

Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair



Girls Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance. While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

SMART FUR HEM



This spring wrap, with its smartly furred hem, is in moonshine gray charmeuse finished with a band of two-tone platinum fox. It features the straight back and sides and the full front, as well as the new tailored collar.

District of Columbia has substituted the electric chair for hanging as death penalty.

Stirring Tales of Canada's Early Days

Ten Thousand Crowns and Fairest Girl in Quebec Rejected by Shy Lover

They were marriage mad in Canada from the 1660's to the 1690's. So great was the Administration's hurry to grow an indigenous French population that bachelors over twenty years of age were legally penalized, and fathers who had not found husbands for their sixteen-year-old daughters were subject to heavy disabilities. The great Colbert, minister of state to Louis XIV, wrote in his master's name to the Intendant of New France, Taison:—

"I pray you commend it to the consideration of all in the country that their property, their subsistence and all that is vital to their welfare depend upon a general resolution, never to be contravened, to marry the young men at eighteen or nineteen years of age and the girls at fourteen or fifteen. I pray you to cause them to suppress the objection that they have not sufficient on which to live, because, in those countries, and in Canada especially, where everyone works for his living, there is no one who cannot gain the necessities, and abundance can never come to them except through abundance of men. It would be well to double the taxation and feudal duties upon those young men who do not get married at such an age, and, as for those who would seem to have definitely rejected the idea of marriage it would be to the purpose to greatly increase the burden of their taxes, to deprive them of all chance of public honour, even to add some mark of public disgrace.

"Although the Kingdom of France be as populous as any country in the world, it is certain that it would be difficult to maintain large armies and at the same time send out a large emigration to establish colonies in far-off lands. Hence, we must limit ourselves to withdrawing with the greatest care a minimum of citizens of both sexes each year as emigrants to Canada, and to base the increase of population in the colony mainly upon the number of marriages as the colonial population grows."

That was written in 1688, but the spirit of these words continued dominant to the end of the century. All the royal officials conspired to see that no one remained single save priests of the church. The King was particularly benevolent toward young officers of his forces who resigned their commissions to marry in Canada and to live there the life of a seigneur. He could spare them more easily, perhaps, than humbler colonists, for he had always crowds of young gentlemen hanging about intriguing for military employment and advancement. Jean Taison, the great Intendant of New France from 1683 to 1673, rigorously applied the principle outlined, and even when the Earl of Frontenac came out the second time as governor in 1683, he was still keenly interested in promoting each and every advance, no matter how slight, that might lead to a wedding.

In the winter of 1691-1692 the young Baron de Lahontan was stationed in Quebec, and a constant guest at the Chateau St. Louis, the palace of the Governor, which stood on the spot where to-day stands the great C.P.R. hotel, the Chateau Frontenac. The old Earl, brilliant wit, accomplished literateur, and accustomed to the most polished and cultured society of the Europe of his time, liked the young man's repartee, and also took pity on the misfortune of a fellow member of the aristoc-

razy. For the Baron had been cheated out of his estates near Pau in the Franco, while he was absent on service in Canada, and had just learned that recovery was out of the question.

The Governor held a court each winter at the Chateau St. Louis, which was brilliant by contrast with the puritan missionary spirit of the colony, and which drew the reprobation of the Bishop and the clergy. Around him he gathered the bright young spirits among the officers, representatives of the French gentry who, polished in the manner of the Court of Louis, brought a dash of vivid colour to the sombre sternness of the business of hewing out a colony in the wilderness. This winter there was a genial stranger to add a touch of piquancy, the wealthy Mr. Nelson, an Englishman from Boston, who traded in furs and had been brought captive to Quebec from French territory in Acadia, where he had been caught poisoning. The Governor treated him as the gentleman he was and, putting him upon his word of honor, allowed him the freedom of the city and constantly entertained him at the Chateau.

