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"NO Chickens For Sale"

By DONALD ALLEN.

The same train that carried Miss Mildred Frayne up to her aunt's home at Long Point to spend a summer month also carried Mr. Windfield Chester. They sat in different coaches, however, and there was no coincidence about it.

A quarter of a mile below Aunt Taylor's house lived old Mrs. Ryder. She was a widow and lived alone, and now and then she had a bad turn with rheumatism. Miss Mildred had known her for several years, and it wasn't two hours after her arrival that she started out to see the old lady.

"What you need," sagely replied the girl when she had heard the lamentations, "is chicken soup. It's better than all the doctors. I know at least a dozen people who'd have died but for chicken soup. Chicken soup with a little rice in it will make a well woman of you in two days."

"It will, I must, it cured me when I had typhoid fever and the doctors had given me up. I can get the rice up at the house, but as for the chicken—let me see? We have none, but one must be found somewhere. I'll go back and telephone to some of the farmers around here. Some of them will surely spare me a chicken."

"But it will be too much trouble." "Nonsense! Don't you think I'll willingly go to some trouble to save your dear old life? Just lie quietly 'till I come back. You can groan all you want to, however. Our family doctor says that groaning is a great help in curing any one."

Back to Aunt Taylor's the girl got down the telephone book and called up one farmer after another and inquired about the chicken market. It was not encouraging. Some had chickens and some had not, but those who had answered that none was for sale. The very last address proved hopeful. The call was answered by a pleasant voice saying:

"Why, yes, we have chickens here." "And will you sell one?" "I—I don't think we have ever sold chickens."

"But this is a special case. A chicken is wanted for an old lady who is ill." "Then that alters the case, and I can promise you a fat pullet."

"How much is it?" "No charge." "But I'm willing to pay and want to. If you can send it down to old Mrs. Ryder's I'll give you fifty cents for it. Have the man bring change for a dollar."

"As I stated before, we have no chickens for sale, but—" "And send him soon, please. Good-bye."

That message had gone to the house of Mr. Chester's mother, and he who was who had answered it. He believed the voice to be that of a girl. He hadn't hung up the receiver before he believed her to be good-looking. His mother hadn't come into the room before he had made up his mind to be bearer of that chicken.

"I know there is an old woman Ryder living about two miles down the road," said the mother, "but she can't have a telephone in her cottage. It might have come from the Taylor's. I'll have James kill a chicken and take it down there."

"But I'm going to take it myself," said the young man. "And why?" "I want to see the girl who owns that voice."

"Nonsense. Mrs. Taylor is as old as I am. I don't know of a girl within five miles of here." Nevertheless, the young man insisted on going, and after the unhappy pullet had had her neck wrung he started off with the body dangling from his right hand. Before his two-mile walk had been accomplished dusk had fallen and the moon had come up. Thus, as he approached the cottage he saw a figure of a girl standing in the highway, and heard a voice calling:

"If you are the man with the chicken, make haste, please. Yes, you have it, and I'm so glad and thankful. You see, I want to get the soup made right away. Did you bring change for a dollar?"

"Well—er—no-o," was the reply. "Why, you are not a farmer's hired man?" exclaimed the girl as she looked at the chicken carrier for the first time.

"No, but I have brought the fowl. Let me carry it in for you, please. It's bleeding yet. My name is Chester."

"But really—" "And do you know how to pick and dress a chicken?"

"My stars, but I never thought of that and Mrs. Ryder's sound asleep. I'll have to run up and ask Auntie."

"Perhaps, I can help you," said the young man, trying hard to look wise. "To get the feathers off easily you have to scald the bird, I believe. Can you get some hot water?"

"I've got a big kettle on the stove, and here's the dipper. But you mustn't help. You must take your pay and go. This is—that—" "That is, I'm going to help with the chicken. You might spoil it for soup, you know. We lay it in the dish. Now we pour on boiling water. Now we turn it over. After five minutes the feathers will be loosened."

"But you are a gentleman—and you are a young man—and you must live in the city—and how do you know? If I don't know how to dress a chicken why should you?"

"And now we take it outdoors," continued the young man with a smile, "and don't you see how easily the feathers come off? And while I'm holding the body over the flame of the

stove for a minute you will please get the butcher knife. The chicken must be drawn and then cut up."

"But why do you help?" asked Miss Mildred. "Because I feel sorry for Mrs. Ryder, and because you don't know how to dress a chicken. Now the knife. Now to put the pieces in cold water and rinse them thoroughly. One piece will do for all the soup she'll want to-night. Only about a quart of water. Now put in the rice and pepper and salt and boil for thirty minutes, and there you are. Must be now, but I'll drop in in the morning to see how the patient gets along."

"But who—who asked you to?" "Oh, I furnished the chicken, didn't I?" he answered, with a laugh. "Good night."

Forty minutes later, when old Mrs. Ryder was taking her chicken soup and telling how good it was, she noticed a serious look on Miss Mildred's face and asked what had happened.

"Why a young man brought this chicken." "Bless his kind heart!" "And he dressed it for you." "Bless him some more!" "And he bossed me around terribly."

"He did, eh?" "And I know just how things are going to turn out. He'll come here again to-morrow, and then I shall have to ask him to Auntie's house, and she'll like him, and he'll like me, and I—I. Well, it won't be two months before he'll say he loves me and must have me, and—"

"And you'll be engaged and then married and one of the happiest brides in the land. What a fine chicken! What beautiful soup! Why, that young man is worth his weight in gold!"

COURTED BY PHONE.

Couple, Two Thousand Miles Apart. Finally Meet and Marry.

Chicago, July 29.—A seven-year's courtship over the telephone, part of the time over a wire 2,000 miles long, terminated in the marriage of John C. Coughlin, of Chicago, and Miss Annie Foy, of Lynn, Mass., in the eastern city. The couple, who are now speeding towards Chicago, on their honeymoon, were introduced over the telephone, and the wedding proposal and the date for the wedding all took place over a wire 2,000 miles long.

Seven years ago, Coughlin, who lived in Chelsea, was introduced to Miss Foy over the telephone by one of her relatives. At that time she was employed as an operator in the Lynn exchange, and made her home with Mrs. Z. A. King, at 8 Lockout terrace.

"Annie, I would like to introduce a friend of mine to you over the wire," said the voice.

A personal meeting followed the introduction, but on account of business Coughlin was able to see Miss Foy but seldom. Accordingly the telephone wires were kept busy.

A year ago when Coughlin came to Chicago to embark on a business career here, he discovered that the mails are entirely too slow as a medium of courtship, especially when Cupid is persistently at one's elbow, or rather heart, and so he called the long-distance wire into service and kept it hot.

Finally on night a brief question tremulously asked slipped over the wire to Lynn, and one little word that almost made Coughlin drop the receiver sped back to Chicago.

Coughlin sent two calls over the wire the next evening. The first was to James Foy, of Revere, Mass., father of the bride, and the second was to "headquarters" at Lynn, and the date of the wedding had been set.

There Weren't Enough Trees. General E. A. Carr, president of the Thirtieth Army Corps' Association, according to the Chicago Evening Post once said of a socialist argument at a Memorial Day banquet in Washington—the depraved and vicious selfishness of those in authority. They are like the Pen Ridge story.

"It is falsely said, you know, that in the battle of Pen Ridge, as soon as the heavy firing began, a recruit limped back to the rear and then took to his heels."

"A comrade stopped him." "What's the matter, mate?" "Why," said the recruit, "I just couldn't stand it—out there in the open all by myself."

"But why didn't you get behind a tree?" "There ain't no tree enough for the officers," he replied.

From Crown to Sole. Any affection of the tissues of the body which can be reached by any ointment can be cured with Wade's Ointment.

This remedy is no experiment; it is guaranteed to cure eczema (salt rheum), cold sores, burns, piles, blotches, sore feet, dandruff, and all scaly or itching eruptions of the skin. In big boxes, 25c., at Jas. B. McLeod's drug stores.

Chinese Studying Geography. President Tsun Chiu Lai of the Waiwui, noting that the negligence of duty in the performance of diplomatic affairs by the various Chinese officials is caused by their ignorance of the science of the earth, thereby causing complications in settling the boundary question, has given instructions to the various subordinates that they should study geography and a bureau for investigating the science of the earth should be established. The boundaries of the border of the north-western portion of the three eastern provinces should be first investigated and preparation made to answer the boundary question with the power conferred.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills cure many common ailments which are very different, but which all arise from the same cause—a system clogged with impurities. The Pills cause the bowels to move regularly, strengthen and stimulate the kidneys and open up the pores of the skin. These organs immediately throw off the accumulated impurities, and Biliousness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Trouble, Headaches, Rheumatism and similar ailments vanish. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are Save Doctors' Bills.

LOT OF WORRIES.

Bishop of Manchester Says That is Secret of Happiness.

Speaking of the removal of Dr. Talbot to Winchester at a meeting at Church House, Westminster, the other day, the Bishop of Manchester told an amusing story of his own departure from a small parish to a larger one in earlier years. When he told his parishioners that he was going to have seven curates they said, "That's worse than having seven wives."

"His answer was, 'It all depends upon the curates.' Besides, Dr. Knox added, his little experience of life was this—that the secret of happiness was to have a sufficient multitude of worries. The man who had only one worry, a blind that would not be pulled up straight by the servant, or a coal-scuttle the bottom of which was always coming out—that man found his way to the lunatic asylum. But the man who had no time to dwell upon his worries because he had to go from one to another and back again, and round and round like a squirrel in a cage, could be a perfectly happy man."

Dr. Knox is in many respects one of the most democratic bishops in the church. His services on the sands at Blackpool in the summer, and his "straight from the shoulder" talks to thousands of Lancashire mill hands that make holiday there, have become institutions.

Preaching on one occasion on charity, Dr. Knox, dealing with the various types of wasters that parade up and down the country, related a story of a particularly proud and haughty member of the fraternity. An old lady, being accosted by him, gave him a look that gradually forced to the front until now they are displacing the gray-beards in positions that call for the highest qualifications to which men can attain.

A striking example of this is evidenced in the fact that the British Cabinet is the youngest that has ever been in office, and it has appointed the youngest governor-general of Australia—Lord Dudley when he retires this year, and already he has seen and made up his mind to be a soldier, and his opportunity came sooner than it does for most men, for not long after he left the military college at Sandhurst the South African war broke out, and he served as captain of the Middlesex Squadron of the Imperial Yeomanry and saw much service, and finally being invalided home after a wound received during a skirmish. He was immensely popular with his soldiers and noted for the attention he paid to their comfort.

Besides being a keen soldier, Lord Dudley is a man of strong political opinions, and as he has great ambitions he is likely to be heard more of later on. He is a Liberal, and when that party came into power received his first appointment as lord-in-waiting to the late King. He has also acted as deputy speaker and whip in the House of Lords. His last appointment was that of captain of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, the famous royal bodyguard which celebrated its 600th anniversary last year.

New Peer's Pictures. When the Lord High Commissioner to the general assembly of the Church of Scotland, Lord Glenconner, took up his residence in Edinburgh recently, he was, according to an old custom, presented with the keys of the city, the ceremony being followed by a levee and an official dinner.

Lord Glenconner, who, as Sir Edward Tennant, was Liberal M.P. for Salisbury, inherited from his father a wonderful collection of pictures, mostly of the early English school. For these he built a gallery adjoining his house in Queen Anne's Gate, so that they might be accessible to the public on certain days of the week, a concession that is much appreciated. The Lord High Commissioner is the eldest brother of Mrs. Asquith. Lady Tennant is one of three pretty sisters, daughters of Mr. Percy Wyndham.

Collects Horseshoes. A unique sight is to be seen at Upper Studley, near Tronbridge, where Mr. James Jennings, the well-known steam-rombola proprietor, has a huge stack of old horseshoes which he has collected during the past two years. It stands 17 feet high, is 10 feet through, weighs about 150 tons, and could not be purchased for \$2,000. The shoe stack attracts great attention, particularly from touring motorists, who frequently stop to examine the curious pile.

Blessing the Crops. The quaint and picturesque ceremony of blessing the crops was observed recently on the Earl of Craven's estate at Binley, in North-east Warwickshire. Meeting at the parish church, the vicar, Rev. Lewis Richardson, and a number of parishioners formed into a procession, and various well-known farms were visited. At several points in the parish a halt was called, and an abbreviated form of service gone through.

To Keep Court Cat. The Middlesex County Council have decided to make an allowance of 10 shillings a year to the caretaker of the Willesden Police Court for the maintenance of an official police court cat.

When all the blandishments of life are gone, the coward sneaks to death, the brave life on.

What contented an idle man's roused folks have for him! Nix! oats make bitter bread.

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are guaranteed under the pure food laws of Canada. Made by a perfect mechanical process, they are unequalled for delicacy of flavor and food value.

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We are ready for business with all the latest styles for the Fall season.

Now is the time to order your Fall suits by saving a big discount before the season comes.

They Were a Fine Looking Pair

When the preacher spliced 'em. She had beautiful brown eyes and strawberry lips, while he was a clean-cut young fellow.

And they lived happy ever afterward. At least that is the way the story goes. But while we are on our way home from the wedding we want to drop a gentle reminder to have the gas stove coupled up before they get back from their honeymoon so the bride may "wear the smile that won't come off."

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Light, Heat & Power Dept. C. C. FOLGER, Gen. Mgr.