TRAVELLING.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY
IN CONNECTION WITH
Canadian Pacific Railway
CHEAP RATES
Second Class from Kingston, Sept. 1st, to Oct. 31st, 1907.
$46.00 —Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland.
$43.50 —Spokane, Nelson, Rossland.
$43.00 —Missoula, Salt Lake, Helena, Butte.
Proportionately low rates to other points.

OTTAWA EXHIBITION
Sept. 17th, 19th, 20th $2.75
Sept. 13th to 21st, inclusive 3.70
Return limit, Sept. 23rd, 1907.
HARROWSMITH FAIR
Rate—Single Fare for the round trip. Tickets good going Sept. 12th and 13th returning Sept. 14th, 1907.
Full particulars at K. & P., and C. P. R. Ticket Office, Ontario St.
F. CONWAY, Gen. Pass. Agent.

Bay of Quinte Railway
New short line for Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto, and all local points. Trains leave City Hall Depot at 4 p.m. R. W. DICKSON, Agent B.Q.Ry., Kingston.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Cheap Rates.
Second Class from Kingston, Sept. 1st, to Oct. 31st, 1907.
$46.00 —Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland.
$43.50 —Spokane, Nelson, Rossland.
$43.00 —Missoula, Salt Lake, Helena, Butte.
Proportionately low rates to other points.

Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa, 13th to 21st, 1907.
Tickets will be sold at $2.75, good going Sept. 17, 19 and 20, and at $3.70, going Sept. 13, 14, 15, 16, 18 and 21st, all tickets good returning on or before Sept. 23, 1907.
For full particulars, apply to J. P. HANLEY, Corner Johnson and Ontario streets.

Quebec Steamship Company
LIMITED
River and Gulf of St. Lawrence
Summer Cruises in Cool Latitude
Twin Screw Iron SS. "Campian," with electric lights, electric bells and all modern comfort.
Sails from Montreal on Monday, 9th and 23rd September, for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Gaspe, Mal Bay, Perce, Grand River, Summerside, P.E.I. and Charlottetown, P.E.I.
BERMUDA
Summer Excursions, $35 and upwards by the new Twin Screw SS. "Bermudian," 5,500 tons. Sailing from New York 4th, 14th and 28th September. Temperature cooled by sea breezes seldom rises above 80 degrees. The finest trips of the season for health and comfort.
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BIG GAME SEASON OPENS.
MOOSE CARIBOU DEER BEAR
New Brunswick Sept. 15th.
Quebec September 1st
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Containing Latest Information About Fishing and Hunting Week in the Canaan Woods, Hunting Grounds of the Micmacs, Big Game of the Southwest Miramichi
Districts, Guides, Routes
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Steamer leaves Kingston Sundays, at 10.15 a.m., for Thousand Islands and Gananoque. Returning leaves at 5 p.m., for Rochester, N.Y., via the Bay of Quinte, calling at intermediate ports.
Steamer Aletha leaves daily except Sunday, at 3 p.m., for Picton and intermediate ports.
Full information from J. P. HANLEY, GILDERSLEEVE & KIRKPATRICK, Ticket Agents. JAMES SWIFT & CO., Freight Agents.

ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE
MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL
Tunisian sails Fri., Sept. 6, Oct. 4.
Victorian sails Fri., Sept. 13, Oct. 11.
Corsician sails, Fri., Sept. 20, Oct. 18.
Virginian sails, Fri., Sept. 27, Oct. 25.
MONTREAL TO GLASGOW.
Sicilian sails Thur., Sept. 5, Oct. 17.
Ionian sails, Thurs., Sept. 12, Oct. 24.
Rates of Passage and full information may be obtained from J. P. HANLEY, G.T.R., or J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Clarence street.

