

COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS



The most delicious of chocolate confections. They stand alone in their smoothness, richness and unique flavor. Insist on having COWAN'S. Name and design patented and registered.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.

SEE OUR WINDOW DISPLAY.

Dining Room Furniture: This Week.

Buffets, China Closets, Extension Tables and Dining Chairs to match.

Bedroom Furniture our specialty. Brass and Iron Bedsteads, Dressers and Stands, Springs & Mattresses. Fit up house for fall.

James Reid's,
The Leading Undertaker.
Phone 147.

ORRINE CURES LIQUOR HABIT

WRITE EFFECTED OR MONEY REFUNDED

The medical profession has long recognized the failure of attempting to cure drunkenness by moral suasion. The victim can no more resist alcoholic stimulants than a man with ague can stop suffering. The "Drink Habit" is a disease and must be treated as such. ORRINE is a medicine highly indorsed, and has been uniformly successful in the cure of the "Drink Habit."

Can Be Given Secretly. ORRINE COSTS ONLY \$1 A BOX. Write for free ORRINE Booklet (mailed in plain sealed envelope) to ORRINE CO., 36, 1 (DRINK) BUILDING, Washington, D.C. ORRINE is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

Special Agent:
W. MAHOOD, Csr. Bagot and Princess Sts.

It's as Good as Money



And very often Real Estate turns out to be a great deal better. It jumps in value much more than cash can earn in a year. It often doubles itself in a very few years. We have some most desirable parcels for investment and you could not put your spare cash to better use. Call and talk it over with us. Remember the biggest fortunes are now being made in Real Estate.

I have investment propositions paying 10 to 12 per cent. Full particulars.

D. A. Cays
57 Brock St.

COAL!

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

SCRANTON

Coal is good coal and we guarantee prompt delivery. Phone 185.

Booth & Co.,
FOOT WEST STREET.

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

TRY UR DRY BATTERIES.

Turnbull Electrical Mfg. Co.
Phone 872 873 Bagot St.

OUR ROOSTER BRAND OF TOBACCO

Smoking and Chewing at forty-five cents a pound, is a good tobacco. Why buy eight-cent? Andrew Maclean, Ontario street.

STR. ECELWAT

Will start regular trips to Kingston Mills, June 12th. Leave Crawford's Wharf, foot of Princess street, 10 a.m. return 12 a.m. Leave 9 p.m., return at six. Return fare, 25c. Children half fare.

Full information from:
R. F. HORSEY, J. P. HANLEY,
General Manager, C. S. KIRKPATRICK,
Kingston, Ont., JAS. SWIFT & CO.,
Agents, Kingston.

A REALM IN DISPUTE

TO WHOM DOES ANTICOSTI ISLAND BELONG?

Island in the St. Lawrence Purchased by M. Gaston Menier, the Chocolate King, is Proving to Be a Source of Trouble—King of France Gave It Away Some Centuries Ago.

It is now some ten years or so since the announcement was made that Henri Menier, the French chocolate king, had purchased the island of Anticosti, which, as most know, lies a tongue down there in the mouth of the St. Lawrence, says a writer in Saturday Night. During the following few months we read more about the island than we ever knew before. The papers were full of Henri Menier and his little kingdom, and nice little pictures were given of his private yachts and his fishing resorts and his inland fastnesses, until we almost began to feel as though we were in at the making of a new king. In fact, the United Kingdom were early to the fore with the awesome suggestion that Menier might be an advance spy of the French Government whose intention it was to fortify the island and thus be in a position to command the passage of ships up and down the St. Lawrence, when France and England came to blows. Others resented what they considered the establishment of a French principality within Canada. The situation, from a dimemorial standpoint, certainly began to look hopeful.

