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LACTATED FOOD Has Never Disappointed Any Mother.

FOR POULTRY RAISERS.

Some Hints That Will Be Of Advantage.

Success or failure of the poultry season depends upon the days and nights now passing. Don't forget lime and gravel. Be sure of clean water for the chicks and keep their roosting places clean.

Feed coops are very necessary to keep the large chicks and fowls from tramping the little ones to death. Watch the hen that first comes off the roost and that last retires at night. She is the best layer.

There ought to be a shallow box full of dry dust in every poultry house, both winter and summer, and it should be often renewed. A constant and never failing dust bath is the very best remedy for lice.

Excess of salt is not good for fowls; when they get to it they sometimes eat it in fatal quantities; but a little salt, as for instance, in their feed, is beneficial. Chickens are the most profitable stock on the farm, but they generally receive the least attention. Empty the ashes, either wood or coal, into the poultry yard, or house.

Are you keeping accounts with the poultry? Can you tell how many eggs you have sold, how many you have set, and how many chicks have hatched? And later, how many chicks you raise, and how many you sell and what you get for them? All this will be interesting next winter.

There is more cholera in the drinking vessels than anywhere else. Keep them clean. Late chickens sometimes do very well, but they require more care than early ones. Don't forget to keep tall on the orchard now are serving well their day and generation.

Levi's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects. A self-made man seldom mixes modesty with the material used in his construction.

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Naturally effervescent and mildly alkaline, it greatly benefits the entire digestive tract.

A Late Love.

By Bessie G. Streetly.

Miss Pierce was in her office looking over those that had been handed in that afternoon by members of the class who were June candidates for the degree of bachelor of arts. Miss Pierce was tired, woefully tired. The corner of her mouth drooped dejectedly, and little wrinkles peeped in at her eyes as though saying, "Ha, ha, Margaret Pierce, you're getting old—thirty-nine, aren't you?"

The truth of the matter was Miss Pierce was not only tired, but decidedly provoked at herself. A few minutes before, while looking over a particularly dull thesis, she had indulged in a long-drawn "O dear, O dear," but what freak of her memory had made her think of the rest of the old childish couplet, "If I were married I wouldn't be here." And now, ponderous looking article on "The Culture of the Sensibility," that fresh rhyme chanted itself over and over. A student was practising in one of the music rooms across the hall, and the monotonous chords wailed, "O dear, O dear, if I were married I wouldn't be here." Now, wasn't that exasperating?

Miss Pierce swung her oak chair around to the window and with the thesis still in her hand watched the sunset as it settled down over the campus, covered the drive-ways and clung to the close-cropped evergreen trees. A group of girls clad in golf suits, and high shoes came around the corner of the main building with a long sled, and started, laughing, toward the hill back of the president's cottage. A half-dozen young men came out of one of the fraternity houses, and after much playful shouting, joined the party of coasters.

Miss Pierce watched them with bitter longing in her heart. What a splendid time they were having in this, the happiest period of their lives. And she had—missed something—somewhere—by the road that had been—thirty-nine—years long. She fell to musing and the thesis was forgotten. What had she done in those long years? Had it been worth while? She glanced around the beautifully furnished office, mechanically noting the pretty chairs, the pictures of her own selecting, and the palms in the long windows nodding out to the square. Yes, she was drawing a good salary, and the results of her department were all that could be desired. That was just it. The students literally feared her so much they put more than the required time on her studies.

What a sour, un-social creature she was. None of the girls thought of confiding in her like they did in the other members of the faculty. When she was preceptress at Hanley Hall, the girls had called her "The Ogre." Not directly, of course, but she had not failed to hear of it. Only the other day she reminded herself, when she stepped into the gymnasium one of the girls had been waiting, but had stopped, immediately, seeing the door of the various exits. She hadn't cared about the dancing, if they had only known.

A student was coming in the office now to ask some simple question but her face wore a frightened expression. After she had gone Miss Pierce fastidiously refused to discover the cause of her unpopularity. After being left an orphan, she had worked her way through this same college in which she now taught. She had stood at the head of her class and won a scholarship, but what pleasure had she given herself or others?

The girls used to ask her to their midnight spreads in those old days, but when she had persistently refused to go, they had stopped inviting her. She knew that they were for the most part wealthy girls, and had conceived the idea that they didn't want her. So, while white-robed figures laughing, glided through the corridors, she had her door and poured over a Greek Testament.

She had gone to the Freshman banquet, when the college papers were full of "The Feast of the Frolicsome Freshies." What fun the other students had indulged in, hunting the Sophomores who appropriated the punch bowl and the Freshman colors. But she had considered such things beneath one who went in for higher learning, and although cordially treated, had remained cool and unbending through it all.

