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Quick relief for hurts, aches and pains. Every household should keep on hand the old, reliable

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

For over 100 years it has had no equal. Use inwardly for Colds, Bowel Disorders, Cholera Morbus, etc.

25c and 50c Bottles
L. S. JOHNSON & CO.
Boston, Mass.

Parsons Pills
Tone the System and Regulate the Bowels

WHO'S WHO IN CANADA

SIR EDMUND B. WALKER

When at a somewhat tender age, Edmund Byron Walker set his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder, by engaging as general utility boy in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Hamilton, not even the most sanguine of admiring relations were likely to have dreamt of the heaps of valuable work that he was destined to handle. For that small boy, who doubtless, after the manner of the good old fashioned days "polished the handle of the big front door", is today Sir Byron Edmund Walker, D.C.L., L.L.D., C.V.O., and other things too numerous to set out in detail, so numerous that one is inclined to wonder just how he has contrived to handle all the honors and the accompanying multifarious duties and at the same time find a few hours to devote to his own personal affairs.

NO MATTER WHAT COFFEE YOU

now drink, it can't cost over a cent a day extra to drink the finest coffee in the land. This is

Seal Brand

grown from selected seed under the best agricultural conditions.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL

PACKED IN ONE AND TWO POUND CANS ONLY

The appointment as agent for the Bank of Commerce came in 1881, and following on this preference, honors showered fast and solidly, for, five years later, we find him occupying the General Manager's chair, a position held until 1906 when there came the further honor of a seat on the Board of Directors, of which body he became president in the following year. Sir Edmund was still in the prime of life. In his case it could not be said that honors had been deferred



SIR E. B. WALKER
Canada's Most Prominent Banker

to the serene and yellow, for the reins of the presidency were taken over while he was yet on the right side of the sixties.

In connection with his own particular life's business Sir E. B. Walker has occupied many positions of honor, including chairmanship of the Bankers' Section of the Toronto Board of Trade and Vice-President and President of the Canadian Bankers Association, holding the latter office for two terms. For the meeting in Toronto in 1897 of the British Association for the advancement of science, he was chosen secretary and when came the Universal Exposition at St. Louis in 1904, he was promptly recognized as the man who was pre-eminently fitted to act as chairman of the Section of Money and Credit in the Department of Economics of the International Congress of Arts and Science.

For a number of years he has been a trustee and senator of the Toronto University and when in 1905 the Ontario Government appointed a Royal Commission to report upon the administration of that Institution he was selected a member, and under the reorganization which resulted, was Government nominee to first Board of Governors, becoming chairman in 1910.

CONFESSIONS OF A HUSBAND

How a Man Who Married for Money Was for Years Kept in Pocket Money By His Wife — Who Held a Tight Hold on the Cash.

I married for money, and now I wish I hadn't. I was a bank-clerk, when a wealthy customer — a widow — took a fancy to me. She invited me to various social functions at her house, and before long I knew that I had only to propose to be accepted. I didn't hesitate. While I was not in the least bit in love with Mrs. — I liked her, and foresaw a pleasant existence as the master of some thousands a year, a cosy house in town, and a nice place in the country.

Naturally, I resigned from the bank — indeed, my fiancée insisted on my doing so — and this seemed a favourable opportunity for hinting that I should require some money for my own personal use. The answer was satisfactory in a way. Didn't I know that all she had was mine? That sounded all right; but, alas, her lawyers took precious good care that not a single penny of her money did really become mine!

There may be cases of rich women marrying poor men, and making them independent for life by handing them over a lump sum, but I can only say that I have yet to hear of an authentic instance. As it is, I receive an allowance of \$1500 a year, but it is absolutely at my wife's pleasure.

Well, you may say, \$1500 a year pocket-money, the "run of my teeth" in a comfortable, even a luxurious home, motor-cars, hunters, what have I to grumble at? But I am no longer a bank-clerk on \$650 a year. I have developed expensive tastes. I am thrown with men who spend \$1500 a year and more on their clothes.

True, my wife pays my tailors' and other bills and makes me handsome presents from time to time. Practically, however, I am harder up than ever I was as a bank-clerk.

We do not get on at all badly, my wife and I, but there are times when my position is almost intolerable, and I wish I were back at my desk, a free man, not ashamed to face other men.

If we hit it off pretty well together, occasional tiffs are inevitable, and it is then that my wife is apt to remind me that it is she who holds the purse-strings. And, one way or another, I am always being reminded of this disagreeable fact. If a man wants to sell me a horse, I cannot say "Yes" until I have asked my wife. If we subscribe to anything the subscription appears in her name or jointly with mine.

The servants treat me with veiled insolence, for they know my true position as well as I do.

A Wife Keeps the Keys

In a recent lawsuit between a rich wife and a poor husband it was shown that she kept the keys of the wine-cellar, and every time her "lord and master" wanted a bottle of wine, he had to ask his wife for the keys. My wife does not put such an indignity on me as that; but still we are not king and queen, but queen and prince-consort, and in the end, practically everything connected with the house has to be referred to her.

