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Blood Out of Order

Many people become run down, but don't know just exactly what their trouble is, when, as a rule, it is improper circulation of the blood.

All they need is a good tonic to build up the system and put the blood into proper shape.

For this purpose there is nothing on the market to-day is equal

Burdock Blood Bitters

It regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system.

Mrs. H. Poole, Port Dover, Ont., writes: "My system was run down and my blood out of order, and I suffered a great deal from pains in my head which made me feel very miserable. A friend told me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, so I got a bottle and before it was used I found it was doing me good. I kept on until I had taken three, and now I feel like a different woman.

My husband also took it and it has built him up.

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A BIBLE STORY OF SOCIALISM

The International Sunday School Lesson for February 25 is "The Parable of the Pounds."—Luke 19: 11-48.

By William T. Ellis.

Our recent industrial strife has set many men to thinking about causes and characteristics of things in general. The head of one great corporation declares that "one trouble of our times is that most men are thinking how they may get rich quickly, while few are thinking about sheer fidelity and personal efficiency." He pointed out what the wrap and woof of our national life needs just now. We can get along handsomely without any more "captains of industry" or "high financiers"; but lack of the faithful doers of life's daily tasks spells ruin for the nation itself. The ominous verdict that the "man factor" has been responsible for many recent railway wrecks should set us all thinking. The present need is the old one which Kipling voices:

"Creation's cry goes up on high,
From age to cheated age,
Send the man who does the work
For which he draws the wage."

Who's Even Becomes Odd.
All this is gathered up in one of the poorest stories of camos clearness told by Jesus. He drew a picture of a ruler going abroad for a long time. To each of the ten assistants, he gave one pound (about sixteen in present currency). They were to trade therewith until their master should return, and then render him an accounting. These men were left with a large degree of independence and to their own initiative.

Come to think of it, the parable represents something like an experiment in socialism. All the men were equipped alike. They were started on equal terms. All had the same general obligation. But as in every similar experience since the beginning of time, the human factor prevailed. What started even ended odd. One man returned to his master a ten-fold increase, one a five-fold increase and a third no increase at all.

In another place Jesus told a similar story of the three men who were given the custody of various sums of money in talents one had five talents, one two and another one. The first two doubled their capital and the third buried his talent in the earth. It was the man with the one pound who wrapped it up in a napkin. The two stories are illustrations of the same essential principle of fidelity and efficiency. Like every other alert public speaker, Jesus varied His illustrations from time to time.

Trusting Our Helpers.

Of the ten servants to whom a pound each had been given, two reported themselves as successful. They were a good proportion. Seven remain unaccounted for in the story. Perhaps they absconded with their pounds. The parable faithfully mirrors life. It is a rare helper who can accept a commission and then do it well without the presence of an overseer's eye. An employer of thousands of men told an industrial commission the other day that there are more ten-thousand-dollar jobs waiting for men than there are men fit for ten-thousand-dollar jobs.

In this story efficiency follows faithfulness. They who succeed are they who are true; and they who fail are lacking in character qualification. The master employer did not get, nor expect, the same returns from all. But to both the successful servants his approbation was: "Well done, thou good servant," and each was rewarded according to his ability. If anybody gets anything else out of this parable than a primary lesson in faithfulness, he has missed the first purpose of the telling of the story. It was fidelity, always fidelity, that Jesus sought.

The Two Classes.

The man who made ten pounds was given the oversight of ten cities. The man who gained five pounds was appointed over five cities. Those ten men started even, but the faithful ones had acquired capacity in service, for faithfulness begets fruitfulness. There is no school for success equal to service.

The craver who would take no chances—he was so engrossed in entertaining his fears that he had no time to do his master's appointed work—wrapped his pound in a napkin and then blamed his non-productiveness on his lord. He had been so busy thinking about himself that he had forgotten that he himself was worth thinking about only as he did his work in the world.

By a strange inversion of logic, they who think most about themselves are commonly the ones least worth thinking about. It is in the no-

accounts who are ever taking account of themselves. Of course, this inefficient servant was yovable with his excuses; ability to coin excuses seems to be the one craft in which the ineffective excel. This servant's failure was by no means his own fault, he declared. Of course not; the times were out of joint; the social system was wrong; employers were high-handed and unjust!

There you have them, as they have existed from time immemorial, and as they will be to the end; the two great classes of men; the workers and the whiners. One class does things, and offers for the world's inspection a finished task; the other whine because the thing simply cannot be done. In one of these two categories each of us surely has a place.

Pluck and Luck.

There is not a "down-and-out" beggar on the highways who can not tell a plausible hard-luck story. He is sure that fate is against him; that the industrial system is all wrong; that he never had a chance; that he is a victim of cruel capital; that the world owes him a living and does not want to pay its debts, and so on.

