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LOOKING FOR A WIFE

WHOM WILL THE YOUNG PRINCE OF WALES MARRY?

The heir to the British Crown is the most desirable "catch" in the world to-day and all the match-makers are discussing the possibilities among the Princesses of Europe—Czar's Daughter Named.

It is the habit of royalty to mate early, and that is why the match-makers are already discussing the matrimonial possibilities for the Prince of Wales. That Edward is the most desirable "catch" in the world, even apart from his heirship to the British throne, is a point that has been brought out in the discussion, but his name removes him from all calculations respecting ladies not of royal blood.

There have been cases of royal British princesses being married to other princes, as, for example, the Marquis of Lorne and the Duke of Fife, but while such matches were extremely popular, it is not likely that the heir to the British throne would be permitted to wed one of his fair countrywomen, since he will be expected to marry for reasons of state rather than for reasons of sentiment.

This is not to intimate that royal marriages are not the result of affection, for very often they are true romances, but the love match is merely incidental, and while it is not likely that a royal pair would be thrust into an union absolutely hateful to them, neither would they be permitted to let their fancy rove where it pleased from courtage to tangle.

There are two princesses whose names naturally occur as filling all the conditions necessary for a marriage with the heir to the British throne. One is the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia, the eldest daughter of the Czar; the other is the Princess Victoria Louise of Germany, the only daughter of the Kaiser.

The Princess Olga is about the same age as the Prince of Wales, and is said to be a very pretty girl though not with a face of a brother. It is thought that a match between this pair would be very gratifying to both the Dowager Empress of Russia and the Queen Mother Alexandra. From a political point of view it is believed that the match would be approved by the present Government, but opposed by the Unionists who have no great fancy for further Russian alliances.

The King and Queen too it is hinted by those who are supposed to know, would not be favorably inclined, though it is not expected that they would actually oppose anything decided on by the Government. It is only natural, however, that in a matter of this sort the wishes of King George and Queen Mary would have especial weight.

As regards the German Princess, it is said that as she has been brought up with a large number of English, she is supposed to be anti-English, the young people would not likely be congenial. Moreover, there are political objections to still further Germanizing the British crown. That such a union would do much to wipe out the existing relations between the two countries which are far from being as cordial as might be desired, is claimed by those approving this match.

It is doubtful, however, if these hopes would be realized by a marriage alone, for it is to be borne in mind that the situation with regard to Germany at the present time has developed with the grandson of Queen Victoria, the nephew of King Edward, and the cousin of King George, on the German throne, and of the Kaiser's deep affection for his grandmother there never has been any question. Moreover, the wretchedness of the British Princess who became the Empress of Germany have not been forgotten.

Another charming princess against whom there could be no political objections is the Princess Elizabeth of Roumania. This princess, is the daughter of the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Roumania and granddaughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, who later became Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. She has been brought up in English fashion, and her mother, "Carmen Silva," is undoubtedly one of the most popular of the royalties that visit England, which is the land of her birth.

A union between the Roumanian and the British crowns could hardly be of great advantage from a political point of view, but on the other hand, it would be free from the objections that might be urged against a match with either the Russian or the German princess. Princess Maud of Fife, the youngest daughter of the Princess Royal, is a lovely girl, and is mentioned among the eligibles, though she is the first cousin to the Prince of Wales.

The British Constitution debars the Prince of Wales from marrying a Roman Catholic, although it does not prevent English princesses from taking Roman Catholic husbands, as was the case with the Princess Ena, who became the Queen of Spain, and abandoned her religion. In the case of the bride of the Prince of Wales it would not be enough for her to change her religion.

She must have been born and brought up a Protestant, though it does not matter what Protestant sect or denomination she has been a member of. Prince Edward himself is a shy boy of 18, and it is likely that nothing is further from his thoughts than marriage, but it is improbable that he will attain the age of 21 without becoming betrothed, if not wedded.

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A REMARKABLE MAN.

Earl of Durham Was an Ardent Builder of Empire.

One of the most interesting and remarkable characters conspicuous in the political history of Canada is the Earl of Durham. He was Governor-General of Canada for about five months, and he never held another post in the colonial service, and yet he solved the problem of colonial government and laid down the lines on which government in Canada has been carried on, almost from his time down to the present day, and have been applied, not only to Canada, but to every self-governing dominion beyond the seas. That they are self-governing is because Lord Durham's doctrine has been accepted and put into practice. Lord Durham's point of view, and other have followed it.

