The Blood's Life.

Any method that will increase the oxygen nourishment of your blood is good, for oxygen is your blood's life and your body's health.

When out-door recreations can't be got at, it's a good thing to supply the oxygen deficiency with Powley's Liquified Ozone. This drugless product increases the oxygen-carrying power of the blood; it disinfects the tissues of the body, building up exuberant health; it makes a most refreshing, thirst-quenching beverage for hot, summer days.

Price 50c. and $1.00 a bottle at all druggists. The Ozone Co. of Toronto, Limited, Toronto and Chicago.

Every care that skill can devise or experience approve is used in the making of Carling's ale and porter.

It is to your own interest to order Carling's and to see that you get it. Every dealer will supply you if you insist. It costs you no more.

CARLING LONDON

Sole agent for Kingston, J. S. Henderson.

The Dandy Shiner

NICKEL PLATED

HOLDS SHOE RIGID. FITS ANY SHOE.

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

It holds any sized shoe. Three hats (man's, woman's, and child's) go with each shiner.

IT PREVENTS BACKACHES.

If not obtainable from your shoe or hardware dealer it will be forwarded on receipt of $1.00

L. H. PACKARD & CO. MONTREAL.

EVERYBODY KNOWS

That our stock is new and up-to-date, but everybody doesn't know that this week we will run off all

Canvas Boots

At a Discount of

20 PER CENT.

ARMSTRONG'S, 184 Princess Street.

Cool Breezes Blow

In the house or office where one of our ELECTRIC FANS is installed. They are noiseless and handsome, economical in operation and unexcelled in convenience.

BRECK & HALLIDAY, Princess Street.

STAMPS AND MARKERS.

RUBBER STAMPS OF ALL KINDS, SELF Inkers, Linen Markers, Dates, Seals, Stencils, Rank, Ticket and Office Stamps, etc. Repairs prompt. JOHN OFFORD, Whig Office.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

Interesting Gossip For Newspaper Press.

THE CAPTAIN LED ASTRAY.

BY A FAVORITE YOUNG OPERATIC STAR.

The Hope Marriage—Change in the Articles We Eat and Drink—Question of Aerial Navigation — Nephew of Bismarck Arrested.

(Whig correspondence, letter No. 1,314).

New York, July 25.—Though persons of no great consequence to the world at large, and to the greater New York in particular, Capt. Bradlee Strong and Miss May Yohe became the central and unsavory figures for the time, and though individually considered it is a matter of no consequence whether they live or die still they furnish most excellent articles for the newspaper press, and interesting gossip for those who have nothing better to do.

Capt. Strong we know very well. He has lived here the greater part of his life. His father was the last mayor of the old municipality before the greater New York was born. When the reformers were looking around for a candidate for mayor, after examining the record of thousands of men who could be entrusted with that great office they finally selected Strong, a dry goods merchant, whose character, like that of Caesar's wife, was away beyond a suspicion, of unquestioned integrity and great administrative ability. He was the man of the millions of this great city who completely filled the bill and here arises a very delicate question. Could a man be intrusted with the government of millions of his fellow-men who was not able to furnish an exemplification of his ability in the government of his own family? He had but one son, the present Capt. Bradlee Strong, who has furnished such a profound sensation from the Tenderloin district in the greater New York to our new acquisitions in Manila. Japan has been no stranger to his wandering feet, and his experience in China, if he is still alive, may yet furnish matter for an interesting book. While we are pretty well acquainted with Capt. Bradlee Strong, we also have a passing knowledge of the history of the siren who led the young soldier astray. We well recollect one afternoon a few years ago, when this great city, from the Battery to the Bronx, was in a state of the wildest commotion, when the bulletin boards at the principal newspaper offices announced the sudden departure of May Yohe, no man knew whither. She was an operatic star of some consequence and considerable of a favorite with the general public. Where had she gone? And why did she go? These were questions no one could answer at the time. We were not kept in suspense very long, for in a few weeks she turned up in London as lady Hope, the wife of a rich banker, who afterwards, at the death of his mother, became the possessor of the celebrated Hope jewels, whose remarkable history was known all over the civilized world, and which the infatuated banker afterward presented to his newly married bride.

The Hope marriage and the presentation of the jewels was for a time the table talk of England, where the character of the bride was as well known as it was in the greater New York, but the end of this scandalous history has come at last. Capt. Strong's money is gone, as the notorious Jim Fisk used to say, "gone where the woodbine twineth." The siren on whom he lavished all his wealth has no further use for him now that his money is gone. The report is that he has committed suicide and lady Hope, on being informed of that fact, replied that she thought it might be true. A singular circumstance in connection with this scandal is that the father of Capt. Strong, who was our late mayor and who all his life was looked upon as a man of spotless integrity and honor, was found to be deficient $100,000 in his accounts after his death, and that deficiency has never yet been explained. It is a sad ending to what promised to be a brilliant and honest history. The fortune of father and son is scattered to the four winds of heaven and so ends this romantic history.

