

RED ROSE TEA

"IS GOOD TEA"

Just notice the color—a rich amber, which is always a token of quality.

Sold by the best grocers in Canada

The Blue Label is especially recommended.

Prices, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., and 60c., in lead packets.

Black, Green and Mixed.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N.B.
WINNIPEG. TORONTO, 3 Wellington St. E.



OLD ENGLISH INNS.

Famous in Literature—One Has Been Licensed For 560 Years—The Taverns of Dickens.

"There is nothing which has been contrived by man," said Dr. Johnson, "by which so much happiness is provided as by a good tavern or inn."

Pencil and notebook in hand Charles G. Harper has rambled for years among the inns of Old England, seeking justification for the Johnsonian dictum, and, like Capt. Cuttle, making a note (or a sketch) of it when found.

Oldest of Inns.

The oldest English Inn is said to be the Fighting Cocks, St. Albans, but the honor more probably rests with the Seven Stars, Withy Grove, Manchester, which was built some where about 1500. There was a Seven Stars on the site even prior to that day, so the landlord is privileged to claim that the premises have been licensed for over 560 years.

The Dick Whittington, in Cloth Fair, St. Bartholomew's, also goes back to the fifteenth century. At Battle and Compton there are original pilgrims' inns hundreds of years old—houses for the lodging of travelers bent on pilgrimages to famous shrines. The Georgian Bull at Dartford, with its red brick front, its nine windows in a row, its galleried courtyard, and its monumental bull in effigy among the chimney pots, stands on the site of a pilgrims' hostelry. A magnificent mediaeval house, with a courtyard eloquent of coaching days and a rare show of Jacobean carved oak, is the New Inn at Gloucester. In London, the only remaining galleried inn is the George, in the Borough. High street, a still thriving house, rich in old-time flavor.

On a desolate hilltop in Yorkshire, near Brough, is the Tan Hill Inn, the highest in England. This house is 1,777 feet above sea level.

Dick Turpin was the son of the landlord of the Crown at Hampstead, Essex, a still existing hostelry. Mr. Harper gives his real history, and confounds Harrison Ainsworth with this disconcerting epitaph: "The sorriest, the most sordid and absolutely commonplace scoundrel that was ever raised to so undeserved a pedestal."

The Green Man, which stands on the crest of Putney Hill, sheltered many desperate and despicable characters, and the house still keeps a stout, bolt-studded door as a relic of its "good old times."

Historic Hostelry.

Among the houses with historic associations are the Crown and Treaty at Uxbridge, where the Commissioners of King and Parliament vainly sought for peace in 1645; the Saracen's Head Southwell, where Byron hobbled at the bar, and where Charles I. dined with the Scotch Commissioners and gave himself into their hands; the Red Lion at High Wycombe, where Disraeli made his first political speech; the Greyhound, at Thame, where John Hampden came mortally wounded, prone upon his horse's neck; the Red Lion, Hillingdon; where the Merry Monarch lay the first night of his distracted wanderings through England—and many more which Mr. Harper specifies.

Dickens' Inns.

The very Odyssey of inns, says Mr. Harper, is "Pickwick." In that work alone Dickens mentions fifty-five houses of refreshment. All Dickens lovers know the Pickwickian shrine at Cobham, where Mr. Pickwick discovered his disconsolate friend.

London's Pickwick hosteleries have been remodelled out of all knowledge, the Golden Cross at Charing Cross, for example, where the genial old boy began his travels, and the Bell Savage on Ludgate Hill, whence the eastern counties coaches set forth, of the Bull at Rochester this delicious story is told:

"So this is where Mr. Pickwick is supposed to have slept?" remarked a visitor, when viewing bedroom No. 17 by favor of a former landlord. That stranger meant no offense, but the landlord was greatly ruffled. Supposed to have slept? He did sleep here, sir."

