

Ladies, Attention!

Patrons are respectfully requested to place their orders early, so that there may be no disappointments when the busy season begins.

Light in style, right in quality, lowest prices. Satisfaction goes with every order placed with me.

L. WINSTIN, LADIES' TAILOR, 120 Wellington St. Phone 303.

SEES WHEN YOU CANNOT SEE

A Paradox? No!

We provide proper glasses through which you can see.

Being eyesight specialists we know when eyes are wrong and why glasses are right.

See us—we understand our business.

KEELEY Jr., M. O. D. O. OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN, 225 Princess Street, 3 doors above the Opera House.



Looking Into the Eye Getting at the root of eye trouble is an expert's business.

An expert will examine your eyes carefully at Best's and supply finest quality Rimless Nose-Glasses in Gold Mounts, for \$2.00.

Best's

The Popular Drug Store. Open Sundays.

Jenkins' Saturday Specials

Saturday, Last Day of Shirt Sale.

\$1.50 to \$2 Shirts for 98c 75c Shirts for .55c

Sweater Coat Sale, \$1.18

This comprises a lot we purchased to sell at \$1.50 and \$2.00. We have decided to clear the lot at \$1.18. Most of these have large shawl collars and largely in plain colors.

Silk Knitted Scarfs At Half Price.

All grades and colors, from 50c up to \$6.50. Your own choice at half the price. One day only.

E. P. Jenkins Clothing Company.

It sometimes pays to chuck a bluff. If you can't have your own way, pretend the other way is yours.

NEAR TO HUMAN KIND

SCIENTISTS GROWING INTERESTED IN PENGUINS.

British Explorers and Naturalists Who Have Visited the Southern Ice Wastes Declare That the Quaint Solemn Birds Have Enough Human Characteristics to Lead to the Belief That They Are a Missing Link.

"The Johnny Penguin of the Antarctic the nearest approach to man in the animal kingdom."

This is the question that scientists are asking themselves to-day and, because of the remarkable tales reported by returning explorers, who have lived in the Antarctic, these big water birds are being subjected to the closest scrutiny by those who are constantly seeking that missing link between man and his dumb friends.

That the penguin possesses faculties not common to any other animal, not even the monkey, who is supposed to be nearly human—is advanced by Dr. G. Murray Lewis, R. N., zoologist of the British Antarctic expedition of 1910-1913. All animals especially young ones, play, and seemingly enjoy themselves, but their play is only part of the duties they will perform in later life. The dog worrying a piece of rag is only learning how to worry some enemy; the cat chasing a ball, creeping up on it and springing to pounce on it, is doing just what it will do as a full grown animal. But penguins are different. They play for the sheer love of playing, and they live in communities with a neighborliness that is very much akin to the cities and manners of humans. A full grown penguin stands above two feet in height. The wings are short, not suitable for flying, but as flappers are used to hurry through snow or water. The legs are far back and are used to keep the bird standing upright. The penguin is equally at home on land or water, finding its food in all small sea life.

One of the most remarkable traits of the penguin is the way they apparently talk to one another. A dozen birds will meet on one of the beaches, and, gathering in groups of two or three, spend 15 or 20 minutes in animated conversation—uttering cries, distinctly different in tone. As they "talk," other birds join them, and frequently they play on the ice just as bathers at Palm Beach sport before they enter the water.

One of the choicest games with the penguins is to force one another into the water. They push and duck, two or three birds making concerted attack on two or three others. Sometimes a bird is immersed, only to hop out a second later and try to push the bird responsible for its ducking. This sport occupies some time, and then, on a signal, the whole crowd decides to get into the water. They dive deep and swim under water, sometimes coming to the surface more than 50 feet from the shore. Here they resume their fun, washing themselves in the icy water, and feeding on small fish. So incredibly humane is their attempt to have a good time that watchers seem to understand what they are saying.

These bathing parties are part of the penguins' everyday existence. Even in nesting time the bird has to bathe, the male looking after the female while she patches her nest on the shore. Snow slides are popular forms of amusement, the birds making the slides by packing the snow with their strong breasts till the slide is smooth.