Now that we have supped full of horrors, with wars, suicides, fires and railroad disasters, strikes by the millions among the working classes and appalling disasters in the mines, it is really a relief to turn from the contemplation of these horrors to something that really is a benefit to mankind. A real and honest effort is now at work to give our people square and honest food and we hope the day is not far distant when a man can get a decent cup of coffee, or a woman a respectable cup of tea. I will not speak of the hoped for purity of a glass of whiskey in this article, but I have not the slightest doubt that there are millions of my fellow-citizens—good, honest, worthy folk—who very much desire that their old blue grass shall be as straight as the moral law.

It is almost startling the change that has been brought about in all the articles that we eat and drink. The increase in the use of canned goods consumed in our daily life is marvelous. The immensity of the product in our late war was phenomenal. The article of canned beef alone amounted to hundreds of tons, and some miserable wretch instead of speaking of it as preserved beef, he christened it "embalmed" beef. The very name sent a thrill of horror all through our army and navy, who concluded that branch of the business should be given undertakers, whose coat of arms or business crests should should be a coffin and shroud. The result was that the stuff was committed to the waves of the ocean, and it was resolved that it should never again be offered to human beings as an article of food, but to dissipate the prejudice that existed against canned articles of food, exhibitions have been held all over the country, the result of which was a gratifying success, but it seems to me that England in preserved articles of food has attained a higher degree of excellence than we have on this side of the Atlantic. An English firm having a specialty of any article of food seems to take a greater pride in its production than we do here in the United States. In due time the name of the firm becomes a valuable asset in the business. The name may exist for hundreds of years after the inventor has passed away. I shall never forget my surprise while passing over the mountains between Oregon and California. I stopped at a wayside restaurant, to get something to eat, sitting down on a log, which not only furnished a seat, but also a part of the table, the whole affair belonging to a brawny savage, whose apology for a shirt was rolled up at the sleeves and opened at the breast. To his waist was strapped a good-sized six-shooter on one side and a bowie knife, the stout blade of which had evidently seen service.

"What will you have, gents?" said the landlord, who stood there alone in his glory.

"What have you got?" I inquired.

"Most anything that a hungry man wants," said he. "Bear meat, venison, mountain trout."

The revelation of his abundance startled me.

"What did you say?" I asked. "Bear meat, venison and mountain trout. Anything else?" I enquired.

The landlord looked at me as though he thought I was joking.

"Well, yes, sir, I could throw in a slice of bacon and some hog's liver.

"Well," I said, "we will take them all."

It took only a few moments to stir up the fire and put the preparations for the food in motion.

My mountain chef was evidently no amateur in the art of cooking. The savory aroma that arose from his frying pans and pots filled the air and satisfied the promise of good cheer. He went into his cabin and came back with a piece of board as white as the driven snow. This served for the table, on which this mountain chef began to lay the food. The service was neither Sevres, silver or gold, but it seemed to me that no food that I had sat down to in foreign lands ever tasted half as good.

"Have some soup, sir?"

"Yes," I replied; "by all means," and he handed me a platter of tin. I never thought of the platter, but it was the soup that beguiled me. My host looked on smilingly as the soup disappeared from the large wooden spoon which was part of the garniture of the menu.

"Try a little Worcestershire sauce; you will find it will improve the flavor, sir."

I took the bottle; yes, there it was, Cross & Blackwell's, sure enough. Now, why is this? Why here away in the mountains, away from civilization do we find an article manufactured thousands of miles away, in general use, and all our great hotels and restaurants will use no other? It does seem as if in a land with a population of eighty millions that some genius might produce a condiment to flavor our soups and meats as good as that produced on the other side of the Atlantic. To their credit be it said they are generous advertisers. They know a good thing when they see it, and they take care that the world shall know it as well as themselves. They never hide their light under a bushel, but place it on the hilltop, where it can be seen by all men.

