

MR. HERMAN DYING OF STONE IN THE BLADDER

Gin Pills passed the Stone

513 James St., Hamilton. "Four years ago I was taken down with what the doctors called inflammation of the bladder—intense pains in the back and loins, great pain and difficulty in urinating. The pain was greatest in the region of the bladder, and the attacks, which became more frequent, amounted to unbearable agony, and I became so weak that I could not walk across the floor. Doctors could do nothing to help me. My wife read in the paper about Gin Pills and sent for a box. From the very first I felt that Gin Pills were doing me good. The pain was relieved at once, and the attacks were less frequent. In six weeks the Stone in the bladder came away and the pain stopped entirely. I have had no return of the trouble and have not lost a day's work on account of it. I cannot express myself strong enough when I speak of what Gin Pills have done for me. When I remember how I suffered, and how now I am healthy and well and strong and able to do a full day's work, I feel I should speak and tell other sufferers of my experience and of the wonderful merits of Gin Pills."

JOHN HERMAN.

You don't have to buy Gin Pills to test them. Simply write The National Drug & Chemical Co., Dept. B, Toronto, and a free sample will be sent you by return mail. When you have used the sample and feel that at last you have found the remedy that will do you good—then buy Gin Pills at your dealer's—50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Remember, please, that Gin Pills are sold on a positive guarantee of a cure or your money back. And this guarantee is backed by the largest wholesale drug house in Canada, who will take your unsatisfied word if you want your money refunded.

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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Wallace & Parks FLORISTS

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The First This Season, Myers' Home-Made Pork Sausage and Blood Pudding, for SATURDAY. Give us a call. H. J. MYERS, 60 Brock St., Phone, 570.

When it is possible let work take the place of worry. Promising is always easier than paying.

FERNIE'S COKE OVENS

GREAT PLANT IS ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE WEST.

Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co. Has Four Hundred and Fifty Ovens Where Coal Dust or Slack is Turned Into Valuable Coke—Russians and Slavs Attend to the Furnaces and Manage to Get Rich on Their Wages.

As the eastern-bound fleet, with clanging bell and snorting smoke-stack, glides swiftly round the tortuous curve up the incline into Fernie, B. C., the passengers on the observation car see stretching away to their left a long, low line of compact stone buildings, surrounded with a general lurid glow which seems to permeate the atmosphere and partially dispel the murky clouds that hang heavily overhead.

These are the coke ovens owned by the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Ltd., and there are four hundred and fifty of them, in three solid, substantial rows, numbered 1, 2, and 3. Each row contains ovens on either side, and to distinguish these they are referred to as east and west ovens, respectively, the ovens themselves being numbered individually.

Today when nothing is wasted, least of all precious coal dust, it is interesting to follow the process which converts this coal dust, or "slack," as it is called, into marketable coke, and incidentally gives employment to many foreigners in this district.

The coal is mined at Coal Creek, a mining town situated in a deep valley some five miles from Fernie on the Morrissey, Fernie & Michel Railway—and after being screened on the "tipples," the "slack," or fine stuff, is loaded into special iron cars called slack cars, and which are made with a centre-dump and hold thirty tons of slack. A train of some twelve to fourteen cars is then run up the line to the dump where the slack bins, and the dump being opened, the slack drops down into the "larry" beneath; these larrys are constructed of iron, and are capable of holding nine to ten tons, if required. The larrys are then run from under the storage bins by a circular line right on top of the coke oven between the circular opening of each oven, some fourteen inches across, and, arrived in position, the lever being moved, the slack pours into the oven beneath through the aperture either to the east or west, as required.

About six and a half tons of slack is put into each oven at a time, and ignites, of course, spontaneously from the great latent heat, and after 72 hours' burning yields four and a quarter tons of coke, the loss being approximately about 35 per cent., the resultant coke making up the balance of 65 per cent.

