

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Irritability and Imprecision, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Bile on the Stomach, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be WITHOUT A RIVAL.

BEECHAM'S PILLS taken as directed, will quickly restore Females to complete health. They promptly remove any obstruction or irregularity of the system. For a Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicines in the World.

Beecham's Pills have been before the public for half a century and are the most popular family medicine. No testimonials are published, as Beecham's Pills RECOMMEND THEMSELVES.

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helena, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

"Ryrie" Rings.

We can only by illustration and a word or two of description in our catalogue, let out-of-town buyers know about our magnificent selection of rings.

All the gems are represented. All the good styles shown.

"Ryrie" Rings appeal to those who admire ring beauty, and the large number we sell enables us to carry a stock that allows a splendid choice.

CATALOGUE SENT UPON APPLICATION. "DIAMOND HALL"

Ryrie Bros., Yonge and Adelaide Sts., TORONTO.



Has stood the test for nearly sixty years as a cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Pains in the Stomach, Sea Sickness, and all forms of Summer Complaint.

Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time.

We have yet to receive a complaint as to its efficacy. Refuse Substitutes. They're Dangerous

Advertisement for PAKKARD'S SPECIAL PATENT LEATHER CREAM. Includes illustration of a man and a woman, and text: 'THAT'S RIGHT MY BOY DON'T EVER USE ANYTHING BUT PAKKARD'S SPECIAL PATENT LEATHER CREAM. FOR PATENT LEATHER OR ENAMEL SHOES. IT KEEPS THEM SOFT AND PREVENTS THEIR CRACKING. PRICE 25¢. ORDER BY NAME.'

THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER OF THE VISITORS TO THE MAGI CALEDONIA SPRINGS DEMONSTRATES THE WIDE-SPREAD REPUTATION OF THESE GREAT CURATIVE BATHS AND WATERS.

IT PAID ME ALL RIGHT. Stud that was laying around and no use to me I sorted it all up in a box and sent a card to the Kingston Rag and Metal Company, 389 Princess street, and I received \$1.50 good pocket money that came in very handy and besides I was rid of a lot of what I deemed rubbish.

THE PEOPLE ARE DIVIDED

AS TO THE GUILT OF REV. W. E. HINSHAW.

Minister Sentenced to Life Imprisonment—It Was Alleged That He Killed His Wife.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 12.—Rev. William E. Hinshaw is now undergoing a life sentence in the Michigan City prison for the murder of his wife, Mrs. Thurza Hinshaw. He was a minister in high standing in the Methodist church and located in Belleville, Hendricks county, Ind. About midnight of January 10th, 1895, his wife was murdered. A few moments later the town was aroused by cries of "Murder!" and a fusillade of pistol shots. Within a few moments witnesses gathered at the scene of the tragedy. The preacher was the only one noted except his dying wife. He stated that he had been shot, cut and wounded by two or more burglars and that his wife had been murdered. The prosecution claimed that not a burglar was to be found anywhere near the premises. Being asked for a more detailed statement, he described quite a lengthy and terrific struggle that he had had with the murderers. He said he was first awakened by sounds of pistol shots and expressions of fright and terror from his wife. She exclaimed: "Oh, Will! I am shot!"

He saw two men—one heavy set, with a cap, the other tall and slim. He jumped out of bed and as he did so he felt a strange and burning pain in his side; that he immediately grappled with one of the men and struggled through the rooms with him; that his wife got out of bed and grappled with the other; that at one time during the struggle in the house his wife put her hand upon him and said: "Will, is this you?" that he threw off her hand, as he was engaged, as he thought, in a life struggle with the burglar; that they fought through the rooms, down the stairway out the doors and across the street. As they struggled across the street the thought came to him that if he could get his antagonist across the street to a fence that was opposite his property, he might break his back by forcing him across the fence.

At this point he was shot for the second time and fell unconscious. When he revived in the city January air he began crying for help until he sank once more to the ground. During the struggle he was cut several times by the burglar with a razor. The wife in the meantime had struggled with the other burglar down the stairway and out to the front porch, where he finally disposed of her by shooting her to death.

