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The soap that saves you money without injury to hands or article.

Sunlight Soap turns wash tub drudgery into pleasure.

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Phosphono restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphono will make you a new man. Price \$1 a box, or two for \$2. Mailed to any address. The Patent Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.
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In tins only 10, 15, 20, 25c.



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You never tasted a finer lager than this new brew of **Labatt's London Lager**.

Exquisitely mild and mellow. Sharpens the appetite—a fine tonic. Just try this different brew—you'll enthuse about its rare quality. Look for the lavender label. Order by name.

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Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; this has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken.

Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

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Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

It's easy to be popular. All you have to do is to make other people believe they know a lot more than you do.

SETS GALLERY AGOG

CRY OF "ALOUETTE" IN HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It is Given When the Whips Are Scouring the Corridors for Members—Col. Talbot, of Bellechasse, is Quite a Singer.

Alouette! Talbot! Alouette! Alouette! Mais chante done Talbot!

That is the cry that sets the galleries agog sometimes in the House of Commons while the whips are scouring the corridors for members and the business of the nation stands still. It is the one time, while the mace is on the table, that horseplay is permitted, that five minutes before a division.

Forthwith from the Speaker's right upriseth a lusty shout in a true and musical voice.

"Alouette, gentille Alouette; Alouette je te plumerai!"

While the House joins thunderously in the chorus.

It is Lieut.-Col. Onesiphore Ernest Talbot of Bellechasse, Ontario, who is the singer of the "Alouette" in the House of Commons. Since he was born in Quebec in the nineteenth century, instead of Europe in the fourteenth, he does not go from city to city singing folk songs, he holds down a padded chair near the front rank on the Opposition side and raises his voice in a habitant chanson that has been echoing back from the Quebec woods for a century, but is as unknown in Ontario as though it were a war chant of African hunters.

You can travel far and hear nothing better than that same "Alouette" song, with the shouted chorus which requires practice to bring in on time. No novice should attempt to lead, but in Col. Talbot's hands the song is safe. He plucks the lark from the tip of its beak to its last tail feather and sings again, never making a mistake. "En roulant ma boule" is another of his, and "Brigadier vous avez raison."

At first your English member in the smoking-room at night is all at sea when these songs are struck up, but quickly he learns them. We have nothing better in English, very little in good.

Almost better than singing does the ruddy colonel love to interpellate the Opposition. He sits down low in his chair and shouts things at them. And they, in turn, sputter at him, call him "Nuisance" and various complimentary and uncomplimentary things, but the colonel doesn't care. The angrier they get the happier he gets. Some people do not believe in interruptions, they say that a proper question properly put is the only kind of interrupter that is really effective, and the colonel's method has got him a reputation he does not deserve, for he is a debater as well as an interrupter. Anyway, it's all in the game, as he plays it.

There's another game he likes, and that is checkers. It isn't your rough and tumble, Marquis of Queensberry, bite, kick, and gouge checkers, either; it's pure science-book checkers, with every move according to a master. He will clean a tyro out in about three moves, and then look as though he wondered how it happened.

Very few people can appreciate checkers as he plays them, anybody can appreciate the way he sings "Alouette."

A Hudson Bay Pasture.

There has been appearing in one of the daily newspapers of Edmonton a small-type, five-line advertisement which may be added to the hundred and one other indications of the change that has come over the Canadian West in the past few years. The advertisement announces that the "Hudson Bay pasture" is now open to receive stock; 800 acres in pasture, also city water and good fences.

There are men still in active life in Canada who can recall the time when the "Hudson Bay pasture" extended from the Arctic Ocean to the International Boundary, and from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. The occupants of the pasture were buffalo, upon a certain number of which fell the duty of paying the rent by giving up their lives and surrendering their hides and beef. Now the Hudson Bay pasture is a mere patch, enclosed by a good fence, like an Ontario farm, and supplied with city water, like a suburbanite lawn.

