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**Her Cry for Help**

A rough March wind, which had somehow strayed over into April, hurled a piece of paper squarely into George Herick's face. At the same moment his car clanged just below the corner, and he started to sprint. But one cannot run when his eyes are effectually blindfolded. So he claved the paper away, crumpled it absentmindedly, and thrust it into his pocket. In the diversion of boarding the trolley and reading the morning papers he forgot all about it until he reached the office.

There he smoothed it on his desk, and read, with growing excitement and indignation:

"—don't dare leave the house, for I feel he is always lying in wait for me. Last night I went to the front gate; for the first time in four weeks, and was enjoying the sweet spring air. I never saw or heard him till he sneaked at me. I screamed at the top of my voice. Mother came out, and he ran away with a sort of snarl. I don't take a step outside the door."

It was part of a letter, in a feminine hand, on thick, creamy paper. The ruffian wind had snatched it away even as it was being written, for the last few words were blotched, and there was a little splash of ink on Herick's cheek where they had struck.

Whatever business the real estate firm of Herick & Holman did that particular morning was transacted by the junior partner. The senior member opened the mail and dictated a few replies, but most of the time he spent poring over that square of notepaper and the unconscious cry for help which it voiced.

"Here is a girl," mused Herick, at lunch, whether he had gone alone on purpose to ponder on the message the wind had brought him, "who is being persecuted by an infernal scoundrel. First, how do I know it's a girl? Well, the note is in a woman's handwriting, and that's modern penmanship. They began teaching that particular slant after I left the high school. She must be younger than I, considerably—and she was young when they taught it, or she wouldn't have learned so perfectly. I'm twenty-six; she can't be more than nineteen or twenty."

"She must be pretty or she wouldn't be persecuted. She is in great terror of him—why, she hasn't left the house for four weeks! And she has no male protector, or she wouldn't be forced to stand such treatment. She speaks of her mother. Probably her mother is dead, and she has no brother."

Here Herick was interrupted by a snicker from the waitress. He had put salt in his coffee and sugar on his omelet. With rebuking dignity, he ordered another cup of coffee and took up his reflections again.

"Her persecutor is not an ordinary normal man. If he were a rejected lover, say, and had any pride, he wouldn't be prowling around so. Perhaps it's a crazy man. No, he can't be crazy. They would complain and have him locked up. It must be a foreigner whom she doesn't know at all."

"But why doesn't she report this affair to the police?"

He pondered on that during the rest of the meal, and finally built up this theory: "She is refined and sensitive and hates notoriety—in short, she's a lady. The police would peddle the story to the newspapers, and there would be snapshots of her and her mother and her home in every sheet in the city."

Herick by this time was quite as indignant against the newspapers as against the prowler. Back at his desk, after locking the door to insure uninterrupted thought, he took up the next phase of the question is, what am I going to do about it? Here is a woman—a girl—a distressed, in actual danger. Shall I turn this note over to the police? No. She doesn't trust the police. If she did she'd have called on them four weeks ago. George Herick, it's up to you!"

Result of his decision, young Mr. Herick spent \$1.50 in inserting the following in the "lost and found" column of every city paper.

"Found—Near the corner of L and Fifty-fifth streets, a letter. Owner can be assured of its return and the finder's help by writing G. H., this office."

George put in this afternoon walking around the block adjoining the corner of L and Fifty-fifth streets. It was a suburban neighborhood of pretentious thoroughfares, shade trees, houses set in comfortable yards and neat wooden fences and gates. The day was warm for April and he perspired profusely. But he saw no signs of impending tragedy and met no young woman who looked charming enough or mysterious enough to be the writer of the letter.

The second day the answer for which he had been beating a path between the newspaper offices came. It was written on thick, creamy notepaper, in a hand identical with the fragment of letter he had found. He devoured it eagerly.

"G. H.," it read, "If you have found a sheet of paper like this with writing like this please return to 868 Fifty-fifth street. There was no signature."

