no more extraordinary array of "frags" to be found anywhere in the country than may be met with by anyone who searches through the Patent Office in London! Such a man will be perfectly astounded at the immense number of cranks there must be in the land; men and women—chiefly the former, of course—who spend time, trouble, and money in putting forward so-called inventions which are really nothing more than absolute frocks; ideals and models of no good to anybody whatever for an practical purpose in life! Indeed, the Patent Office might well be termed "The Asylum for Idiotic Ideas and Models!"

As showing how long and how similarly the most extravagant notions have obsessed certain kinds of folk in connection with this patent business, may be mentioned that the office had not been in vogue, in the reign of King James I., more than a week or two, when one agricultural gentleman sent word to it that he wished to have "a patent for making crops grow without plowing the soil by horses and plow, as he had learned how to plow fields of wheat, and also possessed the secret of making crops grow with tremendous fertility without trouble!" When called on to explain this very valuable process, however, the man could really tell nothing at all! He was a crank, pure and simple—the first of thousands who have possessed the Patent Office since that time.

Another amusing thing for which a patent was sought was as follows. Some naturalist had noticed that bees are often robbed of their honey at night by the bee-moth, while they themselves are dormant. To provide against this he put in a "specification and plans showing how the hives should have a small shutter before the hole for ingress and egress; how this shutter might be connected by cords with the perches of bees roosting some shed near; how the bees would retire to their perches when the bees went inside the hives for the night; how the bees, by this would depress the perches, which would move the cord, and thus close the shutters! When morning came, and the bees flew down, of course the shutters were opened again, and the bees began operations once more! Think of the glorious strategem!

You never know what will come into the Patent Office any day. To be a clerk there must be as good as being at a pantomime, and often infinitely more amusing. One man traveling on a northern railway had pulled the communication-cord in vain, so far as making the driver feel it was concerned. So he forthwith set his brains to work and evolved a "patent" device which should compel the driver to take notice of such a thing. His plans, as sent to the office, showed an enormous catapult fixed on the top of the guards' van, which when fired would pull by a passenger, should throw stones at the driver on the engine till he stopped the train! I need hardly say that no railway company has, as yet, taken up that patent and carried its plans into effect. Nice for the driver, eh?

When one portion of England was, two or three decades ago, troubled with a slight earthquake, there came along the man with the hour-glass! This worthy inventor was greatly perturbed lest his own house should fall in such a catastrophe as an English earthquake. And to prevent the danger he put in for a patent for a device to be used in all houses, etc., for the future should be built on small rollers or wheels, so that when any seismic disturbance occurred they would simply roll or move about freely and unhurt, instead of having their foundations upset and endangered!

Wanted a Lot. The following letter, according to The Great Western Magazine, was recently addressed to the general manager of the railway: "Please send me one tourist ticket for Penzance next Tuesday at 10.30 a.m. (arriving Penzance 5.5 p.m.). Please reserve corner seat facing engine as near centre of train as possible—'corridor' carriage (no children)—quiet company. Also luncheon (chicken) basket with glass hot milk and water (mixed) at twelve o'clock. Also tea basket China weak tea at three o'clock. Also is, for guard to see that the driver does not race or rush the train, especially round curves and at inclines, and watch the signals well and machinery well oiled and not overheated."

Performing Horse Dead. The death has occurred of a wonderful performing horse, Alpha, which belonged to Mr. R. D. C. Shaw of Great Hale. The animal, which had performed before several members of the royal family, could play the national anthem on a harmonium, could write its own name on a slate with chalk held in its mouth, and could do difficult sums in the first four rules. Another horse, Little Beta, also belonging to Mr. Shaw, accompanied Alpha on show, and together they could play "Home, Sweet Home" with bells fastened on their feet.

West Indian Crabs. The crabs of the West Indies live in the mountains and, once a year, they assemble in a vast army, sometimes 40 yards in width and more than a mile long, and march to the sea where the females deposit their eggs in the sand. After the laying season they return to the mountains.

