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Alcura will soothe the trembling nerves and remove the craving that is ruining your home and stealing an otherwise kind husband or father from you. It costs only \$1.00 per box and if it does not cure or benefit after a trial the money will be refunded.

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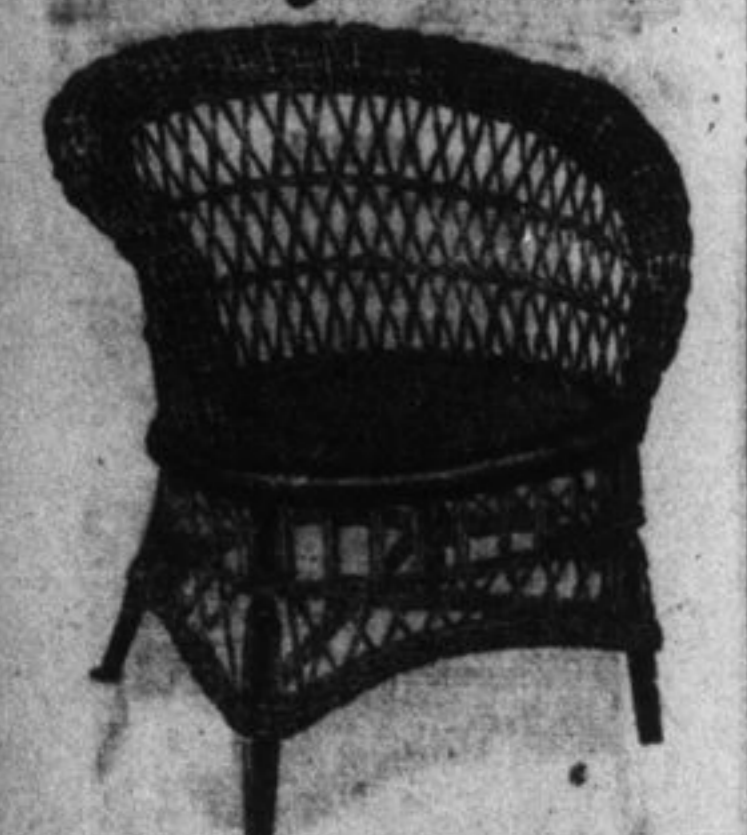
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THE LIGHT BEYOND

The big man's shoes scraped roughly on the rock-strewn slope and his back bent with the effort to regain the summit of the cliff. A wild scramble, a second's hesitancy and then he lay sprawling, breathing heavily, on the bald top.

Carew looked back. The cliff behind him had passed and already the valley below had been gained by his untiring footsteps. Another and a larger eminence now loomed up ahead and, beyond that, once more he could see the sun. Almost bitterly he reflected that this journey was very much too much, in fact—like the one he had travelled all his life. It had been a succession of wild scrambles of hard perseverance and of racking strains and depressing exhaustions. But, even in this trip, through his life he had seen just one more hill and keynote—the light beyond!

"I can't do it," he muttered to himself once or twice, and then his tips shut tightly. At such times his chin trembled slightly, and his eyes were dimmed with a sudden flush of tears from some soft spot deep within him. At last, hours afterward, he wearily sat down upon the steps of the railroad station and buried his face in his hands. It seemed very hopeless at that moment, and every one seemed drearily remote. The carefully secreted check in his pocket burned unnoticed for a while, then, suddenly, he was thinking himself of it again, he arose and sought the office of "the company."

The carefully groomed treasurer eyed his chief surveyor carefully. "You look as if you'd been through the mill, Carew," he said genially. "The boss surveyor answered nothing. 'You'll think so,' he answered quietly, 'if you'd been through what I have for the last five months. It's hell out there—alone.'"

"How do you want this? Express order?" asked the sleek man. "No," snapped Carew—and it was the first time he had given that answer to that question. The treasurer looked up in surprise. "I said no," repeated the surveyor sharply. "I want it in real money—'all mine'!"

"What's the matter? Carew, out with it. No good burning up inside. Get the fire on the outside and maybe we can smother it. When a man who's as steady as you have been runs amuck like this it's time to look into it."

"It's none of your damn business," answered Carew, sharply. "I want that money and I want it quick." "You're homesick," taunted the treasurer with a purpose. "I'll kill you if you don't hand that over quick."

But the threat failed to reach home, for the man behind the counter still had the applelike bloom of a Michigan county on his cheeks, and the bluff fell short. "Well," said Carew, and his voice sank into a thread of a whisper. The man in the good clothes leaned forward, and there was a quick response in his alert face.