"G. H.," went home at four o'clock that afternoon, ignoring the vulgarly facetious remark of his partner that the real estate firm of Herick & Holman now consists of "one workman and one gent, and I know who the workman is."

George had an early and fragmentary and tasteless dinner. Then he spent two hours in oiling and loading his long snouted revolver, putting on and taking off three suits of clothes, and untying some eleven neckties.

The house at 868 Fifty-fifth street

was a roomy, two-story residence with an ambitious flower garden under the bay-window, and a deep, old-fashioned porch. A girl opened the door at his uncertain knock.

"G. H.," she asked, with a little smile.

"Yes. Otherwise George Herick."

Herick's heart thumped at sight of her. She was just the sort of girl a husky chap would take delight in protecting. She was small and pretty, and apparently, with a demure little, scarlet mouth, and a nose that just fitted such a face, and big, shadowy eyes which seemed to hide humor and a ready tenderness and keen intelligence in their depths.

But she looked pale and fragile, like a lily that has been crushed. Why, she seemed positively ill. A mighty wrath against the villain who would frighten her made George swell and glow. His hand sought the handle of the revolver which was bulging uncomfortably on his hip.

"This is yours, I believe," he handed over the letter. She took it to the light. Herick stood in silence.

She read, and then suddenly turned away. Her whole body shook in a sort of paroxysm. Herick shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. The paroxysm continued.

He started forward impulsively. "Who—who is the scoundrel that is annoying you?" he asked hoarsely.

"Tell me, and I'll help him if I have to kill him."

"You—you don't understand," she said in a muffled voice her face still averted. Then—she giggled!

George backed up as if something had struck him. The girl turned a flushed face to him. There were tears in his eyes but they were tears of mirth. She was laughing helplessly.

"He's his oh, it's too funny!" she gasped. "He's a neighbor's great lame puppy."

George went red with mortification. "But—but," he stammered, "you—you say in that letter he's kept you in for four weeks."

"No, no, I said I hadn't been out in four weeks. And it's true. I've been sick for a month. The letter was to my cousin, and I had explained on a previous page when the wind—I grabbed for it, but I was too late. I saw it strike you in the face."

"The puppy isn't mean or ugly—just playful. But I was weak and nervous; it was the first time I'd fainted out. He's tied up now," she finished irrelevantly.

Herick felt foolish, apologetically, red as to face, and big as hands and feet. He put the hands hastily behind him, not only to conceal them, but to cover that revolver which felt like a cannon. He would back out, so she couldn't see and interpret the bugle.

A woman opened the door, a mild-faced, motherly sort of woman. "I'm going down to the corner for a glass of ice cream soda, June. It's such a fine night—"

"Mother," interrupted the girl. And then she turned to George, wiping her eyes. "Mr. Herick, this is my mother, Mrs. Rowley."

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Herick. Nice weather for April, isn't it? I'll be right back, June—"

"Just a minute, Mrs. Rowley," George had recovered his wits and some of his natural audacity. "Miss June and I will go with you. He looked hopefully at the girl.

"All right," beamed the mother. "I'll get a scarf, June. The little wicker will do you good. And that netherly puppy is tied up, so he can't bother you. What did you say?"

"Nothing, mother," replied June, demurely. Then she looked at George.

**WOMAN'S BRIGHTEST DAY**

Comes With Good Health Through Use of Pink Pills.

