



A GRAND OPENING Wednesday, March 16th

We would like to have every man, woman and child who can possibly get to our store to favor us with a visit. We open the spring season on the above date with the choicest stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Furnishings and Headgear ever brought into the city.

We extend to you, reader, a hearty invitation and a warm welcome to our store. Look in our windows, come in and examine our stock, and by your verdict, we stand or fall. Our goods merit the highest praise, while our prices are the lowest in the city.

In Men's and Young Men's Suits and Top Coats we have all the fashionable fabrics and shades in the very latest styles. They are made according to the very highest standards and guaranteed to keep their shape. Prices range from \$9.50 to \$17.50. We have other lines at \$7.50, \$6.50 and \$5.00.

Our Spring Clothing for Boys and Children is so attractive that it is easily ahead of any display ever made in Kingston. We have every new idea in Sailor, Buster, Russian Blouse and Fauntleroy Styles. In fact, several new features (which are very attractive) in 2 and 3 Garment Suits. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$9.50.



You Who Know What's What About Styles and Make, Come In.

The Latest Style Rain Coat. Turn up the collar—that's all. We are sole Agents for Kingston.



New Neckwear, Bright and Snappy New Shirts, New Hats, Gloves, &c.

It's just the time of the year, now, to see all the new ideas. Remember the Lowest prices in the city.

RONEY & CO., 127 Princess St.

The Store That Sets the Pace

NEWS OF NEIGHBORS

WHAT WHIG CORRESPONDENTS TELL US.

The Tidings From Various Points in Eastern Ontario—What People Are Doing And What They Are Saying.

News From Sharpton.

Sharpton, March 11.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor have returned to their home at Hartington, after spending the winter here. Mrs. W. Vrooman is visiting her mother, who is critically ill at Sydenham. A. Paterson has purchased a cream separator. Visitors: P. McKeown, Stratheona, at Mrs. D. Karine; Miss Maggie McKeown and brother, Peter, at P. Mohan's.

Reports From Bath.

Bath, March 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Robertson, from Violet, visited at James Stevenson's, on Monday last. A number went to Kingston, on Wednesday, to see the hockey match. Mr. Hughes, cheesemaker for the factory here, moved in last week from Marlbank. Mrs. William Smith, Odessa, is visiting at Edward Wemp's. Mrs. Eva Pinyer, of Wolfe Island, is visiting her mother, Mrs. C. Wemp.

Tidings From Tamworth.

Tamworth, March 10.—The remains of James Parks were brought home from Kingston for burial. Deceased was aged seventy years. Mr. Jamieson, of Hamilton, is visiting at C. H. Rose's. The remains of the infant son of George House, Jr., were buried at Christ Church, on Wednesday last. Miss Jessie Card died at Fifth Lake, on Tuesday last, and the funeral was held on Thursday last. Word was received yesterday that John Fuller was taken very suddenly ill with appendicitis and taken to Montreal hospital. C. A. Jones, of Toronto, spent Tuesday with his sister.

Selby Wants Telephones.

Selby, March 10.—A fierce electrical storm passed through here on Sunday night, striking B. Dennison's house and shattering a chimney. A great many attended the debate in the Methodist church on Friday evening. Mrs. Charles Boyd visited Mrs. Robert Paul on Wednesday. Malcolm McPherson has resumed his duties at the N.C.I. Miss Minnie Doig spent Sunday with her sister.

Feel Headachy?

It probably comes from the bile or some sick condition of the stomach or bowels. No matter which, put yourself right with

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In Cases 25 cents.

Joyceville Jottings.

Joyceville, March 10.—Frederick Lucy intends erecting a brick house in the spring. Miss Agnes McCarey has left for Oswego, N.Y., to become a trained nurse. Mrs. J. Heaney is able to be around again. Mrs. W. J. Johnston is spending a few days in Belleville. Visitors: Mrs. James Marshall at Mrs. J. Trotter's; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hitecock, Washburn, at J. Hitecock's; J. Tierney, Seely's Bay, at D. McCarey's; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Donaldson at J. Hutton's; Miss Lillie and T. McCarey at J. P. Murphy's; Taylor; Miss Kathleen Keys, in the city; W. Trotter at J. Richfort's; Brewer's Mills.

From Mountain Grove.

