

YOU WILL BE IN TIME YET TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SACRIFICE SALE JUST GOING ON.

We must reduce our stock or be everlastingly muddled up between our heavily burdened counters.

Now is your opportunity to buy your Clothes and Gents' Furnishings to your own taste and your own price.

Needless to say anything about our Furs. You know they are the best and cheapest that can be got.

JOS. SILVER, (Successor to B. Silver), 102 PRINCESS STREET

HAIR BRUSHES

If you need one wait 'till FRIDAY and see them in our window

AT 50c.

They look as good as REAL EBONY.

H. B. TAYLOR, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 124 Princess St., Phone 59.

TRY DR. HOWARD'S

Tar and Wild Cherry for that cough.

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, 85c.

Beef, Iron and Wine, 65c.

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INVESTMENTS

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See GEO. CLIFF, 115 BROCK STREET.

TO-LET.

GOOD FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH OR without board, 101 Queen street.

FOUR GOOD FURNISHED ROOMS, WITH board, with all modern conveniences, at 191 University Avenue.

43 KING STREET, WEST, BEAUTIFULLY situated, facing the Harbor, Heat, Gas and taxes. Apply to Kirkpatrick, Rogers & Nicks.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, HOUSE CENTRAL part of city, heated by hot water, all modern conveniences. Apply "H. G." this office.

HOUSE, 7 ROOMS, NO. 56 BAY STREET (between Bagot and Rideau streets, also stable and sheds in rear. Apply 48 William street.

115 STUART STREET, 9 ROOMS, HOT water heating. Also other dwellings, stores and shops in rear. J. S. R. McCann, 61 Brock St.

RICK RESIDENCE, 199 BROCK STREET, A 1 condition. Modern improvements, 11 rooms. Apply to The H. D. Bibby Co., 78 to 82 Princess street.

STORE OCCUPIED BY R. ALEXANDER, NO. 111 Brock street, with refrigerator, fixtures, etc., for pork and meat trade. Apply to John McKav, Jr., 151 Brock street.

POSSESSION AT ONCE, THAT AIRY desirable homes on the corner of Bagot and Gore streets, near the park. Modern in every way. Day hot water heating and in perfect order. Apply to Felix Shaw 115 Bagot street.

MONEY AND BUSINESS.

LIVERPOOL, LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE Insurance Company. Available assets, \$61,167,215. In addition to which the policy holders have for security the unlimited liability of all the stockholders. Farm and City Property insured at lowest possible rates. Before renewing old or giving new business get rates from STRANGE & STRANGE, Agents.

MONEY TO LOAN IN LARGE OR SMALL sums, at low rates of interest on city and farm property. Loans granted on city and country debentures. Apply to S. C. McGILL, manager of Prudential Loan and Investment Society. Office opposite the Post Office.

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN sums from one thousand to ten thousand dollars. For particulars apply to EDWIN'S INSURANCE EMPORIUM over Express Office, Market Square.

ARCHITECTS.

WM. NEWLANDS, ARCHITECT, OFFICE second floor over Mahood's Drug Store, corner Princess and Bagot streets. En train on Bagot street.

POWER & SON, ARCHITECTS, MERCH ants' Bank Building, corner Brock and Wellington streets. Phone 212.

ARTHUR ELLIS, ARCHITECT, OFFICE 215 of New Drill Hall, near corner of Queen and Montreal Streets.

HENRY P. SMITH, ARCHITECT, ETC., Anchor Building, Market Square. Phone 345.

UNDERTAKERS.

F. F. HARRISON CO., UNDERTAKERS, 235-236 Princess Street. Quality and efficiency the best. Prices the lowest. Phone-Warerooms, 90. Night Call-T. F. Harrison, 61.

S. S. CORBETT, FUNERAL DIRECTOR, 281 Princess Street, Kingston, Successor to W. M. Deane.

CHURCH WORK.

GENERAL REVIEW OF RELIGIOUS DOINGS.

Mormonism Flourishing - Had Adam Any Ancestors? - Archbishop of Canterbury to Preach to London Working-men.

Mrs. A. Turner, Liverpool, bequeathed \$40,000 to English missions.

An open air pulpit erected outside of St. James' church, Piccadilly, London, has been consecrated.

