

**HEALTHY HENS**  
are the only kind that pay.  
The most healthy are those free from lice—and lice cannot exist where

**EMPIRE Poultry Duster**  
is used.  
Kills lice instantly.  
Large Package 25c.

McLeod's Drug Store, and all dealers in Poultry Supplies.

**Synopsis of Canadian Northwest HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.**

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 20, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person, male or female, of full age, of legal age, of the age of 18 years, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for homestead entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency. Entry by proxy may, however, be made in certain cases, as provided in the regulations. Joint ownership by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

An application for cancellation must be made in person. The applicant must be eligible for homestead entry.

**DETTES.**—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of five years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on a homestead or on land in the vicinity of the homestead, or on a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homestead may perform his residence duties by living with the father (or mother, if she is deceased) of a homesteader who owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homestead may perform his residence duties by living with the father (or mother, if she is deceased) in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line.

**SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTHWEST MINING REGULATIONS.**

**COAL.**—Coal mining rights may be leased for twenty-one years at an annual rental of \$1.00 an acre, not more than 2,500 acres can be leased to one applicant. Royalty, five cents per ton.

**QUARTZ.**—A person eighteen years of age and over having made a discovery may locate a claim 1,500 feet by 1,500 feet. Fee \$5.00. At least \$100.00 must be expended on the claim each year, or paid to the mining recorder. When \$500.00 has been expended or paid and other requirements complied with the claim may be purchased at \$1.00 an acre.

**PLACER MINING CLAIMS** generally, 100 feet square. Entry fee, \$5.00.

**DREDGING.**—Two leases of five miles each of a river may be issued to one applicant for a term of 20 years. Rental, \$10.00 a mile per annum. Royalty, 24 per cent after the output exceeds \$10,000.

W. W. CORRY,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,  
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

**Cold Bracelets**

A very handsome gift to present to a lady is a gold bracelet. There is nothing newer or more appropriate.

We have a beautiful assortment in Solid Gold, plain, chased and pearl set. Also some very pretty styles in Gold Filled.

**SOLID GOLD BRACELETS,** from \$8.50 up.  
**GOLD FILLED BRACELETS,** from \$1.25 up.

**Kinnear & d'Estero**  
Jewellers.  
100 Princess St., Kingston.

**COAL!**

The sudden changes in weather ought to suggest the wisdom of putting in some coal. We will give you the best coal at the lowest price. It's the kind that makes the home comfortable, it's the best money can buy, and there is none better.

We deliver it to you clean and without slate, at the very bottom prices.

**Booth & Co.,**  
Phone 133, Foot of West St.

**MEN AND WOMEN.**

Use Big 48 for sunburn, chafing, irritations or ulcers. It is a sure cure for eczema, itching, and all other skin troubles. It is not a medicine, but a skin preservative. It is sold by all druggists.

**THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO.,**  
Solely by Bragg, Ltd.,  
11 St. George Street, Toronto.

**A HINT TO SHAVERS**

We are now selling a Safety Razor which is fully guaranteed.

**FOR 25 CENTS.**

Get one and try it.

**A. STRACHAN.**

**Chadwick's Choice.**  
By JANET GREGG.

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After ten years of fried bacon and salt pork the pendulum swung to its opposite extreme for David Chadwick. The goddess of fortune, whom he had long wooed in vain, now turned her face with truly feminine caprice. From bacon and corn bread Dave had been advanced almost overnight to a New York hotel, where his day's board would have bought provisions for a month during his prospecting period.

And still Dave was not satisfied. He did not like what he termed "fussy" foods, and the very length of the bill of fare deprived him of his appetite.

Then it was that Nell Horton came as an angel of deliverance and led him to her home in the suburbs, where Dave devoured all that was put before him and rejoiced in the absence of a bill of fare.

"I don't suppose that this modest meal will appeal to you," said Nell with ostentatious modesty. "We are plain people out here, and after your grand hotel it must seem skimpy, but when I saw you on the avenue I said to myself, 'I'll bet that Dave Chadwick, and I'm going to ask him home, no matter what he may think.' You haven't changed a mite, Dave, since you left Lawrence."

