

Tell Some Sick One

It Is Free If It Falls.
Will you do an act of humanity?
Will you tell some sick friend of this, my remarkable offer?

Tell him or her, that you have learned of a medicine so certain that its maker dares say to the world, "It is absolutely and unconditionally free if it fails."

And you, no doubt, already know of Dr. Shoop's Restorative and its popularity.

For 30 years it has been the standard remedy for Stomach, Kidney and Heart ailments everywhere in America.

When the "inside" or controlling nerves of these vital organs begin to fail, it is Dr. Shoop's Restorative that has quickly vitalized, and strengthened, and brought these nerves and organs back to health again.

Do not dose the Stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys—for that is all wrong.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative goes direct to the source of these ailments—the falling, fatiguing, inside or controlling nerves. And herein lies the key to its success.

When these nerves are again made well and strong, then that is the certain end of all such ailments.

Some it is a great satisfaction that I am the only physician able to say to the suffering sick, "Take my prescription for full 30 days, and if it fails to help you, the entire expense is mine—not yours."

Then why should the sick take any chance on any other medicine, whose maker dares not back it just as I do by this remarkable offer?

I also have a Rheumatic Remedy—and that remedy is covered by the same identical "No help, no pay" protective plan.

Besides, you are free to consult me just as you would your home physician. My advice and the book below are yours—and without cost.

Perhaps a word or two from me will clear up some serious ailment. I have helped thousands upon thousands by my private prescription or personal advice plan. My best efforts is surely worth your simple request.

So let me send you an order at once. Take the message to some sick friend.

A postal will bring the opportunity.

I will have an honest and trustworthy drugist to whom you can conveniently go for the 30 day test.

But first, ask me for the order, for all druggists are not authorized to give the 30 day test.

No. 1 On the Heart No. 4 For Women
No. 2 On the Liver No. 5 For Men
No. 3 On the Kidneys No. 6 On Rheumatism.

See that the Name **CROMPTON** Is on your Corsets. It means Correct Fit Latest Style and Wearing Qualities unsurpassed—33 Years uninterrupted Popularity.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine **Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of *Wm. Wood*

See Pac-Stubble Wrapper Below.

Very safe and easy to take.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR DIMSINESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

GUARANTEED TO CURE RICK HEADACHE.

Gasoline 16c. A GALLON

Put in Your Tank at Our Dock.

Garage

Repairs to Automobiles or Marine Engines promptly attend to.

Selby & Youlden, Ltd.
Ontario St.

Wood's Phosphodine.
The Great English Remedy. It uses and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures nervous debility, mental and brain fogginess, restores vitality, and effects a cure of all ailments. Price 11 per box, six for \$5. One will please six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain paper on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. The Wood Medicinal Co., Toronto, Ont.

M. P. KEYS
Antiseptic Barber Shop
Hair Dressing and Shaving Parlor, Three Chair, Quick Service. Your patronage solicited.
336 King Street
Next door to Wade's Drug Store.

SLANG OF THE BRINY

MANY OLD PICTURESCUE TERMS ARE PASSING.

The Introduction of the Steam Tramp Freighter Has Done Much to Destroy the Fine Color of the Seaman's Talk—When Sails Are Asleep—How a Sailor Describes the Pickings of the Deep.

Just as much of the romance of the sea faded with the transition from wood to iron and seems likely to suffer eclipse in an age of steam, so the jargon of the old-fashioned forecater has become obsolete with the craft to which it referred. The newly joined apprentice is still sent aft to the grinning mate to ask for the "key to the keelson." Here and there a salt-bitten veteran, the mate who has come direct from Elizabethan navigation. The strains of an old sea chant enliven on occasion the cheerful click of the captain as the ship surges through the dock-gates. But Hans and Carl, who have invaded the modern forecater in ever-increasing numbers, are not in the line of tradition and would be hard to put it to run out a guess rope or to describe a double Spanish bar or a rack, but he is useless to look for the "bridles of the bowline" in the hard driven tramp of to-day, with her stumpy funnel and masts, which are merely derick standards. For the sea terms of the old-time mariner are disappearing with the lefty spars of the ships he sailed in and the interlacing rigging for every rope's end, of which he had his particular name.