The trouble all started at a baptism. On the 11th of December, 1691, there was baptized in the cathedral, Genevieve, infant daughter of Pierre Moteau, a pilot of the port, and of his wife, Barbe Rasteau. The godfather was the Baron de Lahontan, for Barbe Rasteau's family came from near his home in Gascony, and the godmother was the lovely Genevieve Damours, daughter of Mathieu Damours, Sieur Deschamps, keeper of the seal of the Sovereign Council, and one of the most prominent and wealthy citizens of Quebec. There you have the elements of romance, and the romance developed.

Now Genevieve Damours was herself the goddaughter of the Governor. She was perhaps on this account, more often than might otherwise have been the case, a guest at the Chateau St. Louis, though her charm would have ensured her presence in any case. The young Baron had more than once felt that his godfatherly duty necessitated his calling to consult the fair Genevieve at her home about their joint responsibility concerning the Moteau child. He liked her society, and was delighted when he found her beside him at the sumptuous dinner-table of the Governor. In fact, he seems to have taken no pains to conceal his satisfaction with things in general when she was about, least of all from the girl herself, who appeared not ill-content, and he was oblivious to the keen glances of those matchmaking officials, the Governor, the Intendant and the Bishop, practised to detect the first incipient signs as a matter of political importance.

A sudden check brought the Baron to his senses. No less a person than his chief the Governor himself, hinted one day, may rather broadly questioned him as to when he would be ready to marry the lovely one. For a moment he was taken with a panic. He liked the young lady immensely; he enjoyed the Governor's hospitality keenly; he hated the thought of losing either, but to marry anyone at all was the last thing he wanted to do. Moreover he knew how relentless these people could be in this matter. His quick wit saved him for the moment. He asked for two months to consider so delicate a subject. Indulgently the Governor granted this, and the merry round of festivity ran on.

Crowd them as he would with pleasure, the two months came to an end. There was a conference this time. The Bishop was present when the Governor asked the Baron whether he had made up his mind. The young man wanted to see if his first suit would take another trick and pleaded for another two months. The old Earl who had commanded many a young soldier in his years of army experience recognized the signs and refused. The good Bishop, perhaps only to gain his point against the Governor, interceded. The Governor yielded and Lahontan received his two months' reprieve. He continued to enjoy exceedingly both the companionship of the fair lady and the hospitality of the Chateau.

It all came to an end in a blaze of glory. At the end of the second two months, the genial Mr. Nelson gave a splendid banquet in honor of the young lady and her fiance, for every one looked upon the match as good as made. The Governor, the Intendant, the Bishop were present as were all the prominent seigneurs and officers in the city at the moment. With the fruit and after-dinner wine came the speeches. The host stood up and offered a thousand crowns as a wedding-present to be paid on the wedding day. He counted Mathieu Damours and his sons among his best friends, for they had traded with one another for many a long year. The Bishop rose and promised another thousand crowns as his wedding present. Mathieu Damours himself mentioned usually that his daughter would have a dowry of a thousand crowns from him. The gallant old Earl capped the climax with the promise of trading and other privileges worth seven or eight thousand crowns, and hinted at provision for the lucky husband. Eleven thousand crowns and certain promotion as an Indiscount to marry the loveliest girl in Quebec, the girl whose society he liked best—what more could a

Coughs and Colds Mean Restless Nights... GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

peniless young nobleman ask for? But there he sat in a blue funk, feverishly tossing off hurried after bumper of wine so that, when they asked him to sign the contract lying spread on the table over there, he could plead he was too drunk to sign his name. They carried him home to bed.

Next day he did not get up, but lay there thinking how to escape from his predicament. He liked the girl, but he could not bring himself to sacrifice his freedom to any woman. However, he was up against the wall this time and frank confession was the only course. As he expected, a message came from the Governor curtly demanding instant decision and at the same time reminding him that the Governor had been very content with him in allowing him so long to make up his mind.

There was nothing for it but to dress and climb to the Chateau. There he found the Governor with the Bishop, the Intendant and several of the senior officers. Addressing the Governor he said that he felt unable to go through with the betrothal. The rest of the company gasped, while the fiery old Earl demanded an explanation. Even now the Baron's ready wit did not quite forsake him. He replied that he had found himself unworthy of the lady. He realized that he lacked the gift and the inclination to settle down, that he was volatile and lacked balance. "If you have respect for the lady, my lord," he continued, "pray do not suffer her to marry a young spark who is so apt to be swayed by extravagant and absurd ideas. For myself, sir, I protest sincerely that the little reason and free judgment that is left me will serve to comfort me for the loss of her, and teach me to repent of having desired to make her as unhappy as myself."