CALLS HIS CURE A PERFECT MIRACLE

Suffered Tortures With Terrible, Dry Eruptions Since Reaching Manhood—Doctors All Failed—Became too Disfigured to Leave House—Now Well and Says:

CUTICURA REMEDIES WORTH WEIGHT IN GOLD

"I cannot help expressing to you my most sincere thanks for the benefit which I have derived from the use of Cuticura Remedies. They represent a perfect miracle and each set is worth its weight in gold to suffering humanity. Ever since the time I grew into manhood I have been suffering from a dry eruption which at times appeared very extensively, and at other times, but to a limited degree, on my body. I consulted a number of medical men without result, and last January I was affected with a terrible eruption on my hands, scalp, and face, which was so bad that I could not even leave the house, so I finally resorted to Cuticura.

"In the morning after breakfast I took a tablespoonful of Cuticura Resolvent, the same after dinner and supper. Three times a day I washed myself with Cuticura Soap, and three times a week I took a hot bath with Cuticura Soap and applied Cuticura Ointment to the parts that were painful. So far my Cuticura Remedies represent an outlay of only a few dollars and I am completely restored to health, while formerly I had spent dollars upon dollars on doctors, remedies, and ointments without getting cured. Needless to say, I am quite ready to spend my last cent for Cuticura Remedies. Henry E. Kamping, 633 Eagle Ave., New York, N. Y., Feb. 16 and Mar. 15, 1906."

A FRIGHT WITH PIMPLES

Cuticura Soon Makes Skin Clear.

"My face, a few months ago, was certainly a fright with pimples. I heard about Cuticura Remedies, and got Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In a short while my face was well and skin white and clear. I advise any one whose skin is full of pimples and blackheads to use Cuticura Remedies. Ruth Hedderich, 408 W. 3rd St., Pana, Ill., Sept. 22, 1906."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, in vials of sixty) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

Mailed Free, Book on Treatment for the Skin.

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PURE POWDERED
LYE
Ready for Use in Any Quantity.
For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.
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Everything suitable in presents for either Bride or Bridegroom.
Silverware, in Sterling or Silver Plate, Cut Glass, China etc.
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TRAVELLING.

R. & O. Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.
Toronto Montreal Line
Steamers "Toronto & Kingston."
EAST BOUND.—Leave Kingston daily until Sept. 15th and from Sept. 17th, to Oct. 1st, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays, at 5.30 a.m., for 1,000 Islands, Montreal, Quebec and Saguenay River points.
WEST BOUND.—Leave Kingston, at 5 p.m., daily up to Sept. 15th, and thereafter every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday for Charlotte and Toronto, making connections for all Western points.
Hamilton-Montreal Line.
Tri-weekly service
EAST AND WEST BOUND.
For tickets and berth reservation, apply to J. P. HANLEY, Ticket Agent, R. & O. N. Co., Kingston, Ont. H. FOSTER CHAFFEE, A.G.P.A., Toronto.

EXCURSION!
STR. "WOLFE ISLANDER"
EVERY THURSDAY
—TO—
Brophy's Point, Halliday's Dock, Breakey's Bay
Leaves Kingston, 3 p.m.; arrive home at 7 p.m.
Fare for Round Trip, 25

AN ALPINE CLIMBER.

FORMERLY OF KINGSTON TELLS THRILLING STORY.

The Way Up the Alps is Not An Easy One—Part of the Path Was Glare Ice.

Caen, Normandy, Aug. 27.—(To the Editor.)—In years past I lived in Kingston and it has occurred to me that possibly some of the readers of the Whig might like to hear of a rather interesting climb which I had recently in Switzerland. I landed at Liverpool July 18th, and went at once to Tunbridge Wells, where I spent a few days at the home of my brother-in-law, Alexander Lang, and while there had the pleasure of visiting the Misses Etta and Allie Hale, who also lived in Kingston. They have a beautiful home at Coleman's Hatch. But I must skip other things and get at my climb. I put in a couple of weeks at St. Beatenburg, on Lake Thun, taking smaller climbs to get into training, and then left with a young Englishman, who was to be my fellow-climber, for Meiringen, from which the start for so many of the high peaks is made. We engaged as our guide Peter Sudcregg, the son of the famous Melchior Sudcregg, the friend of Whymper and perhaps the greatest guide in Switzerland in the last century.

