

"I Suffered Intense Pains in My Left Side."

Do you realize it is better to be safe than sorry, that it is the best policy to lock the stable door before the horse is stolen?

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy cured Mrs. C. C. Gokoy, of a stubborn case of heart disease, such as thousands are now suffering with. Read what she says:

"Before I began taking Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy I had been suffering from heart trouble for over five years. I had grown so weak that it was impossible for me to do thirty minutes work in a whole day. I suffered intense pains in my left side and under the left shoulder blade. I could not sleep on the left side, and was so short of breath that I thought I should never be able to take a full breath again. The least excitement would bring on the most distressing palpitation. I had scarcely taken a half-bottle of the Heart Remedy before I could see a marked change in my condition. I began to sleep well, had a good appetite, and improved so rapidly that when I had taken six bottles I was completely cured."

MRS. C. C. GOKEY, Northfield, Vt. If you have any of the symptoms Mrs. Gokoy mentions, it is your duty to protect yourself.

Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy is what you need. If the first bottle fails to benefit, your money is returned. Ask your druggist.

MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

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NO OTHER LINIMENT... Could Do What Morriscy's Did, says Blacksmith... BELLE COTE, C. B., Dec. 10, 1910. "I was laid up for several days with a severe pain in the bone of my right arm, and was unable to perform my work."

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA... Cowan's seems to hit the right spot. It is a great food for husky young athletes... DO YOU USE COWAN'S COCOA?

A QUAIN OLD JUDGE

MR. JUSTICE WILLIS WAS A FEATURE OF LONDON.

Veteran Jurist, Who Died Recently, Was So Widely Known and Well Beloved That He Had Become an Institution—He Had Never Used a Phone, and When He Earned \$500 a Year He Saved \$300 of It.

London has lost one of its quaintest personalities in the death of Judge Willis, who occupied a warm spot in the heart of the British metropolis. Judge Willis was a London institution and the newspapers in this big town are poorer for his death.

The judge was a genial humorist, a good deal of a philosopher, and by no means a mountebank. He couldn't resist the temptation to crack a joke or work off an aphorism, but his jokes were always kindly and his sayings generally had a good deal of hard common sense.

He began life as a clerk in a wholesale dry-goods house, and as he often told his court audience he saved money from the first. When he earned \$500 a year he lived on \$200 and saved the other \$300, and he had no patience with young men who being told to save in their fathers' bills and other petty debts.

While he worked in the dry-goods store by day he read law at night and when he abandoned the yard stick for the courts he soon was recognized as an uncommonly sound lawyer. He became a judge in 1886, his court being held in the minor civil actions were tried.

"No house is furnished unless it has children and a mailcart in it." "A good overcoat, if properly brushed and taken care of, ought to last seven years."

"I have never met a policeman yet who saw an accident." "If you err on the side of benevolence it does not follow that you are a fool."

"When I was a student I kept a partition between what I was doing and every other thought so that I might concentrate my attention on what I was doing. By that means I succeeded."

"Don't say 'dad,' my father. It is one of the most beautiful words in the English language." "It was not intended that there should be any worry in this world, and there would not be if people obeyed a few rules."

"On the whole, the poor are happier than the rich right through the end." Judge Willis, although a Liberal in politics, was nothing if not conservative. The good old days of his boyhood were good enough for him, and he had no patience with modern inventions—he would have protested against their improvements.

For instance, he never used a telephone in his life and never rode in an underground railway or an automobile. He never gambled, never borrowed money, never saw a horse race, never read a Sunday newspaper, never looked at a stock exchange ticker tape, and he declared recently that he was probably the only man in England who never read a word about the Crippen trial.

In spite of this apparently dour and stern outlook on life Willis was one of the kindest of men. He was a lot of money helping poor persons who were sued before him for rent and similar debts and a homily from the bench on the folly of getting into debt often would be followed by a quiet visit from the judge and a loan of enough to relieve pressing necessities. It was one of his rules that if these loans were repaid, as they sometimes were, to put the money out again at once in a similar way.

