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is a guard against all skin troubles in children. It cleanses, softens, soothes and prevents chafing and sores. IT IS AS GOOD FOR THE OLD AS THE YOUNG.  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS. MONTREAL.

**Nourish the Weak Nerves, Build Up Wasted Tissue and Purify the Stagnant Blood in August.**

**Paine's Celery Compound**  
Nature's Summer Medicine Used by the Wealthy and Humble is The One Great Health Builder.

Paine's Celery Compound supplies the needs of the weak, sickly and nervous in a way that no other medicine can do. It never fails to brace and strengthen the weakened nerves; it forms new tissue and quickly purifies the foul and stagnant blood, allowing it to course with freedom and life to every part of the body. Paine's Celery Compound is the great furnisher of nutriment for the weak and run-down nervous system.

The use of a few bottles of Paine's Celery Compound produces results that are astonishing and happy to the sick. The thin, emaciated body sootakes on solid flesh, the skin is clear, the eyes bright and sparkling, pain in the back is banished, the liver and kidneys work healthily, the digestive organs do duty with untiring regularity, feelings of new energy and well-being take the place of nervousness, despondency and melancholia.

Nourishing the nerves, the formation of fresh tissue and cleansing of the blood by Paine's Celery Compound, means a new, vigorous and happy life. There can be no failures when Paine's Celery Compound is used; it truly "makes sick people well."

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He knows that he can rely upon the purity and thorough age of every bottle.

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**BROADBRIM'S LETTER.**  
The Commanding Powers of The Press IS A PERFECT NEWSPAPER

IMMOLATED ON THE AUTOMOBILE ALTAR.

Death on the Highway—The Great Danger of the Present Hour—Advancement of Women in the Battle of Life—She Fights Bravely.

(Special Correspondence: Letter No. 1,318.)  
New York, Aug. 22.—A few weeks ago I had occasion to speak of the superlative power of the press. It is universal and free as God's air and sunlight. It is the vital essence which to-day gives life to everything that moves and breathes or has a being. Destroy it and take it away to-day and the world sinks back into that impenetrable gloom which existed in the universe before the Almighty said "Let there be light." From that time to the present men have been seeking for some common medium of intercourse. They thought they had found it in Volapuk, but so far Volapuk has been a failure. The language of music came nearest the realization of their hopes. Seven little characters compassed all they desired to communicate or know, finding their interpreters in the birds of the air and with a wider scope was an assistant to mankind, touching the tenderest chords that move the human heart, yet lacking that unbreakable element which could make it a language universal. As the ages go by it seems as if we were approaching nearer the goal and the realization of our hopes. Among the commanding powers of which I spoke the press seems to be nearer a universal power than any other created by man. Before me lies the Tasmanian Mail, forty-two pages long, printed at Hobart, Tasmania, an island south of Australia, containing more of the elements of a perfect newspaper in every branch of human knowledge than man desires to know than any other newspaper which I can now remember in any country on the globe, and for personal beauty of its male inhabitants it is second to no country on the globe. I say this without any disparagement to its female, whose mothers, wives and daughters challenge the admiration of any who have a knowledge of this remarkable island and strange as it may seem it furnishes its great grand sire with the tenderest of old English roast beef and its lamb chops can be found on all breakfast tables of the fashionable club houses on Pall Mall. Its magnificent fruits are among the best displayed at Covent Garden market and it may not be many months before her Easter lilies may serve as a proclamation of peace between the malodorous precinct of Whitechapel and the fashionable drive in Hyde Park, where beauty displays itself in the sweet summer afternoons, many of them tracing their pedigrees back to that family tree which once grew in Paradise and bore the fruit which in the hands of our Mother Eve got her unfortunate descendants into such a heap of trouble.

Wonderful, oh, wonderful, is the newspaper. In one column we read the progress of Henry the fourth, pope and in the other the latest surprise of a traveller who seeks to unravel the hidden mysteries which up to the present time have been sealed within the circle of the Antarctic. A battle in which thousands mingled under the Chinese wall is read at the breakfast tables of all the great cities of the globe and mingled with the price of wheat, corn and the multiplication of trusts opening a broad highway to wealth, to power for the millions who toil and spin, and before our eyes read the bottom of the page, grandly illustrated by the superlative genius of the coronation of England's monarch, and as we shut our eyes to fill out the mental picture, we fancy we can almost hear the shouts that shake the British Empire like a reed shaken by the wind, and the hosannas of the multitude make the welkin ring with the old time battle cry of "God Save the King."

