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THE KINGSTON OF TO-DAY

"Where the lake and river meet" stands the old historic city of Kingston. Just where that noblest of rivers, the majestic St. Lawrence, whose waters encircle the matchless Thousand Islands, has the delectable bosom of Lake Ontario, Kingston rears its tapering church spires, its tall factory chimneys, and its square college towers into the deep blue of the Canadian sky. The city's situation is one of beauty, and its elevation renders it particularly healthy. Kingston has many claims to the title of a beautiful city. Her various well-wooded and carefully attended parks; her broad, clean streets shaded by rows of over-arching and interlacing maple branches, the substantial appearance of her public buildings and residences, the great quantity of limestone that enters into the construction of these buildings, and their attractive architecture—these are but a few of the attractions that make this "Limestone City" a beautiful place of residence.

Perhaps the first thing that impresses the visitor as he nears the city is its military aspect. The long, sloping hill east of the city is crowned by grim-looking Fort Henry, built twenty years after the war of 1812 was concluded, and in 1834. Its heavy guns, from down from their embankments, while a solitary warder guards the crumbling fort. Tall towers overlook the landings at each side of the old fortification. A Martello tower, with its conical shaped roof and gneiss wall, bids defiance to those who enter the harbor. Just where the Cataraqui river pours its waters into the lake stands the Tete du Pont Barracks, the headquarters of "A" Field Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery. It was in 1772 the original fort was built, placed under the direction of De la Salle, by a much stronger one of stone—Fort Frontenac. To the rear stands Artillery Barracks, the home of "B" Battery, Royal Canadian Artillery. In entering the harbor the visitor passes close to the Royal Military College, Canada's West Point, where the action of 1837 took place, and in which the art of war in the city's new drill shed, built for the accommodation of the city regiment, the 44th P.W.O. Rifle, and just completed, stands as a monument to the new spirit of militarism and imperialism that has recently sprung up in Canada.

It is a notable fact of history that the first teacher, as well as the first president in Upper Canada—the St. Ursula—labored in this historic city. As early as 1796 he established the first grammar school here. Long before any public schools in the system were established in the Limestone City possessed a system of elementary schools. In 1840 Queen's University was founded by a number of clergymen and laymen, of the Presbyterian church. The college, "on old Ontario's strand," has grown with the country. It has a noble record, and its graduates fill honored positions the world over. The Boy's Military College has turned out graduates who have long figured in Britain's foreign campaigns and won distinction in many a clime. Here, too, are situated Schools of Mining and Dairying, one of the finest Collegiate Institutes in the country, and a magnificent system of public and separate schools. In point of architecture and adaptability to their needs, the public schools are unsurpassed on the continent. Ex-Premier Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat, besides Sir Richard Cart-

A Toast To The Old Boys.
 We've drunk to the King—God bless him!
 We've drunk to our mother's land,
 (And we hope he'll understand)
 We've drunk as much as we're able,
 And the Cross ev'ning low to the north,
 Last toast—and you're not on us, table!
 A health to the Navy—hooray!
 —Rayard Kipling.

J. MORGAN SHAW,
 Secretary Old Boys' Committee.

Dreaming Of Home.
 Eugene Field.
 It comes to me often in silence,
 When the bright spatters bow-
 When the black uncertain shadows
 Seem wreaths of the long ago,
 Always with a throbbing heartache
 That throbs each pulsing vein,
 Comes the old, unquiet longing
 For the peace of home again.
 I'm sick of the rear of cities,
 And the face of old strange;
 I know where there's warmth of welcome
 And my yearning fancy ranges
 Back to the dear old homestead
 With an aching sense of pain.
 But there'll be joy in the coming
 When I go home again.
 When I go home again! There's music
 That never may be away.
 And the music of the hands of angels
 On my ivy harp at play.
 I have touched with a yearning sadness
 On a beautiful harp at play,
 To which in my fond heart words
 When I go home again.
 Outside of my darling's window
 Is the great world with its din,
 And slowly the summer shadows
 Come drifting drifting in,
 Subconscious night-wind murmurs
 To the splash of the summer rain,
 And I dream of the glorious evening
 When I welcome again.
 Some men lose their claims for the
 possession of wisdom upon the mere
 fact that their pockets never were
 picked.
 A man's true friends keep quiet
 when some one is enumerating his
 virtues.

The Old British Whig's Greeting To The Home-Comers.

O THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS of our beloved city; to those who have changed the skies above them but not the hearts that roam; to those who left our homes and hearts in the days of long ago; to the dreamers, the wanderers who have wooed, and oftimes won, fame and fortune under an alien flag, it may be—to these, whom we delight to call "Home-Comers," we bid you Welcome Home!

You went forth from us, many of you, with the freshness and hope of youth in your hearts. You longed to carve out a destiny for yourself in foreign fields of activity. Your dream of the future has in many instances been fulfilled. To-day you return to us bearing the tokens of success and happiness, of the undimmed honor of faithful service and a stainless name. It is good to remember and honor honest men, and to-day we remember and honor you.