An engrossing chapter deals with Dickensian inns: Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead Heath, where the novelist invited his friends to a red-hot chop for dinner and a glass of good wine; the King's Head, Chigwell, the Maypole of "Barnaby Rudge"; the Coach and Horses, Isleworth, associated with Bill Sykes and Oliver Twist; the George at Amesbury, where the landlord showed you old Martin Chuzzlewit's bedroom; and dozens of others.

The Visits of Mr. Pickwick.

Very terrible are the memories that linger about the "Ostrich" at Colnbrook—the village which was once a coaching town full of inns, and marked the end of the first stage between London and Bath. Colnbrook was ruined by the railways. But the "Ostrich" remains to claim the reputation of the horrible story attaching to a predecessor—the story of Jarman, the innkeeper, and his wife, who contrived an ingenious murder-trap in the principal bedroom. And the "Ostrich" delights in the old tale—which has done such good service in fiction—of the wicked innkeeper, and shows visitors the Blue Room as the scene of the awful crimes.

Every innkeeper knows the value of "associations," and such is the nature of the inn that none of mature years can be without some fragment memory or some horrible suggestion. Think of the inns that Dickens has made famous. "Pickwick is the very Odyssey of inns."

Loyal Immigrants.

When we think of immigrants we usually think of their effect upon this country, not so often of the effect of the transplanting upon them. The special correspondent of The New York Post, writing from Rochester, touches on this subject as follows: "I drove for an hour or two with one of these old Mennonites, a Russian from near Odessa, or the Black Sea. He was glad to hear that the autocracy in Russia was losing in the present conflict with the revolutionists. King Edward of England has not a more loyal adherent in all of his realm than this old Russian. He said that all of his friends from the Old Country who had come out here felt as he did. 'This Government cannot be beat,' was his vehement assertion made eagerly and with shining eyes."

A BOXING KITTEN.

Its Funny "Fistic" Antics Made a Big Dog "Laugh."

The proprietor of a small store in New York owns a black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. The Telegram tells how the kitten conquered a big dog.

A gentleman took into the store an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good natured and intelligent. The tiny kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs and put its "fists" in an attitude of defiance.

The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish the giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and it almost ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while mouth and eyes beamed with merriment.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet, the tablet called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, which coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effects are charming, pleasantly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure. "Brace your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you?" Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

The Pathetic Centipede.

There once was a poor old centipede. Who found himself in the direst need. He had a thousand legs, you know, And that is just what caused his woe. A wife and family beside, With good stout shoes he must provide. So he bought a shoe store out complete. For his babies had ten thousand feet. And he had no money left at all. For his heart was big, but his purse was small.

SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL

OLDEST WAR CORRESPONDENT
DIES—ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER.

First to Gain International Fame In This Special Line of Newspaper Work—His Account of the Battle of Bull Run Sent the People of the Northern States into a Spasm—Saw Balaklava.

Sir William Howard Russell, who has recently passed away, was one of the world's greatest war correspondents. He was, perhaps, the first to gain international fame in this special line of newspaper work, and he lived to see most of his contemporaries vanish from the stage, and to contemplate the beginning and the ending of such a brilliant career as that of G. W. Stevens, a man young enough to be his grandson. With the prestige of newspaper work Sir William was well acquainted. He had the honor of overthrowing a Government, and the further distinction of arousing the wrath of a nation in the making, which was poured on his head when the people of the Northern States read his account of the Battle of Bull Run. Forty years ago he visited Canada, and wrote a book about us, from a military point of view. That work is interesting and instructive to-day, even if some of his predictions have not come to pass. Russell felt that Canada's destiny was a great one, and hesitated not to say so at a time when ignorance concerning this country was universal.

