MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Have You Ever Stopped to Think About Your Health?

Are you as well, strong and vigorous as you used to be?

Are you sometimes discouraged, and think you'll never be any better?

Can you tell the cause of your trouble, or what makes you sick?

Do you know that about nine-tenths of all sickness is caused by kidney trouble?

Have you ever stopped to think that your kidneys may be the cause of your poor health?

Most people do not realize how much work the kidneys are required to do every day.

Every drop of blood in the body must pass through and be filtered by the kidneys thousands of times a day.

How can they do their work well if they are sick?

If your kidneys need treatment, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root will prove to be just the medicine you need.

If you will write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., every reader of this paper, who has not already tried Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, may receive a sample bottle by mail, absolutely free.

The Italian ship Montevideo, Capt. Baldassue, sailed from Genoa on March 13 for this port.

T. OF H. ANNIVERSARY

The 38th anniversary of Alexandra Temple of Honor and Temperance was celebrated by a very pleasant dinner in White's restaurant Thursday night. About sixty of the members with their lady friends sat down to table. John Irvine, W. C. T. of Alexandra temple presided and welcomed the guests in a brief speech.

The toast list was as follows: The king; the supreme council, Fred Gallop, Dr. W. F. Roberts; most worthy templar, Z. O. Wilson, S. E. Logan, D. M. W. T.; Grand Temple, Capt. Geo. Finley, J. F. Eagles, P. D. M. W. T.; Riverside Council, R. J. Burk, James Pidgeon, C. C.; Alexandra Section, Chas. Gallop. Carey Black, G. of S.; Alexandra Temple, sister temples, the ladies, and the press.

During the evening a programme was presented, the following taking part: The Misses Gladys Roberts and Muriel McIntyre, John Salmon, James Bond. James Paterson, Harry Bond, Elmer Holder, and Dr. W. F. Roberts. The committee in charge of the celebration consisted of Chas. H. Gallop, Thos. A. Ramsey and Fred Logan.

GOOD BEGINNING.

"I am glad to hear, Miss Bertha, that you have decided to become a part of the church militant."

"Why, I haven't gone so far as that yet, doctor, but I'm to be—er—a part of the church social."—Chicago Tribune.

ONLY A Common Cold,

but it becomes a serious matter if neglected. Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh or Consumption is the result. Get rid of it at once by taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep and often effecting a permament cure."

Mrs. C. Townsend, Lockport, N.S., writes: "I feel it my duty to let you know of my experience with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I was troubled with a cold and severe cough all the time, and very severe spells of Asthma. The doctors did all they could for me, but could only give me relief for a short time. I happened to see your medicine advertised and purchased three bottles, and it gave me great relief, and I do not cough at all. I do not know how to express my gratitude for what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for me."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

CIGARETTES AND THE BOY

Valuable Information is Set Forth by the W. C. T. U.

(Montreal Witness.)

Among the many useful activities of the Women's Christian Temperance Union not the least important is its strenuous campaign against cigarette-smoking among boys. Once a year the "Temperance Quarterly," which the society issues in connection with the International Lesson Scheme, takes the form of an anti-cigarette polemic. This publication goes all over the dominion. On last "Cigarette Sunday" a year ago this month, over 20,000 copies were distributed; and as in the main they went in to the hands of teachers, a host of children must have received the instruction they contained. This year 'Cigarette-Sunday." will fall on the twenty-ninth of March, and the Union have prepared a leaflet packed with facts, cogently and clearly stated. The "Lesson Comment" is supplied by the Rev. E. E. Scott, of Montreal. Among his instances is one quoted from the "Witness" regarding a young man in a Montreal suburb who recently reached a state of violent dementia reading "dime novels" and smoking cigarettes. Then he quotes "Success" to the effect that "Leading business firms all over the country have put the cigarette on the prohibited list. In Detroit alone 69 merchants have agreed not to employ the cigette user," and he specifies Montgomery, Ward & Co., Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett, and other firms in Chicago as prohibiting cigarette smoking among all employes under eighteen years of age, while Marshall Field & Co and the Morgan & Wright Tire Company have the rule, "No cigarettes can be smoked by our employes." He also tells how the United States government has prohibited the use of the cigarette at West Point and Annapolis on sanitary and moral grounds, and has illustrations of their deadly effect upon the moral and physical stamina of candidates for the U. S. and British army. Startling statistics are furnished showing that while the number of cigarettes entered for consumption ten years ago was only 93,798,000, it had steadily increased until last year it had reached the astounding total of 331,972,437.