The theory of the prosecution was that Hinshaw, having become enamored with another woman of his church, deliberately planned his wife's murder, and then on the night of Jan. 10th, carried out his plan, shot her as she slept in his bed and with her dead body beside him shot himself, cut himself with a knife or razor, and having carried her dead body down the stairway, threw it out upon the porch, where it was found afterward. During the trial there was a notable conflict of testimony on several points. As to the two known actors in the tragedy, it was shown by a number of witnesses and conceded by prosecution that up to the time of the tragedy Hinshaw's reputation was excellent. He was quiet and orderly, earnest and successful in his work as a minister of the gospel, with no apparent cause for despondency or lack of ambition in his chosen vocation. His wife was as devoted to church work as a helpmeet in very truth. The relations of the two were affectionate beyond the average. This was testified to by his family, by her family and by all who were most closely associated with them—and who knew them best.

The only thought suggested that might have caused any trouble between them was the alleged attention of Hinshaw to a Miss Allie Ferris. Some evidence was given on this point, but it was not regarded as very strong. The people of Hendricks county are to this day much divided in opinion as to Hinshaw's guilt or innocence. Many think him guilty, while he has a small army of staunch friends who continue to stand firmly by him and who do not yet think him guilty and never have thought so. He says he will not ask for pardon. His desire is to walk out of the penitentiary with everybody conscious of his innocence. Three years ago a prisoner in the Michigan City prison stated that he and another man had robbed Hinshaw's residence on night of the murder and that his companion had killed Mr. Hinshaw. He was taken to Belleville by officers, described everything very minutely as on the night of the tragedy, but finally for some unexplained reason he broke down and said that "he had made up the entire story out of whole cloth." Asked why, he replied: "I wanted to get out of the penitentiary on a trip for my health."

Recently Mr. Hinshaw has expressed the opinion that he thought that the real murderer was "sick unto death" and that he expected a deathbed confession that would lead to his (Hinshaw's) vindication and freedom.

King Edward Mooney. Probably the only child in this neighborhood entitled to Coronation honors, is the newest arrival in the family of Edward Mooney, Portsmouth. The little chap first saw the light of day about the hour King Edward was receiving the crown, while guns boomed forth from Fort Henry, announcing to the inhabitants of this part of the province that now, what would be a fitting name for this young citizen?

Shirts To Match. New suspenders in blue, tan and green, 25c and 50c. The H. D. Bibby Co.

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

Some 5,000 settlers have left North Dakota for the northwest territories.

BROUGHT SUCCESS.

Trides Which Meant Fortunes To Lucky Inventors.

The accidental bending of a little spring in a Bell telephone, which prevented the proper working of the delicate machine, gave Mr. Bell the English patents to his invention. When Mr. Bell patented his invention in the United States, Lord Kelvin was there. He happened to see one of Mr. Bell's machines, and was so struck with it that he took one to England to introduce to his classes. When the instrument was produced it absolutely failed to work, and despite his master mind Lord Kelvin had to apologize to his classes for his inability to demonstrate with it.

Now the whole failure was entirely due to the fact that a small spring in the instrument had got bent during the journey from America to Scotland. Had Lord Kelvin perceived this and rectified it the instrument would have worked excellently, and the demonstration would have prevented Mr. Bell patenting the instrument in Great Britain.

Some twelve years ago, when Richard Laverson was a low-grade worker in a Pittsburg engineering shed, he hit upon a novelty in the shape of brooch pins.

He finished a few by hand, and they seemed so much superior to the usual form of brooch pin that he concluded to make a machine to manufacture them. On this task he spent weeks, and finally one day, in a fit of rage, he threw a hammer at the machine and left it in disgust.

He did not look at the machine again for many weeks, but when he did he found it worked. Though it refused to turn out brooch pins, it turned out splendid little safety pins of a unique pattern. These pins have since sold in millions all over the United States, making Laverson a rich man.

CROPS PROMISING.

What a Philippeville Writer Has to Say.

Philippeville, Aug. 11.—The past week has been a boom for the farmers. Many have finished haying, but many more have yet more or less hay to cut and have yet, more like stacking, for the barns are full and many stacks have risen on most every farm. It is the expression of everyone that they never saw such heavy crops of all kinds as are seen this year. There are large fields of oats that will measure from five and one-half to six and one-half feet high. Many heavy fields of spring wheat are to be seen. All small grains will be more than an average crop all through these townships. Corn is the only crop that has not done much, but during the past two weeks has been making great strides. Many plots of potatoes have been struck with a blight. In other places they are as green as they were in June.

