

for Thanksgiving Day, a pair of good comfortwet and slush of winter to be thankful for a year

heavy weight Walking \$1.50 to \$4.50 and Norwegian Grain \$3.50 to \$5.00 and & Bro. Shoe for Men.

BARGAINS

s' High Class Overcoats. TERCOATS at great sacrifice of ready cash. We put the ALL THIS WEEK.

\$18 and \$20 at the low \$10.00. 12 and \$15 at the low \$8.00.

88 and \$10 at the low \$5.00. well-made Overcoats, of the

ok at them. Not Satisfied.

p-Town Clothier TREET.

****** PER. ANTIMONY & TIN , TORONTO.



TRAVELLING.

Thanksgiving Day Thursday, Oct. 26th, 1905.

Round trip tickets will be sold to all ints in Canada at SINGLE FIRST. FARE. On Wednesday and Oct. 25th, and 28th, 1905. Valid returning from destination on before Monday, Oct. 30th, 1905. VESTERN EXCURSIONS, \$46.30

Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, second class from Kingston. Lower rates to several other points. Tickets on sale from Sept. 15th o Oct. 31st, 1905.

Ry, to points Mattawa to Port Arthur away in response to a regular cus-Good going Oct. 10th, to

All Stations Argyle to Cobo-

Lindsay to Haliburton, Severn,
Bay. Points on N. N. Co.
ian Bay and Mackinaw Di-Good Going Oct. 26th to Nov. valid returning until For further particulars, tickets and all other information apply to J. P. HANLEY, City Passenger Agent.

KINGSTON& PEMBROK

IN CONNECTION WITH CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

SINGLE FARE

\$46.30 eattle

Oct. 31st, 1905 SECOND CLASS FROM many other West-

Ticket Office, Ontario Street CONWAY, F. A. FOLGER, JR. Gen. Pass. Agent

New short line for Tweed, Napanes Descrepto, and all local points. Trainleave City Hall Depot at 8:25 p.m. F

CONWAY, Agent B. Q. Ry., Kingston

ALLAN LINE LIVERPOOL and LONDONDERRY ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS. From Montreal. From Quebec.

Parisian, Fri., Oct. 27, 5 a.m. 27, 12 p.m. Bavarian, Fri., Nov. 3, 6 a.m. 3, 6 p.ns. Virginian, Fri., Nov. 10, 6 a.m. 10, 11p.m Cumistan, Fri., Nov. 17, 6 a.m. 17 4 p.mu. MONTREAL TO GLASGOW, DIRECT. Thurs., Oct. 26, (daylight) MONTREAL TO LONDON. Sarmatian, Oct. 28. Pomeranian, Nov. 11 J. P. HANLEY, Agent. G.T.R. City Passenger Depot. J. P. GILDER-SLEEVE, Clarence Street,

Lake Ontario and Bay of Quinte Steamboat Co., Limited.

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Leaves Kingston daily except Sunday at 3 p.m., for Picton and intermediate Bay of Quinte Ports. Full information from J. P. Hanley, J

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"THERE IS A TIME FOR ALL TRINGS."

P. Walsh's Yard BARRACK STREET.

the time to fill

**************** Francis D. Render, cashier of the St mis postoffice, was arrested by postoffice inspectors, following the discovby of an alleged shortage of \$9,000 in

10,000 MILES OF EGGS | serve up, only half of which come from the British Empire, and none of which

WHAT IT TAKES TO FEED LON-DON EVERY YEAR.

Ten Million Sacks of Wheat, 2,500 Tons Milk, 80,000,000 Pounds of Butter, 450,000,000 Eggs, and a Great River of Beer Are Among the Startling

"Two butters, one bread," repeated the waiter, glibly, as he made a hasty me with a yet more hasty "Thank To points in Temagami on T. & N. O. you, sir-much oblige," and darted

The scene was a busy restaurant the heart of London's business "city, and the time that rush-and-scramble hour when every "city man" may be found taking in food, says The Edinburgh Scotsman. All around were silkhatted men intent on nourishment darting here and there and everywhere were perspiring waiters bearing dangerous piles of dishes; much rattle of knives and forks and human voices, Dishes were emptied and seats vacated. A hasty flick by the waiter disposed of the last customer's crumbs; a clean knife and fork, more bread and a fresh customer filled the vacancies, and hey,

presto! off they go again. I checked my bill, in spite of bert's" hasty figures. My bread I saw was responsible for a modest penny, distant countries I wondered had come these two to meet through the medium of the waiter's introduction upon that city table?

