

"I was Crippled, could hardly walk and had to crawl down stairs at times on my hands and knees. My doctor told me I had an acute attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I was in the hospital for weeks, but was scarcely able to walk when I left it. I read about Dr. Miles' Nervine

bought a bottle and began to get better from the start, and for the past six months I have had scarcely any pain and am able to walk as well as ever." J.H. SANDERS, P. O. box 5, Rockaway, N. J. Few medicines are of any benefit for rheumatism, but Mr. Sanders tells plainly what Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine did for it. One ounce of salicylate of soda added to one bottle of Nervine makes an excellent remedy for rheumatism, which is now known to be a nervous disease and therefore subject to the influence of a medicine that acts through the nerves, as does Dr. Miles' Nervine

Sufferers from rheumatism seldom fail to find relief in the use of Dr. Miles' Nervine, with salicylate of soda.

Sold under a guarantee that assures the return of the price of the first bottle if it fails to benefit. At all Druggists. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

GRAND UNION HOTEL. CENTRAL STATION NEW YORK CITY. Read the story for \$1.50. Our Hotel and Day Room.

THAT TOBACCO. With the "Hooter" on it is crowing louder as he goes along. Only 45c per pound. For chewing and smoking. AT A. MACLEAN'S, Ontario Street.

REMOVED. T. J. Lockhart, Real Estate and Insurance Agent, announces that he has removed to larger offices over Bank of Montreal, Clarence Street, Kingston, where he has better facilities for conducting his business.

FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, SICKNESS AND GUARANTEE INSURANCE EFFECTED. Real Estate Bought, Sold & Exchanged. Call or communicate with J. O. HUTTON, 18 Market Street, Kingston, Ontario.

KINGSTON BUSINESS COLLEGE (Limited). "Highest Education at Lowest Cost" Twenty-sixth year. Full Term begins August 30th. Courses in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy, Civil Service and English. 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. E. Metcalfe, Principal, Kingston, Canada.

APPLES. SNOWS. TALLMAN SWEET. BELL FLOWERS. NORTHERN SPIES. SWEET CIDER. COAST SEALED OYSTERS. D. COUPER, Phone 76. 841-3 Princess Street. Prompt Delivery.

WORTH CONSIDERING. Some people seem to get this idea that beer is a drink for wantonly exclusively. They fail to appreciate that it is refreshing and beneficial all the year round. We are agents for Fisher Bros. Portsmouth, Beira, Lion Brewery, Berlin, Straub's Imported Beer, Detroit. We make a specialty of Keg Beer for the Christmas Trade.

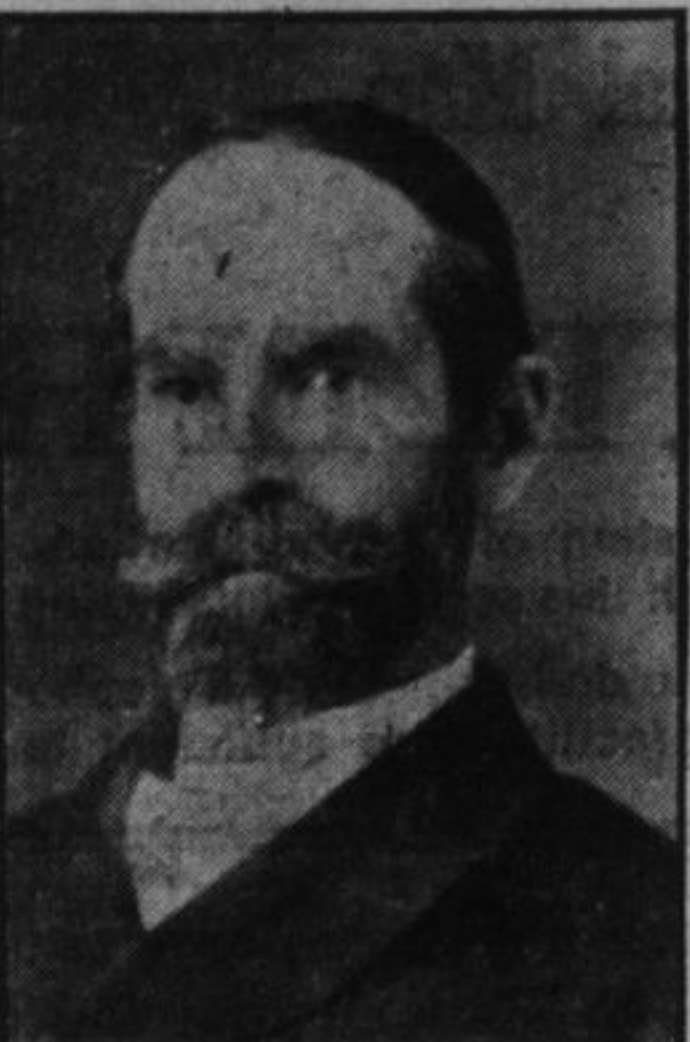
The THOMPSON BOTTLING CO. GEO. THOMPSON, Prop. Telephone 304.