"Halt! What, halt! We are going too fast. Not a day passes now, but we are shocked with the intelligence that some one well known to the world has been immolated on the sacrificial altar of that terrible machine that is known as the automobile. One of the hardest lessons known to mankind is moderation. We all remember the old adage: "Put it on horseback and he will ride to the speed of human life has been multiplied so fast that we stand unappalled at the speed of over-sixty miles an hour. Evil has been defined as multiplied good. How so moderation in heat means comfort in increased power and the end is dust and ashes."

Water "is one of the most necessary elements in human life. Plunge a mor-

tal being beneath its surface and he perishes. The soul is as nothing but an empty temple, so far as earth is concerned, and of the dread hereafter we know nothing till we have solved the dreaded problem of life and death. Within the memory of men still living a first class speed upon the land was twelve or fifteen miles an hour. Millions and hundreds of millions have gathered to see a man exceed that speed in running of ten miles an hour, or that noble animal, the horse, accomplish a mile over a first class course in two minutes and a half. Second down till two minutes is the goal the ardent sportsman seeks. It is only a few years since that simple machine, the bicycle, became the tricycle and a wonder. Men dreamed that the golden limit had been reached and inscribed "No Plus Ultra" on their banners. Excelsior was accomplished at last. It had reached the zenith of its glory when a new invention placed it quietly on the shelf, developing a speed of mercury, the fabled messenger of the gods. For every good thing that mankind enjoys a certain penalty must be paid. The lex talionis never fails. Dives mounts the wondrous new-found steed and challenges the lightning in its course. Lazarus looks on in wonder and his heart is wrung with envy as he sees the rich man sweep by him like a dream of the night, but death is on the highway. Suddenly and without warning, in the twinkling of an eye, Dives the mighty is dashed to earth. No man so poor as to do him reverence. The dust has returned to the dust from which it sprang. It is a pitiful story. Two young men in the circle of our golden youth meet at the end of their stances precisely the same. One is dashed from his horse; his brains are scattered on the earth. The other, with his bride by his side, meets death on the flyer which was the pride of his heart and the envy of his companions. Is it not time, then, to cry halt? Is the king or the president's highway call which on plain to be made a death trap for the humble traveler who is compelled to go on foot? For while this machine in its superlative madnes, seems to hold a mortgage on every human life, the time is not far when the rights of the majority must receive attention and the highway of travel be made as secure as the threshold of his own home.

There are certain lines of speed which mankind cannot too highly prize. The multiplied speed of the press is one whose accomplished thousands can only be counted by the aid of lightning, the swift power of which is yet supreme. We are now suffering from a business paralysis which blocks the highway of progress. The striker who fights while one gasp of life remains stands a better chance for honor than the coward who runs away. The true course is to do the best we know how by the lights we had at the time and leave the rest to Him who watcheth the sparrow's fall. The great danger of the present hour is the uncertainty that is with the directing workers of the execution of the contracts which they undertake. A single word from the walking delegate may hurl the most energetic contractor down to hopeless ruin, while he himself sows not, neither doth he spin, yet he surpasses Solomon in all his glory. He is the director of the labor, the honest labor and honest wealth and when they shake hands the union will announce the requirement of the walking delegate for ever. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the advancement of women in the battle of life. She is no longer the tender wall flower that must be supported in order to stand. She is the director of her own course in every avenue of human endeavor and fights bravely for prizes of life as ancient knight ever battled for victory under the banner of excelsior. Several times a year the Sorosis meets in one of the most fashionable and richest hotels in this city and there you can see welded together every energy and every hope, every charm and every accomplishment that glorifies the sex. Music, painting, sculpture, literature are the shibboleths of the passing hour. It is here we meet the gentle maiden who has the trials and triumphs of the coming life before her; the proud mater whose has been her way to fame and honor, who promises only a qualified obedience; but in the noble generosity of her heart does more than obedience ever claimed. God bless her. This is not the hour of certain prophecy. The active workers are mostly away by mountain or at the seaside. We must await with patience for developments of the hour and so farewell.

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**WE are not snatching people from the grave.**  
**WE can not say that we are restoring to health those who have been given up by anyone from three to thirty eminent Doctors.**  
**WE make only the very modest claim that**

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are an invaluable nerve tonic, a cure for indigestion and constipation, a blood maker and purifier, a corrective of sluggish liver and derangements of the kidneys.

**ONLY THAT!**  
but perhaps that is enough for 25c

**A PAIR OF BALLET SHOES**  
A Story of the Stage.

"Really I'm the dullest of men," said Edgar Brooke, with the smile of long suffering, to a youthful interviewer. They hung against the end of a few more crumbs of interest at the end of his long talk with the most inimitable comedian of the day. Edgar Brooke glanced abstractedly round his study and racked his brains for a suitable anecdote, but he couldn't for the life of him remember at the minute any of the antiquated theatrical stories that every actor makes his own.

