

On Time



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Because our specially constructed "Famous" dampers regulate the fire to a certainty, and a cook knows just the time required for the fire to reach the heat necessary for cooking any particular dish.

Then, to absolutely exclude guessing, a "Famous" thermometer is fitted to the oven-door of every

"Famous Active" Range.

This thermometer registers the exact heat of the oven, and can be fully relied upon—we guarantee them.

The "Famous Active" will cook more with less fuel than any other range made.

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BURIED GOLD.

SUNK IN THE CHIPPEWA CREEK DURING 1812.

While on a Raiding Expedition, Outwitted Burglars Who Had Stolen the Gold and Silver From a Canadian Bank.

Chippewa Bay and vicinity have long been the scene of search for hidden treasure. All along the point and adjacent islands are excavations made by the searchers who have followed every rumor and every clue. On an island which forms a part of the mouth of Bling Bay, a short distance from Chippewa Point, and just above Allen's park, which island is owned by J. Y. Chapin, New York, there are many pits dug by the searchers. Almost the entire head of the island has been dug over. Thus far no treasures have been found on the island or elsewhere in the Chippewa region. Recently the New York Tribune gave what purports to be the story on which these rumors are based. Tribune's account follows:

Somewhere about the mouth of Chippewa Creek, hidden beneath the balling blue river St. Lawrence, there rests several kegs of gold and silver. Right in the heart of the portion of the majestic river where the summer visitors colonize, the buried treasure has lain for four-score and ten years, undisturbed perhaps for the reason that those who were acquainted with the facts have hoped to be the ones to secure the fortune without the necessity of division, but all efforts have so far been unsuccessful, and the gold rests where it was dropped overboard by the American patriot, Samuel Patterson in the year of 1812. The incidents surrounding the deposit of this treasure constitute one of the most exciting pages of the history of the river which, during the early days of the country, was most prolific in stirring events, and the tale here given is as it has been handed down to the descendants of the principal actor in the little tragedy.

Some time before the war of 1812, Samuel Patterson, an American of the old English stock, moved across the St. Lawrence river and settled with his wife and three children upon a farm near Kingston, Ont. Here for a number of years they lived comfortably and happily. Mr. Patterson, being an energetic and industrious man, soon acquired what was in those days considered a moderate fortune. When the second war with Great Britain broke out Mr. Patterson's sympathy was with his native country, but his location and care of his family compelled him to remain silent. Then the English authorities began enlisting the Canadians and Indians, and upon being approached Patterson declined to join them. An effort to compel him to enter the ranks of the British army led to the discovery that he was an American citizen, and his property was promptly confiscated. Taking his family, Patterson fled from his home just in time to escape being impressed into service. Securing a small dugout he embarked with his wife and children, and after a long and perilous voyage he brought them into Chippewa Bay, where on the banks of a small creek he built a rude house for their habitation.

Smarting under what he deemed to be unjust and oppression, Patterson resolved to "get even" with the British, and for that purpose he organized a small band of free lances as brave and daring as himself, and from time to time they made quick sallies across the river, securing horses, supplies and whatever they could lay hands on belonging to the British army. These incursions were a great annoyance to the Canadian outposts and in order to check them the government offered a reward for Patterson's capture dead or alive. This did not daunt the daring patriot, for he met the hunters who were on his trail with a cunning greater than they could bring against him, often to their discomfort, and to the Indians who stalked him through the forest he showed a knowledge of woodcraft equal to their own and escaped every time. Often when Mrs. Patterson sat alone in her home she was startled by the appearance of a hideous painted face at the window, but the price was on her husband and she was not molested. Patterson continued his expeditions as before, but observed a little more caution. After he had been ambushed and fired at from behind trees his friends tried to persuade him to forego his daring for a while and at length won from him the promise that after one more expedition, which he said would be his last, he would go into hiding for the sake of his family.