"I haven't seen her for five months. I came out here to make a stake—and she's had it all—and I didn't have to use for the barest necessities. Is that fair? Damn it, I've worked like a slave and she's had it all—all—all! I'm tired of it. I can't keep it up. And what has she done? Not a thing but write for me to keep at it. It's easy for the women, but where do we come in? I was to have a civil appointment as government engineer, but it didn't come. I'm down—I'm out—and I don't care—a damn!"

The big man's voice broke and his chin trembled. He had tired of the game. "But," said the treasurer, quietly, "but how do you know she has done nothing? You haven't been home. You don't know. Keep cool. Take a day off in town here—but send her—the money now!"

"I won't!" replied the man from over the hill, very like a spoiled boy, but differing in that he meant what he said. "Five minutes more," said the treasurer, "you can think it over. Then we'll talk about it some more—"

"Careful," answered the man with the wholesome red face, "I'm not afraid, you know." Carew stared and stared at the floor until he felt sure it must rise to meet him. The station master entered unnoticed. The voice of the treasurer was again:

"Mrs. D. A. McGee, of Waycross, Ga., says: 'I had a chronic cold and cough which kept me awake nights for two years and I felt tired all the time. Vinol cured my cough and I feel stronger in every way.' The reason Vinol is so efficacious in such cases is because it contains in a delicious concentrated form all the medicinal curative elements of cod liver oil, with tonic, blood building iron added. Chronic coughs and colds yield to Vinol because it builds up the weakened, run-down system. You can get your money back any time if Vinol does not do all we say. Geo. W. Mahood, druggist, Kingston, Ont."

speaking to him. He had won, Carew thought, and would get his money.

"I telegraphed the money to your wife," said the treasurer, and the angry red flushed to the surveyor's face. Before he could speak, however, he was reading a yellow slip thrust into his hands by the agent.

Blindly he read it. The world was slowly slipping away from him. Some one had pulled his foundations from under him and he was falling. "Word after word in that telegram he read, then reread and still could hardly understand. At last he did realize. His eyes were filled with shameless tears and all he could do was stretch out a big hand which the red-cheeked, ex-appeal grower from Michigan grasped in his. Then he went blindly, happily, out into the night, mumbling to himself as he went.

"I put an extra liver in that remittance," confided the treasurer to the station agent—"because I've had them of them myself—and two of them were twins!"

And far out among the hills the new man of life plunged, fearlessly. The man from over the hills had seen the light beyond once more, and knowing it—knowing it would shine for many a day, he muttered in his shamefaced happiness:

"I wonder—I wonder—if it's got her blue eyes!"

HOW TO TREAT ALL SKIN TROUBLE

Greasy Ointments No Use—Must Be Cured Through the Blood.

It is not a good thing for people with a tendency to have pimples and a blotchy complexion to smear themselves with greasy ointments. In fact they couldn't do anything worse, because the greasy ointments clog the pores of the skin, making the disease worse. When there is an irritating rash, a soothing boracic-wash may help allay the pain or itching, but, of course, it doesn't cure the trouble. Skin complaints arise from an impure condition of the blood and will persist until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema and skin diseases because they make new rich blood that drives out the impurities, clears the skin and imparts a glow of health. The following proof is offered. Mrs. Fred. Deable, Gunter, Ont., says: "For more than a year I was steadily afflicted with salt rheum or eczema. My hands were so sore that I could not put them in water without the skin cracking open. I tried all sorts of ointments recommended for the trouble but they did not do me a particle of good. I was told Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure the trouble and began taking them. I took the Pills steadily for six or eight weeks and they completely cured the trouble. This was several years ago and I have never been bothered with it since." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



JACK LAVOLETTE
The speed marvel of the Canadian hockey team, who showed great form playing against the Ontario on Jan. 24th.

LONDON MAY BE DARK

Electrical Trades Dispute Said to Be Very Serious.

London, Feb. 4.—Men engaged in the building and electrical trades to the number of 150,000 will be locked out by the end of the present week if to-day's meeting between members of the London Electrical Masters' association and the employees should prove abortive. All efforts to come to an agreement with regard to the building dispute have so far failed. Meanwhile, the french polishers, who number many thousands, have struck out of sympathy with their fellow-workers.

The dispute in the electrical trades is said to be a serious character, and London for the next few days has to face the unhappy prospect of being without light. The masters will meet early to-day and, if they refuse the men's demands, which include an all-round advance of three halfpence an hour and no grading system, a rapid development of the dispute is likely to take place. Many firms, it is stated, have already conceded the advance asked for by the Electrical Trades Union.