The Bishop of Liverpool, Anglican, complains of the great lack of clergy and loss of needed work.

Rev. W. Lea, has presented a \$25,000 school to a Beverley, Eng., parish, as a memorial to his father.

The Misses March of Yorkshire, have given \$7,000 for a yacht for Anglican mission work on the River.

In Baluchistan there were no Christians among the native people ten years ago, and now there are 4,026.

An English curate has been dismissed because he was a poor cricket player through no fault was found with his theology.

S. Forde Ridley, M.P., for Bethnal Green, London, has given a Bible to every Sunday school scholar in his constituency.

A single church in Edinburgh, Scotland, has, in the last ten years, sent out from its own membership twenty-six missionaries.

At last a memorial in St. Paul's cathedral, is being arranged for Mrs. Fushell, who gave \$500,000 to the Bishop of London's fund.

At the annual farewell to missionaries of the C.M.S., England, fifty-eight new and 123 returning after full term were wished God-speed.

The Mormon church now numbers 300,000 members, and has 1,400 missionaries. The power of the Mormon priesthood does not seem to decrease.

The Archbishop of Canterbury will preach at the annual service for workmen which will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday, October 30th.

Rev. J. A. Ballard, rector of St. Alban's church, Grand Valley, has resigned and is likely to accept an invitation to the English church in Mexico City.

Rev. R. McNabb, formerly of Beachburg, has received a call from a charge in Western Ontario. Mr. McNabb will likely accept. Since leaving Beachburg he has resided in Penbrooke.

Rev. J. B. Dunwoody, of Waterboro, S.C., finds himself, at eighty-six years of age, an object of national interest. He performed the marriage ceremony for President Roosevelt's father and mother almost forty-eight years ago.

Jesus never taught His disciples how to preach—only how to pray. He did not speak much of what was needed to preach well, but much of prayer. To know how to speak to God is more than knowing how to speak to men.

At the Thanksgiving service at St. John's, Westminster, Archdeacon Wilberforce told the congregation that the words, "When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me," which were interpolated into one of the coronation prayers, were written by the king's own hand and sent by him to the archbishop.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, appointed by the United States government to take the religious census, reports the total church membership in the United States in 1901 to be 28,000,637—an increase over the preceding year of 730,027. Of these 28,000,637 church members 9,159,741 are reported Catholic, thus leaving 18,840,896 Protestant members.

Crossley and Hunter will close a month's service in the Tioga Methodist Episcopal church, Philadelphia, on the 20th. They are to begin a series of services in Jackson, Mich., on the 30th of the present month. It has been arranged also for them to inaugurate a season of evangelistic work in St. Thomas, commencing on New Year's eve.

In closing an article discussing the question, "Had Adam Any Ancestors?" the New York Weekly Witness, says: Scientists generally have adopted the guess that man was evolved out of some lower form of animal life as at least highly probable. Many of them look upon it as a proved proposition. We do not. But we have no objection to it if anyone can prove it. We do not regard it as at all contradictory of the bible; for the bible does not say how long it took to form man out of the dust of the ground, nor in what manner or through how many processes the result was obtained. It only requires us to believe that in whatever way it was done it was God's doing, and that the man, after being formed in the fashion which God had designed, became a living soul by the direct interposition of God, who "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life."

The wardens of All Saints' church, Windsor, were drawn into a conflict with the congregation of the Chapel of the Ascension, a branch of parish activity. The people of the chapel declared their independence of the big church, and would not, among other short countings, render statements of accounts to its wardens, who were very good fellows, by the way, and not of the aggressive order. In fact the little congregation were what of ficially would be styled contumacious. So the wardens memorialized Bishop Baldwin and he sent forth Canon Young as a commissioner. A conference of the two congregations was held, and the proclamation of rights on both sides gave to the canon one of the interesting occasions of his life. But the good man secured, as a compromise, a committee of management to control the affairs of the chapel and report to the wardens quarterly. The wardens appoint one member, the rectory one, and the chapel congregation two. And now all is peace.

A Casket Of Pearls.

Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets would prove a great solace to the distressed dyspeptic if he would but test their potency. They're veritable gems in preventing the seating of stomach disorders, by aiding and stimulating digestion—60 of these health "pearls" in a box, and they cost 35c. Recommended by most eminent physicians. For sale by Henry Wade and H. B. Taylor.—64.

