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An absolute guarantee goes with every box of FIG PILLS. They will cure RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY disorder, BLADDER trouble, CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER and all STOMACH and BOWEL disorders. At all dealers, 25 cents per box, or The Fig Pill Co., St. Thomas, Ont.
Sold and recommended in Kingston by J. B. McLEOD, Druggist.

THAT TOBACCO

With the "Rooster" on its crowing louder as he goes along only 46c per pound. For chewing and smoking.

ROYAL ICE CREAM PARLOR AND QUEEN'S LUNCH ROOM.

All kinds of Lunches and Hot Drinks.
Ice Cream and all kinds of Fruit and Candies.
M. PAPPAS & CO., 184 Princess Street.

GOODS SOLD ON TIME

All kinds of Dry Goods Men's Shoes, Ladies' Suits, Boots and Jewellery, House Furnishings, etc., sold on easy payment plan. Come in, see our goods and terms. New Stock of Fall and Winter Clothing just received. It will pay you to call and see it.

Joseph Abramsky
265 PRINCESS STREET.

HATS OFF.

Facts About the American Indian's Healthy Hair.
The American Indian accustomed from time immemorial to go bareheaded in all kinds of weather is never troubled with falling hair or baldness. The close atmosphere caused by our "civilized" headgear is conducive to the breeding of infinitesimal germs, which dig into the scalp and thrive on the sap of the hair root.
This true cause of baldness is of recent discovery and explains the non-success of all hair vigors which treated baldness as a functional disorder. Newbro's Herpicide is a direct exterminator of the germ. It destroys the cause and permits the hair to grow as nature intended.
Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich. One dollar bottles guaranteed. Jas. B. McLeod, special agent, Kingston.

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"Highest Education at Lowest Cost"
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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. Metcalfe, Principal, Kingston, Canada.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS solve all liver troubles. Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Stop the griping, cure the gas—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pills, Small Doses, Small Price.
Genuine must bear Signature *Asst. Doctor*

Asst. Doctor
SPECIAL IN BUFFETS

- A few lines we must clear in order to make room for other goods—
- Surface Oak Buffet, three mirrors, extension top, worth \$23.50, for \$18.00
 - Surface Oak Buffet, worth \$18.50, for \$14.75
 - Large size with B.B. Mirror.
 - 2 Combination Sideboards, worth \$23.00, for \$19.00
 - 1 Combination Sideboard, solid oak, worth \$26.00, for \$22.50
- The above are of best manufacture.

R. J. REID
Phone 577 The Leading Undertaker

BRUIN'S BANQUET.

It Was Long Drawn Out and Only Whetted His Appetite.

THE FINISH WAS EXCITING.

After the Pork Course Gave Out a Dessert of Cold Lead Ended the Feast, and the Unwilling Host Vowed Never Again to Fool With a Bear.

A teamster in the employ of one of the big tanneries in the west had a laughable yet trying adventure with a bear while on his way from the woods with a load of bark. As he emerged from the woods with his team he stopped to give the mules a breathing spell and to eat his dinner, which he carried in a tin bucket. He had scarcely opened his bucket and begun to eat when a bear came out of the woods on one side of the road, only two or three rods in the rear of the wagon. Bruin sauntered along, paying no attention to the team, but the teamster, desirous of seeing what the bear would do, threw a bit of salt pork in his way. The bear stopped, sniffed at the pork and ventured to down greedily. Then the animal, noting the source of the morsel, came toward the wagon and rose on his haunches as if to say that another bit of pork would prove acceptable. The teamster laughed and tossed out a second piece, which Bruin devoured, and then he posed again. But the teamster wanted the rest of his dinner himself and paid no attention to the shaggy intruder. The bear, seeing that the teamster was no longer aware of his presence, snorted sharply two or three times and walked back and forth across the road as if reconnoitering the situation. Presently he growled, but the teamster, thinking that the beast would go away if he got nothing further, continued his meal.

