

RHEUMATIC PAINS
Get rid of rheumatism, when it first shows you with sharp twinges and quick "shooting pains." Don't let it settle in your system and become "chronic." Begin treatment at once and clear your system of their cause (uric acid) while it is easy to do so.

Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure
drives the excess uric acid poison from the blood. It has brought relief and health to sufferers for 25 years.

"In Bed Twelve Weeks."
"I have great faith in the Warner Remedies. I was in bed for 12 weeks with inflammatory rheumatism. I screamed from the pain. My doctor told me to take your medicine. I took five bottles and was cured."—Mrs. J. Overlander, Warren, O.

Warner's Safe Remedies
EACH FOR A PURPOSE:
1—Kidney and Liver Cure.
2—Rheumatic Cure.
3—Diabetes Cure.
4—Asthma Cure.
5—Nervine.
6—Pills (Constipation/Biliousness)

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Write for a free sample giving the number of remedy desired to Warner's Safe Remedies Co., Dept. 253, Toronto, Ont.

Notice

We can supply you with Choice Western Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal, cut to your order and delivered to any part of the city,

at
RAWSON MEAT MARKET
Phone 1364. 41 Montreal.

Sallow Skin
Liver Spots, Pimples, Dark Circles Under the Eyes.

are all signs of the system being clogged. The Liver and Bowels are inactive and the Stomach is weak from undigested foods and foul gases.

FIG PILLS
the great fruit remedy will make you feel like a new person.

Winnipeg, June 27, 1911.
After taking three boxes of your Fig Pills for stomach and liver troubles I feel strong and well and able to do my own work.

MRS. A. H. SAULTER.

Sold at all dealers in 25 and 50 cent boxes or mailed by The Fig Pill Co., St. Thomas, Ont. Sold at Mahood's Drug Store.

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.

"SOME HAYE MEAT, AND CANNA EAT"

So Bobby Burns tersely describes the rich, but still poor, dyspeptics. But their case is not now so desperate as when Burns wrote. For the man who has the food now can eat without suffering for it, if he just follows the meal with a Ne-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet.

These remarkable tablets banish the troubles of the chronic dyspeptic—the man who is bilious—the sufferer from heartburn, gas on the stomach or occasional indigestion. You can eat hearty meals of wholesome food—and digest them, too—if you take Ne-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets.

Compounded by expert chemists, after probably the best formula known to medical science, they are quick and certain in their action, giving prompt relief from all forms of stomach trouble, toning up and strengthening the digestive organs and bringing about permanent cures.

A man is no stronger than his stomach. Fit yourself for your best work by taking Ne-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets, sold at your druggist's, National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

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Hot Point Electric Irons.
Toasters.
Coffee Percolators.
Broilers.
Water Heaters.
Heating Pads.

Call and see them.

Halliday Electric Co.
King Street

MONARCH OF THE AIR
AS WELL AS MISTRESS OF SEA.
SAYS WRITER.

Britain Must Develop Her Aerial Fleets—Airship Defense Will Cost Millions of Pounds—Expenditure on Military Aircraft Last Year.

Britain must not be a mistress of the sea, but monarch of the air as well if we are to maintain our national supremacy. Such is the view taken by military experts, and at the present time they have much cause for misgiving; for while other powers have perfected and developed their aerial fleets to an extraordinary extent, particularly during 1912, Great Britain seems to have stood still.

Last year, for instance, the grant for expenditure on military aircraft for Great Britain was only £322,000 as compared with £1,290,000 granted by the French Government, in addition to which the public subscribed £130,000. Again, upwards of £640,000 was granted by Germany in 1912 for the development of her aerial fleet, the public subscribing no less than £300,000. The consequence has been that both these countries, as well as Russia—details of whose expenditure are not available—have been able to develop their aerial fleets to an astonishing extent while we are lagging behind.

For instance, at the present time Britain has only forty-five airships, and there are not fifty experienced military pilots available. On the other hand, France has about 300 aeroplanes and ten airships, while Germany has 250 aeroplanes available and twelve airships, the Russian flying machine fleet being of a similar strength to that of Germany.

Furthermore, the aerial fleets of France and Germany are wonderfully organized and equipped; and while, on the one hand, British army aeroplanes are not yet sufficiently provided with field transport and auxiliaries, the aerial fleets of France and Germany are complete with motor-vehicles and repair wagons, and in both countries special railway wagons have been built for the transport of aeroplanes and their equipment.