During the breeding periods the birds live in big rookeries, generally on some rocky headland, not far from the water. When the mating season begins the penguins arrive singly and in groups, the early comers picking out the choice places for nests and then setting to work to defend their positions. Some of the birds travel 100 miles to nest at a certain point, but they are always in the best of condition, fat and with sleek plumage.

The nest is an untidy affair, consisting of pebbles laid to form a hollow and is carefully built by both the male and his mate. There are two eggs, and both birds care for them, the female generally leaving her eggs with reluctance and much scolding. As the weather, when the eggs are hatched, is generally below freezing, the eggs must be kept very warm. This is done by burying one in the thick feathers of the breast, while the feet cover the other.

When a young hen is desirous of obtaining a mate she signifies the fact by sitting on one of last year's nests and waiting for her admirer to pay her court. This is done by approaching her with an offering of a pebble, the sign of the new home. The pebbles she accepts for her new home all belong to one bird, and this bird is her mate. Often there are bitter discussions as to the right of suitors, and much whirling of dappers and sometimes nasty beak bites.

There is something very human in such an action, and equally human is the action of a crowd of penguins in endeavoring to stop a fight between two rival birds for a handsome hen. The birds do not enter into the conflict in anyway, but they pushed themselves between the combatants and separated them.

It may only be a case of mistaken imagination, but it certainly seems to the men of the British Antarctic expedition that the penguins of the South Pole have some remarkably human traits. At any rate scientists are much interested, and special note is to be taken of the birds, their habits and modes of existence by explorers, who are preparing to visit the great continent of frozen ice that has so far baffled mankind, and which may produce the greatest mystery ever known.

The firm of Gillies Bros., Limited, Braeside, have presented a complete and up-to-date field kitchen to the 5th Brigade Canadian Field Artillery, C. E. F., which is under the command of Major A. B. Gillies.

ONE-BOOK AUTHORS.

The Works That Made Many Men Become Famous.

Everybody knows that there are, or have been, authors who have only written one book, like "John Inglesant," which took Shorthouse sixteen years to complete, although it is an average-sized novel, but those are not the authors to which this article would draw attention; but rather those that are known by one book only, although they may have written many.

For instance, John Bunyan is always called the "Author of 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" As a matter of fact, he wrote quite a number of books, but few have ever seen them, and fewer still have read them.

Then think of "White's Selborne." The name of the author is immortally linked with one word of the title of a book, the full title of which is "The Natural History of Selborne," and which has made a little country village better known to the English-speaking world than many a big city.

There is, too, "Walton's Complete Angler." Nobody thinks of mentioning the book without at the same time mentioning its author. The two are united in a bond of literary matrimony which none can put asunder.

Daniel Defoe wrote many books and whole sheaves of pamphlets. They are all in the British Museum, and "Moll Flanders" and "A Diary of the Great Plague" can be got by the curious, but the only book which counts is "Robinson Crusoe." To the great world it is the only book Defoe ever wrote. The rest are no where.

Cervantes wrote hundreds. He was a very voluminous writer, and possibly thought less of "Don Quixote" than some other of his works. But the rest may all be burnt for what the world cares. "Don Quixote" will keep his memory green as long as language lasts.

"How many people read to-day 'Locke on the Understanding'?" Yet tens of thousands of people who never saw the book know it by name and always say it in that way. The book is entitled "The Conduct of the Understanding," and it is by John Locke, but nobody would dream of putting the matter that way round.

"Foxe's Book of Martyrs" is another instance, and so is "Gulliver's Travels."

Some poets are cursed, or blest, with the same selection from their works on the part of fame. Gray wrote several splendid poems, but it is always "Gray's Elegy" which is mentioned in conjunction with his name. Cowper never had more than anything but "Cowper's Task," unless an exception might be made for the immortal "Gilpin," and even "Milton's Paradise Lost" is generally referred to in that way, as if there were other works with which Milton's might get mixed.