The West is changing so rapidly and so radically that it scarcely knows itself from day to day.

Provincial Weeds.

An exhaustive bulletin has been issued by the Provincial Department of Agriculture on the "Weeds of Ontario." It is by Mr. J. E. Howitt, M.S. Agr., lecturer in botany at the Ontario Agricultural College, and is an expansion to 144 pages of former smaller bulletins issued in 1900, 1903, 1906, 1908. The illustrations, of which there are 56, are well drawn, and while not in color, like the elaborate "Farm Weeds of Canada," issued by the Dominion department, make identification simple by their clearness.

The farmer loses so much by weed pests that he cannot afford to ignore any information or assistance that he can get which may enable him to grapple with them, and this book will no doubt go out of print as rapidly as its predecessors. Nothing that the farmer needs to know about weeds is omitted from its pages.

Trade With New Zealand.

According to a report received from the Canadian Trade Commissioner in New Zealand, Canadian exports to that colony for the fiscal year which closed on March 31, totalled \$1,404,535, an increase of \$404,025, as compared with the previous year. The principal increases were: Chassis for motor vehicles \$75,000, and newspaper \$55,000. Practically all increases were in the manufactured products of Eastern Canada. The report indicates that Canadian makers of automobiles are commencing to get a pretty good grip on the New Zealand market. By the end of June one Canadian firm will have sold 320 cars. There promises to be a continued demand in New Zealand for good serviceable motor cars, which are not too high in price.

NORTH BAY'S MAYOR.

Geo. A. McLaughlin Rose to Position After Seven Years In Town.

Sandwiched in between an account of a measles epidemic and the report of a barn-raising, a Deseronto paper some years ago had a news item that read about like this: "Our estimable young townsmen, Geo. A. McLaughlin, M.A., who was gold-medallist in political science at Queen's University, has graduated from the Upper Canada Law School, and hereafter will be known as Lawyer George."

That's all it said—dismissed the matter jocularly as if they had a healthy annual crop of M.A.'s, and gold-medallists and lawyers. That paragraph didn't do justice to what George had done, nor to what he would probably do.

The "estimable young townsmen" went to the office of W. D. McPherson, M.P.P., Toronto, where he sat up nights learning how to get a witness to tell more than he wants to, and fitting himself in time he, too, would be called upon to be a stepson of the sovereign people.

Looking around for some sovereign people to represent he picked on North Bay—and in less than seven years the untrammelled electors of that town asked him, without one dissenting voice, to be their mayor in 1911. Now, all this time George wasn't growing any younger, but he hadn't grown much older; he was thirty-four in March, and that's not old for a mayor. Important and all as is the mayoralty of New Ontario's most important town, it's only a stepping-stone to things higher. He is secretary of the well organized Liberal Association of Nipissing, and his name will go before the electorate at the next general election.—The Canadian Courier.

A Wireless Freak.

Wireless telegraph, like most other things, is subject to freshness at times. This was well illustrated by an experience of Mr. John C. Eaton of Toronto. Mr. Eaton went to New York a few days ago to see his wife off on the Mauretania for a voyage to Europe. When the big liner was well out at sea, Mr. Eaton sent a wireless message to his wife, addressed to the Mauretania via the Cape Cod station. He immediately left New York and came to Toronto, embarking on his private yacht, the Florence, soon after his arrival. The Florence is equipped with wireless apparatus, which is used by Mr. Eaton to keep in touch with Toronto while he is cruising. When Mr. Eaton went on board, the Marconi operator was experimenting with his instrument, trying to catch a message which was floating about in the currents of ether. Finally he got it, and handed it to Mr. Eaton, who was astonished to find that it was the same message that he had sent to his wife on the Mauretania before leaving New York. Instead of going where it was sent, or because the New York land operator had directed it inaccurately, the message had gone on a little pleasure trip of its own accord, circled among the clouds, and followed Mr. Eaton to Toronto, where possibly a repeat of it was picked up by the apparatus of the Florence.—Star Weekly.

