

HOW WILL IT BE DONE?

A QUESTION FOR THE BOARD OF WORKS.

Regarding Road Improvement—Kingston Should Be Made a City That Will Attract Wealthy People.

Kingston, Jan. 10.—(To the Editor): I hear on the streets conversations something like this: "What or how is the best way to lay out the by-law grant on the streets of our city? Twelve thousand dollars will not suffice to put all of our streets in good condition. It may repair the principal ones, but this money is paid by the whole city, and it is not just to take money from all, then spend it for the benefit of the few. Furthermore it was understood and believed that by passing this grant there would be no rise in our assessment taxation. I appeal to those capable of estimating, to say, if they believe that twelve thousand dollars will put our streets in good condition? If not then we must fall back on an assessment taxation to finish them.

What I would suggest would be to repair the streets on the local improvement plan, the same as we build our cement walks. This plan will give all a chance to share the benefits of the improvements. This plan at forty per cent. to the city and sixty per cent. to the beneficiaries would be equal to thirty thousand dollars, instead of twelve thousand, to expend on our streets. Look at it this way: If a good street is made in front of my property my property is made more valuable thereby. I would rather pay a local improvement tax for a specific amount and a specific time than an assessment tax year after year as eternally wages on. Good streets, light and water are property value to me, and my heirs or assigns, as much as good houses and house furniture are.

Bear with me a little further. How many taxpayers realize just what our city is best adapted for? Is it for manufacturing industries? Not specially so. Is it for trade and commerce? Only in a second degree. Is it for agricultural advantages centering here? No. It is specially adapted for a residential city. We have tried again and again to induce people here to make money, but we failed. Now let us try to induce people here to spend money.

In order to do this we must have beautiful streets, good street car service seven days in the week for seven months in the year, allow excursions to land and depart at pleasure; tidy and beautiful parks, with accommodations therein; hotel accommodation; good moorage for yachts, pure water, cheap light (thanks to Alderman Toye), healthy atmosphere, educational and church accommodation, public bath houses free, a moral and intelligent population, a city beautiful for situation. Why, Mr. Editor, think

No Wild Cat Proposition.

Kingston, Jan. 11.—(To the Editor): Will you kindly insert the following item, taken from the reliable journal, Canadian Life and Resources, for the benefit of those pessimists who think that Larder Lake is a "wild cat" proposition of the worst kind, or at best, some day, a "low grade" proposition:

"A very interesting vein was recently exposed on the Tournier—old Indian property at Larder Lake—a view of which is reproduced from a photograph taken by a visitor, whose only interest in the vein is that of a sight-seer and amateur photographer. The vein exposed, which in the picture looks not unlike a narrow waterfall coming down over the rocks, is five feet wide at the surface and seven feet wide at the fifty-foot level. A cubic foot of quartz, not differing in appearance from the whole vein, assayed \$1,100 of gold to the ton. The vein is exposed for a distance of 200 feet, and it is estimated that the vein shows 10,000 tons of ore in sight. If it is all as good as the assay shows, that would give \$11,000,000 in sight." How is that for a "low grade proposition?" The old Indian "larder" has at last been discovered and is now the white man's pantry.—L.L.M.

A Touch Of Millinery.



The millinery this season is quite different from that of last winter. The large hat, with a high crown, narrow brim in front and wide in the back, is the most favored. Soft felts will be the most worn, a binding of silk or velvet finishing the edge. Coque feathers, plumes, marabout feathers, hux ospreys and Caesare feathers will be used in profusion. The design illustrated was a dark blue felt, trimmed with loops of ribbon, with white and green feathers and a buckle in front.

It is easy to borrow that which we do not need.

A SOLDIER VICTIM

TERRORIZED BY FEAR MAN COMMITS MURDER.

Thinking He Was in a Den of Thieves He Uses His Revolver Freely.

Paris, Jan. 11.—A man named Jolibois, who shot dead two persons and wounded two others, in Montmartre, some months ago, was yesterday placed on trial for murder. Miserly by habit, Jolibois carried in his pockets all his savings, amounting to about \$1,200. Wandering idly in the streets on a Sunday afternoon, Reignon, who lived in a small hotel, the woman demanded money from him, and when he refused to give all she asked roused the house by cries of murder. Jolibois tried to escape, but the landlord and a waiter barred his progress on the dark and narrow stairs.

According to the story of the prisoner, who bears an excellent character, he became panic-stricken at this point, believing he was in a den of thieves. Demented with fear, he drew the pistol which he carried to safeguard his money and fired at random three times, killing the waiter, named Redoul, and wounding the landlord. Then he fled, terror-stricken, down the stairs, at the foot of which an infantry officer named Manner, who had heard the shots seized him.

