

Two and a Half Hours on Operating Table
Specialist Could Not Remove Stone in The Bladder
GIN PILLS PASSED IT

JOLIETTE, P. O.
 "During August last, I went to Montreal to consult a specialist as I had been suffering terribly with Stone in the Bladder.
 He decided to operate but said the stone was too large to remove and too hard to crush. I returned home and was recommended by a friend to try GIN PILLS.
 They relieved the pain. I took two boxes and went back to the specialist. He said the stone was smaller but he could not remove it although he tried for two hours and a half. I returned home and continued to take GIN PILLS, and to my great surprise and joy, I passed the stone.
 GIN PILLS are the best medicine in the world and because they did me so much good, I will recommend them all the rest of my life."
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 506 a box—6 for \$2.50—at all dealers, and money back if they fail to give relief. Sample box free. National Drug and Chemical Co., Dept. B., Toronto.

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 All good hat stores sell them. Price \$2.50.
 The Hat with a Real Guarantee

OUR CONSIGNMENT
 Of Green and Black Teas from Ceylon have arrived. Through prices are much higher, we are still selling at 30c per lb.
 ANDREW MACLEAN,
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Dr. de Van's Female Pills
 A reliable French regulator of the female system. These pills are extremely effective in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold in a box, or three for \$1. Called by any address. The Beaubien Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.
 For sale at Mahood's Drug Store.

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 The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Physical Weakness, Neuritis, Spasmodic, and Effects of Abuse or Excess. Price 12 per box, six for \$1. One will please, all will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain glass on receipt of price. Write for circular. The Wood Medicine Co. (formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.

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 There are other hotels, but none approach the Club for homelike surroundings. Located in centre of city and clean to principle stores and theatre.
 Charges are moderate. Special rates by the week.
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 Easy to be both economical and well dressed. Send your clothes to us occasionally. We will clean or dye.
R. PARKER & CO.,
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Common Sense Exterminator KILLS RATS AND MICE
 We guarantee you can kill your rat or mouse, anywhere, anytime, with this Common Sense Exterminator. For 15 cents we will send you a trial box. A single box will kill a rat, three boxes will kill a mouse. It kills on the spot. It is safe for you, your children, your pets, and your stock. It is sold by all druggists. Write for circular. COMMON SENSE MFG. CO. 15, 21 Queen St. W., Toronto.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA
 Is good for Growing Girls and Boys—and they like it. It nourishes their little bodies and makes them healthy and strong.
 Cowan's Cocoa, as you get it from your grocer, is absolutely pure. Its delicious flavor is obtained by the use of the highest grade of Cocoa beans, skillfully blended. Nothing is added to impart the health-building properties of the Cocoa.
 Do You Use Cowan's Cocoa?


HABITANT LEGISLATOR

J. B. MORIN NEVER FORGOT THE WAYS OF HIS PEOPLE.
Sturdy French-Canadian, Who Spent Twelve Years in the Commons, Was Noted for His Unconventional Characteristics and Beloved for His Sterling Honesty and Kindness of Heart.

So insistent are the things of the present in comparison with those of the past, so much more important are the men and events at hand than those that have been, and so short is the memory of the public respecting those who have ceased to serve or to entertain, that when the death of Jean Baptiste Morin was announced the other day most people had to think twice in order to recall who the man was, and in what connection they had once known him, says a writer in The Montreal Standard. And yet it is only three years since he retired from public life, in which he had spent a most active and useful life for twelve years he was a conspicuous figure—conspicuous, not because of the high offices he filled or the power he exercised, but because of his strong personality, his clear-cut and often amusing characteristics. In short, Jean Baptiste Morin was a character, but one that not only afforded entertainment to those whose good fortune it was to be associated with him, but that also inspired respect among opponents and won confidence and affection among friends. In fact, it can be truly said of Mr. Morin that, while he had political adversaries, he had no enemies. For twelve consecutive years, that is, from 1896 to 1908, he sat in the House of Commons for the County of Dorchester, Quebec. At least one-half of the members now composing the House were personally acquainted with Mr. Morin, and it is safe to say that not one of these members learned of his death without a feeling of personal bereavement. Those who sat in the House with Jean Baptiste Morin will even hold him in kindly remembrance, and to be so remembered by one's associates is the most beautiful of monuments.