Now, it is pleasant for a man who realizes that he is beginning to look old to be told that he does not differ in appearance after fifteen years, and for the first time Dave decided that Nell was looking remarkably young herself. He could not know that Nell had carefully studied the numerous pictures of the new Croesus in the newspapers and had hunted the vicinity of his hotel for days before she had encountered him, apparently by chance, in front of the place.

The Hortons had known Dave in his early life, before he had gone west to seek and eventually find fortune. When the papers had taken up the newly made millionaire, as the week before they had taken up the newly born baby elephant of the circus, Nell had read all the stories and had determined that Dave and his millions should become her property.

"He always was a dumb fool," she told her mother. "If we can get hold of him before the others do I'll be married to him."



"LOOK ME STRAIGHT IN THE FACE AND SAY THAT AGAIN."

ried to him before the end of the month. Did you see what the paper said the other day about his cooking bacon in his room and getting the halls all smelly? He's sick of the French stuff the hotels all have, and there is no one to give him what he wants because he does not know where to look for it. We'll have him over here to dinner, and—well, he'll want to come again."

Mrs. Horton had nodded approvingly upon her well preserved daughter, and so the campaign was begun.

They were fortunate in the possession of a dependent relative. The Hortons had an income, small, but assured, and when Cleon Blake had died penniless they had permitted his daughter, Dora, to enter their household nominally as a member of the family, but in reality as a superior cook.

It was she who had cooked the dinner which had so pleased Chadwick and which brought him frequently to the little house. The men who were promoting his syndicate insisted that he must not remove from the hotel to a boarding house where his simpler needs could be suited, and it was only at the Hortons' that he could escape that terrible menu card, with its restaurant French and its overrich sauces.

He did not always want steaks and roasts, and the knowledge that there were good things on the bill which he could not translate only added to his dissatisfaction.

It was after an especially trying meal at the hotel that Dave armed himself with a box of violets and called forth to propose to Nell. He had slowly come to the conclusion that Nell was no longer as young as she pretended to be, but she offered escape from the hotel, and he was sick of the place—sick of its cuisine, its grating bellboys, its servile waiters and its arrogant clerks.

His business sponsors at least could

not object if he married and established a home for himself.

**The Last Straws.**  
By Carl Williams.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Though the windows were opened to the fullest, no breath of air seemed to enter. The awning ropes hung limp and lifeless. The scallops that were bound in gay braid did not stir.

From the hall came the clatter of the cleaners as they worked in other offices already emptied of workers, and once or twice one of the women poked her head through the open door to see how soon she could get in to clean room No. 922.

Stella bent wearily over the typewriter, her flying fingers writing in the addresses from a huge list on the desk beside her, while at a nearby table the office boy, stopped in the circular which the envelopes were intended to carry.

To Stella it had seemed the last straw when just before closing time the office manager had brought her the voluminous list and had ordered her to see that the circulars were sent out that evening. He was going out of town and had left early.

The other clerks had slipped out as soon as he had disappeared, and with only the assistance of the boy she had to send out 300 circulars. In his hurry to get away the manager had not even left the usual "supper money," so she would get nothing to eat until she reached her boarding house. It would be long after the regular dinner hour, and she would be lucky to get anything at all.

It was nearly 9 when the last envelope swallowed up the last circular

**The Last Straws.**

and she was free to go. The elevator had stopped running, so she and her helper faced a walk down eight flights of stairs. For the third time in as many hours Stella told herself that this was the last straw.

She was not used to the grinding toll of the city, and even the regular work came hard. When her father had died and his wife had followed him to the grave within a few months all of the little savings had gone to the physician and the undertaker.

Stella faced the task of self support bravely enough, but there were times when her overtaxed nerves were rubbed to rawness and even the little things of life bore heavily upon her.

The extra work coming at the close of a particularly trying day had exhausted her vitality. Listlessly she climbed aboard an uptown car and sank into a seat, glad that the home going rush was over and that she did not have to stand up all the way.

The approach of the conductor roused her from her absorption, and she opened her purse. As she glanced into the change compartment she gave a cry of dismay. The pocketbook, never well filled, even on pay days, was bare of coin.

Feverishly she tumbled its contents into her lap, replacing the articles after shaking them out one by one, but the 25 cents which had been there when she returned from lunch had disappeared.

