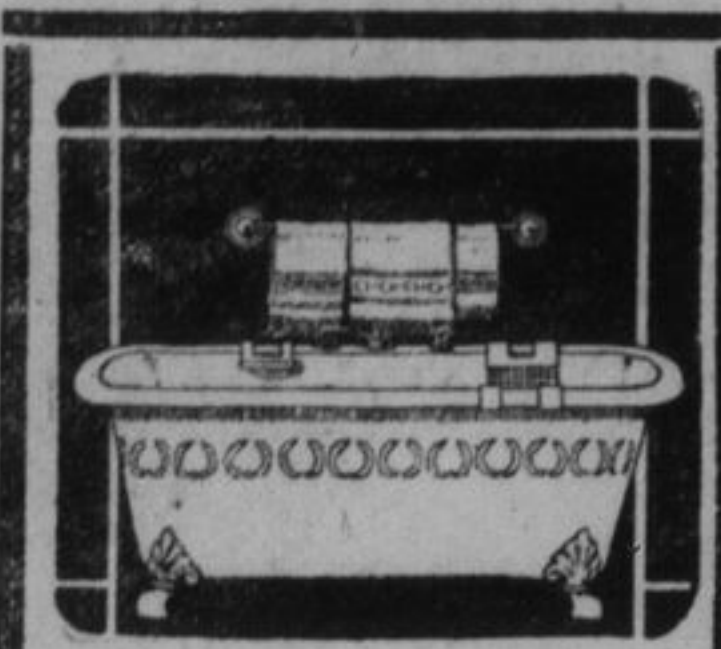


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David Hall

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Ladies' Dongola Blucher Oxfords Patent Tips, light or heavy soles. Ladies' Dongola Slippers in one or two straps. Splendid value, at \$1.50.

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c., 25c., 50c. Never sold in Bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.

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From 73 Clarence St., to 155 Wellington St., between Brock and Clarence Sts. Best laundry in the city. Goods called for and delivered.

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From 73 Clarence St., to 155 Wellington St., between Brock and Clarence Sts. Best laundry in the city. Goods called for and delivered.

LITTLE KNOWN WEALTH

PARTS OF CANADA THAT ARE ALMOST UNKNOWN.

Inland Lakes of the Northland Are Full of Fish, Including the Enconnu Which Weighs as Much as Fifty Pounds - Less Than 2,000 Persons Are Rulers of This Vast Empire of the North.

The vast inland lakes of Canada's great northlands, as well as the smaller lakes and rivers, are teeming with fish; whitefish, salmon trout, mountain and arctic trout, King salmon, pike, pickerel, and great varieties of other fish are to be found. Jackfish weighing up to 45 pounds, trout 50 pounds, and sturgeon over 100 pounds in weight are common. Herring in vast numbers from the Arctic Ocean find their way up the Mackenzie River as far as Great Bear Lake. At Great Slave Lake and along the Mackenzie River, they have a fish peculiar to those parts. It was noted by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the discoverer of the river that bears his name, who called it the "Enconnu" (or unknown), which name has stuck to it ever since. It is a large, silvery-scaled fish, salmon-like in appearance, and weighs up to 50 pounds.

While this district cannot truthfully be called an ideal one for stock-raising, although it is considered so by many (the ideal country for stock-raising existing only in imagination), the abundance of upland and lowland hay, pea-vine and red-top, and the heavy growth of marsh grass, makes it an easy matter to provide food for the wintering of stock. Horses forage the year round, and even those not wanted in harness for the winter are turned out after the ground freezes in the fall to shift for themselves through the winter, and are taken in again and put to work in the spring. Even colts are frequently left out for the winter, and, like the older horses, they paw away the snow and find an abundance of nourishing food beneath.

Cattle frequently stay out until Christmas, after which dairy cows and young stock are stabled and fed, while the rest are turned out to straw-stacks, which is their only shelter. The latter are generally found to be in as good condition in the spring as those that are stabled. The percentage of loss is not more than five per cent, as compared with ten per cent in the south. The dairying industry is proving a financial success, and it is certain that with improvement in the breeding of the herds stock-raising and dairying will soon develop into an important and profitable industry.

The Rocky Mountains are the home of the famous mountain sheep and goat, the fierce grizzly and the cinnamon bear, all well known there. Elk and a number of deer are also found here. In the vast country between the Rockies and Hudson Bay, as well as the west coast, moose, deer, and black and brown bears are common. The grey timber wolf, coyote, wolverine, fox, beaver, otterfisher, marten, mink, ermine, lynx, rabbit and squirrel are found in well distributed.