When the time arrives for the ovens to be drawn, the Russian "drawer" partially breaks open the dried loam and brick door of his oven, and a fierce, blinding heat blazes forth into the darkness, silhouetting his stalwart figure as he stands there, water pipe in hand, playing on the fiery mass within, and which, when sufficiently cooled off, he presently rakes out with a huge iron rake some twelve feet in length and weighing 60 to 70 pounds.

This is hard work, but seems admirably suited to the men who undertake it, mostly Russians and Slavs, but quite happy with their job. For clearing an oven the men get paid \$1, and as when in full work they clear out two and three ovens a night, working six days a week will net them anything from twelve to eighteen dollars. Living as they do in their own style on from fifteen to sixteen dollars a month, they are soon able to afford a bank account.

The coke is now loaded into cars holding from 35 to 37 tons each, and it is quite a sight to see one of these gigantic cars being filled by the perspiring workmen—Italians now—with their broad, sixteen-pronged forks, shovelling away with a steady swing. When full, the cars are despatched to Trail and Grand Forks, B.C., where the smelters of the Consolidated Smelting & Mining Co. and the Granby Mining & Smelting Co., respectively, await their daily arrival.

There have been rumors from time to time of smelters being established in Fernie itself, but at present, and until sufficient ore is found adjacent to the ovens, it is more profitable to ship the coke to the existing smelters than the ore to the coke ovens.

The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., Ltd., have other coke ovens besides those at Fernie. At Michel there are 486, and at Carbonado 250, making a total of 1,186 ovens at the three places.

Standing between the rails on top of the ovens calls to mind Dora's picture—the Torture of the Simonists in Purgatory—with the flickering flames lazily licking up and around the sides of the aperture through which the ovens are fed, whilst, again, from the mountainside a most weird theatrical effect is obtained as the dull-red smoke floats in a thick pall over the dark buildings beneath. Except for repairs from time to time, the ovens are never out, and burn with a blood-red heat that would have appalled Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, through the bitter winter weather equally as well as through the torrid days of August, the only difference in the working being that during the summer they are drawn at 9 o'clock at night, whereas in the winter this is done during the day.

Built about nine years ago at a cost of a thousand dollars apiece, the ovens are practically as good today as when first constructed. About 100 men are employed at Fernie alone, the loading being accomplished by Italians, and in the history of the ovens it is gratifying to learn that there has never been a serious accident.

Italy is now building four Dreadnoughts, which, it is said, will surpass any existing Dreadnought.

He is a wise weather prophet who knows when to borrow an umbrella. You may think you are loved by your neighbors, but don't bet on it. The drummer should not fry to beat the drum to beat the band. The patriotism of the office seeker is the greatest evil. The intemperate tongue is a mouth evil.

THE LATE DEAN EGAN.

Many Were Friends of the Late Well-Beloved Catholic Dean.

Regret over the death of the late Rev. Father John Egan, Dean of Barris, has not by any means been confined to those of his own religious communion. The possessor of one of the biggest hearts that was ever put into a man, of the most delightful and winning brogue that was ever given to an Irishman, and of an exceptionally witty tongue, his company was welcome wherever he went. Anecdotes by the score have been related of him, some of them true and some of them false, and a number of them of course have found their way into this journal. Probably the best of them, which was published two or three years ago, and which is worth repeating, was the famous story of his being a certain prelate who rebuked him for being so fond of horses, saying that his mind should be more placed upon spiritual matters. They were driving along the road, and presently a comely young woman paritioner courtesied to them.

"A very fine-looking young woman," commented the prelate. "Every man to his taste," replied the dean quickly as a shot. "I prefer horse-flesh." When he lived at Richmond Hill twenty years ago and was compelled to drive a great deal his love of horse-flesh was famous. He always had a trotter that could give the dust to most of those encountered on the road, and in winter time when speed it was his delight to try it out with the crack trotters from Toronto, whose owners loved in this fashion to wise away a winter's afternoon. On the other hand, he was a parish priest in the truest sense of the word, especially in his handling of the types of rough, ignorant, and contentious people with whom he had to deal. He looked after their financial affairs for them, protected them from those who would prey on their credulity, and altogether proved himself in a very real sense a friend and adviser as well as a spiritual guardian.

