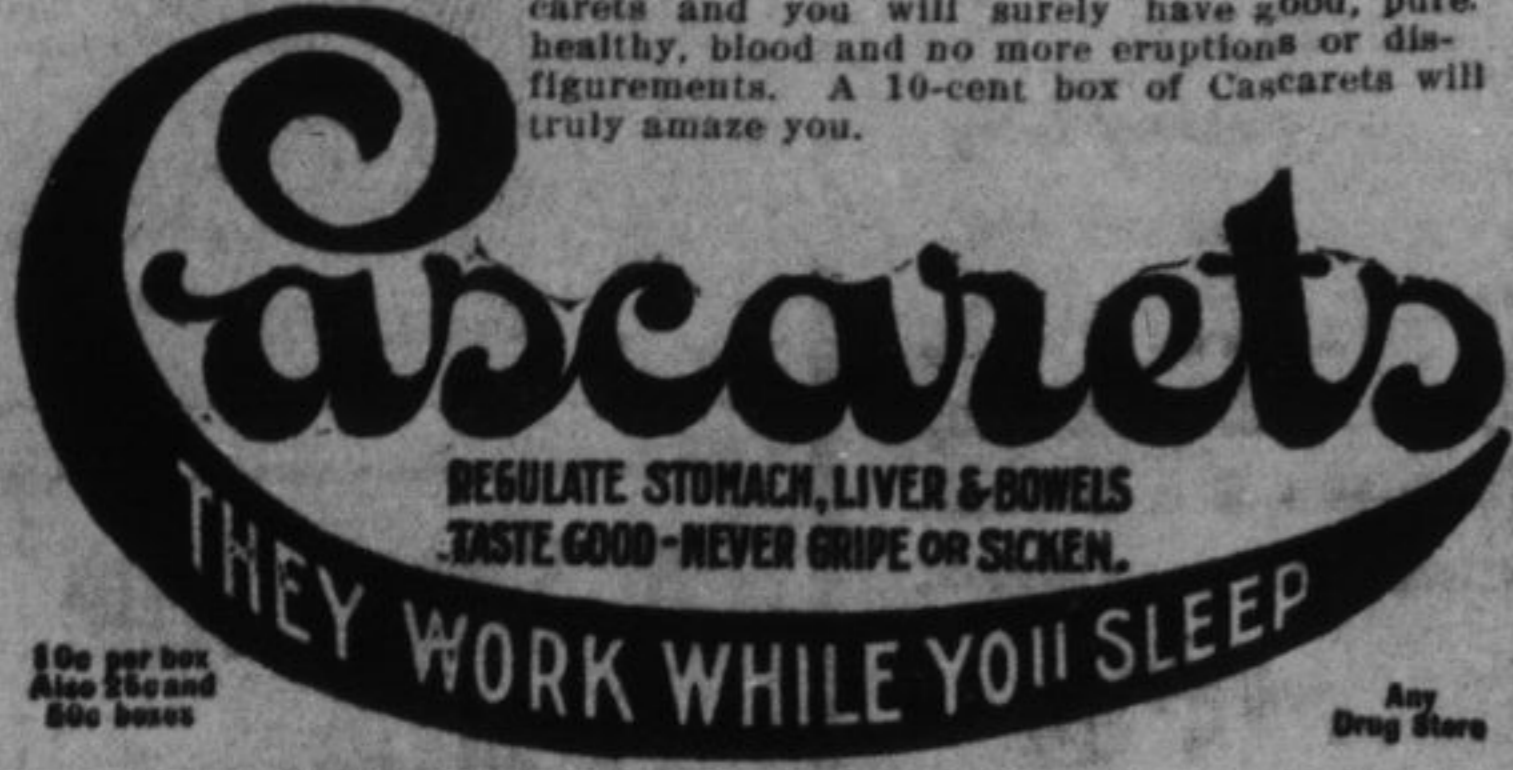


AWAY GO PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, SORES, ULCERS AND ALL BLOOD DISORDERS.