Among interesting medical testimony is that of a western physician who says that of all the men who came to his sanatorium within a year to become cured of the drug habits, three-fifths had been cigarette smokers and sixty per cent of these pleaded as an excuse the need of a stronger stimulant. An account is given by Dr. J. J. Kellog of an experiment which proved that a single cigarette held enough poison to kill two full grown frogs. Magistrate Crane of New York City is quoted as saying "Ninety-nine out of a hundred boys between the ages of ten and seventeen years who come before me charged with crime have their fingers disfigured with yellow cigarette stains . . . There is something in the poison of the cigarette that seems to get into the system of the boy and to destroy his moral fibre." Elbert Hubbard advises: "As a close observer and employer of labor for twenty-five years I give you this: Never advance the pay of a cigarette smoker; never promote him; never trust him. Cigarette smoking begins with an effort to be smart. It soon becomes a pleasure. . . . Next it becomes a necessity of life, a fixed habit. This last stage sooin evolves into a third condition, a stage of fever and unrestful, wandering mind, accompanied by loss of moral and mental control." The tendency of juvenile cigarette smoking to lead by natural progression to indulgence in alcohol, morphine, cocaine and similar drugs is also dealt with and pathetic instances are given which conclusively and painfully enforce the general thesis. Miss Dorothy Aldworth provides a bright, breezy lesson for boys in the intermediate class. It is studed with quotations from athletes, employers of labor and others whose opinions are liable to weigh with boys as being authoritive and their verdict is unanimous regarding the extreme peril, moral, physical and economic of indulgence in the cigarette.

The leaflet contains a blackboard exercise, its point being that the flag of Canada, the symbol of our nationality, is in danger from the innocent looking cigarette for "anything that hurts the people, hurts the flag," and the lesson concludes with a suggestion that the school pass a resolution asking the dominion parliamentary representative to use its influence to protect the boys and girls of Canada from the evil. The Ontario Union which has prepared this material, is to be congratulated upon its work, which is quaintly summed up in Robert Burdette's diction that "A boy who smokes cigarettes is like a cypher with the rim knocked off." The size of the "kids" who may be seen in the streets of every Canadian city smoking cigarettes would be amusing were it not for the real tragedy involved. The children's bill recently introduced in the British parliament by Mr. Samuel proposes among other things to check the juvenile smoker. It is the fashion among some people to laugh at such enactments, but the incompetency of parental authority, which is not the most encouraging feature of the day, renders it necessary for the state to step in to check an undoubted cause of physical degeneration. While awaiting legislation, it is well, however, to remember that boys are among the most loyal creatures when properly handled, and that much good may be done among them by anyone who is supplied with facts, figures and illsutrations like those provided by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Neglige Shirts, 65c, 75c. | FOR SATURDAY! | 2 Silk Ties for 25c.

Men's Suits and Overcoats For Spring

FAR UNDER USUAL PRICES.

This opportunity to buy such desirable Suits and Overcoats in the most fashionable weaves and colors, is the outcome of tremendous purchases that brought cost prices down to a new low level.

Men's Fancy Tweed Suits, regular $10.00 values; Saturday, $ 4.50
Men's Scotch " " " 12.00 " " 6.59
Men's English Worsted " " 15.00 " " 10.00
Spring Overcoats; - - - - - - $5.49 to 11.00
Men's $3.00 Trousers, Saturday, - - - 1.98

Union Clothing Company,

26--28 CHARLOTTE STREET, - - - OPP. CITY MARKET

ALEX CORBET. Manager.

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—

NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Sheep of War" (London Magazine, Evelyn Nash, 1906); "Parson Croft" (Evelyn Nash, 1908.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI

The Dead of Night

In another moment, as much to the astonishment of my men as to the terror of the child, I had swung myself astride the sill.

"Ho, ho, little chest, so we meet again," cried I, recognizing in the fair face, blue eyes and flaxen hair the girl who but a week since had led me to that grimy smithy in Kitzlach where I had been robbed of the collar of pearls entrusted to my keeping.