Ten Million Sacks of Wheat. The supplies seemed plentiful enough, but my imagination took me to piles upon piles of penny rolls and circular pats of butter, one for each inhabitant of that huge county, and imagination staggered. Russia, India Canada, Hungary, the States and Austria all aid under contribution to make penny rolls! What a capacious mouth has this London which consumes more than ten million sacks of wheat year-

ly. Look at it in figures-10,000,000. It I would sit awhile and ponder, an so ordered coffee, of which your Londoner takes increasing quantities while the imports for the country remain aimost stationery. Anon, Alber brought me a little share of London's annual coffee head-some 2,500 tons equivalent to about 11-2 lbs, a head. poured in the smallest drop of a dub lous-looking bluish fluid - London' milk. Its, annual milk pail holds som 65 million gallons of milk-no, I checked the base interrogation as to water that is only used to make up sor seven million gallons of the fluid re-

sulting from "condensed." "Butter," called my near neighbo briefly. I watch the waiter dive a for into a bowl of water and extract slab of oleaginous yellow-quaint fish, indeed, for such queer fishing. Fifteen pounds a year is a conservative est mate of a Londoner's need in that di rection, making the total amount butter consumed 80,000,000 lbs., nine tenths of which is foreign. And wha of substitutes? Margarine, "cooking" butter? I gasped at the mere though

Ten Thousand Miles of Eggs. From butter to eggs. New-laid eggs. fresh eggs, cooking eggs, and - eggs, say. Here provision must be made 1818. for an extraordinary appetite, because each inhabitant of London County, man, woman and child, accounts for some 80 annually-450,000,000 eggs of all sorts-four hundred and fifty millions -or, if laid (apt expression for eggs) end to end, upwards of 10,000 miles eggs annually, and equivalent at penny each to a total egg bill of near ly £2,000,000-enough to strike terror into the heart of any housewife. for the chance of supplying this won-

derful customer for but a day. I saw my fishermen collecting the gate and Shadwell yearly. I pictured myself with lands, herds, and wealth of all kinds. I grew expansive; I or-

Half the salmon consumed in Metropolis is Scottish, about eighth Irish and about one-twentieth English, the remainder being supplied by the useful foreigner; good profit Irish in London than the census returns allow! But what a glorious pro-College, Toronto. Soprano Soloist Sydenham St. Methodist church. Pupils prepared for Conservatory and University Examinations. Concert Engagements.

Address: Romilly House, 72 Barrie St.

Evidently the city dweller knows of

the health-giving properties of fruit. Does he neglect that other healthy exercise, the cold bath? Could I be blamed for assuming that he didn't, twenty thousand million gallons? Surely they don't drink this, notwithstandof tea? If tea drinking is a vice, as some people would have us believe, London must have a very bad attack!

A River of Beer. And yet so huge a mouthful of that must need some washing down. But, stay, how would beer fulfill this last duty? 'Tis a thirsty London, for it needs, according to Mr. Charles Booth, six million barrels of beer each year to quench its thirst, and a barrel holds thirty-six gallons - seventeen hundred million "pints of beer." What

vouring steaks, joints, fish, chops, all with a healthy disregard for digestion The huge needs of London troubled them not so long as immediate individual necessities were satisfied. Roas beef of old England-from America; Southdown mutton-from New Zealand; "Surrey" fowls-from Russia coal bin with best butchered to make a London luncheon

SCRANTON COAL They served up salmon, venison, and By hundreds, by dozens, and in scores, Mutton and fatted beeves, swan and -250,000 tons of meat in short they

> Try Myers' for Fine COOKED MEATS.

comes from Europe outside of these

It was a pleasing picture I had conjured up: The world paying tribute in meat meal, and malt for the hungersatisfying of great, over-grown London. How seldom does this question of supply enter into the minds of visitors to London. How vividly do these figures bring home to us the unwieldyness of

this Empire City. But now I had wandered far away in thought from my city restaurant I was picturing vast armies of cows, of sheep, pigs, and fowls marching or London as if to overwhelm it, and yet being devoured as fast as they arriv ed. Anon I pictured all London laid ou as one tremendous cornfield and its five and a half million people singing the words of R. D. Blackmore: "The corn, oh, the corn, and the yel low mellew corn.

