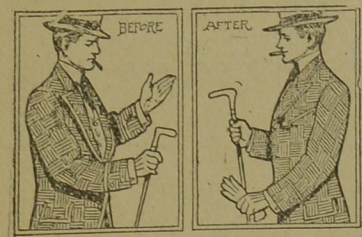


THE LATEST IN MILLINERY

MAY BE SEEN AT THE PARLORS OF
MISS S. C. KELLY
WE HAVE THE GOODS AND OUR PRICES ARE
BOUND TO SUIT
**WATCH FOR OUR EASTER
ANNOUNCEMENT**



**CLEANING
PRESSING.**

BACK INTO SHAPE
We press your Suit, Overcoat or
Gloves, and we clean them so as to
look like new before giving them the
final press. Cleaning and pressing
ladies' and gentlemen's wardrobes is
our particular business, and we
have made a reputation doing this
in first-class style, delivering the
goods promptly and making but a
reasonable charge for the service.

Buzzell's Dye Works

W. ALLAN STAPLES

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER AND CONTRACTOR
SCIENTIFIC LIGHTING AND WIRING
ESTIMATES GIVEN ON ALL BRANCHES OF ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION
AND SUPPLIES

QUEEN STREET TELEPHONE CONNECTION AT OFFICE
AND RESIDENCE

WATCH THIS SPACE

FOR
**MISS MORGAN'S SPRING MILLINERY
ANNOUNCEMENT**

ALL THE LATEST MODELS AS WORN IN LONDON, PARIS AND
NEW YORK

Edgecombe Block - - - York Street

SPRING **McKAY & CO.** SPRING
STYLES Up-to-Date Footwear
From your point of view we feel sure you cannot help but be pleased
with our showing of Spring Footwear

1910 THE ASSORTMENT IS LARGE
THE STYLES ARE VARIED
THE PRICES ARE LOW 1910

And time will tell you that our shoes will give you the best satisfaction.
It's about time to make Easter selections. We would be
pleased to show you our goods.

McKAY & CO.
306 QUEEN STREET

SPRING MILLINERY

Keep Watch on This Space For the An-
nouncement of

Miss M. E. Flanagan
Which Will Appear in a Few Days

SHE HAS JUST RETURNED FROM A VISIT TO
THE GREAT EMPORIUMS OF BOSTON AND
NEW YORK.

QUEBEC AND PUBLIC UTILITIES.

(Montreal Herald.)

The act of the legislature creating a Public Utilities Commission was brought into effect on March 1, and today the commissioners are named. Sir George Garneau, Colonel Hibbard and Mr. Leberge are to have the honorable distinction of giving to this new instrument of public service its initial application. Sir George Garneau has had a distinguished career as Mayor of Quebec, and has won in that sphere an excellent reputation as a man of public spirit with good administrative capacity. Mr. Hibbard, who is to be the lawyer on the commission, and therefore in all probability its chairman and spokesman, is well known in Montreal as having been for many years a working leader in all movements looking to the betterment of municipal conditions. Mr. Leberge has presumably been commended to the cabinet by those qualified to judge of his professional capabilities in matters of engineering. The task these gentlemen have before them is a formidable one, but they will doubtless be found equal to it, and they can at least enter upon their task with

the certainty that public opinion will be strongly behind them if they show determination to do justice as between the public service corporations and the public served by the corporations.

The first and most important work of the commission will be to fix the price of gas for Montreal. The decision as to what is the proper price has already been delayed ten years too long, and cannot be properly put off any longer. Once this question has been fought out in the day light and ended, it will be much easier to obtain a right adjustment of a number of other questions more or less intimately related to it.

Naturally, the city council and the board of control will be expected to move at once to bring the matter to an issue, but it will probably be as well for people outside the council to interest themselves too, and by concurrent organization, and perhaps by intervention in the proceedings before the commission, to assist in having the truth made known, and in getting a decision in keeping with the facts.

A proud heart and a lofty mountain are never fruitful.

MOVING PICTURES A CURE FOR INSANITY.

Norfolk, Neb., March 5.—At the State Asylum for the Nebraska Insane located here, the State Board of Public Lands and Buildings has authorized Dr. Percival, superintendent, to experiment on the inmates, being convinced by his argument that moving pictures have a soothing effect upon the minds of insane persons and that many cases of mild insanity may be cured by the same means.

