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All dressed new!
Just like decent folks
are you!

If you have not already picked your Fine Weather Raiment, it's time you're looking over the many new, attractive styles that have sprung up in our store in every line.

In Men's & Young Men's Suits we show a very large range of Patterns in the new shades of Browns and Greys. No better made goods in Canada. They are right up-to-the-minute in style, and perfect fitters. We guarantee them to keep their shape. If our prices are not from one-fifty to four dollars less than all others for goods of same qualities, style, and workmanship, then do not buy from us.

Suits, \$9.50, 11.50, 13.50, 15.00, 16.50.
Other lines at \$4.75, 5.75, 7.50 and 8.50.
Boys' Suits, 3 pieces, \$2.90 to 9.50.
Boys' Suits, 2 pieces, \$1.90.

RONEY & CO.,

127 Princess St. The Store That Sets the Pace.



Style and Value

Some men put correct style above everything else, when selecting Suits and Overcoats. Others demand wear.

The Fit-Reform trademark is in the pocket of Fit-Reform garments to guarantee that you will get both.

This trademark is the all-important part of a Suit or Overcoat.

It's the biggest "little thing" in Canada, because it stands for the best there is in tailoring.

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CRAWFORD & WALSH

Sole Agents for Kingston.

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Our Greatest Year

In spite of industrial storms and financial depression, this Company has steadily marched forward.

Instead of losing ground, or even standing still, The Mutual Life of Canada wrote MORE business last year than in any other one year in the Company's history.

The total new insurance amounted to \$7,081,402—a gain of \$1,527,855 over 1906. And all but \$78,000 of this was written right here in Canada.

The Mutual Life of Canada is the people's Company—conducted in the interests of its policy-holders who get all the profits.

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Copper, Lead, Tin, Zinc.

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THE EDUCATED MAN

NOT ALL KNOWLEDGE COMES FROM BOOKS.

Much Comes From Intercourse With People—Not Merely Receiving But Giving, Not Learning Alone But Doing.

The most important part of education comes from intercourse with people. From this side comes the education in love and duty and service. The actions of people stimulate imitation and emulation. By these means men grow in power and skill. From observation of the character of people men form ideals of character for themselves and are transformed thereby. Herein lies the consummate educative power in Christianity—the transforming power of the divine man.

According to this new idea, education is not merely receiving, but giving; not learning alone, but doing. The educated man is open-eyed and open-minded, quick to respond to influences from without, learning from all his experiences and growing in power as he grows in knowledge. Charles Kingsley said of his father that "he possessed every faculty but the faculty of using his faculties." He was not an educated man, although he was a very learned one.

Education is an individual matter. No two men can be educated alike in manner or degree. They respond to different influences and grow in different ways. One becomes educated by way of schools and colleges and life, another by life alone. The measure of a man's education is the measure of his use in the world.—George W. Martin in Boston Globe.

A COSTLY NAP.

Slumber That Led to the Death of King Charles I.

In the middle of Holborn once stood an inn, the George and Blue Boar, and there took place an incident which entirely changed the whole tale of England's history.

As twilight was falling in October, 1648, a very tired post boy mounted on a sweating horse pulled up outside the old inn. The lad knew nothing of the importance of the letters which lay in his post bag. His orders were to convey them to a point on the Great North road, where he would be met by other messengers.

But Cromwell's spies had followed him from the south coast, for England's liberty depended upon his dispatches miscarriage. The boy had some supper and afterward fell asleep, his head pillowed on his post bag.

While he slept Cromwell's men took the bag and found in it a letter from King Charles I. to the Scottish generals arranging for his rescue, an immediate advance on London and the arrest and execution of Cromwell and his friends. That same evening Cromwell had the fatal letter and determined on Charles' death.—London Tit-Bits.

Fish, Pen and Ink.

"One year I found a lot of cuttlefish that ran into the surf," said a worker on one of the California beaches. "I was riding along the beach, and I got a pole and rode into them and killed about twenty, I guess. Some were eight or ten feet long. I hauled them up and showed them for four or five days in my whale tent; then I sold them to the fishermen, who salted them down for bait, taking out the bills, eyes and pens, which I sold as curios. Each cuttle, besides a sac of indelible ink, had a pen a foot long, a beautiful object, as delicate and fragile as a feather pen. The eyes when hardened looked like pearls, and they are mounted as pins. The bills are chestnut color and look like a parrot's bill."

What Was Left.

