

**H.P. SAUCE**

gives a new enjoyment to the daily fare.

Even the plainest food becomes appetizing and tasty with H.P. Sauce. One trial will convince you H.P. is the sauce for your table.

All Stores sell H.P.

**Borden's EAGLE BRAND Condensed Milk**

Is not a "prepared" food at all. It is milk—pure Country milk combined with pure sugar. The natural food for baby when mother's milk fails, supplying complete nourishment and being easily digested.

Send for free Baby Books

The Borden Co. Limited MONTREAL



**DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL**

FOR SORES, CUTS AND BRUISES. FOR COLIC, COUGHS AND BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS. FOR STIFF MUSCLES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER AILMENTS COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST. THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THIS OLD, TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY.

**Vaseline CARBOLATED PETROLEUM JELLY**

No skin break too small for notice.

Be very wary of cuts, scratches and skin abrasions, no matter how slight. "Vaseline" Carbolated Petroleum Jelly—applied at once—lessens the possibility of infection.

It comes in bottles—at all druggists and general stores.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY

**WHO FIRST FELT LIKE A FIGHTING COCK?**

COCK-FIGHTING was born with the cock.

But it is only 50 years ago that the first man felt "like a fighting cock!"

Now he has brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, all over the world—all feeling "like a fighting cock!"

It happens this way: A person half sick with bad stomach, dull and heavy headache, takes Becham's Pills just before going to bed. Immediately the Pills begin to harmonize the digestive and eliminative organs.

Consequently, this person has a good night's sleep and arises in the morning with clear brain, bright eye, keen appetite, and full of energy for work and play.

It is now just 50 years since Becham's Pills first began correcting disordered stomachs and stirring sluggish livers and bowels to natural activity—and feeling "like a fighting cock" is associated inseparably with Becham's Pills, as the pills are with good health.

At All Druggists

**Many Historic Homes Supposed to be Unlucky**

England abounds in houses reputed to be unlucky. The unluckiest of all these must surely be Newstead Abbey, Byron's old home, that beautiful and historic mansion in Nottinghamshire on the outskirts of Sherwood Forest.

The bad luck attending Newstead is due, according to general belief, to the priory, which stood here until 1539, being seized and its lands confiscated. The buildings and the broad acres of this religious house were sold the following year to Sir John Byron, of Colwick, who then set about building himself a residence there, partly demolishing the priory church for the sake of the building materials.

He did not wholly destroy it, for he required, as a picturesque adjunct to his residence a ruined monastery, an object which gentlemen of taste greatly appreciated. But they had not, all of them, the advantages of at one and the same time providing their own ruined priory and finding their own building materials out of the ruins they made.

Of course, the superstitious looked with bated breath on Sir John Byron's sacrilegious doings, and predicted a bad end for him. But nothing happened to mar his peace and contentment. The "Black Friar" who haunts the ruins and whose appearance every now and then is an omen of ill to those who reside at Newstead, seems at that time not to have been known. But Lord Byron, the poet, claimed to have seen him, and he has been seen within recent years.

The troubles of the Byrons began with Sir Richard, who was a Royalist, and was ruined for his loyalty to King Charles. His successor was created a baron, but he died childless and in poverty. Each successive Lord Byron was afflicted with misfortunes. The sixth lord, the poet, was a degenerate although a genius, and he had a club foot. He followed his great uncle, the infamous "Devil Byron," who had willfully wrought as much ruin on Newstead as he could, to spite his heirs. He had cut down all the woods, and almost entirely buried the mansion in a ruin in the scullery, the only part of the house which remained weatherproof.

The poet sold Newstead to Col. Willman, who lost most of his fortune. Finally, after the decease of the next owner, Mr. Webb, his daughter died suddenly. She was succeeded by her brother, who also died suddenly in 1816, in East Africa. In the same week, Sir Arthur Markham, M.P., who had rented Newstead, died suddenly.