Dr. Percival holds that the viewing of pictures produces the most soothing effect upon the mind where they are shown in action, and that the rapid change in the view will be much more beneficial than any regular course of treatment that could be suggested by experts.

A small private picture machine has been operated at the asylum a number of times, and after each exhibition Dr. Percival says he has been able to note a greatly improved mental condition among the patients who gazed upon the pictures.

THE EVENING STORY

A HIGHLAND STORY

"Sae gentle's her touch, sae winnin's her voice,
They make the blind lad's heart rejoice; Jessy, dear lass!"

The two women, Ailsie Gilbert and her married daughter, Jean Farlie, helping her for the day with the wash, returning from the pool to which they had carried their tubs, to the stone cottage for the linen, paused on the doorstep.

"Wait, mither!" The younger woman laid her big red hand on her mother's faded sleeve as the sound of a melodeon and a man's voice, plaintive and sweet, singing, came to them from the larger room, the "sitting room," separated from the kitchen by a wide passageway. "I'll slip off my rough shoes and tiptoe in my stockings for the linen. Malcolm believes he's alone with naeboddy to hear him!"

"He canna see, but he kens her ee is blue!
He daurna speak, though to him her heart were true!
Jessy, dear lass!"

Mrs. Farlie tiptoed across the spotless kitchen, whose floor was so clean one might have dined off it with a good stomach, and whose wooden chairs were scoured with sand until the very fibre of the wood, was blanched, and brought out the bundle of linen.

"Oh, mither," she whispered, "dinna ye hear and dinna ye understand our Malcolm's low spirits now? What ever else but love would lead him to make up a song like that and sing it to himself when he thinks no one is by!"

"I dinna know," answered her mother wistfully, as they went back to their tubs, "I canna understand him of late. He is not hissel' at all, sae silent and sae sad."

"Have you not noticed, mither," went on Jean, "how the lad trembles when Jessy Darsie comes in and whitens if her dress touches his shoe in passin'? Jessy's been good company for Malcolm, but it's ever dangerous to throw a sweet thing like her in the company of one like our Malcolm. I've been afeard it wad end by his lovin' her."

She wiped away a sudden gush of tears. Malcolm Gilbert was of the tall frame of his stout, sturdy, straight, limbed brothers who had gone out from the home in the Scotch village and he possessed the red-brown curly hair, and the brown eyes that belonged to every Gilbert, but there was no sight on the brown eyes, and never had been.

But like she does many another who is afflicted, the good fairy of the christening had dropped in the boy's cradle the gift of good cheer. Not a lad in the Highlands had a sweeter nature than Malcolm; not one of the household was happier.

He could not tend the sheep, but he helped the mother, and learned to da'n and to knit.

"I'm your youngest daughter," mither, left alone wi' ye, after the other birds are flown!" he laughed, when the others went away to homes of their own. See, no man comes to claim me in marriage!"

"Praise him," his mother smiled in return, "I'm no fearin' but I can keep this girl bairn! I am in no fear o' havin' to let you go out thriggin' anyways soon, my daughter."

In Scotland where it is considered necessary to have a home to go to on the very day of the wedding the day before her marriage, the bride-to-be of the poor folks goes out in a cart from house to house collecting gifts of house furnishings. She enters a house, chooses any article that appeals to her idea of usefulness, and forthwith the householder makes her a present of that article.

If by nightfall she has enough furniture and accessories to begin housekeeping, the marriage takes

place next day. This custom of collecting furniture is called "thrighing."

The mother of Malcolm owned their cottage and their maintenance was given, willingly enough, by their married sons and daughters, Bruce, Jamie, Hugh, Willie, Jean, Kitty, Helen and Effie.

It was at the beginning of the cold winter that they called the white winter in the north country—the winter when the snow on the hills massed deep and impassable; when the endurance of shepherds and dogs was strained past the breaking point; when the sheep died by the hundreds in the drifts, and many a man and dog met frozen death in their attempts at rescue—that new neighbors came in the town. These neighbors was an elderly couple, Andrew and Mary Darsie, with their orphan niece, Jessy.