Accompanying the announcement of Mr. Morin's death were published sketches of his career, telling how his ancestors came from St. Etienne, France, away back in 1636—only twenty-eight years after the founding of Quebec by Champlain and his years before the founding of Montreal by Maisonneuve. They settled in what is now Montmagny County, and some of their descendants are living there to this day. The late Jean Baptiste was born not far distance, at St. Charles, in Dorchester. As a lad of sixteen he went to the United States to make his way in the world, and he succeeded. He learned the coal and the lumber business. He engaged in both and made money. He carried on the business of a rail-road contractor, and made more money. After a sojourn of thirty-two years he returned to his native province, where his people dwell and where his heart had ever been. He served his parish and his county in municipal affairs, and in 1896, when the tide of Liberalism swept the country he was elected to the House of Commons, and went to the House of Commons to sit in Opposition.

For twelve years he sat there, and never was member more diligent in his attendance. Whoever might be absent when the Speaker took the chair at three o'clock it was not Jean Baptiste Morin who might steal away to his lodgings during the small hours of an all-night sitting. Jean Baptiste Morin remained at his post until the House adjourned and everybody went home. It seemed to be of little concern to him whether his country permitted him time to sleep or not.

None of the members of his time heard more speeches and delivered fewer. And yet he was not a silent member, for upon about every important question he spoke once, usually briefly, but always with great earnestness. With few exceptions he spoke in English, and it was to some extent because of his rather picturesque use of a language that was not his mother tongue that he was always listened to with interest and often with amusement. But it must not be thought from this that he could not or did not treat a subject seriously or effectively. Nature endowed Mr. Morin with more than the average ability, and although his endowments had not been developed by what the world calls higher education, he had been trained in the harder school of action. He never failed to make his points, and when the subject was one about which his experience gave him special knowledge, his points were telling ones against those whose views he opposed.

In the official, social life of the capital, which is open to every member of Parliament, Mr. Morin took part freely and with evident enjoyment. What made him conspicuous there was the unconventional manner in which he observed the conventionalities.

For instance, he was invited to dine one evening with a prominent member of the Opposition, whose residence was on Sandy Hill, the fashionable quarter of Ottawa, across the canal and in the southeastern part of the city. It was early summer, and the dinner hour came in daylight. When the House some time before it rose for the six o'clock recess, Mr. Morin went to his lodgings to dress for the dinner party. Shortly after six o'clock, with the sun still shining and the breath of day in the air, he was seen making his way sedately along Spark street and across the Sappers' Bridge to the eastern part of the city, attired in an evening suit—conventional "swallow-tail" coat, glazing shirt front, white tie, and all, but his feet were encased in the heavy boots he was accustomed to wear down in Dorchester, and on his head was the black derby he wore in summer and winter. Of course, he

was smoking, for that was his steady pastime, when not attending to his Parliamentary duties. From one corner of his firm mouth projected a stub of a clay pipe, highly colored but still more highly flavored, and dearly beloved because of both qualities. Such was Mr. Morin in the com-

mon dress of polite society. As with unconscious dignity and peculiar unconscious incongruity he walked along Spark street he was the observed of all observers, a sight to be openly laughed at by the ill-bred, and by others to be carried away in the mind's eye and enjoyed in secret. But Mr. Morin cared for none of these things.

For almost a third of a century he lived in a foreign land, and life there only tended to make him more appreciative of the worth of Canadian citizenship and of British allegiance. So far as his powers and opportunities permitted, and according to his light, he did what he could for the cause of good government and national development. He did not achieve distinction, but he did the things next at hand that seemed to be right. While Quebec has contributed to public life many greater men, she has also conferred distinction upon other less worthy of remembrance than is Jean Baptiste Morin.

A PERILOUS MOMENT.

When Canada's Constitution Was Nearly Wrecked.

