

**TRAVELLING.**  
**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**  
**Holiday Rates**  
 FOR  
**Christmas & New Year's**  
 Round Trip Tickets will be issued as follows:—  
**SINGLE FARE.**  
 Good going Dec. 24th and 25th, and returning on or before Dec. 26th, 1912.  
 Also, good going Dec. 31st 1912, and Jan. 1st, 1913, and returning on or before Jan. 2nd 1913.  
**SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD.**  
 Good going Dec. 21st, 1912 to Jan. 1st, 1913, inclusive, and returning on or before Jan. 3rd, 1913.  
 For full particulars, apply to  
**J. P. HANLEY, Agent,**  
 Corner Johnson and Ontario Sts.

**KINGSTON & PEMBERKE RAILWAY**  
 IN CONNECTION WITH  
**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**  
**CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S EXCURSION FARES**  

SINGLE FARE.	FARE AND ONE-THIRD.
Good going Dec. 24, 25, Return limit, Dec. 26, 1912.	Also going Dec. 21st to Jan. 1, Return limit, Wed., Jan. 3, 1913.

 Full particulars at K. and P. and C.P.R. Ticket Office, Ontario Street.  
**F. CONWAY,**  
 Gen. Pass. Agent.

**TRY NOLAN'S**  
 Special Blend Of  
**High Grade Coffee, 40c a lb.**  
 336 Princess Street, Phone 720  
 Prompt Delivery.

**Livery Stock**  
 Of Cutters, Sleighs, Robes, Blankets.  
 The tabargain at  
**Bibby's Garage**  
**BROCK ST.**

**OXO CUBES**  
 Let your children take Oxo  
 Cube Sandwiches for their school lunch. They are a delicacy—and so to a Cube sustains a Cupful too!  
**Kingston Business College**  
 (Limited)  
**Highest Education at Lowest Cost**  
 Twenty-sixth year. Fall 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. F. Metcalfe, Principal. Kingston, Canada.

**THE "BEST" DRUG STORE.**  
  
 Christmas cameras can be bought much more satisfactorily at BEST'S than elsewhere. Years of experience makes the proper explanation as to taking and making pictures easy. All makes of cameras and kodaks sold, and special inducements held out which cannot be given by other dealers. Cameras from \$1.50 and up, and all are guaranteed.

**O'Keefe's**  
**Special Extra Mild ALE**  
 Not a headache in a barrelful—and never makes you bilious. It's extra-mild and absolutely pure.  
 E. Beaupre, Local Distributor.  
 Phone 313.

**LOADING BIG GUNS**

They Get Quick Action on the Modern Monster Warship.

**STORY OF A PRACTICE DRILL.**

What Happened After the Order to "Fire!" Was Very Different From What Would Have Occurred Had Cordite and Projectiles Been Used.  
 The order is given to load. Someone touches a lever, and with a hiss a mass of bright steel turns and twists back, and the breech of the gun gapes open. Another touch on the lever, and from beside you a hydraulic ram shoots out like a golden tongue into the breech and immediately shoots back again. All is clear. Now, at your very feet, a hole gapes in the floor of the turret, there is a silt and crash of metal, and as you look down into the hole you see a small lift travelling up with incredible rapidity and infernal clatter bearing on it the immense projectile, weighing more than seven hundredweight, and, in another compartment, the two cartridges of cordite.

Up comes the lift, locks itself with a crash and spills out the projectile on a metal tray in line with the open breech. The golden tongue of the rammer shoots out again and pushes the projectile into the gaping breech, extending itself apparently indefinitely until the projectile has disappeared. The lift shifts a little, bringing into line with the gun its other compartment, which contains the two half charges, each a cylinder holding 130 pounds of cordite. Out shoots the ram again, with no more respect for them than if they had been sponges, and pushes them steadily home behind the projectile, and, having done its deadly business, retires again out of the way to be ready for another cycle of the same operations.

Half a turn of the wheel, and the breech block swings home with a sigh and a click. "Right gun loaded, sir." Now you wait in suspense, and a voice in the conning tower gives the range—8,500 yards. The gun lays in its quiet corner has all this time never taken its eye from the glass. He turns one wheel, and the whole turret swings round over the ship's quarter; he turns another, and with a little hiss and sigh of imprisoned water the whole mighty tonnage of the gun, sweetly balanced on its trunnions, rises and tilts itself to the push of the hydraulic press.

The range is decreasing by some thirty yards a second, since the target is a ship approaching us at a speed equal to our own—fifteen knots—and as the falling ranges are given the gun metal wheel is turned an eighth or a quarter of an inch, and the muzzle of the gun sinks down a little as gently as a falling leaf. The sights are reported "on," the gun laid, and the word we have all been waiting for is sharply given—"Fire!" The gun layer pulls a trigger no bigger than that of a pistol and—

The projectile was a dummy one made of wood covered with leather, and there was no cordite in the cartridges. If it had been otherwise the pictures that adorned the commander's room, the mirrors and toilet accessories on the cabin tables and the various elegant adornments of the captain's stateroom would have been previously packed away, and come crashing down from their places, and the navigating commander, who happened at the time to be explaining to an unwilling listener on the quarter-deck by what skill and foresight he had avoided setting the ship's stern on to the breakwater at Portland, would have been blown off the deck.