The child eyed me curiously as I dropped into the room bidding my troopers follow my example. Not a sign could I read on her face of hatred, or reproach for the mishap that had befallen her father following my blow. Astonishment at a meeting so unexpected, not unmixed with fear, seemed to hold her spellbound; candle in hand she watched us, wide-eyed yet very grave.

"And what of thy father, child?" I demanded. Old Schalk, were he alive, could scarce be so far recovered from his hurt as to do us much mischief.

She pointed to a door that stood ajar in the distant shadows.

"Wilt thou come with me, sir?" said the little one in the same voice that had proved my ruin on the highroad from Neumarkt.

I followed her, pushing open the door roughly. The possibility of some trap flashed across my brain as I entered. But neither trap nor sign of one found I in the further chamber—nought, in fact, but a bed made upon the bare boards in one corner of the room and a man upon it. I recognized the wight in an instant, in spite of a beard of seven days' growth upon his chin, in spite of the bandages that wrapped his head.

Yet I had little pity for the rogue, as he lay breathing heavily with eyes closed and the sweat of sickness on his brow.

"Who brought him here?" I asked of the child, who stood passionless, unmoved at my side.

"His comrades," she replied, looking up in my face with those blue eyes of hers. "Will he live think you, Herr Officer?"

That the stricken knave, the false smith of Kitzlach, lay in Death's grip, I could not doubt. The thick short gasps for breath, the pallor of his cheeks, the tremor that racked his frame were evidence of the fact—yet if I heud that the man's end was no better than he merited, my heart went out to his daughter, despite the evil she had wrought me.

"God knows, little one," said I softly, "and God, we know, is very merciful."

"And thou?" said she gravely, looking up in my face.

I was dumb before those eyes, so wide, so wistful. Taken aback by her question I stammered as I made answer.

"May we forgive," I faltered, "as we would be forgiven."

"Then," said the child, " will Your Excellency be so good as to bid the men set light to the fire in the further room, for the wood is damp nor can I make it burn."

I could not hide a smile at her simple request, the proof of my power of forgiveness, as I bade one of the men unbar the main door and lead our horses out of the rain, and the other to light the mass of sticks that lay black upon the hearth in the room we had first entered.

It was then that the stricken man opened his eyes, perhaps our voices and the tramp of our heavy boots disturbed him. At the sight of me he raised himself upon his elbow, drawing the blankets about him with his left hand, while with his right he clutched at a sword which had hitherto escaped my notice, though lying close beside the bed.

"Saints shield me," he gasped hoarsely, gripping his weapon's hilt, "stand back or by——"

But in a moment oath and threat were choked in a fit of coughing, and softly fell his daughter's hand upon his forehead.

"Rest thee, father, rest thee," whispered the little maiden as she raised the pillows behind him. "This is indeed the gentleman who wrought thee such evil, but he means us no further ill."

"Aye, but the gems," he panted, staring upwards at me with fearful eyes. "And the trick we played him. Nay, nay, by Heaven, he comes for vengeance."

Half-sitting, half-lying he cowered against the wall, terror on his face, blood on his lips, the naked sword swaying in his grasp.

The wretch, haggard and fever-racked, lay at life's ebb, with the child at his side, a girl scarce thirteen years of age, with the face of an angel, murmuring of forgiveness in the presence of him whom these two had wronged. Never will that picture fade from my memory of the father and daughter in that dim chamber lit by the flickering rush-light. And at the sight and as the accents of the child fell soft on my ear, what was left for me but to forget our former meeting, their treachery, the stolen gems and all, to forgive him that lay dying at my feet as I in his strait would be forgiven?

"There is nought to fear," said I, bending low beside him—mayhap he realized that mortal vengeance and pardon would soon be all one to him—"Lie down, man, and rest thee."

"And I will make some broth, rich broth with strong waters in it," said the child as the crackles of blazing sticks sounded from the further room. The sick man, I saw, was scarce at ease. As Marie Schalk rose to make ready the broth, his fears returned—a great faith it seemed had this spent old ruffian in the wit and address of his little daughter. The sweat broke upon his temples, and he clutched at the coverings as I strove to soothe him.

"Nay, nay, 'tis not thee whom I fear," he gasped, his blue eyes fixed upon the door. "Heaven knows we used thee ill, and I have my reward, but it is the others who will wreak vengeance—the others."

"The others?" I added, not knowing what to make of his speech. "Thy comrades?"

He nodded as he choked for breath.