Wellington's Industry. That the conduct of a war, however great, should be placed in the hands of a triumvirate would have appeared to the Duke of Wellington an unnecessary dispersal of authority. When the Duke accepted the command-in-chief, and it did not occur to him that he could not keep both offices. He tells us himself with an air of surprise that "it was intimated to me by my colleagues that I ought to resign my office as commander-in-chief of the army." He took the hint.

Six years later, however, the Duke's ambition as a Pook Bah was gratified, when the King made him First Lord of the Treasury, Home Secretary, and added two other Secretariats of State. The Whigs were mortified, the public delighted. "They saw the man who had been the hero of their boyhood, who had again become the hero of their declining years driving from office to office, signing letters, dictating minutes, and discharging without assistance the work which he had previously taken four busy Ministers to perform."

He Had Him. Some time ago the Archbishop of Canterbury was to officiate at an important service in London. The main entrance to the Abbey was opened, and a great space roped off, so that the dignitaries might alight from their equipages un molested. When a dusty four-wheeler crossed the square, driven by a fat, red-faced cobby, bobbies rushed out to head him off.

"Get out of here," one of them called shrilly. "This entrance is reserved for the Archbishop."

With a wink and a backward jerk of his thumb the irrepressible cobby replied, cheerfully: "I've the old buffer inside."

Now an Author. Mr. Herbert Asquith has added to his roles of barrister and soldier, and has published a book of poems, "The Volunteer." This is not Lieutenant Asquith's first essay in literature, for he has been adding to his by no means gigantic income by journalistic work for some years, and his recent articles signed "Subaltern" in the Spectator have attracted a good deal of attention. His wife is Lord Wemyss' eldest daughter.

It Wouldn't Matter. Mr. Will Crooks tells a story about a certain "out of work" who went to the foreman at a big factory and asked for a situation. "I am afraid I cannot give you anything," he was told. "For there is scarcely enough going to keep the regular hands employed." "Oh, that's all right, guv'nor," answered the applicant, cheerfully; "anything I would do wouldn't make very much difference."

Started Inventing Puzzles. Sir George Birdwood, who has just passed his eighty-fourth birthday, entered the literary arena at the age of nine, writing and inventing puzzles and problems for the "Fireside Pages" of The Family Herald.

STORY OF DR. DOUGLAS

THAT SHEDS HAPPY LIGHT ON HIS CHARACTER.

An Associate Tells Of An Incident Regarding The Queen's University Chancellor—An Appreciation.

Queen's Quarterly has through the courtesy of the American Institute of Mining Engineers been able to lay before its readers an "appreciation" of Dr. James Douglas written by Dr. Albert R. Ledoux for the Bulletin of the Institute for its readers an "appreciation" of which was prepared specially on occasion of presentation to Dr. Douglas of the John Fritz medal for notable achievements in industry, metallurgy, education and industrial welfare. This is a great deal in this sketch relating to Dr. Douglas' connection with the house of Phelps, Dodge & Co., its mines and railroads, and to his remarkable success as president and manager.

In closing it, Dr. Ledoux says: "Although the things great thoughts and being associated with great men, nothing was too small to escape his attention; nothing too insignificant to awaken his sympathy." And then he tells a little story that sheds a happy light on the great scientist's character, and while the ideas of Ledoux were testing tin-mines in Nova Scotia they came across an old prospect shaft, some ten feet deep, in the bottom of which Dr. Douglas observed a number of frogs that had fallen in and could not escape. Although their lives were lined and the work before them considerable, Dr. Douglas would not leave the neighborhood of the old shaft until he had caught the elusive prisoners and tossed them out to safety.

