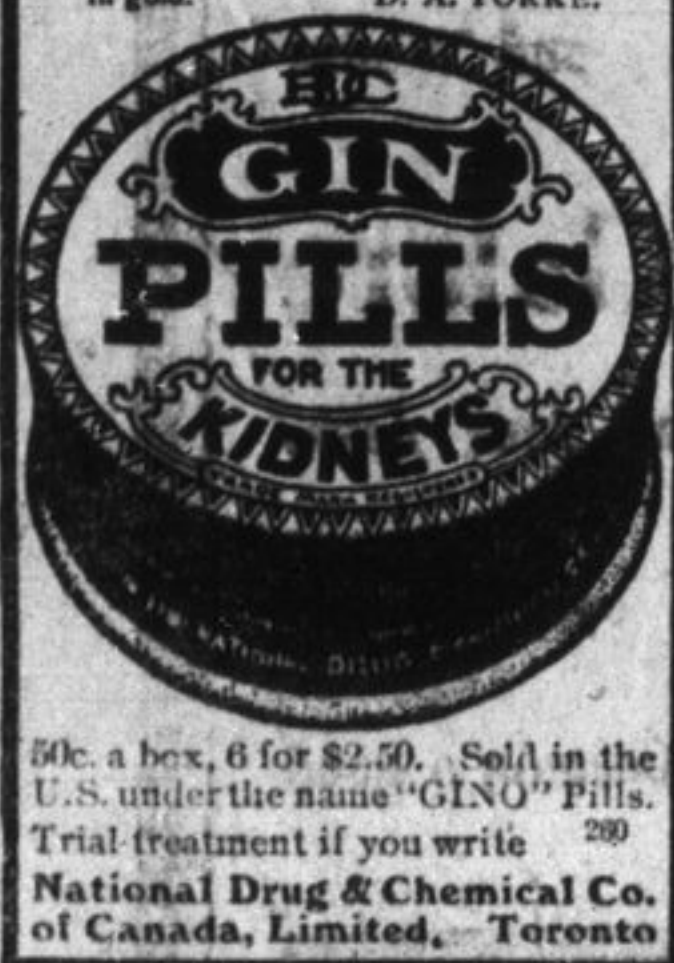


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FOR THE KIDNEYS
If you want to know what Gin Pills will do for you, just drop a line to Mr. D. A. York, at Bellevue, Ont. He will tell you what Gin Pills did for him, after he had suffered with kidney trouble for 15 years. Here is his letter:



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KING'S FAVORITE HOME

SANDRINGHAM HALL IS PROBABLY WORTH \$2,000,000.

The Royal Seat Which Was Bombed by German Airmen Is the Country Residence of Queen Alexandra and Was Bought by King Edward—Yarmouth, the Home of the Bloater.

As by sea, so by air, the Germans seem to fancy the east coast of England for their abortive, if annoying, raids. The attack on Sandringham was peculiarly exasperating—as, no doubt, it was intended to be. Sandringham Hall was not only the late King's favorite residence, but it is his widow's principal one to-day, while, as man and boy, his present Majesty has spent more days in that cheerful country house than he has in any house in all his Dominions. It is curious how little the public generally seem to know about this favorite abode of royalty. The present writer had the advantage some years ago of going over this royal residence, and he characterizes it unhesitatingly as quite the most charming house—we are not talking of a palace or of stately, for Sandringham is not the one, nor does it lay claim to anything of the other—of which he has ever seen the inside.

Sandringham was bought by King Edward as Prince of Wales, in the year 1861, from Mr. Spencer Cowper, nephew of Lord Palmerston, probably the most popular Premier of the Victorian era. The extent of the estate at that time was about seven thousand acres, but the late King added to it from time to time until now its extent is about twelve thousand acres. The price the late King paid for the original property was \$2,100,000, but he expended money on it so lavishly, in the way of alterations and improvements, that it is now worth at least double that sum.