These things were unnecessary, for I quite understood. The click and silence that followed the word "Fire!" were quite eloquent enough to me of all the shattering damnation they represented—a projectile weighing 850 pounds hurtling to its mark at the rate of almost a thousand yards a second.

But we in the turret would have known nothing, for before it had reached the target the breech block would have opened to the screech of the air blast which cleans out the burning fragments of cordite in the breech, the rammer would have shot in with its mop and out again, the ammunition hoist would have come clattering and screaming up, another projectile would have rolled into the tray with another two hundredweight of death packed behind it, the rammer would have pushed it home with a kick, the block would have swung to again, the great gun would have been sighted and swung in the air, again the word would have been given, and again the fragment of concentrated power that men had toiled in factories and drawing offices, in laboratories and foundries to perfect would have been sent winging through the sea air to spend itself in destruction.

And only one man in the turret would have seen its fate: only he with his eye to the telescope, who had seen the hull of that ship in the distance covering the threadlike cross on his glass as he pulled the trigger, would see and guess when the distant target would burst into yellow smoke what work had been done.—London Standard.

**Not at All Easy.**  
 Lucille—Oh, you can win Marie's heart easily enough. All you need do is to give her all the money she wants. Jules—And do you call that easy?—Paris Rire.

Life will give us back whatever we put into it. In a way it is just like a bank.

**UNCLE JAKE DIDN'T AGREE.**

The Old Man Upheld His Reputation For Being Contrary.

"Uncle Jake" was one of the characters of Banbury. He was as deaf as a post—when he wanted to be—and as contrary as a bundle of sticks. One of his neighbors came into his yard one day and said: "Uncle Jake, I'd like to borrow your wagon this morning. Mine is having a spring mended."

"You'll have to speak louder," rejoined Uncle Jake. "I don't hear very well, and I don't like to lend my wagon anyhow!"  
 The old man was an expert maker of ax helves—an occupation in which there is more art than the un instructed would suppose—and these handles he left at the village store to be sold on commission. One snowy day, as Uncle Jake came stamping up the steps of the store, another old fellow who was known as Uncle Horace remarked to the man lounging about the store: "I'll treat the crowd if I don't make Uncle Jake agree to the first thing I say to him when he comes in."  
 "Don't be rash, Uncle Horace!" called out the storekeeper. "That never happened yet, and it isn't likely to."  
 But Uncle Horace merely grinned and picked up one of Uncle Jake's ax helves. The door opened, and in came Uncle Jake.

"Jake," said Uncle Horace, running his fingers up and down the smooth wood, "this is a mighty good ax handle."  
 "No, it ain't," replied Uncle Jake at once. "I can make good handles, but that one you've got is the kind people want. They don't know no better!"  
 And Uncle Horace treated the company to sardines, crackers and cheese.—Youth's Companion.

**SMALL SAVINGS.**

A Lecture on Economy That Mark Hanna Delivered to Dingley.  
 Mark Hanna did many things in a large way. Nevertheless he was not averse to giving his serious attention to little things on occasion. Senator Hanna one afternoon in Washington boarded a trolley car. Seeing Representative Dingley—be of the tariff law—just entering the front door, Hanna walked forward and took a seat beside him. The conductor approached and each man paid his separate fare, Dingley with a five cent piece, Hanna with a ticket.

The conversation fell along the lines of business. Reports, they agreed, indicated that every class of business and industry was prospering. "Every one," said Hanna, "seems to be making good money."  
 Dingley protested. He knew of at least one man who wasn't—himself. "It's very simple, Dingley, very," replied Hanna. "You pay your carfare with a nickel, the full hundred cents on the dollar. You may have noticed that I paid my fare with a ticket. I buy them six for 25 cents; therefore I save just 20 per cent for myself. That's the secret, Dingley. That's the thing you've got to learn—how to save the 20 per cent for yourself. That's your trouble, Dingley; you don't save when you have the opportunity. A lot more people could be rich if they would only learn how to put that easy made 20 per cent on the credit instead of the debit side of their accounts."—New York World.

**Tree That Gives Light.**  
 Among freaks of nature in trees there stands conspicuous one known as the Asiatic star tree. It is enormously tall, growing to a height of from sixty feet to eighty feet, while from the ground up to a distance of about forty feet the trunk is perfectly bare. From that point there spring a number of tangled limbs, which shoot out clusters of long, pointed leaves, and it is these, grouped together, that emit at night a clear, phosphorescent light. This gives the tree a spectral appearance and is very deceiving to travellers, who frequently mistake the glow for an illuminated window of a house. The light is not brilliant, but is of sufficient strength to allow of a newspaper being read by it. It does not flicker, but glows steadily from sunset to daybreak.

