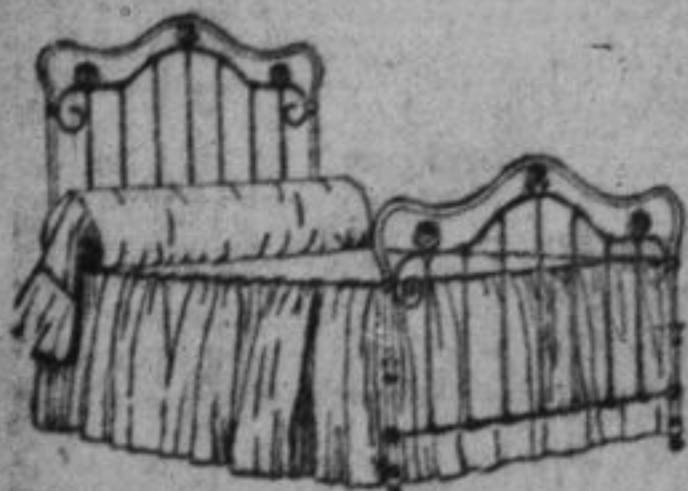


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### AN EARLY EXPLORER

HIS LABRADOR JOURNEY WAS A MEMORABLE ONE

Henry A. Hinds Went Through the Land in the Sixties—His Exploits Fill Two Large Volumes.

Mr. Henry A. Hinds, the famous explorer, who died a year or two ago in Nova Scotia, left Quebec on June 16, 1861, on board the steamer Arabian for Moise, on his mission for the Canadian Government to explore the interior of the Labrador peninsula, says The Quebec Telegraph. He was accompanied by his brother William, who had joined the expedition for the purpose of making sketches and water color drawings of scenery, Indians, and any novelty in the vegetable or mineral world, which it might be desirable to transfer to his portfolio. Mr. J. F. Gaudet and Mr. Edward Caley were appointed by the Crown Lands Department of the Canadian Government to accompany Mr. Hinds as surveyors. He also took with him from Quebec, five French-Canadian voyageurs to serve as guides.

The Moisie River had never previously been explored by white men, though a portion of it had been traversed by the missionaries to the Indians. Mr. Hinds' attention had been first drawn to the Moisie as a gateway to Labrador, by Abbe Ferland, of Laval University, who showed him a chart constructed by seven Montagnais Indians at the request of the Archbishop of the Oblat missionary to the Montagnais Indians of the interior, who in 1841, after more than fifty years' labor among them, ministering to the members of the tribe at Berimie. The chart exhibited the route followed by these Indians from the Milon Inlet on the Atlantic coast, up Esquimaux River, a continuation of the Ashwanipi, to a great lake in the interior called Peishikupau—thence by an unbroken water communication through the Ashwanipi River and a lake of the same name to near the head waters of the great branch of the Moisie, which they reached by crossing a narrow divide, and thus descended to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. According to the Indian chart, the Ashwanipi flows through five degrees of longitude, traversing the elevated tableland of the Labrador peninsula in a direction roughly parallel to the north coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Mr. Hinds described the chart in question as a curious and interesting illustration of the remarkable capabilities possessed by these Indians to delineate the general features of a country through which they have passed, and as far as he was able to compare it with his own surveys, it was found singularly exact and accurate.

The report of Mr. Hinds' exploration of the valley of the Moisie fills two large volumes, containing as it does, not only an account of the country great deal of detailed information about Indian tribes of the interior, the Montagnais and the Nasapees. Some of the sketches of Indian life made by Mr. William Hinds, and which are illustrated in the report, are extremely interesting. The exploring party ascended the Moisie to a point about one hundred and twenty miles north of the mouth of the mouth of the river, after encountering great difficulties, for in many instances high precipitous cliffs hem in heavy rapids, which have to be poled up. Indian cannibalism in comparatively modern times was satisfactorily established on more than one occasion by Mr. Hinds, and in some instances on the evidence of Pere Anand, and the good missionary, who is very much devoted to his Indian converts, many of whom he has separated from polygamous alliances, declares positively that the eating of human flesh was never resorted to by them as a matter of choice, but only in cases of necessity, when threatened with death from hunger.