We wished to start at once, but he made us wait for two days until the weather was exactly right, and we saw the reason afterward. At last a proper day and settled weather came and we started, early one morning, for the Dammastock, a peak slightly lower than the Jungfrau, but a much larger climb, as we start from a lower level. We were but three in party; the guide ahead carrying a knapsack with provisions, ropes, gloves, etc., weighing about twenty kilos. The first two hours was easy walking, but soon we left the road and struck into the woods, crossing some brooks, and then up a steep hill, and into the valley of a mountain torrent which we followed until we reached the glacier from which it comes. After seven hours we passed the last chalet, where people live, and after a good draught of milk, we left behind all possibility of assistance. The trail was getting rougher and steeper and soon was over a mountain of great loose rocks which made walking very difficult. To add to our discomfort some mountain sheep, far above us kept loosening rock and stones, which rolled down on us. I feel bound to say that these sheep had no evil intentions, for as we were entire strangers to each other there could be no grievance on their part, but the situation was none the less embarrassing. We were compelled to take a more decided way of expressing our disapproval of their actions, and it had the desired effect.

Looking down from these rocks we saw the Drift Glacier, which lies between us and the Drift Hut, where we were to spend the night. We climbed down on to the glacier and crossed it very carefully, our guide testing every suspicious looking spot with his stock and making long detours to avoid dangerous crevices, the smaller ones we jumped with the assistance of our stocks. Something took place on this glacier of which our guide had never seen or heard of before. It was the sudden spouting up of a geyser right out of the glacier. The water spouted about thirty feet high, and as we watched it three smaller geysers near by began to play. After a short time all subsided; it was truly a wonderful sight.

After crossing the glacier we find that the stiffest climb of the day is awaiting us. First up a great moraine and then zig-zagging up the great mountain to the little hut which lies 8,000 feet high. At times the path is perilously narrow, less than six inches being rather a narrow margin when a dizzy precipice is below. Add to this the fact that two days before there was a fall of two feet of snow, which is now melting, and you can easily imagine with what feelings we crossed some ledges. At times the guide took us one at a time holding us firmly by the hand. Very thankful were we when at last the hut, that was to be our field for the night, came in sight. It was but a tiny affair, perched on that dizzy height, but it was enough for us. On entering we found a small room, one half of which is occupied by a wide bed made in the form of a raised platform and sloping from the wall towards the middle of the floor where a long footboard kept the sleepers from sliding out. You have the curious sensation of standing on your feet while in bed. The bedding consists of plenty of straw and warm blankets and pillows without slips. There is room for some dozen to sleep side by side and ample opportunity to become well acquainted. The other half of the hut is filled with a long wooden table and a few rude benches and stove. After a good supper, in which our guide showed his skill as cook, we laid down to sleep, so we thought, but in my case at least it was a fond illusion, for I had not counted on the presence of some exceedingly attentive but uninvited guests, who tried very hard to make things interesting for us and succeeded extremely well. About one hour's sleep was all I had, and I was not sorry when a little before three I heard preparations being made for breakfast. The plan of march called for a start at 3.30 a.m. in order to take advantage of the snow before it became soft. I forgot to mention that another party arrived shortly after us, and shared the hut with us. One was a fine yodler, and the glorious sunset (I never saw such colors) started him yodling. On one side the beautiful alpine glow on the snow peaks, on the other the moon shining like silver in the rare air, and between them our jovial friend from Zurich yodling for very joy.