"Those faint-hearted knaves that my master must needs have aid me in that business at Kitzlach; as though the matter of these trinkets was beyond my skill."

So, thought I, this poor wretch was but the tool of another, leagued with a band of ruffians to spoil me of the gems.

"And they," continued the sick man, "bear me some grudge concerning their hire at my master's hands, charge me with defrauding them, and have sworn vengeance. . And now that I am wounded in his quarrel, what must my master do—Heaven knows a right good servant have I been to him—but bring me hither and leave me helpless in this lonely place."

"And when did he leave thee?" said I, wondering no longer at the child's reluctance to give us entrance.

"After noon today," replied old Schalk, "and away rides His Excellency saying that he will send food and physic and such-like upon the morrow. Does he think then, that I am like to see tomorrow's dawn, I, who for his sake have earned the hate of every goatherd and charcoal-burner in these woods? Heaven's curse on him—he has left me, well knowing what this night will bring, nay, hoping that it may rid him of a servant who has served him but too well."

Hate battled with fear in his deep blue eyes, nor in face of his despair could I find a word to say—servants such as he, I knew, have oft but short time wherein to inveigh against treachery and ingratitude.

And as I did my best to calm his terrors, in comes his daughter, a bowl of broth in her hand, and at her heels one of my troopers with a tale that caused me no little misgivings in the light of the sick man's fears.

It seemed that when my man had gone to lead our horses into shelter, much to his amazement the beasts were nowhere to be seen. Supposing that they had strayed away from the house, he had gone into the shadow of the trees and had called to them, but in vain. He had then endeavored to track them by their hoof-marks, but had failed owing to the darkness; and in despair had returned to me.

This was a pretty strait indeed; the horses lost, we six leagues from Rohn, and a band of cut-throat villains abroad, if old Schalk were to be believed. To me it appeared more than probable that it was into the hands of these ruffians that our steeds had fallen. If the sick man's fears were warranted they had doubtless been watching the house, had seen our arrival and had seized the opportunity for capturing our horses when we had first entered the building. The fact that three others were in the place besides their foe might deter them from making any attack, yet was small consolation to me in face of the loss of the animals.

Here was I in a lonely house that was liable to be assaulted at any moment, cut off from Rohn, drenched to the skin, without provision of any kind, with the knowledge that my corporal must be momentarily expecting my return, and that as soon as my absence was known, the inmates of the castle would be quick to take advantage of my mishap. I gnawed my lip in annoyance and realizing the impossibility of attempting to find our way back to Rohn in the darkness, ordered the troops to see that the doors and windows upon the lower floor were securely barred, and made up my mind to face a night of discomfort if not of danger.

Meanwhile the sick man, stayed up in the child's arms, was sipping the steaming broth. He had caught some words of my trooper's speech and his eyes met mine inquiringly.

"Our horses have strayed into the forest," said I bluntly, "and we must needs pass the night here."

"So the horses have strayed, think you?" he rejoined hoarsely. "But ye are welcome guests, none the less, and mayhap the girl can find thee supper."

And a supper we had that night, such as I could scarce have looked for in that house in the absence of its owner—ham, cheese, white bread and wine that it was sin should wash the gullets of my thirsty troopers.

A truss of straw opon the boards in the room wherein the girl had heated the broth, was to make my bed while I bade the men sleep at the head of the stairs that led up from the floor beneath.

It must have been nearly ten and the rain was still falling when I returned to the sick man's chamber. He was wide awake propped upon his pillows as if listening intently. He started at my entrance nor was I sure that he recognized me in the gloom. The girl was beside him and her clasp upon his hand tightened.

"Is it thou?" murmured the wounded man. "Thou wilt not leave me to wait the coming of those others?"

And I, making of necessity a virtue, set him at ease on that point:—to me it seemed that the man could not last the night. He was growing weaker, his voice came feebler and for minutes together he would be racked with a fit of coughing, to sink back white and fainting upon his daughter's arms. Tenderly she nursed him—tenderly, bravely—with all a woman's devotion, with all a child's hope. She appeared unconscious of the end that must be near at hand, confident of a happy issue, well pleased that the opportunity should be hers of lavishing care upon her father. Of his injuries I believe she knew less than I—the cut, a hand's breadth long above his temple, was nought beside the injury to his chest. Bones must have been splintered, his lungs pierced, for after each fit of coughing, blood rose to his lips.