The bear ventured near and finally climbed up the load of bark at the hind end of the wagon. The man was unapparently surprised at this movement of Bruin's, as he was wholly unarmed. Accordingly he threw a bit of pork into the road, at the same time yelling to the bear to direct its attention to the meat. The bear dropped down and went and picked it up, but as soon as it was swallowed and there was no more forthcoming he made another charge upon the wagon. The teamster started the mules onward, but knew that he could not hope to escape with his heavy load of bark. An idea struck him. He would coax the bear on by feeding the lurch to him until they should come to a friend's house a mile or two along the road. Then he would get a gun and shoot the old fellow.

The teamster sat on the bark, facing backward, his big dinner bucket at hand. When the bear came up with the wagon and threatened to climb upon the load the teamster tossed out a piece of pork. The supply of this edible was limited, so he tossed the beast a slice of bread, which fell butter side up. Bruin nosed it, then licked the butter off and left it.

The next slice fell butter side down, and the bear ignored it. Balled eggs and cheese fared the same. Bruin wanted pork. The teamster dealt this out in small bits, which failed to satisfy, and the bear was growing ugly and aggressive.

At length the teamster saw his friend at work in a field and called to him to run for his gun. The man seemed to realize the state of the case and set off on a dead run for his house, a quarter of a mile distant. But the supply of pork was out before he returned, and the poor teamster was in a sorry plight. The bear climbed upon the load. The teamster tossed him the last piece of pork and then jumped from his wagon and tore down the road. Bruin, probably thinking that the teamster was fleeing with a stock of coveted pork, started after him. The terrified man had a fair start, but he stumbled over a stone and fell full length, and the bear was close upon him when there came the loud report of a gun.

The friend had come at last. The teamster rose and looked round. There lay his late pursuer in the road, dead. The teamster declared that never again would he fool with a bear.—Harper's Weekly.

They Bumped. A true happening which has been made the subject of a cartoon occurred at a fashionable golf club near London. A young man interested in golf solely for the sake of the social atmosphere one day decided to play a round. So he sauntered leisurely down to the caddy house, where he met a certain peppery lord. Not knowing the gentleman and barely looking at him, the somewhat foppish youth asked, "Are you the caddy master here?" Without an instant's hesitation Lord _____ replied, "No, I am not, but I happen to know that he is not in need of any caddy this afternoon." It was some time before either recovered.—Boston Transcript.

Tongue Could Tell. "Last night, George, you told me you loved me more than tongue could tell, and oh, George, that wasn't true." "Why, darling, what do you mean?" "I mean that it wasn't more than my little brother's tongue could tell. He heard it all!"

All patterns are sure to be followed more than good rules.—Locks.

Every man hugs the delusion that sooner or later he will invest something that will make him rich. In getting an education it is up to a young man to learn to do things which he learns.

PERFECT STEEL BALLS.

They Have Never Yet Been Made, Even in the Laboratory.

One of the needs of the day is a perfectly spherical steel ball, and yet it has never been made even in the laboratory, much less in the shop for commercial uses. When we consider the importance of ball bearings for automobiles, motorcycles and other machinery the imperfections in steel balls must appeal to all as of the greatest moment. Of course we make pretty good steel balls, which could not have been manufactured a few years ago, so far as the eye can discern, they are perfectly spherical, too, and ordinary measuring instruments will not be able to detect any difference in them, but nevertheless they are not perfectly spherical.

A steel ball for automobile bearings must be perfect within .0001 inch, and they are made even more perfect than this, but mathematical perfection in this respect seems to be almost as elusive as squaring the circle or discovering the perpetual motion machine. When the steel ball was first used in the bearings of bicycles it was a very imperfect sphere. It was not called upon to bear any great load, and the velocity was not great. At the best the load on it was not more than 200 pounds, and at the rate of sixty miles an hour the revolutions were not more than 720 per minute. Compare that with the load and velocity of the modern ball bearings of automobiles. Frequently the load approximates a thousand pounds and the velocity is anywhere from 800 to 1,200 revolutions. The small steel balls must take the maximum load of the car and pass it on to others without blading or catching. A slight imperfection in any one ball would cause trouble. In fact, it is impossible to use balls with any appreciable variation in size from one another, and the more nearly round they are the better the results.

