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Sudden Ills....

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"Frost King" and "Frost Queen"

Chamois Vests are handsomely finished and made of the finest material. The knitted sides make them close fitting and comfortable.

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The holiday presents have to be bought—you will find a good assortment of Fancy Lamps and China. Also a full line of Dinner Sets, \$3.50 and upwards, Tea Sets \$2.50, Chamber Sets \$1.80. They are low in price. Call and see them.

Our New Fruits are in:

3 lb. Selected Raisins.....	25c
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That you can have your Curtains done to go like now at the
PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY
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LIGHT IN NIGHT.

Black winds across the sky, and the night—
No star shines from the blue,
But over all the forgotten light
In the dear eyes of you.

In what strange pathways may your footsteps be
I may not dream or know,
Only this joy comes in the dark to me—
That I have loved you so!

It was not much to love—O heart of mine,
All that was pure and bright—
Robes of red and crimson to resign
For raiment that is white.

It was not much to yield earth's gold and dream
For rest with joy and ease,
And in the darkness, clinging to a cross,
Find mercy at your feet.

So night is never night when the sweet thought
Of love is with us still,
If to love's cross our scourged, sad limbs are
brought.

Lo, love is with us still!
O winds across the meadows and the night!
O stars that leave the blue!
There shines, sweetheart, the forgotten light
In the dear eyes of you.

—Atlanta Constitution.

CUPID WITH A WOODEN HAND

How a Bachelor Outwitted His Sister and Got Married.

In his youth my Uncle David, according to my mother, was a flower of beauty. He may have been, but when he came to live with us he had faded and was a short, thick man of 50, with scorched eyes, the whites being streaked yellowish brown, a knobby face and a wooden hand strapped to his right wrist. But, as he had done well on the sea, he was still beautiful. As I was his heir presumptive, I was likewise assistant custodian of him, for my mother was ever one to guard her treasures.

My duty was to go abroad with him and see to it that no woman had private conversation with him, my instructions being, if they endeavored to do so, to hurry him home, resorting, if necessary, to pretended rams, a sickness to which I was predisposed. And my office was not an easy one, for he had in his day been quite a blade and had never lost his edge, and the vigilance I had to exercise to keep him from harm would have saved a congregation of ordinary sinners. He would always wink his scorched eyes at the girls we met and occasionally stop to speak with them, despite my tugging at his coat and having cramps. All his transgressions I would report at home, and my mother would then blacken the characters of the young ladies in question to a degree that satan himself would not have associated with them without wearing an amulet.

By these and similar means we saved him for a year, and might have saved him to the day of his death had I not been taken down with my first love affair and become correspondingly mushy. How true it is that lovers are the temples of the gods! Being mushy, I fell to pitying his isolation from feminine charms and was thereby led, on the 11th of a February, to sending him a valentine—a pair of plump red hearts spitted on a golden arrow. It duly posted, and later it was delivered to him. That evening, being a Wednesday, my mother went, as was her inviolate custom, to prayer meeting, leaving me on guard. As the door closed behind her, Uncle David got out of his chair and went to the window.

"She's aboard," he said, peering out. "There's a light on her port side."

"A what?" said I, knowing I must report the remark.

He made no reply, but came back to his chair.

"Bennie," he said presently, "did you ever get a valentine?"

"No, sir," said I faintly. "Did you?" He did not answer.

"Do you know when you are going to wear a watch?" he asked suddenly.

I was going to say when he died, but thought better of it.

"I do," he went on; "tomorrow. It is in my chest. It doesn't go, but when you want to know the time you can run home and find out."

"Of course," I exclaimed joyfully, "Why not?"

"Answer yourself," he said. "Tomorrow it is yours. Tonight we are going out. Fetch me my feathers."

I got between him and the door.

"Come to think," he said, eyeing me sharply, "the watch does go, and there is a chain to it."

Eve got only an apple. What would she have done for a watch? Without a word I brought him his best suit, which he always spoke of as his feathers, from the press in my mother's room and where she was keeping it against his funeral.

"You can't get them on," I said hopefully, noting their size.

"No more have I for 30 years," he answered, "but I can pull in. If you hear me ripping, look sharp and turn the other way. There is a charm to the chain."

