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What could be more acceptable than a Diamond in either Ring, Stick Pin or Bar Pin?

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Mrs. Geo. Warman Tells How Cuticura Healed Pimples

"I had a breaking out of pimples on my face which irritated so much at night that I began to scratch and they broke out in deep, sore eruptions. My face looked so badly that I did not want to go anywhere. I saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and I bought them. After using one and a half boxes of Cuticura, with the Cuticura Soap, I was completely healed." (Signed) Mrs. Geo. Warman, 13 Dufferin St., Toronto, Ont.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum powder and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health. The Soap to cleanse, purify and beautify; the Ointment to soften, soothe and heal; the Talcum to powder and perfume.

The Usual Thing. Tourist: Is this a quiet place? Fisherman: Well, it were, Sir, and all folks been coming here to be quiet.—Funch.

He Left Fame But No Money

Walking through Central Park, New York, a few days ago, a woman newspaper reporter saw Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein sitting on the grass talking to her dog. She looked shabby, and entering into conversation with her, the reporter learned that she had just forty cents in her purse, that she had left her hotel, where she owed a bill for a couple of weeks, and had resigned her trunk as security. She was almost penniless, and quite friendless and did not know where she would sleep for the night. After talking with her awhile the reporter introduced her to a young Irish girl, who kindly offered her to look after Mrs. Hammerstein until she could find employment. Later on in the Irish girl's room Mrs. Hammerstein told the story of her life, which has been of a sort that should interest movie directors.

There have been few swifter or more dramatic ascents from millable to penury than this of Mrs. Hammerstein. She was made the sole legate of her husband, whose possessions at one time were estimated to be worth between \$5,000,000 and \$10,000,000, and whose name was a household word on two continents. He was easily the greatest musical impresario of his time. He was the world's greatest producer of grand opera. Such celebrities as John McCormack, Orville Harrold, Petrazzini, Cavalieri, Zenatello, Campanelli and Mary Garden are said to owe most of their success to Oscar Hammerstein, and his widow bitterly reports that they have done nothing for her. Nor have her relatives been more kind. She says they are narrow Methodists, and while they may have made money, have had to work hard for it, and believe that she should work too. They resented her marriage to Hammerstein because the most important thing they knew about him was that he was a Jew.

After graduating from a business college, Mrs. Hammerstein, who was Miss Emma Gold, got a job with an important corporation in Syracuse, but after she had been there a few days a high official of the company who visited her to her. We are not sure, but in view of subsequent adventures of Miss Miller, it seems advisable to put in a few dots here, and to give an adequate account of her career. She reports that she was soon disillusioned, and then went to Buffalo as secretary in the law office of Henry Schwartz. After she had been there three days a "man" burst into the office and murdered Mr. Schwartz, and committed suicide before the eyes of the horrified secretary. Later, she says, she fell in love with one of the Heckschers, of Philadelphia. After that she arrived in New York, twenty-six and beautiful. She met a young man named Julian Swift, grandson of the founder of the packing business. They visited his people in Boston, and in three weeks were married. They had to be married in Hoboken, just as she and Mr. Hammerstein had to be married in Jersey City, because of an unusual coincidence. One day in New York apparently holds some reactionary views as to the number of women a man can marry. She discovered that Mr. Swift had run through his money before meeting her, so she left him in 1911 and went to London. One day, in the Savoy, Oscar Hammerstein was introduced to her, and in the evening asked her to go for a ride with him.

"Did you see much of him after that?" the reporter asked.

"From that time we were one," she answered calmly.

Returning to the United States they were married. Hammerstein had some time before accepted a million dollars and a half from the Metropolitan Opera Company to quit opera for ten years, and it was on that account that he sought an outlet for his musical enthusiasm in London, but the people there clung to Covent Garden, so he returned to New York. There he laid plans for giving opera at popular prices on the east side, and mortgaged everything to build the Lexington Opera House. The Metropolitan people made no sign until he had sunk all his money in the venture and then they secured injunctions and the enterprise collapsed. Hammerstein tried to turn the house to other purposes, but failed. He wanted to hang on until the time agreement with the Metropolitan people elapsed, but ill-health was added to his other troubles. He became paralyzed, and gradually all his possessions slipped away from him. He died in 1919, leaving a complicated estate from which the widow, however, has received only enough to keep her for the past three years. Now she is penniless.

