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Eight Years of Bad Eczema on Hands. Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Miss Mary A. Bentley, 93 University St., Montreal, writes, in a recent letter: "Some nine years ago I contracted small pimples breaking out on the back of my hands. They became very irritating, and gradually became worse, so that I could not sleep at night. I consulted a physician who treated me for a long time, but it got worse, and I could not get my hands in water. I was treated at the hospital, and it was just the same. I was told that if I was a very bad case of eczema, I should try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I did so, and I found after a few applications I could sleep well, and did not have any itching during the night. I began after a while to feel better, and I thought if I could use other remedies for over seven years with no result, and after only having a few applications and finding ease from Cuticura Ointment, it deserved a fair trial with a very bad case of eczema. I used the Cuticura Ointment and Soap for nearly six months, and I am glad to say that I have hands as clear as ivory. If my words that you publish this advertisement will help anyone doubt it, let them write me." Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. booklet, write to: "Cuticura, P. O. Box 1024, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A."

DEFENCE OF COAST. BIG CONCRETE FORTS AND VERY BIG GUNS. The Engineering Magazine Gives Some Information About the Modern Sea Coast Fort. The modern sea coast fort is a battery whose guns are protected in front and flank with enormous monoliths of concrete, covered, in the sides exposed to the fire, with sand enough to deflect projectiles before they reach the concrete, says the Engineering Magazine. Deep down in the interior of these huge masses of stone are placed the magazines and operating rooms required for the service of the batteries. They are simply caves in stone, artificial, to be sure, but as permanent as the everlasting hills. It is weird and uncanny to reflect that in one of those caves, scintillating with the highest resources of science, men stand over a drawing board on a stable and practically see and plot on a chart every movement and position of the ships of a hostile fleet and flash forth to the gunners in the open such instructions for pointing their guns as enable them to make consecutive bulletseas on a target 6,000 yards away or from groups of great twelve inch rifled mortars to make 47 per cent of hits with stocks of projectiles on the deck of a moving target anywhere within range. It is vastly important that such rooms be made as comfortable as possible for the strained human intellects working out their country's defense within them. But to make them comfortable is a difficult problem. In the United States the first modern batteries were completed during an exigency caused by the war with Spain. But since their completion during the warm and humid months of summer and early fall their galleries, magazines and service rooms reek with moisture. Water stands in great beads upon the walls and ceilings, from which it drips down to form great pools upon the floors, and they are not safe places for either human beings, ammunition, or material of war. To remedy the evil many expedients have been tried and much valuable experience gained. But the problem is beset with difficulty.

FALLS ONLY TO RISE. An Experiment Which Shows a Sort of Perpetual Motion Effect. A novel experiment in the demonstration of perpetual motion is to be performed simply. A glass beaker about six inches high and four inches in diameter is filled with water to the height of about four and a half inches, and two and one-half to three ounces of commercial aniline are added, which will sink to the bottom of the vessel. The temperature of the beaker and its contents is now raised to 170 or 175 degrees Fahrenheit by means of a burner, when it will be observed that the aniline will rise to the surface of the water, from which it will hang in a mass of curved outline. Almost immediately the suspended aniline commences to alter in shape, and gradually a large drop an inch or more in diameter detaches itself from the mass and falls through the water. And now, the detached drop having fallen to the bottom of the beaker, comes the surprising part of the experiment. The fallen drop is seen gradually to rise to the surface, where it joins the mass from which it previously broke away. At once another drop commences to form and, having become detached, falls and rises in the same manner as the previous drop. So long as the temperature of the water is maintained at 170 degrees Fahrenheit or over this procedure continues indefinitely.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Worked Both Ends. Queens at their best are but women. Said Mary of Modena once in her days of exile. "It took all the jewels that all the goldsmiths could procure to decorate my crown." She was "powdered" with gems, which Fountain-hall says "made her shine like an angel." And Queen Caroline, too, the wife of George II., used to allude to Lord Hervey's rather personal remark that her crowning dress "was as fine as the accumulated riches of the city and suburbs could make it, for, besides her own jewels, she had on her head and shoulders all the pearls she could borrow of the ladies of quality at one end of the town, and on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of the jewelers at the other."