The Constitution came within an ace of being shattered when Mr. Fielding was putting his interim supply bill through its various formal stages. Whenever Mr. Speaker is in his chair, the Mace must be on the table. This is one of the ironclad rules of the House. During the former proceedings of sending a supply bill on its way to the Senate, the Speaker rose in and out of his chair continually, for the reason that one minute the House is in committee and the next in full dress again. When in committee the Mace reposes simply on a shelf under the table. On this occasion Chairman Gilbert McIntyre was performing his usual functions with the bill in committee stage, and Col. Harry Smith, somewhat weary with rousing up and down lifting the Mace off and on the table, retired from the chamber with Captain Chambers, "the gentlemanly usher of the Black Rod." While he was absent it became necessary for the Speaker to take his seat again. He did so, but horrible to behold, the Mace was not on the table! Sydney Fisher, who is a stickler for parliamentary etiquette, gasped in astonishment, and motioned to Doctor Sproule, another "light of ancient days," whose respect for the rules is almost as strong as his Orange principles. Meanwhile, Speaker Marcell was rushing through the chamber, which sounded like "Mr. Fielding moves, seconded by Mr. Patterson, that the bill be read a third time pleasure of the House to adopt the motion carried." By this time Mr. Fisher's face was blushing red, and Dr. Sproule hastily sent a page for a glass of water. (Whenever the doctor is consulted he always takes the water cure.) Finally the door-keeper, noticing the Sproule and Fisher signals of distress, saved the day by rushing in and hopping the time-honored emblem of power and authority on the table with a thud which thrilled the ink over the desk of Dr. Flint, clerk of the House. Mr. Fisher is reported to be seriously considering the nomination of the doorkeeper for an Edward medal of the highest class. He certainly prevented a breach being made in the walls of constitution, and in the words of the late lamented Doctor Barr, M.P. for Dufferin, "he seen his duty and he done it noble."

The Soft Answer.

Lord Beaconsfield is alleged to have once informed a young author "that he would lose no time in reading his book," with which statement the young man was perfectly satisfied. In the same way, sometimes, says the Parliamentary reporter of The Ottawa Free Press, the Minister of Public Works, realizing that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," sometimes comforts members of the Opposition with a similar double-edged statement. It was "just the time you ought to go to bed," the other day, when one of the longest-winded and strongest-jawed members of the Opposition rose to his feet and asked the Minister to promise to prepare plans for a certain postoffice. It was either a soft answer or a flood of eloquence lasting till two o'clock in the morning. The whole House waited in suspense to see whether the Minister could dam that flood. "Ah," said Mr. Pugsley, "I can assure the honorable member that no time shall be lost in preparing those plans. The member was satisfied and the day was saved. These, with myriads of others, are a few of the humors of the House of Commons—the school for politicians.

The Canadian Type.

Before the Royal Colonial Institute, Mr. Ellis T. Powell spoke of the native-born Canadian as evolving a distinct racial type. No observant traveler, he thought, could have failed to notice it. It carries "the stamp of resolute determination combined with intellectual alertness, but both these characteristics soften instantly into geniality when the more human emotions come into play." Canadian faces may spring partly from contemplation of the vast national heritage handed down to them by their fathers.—Toronto News.

Dogs Unpopular.

Up to date there have been only 61 dog tags taken out in Gall. In 1909, 456 were taken out, and in 1910 only 360.

Only One "Bromo Quinine."

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Groves. Used the world over to Cure a Cold in One Day, 25c.

"RATS! MR. SPEAKER."

M.P.'s Who Have Defied the First Commemoration of England.

"I have only been really afraid of two men in my life," a well-known British M.P. recently declared, "and they were Dr. Temple, my headmaster at Rugby, and Mr. Speaker Peel. Of the two, the Speaker was much the more formidable."
 Such is the reverence that hedges the Chair to-day. How different it was in some past centuries the following extracts from the "Journals of the House" tell us. Thus: "The House was informed by Mr. Speaker that Sir E. Herbert put not off his hat to him, but put out his tongue and popped his mouth with his finger in scorn."
 And again: "The House was informed by Mr. Speaker that Mr. T. . . in a loud and violent manner, standing near the Speaker's chair, cried 'Baw' in the Speaker's ear, to the great terror and concernment of the Speaker, and the members of the House."
 . . . third irrelevant member, who had drunk not wisely but too well, once actually called on "Mr. Speaker for a song!"
 It is small wonder that in those days the Speaker was thus openly flouted and mocked. He was usually a weak-kneed creature of the court or of a faction—a gilded lackey who cringed and bowed the knee.
 Rich grovelled before Henry VIII., and compared him for justice to Solomon, for strength to Samson, and for beauty and comeliness to Wolsey. Even more he stooped to Wolsey with abject humility. Yelverton apologized humbly for his small stature and soft and bashful nature; and Tiptoft besought tolerance for his "lack of sense."
 Of a very different metal, however, was Sir Edward Seymour, the haughty and autocratic, who, when Charles II. summoned him to attend in the Upper House, sent back answer that he would be "torn by wild horses sooner than quit the Chair."
 When Sergeant Pemberton once passed him with a familiar nod, Seymour promptly gave him into arrest; and on another occasion, when his own carriage broke down on the way to the House, he stopped the next vehicle that came along, turned its occupant out, and took his place, saying: "Sir, it is more proper for you to walk in the streets than the Speaker of the House of Commons."
 Sir John Tiptoft, another autocrat of the weak-kneed days, once gave his sovereign a severe lecture, and told him that he and his house were "no better than they ought to be"; and Sir Fletcher Norton read George III. a scolding on his extravagance, which cost him his Chair.
 Among many remarkable Speakers of past centuries were Sir John Popham and Sir John Trevor.
 Popham was kidnapped as a child, brought up among gipsies, played the role of highwayman, and ended his days as Lord Chief Justice.
 It was Popham, by the way, who, when Queen Bess asked him "what hath passed in the Lower House," gravely answered, with a twinkle in his eye: "Seven weeks, your Majesty."
 Trevor's career was equally adventurous. From office-boy to a lawyer, he rose to be Speaker of the Commons, filled his pockets with bribes, and finally had to proclaim his own dishonor by declaring from the Chair the decision of the House that "Sir John Trevor is guilty of the high crime of misemeanor."
 Among Trevors many physical peculiarities were an abominable squint, which made the process of "catching his eye" so full of confusion that it was necessary to call the member by name—a practice which has since prevailed.
 Speaker William Tresham was killed by highwaymen, Thomas Thorpe died on the scaffold, and Sir John Wenlock was cloven through the skull on Tewkesbury Field.

