

**MOTOR CARS for HIRE**  
AS A MOMENT'S NOTICE  
**Bibby's Garage**  
BROOK STREET  
CHARGES REASONABLE  
CAREFUL DRIVERS.  
Phone's 201 & 217.

**Extra Choice**  
HAM AND BACON  
PRIME WESTERN BEEF  
RAISINS, CURRANTS, PEELS  
FIGS, GRAPES, ETC., FOR  
CHRISTMAS, AT  
C. H. PICKERING'S  
490 Princess St. Phone 350

**Kingston Business College**  
(Limited)  
Head of Queen Street.  
Courses in bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, civil service general improvement and all commercial subjects.  
Rates moderate. Information free.  
H. F. Metcalf - Principal

**Kingston Cement Products Factory**  
has cement blocks, sills, bricks and lintels always on hand at reasonable prices. Anything in cement made to order.  
Corner of Charles and Patrick streets. Phone 1304  
Manager - H. F. Norman

PHONE 1178  
**Kingston Automobile Co.**  
Queen and Bagot Streets.  
Storage, Repairing, Accessories.  
We Guarantee Satisfaction.

**New York Fruit Store**  
Sweet Oranges, 15c, 20c and 30c a dozen.  
Malaga Grapes, 20c a lb.  
Bananas, 15c and 20c a dozen.  
Figs, 15c a lb.  
Dates, 10c a lb.  
314 Princess St. Phone 1403

**Why Pay High Prices?**  
I will give you  
FIRST CLASS GOODS  
The Style and Fitting will be  
Faultless.  
The Finish and Workmanship  
will be Perfect.  
The Price will be from \$5.00 to  
\$7.00 LOWER than you have  
been paying.

**RALPH SPENCER**  
The Tailor.  
320 Princess Street.  
Opposite St. Andrew's Church.

**Real Estate**  
Three brick houses in excellent repair on water front, near King street, renting for \$45.00 per month. A splendid investment for \$5400.00.  
Rough-cast dwelling in a down-town location, eight rooms, nice home for \$4,000.

**HORACE F. NORMAN**  
Real Estate and General Insurance.  
177 WELLINGTON ST.

**LIFE THREATENED BY KIDNEY DISEASE**

His Health In A Terrible State Until He Took "Fruit-a-lives"



B. A. KELLY, Esq.

HAGERSVILLE, ONT., Aug. 28th, 1913.  
"About two years ago, I found my health in a very bad state. My kidneys were not doing their work, and I was all run down in condition. I felt the need of some good remedy, and having seen 'Fruit-a-lives' advertised, I decided to try them. Their effect I found more than satisfactory. Their action was mild and the result all that could be expected. My kidneys resumed their normal action after I had taken upwards of a dozen boxes and I regained my old-time vitality. Today, I am as well as ever, the best health I have ever had."

B. A. KELLY  
"Fruit-a-lives" is the greatest Kidney remedy in the world. It acts on the bowels and the skin as well as the Kidneys and thereby soothes and cures any Kidney soreness.

"Fruit-a-lives" is sold by all dealers at 50¢ a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25¢, or will be sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

**GRAND UNION HOTEL**  
NEW YORK CITY  
Broadway, between 42nd and 43rd Sts.  
Grand Central Station  
Room \$1.00 a day and up  
Dinner 25c  
Bath 25c  
Sundays and Holidays Special Rates

**ECZEMA STARTED IN A RASH**

Suffered Terribly. From Eyebrows Spread to Neck, Chest and Arms. Completely Cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment.

Briercrest, Sask. — "When my baby boy was about four months old he suffered terribly from eczema. The trouble started in a rash and was very itchy. It made him very cross and fretful. I noticed the rash first in his eye-brows. From there it spread to his neck, chest and arms. When he would scratch, it would make sores. "I got medicine but it did no good. I tried different remedies without result. At last I got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using them for two days I noticed a change. I then purchased a full-sized cake of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I would give him a hot bath with the Cuticura Soap every night afterward applying the Cuticura Ointment. Before I had used half of the Cuticura Soap and Ointment he was completely cured." (Signed) Mrs. H. L. Stromberg, May 29, 1913.

The regular use of Cuticura Soap for toilet and bath not only tends to preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands, but assists in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the skin. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D., Boston, U. S. A.

**Labatt's London Lager**  
Selling fast because made right  
THE TRUE FLAVOR—AND PURE. TRY IT!  
LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE  
XXX STOUT  
Made and matured in the old way  
THE IDEAL BEVERAGES  
JOHN LABATT LIMITED  
LONDON, CANADA

JAMES McPHELAND, 339-341 King Street East.