The Polar Bear. The polar bear is a pretty formidable brute. A specimen of this species has been killed weighing 1,000 pounds and measuring nearly thirteen feet from nose to tail. The strength of the polar bear is beyond belief. One was seen feeding on the body of a white whale fifteen feet long and weighing at least three tons. The whale had been dragged by the bear out of the water on to the ice.

In These Degenerate Days. "Hub," exclaimed the yardstick as it moved rapidly over the bolt of cloth, "you're not all wool." "That's all right," retorted the bolt of cloth, "you're not a yard long, either."—Chicago Tribune.

A Jolt to Romance. "Hubby, you have a lock of my hair, haven't you?" "Of course." "See if you can match it in some puff when you go downtown."—Pittsburg Post.

WHEEL PROBLEMS. Does the Edge of the Wheel Revolve Around the Axle? "The wheel that turns" under the locomotive or the car has a long and queer history," says a writer in the Railroad Man's Magazine, "but the mystery is still with us and whirrs its hundred quills marks before our eyes every minute of the day. "Of course every one believes that the edge of the wheel goes around the axle. But does it? Take the end of any spoke near the tire or any part of the tire and on a still, windless night fasten a candle to it; then back off till nothing can be seen but that candle flame. "Let the wheel revolve slowly, free from the ground. The candle flame makes a circle of fire all right and goes around the axle. Now lower the wheel until it rests on the ground and start ahead. The flame suddenly stops going in a circle and begins to make a wavy line, first high and then low. It goes around nothing at all. "Men with clear minds can perform the experiment satisfactorily by tying a handkerchief around the tire in daylight, but to do this takes a keen mathematical imagination, because the eye is confused by other moving objects and is not able to see the handkerchief free from these other influences. "At night the candle flame alone can be seen, so that is perhaps the best time to try the matter out. Tie a torch to a locomotive driver and then send the engine slowly back and forth while the observer is off some hundred feet distant in the dark. The torch does not move in a circle. It simply goes ahead somewhat like a flying machine rising and falling in the wind, coming to a dead stop at its lowest point and going twice as fast as the engine when at its highest point. "The fact that the bottom of an engine wheel always stands still is more easy to learn than the fact that the top of the wheel moves just twice as fast as the train, but this can be proved easily with a piece of board. "Take a piece of board, say, ten feet long and lay one end on top of the wheel. Now move the engine forward two feet and you will find that the board has gone ahead four feet, just twice as far as the engine. Lay down the board and the two pieces of string to the wheel, one at the top and the other at the bottom, where it rests on the ground. Now run your engine forward two feet and see what happens. The bottom string has moved forward, too, but not nearly so far as has the top piece of string, although the ends were even at the start."

Plants Breaking Up an Island. The layman would scarcely associate great strength with so delicate and fragile a thing as a maidenhair fern, yet if its roots have not sufficient room they will break the pot in which the plant grows. Blades of grass will force the crustaceans between which they spring up out of their place, and in a single night a crop of small mushrooms has been known to lift a large stone. Indeed, plants are on record as having broken the hardest rocks. The island of Aldabra, to the northwest of Madagascar, is becoming smaller through the action of the mangroves that grow along the foot of the cliffs. They eat their way into the rock in all directions, and into the gaps thus formed the waves force their way. In time they will probably reduce the island to pieces.—Scientific American.

Bathrooms in Paris. An observant English journalist in Paris has—as a hot weather amusement—made a private census of bathrooms. He calculates that in all the flats and private houses of Paris there are about 2,800 bathrooms. And this writer, lying in his own bath and making another calculation, will bet a bathful of water that he could get up and pitch a cricket ball from the garden about his modest flat this way and that over as many bathrooms. It is a curious little difference of national architecture. And the quaintness of the difference comes with the fact that you see more people in London who look—yes—dirty than in Paris. Even the beggar in Paris is clean in face, finger nails and clothes.—London Chronicle.

Where We Aim. William Dean Howells in one of his talks about literature said: "Good literature is always condemned on its first appearance. That is because, being original, it is new and strange. Shelley's work was bitterly condemned at first. So was Coleridge's. So was Wordsworth's. So was Stephen Crane's." Mr. Howells paused, then added impressively: "Stories are only thrown at those trees which are heavy with fruit."

The Fertile Rock. Gibraltar is often called a barren rock, yet it has 450 species of indigenous flowering plants. Caster oil plants, datura and daphne attain the dignity of trees and geraniums and bellotropes the proportions of hedges. These floral delights often conceal rannons and other ornaments. The few snakes that are found are small and harmless. Lizards several inches long are often seen.