I have met a good many other rich women's husbands, and I don't know one who is really happy. Often they take to drink to drown their feelings of self-contempt. Sometimes, kept short of ready-money, they get it by forging their wives' names to bills and cheques.

I am talking, of course, of men who like myself, are absolutely dependent on their wives. I don't say that rich women should only marry rich men; but, unless a man can maintain himself independent of his wife, then his position is at best invidious, while it is often little short of intolerable.

REALISM IN THE CHURCH.

The cult of realism is spreading. Art, Literature, and the Stage have all been permeated by it, and now the Church seems to be following suit. The pioneer is the Rev. Charles Harrison, vicar of Selston, a colliery village in England. For the celebration of the harvest festival the vicar decided to use "God's own temple" —

a stackyard attached to the farm of one of his congregation. A farm waggon, with the horse in the shafts, was used as a pulpit, sheaves of corn being placed at each corner. On one side of the waggon was a large wheat stack, on the other side a stack of oats, and at the rear hay and straw ricks. The surplised choir and school children sang harvest hymns.

To Check Floating of Fake Companies.

Under a law passed by the Kansas Legislature at last session all companies offering stocks, bonds or other securities for sale in that State must first obtain formal permission from the State Banking department. This department investigates the financial standing of the company and directors who seek to float securities, their plans of operation, and if need be the physical value of their properties.

How effective this law is seems to be indicated by the fact that in seven months since it went into operation five hundred companies have asked permission to sell securities, and only forty-four have passed examination. It is said that before the law was passed Kansas investors were robbed of \$5,000,000 a year by the floating of securities by fake companies.

Tourist—"Why do you call that boy of yours flying machine?"

Farmer—"Because he's very interesting and promising but he won't work."

Strength of Human Bone.

Fortunately the human skull, although composed of bones is elastic — much more so than one would think. The average male adult skull, in fact, is so elastic that it may be compressed laterally in diameter by a blow or by pressure, applied at the center of area, at right angles to the surface at that point, by 1 1/2 centimeter or about six-tenths of an inch; recovering its original diameter and form, without breakage. The material of which our bones are made is so highly resistant that a cylindrical piece thereof only one square millimeter or 0.00155 square inch in area (i. e. only 1.128 millimeter or 0.044 inch in diameter) has a tensile strength of 15 kilograms or 33 pounds avoirdupois, figuring out at about 21,300 pounds per square inch. A similar sample of hard wood tested in the same manner held only 10 kilograms — that is, bone has 50 per cent more tensile strength than wood.

Electrified Pupils the Cutest

Electrified and ozonised houses are likely to be an improvement of the near future. On the recommendation of Prof. Svante Arrhenius, 25 children in a Stockholm school are placed in a class room that is kept charged with electricity, and 25 other children of the same health, height, weight, etc., are placed in another room of identical size and conditions. Although complete results have not yet been reached, it has been already affirmed that physical and mental development have been greater among the electrified pupils than among the others.

"NERVILINE" CURES RHEUMATISM

And Here Is the Proof—A Solemn Statement From a Four-Years' Cripple, Who Says "Nerviline" Did It.

"If I had lived through my sufferings another year it would have been a miracle." This is one opening sentence of the declaration made by Mr. J. Eccles Squires, member of one of the best-known families for twenty miles round Sydney. "My hands were drawn out of shape, even my fingers were gnarled and crooked—my lameness, stiffness, and inability to get about all showed the havoc Rheumatism made with my health. The blessing of it all is that I have heard of Nerviline, and now I am able to tell and advise others how they may get well, too. My system was so weakened that I had to build up with a good tonic, so I took Ferruzone at meals. But I never stopped rubbing on Nerviline—it had a magic influence on my stiff, painful joints, and bottle after bottle was rubbed on the painful parts. Nerviline cured me. I am well to-day—have been well for 4 1/2 years."

You also can cure rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, or any pain or stiffness in the muscles or joints—do so use Nerviline. Don't let your druggist substitute. Get Nerviline only; large bottles, 25c, or five for \$1; sold everywhere.

CURED 4-12 YEARS

DOCTOR GAVE HIM UP
A Terrible Experience with Kidney Disease and Dragging Backache.
Expected Death Any Day.

To get well and keep well after being pronounced incurable by his physician was the wonderful experience of Mr. A. P. Chapman, who was snatched from the very jaws of death by the timely use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"For two years I had suffered from advanced kidney disease, was stooped, back-weary, hollow-eyed, and completely played out. One Saturday night I was seized by an acute attack and became so sick I had to call in my physician. For a week he attended me constantly, but I grew weaker and sicker every day. The pains in my back, the blinding headaches, the awful weakness from which I suffered almost killed me—the doctor saw it was hopeless.

"As a last hope I was persuaded to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They brought back my strength, aided my stomach, created new appetite, cleansed my blood, and gave me relief from pain. After I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills for a month I was like a new man. I continued the treatment for three months and was cured."