It is only fair to add, however, that the program for 1913 aimed at by the Royal Flying Corps is a most ambitious one, and it is highly probable that a vote of £1,000,000 for aeronautics will be made this year. It is intended to form a fleet of armed and unarmed flying machines, 500 for the navy and 300 for the army; to build monster aeroplanes, each capable of carrying thirty or forty men, and of remaining in the air for at least thirty-six consecutive hours; while the construction of large rigid and non-rigid airships is to be pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

It is, however, hoped that £1,000,000 will be devoted by the country each year for the next three years for the establishment of a British aerial fleet, which will enable us to maintain our supremacy in the air. And there seems to be every possibility that this plan will be followed out.—Tit-Bits.

NEATNESS IN ATTIRE.
It Not Only Impresses Others, but is a Factor in Self Respect.

The fixed habit of presenting always a neat and cleanly appearance to the world is sure of a double reward. It not only creates a favorable impression, but begets a sustaining self respect. It is scarcely reasonable of a man who does not respect himself to look for much consideration from others. It is not the cost of clothing, but the scrupulous care of it that counts. The man of slender means should be neither "tatty" nor "sloopy," but always tidy and neat in his attire, seeing himself with the coldly critical eye of a possible employer to whom an applicant's dress may mean more than his address or political department.

Style in writing, as defined by the fastidious Chesterfield, is the dress of thoughts, so the true style of the average man may be correctly surmised from the care he takes of his personal appearance. He needs not be finicky, but should always be free of grease spots and dust. He should like his bath even if it has to be taken by means of a bucket. He should never neglect to brush his hair, his shoes, his teeth, his coat, trousers and hat. If he can't afford a pressing iron he should put coat and trousers under the laundry and sleep upon them. If laundry is a serious item, he should wash his own handkerchiefs, dry them on the window pane and never by any chance be seen with a soiled one.—Philadelphia Press.

A One Time Literary Mystery.
In the Newry Telegraph, an Ulster (Ireland) triweekly, on April 19, 1817, under the simple head of "Poetry" appeared what Byron called "the most perfect ode in the language"—"The Burial of Sir John Moore." Byron or Campbell or any of the others to whom this poem was variously ascribed would doubtless have been proud to claim it. But the author was the obscure curate of Ballybeg, in Tyrone, Rev. Charles Wolfe, and the fame of the piece was but a posthumous fame for him. Not until his death of consumption in 1823 at the early age of thirty-two did the authorship become known to the world. And Wolfe, who wrote much other verse of merit, is remembered only by that one poem which sprang from the columns of a provincial newspaper to universal recognition in the big world of letters.—London Chronicle.

Larvae Nests.
By breaking open rotten logs one can find in midwinter the grubs or larvae of many of the wood boring beetles, and beneath logs and stones near the margins of ponds and brooks borders of the maggots or larvae of certain kinds of flies may often be found huddled together in great masses. The larvae of a few butterflies also live over winter beneath chips or bunches of leaves near the roots of their food plant or in webs of their own construction, which are woven on the stems close to the buds whose expanding leaves will furnish them their first meal in spring.

The Fervent Sex.
"I thought you had such a good maid to-morrow!"
"I did. But when she called up on the phone my husband answered her."
"Well?"
"Well, he was so much charmed by her voice that I didn't engage her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Turn About.
"The doctor made me show him my tongue, and it cost me \$3, but I got even."
"How?"
"In a poker game last night I made him show me his hands, and it cost him \$5."—New York Times.

Permanent.
Maud—Are you engaged to Jack for good? Ethel—it looks that way. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.—Boston Transcript.

Self-conceit is what prompts us to feel sorry for the people who don't like us.
Some hairless women must have started the present mode of wearing headgear.

STORIES OF SHERIDAN.
The Great Writer Had a Hard Time Deducing His Creditors.

Like many a brilliant man before and since his time, Richard Brinsley Sheridan had a habit of resting on his oars a bit too long when he thought himself tired. Then, finding himself short of money, he would borrow. This habit increased with his years, and, moreover, his efforts to discharge his obligations grew less and less. His reputation at last was such that tradesmen demanded cash on delivery.

Benjamin Robert Haydon, who was himself woefully addicted to the same bad habit, tells with evident glee two stories of his fellow sufferer.

A butcher one day brought a leg of mutton to Sheridan's house. The cook took it up into the kitchen, and went upstairs for the mutton. As she stayed away some time, the man entered the kitchen, took off the cover of the mutton, fished out the joint and walked off with it.

But the laugh was not always on Sheridan. A creditor whom he had successfully avoided for some time came plump upon him as he emerged from Pall Mall. There was no possibility of dodging, but Sheridan did not lose his presence of mind.