Yet certain of the old words and phrases are not without distinction. The cable is paid out to the "bitter end." A sail is "asleep" when there is just sufficient wind to keep the canvas full. No doubt the apt word which suggested to the ancient navigator by a windless day on the line, when the canvas swung heavily against the mast (every flap of the mainsail half a crown out of the owner's pocket), and each creaking block and tackle made its own separate noise. Then as a light breeze spread over the water the ball belled out, ropes were taut and a silence fell upon the ship. The "dolphin striker," which supports the bowsprit stays, and in a deep laden ship plunges under water as she courses, is fitly named in any one who has watched a school of lively fish play around the bows on a tropical night, crossing and recrossing just in front of the advancing stem and leaving rings and trails of phosphorescence in their wake. The "heave of the sea" is not an unpoetical way of expressing the allowance which must be made in the day's run for the diversion from course caused by the set of the ocean swell.

There was a wealth of detail in the mariner's vocabulary. The anchor may be a bower, a star or a kedgie, leaving out of account the yachtman's "pick," and has a shank, a stock, a crown, a throat, a fluke, and a bill. Sea poetry has familiarized us with it when a weigh, but it also a peak, when the ship is heaving and rides directly over it. It "comes home" as it breaks ground, being "shed" if so much soil adheres to the flukes as to prevent it from again biting. When it is raised clear of the bottom it is "stripped" when the stock is about to break the surface of the water it is "a-wash," at which time the cheery cry of "heave and a-wash" used to urge the crew at the capstan on the fo'c'sle head to a final effort. And when brought up to the cathead it is said to be "a-cockbill."

Yards also are a cockbill when swung at an angle to the dock. In a square rigged ship it is a sign of mourning when she lies in port with her yards topped alternately in opposite directions. It was also the custom on the death of an owner to give the hull above the water line a coat of blue paint. Then as a more economical spirit prevailed a thin streak of blue around the topsides was thought sufficient. The observation and while the usage is rapidly dying out, for the steam tramp has no time for unprofitable sentiment, the narrow blue ribbon may still be occasionally seen on the old-fashioned vessels of conservative owners. Just as the days before the shipping auctioneer's lists were broadcast a boom at the mast-head was held sufficient notice to all and sundry that the vessel so distinguished was for sale.

Flotsam and jetsam, describing respectively articles which are water borne or sunk, are familiar enough, but how many have heard of "lagan," the complement of the phrase, under which term come such things as are sunk under water but buoyed so that they may subsequently be recovered. That a log-watch is kept on board (possibly on the catheads), and that the mainsail may be goose-winged is common knowledge, but the most painstaking etymologists might have difficulty in locating the "base" of the bowsprit end. The "timoner," for the helmsman, is French in an easily recognized garb. So also is "garbair" for a light craft or barge, and the ordinary use of the word in Scottish waters to-day is a relic of the "Auld Alliance." The "trot" which was a small measure used for serving out grog, and the "holiday," or scamped piece of work, have quite taken place in storekeeping parlance; but more obscure are the "raking iron," and "raven hooks" of the old-time carpenter, which he used when he "chinned" the decks. Stern galleries, with their ornamentation of flags, munnions and counter rails, have long since disappeared. Only in the most ancient of craft is there a trace of the head boards and floral scroll work in the recesses of her forecater, lit by a dim slush lamp. An old iron miner has discovered who can do course in obsolete phraseology of an "ordnance," apparel, munition, and furniture, and grumble at an "o" which has shifted the balance of power to a handful of greasy mechanics.

The Abyssinian w is the head of the house.

Bibby's \$2 hats for mine. One trouble with draw poker lies in the fact that to be effective it must draw on somebody's bank account.

Charity should never be withheld simply because so many abuse it.

Of course speculation or dealing in futures sounds more refined than gambling, but a man will lose just as much.

New fall shoes just arrived at Abernethy's.

Bibby's \$2 hats for style.

WAYS OF THE LION.

Its Capacity For Making Itself Invisible In Dim Light.

"In the wild state one seldom sees a lion either in repose or majestically alert," writes a correspondent of the London Times. "A glimpse the hunter may get of him, standing majestically rigid when suddenly disturbed in early morning at his kill of overnight, and moon seldom it has been given to a man to watch one, himself unobserved, gazing from an eminence at the grazing herd. But the lion is a nocturnal animal, possessing an extraordinary capacity for making itself invisible in dim light. Many a sportsman has testified to the experience of being unable to see a lion on a night not altogether dark, though it was so close that its breathing was plainly audible, and many a native of Africa has fallen victim to the sudden onslaught of what, as he passed it a few feet away, he took to be only a small bush or the blot upon the darkness made by a tussock of grass.