"Mostly of Chicago" is the way a man described his residence. His characterization seems reasonable. When he was six years old, he cut off one of his toes with a scythe. When he was eight, he shot off two joints of one of his fingers. He ran away from home when he was fourteen, and the frost of a winter night took off three more toes and the tip of his nose. At twenty-five he lost his entire right foot. A drunken half breed bit off an ear in the Klondike, a Dakota corn sheller took his left forearm, and since then he has lost three fingers, a joint from another finger and one eye.

Almost a Death Struggle.

A large crowd had gradually formed around the two fashionably dressed and oblivious young girls, and at one time it seemed necessary to separate them.

"What can it mean?" said the stranger who had just come up.

"It took me," said the man addressed, "some time to learn; but, as I understand it now, one girl has been six months in Europe, and while she was gone the other one has learned to play golf, and they are trying to tell each other about it"—Life.

Flattered.

Editor (to Miss Oldgrig, age about forty)—Your work shows promise, but do you know, madam, good literary work is seldom done by a woman until she is thirty or thirty-five? Several years hence you will be able to write acceptable articles. Miss Oldgrig (as she leaves)—That was the most delightful man I ever met.

A Comparison.

"Ever seen congress in session?"

"No," replied Farmer Coboss, "but I know about how it looks. I hev a bired man who kin git as busy doin' nuthin' as anything you ever saw."

Only Undeveloped.

He—It has been said that a woman can make a fool of any man. Do you believe it? She—Of course not. The best she can do is to develop him.—Chicago News.

An Inspiration.

Mrs. Knicker—Henry, why did you leave your shoes on the stairs last night? Knicker (dazed, but inspired)—English custom, m'dear, Left 'em to be blacked.—Fack.

Best, Iron and Wine.

"Our Own" make pint bottles, 50c., at Wade's Drug Store.

Some men boast of fidelity to obligations that they never keep.

WOLVES OF FRANCE.

A Picture of Their Ferocity in the Eighteenth Century.

The ferocious wolf," said a nature student, "is the most perfect expression of carnivorous bloodthirst that walks. His jaw is the most terrible of weapons. Its slashing bite can break the leg of a buffalo, and the noise of it when at work in a sheepfold resembles nothing so much as the incessant cracking of a heavy whip."

He took down a book.

"Here is what the wolves of France were like," he said. "This is a letter from the famous Duchess of Orleans, dated at Marly, Feb. 9, 1700:

"Packs of wolves commit fearful ravages. They have devoured the postman of Alencon and his horse. Two of the beasts attacked a tradesman near Mons, one springing at his throat. In response to his shrieks two dragons who were waiting by came to his help. One drew his sword and ran a wolf through the body, on which it turned and seized his new assailant by the throat. His comrade came up and beat the brute off, but not before it had killed the man. Meanwhile the other wolf had seized the second dragon from behind and dragged him down. Finally when effective help arrived both the soldiers and one wolf were found dead. The other had got away. As for the tradesman, his leg was so pitiously torn that it had to be amputated above the knee."

A CLEVER RUSE.

Remember This When You Next Purchase Costly Jewels.

How Mr. Pierpont Morgan made his millions would take volumes to relate, but an amusing little artifice by means of which he succeeded in saving \$1,000 can be told within the brief space of a couple of paragraphs.

Some years ago a jewelry firm in New York sent the financier a fine pearl, offering it to him for \$5,000. This Mr. Morgan decided to purchase, and two checks were made out—one for \$5,000 and the other for \$4,000. He then removed the pearl from its box and, having substituted for it the \$5,000 check, resealed the package.

Mr. Morgan's clerk was next dispatched to the jeweler with the sealed box and a note containing the check for \$4,000, stating that Mr. Morgan would be pleased to purchase with the check. The unsuspecting jeweler, in ignorance, of course, of what the sealed package now contained—closed with the astute financier's offer. And the box in which the \$5,000 check serenely reposed was returned to Mr. Morgan unopened!—Pearson's.

The Queen Bumblebee.

The length of life of a queen bumblebee is probably little more than a year at most. Here is one reason for this belief: She hatches among the late broods of summer and soon after leaves the nest, leaving a ragabond existence, night and day, among the autumn flowers. The winter she passes in an earth-burrow dug by herself and the unaided establishments a colony in the spring. These combined periods of fall and spring require the daily use of her frail wings in the field at least four months. Now, we know that the wings of the worker honeybee wear out in less than half that time; also that the old queens who take to the field after the nest breaks up in August frequently have tattered wings and soon disappear. Nature does not supply insects with new wing cells as it supplies birds with new wing feathers. So the loss of the power of flight at this season of the year to the queen bumblebee means the loss of life.

Soldiers' and Sailors' Bank Deposits.

"It's odd the different sources of bank deposits," remarked a bank official. "For example," he said, "we receive thousands of dollars every year from Cleveland men in the army and navy. The amounts range from \$5 a month from privates to \$50 or more from some of the officers."