THE SNIPE SEASON.



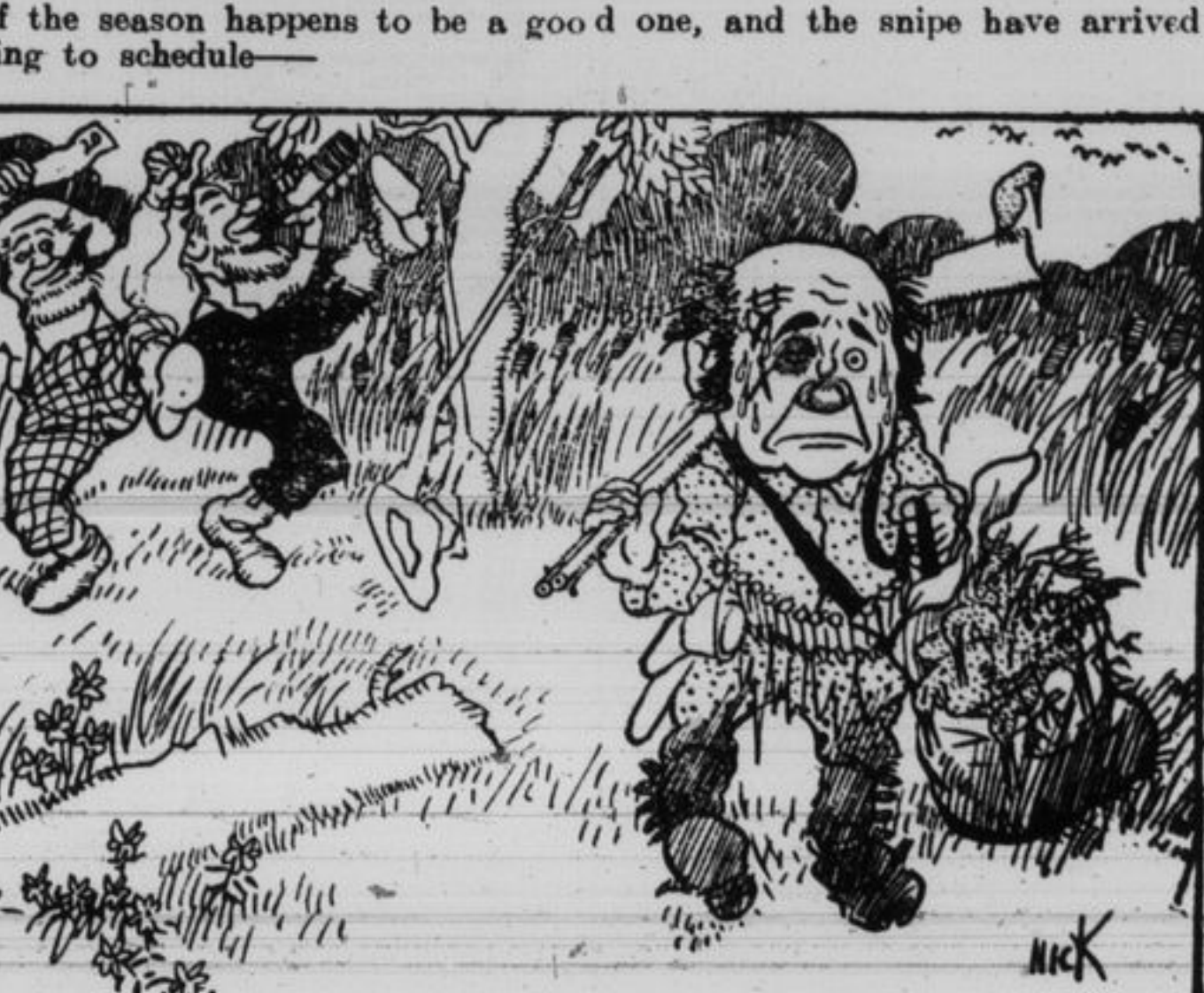
You first find your hunting ground.



Then you beat for snipe.



If the season happens to be a good one, and the snipe have arrived according to schedule—



You'll go home with a full bag and have something to boast of all winter.