"The literature of big game shooting contains perhaps no incident more bloodcurdling than the experience of Dr. Aurel Schulz, who, when with his lion bearer he was stalking a hippopotamus in turn found that a lion was in turn stalking them. By chance the lion bearer noticed a bush behind them had a queer way of being always about the same distance in their rear. In spite of the moonlight they could not be certain that it really was a lion, but when to test it, they turned upon the bush and immediately the shadowy thing swept, dim and noiseless, in a wide semicircle, so as to plant itself again behind them. So, one going backward with his face always to the lion, the hunted hunters made their way back to camp, hippopotamuses having ceased to interest them."

As to the moral character of the beast, the same writer continues: "It has been said of the lion that he attacks only those who withstood him, according to the man who fled or sued for clemency, wherein in real life if you run from a lion he will chase you; moreover, that full grown men only were his enemies, that he would not harm babies. But in the lion house one may see many of the eyes which look so indifferently on the men and women who come and go before the cages light up with sudden savagery as some small child toddles alone across the floor. The lion has learned that men and women are not for him, but this smaller creature—nice antelope size, soft and helpless—presents itself to the royal mind as easily killable."

The Game of Mum-Budget.

One cannot help thinking that the mysterious old English game of "mum-budget" must have been a premonition of the silence which characterizes the exchequer in later centuries would succeed in keeping each year about their financial intentions. At any rate, the word "budget" never knew what mum-budget really was, although thousands have puzzled over Slender's words to Shallow, "I come to her in white and cry 'mum'; she cries 'budget,' and by that we know the case's lame or not." Slender's "to play mum-budget" meant "to be graveled, put to silence or a nonplus," and it is supposed to have been some children's game in which silence was called for. But, considering the frequency of allusions to it from before Shakespeare's time until "Hudibras," it is strange that all knowledge of its nature should have been lost.

Past Finding Out.

"Well, well, Neighbor Weaver, I see as how ye's got a new hired man out to your place," remarked Uncle Charley Beaver as he leaned over the pasture fence and accepted a chew from his friend's tobacco pouch. "Some-thing peculiar about the way that feller walks. Is he a mite lame?" "Huh, distinguished if I know whether the cuss's lame or not," ejaculated Mr. Weaver, expectorating into the pigweed beside the fence. "To tell ye truth, Neighbor Beaver, I never seen the cuss mov fast enough so I could find out. This hired man may be lame in th' nigh leg, as ye say, but I guess we'll never know the truth. Huh!"

Absentminded.

The keeper of the zoo was smiling over a newspaper account of a monkey that had died of love. "It's a good story," said the head keeper. "This monkey has an original turn to him. He's like the western jury. 'A westerner, you know, once hung himself to the bedpost by his suspenders, and the verdict of the coroner's jury ran: 'Decayed came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants.'"

Found Famous Nugget.

The discoverer of the famous "Welcome Nugget" has died in the Ballarat Benevolent Asylum, Australia, aged 74. He returned to Ballarat three years ago, poor and in ill-health, and was compelled to seek shelter in the asylum. The "Welcome Nugget," one of the largest pieces of natural gold in the world, was taken from Bakery Hill, Ballarat, in 1858. It was found at a depth of 180 feet. It weighed 2,217 or 16 dwt., and was sold for £10,500.

Married on Deathbed.

Mr. F. Cornell and Miss Gertrude McNeil, had arranged to be married in Sydney, New South Wales. On the eve of the wedding the bridegroom was suddenly seized with illness, and as his condition grew worse, he asked that the ceremony might be carried out without delay. The couple were accordingly married, and Mr. Cornell, who had been gradually sinking, expired a few days later.

Squirrels as Gluttons.

I once came upon several squirrels in a good feasting on the fragments left by a large picnic party. They had gorged themselves so much that I could easily have caught them as they flopped up the trees nearest. They looked as though they had been finishing the dregs of the beer bottles as well as eating the cakes and other things—Edinburgh Scotsman.

LIBRARY SLEEPERS.

They Have to Take Their "Snooze" With One Eye Open.

When is a sleeper not asleep? Answer: When he's an expert in "snoozing" in the reading-room of the public library. Then he can sleep and stay awake, at least to all practical intents and purposes. He can doze off in blissful slumber and never nod a nod. If he is a regular expert he can look so wide awake that he will fool the vigilant policeman whose duty it is to wake him up, and that is what he, the "snoozer," tries to do. "You got to watch 'em," said the officer after he had caught one of the snoozers in the act. "They come in here, take a magazine from the stands, get off in some corner, spread the paper open on their knees, lay their hands on it and away they snooze. Unless you're on to 'em they'll fool you every time. Ah, there's another one!"