Frenchmen Pull Wires.

In the Near East troubles the names of two men, both French citizens, stand out permanently. These men—Henri Franklin Bouillon and Sir Basil Zaharoff—are not only diametrically opposed politically, but their characteristics seem to run in contraries.

Bouillon is leader of the French Radical party, president of the Interparliamentary Council during the war, and French statesman of international note. He is young, modern, progressive and energetic.

Zaharoff is secretive, conservative to the extreme, is in his seventy-second year, and prefers to work behind a screen. Publicity he despises.

Silk.

The fiber of artificial silk is cleaner, freer from defects and more uniform in size and color than the fiber produced by the silk worm.

A Finer Fish.

Two Americans met in a Strand bar. "Why," exclaimed one, "I thought you always reckoned this time of year to be tarpon fishing. What are you doing over here?" "After Bass," was the feeling answer.—London Morning Post.

They Doctor Nature. Men Who Have Plants as Their Patients.

It may not be generally known that there are hospitals where flowers, vegetables, and wheat are cured of their ailments and restored to health.

"Tropay," or a superabundance of moisture, is probably the worst disease that attacks wheat, and corn suffering in this way is placed into chambers through which currents of hot air are passed, and it finally comes out dry and ready for the mill. Then there is a parasite which has the power of cutting through the outer covering of the wheat and attacking the grain. It is a very minute creature and difficult to find. The "wheat doctor" looks for it with a magnifying glass, and when he spots it he picks it up with a pair of tweezers made of a split human hair. The parasite can run a whole field of wheat in a few months if left undisturbed.

The "wheat doctor" is particularly busy in Canada, and about two million bushels of wheat are raised there through the hospitals in Ontario alone in the course of a year.

The "potato doctor" is another very important person, and during recent years he has done much to "out" the disease to which this vegetable is subject. He has discovered methods to destroy the ordinary potato parasite as well as the well-known Colorado beetle, though this insect still baffles him to a great extent.

The potato-beetle has devastated thousands of square miles of American farms during recent years, and he has also visited this country. Fortunately the Government "doctors" prevented it from doing very much mischief on the potato fields of Canada.

The "soil doctor" is a scientist who has spent years of his life studying the soil and all that appertains to it, and his study has resulted in some remarkable discoveries. A little while back a microbe which has the extraordinary power of changing common or garden straw into first-class manure was discovered.

This microbe, which is in reality a minute animal, will attack straw and finally break it up into chemicals which are valuable in assisting the growth of crops.

When the Weavers Came.

The peopling of Canada was a real issue a century ago, after the last great war, just as it is to-day. We are reminded of this by a little pamphlet on the "Weavers' Church at Lanark, Ont., which has just celebrated its centenary. Emigration from Great Britain to Canada at this time, however, had the additional impulse of the complications following the industrial revolution when power was replacing hand-work in some of the principal industries.

The power-loom was replacing the hand-loom," says the pamphlet, "which meant the destruction of the hand-loom weaver; and with all these changed conditions privation was common among the working people.

The British Government was appealed to, and, after due consideration, it was decided that emigration was the only solution of the problem. It was about this time that our first settlers sailed for Canada, with the promise of the British Government of a grant of one hundred acres to homesteaders, and one year's provisions furnished at the King's expense.

The cost of their passage out, and also that of the first year's supplies were to be paid back when the settlers were able to do so; but on account of the privation in this country the Government cancelled this debt. Those sturdy pioneer soldiers, weavers and mechanics, and were mainly from Renfrewshire and Lanarkshire in Scotland.

In 1819 and 1820 they left their homelands for the little ones at home for themselves in the unadorned emigration.

No doubt many were the sad parting scenes as they left Scotland's shores for the last time. They were leaving not only their friends, but also their beloved church, with eloquent preachers for which Scotland was noted, and for which it still retains a world-wide reputation.

It was not long before the newcomers took root, established their church and other institutions, established good schools, and how they have become leaders in public life and in industry is common knowledge.

"Exposes" Cleric.

Stephen Leacock, the celebrated Canadian humorist, was unexpectedly called upon to speak at a banquet in Montreal a few years ago. It was a dignified occasion, at which over two hundred prominent educators and clergymen were gathered. The regular speakers had delivered polished orations—long and learned.

Not so Mr. Leacock.