That is the ominous record of Newstead. Fyris Castle, in the neighborhood of Banff, Scotland, beautifully situated on the River Ythan, is associated in the unlucky way with an ancient prophecy of that prophet of unpleasant things, Thomas the Rhymer. He declared that because the castle was partly built of stones from a ruined abbey, all the ladies of Fyris should be unhappy, until at least three missing stones should be brought to the castle—only to Preston's Tower, one in my lady's bower, and one below the water-gate.

"And that," concluded this gloomy Thomas, "ye shall never get."

Fyris has consistently been an unlucky possession from the time of Henry de Preston, who built "Preston's Tower" about 1390, to the present day. It is, however, one of the most picturesque old turreted and castellated residences in Scotland, and never lacks a tenant.

The romantic park of Chartley, near Stafford, has a modern residence and an ancient ruined castle facing it from a height. No longer a possession of the Shirley family, Chartley was extremely unlucky to them so long as they held it.

The tradition ran that an impending stroke of bad luck was foretold by the birth of a black or parti-colored calf into the herd of the famous white cattle which long populated Chartley Park. At one time the birth of seven successive black calves and seven subsequent deaths in the family of the seventh Earl Ferrers created great excitement in Staffordshire. Similar events were noted in 1827, 1836, and 1842. But the famous and ominous herd of white cattle at Chartley seems now to be a thing of the past, and the ill-luck of the Ferrers family is not transferable, it would appear, with the estate.

**Air Travel.**

Such a forecast as that recently indulged in by Maj.-Gen. William Section Bracken, at the third annual air conference in London, does not arouse to-day the overwhelming comment of skeptical astonishment it would have done a few years ago, because practically everyone has reached the conclusion that there is almost no end to what is likely to be accomplished shortly in commercial air ventures. However, it does seem worthy of record that he declared he was looking for the launching, in the not distant future, of regular passenger airships to ply between London and New York, which would cover the distance in twelve hours and be large enough to carry 500 passengers and ten tons of mail and other freight. What, moreover, another speaker at the same conference said as to the factor of safety should do much to dissipate fears regarding air travel. Of the more than 20,000 passengers who traveled on various British commercial air routes last year, he declared, not a single one had received the slightest hurt of any name or nature.

**CASTORIA**

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J.C. Williams*

**MISDEEDS AT WEDDINGS.**

**Groom Had Long Search to Secure a License.**

Stories of unexpected or amusing happenings at weddings are numerous, and form a large part of the off-guard conversation of some clergymen. The happy events are not always the smooth and cut-and-dried affairs they are represented to be in the society news columns. It would be an interesting experiment for a newspaper to write up weddings with the same realism applied to politics or a railway accident, for instance; but it is probable that the experiment would fall owing to the opposition of the "contracting parties" and their parents, who have terribly exact ideas of what should be said.

A wedding story told by Longfellow is contained in a new book, "Memories of a Hostess" (Mrs. James T. Field), by M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

Longfellow gave him an account of the wedding of a schoolmate of mine, — an excellent, generous, hearted, generally built woman, with a little limping old clergyman who has already had three wives, and whose first name is — Longfellow said, in memory of what had gone before, the organist, as if driven by some evil spirit, played "And Lang Syne" as the wedding procession came in, consisting of the bride and her brother, two very well-made large persons, and the elderly bridegroom limping on behind all alone. The organist suddenly stopped at this point, breaking off with a queer little quirk and shiver as if he only then discovered what he was doing. Indeed, the whole wedding appeared to have points to affect the risibles of the poet. He could hardly speak of it without laughter.

This had almost a parallel in the case of a Toronto wedding some years ago, at a church wedding, and on New Year's Day. The groom, who came from the United States, where marriage customs are different in some details, arrived at the church all ready, as he thought, but alas! when asked for the license, he had none. No one had posted him on this important detail. The minister refused, of course, to act without this document.