He pointed out a distinguished-looking individual who sat upright in a chair near the Randolph street wall. Said individual looked the part of a college professor minus a college. His brow was high and shiny, and his head was inclined forward just enough to suggest a great mind lost in the mazes of thought. And he wore glasses. That was his long and thin nose. The glasses were blue, dark blue. They hid the eyes behind them from the gaze of a critical world and the vigilant policeman, and they were turned point blank on the copy of The Fortnightly Review that lay in his lap. No one but a vigilant policeman would be catching snoozers would have known the difference. But when the officer placed his hand on the spectacle of a shoulder there was a jerk that told the story. "Sound asleep," said the officer. "You can't sleep here."

"I was not asleep, sir," said the distinguished individual. "I was merely pondering, sir, merely pondering. However, I will stay awake in the future."

"You'd better," warned the officer. "If you don't how can you read. That's what you come up here for, of course."

"Sarcastic," retorted the sleeping student, "is the weapon of the cultured man. In the hands of the hot pistol it degenerates into mere black-guardism."

"G'wan," said the officer. "Don't you call me names. What do you think of that guy putting on glasses to hide his eyes?" "The man who reads in the public library must stay awake. Nobody is permitted to sleep. But the hobo and the unemployed man with small taste for magazine literature and great need of sleep have found this rule most inconvenient. The reading room is a good lounging place, but it's a hard thing to ask of any man that he read modern magazines for two or three hours at a stretch; hence the snoozing system. The lounge, with the aid of a magazine used as a prop, his skill against the vigilance of the officer in a game to see whether he shall snatch half an hour's blissful slumber. Sometimes he wins. Sometimes he has but closed his eyes when a rude hand on his shoulder brings him back to life. The use of blue glasses ought to be a great aid to the snoozer."

A Peripatetic Restaurant.

The eating stall is quite an institution in China, says a writer in the Wide World Magazine, and the average Chinaman thinks nothing of stopping and having a feed at a street restaurant. The proprietor carries the whole of his stock in trade on his shoulders. The stall itself consists of two cylindrical boxes attached to a yoke or pole. One of these boxes usually contains a fire, on which the proprietor cooks his food. The composition of which it is unwise to inquire, for the Chinaman has a scientific appetite—that is to say, he will eat anything that in any way forms unknown to him. The stall is kept in these street stalls sell good fruit, excellent pastries and simply delicious sweets at a price so low that it would astonish even the proprietor of an Italian restaurant.

Municipal Amenities.

A member of the Isle of Wight board of guardians thus answered a colleague from whom he had received what he took to be an insult: "I am not a bigger fool than you are, and I do not come here to be made a target for a censorious cantankerous scurrilous insolent and illiterate cad from a Ventnor stable. Mr. Chairman, if you will allow him to turn upon me the rapier of insult, I shall plunge into him the dagger of sarcasm, and it will not be my fault if it does not go to the hilt."—St. James' Gazette.

Afridis Making Trouble.

Reports from the Northwest frontier of India state that several Afridi clans are collecting in the Tirah Valley for the purpose of attacking the Khuda Khel on account of tribal grievances. A gang of outlaws is also reported at Khoet, intending to raid British territory. The road between Jellalabad and Kabul has been frequently raided lately, and the Amer of Afghanistan has informed the tribal chiefs that unless the raids cease he will quarter troops upon them at their expense to preserve the public safety.

Curran's Grim Joke.

"I cannot sing; I really cannot," protested the famous Lord Norbury; of "hanging fame" to a pretty and pressing hanger, "I have neither words nor voice."

"You are too modest, chief justice," said Curran, who was standing by, "for I know hundreds that have hung on your words and thousands that have been transported by your voice."

Saving Even Unto Measles.

The impetuous man weighs about two hundred. When he called he said to his hostess tremulously: "Is that a case of measles across the way?" "Yes," said she. "I am sorry," said he. "But I can't call here till it is all over. I couldn't afford to have the measles. It would take so many of them to cover me."

The man who is chronically suspicious is also chronically unhappy as well as disagreeable. Abernethy's for girls' \$1.50 school shoes. See Bibby's special \$12 suits.

Makes the Glassware Fairly Sparkle

Mirrors and glassware are hard to clean with ordinary soap. The oily matter often leaves streaks and spots that are hard to remove. But with Taylor's Borax Soap the result is wonderful. The surface is left without a single streak—it glitters and sparkles as though it were diamond. And your work is only half as hard. For this soap reduces rubbing to a minimum—it works almost like magic.