Still thinking he was beset by thieves, Jolibois fired again, mortally wounding Manner, and fled wildly down the street. He was tripped up and captured, but first wounded another man. From the very first he pleaded that he had only fired in self-defense, and this plea he made again during his trial.

When his father gave evidence of his regular life and good character, Jolibois sobbed aloud and cried across the court, "Thank you, thank you, father!"

The court to-day condemned him to five years' hard labor and ordered him to pay \$600 to the widow of the officer whom he shot.

Avoid Biliousness.

The dull, sluggish condition usually termed biliousness, and which includes constipation, headache, nausea and other symptoms, is due to a clogged and congested system. Both stomach and liver are involved. Day's Dyspepsia Cure is an infallible remedy. This preparation has digestive, tonic and laxative properties. Each bottle contains sixteen days' treatment.

For sale only at Wade's drug store.

Keep out of debt. If there is anything wanted to worry one to death it is money troubles. Care will even kill the nine lived cat, and what gives more care than a bunch of debts with no money to pay them?

A CANADIAN BOY

Is Now a Senator For New Hampshire.



Jacob H. Gallinger

Dr. Jacob H. Gallinger, United States senator from New Hampshire since 1891, and whose present term of office expires in 1909, was born at Cornwell, N.H., on March 28th, 1837. He graduated at the medical school of Dartmouth College in 1858, and practiced for a number of years. In 1860 Senator Gallinger married Miss Mary Anna Bailey, of Salisbury, N.H. Becoming prominent in political circles, Dr. Gallinger held many minor public offices and finally was sent to congress in 1885. He served two terms and made a strong impression at Washington. He was next made a member of the upper house at Washington. His home is at Concord, N.H.

ON THE DEDICATION

Of the Medical Laboratories Building, Queen's University. Throw wide the portals! Far and near Proclaim it through the land: New halls of learning wondrous fair Adorn Ontario's strand. And they shall joy who other days Oft trod this classic gill, For however distant from her gaze, They love their Mother still.

Throw wide the portals! Clearer rings The call across the snows: Her trusty guardians knowledge bring; And to his task with jealous hands; The hundreds they have reared, Love them as faithful teachers, friends, For worth and skill revered.

Throw wide the portals! Eager youths Athirst for power and light, Would seek within for hidden truths, And gather strength to fight The bitter foes that night and day Would lift the sorrow-clouds away That gloom around us yet.

Throw wide the portals! From these Some, now unused by fame, Shall go, the loyal sons of Queen's, To glorify her name. Then open the portals, Far and near Proclaim it through the land: New halls of learning wondrous fair Adorn Ontario's strand.

C. SELWYN WORRELL.

Keep your feet warm. More cold is taken through the ankles than in any other way, so do not wear low shoes all winter. Washington wants better gas. Congress will please take notice.

WAS YEARS ON ROAD

TRAMP IN RECEIPT OF STEADY INCOME.

Wife Proving Faithless, He Abandoned Business For Life of An Itinerant.

Paris, Jan. 11.—Following the close of a robbery at Sartrouville, the Maise-Lafitte police on Christmas Eve came upon a strange human story. An innkeeper, whom they questioned about the robbery, mentioned that a short time before a man, who looked like a tramp, had bought three bottles of champagne and paid for them with a 100-franc note. The police followed his tracks to a broken-down roadside hut. There they found four vagrants sitting round a gypsy fire. The man with the banknotes soon made himself known. With a smile and a distinction of manner that contrasted with his shabby clothes, he produced his pocketbook, saying to the police: "Here are my papers." They were an instructive package. One was a bank draft for \$360, and from others it appeared that the tramp had been mayor of a commune in Loiret department. He enjoyed the stupefaction with which the police scanned the documents, and then, with the nerve begotten of champagne, he told part of his life story.

When at the head of a good business, he found one day that he had been deceived by his wife, whom he adored. Mad with despair, he realized on his possessions, and disappeared, taking to the public road. For twenty years he had lived away from the world, and his family, determined to find him, had given up the search. He drew his income steadily, and spent it among his chance vagabonds whom he met.

The police left the strange wanderer to his night fire and his companions.

ONTARIO'S BLINDNESS.

Call For Cheap Food Fish For the People.

Gananoque, Jan. 4.—(To the Editor): The universal topic of conversation is hard times and increased cost of living, and yet the people are allowing themselves to be deprived of one of the best kinds of food, namely, fresh fish, which could be sold at prices within the means of all. Ontario contains 45,000 square miles of water, one-fifth of the area of the whole province, and this does not include the waters of the great lakes or the St. Lawrence river. Yet it is impossible to buy fresh water fish in our markets outside of the large cities. Facts will demonstrate the reason why.