"That bluff don't go!" The conductor's voice was hard and unfriendly. He had had a row with the inspector on the last trip, and his ill humor had not yet subsided.

"You'll have to pay or get off," he added as Stella looked up with the tears trembling on the heavy fringe of lashes. "We don't have to take tears for tickets. Got the coin?"

Not daring to trust her voice, Stella shook her head and thought of the three mile walk ahead of her. The other last straws became insignificant in the face of the new trouble.

The conductor reached up to pull the rope, but across the aisle a man rose and checked him.

"Don't get off, miss."

Stella looked up into the friendly face and smiled her thanks through her tears.

"I've got the change handy."

"You must let me send you the money," she said. "I am very, very obliged to you."

"I forget where I live," was the unblinking statement. "Just you forget it, too, until you see someone that



THE CONDUCTOR'S VOICE WAS HARD AND UNFRIENDLY.

White playing on a wharf near the home of relatives, Clayton, John M. O'Keefe, five-year-old son of Martin O'Keefe, a well-known railroad man of Utica, N.Y., fell into the river and was drowned.

**Great Clearing Sale.**  
Prevost, Brock Street, has made a great reduction in price in the order and ready-made clothing department; also gents' furnishings. Look at display windows.

needs a nickel real bed and tell 'em I sent it."

He sank back in his seat, rejoicing in the fact that Stella's confusion prevented her glancing across the aisle, which enabled him to regard her steadily without embarrassment.

Disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, the conductor retired to the rear platform to devise new names for the inspector, and Stella looked out of the window with a new sense of contentment.

Nine months she had lived in the city, and this was the first time that any one in the throngs of men and women had paused in the rush of the workaday world to be friendly. Coming at a time when the last straw had nearly had the effect of breaking her spirit, if not her back, the courtesy was doubly welcome.

She turned suspiciously, however, when she asked to leave the car and found that her companion was following her. He read her thoughts with quick comprehension.

"I live on this street," he explained, with a frank smile. "I live at 237."

"I live at 240," she cried, blushing to find that she was pleased to know that he lived nearby.

"Skerry's?" he asked. "I say, I know the old lady. If I come over after dinner will you let me introduce us and go out trolley riding? It's nice to ride up to the bridge. There's sure to be a breeze there."

Stella nodded. If the particular Mrs. Skerry was willing to act as sponsor, surely a trolley ride was proper. Stella beamed on the young man.

"My name's Jack Murray," he went on, anticipating the introduction.

"Mine's Stella Meade," she volunteered in return. "I'll be glad to go riding with you, Mr. Murray. I'd hate to stay in the house. This has been such a dreadful day. When the manager told me to stay and get out a lot of circulars it seemed like the last straw. What broke the camel's back. Then the idea of walking home seemed worse than that."

"Last straws may break camels' backs," he said, with a smile, "but we ain't camels, you see. There's always some one hanging around to lift the load when it gets too heavy."

Stella flashed him a grateful glance as she stopped in front of her boarding place and watched him cross the street to the farmhouse where he lived with his mother. Mrs. Skerry, sitting by the basement window in the deserted dining room, graciously called her to come in.

"Look me straight in the face and say that again," he commanded.

The long lashes fell over the troubled eyes as Dora struggled to make her usual convincing. Chadwick laughed.

"Look here," he said as he released her chin. "I came out here today to ask the hand of the woman who had made me comfortable. It is not that I cared so much about what I had to eat. It is not that I can get a dinner here without having to fight three waiters and the maitre d'hotel. That wasn't what appealed to me, though they do say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. That sounds funny, but really a man doesn't marry just a cook."

"I wanted the woman who'd out of the million people in this big town cared enough for old friendship to come and rescue me from the mire and the menu. It wasn't just the idea of dinner, but the home. I want a home of my own, and I wanted her to run it for me. But it seems that she did not tell the truth about the cooking. I don't guess she says that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. That sounds funny, but really a man doesn't marry just a cook."

"You slip on your hat, and we can run down to city hall and get a license and a wedding certificate in no time at all."

"Why, you don't even know my name!" cried the startled girl.