We must not forget that Dr. Douglas is also a man of letters. He was in the morning of his life, and his useful life when he read before the Literary and Historical Society an essay on Canadian Literature. To the same society his father had presented long before the stirring story of his life as a surgeon on a whaler, and on the Mosquito coast, Honduras, Central America. This vivid chapter in the elder Dr. Douglas' early life is given in full in the Journals and Recollections. The short list that Dr. Ledoux adds to the Catalogue of Dr. Douglas' scientific writings is not complete, but it contains some of his most important works. Of these the best worth reading is "Old France in the New World," a picture of "Quebec in the Seventeenth Century," which is its alternative title. This volume has for its subject a triple study for the 85th Nova Scotia Battalion, C. E. F., Philippe de Champaigne, a reproduction admirably executed, and which it is a privilege to possess. The other illustrations in the book are valuable both for their rarity and the skill of the engraving. There is a splendid full-length portrait of Bishop Laval and other great historic figures are not forgotten. The author's intimate knowledge of old Quebec and its points of interest was a great advantage to him in writing such a book and a blessing to the reader.

The Chief of the Bishop's Palace, where the first House of Assembly met in 1792 (from Bourne's Picture of Quebec) is not without interest for retrospects suggested by the great fire at Ottawa. The Bishop's Palace (from Richard Short's drawing of 1757) is another interesting picture of the life of the thought of New France under the old regime; in the reign of Henri IV., Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. It is worthy of the author.

DRIFTING HELPLESSLY.

SS. Oshore Near Ice Fields and All Fuel Gone.

Halifax, N.S., March 2.—That the Eagle Oil Company's steamer San Onofre is drifting helplessly among the northern ice-fields is the message that came by wireless from Cape Race. The message was received at Cape Race from the distressed steamer and relayed to Halifax to C. H. Harvey, agent for the Marine and Fisheries. The message sent out from the San Onofre was: "SS. San Onofre reports all fuel gone, drifting towards ice fields, one mile per hour due north. Does not require immediate assistance, but want Eagle Oil ship him with fuel oil. Steam for the wireless will likely cease shortly."

The position or destination of the steamer was not made public. She is a steamer of 9,700 tons.

Banker Dies in England.

London, March 2.—William Munro, manager of the Bank of Montreal in Chicago, died suddenly at Bournemouth on Sunday. Mr. Munro, who retired from business life some years ago, was born 28 years ago at Perth, Ont., and was unmarried.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Simpson and family, Arrprior, have moved to Almonte.

MEDICINES, LIKE MEN

Have Character—Appearance, Quality, Merit, Results.

The first favorable impression made by Hood's Sarsaparilla is confirmed by continued use. It is a judicious combination of compatible ingredients, perfect pharmacologically—that is, it is the finest product of most skillful pharmacy. And in therapeutic value—or power to cure—it is one of the best medicines America has ever produced.

On the practical side, which of course is the most important to you, Hood's Sarsaparilla for forty years has been demonstrating its curative power in relieving complaints arising from impure blood, low state of health, poor digestion, inactive kidneys and liver.

Probs.: Decidedly cold with snow to-day and Friday.



Pongee Silk Sale Tomorrow

1,800 yards Honan Chinese Natural Shantung—full 34 inches wide, extra selected stock, which at the price we offer is absolutely less than any importers' cost—a last chance to secure a length at our (self-same) year ago sale price.

34 inches wide—regular 60c a yard.

Tomorrow 39c.

Phone orders filed C.O.D. after 10.30 a.m.

ALL SALES FOR CASH.

A limit of 20 yards to a customer.

STEACY'S

"The Woman's Store of Kingston."

SOME RECRUITING THIS

1,200 Men Join Nova Scotia Battalion In Two Days

Halifax, N. S., March 2.—The greatest recruiting campaign in Nova Scotia since the war began is now in full swing, under the leadership of Col. Addison H. Borden, of the 85th Nova Scotia Battalion, C. E. F., now being mobilized at Halifax. This province had recently conferred upon it the distinction of being appointed to raise a Highland brigade for overseas service to be commanded by one of her own native born sons, Colonel Borden. The present 85th is to form one battalion, and the campaign to raise the four thousand men required for the remaining three battalions was launched on Monday. The whole province is behind the movement and in the first two days twelve hundred men were enrolled. This beats all recruiting records in this province. The campaign, which even the most optimistic thought would have to continue for six weeks, is just commencing. Colonel Borden has started a tour of the province with his military band, commencing with a recruiting meeting at Lunenburg this evening. Many Nova Scotians abroad are sending messages asking that places be held for them until they can fix up their business affairs and hurry home to enlist.

