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You never had finer fruit to offer, large size, bright and free from specks.

W. H. Carnovsky,
On the Corner
Brook and Wellington Sts.

Something Like a Girl



In the present of a deed to a nice future home—the best thing a prospective husband can give to his intended wife. And it is a protection for both too—he loses nothing by giving it to his life mate. We have some charming houses for sale—or can build to your fancy on most desirable sites if you so prefer. We can sell on reasonable terms and with discounts for cash.

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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 fifty secured positions with one of the largest railway corporations in Canada. Call or write for information. H. F. MIST, CALVE, Principal.



A COLD PREVENTIVE.
is a collar lined with Coal. It can supply you with an excellent quality.
P. WALSH, 55-57 Bazaar St.

TURN OVER
That is what we are going to do to our Stock of Grand Old

Antique Furniture and Odd Articles

Come early and make a selection while the Stock is complete and before the spring rush is on. If you have anything good to sell, drop a card to

L. LESSES
Cor. Princess and Chatham Sts., Kingston.

THE RISE OF United Empire Loyalists

An Informing Sketch of American History, Valuable for Libraries and Research.

By **VISCONTI DE FRONSAC**
Price, 50c.
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ESTABLISHED 1863

President—Sir Richard Cartwright.
Money loaned on City and Farm Properties. Municipal and County Debts. Mortgages purchased. Deposits received and interest allowed.

S. C. McGill, Managing Director.
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Particulars given special attention. County Sales of Farms, Stock, etc. have got my speciality for long years. If farmers want the high dollar, get my services.

MARKET SQUARE

Wah Long's Laundry

First-class work guaranteed. Drop me a card and I will call personally for your laundry. 125 WELLINGTON between Brock and Clarence Sts.

Do You Need Shaking?

Like a Stove Choked with Ashes.

You have probably noticed how much more briskly the fire burns when freshly built or shaken. You doubtless remember too, how much more briskly you used to get around when you were in your 'teens or twenties.

The cases are parallel. You are like the fire that is choked with ashes. The cells which compose the body are constantly dying and being renewed. Then there is the indigestible part of the food to be removed. This cleansing of the body is the duty of the bowels, kidneys and skin. When any of these organs fail to do their work properly, the system becomes clogged and the fire of life burns low.


There is an increasing tendency towards constipation, kidney trouble and poisoned blood as one grows older. In most cases, the need is felt of something to regulate these vital organs.

"Fruit-a-tives" the famous fruit medicine, does this perfectly. It acts directly on the liver, increasing the flow of bile and causes the bowels to move regularly and naturally. "Fruit-a-tives" is the greatest of kidney regulators, overcoming the tendency to congestion of the kidneys and strengthening these organs. "Fruit-a-tives" also stimulates the skin to renewed action.

By their combined action on bowels, kidneys and skin, "Fruit-a-tives" keeps the system free of all poisons and renews the vigor of youth.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box, 25c—or may be obtained from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

SINCE THE INTRODUCTION OF THE TYPEWRITER FOR CORRESPONDENCE NO MACHINE HAS RESULTED IN SUCH A CURTAILMENT OF OFFICE EXPENSES AS THE UNDERWOOD BILLER.



UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.,
J. R. C. DOBBS,
KINGSTON.

Boils and Pimples.

Whenever your complexion is unattractive, your skin in an unhealthy condition, your face covered with blotches and pimples, when boils and festering sores abound, then your blood is bad. You can best cleanse it with that purely vegetable compound, Burdock Blood Bitters, which safely and promptly renovates the blood and invigorates the entire system.

Mr. C. A. Mussen, Esq., Alta., writes: "I recommend Burdock Blood Bitters as being the best blood purifier there is. About three years ago I was greatly troubled with boils and our druggist advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters and after taking two bottles I have not had a boil or even a pimple."

Mr. J. Morehouse, Zealand Station, N.B., writes: "My face and neck were covered with pimples, and I tried all kinds of remedies, but they did me no good. I went to many doctors, but they could not cure me. I then tried Burdock Blood Bitters and I must say it is a wonderful remedy for the cure of pimples."