"I can guess," was the prompt reply. "I'm not so forgetful the cooking. It gave me my first start as to be able to trace his likeness in Cleon Blake's daughter. They told me that they did not know where you were, and today when I recognized you it was that which first suggested the falsehoods they have been telling and led me to investigate the kitchen. We can pay them back for their food. They'll be content so long as they get a lot of presents. Will you come, Dora?"

Something in his tones appealed to the girl, and she looked into the eager eyes that searched her blushing face. She had been sorry for Chadwick, and pity is akin to love. He read his answer in her eyes, and a great light of gladness came into his own as he bent and reverently kissed the tip of the dainty ear, for her face was hidden against his strong shoulder.

**Schools For Animals.**

"You never heard of schools for animals? Well, that shows your ignorance," said the professor.

"There is an elephants' school in Spain," said he. "Young elephants are taught in it to take up and carry in their trunks great teakwood logs—no easy task, for the logs require delicate balancing. They are taught to kneel, to answer to the various strokes of the ankus, or goad, and, like saddle-horses, they learn several gait. Pets' schools abound the world over. There are schools for white mice, for monkeys, for song birds, not to mention the famous phonograph school for teaching parrots to talk that is the pride of Philadelphia. The big dealers in wild animals usually run small schools where lions, tigers, bears and leopards are taught simple tricks. Such schools are very profitable. Where an untamed lion, salable only to zoos or menageries, fetches but \$250 or so, a broken one will easily fetch double."

**1,000 Islands—Rochester.**

Steamers North King and Caspian leave daily, except Monday, at 10.15 a.m., for Thousand Island parks, and at 5.00 p.m. for Bay of Quinte ports and Rochester.

**Six in the Family Clamoring for Dessert**  
One Package

**JELL-O**  
Will Satisfy them all.  
Very Economical.

Prepared Instantly—Simply add boiling water and serve when cool.  
Sweetened Just Right. Flavored Just Right.  
No Cooking. No Fussing. No Worry.

7 Choice Flavors, at all good grocers.  
New Illustrated Recipe Book, Free.



Highest Award, Gold Medals at St. Louis, Portland and Jamestown Expositions.  
If you value your health avoid cheap imitations.  
JELL-O costs a little more, but

"10 CENTS PER PACKAGE."

**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867  
B. E. WALKER, President Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000  
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager Reserve Fund, - 5,000,000

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

**BANK MONEY ORDERS**

ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:  
\$5 and under ..... 3 cents  
Over \$5 and not exceeding \$10 ..... 6 cents  
" 10 " " " 30 " ..... 10 cents  
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These Orders are payable at par at every office of a Chartered Bank in Canada (Yukon excepted), and at the principal banking points in the United States. They are negotiable at \$4.00 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland.

They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay.

**KINGSTON BRANCH,**  
CORNER OF KING AND PRINCESS STS.  
P. C. STEVENSON, Manager.

**FOR MEN**  
Regular \$5.00  
SHOES  
Now  
**\$3.99.**

**FOR WOMEN**  
Regular \$4 and  
\$3.75 Shoes  
Now  
**\$2.99.**

See our windows for bargains.  
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111 PRINCESS ST. - KINGSTON.

**Evangeline**  
Ganong's G.B. Chocolates

Always fresh. The finest in the city.  
**A. J. REES, 166 Princess St**  
Phone 58.

There has been no chocolate produced in any country equal to

**Cowan's Maple Buds**

This is a confection every one should buy.

**THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO**

**ALUMINUM**  
ALL GRADES. LOWEST PRICES.

**Canada Metal Co., Ltd., TORONTO, ONT**  
31 WILLIAM ST.

J. O. HUTTON, Esq., Perth, Ont., July 25th, 1908.  
Agent, Canada Life Assurance Company.  
Kingston, Ont.

Dear Sir,—An addition by way of bonus of \$757.50 to my policy is large enough to satisfy anybody. It not only satisfies, but pleases me, and enables me to write and speak strongly in favor of the Canada Life as a Company in which it is wise to insure.

Yours truly,  
A. McARTHUR.

The same policy can be had by applying at the office, 18 Market Street, Kingston.  
J. O. HUTTON, Manager.