The question of aerial navigation we hope to see decided next week. Mons. Santos-Dumont is here with his new airship and he hopes to fly around the statue of liberty, in the harbor, as he did around the Eifel tower, in the city of Paris. Whether he succeeds in this attempt or not there is no denying this stubborn fact, he is the only man who has made a substantial advance in aerial navigation since Montgolfier's time. The only difficult point that remains for solution of aerial navigation is the ability of the navigator to guide his balloon. The doubters of the success of the coming trial by Mons. Santos-Dumont used the same arguments that were used against the possibility of a steamboat making any substantial advance when the wind above it and the water below were both in opposition. Yet the day came when the vessel propelled by steam and those that depended with sails, on the wind alone, did defy both wind and waves and gained a substantial progress with those two elements against them.

Mons. Santos-Dumont has our best wishes for success. He may meet with failure this time, but the human intellect will still work on. There will be no rest in the minds of those who are bent on achieving aerial navigation. The line of demarkation is but a hair between failure and success. Victory and success after failure break from out the night of supremest gloom. It has long been accepted as an axiom that the darkest hour is just before the day. And Mons. Santos-Dumont may look down from his aerial throne with supreme contempt for the millions who prognosticated and hoped for his failure.

"If it be not now, it is to come,
It it be not come, it will be now,
If it be not now, it will come:
The readiness is all—
As no man taketh out of the world more
than he bringeth into it:
So let it be,
There is a special providence
Even in the sparrow's fall."

One of the greatest excitements of the week was the arrest of the nephew of Germany's iron chancellor on a charge of petty larceny. He rushed into a carpet store and ran out with a small rug in his hand. On the cry of "Stop, thief!" he was seized by a policeman, and was carried at once to court, where the judge heard the charge and then asked the criminal why he had committed such an offence. He declared he was on the verge of starvation, and that he was a nephew of Germany's great chancellor, the count Von Bismarck. The judge accepted his story and discharged him with an admonition. It was very kind of the judge, who evidently believed he was telling the truth, but in our benighted ignorance we are almost ashamed to confess that the sorrowful story of this noble German seemed a little fishy, and would not wash. Why no hungry German with such a pedigree could be hungry five minutes in New York. Our rich German brewers would stuff him with lager and all sorts of good things till he was ready to burst. Our German bankers and merchants would have furnished the cash to have paid his passage not merely to Hamburg, but to Nova Zembla or the north pole, but he his story good or bad, it was sufficient to raise the wind, so on Saturday he shook the dust of his seventeen brogans and with a clean collar and dirty handkerchief, and if he will take our advice, when he reaches Hamburg he will keep out of the way of all his noble German relations.

—BROADBRIM.

Bleeding Piles

In An Aggravated Form Cured Thoroughly by

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

F. Mann, machinist, with the Canadian locomotive works, and who lives at 21 Dufferin street, Kingston, Ont., states: "Dr. Chase's Ointment is, I believe, the most effective treatment for piles that is to be obtained. I have used it and it cured me of bleeding piles of a most aggravated form. Only sufferers from piles can understand what I went through. The misery caused by them was something awful, and I don't believe I could endure the same torture again. At nights especially I suffered dreadfully, and could not get rest or sleep. I found a positive cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment and gladly recommend it to others."

There is no disputing the merit of Dr. Chase's Ointment and its effectiveness as a cure for itching, bleeding and protruding piles. In nearly every community are to be found people who have been cured of this wretched disease by Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is for sale by nearly all dealers, at 60c. a box, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price by Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

Careful Mothers Should Keep at Hand the Means to Check Ailments That Otherwise May Prove Fatal.

When the weather is hot the sands of the little life are apt to glide away before you know it. You can't watch the little one too carefully at this period. Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera infantum and disorders of the stomach are alarmingly frequent during the hot, moist weather of the summer months. At the first sign of any of these, or any of the other ailments that afflict little ones, give Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets will speedily relieve and promptly cure all hot weather ailments. Keep them in the house—their prompt use may save a precious little life. Mrs. Herbert Burnham, Smith's Falls, Ont., says: "When my eldest child was six weeks old he had an attack of cholera infantum and was at death's door. My doctor advised me to use Baby's Own Tablets, and in twenty-four hours baby was better; the vomiting and purging ceased and he regained strength rapidly. I have used the Tablets for other ailments of children since and always with the happiest results. I can sincerely recommend them to mothers as a medicine that should always be kept in the house."

Little ones thrive, are good natured and grow plump and rosy in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. Children take them as readily as candy, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the youngest infant with the best of results. Sold at drug stores or you can get them post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

LARGEST TRIBE IN AFRICA.

Fans of French Congo Believed To Number 3,000,000.

New York Sun.

The Fans of West Africa living east of the Gaboon and between the Ogowe and Sanga rivers have long been supposed to be the largest of African tribes. They are cannibals, who for years opposed every effort of the whites to ascend the Ogowe river. At last they permitted the Frenchman De Brazza to explore the river. They were awe struck by the wonderful display of fireworks he made one evening and did not dare to refuse the request of the mysterious white man, who appeared to be in league with spirits.