Like many another distinguished Russell, William Howard was an Irishman, and was born in 1831. He graduated from Trinity College, with the intention of entering law, but at this time the country was rent by the great Repeal agitation. He sought and obtained from The London Times an appointment to describe some of the monster meetings, and so well did he



LATE SIR WILLIAM RUSSELL.

do the work that he was offered a permanent position. He was sent to Denmark to report the war of 1849-50, and there won his first laurels as a war correspondent. Returning home, he was followed by the war, and was called to the Bar. In 1854, he was again on the war path, at Malta, Gallipoli, Scutari and Varna. He went to the Crimea with the Second Division, and was present at the Battles of Alma and Inkermann. He was an eyewitness of the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, and had the immortal distinction of sending to the British public the first descriptive account of that great deed. He also saw the siege of Sebastopol. In Russell's time the war correspondent was about on the same footing as a soldier, and certainly in a campaign like the Crimea there was no possibility of a supernumerary living in much luxury, even had the authorities desired to do so. Things were not so for him. Russell fared like a soldier through the terrible hardships of that campaign. Unlike a soldier, he did not have to suffer in silence. To The Times he sent letter after letter describing the sufferings of the troops, and exposing the mismanagement of the supplies. Blundering was then rampant to a degree never since equalled, and it was assisted by rascally grafting on the part of contractors at home. Bad food, shoddy clothing, and poor ammunition were the commonplaces of the day. On one occasion a shipload of boots was sent out, every boot being for the same foot, and not a pair among them.

Upon this situation Russell turned loose an able pen, and when he returned to England he found the country in a ferment of indignation. At the first election the Government was beaten, and a Government elected pledged to army reform. To Russell more than any other person was due this overthrow, and naturally he became famous. From that time till the day of his death Russell was one of the most celebrated men in a profession that has never lacked great men. His next assignment was the occupation of the Czar, and on that occasion it is said that he was received in St. Petersburg with greater consideration than had ever been shown a correspondent before. In 1858 the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny called Mr. Russell to Lucknow, whose siege and capture he reported for The Thunderer. Next year he saw the tail-end of a war in Italy, and in 1861 he was sent to report the Civil War in the United States.

His account of the retreat of the Federal forces from the Battle of Bull Run created a fiercer controversy than any war correspondent, in similar circumstances, had aroused. It brought upon him bitter denunciations from the North, and was supposed to have a remarkable effect upon British public sympathy. Some parts of the story are worth republishing. He says: "I perceived several wagons coming from the direction of the battlefield. My first impression was that the wagons were returning for fresh supplies of ammunition. But every moment the crowd increased; drivers and men cried out with the most vehement gestures: 'Turn back! Turn back! We are whipped!' They seized the heads of the horses, and swore at the opposing drivers. A breathless man in the uniform of an officer was cut off by getting between my horse and a cart for a mo-

ment. 'What is the matter, sir? What is all this about?' 'Why it means we are pretty badly whipped, that's the truth,' he gasped." And continued, "Again I asked an officer: 'What's all this for?' 'We are whipped, sir. We are in full retreat. You are all to go back.' 'Can you tell me where I can find Gen. McDowell?' 'No! nor can anyone else.'"

Panic seemed to have seized on the army lest the terrible Southern cavalry should appear, and when one among the fugitives would raise this cry, the result would be a worse stampede. He continues, "The scene on the road had now assumed an aspect which has not a parallel in any description I have ever read. Infantry soldiers on mules and draught horses, with the harness clinging to their heels, as much frightened as their riders; negro servants on their masters' chargers; ambulances crowded with unwounded soldiers; wagons swarming with men who threw out the contents to make room, grinding through a shouting, screaming mass of men on foot, who were literally yelling with rage at every halt, and shrieking out: 'Here are the cavalry! Will you get on?' Russell says that he was overcome by disgust, and vainly tried to get some of the men to halt and regain their nerve. "But I might as well have talked to the stones," he says.

The discussion aroused by this report added to Russell's fame, and from that day onward his nickname was "Bull Run Russell." He reported the Austro-Prussian war, the Franco-Prussian war, the Zulu war, and the Egyptian war, and, when no fighting was on his deep knowledge of military affairs found scope in editing the Army and Navy Gazette, which he founded, and opened at the time of his death. He had the honor of accompanying King Edward when as Prince of Wales he visited the Crimea and India, and from foreign sovereigns he received many marks of esteem. In 1896 he was knighted.