Steel balls are not only made more perfect in shape than ever before, but they are harder and tougher. As there is a tendency to flake, only special steels can be used in their manufacture, and these tough, hard steels are all the more difficult to work with to secure perfect roundness. The chrome steel, of which most balls for bearings are made, is one of the most difficult of steels to cut or shape, and the work of handling it has developed special tools and machines made of even harder material.

While we have not yet made the perfectly spherical steel ball and perhaps may never succeed, the point of perfection reached is little short of wonderful. The approximately perfect steel ball is a matter of vital importance wherever machines and machinery are made and used. The application of the ball bearing system is extended to new lines of industrial use each year, and builders of all kinds of apparatus are taking advantage of the perfection reached by the manufacturers of these little spheres of tough steel.—Harper's Weekly.

Dancing in Washington's Days.

It was a dancing age. None was too old or too dignified to join in the pastime. We have it on the authority of General Greene that on one occasion Washington danced for three hours without once sitting down. Patrick Henry would close the doors of his office to betake himself to dancing or reading, and Jefferson dearly loved to "rocin" his bow for a merry jig. The story is told of him that once when away from home he received news of the burning of his father's house. "Did you save any of my books?" he asked of the slave who brought him the tidings. "No, massa," answered the negro, "but we saved the fiddle."—Maud Wilder Goodwin in "The Colonial Cavalier."

Ten Out of Five.

It was in an ideal seacoast town of Maine, to which they had fled for a lazy two weeks, that they found him, one of those "natives" with a large stock of underdeveloped wit. They were out gunning with the five as their guide. A sock of five birds flew over. Raising his gun, he took aim and fired. All five fell to the earth, and they were loud in their praises of his skill.

"That ain't nothing!" said he contemptuously. "If I'd had my other gun along I'd 'a' done better than that."—Metropolitan Magazine.

Arrows and Big Guns.

In the days of mailed knights and battleaxes there was safety at a distance of 400 yards. That was about as far as the best archers could shoot an arrow. Needs, a famous archer under Charles I, states that the ordinary range of the bow was between 320 and 400 yards, though it is on record that one man was shot a distance of 403 yards with the wind. Compared with this is the latest naval gun with a range of fifteen miles.

Hetter Than He Thought.

The boy whose business it was to answer the telephone rushed into the room of the senior partner.

"Just got a message saying that your house was on fire," he said.

"Dear me!" returned the senior partner in a bewildered sort of way. "I knew my wife was pretty hot about something when I left home this morning, but I didn't think it was so bad as to set the house on fire!"

Greatly Changed.

"Have you seen Miss Beanpole since she is married?"

"Yes. She is greatly changed."

"How?"

"Well, she used to be frightfully skippy."

"And now—she's stumpy, ain't she?"

If you can't have your own way you can at least keep out of other people's way.
Whining women and children are bad enough, but deliver us from whining men.

MAYONNAISE.

The Way the Genuine Dressing is Prepared by French Cooks.

Housewives concoct all sorts of dressings—cooked and uncooked—which they call mayonnaise, but which are not properly entitled to that name. The genuine mayonnaise as prepared by French cooks is made by combining olive oil, egg yolk and vinegar without cooking in such a way that the mixture will not curdle. The proportions of these ingredients and the method of putting them together may be varied, and mustard and similar seasonings may be added, but fundamentally the real mayonnaise is always the same. The following rule will be found a good one:

Half a ready one egg yolk, one scant cupful of olive oil, three teaspoonfuls of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of sugar, a light dust of cayenne and a level half teaspoonful of powdered mustard. Break the yolk with a fork, beat the mustard, salt, pepper and sugar into it and when a smooth mixture has been formed begin adding the oil, drop by drop, until the whole begins to look like creamed butter. Then pour in the oil faster until all is used. While the oil is being added the dressing should be beat constantly with a fork. Last of all, pour in the vinegar very slowly, beating the dressing rapidly while doing so. Set it on-ice to stand until wanted and add it to the salad the last moment before serving.