In Who's Who, that English work of reference in which the famous and the famous are allowed to write their own biographies, Judge Willis gave his recreations as follows: "Collecting books both old and new, walking by the side of brook and river, speaking to everybody he meets, and seeing how much there is in others to be admired and loved."

A Proposition. Among the boarding houses in town is one known to scores and scores of boarders who have tried it for a little while. It is one of those places remodelled especially to reduce the size of the rooms and increase the landlady's income.

She was showing a stranger through the house the other day. "Now, this room," said she, "is a little more than the one I just showed you. It has two windows." "Can't you make the price the same," inquired the newcomer, "if I promise to keep one of the windows closed and the shutters drawn?"

Not Her Worry. "My husband received a note to-day in a woman's handwriting." "Did you open it?" "I did not. And, what is more, I left him by himself to read it at his leisure." "Don't you worry over it?" "No, but I think he does. It was from my dressmaker."

The Direct Route. "They say she spurned his offer of marriage." "She did. She found that he was dependent upon a rich uncle, so she married the uncle."

Ottawa electric commission appeals to the minister of public works to cancel the sale of the timber slide at the Chata Falls. Many people have cute children that are also mighty impudent.

PUZZLING BABIES.

Some Have X-Ray Eyes That Look Through Objects.

A year or two ago doctors in England were much puzzled over a six-year-old boy named Arthur Keene, living with his parents at Penarth, Glamorgan. Young Arthur has lived on milk since his birth, not a particle of solid food being taken. At six years of age he was finally developed and healthy, and his diet per week consisted of thirty pints of milk mixed with sugar and a little water.

When Lionel Brett, a young boy of Massachusetts, was a baby in arms, says Tit-Bits, his mother noticed that there was something peculiar about the eyes, and fearing that he was in danger of going blind, she had him examined by several oculists. These gentlemen discovered that the child was possessed of a most wonderful pair of eyes his sight penetrating substances in the same fashion as the X-rays.

Dr. Ferrout, of Narbonne, and Dr. Grasset of Montpellier some years back examined a young girl of Narbonne and she was found to possess eyes similar to those of Lionel Brett. Experiments proved that she could see through opaque bodies as clearly and penetratingly as her eyes generated X-rays.

Another child possessed of wonderful sight was a German lad named Schaefer, who created a furore in scientific circles some time ago. There was nothing unusual in his appearance, and yet he had a very strange pair of eyes. The order of things was reversed; in the day he was practically blind, while in the darkness of night the keenness of his sight was astonishing.

When night came on young Schaefer could see with an acuteness which many ordinary people would have given much to possess even in the daytime. He could enter a pitch-dark room and pick up any small object from the table or floor with as much ease as his parents could if the room were flooded with light.

On one occasion Mr. and Mrs. Schaefer sprinkled the floor of a room with tiny pins, and at night they ordered their son to pick them up. Although the room was absolutely dark the lad found every one of the pins in an incredibly short space of time.

People with magnetic bodies are not unknown, and six years ago doctors discovered at Vladikavkaz, in the Caucasus, a girl of twelve whose body was practically a magnet. According to a medico who examined her, every object which she approached would move. Once she walked close to a kitchen dresser, and in an instant the crockery upon it began to dance.

On another occasion a heavy bottle standing upon a table was raised in the air when the magnetic maiden went near it. Russian Excavations at Olbia. The site of the ancient Greek colonial city of Olbia is on the southern bank of the Bug and is partially covered by the modern Russian Village of Parutino.

Renewed excavations are now proceeding under the supervision of Prof. Parmakovsky of the Imperial Archaeological Society. During the last fortnight many interesting finds have been made in the old city necropolis of terra cotta statuettes and masks, and personal ornaments in gold and silver, rings, beads, necklaces, ear pendants, bracelets, etc.