The groom entered his cab (it was before motor cars were so universal) again, and drove out Queen street west for miles before he found a license vendor whose place was open. He was absent for some time, and meantime, the assembled guests, numbering several hundred, were greatly puzzled, and craned their necks and strained their ears for some light on the mystery. Had the bride been deserted at the altar; was the train late, or what had happened? Fortunately the organist had a sense of humor, and he continued his program of music, interspersing the "set" pieces with such old favorites in another sphere as "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight" and "Will He Ne'er Come Back Again?"

**Islands of Ice.**

Do you know why ice forms on the surface of ponds during frosty weather?

The reason is that when the temperature is a little above freezing point, the water increases in bulk and becomes lighter, so that the ice, when formed, floats on the surface.

When we look at a frozen pond, it doesn't appear capable of supporting much weight, does it? Yet it is really very strong, for ice one inch and a half thick will support a man; ten inches thick will support a cannon; and eighteen inches thick will support a modern railway engine.

Various icebergs from the mountain sides of Southern Canada have recently caused geologists to estimate that at one time ice must have laid 1,300 feet deep in those parts!

Ever since the Titanic sank after striking an iceberg, an ice patrol regularly searches the North Atlantic Ocean for icebergs, and sends news of their positions by wireless to other vessels.

Some of these icebergs are one hundred feet high, but the amount of ice showing above water represents only one-eighth of the size of the actual berg.

The spring is the most dangerous time for vessels, for this is when the bergs begin to split up and break without any warning.

Many thrilling stories are told of fights with these huge masses. On some occasions after a ship has collided with one, the sailors have saved their lives by clambering upon the iceberg itself.

It has also been known for ships in the icy regions to hitch themselves, on to icebergs and be towed for many miles. This has usually occurred when fuel has run short.

**A Starting Scheme.**

T. Kennard Thomson, formerly of Toronto, has ideas that would make New York look like a child's play from anything else that ever happened or was conceived by the mind of man. He is a civil engineer, too, and may get his ideas across.

Buildings a block long, twenty or thirty stories high, housing a thousand families each, with a sub-mayor in charge of each community and great moving platforms like human belt conveyors taking the place of subways and trolley systems, are some of the things he visualizes for New York.

More immediately practical is his project of adding two and a half square miles to Canada's by building a sea wall from the Battery to the Narrows and then filling in. Perhaps he got this idea from Toronto's harbor board. Mr. Thomson was educated at the University of Toronto and was graduated at the head of his class in civil engineering in 1899, afterwards marrying Miss Mary Julia Harvey of Toronto.

**BARBAROUS PYGMIES.**

**Queer Race Has Existed in Parts of Spain.**

Three feet tall—sometimes a little more, though often less—a race of barbarous natives have come to light in Spain and caught the attention of King Alfonso, who plans to take them out of their windowless mud hovels, scatter them among the normal population, and give them a chance to become civilized. As a contributor to the International Interpreter writes, their condition has been a forbidden subject until of late. We read:

Long years ago, when the present correspondent was making it his business to become acquainted with every part of the country, and as many of the people in it as possible, the manager of a bank in discussing with him the fierce contrasts of Spain—and we were thinking then of the splendor of the new banks that were being raised in Madrid—told him that out on western borders, a shade southwest of Salamanca, high upon the Portuguese frontier, there was a part of Spain that was "utterly abandoned," that was uncivilized and unattended as far as possible by the state, that was "darkest Spain," most pitiful, and seemingly unredeemable by any modern Spanish Government.

This region, which he said was inhabited by people who until recently had never seen bread, lived in huts of sticks and mud, were fearfully attenuated physically, were wholly illiterate and knew nothing of newspapers, and were so much afraid of the strong, confident people from other parts that on their rare approach they, the natives, often fled, and where the full-grown boy had often not three feet of stature, it is known as Las Jurdes, or sometimes it is written Las Hurdes. It is rarely marked on small maps, but to be found on big ones due south about twenty to thirty miles from Ciudad Rodrigo, near to a range of hills called the Sierra de Gato, and largely in the valley of Las Batuecas. In the valley are a number of small hamlets or collections of huts of the kind indicated, with a hole for a door, windowless, airless, foul. Some seven thousand people live here in this way under appalling conditions of degeneracy.