"Most of this is sent to us direct by the paymaster of the army or navy, as the case may be. Just now we are getting a lot of money from men in the navy on this cruise to the Pacific. The paymaster makes out a list of the various deposits and sends along a check to cover the total amount. Thus the men draw their pay and deposit it without ever seeing it. Their pass books in a good many cases are left right here."

Despair.

"What do you want o' the editor?" asked the office boy, blocking up the doorway.

"I have a manuscript poem," said the long haired caller, "which I wish to submit for his inspection."

The office boy closed the door, but reappeared a moment later.

"Nothin' doin'." We ain't printin' no poetry now," he said, slamming the door in the caller's face.

"Bard out!" exclaimed the poet, tearing his hair.

"Cheer up!" yelled the boy over the partition. "I've heard that 'un before." —Chicago Tribune.

In Washington.

"I made a glaring error today," sighed the cabinet lady.

"How's that?" inquired the department lady.

"I glared at a woman I should have ignored completely." —Louisville Courier Journal.

An Inspiration.

Mrs. Knicker—Henry, why did you leave your shoes on the stairs last night? Knicker (dazed, but inspired)—English custom, m'dear, Left 'em to be blacked.—Fack.

AN INGLORIOUS WOUND.

The Hard Luck That Was Handed Out to the Old Veteran.

On one of the volunteer ranges in the north of England is a well known old Irish sergeant, who has charge. It may be mentioned that he went through three wars—the Crimean, the Indian mutiny and the Chinese—and during the whole of that time never received a single wound.

Old W., as he is called, occasionally acts as a marker at the targets, and his utter recklessness has become a proverb.

He has been known to walk forth from behind the mantlet without the slightest warning and touch up a bullet which did not quite satisfy him or to note the exact position of a shot.

At all remonstrances he would sniff contemptuously.

"Me be shot? Me?" he would ask.

"Why, I've bin through three wars and was never shot yet. Pahl Phwat's a bit o' lead flyin' through the air?" And he would assume an air of disgust.

It actually occurred, however, at last, and he was shot through the shoulder.

For a moment, as frequently happens with rifle shots, such is their terrible force, he did not know he was struck; then when he observed the blood streaming down his sleeve he commenced to walk down the range, right in the line of fire.

It was seen that something was wrong, and they hurried to meet him. As he did so he tottered and had to be carried.

"Shot?" he groaned, with a look of shame. "Shot and by a Saturday afternoon soldier!"—London Tit-Bits.

QUEER TEACHING.

A Glimpse of the One Time Methods in Scotch Schools.

To the work of supervisor of schools in Scotland Mr. John Kerr devoted a number of years. In his book, "Other Memories, Old and New," he has set down some amusing illustrations of the unintelligent way in which the school work was sometimes conducted.

The revised code of education which was introduced in 1862 made provision for nothing but reading, writing and arithmetic in their barest forms. There was no suggestion about grammar, geography, history or intelligence in any study. Explanation of the reading lesson was not demanded, and therefore it was neglected in some of the schools. The following is an example:

The lesson was one giving an account of a clever dog which had rescued a child from drowning. It was said that the dog was caressed by the parents of the child. I asked what was the meaning of the word "caressed," and the answer came at once, "Made of fond led."

On referring to the list of words at the top of the page I found the explanation given was, "made of fond led."

Wishing to find out if any child in the class had got a glimmering of the meaning, I went from top to bottom and got from every child nothing but "made of fond led," pronounced as four words, to which they attached no meaning whatever.

The teacher was surprised that I was not satisfied with the intelligence of the teaching.

A Tenor's Rebuks.

Roger, the great French tenor, a sensitive soul, was prone to take offense at any slight, whether intentional or not. On one occasion he was engaged for 1,200 francs to sing at the house of a wealthy financier. Roger sang his first song magnificently, but no one paid him the slightest attention, and the guests continued to talk their loud-est.

Presently the host thought the time had come for another song and sent for Roger. He could not be found and that evening was seen no more. Next day there came a note from him, accompanied by 1,500 francs. The note ran something like this:

"I have the honor to return the 1,200 francs which I received for singing at your function, and I beg leave to add 300 francs thereto for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Beecher's Wedding Fees.

When Collis P. Huntington was married for the second time Henry Ward Beecher performed the marriage ceremony. Huntington's first wife had been dead less than a year, and he desired the second marriage kept secret until his return from Europe. He gave Mr. Beecher a marriage fee of \$1,500. When Huntington returned some months later he went through a public ceremony, and Beecher again officiated. He gave Beecher another fee of \$1,500. The great preacher had his humor aroused by his second fee. Turning to Huntington, he said, "Collis, I do wish you were a Mormon."—Lycumite and Talent.