It was at this function she had met the young professor with the kind eyes, who had treated her with marked attention. She had seen a great deal of him that first year, and with age nature all softened, was just beginning to live in the dreams that come to every girl, when he told her of his engagement. So, looking straight at the man, who, attempting friendship, had taught her love instead, she had congratulated him smilingly. Then the girl, Margaret Pierce, had gone into her room with a crushed heart, but in the morning there had come out a cynical, pessimistic woman, with a hard, white face.

That had all happened twenty years ago, and when he left to teach in another school, she had determined with set lips to put him entirely out of her life. But having so much work in common, she naturally heard a great deal of him, and in fact, met him nearly every year at some convention. She had known of his marriage and the death of his wife soon after, and the last year he had come back to the old school as professor of Latin language.

Yes, he was the one who had made her cynical, but why had she let it affect her so, and why had she always been so unpleasant to everyone? She remembered the sophomore cotillion of her college days and her haughty refusal to take part, and the small amount of college spirit she had shown when their orator won first place in the inter-state contest. The evening of the junior promenade she had stayed at her boarding house and worked trigonometry. She remembered how the girls came home and talked it over, but when she went down the stairs, where they perched on the banisters, they had suddenly stopped, and as she passed on, she had heard

some one say, "Old Pierce ought to have been there. Everyone missed her." "Oh, it had hurt me," she had said. Once she had started to play tennis, but hearing someone remark that she was crawling out of her shell and getting giddy, she had thrown down her racket and walked as fast as she could past the back houses and along the bluffs, away from everyone.

At commencement she had given a learned oration that would have done credit to one who had devoted a lifetime to study. The faculty had praised her and a man of science had asked for a copy, so here had been sufficient honor, but the other girls had gone up the lake to the commencement breakfast, and she had sat on the bluff alone.

It had always been so. If she decided to go to Europe in the summer, she would have gone alone. Oh! she wanted someone to care for. Why was it Love had never come to her? The tears sprang into her eyes and rolled down on "the Culture of the Sensibility." Her head went down among the ponderous documents, and there in the gathering twilight, the loveliest woman sobbed.

The door softly opened and someone was standing by her chair. "Miss Pierce—Margaret. What is the trouble?" It was the old Latin professor with some volumes of Virgil under his arm. And because she was a woman and intensely moved, Miss Pierce looked up to the kind eyes above the bushy beard and sobbed, "I was just lonesome, that's all." And then the ancient volumes of Virgil were suddenly lying on the floor, and with Miss Pierce's tired head on the baggy coat, the professor said strange things for a man who was thought to love his dusty manuscripts more than any woman.

When the professor and Miss Pierce came out of the hall it had stopped raining and the sun was just shining enough to make everything sparkle like benediction to the dying day. Some girls came dragging a sled up the driveway, laughing at the capers the wind cut in their hair and clothes. Moved by a sudden impulse, one of them stopped and said: "Oh, Miss Pierce, we've had the loveliest time and are going again to-morrow. I wish you would go." Then, while the girls looked on astonished, the dignified Miss Pierce smiled and patted the tumbled hair: "I should enjoy it ever so much, my dear, I will try to go." Love had at last come to Miss Pierce and was walking with her down through the snow-bounded campus where the janitor was lighting the street lamps.

Hard Place For Grooms. Among some of the wilder Thibetan tribes, the Koko-nor, there is a curious marriage ceremony. This consists in placing the girl, on her wedding morn, in the upper part of a tree, while her male relatives remain on the lower limbs—or else in the back part of her father's tent, or hut, while these same relatives guard the entrance—in each case the latter being armed with Lolo thorn-sticks.

The groom, when these preparations were completed, rides up and announces his intention of seizing the bride. This requires fortitude on the relatives' part, but they are usually ready to beat him unmercifully when he attempts to reach the woman. If he manages to "elude his assailants and touch the side of the woman, she is his, he is welcomed into the family and complimented on his exploit. Should he fail, he suffers not only the inconvenience of being wifeless, but the loss of cattle and other presents given during the negotiations. By the sale of a girl to one man, however, the father does not relinquish his claims upon her, but may sell her to other suitors who come afterwards, until she may have half a dozen husbands.

Former College President Weds. Special to the Whig. Danville, Ky., June 23.—Miss Leila S. McKee, who recently resigned the presidency of the Western College for women at Oxford, O., was married here today to James B. Welch, of Kansas City. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's mother, and was attended by many friends, and Mrs. Welch will spend several months in Europe before taking up their permanent residence in Kansas City.