The youthful interviewer's eyes wandered curiously around and fell on a quaint little pair of shoes which were hanging over the oak fireplace—not dainty slippers, spangled and gay, but just a limp memento of the ballet, with rounded toes, no heels and an old covering of silk, worn and frayed. They hung against the wall with the little toe turned in, as if their dancing days were over and they were far too weary for a prouette or even the first position.

"A curious souvenir," Mr. Brooke. Edgar Brooke smiled, and there was silence for a minute.

The comedian had forgotten the youthful interviewer. He seemed to see the little shoes dancing on the wall. His comfortable ropan faded out of sight. There was the sound of scrapping fiddles and the flare of gas. Twenty years had slipped away in hardly as many seconds.

It was behind the scenes of a country theatre. The close air of a little room almost stifled Edgar Brooke. He dressed with the Pantaloon, two acrobats and the Demon King of the pantomime.

Their clothes were heaped on a basket in one corner. The Pantaloon was "making up," and the Demon King was drinking whisky and soda and reading scraps from the Sporting Times to amuse the few acrobats.

Edgar Brooke, hungry-eyed, lean and haggard, sat with his aching head between his hands. His tinselled harlequin suit was loose for his wasted body. Months of illness, hard luck and poverty had taken the heart and soul out of him.

He gave a sigh of thankfulness when his noisy comrades were summoned to the stage and he was alone.

"Heard that Brooke has got the sack?" said the Pantaloon.

"Yes, poor devil!" answered the Demon King.

Then there was the quick patter of feet on the stairs, the door was pushed a little open, and a Columbine, in a white and red costume, slipped into Brooke's dressing room. Although she was only sixteen, she had been so long engaged for two months.

"Eddy, darling!" she exclaimed, running into the room and perching herself on the Pantaloon's basket. The young man looked up, too wretched to hide the marks of tears on his face or to try to control his wretched lips.

"It's all up, Kitty," he replied.

"I've got my notice, dear. Run down stairs—you shouldn't come up. One day they'll catch you."

"My own love," said the Columbine, jumping off the basket and kneeling down beside him, "you don't know yourself—none of these fools know you're worth more than the whole lot!"

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty! I can't bear it!" Broken by weakness and despair, he drew Kitty's slender arms around his neck and, resting his head on her shoulder, sobbed aloud.

"You must cheer up, Eddy!" she whispered.

She persuaded him to stand up, hunted for his small mask and stiff wand, shook herself together and gave a touch to her own complexion before the glass.

Edgar Brooke went down to the stage with his hand on her shoulder. The manager of the company was standing with his back to the curtain.

"Urry up there!" said he. "Have your got that side brace? My box, your shop's wabbling. Lights! And it all! Lights! Knock 'em off! Ring up! Now, my dear—"

Up went the curtain and on went the manager of the company, leaning and a beaming smile. Edgar Brooke leaned against the wall for a second with his clinched hand to his throbbing brow. Then he, too, ran into the glare of the stage.

He could see nothing but an endless row of horizontal, blurred lights that were dancing between him and the audience; the house seemed to be full of fog. Columbine tripped toward him, she took his hand, and they twisted and turned together.

The harlequinade was short and bustling, and at the finish the Harlequinade was over.

**Could Scarcely Straighten Up**  
On Account of Severe Pains in Small of Back—Deranged Kidneys the Cause of Trouble.

**KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS**

A great many people who suffer from backache, lame back and pains in the limbs that they have rheumatism and that there is no cure for them. At least nine cases in every ten can be cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mrs. Lessard was badly crippled before she began the use of this great kidney medicine. Here is her letter:

Mrs. Lessard, 150 Aqueduct street, Montreal, Que., states: "My main trouble was with my back, which was very weak, and whenever I stooped I could hardly straighten up again on account of the severe pains which would catch me in the small of the back. Leaving that my ailment was caused from deranged kidneys, I began a course of treatment with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and to-day I am all right again. This medicine seemed to act directly on the kidneys and as a result improved my health generally. The distressing pains in my back have entirely disappeared, and I feel just strong and well."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



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quin had to take the usual flying leap through a window.

Brooke and his sweetheart again made their entrance hand in hand.

"Stand still, Eddy!" she whispered, and then danced around him with a hundred little tricky steps and beckoning gestures.

The cue came. Harlequin struck the ground with his wand and leaped. It was a last effort. Luck and training guided him to the right spot. He shot through the window as cleanly as an arrow and was caught by the men who were waiting to receive him. He rose to his feet, still clinging to their arms, staggered a minute and then fell fainting to the ground.