DEAD AT AGE OF 124.

Joe Coture of Owen Sound Claimed 1785 as Birth Year.

Joe Coture is dead. And in his death Owen Sound loses one of its best known figures. A man of giant frame and strength consistent with his size, he was a conspicuous figure, whether on the street or in his boat sailing up the river. But of late, the old man had been failing. His big frame grew gaunt, his step slow. About a month ago, while cutting wood, he gashed his foot with the axe. His system, weakened by age, was not able to withstand the shock. According to his own story, he was born in 1785, and was therefore 124 years old. His mother was a squaw, his father a Frenchman. The first three years of Joe's life were spent in the Indian surroundings; then his parents came to this locality and settled near the point where his cabin now stands. His early years were spent here; but the "wanderlust" of his Indian ancestors asserted itself, and for years he travelled, visiting many places in Canada and the Republic to the south. His wanderings over, he returned and spent the rest of his days here, fishing and hunting and trapping until game became too scarce.

On one occasion, it is said, he went to buy a barrel of salt for his fish. The merchant jocularly said, "Joe, you can have a barrel if you'll shoulder it." "All right!" growled Joe; and stooping, he caught the barrel by the hoops and with a mighty heave hoisted it over his head and set it across his broad shoulders. Then, grinning at the discomfited merchant, he walked off, carrying the barrel. When one looks at the man, a year or so ago, with his feet at five inches tall, and broad in proportion—the story was easy to believe.

Joe was a great boxer and wrestler, but with all his strength, and all his love for game, he was never a champion. He was always considered one of Owen Sound's most peaceable and law-abiding citizens—Owen Sound Sup.

A Quebec Custom.

The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly-built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French-Canadians, who brought it with them from Brittany.

The custom was originated from the superstition prevalent centuries ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit. Consequently, it was believed that every time a tree was felled, an- other spirit was dispossessed, and this was supposed to cause some bit- terness on his part against society.

Rather than risk having these homeless and disgruntled spirits vent their ill-feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders, says Van Norden's Magazine, a branch was placed on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified, and if they remained so until the roof was put on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.

Canada's Fine Cheese.

W. A. McKinnon, Canadian Trade Commissioner at Birmingham, Eng., in a report to the Trade and Commerce Department, says that Canadian shipments of cheese since May show the greatest improvement in richness, flavor, and appearance of any year on record. For the year ending July the total imports of cheese into Great Britain were 116,824 boxes, of which Canada supplied 76,974 boxes.

Sugar Water.

Eau sucree is said to dispel thirst, more efficiently than any other drink, and it is simplicity itself. Put three large lumps of sugar in a tumbler with a tablespoonful of water and allow the sugar to dissolve, then fill up with more cold water. The French say that the perfection of this drink consists in letting the sugar first melt slowly in a small quantity of water.

The drummer should not fry to beat the drum to beat the band. The patriotism of the office seeker is the greatest evil. The intemperate tongue is a mouth evil.

A NIAGARA LANDSCAPE.

Heavy with haze that merges and melts into the measureless depth on either hand. The full day rests upon the luminous land. In one long noon of golden reverie. Now hath the harvest come and gone with glee. The shaven fields stretch smooth and clear away. Purple and green, and yellow, and soft gray. Chequered with orchards. Farther still I see Towns and dim villages, whose roofs tops fill The distant mist, yet scarcely catch the view. Thorold set sultry on its plateau'd hill. And far to westward, where you point Rise faint and ruddy from the vaporous blue. Saint Catharines, city of the host of flowers. —Archibald Lampman.

DANCE OF FALSE FACES.

An Iroquois Society In Honor of Mysterious People.

