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Round Trip Fare from Kingston, \$24.55.  
Good going Nov. 29th, 30th, 31st and Dec. 1st, good to return until Dec. 31st.

**ONTARIO PROVINCIAL FAIR, GUELPH, ONT.,**  
December 5th to 9th.  
Round Trip Fare from Kingston \$24.55.  
Good going Saturday, Dec. 3rd, to Friday, December 5th, good to return until Dec. 12th.  
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In Connection With  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

**Trains Leave Kingston**  
12:01 p.m. Express—For Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, N.B., Halifax, Boston, Toronto, Chicago, Des Moines, New York, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco.  
8:00 a.m.—Local for Sharbot Lake connecting with C. P. R. East and West.  
7:45 a.m. Mixed—For Renfrew and intermediate points, Mon., Wed. and Friday.  
Passengers leaving Kingston at 11:01 p.m. arrive in Ottawa at 5 p.m.; Peterboro, 4:35 p.m.; Toronto, 6:54 p.m.; Montreal, 7:05 p.m.; Boston, 7:35 p.m.; St. John, 12:00 noon.  
Full particulars at K. and P. and C.P.R. ticket office, Ontario Street, Kingston, Ont., Gen. Pass. Agent.

**RAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY.**  
Train leaves Union Station, Ontario Street, 4 p.m. daily (Sunday excepted) for Trenton, Bytown, Nepean, Deseronto, Hallowell and all points north to secure quick despatch to Hallowell, Trenton, Bytown, Nepean, Deseronto, Ontario route your shipments via Ray of Quinte Railway. For further particulars, apply R. W. DICKSON, Agent, Phone No. 3.

**Lake Ontario and Bay of Quinte Steamboat Co., Limited.**

**Household Economy**

**How to Have the Best Cough Syrup and Save \$2, by Making it at Home.**

Cough medicines, as a rule, contain a large quantity of plain syrup. If you take two cups of granulated sugar, add one cup of warm water, and stir about 2 minutes, you have a good syrup as money could buy.

If you will then put 3/4 ounce of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a 16 oz bottle, and fill it up with the Sugar Syrup, you will have as much cough syrup as you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. It keeps perfectly.

And you will find it the best cough syrup you ever used—even in whooping cough. You can feel it take hold in 24 hours. It is just laxative enough has a good tonic effect and taste is pleasant. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

It is a splendid remedy, too, for hoarseness, asthma, chest pains, etc. Pinex is the most valuable compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in gualic acid and all the healing pine elements. No other preparation will work in this formula.

This recipe for making cough remedy with Pinex and Sugar Syrup is now used and prized in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada. The plan has often been imitated but never successfully.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex or will get it for you. If not send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

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**THE WORMWITH PIANO CO LIMITED,**  
102 PRINCESS STREET.

**BOARDING IN A CUBAN HOME**

You Must Not Mention Money, but You Pay All the Same.

In Cuba, where money is not talked of, where no one is valued according to his money, the need of it is neverless the sword hanging over every home. Money—the lack of it is evident everywhere, but the world is never mentioned, writes Kate Jorg in the New Idea Woman's Magazine.

"Be sure you do not speak of money," the Cuban friend who had introduced us had said. "From her cousin's brother-in-law I know the senora expects \$15 a week for each of you. Put this in an envelope with her full name on it, which you know means not only her husband's name, but all of her own family names, which I will give you, and leave it where she will find it. It will disappear, but," said our Cuban friend proudly and sternly, "it will never be mentioned."

To eat our three meals under the summer sky gave a holiday flavor to what becomes habit. Our table was set under a palm on one of the galleries. Our first taste of the ice-creams of Cuba was a moment to be remembered. They are peeled whole and so close that even the juicy pods are cut into a little. A fork is stuck into each orange, and, resting in a bowl of ice packed all night, they are in the morning little globes of iced liquid sweetness. They are eaten while held up on the fork, on the pulp, the skeleton of the orange being left impaled on it.