COAL! The kind you are looking for is the kind we sell. SCRANTON COAL. Is good Coal and we guarantee prompt delivery. BOOTH & CO. FOOT WEST STREET.

Recklessness has sometimes been mistaken for genuine bravery. You never heard of anybody being chased up by a lost opportunity. Most of us lose sight of the certain fact that we are only sojourners. Married bliss doesn't stay so long without good food and clothing.

A Saviour the World's Need

By Rev. Douglas Laing, Pastor of First Baptist Church. "Unto you is born this day... a Saviour." This was the thrilling announcement of the herald angel to the astonished shepherds. A Saviour! This is the world's supreme need. As said the late Dr. Parker, of the city temple, London, "The world did not need an advisor, or a reformer, but a Saviour."



REV. DOUGLAS LAING, Pastor of the First Baptist Church.

has been too exclusively laid upon the salvation of man's soul. The eye of the church has been so intently fixed upon securing man's eternal well-being that she has overlooked Christ's teaching with reference to man's present relationships and present well-being. Only in recent decades have we begun to realize that Christ's purpose was to save, not only the soul, but the whole man; not simply for eternity, but for both time and eternity. In the three years of His active ministry, Christ never failed to emphasize the supreme value of man's spiritual being, but neither did He fail to put high value upon man's present physical being. Our whole manhood was the object of His solicitude. He had helpful sympathy for the outcast publican and sinner. He healed the sick, fed the hungry, and blessed little children. His teaching and example surely indicated that His will was that heaven's blessings might be realized upon earth. Did not the heavenly host sing at His advent:

"Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men!"

After these many centuries of at least partial blindness to Christ's appreciation of man's present, physical well-being, we are now coming to realize in some measure the value of man's present life as Christ saw it. Wherever the gospel now sheds its blessed light, Christian institutions spring up and fruit in blessing to the community. The Christian school follows in the wake of the gospel missionary, and men and women are delivered from the bondage of ignorance. The hospital for the healing of the sick is established in the dark places of the earth by the medical missionary, and emphasis is put upon the value of the present life. By the gospel's influence, woman is rescued from her state of degradation, raised to a nobler plane and given her rightful place by the side of man, and the object Christian solicitude.

Christlike appreciation of the value of man's physical state is evidenced by the demand on the part of Christian communities, that every precaution possible shall be taken for the safety of workmen in factories, machine shops, on railways, in mines. It is this same spirit of appreciation which inspires the present great tuberculosis campaign. To further this effort to bring deliverance to the afflicted with this fell disease, Christian men of means, and Christian communities are giving liberal financial aid.

Truly in these latter days the larger significance of Christ's advent is beginning to be realized.

Muff in the Lap. A new fancy is the keeping of the muff in the lap, not only at theatre and opera, but also at dinners and in ballrooms. Of course the muff is a beautiful thing in white or other delicate fur or a fur combination which is the receptacle for the handkerchief and glasses. So it is a necessity. It is a little French idea that hits the fancy.

If a man is what his neighbors think he is, he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Face Peeling Habit Becoming Fashionable

From Broadway Weekly. Women of fashion and refinement in this country as in Europe seem to have been acquiring the mercerized wax habit, depending less and less upon cosmetics for their complexion difficulties. It does seem a lot safer to just peel off the worn-out skin when it comes off its youthful color and appearance now that this can be done so easily, safely, painlessly and economically. There's no trouble getting mercerized wax at any drug store, since its virtues have become generally known here, and there's no trouble using it—just as you use cold cream, applying it at night, washing it off next morning. The wax takes off the old scarf skin, in tiny flakes, a little each day. The new under-skin, which gradually appears, is velvety soft and beautifully white, radiant with girlish loveliness. Any surface trouble like blackheads, pimples, red or yellow patches, freckles, chaps, etc., vanishes, of course, with the discarded cuticle.

