

Why Tea Quality Varies

YOU know how the quality of strawberries from the same patch will sometimes vary from one day to another.

One day sweet, compact, well ripened, well colored, richly flavored—next day it rains, is cloudy, following picking is soggy, sour, green, coarsely-flavored, poor.

Tea, also, on account of its volatility of flavor after picking and during the curing process is very susceptible to weather changes. A few hours of sunshine or bad weather after picking may make the difference between good and poor tea.

So that while one picking may be first class, the next from the same garden may be very poor.

I select only the pickings which come up to the Red Rose standards of richness and strength in Indian, and delicacy and fragrance in Ceylon teas, and thus that "rich, fruity flavor" of Red Rose Tea is produced and maintained.

Red Rose Tea is good Tea

T. H. Estabrooks St. John, N.B., Toronto, Winnipeg



White Canvas Shoes For the Hot Weather

Women's White Canvas, Blucher style, white heels, \$1.50.

Women's White Canvas, Oxford or Blucher Cut, \$1 and \$1.25.

Misses White Canvas, Oxford, 85c. and \$1.

Child's White Canvas, Oxford, 75c. and \$1.

H. JENNINGS, 356 King St.

Storage!

Do You Know That? Citizens of Kingston and vicinity desiring to store household goods have ample facilities extended to them by calling on

W. G. FROST

209 Queen St. Telephone 526

All goods left in his charge receive the best of care at a reasonable cost.

Clean, Dry and Prompt Service

Carriage Painting a Specialty

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BROADBRIM'S

Letter From Greater New York.

"THE THIRD DEGREE"

QUESTIONS AUTHORITY OF THE POLICE.

Officers Witness Murder and Do Not Try to Interfere—Unfortunate Girls Pay Police—Fight Over Car Fare.

Special Correspondence, Letter No. 1,519.

New York, June 28.—The last week has been one of unmitigated horror without a single redeeming feature, and, optimistic as I am, ever hopeful of a better future, seeing gleams of sunshine through the rifts of darkest storm clouds where others saw nothing but the blackest night, I am forced to confess with Sir Peter Tezel, in "School for Scandal," "It is a wicked world and the fewer we praise in it the better."

Scarcely a day passes, when I take up a newspaper, but I find an investigation going on by the police of some recalcitrant witness, who is supposed to be the safe depository of some secret, that they could not find out by ordinary means, and so it is announced that they put the witness through the "third degree." What is this "third degree"? Where is the authority for this extra judicial court by the police? Is it a sort of Spanish inquisition? Let us see how Mrs. Stenton, the mother of the murdered woman was treated at the third degree session Saturday last.

Mrs. Stenton is eighty years of age. She was taken from the house of her friends who have had her in charge since the murder of her daughter, Mrs. Kuman. She was taken to the coroner's office, and there, surrounded by a cordon of police, was put through this third degree, which, if it was as described by the World's reporter, was a disgrace to our civilization. She had no attorney to inform her of her rights; all sorts of surprises were tried upon her to make this poor old woman confess that she murdered her daughter, and when all other means of indirect questioning failed, the indirect attorney asked the poor old woman, "Didn't you murder your daughter?"

Was such a vile system of examination ever tolerated in a court of justice in a country that boasts of its civilization? The reporter says that the attorney yelled at her so fierce and loud that his voice was heard a block away. The indignant old woman jumped to her feet and yelled back in the same tone as the brute that questioned her, said, "No, sir I did not, I believe it was a man who killed my daughter. Who asked me to murder the poor old woman? He is said to be an assistant in the office of the district attorney and his name is Cardozo. Can it be possible that this is the same Cardozo, who, twenty years ago was a judge in the court of appeals of New York? The other two judges were Barnard and McManis; downfall could be credited to Jim Fisk, who was killed by Edward Stokes, backed by the leaders of Tammany Hall. Mandamus issued by them, and the powerful writ of injunction brought ruin to many a home till their outrages became flagrant that an indignant public dragged them from their high position and hurled them in judicial courts.