Sparingly Settled.

The first census return has been received at the Department of Ottawa. It is the population of the territory west of the coast of Hudson Bay, west of Fort Churchill, and the enumeration was begun last fall by the Northwest Mounted Police on a special order-in-council. The population totals 1,800 persons, of whom 200 are white, mostly Hudson Bay employes or police officers. The rest are Eskimauks. This is the first real census taken in that district. Ten years ago the population was largely estimated upon reports of missionaries and others. A substantial increase is apparent. The enumeration of the eastern territory to Labrador was made simultaneously with the other, but has not been received yet. The population there will be much smaller.

In the present census an attempt is being made to cover accurately every bit of Canadian territory where human life is known to exist. In the far north, Capt. Bernier of the Government steamer Arctic is counting the Eskimo whalers and missionaries, while in the western hinterland and Mackenzie River basin the mounted police are doing it.

A Great Athlete.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Bob" Davis, who is editor of Munsey's Magazine and the author of several plays, is the possessor of a sense of humor and a power of expression that is frequently picturesque. Speaking of a man who had achieved some distinction as a kill-joy, Davis said: "That fellow is a great athlete. He can throw a wet blanket two hundred yards in any direction."

It's better to stay out than to get married and fall out.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Peck*

NICE HAIR FOR ALL.

Once Destroy the Dandruff Germ and Hair Grows Luxuriantly.

Any one can have nice hair if he or she has not dandruff, which causes brittle, dry hair, falling hair and baldness. To cure dandruff it is necessary to kill the germ that causes it, and that is just what Newbro's Herpicide does. Cornelius Grew, Colfax, Wash., says: "One bottle of Newbro's Herpicide completely cured me of dandruff, which was very thick, and it has stopped my hair from falling out. It makes hair soft and glossy as silk, delightful color, and refreshing hair dressing. It permits the hair to grow abundantly, and kills the dandruff germ."

Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to the Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. One dollar bottles guaranteed. Jas. B. McLeod, special agent, Kingston.

IS GROWING IN SIZE

NEARLY 2,000 ACRES GAINED EACH YEAR FROM SEA.

In Tidal Estuaries—Interesting Data in Report of a Royal Commission.

London, July 12.—The fact that the United Kingdom is growing in size yearly instead of shrinking is proved in the final report of the royal commission on coast erosion, the reclamation of tidal lands and afforestation, which has now been printed.

It is estimated that during the last thirty-five years about 6,640 acres have been lost by coast erosion, while 48,000 acres have been reclaimed from the sea. The losses have been chiefly on the open coast, and the gains almost entirely in the tidal estuaries.

Erosion has been most serious on the east coasts of Ireland and England, and would have been far more serious but for extensive works carried out by local authorities. From a national point of view, the report states, the extent of erosion need not be considered alarming, but in order to deal effectively with the situation remedial measures are necessary.

Administrative changes are recommended and a closer and more sympathetic co-operation between a central body and local authorities and private owners. It has not been found possible to lay down any general rule for defensive operations applicable to all parts of the coast line, but it is pointed out that some central controlling authority is essential in view of the loss sustained in the past by the wrong type of defensive work being undertaken.

The commissioners recommend a simplification of the law affecting the administration of the foreshore, particularly in Scotland, and that the duties now devolving on the commissioners of woods and forests shall be transferred to the board of trade. Another important recommendation is that a clear right of passage by foot on all foreshores in the United Kingdom shall be conferred upon the public, in addition to the rights of navigation and fishing they already possess.

A further important proposal is that the board of trade shall be constituted the central sea defence authority for the United Kingdom, and that the public works loans commissioners shall be empowered to issue loans on the security of the rates.