He got up slowly, glanced round the room as if seeking inspiration, and suddenly exclaimed:

"See that man over there with the bald head!" He pointed directly at one of the most distinguished clergymen in all Canada. Then he went on: "I used to have charge of the devotional exercises at McGill University. It was my business to secure speakers. I asked that man to come and preach for us and he refused. Several weeks later, I repeated my request and again he refused. Then I made up my mind to get him to come in spite of himself. I wrote him an eloquent appeal, begging him to favor us with his presence. He replied sooner than I had expected. 'Dear Leacock: I'll come and preach, but I'll be damned if I'll pray.'—Everybody's Magazine.

Fish Cannot Hear.

Many fish are capable of producing sounds, some by the scraping of fins or other organs, some by means of the teeth, and some by means of gas emitted from the air-bladder. But no fish can hear, it may feel the vibrations set up by sound.

Shells Used to Grow Crops

Three hundred and fifty thousand tons of shells. When the war ended such was the amazing quantity of ammunition the British had on their hands in France, where it was piled high on 3,500 acres. In a single heap there were 60,000 rounds of 6-inch shells, representing 2,300 tons of steel, about twenty tons of copper, and more than 240 tons of high explosives.

What was to be done with so vast an accumulation of "superfluous" material? Was it to be fired aimlessly into the air or be cast into the sea, there to provide a nine days' wonder for the fishes? No. The lot was bought for \$2,000,000, and ever since the work of converting it into material useful to British manufacturers has gone on steadily.

Every month about 2,000 tons of ammunition, as such, disappears, and in its place there are heaps of metallic waste, and so on, the components of such ammunition.

Great is the number of commodities recovered. In addition to steel, iron, brass, copper, lead, aluminium, and many alloys, there are resin, numerous chemicals, gases, mechanical parts, tires, felt, cord, etc. Every constituent except one is isolated and returned to England for utilization in the arts of peace.

To obtain these results—in connection with which as many as 10,000 men and women have been engaged at one time—special methods are necessary. An unusual feature of the work is that cranes and other mechanical lifters are not employed. Every shell, after being raised by hand, is transported by means of gravity, and thus the risk of an explosion is minimized as much as possible.

If it is shrapnel, the case is first removed and the propellant extracted. Then, after the fuse and the bush have been taken from it, away it goes to a bench with a V-shaped top and a hopper underneath.

The case is here, nose downward, and at an angle of about 45 degrees, hammers play upon the exterior, loosening the contents—shrapnel and resin—which fall on a wire screen over the hopper. The resin rains through the screen, while the shrapnel rolls over it and drops into a box.

Next, the copper band, having been cut through with a cold chisel, is wound off, and, finally, the naked, harmless shell is stacked with hundreds of others in readiness for transport to the blast furnace.

In the case of the high explosive shell, the distinctive operation is removing the bursting charge. This is generally done by "washing out." The shell is inclined at an angle of 40 degrees, with its nose opposite a jet of steam, and the steam is fed into the interior. The steam causes the explosive to break up, dissolve, and flow into suitable receptacles. In from three to thirty minutes, according to the size of the shell, the interior is clear; but, as it is important that it should be quite free from explosive before T.M.T. is destroyed. The ammonium nitrate, being a fertilizer, is sold as such, and thus what might have been an element in further devastating the countryside in France is applied to increasing the beauty and richness of England.

A New Disorder.

An old countryman once treated himself to a sojourn in a big neighboring city. For the first time in his life, he saw a school girl go through her gymnastic exercises for the amusement of the little ones at home. After gazing at her with looks of interest and compassion for some time, he asked a boy near if she had it. "No," replied the boy; "those are gymnastics." "Ah, how sad!" said the man. "How long she had 'em?"

Queen's Dolls' Home.

So many unauthorized and inaccurate statements have been printed concerning the Queen's dolls' home, now in process of construction, that Sir Edwin Lutyens has written to the press explaining the actual situation. The dolls' home, he says, which is really a miniature model, so exact in every detail as to give it great historical value in the future, of what might be a royal residence of the present day, is a gift to Her Majesty from a number of personal friends, artists, craftsmen, authors, and others. It is hoped that it will be completed in 1923, until which time all descriptions will be premature. Everything connected with it is of English make, and a number of skilled workmen in various industries are employed upon it, and are being benefited by it; and it is intended that, when finished, and before passing to its permanent home in Windsor Castle, it shall be exhibited publicly in order that charities in aid of Her Majesty's interests will benefit also.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

The weight of St. Paul's Cathedral—the fifth largest church in the world—is enormous. It is estimated that the pressure on the crypt foundations totals \$4,000 tons. On the ground level the pressure averages five or six tons to the square foot, but the pressure is very unequal, and in some places it totals as much as ten tons to the square foot.