First Night Cough Appears.

An inserted slip on every program at the Kingsway Theatre, London, on the first night of Laurence Irving and his company presented "The Lily" said, "The management begs to state that any one troubled with a first night cough will be supplied with jujubes on application."
 The management now explains that there are a number of people who make a practice of coughing at first nights with the object of wrecking the play. They say it is an organized conspiracy by out of work actors, actresses, minor dramatists and other disappointed or disgraced persons.
 Mr. Irving says there was an organized storm of coughing on the first night of his production of "The Unwritten Law." The same thing happened when Sir Beerholm Tree gave "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Irving says he does not object to boss and hisses, but nothing upsets actors more than constant coughing. It is a most subtle weapon, as it is so infectious.

Eddystone Island Is Smallest.

The island on which the Eddystone light house is situated is the smallest inhabited island in the world, it is said, although there may be some disputants to this claim in the Thousand Islands. It is only thirty feet in diameter at low water.

Carlyle's Home Bought.

The house in which Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan has been sold to the London syndicate which possesses Carlyle's house at Chelsea and will be furnished to represent the house as it was in Carlyle's boyhood.

Result of a Fad.

Poverty came in at the door. Love immediately flew out of the window. "Ah," said those who observed, "this is what comes of being fresh air, faddists!"

Provision For Regent.

By a special Regency Act, passed last year, Queen Mary was appointed Regent in the event of a child of King George V. succeeding to the throne before the age of eighteen.

Land Lines in Dispute Get Worshippers at the Same Church to Looking Sour at Each Other.

The man who lifts up and holds up has thoughts of both earth and Heaven.



Use Sunlight Soap This Way

Wet the clothes, soap well with Sunlight Soap, roll and allow to soak for half an hour in either hard or soft lukewarm water. A few easy rubs, a quick rinsing in clear, tepid water and the clothes are ready for the line. No boiling is necessary.

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Sunlight Soap does not entail any injury from hard scrubbing—you don't have to scrub at all. Sunlight simply dissolves the grease and frees the dirt adhering to it—there is nothing to harm either hands or fabrics.



There is no surplus of anything in Sunlight Soap—no surplus acids and no free alkali. Sunlight loosens the dirt and allows either hard or soft water to wash it gently away.

Sunlight Soap is free from chemicals and injurious ingredients—we offer \$5,000 to anyone who will prove otherwise.

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Use Sunlight Soap according to directions—try it just once—and convince yourself that it will do twice as much as other soaps.