In the bitter moros the winter through, before the sun rose over the hills that lifted their heels against the frosty air, it was the blind lad's whistle that awakened Andrew and Mary Darsie, and they peeped him with the great pity that age when it is sturdy feels for youth, when it is a little old.

"Jessy, lass," they said to the girl, "when the work is done oop each day it would be a kind thing for ye to gae over to the neighbor's and talk a wee bit with a laddie these drear winter days. For a' he sings and whistles the day through, it is lone for him when the mither goes out for the day to sew or to nurse."

A kind thing! Oh, Andrew and Mary Darsie, with eyes, blinder than Malcolm!

"The lad has so little pleasure, with the young," thought the mother, when Jessy's sweet, laughing face, that was shy, yet roughish, peeped in at her door for a moment's talk with Malcolm, "it makes my heart glad to see the lass come and be kind to my poor blind laddie!"

Going to the kirk, hearing the domine's words and the singing, and shaking hands with the kindly neighbors, were the chiefest of Malcolm's pleasures.

"I've a most dreary ache in my foot the day, Malcolm," his mother said to him one Sabbath morning in June, "and it troubles me sore that I canna lead ye to the kirk the morn."

"A' weel, mither," he answered her, "rub the poor foot with oil and sit down. Ought it not to be a joy that I can bide at home with you on His day?"

He did not know that a little sigh escaped him, but his mother heard it and limped across the street. Presently she opened the door again and there came in with her the scent of lilies.

"I've found one to lead ye to the kirk, Malcolm," she said. "Guess who 'tis."

Malcolm reached for his hat, smiling. "Tammie McClure's Jamie is a good and obliging lad, mither."

"Has Jamie McClure a knot of yellow hair with a blue ribbon beside on the top of his head? If he has these and carries in his hands a bunch of white lily flowers that you may smell their sweetness, then this is Jamie."

The clear, rippling laugh of Jessy Darsie chimed in with his mither's laugh, and for the first time in his twenty-five years Malcolm accompanied a young lady to the kirk.

He had taken little walks with Jessy on the brae, and she had told him how the heather looked in the sunshine with the bees flying over it; of the mist rising on the mountains; of the grayness of the stones in the brook, whose tinkle had been his delight from the moment his childish ear had distinguished it. But she had never before walked with him to the kirk, and with the touch of her light, guiding fingers in the house of God that which lies dormant in the heart of every man, even the sightless, that which for months

A MAGNIFICENT GATHERING OF NEW SPRING GOODS

Superbly ready are we in every department of this helpful store to greet our store friends with charming, desirable and worthy assemblages of New Spring merchandise.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES

DRESS GOODS
TAFFETA AND LOUSINE
DRESS GINGHAMS
NEW VESTINGS
CREPELLE SUITINGS
SWISS EMBROIDERIES
LACE CURTAINS
CRETONNES

DRESS SILKS
RAW SILK
DRESS LINEN
DUCK SUITINGS
DRESS MUSLINS
NEW PRINTS
ART MUSLINS
CURTAIN MUSLINS

A. MURRAY & CO.

438 QUEEN STREET

TELEPHONE 423

OPP. NORMAL SCHOOL

THE MISSES YOUNG

Are now prepared to fill Early Spring Orders
The Milliners have returned from the leading fashion centres of Europe and America and are now prepaing for the Spring Opening which will be announced later.

WATCH FOR THE DATE.

had been slowly awakening in Malcolm's heart, became fully awakened.

To his mother's wonderment that evening he sat strangely silent. Malcolm was pondering his fate. He knew now why the last months of his life had been his happiest. Jessy's slim fingers had trembled in his when she had bade him good-bye that noon. Did this mean that she—that she loved him, too? If he could only ask her to marry him! But what honorable man would ask a woman to marry him dependent on his relatives, and even if he were possessed of money, would he dare to ask a bright, young creature like to ask a bright, young creature like Jessy to share the life of a blind man?

Every evening afterward Malcolm sat silent, thinking, thinking. On the evening after the wash, when Ailsie was busy in the kitchen, his heart cried out against his blindness most bitterly, and in his anguish he could not suppress a groan.

The ears of love are keen. Ailsie ran to him. "What hurts ye, laddie?"