Accordingly plans were laid, and one crisp autumn night a party, consisting of Patterson, his brother, "Ned," and two others, started out of the bay in a skiff. They pulled around the Chippewa Point, where they landed and built a fire, intending to wait there until the moon should go down before venturing too near the enemy's lines. When the fire had died out the other men lay down to get a few hours' sleep, while Patterson started through the trees toward the other side of the point to reconnoitre. He had lain in the bushes near the shore only a short time when he heard the cautious dip of an oar, and peering out, he discovered a boat containing three men creeping up along the shore. His first thought was that they were British soldiers who had detected their fire and were looking in their camp. He withdrew a little further into the brush and awaited developments. The men rowed along until they discovered a little eddy and in this they turned the bow of their boat. Drawing it up they carefully concealed it with the overhanging limbs and started back into the woods in his direction. They went up a short distance until they were hidden in a clump of trees, when they halted and started a fire around which they gathered to warm themselves. By creeping near, Patterson was able to overhear their conversation and he was not a little surprised to learn that they were bank robbers, who were even when escaping with a large amount of booty taken in their last venture in the city of Kingston. To think was to act with Patterson, and he edged away from the camp and made a detour for the boat. On reaching it, he found, carefully cover-

ed in the bottom, several kegs of gold and silver coin. Quietly pushing the skiff off he got in and drifted out of earshot, when he took up the oars and pulled for the mouth of the creek. He found a place suited to his needs and sunk the treasure, and then rowed back, beached his boat and went to awaken his comrades. They then embarked in their skiff and started for the Canadian shore. Patterson insisted on rowing, although urged by his companions to lie down in the boat and not incur needless risk. The other three lay in the bottom of the boat, and while their leader turned away at the oars he told them of his adventure of the night, ending by saying: "Boys, when we get back to-night I'll show you where I put the stuff and we'll whack up."

The night was particularly favorable for their venture; the moon had gone down, and the sky and river were black and impenetrable. Patterson knew every foot of the river, however, and they were feeling particularly safe and jovial over their favoring fortune and prospects. They had passed the centre of the river and Patterson was pulling vigorously at the oars, with perhaps less care than usual, when suddenly a rifle shot rang out in the darkness, and the oarsman fell back with a bullet in his heart. That one lone rifle shot in the dead of the night was all that they heard of the enemy, but that one shot had done its work, and Samuel Patterson's last raid had, indeed, been made. His companions lay still in the boat until it drifted out of danger when they manned the oars and started back home. They reached Chippewa Bay about daylight, bringing the body of their leader home to his family. His death was kept as secret as possible, and he was buried hurriedly, so that no one would steal the body to claim the reward.

His companions then began to search for the hidden gold, and for many a day they dug in the banks of the creek, dredged the river bottom and explored the bay, without success, and from that day to this it is not known to have been found. A stock company was formed at one time to make a systematic search but they succeeded only in sinking a little more treasure into the black ooze of the bottom of the bay. Many theories are advanced as to the possible hiding places which Patterson would have chosen. Being hunted by the Indians, who might be anywhere, it is regarded as doubtful that he would land and bury his friend. It is believed that his well known shrewdness led him to drop one keg at a time in places that he could readily mark at night, so that he could get his bearings again and recover the gold. Nothing was ever heard of the robbers, and it is probable that, after they discovered that they had been robbed in turn, they wasted no time in leaving the region.

The tale is often used to regale the summer visitor, but many an old settler knows its truth and has sought in the blue waters for the fabulous wealth. Many a river fisherman has gazed over the gunwale of his boat and longed for a diving rod to point him to the way to sudden fortune. Somewhere in the depths it lies. It may be under the deposit of ninety years, or it may be where the ocean of time has kept it clear; but to all questionings the only answer thus far has been the merry gurgle of the waters, and, secure as the treasure of Captain Kidd, it rests to-day somewhere beneath the surface of Chippewa Bay.

HELP FOR MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets Are What You Need When Little Ones Are Cross, Fretful and Sleepless.

If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps badly, the mother may get absolutely certain that some derangement of the stomach or bowels is the cause. And she can be just as certain that Baby's Own Tablets will put her little one right. These tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, worms and teething troubles. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most feeble child. Every mother who has used them speaks of these tablets in the warmest terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Deerwood, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and teething, and I think them the best medicine in the world. They always strengthen children instead of weakening them as most other medicines do."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets at any drug store, or by mail post paid at 25c a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Chinese Duplicity.