Mountain Grove, March 10.—In spite of bad roads the farmers are still busy hauling logs to the mill. The many friends of B. F. Carley are glad that he is staying at Mountain Grove as agent. H. McKinnon, who has been assisting Mr. Carley for a few weeks, returned to Ivanhoe. There is an increase in population since a young son has come to the home of Joshua Cox. J. E. Price spent Sunday in Tweed. Miss Mabel Johnson, of Sharbot Lake, spent Sunday with Mrs. Harvey Loyst. Mrs. Butterill and little daughter, Ola, have been visiting at Bedford Station. An enjoyable time was spent at the oyster supper at A. Crozier's. Mr. and Mrs. Richmond have returned from a two weeks' visit at Roblin and Napanea. Miss England is spending a few weeks in Kaladar.

Blair Settlement Death.

Blair Settlement, March 10.—School is progressing finely under the management of the most popular teacher, Miss Fair. Robert Blair, Sr., a lifelong resident of this place, passed away after a short illness on March 3rd, at the age of eighty-three years. The funeral was held on Saturday and was very largely attended. Rev. Mr. Renden had charge of the service. Deceased leaves five sons. H. Hunt is moving on a farm near Glenvale. Mrs. E. Gibson, of Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. R. Gibson. S. T. McCann is building an addition to his factory at Centreville, and intends making butter next summer. Miss Blair and Mrs. William Blair are visiting friends near Kingston. Miss Fair visited her home at Athens on Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. C. Saunders spent Sunday at John Clair's. Miss Hutchings, of Winnipeg, is the guest of Mrs. A. Hutchings. Miss Merald, Gordine, at John Blair's.

Wedding at Yarker.

Yarker, March 10.—At the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. John Irish, the marriage took place of her daughter, Alice, to Hiram Shangraw, of the township of Portland, on Wednesday evening. Rev. J. Batstone officiating. The bride was assisted by Miss Ethel Vanness, of Bell Rock, cousin of the groom, and Melville Irish, brother of the bride, was best man. The bride looked charming in her rich dress of cream silk, trimmed with soutache braid. She was given away by her brother. The parlor was tastefully decorated. Over the bridal couple was a beautiful arch while the background was profusely arranged with flowers. Mendelsohn's Wedding March was played by Miss Nellie Lee, when the bridal couple and invited guests sat down to an elaborate table in the dining-room in the centre of which was a four-storey wedding cake. Many valuable presents were given the bride, attending to the esteem in which she is held by her many friends. The bride is a popular young lady and has been a member of the Methodist church choir for the past five years, and also organist in the Sabbath school. Both bride and groom are well and favorably known. They will reside in the township of Portland.

GIRLS FROM CANADA ON A VISIT.



GROUP OF CANADIAN GIRLS ON THE CLYDE LINE S.S. APACHE. A group of Canadian girls enjoy a two hours' whirl through New York. They are on a three weeks' trip to Jacksonville, Fla., guests of the Mercury, Guelph, Ont.

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EMPEROR'S WAGER

By CLINTON DANGERFIELD

The emperor of the Celestial Kingdom walked slowly through the imperial gardens. He was plunged in gloomy meditations, for the royal exchequer was almost empty, and, worse still—there was no chance of replenishing it just now, for the people had been drained and bled until even fifteen-century patience was nearly exhausted.

As the emperor wandered disconsolately along he came suddenly on a man—sound asleep in one of the royal arbors! Now, this was high treason, less majestic, and all other crimes in one, for the man was evidently a common person. Yet the emperor was not offended. He had in him a touch of good comradeship, toward the lower inhabitants of his realm that was one of his few redeeming points. Bending over the sleeper, he woke him. As soon as the startled criminal realized his position, he fell on his knees and knocked his head on the earth with "obscure regularity."

"Stop at that," said his majesty, irritably. "Who are you, or rather, what are you?"

"Son of heaven," murmured the man, "I am Ling Foo—an architect."

"An architect," repeated the emperor. "That means a builder—but you know nothing of erecting a fortune! That's the only kind of building worth considering."

"Refrugal Day Star, whose brightness is too great even for my dream-doubtless sure that the tower faces east?" he asked softly. The emperor's forgetfulness was proverbial.

His royal host stared in his turn. "Of course, I am certain," he said, bravely.

"Then your celestial highness would not mind making it the subject of a little wager," suggested Hwa-tung, smoothly. The prince was pre-eminently a betting man.

"I fear you are only doing this to 'tease me,'" said the emperor, kindly.

"We had better make the bet a small one."

Hwa-tung trembled with excitement. The reports of the emperor's forgetfulness were evidently not exaggerated. Here was the chance of a lifetime. "Let us make the wager worthy of your exalted nobility," he said, nervously. "Shall we say one hundred thousand taels?"