There are, the commissioners are convinced, considerable areas of tidal lands, especially in Ireland, which could be reclaimed with profit to the community, and the reclamation of which might give opportunity for the utilization of unemployed labor. They recommended that the board of trade should be charged with the duty of scheduling such lands, and should be given compulsory powers for their acquisition.

As a practical measure they recommended the growing of marrum and other grasses on the sand dunes.

In conclusion the commissioners say they cannot recommend grants from public funds, as any general policy of that sort would subject the state to serious difficulties and should not be encouraged. They do not think that responsibility for sea defence rests primarily on the nation at large, "nor is there an obligation on the crown to defend the coasts of the United Kingdom from the inroads of the sea."

THE DOUKHOBORS.

Queer, Russian Sect Which Has Become Canadianized.

The Doukhobor women have been reclaimed from the plow. No longer do they sweat in the fields of Canada instead of horses. Even as their men are ceasing to be the wild wanderers, and the fanatics of spirit-wrestlers they were when they appeared in the northwest several years ago, so the new world's environments have drawn the women back from the brute level, to which they had been degraded, to the home, with its cooking, its spinning and its weaving—old-time tasks, it is true, but tasks adjusted to their strength.

The melting pot of this western world has recast even the Doukhobors. The colony boasts of a substantial schoolhouse. Doukhobor teachers were educated in the schools and returned to impart the knowledge to their fellow-colonists.

Ridiculed by Canada the Doukhobors' pilgrimages in the dead of winter, through snow-covered roads to meet their "Christ," made them the laughing stock of the country. But those crucifixes are things of the past; they have become Canadianized in the true sense of the word.

There are two colonies of Doukhobors in Canada—Yorkton, containing 7,000 members, and Rosthern, with 1,500. The Doukhobors now use horses. Formerly they believed it was unscriptural to use these animals and the women instead acted as beasts of burden. Eighteen of them were generally needed to take the place of a team. The women now are engaged in the domestic arts and are magnificent embroiderers. The farmers are becoming prosperous and many of them have the latest farming machinery and the best of live stock. Their objections to the use of animals as servants of man have been overcome.

Mr. Foy's Smoke.

It will be remembered that when R. J. Fleming came out last autumn with a new bunch of rules for the Street Railway Co. in Toronto, one of them prohibited smoking on the cars. Perhaps some of us might have objected more strenuously to this rule if it had not been for the busy month spent fighting the pay-as-you-enter system. When victory finally rested with the citizens, we looked about and found that no smoking was allowed any more, even on the rear platform in the trailers, or on the three rear seats of open cars.

It is said that the Attorney-General was waiting on the corner recently for a car, and as it did not show up for some time, he made the time pass pleasantly by lighting a cigar. It had hardly stated to emit its pleasing aroma when his car appeared on the horizon. The member for South Toronto looked longingly at the fragrant weed, and felt that he could not throw it away. He climbed upon the back platform with the cigar held carefully so as not to attract attention. Occasionally the conductor had to depart to collect fares, and with all the care of a school boy eating candies during school hours, the Attorney-General took long pulls at the cigar when the man with the little coffee pot was absent. Those who did not dare to break the rule stood by and inhaled the sweet breath of the Havana second-hand, or rather second-mouth.

They evidently thought he had the right to break the rule, for when he had alighted, one of the men asked the conductor, who had apparently failed in his duty.

"Was that R. J. Fleming?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "that was the Attorney-General, Mr. Foy."—Toronto Star.

A Canadian Success.

The organization of a company to take over the Canadian end of the Sherwin-Williams Paint Co. calls attention to the fact that the president of this big concern is a Canadian, who has had a remarkable career. His name is Mr. Walter Cunningham, and many young men in Montreal remember when he started business for himself in a small way in Montreal in a little Notre Dame street store. In a short time he went to the head office of the Sherwin-Williams Co., and soon became president of the largest paint manufacturing company in the world. He is regarded as one of the big business men of the continent, his organization abilities being looked upon as marvelous. He is also president of the new Canadian Sherwin-Williams Co., with him as manager being associated Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, of Montreal.