He shouldn't have mentioned the charm, for the rapidity with which I got him into his clothing damaged his wind, but when I had him crowded into them he looked fine, barring alarming symptoms of suddenly coming out of them at all points. As soon as he was dressed we started, taking along his great coat, to be used in case of accident.

A square down the street we stopped. Then my heart beat comfortably. It was Miss Hannah Baxter's house, and I did not consider Miss Hannah at all dangerous, she being my mother's bosom friend and with a reputation as a man hater, having once in public meeting prayed for the saving of men, whom she designated as de-throned devils. In response to my uncle's knock, Miss Hannah opened the door.

"The Lord save us!" she exclaimed inhospiably. "Is it you?"

"It is," said my uncle, snapping for

breath, being much blown from walking and the tightness of his garments. "It is. As I said, I'm doing."

Though I saw that she did not understand the speech, she let us into the sitting room and asked us to be seated. It was the one thing my uncle should not have done, for as he touched the settle there were rippling sounds, and I knew I should have trouble in getting him out of the house. He was but little affected.

"She's let go all over," he said calmly and then, "Hannah Baxter, come here."

"I won't," said Miss Hannah, standing on the other side of the fireplace. "I won't! Why should I?"

"Because you have done it again," said my uncle. "After 30 years you've done it again, red hearts and all. You know what I said I'd do if you did it again."

Miss Hannah started. "I never!" she exclaimed. "I never!"

"You did," shouted my uncle. "Bennie fetch her here!"

I hesitated, but suddenly remembering the watch, I sprang upon her and, catching her around the waist, began pulling her toward the settle, my uncle encouraging me by cries of "Bravo!" and by pounding on the settle with his wooden hand. She was no match for me, and so, though she fought valiantly, I soon landed her on the settle.

Then, to my horror, my uncle grabbed her and repeatedly kissed her on whatever part of the face came conveniently to his lips, for she still struggled, though hardly as a virgin of 50 should have struggled.

Seeing this brought me to my senses, and I flew at them and tried to tear her from him, but as she evinced no desire to be liberated, and as my uncle beat me soundly on the head with his wooden hand, I desisted and took to cramps on the floor. This had no effect whatever, so I recovered, and, rushing from the house, ran to the church where my mother was, and, dashing up the aisle, whispered to her the dreadful news that Uncle David was kissing Miss Hannah Baxter.

Never will I forget the look that overspread her face. Ever a woman of prompt thought and action, she then and there boxed my ears and, this done, hurried out and ran as fast as she could to Miss Hannah's, I following.

But we were too late. The doors and shutters were locked and all in vain did we pound for admittance. Not a word, not a sound, came from within the house. My mother's agitation was terrible. I was glad when she left off beating on the door and fell to beating me, for I knew that she would feel better for it, and that I would have so much less to receive later on. Notwithstanding, I cried lustily, and, "church having been hastily dismissed, a crowd quickly gathered, and as I was crying 'Murder!' the rumor got about that Miss Hannah was murdering Uncle David. Some of the men were for breaking down the door and would certainly have done so had not my uncle, flanked by Miss Hannah, bearing a lamp, appeared at an upper window.

"David Hamilton!" screamed my mother on seeing him. "Come out of that!"

"I will not!" shouted my uncle defiantly.

"You shall!" screamed my mother. "Come home!"

For answer my uncle deliberately put his arm around Miss Hannah and kissed her. My mother fainted, but no sooner had she touched the ground than she was again on her feet.

"Stop it!" she screamed. "Stop it! You ain't married!"

He again kissed Miss Hannah. "Break down the door!" commanded my mother.

It was an exciting moment. Although half of the crowd were laughing, some of the men threw themselves against the door. My uncle leaned over the window sill.

"We ain't married," he shouted, "but we're going to be, and there isn't any power on earth can stop it, because I'm not coming out," and he shook his fist in the direction of my mother.

"Hannah Baxter and me," he continued, "has been fools for over 30 years. The why is no one's business, but we've got over it, and there ain't no power on earth can stop it, because I'm not coming out," and again he shook his fist in the direction of my mother, who was now hammering on the door.

"Is the preacher among you?" he shouted.