Taylor's Soap

Borax is the most powerful cleanser in the world. It does wonders that are almost unbelievable until you once see the results for yourself. When you spend an hour cleaning the bath room, the tub, the wash bowl and the mirrors, you have wasted just half an hour. You would have done less than half the rubbing and finished in half the time with Taylor's Borax Soap. For this soap does more than any other soap you have ever known. It loosens every bit of dirt instantly, it destroys every possible germ and leaves everything both clean and sweet. Hard water often hardens the hands—it leaves them red and rough. But this delightful borax soap softens the water and so softens the hands—it leaves them whiter and daintier than ever before.

We use only the finest of coconut oil in this soap. We go more than 12,000 miles to the Isle of Ceylon just to be sure this oil is pure and fresh. Then we boil it doubly long and run thousands of gallons of pure water through it to remove every impurity. It is the cleanest and purest of soaps.

It requires twenty-one days to make a single cake. The labor of more than 200 persons is needed. Yet this soap costs no more than the ordinary. We make millions and millions of cakes every year and are thus able to buy at the lowest of prices. Why use the ordinary soap any longer when this wonderful soap costs no more? Try a box this very day—learn for yourself its real merits.



JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA.



Perfectly Balanced

BEAVER FLOUR contains the famous bread-making qualities of Manitoba wheat—with the pastry-making virtues of Ontario wheat. It makes the "big" loaf—and the light, tasty, delicious Cakes and Pies. Use BEAVER FLOUR for all your baking.

DEALERS—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. The T. H. Taylor Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.

Lead Fibre for Caulking Wet and Awkward Joints

SAMPLES FREE.—WRITE FOR PRICES. The Canada Metal Co., Ltd., Toronto, Can.

SATURDAY AT ABERNETHY'S.

- See Our \$1.00 Fine Kid House Shoes, for Women.
 - See Our \$1.25 Strap Shoes for Women.
 - 95c. Laced Kid Oxfords, for Women.
 - 60c. Prunella Slippers, for Women.
 - 50c. Baby Boots.
 - \$1.25 Garter Boots, for Men, odd sizes.
 - Comfort Shoes, for Women, \$1.50, \$2 to \$3.50.
 - Baby Moccasins, 25c. and 50c. All colors.
 - \$1.50 Suit Cases.
- FREE**
- On SATURDAY we will give with every pair of Boys or Girls School Shoes, a tin of Polish, free of charge.
 - We have Boys and Girls School Shoes, at \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$2.
 - You may choose any kind of polish you desire.
- \$2.00** See Our Men's \$2 Working Shoes, also \$2 Fine Shoes.
- \$3.00** Working Shoes for Men, Box Call, leather-lined, good soles, new goods. Special value, \$3.
- MOLDERS** Men's Flax-proof Molders Congress, \$2.50, something new. Come and see them.

A ABERNETHY'S.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made if an agency, in certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price, \$2.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, \$2.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth \$200.00.

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

KINGSTON BUSINESS COLLEGE (LIMITED)
HEAD OF QUEEN STREET.
"Highest Education at Lowest Cost"

Twenty-Sixth year. Fall Term begins August 20th. Courses in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy, Civil Service and English. Our graduates get the best positions. Within a short time, over sixty secured positions with one of the largest railway corporations in Canada. Call or write for information. H. F. METCALFE, Principal.

COAL!
The kind you are looking for is the kind we sell.

SCRANTON
Coal is good coal and we guarantee prompt delivery. "Phone, 125."

Booth & Co.,
FOOT WEST STREET.

Kops Stout (Non-Alcoholic)

- LEMON SYRUP,
 - LIME JUICE,
 - RASPBERRY VINEGAR.
- D. COUPER,**
Dealer in Pure Food Groceries.
Phone, 70a 341-3 Princess St.

Ignition Dynamoes, Storage Batteries, Spark Plugs, Carburetors, Etc.

TRY OUR DRY BATTERIES.

Turnbull Electrical Mfg. Co.
77a-87a, 87B, 87C Bagot St.

Asphalt Roofing Gravel and Sand Surfaced

P. Walsh,
Barrack St., Kingston

When ordering your Cooked Meats for lunches or picnics, don't fail to order some of our Pickles or Relishes. We have a variety to choose from. "Phone, 570. H. J. MYERS, 60 Brock street.