The Havana housekeeper believes in having the cook, with the gravity of a prime minister, deposit the food on the table, because to her point of view what is meant to be hot should be as hot as cayenne and what is meant to be cold of a polar ice-cream.

After the cook's triumphant bearing in of a fish other servants are on hand to give minor service.

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"I wanted to get in on the game, so I decided to bet \$2 on a black gamecock that looked good to me. I handed over my money, but I didn't get a ticket. I felt sure I should never again see my money even if I had picked the winner. Well, the mate was fought, and my bird won. I watched the bookmaker as he went among the crowd, handing money here and there. When he came to me he handed over \$10. I was surprised, but he didn't notice it, as he was too busy cleaning up his slate. Finally I discovered through a spectator near by who could speak English a little that my bird had been a four to one shot.

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"Mrs. Malaprop and a gentleman were discussing a beautiful young lady poet. The gentleman said: "What I regard as the most conspicuous thing about her is her natvete."

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See Seabell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont., or at Best's Drug Store.

**SWEATING COINS.**

Gold Pieces Cleverly Robbed of Their Precious Metal.

**THE SYSTEM IS A FINE ART.**

Nowadays Chemical Baths, Splitting and Abrasion Take the Place of the Older and Cruder Plugging—Branding the Lightweight Money.

A drilled or "plugged" coin has become something of a curiosity. Every one remembers the inconvenience of these mutilated coins. It was a matter of daily occurrence to find oneself in possession of a silver, gold or even nickel coin defaced in this way. Sometimes the hole was filled with some baser metal; often it was left open. This system of mutilating coins had the advantage, however, of being perfectly obvious, and so careful persons need be deceived.

Nowadays the work of defacing coins is reduced to a fine art. The old crude method of plugging the coins will not suffice, since the general public and the government are far more intolerant of the practice than ever before. If the precious metal is to be robbed from the coins it must be done so cleverly that even the expert will be deceived. It no longer pays to mutilate nickel or even silver coins, so, except in exceptional cases, it is only the gold coins which are mutilated. This practice, commonly known as "sweating," requires considerable skill, and the ingenuity displayed is often amazing.

The "sweating" must be done in such a way that the coin will appear perfect, even to the closest observer. The federal government will not permit any gold coin to circulate the weight of which is below the point of legal tolerance, which is fixed at one-half of 1 per cent. If a coin is found to be lighter than this it is stamped with a large L, to indicate its lightness, and is returned to the bank or the individual who last handled it. The only redress of the owner is to have the coin sent to Washington to be reminted. The owner must stand the loss in weight, which is often considerable. In cases where the coin has been "sweated" an investigation may follow, with criminal prosecution.

One of the most fastidious methods of "sweating" and perhaps the most difficult of all to detect is the electroplating method. The gold coins are placed in a chemical bath, and part of the gold is detached by electricity and deposited on some other object. In this way the gold is removed with perfect evenness from all parts of the coin. The letters and general design or the millage may be slightly dulled in the process, but only as it might be from general wear and tear. The lightness of the coin will be detected by the scales at the treasury, but in the meantime a coat of gold may grow from hand to hand for a long time without arousing suspicion. It is obviously exceedingly difficult to trace the offender.

Another baffling method is to split the coin and remove the gold from the inner surface. The hole is then filled up with some baser metal, so that the weight will be the same, and the two sides are then welded together. It is possible to take a dollar's worth of gold or more in this way from a twenty dollar gold piece. If the work be skillfully done it is impossible to detect such a coin by its weight, and the only clue will be in some flaw in the milling. Naturally it takes a trained, experienced eye to pick out such a coin. Meanwhile the gold piece has probably circulated for days or even months, and it is exceedingly difficult to trace the offender.

One of the commonest methods of "sweating" is to shake up a number of gold coins in a chamois bag and preserve the dust and microscopic particles which have been loosened. The bag is first moistened, so that the gold will adhere to it, and is afterward burned and the gold assayed. The burrs or dents on the coins will appear to have been made in the ordinary handling. The profit from this treatment is small, but many people seem to find profit in it. The question arises if the ingenuity and labor thus expended would not bring a larger return if devoted to some legitimate work.