"Oh," said he, "that's a beautiful mare you're on!"
"Yes, indeed. How does she trot?"
The creditor was pleased—even flattered. He told Sheridan he should see and immediately urged the mare to do her prettiest. But long before the animal's best pace was reached, Sheridan had turned again into Pall Mall and was lost in the crowd.—Exchange.

THE ART OF POISONING.
Subtle Methods Used by the Natives of Central Africa.

The Central African native is a master in the art of poisoning and always on the watch for it. He will never take a drink of water or beer or eat of a dish, even when offered by a peaceful acquaintance, until the host has eaten or drunk some of it to pledge its harmlessness. He is always in fear of treachery, and with good reason, for an assassin is cheaply hired. Vegetable poisons may be made by almost any one, and the methods of administering them are cunning beyond description.

One of the cleverest ways, often resorted to when a man gets into his head an idea that a neighbor is injuring him by witchery, is to kill the unsuspecting victim by means of poisoned stakes and at the same time avoid suspicion, which would inevitably lead to a prompt vengeance.

Procuring little sharpened sticks, the murderer hollows their points and inserts poison (usually made by boiling down the juice of certain shrubs or creepers) into the cavities. These he secretly plants upright, but leaving a little along the path which leads to the doomed negro's hut to his garden.

Sooner or later the intended victim slightly lacerates his bare foot by hitting one of these sharp stakes. He takes no notice of the scratch, for he is used to such trifling injuries, but in a few moments his foot and leg begin to swell, and an hour or so later he expires in agony.

The bark and roots of several trees and shrubs yield virulent poisons when properly brewed, one of which has the peculiar effect of at once paralyzing the organs of speech. The gall of the crocodile when dried in the sun and pulverized is also very deadly. The most fatal poison, however, is that prepared from an ugly, whitish tree called ujinga in German East Africa. It grows in only a few localities, and few natives will venture to cut it down, for a mere prick with a splinter will cause terrible and sometimes fatal inflammation. The negroes say that neither moths nor snakes will get near it and that birds never rest in its branches.

To make this poison the wood is burnt and its ashes are mixed with water and then boiled down to a thick paste. The natives will travel hundreds of miles to procure this paste, with which hunters anoint their arrows and spears and the bullets of their guns, dipping them after the anointing in hot beeswax to form a protective covering against loss of power as well as against accident.—Harper's Weekly.

ROSSMORE'S BANSHEE.
Its Terrifying Wail Heralded the Death of His Father.

In "Things I Can Tell" Lord Rossmore relates that he himself was born in Dublin in 1833. His father was the third Baron Rossmore, who married Miss Josephine Lloyd of Farrinry, County Tipperary, and whose death was duly heralded by the banshee:

"Robert Rossmore was on terms of great friendship with Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington, and once when they met at a Dublin drawing room Rossmore persuaded the Barringtons to come over the next day to Mount Kennedy, where he was then living. As the invited guests proposed to rise early they retired to bed in good time and slept soundly until 2 o'clock in the morning, when Sir Jonah was awakened by a wild and plaintive cry. He lost no time in rousing his wife, and the scared couple got up and opened the window, which looked over the grass plot beneath.

"It was a moonlight night, and the objects around the house were easily discernible, but there was nothing to be seen in the direction whence the eerie sound proceeded. Now thoroughly frightened, Lady Barrington called her maid, who straightway would not listen or look and fled in terror to the servants' quarters. The uncanny noise continued for about half an hour, when it suddenly ceased. All at once a weird cry of 'Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore' was heard, and then all was still.

"The Barringtons looked at each other in dismay and were utterly bewildered as to what the cry could mean. They decided, however, not to mention the incident at Mount Kennedy and returned to bed in the hope of resuming their broken slumbers. They were not left long undisturbed, for at 7 o'clock they were awakened by a loud knocking at the bedroom door, and Sir Jonah's servant, Lawler, entered the room, his face white with terror.

"What's the matter—what's the matter?" asked Sir Jonah. "Is any one dead?" "Oh, sir," answered the man, "Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone in in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half past 2 this morning his own man, hearing a noise in his master's room, went to him and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead."

Scattering Disease.
Dr. Leonard Hill of London holds that it is an "offense against society for any one with a cold to cough, sneeze or even talk without covering his mouth with his handkerchief. Colds kill tens of thousands every year," the doctor adds, "and yet we persist in taking no special precautions to escape them. We go to great trouble to prevent the spread of diphtheria or scarlet fever or smallpox, but the person with a cold, who is scattering deadly microbes everywhere, we treat as perfectly harmless. I thoroughly agree that during the sneezing, coughing stage the person with a cold should be isolated, so that the germs he is constantly scattering may not be breathed in by his neighbors."—New York Tribune.

A Pet Dog Cemetery.
Dead dogs fare better than many men in one town in England, where there is an exclusive cemetery for rich women's pets. Expensive dogs must have showy graves, and the owner of a toy spaniel, blue blooded Pomeranian or a French poodle doesn't think anything of paying \$100 for a burial plot in the first stop on the way to the canine Valhalla. Pink headstones are stuck up over the last resting place of the aristocratic doggies, and the epitaphs are as appreciative as if they were on tombstones over the graves of the best French chefs.—New York Press.

Quaint English Surnames.
There are still the quaint surnames redolent of the soil or the early experiences in the hill country of the Cotswolds. A correspondent tells me that there are four men working on one farm on the Cotswold hills named respectively Pill, Fournace, Potchecary and Greengrass—men clearly who have gained their surnames from some kind of idiosyncrasy or fact, men who may some day send the surname of Pill into fame.—London Telegraph.

Not Becoming.
"I didn't think Mrs. De Browne looked very attractive at the opera last night," said Dubbleigh.
"So? Why, usually she is radiant. What did she have on?" asked Winkletop.
"A large sized grouch," said Dubbleigh.—Harper's Weekly.

Unconventional.
"But, Maria, why should we make a trip abroad when we've seen so few of the places of interest in our own country? Let us visit those first."
"Oh, John, you do say such dreadfully crude and unconventional things!"—Chicago Tribune.

His Absentmindedness.
Professor (after dinner, looking at his empty plate to a rage)—There, we've had spinach and egg again! You know perfectly well, Amelia, that I can't eat it!—Fliegende Blätter.

Toll, too!
Toll, too! think you. You will be sure to dream enough before you die without arranging for it.—J. Sterling.

If you have any fear of being obliged to eat your own words, pay sugar-coated compliments.
There is nothing new under the sun. All the good excuses have already been invented.

GARDEN SAGE DARKENS GRAY HAIR
SO NATURALLY NOBODY CAN TELL

Restores Its Lustre, Prevents Scalp Itching, Dandruff and Falling Hair

That beautiful, even shade of dark, glossy hair can only be had by brewing a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur. While it is a messy tedious task, it will repay those whose hair is turning gray, faded and streaked.

Your hair is your charm. It makes or mars the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks dry, wispy and scraggly just an application or two of Sage and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred fold.

Don't bother to prepare the tonic; you can get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," ready to use.

This can always be depended upon to bring back the natural color and lustre of your hair and is the best thing known to remove dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair.

Everybody chooses "Wyeth's" Sage and Sulphur because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush and draw this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time, which requires but a few moments. Do this at night and by morning the gray hair has disappeared and after another application it becomes beautiful by dark and appears glossy, lustrous and abundant. It certainly helps folks look years younger and twice as attractive, says a well-known down town druggist. Adept. G. W. Mahood.

So refreshing after a day's shopping--Relieves fatigue.

LIPTON'S TEA

Try the Grey Label Blend, 40c per lb.

To sit with wife by the fireside on a winter's night,
With a good pipe and matches, is my very great delight,
Because I know the matches, Eddy's Silents are alright,
They're Safe, Sure, Silent,—each time I strike, I get a light.

HE E. B. EDDY COMPANY, LTD.
HULL, CANADA

"SANITARY"
MOPS, FLOOR DUSTERS, FLOOR BRUSHES, Etc.

We have just received a consignment of those Sanitary Dust Cloths, Floor Dusters, Mops, Wall Dusters, Furniture Dusters, etc. These Cloths are the best manufactured. They will not discolor the whitest surface. They are Neat, Clean and Durable.

ELLIOTT BROS.
Phone 35. 77 Princess St.

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Fine Furnished House in Centre of City to Rent for Summer Months

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SEE OUR NEW SPRING SHOE STYLES

H. Jennings, - King St.

She—Surely, Mr. Curtis, you cannot be serious. I have heard that you have told your friends that you wouldn't marry the best woman in the world. He—When I said that I had no idea that you would listen to a proposal from me.

In Alcohol.
"How old is Bobby Van Lash?"
"Bobby's about thirty-five."
"Decent well preserved, Bobby is. He doesn't look a day over fifty!"
Peck.

He who is feared by many, fears many.—German Proverb.

Wasted opportunities are generally those that go to other people. Some people want to do all their kicking with other people's feet. Don't count your chickens until they have laid some eggs of their own.