The boyhood home, where you spent many a happy day, still stands with doors wide open to welcome your return. Some of you went out empty-handed from modest little homes, with only a mother's blessing. But the memory of that little home still abides; it is one of the imperishable scenes in the vast storehouse of the mind. In love of home the love of country has its rise, and your regard for and loyalty to the Land of the Maple had its origin in the love you felt for the threshold around which you played as a boy. In honor of these sacred and abiding memories, we welcome you home!

Death, self-interest and fortune's changes are every day breaking up many a happy group and scattering them far and wide. This is inevitable, and is perhaps for the best. The germ of unrest was in your blood and the throb of adventure in your hearts. You but answered the subtle, inexplicable promptings within you. Time, which strews a man's head with silver, sometimes fills his pockets with gold. While we wish that this may have been so in your case, we more ardently hope that the happiness and comfort of a life well lived and the jewelled diadem of duty well done may to-day be your portion.

Because of all this; you are welcome, thrice welcome, home! "We all come home, or ought to come home; for a short holiday—the longer the better." To you who have come—from the desk, the pulpit, the factory—from the quiet repose of country homes or from the busy marts of trade—we extend a cordial greeting. Our homes and our hearts are open to receive you. The Limestone City is yours. We delight in honoring you, and will do all we can to make your short sojourn at home pleasant and agreeable. And when you leave us again this will our parting benediction be:

"May the gates of plenty, honor and happiness be ever open to thee. May no sorrow distress thy days, may no grief disturb thy nights."

A GLIMPSE OF KINGSTON.

Its Early History, Its Growth and Present Status.
 Kingston is an historic city. Its settlement is almost contemporary with that of Quebec. In 1673 Count de Frontenac, governor of New France, made a voyage hither with one hundred and twenty boats in great state, and established a fortified trading post after his own name, with the favor of the Iroquois tribes. Here La Salle built a vessel, and sailed hence up the lake, establishing a fort at Niagara, where again he built a vessel for navigation of Lake Erie, a part of his aim for a passage to China and by the Mississippi to Mexico.
 About Fort Frontenac, called by the Indians Catarauqui, colonists settled. The treasury of its next commandant, De Donnerville, towards the Indians, had its fruit in steel, capture and massacre. Frontenac, recalled from France, rebuilt the fort, and it had a tranquil existence till the British capture under Col. Bradstreet in 1758. Again became important when the loyalists fled from the United States as a result of the war of independence, and settled in and about it in great numbers, giving it the name of King's Town. In 1842 it was made the capital of Upper Canada, and great building enterprise was undertaken, but within a few years the seat of government was withdrawn, dissipating the fortunes of the people, and giving the death blow to enterprise while that generation lasted. It settled down to the life and dependence of a garrison town, fostered by extensive fort building under imperial policy. The British troops being withdrawn and lake commerce being on the decline, Kingston roused itself in the sixties, and has steadily advanced from a population of 12,000 to one of 21,000, including the Canadian regulars in garrison and suburbs of Portmouth. Here are Queen's College, with 700 students in arts, science, theology, and medicine, the Royal Military College, a Collegiate Institute in unbroken operation since 1794.
 Various fortifications give the town a military strength second only to that of Quebec, and its five armed Martello towers possess an especial interest for visitors. Here, in the days gone by Navy Bay was filled with vessels of war from England; but the dock yard is doing peaceful duty as a site for the Military College.
 Kingston's commercial importance,

with which Great Britain has engirdled the world. Socially Kingston is one of the most hospitable of cities. The approach to it is pleasing.
 The sun rises golden over the high land on the opposite shore of the harbor—the wide lake stretching calm and glassy in the blue distance to the west. The opposite islands stand out clear, Garden Island, behind it. Since island to the west, and to the south, Wolfe Island, whose green fields and clumps of trees scattered farm houses extend down the river for twenty miles. The city rises on its gentle slope, the cool grey buildings and slender spires catching the warm glow of the level sunbeams. Far to the right, beyond the long bridge, the winding Catarauqui shows a misty blue between the high green banks that end in the gorge at Kingston mills. Across the upper harbor, rises the slope of Barrisdale, with its grey church tower, and the undulating "common" rising gradually into the Fort Hill, while between this and the city runs out the long, level promontory, on which irradiated by the early sunshine—stand the old and new buildings of the Military College. In surroundings as in many other ways, Kingston is the pleasantest residence city in Canada.
A Chestnut.
 A Sunday school teacher asked the members of his class to bring a collection for the mission fund the following Sunday, and each be prepared to repeat some motto or text when they sat in their money. When little Willie Smith handed in his donation he accompanied it with the very appropriate exclamation, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." Jamie Jenkins said: "It is better to give than to receive." As little Julian Jones held up his five-cent piece, the teacher, with an encouraging smile, said: "Well, Johnnie, what is your text?" "A fool and his money are soon parted," was Johnnie's prompt reply.