The men who handle the gold become marvelously expert in detecting the "sweated" coins. In handling millions of dollars' worth of gold a defaced coin will rarely get past them. The coins are spread out in trays before them and turned over and the light coins picked out. A slight flaw in the milling, a dulled appearance of the lettering or a suspicious nick on the surface will be quickly identified. As a final test the scales, which will weigh a single hair, are resorted to, and if the slightest discrepancy can be found every coin is examined separately until the faulty one has been discovered.—New York Times.

Sturving the Biscuit.

"Thanks for de biscuit, mum," remarked Dusty Rhodes, "but you mistake me errand in dis community."

"What 47c mean?"

"I'm sturving social conditions, not geology."—Fittsburg Post.

He Got His.

Mr. Flubb—This affair is horribly dull. I guess I'll go home. Miss Clip—That would remove some of the dullness, Mr. Flubb.—Boston Transcript.

Hold fastness and sincerity as first principles; have no friends not equal to yourself.—Confucius.

Jem Macs, one time champion and millionaire pugilist, latterly practically a pauper, died at Jarrow, Eng., on Wednesday.

An insult from the ignorant is hardly worth resenting.

**LONG A MYSTERY.**

Experts Could Not Agree on Material of a Celebrated Glass Vase.

In the British Museum in London, on exhibition is the Portland vase, the masterpiece of ancient glasswork. A chance discovery led to the rescue of this magnificent vase from the grave, where it had lain for hundreds of years, hidden and unknown. The vase was found early in the seventeenth century by some laborers, who, digging on a hillock in the neighborhood of Brompton, hit the large vault.

On further examination it revealed a suite of three sepulchral chambers. In the largest room they found a finely sculptured sarcophagus, which contained the beautiful vase. It was full of ashes, but it bore no inscription as to the remains it held, nor has the mystery ever been solved which shrouds its origin.

The vase was deposited in the Barber's Palace, where it remained until 1770, when the representative of the Barberini family, a Roman princess, was forced to part with it to pay her gambling debts. The vase changed hands twice, then it was disposed of by the Duchess of Portland, but with such secrecy that her own family was not aware of the transaction until after her death.

At the sale of the Duchess of Portland's collection it was purchased by her son, the third Duke of Portland, for the sum of \$5,145, and it was deposited in the museum by his successor. The vase was wantonly smashed in pieces by a drunken visitor, but the fragments were, however, joined together, but the bottom, with its mysterious figure in Phrygian cap, was not replaced.

The material of this case was long almost as great a puzzle as the story it illustrates. Brevet refers to it as "the famous vase of chaledony"; Mission calls it an agate; Bartoli a sardonyx; while Caylus and others sorely decided that it was made of glass. The blue body was first formed, and the white still red hot, coated over as far as the bas reliefs were intended to reach with semiopaque white glass, the delicate figures being afterwards cut down to the blue ground in the same manner as with real cameo.

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The Madhi's Lamp.

A most interesting relic of the battle of Omdurman and of the destruction of the tomb of the Madhi has just been deposited in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. This is the actual glass lantern, composed of red and white glass, which was found hanging over the tomb on that eventful day in the early part of September, 1898. It has since been in the possession of the 21st Lancers, who, it may be remembered, took part in the famous charge, and it has now been removed from the museum and placed in the Whitehall collection. Here also may be seen the metal top of the tomb, showing the disastrous effect of the repeated shelling by the 37th Howitzer Field Artillery.

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A most interesting relic of the battle of Omdurman and of the destruction of the tomb of the Madhi has just been deposited in the Museum of the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall. This is the actual glass lantern, composed of red and white glass, which was found hanging over the tomb on that eventful day in the early part of September, 1898. It has since been in the possession of the 21st Lancers, who, it may be remembered, took part in the famous charge, and it has now been removed from the museum and placed in the Whitehall collection. Here also may be seen the metal top of the tomb, showing the disastrous effect of the repeated shelling by the 37th Howitzer Field Artillery.