ON THE COAST.

Why Not Spend the Winter in California? Attractive rates will be quoted by variable routes, affording finest scenery. The Los Angeles Limited, leaving Chicago daily 10.16 p.m., for Southern California, the San Francisco Overland Limited, leaving Chicago daily 8.20 p.m.; less than three days en route, provide the best of everything in railway travel. The China and Japan mail leaves Chicago 10.45 p.m., daily for San Francisco and Los Angeles. Illustrated literature on application to B. H. Bennett, general agent, Chicago and North Western railway, 46 Yonge street, Toronto.

Unsympathetic.

Detroit Free Press. When a man past twenty-two Who has been around a bit And has eyes, the same as you, And a normal sum of wit, Gets a flattering epistle On expensive linen stock With the startling statement: "This'll build for you an office block. 'Twill put diamonds on the lady Who is proud to bear your name, In it there is nothing shady, We know how to play the game. We pay one per cent. a minute For the money that you lend us; Hurry, hurry and get in it! Beg or steal the cash to send us." Are you sorry for him when he Wants of sympathy a lot When he's stung for every penny? You are not.

When a chap who's been to college And has learned a thing or two And must have a bit of knowledge Or they'd never pass him through Meets a stranger who is pleasant With the gift of gab, Who sets up the wine and pheasant And insists upon the tab, Then announces: "I can take you From the vineyard where you sweat, And a millionaire I'll make you, Now more you need to fret. Straightway go and beg or borrow Just five hundred iron men, And I'll guarantee to-morrow For each one to pay you ten." Are you sorry for him when he Falls for such a line of rot And gets stung for every penny? You are not.

When a man who knows that money Doesn't grow upon the trees, That blue skies, however so sunny, Are not good securities; Lets another fellow tell him He can make him rich to-morrow; Lets another chap compel him To go out and beg or borrow On a promise that he double Up his money in a day, And without much extra trouble Send a wad of wealth his way, When, while he is sitting drinking At the other man's expense, He won't use his brains for thinking Or apply his common sense, Are you sorry for him when he Wants your sympathy a lot? Well, if you are like the many, You are not.

America is Touched.

New York Herald. That aged but firmly rooted axiom of the British foreign office, connected with the benevolent uplift of small nations—"the revenues first"—appears to be working awry in Persia, where Russia is to the front with her army and Britain just behind marking time with her customs cohorts. "We care not who writes the songs of a nation so long as we handle the customs" has been the proverb. Hence Mr. Shuster must go. Long months ago, when Secretary Knox took the position that the United States should participate equally with other nations in China, it was England, with her hands on the customs, as usual, that objected most persistently. The intimation was then made that if Americans would but show some interest in Persia the iron grasp in China might be loosened.

Americans are now showing an interest in Persia, not at the initiative of this government, but at the initiative of Persia. It is not a governmental concern of America, but we fancy it is very much a governmental concern that Americans shall not be discriminated against as such.

Germans Make Potato Flour.

The great bulk of the so-called potato flour that is sold at retail in the groceries of Germany for cooking purposes is simply finely ground and sifted potato starch. There is, however, a flour obtained by grinding and boiling dried potatoes that is a comparatively new product. In 1901, when the potato crop of the country reached the enormous total of 53,682,010 short tons, efforts were made to discover practical and economical methods of preserving the potatoes so that the surplus could be stored and utilized in supplying future demands. Prizes were submitted, in the more important of which the potatoes are dried by steam forming what are called Kartoffelkuchen, or potato flakes, which can be used for feeding stock, for distilling alcohol, for making starch and for other purposes for which potatoes are used or they can be ground and bolted for human consumption.

She Didn't.