SHEEP-DOG TRIALS.

How Clever Animals Are Put Through Their Paces.

Every shepherd thinks the world of his dog, and he is happy when trial time comes round, for then he may show off its prowess. Indeed, sheep-dog trials are quite large events in the north of England, and are attended by hundreds of people from the test looks simple enough. Each dog has to drive three half-wild sheep into a tiny, six-foot pen. Special ground is, of course, chosen, and this may include a bit of rough hillside, a stream or similar obstacle.

Only a certain time is allowed, and the dog that drives home his sheep in this time, and with the least trouble, is accounted the winner of the trophy.

No two shepherds have the same methods of "signalling" their dogs. Some rely merely on the movement of the hands. Others use different kinds of whistles, or varying intonations of the voice. But the dog understands the signs perfectly.

The dogs themselves are full of tricks. Their own flocks they know, but these three strange sheep are almost sure to give them trouble. The dog keeps well behind as long as the sheep stick together, but should one try to break away, he is on its heels at once. Sheep may follow the leader" as a general rule, but some perverse instinct tells the dog to break away and give their driver a bit of trouble.

Some dogs are intensely nervous during the trials. As soon as ever the people begin to applaud, they slink away in terror. And the chances are that these are probably the dogs who in the field under ordinary circumstances are the best of the breed.

Other dogs are just as oblivious of the crowd and herd their sheep with a skill that makes one marvel. They hardly need to watch their master, so well do they know their tricks.

One sees several different types of dogs in use. The most familiar is the "bob-tail" or old English sheepdog. This shaggy dog is a perfect driver, though he is run closely by the collie. In fact, many shepherds prefer the latter.

Other dogs used to be a thoroughbred dog breed. Many have a mongrel strain in them. Everything depends on the training.

A pup is often a better dog than its mother, while a splendid mother may have a pup that is quite useless for her shepherd's purpose. Though sent out with his mother, it never picks up her tricks. The good shepherd dog has its aptitude for driving from birth.

Cups and money prizes are generally awarded to the successful shepherd, but it is not uncommon for a shepherd to win a trial two or three seasons running, but there is no telling when a newcomer may appear and astound the whole gathering by its skill on the trial-ground. There are cups in many a farmer's parlour that bear witness to the prowess of Nell, the sheep-dog.

A Gladstone Story.

When Mr. Robert T. Lincoln came to England as the American Minister, he soon became noted for the charm of his conversation. Mr. Gladstone, we learn from Mr. Chauncey M. Dewey, the veteran American statesman, was anxious to meet Mr. Lincoln and enjoy a pleasant evening with him. So finally a common friend, Henry Labouchere, arranged for a dinner at his house, which was an hour's ride into the country from Mr. Gladstone's town residence. Mr. Gladstone, before permitting her husband to go, made Mr. Labouchere promise that Mr. Lincoln should be back at ten o'clock. The dinner had no sooner set down than some question rose that interested and excited Mr. Gladstone, and he at once began to talk. He talked long and eloquently, and there was no way of interrupting him without being rude. When the hands of the clock were nearing eleven, and Mr. Lincoln had had no chance whatever to interpose a remark, Mr. Labouchere interrupted Mr. Gladstone's torrent of words by saying, "Mr. Gladstone, it is now eleven o'clock; it is an hour's ride to London, and I promise Mrs. Gladstone to have you back at ten." Later, when the two were seated in the carriage, Mr. Labouchere said to Mr. Gladstone, "Well, you have passed an evening with Mr. Lincoln. What do you think of him?" "Mr. Lincoln is a charming person," was the reply, "but he does not seem to have much conversation."

The Wrong Place.

The professor was putting the fishing-tackle on the garden-walk when he was laying down. Bertie, aged six, had been watching the proceedings with great interest, and at length, seeing the time right for trial, started to cross before the mixture displayed some slight pique, a passer-by remarked, "Why, professor, I thought you liked children?" "I like them much in the abstract," the professor replied, "but not in the concrete."