Our morning start was in the dark. Our guide roped us firmly together, and lighting his lantern led us out on the upper reaches of the Drift Glacier. We confess to feeling a trifle nervous. The snow had partly concealed the crevices, and it took skilful piloting to avoid them. After several hours the sun came up, and then we felt very much happier. We followed this glacier up to its source; which is the summit of the Dammastock. We had something less than 4,000 feet to climb to reach the summit. As we climbed the ascent grew steeper and steeper and in some places our guide had to use his axe to clear away the treacherous snow and make steps for our feet. The thin air makes this part of the climb very exhausting, and more than once I had occasion to express myself very frankly to myself, on the question of my sanity in undertaking such a trip; indeed, I am not sure that I did not call myself a fool in language more forcible than I am accustomed to use, but there was nothing for it but to go on. At last we were within about one-third of a mile from the little black ridge which marks the summit. But that last little bit is glare ice and inclines at an angle of 45 degrees. The guide had to cut every step in which we put our feet, and we stood in our tracks shivering and chattering, for a keen wind blew and I had a finger nipped by the frost. As he cut each step we advanced to it. At last we reached the top and found shelter under a great rock from the cruel wind. We were about 12,000 feet high, just a trifle below the giant Matterhorn. No words of mine can ever describe the view. All the great snow mountains around us. From Mt. Blanc and Monte Rosa to the Uri Alps, all the peaks of the Bernese Oberland, the beautiful Jungfrau, the Monk, Eiger, Shreckhorn, Finsteraare, Wetterhorn, Matterhorn, Schneehorn. Under clear skies the view reaches into the Austrian Tyrol. Below us the whole country lies revealed, scores of great glaciers winding their way down from peaks into the valleys, where they give rise to boiling torrents. Little chalets dot the foothills, and further down the little villages with their church spires appear. We can trace the mighty Phone Glacier down through the mountains, until it ends where the Phone river is born.

Particularly fine was the cloud effect. Most of the highest peaks were hidden, but every once in a while clouds would break and they would stand revealed. Some clouds were above and some below us, and one flying squadron took the liberty of enveloping us entirely. But it was too cold to remain here, and so after a short addition to our early breakfast we prepared to go down.

If the climb up was hard, the climb down was perilous. We must plant our feet carefully in the steps cut, for one misstep might take the whole party—where? Well, I suppose that would depend largely on the character of our previous lives. We dare not look down into the dizzy depths below, and just fix our eyes on the path and drive our stock deep into the ice—now another little subjective conversation takes place within me to the effect that any doubts which I might have entertained on the subject of my insanity in starting on such a mad trip have wholly vanished. But all things have an end, and soon we are over the ice and on the soft snow. We now follow down the course of the Phone Glacier. For hours we walk over it, and gradually it grows on us what a glacier is, and this enormous ice river is miles across and about 1,000 or more feet deep. It carries down ten thousands of tons of rocks and stone; its surface is traversed by scores of little rivers, while great ones are heard roaring below. Here and there a deep crevice, which shows no bottom, gives us a peep into the yawning depths below—the glare of the sun from the ice is intense, and our faces, hands and necks are covered with an ointment and our eyes protected by colored glasses, but even this is in vain, and we are like boiled lobsters. About one we find shade under a mass of rocks and eat our lunch, making our tea and drinking from the glacier water. About three we come to the cataract of the glacier where it descends rapidly into the valley below. It is just as if an enormous waterfall were suddenly crystallized. Of course it is impossible to pass over this, so we take to the rocks on the right. A high climb brings us to the summit, and just at our feet we can see Grimsel, 4,000 feet below, and the famous pass, looking like a ribbon as it winds in and out over the mountain. The descent is very steep into Grimsel, and we are very glad when we reach it about six in the evening. After dinner we drive back to Meiringen, in a carriage, having bid good-bye to our faithful guide.

A beautiful ride of eighteen miles down the famous valley of the Aare, past the Handegg Falls, brings us at last to our little hotel in Meringue, at 10.30, tired and stiff, but none the worse for wear. In all the climb, we took sixteen and a half hours, and the descent ten hours.

From Switzerland I came here, and am making this a centre from which to visit the Norman towns and cathedrals.—HENRY M. DYCKMAN.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD
A Lady who cures her husband of His Drinking Habits Writes of Her Struggle to Save her Home. 97
A PATHETIC LETTER

"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that had set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another bot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

free Package and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence secretly confidential. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 15 Jordan Chambers, Jordan St., Toronto, Canada.
For sale by H. Wade, druggist.

NEW YORK WAGE EARNERS.

Of Women Workers Much Greater Than Men.