Pimples, eruptions, blotches, scales, ulcers, sores, eczema and chronic swellings are caused by bad blood, but don't become discouraged—no other trouble is so easily overcome. Cascarets are wonder-workers in the cure of any disease caused by bad or impure blood. They eliminate all poisons, build up and enrich the blood, enabling it to make new, healthy tissue.

Pure blood means perfect health, and if you will use Cascarets they will give you good health and a pure, clean skin, free from pimples and blotches. To try Cascarets is to like them, for never before has there been produced as perfect and as harmless a blood purifier, liver and stomach regulator as Cascarets Candy Cathartic. Be sure to take Cascarets and you will surely have good, pure, healthy, blood and no more eruptions or disfigurements. A 10-cent box of Cascarets will truly amaze you.



SOFT FELT HATS THE THING FOR AUTUMN.

Greys, taupe, black, browns and tans in the softest and finest of French felts appear in the rough and ready hats for autumn and they are alike worn by school girls, debutantes and young matrons of athletic tastes. Any sort of quill or bow of ribbon—providing that its color accords with the felt—will do for a trimming, but this hat has a fit bow of cloth of gold, strapped with narrow brown velvet ribbon, and a big cabochon of brown velvet and tinsel thread.

The Tuning of Bells.

There are few who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones. All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning, the same as any other musical instrument, before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony. The tuning of the bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is done said entirely.

Nasty Professor!

The student was handsome, easy and self-possessed, but appeared to be utterly ignorant of simplest phase of the subject. Professor W. put question after question to him, without receiving one intelligent reply. Finally, the student said entirely.

"I am very unfortunate, professor, put a bell in tune as it is for a you never ask me anything I know," piano tuner to adjust his instrument. The professor said nothing, but to perfect chords. At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should the tuner shave off too much at the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin hurry."

A JAIL BREAKER TELLS STORY OF PRIVATION

Pursued by Bloodhounds and a Posse of Men Harry Newton, With Bullet Wound in His Leg, Drags Himself From Watertown to Syracuse.

Watertown, N.Y., Oct. 20.—Digging a bullet from his leg with an ordinary jack-knife, wandering aimlessly about the country for fourteen days, during which time his only food was berries and such garden truck as he could find, washing the wounded limb each day and binding it with bass-wood leaves, making friends with the bloodhounds that were tracking him, and finally making his way to Syracuse and Rome form a part of the story which Harry Newton told concerning his escape from the county jail here three months ago.

"We must have taken a thousand impressions before we got the key to fit, and things began to look brighter," said Newton, in speaking of the jail delivery. "At first we tried sawing the bars, but the back saws which we got from the outside made little or no impression, and then it was suggested by one of the crowd of five, and we all were in the crowd that a wet string and emery dust be tried, but that was given up to a plan to make a key that would do the trick."

"We used soap in getting the impression and a match or a toothpick in getting the depth of the lock. Then we would make a crude affair, smoke it with black from a burning match, insert it in the key hole and wherever the black showed us that the tumblers hit, there we would file a little until we got a key that was a fit."

"We had the key ready Wednesday, but the sheriff stuck so close that we did not try a getaway until Sunday. We had a conspiracy over the five men in the deal. Everyone was forbidden to talk to the sheriff, or to write any letters that were not read before sending, by either Allen, or otherwise known as Sheldon, or by Pratt. That lessened the chances of anyone squealing. As we worked there were always two men on watch."

"Newton was here asked how the prisoners got their saws and other material from outside."

"There were outsiders who knew what we were doing and who furnished us with the goods. A letter was written by Pratt and signed with the name of a blacksmith that we saw on a signboard across the road from the jail, ordering a dozen saws. That letter was handed to a certain visitor who in turn handed it to another man, and one night the saws

were showed in a window opposite our cells and we got them by splicing two brooksticks together and reaching out and dragging them in."