Awkwardly Expressed.

Many jokes have turned upon interferences between young men and prospective fathers-in-law, and the inadvertencies in which the nervous young man is inclined to indulge. A young man received an important appointment, and he wrote, "I hope my appointment to the curatorship of the museum of antiquities may induce you to trust your daughter to my care."

One pound of cork is sufficient to keep a man afloat.

The Surety of Purity

There are no miracles in cooking. What goes into the food must inevitably come out.

Even the baking perfection that results from the use of Royal Baking Powder is no miracle.

It is simply the result of absolute purity entering the food—and emerging again.

Royal is made from Cream of Tartar derived from grapes.

It Contains No Alum
Leaves No Bitter Taste

MADE IN CANADA

Three Minute Journeys

Where Eagles Are Caught in Nets—Why Not Turkeys?

China is not a nation of sportsmen or hunters, but there is good hunting in some sections, particularly in Mongolia, the bleak province of the west.

The chief sport is hunting eagles, and the Mongolian hunters do it an unusual way.

If you happened to see the Chinese deftly securing their game with guns or gunpowder, you might think of your ancestors, a few centuries back on the first Thanksgiving day.

To our resolute forefathers, who had prayed the terrors of a new country and had to economize on ammunition, this mode of hunting would have been of vital interest. And what a supply they could have saved a few centuries ago!

How many more wild turkey they could have had if they had known the clever method of hunting which the Chinese employ to catch eagles! This is the way they do it:

Each hunter has a tame eagle, which he carries on a perch, like the falconers of old. The eagle's feet are securely tied to the perch.

When the hunters arrive at the hunting grounds they spread a net on the ground and on it place the eagle's perch.

The next procedure is to give the eagles their favorite raw fish in abundance. They fall on it greedily. The wild eagles in the neighborhood smell the fish, and are attracted to it. When they see some of their kind devouring the fish they swoop down on them and fight to get some of the fish.

It is then that the crafty hunters draw the nets over the eagles and bag them alive.

One That Cleopatra Missed.

Australian opals, which eclipse all others, were first discovered by a hunter who was following a kangaroo.

According to Dr. Isidore Kosminsky, who gives serious attention to the astrological association of precious stones, the opal is most fortunate for those who are born when the sun is in Leo, Libra or Aquarius.

The modern prejudice against the opal as an unlucky gem receives small consideration from Dr. Kosminsky, who traces it to an ignorant prejudice that arose in Italy during the plague in the fourteenth century. So highly was it prized in ancient Rome that the Senator Nonius chose to be exiled rather than sell to Mark Antony for 20,000 sesterces an opal ring that love-lack Marc wanted to bestow on Cleopatra.

Nonius had his precious opal buried with him, and it was found a few years ago in his tomb.—Detroit News.

Mary Ann, My Mary Ann.

Under a pleasing photograph of six undergraduates of University College the names in the caption were Mary, Muriel, Marion, Margaret, Marjory and Marjory.

First time we ever heard of two girls named Marjory spelling the name the same way.