### A Modest Official.

Astonishing as it may seem, there is one man in Toronto so modest that even when he was invited to lunch with the King he refused to let a newspaper reporter publish that fact. Probably, almost certainly, he was the only man in the city to be so honored. He is related to the Lord Mayor of London, and the latter sent him an invitation to the Lord Mayor's dinner to the King, which was part of the coronation program.

Quite by accident, a reporter on a Toronto daily learned of the invitation. He sought out the invited man, who happens to be in a rather prominent civic position, and asked for further information. To his amazement the modest one refused to even let him publish the bald fact.

"Well, all I have to say is, that if it had been some other official who had received such an invitation, no time would have been lost in sending typewritten notices, with full particulars and photographs, to all the papers in town," said the scribe as he walked away.

But the very modest man merely smiled. And because he is really and truly modest, his name is withheld in this little tale.—Canadian Courier.

### Victoria and Her Tourists.

The Victoria Daily Colonist had an optimistic editor at not long ago. The editor remarked that in the near future tourists would spend \$20,000,000 in Vancouver Island. Eight thousand visited Victoria last season.

The railways seem to be paying particular attention to the Coast. The C.P.R. has a Chaiet hotel in mind for Cameron Lake. That company will construct a trail up Mount Arrow-smith, and in the picturesque hill district about this mountain a cabin or two. The Canadian Northern is steering past Cowichan Lake, where there is some magnificent scenery, including a cataract 1,500 feet high. All this activity is in the neighborhood of Victoria, and the city expects to benefit from it.

### Dukes Now?

As the Canadian Pacific's fleet are all "Princesses," the Grand Trunk vessels are all "Princes," and it is said that the coastal service to be formed by the Canadian Northern out of Port Mann, B.C., will be named the "Dukes." Royalty and nobility will surely be well represented by the liners of the Pacific Coast.—Canadian Century.

THE WHEAT CROP OF CANADA this year will approximate 200,000,000 bushels. According to estimates of the Manitoba Free Press on the reports of twenty-four special crop inspectors, the Wheat Crop of the Canadian West will, in 1911, amount to 178,650,000 bushels. In the obtaining of their reports the inspectors mentioned travelled a distance of 6,564 miles through Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, Cutting Samples from More than 1,500 fields. The Wheat crop mentioned comprises 54,400,000 bushels for Manitoba, 106,000,000 for Saskatchewan, and 18,000,000 for Alberta. Of the Alberta crop 4,500,000 is winter wheat. The crop of oats is estimated to run 223,550,000 bushels for the three Provinces, while the estimate of the barley crop will be in the neighborhood of 33,300,000 and the flax 7,820,000 bushels. Despite the fact that the season will go on record as the most unfavorable in years, this year's crop will be the largest yet, an enormous increase being shown over the crop of 1910.

### "HIS ANNUAL CUT"



### THE SECRET OF LIFE.

They had drawn the chair close to the window, where, in the softening twilight, Hester Layton could make out the outlines of the drooping willows and catch the scent of the odorous blossoms. Clonds not unlike heavy veils upon a woman's face draped over and about the tree tops, hiding the topmost branches from her sight. For a moment she watched them, noiselessly, steadily creeping onward; then she sank into her chair with a sharp sigh of pain.

"The grass, the sky, the flowers, all things in this world are so beautiful to me," she murmured. "There is life in every little leaf on the willow; every tiny bird flutters for joy; but I must remain helpless and weak all my life. It isn't right."

With an effort she tried to reach the table before her, but her arm could not touch it. Her movement, however, attracted the attention of a sweet-faced old lady.

"What is it, Hester?" "My album, mother, dear. The blues are coming on fast and heavy, in spite of all you do to keep me cheerful. I'm getting so old, mammy, thirty-five—think of it! Thirty-five years of uselessness!"

She sighed wearily as she opened her album, but her eyes brightened as she lifted a slip of paper, yellow and much belingered, from between the pages. "Here it is—my comforter. How I wish I knew who wrote it. Someone who has suffered as I have, I know. Do you realize that it is ten whole years since I found this poem, and it's the only thing that lifts me out of despair and keeps me hoping."

"Read it, dear." "A wave of joy passed over Hester's face, and she placed the slip lovingly close to the window, where the faint rose tints of the clouds gave her enough light to make out the outlines of the letters. But she did not need the light. For years she had read the lines over and over again; lines that she had found by chance in a magazine. In a voice full and harmonious she read the poem with a deep understanding:

### "THE SECRET OF LIFE.

Man was not made for outward show,  
For a form of beauty, a face well-lined,  
With features perfect in their strength,  
Regardless of his inner mind.

It matters not how broken down,  
In outward aspect, the human frame,  
The soul within is all that counts,  
And handsomeness is but a name.

Remember, then, oh child of God,  
Whatever the body lacks in grace,  
Seek out the inner heart and mind,  
And heaven will gather in their place.

"Hester, I have brought you a visitor." At her father's word, Hester looked up and met the gaze of a short, middle-aged man, whose features, usually irregular, and bent forward, would cause a stranger to look curiously at him, but his eyes held Hester spellbound.

A wealth of honor, of courage, of nobility dwelt therein, and seemed to be transmitted into her own soul. With a feeling of perfect comradeship for this man, outwardly so disgraced, inwardly so noble, her hand went forth to meet his.

"Miss Layton, we are going to be friends." "I am sure of it, Mr. Armstrong. Their eyes sent messages back and forth of sympathy and understanding.

"It was as if my soul had found its long-lost mate," Hester said afterward.

But for the time being she only felt content at having met someone at last who could truly understand her.

John Armstrong quickly took possession of the chair beside the girl, his eyes wandering from her soft, wavy hair down to her slender, fragile hands. Then the blood suffused his pallid face, and an exclamation rose to his lips, which, though he tried to smother, attracted Hester's attention.

"You are interested in this poem?" she queried, holding up the clipping. "It is very dear to me, very dear." She wondered why the man before her grew radder still, then white, why his eyes fell before her steady gaze, then the light broke upon her.

"Mr. Armstrong, what is your first name and middle, please?" "John," he answered, and she glanced anxiously around the room, as if to find a way to escape, then stammered brokenly, "John Armstrong." Hester gave a cry of joy, as people would tolerate for a moment,

### IN MANY LANDS

BIBLES BY THE MILLION HAND-ED OUT.

Strange Experiences Recorded by Bible Society Agents in Out of the Way Places.

Some interesting facts and quaint stories are contained in the 107th Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society. In the first place, the society issued 903,827 Bibles, 1,199,239 New Testaments and 4,782,220 Portions of the Scriptures during 1910, totals which easily constitute a record; 2,845 cases of the Scriptures (weighing 333 tons) were sent out from the Bible House in London.

To place the Scriptures within reach of all the society maintains its own depots and agents in nearly a hundred of the chief cities of the world. The great bulk of its issues consist of cheap popular editions, which are sold at prices far below their cost. A Chinese Pocket Testament, for instance, which costs about 5d. to produce is sold for 1d.

Of the books sent out last year 40,000 were circulated among the Latin Continental nations, 615,000 among the German and Slav peoples of Central Europe, 550,000 in the Russian Empire, 200,000 in Africa, 250,000 in South and Central America and 200,000 in Canada. In Asia, 812,000 copies went out in Indian and Ceylon, 285,000 in Japan, 660,800 in Korea and a million and a half in China.

To get at the dispersed multitudes, the society employs 1,100 colporteurs—men belonging to dozens of races, and speaking scores of tongues, who travel the world over, from village to village, and door to door.

These colporteurs are to be met with along the high roads and footpaths of the world, visiting lonely homes and scattered hamlets and mixing with the crowds at markets and festivals. Last year they were selling the Scriptures on the slopes of Vesuvius; in railway stations and barracks-rooms of Siberia; in the banana plantations of Guetuala, in that diamond mines at Kimberley, and in the rice fields of Bengal.

They were busy at Oberammergau during the Passion Play, and at Nijni Novgorod during the great fair.

They offered their books among pilgrims to the holy places at Jerusalem, pilgrims to the grotto at Lourdes, pilgrims to Buddhist shrines in Ceylon and in Japan. They boarded hundred of ships in the harbors of Port Said and Naples and Cebu and Singapore.

The colporteur found shelter in a camp of Kirghiz Tartars. Another in the Indian mountains found a wide crowd, from whose magic words the people fled. Another in the Sudan, crossed the desert with camels, and when he halted by the wells kept a fire burning all night to scare off lions.

At a heathen festival in Upper Burma a colporteur was beaten and his books were thrown into the Irrawadi. On the frozen river at Astrakhan a colporteur's sleigh broke through the ice, both his horses were drowned, and he himself narrowly escaped.

Last year, these wandering Bible-sellers sold more than 3,000,000 copies of the Scriptures.

In the Austrian Tyrol it is still a crime to sell a Bible—almost the only district left in Europe. As the society's report says: "The work of the society in the Austrian hall of the Dual Monarchy has always been a struggle against adversity. Enemies, concealed and open, have waged war against us for three generations, and are as bitter and inexorable to-day as they were a hundred years ago."

"During 1910 Austria absolutely closed some of its fairest provinces to the work of our society. In Upper Austria, in Salzburg, in the Tyrol, and in Vorarlberg the governors, distinct by decree to admit colporteurs. They give no reason for refusing, but no one is in doubt regarding the power behind their thrones. Among the other provinces of the empire there is not one in which we enjoy complete liberty, not one in which we are not hampered by a set of medieval regulations and restrictions which no free people would tolerate for a moment."

### THE PRESERVING TEST

FOR NEARLY 60 YEARS.



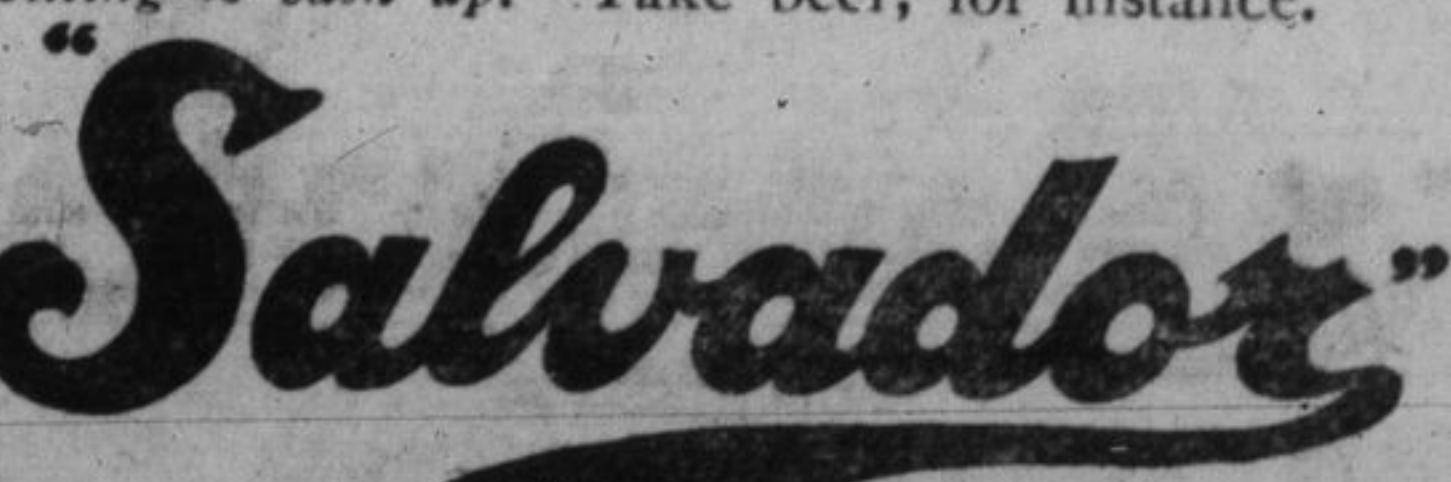
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