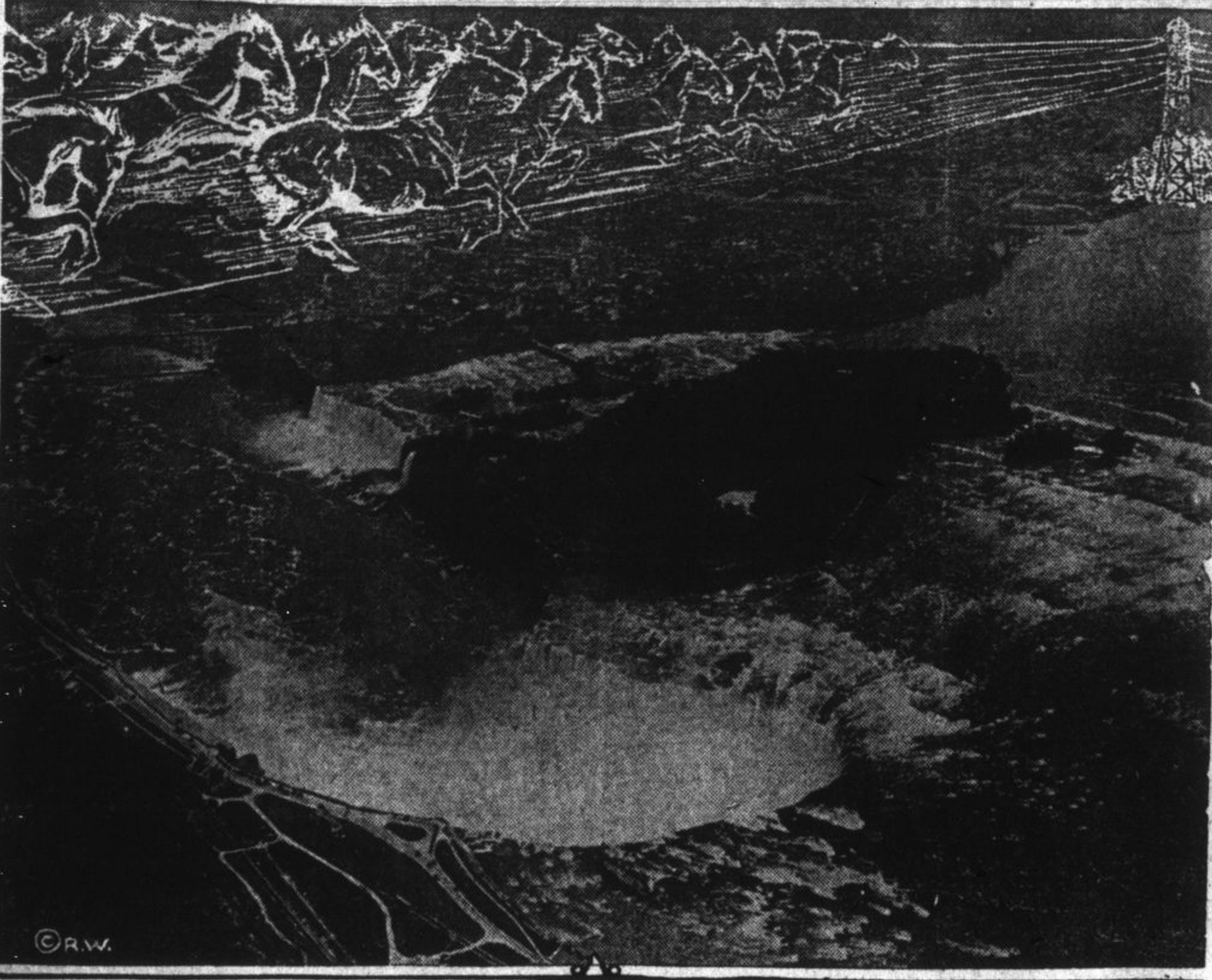


THE 6,000,000 WILD HORSES OF MIGHTY NIAGARA



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PROBS.—Tuesday, fair and cool.

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THE TAILORED SUIT

Models for Misses and Women
Flawlessly Tailored

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The two piece Tailleur is again in vogue. This was stressed most emphatically in New York and at Atlantic City on Easter Sunday, when the Suit was acclaimed by fashion experts as "the thing for Spring."

Not in years have we sold Suits in such numbers as during the present season.

And Women and Misses who demand up-to-the-minute garb will find these new Suits greatly to their liking.



Stunning in style, authentic in correctness and low in price—that sums up briefly our comprehensive collection.



Effectively made of the finest, all wool Poiret Twill, Charmeen, Tricotine, Novelty Worsteds and English Tweeds.

A variety of novel effects, pleatings, circular treatments, side decorations, as well as new pocket effects and smart buttons.

In single or double breasted styles.