Without ignoring the injustices which abound in the world, let us deal frankly with this craven spirit, which is worse than any of the other evils of life. We need often to tell ourselves the old story of the coward whose sword was broken and who fled from the battle in despair. A prince picked up the broken blade and with it won a glorious victory in that same battle.

Some think that the master in this story dealt too sharply with the derelict servant. Our mood nowadays is one of sentimentality, which would rather send flowers to convicted murderers than send the criminals to the gallows. Joseph Parker has a wise word on this theme:

"When Jesus spoke a severe word the severity came out of the truth of its application. Is it not a harsh thing to call a man a liar? Not if he be false. Is it not unsovereign to describe any man as a hypocrite? Not if he be untrue.

"Wherein, then, is this wickedness of calling men names? In the misapplication of the epithets. It is wicked to call a man true if we know him to be untrue. There is a righteous reproach. We do not use harsh words when we tell men what they really are."

Wanted: More Great Men.

Observers note a few are bewailing the lack of great men in our times. One clear answer to this is that not enough are in the school of greatness which is called fidelity. Greatness is not an accolade, laid on by the stroke of fortune. Greatness is a growth, and more persons have potentialities for it than ever they realize. Most of us could do great things if we were in the habit of growing in our present tasks; but we prefer to do little things in a little way. We covet safety rather than strength. The average man is looking for a sure salary rather than for a worthy task. Besides, we too often want to go fishing or to go to the "movie," or to the baseball game, when the spirit of greatness would bid us stick to the task. The reward of work well done is more work to do; and whoever gets in the classification of greatness finds himself the servant of his work.

Underlying this picture is the sublime truth that the king was dependent on his stewards, even as Christ lets the welfare of his kingdom rest on the faithfulness of his friends. All good causes, even the growth of the Gospel itself, depend on fidelity of those who stand as stewards. And that puts the parable squarely up to all of us in the everyday of life.

Burial at Mountain Grove

Mountain Grove, Feb. 19.—The body of the late H. B. Sanderson, who passed away in Kingston at the ripe old age of eighty-two arrived here on Monday, and was conveyed to the Methodist church where services were conducted by Rev. Brooker, Arden, assisted by Rev. Webber, after which a large cortege followed the body to its last resting place in the local cemetery. Deceased was well and favorably known in this community, having been one of the pioneers of Olden township.

He was a strict adherent of the Methodist church, and a member of the Orange Order under which he was buried. He is survived by his widow, one son, William, Calgary, and one daughter Maud, Kingston. The Women's Institute met at Mrs. A. Snider's on Tuesday afternoon. Visitors: Mr. and Mrs. J. Gray, Sr., Mrs. J. French and J. McCrimmon at D. McDonald's on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. R. Beverly at W. P. Bender's, Miss M. Sanderson, Kingston, at J. Godfrey's. Mrs. J. Butler, Kingston, called on friends in this vicinity recently.

The cost of the Gregory commission was tabled in the legislature late Tuesday night. The total inquiry cost up to the end of October of last year was \$146,263.

Some men are so covetous as if they were to live forever, and others so profuse as if they were to die the next moment.

Necessity is a hard master, but a good teacher.

BACHELOR OF ARTS' RIGHTS

Formerly it was His Privilege to Teach, Mattress, in the School of a Master.

"By virtue of the power vested in me by the board of trustees of Fordunk university I do hereby admit you to the degree of bachelor of arts and to all the rights and privileges thereof."

What could comfort such knowledge may bring to the budding A. B. will be made still colder by the information that this particular degree means virtually nothing, remarks a New York Sun writer. Historically, the A. B. degree was simply a license to teach and to proceed to a higher degree. In the thirteenth century at Paris it was conferred upon students who had passed certain preliminary tests—no "preliminary."

At Bologna it meant that one might teach in a master's school; it permitted one to be a sort of pupil teacher. But even his benefit was qualified. List to the chronicler:

"Bachelor lectures were apparently looked upon rather in the light of acedemical exercises for the lecturers than a means of instruction for the pupils. It was sometimes necessary for an ambitious student who was anxious to have an audience to bribe scholars to come and sit under him by gifts or loans of money."

And what's more, an A. B. had to teach hatless. The right to wear a hat while teaching was reserved to the masters and the placing of the biretta or cap symbolized the entrance from bachelorhood to mastership. And are these the "rights and privileges" for which the ambitious student works or bluffs for four long years? Shouldn't prey free himself from the bonds of precedent and deliver a more meaningful formula? But stay? There are some rights to which the new-fledged graduate may cling.