It, indeed, is possible to set a marketable value on a property which its royal owners have rendered unique. The late King inspected countless estates before he decided on the purchase of Sandringham. And two main reasons finally decided him in favor of what came to be his best-loved retreat, first, as it was in Norfolk, it was a long way from Windsor, so that he would not be too much under his mother's eye when on his own demesne, nor would there be any difficulty of the "two Kings of Brentford" kind. Secondly, the County of Norfolk has always been famous alike for the quality and for the variety of its game—and King Edward loved shooting passing well, although he was never anything approaching the first-rate shot that King George is. Still, under his regime, the pheasant shooting and partridge driving at Sandringham came to mean shooting parties of the largest and pleasantest kind, at which the element of old personal friends was predominant. The soil at Sandringham is of the rather rare kind on which both pheasants and partridges flourish.

The late King Edward replaced the original mansion with the present Elizabethan brick and stone structure, and he largely added to the latter from time to time. Among other additions is the huge ballroom, where, as it has been said, he would entertain "the whole county" at a ball. At Sandringham, indeed, there is almost everything to satisfy the taste of everybody. And the peculiar charm of the place, says one who has often stayed there, is that "while the racing man feels that he is not called on to profess a knowledge of gardens or Sevres china, the garden lover and the art collector knows that it is not incumbent on them to expatiate on the merits of racehorses or the pedigree of short-horns." Such is the atmosphere of the gracious English home which the Kaiser's merry men have done their futile best to demolish.

Yarmouth, another unfettered place in Norfolk which was favored with the attentions of the bomb-droppers, is the second largest town in that county, Norwich (where they make the mustard) being the largest. It contains about 52,000 people normally, but in the summer this population is multiplied many times. For Yarmouth is the most popular holiday resort on the east coast of England. It has one of the finest beaches imaginable, with a sea front promenade of nearly three miles and two remarkably fine piers. It is the principal fishing port of Norfolk. And its herring fishery is of worldwide fame. In one year as many as 500,000,000 herrings will be landed at this one Norfolk port.

The herring industry at Yarmouth naturally finds employment for a very large number of fishermen. Perhaps something like two thousand fishermen live in Yarmouth itself, and another thousand in neighboring villages, while several thousand Scottish fishermen will come down and make Yarmouth their base of operations during the autumn fishing. The curing of herrings is a subsidiary industry, which gives employment to thousands. Annually, about five thousand Scottish lassies will migrate to Yarmouth in the autumn to "kipper" herrings and to turn them into "bloaters." Altogether, in the autumn months the requirements of the fishing industry add about eleven thousand people to the normal population of the town.

Two of the other places on which the arm of the "baby-killers" dropped bombs are Cosham and Sheringham, both seaside places. The former is the most fashionable watering place on the east coast, standing on high ground and sheltered by wooded and heathery hills. It has fine cliffs. And it is kept exclusive, by reason of the fact that the prices it charges for board, rooms, and the like, are as steep as its cliffs at their steepest point. Cosham has for long been famous for its crab fisheries.

Up to the end of January there were 9,175 cases of frostbite among the expeditionary forces. Two members of the Patricia are in the hospital at Shorncliffe suffering from frost-bitten feet.

NAPOLEON OF THE WEST.

Sir Clifford Sifton Has Found Life Work in Conservation.

In the career of Sir Clifford Sifton, who received a knighthood at New Year's, we have again the drama of "Milestones," the old-new story of the radical in youth grown conservative with years, says The Toronto Star Weekly. This Napoleon of the West, as he used to be called, was born in London, Ont., 54 years ago, and he was educated at Victoria University, Cobourg, Ont. He became a lawyer and went West, settling in Brandon. He first made his appearance in politics when he was elected to the Manitoba Legislature in 1888. At a critical period of the Greenway Administration he took the office of Attorney-General and Minister of Education. That was his office when in 1896 the Laurier Government went into power and he was called to Ottawa by Sir Wilfrid and given the portfolio of Minister of the Interior, being especially charged with matters relating to the West and the Yukon and unorganized territory. It is interesting to recall that he was given the Federal seat of Brandon by acclamation through the courtesy of the late Dalton McCarthy, who that year was elected both for Brandon and North Simcoe.