McCann, overwhelmed by his disgrace sat down by a gallon of whiskey and drank himself to death; Barnard, who was a high bred gentleman, chafing under his disgrace, died of a broken heart. I lost sight of Cardozo, he was the uncle of Nathan who was supposed to have killed his father. No, not the same as the Cardozo. His conduct, however, was disgraceful and never should have been tolerated even in the brutal examination called the "third degree."

For seven hours this brutal officer badgered the old lady with questions like this: Now didn't you kill her? Why don't you tell the truth? And placing a piece of mocking wax in her hand and showing how the hatchet fitted the fatal wound. If this is a sample of their boasted third degree, I hope New York will never again be disgraced by such an exhibition.

One of the most startling revelations that the public has been shocked by was the confession of William Morton, who was convicted and sentenced to State's prison for perjury in the Clatche murder case. It now seems certain that Morton and another Policeman held the girl's brutal paragon, while the girl shot him to death. His perjury consisted in swearing that the Frenchman turned and struggled to get at the Clatche girl, saying: "If you get me pinched, I will kill you when I get out." Then the girl shot him and fired a second shot, which the officers did not try to prevent. It is certain that Morton's statement was untrue, for the Frenchman hardly knew a word of the English language. Morton further swore that all the unfortunate women of the tenderloin district are harassed five dollars a week. The women, to protect them from arrest, are divided up among the police of the district, each having ten girls on his list. His income from this source alone would be two hundred dollars a month. There were other sources of revenue in that infamous district which rendered the income of an ordinary policeman a feeble prospect of independence. Morton declared that the system was corrupt all the way through; the money they received was called dirty money and it was exacted from the unfortunate creatures as relentlessly as if administered by the laws of the czar.

The rift between Tammany Hall and the reform democracy has widened beyond the power of future cohesion. Our mayor has taken his departure for Europe, where he intends to spend his vacation. In his wanderings it may be possible that he may reach the location among the Wicklow Hills, where the McClellands were once a most powerful race. His relations will not have to blush for the conduct of him who is now the mayor of New York. What future honors may be in store for him time alone can tell, but they can christen him an Irish prince of the great city of New York.

A lively fight is now going on between the citizens of New York and the corporations that control the railroads to Coney Island. On any other route you can ride three times the distance for a single ticket, but the greedy governors of Coney Island roads insist on collecting a ten cent fare. A paper has already been signed by five hundred thousand people and in this fight are the men who have built up Coney Island and made it one of the most delightful pleasure grounds in the world; millions have been expended there in developing the attractions, many of which are unique in themselves and are not to be found anywhere else upon the globe. Everything of the most desirable kind of enjoyment is there; the hotels are magnificent and the precincts abundant. It was said that on Decoration day Coney Island was visited by three hundred thousand people. The fight is now being waged and determined, and I suppose we will have to fall back on the old time toast of Tom Sayers, the English prize fighter, "Let the best man win."

—BROADBRIM.

WINNERS OF MEDALS.

Col. J. P. McMillan Encourages Patriotism.

THE COMPETITION FOR THE MEDALS.

The competition for the three medals awarded by the MacMillan to the pupils attending the school of Miss Josephine McDonald, of section 2 Osnabrock, came off on the 25th inst. The deep interest taken in the contest was quite noticeable from the number and standing of those in attendance, consisting of trustees, Col. J. P. MacMillan, the parents of the scholars and candidate friends.

Lieut. Col. Brodon having been voted to the chair, impressed upon the different classes the very distinguished honors in store for those excelling in various branches, for which the articles were to be presented, namely, regular attendance, application and compliance with the school discipline, generally. Miss McDonald, the teacher having presided before the list of the names of those attending at the school, with the number of marks opposite those in classes No. II, III and IV, by which it was determined that the following were the winners.

Col. J. P. MacMillan, in awarding the medals, expressed his appreciation of the patriotic character of the articles named, and congratulated the winners not only for the benefits to be derived from the exercise, by which they became entitled to the souvenirs, but also for the gallant spirit of heroism so nobly exemplified and placed in the field by Lord Strathcona at his sole expense. A patriotic achievement for which history may be vainly consulted for a parallel.

The chairman, in complimentary terms to the thoughtful liberality on the part of Col. J. P. MacMillan, in awarding the medals, said he designed to install in the school a number of patriotic emblems, and at the same time impressing them with the benefits to be derived from emulating at school.