Oh! "The little son of the hostess is mighty ugly, isn't he?" "Do you think so?" "He certainly doesn't take after his mother. Must look like his father." "His mother says he does. I'm his father."—Houston Post.

Dangers are light if they once seem light, and more dangers have deceived men than forced them.—Racoon.

ZEBRAS IN AFRICA. They Are a Fearful Pest and a Menace to Civilization. Zebras in Africa are a nuisance and a menace to civilization, according to John T. McCurcheon in "Hunting Adventures in the Big Game Country." He says: "Then there's the ubiquitous zebra, almost as numerous as the kongoni. You see vast herds of zebras at many places along the railway, and there after, as you roam about the level spots of east Africa, you are always running into herds of them. At first the sight of a herd of zebras is a surprise, for you have been accustomed to seeing them in the small numbers found in captivity. It is a source of passing wonder that these rare animals should be roaming about the suburbs of towns in hundred lots. You decide that it would be a shame to shoot a zebra and determine not to do it in this heartless slaughter. "Later on your sentiments will undergo a change. Everybody will tell you that the zebra is a fearful pest and must be exterminated if civilization and progress are to continue. The zebra is absolutely useless, and efforts to domesticate him have been without good results. He tramps over the plains, breaks down fences, tears up the cultivated fields and really ruins no mission in life save that of supplying the lions with food. As long as the zebras stay the lions will be there, but the settlers say that the lions are even preferable to the zebras. "Under the old game ordinance expiring December 15, 1900, a sportsman was allowed two zebras under his license. Under the new one he is allowed twenty! That reveals the attitude of east Africa toward the jaunty little striped pony.

THE TONIC OF VICTORY. Army Surgeons Say It Acts Almost as an Anaesthetic. Bonnette, a French army surgeon, writes in the Presse Medicale of the extraordinary indifference to the pain of operation manifested by the soldiers of Napoleon while the great conqueror was sweeping victoriously over Europe. While the defeated soldier is full of imaginary terrors, subject to panic, madness and treason, the conqueror, on the other hand, is intoxicated with success, says the New York Medical Journal. Nothing, not even the morbid microbe, can resist troops who believe themselves to be invincible. "Victory is the most powerful of restoratives and deepest of anaesthetics. Legless members of the old guard crowded into an ambulance would at sight of the emperor rise on their stumps to salute him. After Eylau Larrey operated uninterruptedly for thirty-six hours, and he reports how the soldiers seemed unconscious of their own troubles, lost in thought of the glory of their leader, and maimed as they were, lending their best aid to fellow patients. "At Bородино Larrey disarticulated the shoulder of a colonel, who immediately set out for France on foot, where he arrived after three months walking. After fording the Beresina, a river in Russia, General Zayonchek, seventy-five years old, had his kneecap shattered by a bullet. Amputation was performed in three minutes in a violent snowstorm and in bitterly cold weather, yet the white haired officer was placed in a sledge and taken to Vilna, where he died at the age of eighty-six years. Many similar anecdotes are told by our civil war veterans.

Stupid Fish. Professor Harold Russell, the London zoologist, will have none of the popular yarns about the wonderful things fish will do when put to it. He says they are deaf, dumb and virtually color blind. When the calcareous stones are taken out of the ears of fish they lose all sense of equilibrium and roll about as if crazy. Most fish hunt their food by very defective sight, but the eels by even more defective smell. A conger eel with which Professor Russell experimented deoured with the same avidity fish dosed with cheese, anchovy, camphor spirits, turpentine and iodoform.

He Didn't Know. "I didn't expect any better treatment than this," said the lady on the pier complaining to the inspector whom she suspected of robbing her. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear!" "As to that I don't know, madam," said the inspector placidly. "I do not recall any ruling of the treasury department on that point. If you are bringing in any of either you'd better declare them and leave the classification to us."—Harper's Weekly.

Once in a great while we meet a spinster who gives us the impression that she could make some man perfectly miserable if she had a chance. Too many people mistake merited punishment for persecution.

What of small boys can't understand is how a small girl manages to keep her hands so clean. Anyway, the average man is willing to admit that other people have a right to opinions that differ from his.

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