Visitors: Mrs. W. Perry and daughters, of Napanee, are spending a few weeks at her old home here, the guest of Mrs. H. Brown; Mrs. H. Brown and Mrs. Taylor, Carleton Place, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown; friends from Ottawa are visiting at J. Downey's; Mrs. H. C. Davison, Miss Edith and Mabel Glen are spending a few weeks with Mrs. Downey's parents. Chester Lockwood is having a milk horse erected. James Stevens, wife and daughter, Fulton, N.Y., are the guests of Rev. J. P. Dunham and sisters. Miss Nellie Robinson is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown. The committee of the M. E. church have been renovating their edifice. The interior is greatly improved.

McLeod's Compound Blackberry Cordial. A safe and pleasant remedy for diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, and all summer complaints. 25c per bottle. McLeod's drug store, corner Princess and Montreal streets.

Suspenders To Match. New shirts in tan, blue and green. The H. D. Bibby Co.

Advice from Australia—tell of terrible drought in New South Wales and Queensland, which has devastated the sheep ranches of that section of the southern colony. Millions of sheep have died.

Work has begun on the new government building at Banff.

Had Headache Nearly All the Time.

In Extreme Case of Exhaustion and Nervous Headache—Wonderful Restorative Influence of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

There are scores of women in nearly every community in Canada suffering as Mrs. Miles did from frequent attacks of nervous headache. No local treatment can prove of lasting benefit. The system must be strengthened and invigorated and the most effective way to do this is by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. The cure is not only certain, but lasting.

Mrs. John Miles, 236 Wellington street, Ottawa, Ont., whose husband is employed with Davidson & Thackray, lumber dealers, states: "I was very weak, had no strength or energy and suffered nearly all the time with headache, in fact I had headache for three whole days just before beginning to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. I was also troubled a great deal with shooting pains across the small of the back. Under this treatment my health has been wonderfully improved. The headaches are a thing of the past, the pains in my back are cured, and I feel strong and healthy. As an evidence of restored strength I may say that I am now able to do all my household work without becoming exhausted."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

AWARDED CERTIFICATES

TEACHERS AT ROYAL SCHOOL OF INFANTRY

Can Now Act As Instructors—An Officer Can Travel Abroad—Certificates of Military Qualification.

Ottawa, Aug. 12.—The undermentioned school teachers having attended the Royal School of Infantry at Toronto and having passed the required examination have been awarded certificates as instructors in squad and company drill and the manual and firing exercises for the Lee-Enfield Rifles: G. W. Emphrey, W. R. Robeson, J. W. Marshall, H. Collens, S. H. Armstrong, W. H. Thompson, S. Morrison, W. Elmslie, F. H. Balls, W. T. Armstrong.

Capt. B. H. T. Drake, 5th Regiment, C.A., is given permission to travel abroad, until January 25th, 1903.

Certificates of military qualifications have been issued to Lieut. J. H. Moss, 4th Stranrazer, C.M.R.; Capt. V. L. Goodwill, 2nd Regiment; Lieut. A. J. E. Kirkpatrick, 2nd C.O.R.; Lieut. D. McLouchlin, 5th Field Hospital.

The market gardeners around Ottawa have formed a combine and will attempt to regulate the trade. The city has been divided into areas, each as his exclusive preserve for trade. The gardeners will also refuse to sell Helrow peppers who have hitherto done a big business and will regulate the supply to green-grocers.

J. R. Booth has written to the city clerk a lengthy letter deprecating attacks made upon him by certain additional conditions what he has done for Ottawa, and promising that the Central Station will be built.

Dr. Klock, who was at the time of his death on the staff of the Protestant-General Hospital, has remembered that institution in his will by bequeathing his valuable X-ray apparatus to his conferees of the medical staff for use in the hospital.

The condition of Sir John Bourke is unchanged. He still is very weak, and shows no sign of improvement. It is thought that he is dying.

THE CITY OF CREPE.

Emblem of Mourning Everywhere Seen in Pretoria.