The preacher was pushed forward. Realizing that if the day were to be saved, I must save it, I fell in a pretended fit under the window. When I got back, drenched and shivering, from the pump, whether kind hands had conveyed me, the crowd was cheering, and my uncle and Miss Hannah were bowing from an upper window.

As for the rest, I never got even the watch.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

She Paid the Fine.

The Boston Herald says: "A man was brought into the Springfield police court the other day charged with neglecting to support his wife. He pleaded guilty and was fined \$20. Thereupon his neglected wife stepped up to the clerk's desk and paid the fine, which was promptly refunded to her under the provision of the law relative to nonsupport cases, which provides for the payment of the amount of the fine imposed on the husband to the wife when the court so directs. The law appears to be based on the right principle, but it operates queerly sometimes, as in this case."

A Fraction.

"What is a fraction?"
"A part of anything, sir."
"Give an example."
"The sixteenth of June."—Melbourne Times.

KEEP ENGAGEMENTS

There is One Thing That is as Sacred as the Marriage Relation.

That is an Appointment—A Man who Fails to Keep his Promise in this Respect is a liar.

There is one thing that is almost as sacred as the marriage relation—that is, an appointment. A man who fails to meet his appointments, unless he has a good reason, is practically a liar, and the world treats him as such.

"I give it as my deliberate and solemn conviction," said Dr. Fitch, "that the individual who is tardy in meeting an appointment will never be respected or successful in life."

"If a man has no regard for the time of other men," said Horace Greeley, "why should we have for their money? What is the difference between taking a man's hour and taking his five dollars? There are many men to whom each hour of the business day is worth more than five dollars."

"It is not necessary for me to live," said Pompey, "but it is necessary that I be at a certain point at a certain hour."

Franklin said to a servant who was always late, but always ready with an excuse: "I have generally found that the man who is good with an excuse is good for nothing else."

On the eve of Nelson's departure on a famous cruise, his coachman said that the carriage would be at the door punctually at 6 o'clock. "A quarter before," said the admiral. "I have always been a quarter of an hour before my time, and it has made a man of me."

Napoleon once invited his marshals to dine with him, but as they did not arrive at the moment appointed, he began to eat without them. They came in just as he was rising from the table. "Gentlemen," said he, "it is now past dinner, and we will immediately proceed to business."

What Women Fear to Do.

It is a common remark with hundreds of men that they wonder "what women find to do all day." Sometimes curiosity gets the better of a man, and he asks his wife what she has done all day. "O, a hundred and one little things," she says. Then he thinks of some momentous scheme over which he has been working all day, and makes a mental comparison in which his wife's work takes second place. He overlooks the fact, however, that a woman's life in the home is made up of "little things," and that these same "little things" are absolutely vital to the even adjustment of the domestic machinery of his home. They are "little" only in a woman's eye; they would be a very serious proportion of men's life in the home if the man's hand were to try to do them.—Edward Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Lost Her Sense of Humor.

It is an Italian doctor who specializes in recommending laughter as a cure for modern ills. The diseases influenced by a hearty laugh and numerous, and range from bronchitis to anaemia. It will be interesting to see how the treatment is selected. Our medical contemporary suggests that there is a great opening for professional gelototherapists—the very name makes one smile—who should study various ways of inducing laughter. A course of tickling is prescribed for bronchitis, for example, a course of forced comical might suit an anaemic patient; while puns, fired at intervals, would be found efficacious in cases of pleurisy.

Telephone of a Woman.

Japan apparently favors telephones. The Imperial Diet recently voted to expend \$12,800,000 within the next seven years for the improvement of the Government telephone system.

Rita Nakayama, a young electrical engineer, has been sent to the United States to investigate the latest improvements and inventions. The Government work will be executed by Japanese electricians.

THE WEATHER-SPIRIT.

A voice in the roaring pine-wood,
A voice in the breaking sea,
A voice in the storm-dread morning,
That will not let me be.

It is calling me to the forest,
It is calling me to the strand,
The Weather-Spirit is calling me,
To fare over sea and land.

Till my cheek with the rain is aching,
And my hand is wet with the spray,
There is that within my bosom
Which will not let me stay.

Might in the pine-wood tossing,
Might on the racing sea,
The Weather-spirit, my brother,
Is calling, calling to me.



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We have one dozen \$2.00 Ladies' Dressing Jackets left for \$1.75 each
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