As for old Schalk, he, too, scarce realized the nature of his hurts, pain and all else seemed swallowed in overwhelming fear, and I, pitying the girl, bade her lie down and rest, saying that I would watch beside her father.

It was no easy matter to persuade her to do my bidding, nor was it till I had seated myself upon a rush-bottomed chair beside the sick man's couch, that she lay down upon a heap of straw at the further end of the room.

All was silent in the house—my men were already asleep at the head of the stairs, and the only sounds to be heard was the even patter of the rain without, or at times the hoot of an owl in the depths of the forest. But he at whose side I kept this lonely vigil, could neither sleep nor rest—perhaps old memories were quickening in his brain, memories long forgotten, memories that he fain would have let slumber.

At length he turned to me and as he did so, I noticed that his cheeks were whiter, his eyes deeper sunk.

"I have wronged thee," he murmured, rising upon his elbow, "though it was at another's bidding. As thou knowest, evil has been my share of the spoil I gained; but I have been true to the hand that fed me, sir, true as ever was wicked old servant whose conscience is heavy with his master's crimes. But the end is near, very near—God send I cheat them yet—and I crave thy pardon, begging also a favour."

I glanced at the child asleep for sheer weariness, fancying that he would crave something on her behalf, while old Schalk leant back upon his pillows.

"I have thy forgiveness?" he gasped after a moment's silence.

"Aye, freely," said I, "for all the wrong thou didst me."

"And of the favor?"

"I will grant it," I replied—Heaven knows I realized the trouble it was like to put on my hands.

The sick man smiled, and for a moment a flush mantled the wan features.

"May Heaven set one at thy side to do thee a like service in thy need," said he by way of thanks, once more supporting himself upon his arm. "Now hearken, comrade, should I be still alive when my enemies come—swift may be their coming and sudden—do thou drag me from this bed, and prop me in yonder corner over against the light, give me my blade, then wait the end, and hereafter should any chance to ask thee how it fared with old Johann Schalk, tell them that the wall was at his back, his point to the foe, that no word for quarter passed his lips."

Verily a tough spirit was this, whose one thought was for a fighter's death; for nought else he cared, no, not for the daughter of his old age.

"See, here's the blade," panted he, laying his hand upon the hilt of the sword that lay beside him, "and when all is over let it rest in thy keeping, for it is a true blade and I set a value upon it."

He sank back coughing, still with his his hand upon the weapon, which, though hacked and dented here and there, was bright-polished and free from rust.

"I am an old soldier," he continued as his breath came in labored gasps, "a very old soldier, close on seventy, but in my youth I had this blade from the hand of one older than I, from one who had fought in those old campaigns of Wallenstein when heretics and we of the true faith warred through the breadth of the Empire. Beneath a score leaders, now on one side, now on another he served, for the sake of scant pay and much fighting."

(To be Continued).

Heart Strength

Heart Strength, or Heart Weakness, means Nerve Strength, or Nerve Weakness—nothing more. Positively, not one weak heart in a hundred is, in itself, actually diseased. It is almost always a hidden tiny little nerve that really is all at fault. This obscure nerve—the Cardiac, or Heart Nerve—simply needs, and must have, more power, more stability, more controlling, more governing strength. Without that the Heart must continue to fail, and the stomach and kidneys also have these same controlling nerves.

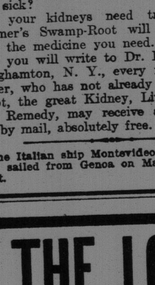
This clearly explains why, as a medicine, Dr. Shoop's Restorative has in the past done so much for weak and ailing Hearts. Dr. Shoop first sought the cause of all this painful, palpitating, suffocating heart distress. Dr. Shoop's Restorative—this popular prescription—is alone directed to these weak and wasting nerve centers. It builds, strengthens; it offers real, genuine heart help.

If you would have strong Hearts, strong digestion, strengthen these nerves — re-establish them as needed, with

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Sold by "ALL DRUGGISTS"

A. Gobeil, who for years was deputy minister of public works, at Ottawa, but was lately superannuated, arrived in the city Thursday accompanied by his wife and daughter, and his son-in-law, A. S. Laurent. Mr. Gobeil's superannuation will take effect on July 1, but he has received leave of absence since January 1. Mr. Gobeil said he was still personally interested in the work of his department, but being out of harness did not care to talk on any projects under way.