When once he may add his name to those first two letters of the alphabet he may also get in line for the honored position of "oldest living graduate." His degree confers upon him also the privilege of complaining that "it wasn't like this in the olden days" and of beginning his tales with "Do you remember when—" And, finally, once a year at class reunions it provides him with a short vacation from wife and home without the necessity of exerting his ingenuity for the invention of a likely sounding excuse.

And so that A. B. may be of some value, after all.

Light Wears Our Clothes Out.

There is nothing more destructive to clothing than strong sunlight. Cotton and wool fibers are very tough and elastic. They will withstand rubbing and twisting to a surprising degree. Rain and the air affect them very little. Yet exposure to a week's sunshine will cause them to become harsh and brittle so that they easily break and wear.

If worn in the dark, an ordinary suit of clothes would last at least ten years. But sunlight weakens a fabric according to its color. A dark cloth retains its strength longer than one tinted with red, green or yellow. On the other hand, blue and violet light is more harmful than red and yellow. Not all dress materials are affected alike by sunshine. Woolen fabrics wear out faster than cotton. This partly explains why woolen cloth fades less rapidly than a cotton fabric of the same color. When sunlight acts on a colored woolen cloth, the cloth suffers first and thereby partly protects the dye. In cotton materials the sunlight ruins the dye first.

Safe Medical Advice.

The doctor had left his instructions sufficient to carry on during his absence through the afternoon. All went well till the phone rang and a sweet feminine voice inquired, "Is the doctor in? May I speak to him?" The assistant per instructions explained the doctor's absence and inquired if he could be of any use. The lady caller's voice was worried as she went on.

"Oh, I am so sorry, I am phoning for Mrs. Blank and it is very important. Tell the doctor immediately on his return that Mrs. Blank is having a gymbhana coming on and she wonders if he could do anything for it." The assistant made a hurried note and reassured his caller. "I'll tell the doctor as soon as he returns. And meanwhile, tell her to put a mustard poultice on it and renew every two hours."—Argonaut.

Electrical Transmission.

The world-wide removal of Niagara Falls has lent peculiar distinction to the great electric plants installed there, but in so far as the Niagara plants are long-distance ones the work being done there has been surpassed in several instances, both in the distance covered and in the amount of power transmitted.

Many of the greater electric plants are among the Rocky mountains and on the Pacific coast. At Fresno, in California, a reservoir on the brow of a nearby mountain supplies the heaviest head of water used for such a purpose, 1,400 feet, and the power is distributed over a distance of thirty-five miles. In some of the western installations the water, after serving its purpose in generating electric power, is utilized for irrigating land.

Woman's Way.

"Young Wilder has had hard luck. He was disinherited lately." "Cut off with a dollar, eh?" "No, his mother did the disinheriting. He was cut off with 98 cents."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Conversation is the music of the mind—an intelligent orchestra where all the instruments should bear a part, but where none should play together. A good master will be very careful in the assortment of the performers. The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

MADE TURKS ROAR

Stranger's Attempt to Eat Near East Wienie Was Funny.

Proprietor's Wife Showed Him How to Dismantle Delicacy, Which is Assembled on Iron Skewer.

Strong men wept trying to keep from laughing. Some did not try to restrain themselves, but laughed out loud, a long, rumbling, throaty, Levantine laugh. The proprietor jumped down from his perch behind the cash register of a Turkish cafe in Rector street, the New York Sun states. Together with the head waiter he started toward the table in the corner.

On his face was a look of horror. As he went forward he waved his hand trying to quiet those who laughed. Hearing the noise, the proprietor's wife came in, saw what was the matter, and came forward also, snatching up a knife and fork as she hurried.

One man, a stranger in the quarter, was seated at a table. He looked up, wondered what was the matter and continued to eat. The three surrounded his table.

"Non—non—non—non! Monsieur make a meestak!" "Egskuse please—eat can be taken off for eating!"

So spoke the proprietor and the head waiter. The woman said nothing, but seized the American by the wrist and took the food from his hand. Laying it on a plate she slashed it deftly with the knife she carried, smiled at the astonished diner and said: "See—so!"

Now that the stranger understood what the consternation was all about, he laughed with the rest. For it was all on account of a Near East wienie, which he had started to eat in the natural American fashion. And Near East wienies are different things from the ordinary "dog wagon" and delicatessen variety.

In the first place they are regarded highly as a dinner dish. They are served in the place of the roast, after soup sprinkled with the everlasting mint flavor and an entree that seems always to be a thick, highly flavored and hearty mixture of eggplant or okra and meat.

Instead of being stuffed into a casing, these Syrian wienies are assembled around a long iron skewer, with the metal ends extended so that they can be laid over an open charcoal fire and roasted evenly. When broiled they are superior to "hot dogs," being entirely of minced lamb. Some call them Turkish hamburger, but this is a misnomer.