From Lippincott's. A Baltimore lawyer had an office boy who was given to telling in other offices what happened in that of his chief. The lawyer found it necessary to discharge him, but, thinking to keep him from a similar fault in the future, he counselled the boy wisely as to his departure. "Willie, you must never hear anything that is said in the office," he said. "Do what you are told, but turn a deaf ear to conversation that does not include you." A happy inspiration! He would see that the stenographer learned the same in lesson, in passing, so turning to her, he said: "Miss Brown, did you hear what I said to Willie?" "No, sir," she returned promptly.

On December 4th, death claimed a very esteemed lady in the person of Mrs. Albert Ketcheson. Deceased had been a sufferer from cancer for eight weeks from which she was confined to her bed.

Pleasure often turns out to be a stepping stone to misery.

WOE TO BURN

"Here's your boiler, that I borrowed last week, Mrs. Wagstaff, and I'm much obliged," said Mrs. Crump. "I should have brought it back earlier, but I've had so much worry that I forgot all about it." "Still having trouble with the Crumps?" "Oh, there's no end of it, and unless those people move away I don't know what the outcome will be. I used to stand up for my husband through thick and thin, as you will bear witness, but lately I'm almost contented that he is responsible for everything. If he'd only quit stirring up Mr. Crump I believe we could live in peace and harmony."

"Two or three weeks ago Mr. Crump went into the country and bought half a dozen turkeys and said he was going to fatten them scientifically, and distribute them among his best friends for their Thanksgiving dinners, which fact alone shows that he's a good-hearted man, if people would only treat him right. He talked a great deal about those turkeys and the way that he was going to fatten them. He said that he was responsible for everything. If he'd only quit stirring up Mr. Crump I believe we could live in peace and harmony."

"He had some sort of balanced ration that would make a turkey fat in two or three weeks, and also give its flesh magnificent flavor. So he penned up his birds in a box, and he began feeding them his balanced ration, and every morning he'd weigh them, and I could see that he was greatly troubled about something. He passed most of his time around the pen, and every now and then he seemed to have a paroxysm of rage, and to be very friendly with the Crumps, who I have a notion were losing weight every day. They seemed to have good appetites, and ate the balanced ration as though they enjoyed it, and still they got thinner and thinner, until they were the scrawniest things you ever saw—nothing but feathers and bones. All this time my husband was going around wearing a smile of unspokeable happiness, and I began to suspect that he was at the bottom of the trouble in some way. So I watched him carefully. I saw him go out, just at daybreak, throw something to those turkeys, and they snapped it up greedily.

"When he came back to the house I insisted upon knowing what he had thrown to those turkeys, and he handed me a box half full of anti-fat pills.

"That's really a wonderful remedy for obesity," he said, and I understand that Mr. Crump's turkeys are going to dictate testimonials of its value. I have been feeding those pills to them every morning for ten days and you can see for yourself how swift and willow they have grown."

"Well, I scolded him pretty savagely, and it happened that our window was open and so was Mr. Crump's window, and he heard every word of our conversation and came over to the fence at the mouth, and his language really was like a Fourth of July celebration. My husband listened patiently and then had a warrant issued, charging Mr. Crump with using profane language within the city limits or something like that, and he was arrested and fined \$10 and costs, and you can imagine the temper he was in when he came home. "The next morning my husband started to paint our barn, which is so close to the lot line that he couldn't get at the north end with a brush, and Mr. Crump's lot, and while he was standing there painting a big policeman came with a warrant and arrested him on a charge of trespassing and he was convicted and fined, and appealed the case to a higher court. I see very plainly that I'll have to do without the new black dress I have been counting on, for all our money will go to pay court costs. "Now I must hurry home. I always like to be there when the police come to the door, and they are likely to drop in at any time."

SEA BURIAL.

Martin E. Armstrong, in The Atlantic. Lay him not in the earth with whom the earth Has dealt so harshly; there no peace is found, Where tree-roots blindly pushing in the ground Would clasp his coffin in their moving girth; Or where the soil, in labor at the birth Of some fierce city, would molest the mound Of his low tombstone, or muffled sound Of tunnelling mole trouble the dream of less death; Of sleep eternal. Rather lay him deep In that low grave undigg'd of any grade. —Where never sable mourner comes to weep And tend with pious hand, the flowers that fade— The many-peopled grave down in the free Untrodden cemeteries of the sea.

Increase of Heathen Atarms.

The existence of 1,200,000,000 heathen has caused the International Bible Students' Association to appoint a committee of seven men to try to find the reason the number of non-Christian people has doubled in the last 100 years. The committee sailed from San Francisco, December 13th, and will investigate methods for improving the work.

Smith's Falls high school, Alumni Association give a banquet in the Collegiate institute there on New Year's night.

Abbey's Hair-Salt. A wise person knows when to use Abbey's salt. Don't you think it time to get a bottle? 25c and 60c. Sold everywhere.

PURITY FLOUR

Christmas —with its merry-making and feasting— its gifts and blazing Yule Log will soon be here. Prepare a bountiful feast of good things and add to the Christmas Cheer. Purity Flour. Western Canada Flour Mills Company. Purity Flour. 88 Purity 113. Includes images of a turkey, a cake, and a flour bag.

SOLD IN KINGSTON BY J. A. M'FARLANE, DISTRIBUTOR

THE STREET LAMP.

W. R. Bennett, in the American Magazine. Homes stand in slumber. Sleep broods shadowingly. In this deserted street's far-vista'd night, Save only where a little mortal light Sheds on the pave its casual boundary, And shines a kindly host to each degree. O city wraith, where wan street shadow plight Strange troths, Lost footsteps echo and unite In a refrain that seems a threnody. The sweet, low laughter of a girl's first tryst, The sob of homeless poverty, faint cries Struck dumb—loud folly, mirth the satirist. In silence once again fate's byway lies, Brave little star, dawn pales, and through the mist, Sadly you wane. How sad, and oh how wise.

Encouraging Industry.

Toronto Star. On Jan. 1st the ratepayers of Kingston will vote on a by-law to partially exempt the Commercial Box and Envelope Company from taxation. The by-law states that the company will build and equip a factory in Kingston and equip it thoroughly; the factory and site to be of an estimated cost of \$18,000 and the plant, machinery and equipment of an estimated cost of \$20,000 in addition. If these are good reasons for exemption, why should not a city or town be allowed to exempt all factory buildings and machinery from taxation, or tax such improvements at a lower rate than vacant land? Why not extend the same privilege to builders of stores and dwelling houses. This is the proposal of the tax reformers, not that Kingston or any other place shall be compelled to adopt a new system of taxation, but that each municipality shall have the power of encouraging industry and building, and discouraging the cultivation of burdocks and thistles and the holding of vacant land while it rises in value through the enterprise of others. Objections have been made to bonussing local industries, but there can be no objection to encouraging all the industries of a town or city by a general measure of relief from taxation. The liberal platform declares that: "Social justice demands the removal of existing inequalities in taxation, and we propose the amendment of the Assessment Act to permit municipalities to exempt improvements from taxation either in whole or in part."

Badly Handicapped.

The young girl friend of the art student stood in the art gallery gazing at the famous classic statue. "It is all very well to talk about the Venus of Milo's being a model of womanly perfection," she said, eyeing the armless goddess, critically, "but she never could button a one-piece dress down the back." Edward Smith, Manville, Alberta, is visiting friends in the vicinity of Platon.

XMAS GIFTS

A Fancy Vest. Makes a very acceptable Christmas Present. Have it made by CRAWFORD & WALSH. Leading Tailors, Princess and Bagot Sts. Includes image of a man in a vest.

COUNT THE DOTS

\$100. GIVEN AWAY. TO THE PERSONS COUNTING THE DOTS IN THIS HAND, and many other prizes according to the Simple Conditions of the Contest (which will be sent). This is a chance for clever persons to WIN CASH and other PRIZES with a little effort. COUNT THE DOTS IN THE HAND and write the number that you count on a sheet of paper or post card and mail to us and we will let you know at once if you are a winner. AN EXTRA PRIZE of \$10.00 will be given for the nearest correct count. MENTION THIS PAPER. DOMINION PREMIUM CO., 214 St. James Street, Montreal, P. C.

Eddy's Toilet Papers

offer most of the best for the least money. A Special Process of Preparation guarantees Eddy's Toilet Papers free from injurious chemicals of any kind. "If you're sure it's Eddy's, you're sure it's right." One of the 27 Eddy Brands. Includes image of a toilet paper roll.