This is the trade-mark which is on every genuine bottle of

Scott's Emulsion

sold in nearly all the countries of the world. Nothing equals it to build up the weak and wasted bodies of young and old.

All Druggists; 50c. and $1.00.

It Stretches

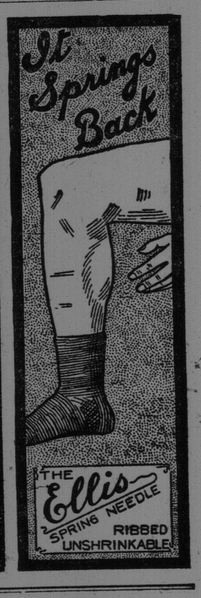
Ellis SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR

Don't Listen

to the dealer who tells you there's any other brand of Underwear "just as good" as this. No other Underwear can be as good—because no other Underwear is made with the Spring Needle stitch—which we control for Canada. It gives the garments great elasticity—makes them fit the form.

THE ELLIS MFG. CO. LIMITED HAMILTON, ONT.

It Springs Back



THE Ellis SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNSHRINKABLE

CAPITALS WIN FROM ISLANDERS

Down Charlottetown Victorias 8 to 5 in Fast Game.

Fredericton, March 19—Although weakened by the absence of Goal Keeper Morrison, the Capitals this evening defeated the Victorias, of Charlottetown, in a hockey match for the Starr trophy by a score of 8 to 5. The Capitals appeared to be off-color all the way through and their combination work was very ineffective. About 400 spectators saw the game and there was no very marked enthusiasm shown. Dunphy was easily the star for the Capitals and put in seven of the eight goals made for his team.

Splendid stops made by Goal Keeper Campbell, of the Victorias, was the feature of the game. Reddin, of Charlottetown, also played the game well, repeatedly carrying the puck the full length of the rink.

At the end of the first half the score stood 4 to 3 in favor of Fredericton. Maher scored twice for the Victorias in the second half and Dunphy three times and Stuart once for the Capitals. The final goal was shot by Dunphy from the centre of the ice and was undoubtedly one of the best plays of the evening.

The game was an exceptionally clean one and good feeling prevailed among the players. Stuart and Music, of the Capitals, were penalized for tripping Reddin, of the Victorias, and put off for falling on the puck. "Shorty" Trites, of the Moncton Victorias, refereed in a satisfactory manner. The line-up:

Victorias.		Capitals.
	Goal.	
Campbell		Titus
	Point.	
Prouse		Musick
	Cover Point.	
Cornfoot		McDonald
	Rover.	
Reddin		Dunphy
	Centre.	
Ramsey		Stuart
	Left Wing.	
Maher		Murphy
	Right Wing.	
Burns		Hughes

Summary—First half—Capitals: Dunphy, 20 seconds; Victorias Reddin, 5 minutes; Capitals, Dunphy, 8 1-2 minutes; Victorias, Reddin, 15 minutes; Capitals, Dunphy, 15 1-4 minutes; Victorias, Maher, 16 1-2 minutes; Capitals, Dunphy, 22 minutes.

Second half—Victorjas, Maher, 6 1-2 minutes; Victorias, Maher, 15 minutes; Capitals, Dunphy, 17 minutes; Capitals, Dunphy, 23 minutes; Capitals, Stuart, 27 minutes; Capitals, Dunphy, 27 1-4 minutes.

Penalties—Musick, 5 minutes, tripping; Stuart, 3 minutes, tripping; Musick, 2 minutes, tripping; Reddin, 3 minutes, for picking up puck.

Referee—"Shorty" Trites.

Goal judges—Fred Baird, R. B. McFarlane.

Penalty timers—Robert Lowe.

Timers—W. E. Jardine, Harry Crotty.

The Victorias are champions of the P. E. Island League and winners of trophy, also winners from the Sydney hockey team, champions of the Cape Breton League.

DROWNED IN THE WEST

Fairville Man the Victim of a Western Accident

The following despatch appeared in the Montreal Witness of March 17: "Victoria, B. C., March 17—J. E. Annette, manager of the Malahat Lime Company, was drowned yesterday while attempting to cross Saanich Arm in a sail boat during a gale."