The colors are Navy Blue, Black, Varied Tweed effects and Men's Suiting patterns in dark shades. Sizes 16 up to 46.



There are styles suitable in broad assortments for the chic Miss, for elder Sister and dignified Matrons.



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300 SUITS TO SELECT FROM

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OBITUARY

Miss M. J. Cartwright.
It was with very deep sorrow that the news was heard in Kingston on Sunday that Miss M. J. (Mollie) Cartwright had passed away at Halifax, N.S., where she was spending the winter at Government House. About two weeks ago, Miss Cartwright had suffered a severe heart attack from which it was hoped she was recovering, but a second attack on Sunday morning was fatal.

The late Miss Cartwright was the youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright, G.C.M.G., P.C., and Lady Cartwright and was beloved by all who knew her. Of a strong personality, a clear brilliant brain and a gentle womanly character, she will be a distinct loss to the community where her people have lived for five generations. The late Miss Cartwright had been much associated with her father during the latter days of his parliamentary career and was a keen politician, an ardent Liberal and a member of the Kingston Women's Liberal Association, whose ranks will be weakened by her loss. She was a member of St. George's cathedral amongst whose founders was her great-grandfather and whose clergy have numbered in their ranks her grandfather, Rev. Robert Cartwright. The surviving members of her family are Col. Robert Cartwright, Summerside, B.C.; Mr. A. D. Cartwright, Ottawa; Dr. R. C. Cartwright, Miss H. C. and Miss Frances Cartwright, Kingston; Mr. Henry Cartwright, Toronto; Col. Frank Cartwright, England, and Dr. Conway Cartwright, Vancouver, B.C. The interment will take place at Cataract cemetery.

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Thomas P. Thompson.
An old and esteemed resident of Kingston passed away on Sunday afternoon, in the person of Thomas P. Thompson, at his residence, 162 King street. Deceased was ill only about a week and his death came as a great shock to his many friends.

Mr. Thompson was a native of Quebec City, but had resided in Kingston for the past thirty years, having held the post of Government steamship inspector for this district up until two years ago when he retired. His wife predeceased him three years ago. He is survived by three sons, Dr. Ernest J. Thompson, of Quebec; Arthur J. Thompson, B.Sc., of Prescott, and Dr. Sydney E. Thompson of Richmond Hill, N.Y., and one daughter, Mrs. Joseph A. Swift of this city. Mr. Thompson was a devout member of St. Mary's cathedral where the funeral will take place on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock with solemn requiem mass.

John Joseph Madden.
One of the best known residents of this district died on Monday morning at the Hotel Dieu Hospital in the person of John Joseph Madden. Deceased had been ill for the past eight weeks. He had resided at Brewer's Mills and was highly regarded in that district. He was a Catholic in religion.

He is survived by two brothers, James in California and Patrick in New Jersey; also by two sisters, Mrs. Richard Joyce and Miss Mary Madden. The late Rev. Sister Madden of the Hotel Dieu Hospital, who died two years ago was a sister. The funeral will be held on Wednesday morning at Brewer's Mills where requiem mass will be sung at ten o'clock by Rev. Father Crowley in St. Barnaby's church.

Mrs. Catherine Kelly.
Catherine Murphy, wife of Patrick Kelly, died at the Hotel Dieu Hospital on Sunday after a brief illness. Deceased had been in the Hotel Dieu only two days, suffering from broncho-pneumonia. The funeral is being held on Wednesday at the Holy Name church at Cushehall where a solemn requiem mass will be sung. The late Mrs. Kelly was one of the best known residents of that district and held in high esteem.

LETTERS To The Editor Of The Whig

Street Car Stops.
Sir,—We are glad to note that the street cars stop at the right side of the crossing at last, and I'm sure that the public appreciate the same. But there is a crossing in the west end which the people in that vicinity think should be changed, namely, the corner of Ellerbeck and Union streets. The car coming from the city stops about fifteen yards northeast of said crossing, which almost lands one in the ditch and one has to walk through mud and slush at times, as well as running a chance of being knocked down by an automobile, as the traffic on Union street is quite heavy at times, while that on Ellerbeck street is comparatively small, twelve cars a day being a good average. The car coming from Portsmouth stops in the same old place which is O.K., and as we people see it, it would be quite all right for the car coming from the junction to stop where it formerly stopped and thereby avert accidents. I think that this matter is well worth considering.

A LOVING TRIBUTE

To Mrs. Sophia Jones Is Paid by a Friend.