A South Sea Islander said of his race, "As soon as we open our mouths a lie is born." The Chinese acknowledge without shame the same of themselves. It may be true among western nations that "the affairs of life hinge upon confidence," but in the east, and especially in China, they hinge upon suspicion. Few Chinese attach importance to keeping an engagement. Most of them are like the man who, being accused of having broken his promise, replied that was of no consequence, as he could make another just as good. The Chinese say that one should never refuse a request in an abrupt manner; on the contrary, he should grant it in form, although with no intention to do so in substance. "Put him off till to-morrow and then until another to-morrow," thus you comfort his heart, they say.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets.

Medical science by accident discovered the potency of the pineapple as a panacea for stomach troubles. The immense percentage of vegetable pepsin contained in the fruit makes it an almost indispensable remedy in cases of dyspepsia and indigestion. One tablet after each meal will cure most chronic cases. 50 in a box, 75 cents. For sale by H. B. Taylor and H. Walker—32.

While Lord Salisbury was in office as prime minister, 2,000,000 square miles of territory and a population of 40,000,000 were added to the British empire.

NEW FASHIONS.

LATEST TIPS FROM GAY NEW YORK

Chic Designs that will be Seen This Season—Lovely Creations in Hats—Heavy Materials Made Tailor Fashion.

New York, Sept. 27.—This is a year when summer prefers not to linger in the lap of autumn and there is already a touch of frost in the air which reminds us of winter wraps.

Winter furs are in the shops in gorgeous arrangement, but at top-of-the-season prices, so it is not likely that many will be purchased just now. A few weeks, however, and a reduction will have been made to suit the purses that are now unequal to the emergency of fashion.

Cloth wraps have been on the market long enough to be purchasable now and some very smart novelties are to be had at reasonable prices. Fortunately for the woman who can indulge her fondness for variety there are innumerable cloak models from which to make a selection this season. Unfortunately for the one-wrap season, however, light colors predominate and few, if any, dark ones are seen outside of black.

There is, however, one question upon which the arbiters of fashion seem agreed; the strictly modish wrap this winter will not be more than three-quarter length. Skirts will remain long for street as well as for house wear and the inconvenience of lifting a sweeping heavy wrap in addition to the folds of the frock when necessity demands it can readily be appreciated.

The very long coats that will enjoy any degree of popular favor are appropriately limited to evening use and upon these all the expense and elaboration employed on gowns may be seen.

One of the many varieties of fur which will appeal to the popular purse as well as artistic eye is Russian colt. This is a rich dark brown, shading to quite a pale tone of fawn and is used for entire garments as well as bands for tailor-made gowns. Combined with the rich autumn brown of the cloths, it makes an effective trimming.

An awfully chic design which certainly does not cost a great sum has the skirt developed in inexpensive ladies' cloth, the color being chestnut brown. Around the hips of the skirt is perfectly plain, the fulness being disposed of at the back in eight small box plaits, which are equally divided at the sides of a wide centre plait. The flare at the bottom is gained through a graduated flounce of the cloth and at frequent intervals medallions of heavy yellow lace are applied and finished with small groups of clinging little fur tails.

The waist is plaited in the back and fits the figure snugly. At the front the plaits are wider than at the back and each is adorned with lace medallions and groups of tails from shoulder to waistline. The blouse effect of the bodice opens over a vest of white satin corlaud with cream lace.

Accompanying this costume is a cavalier hat of brown French Mohair. The cavalier shape is a new design and its flaring shape is almost universally becoming. An enormous combination in the hat, however, is shown in a facing of white chiffon and the top is trimmed with rich waving brown plumes fastened beneath a rosette of white satin and cream lace and a bow of brown satin ribbon.

"Pointed skunk" no matter how unlovely the name is another of the pretty inexpensive furs, if the latter adjective may be employed to distinguish the obtainable from the unobtainable. One of the smartest ways in which it is used is in the new motor coat. This confection reaches below the hips is lined with dark green satin figured with a pale rose and fastens with smoked pearl buttons. The collar is large and square and big revers open over the vest of the bodice which is worn beneath to lend the requisite air of femininity.

The fashionable futurity of sleeves is decided and the voluminous shape is the accepted one. This is assured by the fact that it is seen on all the winter wraps. It is easy enough to shift such details in less substantial garments than wraps, but once they are accepted for outer garments, their success is assured, because to change would be not only expensive to the purchaser, but to manufacturer as well.