**LONG A MYSTERY.**

Experts Could Not Agree on Material of a Celebrated Glass Vase.

In the British Museum in London, on exhibition is the Portland vase, the masterpiece of ancient glasswork. A chance discovery led to the rescue of this magnificent vase from the grave, where it had lain for hundreds of years, hidden and unknown. The vase was found early in the seventeenth century by some laborers, who, digging on a hillock in the neighborhood of Brompton, hit the large vault.

On further examination it revealed a suite of three sepulchral chambers. In the largest room they found a finely sculptured sarcophagus, which contained the beautiful vase. It was full of ashes, but it bore no inscription as to the remains it held, nor has the mystery ever been solved which shrouds its origin.

The vase was deposited in the Barber's Palace, where it remained until 1770, when the representative of the Barberini family, a Roman princess, was forced to part with it to pay her gambling debts. The vase changed hands twice, then it was disposed of by the Duchess of Portland, but with such secrecy that her own family was not aware of the transaction until after her death.

At the sale of the Duchess of Portland's collection it was purchased by her son, the third Duke of Portland, for the sum of \$5,145, and it was deposited in the museum by his successor. The vase was wantonly smashed in pieces by a drunken visitor, but the fragments were, however, joined together, but the bottom, with its mysterious figure in Phrygian cap, was not replaced.

The material of this case was long almost as great a puzzle as the story it illustrates. Brevet refers to it as "the famous vase of chaledony"; Mission calls it an agate; Bartoli a sardonyx; while Caylus and others sorely decided that it was made of glass. The blue body was first formed, and the white still red hot, coated over as far as the bas reliefs were intended to reach with semiopaque white glass, the delicate figures being afterwards cut down to the blue ground in the same manner as with real cameo.

Telephone Girl's Record.

For a period of six years, which terminated only a day or two ago, Farnham, Surrey, England, possessed the paragon of telephone operators, a girl who never made mistakes or lost her temper. She was not the only operator at the Farnham Exchange, but the one who would answer a call made the use of the telephone one of the pleasures of life instead of one of its annoyances to subscribers in the district, says The London Daily Mail.

But there is gloom among the telephone users of Farnham, for the girl has got married—to a young man who used to listen to her voice over the telephone wires.

Miss Lilla Patrick was the operator's name—she is Mrs. Lefevre now—and just before her wedding the Farnham telephone subscribers remembered that never once during the whole six years had she presided over the plugs and lines of the Farnham Exchange had a single complaint been made against her. This was a record not to be passed over lightly, so the Farnham subscribers subscribed again, this time for Miss Lilla Patrick, and presented her with \$25 and their good wishes for a happy married life. She received in addition many other separate wedding presents from telephone users.

"We shall never see her like again," said the subscribers who headed the list, in a tone of regret. "She always spoke politely, was obliging and courteous, did her best, was quick in getting numbers, never cut you off too soon, never put you on the wrong number, never snapped at you, would ring when your number was on, and, finally, she had a charming voice."

The manager of the Farnham Exchange speaks thus in praise of Miss Patrick: "Her record in the service of the company was unswerving. Never was a mark made against her. She was a wonderful operator."

To the Scrapheap!

When His Majesty's battleship Dreadnought was launched in February, 1906, one had the feeling that finally had surely been reached in the matter of naval construction; but the navies of the world have been making giant strides ever since.

First came greater Dreadnoughts, and then Dreadnought cruisers, Bostons, scouts, and Tribal destroyers, an early turbine-driven battleship, followed by great steps in the use of oil-fuel.

And in the past few weeks several startling announcements have been put forward. Within a few days we had talk of motor-driven battleships, and a report of a coming small-destroyer, of a height only 36 inches above the water, and with only two guns, but of such power and rapidity of fire that the money spent on Dreadnoughts and super-Dreadnoughts might as well have been thrown into the sea. The guns are to be of 17 inch bore, and will fire a weight of 5,222 pounds.

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**Every Woman**

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