The Chinese Language. The Chinese language is the chief among that small class of languages which include the Tibetan, Cochinchinese, Burmese, Korean and Chinese and which is usually described as monosyllabic. It is language in its most primitive form.

Every word is a root, and every root a word. It is without inflection or even agglutination. Its substantives are indeclinable, and its verbs are not to be conjugated. It is destitute of an alphabet, in the sense in which other languages have an alphabet, and finds its expression on paper in thousands of distinct symbols or picture forms.

Handling Baked Fish. Place in bottom of pan two strips of cheesecloth, three or four inches wide and long enough to extend three inches over side of pan, first dipping cloth in melted butter (or olive oil) and being careful to keep the ends extending over pan clean. Place fish on this and when done take hold of ends of cloth and lift fish out of pan on to platter. The cloth can then be easily pulled under, leaving the fish in perfect shape.

They Keep the whole system in the pink of condition. Their singular curative properties discovered by an Indian tribe—introduced to civilization nearly a century ago—compounded since 1857 in the Comstock Laboratories at Brockville, Ontario.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have a remarkable record for consistently curing constipation, biliousness and indigestion, purifying the blood, banishing headaches and clearing the skin. 25c. a box everywhere.

WAS A ROYAL PICNIC

AND THE JOLIEST HELD IN MANY A DAY.

Signing the Visitors' Book—The Caretaker Asked to Have Full Names Signed—His Discovery.

Appropos of the royal visit to Scotland, a good story is told of the Queen's stay at Balmoral. One day the royal party, consisting of the Queen, the Princess Mary, the Marquess of Seaford, Lord Rosebery, and several others, motored to Stonehaven. Putting up the motors at an hotel, without any attendants they carried their lunch-baskets down to the beach, and people passing remarked that it was the jolliest picnic party they had seen for many a year.

Later on they motored out to Dunnotar Castle, and, on leaving, the old caretaker requested them to sign the visitors' book. The Queen took the pen and signed "Mary."

The Princess also signed "Mary." Seeing this, the caretaker said: "It is usual for visitors to sign their full name—there are hundreds of Marys in the country."

Then Lord Rosebery turned and said: "But you must know you have the Queen with you to-day!" At first the old man was sceptical, thinking it was a party of wags that he had to deal with; but at last he was convinced, and nearly fell through the floor.

In the evening he listened to Stonehaven and told the townfolk. Then everyone remembered the jolly picnic party, and, amazed that they had not recognized it, they watched all evening for its return. To the disappointment of the good folks of Stonehaven, however, another way was chosen for the return journey.

Anyone can verify this story by turning up the visitors' book in Dunnotar Castle. The Odor of Rainbows. Everybody has heard about the pot of gold buried at the end of the rainbow, but there is another old belief connected with the rainbow that is not so familiar nowadays.

The attention of meteorologists was called to it a few years ago by Mr. Richard Bentley, of the Royal Meteorological Society. It appears that over half a century ago a controversy took place in the English newspapers as to whether the rainbow admitted an odor. A belief in such an emanation existed in antiquity, and has been echoed by several modern poets. Thus it is mentioned in Pliny, Aristotle, and a Greek writer referred to by Coleridge, in his "Table Talk," in the "Peripathetic Philosophy" of Georgius de Rhodes; in Bacon's "Sylvia"; in Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals"; and more lately in a poem by Robert Snow.

The origin of this curious belief is explained by Mr. Bentley as follows: Everyone is familiar with the increase of scent given off by plants and shrubs on a warm evening after the air has been newly washed by rain. This was naturally often coincident with the appearance of a rainbow.