"It is an immense sum," said the emperor, thoughtfully. (A tael, he it said, equals about one dollar and a half in our money.)

"You accept?" urged the prince.

"Since my guest wishes it, it shall be so," returned the emperor, graciously.

"Shall we visit the tower to-day?" asked Hwa-tung, eagerly—but just then messengers announcing the arrival of Princess Woo San-quei and Shun-che were admitted, and the journey to the tower—several miles away—was necessarily postponed. The princes were greeted with great parental joy by the emperor, and he made himself so agreeable that their former strained relationships were almost forgotten.

That night the two new arrivals slept in the tower, and Hwa-tung was detained near the emperor's person. The latter was uneasy about his enormous bet—but he comforted himself by reflecting that the tower was a huge mass of masonry, and could hardly be juggled within a single

deliberate land—the emperor forcing the unhappy workmen to accept their divine ruler's promise to pay on a date resembling the Greek Kalends. The finishing touches were soon put, and the emperor invited his three neighbors, the obstreperous princes, to help him celebrate the completion.

They came, partly because they knew his divine majesty's funds were low and his army greatly decreased, and that therefore they were the stronger of the two, and partly because they really wanted to see the tower in order to build a larger one when they got home.

The invitations had been issued at widely different dates, so that Prince Hwa-tung came first. He was royally received and royally entertained. That evening he was conducted to the new tower, where he was to spend the night. He slept well, and the next day rejoined the emperor at his palace, loud in his praise of the buildings. The tower formed the chief subject of conversation and ran so in the emperor's mind that in referring to a well-known fact he remarked that "it was as certain as that the new tower faced east."

For a moment Prince Hwa-tung stared, then a faint smile crossed his face. "Is your Most Gracious Individuality sure that the tower faces east?" he asked softly. The emperor's forgetfulness was proverbial.

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That night the two new arrivals slept in the tower, and Hwa-tung was detained near the emperor's person. The latter was uneasy about his enormous bet—but he comforted himself by reflecting that the tower was a huge mass of masonry, and could hardly be juggled within a single

night. The next morning, while Woo San-quei and Shun-che were still sweetly sleeping, Hwa-tung was aroused and informed that his imperial majesty was ready for a constitutional and would enjoy his company. A hint that they would pass the new tower lent wings to Hwa-tung's toilet, and presently he found himself before the disputed face of the building, in company with the emperor. Hwa-tung remembered distinctly that when he had formerly occupied chambers in front of the tower not a ray of the morning sun could reach them, and he had wondered over the emperor's doubtful taste in the matter. Imagine his consternation when his attention was now called to the fact that the beams of the sun were pouring into those very rooms, although it was not yet nine in the morning. Rage and chagrin swept across his face, but the emperor remained—and his bet was lost. The emperor joked him gently on their revolving in his mind how to raise funds for paying his debt.

Later in the day the other two guests presented themselves, and after the usual interchange of courtesies, the emperor laughingly referred to the fact that so deep had been Hwa-tung's potations that he had imagined the tower faced east.

"While any son of an intelligent mother," said Shun-che, more quickly than politely, "knows it faces south."

The emperor looked at him inquiringly. "South?"

"We can both testify to that, your divinity," returned Woo San-quei, bowing low.

"My mind is not so clear as it was," said the emperor, "yet I would wager my imperial income for a year that the tower faces east."

The two princes almost fell over each other in their eagerness to make the bet—and Hwa-tung, not daring to mention the sum he had lost—pulled his slim monstache and wondered if the emperor had gone crazy.

The emperor and all three guests went straightway to the tower—only to find that the emperor was correct. That night the three guests, after comparing notes together, secretly left the city. Black magic was rife somewhere. They paid their bets very honestly—such payments being, as they are now, points of etiquette.

For many years the whole matter was a deep mystery to them. Then the truth came out. The new building was the afterward world-renowned Turning Tower—a mechanical marvel never surpassed, never indeed, equaled, by any other nation. This great structure turned on a metal axis, and could be made to face in any direction as wisely and easily as though it had been a toy. Small wonder that the unfortunate princes had been made to doubt their own sanity, or that the insolent pride of modern accomplishment loses some of its strange arrogance when it looks back on this marvellous structure—built to decide an emperor's bet!

"Fresh for Easter," McCook's and Huyler's high-class sweets. Sold only at Gibson's Red Cross drug stores.

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS, GUYTON, CANADA