It is well to have everything very cold when making this dressing, although excellent mayonnaise has been made without the use of ice, but the oil must not be so cold that it has begun to thicken. It is sometimes stated that the drop by drop method is unnecessary, but while success may be obtained by putting the ingredients together more quickly it is always risky to do so. The drop by drop method practically insures success. If desired lime juice may be substituted for the vinegar.—Exchange.

FRENCH POLICEMEN.

They Can't Be "Fixed," and They Are Always Polite.

The laws of France relative to the out of door life of the masses are made in the interest of the people. Furthermore, they are enforced. There is no fixing things with a French policeman. If your bicycle has suddenly been twisted into junk by a careless driver the belted and brass buttoned gentleman who arrives on the scene questions you with intelligence and tells down in his notebook the facts of the occurrence as near as he can ascertain them. Throughout the interview he is polite, alert and painstaking in getting at the exact truth, and whether you or the offending driver or both accompany him to the police station, he conducts you with a quiet dignity and an air of fulfilling his duty. It does not make the slightest difference in France who you are or whether or not you have mutual friends or come from his "ward" or are a relative of Congressman So-and-so. If you are at fault you must pay the damages. If the other fellow is to blame you will be ushered from the presence of the commissaire de police with as much ceremonial politeness as would be shown at a diplomatic interview.

If it is boiling hot or freezing cold and you are in need of information, go to the nearest policeman, address him as "monsieur" and raise your hat. He will immediately return you a military salute, listen attentively and give you, as carefully as possible, the necessary information, saluting you again as you raise your hat to leave him.—F. Berkeley Smith, "Parisians Out of Doors."

Couldn't Fool Him.

Serving in the capacity of collector for a local bank is a colored man who spends his evenings playing in an Oakland band.

Brain Weights.

The average weight of a man's brain is forty-six ounces, but it varies largely in different individuals. Usually it is about one-thirtieth of the body's weight. In quadrupeds the relative weight is remarkably less than it is in human beings. It is one-one hundred and twentieth in dogs, one-four hundred and fiftieth in horses, one-seven hundred and fiftieth in sheep and one-eight hundredth in the ox, thus indicating a direct relation between weight of brain and intelligence, the animals named being ranged in the order of their mental capacity and dexterity.

Reverted His Wishes.

Friend—Why do you get married so soon after the death of your husband? Widow—My dear, if there was any one thing that my poor dead and gone husband insisted upon, in season and out, it was that I should never put off till tomorrow what I could do today.

Household Debate.

"I could have done better than to marry you."
"You bring that question up at inappropriate times, my dear. Suppose we place a regular weekly evening on the calendar, to be devoted to its discussion."—Pittsburg Post.

Sufficient Proof.

Lady—And you guarantee that the parrot talks quite a lot? Dealer—Rather. His last mistress sold him because she couldn't get a word in edge-ways.—Fillegand Blatter.

Quite a Linguist.

"My husband speaks three languages fluently."
"English, French and German?"
"No. Baseball, golf and aviation."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Lots of men who sit around on dry goods boxes and growl about hard times, would consider it an insult if any one were to offer them a job.
Some people are too good to be interesting.

ECCENTRIC BETTING.

Curious Wagers Recorded at White's Club in London.

The betting book of White's club in London contains the record of some extraordinary wagers. The idle gentlemen of 300 years ago could give their successors of today sundry hints on eccentric betting. Here are facsimiles of some of the records. One reads:

"Mr. Methuen bets Colonel Stanhope 10 guineas to 1 that a worthy baronet—understood between them—does not from necessity part with his gold fee pails before this day twelvemonth. The fee pails being found at a pawnbroker's will not entitle Colonel Stanhope to receive his 10 guineas."