For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

On the GRAND CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK CITY

Rooms \$1.00 a day and upward

Reasonable and from Station Free

Send for map for N. Y. City Guide Book and Map

Napoleon Guard's Descendant.

Oswego, N.Y., Feb. 7.—Miss Anna E. Kempfield, who was born in England, seventy years ago, is dead at the home of her sister, Mrs. Mary K. Hartcourt, after a lingering illness. Her father was a member of the British army during the days of Wellington and he was one of the men stationed at St. Helena to guard Napoleon. He also assisted in the burial of the great French leader. Mrs. Hartcourt is the only surviving relative.

Another Mine Explosion.

Punxsutawney, Pa., Feb. 7.—President Clark, of the Rochester and Pittsburgh Coal company, announces that an explosion occurred in a remote part of the mine number two at Earnest, on Saturday, where several men were at work. Three or four of the miners had been brought out burned and injured. President Clark said that twelve men were in the mine. Rescued parties are at work, but have been unable to reach the entombed miners.

Motor Car Fell in Holes.

Quincy, Ill., Feb. 6.—A motor, supposed to have struck near here at 1:30 this morning, aroused the whole city and caused buildings to tremble. Those about the street saw a great glare in the sky. Several saw the motor explode, accompanied by an appalling detonation, followed a few seconds later by trembling of the earth, lasting five to ten seconds.

THE EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT

By LUDWIG BAUER.

(The soon gets tired of wandering about a foreign city.)

The queer looking houses and shops, the strange men and women rattling off their strange lingo with such astonishing glibness, the numerous monuments of famous men, of whom I had never read—all these things wearied me on my first day in Buenos Ayres and induced me finally to seek out an uninviting cafe for rest, reflection and refreshment.

I had taken a seat and was consulting my pocket phrasebook for the necessary questions when a man suddenly laid a friendly hand on my shoulder and said, in German:

"Well, this is a splendid country, isn't it?"

His question surprised me no less than his familiarity, but, as I didn't know what else to do, I assumed the facile smile to which I owe many of my misfortunes and replied:

"I have seen worse places."

The feeble remark had an astonishing effect. The gentleman clasped me on the shoulder once more, picked up my phrase book, thrust it into my pocket (which he tore), and snatching a chair from the hand of a passing waiter, sat down beside me.

"You are a very remarkable man," he said, in a calm, judicial manner that left me no choice but to agree with him. I was touched by the compliment, but I began to have an uneasy suspicion that my friend was crazy.

For several minutes he stared at me in a way that sent shivers down my spine.

Then he added: "You are the very man I want."

"For what purpose," I asked.

"His manner still more strenuous. I will explain presently. Do not attempt to escape. It is quite impossible, I assure you."

At that moment I remembered with satisfaction that I had left my watch and most of my money at the hotel. He began to catechize me. "You are German?"

"Austrian."

"Can you write?"

"Of course."

"That is all I require."

"Well?" I said, interrogatively.

He became very grave. "Are you a humorist?" he asked.

"Not in the least," I said, frightened by his manner.

"Everything is satisfactory then. Come to my office this morning."

"But I am not looking for a situation."

"That makes no difference. You must come."

"Why?"

"Because, if you do not, I shall be compelled to shoot you," he said softly and dreamily.

"That is more easily said than done," I remarked, cautiously pushing back my chair.

"Oh, I have already shot two of your predecessors who tried to run away. They only cost me ten pesos each."

"I am worth more than that," said I.

"It is very simple," he explained. "When I have shot a man, I put a half-loaded revolver in his hand, fire again and say I killed him in self-defense. It always works. I have a lot of old pistols that cost just ten pesos apiece."

"And what do you want me for?" I asked under my breath.

"For European correspondence."

"What?"

"European correspondent. That also is very simple. I am the editor of a Spanish paper and I want you to do the cables. For three weeks you shall write telegrams and cablegrams on all European subjects. At the end of that time the public will have learned that we have that department in good shape and meanwhile I shall have learned the trick from you. Your salary will be an hundred pesos a week."

"But what makes you think I am capable?"

"Oh, I can see that you have the presence of mind and are not easily embarrassed."