The French explorers who have been travelling through the inner part of the French Congo to study its commercial reaources have learned some new facts about the Fans living between the Ogowe and the Sango tributary of the Congo in a large region, which, until now, has been almost unknown. In an account which Auguste Foret has written of the Fans in this new territory, he expresses the opinion that this race numbers at least 3,000,000 souls.

He says it is fortunate that they have no political or military organization. They do not recognize the authority of any great chief and are frequently at war with one another. He believes that if they were a compact and well-organized nation, like some other large tribes in tropical Africa, they would give the whites a great deal of trouble. The Eastern Fans differ considerable from the western and better-known part of the family. As far east as nine degrees east longitude they wear more or less clothing; further east they are almost wholly naked; some of the men and women, however, wearing a small square cloth which hangs from a belt.

Going It One Better.

Sometimes the most effective way to deal with a liar is to beat him at his own game.

An American who had been to Europe was telling a friend about his trip across the Atlantic, and how on the 25th of the month they encountered a swarm of locusts who carried away every stitch of canvas from the ship.

The listener looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said hesitatingly: "Yes, I guess we met the same swarm of locusts on the 26th, for every locust had on a pair of canvas pants."

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

MAMMOTH PRIZE COMPETITION

TO BE HELD IN CONNECTION WITH

GOLD SOAP. $2,500.00 in Prizes.

In order to get thousands of people in all parts of the country to see how pure and economical GOLD SOAP is for all manner of washing and cleaning, the manufacturers have decided to hold a Mammoth Prize Competition, to start May 15th, 1902, and end November 15th, 1902. The prizes will be awarded to the persons sending in the greatest number of GOLD SOAP wrappers before November 15th, 1902. The full list of prizes will be found below, and all those who do not win a prize will receive a regular Gold Soap premium in return for their wrappers—varying in value according to the number of wrappers sent in.

The manufacturers of Gold Soap could not afford to offer such an astonishing inducement to the public were it not for the fact that they feel sure that once Gold is tried it will be used constantly, as no good housekeeper would think of going back to one of the common, impure soaps after using the soaps that is "worth its weight in gold." GOLD SOAP is the purest, handiest and most economical soap that it is possible to make, and if used constantly will keep down expense, make the washing more quickly and easily done and will bring the clothes out beautifully white.

THERE ARE 5,213 PRIZES.

If you start now to save your Gold Soap wrappers you will have quite a lot by November, and you will then share in the big Gold Soap competition. Do not be afraid to send in your wrappers no matter how many you may have, because you are CERTAIN to receive a prize or a regular Gold Soap premium.

Please note that you are not asked to send any money or do any work of any kind—simply use the best soap in the world, save the wrappers and we send you a prize or a premium. This is the greatest offer ever made to the public, and will make GOLD SOAP known from ocean to ocean—and wherever it is known it is liked and recommended.

Of course if you prefer to have one of the regular Gold Soap premiums that are described on the backs of the wrappers you may send in your Gold Soap wrappers at any time, with a note telling which premium you wish. All Gold Soap Premiums are guaranteed, so don't take the slightest risk.

DIRECTIONS—Save your Gold Soap Wrappers and send them into Gold Soap, Toronto, marked, "Competition," before November 15th, 1902, with your own name and address enclosed. The prizes will be sent out on November 24th, with a full list of the winners. You may send your wrappers in at any time, so long as your name and address come along with each lot. Do not send in the whole wrapper, but just the centre part, with the words "Gold Soap, Good as Gold."

LIST OF PRIZES IN THE MAMMOTH PRIZE COMPETITION.

1st Prize—(For the largest number of Gold Soap Centres received) $100 in Cash.
2nd Prize—(For the second greatest number) $50 in Cash.
3rd Prize—$30 in Cash.
Each of the Next 50—A 14k Gold Filled Watch for Lady or Gentleman, guaranteed.
Each of the Next 10—$10 in Cash.
Each of the Next 50—A handsome Silver Watch for Lady or Gentleman.
Each of the Next 100—One Dozen silver-plated Tea Spoons, guaranteed.
Each of the Next 3,000—A Handsome Piece of Silverware—Silver Sets, Cream Jugs, Ladies' Novalties, Sugar Bowls, Salts and Peppers, Butter Knives, etc., etc.
Each of the Next 2,000—A Copy of the Famous Picture—entitled "King of the Forest," Designed especially for Gold Soap. This picture cannot be procured elsewhere.

