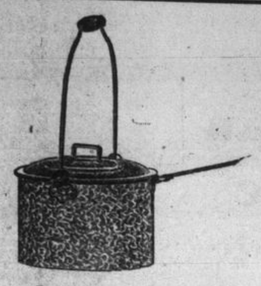
'Xmas Bargains in Cutlery, Agatewear Copper and Tinware, Stoves and Ranges

Much money is spent on Christmas Goods that are not of lasting value. Here it is different. Every article will be as valuable to you next July as it is now. Wouldn't it be wise, prudent and sensible, then, for you to select this class of goods as Christmas presents? Read over the many things we can offer you and, better still, call and see them for yourself.

Table Cutlery

Carving Sets from **75c** to **$5.00.** Silver Plated Knives and Forks from **$2.00** to **$7.00** per dozen. Silver Plated Spoons, from **50c** to **$4.00** per dozen; also a complete line of Table Knives and Forks for kitchen use, from **$1.00** to **$5.00** per dozen.



Agateware

Tri-use Cereal Cookers—a careal cooker and two saucepans in one, made in best quality blue enamel **$1.25** each

Skates

A pair of Skates make an acceptable gift to your boy or girl. If you buy them here you will be sure of quality and moderate prices. Ladies' and Gents' Hockey and Spring Skates. All sizes in stock. **High-Class Boy's Hockey Skates at 50c per Pair.**

For the Little Ones

Children's Brooms
Children's Dinner Sets
Children's Shovels
Children's Knives and Forks
All at low prices

Pandora Range

The leading Range of to-day. On the market only four years and we have sold over 400 of them in Kingston and vicinity. They will bake and cook perfectly with less fuel and labor than any other stove sold. **Call and let us show it to you.**

Russwin Food Chopper

Will grind all food stuffs quickly. It will not clog up, and is easy to operate, simple to take apart and clean. Your wife would appreciate it as a Christmas present.

Price—$1.25 to $1.50

Some Special Suggestions

Bissell Carpet Sweepers
Razors and Razor Strops
Pocket Knives and Pen Knives
Wringers and Washing Machines

Carpenters' Tools

We carry a complete stock of Tools of guaranteed quality; also Builder's Hardware.

LEMMON & SONS

351-353 King Street
KINGSTON

NEW RACE OF NOMADS

Are Different From Their Polar Tribes.

Liverpool, Dec. 8.—A new race of people has been discovered on Prince Albert and, in the Arctic, who had never previously seen white men, who lived under most primitive conditions and who were armed with copper knives and bows and arrows.

The information was brought south to British Columbia by the crew of the British revenue cutter Thetis, who learned the facts from the discoverer of the people, Capt. Klinkenberg, of the steam whaler Olga.

Last winter when the vessel was in the ice near Prince Albert Land, Capt. Klinkenberg, accompanied by Eskimos, started inland on a hunting expedition. He went 250 miles in a northwesterly direction over the snow, finding traces of people, and finally overtaking 150 or more of them. When they saw him they came toward him, armed with copper knives and bows and arrows. They held these above their heads, and he pointed a rifle at them.

One advanced alone, and the captain laid down his rifle, the native putting down his weapons. They became friendly, and by means of signs Capt. Klinkenberg learned from one old woman, who came from Prince William Land, that they had never seen white men previously. He visited the village, and found about 600 people, all of whom lived by hunting and fishing.

Their winter houses were of sod, with a lining of skins, and different in shape from those of other known tribes. They are nomadic. The only article seemingly brought from civilization seen by Capt. Klinkenberg was a piece of steel—evidently from some ship—which had been converted into a spearhead.

Down At Zero.

Portland, Dec. 4.—The thermometer has registered zero for the last few days. The shop windows are arrayed in beautiful Christmas decorations. Francis Healy has sold his butchering business to Edward McEwon, Westport. Mr. McEwon intends moving to the village early in the spring. We wish him every success. Mrs. H. McKenny is on the sick list. Dr. E. Consitt is able to be out again after a severe illness. His many patients will be pleased to see him. R. Morris and Ripley brothers are cutting out a large quantity of wood this season. Mrs. T. K. Scovil is on the sick list. Hopes are entertained for her recovery. Mr. and Mrs. W. Singleton, Crosby, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonald, this week. The Conway and Toffey suit has been settled for $150. The revival meetings held in the Methodist church have come to a close. They have had a great many converts. W. Clemmons has moved to his home on Water street. He spent the summer at Forfar in farm work. H. S. Foster made a flying trip to our town on Mondays. Miss Estella Rose is learning dress-making with Mrs. H. Howes. Misses Hattie Heath and Emma DeWolfe spent a few days, last week, with friends in Athens. A number from here attended the high school commencement in Athens on Wednesday.