**'TWIXT LOVE AND DEATH.**

Millie Averted a Tragedy and Brought About Happiness.

By MARTHA MC-WILLIAMS.  
If Millie had not worn her blue gown the story might have been different. Whether it was the color or the fluff of it or the way it clung to and molded her slim suppleness nobody could say, but the fact was patent—somehow it transformed her from a very pretty girl into an elfin queen. Millie was, you see, a Spanish blond, with velvet dark eyes and hair of the palest gold. Small wonder in the blue gown she swept John Eustace off his feet and made him forget some things he ought to have remembered—his betrothal, Alice Ellison, for example.

Alice was as good as her plentiful gold, but stumpy, dull colored and on the surface dull witted. She was, above all things, dutiful. Duty was, indeed, the early root of her love for John. If she had not happened to be born the Ellison fortune would have gone to John's father, Ellison Eustace. Her father had married in a fit of pique when he was on the edge of seventy. He lived to see his daughter nine years old and to impress upon her that she must marry her second cousin and so keep the money in the Ellison blood.

John, five years older than Alice, had accepted his fate philosophically. Until chance flung Millie across his path he had never repined. An only child and motherless, he had grown up by his father's intimate comrade. Thus, women, especially young women, had never worn for him the roseate glamour of unschooled youth. Still his father had by no means tried to put an old bend upon young shoulders nor to breed in his son contempt for woman-kind. It was only that love and women were pushed to the background, reckoned mere episodes beside the rush and scurry of truly manly pursuits. Marriage was honorable in all men; marriage with Alice would be thrice honorable, safe and profitable. Thus when she came to eighteen John had a certain satisfaction in putting the ring upon her finger and even chafed a little over the fact that by her father's express desire she was to stay single until she was one and twenty.

He honestly believed himself in love and truly felt for her a tender fondness that had begun when, a sturdy little lad, he had guided her tottering baby steps. He meant always to guide, guard and cherish her as became a gentleman, even though in his swelling visions of the future she was no more than a dumb, submissive shade. If she would never be a brilliant figure, still less would she be one of whom a husband must needs be ashamed. Indeed, he was altogether a little more than content with the ordering of things until six months before his wedding day he came under Millie's spell.

He saw her first upon a spring morning full of hot, shining and languid ruffling airs. Dew still sparkled on the grass, and overhead in the green gold of new leafage robins fluted delicately the joy of life and love. To his enchanted eyes Millie embodied the shining, the bird song, the softness of the south wind, the warmth of the sun. What they said is immaterial. For two hours they walked together over the ragged lawn turf or stood in rapt contemplation of newly open roses. And then in a safe seclusion of greenest shade he drew her within his arms and kissed her, not lightly, but as one who takes what is supremely his own. Then followed a heavenly fortnight.

Eustace masterfully pushed out of his mind all thought that might mar this new bliss. He rarely spoke of his love and after that first kiss, was sparing of demonstration. There was no need of it when each understood so perfectly what was in the other's heart. Yet at the end of every day's comradery Eustace had a sense of something impending ever drawing near. He refused to let himself look further than the next day's end, but somehow, somewhere, he knew he would be called to pay a bitter scot.

His chiefest care was for Millie. No harm must touch her, however it fared with him. She was so young, so innocently gay, so innocently foolish, he was doubly bound to protect her, even against himself. It was heaven to see her bloom and sparkle at his approach. She left herself so artlessly undefended now and again there came a lump in his throat. A man who could speak, who could even think lightly of her, would deserve death twice over.

So the idyl drifted through hours sunlit and starlit. Perhaps it was some ill star in its course that brought home Joe Cantrell, Millie's brother, who lived out in the big world and knew its ways. He came unannounced just as dusk fell down, making his way through the devious side path all tangled with sweet shrubs. When Millie met him a little later her eyes were starlike, her cheeks of damask bloom. But sight of her could not win him from icy anger. He never explained anything. "You will be ready to go back with me two days hence," he said, frowning heavily. Millie got very white, but went silently toward the stair foot. As she was mounting it her brother said, with a taunting laugh, "Next time you choose to kiss and fondle a man take care that I am not in sight or that he is not engaged to marry another woman."

She knelt, shivering, by her bedside until she heard him go out after a last, sorely supper. And she was still kneeling when he came in, stamping heavily, well toward midnight. He stopped beside her father's high black secretary, flung down the lid with a bang, then after a minute came upstairs, still meowing ponderously. But his footsteps did not mask another sound—the

clicking of pistol locks. Instinctively she understood—he had strolled over to the Country club, picked a quarrel with Eustace and would have him out at daybreak next morning.