"'Tis nothing, mither," he began. "I—"

At that instant there came a knock and two strangers entered—a young couple who introduced themselves as Nelson Haven and his wife from the states. They were summing in Scotland for Mrs. Haven's health. The village innkeeper, at whose house they had taken rooms, had told them of some wonderful coverlets of Mrs. Gilbert's and they had come to see them.

Ailsie was somewhat awed in the presence of the pale lady with the gems on her white fingers, but in a short time the two had become good friends.

And Malcolm? He had never had a pleasanter companion than this young American gentleman who talked about the world as though he had seen it all, and of money as carelessly as though he had the world's wealth at his finger tips.

Before many days Ailsie had told Violet of her son's secret trouble.

"I believe he loves, Violet lassie, that Jessy, you see sometimes, and I doubt not but she loves him in return, though she has kept away sin' they each found out the ither's secret. Sometimes he moans in the night and asks Him to let him see or let him die! He does not know that I hear. You see, he canna ask the lassie to marry him, blind," she ended in a sorrowful whisper.

The next day Nelson Haven went up to Edinburgh. When he came back he brought a great doctor with him. Ailsie was not at home that day, but when she came back in the twilight it was the old Malcolm who whistled and laughed that met her at the door.

"I've a chance, mither," he cried. "The great doctor says I've a chance to see! Nelson Haven is going to give the money for the operation. And, oh, mither, you are ta go to Edinburgh, too, for if my eyes are opened I want to see my mither's face first of all!"

"What ails ye, lass, that you won't tell the lad good-by? Are ye not glad that maybe he will see?" cried Mary Rarsie. But Jessy put on her bonnet and went out in the fields where she threw herself down on the grass, sobbing bitterly and whispering over and over:

"Oh, Malcolm! Malcolm! You've never said ye ye loved me, and

maybe when ye can see there'ss be anither with a mair comely face!"

One day a few weeks later in a great hospital in the city the bandages were taken from Malcolm's eyes and he saw "mither" with clear vision.

They went home and, while the neighbors rejoiced with his mother, Malcolm slipped across the street.

"Jessy, dearie," he said to the girl crouching beside a chair with her hands over her eyes, "I may ask you now. Will you marry me and teach me to read His word?"

"Oh, Malcolm," cried Jessy, as he lifted her in his arms, and kissed her happy face. "If you'd asked me, blind, I'd have given ye the same answer!"

KITCHEN WRINKLES.

Soup-making is a very essential part of everyday cookery; it should be served at every dinner-table, and also once a day in the nursery.

Though, of course, meat soups are the best when it is a question of "feeding-up" one's household, yet it is wise to realize that milk and vegetable soups should also play an important part in the weekly menus.

The good housewife wastes nothing; the liquid in which meat, vegetables (cabbage and similar greens excepted), rice, macaroni, and various other farinaceous goods are cooked will all go towards soup-making, while every scrap of meat trimming, oddments of vegetables, and bones crushed as small as possible, must be added to the stockpot.

Be very particular about having the bones well chopped up, since you can only thus obtain the proper amount of gluten and nourishment.

Fill up the stockpot with cold water, and let it simmer for about four hours, then bring to the boil and remove the scum as it rises, letting it boil till no scum remains, adding a tablespoonful of cold water occasionally.

Then strain through a cloth or sieve into a basin and set aside until the next day, when all fat which has accumulated on the surface should be removed, and the stock poured into a perfectly clean saucepan with seasoning or any other thing required added to it, and boiled up.

To "clear" the soup, keep back half a pint of cold stock, and mix it with the shells and white of two eggs, whisking them well together with a strong egg whisk, add to the remainder of the boiling stock, and, stirring all the time, let it boil up once more, then draw the saucepan to one side and let it simmer gently for about twenty minutes. Be very careful that it does not boil; there must be only faint bubbles at the side of the pan, and none in the centre. Strain the soup through a cloth wrung out of boiling water and serve. The bones and vegetables which were strained off may be put on again with a fresh lot of cold water to make a "second stock," which will come in very usefully to thin out rich soup or assist in the making of gravies; a very careful cook will make even a third stock, the process being the same as in the first instance.

The fat collected from the top of the stock should be collected and ultimately clarified, as before directed.

Dusty Rhodes—I wouldn't have to ask for help, but I've a lot of real estate on me hands that I can't get rid of.

Mrs. Rural—Try soft soap and boiling water.