In 1898 Mr. Sifton introduced legislation giving responsible government to the Northwest Territories. He devoted special attention to the question of immigration. He was appointed by the British Government to act as British agent before the Alaska Boundary Tribunal under the treaty of January, 1903.

He was re-elected to the House of Commons in 1900, 1904, and 1908. He resigned from the Laurier Government in 1905 on account of differences of opinion over the educational clauses of the bill making Alberta and Saskatchewan autonomous provinces. He was one of Canada's representative commissioners at the International Conference of Conservation of Natural Resources, held in Washington in 1908. In 1909 he was appointed chairman of the Canadian Conservation Commission and still holds that position.

Clifford Sifton made his final break with the Liberal party when he strenuously opposed reciprocity with the United States. He now spends considerable time on the work of the Conservation Commission, but he has very large personal interests and still holds that position.

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He is keenly interested in all outdoor recreations, and is owner of one of the finest stables of saddle and show horses in America, including some of the best and most celebrated jumpers in the world, such as "Heracles" and "Confidence." Sir Clifford is a member of many clubs in Canada and in England.

Patriotism and Production.
The patriotism and production campaign planned by the Federal Government is fast rounding into shape. The western provinces have been thoroughly organized, and arrangements are being made to launch the machinery as soon as possible. Dates are now being arranged in every province from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and specialists are studying out the production programs for each section. Appeals will then be made from practical and impartial standpoints for the greatest output of live stock and food products that Canada has ever experienced.

One of the first ambitions of the Government experts is to see the west grow more cattle and Ontario more wheat. The fact that the intensification of the agricultural districts in each place has been to the contrary, strengthens the appeal. It is pointed out that it will be much easier for Europe to renew her crops than her live stock, as much breeding stock will necessarily be killed off for food and as a much younger age than usual. This provides an opportunity for Canadian farmers in the west to cultivate an industry hitherto neglected in favor of cereal growing. In Ontario an attempt will be made to develop the wheat-growing sections that have not been exploited thoroughly of late years.

A. P. Westervelt, who is in charge of the organization of the provinces, stated recently that there is an inclination among western townsmen to place their capital in farm lands, and to aid in the general production. It is also expected that the work will be well worth while because of the good prices expected next year.

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Must Have Constitutional Treatment—Ohio Woman Tells How She Was Relieved by Vinol.

Crestline, Ohio.—"For years I was in a weak, nervous, run-down condition, and while in this condition contracted a bronchial cough, which made it very hard for me. I lost weight and had ambition. All the medicines I had taken did not relieve me to any extent. "One day I saw Vinol advertised and decided to try it. Within a week after taking it I commenced to feel better and I am happy to say four bottles of Vinol have completely restored me to health, so I am feeling fine now."—Mrs. H. H. CARLISLE, Crestline, Ohio.

This is one more proof that our delicious cod liver and iron remedy, Vinol, which is free from oil or grease, is a remarkably strengthening and vitalizing medicine. Men and women who are weak and in poor health, unable to sleep or eat well, and who have given up hope of ever being strong again, should certainly take Vinol without waiting another day, for it is exactly what they need. We are having such wonderful results from Vinol that we offer to return the purchaser's money when not satisfied. "Geo. W. Malwood, druggist, King St., Ont."

SHACKLETON'S CIGAR

And Why the Ship's Doctor Could Not Appreciate It.

Sir Ernest Shackleton was once a very junior officer on a passenger boat, and it happened that on one voyage Lord Rothschild was a passenger. He became quite friendly with the young "fourth" and one evening gave him a magnificent cigar. Shackleton knew better than to smoke that cigar. He wrapped it up in silver paper and a silk handkerchief and kept it as a cherished memento of his friendship with the great man.