Col. MacMillan, having been called, expressed his pleasure at being present, feeling flattered at the approving manner in which his award had been accepted, and the evidences he noticed of interest and energy infused in the children, in consequence of the artistic value and appropriate design of the emblem, which increased his pleasure to witness the animating desire on the part of the country children in all parts of the country to become possessed of a trophy so pregnant with patriotic sentiment.

At the close a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Col. J. P. MacMillan for the important and beneficial interest he is taking in the promotion of education throughout the province. In closing the National anthem was sung all the pupils joining and then giving rousing cheers for his majesty the king.

Removes black heads, drives away beauty ills. Stimulate the whole nervous system. Greatest beautifier known. Nothing so helps fading loveliness as Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c. Maloon's drug store.

Head or soft corns cured with three applications of Beck's Corn Salve. Guaranteed. Money back if not satisfactory. In boxes, 15c., at Wade's drug store.

Why women cry when they are glad is still on the unanswered question list.

BOVRIL advertisement featuring a royal warrant logo and text: 'Every ounce of BOVRIL is prepared under the most hygienic conditions as required by the laws of Great Britain. In the preparation of BOVRIL absolutely nothing but the choicest lean beef is used, our main source of supply being the Argentine Republic, where cattle are so plentiful and the consuming population so small that the best parts of the beef can be obtained by us at a very reasonable cost.'

AFTER DINNER STORIES.

One day as Pat halted at the top of the river bank, a man famous for his inquisitiveness stopped and asked, "How long have you hauled water for the village, my good man?" "Tin years, sor." "Ah, my many loads do you make in a day?" "From tin to fifteen, sor." "Ah, even now I have a problem for you. How much water at this rate have you hauled in all, sir?" "The driver of the watering cart jerked his thumb backward to ward the river and replied, "All the water you don't see there now, sor."

Two Irishmen were crossing the ocean on the way to this country. On the way over Patrick died. Preparations were made for burial at sea, according to the Magazine of Fun, but the lead weights customarily used in such cases were lost. Chunks of coal were substituted. Everything was finally ready for the last rites, and long and earnestly did Michael look at his friend. Finally he blurted out sorrowfully, "Well, Pat, I have a thought they'd make yer bring yer own coal."

An Irishman was run over and killed by an express train, and his widow sued for damages. One of the witnesses swore that the locomotive which was not sounded until after the whole train had passed over Mr. Ryan. Then the attorney for the railroad thought he had him. "See here, Mr. McGinnis, you admit that the whistle blew?" "Yes, sor, it blew, sor." "You were Mr. Ryan's friend and would like to help the widow, but tell me now what purpose there could be for the engineer to blow the whistle after Mike had been run over and killed?" "I suppose that the whistle was for the next man on the track, sor." The attorney retired.

The Soane museum in England contains a cork model of the Colossus. This was probably acquired by Sir John Soane chiefly because cork is difficult to cut. Mr. Clouston tells in the Burlington a story connected with it. The late keeper, Mr. Birch, was showing a party of American visitors over the museum, and mentioning that this was "made in cork." "That is curious," said one of the ladies, "we are just going to visit some friends there." "I mean, madam," he explained, "that this model was made out of cork." "That is still more curious," she replied, "our friends live a little way out of Cork."

AN INDENTURED APPRENTICE Is Now Practically Non-Existent. Hamilton Times. Apprenticeship as an indentured apprentice is now being said to be non-existent, and apprenticeships of any kind are now scarce. Young lads as a rule, are in too great a hurry to tie themselves down to serve their time. In fact they get little encouragement to do so. In some trades it is the hardest thing in the world for a boy to get a chance to learn, and in many trades the labor is so subdivided and so much of it is done by machinery that the best a boy can do is to learn to tend a machine. Time was when a boy could learn the whole business. He could learn to make a whole boot, to set up and print off a job of printing, or build a house. But he can do that nowadays. The result is the scarcity of skilled labor in almost all branches of industry, and the great glut of unskilled labor. There are trades where the bosses won't be bothered with learning boys the business, and there are trades that are so unionized that only a mere fraction of those who wish to learn can get the chance. This condition of affairs sends boys into the ranks of the unskilled or the less remunerative pursuits, driving delivery wagons, canvassing for orders, agents, etc. Hundreds of them grow up without the knowledge of any trade, and drift from one thing to another as fortune favors them. This is a matter which organized labor should deal with. The question, What to do with our boys is becoming a pressing one, and deserves the serious consideration of all thinking persons.