Pretorians are in mourning for the fallen. Nearly every hat has its zone of crepe, and the black in mourning band encircles nearly every sleeve. Stroll across Church Square or through the broad avenues, and one's eye catches the sable emblem of a strife that raged in the land for two years and eight months. Here is an old burgher who has just come in from the field, having surrounded his rifle and shouted "God Save the King." His brow is crowned with a battered and begrimed hat, but there is the hoop of crepe around it—the sign of a brother or father or a son fallen by the war-way.

Here is a fashionably dressed Dutchman, he is evidently well favored with the goods of this world. He, too, carries the sicut, but significant tribute to mortality. Then there are a few Dutch girls, tailor-costumed ladies, and venerable wives, bearing the crepe for some lamented soldier of the superseded republics.

The entire Dutch population is in mourning. The fact confronts one everywhere, and there is no escape from crepe.

Not in conversation with a Boer of twenty-two. He told me that he was one of eleven sons. One day, in the month, 1899, they joined, with the father, the same commando—a contribution of a dozen to the cause. The father was fifty-five, and the sons' ages ranged from twelve to thirty-four. Only three sons remain of that family of fighters.

Pretoria is essentially a Dutch city to-day, as it was a Dutch city in the days when Kruger was supreme. The Dutch are still there, and the Britisher is still left well on the coast. This is, no doubt, why the wearing of the crepe is so conspicuous.

It is very noticeable that the few Britons in the city are not in mourning. The Boers evidently did not deal out death and destruction to their relatives.

Assassination of the Czar.

The year 1870 was one of considerable gloom in England, for bad harvests and great depression of trade were added to the continued war which had already entailed much distress. Political restlessness followed, and in 1880 came the extraordinary turn of the tide which landed Mr. Gladstone in power with a large majority behind him. With the advent of a new Government it seemed as though things took a turn for the better, and the commercial outlook was certainly brighter. Queen Victoria's grandson—now the German Emperor—the eldest son of the Crown Princess of Prussia, was married in 1881, and the event was of special interest to his British relatives. But soon after the wedding bells had rung came the terrible news of the assassination of the Czar Alexander II. on March 15th, 1881. The Princess and Princesses, as has been mentioned, were old friends of the Emperor and the tidings made a very deep impression on them. The shock was all the greater because the sister of the Princess was the wife of the ruler who now came to the throne of the Russian Empire. Besides, all such events affect every member of all the Royal families, for they cannot but feel how precarious their own life is. The Princess of Wales was much depressed by the shock which she received, and it was some time before she could get over it. That summer she finally gathered in Denmark was shadowed by the constant thought of the death of one who had always enjoyed so keenly his release from police supervision and the sense of freedom which was so impossible in Russia. The Czar said on to the daughters of the Prince: "Good-bye, my dears, you are going back to your happy home. I am going back to my Russian prison."

Very suitable.

Smythe: No one has devised a special pinpoint costume as yet. I should be a suit of overalls. After you chase the balls under every piece of furniture in the room you have enough just on you to keep a whiskbroom busy for a week.

Andrew Shaw, grocer, Ottawa, is visiting his relatives in this city.

DO NOT TAKE SUBSTITUTE.

When you ask for MONSOON be sure you get it. Try a packet of the 40c. grade, it is the most delicious tea you can buy.

MONSOON INDO-CEYLON TEA

THE DEER HUNT.

How It Appears to the Hunted From Start to Finish.

A howl, a dog is on the scent; another dog joins in, and they are after me, and I must leave the haunts I know so well. No more, perhaps, will I nibble the tender branches, the sweet branches, the juicy branches. No more, perhaps, will I listen to the music of the little rill singing on its way to the lesser lake; no more, perhaps, will I view my graceful form mirrored on the still water which holds the shadows of nature on its bosom; no more, perhaps, will I scent the breath of the morning, or rest in the welcome warmth of the November sun; no more, perhaps, no more. For why? Because men love blood, and venison they say is good.

Anywhere, if I run? I cannot hear them well, but still I know they follow, for even now, from the faint distance hurried by the willing wind, I discern the howl of death.

What have I done to be hunted, to be driven a quarry to ignoble death? Ah, yes, I forgot, the passion of men for blood and venison they say is good.