Her brightest day for every girl and every woman is the day when she looks well, feels well and is well, but with most of the fair sex such days are rare. Instead they suffer from a painful languor, have a terrible weakness in the back, headaches that make everything seem blurred, and a ceaseless aching in the limbs. These and other trials afflict girls and women through the lack of rich, red blood nature is calling for. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given the joy of real robust health to thousands of women who are happy to-day because these Pills actually make the rich, red blood that makes weak ones well and strong. This statement has been proven over and over again. Here is further proof from Mrs. C. J. Brook, Manitowish, Wis., who says: "After a busy year in a social class work, followed only by a short time of relaxation, and a strenuous two and a half months normal course, in March, 1906, I began teaching school. I had a heavy rural school, with a large attendance, and consequently a large number of grades, thus I found the work a great nervous strain. This added to the overwork of study, previous to teaching, soon resulted in a 'run down' condition. When vacation time came I did not pay much attention to my condition as I thought the holidays would fully restore me, but at I resumed work again I soon found this was not the case. One morning when I came to breakfast everything reeled before me and I almost fainted away. The lady with whom I was boarding advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She always spoke very highly of them, her daughter having used them with the most beneficial results following a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I decided to take her advice, and had only taken a few boxes when I began to improve in health—and such an appetite as I had. I rapidly gained health, my face had a healthy glow, and I gained in weight. I have since often recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others who have used them with equally beneficial results, and I believe the Pills to be a standard remedy for the ills for which you recommend them."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Special sale now on. Men's \$5 tan and black Oxfords, \$3.25. Dutton's, 209 Princess street.



**DYNAMITE OR GAS?**

AN OUTLINE OF THE LOS ANGELES TRIAL.

What Prosecution and Defence Will Allege and Try to Prove in Coming Case Against the McNamaras.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 12.—In arguments on minor legal technicalities before Judge Bordenell, the lines of battle planned by the defence and the prosecution in the dynamite cases are revealed.

The prosecution will present its case in this order:—The testimony of injured persons and of expert witnesses to establish that the Los Angeles Times building was destroyed by the explosion of dynamite; testimony of relatives to establish the number of victims; corroborating evidence and confession of Ortie E. McManigal.

This will be followed by the identification by seventeen witnesses, who will swear they knew J. B. McNamara as J. B. Bryce here and in San Francisco during September and October of last year. An endeavor will be made to trace the prisoner almost to the building at First street and Broadway, where on October 1st the explosion occurred.

The case against J. J. McNamara will be centred upon correspondence furnished by McManigal, books found at McNamara's office and the clocks and wire found in Indianapolis. In this matter Detective Burns will be called as witness.

The defence will attack the allegation that the building was destroyed by dynamite and will assert that the explosion was caused by gas and will call experts. In attacking the McManigal confession, the defence will call witnesses to establish an alibi for J. B. McNamara and for J. J. McNamara in every instance where the two brothers are identified by McManigal as having been at a certain time and place, the defence is expected to call witnesses to try and show that the men were in other localities.

Experts on hand writing will be called to prove that the letters alleged by McManigal to have been written by J. J. McNamara were written by some other person, who attempted to imitate the writing of the secretary of the Iron Workers' Union.

**FELL UNDER WHEELS.**

Havelock Man Lost His Leg at Henley's Falls.

Cobourg, May 12.—A young man by the name of Clark, who resides near Havelock, met with an accident, yesterday, at Henley's Falls on Wednesday, in which he lost his leg, just below the knee. He was engaged in construction work and was riding on a small engine. In jumping off he slipped and the wheel passed over his leg. He was married three weeks ago.

**THE GAME IS UP.**

Montreal Witness.

The conservative party has now burnt its boats. It cannot go back. It has made up its mind that anti-reciprocity means popularity. It joyed in Ottawa on Friday at a banquet and predicted to itself the time when it would banquet as a party at the government table. It talked about the empire and imperial unity founded upon commerce. It talked about the wicked liberals and their malignity in agreeing to exchange free vegetables with their neighbors. But all it did was to denounce and misconstrue. It did not announce one item of constructive policy. Yet Mr. Borden and his party would have revelled in pleasure if they could have made the bargain with the United States that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government has made, not one tap did the conservatives do to bring about imperial trade relations, and not one tap do they promise to do. Imperialism with them is a vague generalization whose real name is buncombe. We are sorry to see Mr. Borden, for whom we have much respect, personally and politically, in such a boat. The conservatives in this opportune time generally say that that what they are doing is good tactics. It will prove to be suicide, and deservedly so.