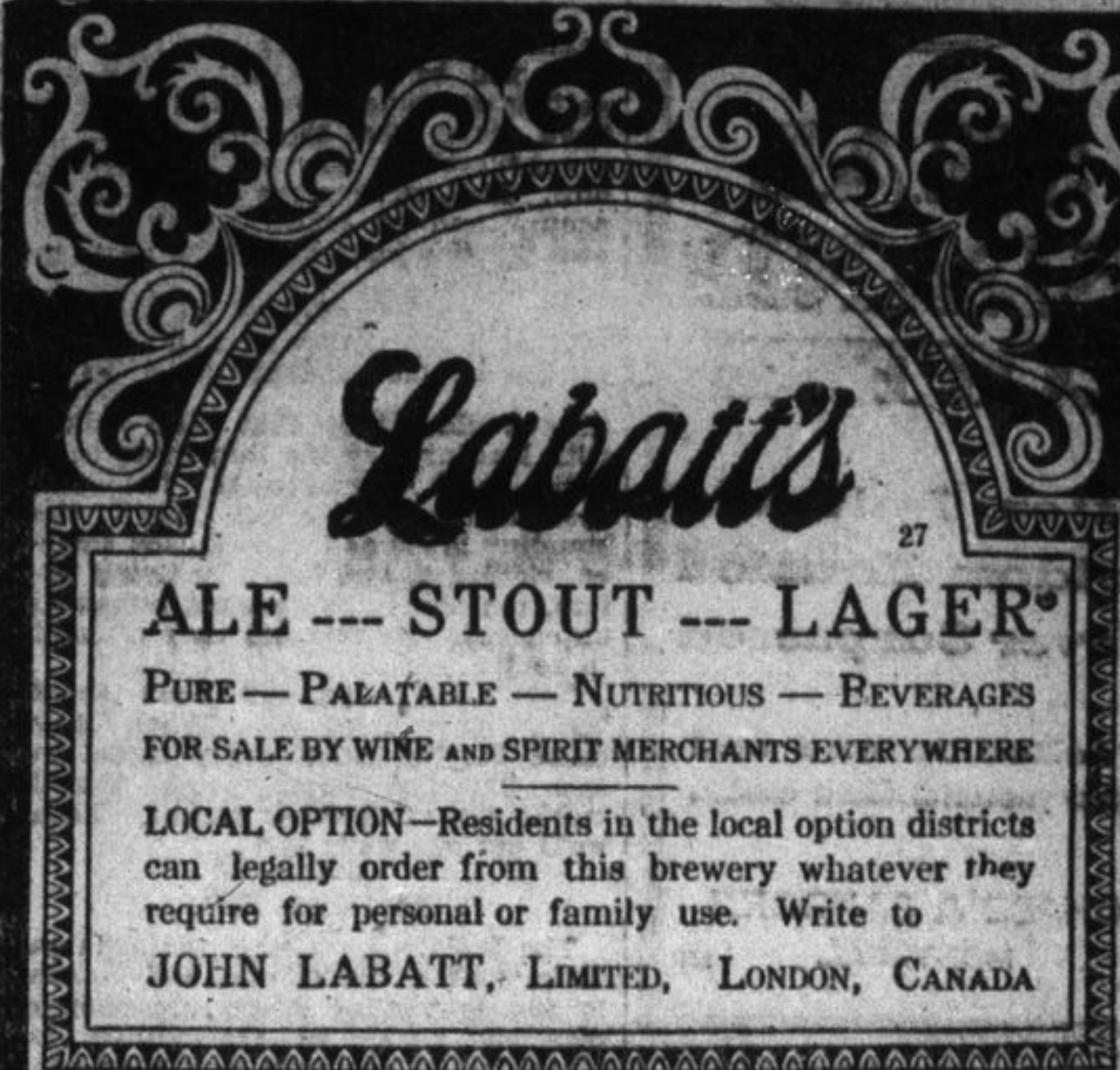
Paw Knows Everything. Willie—Paw, what is the mother tongue? Paw—The language of Mars, my son. Other people sometimes have to reap the crop that the fellow sowed to the whirlwind. There are plenty of natural evils to worry over without entering the land of the supernatural.

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