Thanks for the corn, with the bread upon the board"; and yet quite futilely, for the whole area of London if cultivated would only produce about one-eleventh of the amount required to feed the singers for a year. So little spare room is there that everything capable of being imported ready for consumption is so imported. Yet commodities are cheap

compared with many Continental cit-

I saw a picture of armies of butchbakers, milkmen, and waiters ministering to London's needs. The picture seemed to fade and finally resolved itself into "Albert" bringing me a supplemental bill for my coffee. The restaurant was nearly empty. The workers had returned to their hives. My phantom armies of cows, butchers, and bakers had disappeared, and my last coffee was cold. "Was it indigestion, or have I slept?" I asked myself as I paid my bill.

A MAN OF THE DAY.

Descendant of One of William Shakespeare's Ancestors."

Mr. W. A. Hamar Bass, the present proprietor of The Era, is, it appears, "a descendant of one of William Shakespeare's ancestors," says The London Star. As everybody knows, Shakespeare's mother was an Arden-Mary Arden, the great-grandmother of Walter Arden of Parkhall, Warwickshire. Emily Jane Arden, who married Michael Thomas Bass, M. P. for Derby, in 1835, was directly descended from this Walter Arden; and their eldest son Burton, their second son being Hamar Bass, the father of Mr. W. A. H. Bass. His wife, Lady Noreen Hastings, is the daughter of the thirteenth Earl of Huntingdon. The Peerage changed hands in 1819, when it was successfully claimed by Hans Francis Hastings. then a simple post-captain in the navy. The story of the claim, written under the title of "The Huntingdon Peerage," by Henry Nugent Bell, reads like an amusing romance. A nobleman in the captain's neighborhood had a favorite fox, which the sailor killed. This led to a quarrel, in which Hans challenged the nobleman, who refused to meet him on the ground of inequality in rank. On which Hans retorted that if he troubled to put in a claim he would be even higher in rank than his opponent, His friend, Henry Nugent Bell, struck by the remark, started a search after evidence, which culminated, after many droll adventures, in the discovery in Doctors' Commons of documents conclusively establishing Hans' claim which was allowed, with the support as the lamented Dan Leno used to of the great Sir Samuel Romilly, in

A Sad Sight in India.

No sadder sight is to be seen in India than the spectacle of "The Men With the Planks," staggering along under their burden. Here is a grimly pathetic picture of them, drawn by Sir Frederick Treves:

"They are hillmen of the poorer sort who carry planks of sawn wood into Simla. Each beam is from twelve to ill-clad, and the sun and rain have tanned them and their rags to the color of brown earth. They bear the planks across their bent backs, and the burden is grievous. They come from place some days' journey toward the snows. They plod along from the dawn to the twilight. They seem crushed gait is more the gait of a stumbling beast than the walk of a man. Their it hangs by each side of their boweddown faces. The sweat among the wrinkles on their brows to hardened into lamentable clay. They walk in single file, and when the path is nar-

dropped and died. Along it steals this under the burden of the planks uptinted light is falling upon the spotless snows, and it needs only the pointing peaks to complete the picture of a circle in Purgatory."

A Costly Error.

serious complications. A notable case occurred some time back when a certhe west end, despatched a wire to mediately following the despatch this telegram another followed it stating that the doctor would not be reoutred in the following terms: "Don't come. Too late."