When the matter was mentioned to others who it was thought might know about it, they looked coldly at the interrogator as if offended. Spain turned its back on Las Jurdes; it was ashamed of it, of its own part in its condition. Mr. Blanc Belmonte, who penetrated there and pitied so much what he saw, read a paper upon it to the Royal Geographical Society of Spain. The listeners almost wept, but nothing more happened.

Now, however, all Spain is discussing Las Jurdes—the newspapers, the Cortes, Spaniards everywhere—and, as the writer in the International Interpreter tells us:

This abandoned land, presenting a scene of infinite desolation, has even been made the subject of reports by various personages of eminence, one of whom has directed to the king what is described as an "eloquent memorial." All this is because the king himself, in a most knightly manner and upon his own initiative, set out for Las Jurdes, rode and walked through it, entered the hovels, inquired of the people, and found things out for himself.

Before he had left Las Jurdes, Don Alfonso had quite determined what was the best thing to do with it, and his conception was his own, and was in fact in opposition to that propounded by the experts in the form of reports. The king's scheme, which is virtually the final decision, is probably the best and the most efficient one. The others reported in favor of making roads, schools, installing telegraphs and telephones, and doing all sorts of standard civilization things, which in the course of time, long time, would perhaps bring Las Jurdes to a higher level of life.

**HAPPIER, HEALTHIER WOMEN** by thousands are known to exist in this country because they have been relieved from pain and suffering by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Science in surgery and electricity have advanced greatly during the past fifty years, but treatment of disease by old-fashioned root and herb medicines has never been improved upon. The leader of them all is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which after fifty years of success is to-day recognized as the standard remedy for female ills and sold everywhere for that purpose. Replies to a questionnaire recently sent out to 50,000 women by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., of Cohasset, Ont., proved that it benefits 98 out of every 100 women who try it. Isn't this a marvelous record for any medicine to hold?



**Can Fresh Pineapples Now!**

This is the time to can pineapples at home. They are cheap now during the height of the season. The season is short, so don't delay.

Beautiful, big, sweet, golden-brown pineapples are arriving every day by fast steamers from Cuba. For this is pineapple time in the West Indies. The finest pineapples grown come from Cuba where soil fertility and rainfall unite in growing these delicious fruits to rare perfection.

Canning pineapples is simple. Prepare them as shown here, the way Cuban housewives do it.

Run the cores and peels through the chopper to extract all the juice. Strain and add this to the syrup the fruit cooks in.

Place the cut up fruit in a preserving kettle and cover with water, sweetened with cane sugar, to which you have added the fruit juice.

Cook slowly until moderately soft. Fill jars with the cooked fruit, pour enough syrup from the cooking cover to cover, then seal tightly while still hot.

Pineapple, canned this way, is superior to the commercial canned fruit. It has more of the taste of fresh fruit.

**WEST INDIES FRUIT IMPORTING CO.**

236 N. Clark Street Chicago, Ill.

**How to Prepare Fresh Pineapples**

- 1 Grasp the pineapple firmly in one hand and then take hold of foliage with the other hand and twist it off.
- 2 Now slice the fruit across in thick slices not less than three-quarters of an inch thick.
- 3 Put a slice on a plate. Then run a sharp knife around the edge of the slice, inside the peel. It then comes off, with syrup, easily.
- 4 Cut across the slice as shown in diagram. Four cuts, one on each side of the core. The core will be cut without any waste.

**Write for Free Recipe Book**

"Fill out the coupon and mail it today for a free copy of our handsome little Book of Recipes. Many new ways to serve fresh pineapple. Full instructions for canning."