Why women cry when they are glad is still on the unanswered question list.

GOOD AS GOLD advertisement for London Life Insurance Company. Text: 'You Run No Risk. For every \$100.00 liabilities on the Government Standard, the London Life has \$113.50 in assets; 85% of those assets are first mortgages—chiefly on property in Western Ontario and the best sections of Manitoba. You run no risk by insuring in the London Life Insurance Company—sound investments, high interest earnings and economical management make a policy in the "London Life" as Good as Gold.'

The Ever-Ready White Light for Country Homes advertisement. Text: 'There has always been a problem with one who lives in the country or who owns a summer residence—how to obtain a light that is EVER-READY and INEXPENSIVE, that causes NO DANGER OF FIRE, and yet may be easily generated and be always on tap. ACETYLENE affords just such a light. It is so like real sunlight that it has been known to make plants grow twice as fast as sunlight. It is the WHITEST light known, and more POWERFUL and DIFFUSIVE than any other artificial light. It is also the SAFEST and most EASILY MADE at the very lowest COST POSSIBLE. All you need is a Generator—An Eclipse Generator is the best—and Calcium Carbide, and a little water. The Shawinigan Brand Carbide is invariably acknowledged to be the handiest, cheapest and best. It is put up in air-tight tins. It is easily carried and may be stored in any unused corner. We want to tell you all about Acetylene, the Eclipse Generator, and Shawinigan Brand Carbide. Full information sent free on request. The Continental Heat & Light Co. 17-19 Busby Lane, MONTREAL, P.Q. Sole Selling Agents for Shawinigan Carbide Co., Ltd.'

For the Summer Season! advertisement for Elliott Bros. Text: 'Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Lawn Mowers, Garden Hose, Window Screens, Screen Doors, Gas Stoves, Wickless Coal Oil Stoves and Ovens. We carry a large assortment of the above articles at reasonable prices. Inspect our stock before purchasing elsewhere. ELLIOTT BROS. 77 Princess Street. Phone 35.'

MAXIM Tooke COLLARS advertisement. Text: 'There is no 15-cent Collar as good as Tooke's Anchor Brand. A trial will convince you of this. Made of high-grade linen, four ply, specially protected against laundry wear. Comes in all the popular designs. TOOKE BROTHERS, MONTREAL, LIMITED, 910'

GILLETT'S HIGH GRADE CREAM TARTAR ABSOLUTELY PURE. SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS. Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds. E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

MARTYRDOM DESCRIBED advertisement. Text: 'Kingston Man Tells How He Suffered and Now He Was Released. "For years a martyr," is how Charles H. Powell, of 106 Raglan street, Kingston, begins his story. "A martyr to chronic constipation, but now I am free from it and all through the use of Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill. Many who are now suffering from this complaint will be glad to learn from Mr. Powell's story that there is hope for the most stubborn case. He continues: "I was induced to Anti-Pill by reading the testimony of one who had been cured of constipation by it. I had suffered for eighteen years and had taken tons of stuff recommended as cures but which made me worse rather than better. Doctors told me there was no cure for me." Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill is for sale by all druggists or by The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont. Mr. Powell will verify every word of these statements. 393'

It's always the man who doesn't ask. A miser loves money because of the many things he doesn't have to spend it for.

Orange Meat advertisement. Text: 'Orange Meat. No. 4. Flaking. Cooked—all starched into carbohydrates. Here, malt is h into maltose (Malt MEAT so nutri- the malted wheat is

Color number on every spool. advertisement. Text: 'Color number on every spool.'

Magazine Issued 4 beautifully or sample St. John's P.O.

Advertisement for a woman in a dress.

Advertisement for a woman in a dress.

Advertisement for a woman in a dress.

Advertisement for a woman in a dress.