NEW ZEALAND THINGS.

The Postmaster a Utility Man—Cures Drunkards.

The right and only man for the traveller in trouble over the language or anything else to seek out is the postmaster. New Zealand's postmasters come pretty near being "the whole thing." They are registrars of births and deaths, they collect all taxes, municipal and governmental, and all customs and internal revenues. They insure their fellow-citizens in the government's life insurance company, and receive their deposits in the Post Office Savings bank of New Zealand, also a governmental institution. This bank has 212,436 depositors, and the money deposited by them aggregates \$32,000,000. Over one-fourth of the island's population keeps its money in this institution.

But it is as a performer of wedding ceremonies that the New Zealand postmaster is most fondly regarded and most famous.

There is neither fuss nor flurry in the ceremony that the postmaster performs; neither does it cost a penny. A month beforehand the love-sick swain fills out a declaration of intention in the presence of a postmaster. At the expiration of thirty days—he and his blushing bride seek out the official, and in the presence of two witnesses, sign their names in a court register and to their own marriage certificate. And that's all there is to it. Custom doesn't even demand that the bride let the postmaster kiss her.

The postmaster who holds the record for marriages is "a maiden lady" in an interior town. The lady and her sister, who live in a district with no other preachers, because 'tis tradition that every marriage at which she officiates is a happy one. New Zealand postmasters hold their jobs plenty long enough for tradition and countryside says to grow up around and about them. Once a New Zealand postmaster, always a postmaster; for only misconduct on his part can separate him from his life's job.

New Zealand's leading utility man is easily the postmaster, his closest competitor is the railroad station agent. As the government owns the railroads,

it demands of its agents that they attend to all the wants of the people that the postmaster can't conveniently look after. Hence, when a farmer decides to sell poultry, he carts a few hundred squawking barnyard residents to town and turns them over to the station agent. The agent kills 'em, and dresses 'em, freezes 'em, packs 'em in refrigerator cars, and sees 'em started on their way to Auckland, Wellington, Australia, or London. The government acts as the farmer's commission man, free gratis, all the way through.

The government tries in every way to encourage the farmer. It will lend him money at a low rate of interest, and sell him rich land for a few paltry dollars an acre. It even forbids the railroads to whistle at country road crossings, so that John Dobbin's easy-going mare won't get frightened and try to run away.

One of the most unique of the various governmental undertakings is the sanitarium and hospital at Rotorua, the island's chief health resort. It is for the benefit of all indigent throughout New Zealand. If a man has broken down under the strain of too much work, or has contracted a bad case of gonit or rheumatism, and has not the wherewithal to undergo treatment, the government gives him three months of free treatment in the sanitarium, with free access to all the mineral baths. If, at the end of three months, the patient is still in bad shape, he is given another three months' treatment. The sanitarium has the island's foremost physicians at its head, a corps of graduated nurses and splendid clinical and surgical facilities.

Fall Importation Of 1902.

Prevost, of the New York clothing store, Brock street, has received all his fall importations for order work in his tailoring department. His ready-made department is well assorted and a large assortment to choose from. For low price and durability he defies competition.

Harsh purgative remedies are fast giving way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills. If you try them, they will certainly please you.

PRETTY DEAD.

SO HARRY LINDLEY THINKS OF BOUNDARY COUNTRY

Cause of The Trouble—Railroads Built Along the Mountain Side—The Home of Backsliders.

Harry Lindley, in Hamilton Times.