At the end of the sacred Easter week, from a home in the western part of our city, an elect soul, loyal and true, crossed the bourne and entered her Father's House to go out no more for ever. Mrs. Jones, known to many in our midst and also to Him who calleth each of His children by name, had spent more than half of her life in Kingston, coming from Berlin, New York state. After some considerable time spent in different homes where she ministered as an efficient nurse, she heard the plaint of a family of young children, one of them an infant, was lured by it and came to the home of Mr. McBride, 563 Princess street, where she remained for more than 35 years and where her life work ended. From year to year she gave of her best in God's service to these His little ones. She was spared to see them grow to manhood and womanhood and all settled in their individual homes, except one, the youngest, who remained with his father and foster-mother.

That which we now shall we also reap, and by the divine law of compensation the bread she had cast so lavishly on the waters, through many days and years, came back to her a hundred fold in loving devotion, and particularly during the last five years since she has been a sufferer from and incapacitated by paralysis. The youngest son gave up his occupation and in the capacity of home maker and nurse cared tenderly for her as a daughter and today as a son, mourns with his father their best earthly friend. The returned sons and daughters are with them in their sorrow, but the loved and honored foster-mother lies quietly in death's dignity as they gather about her casket and talk in loving tones of her life and works among them. It is all very beautiful and inspiring to ponder over.

Mrs. Jones was pure gold at heart and "full of good works" in the home circle in which she revolved and which she made so happy a centre for those she loved and served. Her motherly heart went forth as well to many others outside the home, particularly to those who like herself travelled the way of suffering. A heater and binder up of wounds naturally, divine love had added the gift of sympathetic understanding and of others' sorrow and true wisdom in dealing with it. Truly she was used in her Master's service and of herself gave so generously without much consciousness of so doing, so humble was she in thought and word.

On Friday last, at high noon, after patiently awaiting her summons for five years, she heard the Master's call, "come for all things are now ready," and without a word responded and "was not for God took her." Today we lay at rest the tired mortal part of her we loved so well in that beautiful "Lodge for a night on the way to the New Jerusalem, the Cataract cemetery. The noble spirit has broken bounds and already is with her Lord.

In a few weeks flowers she loved will be blooming above and about her quiet bed; the birds, God's own little choristers, singing their sweetest songs, while nature's great and grand annual miracle—its resurrection—goes on. Another happy soul reunited with its "sin folk" and its God will be joining in the praise of His Redeemer and very very near the throne, we believe.

We will miss the strength of her love of us, and miss her presence

so familiar, the loving and helpful word and act but through the inspiration of what she accomplished in her life in our midst will press on in the way she trod which was the way also of "Him who went about doing good."

THE OLD LOG BARN AND HOUSE

"Oh, memory, take my hand to-day,
And lead me o'er the darkened bridge."

The old log barn and house; haunts of my childhood days. How often have I sought the shelter of thy walls—not from rain or storm, for the sun and wind entered between the logs and the shingles were old and decayed. Not for these, but to be alone and to dream dreams and wonder about the past.

They were remnants of another age and seemed to convey to the young mind thoughts of a time long past. It was almost sacrilege to cross the threshold of that old house or to "carry on" in the old barn. Now as it comes back on the wings of memory, all the old familiar sounds are a part of the picture, and are heard as plainly as in those far away days.

The swallows chirping as they sought their homes, under the eaves, or up on the old rafters. The wind moaning and whistling, mingled with the sound of the creaking timbers seemed to increase the vividness of the picture.

There were other sounds and other voices, speaking, yet silent. Voices of those who felled those great trees and hewed their sides and fitted them in place, and who went in and out of those creaking doors.

But we never saw the faces of those who labored, they then slept just a little way off, up the hill, and the sun shone and the wind moaned too over their graves, and all was silent. No voices came back out of the dim past. It was the silence of death, and in awe we often stood beside their graves or moved about the old buildings they had erected and inhabited.

They sleep where they built their first home, and where the first tree was felled, and a large flat stone they selected at their heads. And the orchard nestled around the foot of the hill, and the trees that the axe had spared and that yielded bushels of nuts every year, all near the old log house and barn.

We feel we owe much for such a heritage of loyalty and devotion, energy and sacrifice, and for acres of wilderness cleared and under cultivation, and good buildings that replaced the old log barn and house. They made it possible for us to enjoy all the advantages of our modern life, good schools and churches, good roads and comforts innumerable.

—Matilda Arthur, Trenton.

Elgin News Budget.

Elgin, April 8.—Mrs. Annie Grant is seriously ill at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Jordan. The Easter holidays brought many back to spend the week-end here, among them being, Gerald Brown, sister and friend, Ottawa, G. Coon, Toronto. Mrs. D. A. Coon spent Easter time with her daughter in Windsor. Mrs. May Moor is in a critical condition suffering from a stroke. The Sisters of Charity, Perth, spent a few days at St. Columbanus presbytery. The euchar and dance held in the community hall, Easter Monday, was well patronized. The Modern and Dominion cheese factories held their annual meeting last week. Five children of William Jordan, who have been ill for the past six weeks, are slowly recovering.

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