The bystanders were incredulous; the Governor was angry. Yet, in spite of his anger, he was forced to smile as the youngascal finished by drily remarking that any man who was capable of taking four months to make up his mind about marrying such a girl, was a scoundrel or a fool if he went through with it.

For a while Lahontan lay under the cloud of the Earl of Frontenac's displeasure, and a junior officer received the promotion which would ordinarily have come to him. For

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the rest, his wit, his nonchalance, his title, his personal charm saved him from any attempt at social ostracism. It was not long, however, before his fertile brain brought him into prime favor again; for he concocted an excellent scheme of defence for the Upper Lakes.

As for Genevieve Damours, undoubtedly she was in love with this most eligible young scapegrace, but apparently she accepted his explanations with outward calm and courtesy, and the romance of the winter was over. Whether her heart was broken or not, it was long before she married. Twelve years later, in 1703, she became the bride of a young officer, the Chevalier Jean-Baptiste Coleron de Blainville. Poor girl, she was dead within two months of her wedding day.

THE TOWN WATCHMAN

The large audience that attended the band concert last Sunday evening showed strange sympathy with the unemployed, for whom the concert was given. If they had "deep" sympathy, they certainly did not go down deep into their purses and pockets.

It is announced by a scientist that if man's sense of smell was more developed his knowledge would be much greater. But perhaps it is just as well that this sense is not so highly developed, for cloves would no longer hide the condition of the breath from over-indulgence in Ontario dispensary medicine.

Too keen a sense of smell, too, might make us poke our noses too much into other people's business. There is the city council for instance, poking its nose into the business of the utilities commission and the public library board. The sense of smell of some aldermen is perhaps well developed.

The Watchman hopes there are not many clergymen like the one in Woodstock who declines to permit members of his choir to dance or play cards. That doctrine is not in the creed of the United Church of Canada. But there may be some fanatics who would object to church members doing Cross Word puzzles.

The government need not be too economic. It might order a new flag for the postoffice flagpole, for one hardly knows what flag of the nations is being flown from Postmaster Stewart's staff of Clarence street.

"Wets" tell the Watchman that they are not a whit thankful for the promise of 4.4 beer. They regard it as poor stuff and not half strong enough to cause the necessary stimulus to write poetry or raise a row.

Here's a poser: If the O.T.A. is not to be touched as the result of

"Now Feeling Fine and Able to do my own work"

Mrs. Walter Gieves, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "I was in such a weakened, run-down condition that I could not take care of my household duties."



I was unable to sleep at night; and the doctor told me I was anemic. I commenced a treatment of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and to-day I am feeling fine and able to do all my own work.

"My little girl had eczema, and different remedies took no effect whatever. We got a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and that one box relieved her."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

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the plebsette, then it is not in order to make amendments strengthening its enforcement and increasing its penalties.

Old St. George's debt is to be cleared off in honor of the centenary of the present edifice. Perhaps if the cathedral people would pray "Forgive us our debts," the mortgage might disappear as if by magic.

Old timers say that there was a pretty rough element in the old Queen street school area in 1877 and thereabouts, and they do not wonder at the advance call for police attendance at a concert in the school at that time by the late James H Metcalfe. One of the most interesting talks that could be given at a meeting of one of the Home and School clubs just now would be

to secure a former pupil of the old Queen street school to tell about the rough stuff pulled in those days.

The thaw this week was welcomed by people whose sidewalks have never been clear of snow all winter until this mild spell.

Everybody should help the horticultural society in its effort to have more flowers grown in Kingston. The most humble home should have a little grass plot and flowers. Attention might be paid to getting owners of vacant plots—especially in Victoria ward—to cut down weeds and tall grass.

The Kingston old boys will be here in August and every effort should be made to make Kingston more beautiful than it has ever been.

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