"But why the devil man—"

"What! Do you swear, too?" he cried in exultation. "So much the better. See here, I have a very simple test. I ask a man if he doesn't think Argentina is a fine country. Nine men out of every ten reply: 'Are you crazy?' or 'Well, you have got a nerve!' You are one of the very few who answered indifferently. That was enough for me."

I rose warily. He thrust his hand into my inside coat pocket, pulled out my passport, scanned it with a keen eye, and backed with a good-humored "Thanks!"

I stared at him, fascinated, and stammered: "I will come."

He received me next morning in the most friendly manner. He gave me a

ACUTE DYSPESIA

Restoration of Stomach Power Comes Quickly with the Right Medicine.

"My food seemed to decompose in my stomach," writes Mr. Ralph Clemens, of Newbridge P.O. "I had a stomach that failed in some way to perform its work. Digestion seemed more or less arrested and I grew thin, yellow, nervous. The stomach became obstructed and impeded apparently, the action of the heart, for often at night I would vomit a mucus mass, and at these times my head ached most terribly. A friend, who had once cured of a similar condition advised me to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly, which I did. The result is, my case was simply marvelous. Dr. Hamilton's Pills removed the cause, strengthened the stomach, excited the liver to normal action, the kidneys were released of excessive work. Health soon returned within me. I can now eat, sleep and live like a live man."

Be advised—Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they are sure to do you good. 25c per box, at all dealers.

KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.

The Making of the Real Red Liqueur.

The Owen county court house, at Spencer, Indiana, was built in 1823, or thereabouts there has been a local legend that the fathers of the county placed a jug of twenty-five-year-old whiskey under that cornerstone.

They decided, last summer, to build a new court house, Spencer had voted dry in the previous election, and the thought of a jug of stuff more than a hundred years old was enticing. One night after the work was well along the contractor went to a leading merchant and told him he had peeked into the box under the cornerstone and that there was nothing in it but the roll call of the Masonic lodge and the address of a preacher had made when the stone was laid.

"That won't do at all," said the merchant. "It must have a jug, and a jug it shall have."

So a jug was forthcoming. Next morning news of the discovery went out and the crowd gathered.

In half an hour they had forgotten the increased taxes that the new court house meant, and were unanimously sorry they hadn't torn the old building down long ago.

The last sip was given to a local official, who made a speech which closed as follows: "Gentlemen, our respected and revered fathers knew little about building court-houses, but when it came to making red liquor they knew all about it."

Loud cheers!

TOO MUCH HUSTLE

And Too Much Worry About Some Railroads.

Boston Herald.

Senator Tillman, discussing the Southern railway wreck at Reedy Fork, wherein George Gould and his eldest son nearly lost their lives, said:

"There is, I think, too much hustle, too much hurry, about some of our railroads. This hustle, when we turn to the year's unpardonable casualties, seems as needless as the St. Taylor case. At St. Taylor's funeral the undertaker and the undertaker were conversing in low tones.

"Too bad," said the undertaker, "that poor St's wife wasn't with him when he passed away. How did it happen?"

"Mrs. Taylor, the doctor whispered, 'was too low at the time ordering her mourning outfit.'

"The undertaker, with a bitter smile, turned away to supervise the funeral procession.

"Hold on, gentlemen; this won't do," he said, sternly. "Where is the sixth pallbearer?"

"He's upstairs," another pallbearer explained, "opposing to the widow."

Eleven men were killed by an explosion in a mine near Indiana, Pa.

500 Cumulative Preference Shares! Par value \$100.00 each!

bearing interest at the rate of 7% per annum with the opportunity of earning additional interest.

John Mackintosh's Toffee, Limited

We are pleased to announce that the above shares are selling rapidly. If you wish to participate do not delay your subscription.

Telegraph at our expense, call at our office, or simply write to us stating how many shares you wish to subscribe for, enclosing \$25.00 per share as deposit, balance to be paid when shares are allotted to you.

MORRIS EDGAR AND COMPANY,
FINANCIAL AGENTS,
ROOM 6, 166 BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

WHIG'S FASHION HINT.



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Pearl embroidered tulle dinner

ON A SLOW TRAIN.