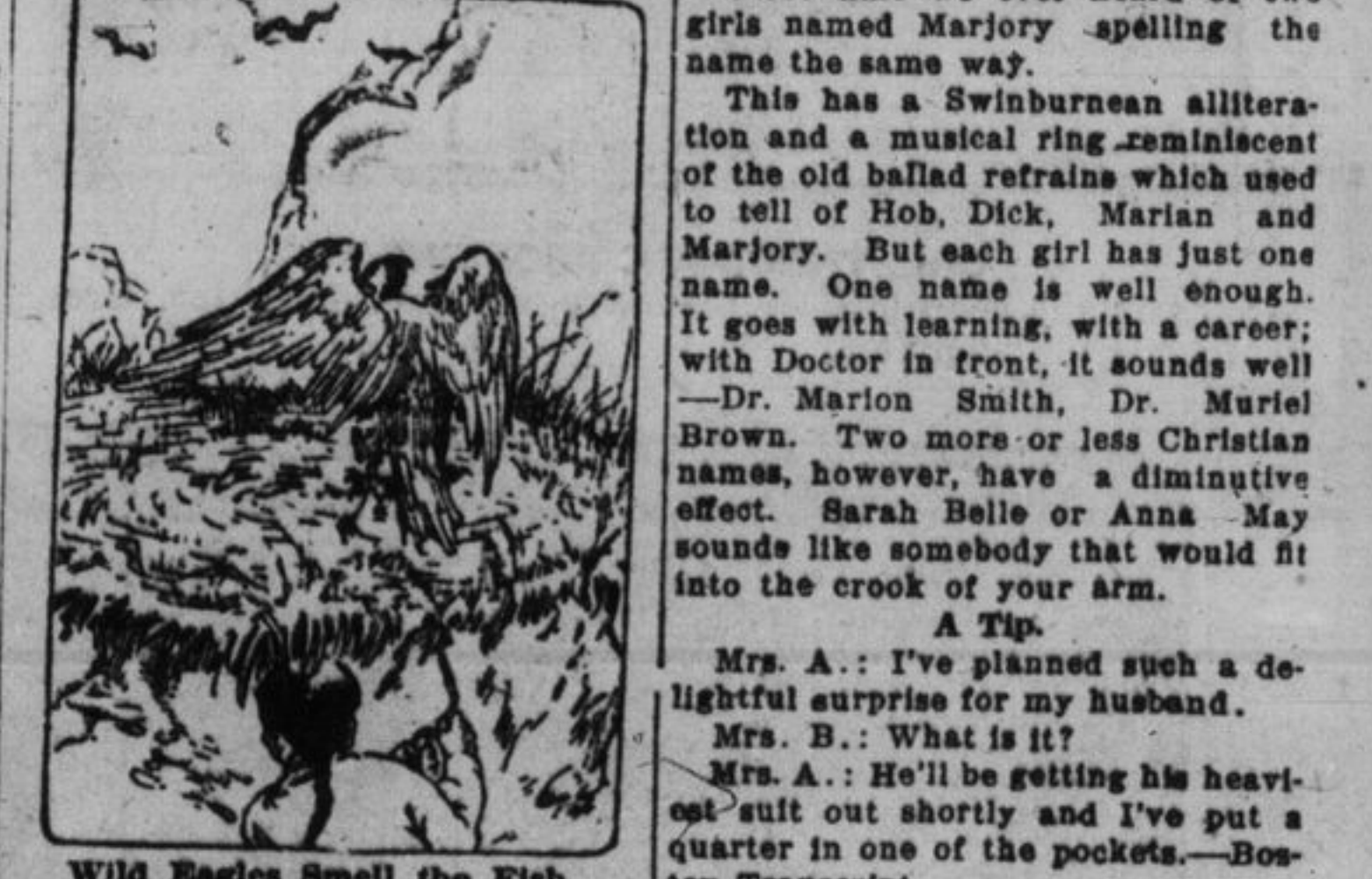
This has a Swinburnian alliteration and a musical ring reminiscent of the old ballad refrains which used to tell of Hob, Dick, Marian and Marjory. But each girl has just one name. One name is well enough. It goes with learning, with a career; with Doctor in front, it sounds well.—Dr. Marion Smith, Dr. Muriel Brown. Two more or less Christian names, however, have a diminutive effect. Sarah Belle or Anna—May sounds like somebody that would fit into the crook of your arm.

A Tip.

Mrs. A.: I've planned such a delightful surprise for my husband.

Mrs. B.: What is it?

Mrs. A.: He'll be getting his heaviest suit out shortly and I've put a quarter in one of the pockets.—Boston Transcript.



Wild Eagles Smell the Fish.

Buy prunes with care—then cook this way

To be sure of quality prunes, buy MISTLAND Prunes. Then use a little care in cooking them. There is no fruit more delicious and healthful than MISTLAND Prunes properly prepared.

Here is the approved and easy way to prepare Mistland Prunes.

First wash MISTLAND Prunes, cover with warm water and soak for several hours, over night if possible. Then heat slowly in the water in which they have been soaked to the simmering point. Cook under boiling point until the skin is tender, but not broken. Slow cooking develops the natural fruit sugars and little, if any, sugar is needed with MISTLAND Prunes. However, if you desire sugar, do not add while cooking. Put in your sugar after the prunes are cooked, but while still hot, so that the sugar will dissolve. If you prefer, the prunes may be removed, the sugar then added, and the juice cooked down to a thin syrup.

Try this recipe today. Be sure you get MISTLAND Prunes. In two and five pound cartons, or in bulk.

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