According to the present Iroquois version this earth was created by Hwen-yu before mortal man was made. While this creator was admiring his work a monstrous head with glaring eyes and flowing hair drifted into view. "What are you doing on my earth?" cried the monster. "It is not yours, but mine," retorted Hwen-yu. "You lie," was the reply. "I have lived here since the beginning of the world!" "But I made the world!" cried Hwen-yu. "Prove it," said the monster, and to demonstrate his own power he beckoned to a mountain to approach. It moved up and took a position near Hwen-yu. "Now Hwen-yu asked the monster to turn aside for a moment, and at the same instant commanded the monster to approach so swiftly that it struck the side of the monster's face and twisted the features awry, giving it the expression of a modern false face. At this display of mysterious power the monster acknowledged Hwen-yu's superiority and begged for his life and that of his people. This was finally granted upon the condition that the false-face people should live forever at the ends of the earth, where they would be unseen of men. In return for the permission they would aid mankind in curing the sick upon the proviso that the latter kept their memory sacred.

The Iroquois have a false-face society in honor of those mysterious people at the ends of the earth, and every New Year they hold a dance for them. Hideous wooden masks are worn by the dancers, who go through intricate evolutions to the beating of a turtle-shell rattle. During this ceremony they would aid mankind in curing the sick upon the proviso that the latter kept their memory sacred. The Iroquois have a false-face society in honor of those mysterious people at the ends of the earth, and every New Year they hold a dance for them. Hideous wooden masks are worn by the dancers, who go through intricate evolutions to the beating of a turtle-shell rattle. During this ceremony they would aid mankind in curing the sick upon the proviso that the latter kept their memory sacred.

Sport of Miners.

To be sure, there is the tempering of the steel and the fine calculation and skilful workmanship necessary to get the right gauge, but a hand drill contest depends on the mighty biceps and the bulldog endurance to snuff and snuff and snuff the cold steel into the granite. There is something primitive, something Homeric, in these contests—brute force of them and since against the inanimate resistance of the flinty rock. Last year in the drilling contest in Cobalt, to be sure, it was discovered that the handle of one of the bammers had been sawn almost through, but as a rule, the game admits of no little petty tricks and meannesses that so often make organized sport nauseous to the more sensitive conscience. This year, on August 15, miners were spending their spare hours in driving the steel into the rock and preparing for the big fight. The contest was left open and, therefore, permitted of Page and Dickens, the Globe, Arizona, champions, competing. There would have been some local interest if they had not, but Cobalt would have missed a magnificent display of Thor-like smiting. It cannot be alleged that it was mere professional efficiency in preparing the steel that won them their overwhelming superiority over all local opposition; they were the bravest and fittest men on the ground. Page, the more famous of the two, is a spare westerner, as tall as his mate, Jim Pickens, but with that easy nonchalant ease of bearing that is peculiar to the western man.

Didn't Know We Had Elections.

The ignorance of many Americans, especially Western Americans, of everything geographical, historical, and political, except those things which pertain to the United States is proverbial, although conditions are improving somewhat of late years when there has been a large summer influx. Last autumn a Kansas journalist was traveling in Canada. It may have been William Allen White, who thinks that St. Mark's Venice, look like junk-shop, but the deponent who is a prominent railroad official says, not. He was told that the general elections were on. "Why," said he in surprise, "I did not know you had elections. I thought all your officials were appointed from England." "That does not surprise me," responded the official. "Precisely the same remark was made to me a few years ago by a judge of the state of Illinois."

Huge Bridge Is Planned.

The C.P.R. have proposed that the city of Edmonton unite with the railway in the construction of a combined traffic and railway bridge over the Saskatchewan river at a cost of \$1,428,793. A railway bridge alone would cost \$842,722. The structure, exclusive of approaches, would be 2,857 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 265 feet above high water level.

In England a dog used to lead a blind person is exempt from taxation. Glass bricks inserted in the wall now takes the place of windows. The hop consumption of England is decreasing.

Note How Long It Lasts

A cake of Taylor's Infants' Delight Soap wears down thin as a wafer. The last bit lathers freely and is just as healing, mild and soothing as when the bar was first unwrapped.

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