SENATOR KIRCHOFFER.

Something About the Hero of 10,000 Acres of Game Preserves.

Senator John N. Kirchoffer, of Brandon, whose recent wholesale lease of 10,000 acres of game preserves on the shore of Lake Manitoba was so strongly opposed that it had to be cancelled, was one of the early builders in the Canadian west. He was born in Ireland on May 5, 1848, and spent his years of legal study in Port Hope and Toronto, being called to the Bar in 1871. He practiced law at Port Hope until 1883, when he joined the west. Mr. Kirchoffer led in the location of the Plum Creek settlement and lived with the settlers for three years. In 1884 he was called to the Bar of Manitoba and in 1888-89 he was a member of the Manitoba legislature. His appointment to the Senate followed in 1892. His other employments have included that of Manitoba manager of the Imperial Loan and Investment Co. since 1886, and district manager of the Lands Department of the Hudson Bay Co. since the C. P. R. The activities which these positions have provided have all been varied by a keen love of sport and athletics. Senator Kirchoffer has for years been identified with cricket and football, but his



SENATOR KIRCHOFFER.

hunting lodge on Lake Manitoba is his first love and is said to be in the midst of the finest hunting grounds for ducks, geese and waterfowl in the world. It was this inviting field that the Prince of Wales and his distinguished entourage visited in 1901, where they bagged 603 ducks in two days' shooting. Senator Kirchoffer is a keen sportsman and a most amiable gentleman and host, but when he sought a monopoly of such an area of hunting grounds his old country bringing to him a misunderstanding of the western temper, hence the protests and the cancellations.

The feeling of the west was probably correctly reflected by The Regina Leader, when it said recently: "If Senator Kirchoffer and his friends must shoot ducks within an area sacred to themselves, then let them purchase the shooting rights of some English sporting estate such as is put on the market from time to time. We want no sporting aristocracy in this country maintained at the public expense, and so long as there are ducks to shoot on the Manitoba marshes they should be as accessible to the guns of the humblest sportsman in the country as to those of Senator Kirchoffer and his aristocratic friends. The ducks, it is safe to say, would as soon be shot by a mere plebeian sportsman as by a man of Senatorial rank."

The Reward of Industry.

Sir William White, who till recently was director of naval construction of Great Britain began life as a shipwright's apprentice, but his genius carried him up the ladder with a rapidity which startled his fellow-workers. He nearly lost his life once through taking an experimental trip with a submarine boat which was being submerged stuck in the mud. It was only after furious work with the pumps that he was rescued.

She Knew Him.

Benham—A fellow called me a liar to-day.
Mrs. Benham—Well, you can make good, all right.

ECONOMY.

Of course there are other good points about "SURPRISE" Soap besides the way it makes work easy, and one of the best is the economy of it.

"SURPRISE" is a pure, hard soap, and it takes only a little to do a big lot of work. Some people who use it say they don't know which wears the best, the soap or the clothes they wash with it.

And it's just as good for general housework as it is for the laundry; in fact, there isn't a thing washable that can't be cleaned with "SURPRISE" Soap, better, easier, and cheaper than it could be done in any other way.

When this is understood most everybody is surprised that "SURPRISE" costs no more than common soaps.



SURPRISE
A PURE SOAP
HARD SOAP

DISTRICT

VINEGAR HILL.

There is good skating on the lake. Wedding bells will soon be ringing.

Miss Mary Russell is on the sick list.

Fred, Langaster is going to the west.

Miss Gertrude Hamlett is visiting in Chatham.

Geo. Ronson has purchased a fine new team.

Mr. Blake spent Monday in Dover with his brothers.

Mr. Merritt and sister, who have

been visiting Mr. Johnson, have returned home.