CONDITIONS.

All wrappers sent in must have contained soap; we have a secret process for detecting bogus wrappers. Consumers should be careful never to buy Gold Soap unless it is wrapped in the regular black and orange wrappers. All wrappers (or centres) must be plainly marked "Competition," and must contain the name and address of the sender, and be mailed to Gold Soap, Toronto, on or before November, 14th, 1902. Those that receive prizes will not receive any premium as well, but all those not winning prizes will receive a regular Gold Soap premium in return for their wrappers. In case two people send in the same number of wrappers the prize will be divided. Persons giving information leading to the conviction of any one trying to defraud Gold Soap will be liberally rewarded. Address all communications simply GOLD SOAP, TORONTO.

VOLCANOES IN A LAKE.

Remarkable Body of Water Near Mexican Boundary.

Arizona Republican.

Squire Redwine, who has been in Phoenix for several days, yesterday described a smoking lake not far from the country where he lives. The lake is about forty miles from the town of Imperial and twenty-one miles south of Mexico. It lies within the Cocopah country at the base of the mountains, even below the foothills, but it has not been there very long. It is on the Mexican side of the line. It used to be in California and was supplied with water by the Chino river, but the Mexicans dammed that stream and the water was turned into the Cocopah river, which feeds the new lake and does little else.

Within the boundaries of the new lake there has been for several years what the Indians believed to be a volcano. Smoke was almost constantly rising from the ground, but there had been no other sign of an eruption. The water of the lake now covers the volcano to a depth of from five to ten feet. Ever since the water has been there there has been trouble and it is getting worse every day. The Indians have moved from that neighborhood and the whites in the settlement twenty miles north are thinking of moving. The lake is about fourteen miles long, but not of great width.

At first the disturbance was confined to that part of the water in the vicinity of the volcano, but now the water is boiling over a considerable part of its area and explosions are growing more and more frequent. People living in the neighborhood of Texico are often awakened by them in the night time. Eruptions are going on all the time but they are generally of sufficient force only to throw up the water to the height of a few feet. That makes no noise that can be heard at any great distance. But occasionally the eruption breaks through the water and shoots mud into the air at a height of forty feet. Whenever this happens the noise can be heard and a flame can be seen for miles. It was such demonstrations as these that frightened the Indians away. There are boats on the lake and parties have started out to the volcano, but they have always turned back without completing the investigation. One party which came back reported seeing an area of mud forty feet square thrown fifty feet into the air. The level of this lake is several feet below sea level.

The whole Cocopah country has been a volcanic region. The side of the mountains and the country for a considerable distance around are covered with sulphur. Within the memory of some of the older residents of Arizona one of the volcanoes in the mountain range was active.

A School Trustee's Visit.

On a special occasion in the town of —— the trustees visited the school. One of them addressed the pupils as follows: "Boys and girls, I'm glad to see yez all lookin' so nice, and clane, and dacent, and yous, too, teachers. Now there's some people thinks they knows a whole lot about things they don't know nothin' at all about. Lookin' at me you'd never think I knew anything about natural histhry. Spakin' of natural histhry reminds me of Napoleon Bonaparte. But I never liked that man since the time he cut the head off William Shakespeare."

Smith's White Liniment is the most penetrating liniment known, and a positive cure for sprains, swellings, inflammation, neuralgia, rheumatism, and lumbago. In bottles, 25c., at Wade's drug store.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Corticelli SPOOL SILK

FOR dressmaking and family sewing Corticelli Silk is the best silk made. For hand or machine use it has no equal. Corticelli Silk runs smoothly in the needle; it is always even in size and always full length and full strength.

Ask your dealer for "Corticelli" and politely but firmly refuse all substitutes which some clerk may say are "just as good." You may be sure they all lack the many excellent qualities of the genuine Corticelli Silk.

If your dealer does not keep Corticelli Silk it is probably because he makes a little more money selling you some other brand. As Corticelli costs YOU no more than poor silk, why don't you try it? Ask for "CORTICELLI"—the Dressmakers' Favorite Spool Silk.

KEEP COOL

We Carry a Large Assortment of the Following Goods at Reasonable Prices.

Refrigerators,
Ice Cream Freezers,
Window Screens,
Screen Doors.
Coal Oil Stoves, 65c. to $9.
Garden Hose, etc.

ELLIOTT BROS., 77 PRINCESS STREET.

Don't Forget

ABERNETHY'S

COST PRICE SALE OF

Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Valises.

Ladies, ask to see the

NEW TWIN FIT BOOT.

A. Abernethy, Princess Street.