After leaving the jail that Sunday night Allen and Newton stuck together, getting as far as Depauville, when they were fired upon. Newton said to-day that one bullet whizzed by his head, another one cut the coat sleeve, while a third lodged in his leg above the knee.

"I thought that a locomotive had struck me," said Newton, "but I managed to crawl under a barn some yards away and pulled some planks over me and escaped detection. I then dug the bullet out with a knife, the blood spurting over me meanwhile. Within an hour my leg had become so swollen that I cut my trousers and underwear to loosen the pressure. I stole a sheet from a clothes-line and bandaged the wound, using basswood leaves."

For the next two weeks Newton wandered about, occasionally getting so close to his pursuers that he could hear them talking of him. He slept daytimes and walked nights, dragging his injured leg along. When he learned that the bloodhounds were being used he walked in circles, then laid flat upon a log and paddled two miles down Chaumont creek, only to have the dogs catch up with him. Newton says the dogs appeared friendly and that he petted them and gained their friendship.

"I finally got my bearings, made Dexter, then skirted around Watertown and walked to Syracuse, applied for assistance, was sent on to Rome and entered the hospital there, suffering from erysipelas, where I remained for several days."

Newton says that his father was one time sheriff of Chautauque county, and that it was his early associations in Buffalo that caused his downfall, resulting in a five-year term in a Massachusetts prison, where he met Sheldon or Allen, whom he says also went under the name of Drinkall.

"I am glad it's all over and I am back here," said Newton, "because the thing was getting on my nerves. I was working as a machinist at \$3.60 a day, but every stranger that entered the shop scared me and I was afraid every time the doorbell at the boarding-house rang."

Newton will be arraigned at once to answer to the indictment charging him with jail-breaking.

MCCOY'S MARRIAGE.

Eighth Marriage of Kid McCoy Expected Soon.

New York, Oct. 20.—Neither Norman Selby (Kid McCoy), nor Mrs. Edna V. Hein, divorcee, daughter of the great Honduras king, would disclose the date for their approaching marriage. It is believed, however, the ceremony will take place within the next two weeks, and that the couple will sail at once for a honeymoon on the continent.

McCoy's eighth marriage—it will be her eighth, too—will be the result of an interesting episode in the life of the White Way.

Mrs. Hein, daughter of the millionaire head of the South American firm of Valentine Brothers, was formerly the wife of Hobdurn Vice-consul Hein. They were married in 1902. They separated in 1909, and in a long-drawn-out divorce suit, in which both made sensational charges, Hein testified that he saw his wife how to McCoy in Reector's one night. Hein later left the table, he said, and when he returned, McCoy was sitting with Mrs. Hein, while the orchestra played "Love Me With Thine Eyes."

Hein later withdrew his charges, and Mrs. Hein was granted the divorce.



Francis J. Henney, the California graft prosecutor. He will probably be the next United States senator from his state.

He Found His Equal.

The merchant was busy and was having a troublesome time at the telephone. Central, who tried to get the number for him, appeared to be inexperienced or asleep. Ordinarily the most patient of men, he lost his patience.

"Look here," he shouted, "either give me 1234, or give me some place where I may at least talk to my intellectual equal!"

Silence for a moment, and then over the wire came a loud "Hello!" in a man's voice.

Mr. Brownlow was much relieved.

"What place is that?" he asked.

"The hospital for the insane," came the answer.

KNOWS NOW.

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case For a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by tea and coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts.

A physician speaks of his own experience:

"I had used tea and coffee for years and really did not exactly believe it was injuring me, although I had palpitation of the heart every day."

"Finally, one day, a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions when I tried coffee, which caused severe irritation and proved to me that I must let it alone."

"When we began using Postum, it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color."

"I have advised a great many of my friends and patients to leave off tea and coffee and drink Postum, in fact I daily give this advice." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Many thousands of physicians use Postum in place of tea and coffee in their own homes and prescribe it to patients. "There's a reason."