**WEST INDIES FRUIT IMPORTING CO.**

236 N. Clark Street Chicago, Ill.

**West Indies Fruit Importing Co.**  
236 N. Clark Street, Chicago  
Please mail me your Book of Recipes for serving Fresh Pineapples.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State \_\_\_\_\_

"No," said the king; it is slow and uncertain. The thing to do is to remove all these people immediately to other parts, set them to mix among others, and so raise their standard of life and their capacity in a way they could never be raised if they remain only among themselves. And when they have all been taken away to various parts, the thing to do with Las Jurdes is to burn it out completely, everything. Afterward, there will be plenty of time to consider whether any good can be made to come from that land.

This will probably be done, and soon. It is surely an extraordinary but necessary procedure. A whole race, as it were, to be moved, a whole district between twenty and thirty miles long to be burnt and destroyed.

One of the difficulties, perhaps the only one, and a strange one, is that these miserable people have after all an affection for the piece of land on which they live, and do not want to leave.

**Keeping Up Appearances.**

What discomforts people will suffer merely for the sake of appearances! In Santiago, Chile, says Mr. Harry A. Franck, in "Working North from Patagonia," there are poor but aristocratic families that, unable to afford the usual summer vacation that it is the custom for the upper class to take, shut themselves tight in the backs of their houses for two

months or more and live on what food their trusted servants can smuggle in to them. A man who had every mark of being trustworthy assured Mr. Franck that he had been invited to the home-coming party of a family that he knew had not been outside Santiago in a decade.

**A Safety Council.**

The Safety Council of London is endeavoring to establish the custom of walking to the left, and it is asserted that many accidents will be prevented if this should be made general in England. The effort has so far been unsuccessful.

The King of Spain has had the longest reign of any ruler in Europe, having succeeded the throne in 1356.

**Oldest Living Newspaper Man?**

Amable Mailet-Saint-Prix, a Parisian journalist, who was born in 1822 and is therefore in his one hundred and second year, is in all probability the oldest journalist alive. He is at least the oldest working newspaperman, for he is still vigorous and not only writes a weekly article in the *Abelle de Seine-et-Oise*, published in Corbeil, but actually makes up the paper.—The Argonaut.

New opinions are always suspected and usually opposed, without any other reason, but because they are not already common.

All our misfortunes come from not being able to be contented alone.

**BULLDOG SOLE LEATHER**

**Toughest Leather Ever Tanned**

Demand it on your new shoes and for repairs

**WHIG WANT ADS. BRING RESULTS**

**MAIL-WANT-AD**

FILL OUT AND MAIL TO THE KINGSTON BRITISH WHIG

Write your advertisement in the blank spaces below, just as you want it to appear in the Want Ad. columns. Tell your story completely and convincingly if you want to accomplish quick results. Three days' insertion produces more replies than one day; a week's insertion is best of all.

**SEE HOW LITTLE IT COSTS**

1 to 3 consecutive insertions ..... 5c. per line each insertion.  
3 to 6 consecutive insertions ..... 4c. per line each insertion.  
6 or more insertions ..... 3c. per line each insertion.

4 LINES MINIMUM ADVERTISEMENT ACCEPTED

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Office \_\_\_\_\_  
Number of Days \_\_\_\_\_  
Am't Enclosed, \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Are You a Subscriber? \_\_\_\_\_

How to figure your Want Ad.—Count six average words to the line. The address at the foot of your Want Ad. is counted, also. Each number, initial, etc., counts for one word. For example, the name "John C. Smith" is three words. In case you want a keyed or blind address count four words in place of address.

**Forgetful.**

Hoggs: "Does your wife drive a motor-car?"

Wills: "Yes, and she drives everybody else off the streets when she is doing it."

Violet perfume is the result of a mixture of three or four essences of different flowers before the violet odor is obtained.

A generous friendship is a cold medium known.

Burns with one love, with one sentiment glow.—Pope.

**Warships.**

Warships in the times of the old Greeks and Romans were built with as many as four and five banks, or rows of oars.

He whom many fear ought to fear many.

**Justice of the peace and their bailiffs patrol the highways in Florida in autos, forming "rolling courts."**

Malice seldom wants a mark to shoot at.