Gentlemen who wish to send McConkey's or Huyler's high class candy out of town for Christmas can have the same packed all ready for express at Gibson's Red Cross Drug Store.

See Bibby's $1.50 mocha gloves.

QUIET THOUGHTS FOR SUNDAY

REV. N. T. PERRY
In St. Catharines Standard

A searchlight on a river-boat is a startling thing. When its flash suddenly and unexpectedly strikes upon the person on the bank it sets him in a light which searches him and makes him try to be at his best. That which was unimportant to him when he walked and talked in the darkness now becomes full of interest. He wonders how he looks in that light. What is the criticism from those who see him. In the blaze of that light he knows that every spot and mark and blemish is clearly seen. He is awakened and inspired to appear and to act his best. So the secret sins of which the Psalmist speaks are unknown to the man until they are set in the radiance of the face of Christ.

The Scottish poet, Robert Burns, once uttered a poetic prayer for some power to give us the gift to see ourselves as others see us—to see our own sins even as they are seen by others. We often say that a man knows his own mind best. It is not always so. Perhaps others know things about us which are absolute secrets to us.

The general criticism which is kindly given often ends with a "but it is too bad that he does not see that fault which injures him." We see it. He does not. Truly a peculiar and harrowing experience might be ours if we could openly hear the criticisms of ourselves as they are honestly given by other people. There would be some things to startle us and we would see our secret sins under a brilliant searchlight. Such an experience might harden us; it should humble us. A man often knows everything better than himself. He is like a globe-trotter who visits every place before his own country and his own home. If we read the biography of men, we apply the lesson to other lives than our own. If we study society we see sins which are a close fit for others, but not for ourselves. If we listen to sermons we find that they have points for others, but none for us. It is easy to go away unchastened and untouched, because our sins are still secrets to us.

It is the indifferent, godless man who does not see his secret sins. He is like the animal that feeds and sleeps and becomes contented with his own fate. Such men say they are as good as others and certainly somewhat better than some who it may be, are in God's house, pleading with the Almighty, one for a cleaner heart. So they say, and so they think. Their own sins are yet secrets to themselves. It is a charitable thing to make allowances for the sins of others, but when we begin to whiten our own with a wash of palliation or ignorance, and to interpret iniquity as mere eccentricity, then we are living in a fool's paradise, bound and throttled by our secret sins. The most earnest testimony we have ever had about the consciousness of sin has been from the best people, because their sins were known to themselves. We think it is the future that is obscured—to many the obscurity is of the present. We do not see.

How can we see our own sins? The man who is not a Christian cannot see himself. He is like one who walks on the river bank at midnight. He is not troubled about his own appearance. It is only when he comes within the radiation of the searchlight that he is awakened. Sin cannot be seen by looking at it—it is only by looking away from it—and this seems a paradox.

The lowlander, if he wishes to get the geography of the valleys and lowlands, must survey them from the tops of the mountains, so if a man is ever to grasp the topography of his earthly life he must see it from an elevation, must get an idea of his earthly position as he walks along a celestial road, must see his secret sins as he gets near to One who was without sin—as he puts himself in "the radiance of His countenance." Many of our sermons are valueless because they are passed on to others.

When the Prodigal was far away in the kingdom of the swine, their associate, he did not see himself nor his secret sin. It was only when he turned his face to his father's home that his own life became open before him. He did not know the discord of the quarrelling, gluttonous swine, until he got near and heard the harmony of the music of his Father's house. He did not know how ragged and shameless and bootless he had been until his father placed upon him the new robe. We never know how dead we are until we hear the Father's voice crying: "This my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

Are you satisfied with yourself, willing to be but a part of the machine, the business of the work with which you have to do each day?

"Lord! what a change within us one short hour
Spent in Thy presence, will avail to make!
What burdens lighten:
What temptations slake!
We kneel, and all around us seem to lower,
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear,
We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!"

Faith is ever prophetic of facts.

Hutch Induces Sleep.

When the body contains a lot of impurities these impurities are absorbed by the blood. The blood in turn carries them to the brain and they produce unnatural conditions which destroy one's peace and rest. One suffers from hallucinations, nightmare, wild dreams in which horrible goblins try to tear you to pieces and all sorts of sleep destroying visions. By cleansing the body of impurities Hutch will remove all foreign matters from the blood and consequently relieve the brain of all these disturbances. Hutch induces sleep in which the organs of the body are built up and strengthened. Hutch is a doctor for ten cents.

The old Schenck Homestead in Highland Park, Brooklyn, N.Y. It was built prior to 1742 and is about to be preserved for an historic museum.

A HIVE OF INDUSTRY

Is the Corby Distillery in Cannifton.

Cannifton, Dec. 3.—The Farmers' Institute purpose holding their annual meeting here, on the 7th inst.; prominent agriculturists will address the meeting.

The Corby company distillery is a great hive of industry at present. Fully 300 men have been engaged there since early fall. They have erected new cattle sheds to accommodate 1,200 cattle, beside barns, warehouses and other buildings. What the village lacks now is more tenement houses. Most of the laborers are obliged to find board in Belleville, about four miles distant. However, the company provides vans to carry them to and from work, and pays high wages, and men can afford to tolerate a few inconveniences. Laborers get $1.75 a day, carpenters from $2 to $4, coppersmiths and other fine mechanics, all the way up to $5. The west is not "in it" when compared with Corbyville.

Mr. Moore, a highly respected resident of Corbyville, dropped dead, yesterday, when out at his barn. He went to feed his hens, and his wife noticing that he was out a little longer than usual, followed him, only to find his lifeless body. Death was due to heart failure. Deceased was about seventy years of age. James Brintnell, our collector for Thurlow township, is very ill.

A profitable evening was spent in the Epworth League, on Thursday when the missionary vice-president introduced the "Who Am I," entertainment. Cannifton and Corbyville leagues united in the contest, and so well was the missionary work prepared that seven of the contestants received first prize. After the contest was over, and while the scrutineers were preparing the results, a committee of young men and ladies served cake and coffee. Everyone was delighted. The next social event will be a debate.

Judge Deroche, the senior judge of this county, will hold court of revision here, on the 18th inst. In view of the municipal election the appeals are numerous. Miss Handley, our teacher in the Brick school, has resigned. Harry Males is ill with scarlet fever. William Haight has moved into the house lately occupied by Mr. Clement, and Mr. Clement has moved into the Walker house. Frederick Thompson, Oshawa, spent a few days with his family here last week. Miss Hicks and brother, and Miss Yourex, Belleville, attended the "Who Am I," entertainment. Frank Brintnell, the customs department, Toronto, was here, on Thursday, to see his uncle who is ill. Miss Aggie Bryce has started to take a business course at the G.B.C. Mrs. Barnum, nurse, of Madoc, is at Mr. Brintnell's. Mrs. Horton, who owns a rich mine out at Tweed, is visiting here. Mrs. Farley and Miss Foster, Belleville, visited friends here, last week.

"A man is known" by the candy he sends at Christmas or in fact any time. That is why so many send Huyler's and McConkey's high class candy. They are the choice of royalty.

It may be that you have all the coal you require for this winter. We solicit your order for next season. Swift's.

LIFE AT THE CAPITAL

DEBUTANTES WERE LOATH TO LEAVE THERE

The Capital's Manners Refreshingly Gay Compared With the Behavior of Montreal—Ottawa People Like Well-Dressed Strangers.

Montreal Standard.

Some of our debutantes who went to Ottawa for the opening of parliament and the drawing-room so thoroughly enjoyed their unique experience in the gay and smart little capital that they were loath to come home to dear, dirty Montreal. It must be admitted that from the fashionable and feminine point of view, Ottawa, is a much more satisfactory place of residence, at least while parliament is in session, than any other Canadian city. The social life of the place is centralized in a way that strikes Montrealers as very satisfactory and worthy of imitation, but, of course, the conditions here being so widely different, the same results could never be looked for. Society as an organized body, with a visible head and sharply defined grades, does not exist in Montreal. In Ottawa, it is not only an organized body, but it is a kind of happy family, giving the phrase a wide construction of course.

I do not mean that envy, jealousy and heartburnings are unknown in that little section of Vanity Fair Indeed, "on dit," that they flourish and grow apace there, but the impression the stranger received is that everybody who is anybody knows everybody else very well indeed, and is on terms of affectionate familiarity all round. Then there is a distinctly cosmopolitan favor in the atmosphere which compares favorably with the surprising provincialism often observed in Montreal drawing-rooms, where better things might be expected. It cannot be truly said of all our more prominent hostesses that they seem perfectly at home in their own houses nor among their own friends. There is often a degree of stiffness, reaching solemnity between "me and thee" in our best frocks which is delightfully absent in gay circles in Ottawa. Gay is the right word to use in this connection. We have not the laughing light-hearted women that lend so much brightness and movement to social functions in the capital. We are, alas! a trifle dull and heavy, or is it too prim and proper? We give the impression of trying to behave, like little girls who have been strictly cautioned to mind their manners. In Ottawa the girls, as well as the very charming young matrons who are such an important factor there, have wonderful aplomb, ease, and grace of manner added to a smart appearance and a certain piquant originality of speech and fearless ease of manner that is very refreshing after too much "behavior."

There is a solidity and sequence about social arrangements in Ottawa, which relieves the feminine half of society of much responsibility and much suspense. If you are of the kind that knows how to enjoy itself, and has the means to do so, the rest is all plain sailing. There is no long term of probation to serve before the right people find you out and approve of you. If you are tolerably agreeable and presentable you can "make good" in a week or less in "le monde ou l'on s'amuse." Ottawa people like strangers, especially if they are well-dressed and disposed to keep the ball of pleasure rolling. All you have got to do is to announce your arrival in the papers, go down to government house and register your name in the visitors' book, make yourself known to the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod—(our own Capt. Chambers) and his charming wife, leave cards on the wives of the cabinet ministers, and of the speakers of the House of Commons and the Senate, and those of a few other high officials, and make the most of any useful introductions you may have to residents. Very soon invitations to functions will be showered on you from all points of the compass. When you go to a little tea, luncheon, or dinner, you will meet hospitable ladies who will ask you to come to their house for some sort of party they are just getting up. If you know how to use your opportunities you can become surprisingly popular in an incredibly short space of time. Not very much is expected of you by way of return for so much kindness and hospitality. Just to be agreeable and available—above all available—when you are wanted, and to look smart and "speak pretty."

You must also be careful in choosing your new acquaintances. As you are under no particular obligation to anybody, it is just as well to avoid tiresome, dowdy, or uninteresting persons, and confine your attentions to those who will increase the variety of your stay in the capital. You will thoroughly enjoy the movement, the atmosphere, the variety of society there.

The presence of vice-royalty at all the more important functions gives them dignity and picturesqueness. The pervading influence of the English element is felt all the way down to the messenger boys and the cabbies. The amenities of life are more strictly observed by every class in Ottawa than in Montreal. Even small-salaried bank clerks and civil servants live rather more ceremoniously than many of our prosperous merchants. The dress for dinner and have a certain social standing and a taste for employing their leisure hours gracefully. Of course, all the men have more leisure than is dreamed of in Montreal even among the wealthier classes, and the result is they take their pleasures less sadly than do our more strenuous fathers, husbands and brothers.

Yes, certainly Ottawa is a delightful place to live in when one is in the mood for pleasure. But as life is not meant to be merely a succession of dances and dinner parties, it is good to come back to our big, untidy, democratic and heterogeneous centre of commerce and realize that more serious things await us in the shape of duties and interests of our own choosing. And "entre nous," the man who is too busy to go to teas and too tired after a hard day's work down town to dress for dinner is apt to be "au fond" much more a man after our own heart than the most graceful and amusing of all the carpet knights, isn't he?

AN AMERICAN LADY,

But is Wife of a British Ambassador.

MRS. GERALD A. LOWTHER.

Washington, Dec. 8.—Mrs. Gerald A. Lowther, who was Miss Alice Blight, of Philadelphia, may preside at the British embassy of the United States at Washington. She accompanied her husband, when he was ambassador to Morocco, to Fez, and was the only woman who remained in that country during the heated times. Her husband, the Hon. William Lowther, is brother of the third Earl of Lonsdale, and served in the British diplomatic service at Madrid, Paris, Constantinople, Vienna, Sofia, Bucharest, Tokio, Budapest and Washington, where he was secretary of the embassy, and was minister to Chili from 1901 to 1904.

Somehow a man is unable to get the idea into his head that a girl with a dimple can be in the intellectual class.

Samaria Stopped His Drinking

A London Lady cures her husband permanently of the drink habit and without his knowledge.

"How glad I am that I overcame my hesitation about writing you for a Free Sample of Samaria. At that time my husband was drinking very hard, and I was in despair. The effect of your treatment was immediate, and now our home is entirely free from the Drink Curse. I gave my husband the tablets in his tea, and he never knew. As the last bottle leaves left him, his general health improved and is now splendid—many, many thanks. I will be glad if you will tell others of my experience."

Free Package and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Address: THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 15 Jordan Chambers, Jordan St., Toronto, Canada.

Also for sale by Hess & Mallin