A festival and concert will be held on St. John's church grounds, Pittsburg, on Thursday, June 29th. Music and dance to R. H. Fair's grove, Glenburnie, Thursday evening, June 30th.

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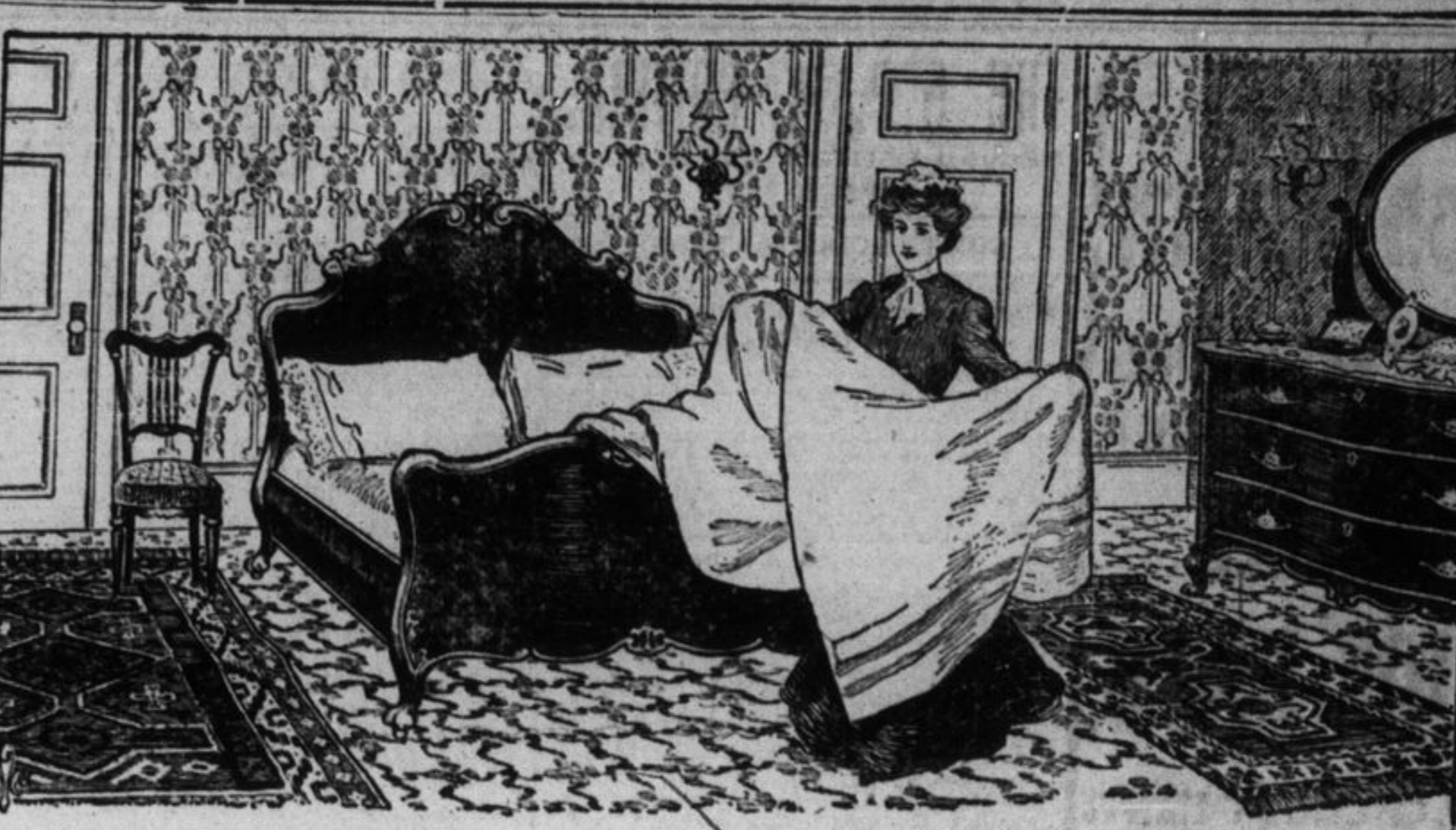
Constipation is the bane of modern life, improper food, imperfect mastication and dyspepsia are the exciting causes. Add to this the use of drastic pills, which weaken the muscular coating of the bowels, and you have the cause of nine diseases out of ten.

Drastic pills become such a menace to public health that Dr. Hamilton devised a special pill for his own practice, which is both mild and certain in action, and free from the injurious effects of pills containing mercury.

The pills Dr. Hamilton achieved such marvellous success that their fame spread far and wide, till to-day they are sold by every druggist in the land. The conditions giving rise to constipation are never aggravated, but promptly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which assist the forces of nature in doing their work properly.

You will find Dr. Hamilton's Pills an ideal cure for constipation, sick headache, and biliousness. Never have they been known to fail, and certainly they won't fall short in your case. Just the pill for young people, the old, the weak, and above all, the proper pill for people who are strong and who wish to keep strong. Dr. Hamilton's Pills need only be tested once to prove their value.

Without exception they are the safest, best and most scientific cathartic pill manufactured, according to Dr. Hamilton's own formula. Price 25¢ per box, or five boxes for \$1, at all druggists. Refuse any substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills.



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will wash blankets beautifully white and make them soft, fleecy, and clean smelling. There is no unsaponified fat in Sunlight Soap, and your blankets will not be greasy, yellowish, or have a disagreeable odor.

Use Sunlight Soap as directed in the modern way—you'll have no discomforts, no steam, but perfect cleanliness.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

An Old Time Presbyterian Discusses Liturgy Question.

Kingston, June 22.—(To the Editor): Presbyterian's letter on the Liturgy in the Whig of the 18th inst., I think should not go unchallenged. At the recent meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, the assembly as a body observed the sacrament of the Lord's supper. The moderator conducted the service by dispensing the elements. The usual prayer offered up to the Most High was read from a book, and the sacramental service was conducted or read out of a book also. Presbyterian says Mr. Knowles seems to have a horror of liturgy in the Presbyterian church, that he seems to know very little about the parent church in Scotland, where a liturgy is almost universal, and in the United Free Church of Scotland. That is a pretty wide statement, but for the sake of argument we shall accept it.

I would ask what does Mr. Knowles mean by the average Presbyterian know about a liturgy? Mr. Knowles is berated for finding fault with an innovation on a time-honored custom handed down to us from the reformation. Surely Mr. Knowles is standing on firm ground. Not so with those who have the habit of shuffling out their written prayers stealthily as it were from under the Bible, as you are not supposed to look around during prayer, but Dr. Milligan has come to the relief of those who are not Presbyterian says because the established church and the free churches in Scotland use a liturgy, therefore, there would not be any thing unorthodox in introducing a liturgy in the Presbyterian church of Canada. That is poor logic, and thus he is pleading for the right to introduce a custom that is illegal. The old law of use and custom is the written law have not been rescinded. With reference to the statement that a liturgy is in such general use, pray how was that brought about? Did the lay element ask for it? No, no more than the Presbyterians in Canada. The high church party introduced a ritual in to the cathedrals, called the cathedral church service, though Presbyterian in name it is really English church service and high church in that. That they should during a period of thirty or forty years exert some influence on some smaller congregations is not surprising. A liturgy is just the thing to send to read the prayers, sermon, etc. In St. Giles cathedral, Exeter you have liturgy, ritual, popish rites and ceremonies. By some it has been called the idols in St. Giles. Many cannot believe that such is a fact in a Protestant church in Scotland.

All honour to Rev. Jacob Pinner, who has been carrying on the aggressive work so ably inaugurated by James Gibbes, over two hundred and fifty years ago. Mr. Pinner has been shamefully abused, threatened with imprisonment, etc. for exposing these nefarious systems. Such is the legacy Dr. Milligan's actions is calculated to inflict upon us in Canada. We are sure to have the prayers read now, as the moderator in his official capacity has sanctioned it, by precept and example—OLD TIME PRESBYTERIAN.

Benefit For Clement Scott.

Special to the Whig. London, June 23.—The theatrical benefit given at His Majesty's theatre this afternoon for Clement Scott, the dean of English critics, proved to be one of the most notable benefit performances since the late Nellie Farren. Nearly every actor and actress of note now in London, took part, the list including Sir Henry Irving, Arthur Bourcher, George Alexander, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Langtry, and Beethoven Tree. Mr. Tree appeared in a new and entertaining monologue specially written for the occasion.

Benefit For Clement Scott.

Annual picnic of St. Lawrence Methodist church, will be held in W. G. Woodman's Grove, Wolfe Island, on Tuesday, June 21st.



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Special St. Louis Service. Through trains, superb equipment—Double Track—speed and punctuality. Costs no more than the poorer roads.

Insist that your ticket reads, via Lake Shore FOR BOOK OF PARTICULARS, ADDRESS..... J. W. DALY, G. E. A., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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