Phoenix, B.C., Oct. 13.—British Columbia is a land of developments, in mining parlance—and the boundary country is no exception. It is an inland, and in fact, outside capital, without which it expires. The "boundary" geographically is the strip of mountain territory which may be said to extend from Cascade to Penton, embracing the towns of Grand Forks, Ehol, Phoenix, Greenwood and mid-way, with the United States as its barrier. Five years ago these towns were ablaze with speculation and futures. Greenwood, now at a virtual standstill, had twenty-one licensed saloons, two or three mammoth concert halls, and the usual gambling and other accompaniments of a boom mining town. To-day they are still there, but their glories have fled. They are waiting for hills. It is boom, it is strange, but you will hear a denizen of Grand Forks, even now say boastfully, "We are a wide open town, and an outsider says disparagingly, 'Oh, it's a den of grafters.' There has been a little too much trickery in the district, whether as regards mining or railroading. A railroad aptly styled 'Hot Air B.C.' is built forty miles, and another parallels it to Republic, Wash.; the object of which is scarcely apparent. In fact, the one built by Toronto syndicate opened and is now semi-dormant. Railroad building in this country opens one's eyes to marvels of engineering. Take the C.P.R., from Robson, B.C., to Midway, and it fairly takes away the breath when you look down 2,000 feet on the Columbia River, and reflect that you are being carried very gingerly on the side of a mountain, which towers 3,000 feet above you. It seems in this country, with all these boom towns, a case of 'We're here to-day and gone to-morrow' but the pluck is there all the same. There is no doubt plenty of rich ore, but there must be smelters, and fuel, the stoppage of which in the late Fernie strike has completely paralyzed the boundary, but now they are on the road to recovery. Each is dependent on the other. Grand Forks is dependent on Phoenix, and its mines; Greenwood on the "Mother Lode," Ehol, on the B. C. mines, and all of them on Fernie and its coke. They are all uncertain save Phoenix, which is a phenomenal town, about the highest in British Columbia, and its "Granby Mine" about the richest and most extensive, standing 3,000 feet above the level. The "Glorious Hole" is a marvel. Fancy the cap or top of the mountain taken off, and see the open mine belching forth flame to the accompaniment of dynamite discharges and flying stone and you can imagine you are at Mount Pelee. Hundreds of miners are there, and if smelters were properly arranged, room for hundreds more, as the supply of ore is inexhaustible. The town itself is, of course, on a perpetual ascent, and its altitude a little uncomfortable, whilst snow has fallen in September and will continue so to do until May. The miners are very conservative, and their unions very strong. The Chinaman is a lost proposition. He dare not show his face in Phoenix, and yet four miles down the mountain at Greenwood he is omnipresent. In all these towns there is a preponderance of saloons, but many stores are empty awaiting a revival of trade. The Sabbath is not very rigidly observed. At Grand Forks I had occasion to telephone on Sunday to the mayor of Phoenix, and received for reply, "You can't talk to him; he's amputee at the baseball game." I notice, too, that a good many from Ontario, when he reaches this territory, is apt to become a backslider just as quickly as the rest, but still they are liberal to the churches. The price of living is generally high, although there is now a declension, but the price of stimulants keeps up in two small glasses for two bits (twenty-five cents), startles the easterner. There is no emigration at present in this section, and perhaps wisely, as there is no great demand for labor, but it struck me when I saw eight four-horse waggon loads with luscious peaches, plums, and pines, come into Greenwood from the American Okanagan, why cannot the Canadian do the same in his own "Okanagan valley," just past Midway? They have the soil, the same capabilities, but it wants the tiller, and the ordinary B. C. inhabitant sees no earthly advantages except from the pack and shovel, mountain and rock. There are nooks and villages sighing for occupants, which would breed more wealth than any other section of the domain, and which will grow anything. Witness Kelorona, which is making a name for its tobacco, and the whole shore of the "Lake Okanagan" for its peaches, are now going to the republic in the republic.

What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I find you usually send her the same soap. But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

Named a particular brand! How was I to know anything of brands? But I know better now, and I know what you mean by blankets—and my hands are in a nice way, madam. I can assure you, madam, that it is not my desire to sell anything that will be injurious to either the hands or clothing of my customers, and I shall be glad to know how you prove that what I sold you injured your blankets and your hands.

Well, I was telling Mrs. Nell my trouble, and she lent me a little cutting, and here it is; you can read it.

Dr. Stevenson Macadam, Lecturer on Chemistry, Surgeon's Hall, Edinburgh, describes the destructive property of soda upon wool very graphically.

After mentioning how strong alkali such as potash and soda, disastrously affect cotton, linen, and wool, he says:

"On one occasion I employed this property of soda in a useful way. There was a large quantity of new blankets sent to one of our hospitals, which, when given out, were said by the patients to be not so warm as the old blankets were, and that led to an investigation as to whether the blankets were genuine or not. They looked well, and weighed properly, and I got a blanket sent to me for examination and analysis. We found soon that there was cotton mixed with

WHY WOOLLEN BLANKETS WEAR THIN.