One battalion is being raised in Cape Breton, the second in Pictou, Antigonish, Colchester and Cumberland Counties and the third in Halifax and western counties. It is believed now that the Nova Scotia Kilites Brigade will be fully recruited in ten days.

LADY IN MICHIGAN

Writes to Kingston in Endeavor to Get Help.

Wanted—A woman who is not afraid of work. Help must be very scarce in the State of Michigan, judging by the tone of a letter a woman living at Tawas, Mich., has written to a prominent Kingstonian.

In this letter the woman states that she lives on a fruit farm, and is desirous of getting a woman to work for her, and will gladly pay her way to her home, taking it out of her wages gradually. The lady is looking for a reliable party who can be trusted with the care of the house when the members of the family are away.

The writer states that she read in a Detroit newspaper that many worthy women in Canada were seeking employment on account of the reverses caused by the war, and added that she was heartily in sympathy with the war.

HAD HIS LEG BROKEN.

Accident to Frederick Curtis, Expressman on G. T. R. Suburban.

Frederick Curtis, expressman on the Grand Trunk suburban train, had his leg broken in an accident on Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Curtis was struck by a board that was in the car door when the train moved in at 3.40 p.m. James Reid's ambulance was called, and he was taken to the General Hospital, where a doctor set the fracture.

SCHOOLS RAISE \$1,101.35.

Sections in Township of Sidney Work For Patriotic Fund.

Trenton, March 2.—The sum of \$1,101.35 has been collected by the different school sections for the Township of Sidney Patriotic Association, and has been forwarded to the Treasurer of the Canadian Patriotic Fund at Ottawa.

Glass of Hot Water Before Breakfast a Splendid Habit

Open sluces of the system each morning and wash away the poisonous, stagnant matter.

Those of us who are accustomed to feel dull and heavy when we arise; splitting headache, stuffy from a cold, foul tongue, nasty breath, acid stomach, lame back, can, instead, both look and feel as fresh as a daisy always by washing the poisons and toxins from the body with phosphated hot water each morning. We should drink, before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a teaspoonful of limestone phosphate in it to flush from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour bile and poisonous toxics; thus cleansing, sweetening and purifying the entire alimentary tract before putting more food into the stomach.

The action of limestone phosphate and hot water on an empty stomach is wonderfully invigorating. It cleans out all the sour fermentations, gases, waste and acidity and gives one a splendid appetite for breakfast and it is said to be but a little while until the roses begin to appear in the cheeks. A quarter pound of limestone phosphate will cost very little at the drug store, but is sufficient to make anyone who is bothered with biliousness, constipation, stomach trouble or rheumatism a real enthusiast on the subject of internal sanitation. Try it and you are assured that you will look better and feel better in every way shortly.

The Bates & Innes Co., Carleton Place, are enlarging their felt mill by finishing the upper floor that was damaged by fire some years ago, and will utilize it for light machines.

The Marrison Studio

"OUR BABY PICTURES, like all portraits that we make, are natural in pose, properly lighted and beautifully finished. High class equipment and tireless tact are the reasons for our remarkable success in baby portraiture. Come in some morning and let us get acquainted with the baby." Phone 1318. 50 PRINCESS ST.

Montgomery Dye Works

For the Best in French Dry Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing.

J. B. HARRIS, Prop., 225 Princess St.

Cold Weather is Soup Weather

SNIDER'S TOMATO SOUP Nothing to equal it in flavor—easily prepared—highly nutritious—16 oz. Tin only 12 1-2c at

J. R. B. Gage, Phone 549, 254 Montreal St.

Clayton Plans Ice Races. Clayton, N.Y., is to have a three day series of ice races, to be held some time in March, soon after the races at Cape Vincent, N.Y.

Hon. Findlay Macdormid has introduced in the Ontario Legislature his resolution to establish a provincial labor bureau.