Bruce Pardo spent Sunday with Mr. Millar and family.

The Cedar Springs branch of the West Kent Women's Institute held a very successful social at the home of the Secretary, Mrs. Jos. Lancaster, on Feb. 22nd. The forepart of the evening was spent in games, after which a delicious supper was served by the ladies. In the absence of Dr. McCully, who was to have been chairman, Mr. John Russell was voted to the chair and presided over a well filled program of vocal and instrumental music, readings, recitations and photograph selections.

A man seldom makes his mark until he has learned to tie it.

Keep It In The House

Coughs and colds develop like wild-fire. At night there may be a sneeze—a slight tickling in the throat. Next morning—a bad cold. At the first signs, take

Bole's Preparation of

Friar's Cough Balsam



It breaks up colds—stops the cough—heals the throat and lungs, never fails to cure chronic bronchitis. Largest and best 25 cent cough remedy in the world. Used in Canada for over 25 years. Prepared, recommended and guaranteed by

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED LONDON, ONT.

DAWN VALLEY.

Miss Janie Travis, concession 2, is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Johnston have returned home to Port Credit. Their son remained to visit his cousin, Dean Stevens, for a time.

W. T. Robbins, who sold his farm here to Andrew Law, and bought one in Camden Township, moved the last of his goods away last week. Mr. Law does not take possession here till spring.

Mr. James Karr, concession 1, lost a valuable mare on Friday last with inflammation of the bowels. Dr. Mich, when summoned, found her case hopeless. Huntley Oliphant's sick horse recovered.

Mrs. Sanford, of Kingsville, who was here attending the funeral of

her mother, the late Mrs. James Stevens, remained for a week visiting her brothers and sister. She returned to Kingsville Saturday accompanied by her brother, C. H. Stevens, who will visit there a few days.

Mrs. Millard, aged 72 years and seven months, who has been ill of dropsy for some time, passed away on Thursday afternoon at the home of her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Oliphant. Mrs. Millard's husband predeceased her some years ago, but she is survived by two children, one daughter, Mrs. Bruce, near Calumet, Mich., and one son, John Millard, Clapp, when summoned, found her case hopeless. Huntley Oliphant's sick horse recovered.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum For Coughs and Colds.

DAWN VALLEY.

Cottage prayer meetings are held in the neighborhood.

Mr. Willett Ellis, of Thorncliffe, brother of James Ellis, concession 1, was buried last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davis, of Benpath, were visitors at Dawn Valley on Sunday, 17th.

Mr. and Miss Bell and Miss Stephens, of Florence, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Childs on Sunday last.

Messrs. J. and E. Fleming, and Jas. Ellis, town line, were at Mitchell's Bay on a fishing trip two days last week.

Mrs. Bruce, near Calumet, Mich., arrived on Monday, but owing to delay in trains was unfortunately too

late to see her mother, the late Mrs. Millard, who was buried on Sunday.

Mrs. Benjamin Moulton is ill with inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Wiley, of Dresden, has been called in attendance.

Mrs. Ed. Unsworth and children are spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ellis, concession 1.

Charles H. Stevens returned on Thursday from a visit with his sister, Mrs. Sanford, of Kingsville, relatives in Leamington, and an uncle at Staples.

Mrs. Aaron Oliphant, concession 2, has gone on a visit to her brothers, Mr. John McKay, of Dresden, and Huntley and Thomas McKay, of Tupperville.

A man is known by the clothes he wears, just as much as by the company he keeps.

You are well dressed—YOU KNOW it—and everybody else KNOWS it—when you wear

"Progress Brand"

Suits and Overcoats

C. AUSTIN & CO.



PROGRESS BRAND CLOTHING

WE SELL THE "MENZIE LINE" WALL PAPERS ASK TO SEE THEM

IF YOU WOULD HAVE THE CHOICEST PATTERNS AND LATEST EFFECTS

LOOK FOR OUR SIGNS IN BLUE AND GOLD.

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