They come to the table with the foundation iron still in place. It keeps the meat hot, and the ends extend like those fuzzy silver clips that are sometimes spliced into the ends of an ear of green corn. By these convenient handles had the stranger picked up his first wienie, attacking it in a combination "hot dog" and green corn fashion.

This was the reason the diners laughed or tried to keep from laughing. For his enlightenment did the proprietor leave his cash register unguarded! To show him how to dissect out the iron skewer did the proprietor's wife rush forward with a knife and a fork. Thinking he had been remiss in not showing the guest what to do and how to do it in the case of the wienie, the head waiter stood in the background and looked worried.

As for the guest, he wasn't bothered at all. Willing to oblige, he slashed the second and the third, extracting the iron core as directed, and went right on eating wienies.

Muscle in Anesthesia.

It is reported that Redard of Geneva, Switzerland, successfully employs music to soothe and tranquillize the dreams of persons who have taken ether or chloroform in order to undergo surgical operations.

The music is begun as soon as the anesthetic begins to take effect, and is continued until the patient awakes. It is said that not only does this treatment prevent the hysterical effects sometimes witnessed, but that the patient, on recovering, feels no nausea or illness. Redard also uses blue light to produce anesthesia. The light from a sixteen-candle-power electric lamp, furnished with a blue bulb, is concentrated upon the patient's eyes, but the head and the lamp are enveloped in a blue veil to shut off extraneous light. Insensibility is produced in two or three minutes.

English Rural Fire Fighters.

It was a sleepy village and its fire brigade was anything but up-to-date. One night a fire was announced by the violent ringing of the alarm bell, and the sleepy brigade arrived at the scene of action to find the building wreathed in curling black smoke.

No flames were visible from the outside. The captain of the brigade made a careful survey, and then calmly lit his pipe.

"We'd better leave it alone and let it burn up a bit," he said, "then we'll be able to see what we are doing."—London Tit-Bits.

The Difference.

Fifth—My dear chap, you mean to say you don't know the difference between a gourmand, a gourmet and an epicure?" Madison—No!

"Well, you see, a gourmand I was a gourmet I am, and an epicure I hope to be."—Judge.

Samuel Fourt, Fort Hope, Is Dead

of heart trouble, aged seventy-eight years. One daughter, Mrs. E. Anderson, resides in Gananoque.

Don't burn the furniture. Get a home that is warm and pleasant through the classified advertisement. It is better to have second-class brains than a second-class character.

YOUR HOME OUR AIM

should be built of the best materials that this fair Dominion of ours can produce.

is to supply you with the BEST, coupled with efficient service at the lowest consistent prices.

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Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

A MARRIAGE AT WESTBROOK.

The Westbrook Ice Houses Are Being Filled.

Westbrook, Feb. 19.—The monthly meeting of the W. M. S. and Ladies' Aid Society was held at the home of Mrs. J. L. F. Spruille, on Wednesday, Feb. 7th, a wedding of local interest took place when Hurrell Gates and Aloha Hamilton were married. Walter Smith, who is seriously ill, was removed to the General Hospital on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Evans rejoice over the arrival of a son. The Grass and Clark firm have a number of men and teams engaged filling their ice house.

Miss Lorna Sproule has gone to New York where she has secured a position in a hospital. Miss Katie Sheehan left on Tuesday to spend some time with her sister, Mrs. Meagher, Marysville. M. Lawlar is operating his hay press at Anthony Smith's.

A pleasant time was spent at the Valentine concert on Friday evening but owing to the bad condition of the roads, and so many people being sick, the crowd was not as large as otherwise it would have been. Joseph Welch purchased a number of fine cattle from Henry Fisher.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.

SOOTHE PEEVISH Children
WITH THE GENTLEST, MOST EFFICIENT AND RAPIDLY ACTING REMEDY THAT YOU CAN OBTAIN.
MILLER'S WORM POWDERS

THE PREVAILING GRIPPE.

Has Made Itself Felt in Village of Bath.

Bath, Feb. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. John Holt, Toronto, are visiting at O. W. Cuppage's. Mrs. Fred Thougol who has been seriously ill is slightly improved. Hiram Covert is very ill at time of writing. Nearly everyone in the village and vicinity have had the prevailing gripe in either the mild or more severe form. Mrs. (Rev.) A. C. Hoffman and daughter, Faye, have returned after visiting friends in Toronto. The hockey game played on Saturday afternoon between the Bath team and the Napanee Collegiate Institute team resulted in a score of 4 to 4.

Croupy Coughs at dead of night!
—need quick relief. Mintine has been a standby for parents for over thirty years. Quickly relieves and quiets the harsh cough. Soothing and astringent. Pleasant to smell and taste. Children beg for it, and it is equally effective, in larger doses, for adults.
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