The telegraphist made the message "Don't come too late." The medical man, construing this arging him to the greatest haste, arlegal proceedings obtained that sum-

A Wonderful Spider. Zoological Gardens has called attention piders live in the crevices of rocks

by spinning a closely woven sheet of

Fire destroyed the warehouse of J. McDermott at Minnedosa, Man and threatened for a time serious con-

bread they always mean Toye's.

during flood tide,

NEW ONTARIO SETTLER'S LAMENT.

When the apple harvest's on Neath my childhood's southern skics, When with each September dawn They gather Sweets and Northern

Do they think of me afar 'Neath the spruce and birches' dome. Where no trees of apples are? Do they think of me at home?

When they take the harvest from The hives of wise and weary bees, The thick, the golden honeyed gum From the flowers and basswood trees; When they sit at food divine, Feasting on the virgin comb Through the pleasant eventime, Do they think of me at home?

From the stumpless, stoneless sward, Passing by the ancient well, Enter in the milking yard, With the cow-bells' mellow chime, Lo! the shining bucket's foam, 'Round the barn at milking time-

Do they think of me at home?

When the milch cows through the dell

When they're gaily husking corn, When the day is past and done, When the swaddling clothes are torn From the babies of the sun; Mid the daughter and the song. Do they think of them that roam? Do they miss me from the throng?

Do they think of me at home? Now the night owl's cries begin, And the sparkling stare come forth; Oh I'm homesick, sitting in My lonely cabin in the north am rich in countless trees,

Rich in lands of virgin loam

But an answer would appease-

An Aristocratic Torontonian Talks Common Dinner Table Errors.

DO YOU EAT CORRECTLY?

"I wonder if the present generation's manners couldn't be improved?" said a member of one of Toronto's aristocratic families to The Toronto Telegram, back in the last ten years. The human hog is in evidence much more now-adays than formerly.

"Do you know what I advocate?" he continued. "a class of table manners, rules of polite society at the table. than many of the studies now arrangpersonally know really worthy felows occupying fair positions to-day whom their employer would be glad to invite into his home circle only for fear

"You have seen that common culprit who eats with his knife, and only last week at the best hotel table-until I could be moved. Then there's the fellow who can't possibly the spoon. Of course this action is accompanied by a noise as if it was hard work to draw it from the receptacle. "A common violation is the tucking of the serviette into the collar, and eating fish with a knife-two violations

of the laws of polite society which stamp a man as without the pale. You who carefully collects a portion everything on his fork, and by remarkable deftness conveys it to his mout to leave any gravy on his plate, and so proceeds to mop it up with some bread. "Probably the worst offenders are the gluttons, who smack their lips and occasionally comb their moustaches

with their forks. I have noticed al these specimens, and you cannot escape tels than in the cheapest 'joint'. "Oh, if thore who offend in these toward them-how wide the gulf be tween them, how utterly impossible for a gentleman to associate with me guilty of these far too common sins. In the days of the Commune, when the rabble rose, imprisoned and afterwards beheaded the aristocrats, no murmu ever escaped the French gentry and gentlewomen. They dressed as if their own homes, they played cards, told stories which were often interrupted by the call of the executioner, but never by a single word did they ever try to bridge the chasm, with their persecutors-the canaille, the swordswallowers and pigs of those days. So

Told On a Buffalo Robe. Mr. E. M. Chadwick, barrister of To-

ronto, has presented to the Provincial stories pictured by Indians the whom of a man who accompanied Cantlin. the American explorer, on his journeys among Canadian and American In-

by Indians, and seemingly relate to eral representations of fresh scalps, some hanging on a pole to dry, one susden by an Indian, and three in a row, carrying a gun, a buffalo shot in the side with an arrow, and of tepees, all ed plan by the Indian who sought thus or more interestingcustories. Curator properly translated by any one, Indian or white, but will submit photographs to a number of authorities on Indian matters with that object in view.

His Limitations. "I understand he's a linguist." "Yes, somewhat of a one. He told silk over the entrance imprison a mass | me yesterday he understood French up first year's working which are equal to of air in which they are able to live to a certain speed and German down to a certain depth!"

"Three Swallows." Sir John Power and Son's "Three en the vault of the National Bank, Swallows" Irish Whiskey, famous for and secured 8749 in silver and cot over a century. Of highest standard pers.