There are in New York city 130,691 girls who are earning wages in shops and factories. They make $41,994,472 annually, or an average of $350 each. This does not include that other vast army of women in professional work or in specified occupations at better pay. There are 326,219 men wage earners in New York city, who average $625 a year. New York's shop girls are, therefore, earning individually more than half what the men of the trades are making, although among the latter are some well paid laborers, while the shop girl's average is reduced by many cash girls in stores who earn but $2.50 a week. By the latest federal census there were in Greater New York 367,437 women workers (including professional women shopkeepers, etc., or about one-third as many women as there were men at work. At that time women were increasing over men in the various occupations by a large percentage, so it is certain that the proportion now is even greater. In this total are included 2,629 actresses, 12,811 musicians and music teachers, 78 women lawyers, 244 journalists, 10,868 stenographers, 37,514 dressmakers, 15,069 women tailors, 103,962 domestic servants, 9,762 nurses and 16,102 laundresses.

Forgot His Wife's Ashes.

Much excitement was caused in West Ealing by the rumor that a tin trunk containing charred human remains had been found at a house in Uxbridge road. Workmen examining a cupboard found a box 13 inches by 12 inches by 9 inches. It was securely sealed up, and they conveyed it to the police station, where it was opened by the divisional surgeon, Dr. Bennet, who pronounced the contents to be cremated remains of human bones. The police at once instituted inquiries and found that the box belonged to a former tenant of the house, who, in removing, had overlooked it. It contained the ashes of his first wife, who had been cremated. He was able to satisfy the police by producing a certificate of death and cremation. The two ground floor rooms of the house had been occupied as offices by this man to whose second wife the presence in the home of such a grisome relic as the cremated remains of her predecessor evidently proved distasteful. Consequently he took the casket to his office, where it remained until found by the workmen.

Pardonable.

A prominent novelist spoke recently at a Boston club about the wonders of modern invention. He said:

"There was an old fisherman rowing in his boat, one day, when an automobile canoe sprung a leak near him and immediately sank.

"To the indignation of the canoe's occupants, the old man paid no heed to them, but rowed calmly on his way, puffing an old clay pipe.

"However, the wrecked canoeists managed to swim to him, and as they clambered into his boat one sputtered, angrily:

"'Confound you, why didn't you lend us a hand? Didn't you see we were sinking?'

"The old man took his pipe out of his mouth, and stared at them in astonishment.

"'Blessed if I didn't think ye wuz one o' them new-fangled submarines,' he said."—Harper's Weekly.

Words sometimes fail a man, but nothing like that happens to a woman until she is ready to attend her own funeral.

Don't Forget
Vinol
Creates strength for aged, weak, run-down and debilitated persons and strengthens weak lungs.
Vinol is a Cod Liver preparation—true—that's why it is valuable—but it contains no oil and is delicious in warm weather.
GEORGE W. MAHOOD, DRUGGIST.

¶ Not for young men only, but for gentlemen of mature years are the Semi-ready designs fashioned.

¶ Good judges of good clothes know that Semi-ready Tailoring is the modern way of getting what you want when you want it,

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Fine Sack Suits in Serges and Worsteds at $20 and $25. The $18 Suits are made from less expensive cloths and linings.

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The H. D. Bibby Co.,
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OF THE
Newest Shoe Styles

All the Swellest American lines from the best factories are now here. We will be pleased to show them to you.

J. H. Sutherland & Bro.,
The House of Good Shoemaking.

CRUMLEY'S DRESS GOODS.

With the return of each recurring season the proverb "CRUMLEY'S" for Dress Goods takes added force and meaning. We have this fall the equal of our former displays, so far as regards values, qualities and selections, and we have an even greater variety of shades, weaves, textures, weights and mixtures.

New Plain Colored French Broadcloth Suiting.

Fine French Panama and Canvas Weaves.
French and English Cheviots, Tweeds, Serges, etc.
Scotch Tartan Plaids in all popular clans.
See our new FALL AND WINTER COATS and Walking Skirts.
Our bus Milliners are preparing for a big opening this season. CASH COUPONS.

Crumley Bros.