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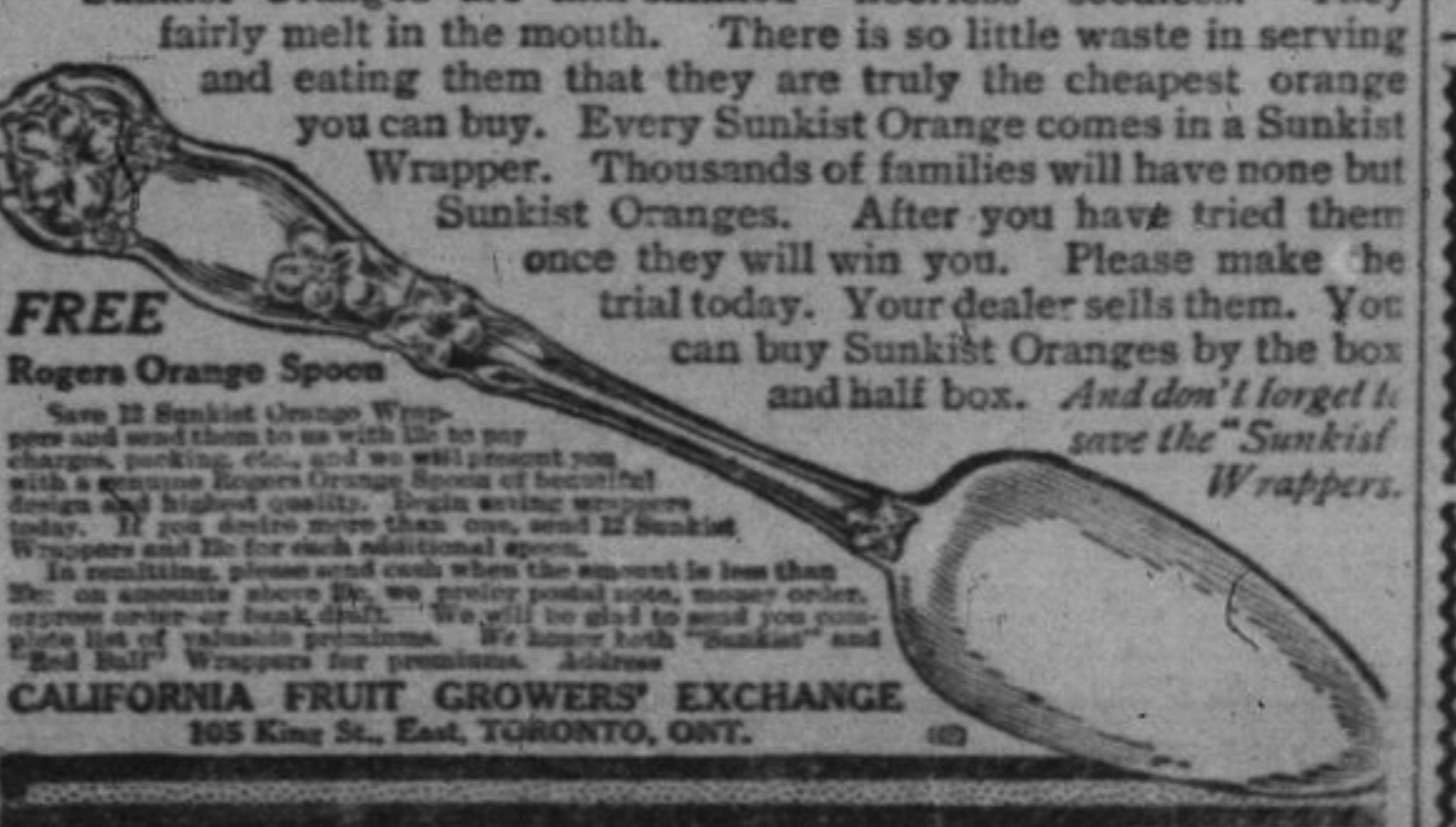
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may cost a few cents more on the hundred pounds than other lump sugar. Good things always cost more than inferior quality. However, ST. LAWRENCE "CRYSTAL DIAMONDS" are really the most economical Sugar, because they go further on account of their matchless sweetness due to perfect purity. To appreciate the superiority of St. Lawrence Sugar, compare it with any other sugar.



"Sunkists" are California's Choicest Oranges

On the breakfast table—in the sick room—for making salads, puddings and other desserts—for a bite between meals, in the lunch box, there is no fruit equal to the famous California "Sunkist" Orange. Being tree-ripened, sound-picked, packed and shipped with the utmost skill and care, it is the most healthful and luscious of all fruits. Sunkist Oranges are thin-skinned—fiberless—seedless. They fairly melt in the mouth. There is so little waste in serving and eating them that they are truly the cheapest orange you can buy. Every Sunkist Orange comes in a Sunkist Wrapper. Thousands of families will have none but Sunkist Oranges. After you have tried them once they will win you. Please make the trial today. Your dealer sells them. You can buy Sunkist Oranges by the box and half box. And don't forget to save the "Sunkist" Wrappers.



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