TIPPED WRONG MEN.

Monetary Recognition For Service

Visitors at an English country house are allowed to do whatever they like during the forenoon. An eminent geologist, who was entertained at one of these houses, asked for coffee early one morning, and started out with a suit of old clothes and a bag of tools to make a special study of the rock ledges of the estate.

During the forenoon one of the country gentry came upon him by the roadside, and, supposing him to be a workman, entered into conversation with him. The geologist was seated on a ledge of rock, and was making vigorous use of a mallet and chisel.

The stranger talked with him in a catronizing way, and while not reseiving an intelligible account of the work on which he was engaged, was impressed with the supposed workman's intelligence and good manners. inderd, he fumbled in his pocket and brought out a half crown, which he tossed to the man with the mallet. The geologist seemed surprised, but picked it up and put it in his pocket

after thanking the gentleman. There was a dinner party at the country house in the evening, and the same gentleman was introduced to the eminent geologist, who at once began

"I have the half crown," he said at

once, "and I shall not give it up. It is the first tip I ever received, and I shall show it to my friends as a trophy of superior intelligence." Lord James once had a similar experience. He was strolling through

the Temple Gardens in London when a party of tourists encountered him, and asked to be directed to some of the most interesting places.

He volunteered to show them about, and took them first to the Temple Church and Goldsmith's grave, and finally to the famous Elizabethan hall of the Middle Temple. His explanations were lucid and interesting, and when he parted from his new acquaintand remarked that few guides were equally intelligent. The nobleman took the shilling demurely, and thanked the stranger. He is said to have kept it to this day, and to have frequently told the story of his experience with the innocent tourists in the Temple

Another story is related of an English duke who was standing at the ed up. A near-sighted gentleman alighted, asked if it were the duke's residence, and on receiving a respectful nod from the supposed servant,

The duke, perceiving that he had been mistaken for a footman, kept the shilling, raised his hand to his forehead, and made the usual salute. The near-sighted gentleman went into the to the duke, and never had a susp that he had tipped one of the highest members of the British aristocracy at

The duke could hardly have offered birth than by pocketing the uninten-

Pigeon Records.

Homing pigeons are the England just now, and on one recent Saturday between 200,000 and 300,000 birds were released in various competitions. A number of these were raced The distances are 127 and 113 miles. eral thousand released made the trip in the traditional mile a minute, although every circumstance of wind and

weather was favorable to record breakin which one bird made the 108 miles sixty-nine miles an hour, and more than one hundred exceeded a speed of

sixty miles an hour, which makes its home around the railway station at Liege, in Belgium. There is a train from Liege to Warenme which starts every morning at 10 o'clock. As soon as the train pulls into the station the bird com mences to circle in the air, and as soon as headway is gained follows the train to its destination, returning immedistely home, where it flies about the station for the rest of the day. 1 pays no attention to any other of the explanation as to why this particular train should be favored.

A Great Irrigation Project. A great irrigation project, involving an expenditure of about \$25,000,000 has been authorized by the Secretary of State for India. The area commanded by the canals is about 6,250 square miles, although only a small part of t gated. The water will be taken from feet per second. It is believed that tages of the undertaking, and the reasonable assurance of ample interest

Shunned Obligations.

Two Scotch fishermen, Jamle and Sandy, belated and befogged on a rough water, were in some trepidation lest they should never get ashore again. At "Sandy, I'm steering, and think you'd

"I don't know how," said Sandy, "If ye don't I'll chuck ye overboard," said Jamie.

Sandy began: "Oh, Lord, I never asked anything of ye for fifteen years, and boat's touched shore; don't be beho den to anybody."

try farm, has realized profits on the a reduction in the parish taxes of a cent and a fifth on the dollar.

At Phillips, Maine, robbers blew op-

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outshines them all in cleansing power, yet will not injure the daintiest fabrics. It contains no unsaponified fats to discolor your clothes nor free alkali to destroy them. It is a perfectly balanced soap, equally good with hard or soft water. No scrubbing, no boiling.

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