A Waste of Money. Of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the famous composer, who recently celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday, Mr. Cyril Maude tells an amusing story. Sir Alexander composed the music for Mr. Maude's production of "The Little Minister" at the Haymarket, and he found the rehearsal very trying. One day he came up to Mr. Maude, despair written all over his face. "I say, Maude," he stammered, "you—do you—confound it, do you mind if I smash my hat?" At the end of the run of "The Little Minister," however, the management, to show their appreciation, sent Sir Alexander a very handsome present. The composer has an old and privileged servant, and when the present arrived she was sent for to inspect it. She looked at it unmoved. "Deary me!" was her only comment. "What a waste of money!"

Swore Off Bed. An old woman's remarkable vow was told at Birmingham not long ago, when she summoned a neighbor for throwing a live cat through her window. She said to the magistrate: "I have never been to bed or undressed since last Christmas twelvemonth, when my pet dog was poisoned. When I was helplessly ill she would scratch the window and doors to attract neighbors," she added. "When she died I swore I would never go to bed again, and have kept my oath over eighteen months."

Too Quickly. "Sir, I wish to marry your daughter Susan." "You do, eh? Are you in a position to support a family?" "Oh, yes, sir!" "Better be sure of it. There are ten of us."

A Terrible Thought. "Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice." "How is that?" "What if a fish had to cackle over every egg it laid?"

Without Exception. Tom—They say that every woman is beautiful in some one's eyes. Do you believe it? Jack—Certainly, if you include her own.

Runs on the Bank of England. Even the Bank of England has not been entirely free from runs nor from the necessity of saving itself by strategy. In 1740, for instance, it was forced to employ agents to present notes, which were paid as slowly as possible, for sixpences, the cash being immediately brought in by another door and then paid in again, while anxious holders of notes vainly tried to secure attention. In 1825, too, only the accidental discovery of 700,000 one pound notes saved the bank from stopping payment.—London Chronicle.

A Queer Paperweight. The most curious paperweight in the world belongs to King George of England. It is the mummified hand of one of the daughters of Pharaoh.



Use Sunlight Soap This Way. Do not boil or rub clothes—it weakens and tears fabrics. Soak and soap well with Sunlight, allow to stand for half an hour; rinse, wring and hang out to dry. That's all.

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The Famous Rayo Lamp. The best part of the day is the evening, when the whole family is gathered together around the lamp. The old days of the smoky fireplace and flickering candle are gone forever.

How About Some New Shoes for Thanksgiving. We are showing the finest line of Footwear in the City. The best values and the most attractive styles. Every pair the utmost value for the money. Our's are the kind of shoes that make permanent customers out of every purchaser. We know our Shoes are right and our prices right. We want you to know it. The only sure way you will find out is to wear a pair. THANKSGIVING DAY, MONDAY, OCT. 30TH. J. H. Sutherland & Bro. "THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES"

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SUNLIGHT SOAP, compounded scientifically by expert chemists, contains nothing to harm your clothes and is absolutely free from biting and bleaching chemicals. It works equally well in hard or soft water, works into a rich, creamy lather almost at a touch, and leaves clothes soft, clean-smelling and white as snow.



TRAVELLING. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. THANKSGIVING DAY Monday, Oct. 30th. Round trip tickets will be issued at Single First Class Fare. Good going Oct. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th, good to return until Wednesday, Nov. 1st.

HUNTERS' EXCURSIONS. Tickets on sale daily until Nov. 11th, good to return until Dec. 14th. For further particulars apply to J. P. HANLEY, Agent, Corner Johnston and Ontario Sts.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY. IN CONNECTION WITH Canadian Pacific Railway. Thanksgiving Return Tickets between all stations at SINGLE FARE.

Going Friday, Saturday, Monday, OCTOBER 27, 28, 30. Return limit, Wednesday, Nov. 1. Hunters Excursion. Tickets on sale daily until November 11th, good to return until December 14th.

P. CONWAY, Gen. Pass. Agent. BAY OF QUINTE RAILWAY. Train leaves Union Station, Ontario Street, 4 p.m. daily (Sunday excepted), for Tweed, Sydney, Napawa, Peesawato, Hainockburg and all points south.

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