A WEDDING MISFIT.

Bride's Father Showed Fight—"Guest" Did Not See Coffin.

A Chicago man, who started out one day last week to attend a wedding, went astray and got into a house where a funeral was being held, asserts the Chicago Record-Herald.

He was a little late and was conducted through a rather dark hall into a back parlor, where he found a vacant chair. Unfortunately it was impossible for him to see from where he sat just what was going on in the front room, where the preacher and the corpse were located. He was able, however, to hear distinctly. The preacher was in the middle of his discourse.

"It is true," he was saying, "that this is a most solemn occasion, but let us try to look upon the more hopeful side. It may all be for the best. Who among us can tell? Let us remember that behind the darkest cloud the sun still shines. It is our duty to try to believe that our friend has entered into a happier state. It is true that he will mingle with us no more; we shall not again be cheered by his bright smile; all that once seemed dear to him he has had to re-leave. But he has met the common fate, but it is not for us to decide that this is to be the end of all for him."

Unable to restrain himself any longer, the man who had wandered into the wrong house, leaned over toward one of the former friends of the dead man and said:

"I was the bride's father! I'd lick that fellow."

Owning a Home.

We have advocated home-owning for people on salaries and wages because it is only by going into debt for something of this sort that the average wage-earner of moderate pay can ever hope to get anything ahead.

The trouble with a salary, in about ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is that it is merely a living. The man on \$12 a week lives on it, and he lives on his salary when it is doubled, tripled or quadrupled. Rarely does he save, because his demands expand at least as rapidly as his pay.

But if he gets enough ahead to make a start toward building and takes the bull by the horns by investing what he has and becomes responsible for the balance, he will meet his obligation somehow, and when he is paid up he owns something. If he keeps on renting all he has after a term of years is a bundle of rent receipts that he can't cash in for as much as a cup of coffee and a doughnut.—Duluth Herald.

Hard to Find.

One of Mr. Fisher's census enumerators had an interesting time interviewing a lady on O'Connor street, Ottawa. With his voluminous book and nicely sharpened pencil the inquisitor appeared at the door and the woman came.

"Is the man of the house in?" he sweetly enquired, opening his judgment book.

"No," was the reply.

"Will he be in at noon?"

"No."

"Can you tell me where I can find him?" persisted Mr. Fisher's underserling.

"I can't. He was answered last fall, was the unexpected answer.—The Mace.

Diamonds In Canada.

Mr. R. A. A. Johnston, of the Dominion Geological Survey, will leave Ottawa for Germany soon to inquire into methods by which diamonds can be extracted from chromite. Diamonds in chromite have been found in northern Quebec, and it is claimed that they can be extracted by a particular method known in Germany. If so, it is believed that the Quebec diamonds fields will take on a large importance. There have been many rumors for years past, about diamonds in the northern part of Ontario and Quebec, and some of these days sensational discoveries may be made. A mining engineer in the north has a fine diamond which he claims to have secured from an Indian, and which he had sent to Amsterdam, where he had it cut and polished.—Star Weekly.

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One you can clean out without using the poker.
The ashes at the side of the pot can be shaken down without losing good coals in the centre. The four separate grate bars do that.
The water pan, so essential to good heating, is placed where it can be easily filled and not so likely to be overlooked.

"Hecla" Furnace

Six tons of coal instead of seven.

NOTE THE FEATURES THAT MAKE FOR CONVENIENCE:

Water Pan Openings conveniently placed on either side of ash door.

Large Firing Door for wood or large shovels of coal.

Four Separate Grates to clean out ashes without using poker.

Common Sense Ash Pan fitting perfectly and catching all the ashes.

Large Door Handle which drops into place and locks the door securely.

It will be sent free, and it will tell you things you ought to know about heating. Write for it to-day.

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