A SCENE IN A GROCER'S STORE.

Mr. I have just come round myself to tell you that you have absolutely spoiled a pair of blankets on me.

I have!

Yes, sir, you have!

Surely you are mistaken, madam!

I am not mistaken, I sent round my little girl a few days ago for a good strong soap to wash out some heavy things. In all innocence I used what you sent me, and the result is that my blankets are just the skeleton of what they were. They are ruined, sir, and it's your fault!

Yes, but I sent what I usually send in such cases.

What you usually send! No wonder Mrs. Moore, my neighbor, complains of her clothes wearing out; I find you usually send her the same soap. But, madam, I always give my customers what they ask for. Had you named a particular brand of soap you would have had it.

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the wool, and the question was as to separating the two, because they were thoroughly woven throughout, and it was only by detaching the fine fibres from each other that you identified the cotton fibre. I fell on the device of using soda. I took a bit of blanket and put it in a vessel with soda, and boiled it there, and very quickly the wool got eaten away by the soda, and there was left behind the cotton as a kind of skeleton—a sort of ghost—the original blanket out of which it was taken. I mention this merely to indicate to you the pernicious effects of using caustic materials, which, when employed strong by themselves, affect woollen articles in this way, and which, even when not very strong, will more slowly, but with equal certainty, tend to destroy the woollen fibre."

Now, I want to tell you that we neighbors have had a talk over the matter, and we are not going to have our clothes and hands ruined in this way. Several of our neighbors who know have proved to us that Washing Soda, Potash, Chloride of Lime, and "soap substitutes" are most injurious to clothes and hands. "Free alkali" in soaps is practically the caustic soda that burns the clothes. Why, you dare not keep Caustic Soda in tin canister; it must be in an earthen jar, or it will even corrode the tin! Now, it's for you to provide us with pure soap without free alkali, or we must find it elsewhere.

Madam, you enlighten me! So many soaps are advertised as pure that I really took little heed to any difference between them.

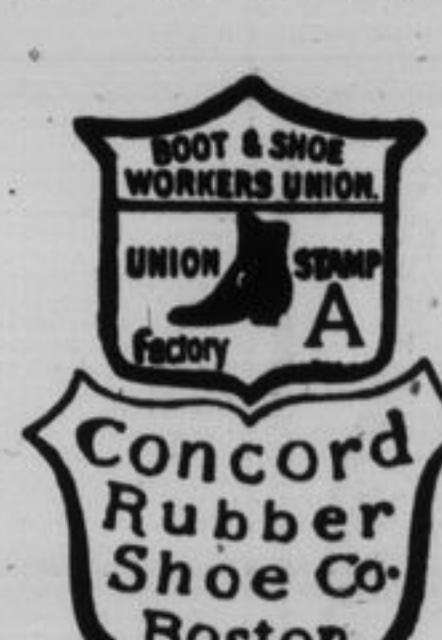
I have one, however, that has medical certificates of its freedom from free alkali. It is guaranteed pure; and the makers offer \$5,000 reward to any one who can prove it is not pure, and further, I am authorized to return the purchase money to any one finding cause for complaint.

Let me see it! Why, Sunlight Soap! It's a beautiful clean, fresh-looking soap, and this Octagon shape is very handy. Give me five bars.

Note by the grocer.—This whole neighborhood is using Sunlight Soap now. I have no more complaints. I have no room in my store now for rancid concoctions of alkali poisons; but it is not the grocer's fault if the public are misled with common soap. If the public ask for Sunlight Soap—patagon has—we give it them.

UNION MEN, ATTENTION!

The only Rubber Factory in the world authorized to use the Union Stamp is the



We control the Kingston Agency for these famous goods. The prices are just the same as the best Canadian makes.

Call and see this line. There's lots of wet weather coming and very soon.

J. H. Sutherland & Bro.

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Unrivalled in Quality, Unexcelled in Flavor,

The Finest in the Land.

AT A. J. REES, Princess St. Telephone No. 58.

INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP. Superior to all other for the Toilet and Nursery. Made by John Taylor & Co., Toronto.

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VIOLIN. MISS GRACE EVANS, Teacher of the Violin. 123 UPPER UNION ST.

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