So they leave their homes and the quiet of the happy cosy corner and come to my hunt, and bespall it, and bespall it, with blood. They come the minister from the pulpit, the hotel-keeper from his hotel, the doctor from his father, the lawyer from his brief, the rich from his riches, the poor from his poverty, the politician from his hand-shaking, the farmer from his native soil, they come, a savage host, to wait and watch for me.

For venison is good they say, and they love to kill. And now, I hear the hounds approaching, and as I run I know 'tis play to leave them, for I am feet of foot; but it is the bullet I shrink from, the ping of the ball, the wound, the ravening hound, the cruel death.

They will hang me in front of a store, and I will poke my dead-body and guess my age and weight, for they say venison is good and men must kill.

Would that my flesh were bitter, but even that would not avail against the passion for blood.

A shot! I feel the bite of the ball, I see the blood, and the figure of a man rises from a hill.

I run, spurred by desperation, trailing the leaves with red.

I know a lake, a little lake, perhaps I may reach it, and shake the pursuers from my path.

Another shot. It rings in the distance and proclaims itself a miss, but I am near the lake, and perhaps I am safe. Again the voice of the rifle, and I fall to rise no more, and the hounds are closing on me; but a man approaches, and driving them off, drives a knife from his belt.

He comes quickly to me, and as I struggle he takes a fresh grip on the handle of that shining weapon; he lifts his arm, and it is the end, for the blade enters, and is searching for my heart.

The passion for blood, the passion for blood—Charlie Churner, in Toronto Star.

GROWTH OF CANADA.

avid Picture of the Progress Made by the Dominion.

When Manitoba entered the Confederation its agricultural production found no place in the records. In 1881 it was entered as producing 1,000,000 bushels of wheat on an acreage of 51,300, and 1,270,268 bushels of oats. In 1891 the average of wheat was 1,000,000, and the yield 15,615,000 bushels; and the yield of oats was nearly 10,000,000 bushels. To-day Manitoba has 2,000,000 acres under wheat, and there are at least 500,000 acres more in the Territories, and there has been commensurate progress in all departments of agriculture. When it was remarked the other day that Saskatchewan would become a second Manitoba, a local journal said that the estimate was below the mark. Manitoba and the Territories are filled with the sons of Ontario, but the older Province takes pleasure in the progress of its younger rivals, and in the westward movement sees the signs of the growth of our common country.

Ontario and Quebec, however, have by no means reached the limit of their growth. Both have territory to the north far exceeding in area the well-settled districts, and possessing rich resources in fertile, wooded and mineral lands. A more rapid growth of population would be acceptable, of course, but this is a matter about which there need be no uneasiness. Habitable land of any kind will be more at a premium every year.

The rapid growth of the population of the United States, so far from causing us any uneasiness, indicates a source from which we are already drawing immigration, and shall draw a greater measure in the future. The trade and wealth of the country are increasing far more rapidly than its population. With this one-tenth of the population, we have a third of more than one-sixth of that of the United States, and we have no doubt that the advantages which this country offers to newcomers will in time be fully recognized.—Toronto World.

Beautiful weather to-day.

Advertisement for Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce. Includes illustration of two men holding a tray with a bottle of sauce. Text: 'Lea & Perrins' WORCESTERSHIRE Sauce. THE ACME OF SAUCE PERFECTION. truly a strong statement, but it's true nevertheless—every word of it. LEA & PERRINS' Worcestershire Sauce has been used by folks fond of fine foods the world over for 60 years. All dishes such as soups, fish, meats, gravy, game, salads, etc., are doubly appetizing and digestible when flavored with this world famous sauce. It is indeed "the only good sauce." N. B.—Signature of Lea & Perrins on every bottle. J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, Sole Canadian Agents.

"Home, Sweet Home" Without the Necessary Kitchen Utensils Is a Sad State of Affairs.

Our Agate Ware

Is neat, serviceable and cheap. More than that—it lasts for years. Call in and look over our shelves.

Lemmon, Claxton & Lawrenson, KING STREET KINGSTON.

EVERY DAY BARGAIN DAY

ABERNETHY'S. Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Valises.

KITCHEN LUXURIES

Don't confine all the luxuries to the parlor. Plenty of nice KITCHEN WARE is a luxury and makes work a pleasure.

WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH Beautiful Things.

McKELVEY & BIRCH, 69 and 71 Brock Street.