The only real danger in the situation, in fact, was that Menier and his Canadian peasants, fishermen and serfs, generally, might come to blows. These sons of toil had long made a living on the island, and was supposed to be the houses they and their fathers had builded, or to be compelled to pay rent for the property they had cleared and cultivated, would certainly not dispose them to regard Menier as kind, old Santa Claus. The possibility of wholesale evictions was spoken of, and was followed, probably, by representations to the Canadian Government. Some action was also taken by the heads of religious congregations, and was suggested to pray the Lord of the Isle to be merciful to these poor souls who had been entrusted to his care. Then came Menier himself, and nothing terrible happened. For some years, now, nothing has been said about him and his island. He has not been over again to visit it, apparently, and from all that can be seen he takes no further interest in it.

Now, from advertisements which appeared in the papers, not long since, Mr. Menier is disposed to part with his little principality. He may not be advertising the place for sale, but someone else laid claim to the island and warned all and sundry against purchasing from Henri Menier. It is worth anyone who reads advertisements, itself. It was as follows:

"NOTICE—The newspapers advertise that Mr. Henri Menier will sell the Anticosti Island. Consequently I inform any one who would be inclined to buy that island from Mr. Menier, that he will be obliged to support the effects of such a transaction. Mr. Menier, having refused to recognize the heirs of Louis Jolliet and Jacques de la Fontaine, the owners of that island, the contrary will oppose anyone who would make the purchase. Mr. Henri Menier, of Paris, has no valuable title to the possession of the Anticosti Island, and can't have same only from the undersigned owner, conjointly with the heirs of the heirs of Jolliet and De La Fontaine."

"Michel Parent-Mingan, Seigneur de Mingan and the Island of Mingan and Anticosti."

I suppose it all depends upon what the King of France did with a few centuries ago. It seems strange, that it should be so, but life is chock full of strange things, so a few more or less shouldn't keep us awake at nights. The King probably gave it away to half a dozen big trusts, Frenchmen. How could a king be expected to remember the map of Canada and what he did with this and that island. Suppose the present King of Siam began distributing the Thousand Islands to the St. Lawrence, what an awful mix-up there would be a few centuries hence when the heirs of the recipients began to exercise their right of title. All good Canadians ought to be glad of one thing while the good King of France gave the Island of Anticosti away to someone. Think what a loss it would be not to have the island at all. Those old kings builded well, those days, and mightily thankful we should be to them for such a fine country, of course.

HAM AS AN ATHLETE.

The Genial George of the C. P. R. is Head of an Organization.

Someone or other—it really doesn't matter who—once described the great Gerson post Ham as the sardonic smile on the lips of the Almighty laughing out a big, hearty, wholesome laugh, a laugh that was all pure merriment without a drop of bitterness. That laugh would be George H. Ham, George to all the "boys" from Montreal all round the world in any old direction and back again. And now they have gone to work and made him the president of the new C. P. R. Athletic Association.

At last he has an official title. For years he has been the most important man on the Canadian Pacific from Liverpool to Hong Kong—in the estimation of the "boys" at least—but he never had a title. He was George Ham, the great and only George, on the road—only that and nothing more. But he is "The Most High Wharf" President of the C. P. R. A.A.A." How about that for a mouthful?

George in his inauguration address said that he was convinced the new Association had more ambitions than any other institution on earth. George was probably right—he always is. But he neglected to state just what kind of ambitions, and just what sort of athletic feats they will inaugurate in the future. He was also a favorite recreation with the youthful athletes—empty beer-cans, as it is unlikely that they would have a full one-around long enough to be able to practice with it. Tossing beer-cans is also a good form of rolling out in any old direction and back again. Their first program would be such events as, "Blowing foam from distance," "high and broad jumping over bar," "two-pint race," "short-putting," and other similar contests. It is put in charge of instruction to the school teachers, as well as to the pupils.

The outcome of these reforms was a demand for specially trained teachers, and recognizing this, the department has supplied STEPHEN Macdonald provided, at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, two large buildings equipped for this purpose. There are now several high-class agricultural colleges, and the work on the country is very marked. In twenty years the produce of Ontario land has practically doubled without any appreciable increase of the acreage, and much of this improvement must be credited to the teachers and experimenters of the Guelph College. And as in Ontario, so in other Provinces.

TRAIL THAT GREW.

Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, is a Wonderful Thereafter.

One of the most remarkable highways of transportation in America is Jasper Avenue, the main street of Edmonton, writes Augustus Brille, in the Toronto Globe. In twenty years that splendid dog-leg of a street following the kink of the river bank has seen three eras of traffic and more varieties of rig-outs than any other highway in Canada. The horse dogs and toboggans went jingling in there from the far-up posts of the fur lands long before the caravans of the Red River carts. The kyuses of Indians and half-breeds came helter-skeltering in from the shacks and the tepee. Mounted Police filed among the zig-zag log shacks that lunched up on the edge of the old fort down on the flats. And the carts came—the drawn-out straggle of the creaking, honking, all-wooden carts that made the thousand-mile trek from Fort Garry by the meandering black trail; and up from Calgary when the steel went through. And the four-horse stage went slam-banging down the high south bank before there was ever a Strathcona on the old cable ferry, and crawling up the steep to the rosy black trail where the uncertain shacks were just beginning to mark out the stent of the street. For the little log town was reaching along and the lines of traffic were going deeper as the town grew and stood still and waited for the railway. Sometime somebody named that trail Jasper Avenue because the Jasper House stood there at the east end where the carts had the day of the caravaning cars. Up into that jumble of shacks with the trail snaking amidst came the ox-cart caravans of the priests, luggering along with goods for the mission at the cathedral of St. Albert in the Sturgeon. So it was, with now and again a wagon, and then more wagons, toiling up from the south—till the day that the Klondike trail sent the world's trail-finders into the outfit town. That was the day of the trail break—the nondescript, varnished things that capricious adventurers rigged up to hit the long trail to the ends of the earth and the fringes of the north. On that store-straggled, shack-lined old Jasper Avenue went the twisting trail of the kyuses and packs; the bands of crawling oxen and the biges of hay; the barrel chariot that some forgotten genius contrived out of three hogheads packed with grub, axled and platformed with vases; and it started out merrily rolled up to the unknown with the camp-truck stop and the grubetake within, till on a frozen snag the front barrel-wheel got a puncture, and the beans came dribbling out. The lumbering cart stopped, rolling home, to start again. Biggest of all the pathfinders and most spectacular of all locomotive freaks ever seen on Jasper Avenue was the steam sleigh that some overlander, with his partner, rigged up from an old threshing machine, rigged it with a traction outfit geared to a spike roller in front to climb slippery hills and ice-bound slopes into the Yukon with a train of toboggans behind. The wonder of seventeen nations was hauled out one crisp, sunny day of winter; trucked out by horses to the midway of Jasper Avenue. There she was fired up and steamed; the throttle was turned, and the drive-wheel wobbled, and the spike-roller that was made to climb the steep of ice, burrowed a hole into the frost of the street and budged not a single inch. And the nations haw-hawed to see the first train of Edmonton ignominiously hauled back by a team to a road yard, where it lay for years. It was dragged away to saw lumber, out on the Sturgeon.

Closed to the Public.

The Yonge Street Arcade in Toronto was barred on Sunday a short time ago by the "Closing of the Public." This was the annual legal formality taken by the Dovescourt Land and Savings Co. to maintain the proprietary rights of the owners. As the bars on one side were about six feet above the ground, the public was not seriously inconvenienced.

The annual assertion of land ownership in property usually open for traffic to the public is also made on a short stretch on the lake front at Key Beach.

According to the law of usage, negligence to prohibit private ownership for a full year would restore it to the public.

Canada's G. O. M.

There is no more interesting figure in Canadian politics than Sir Charles Tupper, the last of the "Fathers of Confederation," as the framers of the Constitution of Canada are called, who recently entered on his 89th year. Sir Charles is the last Canadian Prime Minister in 1896, a few months before Sir Wilfrid Laurier swept the polls with the Liberal Party behind him, and since then he has sat in the shades of Opposition. Sir Charles was born in New Brunswick, is a Baptist minister's son, and was educated in Scotland. He has probably made more speeches than any other Canadian, and some time ago spoke 25,000 words at a stretch.