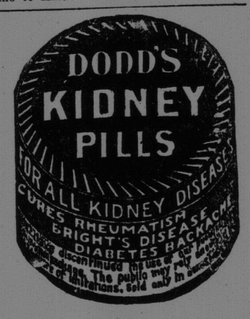
Mr. Annette was the only surviving son of Mrs. Elizabeth and the late Wm. Annette, of Fairville. He left St. John fifteen years ago to locate in Victoria (B. C.) About two years ago he was one of a number who purchased a large tract of land near Victoria, and formed the Malahat Lime Company, and he was elected manager of the company. He always took a very active part in politics in the west, and was considered an excellent speaker, and when occasion demanded stumped the province in favor of the Liberal government. He was also a contributor occasionally to the Victoria Daily Colonist, and his articles were always read with a great deal of interest.

He was thirty-six years of age and unmarried. He was a member of the Foresters. His aged mother has the sincere sympathy of the community in her bereavement, having only two daughters left out of a large family. Her eldest son died less than two years ago. No further particulars of Mr. Annette's death have reached her as yet.

OPERA HOUSE PICTURES

The Pastime Moving Picture Company made a big hit in the Opera House with their new motion pictures last evening. The subjects to be shown today will include A New Mode of Travel, which is one of the best transformation pictures ever shown here. The Purchase of a Mattress is a most laughable picture, full of comedy and laughter. Jack the Kisser, is another comedy film, and The Story of Nathan Hale is a good film. Saturday afternoon and evening Cinderella and The Teddy Bears and other comic subjects especially selected for the children will be shown.

Halifax, March 19—(Special)—George Thomson, of Wolfville, formerly a member of the law firm of Thomson & Bullock, Halifax, died today aged eighty-two years. He was a native of Jamaica and came to Halifax when a boy.



CLOSING SESSION OF GRAND LODGE

At the Grand Orange Lodge session Wednesday evening, reports were received from Kings (east), Kings (west), Carleton (north), York (west), Sunbury, Queens (west), York, Westmorland and St. John.

The sum of $50 was voted towards the expenses of the grand master in attending the sessions of the Grand Lodge of British America this year.

Instructions were ordered to be officially given that the primary lodges no longer work the two intermediate degrees.

The finance committee recommended the following appropriations, which were carried:

Grand Lodge of B. A.	$135.00
Grand treasurer	50.00
Grand secretary	200.00
Deputy grand secretary	15.00
Grand tylers	12.00
Imperial council	6.75
Orange Sentinel	10.00
Propagation work	300.00
Printing reports	100.00
True Blue Orphanage	75.00
St. John Protestant Orphan Asylum	50.00

The sum of $1,000, now in the hands of the committee for a maritime orphanage, was ordered returned to the general fund.

The following resolution was adopted: "That this provincial grand lodge place on record its disapproval of the growing practice of politicians and others in recognizing the alleged principal that because a member of a certain faith once holds a public position in the gift of the Canadian people, such position on his retirement becomes the sole right of another of the same religious persuasion and that we believe the public positions of this country should be filled only by citizens of good repute, absolutely irrespective of their class or creed, and as all men are equal under the law, so should they be in custom and practice. Thus equal rights for all and special privileges for none would cease to be an empty precept in Canadian citizenship."

The grand secretary was instructed to notify primary lodges that they must celebrate July 12 with their respective court, lodges when the latter determine on having a county celebration.

The Grand Lodge of British America was requested to change the constitution so as to require primary lodges to transact all its business in the royal arch degree and that body was also asked to hold its 1909 meeting in this province.

It was ruled that all proclamations in the Orange Sentinel, properly certified to, are official documents.

At 5 o'clock Thursday morning grand lodge closed.

At a meeting in the school room of the Carleton Methodist church last evening the laymen's missionary movement was endorsed and a committee consisting of the pastors of the Carleton churches was appointed to arrange a joint meeting at which all the Carleton congregations would be represented for the purpose of taking action. It was at first intended that last night's meeting would be open only to the Methodist church, but on invitation of the pastor, Rev. J. Heaney, representatives of other denominations were present and joined in the meeting. T. S. Simms and Percy J. Steele, president and secretary respectively of the city association, spoke outlining the work of the movement.

Capt. W. W. Graham, of Parrsboro, the new commander of the schooner M. D. S., now at Dorchester Island, has arrived in Dorchester with a full crew. He will sail as soon as the vessel floats.