**EXPECTS TO LIVE TO BE 150.**

Danced a Cake Walk to Show His Youth.

Washington, May 12.—"Uncle Joe" Cannon, aged seventy-five years, announces that he expects to live to be 150; "just like Edison." Last night he showed several employing lithographers what the terpsichorean nose lost when he took-up politics. Tripping to the centre of the banquet hall he did a real cake walk, and finished with a high class imitation of a polka ballet.

Without pausing for breath, he delivered a one man hammer and anvil chorus against Canadian reciprocity and woman's suffrage. The former, he said, was a menace. The latter, he declared, would never receive his support until woman went to war.

**CRACKS AT TORONTO**

By French-Canadian Newspapers of Montreal.

Montreal, May 12.—Two French papers to-day made an attack on Toronto. La Patrie takes a crack at the board of education, pointing out that Chairman Leves, who is condemned by Judge Winchester, is the same Leves who attacked the Catholics with such vigor. Le Devoir comments editorially that scarcely had Archbishop McAvoy passed away before the newspapers there were nominating his successor. It says the Catholic bishops of Ontario will make their recommendation of a successor to the pope.

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A Pound of Bulk Tea Doesn't Retain a Pound of Flavor  
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Pineapples, Tomatoes, Bananas,  
Florida Grape Fruit,  
Sweet Navel and Mexican Oranges.

166 Princess St. **A. J. REES,** Phone 58

**GRAND CELEBRATION**

ON

**VICTORIA DAY, MAY 24TH**

AT

**KINGSTON**

**Morning Events :**

MOTOR BOAT RACES.

Motor Boat Race, 12 miles and over ..... 2 Cups.  
Motor Boat Race, 12 miles and under ..... 2 Cups.

GRAND MILITARY REVIEW AND PARADE.  
In which American Soldiers will participate.  
Junior Baseball Game on Cricket Field.

**Afternoon Events :**

HORSE RACES.

2.15 Class ..... \$300  
2.40 Class ..... 200  
Running Race ..... 50  
Two Senior Baseball Games ..... 165  
Foot Races ..... 35

MILITARY SPORTS (TWENTY NUMBERS).  
Music by three Bands, Morning, Afternoon and Night.

We want everybody to keep May 24th open and come to Kingston for a day's fun. You will not be disappointed. Cheap Excursion Rates on all Trains and Boats.

C. J. GRAHAM, Mayor and Chairman. W. W. SANDS, Asst. Secretary.

**RONEY & CO'S SPECIALS**

**For Saturday and Monday**

**75 Men's and Young Men's Stylish Suits,**

Late cut, good patterns, well tailored, latest colorings, in fine Tweeds and Worsted, all sizes. Regular values, \$13.50 and \$15.

YOUR CHOICE SATURDAY AND MONDAY FOR ..... **\$10.85**

**90 Men's and Young Men's Very Latest Up-to-the-Minute Suits,**

All sizes, in Greys, Browns, Olives, Tans, Blues, Greens, etc., etc. The very best hand-tailored goods. Sold regular at \$18.

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**50 Only Boys' Three Piece Suits,**

single breasted and double breasted styles, late colorings, good linings, well made. Regular values at \$5 and \$5.50.

YOUR CHOICE SATURDAY AND MONDAY FOR ..... **\$3.95**

**60 Boys' Two Piece Suits,**

Neat Grey patterns, Norfolk or double breasted styles, Bloomer or Straight Pants, well made and trimmed. Regular \$3.75 and \$4.

YOURS SATURDAY AND MONDAY FOR ..... **\$2.85**

**200 Pairs Men's Trousers,**

Many patterns to choose from. Regular values at \$2.25, \$2.50 to \$2.75.

PICK OUT YOUR SIZE SATURDAY AND MONDAY FOR ..... **\$1.65**

See Window Display of These Goods

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THE STORE THAT SETS THE PACE.