The saskatoon, or service berry, is peculiar to the northwest, and is much sought after by the bears, whose liking for the delicious fruit often lands them within easy reach of the hunter's rifle. Strawberries, raspberries, currants, high and low bush cranberries, gooseberries, cherries and a number of other berries are found in great abundance. A mere handful of white people, less than 2,000, rule this empire of the north, and attend to the business, which is already estimated by the million-dollar standard. The 30,000 Indians are peaceable, having been taught by precept, judicious treatment and careful handling (if not always by example) that the white man's mission among them was one of peace and good-will. In no country in the world are life and property safer than in this region, remote as it is from all the restraining influences of civilization (and bad whisky). The work of that splendid body, the R.N.M.M.F., is greatly appreciated by all alike, as they do their duty without fear or favor, and do not court their personal safety or comfort anything while in discharge of their duty. Canada has, in her Mounted Police, a body of men of which she may well be proud.

The opinion of such a man as Hon. Edgar Dewdney, for many years Minister of the Interior at Ottawa, later Governor of British Columbia, will be of interest. Speaking of the part of the Peace River district that lies in the British Columbia, he said: "There are undoubtedly many rich mineral deposits still untouched." "Gold has been exploited there for a number of years and nitrate silver has also been discovered in large blocks." "The Peace River country is at present practically uninhabited. It can hold and feed millions. The climate is by no means severe." "The opening up of this land by railways will mean an immense influx of people north, for there is little doubt that it is one of the richest and most attractive portions of British Columbia."

The present Dominion Government is adopting a wise course in pursuing a vigorous and clear-cut policy in the opening up of this country, as evidenced by the extension of the surveys, the extension and the improvement of the mail service, the establishment of an experimental station on the Peace River at Fort William, the building of telegraph lines, the improvement of the waterways and in the establishment of a northern land district. The Provincial Government see a great future for this land, and are laying out roads, building bridges, assisting railroad construction, building telephones, establishing schools, encouraging agriculture and stock-raising and taking up the regulations of the judicial affairs of the newer portions of the country.

Rheumatism promptly driven from the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. Rub-on's never did cure rheumatism. The blood must be reached and Dr. Shoop's Remedy is made expressly for the blood. Test it and see! Sold by all dealers.

SOME CLERICAL BULLS.

Recent Bad Mixups That Have Disturbed Grave Ceremonies.

The proceedings at a recent Church Congress were enlivened by the intrusion of several very fine bulls, of which the following are samples. At one meeting Canon A. W. Robinson, in his opening remarks, warned his auditors that his speech would be "pointed to the verge of bluntness," while later in the evening Sir A. Coote, explaining his presence at such a gathering, said that he was like "one of those satellites of Jupiter which, when they were visible, were always obscured."

The late Mr. Spurgeon was a keen collector of mixed metaphors, finding a rich field in the correspondence that daily overwhelmed him. A lady, enclosing a small contribution for his schools, wrote: "I hope this widow's mite may take root and spread its branches until it becomes a Hercules in your hands." The pulpit prayers of ambitious probationers added something to the great preacher's store. One prayed that "God's rod and staff may be ours while tossed on the sea of life, so that we may fight the good fight of faith and in the end soar to rest." "We thank Thee for this spark of grace; water it, Lord," was the sententious, almost imperious entreaty of another promising young man. Still another prayed, "Gird up the loins of our mind that we may receive the latter rain." "As if we were barrels whose hoops were loose," was Mr. Spurgeon's laughing comment.

It was an Irish clergyman who remarked, sadly, "This is a sad and bitter world; we never strew flowers on a man's grave until after he is dead"; while another, a Hibernian cleric, preaching a funeral sermon while the corpse lay before him, exclaimed, "Here, brethren, we have before us a living witness and a standing monument of the frailty of human hopes!" Equally unconscious of his humor was the parson who, at the close of his sermon, said: "And now let us pray for the people on the uninhabited portions of the earth"; as also the minister who, pleading for funds for a parish cemetery, asked his parishioners to consider the "deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial."

He Doesn't Like Peanuts.

When, fifty-four years ago, Sir Robert Hart was first attached to the British Consulate at Ningpo, he had an experience which was the reverse of pleasant. He was traveling to Shanghai in a 150-ton schooner, and the voyage took three weeks instead of one, on account of a monsoon. Provisions gave out, and the ship's company were reduced for twelve days to an unsavory diet of water-buffalo and peanuts—all they could get from a nearby island. "Was any wonder that Hart could never afterwards endure the taste of peanuts, or that at the sight of a passing water-buffalo his appetite was clean gone for the day?"

This is not the only occasion when Sir Robert has experienced some of the troubles of starvation. During the Boxer rebellion of 1900, when the Legation of Peking was besieged by the fanatics, Sir Robert, in common with the other refugees, cheerfully ate mule, "which was actually coarse while it was fat, and unutterably tough when it grew lean."

Lord Charles Bessford on Irishmen.