Baldwin and Lafontaine are commonly spoken of as the apostles of the principle of responsible government. And so they were. They taught it to the people of Upper and Lower Canada, and won its acceptance at the polls. The Earl of Elgin put it into practice. And here is another link connecting Lord Durham with Canadian public life. The Earl of Elgin was the son-in-law of the Earl of Durham, and to the son-in-law fell the task of giving effect to the plan the father-in-law had designed.

For other reasons besides that of being the foundation-builder of the true colonial policy, the Earl of Durham is called a remarkable man. His character and his work are the subject of a sketch by Mr. C. P. Lucas, published in a recent issue of The Royal Colonial Institute Journal. Writing of the man, Mr. Lucas says that the Earl of Durham was made up of strangely contradictory elements. He was an aristocrat of the aristocrats, and at the same time a Radical of the Radicals. While he was a pronounced Radical he was a no less pronounced Imperialist.

The fact of his having been a childhood master of a great inheritance, coupled with indifferent health, probably accounted for some of his characteristics. He was arrogant, over-bearing and pompous, an uncomfortable bedfellow for his colleagues. His achievement in the public life of Great Britain was not conspicuous. "He had, it is true, taken a prominent part in shaping the first Reform bill, and he was a recognized leader of the Radical Wing of the Whig Party." The only political office he ever held in England was the nominal office of Lord Privy Seal to the Ministry of his father-in-law, Lord Grey; and for two years he was Ambassador to Russia. And still, writes Mr. Lucas, "he was beyond question a master builder; and yet he did not build himself, but taught others to build."

His name lives solely as that of the author of a most notable report on Canada. In his youth he had served in the army. For his entrance into the Lower Canadian capital he put on the gorgeous uniform of a full general. Then mounting a white charger, and surrounded by a large and brilliant military staff, he rode through the streets of Quebec to the Castle of St. Louis; then the residence of the Governor-General. When he rode out on subsequent occasions his staff, it is said, was almost as showy as that of an Eastern Prince, and his frequent appointments of Lady Durham's drawing-room were a marvel; royal feasts were given at Castle St. Louis. And all the time Durham was half an invalid, confined to the house for days, with the shadow of his early death already upon him.

A Safe Bet.
He was showing his friends his new watch, made of the new metal, unbreakable—cost him six hundred dollars.

His seven friends were dubious of its tensile strength. "Tell you what I do, boys," he said. "You put up five dollars each against my six hundred dollar watch. I'll put it to the test. If it breaks I'll lose the watch. All you'll lose is the thirty-five."

They didn't think it out quite clearly, but the wager was made.

He hurled the watch against a brick wall. It broke into a thousand pieces.

"Well, boys, I lose the six hundred dollar watch," he said with a long face as he gazed at the money, dumfounded they saw him do it. Knowing that all was not right they examined what was left of the watch; it wasn't even nickel-plated.

T. Ambrose Woods, Toronto, whose boys Kelvin won the King's plate, tells the story; he was one of the contributors.—Canadian Courier.

Tired of Crop Talk.
George Lane, president of the Calgary Horse Show, was entertaining Dr. Rutherford, late Live Stock Commissioner for Canada, in the guests' box at that show a few days ago. Mr. Lane introduced the doctor to a number of friends, and in most instances the doctor received an invitation to do something which would keep him over a day or so longer.

For instance, Duncan Marshall wanted him to inspect some of his demonstration farms, W. J. Stark wanted him to go up to the Edmonton Spring Horse Show.

The doctor invariably replied: "Well, I would like to very much, but I must get out to British Columbia to get my crop in."

After Mr. Lane had listened to this a few times, he turned to the doctor and said: "If you don't keep still about it, I will go out to your place this summer and stay a week and eat that crop."

A Slighting Term.
In the provinces down by the Atlantic, the people take their politics seriously—at least several of the newspapers are not at all backward in criticizing the editorial remarks of papers on the other side of the political fence. The words used in referring to opposing papers are often terms of belittlement. Probably the limit was reached when the Sackville, N.B., Tribune recently referred to the Conservative paper as an "organette."

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Chestnut and family, Picton, will shortly remove to Vancouver, B.C. Mr. Chestnut has procured property near Vancouver and will go extensively into fruit and vegetable gardening.

A PORCUPINE HERO.

The Act That Won Edward Bell His Albert Medal.

A London despatch reads: "The King has approved of the Albert medal of the second-class being conferred upon Edward Bell of the Canadian Copper Co. for gallantry in connection with the disastrous fire in South Porcupine."

