

Billiousness

is certainly one of the most disagreeable ailments which flesh is heir to. Coated tongue—bitter taste in the mouth—nausea—dizziness—these combine to make life a burden. The cause is a disordered liver—the cure Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills. They go straight to the root of the trouble, put the liver right, cleanse the stomach and bowels, clear the tongue and take away the bitter taste from the mouth. At the first sign of billiousness take

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

PURE ICE CREAM. We make our Ice Cream with Whipped Cream. We do not use any corn starch or gelatine. Ice Cream, Sundae, with Pineapple or Strawberry Fruit, 5c. It's warm outside, but very cool in our parlors. ROYAL ICE CREAM PARLOR, 164 Princess Street.

Carriage Painting

SOME CLASS TO OURS. This is the place to have your Auto repainted to stand all kinds of weather.

E. J. DUNPHY

100 West and Ordance Streets.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

The Great Uterine Tonic, and only safe effective Monthly Regulator which women can depend on. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, No. 2, No. 3. For special cases, 50¢ per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent free on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: Dr. Cook's Cotton Root Compound, 100 West and Ordance Streets, Toronto, Ont.

L. COHEN

British-American High-Class Ladies' Tailoring.

Has removed from 221 to 227 Princess Street.

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.

For Pickling

Pure Vinegar, all kinds of whole and Ground Spices.

D. COUPER,

Phone 70. 341-3 Princess Street. Prompt Delivery.

The American Cafe

183 Wellington St.

The Up-to-date Restaurant and Eating House. Separate apartments. Well furnished and lighted.

Try our Full Course Dinner 25c.

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KINGSTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

(Limited) "Highest Education at Lowest Cost" Twenty-sixth year. Fall Term begins August 30th. Courses in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy, Civil Service and English.

Our graduates get the best positions. Within a short time over sixty secured positions with one of the largest railway corporations in Canada. Enter any time. Call or write for information. H. F. McCallin, Principal. Kingston, Canada.

TAKE IT AWAY

That's what our patrons say when served with Belfast Ginger Ale or English Ginger Beer that do not bear our label.

Our bottled goods for family use have no superior. Sample it at any of the leading hotels or telephone 304 for a trial case.

Thompson Bottling Co.

292 PRINCESS ST., KINGSTON.

COAL!

The kind you are looking for is the kind we sell.

Scranton Coal

a good coal and we guarantee prompt delivery.

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FOOT WEST STREET.

Highest Grades

GASOLINE. COAL OIL. LUBRICATING OIL. FLOOR OIL. GREASE, ETC. PROMPT DELIVERY.

W. F. KELLY.

Clarence and Ontario Streets. Top's Building.

Wanted, a Stenographer

William Gordon's open, boyish face clouded with a perplexed frown. He propped his feet uncomfortably on his waste paper basket and looked vaguely into the sheet-filled storeroom visible from his twentieth story office window.

William had come to the startling discovery that he was in love with his stenographer, Constance Peck. He did not know much about her save that a year before she had been left an orphan, and had come to the great city with its chances of work; that she had turned to stenography, as a means of making a living; that she had been in the business school, where she had studied; and that she lived alone in a third-rate boarding house.

But about Constance, the young woman he had fallen in love with, he knew a great deal. He knew that her soft, brown eyes made him forget his worries and discouragement of his struggling young law practice; that her sweet voice reminded him, somehow, of a bird that used to sing in his father's apple orchard, when he was a child; that her fascinating presence had become a real necessity to him; and a thousand other things about her that he mused on by himself.

But William was troubled. It was one thing to be in love with the young woman who worked for him; it was another thing to tell her. He could not, as he would have done if Constance had been anyone else than his stenographer, lead up gradually to the important question, Constance, he knew from experience, would refuse invitations to dinner or to the theatre on the ground that he and she were only business acquaintances, and love-making when he was dictating business letters or talking over office work was out of the question to a man like William.

"Both of them," said William. "I don't even know where her boarding house is, and I don't dare ask her to let me call; she'd think I was pitying her, and a girl like Miss Peck wouldn't stand for that."

So William decided to let things go on as they were, as long as Constance worked for him; she would at least be near him, and in course of time, he hoped she might come to feel as he did.

"Though I don't see how a girl like Constance could care for a dull fellow like me," he said.

In the little outside office, where he looked Johnny Jenks, the office boy, and waiting clients—when there were any—usually kept her company, Constance Peck sat before her typewriter. Her brown eyes were filled with trouble, and her thoughts wandered from the quills and fountain in the notebook by her side. For Constance Peck was owing to herself that she was in love with her employer.

"I ought to leave," said Constance, to herself. "It isn't his fault, though, and I suppose leaving would put him in a hole for another stenographer. Well, I'll just stick it out, and maybe, sometime, a man like Mr. Gordon couldn't care for a girl like me, that's certain. Anyway, if I stay I'll be near him every day, and that's something."

Johnny's chatter broke unpleasantly on her speculations. "An' pol'ave!" said Johnny. "You're worse than the boss. The two of you've got something on your minds, and he's nodded wisely as he tried to get a telephone number."

"Johnny," said Miss Peck, "I've got to have quiet or I'll never get my work done. I'll give you a dime if you'll go take a little walk for a half an hour."

It was that, some twenty minutes later, William Gordon, his resolve to "let things go," resolutely in his mind, walked into the outer office to find his stenographer, struggling with a similar resolve, sitting alone before her typewriter. Tears shone in her dark eyes.

"Where's that scamp of a boy?" demanded William, fiercely, thinking perhaps the boy was the cause of the tears. "I bribed him to go for a walk," said Constance. Then, without a moment's warning to poor, defenseless William, two big tears splashed from her eyes down on the senseless typewriter keys.

In a moment, William, regardless of all resolutions, had Constance in his arms and was kissing her cheeks; and Constance, likewise regardless of resolutions, was crying comfortably on his shoulder. But in another moment both remembered themselves. Constance pulled herself free.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Peck, I really didn't mean to. I just couldn't help it. I never could stand the sight of a being so much in love with a man."

They stood looking uncomfortably at each other. At that moment the door opened, and Johnny, radiant from the foolish expenditure of his dime on candy and soda water, entered the room. Constance and William reddened under his bird-like, knowing glance.

"As I was just saying, Mr. Gordon," said Constance, going to the locker, and getting her hat and coat. "I am going now—and I shall not come back."

And so, before William could think of anything plausible to say, Constance Peck, the stenographer, passed out of his life.

A few mornings later Constance sat in her little boarding house room industriously running through the advertisements in a pile of newspapers. Occasionally she stopped to make some remark to herself on her unhappy fate.

"If only," she thought, "he had said he couldn't help it. If he had said it because he wanted to, she would have broken off, blushing and went to work again."

GRAPHIC NARRATIVE

LONDON LADY'S TALE OF MEXICAN REVOLUTION INCIDENT.

Mrs. Carr-Harris in the Thick of It—Government Troops Desert Cause and Insurgents Take Possession—Good Order and Behavior of the Insurgents.

The following graphic narrative of an episode of the Mexican revolution is from the pen of Mrs. Marion Carr-Harris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLennan, of London, Ont. Mrs. Carr-Harris writes from her home, Cananea, Sonora, Mexico:

For some days we had known that the insurgents were not far away, but we had heard this so many times and found it later that they had journeyed farther, that none paid much attention to it. On Thursday it was known that they were at the Ojo de Agua—eight or nine miles away, where the pumping station is located which supplies us with water. That day my husband told me he thought we should look at the place, and he had been warned to do so in case the supply should be cut off. So I filled the big porcelain tub and fastened a sheet across the top to keep out the dust. Nothing happened. The federal troops, which still stayed at the barracks, that night the bridges on the railway between here and Naco and Nogales were burned, which cut us off from that means of communication with outside world.

On Friday afternoon, the Bridge Club met at half past two, and we were waiting for one member who was late. We were talking revolution and the next dance at the club, and the ordinary topics of more or less importance, when the telephone rang. In a few minutes our hostess appeared and announced that the States consul (whose wife was the tardy bridge player for whom we were waiting) had telephoned to say that official notification had arrived that the rebels were on the way toward town, and the warning was sent to enable foreigners to get out of the city.

I have always enjoyed reading Byron's "Night Before Waterloo" when into the midst of all the gayety and brightness and sound of revelry by night in Belgium's capital came the bugle call, "To arms! To arms!" and I will always read it a little more from this time. No more Bridge Club. We all scrambled home as quickly as possible, and then came the question, What to take and what to leave?

I had often wondered what one should do in the event of fire, with only a few minutes to the good, and now I seemed in a fair way to find an answer to the question. First to get word to my husband, who was, I knew, at the mines, away up in the hills. I called up the time office of the bank, where I knew he should be, in the hope of having a man sent, underground to find him. No one answered. I called three offices at the Capota mine; still no answer. I had already telephoned the mining engineering office down town.

Finally someone answered from the mine, who proved to be the assistant superintendent, and to him I poured out my tale of woe. He at first did not understand the situation, and said: "Yes, I've sent a man down, and he will be up after a while." Well, I said, "Please don't let him wait too long, for we'll simply have to hurry." Then I expect I must have seemed rather excited, for he asked: "Nothing has happened, has it, or is there anything new?" "Oh, yes, the official word has come that we have less than an hour to pack up. The rebels are almost here." "Oh, with a world of understanding in it," well, don't you worry. I'll hustle your husband a little and he will be there soon" (this is very soothing tones).

I then unpacked some clothes and, a few valuables, and on going to the door found people on the Mesa putting up the Stars and Stripes on their houses; so I dragged forth a very dusty British flag and proceeded to put it up. I hate to confess that later a very nervous and excited mortal asked what flag it was. I began to think it would be all lost upon the poor rebel if a being so much in love with intelligence as herself failed to grasp the meaning. However, I merely asked her if she had ever heard of a place called England, and explained that they used the flag occasionally over there.

The men began to come home from the down town offices, and my telephone called constantly—people ringing me to leave the home, as it is a wing of the large house occupied by the military and police, and might be attacked. Soon up came the mule team with my husband and his two Mexicans, and I and my suitcase and kodak were bundled off to the office as A. said most of the people were leaving the Mesa.

Crowds in front of the municipal buildings—soldiers and policemen riding about everywhere on all the tall buildings—men with field glasses looking for the approaching rebels. On the roof of the jail, which had been surrounded with a barricade of sandbags for months past, were many guards on the lookout. Down the street flashed a motor, flying an American and a white flag—Col. Green on his way to meet the rebels, and if possible help to come to terms. Some time before another motor with the general manager of the company and a Mexican interpreter had left on the same errand. Down at the offices everyone was waiting until word should come as to the result of all this. I went up on the flat roof of the general office, but nothing could be seen of any advancing army.

By chance a sergeant from the post-office, with all the contents of that important institution, with the hope of depositing them with the company for safe keeping. The company, however, would not receive them, as their position of necessity must be an entirely neutral one.

Mr. Y., one of the heads of the company, came along and said to me: "Well, have you a place of refuge picked out, Mrs. Y.?" I said I really hadn't thought much about it, but possibly we might stay where we were for a little. "Don't you think you would really be much more comfortable and quite as safe at our house?"

LET POOR SLEEP IN CHURCHES.

Hot Weather Suggestion of Wife of British Minister to Hague.

The recent "hot wave" filled over 500 graves in New York city, mostly with the bodies of children, and the "red" is not yet. The hospitals were full the police stations were full, the parks and the cellars were full of miserable human beings who struggled for air, who baked and boiled, hungry, sleepless and exhausted. And death took over 500 of them.

But the crowded churches were empty. The carpeted floors, the comfortable benches, the shady places therein were unused.

Lady Johnstone, wife of the British minister to the Hague, says that had the churches been opened to the poor, very many of these lives would have been saved; that in Denmark, in very cold weather, churches are opened to the poor and there's no reason why a church should not be used to save lives in the torrid season, since they may be cleared thoroughly every morning at a nominal cost.—Wilkes-Barre Times Leader.

Russian Up-to-date.

A special despatch from St. Petersburg gives the following account of the meeting between the czar and the newly-appointed Ambassador to the Court of Russia:

The Ambassador (with a courtly bow): "Howd'ya?"

H. I. M. the Czar (most graciously extending his hand): "Fineski, and youki?"

The Ambassador (seizing the hand warmly): "Greatest!"

H. I. M. the Czar (waving his hand towards the Imperial sideboard): "Havanipski?"

The Ambassador (a pleased smile wreathing his face): "Don't tearfidly ski?"

H. I. M. the Czar (inspecting the supply): "What'lit'eski?"

The Ambassador (contentedly): "Sameoldthingki."

H. I. M. the Czar (inquiringly): "What'shtatski? Danvilitski?"

The Ambassador (shaking his head): "Nitski, Scotchwhiski."

A Cooling Drink That Satisfies

Just a small pinch of Abbey's Salt to a glass of cold water, is the most refreshing and satisfying thirst quencher this hot weather.

This makes a drink like lemonade—just pleasantly acid—sparkling and invigorating.

Abbey's Salt cools the blood—cools the brain—braces—satisfies.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt Try it.

Hay's Hair Health

Restores color to Gray or Faded hair—Removes Dandruff and invigorates the Scalp—Promotes a Luxuriant, healthy hair growth—Stops its falling out. Is not a dye.

Hay's Hairina Soap is essential for Shampooing the hair and keeping the Scalp clean and healthy, also for red, rough chapped hands and face. 25c. at Druggists. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. JAS. B. McLEOD, AGENT

Second Hand Furniture Large Stock of New and Second-hand Furniture, also all kinds of Preserving Jars. Call at H. Sugerman's 242 Ontario Street.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills Reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. All cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at 50c. a box, or three for \$1. Mailed to any address. The Washburn Drug Co., Manufacturers, Ont. For sale at Mahood's Drug Store.

THAT TOBACCO With the "Rooster" on It is crowing loud and goes along like 45c per pound. For chewing and smoking. AT A. McLEANN'S, Ontario Street.

Wood's Phosphorine, The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, induces pure blood in old veins, cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Insomnia, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses. Price 21 per box, six for \$1. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. Free pamphlet mailed free. The Wood Medical Co., Toronto, Ont. (Formerly J. C. Wood)

GATES, FENCING, ETC. Manufactured by PARTRIDGE & SONS, Phone 330. Crescent Wire and Iron Works, Also Electric Plating.

KILL THE DANDRUFF GERM Or Your Hair Will Fall Out Till You Become Bald. Modern science has discovered that dandruff is caused by a germ that digs up the scalp in scales, as it burrows down to the roots of the hair, where it destroys the hair's vitality, causing falling hair, and ultimately baldness. After Prof. Uuna, of Hamburg, Germany, discovered the dandruff germ, all efforts to find a remedy failed until the great laboratory discovery was made which resulted in Newbro's Herpicide. It alone of all other hair preparations kills the dandruff germ. Without dandruff hair grows luxuriantly. Destroy the cause, you remove the effect.

Sold by leading druggists. Send for free samples to the Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. One dollar bottles guaranteed. Jas. B. McLeod, special agent, Kingston.

HER FAVORITE. It will cure Sunburn, Cuts, Burns, Eczema, and all Wounds of the Face.

This is not an extravagant statement when applied to "Electro Balm." PROVE IT. We will send you one of our beautiful miniature boxes of Electro Balm, 16 cent size, free upon request, to enable you to prove it to your own satisfaction.

In our correspondence we receive many such testimonials as follows (copied from a letter received today): "My daughter has long been troubled with Eczema, which had resulted a great deal of treatment that is not considered inferior by any means, but the results so far have been far from satisfactory. The little sample of Electro Balm stopped the running at once. She will write you, but send me a box immediately."

We have such faith in our Electro Balm that we guarantee to refund the price paid for a trial box to any dissatisfied customer. Write to-day for a little free box and we will send you besides our new premium program to custom. Enclose 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Address: The Electric Balm Chemical Co., Ltd., Ottawa.

The Sawyer Shoe Store 212 Princess St.

Womens' Oxfords at \$1.50 Women's regular \$2.50 and \$3.00 Vic Kid, Patent Colt Skin, Gun Metal, Calf and Tan Calf, now \$1.50.

REID & CHARLES

Geo. Muller & Son Carpet Cleaning, Sewing and Laying, Bicycles, Go Carts and Baby Carriages repaired. Telephone 1022. 279 King St. KINGSTON.

Removal Notice! W. C. Bennett, Tinsmith and Plumber, has removed his place of business from 373 King St. to 191 Princess Street, next door to the late S. J. Horse's Hardware Store, where he will be pleased to meet all his old customers and as many new ones as require first-class Tinsmithing and Plumbing done; also agent for the Souvenir Range.

Asbestos Wall Plaster \$3.00 a Ton P. WALSH, Barrack St.

Buy Your Meat and Groceries From the Unique Grocery and Meat Market. Our Goods and prices will suit you.

C. H. Pickering 490 PRINCESS STREET. Phone 530. Special attention given to phone orders.

CHOCOLATES Ganong's, G. B. THE FINEST IN THE LAND

A. J. REES 166 PRINCESS STREET.

Shoe Bargains

All our ladies Tan Calf or Chocolate Oxfords and Pumps are Reduced \$1.50 Now \$1.15 2.00 1.60 3.00 2.25 4.00 and 3.75 for 2.98

25 p. c. off all our men's Oxfords, Gun Metal, Tan or Pat Calf. Snaps if you want the best good shoes.

The Sawyer Shoe Store 212 Princess St.

Womens' Oxfords at \$1.50

Women's regular \$2.50 and \$3.00 Vic Kid, Patent Colt Skin, Gun Metal, Calf and Tan Calf, now \$1.50.

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