Surely there is an obvious moral and lesson here for all men and women. If you are suffering from any derangement, give Dr. Hamilton's Pills an immediate and thorough trial, your faith in them will not be disappointed. 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Chinese Women Don Latest Paris Gowns

Paris, March 14—Four hundred Chinese from all parts of Europe assembled in Paris to-day at a banquet given by the Chinese Republican Committee of Europe to celebrate the change of government in China. Every Chinese legation in Europe was represented.

A striking feature was the presence of young Chinese women dressed in the latest Paris fashions. Many Chinese students also participated, most of them able to speak English, French, and German, and all preparing to return to China to engage in the practical building up of the new China.

Wu Chung-lin, the Chinese Minister at Rome, said in a speech:

"This banquet is the first world's ceremony in recognition of the new Republic of China. We are indebted to all nations for showing us the path to our destiny, but more especially to France and the United States, in which countries Chinese students have learned the best lessons, and which have taught us the real meaning of the words justice and liberty. Reborn China will strive for universal peace."

Six Months in Prison for a Suffragette

London, March 20.—Ellen Pitfield the suffragette who attempted to set fire to the general post office in London on the evening of March 3rd, by throwing a bundle of paper saturated with petroleum into the building, was sentenced to-day at the Old Bailey sessions to six months imprisonment, in the second division. This means that she will be accorded many privileges which are not allowed to ordinary prisoners. The judge explained that her sentence would have been more severe, except for the fact that she was in ill health.

May Blow up Turtle Mountains to Save Town

CALGARY, Alberta, March 23.—To consider the advisability of blowing up Turtle Mountain with dynamite in order to avert a second slide there, the Canadian Pacific Railroad will make arrangements with the federal government some time in the near future, and after the report of an expert is secured, some action will probably be taken to protect the town of Frank and its citizens from a second slide. In the meantime there is no immediate danger, and work in the mines and in the town is still going on as if there were no mountain there at all.

CURES CATARRH

Stomach dosing was found ineffective, and the principle of inhalation was finally perfected. Even the Romans and Ancient Greeks used it, but not in the scientific manner that the physician prescribes to-day. The most wonderful results have been secured with a new treatment known as "Catarrhozone," which sends germ-destroying vapors directly into the air passages of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes, and lungs.

Rich, Pure Essences are Breathed Right to the Spots that are Sick. Cure Follows.

Catarrh proves especially good in those chronic cases where mucus drops down the throat, sickens the stomach, and pollutes the breath. When the nostrils are stuffed, only a few breaths through the inhaler are needed to clear the passages, and where there is coughing and sore bronchial tubes, the soothing, healing properties of Catarrhozone act as magic.

Once you stop taking medicine into the stomach and get the healing oils and pure balsams of Catarrhozone at work, you can be sure of quick and lasting cure for nose colds, catarrh, weak lungs, bronchitis, and speaker's sore throat.

Two Men Killed In Spring-Hill Mine

Halifax, N. S., March 24—A fall of coal in the Springhill coal mines killed two men, Jabez Graham and Hector MacKenzie. The fall occurred on Friday but the fact that two men were under the coal was not known till yesterday when they were found after a search. One man who was working only twenty feet away did not know of the accident.

The coal was slack so that it fell with very little sound. Several hours after the men had come out of the mine the absence of Graham and MacKenzie was noticed. A search was made where the pile of fallen coal was discovered, and after twelve hours digging the bodies were discovered. An inquest is being held which today adjourned till Wednesday.

For Dr. Grenfell's Work

(Vancouver Sun, March 16.)

As a result of Dr. Grenfell's recent visit to Vancouver, the philanthropic work which he directs amongst the fisher folk of Labrador will benefit to the extent of over \$700. The statement presented at the monthly meeting of the board of directors last night under whose auspices Dr. Grenfell came to the city, showed that the total receipts had been \$789.20, made up of the collection taken at the mass meeting of men in St. Andrew's Church Sunday afternoon, 3rd, \$142.25, and the proceeds of the lecture in Wesley Church on Monday night, \$346.95. The local expenses for printing, advertising, postage, operator of lantern, etc., only amounted to \$49.20, leaving a net balance of \$740 for the Grenfell mission, which amount has been remitted. In addition to this amount a number of private subscriptions aggregating possibly \$150, were handed to Dr. Grenfell.

Too Much Publicity About Lodge Meeting

Kingston, Ont., Mar. 20—Claiming that the Orangemen gave too much publicity of the business of their grand sessions, the grand black chapter and grand lodge of Ontario East, in session here today, are maintaining strict secrecy as to the business they are transacting. It is understood, however, that strong resolutions on home rule, the marriage question, bi-lingual schools will be passed by the grand lodge.

Opportunity

(By Walter Malone.)

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
But never blind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, 'I can.'
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man!

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell!
Art thou a sinner?—Sins may be forgiven!
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from Hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven!