

THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG.

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Laidlaw's

Wool Vests and Drawers

EVERYBODY WANTS.

Everybody is in a hurry now. Something light weight is necessary for fall.

Wool Vests and Drawers—All sizes, 50c, 75c, 99c. Unshrinkable Underwear that gives satisfaction to our customers last year.

Wool Vests and Drawers in all colors. Day is shown in our Underwear just now.

Wool Drawers—Fine Unshrinkable fall weights, 75c. each; fall weights, 99c. each.

Wool Drawers—Fall weights, 25c.

Wool Underwear—6 different makes of Children's Vests and Drawers, each, both in white and natural colors.

Men's Suits



Best thing yet for the clothes off. All.

Cashmere Hosiery

Wool, all sizes, medium weights, 23c., 25c., according to size.

Cashmere Stockings, 20c., 23c., 35c., according to size.

Cashmere Stockings, 7 different sizes from, all sizes in each.

Cashmere Stockings

Wool Stockings, 25c., 35c. Two makes, ribbed or plain.

Wool English Cashmere, 39c., 45c.

Wool Cashmere.

Wool Cardinal Cashmere.

Wool White Cashmere.

Coats for Women

The Latest New York Models

In fine quality Black English over and Fawn Shades of Coat and Whipcord Cloths. You can save from \$1 to \$2 on your Fall Coat. Many women have done this and have quite candid in admitting it.

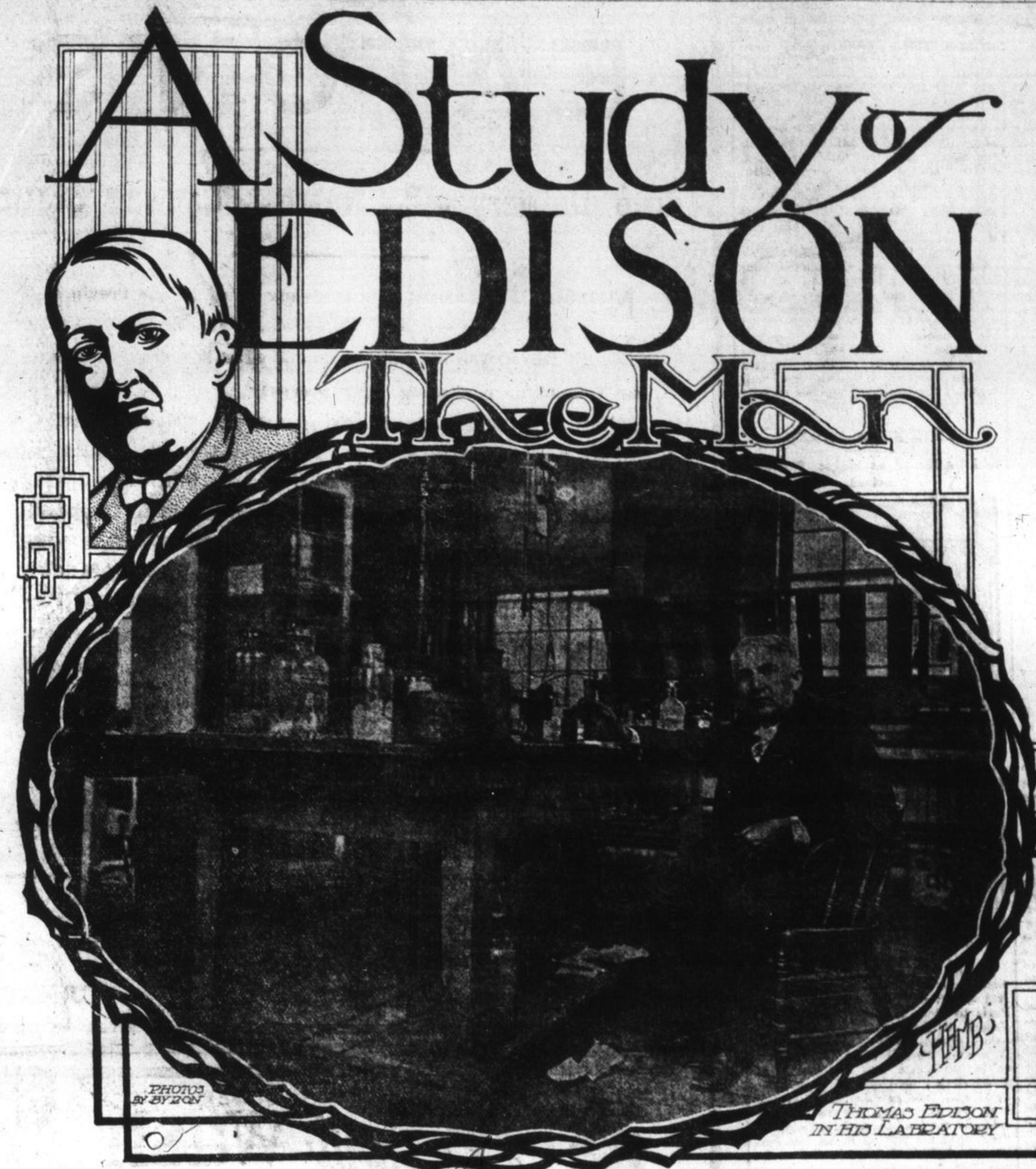
Laidlaw & Son

Leather Boots for Men

Thoroughly waterproof, heavy viscolized soles, leather lined—a boot you can depend on. We have them in Black and Tan, in all heights, from an ordinary boot to as high as the knee.

Headquarters for Mining and Surveying Boots.

TT SHOE STORE



MAKING A NEW RECORD BY THE PHOTOGRAPH DEPARTMENT

nothing definite about sound," he said. "It evades reason at times and tumbles upon us frequently by accident, but it is still one of the secrets of nature. We are experimenting constantly to get perfect tone. There is nothing now, however, that we cannot record. We had trouble at first with soprano voices, and later with violin and cello solos. We only put cello solos on the market about four months ago. No day is exactly like another. There is a constant though minute atmospheric change going on about us, so we try everything, no matter how absurd it may seem at the time, in an effort to catch nature in a scientific trap." What I heard will not be on the market for a year. Edison's policy is to mistrust a merely friendly aspect of nature till he has acquired her assurance of its practical truth.

son's success; he never reaches the final word of discovery. His imagination is always luring him into by-paths that no one suspects. In addition to his better-known patents granted, in connection with the development of the electric lamp, the telegraph, telephone, or the gramophone, his inventions include voice records, typewriters, electric pens, vocal engines, addressing machines, methods of preserving fruit, cast-iron manufacture, wire drawing, electric locomotives, moving picture machines, the making of plate glass, compressed air apparatus and many others. All this shows clearly that it is not so much the result of wizard's magic as it is a plain, sensible genius for work, the imaginative industry of a poet and hard-headed business which combine to make the man Edison. —PENENNIS.

The miracles of Edison's discoveries are to the scientist desperately reasonable, and to label his exact experiments as mere vapors from dreamland enrages him. Still say what he will the inception of almost any new invention has appeared first to the inventor in a most visionary stage of development.

Take Edison's own story of the new storage battery which he has just completed, and of which he told me much in detail, it was based upon the inventor's high esteem for the prolific promises there are in nature, for as he said, he could not conceive that nature so generous in all her favors had been mean enough to limit a storage battery to lead and acids. Maybe it is because he had always been as punctiliously chivalrous and just to her in his laboratory, that nature has rewarded him by lifting her veil to him so often.

Wireless telegraphy had been confided to him by nature twenty years ago, he told me, when the Lehigh Valley road successfully used it in their freight department service. At that time he flashed a message from earth to a kite two miles in the air above. Just at that time he was in tremendous favor with Dame Nature, she gave him an idea for the incandescent lamp, which obliterated for a time his interest in wireless telegraphy.

After the lamp came experimental improvements in automatic telegraphy operating at high speeds, when nature drew his attention to the audible sounds produced by the vibration of a stylus he was using in connection with the instruments, to this he applied his knowledge of acoustics and the telephone mechanics, with the result that he produced the phonograph. And so it seems to have been with him all along the line. Instead of feeling as wizards of old have done, some superior to be withstood, and he feared, he has seen her beauties, approached her with confidence, and found that she holds only the most endearing principles for humanity at large.

Edison is not a wizard, he is a sturdy, sunny souled, hard headed son of Ohio, the great Buckeye state. He has what all great Americans of the present day reveal especially, the temperament of youth. He may sometimes, because it has been forced upon him fall into an outward semblance of the fictional scientist, the man of abstraction and silent mystery but get him among old friends, and he will tell better stories and listen to old ones as generously and with as keen a pleasure as ordinary hearty human beings.

Because Edison is a prophet, chosen to advance the power of his fellow men over hindering exactitudes, scatology warrants that we picture him with any theatrical exaggerations. However, this dramatic flavor has been so liberally mixed with the solid com-



THE NEW STORAGE BATTERY WILL DRIVE AN AUTOMOBILE ONE HUNDRED MILES

mercial results of the Edison factory at Orange, N.J., that it is as a pretty tinsel veil adorning the business aspect of everything there. Literally, perhaps, it is inevitable, because the main force, the impelling power, the indelible magic of definite outcomes and incomes at the Edison works, takes source in the prophetic imagination of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor of its marvels.

It is a place of magical things, achieved by imaginative prescience. In spite of the many clever assistants I met at the works, in spite of their exact reasoning, their scientific experience and even their experimental caution, take Edison away and there would be no more wonderwork forthcoming there.

Edison himself expressed the idea this way: "No man of a mathematical habit of mind ever invented anything that amounted to much. He doesn't let his imagination do it. I don't know anything about mathematics—can't even do proportion—but I can hire all the good mathematicians I need." And he might have added, "but I can't hire men with logical imagination."

a young man, in spite of the pressure at which he has played his life, and yet the secrets are open to any technical observer, because there is really no scientific question about them. Edison would not fearfully answer, since it is not the natural evolution of experimental changes that counts, so much as it is the character and a certain audacity of imagination in the mind of the inventor who is connecting them.

Edison works with no apparent executive system. You may hunt almost anywhere for him in the various departments of his laboratory at any time. No one knows how many secrets are fermenting in his brain, nor the sequence of their development. Old corners, enclosed works in the plain brick buildings of the laboratory, were shown to me as places where he snatched a little sleep when too absorbed to go home.

His head mechanic, Fred Ott, probably the man who is closer to the magic of Edison's achievements than any other technical man, spoke of the period when the phonograph was evolving. "We never left this room, night or day, for weeks, till it was done," he said. "Our meals were sent in and we slept here."

"I'm afraid the whole thing would go up in smoke!" I asked.

"No. We were sure enough, but we wanted to get through—to do it." Now Fred Ott voiced the germ that Edison had introduced right there. To do it!

To nail the dream together so that it would never fall apart again. Yes, and to keep it up to date; to inoculate it with the virus of newly applied discoveries, year in and year out, so that it should be not merely a bit of still life, but a progressive energy, alive every minute. Edison himself carried all the weight of constant impending failures to a triumphant practical value. He's as tenacious as a bulldog once he gets a hold of an idea, and you can't scold him or coax him to let go. Before he reaches for a thing he "smells around" thoroughly to see if it's worth while, and whenever he fails to get the intended result, he does not blame natural causes or bud-

workmanship; he just says: "It isn't nature that's wrong; it's me. I'll keep at it till I know more." There is an experimenting room in the laboratory devoted to the improvement of the phonograph. A. F. E. Wange-man, who bears a striking resemblance to Edison himself, is master of ceremonies here. He has surprises to show, if he wishes, that are not yet on the market. I heard one of them under pledge of secrecy. "We know

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh of the Bladder. It is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same disinfesting purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions, and other odorous vegetables. Charcoal effectually cleans and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels, it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, a great benefit.

A Buffalo physician in speaking of the benefits of charcoal says: "I advise Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Charcoal Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Straw For Fodder.

In the event of a short hay crop horses may be made to fare well on either wheat or oat straw, or both. The straw should first be cut, and then chaff then wet and bran and middlings added to it. There is more value of nutriment in sixty pounds of bran than in a bushel of whole wheat. The reason of this is because the bran contains the larger part of the protein of the grain, and that is worth two and a half times as much as the starch of it, which is mostly contained in the bran. As the same holds true of middlings, they are likewise about equal to bran in value. Accordingly, when these can be bought at reasonable prices, there is in many respects no more economical method of keeping horses than on oat straw.

"I don't usually talk much. I prefer to produce, and when I do so my work will hold good. Why, I've been experimenting and perfecting this, just as I have an invention for the market. Mind you, an inventor can make a beautiful thing to show, much quicker than he can perfect a thing that must work. We're very commercial round here," he added, with a shrug of his blue eyes, as he stamped his two feet squarely on the ground in emphatic assurance of this fact.

Once Edison has transformed a dream into a tangible reality he is all business, for he added: "What we wanted speed, which to do it is now doing in the New York streets—that is, a minimum space, reduced weight, a forty-mile run with a truck capacity of one ton and one charge at a little more than one-half its cost to keep a horse vehicle running now. I've done it, and next spring our factory here will be making them."

The phonograph is complete," I suggested.

"Oh, no! The phonograph is a useful thing, and it's wonderful to see what pleasure it has given; it is the poor man's music, but we are experimenting, discovering new things all the time in it."

And that is just the secret of Edi-