No thought of appeal to him stirred in her. Instead there came a firm determination matching his own. "She knew her name had not been mentioned in the quarrel quite as well as she knew herself its real root. The men must not fight. She could not have her brother's blood upon her conscience, still less her lover's. There was but one way to stop them, a way bitterer than death. Still, she set her feet toward it unflinching.

She got up and sat by the window, watching with noteless eyes the wheeling stars, the waning moonlight. But at the first pale-dawn light she was stealthily stir, the cautious opening of a door, with muffled voices and cautious steps outside. She got up and crept to her brother's room. Lighted candles still glittered there. Upon the table there was a brief will, the ink not dry in the heavily scrawled signature. Beside it was a briefer statement: "Let it be understood of all men if I die I shall have died in a man's quarrel, founded on no personal grudge, but rescuing unjust aspersions upon my native state." She almost smiled over it. The native state counted to Joe for so very little in the ordinary course of life.

Twenty minutes later, just as the sun peeped over rimming trees, she came out in a little clearing upon a wooded hilltop and saw two men standing weapon in hand, face to face, ten yards apart. Three other men a little way off had scared, white faces, but neither combatant had lost whole some color. Millie sprang between them, white as a dawn wraith, but with eyes like glowing coals. She flung up her arms and said clearly: "Fire, gentlemen! If anybody deserves death I do!"

"Millie, go back!" Joe Cantrell thundered. Eustace dropped his pistol and leaped to the girl's side. In her ear he whispered brokenly: "Darling, let him kill me. It is the best way out of it all."

Millie shrank from him a little. "There is no need for bloodshed," she said. Then, raising her voice so the seconds could hear: "I call all here to witness that I have not been deceived. I knew at the very first of John Eustace's betrothal. We have done no wrong to anybody. We—we love each other because we cannot help it. Oh, it is hard that my own brother brings me to such open shame!"

"Come home," Cantrell said roughly, flinging away his pistol and clutching her arm. Eustace caught the other hand, saying: "Stay with me, Millie! The whole world may go if I have you!"

"Goodbye," Millie said, drawing away her hand. "I shall love you always, John, but your wife need not be jealous."

By the strange orderings of fate that was a true word. John Eustace went straight to Alice and told her all the truth. She gave him back his freedom and would have given him half her money only he would not have it. But he could not persuade Millie to marry him until Joe, the masterful, had wooed and won Alice Ellison and her fortune.

**"PUSH"**  
It won't hurt a **RONUK** treated floor

A little mark—rub it with a cloth or brush—a big mark—a little Ronuk and the cloth or brush—and it's gone!

**RONUK FLOOR POLISH**

is different from ordinary wax or varnish. It sinks right into the pores of the wood and forms a beautiful smooth finish that is durable, sanitary and easy to keep clean. It is economical because a very little of it covers a large surface. Still less keeps it in shape. It never requires scrubbing—dust cannot stick to it, so a dry cloth wipes it clean. 10c., 20c., 35c. and \$1.00 the tin. If your dealer cannot supply you phone or write for sample tin to **RONUK LIMITED** Factory: Portland, England. Montreal Canadian Head Office 53 Yonge St., Toronto

**ORIGINAL GENUINE** Horlicks Malted Milk

Instantaneous Lunch. Invigorating.

**The Food-Drink for All Ages—Highly Nutritious and Convenient**  
Rich milk, with malted grain extract, in powder form—dissolves in water—the most healthful than tea or coffee. Used in training athletes. The best diet for Infants, Growing Children, Invalids, and the Aged. It agrees with the weakest digestion. Ask for "HORLICKS"—All Chemists, Hotels, Cafes and Stores. Don't travel without it. Also keep it at home. A lunch in a minute. In Lunch Tablet form, also, ready to eat. Convenient—nutritious.

**Here's Something You Like!!**

**COWAN**

Well—EVERYBODY likes MAPLE BUDS. Their rich, creamy flavor wins hosts of new friends. And listen—friends of Maple Buds, stick. And this is why—no confection you ever tasted was at once so richly flavored and so easy to digest. None so delicious to the palate and at the same time so wholesome.

Is it any WONDER? See what we put into them: Pure chocolate, pure milk, pure sugar.

SOLD EVERYWHERE  
DELICIOUS, SOLID CHOCOLATE,

**COWAN'S MAPLE BUDS**

NAME & DESIGN REGISTERED