The R-tort Venomous.

"So this is your widely advertised dollar table d'hote dinner, is it?" said the indignant would be diner as he pushed aside an entree which he could not masticate. "Why, this is the last place in the world I would recommend to friends."

"Don't blame you, sir," said the sad faced waiter. "Send your enemies here."

No Option.

Barber (pausing in the mutilation)—Will you have a close shave, sir? Victim (with a gasp)—If I get out of this chair alive, I shall certainly consider it a very close shave.

The supreme excellence is simplicity.

—Longfellow.

Don't plan so far for the future that you lose sight of the present. The skeptic usually objects to having his unbiased questioned. Misconstruction of words often produce an unwholesome effect.

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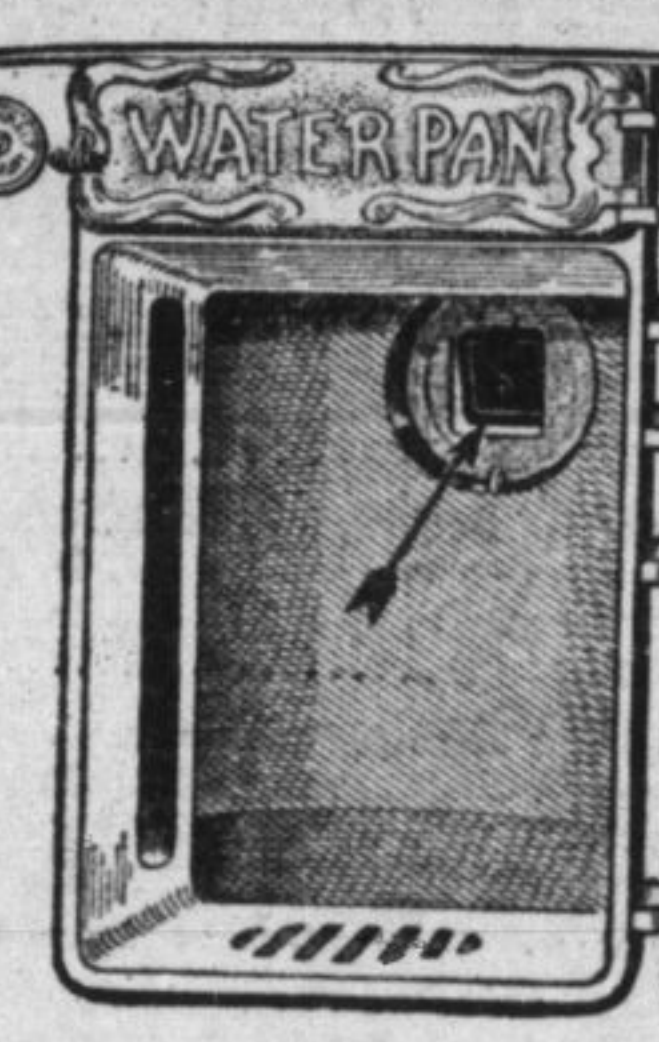
No tacks, threads, stitches, lumps, hollows nor roughness under the foot shod by a Slater Goodyear Welted Shoe. Strong insole, even stitching, wear, shape-retention, comfort,—all assured when you wear the Slater Shoe, because it is exclusively made by Goodyear process.

Slater Shoe

For Men \$5.00 to \$7.00 For Women \$4.00 to \$5.50

F. G. LOCKETT, KINGSTON.

Heading off a Risk



Gas is liable to puff out of the front door of any furnace unprovided for gas escape.

"Sunshine" Furnace has Automatic Gas Damper directly connected with smoke-pipe. Gas pressure sways damper sufficiently for it to escape up chimney (see illustration), but heat doesn't escape.

What does "Sunshine" Gas Damper mean to "Sunshine" Furnace? Means protection to the furnace parts against evil effects of gas.

What does "Sunshine" Gas Damper mean to "Sunshine" household? Means protection to the furnace parts against evil effects of gas.

What does "Sunshine" Gas Damper mean to "Sunshine" coal account? It means, instead of owner with "ordinary furnace" fear having to keep check-draft indefinitely closed to "let off" gas—when there's two-thirds parts of heat-energy to one part of gas passing up chimney—draft can with all safety be opened, and coal saved for another day's duty.

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This Week A Big Sale of Morris Chairs

We are closing out some pretty designs of fancy shades in Morris Chairs. CARPETS.

Also imported lines of Tapestry, Velvet and Union Squares at sale prices. Also a line of Exminster and Smyrna Door Mats

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