The report of the fisheries department of the province for 1906 states that the whole yield of fish for the year was 23,141,820 pounds. The population is about 2,500,000, therefore, if all the fish were sold in the province the allowance per head per

annum would be over nine pounds. But an eighty-five per cent. is sold to the United States fish trust, only fifteen per cent. is left for the people of the province, an allowance per head of one and a half pounds, and that small portion is made up of culls not considered good enough for the foreign market. The average price paid by the buyers for the trust is not over five cents per pound.

We hear a deal about the prohibition of the export of pulp-wood. This is quite as important, if not more so. Now some local facts are rather startling. The records of the Gananoque custom house from January 3rd, 1907, to November 13th, 1907, show that 59,295 pounds of fresh fish, valued at \$3,297, were entered for shipment to the United States, yet no fresh fish can be bought in the market here. It is evident that the total amount of fish caught in this locality as the profit on 59,295 pounds, would not pay the fishermen to devote their time and maintain power boats to carry on the business. It is time that we in Gananoque should wake up and demand through the provincial governments, that, if licenses for netting are issued, we should have the chance to purchase the fish caught in our waters, which are necessary to our health, at the same prices that they are sold to the fish trust.

Another loss that Gananoque sustains by the export of fish, is the absence of tourists and summer visitors, who would be attracted here if the fishing was good and who would spend in the town \$100 for every \$1 spent by the few fishermen who are depleting the waters of fish for the benefit of the citizens of the United States.

A HOUSEHOLDER.

The Whig has been asked to publish the above as it was refused daylight in one of the Gananoque papers. A petition to the Ontario fisheries department has been signed by over three hundred householders asking for the prohibition of netting between Kingston and Brockville, but the protected district should extend up the Bay of Quinte for five years at least. The petition declares that supervision is lax. The dominion customs department reports from Ottawa that fish worth \$18,000, at a ridiculously low valuation, was shipped from Kingston in 1907. The laxity of fisheries policies is one of Western Canada's crimes against its own interests.

Experiments have proved the usefulness of certain drugs for the cure of drunkenness, the inspector for Scotland under the inebriate act reports. The drugs used were atropine, quinine, ammonium, sodium and aloine, a mixture much vaunted. Twenty-four volunteers and underwent a full course. Every one of the women treated has elapsed into drunken habits.

In these days, when candidates are so thick that you can't shy a stone without hitting one, it is well to remember, brethren, that while many are "mentioned" few are chosen.

SENATOR COSTIGAN

SAVED FROM DEATH

New Brunswick's Grand Old Man Suffered Severely, but Made a Quick Recovery.

Practically everyone in Canada has heard of Hon. John Costigan—statesman, orator, M.P., Cabinet Minister, and now Senator from New Brunswick. For over thirty years this prominent man was a martyr to Chronic Constipation. Leading physicians of London, Paris, New York and Ottawa treated him in vain. It remained for a wonderful Canadian discovery to cure him—and in only three months too.

222 Cooper Street, Ottawa. "I have been a dreadful sufferer from chronic constipation for over thirty years, and I have been treated by many physicians and taken many kinds of medicine, without any benefit whatever. Finally, I was advised to try 'Fruit-a-tives,' and after taking them for a few months, I feel I am well from this horrible complaint. 'Fruit-a-tives' is the only medicine I ever took that did me any positive good for Constipation. I can conscientiously recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' as, in my opinion, it is the finest medicine ever produced."

(Signed) JOHN COSTIGAN. This is only one of the hundreds of similar cases—all successfully treated by "Fruit-a-tives." Don't suffer longer. Take "Fruit-a-tives." They never fail to cure. 50c a box; \$ for \$2.50. If your druggist is not able to supply you, we will send "Fruit-a-tives," postpaid, on receipt of price.

Fruit-a-tives Limited, - Ottawa, Ont.

PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

INSURES PURE FOOD.

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY TORONTO, ONT.

Point of view is what decides things.

1/2 PRICE SALE STARTS WEDNESDAY, Jan. 15



Going to McKAY'S Clearing Sale of Fine Furs.

WE will use the AXE and CHOP PRICES IN HALF. All Manufactured Furs for 4 DAYS only STARTING

WEDNESDAY MORNING AT 8 O'CLOCK.

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures. All Sales for Cash.

JOHN McKAY FUR HOUSE, 149-155 Brock St.