A remarkable little book, "The Road to Wellville," can be found in pkgs.

DEATH AT LANSDOWNE

Of Mrs. Arthur McCready—The Late Bruce McNeil.

Lansdowne, Oct. 19.—Yesterday, the funeral of the late Mrs. Arthur McCready took place in the Methodist church, which was filled to overflowing with sorrowing relatives and friends. Deceased, who was only thirty-two years old, was the daughter of Robert Doneyan and had been ill for a long time with tuberculosis. Her little son died last June. Her husband, parents, three sisters and one brother survive. Revs. Messrs. Kelly, Hinton and Beckstedt assisted in the service.

An old and well-known resident passed away, Wednesday, in the person of Bruce McNeil, after a long and painful illness. Deceased, who resided about half a mile from here for many years, on one of the best kept farms was widely known and esteemed, for sterling integrity of character, kindness and liberality, for many found him a friend in need. A widow and three sons survive: Byron and Frederick at home, Edward, cheesemaker at Fairfax.

W. P. Moore has returned from spending nine months in the west. Mrs. Burton Algire, Athens, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gordon London.

Mrs. Robert Latimer returned to Montreal, last night, after spending a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. H. J. Young, Mrs. John Bradley, of Illinois, is visiting her father-in-law, J. A. Bradley, Miss Abel soore returned Wednesday from spending some months in Prescott.

Miss Maud Brockville, is visiting Mrs. (Dr. Shaw) W. G. Johnston, who has been ill for some time, is recovering. Mr. and Mrs. J. Witherill, Lyndhurst, spent Sunday at W. P. Moore's. The Lansdowne ladies are arranging to organize an auxiliary in aid of Brockville General Hospital. The teachers attended the Teachers' Institute at Delta last Thursday and Friday. Mrs. Rebecca Burns is going to spend the winter with her daughter, Mrs. Ezra McEllay.

Mrs. Jennie Bowen and Miss Blanche Cliffe have returned from a visit in Canada. Contractor F. Boab has completed the cement pavements on Railroad avenue and Gilbert street. N. W. Webster has sold his hardware stock to E. E. Johnston and tinware to J. Herbison, being obliged to retire from business owing to ill-health. Mrs. (Dr.) Shaw and daughter have returned from a visit in Rochester and Sprague, N.Y.

SHE IS ILL.

Miss Pauline Johnson Gives Up Literary Work.

The Winnipeg Free Press has the following relative to Miss Pauline Johnson, well-known in this city: Miss Johnson is now living at Vancouver, but she has been stricken with a serious illness and will not be able to do any further literary work. Many of her manuscripts are unpublished and the Women's Press Club and the Canadian Clubs of Vancouver have formed a committee with Lord Strathcona and Sir Charles Tupper at its head to collect and publish these manuscripts in book form. The book is recommended to Canadians on both literary and patriotic grounds and should have a big sale.

The following is Miss Johnson's latest poem:

MISSIONARY HYMN.

Far off our brethren's voices
Are borne from distant lands,
Far off our Father's children
Teach out their waiting hands:
"Give us," they cried, "our portion,"
Co-heirs of grace divine
"Give us the Word of Promise,
"Give us the three-fold line."

Remote where Athabasca
Her beacon cross uprears,
And Qu'Appelle's lonely heralds
Toil through the waiting years;
From wild Algoma's wastes,
From northern wastes of snow,
The cry comes over, "Help us,
One God, one Christ to know."

Yes, though the world of waters
Between us and our brethren,
No ocean waste can sever,
The brotherhood of souls,
Far from us, they are of us;
No bound of all the earth
Can part the sons and daughters
Who share the Second Birth.

Lord God, Eternal Father,
Send down the Holy Dove,
For His dear sake, who loved us,
To quicken us in love.
Bless us with His compassion,
That we of ere we rest
May work to bless our brethren,
And blessing, be more blest.
—Pauline Johnson.

THE VILLAGE OF VERONA.

Lodge of Chosen Friends Started—A Bridal Reception.

Verona, Oct. 19.—A large party assembled at the residence of A. Trousdale, on Friday of last week. It was in honor of the home coming of C. D. York and bride from their honeymoon trip. After congratulations the guests repaired to the dining room, where supper was served. The bride received many useful and valuable gifts, voicing the esteem in which the bridal couple are held by their numerous friends, and guests were present from Kingston, Sydenham and points north.

William A. Grant, station agent, Temagami, is spending a few days with friends here. N. Steadman, Camden east, was in town on business trip last week. Frederick Trousdale has accepted a position at North Bay. Mr. and Mrs. Geddes' father is visiting him at his new home. Edward Jeffery of Collins Bay, is very ill at his son's residence, Front Road.

Rev. Mr. Crane is holding cottage prayer meetings every Tuesday evening. The Epworth League is increasing in numbers. Peter Bellmore and wife, Niagara, have taken up their quarters here again for the winter. Mrs. Fort, of Watertown, N. Y., is visiting her parents here. Mrs. Etta Snider, Gannaque, attending the burial of her father, the late Sydney Walroth, returned home this week.

The college students were out in numbers on Saturday and spent some hours at the feldspar mine, High Falls. J. Shibley, Harrowsmith, has shipped this last week, from his ranch, Fourteen Island Lake, two ear loads of fat cattle to the Montreal market. Dr. Geddes has bought the Claxton homestead and remodelled the office.

A lodge of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends has been started here under the brilliant work of Mr. Bryant, of Kingston, who deserves credit for the work he has done for the order. Dr. Geddes assisted Mr. Bryant in strengthening the lodge at Arden by over fifty members.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Zara Reynolds, a son, and to Mr. and Mrs. M. Revelle, a son.

Hillman Salsberry, a resident of the Oak Flats, for a number of years, passed away last Friday night. He leaves a large family of grown-up sons and daughters. The funeral took place Sunday, from the family residence. The remains were interred at Piccadilly cemetery.

TALKED TO HIS WIFE

Till Water Covered Him and He Was Drowned.

Fitzburg, Pa., Oct. 20.—Pinned down by wreckage, as flood waters slowly rose about him, the Rev. Benjamin Turner, aged twenty-four, a Methodist minister, calmly talked to his bride of a few weeks, assuring her that he "was ready to go and was unafraid." And thus he comforted her until the waters rose above him and ended his life.

The details of Turner's death in the recent floods in South Western Colorado were told in a belated letter just received by his father, the Rev. W. P. Turner.

AUTHOR OF SWEET MARIE.

Composer of Popular Songs Falls Upon Evil Days.

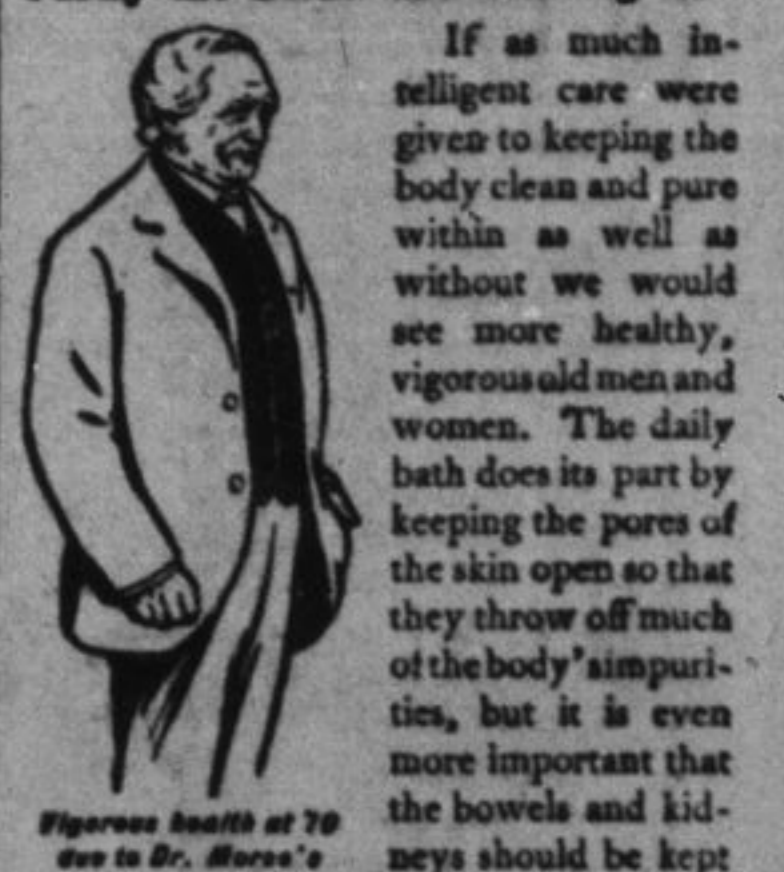
Boston, Oct. 20.—Penniless and a physical wreck, Raymond Moore, a one-time popular song writer, is seriously ill at the Massachusetts General Hospital. Moore is the composer of "Sweet Marie," "Just As The Sun Went Down" and other song hits. When the news of his critical illness reached former theatrical friends, today, steps were quickly taken to provide for him in his misfortune.

Teachers' Dutton's for music. 200 Princeps street.

Clean Within!

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills

Fortify the Blood and Prolong Life



If as much intelligent care were given to keeping the body clean and pure within as well as without we would see more healthy, vigorous old men and women. The daily bath does its part by keeping the pores of the skin open so that they throw off much of the body's impurities, but it is even more important that the bowels and kidneys should be kept regular and active.

If the bowels fail, as they often do late in life, the waste matter from the food accumulates, decays, poisons the system and upsets the stomach.

If the kidneys are sluggish the impurities which they should filter from the blood remain and cause rheumatism.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills regulate the bowels, stimulate the kidneys and open up the pores of the skin. The result is a body clean within—pure, red blood—good digestion—and a hale and hearty old age.

Three generations have proved the value of Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills, and their sale is steadily increasing all over the world.

25c. at all dealers' or from W. H. Comstock Co., Ltd., Brockville, Ont. 1

COAL!

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

Scranton Coal

a good coal and we guarantee prompt delivery.

BOOTH & CO.
FOOT WEST STREET.

For Pickling

Pure Vinegar, all kinds of whole and Ground Spices.

D. COUPER,
Phone 76. 841-3 Princess Street. Prompt Delivery.

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Phone 186.

THE LEAST FUEL, THE MOST SATISFACTION,

Another Range May Be Good---A "Happy Thought" Is Good

When a range combines all the most modern conveniences and when the makers insist that only the best materials should be used, and that every range that leaves their factory should be perfect in every detail of workmanship—why, it stands to reason that the product, the

HAPPY THOUGHT

Range should be a good range, a perfectly reliable range. Take your time in buying a new range. It is the most important of your household furnishings. On it depends whether your household work is going to be a drudgery or a pleasant task, with sure results.

When you have seen the many special features of the Happy Thought, have heard the enthusiastic praise of the thousands of Canadian housewives who use it and see what a strong, serviceable fine-looking range it is, we have no doubt it will surely be your final selection for use in your home.

More than a quarter of a million "Happy Thoughts" are in daily use in Canada.

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MCKELVEY & BIRCH, 69-71 BROCK ST
The William Buck Stove Co., Limited, Bradford, Ont.

IF you can stand in-different health in order to "enjoy your coffee, no one should interfere.

But if you want to get well and stay well, a ten days' trial of

POSTUM

in place of coffee is a step in the right direction.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.