Even the fur wraps have sleeves arranged in the full bell-shape. A pretty design which is adapted to remodeling is a deep flaring cuff, since it affords the fashionable shape without materially affecting the fundamental work of the sleeve.

The old favorites, chinchilla, seal skin, baby lamb, Russian sable and silver fox, hold undisputed sway and are combined in the most unexpected way with laces, pascimenteries, and the more fragile materials such as chiffon, tulle, etc. Upon the collarettes, which, by the way are very nice, when one cannot afford an all-fur coat, many of the yokes are composed of heavy lace or of velvet and cloth appliques, while other designs have simply a yoke of fur with a fringe of velvet or cloth to finish it.

Muffs made coats and collarettes are nearly all instances, but the widest limit is allowed in the selection of laces.

Heavy materials made tailor-fashion will be worn with heavy collarettes and muffs as long as possible. One smart dress is in geranium red pebble cloth flecked with opal grey silk hairs to form a very elegant effect. The skirt is trimmed around the bottom with scrolls of dark red tulle stitched with grey and these widen considerably as they extend up the skirt and turn in to heavy curves. This amorette effect is carried out around the hips and the gores are so arranged that there is no fullness to be distributed about the figure.

The blouse is laid in box plaits stitched with tiny scrolls of tulle. It is very fully so much so in fact that at first glance it resembles one of the flowing "little Empire" Eton jackets. Closer inspection, however, reveals a deep belt of broad marine velvet, however, which reaches nearly to the bust line and over which the bodice falls. The yoke is stitched elaborately with dark red silk bound with pamine and the sleeves which have

Cured by Ozone of Scrofula.

The hideous evidences of scrofula are very embarrassing to everyone who is afflicted by it. The sores on one's face—disfiguring and unsightly—are exceedingly humiliating to everybody, particularly to some young girl who cherishes her appearance and longs to have a clear and beautiful complexion.

Miss Edyth Cooper of Cornwall, suffered severely with scrofula, and tried every possible means to get well. She could obtain nothing that could do her good until she tried Ozone. She's a warm friend of Ozone's now. Read the letter she sends us.

"After suffering from scrofula for a long time, for which medical aid seemed of no avail, I started to use Ozone, and to-day am thankful for the complete cure it has performed in my case. I could fill columns with words of gratitude, and then not express the joy I feel at having found such a wonderful product, which cured me after physicians had pronounced my case incurable. "I cannot recommend your Ozone too highly."

(Signed) Miss EDYTH COOPER, Cornwall, Ont.

Physicians, druggists and men who know about it, endorse Powley's Liquefied Ozone because it is so good in curing disease. Ask your druggist about it the next time you see him. He may know someone who has tried it on a bad case of scrofula and he can tell you just what the results were.

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are put up in patent holders, which prevents waste by tangles or soiling; keeps each shade separate, and automatically measures a correct needleful. Recommended as the only proper way to put up filo and floss silks, and used by art societies everywhere.

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is of firm and even texture. When soiled, a sponge or brush makes it clean again and no damage done. It has peculiar wearing qualities and perfectly straight selvage. For sale everywhere.



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No Other Medicine in the World Has Ever Achieved Such Wonderful Victories Over Disease and Suffering.

Paine's Celery Compound has wrought marvelous cures for suffering men and women in every section of the Dominion. It has the indorsement of the best men and women in Canada, because they have found the great remedy to be exactly what was claimed for it. Scores of prominent clergymen have gratefully written in its praise, and recommended it when they have opportunity. Rev. J. D. Leishman, of Angus, Ont., gives his own personal experience as follows:

"I have always found Paine's Celery Compound an excellent nerve tonic, and have frequently recommended it to persons suffering from nervous debility and sleeplessness. I believe it to be a most powerful medicine. It also purifies the blood and revives the system. Give it a fair trial and it will in these cases be found helpful."

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Our perfect system for accurate and quick dispensing has met with the approval of all who have brought their prescriptions to our store. Our equipment is modern and complete in every department. Toilet goods, Perfumes, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, etc., in endless variety.

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This wonderful life-giving remedy is recommended to all with confidence. It is a true nerve bracer and system purifier, and gives marvelous results to the sick. Our supply is always fresh and genuine. Our store for Paine's Celery Compound.

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