On subsequent voyages he developed a habit of exhibiting his treasure to favored high passengers, recalling at the same time how he and Lord Rothschild had been "quite palmy you know." The chief engineer, a dour old Scotsman, thought he would teach him a lesson, so he conspired with the doctor to steal the cigar and replace it with one of a much inferior kind. In fact, with a weed that had cost him twopenny at the last port. They wrapped the impostor carefully in the silver paper and in the silk handkerchief, and they bore the real Rothschild smoke to the chief's cabin.

With a five-shilling cigar in their possession for the first time in their lives they found it difficult to decide who should have the smoking of it, and so they tossed a coin. The doctor won and bore his prize off in malicious triumph to his own room, there to enjoy it in solitary state. His triumph was, however, short-lived, for the chief, woefully embarrassed and swearing volubly, the Rothschild cigar was absolutely rotten, even worse than the one they had left in its place.

"Somebody had been there before them!"

The Prince's Family Name.
The appearance in the list of members of Oxford University on a service of "Wales, H.R.H. the Prince of," in strict alphabetical order among the "W's," third from the end, recalls an amusing incident recorded in Sir F. C. Burnand's "Reminiscences."

The late Duke of Edinburgh was very friendly with Sir Arthur Sullivan, and often dropped in at the composer's house in St. George's Road for a quiet cup of tea with him and his mother. One evening Mrs. Sullivan started her son by saying to take care of "Sir, your family name is Guelph." "Certainly," replied her royal guest. "What is the matter with it, Mrs. Sullivan?"

"Nothing, only I can't understand why you don't call yourself by your proper name," said the blunt old lady.

"Oh," the duke answered, "there's nothing to be ashamed of in my name."

"That's exactly what I think," was Mrs. Sullivan's retort.

As a matter of fact, the family name of the Prince of Wales had been entered in the university books by his family name he would still be among the "W's," his grandfather, King Edward VII, being the first monarch of the Wettin line, though Queen Victoria could trace her ancestry back for twenty-three generations to Aze II, who consolidated the Guelphs as King-makers in the eleventh century.

King George's Economy.
Simple fare is quite the rule now both at Buckingham Palace and at Sandringham, and this will continue as long as the war is on. Meats in the royal household have never been so elaborate during the present reign as they were in King Edward's time. King George is not nearly so much of an epicure as his father was. He has to be exceedingly careful what he eats, and he avoids rich food both for preference and of necessity, for he occasionally suffers from gastritis.

Both the King and Queen prefer boiled fish, and most cooked quite plainly, without an abundance of cunningly seasoned sauces which delight the heart of a clever French chef. A recent dinner menu at the palace consisted mainly of boiled turbot, a dish of oysters, a fruit salad, and a savory. Champagne is rarely drunk except on special occasions, and when it is the bottle is not placed in a silver holder or covered with a napkin. But the label and everything which might signify the brand is removed.

Beef Was Second.
A man in a condition of inebriety was walking up a small side street when he saw on a restaurant a board with the words: "Eleven to 3, beef, mutton, vegetables, cheese, 5 to 9, soup, fish." And so on. "Beef! Elevent to 3—dessert price!" he said to himself. "That sounds all right." He walked in, placed a shilling on the cashier's desk and muttered thickly: "A bob on beef, D'y'ear?" Then he signalled out. An hour later he made his way back to the establishment. He entered and the waitress was giving her order. "Mutton one, beef two." "Confound it all!" remarked the baker of beef. "Just my luck—a second again!"—London Tattler.

Donkey Living Yet.
Not long ago when Mr. Lloyd George was speaking at Cardiff in public, a heckler called out: "Do you remember when your grandfather drove a donkey and cart?" "You will have to forgive me, ladies and gentlemen," replied Mr. Lloyd George; "the cart had quite escaped my memory, but I see that the donkey is living yet."

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