Just as many of the records of the possessor of the Victoria Cross occupy in the official records but a few lines of space, so does this bold announcement of a richly-deserved honor fail to bring before the reader any conception of the scene where Edward Bell proved his manhood, says Ben Hughes in Toronto Globe. It is strange that when so many apocryphal dramas of narrow escape were recorded during the horrible fire at Porcupine last July, nothing was said of the escape of the little knot of people round Mr. H. C. Meek's house at the Dome.

It is a matter of record now how from one end of northern Ontario to the other the people had to flee for their lives and equally a matter of knowledge how brave men refused to own that they were beaten, and so endangered and in many cases lost their lives. The Dome was struck before the fatal July 11 they had had a tough fight with fire and had dug a reservoir in the centre of the property to supply water for the pipes that had been laid from one end of the property to the other. When therefore the fire leaped down on the Dome, that knot that hot afternoon round Mr. Meek and everyone else thought they were well prepared to meet it, and he and his staff fought it till the last gasp. He remained so long, in fact, that he did not arrive back at his own house, where his wife, his mother, Mrs. Paddock, and his two children were, before the flames had leaped clear over the intervening space which had been cleared and set his house on fire. With him were F. Battersby, D. G. Bisset, L. H. Solman and a man named Cooper, all of the same stamp, cutting off every chance of escape and for what seemed eternities they huddled on the little grass plot near the rain-barrels. When all appeared to be over, Mr. Meek says that he can just remember seeing a face appear out of the smoke and stand afterwards. He felt a splash of water on his face. It was Edward Bell, who was lading water out of the barrels with his old, soft felt hat. Then he lost consciousness. He learned from Bell afterwards, though the foreman carpenter of the Dome does not talk much about the incident, that when he arrived Mrs. Meek's skirt and foot were on fire, and that he first applied himself to putting it out. Then, coolly and calmly, while the fire swept all living organisms out of existence all around him and the hot air scorched the lungs, he continued to dip into the barrels, souse himself and distribute the water impartially over the prostrate figures round him.

The fire was at its height at two o'clock, at four the danger was over, and Edward Bell and a few square inches of grass and sand afterwards. They had grazed death, but they were alive mainly because Edward Bell walked out a zone of comparative safety into a whirlwind of smoke and flame and for a full hour, never knowing when he would be roasted alive, with a lead head and a steady hand, threw water out of his old hat wherever he saw a spark fall or a flame burst out on the exhausted figures round the water barrels.

Edward Bell still works at the Dome, and it is safe to say that the men who work for him are those who work with him know nothing of this story, for he is not that kind of man; he acts, he doesn't talk. But Mr. Meek did talk, and he talked to Mr. A. R. Turner, the general manager of the Canadian Copper Co. at Copper Cliff. Mr. Turner took the matter up while heartily with the facts before the Carnegie Hero Fund and the British authorities. A few days ago the news despatches told of the honor Edward Bell had received at the hands of the King, and it is hard to see how it would be possible for a man to more deserve the reward and medal from Mr. Andrew Carnegie than Edward Bell.

Ogle Carrs, Smith's Falls, has sold two of his cottages on Rideau Lake to Ottawa parties. One is located above the Narrows, the purchaser being E. D. Storey, George Ballantyne buying the other, which is located near Tar Island.

For Sallow, Wrinkled, Freckled, Pimpled Skin

(From Woman's Home Journal.)
If you have any cutaneous blemish, don't use paint, powder or anything else to cover it up. Too often this only emphasizes the defect. Besides, it's much easier to remove the disfigurement with ordinary mercurized wax. Applied nightly, the wax will gradually remove freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth-patches, sallowness; red or yellow blotches, or any surface eruptions. The affected article is absorbed, a little each day, until the clear, soft, youthful and beautiful skin beneath is brought wholly to view. Ask the druggist for an ounce of mercurized wax and use this like you use cold cream. Remove in morning with soap and water. Many who have tried this simple and harmless treatment report astonishing results.

If bothered with wrinkles, sagging cheeks or double chin, a wash lotion made by dissolving an ounce of saxeolite in a half-pint which hasel will prove effectual.

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SIGN OF THE WIG.

A Queer Little Shop Where Many Barristers Have Dealt.