100 Rural Mail Routes.

Up to the present time about 100 free rural mail delivery routes have been established by the postoffice department, principally in Western Ontario, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan. The little demand for routes from either the Maritime Provinces or Quebec. The department establishes routes wherever they are applied for by the residents of a district, providing the application receives the approval of a provincial inspector. The people served pay for the boxes.

Lost Lake Station.

A new post recently established by the Hudson's Bay Company, on Lost Lake, twenty-five miles west of Lake Superior, is a station of the Grand Trunk Pacific, to which flour and other merchandise is already being shipped by the railroad. This one-time wilderness is waking rapidly, and is already literally alive with prospectors, pioneers, settlers, and adventurers.

Neither the tough nor the duds make what right thinking men would term good and useful citizens. Measure your words and be sure to say nothing that will rankle in the mind of another.

Bobby's new overcoats are beauties.

Linen of Snowy Whiteness

The real beauty of linen lies in its whiteness. It must come from the washing spotlessly clean. So, naturally enough, it is always rubbed twice as hard, and so wears out twice as fast.

But here is a new way to wash linen as well as other fabric—a way that saves half the rubbing and doubles the life of the garment. This new way is the way of Taylor's Borax Soap. For no other soap saves both labor and garments as does this wonderful soap—it saves its own cost many times over.

Taylor's Soap

Here is the Taylor way: Place the white clothes in warm, soapy water and let them soak over night. Then draw them out one by one and rub them lightly with Taylor's Borax Soap. When well soaped, roll them up and lay them in the bottom of the tub under water. Let them soak in this way for half an hour. Then rub them gently on the washboard, rinse and wring them out. Hang them on a rope clothes line, or wire may put iron rust spots on the clothes.

Scaolding is never necessary with this soap, for it removes the dirt by itself. The borax softens the water, so less soap is required, and also much less rubbing. Colored clothes are washed the same, only they should not be left to soak over night, and never boiled. Follow these simple directions and your clothes will come out fresh, clean and free from any "soapy smell." The white goods will be whiter, the colored goods brighter and the wooleens softer than ever before.

Borax not only softens the water, but also softens the hands—it leaves them even whiter than ever before. Also it purifies and sweetens—it destroys every germ and prevents the possibility of contagion.

Don't be satisfied with common soaps that make it necessary to rub your clothes doubly long. Such soaps are more expensive than you ever imagine. This wonderful soap costs no more to buy than any ordinary soap—so why not have the best when you pay no more? Order a bar today.

Taylor's Borax Soap

AT ALL DEALERS

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

Said the Miller—

BEAVER FLOUR is a blend of Ontario Fall Wheat and Manitoba Spring Wheat. Each supplies what the other lacks. It is as good for pastry as for bread—best for both. At your grocer's.

Beaver Flour

DEALERS—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

The T. H. Taylor Co.
Limited, Chatham, Ont.

Brighten Up

When the paint rubs or wears off your wagons, reapers, plows and other farm machinery, the dampness gets into the wood and causes decay. There are a number of S-W. Specialties, such as Buggy Paint, Wagon and Implement Paint, S-W. Enamel Leather Dressing, to prevent this. Ask your dealer for

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES

Made in Canada THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO. Montreal Toronto Winnipeg

Another Contest

EVERYBODY STARTS IN THIS ONE WHICH IS CORRECT, DO WE COOK BY GAS OR DO WE COOK WITH GAS?

In the City of St. Louis a general discussion upon the above two sentences should be put up to the learned heads to solve the problem. It would seem to be an easy matter to settle which expression is correct. Gradually speaking we are not going to put ourselves on record, but we will say this, right here, that the one who is cooking either "WITH" or "BY" gas are well up in the running, while those who failed to get the pipes installed in their homes this summer by better file their application at the office of the works, before it is too late to enjoy the benefit derived by the above named sentences.

Kingston Light, Heat & Power Department.
O. O. FOLGER, GENERAL MANAGER.