**On the Slopes of Vesuvius.**  
 Despite the danger to which they are exposed, from 80,000 to 100,000 people live upon the slopes of Vesuvius, beside the 600,000 inhabitants crowded into Naples. The reason is that the fertility of the soil is perennial, the soil only occasional. The volcanic ejecta are rich in alumina, silica, magnesia, lime, potash and iron, which by their decomposition go to make splendid land. Some of the best vines in Italy grow on the skirts of Vesuvius. If the volcano were away not one-tenth of the many cultivators could subsist in the same area.

**icing the Cake.**  
 "For the first time Ethel chanced to see her father preparing to shave. Running into the kitchen, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, guess what papa is doing?"  
 "I don't know, dear. What is he doing?"  
 "He's making a cake out of his face," replied Ethel. "He's putting the icing on it now."—Chicago News.

**Hopeful.**  
 Her Legal Adviser—Madam, you have had three husbands, and every one of them either went crazy or turned out to be worthless. Yet you are thinking of marrying again! Fair Client—Yes, sir. I want a wife and sane fourth.—Chicago Tribune.


Often the life about which least can be said is the one that says the most.

**The Evening Luxury**

**"SALADA"**

**CEYLON TEA**  
 Anticipated with delight by all who use it  
 LEAD PACKETS ONLY. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.  
 AT ALL GROCERS.  
 HIGHEST AWARD—ST. LOUIS, 1904.

**ERADICATE HAIR**  
 Will quickly remove SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Absolutely harmless. Convenient to use. Price \$1.00 postage paid.  
**Jessop's Pharmacy** Napanee, Ont.

**COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA**  
  
 WHEN the boys and girls come in tired and hungry from the slides a cup of Cowan's is as good as a meal. Better. It is easy to digest. It is so appetizing, so refreshing—not only satisfies the hunger, but lets you sleep like a top.  
 Your Grocer Has It.  
 The COWAN Co. Limited TORONTO  
 "They'll Want A Nice Hot Cup of Cocoa When They Return."

**He is spending \$2,000,000**


**E. N. HINES** is one of the road commissioners of Wayne County, Michigan, in charge of the highways leading from a prosperous farming district to the market in Detroit. He has probably had more experience with concrete roads than any other road commissioner. He told some of his experiences in an address in Chicago last May. He was road commissioner before he used concrete. He was not satisfied with macadam roads. In his own words:  
 "We decided that a change was not only desirable, but necessary; and we set out to find a more permanent and durable material which would approximate in initial cost that of a first class macadam."  
 "After thorough investigation, we decided that a concrete road would more nearly realize this ideal than other forms. The points considered as being in its favor were:  
 "Comparatively low first cost; low maintenance cost; freedom from dirt; comparative noiselessness; ease of traction for vehicles of all descriptions; and the small crown necessary to get rid of surface water."

THAT was several years ago. Wayne County farmers were so pleased with those first concrete roads, that they later voted bonds and gave Mr. Hines and his fellow commissioners \$2,000,000.00

**for more Concrete Roads**

Their reasons are not hard to find. In the same address Mr. Hines expressed them as follows:  
 "I stand committed to the use of Concrete for country roads. I also believe concrete to be an ideal form of paving for village and city streets and alleys."  
 "This is not a statement born of enthusiasm on the spur of the moment, but a cold-blooded dollar-and-cents view, based on results attained and arrived at after careful consideration of all the facts available and experiences undergone."  
**THIS** is only one county's experience with concrete roads. But it is representative of the experiences of many others. The sooner every town and county makes use of the information which these other communities have supplied, the sooner will its road fund be invested for permanent, satisfactory roads instead of being spent for roads that must soon be paid for, all over again, in the shape of annual repairs.

Will you use your influence for the purpose of hastening the adoption of this policy in your community? You know what good roads mean—to you and to your neighbors. If you have doubt of these claims, or if you desire more complete proof, let us send you the facts which we have gathered especially for that purpose. Just ask for "Good Roads Literature," and complete information will be sent free.  
**Address, Good Roads Department, Canada Cement Company, MONTREAL Limited**  
  
 Any town or county contemplating road improvement may receive valuable assistance by notifying our road department of its plans.

**Gifts! Gifts! Gifts!**  
 Handsome gifts. Useful gifts. Your friends will get plenty of both.  
 A suggestion:  
 Something for them to enjoy while they're opening up the other things.  
**Lowney's Chocolate Bon-Bons!**  
  
 Centres of fruits, nuts, spices and cream. Coatings of a rare, rich chocolate blend.  
 Made in our Montreal factory where everything is spic and span.  
 No Christmas gift can be tastier than Lowney's.  
**LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BON BONS**  
 The Walter M. Lowney Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal