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REMEMBER TO-MORROW, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26TH ROONEY & CO'S. BIG SALE.

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ROONEY & CO.,

No. 127 Princess Street, Kingston, Ont.
THE STORE THAT SETS THE PACE.

ALL FOR A GIRL.

Keeping close to the shadows and carefully avoiding any possibility of being seen, even at this, the hour of midnight, Malcolm Rogers stole along until he reached the rear of the village post-office. Then for the first time he hesitated. For the first time the full enormity of what he was about to do made him pause as the thought flashed through his mind. But he must have that letter back. To think that in the morning Beatrice Armstrong would read his passionate words of love, the words he had been too bashful to speak to her—would read his proposal of marriage—was well nigh enough to create a man of his nervous Don Quixotic temperament. For within an hour after he had dropped the letter through the mail slot in the door of the village post-office that evening he had heard that Beatrice was to become the bride of another.

He tried the window, then gave a start of amazement. Some one was ahead of him. By the soft flash of a pocket electric lantern he could vaguely discern the outlines of two men busily at work upon the safe in the corner.

Suddenly they dodged across the room, there was an angry spluttering at the safe door, then a roar of an explosion and Rogers was thrown to the ground half stunned. What took place in the next few minutes seemed like the half-real visions of a nightmare.

Though he had no remembrance of running, he found himself crouched at a corner far down the street. There were the shrill whistles of the village constables, the sounds of running feet, revolver shots and then someone dashed around the corner and right into his arms. Some one with a smoking revolver in his hand and a black mask over the upper half of his face. Instinctively the two men grasped each other, the mask fell off and—

"Jack Ormsby!" gasped Rogers.

"You!" and Ormsby made a futile attempt to free himself. "Let me go," he panted, "or—" and he suddenly

tried to raise his pistol. But Rogers held the wrist in a powerful grasp. "Ormsby," he said slowly, in a voice vibrant with horror, "Ormsby, I could kill you. I love Beatrice Armstrong. I would have told her so, but I found she was pledged to you. An you—my God! and you—

There were the sounds of rapid footsteps and shouts from the direction of the postoffice. Ormsby struggled desperately for a moment, then a cunning look flashed over his face.

"Rogers," he said, "for her sake—"

The footsteps were rapidly nearing. Suddenly Rogers snatched the revolver from the other. "Give me your word you will be true to her, that you will lead an honest life."

Ormsby shook in an agony of fear. The pursuers were almost upon him, "promise," he whispered.

"Then save yourself," replied the other, and stooping quickly, he picked up the mask and attached it to his own face. When the constables rushed upon him an instant later, he passively put up his hands, allowed himself to be handcuffed, and five minutes later was in the town lock-up.

It was not until the next morning at the preliminary hearing before the local justice of the peace, when he was held without bail for the next term of the supreme court, that Rogers learned it was not alone burglary he must answer for, but murder, for one of the constables had been shot and killed. One of the yegmen had also met death. Two days had passed, two days in which Rogers had suffered all that one of his sensitive nature can suffer during a first imprisonment and under such an awful charge, when his jailer announced a visitor. To his amazement and shame Beatrice Armstrong was ushered to his cell door.

"Oh, Malcolm," she cried, and Rogers saw that her eyes were red with weeping, "I had to come. I wanted to tell you that I—that I—"

Then her voice caught. She dropped her head upon her arms clasped against the bars of the cell door and her form shook with sobs.

For an instant the prisoner forced his part. His hand lightly touched her fair hair and in a voice of infinite tenderness he said: "Don't cry, dear little girl, please don't cry. I know you are sorry for me because I—"

Then suddenly he remembered. He sprang back. "But—bag I am a murderer—they say. What would Ormsby say if he knew you were here?"

"Ormsby!" cried Beatrice. "What do you mean?"

"Why, Ormsby, your betrothed."

"Jack Ormsby is nothing to me. Who said we were betrothed? Can't you see that I—loved you? I wonder why you did not speak, and then I had happened the night before—but, oh, Malcolm! I don't believe it. Won't believe it. Tell me it isn't true. Let me help you."

But Rogers did not answer. He felt his heart grow heavy as lead. Like one in a stupor he muttered. "And Ormsby told me—he let me think—and I pledged my word—oh, God! what have I done? What have I done?"

In a flash of intuition Beatrice understood. There was utter joy in her voice as she cried: "Now I know; you thought I loved Jack Ormsby and you are shielding him. But he lied to you, so you need not keep your word. Tell me all about it and we can work together to prove your innocence."

But Rogers' innocence was already proved. For some time the police had suspected Jack Ormsby of being at the head of the band of yegmen which had terrorized the surrounding country and that very day he was captured in a neighboring town after a desperate fight. He was fatally wounded and confessed all.

Japanese Rifle Rest.

An Austrian military organ draws attention to one of the minor details of Japanese military practice during the late war which seems to have escaped notice in Europe. In European armies the question of a rifle rest for long range firing has led to many ingenious contrivances for devising trigonometric arrangements. The Japanese war department solved the difficulty in a much simpler but equally effective way. The first provided the soldier with a bag of stout cotton right inches wide and twenty inches long, which he could carry in his cartridge case on the march, and on reaching the fighting line could in a minute stuff with earth or stones. The device gave amazing assistance in accuracy of rifle fire.

Treat Your Friends.

When you wish to treat your friends to soda make it a real treat by giving them Wade's fruit cream soda. They will have prompt, dainty service. They will get a liberal amount of delicious fruit cream and fruit juices, served in a clean, glistening glass. Such soda is worth going out of your way, if it is necessary, to secure. Wade's drug store.

A suicide is reported from Hungary in which a man lay on the floor of his room, placed under his neck a dynamite cartridge and fired it.

WOMEN FALL INTO RIVER.

Precipitated By Sudden Collapse of Bridge.

Vienna, June 25.—Twenty women and girls and several infants were precipitated into the flooded Morava near Bresana, in Servia, by the sudden collapse, yesterday morning, of a wooden bridge which leads from the village to the fields where the women work.

Though the river was much swollen with rain, most of the women managed to reach the banks by swimming, several of them at the same time having to support children they were carrying, but six of them and one infant were drowned.

A Summer Street Costume.



The above design shows a development in blue chambray. The very distinctive feature of the waist lies in the fact that the Japanese sleeves and body are cut in one. This gives a novel appearance as well as produces the broad-shouldered effect. The design of wash braid on each side of the front gives the jumper quite a pretty finish. The same idea is carried out in the back. The skirt is made plain, nine gored, having a design of the braid in each gore.

Millionaire As Bull Fighter.

Madrid, June 25.—Excitement was caused at the bull fight by the debut of a young Mexican millionaire, whose love of bull fighting has led him to become a matador. The general opinion of the spectators was that he showed more elegance than skill, and he is advised to return to drive his motor cars and to spend his millions.

It pays to buy blood coolers at Gibson's Red Cross drug store, All fresh there.

RACE OVER ALPS.

Balloons to Compete For Cup Offered By Queen.

Geneva, June 25.—The first attempt to cross the Alps by balloon from Switzerland into Italy, for the cup offered by Queen Margherita of Italy, may take place any day this month. The conditions for the race, which have just been issued, state that competitors must cross the Alps between the Col d' Argentieres, near Chamounix, on the west, and the Col de Tarvis, in the Tyrolean Alps, on the east.

Howe Island Wedding.

Gananoque Reporter.

St. Philomen church, Howe Island, was the scene of a happy event on Tuesday morning last, when Miss Nettie Goodfriend, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Goodfriend, became the wife of Thomas O'Grady, of Lansdowne. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Kehoe in the presence of a large number of friends of the young couple. The church was lavishly decorated with flowers and ferns, the work being done by the girl friends of the bride, and the effect was strikingly pretty. The bride's dress was white silk, trimmed with Irish point lace; she wore a white hat trimmed with large white ostrich feathers, and carried a bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. She was assisted by her sister, Miss Mary Goodfriend, who wore a white Swiss mesaline, trimmed with white ostrich feathers and pink roses; her bouquet was pink and red roses. The groomsmen were M. J. Foley, of Lansdowne, nephew of the groom. The bride was the recipient of an unusually large number of presents, comprising beautiful articles in silver, cut glass and china. Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady left by the afternoon train to spend their honeymoon at Falls, and other places, followed by the best wishes of a host of friends. The bride's travelling dress was navy blue, with pretty hat to match.

1,000 Islands—Rochester.

Steamers North King and Caspian leave 10:15 a.m. for 1,000 Island points daily except Monday. Returning leave at 5 p.m. for Bay of Quinte points and Rochester, N.Y. J. P. Hanley, agent.

King Peter In Peril.

Belgrade, June 25.—King Peter's horse took fright this morning, and bolted. When his majesty was able to dismount he returned to the palace in a transe.

Owing to the state of his health, the occurrence affected him greatly. He is still indisposed.

Keep your blood cool. Enos Salt, Saine Laxative, Abby Salt, Grape Saline and Sedlitz Powders (English), all fresh at Gibson's Red Cross drug store.

"That is the best selling Baking Powder in my Store"

"Practically every order I get for Baking Powder calls for St. George's."

"Most of them are not 'first-time' orders either."

"They come from customers who have tested St. George's—who have proved its purity, its quality, its economy."

St. George's Baking Powder

is a daily source of satisfaction to good cooks. It makes baking easy—and never disappoints.

It is so easy to prepare dainty meals with our Cook Book as a guide. Directions are as clear—and quantities exact. Write for a free copy. National Drug & Chemical Co., Canada Limited, Montreal.

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—suitable for both dress and informal wear—afford an admirable choice to conservative women.

They conform strictly to the latest, most correct styles. Materials and modeling are absolutely top grade, combining individual style with the ability to stand the maximum wear and tear. Ask your dealer about them, and look for the label.

The Minerva Mfg. Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Your Hair At Home?

Or has your comb run away with it? Better look out for what's left of it, and keep it at home on your head, not in the comb. Ayer's Hair Vigor will act as a keeper. If you have a particle of doubt about using this splendid preparation, let your doctor decide for you. It publishes the formulae of all our preparations.