The Emerald Isle is proud of "Charlie," and "Charlie" is proud of his native land and countrymen. "Irishmen may have their faults," he says, "but give me an Irishman—the best fellow that ever was. Could anybody tell more stories than the Irish?" One of the best stories he ever heard was about a fellow who was fond of shooting. He said, "The first bird I ever shot was a squirrel, and the first time I hit him was with a shot. The next time I hit him in the same place, and after that I took a stone and dropped him from the tree, and he fell into the water and was shot, and that was the first bird I ever shot." And Lord Charles is never tired of quoting the story of the Irish member of the House of Commons who compared a certain whisky to a "torchlight procession trickling down his throat."

Bedlam.

The word "Bedlam" is a corruption of the word "Bethlehem," an origin as a synonym for chaos at the time when the house of Bethlehem, occupied by a sisterhood of London, became an insane asylum. The treatment of the insane in the early part of the sixteenth century was not well understood, and according to the theories then prevalent, it was necessary to frighten the patient out of his lunacy. All sorts of awful expedients were resorted to, among them "surprise floors," which slipped from under the feet, "surprise baths" and floggings at the periods of most severe illness; hence the name "bedlam," the result of incorrect spelling, possibly, came easily to stand for awful things.

English Peers Can't Vote.

Disfranchisement is one of the peculiar disabilities under which peer of the realm suffers. Lord Salisbury once attempted to secure a vote for Hertford and Middlesex, but the revising barrister at Hatfield refused the claim on the ground that time had given the baronet the character of law and that peers by the law of Parliament necessary for the dignity and freedom of the two Houses, were not permitted to vote for members of the House of Commons. Lord Salisbury, while the case to the Appeal Court, but as he could quote "the precedent nor authority" he was obliged to go back to Hatfield without his vote.—London Chronicle.

Among the humble heroes is the man who has had fever and does not snap up his wife when he fails to find a fresh handkerchief in the chiffonier drawer. Learn to say no when you mean no, unless you are a woman.

Poetical Selections.

A Maddening Lay.

Richmond Times-Dispatch. On the frozen Arctic Ocean somewhere north of Bering Sea, "There's an Eskimo a-sittin', an' I want that it was me. For the wind is in the icebergs an' the polar bears at play. Make a peaceful summer picture on the shores o' Baffin Bay, Oh, the folks o' Baffin Bay, On cold storage every day, In the shadow of the glaciers loil and sip whale-oil glaze."

Their pantaloons are leather an' their coats are made of skin, Which prevents the chilly weather that's outside from comin' in, For, altho' skins are free in 'this here happy, cheery, climate, Protection's adwasty in the good old summer time. Oh, the folks o' Peary Land, They have lived, you understand, Through the snows of many summers an' have never even fanned."

Ship me somewhere north of Greenland, where the ice trust's power is dead, An' where hard drifts never harm unless it hits you on the head; Where Aurora Borealis hangs her ribbons on the moon; Where the sunset's in September and the cold, gray dawn's in June. Never go away from town To summer in the mountains till the mercury comes down."

Forty Years.

Hon. E. C. Onn, in Boston Herald. Forty years of toil and strife, Forty years of farmin' life, Forty years of ups an' downs, Forty years of thorns an' crowns, Forty years of happiness, Mixed with sorrow more or less— That hez come to me an' mine, Forty years of rain an' shine. Ain't a-findin' fault—not me! See things ain't to my idee. Take things as they come along, Mix a dirge up with a song; Keep a clear hole in the sky For the sunshine by and by. Keep a kind word handy, too— Feller allus needs a few."

Forty years of joy an' pain, Forty years of loss an' gain; Forty years of stiddy toil In the never-endin' soil; Forty years of strain an' stress, Forty years of some success; Forty years a-down the track— But we wouldn't want 'em back."

Ain't complainin' not a mite, If I ain't won all the fight, I hev got a little share Of the spoils. Why should I care? I hev got the farm—an' her, Best of all presents, sir! Forty years this blessed day, Forty years on the way, Forty more? Ah, more or less! Each one crowned with happiness!"

A Bit O' Green A-Growing.

National Magazine. I get a moral uplift when I watch the setting sun. And the chasing o' the stormclouds when the storming o' them's done; And the very thought o' mountains melting high against the sky. Makes me feel sort o' majestic, and I cannot keep my thoughts up on that higher, holier plane. And my spirit singing always in a grand, uplifting strain. But I'm out o' sight o' mountains, and I cannot see the sea. So I just enjoy the little things a-nestling close to me; And I thank the many—that my soul enjoys the best— A bit o' green a-growin' in my window."

Just a bit o' green a-growin', but enough for me to see. The hand o' God a-workin' and a-doing things for me; It's a-shinin' and a-teachin' me the whole creation plan. For I see the life was started long before the world began. And the life o' man and flowers is identically the same. Just a difference in the make-up and a-calling o' the name. And God is mindful o' it—and He's mind-ful o' me too. And the green just keeps on growin', and that's what will do, I'll just wait a-turmin' o' my face toward the sun, Like the bit o' green a-growin' in my window."

Is It Worth While?

Joachim Miller. Is it worth while that we jostle a brother, load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we jeer at each other, in blackness of heart?—that we war-tod pity us all in our pitiful strife. God pity us all as we jostle each other! God pity us all for the triumphs we feel. When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-broken brother, Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel, and kinder, far, for woe and for weal."

Were it not well in this brief little journey On over the isthmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Ere folding the hands to be and abide Forever and ay, in dust at this side?

Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the herds all at peace on the plain. Man, and man only, makes war on his brother. And dotes in his heart on his peril and pain— Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain."

A wise man never guesses that a woman is over forty years old—in her presence. The man who knows it all never tries of trying to put others wise."

Ministers, Singers, Speakers

For It's Special Benefit a Scientific Voice Improver Has Been Invented. Because of its strengthening influence upon the vocal chords, Catarrhzone cannot be too highly recommended as a wonderful voice improver. It instantly removes huskiness or coarseness, thus insuring clearness and brilliancy of tone. Catarrhzone ceeps the mucous surfaces in perfect condition and its regular use absolutely prevents colds and throat irritation, thereby removing the singer's greatest source of anxiety, unfitness of voice. The most eminent speakers and Prima Donas would not be without Catarrhzone and credit in no small degree their uniform strength and brilliancy of tone to its influence. The best rubber inhaler fits conveniently into a purse or vest pocket, and may be used in church, theatre, any place or time, price \$1.00, all dealers, or the Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ontario.

ABERNETHY'S JULY SALE. Many Bargains in Men's, Women's, Boys', Girls' and Children's Summer Shoes. \$3.00, \$2.95, \$1.00. Buys any pair Men's \$4.00 Tan or Patent Oxfords. Buys any pair Women's \$3.50 or \$3.75 Tan or Patent Oxfords. Buys many styles of \$1.25, \$1.35 and a few \$1.50 styles of Girls' Oxfords, in Brown Kid.

Be Temperate! Dewar's Whisky and Common Sense. Make a perfect Blend. 106

SHOE POLISH. Stays Shined. Dust won't dull it. Rain won't spot it. Dampproof and waterproof. Keeps out moisture. Softens and preserves the leather. Just put it on, rub two or three times with a brush or cloth and a brilliant and lasting shine results. No substitutes even half as good. 10c and 25c Tins.

Sales Summer Furniture. Robert J. Reid, 230 Princess St Private Ambulance Phone-577. Camp Cot, \$1.50 to \$2.50 each. Mattress to fit, \$1.50 to \$2.50 each. Double Spring seat 4 people, \$6.50 only. Baby Walkers, \$3.50. Camp Stool and Chairs, 50c. to \$2.50. Lawn Benches, to seat 4 \$1.50 each. Camp Table Fold, 4 inches square, for Motor Boat.

Gas Stoves! The "Chicago Jewel" is The Key of Economy. The latest improvements on the "Chicago Jewel" are the Flame Reflector and Valveless Oven Burner-Lighter. Two features on the "Chicago Jewel" which are not on any other gas stove made. Examine them before purchasing. They are acknowledged the best manufactured. ELLIOTT BROS., 77 PRINCESS ST.

Gasoline 16c. A GALLON. Put in Your Tank at Our Dock. Garage. Repairs to Automobiles and Marine Engines promptly attended to. Selby & Youlden, Ltd. Ontario St.

Notice to Strangers in the City. While in our city take a few minutes to call and examine an extensive and beautiful collection of ANTIQUE FURNITURE and OLD FASHIONED ARTICLES which we are offering at a low cash price or exchange. I will buy any part or all in your home. Send post card. L. Lesse, Cor. Princess and Chatham Sts., Kingston, Ont.

Kops Stout (Non-Alcoholic). LEMON SYRUP, LIME JUICE, RASPBERRY VINEGAR. D. COUPER, Dealer in Pure Food Groceries. Phone, 76a. 341-3 Princess St.

See our new stock of Granite and Marble. Just arrived. KINGSTON GRANITE & MARBLE WORKS. Cor. Princess and Clergy Sts. Special Notice. Cedar Cut Blocks, at \$3.90 per cord, at the Corner Bagot and Barrack streets Wood Yard. S. BENNETT & CO., Corner Bagot and Barrack Sts. When ordering your Cooked Meats for picnics or parties, don't fail to order some of our Pickles or Relishes. We have a variety to choose from. Phone, 570, J. MYERS.