"Plucky little chap!" said one of the men.

"Not an ounce of flesh on his bones!" said the other.

When Edgar Brooke came to himself, he was lying on a bench hastily dragged on to the stage. He saw that the gas jets in the flies were turned off. The curtain was raised, for the noisy audience had poured into the streets. His bench was near to the footlights, but they, too, were lowered, and it was an anxious, whispering group of people on every side that gradually crept into his consciousness.

There was the manager stooping over him, with a hand on his breast and a big finger pressed to his pulse. Beside him was the clown. Most of the girls were still in their costumes, with their hair falling untidily on their shoulders. The whole scene was shadowy and strange to the pale, exhausted Harlequin as he sank back again on the arm of the Demon King.

He closed his eyes, but suddenly the ringing voice of his Columbine seemed to leap out of the babel of tongues.

"At first he could not follow what she said. He only saw how erect was the little figure, at once pathetic and eloquent of love and the fierce earnestness of youth.

"Slowly her words took shape, disconnected and broken as the sentences were.

"In a couple of months this old pant will be over!" she said. "We shall all go east and west—the Lord knows where? But look here—we've been good friends, haven't we—jolly good friends? You fellows have been kind to me, all of you. But there's one of you that I love—there! I love him! Why? Because he's fought against trouble and poverty and ill-luck, because his heart has never failed him till tonight. I'll tell you something else."

There was such intensity in her voice and face that she held them silent and absorbed for a few minutes more.

"It's just this," Edgar Brooke had no soul on earth to turn to! I tell you he's danced in a booth; he's sung in the streets; he's worked; he's starved; he's looked at life under the canvases; he's thought of death under the skies. That's the stuff for an actor to be made of."

Edgar Brooke put out his hand to stop her, but she went on, with flashing eyes.

"Well, what do you say? Shall it be a round robin for the sake of our own hard times? Come! We all know where the shoe pinches."

She bent down and pulled out one of her own shoes and held it out to the manager first of all. He might have resisted the disconnected little speech, but not the pretty face, turned up so appealingly to his—a couple of zous cinked into the shoe.

Edgar felt his cheeks burn, for the quick response of his comrades, touched and amazed him.

His wistful eyes followed Columbine as she tripped from one to another, now with a jest or smile, now with a tear.

When she brought the little shoe to the side of the bench at last, he could only stretch out his hands to the crowd that pressed round. He tried to thank them, but he could not find the words with a few broken words and turned his face away.

The ring of encouraging voices, the flicker of uncertain lights, the touch of the girl's fingers twisted round his hand faded into misty shadow of sound and sight, and were gone as swiftly as they came.

"A curious memento," Mr. Brooke said, recalling the popular comedian to the faded ballet shoes.

"Yes, yes," said Edgar Brooke lightly. "But it would scarcely interest you. By the way, did I tell you that my wife was a dancer—before we married—a long time ago?" Mainly About People.



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is not so cold to be quickly heated with a "Sunshine" Furnace.  
No other heater will extract so much heat from the same amount of fuel, and few others have dampers to which the fire is so obedient.

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**A. ABERNETHY, TRUNKS and VALISES.**

C. M. HAYS, G.T.R.

Discusses Economics of Oil as a Fuel.

C. M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk railway, writes as follows to the London Financial News, on the subject of the oil fields in Texas, and the application of oil to traction purposes: "We made considerable progress in this direction while I had the management of the Southern Pacific company, having equipped with the neighborhood of 150 locomotives with the oil burners. Four barrels of oil are considered the equivalent of a ton of coal for steam-producing purposes, and as our coal cost us an average of \$6 per ton in California, and about \$2 per ton in Texas, and I made contracts for oil on the basis of twenty cents per barrel, you may easily estimate the economies to be obtained by the substitution of oil for coal in locomotive service. The principal expense in connection therewith is the building of tanks for storage purposes. These we constructed, at fuel station points, with a capacity of some 40,000 barrels. The appliance for burning oil can be placed on an engine at a total cost not exceeding \$100 per engine. We are perhaps too remote to make practicable the substitution of petroleum for coal on the Grand Trunk railway, although if our Ontario oil fields were ever to reach a development of any magnitude we might well do so. As you are aware, we buy our coal at the Detroit River for from \$1.50 to \$2 per ton, and the freight charges on Texas oil, added to the cost of the oil itself, would exceed our present cost for coal. There are some disadvantages in the use of oil in the event of the extreme variations of temperature on the fire-box and boiler, which adds to the expense of their maintenance; but this is not of sufficient importance to offset the advantage in the use of oil in places where the cost of fuel has reached any material figure."

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