Leak in a Boiler Was Cause of Trouble.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The train on the branch road never went very fast. There were various reasons for this, and good ones. Nevertheless, travellers from more populous districts sometimes expressed forcible opinions on the subject. Silas Wetmore, who rode back and forth to and from the junction almost every day, took it upon himself to pacify such as were unduly disturbed by the wails and stops of the little saw-edged string of cars.

One day a particularly irritable passenger sat next to him. He not only complained that the train was slow, but wished to know why it was slow.

"What are we stopping for now?" he asked.

Silas looked out of the window.

"This is a station," he said, mildly.

"Don't see any," said the other.

"Oh, there isn't any building," said Silas, "but it's a stopping place."

By and by the train went on. Presently it stopped, apparently in the middle of a field. This time the stranger did not inquire into the reasons for halting. But after another twenty minutes the same thing occurred. Finally he broke out again.

"What we stopping here for? Isn't any station here, is it?"

"No station," said Silas. "We're stopping for water."

"Water!" exclaimed the other.

"Water! Why, we just took in water not five minutes ago. What do you mean?"

"Boiler leaks," said Silas, patiently; and the other relapsed into silence.

During a dispute over a bill for rent, Joseph Martel, Montreal, shot his landlord, James McGovern, and his two daughters. McGovern is in the hospital in a critical condition.

The Canadian Northern will spend \$5,000,000 on new terminals at Montreal.

Trouble With the Stomach

That can only be cured when liver and kidneys are set right by DR. A. W. CHASE'S KIDNEY AND LIVER PILLS.

It is customary to put all the responsibility on the stomach for indigestion and its accompanying discomforts.

This is all wrong, for *digestion* always the liver and kidneys are to blame, and you find among the symptoms for and the undertaker were conversing in low tones.

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ANOTHER BIG WEEK AT SUTHERLAND'S RED LETTER SHOE SALE

25% Discount STILL IN EFFECT. COME EARLY.

J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO.,
"The Home of Good Shoes."

CALIFORNIA NAVEL ORANGES "SUNKIST"

AND OTHER KINDS AT 12 1/2c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 40c, and 50c per dozen.

"SUNKIST" wrappers can be exchanged for SPOONS at our Store, saving the trouble of sending to Toronto.

SEE SPOONS DISPLAYED IN WINDOW.

With every 12 wrappers bring six 2c stamps and get one of those beautiful Rogers' Orange Spoons.

Oranges in wrappers bearing name "Sydney Rose" are also "SUNKIST" Oranges, and wrappers either sent to California Fruit Growers' Exchange, 12 Church Street, Toronto, or brought here will be accepted for spoons.

A. J. REES, 166 Princess St
Phone 58

MARMALADE ORANGES

Our Bitter Oranges have arrived. They are the best we ever had. Fine, large and firm at 25 and 30c doz.

R. H. TOYE, 302 King St.
Phone 141

CURE FOR A COLD.

An Amusing Story Told by Mark Twain.

Editor and Publisher.

At his daughter's wedding, Mark Twain, in the scarlet cap and gown of Oxford, was a speech. He related many amusing memories of his journalistic life in Virginia City, says a writer in the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"A temperance lecturer once came to Virginia City," he said, "and in his lecture he cited the case of a young Nevada who had died from the effects of a half-pint of brandy."

"The case was a well known one, but it had been a pint of whiskey, not a half-pint of brandy, that had killed the youth, and consequently I, as 'Answers to Correspondents' man on the Enterprise, wasn't astonished when I got this letter the day after the lecture:

"To settle a bet, please state in your valuable paper whether young man referred to in last night's temperance lecture, drank half pint of brandy or pint of whiskey.—Constant Reader."

"My reply to this was: 'Constant Reader—A pint of whiskey.'"

"The reply appeared, as was our rule, the week after its receipt; but, meanwhile, a school teacher had written in for a cold cure. The school teacher, too, had adopted the signature of 'Constant Reader,' and he mistook our other correspondent's answer for his own. Luckily, though, he had a good constitution, and the next day he wrote in to us:

"Dear editor: Thanks for valuable cold cure. It worked splendidly. The cold is completely gone now, and nothing remains but a bad headache from the pint of whiskey.—Constant Reader."

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Exsiccato-Irono Quinino Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.