This peculiar wager was made in 1813, and another one, recorded the same year at White's, may have reference to the same hard up personage. It reads:

"Lord Alvanley bets Sir Joseph Copley 5 guineas that a certain baronet—understood between them—is very much embarrassed in circumstances. In three years from the date hereof, if one of his bills is dishonored or he is observed to borrow small change of the chairmen or waiters, Sir Joseph is to be reckoned to lose."

Here is an odd one: "Mr. Butler bets Sir George Talbot 20 guineas to 1 that he is not in the room at White's with Napoleon in the course of the next two years—April 24, 1815." History shows that Mr. Butler won that guinea.—Christian Science Monitor.

AN OLD SPANISH CUSTOM.

Police Still Call Out the Hours of the Night at Los Arenas.

Most of the ancient Spanish customs have long since died out, but one is still maintained here, in the village of Los Arenas, near Bilbao, and all light sleepers will, I think, be with me in saying that this could be very well done without, says the British consular at Bilbao.

The custom consists of the "serenos" (night policemen) calling out the hours and state of the weather every night, commencing at midnight and finishing at 5 o'clock a. m. I said "calling," but shouting would really be more correct. One is roused by one of these loud voiced policemen staging out beneath the bedroom window, "Las doce, sereno!" ("Twelve o'clock, the weather.")

By 4 o'clock the weather has probably changed, and it may be raining and blowing a regular burricane, a state of things in itself enough to wake any man up. Yet you are cheerfully informed of the fact by the policeman shouting, "Las cuatro, lloviendo!" ("Four o'clock, raining.")

Many inhabitants have tried in vain to get this stopped, for no useful purpose whatever is served by the custom, except, perhaps, to the Spanish Bill Sikes, who considers it a very useful guide to the whereabouts of the police.

Called His Bluff.

An irascible guest had been sitting at the table about three minutes and no waiter had come to him, and when he caught the eye of the head waiter he called him up. "Here," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I've been waiting for half an hour for somebody to take my order, and nobody has come near. Am I going to be waited on?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I want to know why I have been kept waiting a half hour?"

"Well, sir," explained the waiter, "the man who was on duty when you came in, half an hour ago, has left and won't be back until tomorrow, and I only came on duty ten minutes ago, so I don't know the reason."

The guest knew he was being made fun of, but he also knew that he had been telling a falsehood, so he said no more.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

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GET A PACKAGE OF ORANGE MAIZE TO-DAY

The most delicious Toasted Corn Flakes.
Made from choice White Corn, steam cooked with Malt, Honey and Sugar.



25c per package. 10c per package.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS

When at the Grocers remember
LIPTON'S TEA
OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

LADIES' FALL SHOES

We have a very complete range of Ladies' Shoes in Button or Laced Blucher Tan, Gun Metal or Dongola Kid. All Suitable for Fall Weather.

\$3.00 and \$3.50
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THE LEAST FUEL, THE MOST SATISFACTION.

Why Worry--When You Can Obtain a "Happy Thought?"

Baking day worries—slow oven, uncertain draft, smoking flues, uneven heat—all these are unknown in the kitchen where the

HAPPY THOUGHT

Range produces sure results. You can depend that time spent preparing tasty dishes has not been wasted and the many labor-saving conveniences it possesses will cut your work in half.

Take the Illuminated Oven Door for instance. Through it you can observe the progress of cooking without opening the oven door and cooling the oven and filling the kitchen with the odor of cooking.

Then there's the Patented Damper. With it you can keep the heat under perfect control, direct it to any part of the range you desire, and heat as many parts of it as you wish at the same time.

A Happy Thought Range means more results and less trouble. Drop in the next time you are passing and see one.

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

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