There is a queer little shop, much of the sort Dickens delighted in, which seems to do a flourishing business near the Temple. To reach the place one travels by way of court-yards and passages, among the little overhanging offices, to the sign of "Law Wig and Robe Maker." In passages close by the guides point out pictures of the old Middle Temple Hall and of the Temple Church and of the dining hall of the Middle Temple. Yonder is Middle Temple Hall, where Shakespeare played "Twelfth Night."

You halt before an array of wigs, set in globes, in a window which projects out under the arches which form part of the series commencing the "squads" of the Temple.

If you are not intending to order, you step into the wig shop timidly. "Would you have a blue bag, sir?" asks the attendant. Ten pounds eighteen shillings, you learn, will get you a bag and a wig, but a very ordinary wig it will be.

If you are a barrister of rather higher pretensions, a king's counsel, you want something better. A king's counsel wears a court wig and silk gown. The gown costs from nine to twelve guineas. The king's counsel whole outfit will cost possibly forty guineas including court suit, wig and gown. Such a man invests in the red bag of a king's counsel, while his bag of old he usually presents to a junior as a mark of respect. Later he becomes attached to a particular red bag and keeps it as long as he can.

Judges have the wig and a green bag. Judges' wigs are substantially one and all the same and come to about thirty dollars.

Most of these wigs are made of horsehair which is first colored a snowy white. It takes about a month to make a judge's wig, although the material can be got ready in six or eight days. The hardest part of the work is the weaving by hand, and even for an expert this is tedious. Experts, moreover, are hard to find, for there are only three of these shops in the world, and all three are in London.

Did Parnell Die?
The simplest and only really effective way to avoid all earthly troubles, is to die. And the next best method is to appear to die. History is full of instances of prominent men who, either to foil their enemies, or to avoid the consequences of some rash act, quietly disappeared and settled off in some far country after their faithful followers had buried them in effigy with full ceremony.

Indeed, there is a story to the effect that Charles Stuart Parnell, the great Irishman, lived long after he had died. Throughout Ireland an impression prevails among the peasantry that the celebrated leader and statesman, is still in the land of the living, and during the South African war it used to be related among the poorer classes of the Emerald Isle that he was identical with the elusive and mysterious Boer general, De Wet.

It is alleged that Parnell, when he found that by marrying Mrs. O'Shea he had not made, but marred the position of the ambitious and wonderfully brilliant woman to whom he had been so devotedly attached; when he realized that he could no longer rely upon the loyalty and discipline of his followers; and he became convinced that his existence after the scandal in connection with the O'Shea divorce constituted a source of weakness to the cause of his beloved country, which would derive advantage from his disappearance—he resolved to vanish, either forever, or at any rate until such time when Ireland had obtained her own government.

It is added that the coffin purporting to contain his remains holds nothing but a mere lay figure, or sand, and that, having shaved off his beard, he had made his escape in the guise of a priest without any difficulty whatever.

A Weird Old House.
There is an old manor house at Knareborough, England, parts of which were built 700 years ago. It is a fine place, with magnificent paneling in the rooms, a bedstead in which Cromwell once slept, a priest's hiding place and a ghost. The priest's hiding place is concealed by a spring door. The present occupant of the house says that during the night sounds of footsteps are heard on the landing, and it is impossible to keep the door of this room closed. On one occasion the footsteps were accompanied by a loud bump at the door of another room. During some recent restorations the skeleton of a woman was found buried at the foot of a staircase.

Royal Prerogatives.
Some of the privileges appertaining to the royal prerogative extend to the king's household. His majesty cannot be arrested or sued in the law courts, for "the king can do no wrong," and no servant employed in waiting or attending on the royal presence can be arrested or taken in execution of a civil action unless the permission of the board of green cloth, which regulates the duties of royal officials, be first obtained. This privilege was not instituted for the personal benefit of the servants, but in order that the sovereign might not be put to inconvenience by being deprived of an attendant and also as a mark of respect to the throne.—London Chronicle.

The Eye and the Lash.
Mr. E. C. Hemmerde, K.C., was once cross-examining a rather prominent man in a case that is memorable only for a brilliant retort made by counsel.

Mr. Hemmerde pressed the witness so hard that at last he asked rather plaintively, "Why should I be placed under the lash like this because my name is fairly well known?"

Instantly came Mr. Hemmerde's retort: "A man who is in the public eye must always be under the lash!"—London Answers.

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R. E. G. Burroughs, Westport, has sold his brick shop and residence to W. C. Frodenburgh. F. D. Baylay and family, Westport, have taken possession of their summer cottage for the season.