A Popular King.
 The most brilliant event of this year will be the jubilee of the aged King Christian IX., of Denmark. On November 15th he will have occupied the throne of his little kingdom for forty years. All Europe will celebrate this event and more crowned heads will be gathered in Copenhagen on that day than have ever been in any one city in modern times. No monarch is more loved and respected than the king of Denmark; no king was ever more deserving than the "Father-in-law of Europe."



THE KINGSTON OF LONG AGO

People say that the growth of Kingston is slow. So it is, but there has been a permanency and a solidity about the city which is good to see. When depression and hard times prevailed in livelier centres of trade, a sense of security and stability prevailed in Kingston. The results are apparent in the credit of the merchants and in the development of local business.
 In order to appreciate the advancement that the city has made in a municipal and commercial respect, one must realize what Kingston looked like sixty or seventy years ago. Then the limited space enclosed by a picket fence, it began at the water's edge on the east side of West street, passed the block-house on McLoslin's gore (where Dr. Thiel's residence now stands), passed the block-house on the site of Rev. Mr. Brock's house (where John McIntyre, K.C., now lives); passed the barracks, opposite Sydenham street Methodist church, across to a block-house that stood at the north corner of Princess and Sydenham streets; passed down Sydenham street to the old block-house, which still stands near the quarry, and down to the water's edge between Farraly's farm and the house then in occupation by one of the highest military functionaries. There were four entrances to the enclosure—one on King street, one on William street, one on Princess street and one on Montreal road. These buildings were small, and yet the territory within them was not fully occupied. There was evidence of thrift, of enterprise, of success, but little of wealth. Members of the aristocracy invited toward "Hidcot" street and the depot; none there seek the water's edge.
 The G.T.R. depot rests upon the land occupied about 1810 by the stores of Mr. Murray. The Hendry corner was the location of Burley's brewery. On the corner of Clarence and Ontario streets resided the Brockman family, and in the centre of the next block (where the city buildings now are) was the main guard house, outside of which lands of the regiment played on Sunday until the people, turning religious, rose in their might and said they wouldn't stand it any longer. In the corner where the O.K. house stands was the residence of Thomas Mackenzie and Forsyth's and McLean's members of the North-West company.

traders with the Indians, did business on the opposite corner. An hospital preceded the fire station. The building formerly known as Goad's butcher shop was built by Hon. John Macaulay, postmaster, agent for the Upper Canada bank and hardware merchant, and he also built the Gaskin house for his business, subsequently. He removed to Toronto when appointed inspector-general. Hon. John Kirby did business on the corner of Princess and Ontario streets (Ottawa hotel site).
 The wharves in those days were not numerous. The Queen's was the best of them. They were located at the foot of Queen street. Behind them, behind Fenwick & Hendry's; foot of Princess street; Kitch's (Richardson's); Forsyth's; foot of Brock street; Murray's (all the G.T.R. cars, Wright's, of William's street. All these wharves were small, but were most of the boats calling at them. The estate of the Locomotive Works was formerly a marsh, and while it was such, the levee built—a couple of years ago—there.
 The water front between Tete du Pont barracks and the cotton mill has been completely changed. There were numerous indentations, and small boats, which have been filled up. The water in the case especially around Tete du Pont barracks, Anglin's mill and Dickson's brewery. The market square was not then of any account, and there

THE MEMORY OF HOME.
A Powerful Factor For Good In Many Lives.
 "Coming home! Coming home!" These words have been upon the lips of Kingstons for many a day, and how many have meant only they who uttered them can tell. Perhaps it meant the return of a long-lost son or daughter, perhaps of a brother, a cousin, an uncle, perhaps one who had lighted his track to his favorite in the days of youth, or perhaps, it is one known only by the sacred name of friend. On the other hand, in many a distant city the thought of "going home" has been apparent in the mind of many wanderers. It was a pleasant thing to think about, and the mind called up many memories of the past. Both dreams have now been realized; the home-comers are here.
 The memory of the great "uncle" in "Home." No matter where we may roam the heart fondly turns to the scene of childhood and home. We never lose sight of that, no matter whether our far-ones are crowned with the laurel of success or whether the path of life is strewn with the wreck of unfulfilled hopes and wasted efforts. The influence of home is ever with us. When that influence is for good, no language can tell how beneficial, how far-reaching it is. It is incorporated into a part of our daily life. It becomes a part of our selves. Those who are acquainted with the world, or who have read most extensively the histories of men, will allow that it is the formation of character, the most telling influence in the early home. It is that home which often in boyhood has formed beforehand our most famous scholars, our most celebrated heroes, our most devoted missionaries; and even when men have grown up reckless and profligate, and have broken all restraints, human and divine, the last anchor which has dragged the boat back to the shore, they have been able to make it the memory which moved them to a virtuous home.

Brute force has never been nor never will be the true advocate of civilization. Natural boundaries are not in it with the acquired kind.

ARCHIE ABERNETHY,
 Treasurer Old Boys' Committee.

Truth is everywhere leaking through and spilling over its containers. Natural boundaries are not in it with the acquired kind.

HON. WM. HARTY,
 Secretary Old Boys' Committee.