The Berlin, Ont., council has passed a by-law to prohibit the erection of dwellings on alleys. This action was taken to guard against slum conditions.

At Jaurez, Francisco I. Gusman, who figured prominently in the revolt against Pres. Madero in Mexico City, a year ago, was executed, by order of Gen. Villa.

Irene's Stratagem

I really cannot say it was Irene's fault. We have been friends for years; close friends, in fact that she has refused me on three separate occasions makes the friendship any the more binding. It was about a week after the third refusal. We were seated in the garden.

"And so you are going to stay with the Kempshots for a few weeks," she said.

"I nodded. It was a duty visit, and the prospect did not fill me with wild paroxysms of enthusiasm. "Why don't you propose to Amy?" Irene surveyed me inquisitively.

"I might do worse," I returned. "Much worse," she acquiesced, "you might have been accepted by me. Think of it."

"Truly I have much to be thankful for," I replied. Irene laughed. She is truly provoking.

"I have seriously thought of proposing to Amy," I said. "Dear girl. How happy she will be. And what a good wife she will make you—she could manage beautifully on \$2,500 a year. And I'm sure I couldn't."

Half an hour later I rose to take my leave. "Then I shall expect to hear you are engaged to Amy when you come back," she said, smiling in farewell.

"You are sure she will accept me?" "Could any one refuse such an awfully nice, eligible boy such as you are."

"I know one who did. I shall begin to think you are repenting in a minute."

"And if I did?" I looked at Irene. I never knew whether she is serious or not. She was surveying me demurely, but there was a mocking smile playing round the corners of her mouth.

"Then Amy can go to—"

"No, she can't, Dickie, dear. She's going to make you an ideal wife. Nice little tasty dishes when you come home tired from the city."

"Good-by, Irene," I said. The mocking laugh followed me as I walked up the garden path. The spirit of mischief must have entered me after I had been staying at the Kempshots for 24 hours. I despatched a telegram to Irene on one of my walks. It ran: "Amy wants you to come to her wedding." After I had paid my sixpence, I thought no more about it until next morning.

At the breakfast table a couple of letters lay awaiting me. Mr. Kempshot had gone to town; only Mrs. Kempshot and Amy were at the table.

"Do read your letters if you would like to," said Mrs. Kempshot. I thanked her and opened the envelope, which was addressed to me in Irene's somewhat spruced handwriting.

It was a long letter. How she must have laughed as she wrote it. "Dear Dick," it ran, "what did I say? I cannot tell you how happy I am. I am overjoyed at the good news—so overjoyed that I am writing to tell Mrs. Kempshot what an exemplary, nice young man she has got for a future son-in-law. The letter will go by the same post as this, so if you are present when Mrs. Kempshot reads it, do not blush."

I did not read any further, although there was another page and a half. My eyes wandered to Amy. She was facing me, the personification of prim and proper maidenhood; very proper and extremely prim. Then they fell upon Mrs. Kempshot; she was stirring her tea and reading a letter. I recognized the writing. Beneath my breath I swore at Irene, silently and fountly. I went hot and cold all over. Amy, a delightful girl. She will make some man a most charming wife, but she is not for me; I know my limitations.

Mrs. Kempshot glanced up from the letter and smiled at me. "What will you have now, Dick?" she said. "It was the first time she had called me Dick."

"I did not read any further, although there was another page and a half. My eyes wandered to Amy. She was facing me, the personification of prim and proper maidenhood; very proper and extremely prim. Then they fell upon Mrs. Kempshot; she was stirring her tea and reading a letter. I recognized the writing. Beneath my breath I swore at Irene, silently and fountly. I went hot and cold all over. Amy, a delightful girl. She will make some man a most charming wife, but she is not for me; I know my limitations."

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Quick Way to Make Ugly Hairs Vanish

(The Modern Beauty.)
Here is a quick and very effective treatment for banishing objectionable hairs or fuzz: Mix a stiff paste with a little powdered delatone and water and apply to the hairy surface for about 3 or 5 minutes, then rub off and with it will come off every trace of hair. Washing the skin to remove the remaining paste leaves it firm and free from blemish. Rarely is more than one application required, but results are more positive when the delatone is purchased in an original package.

FRESH SCALLOPS SMOKED SALMON SMOKED HALIBUT LIVE LOBSTERS

Dominion Fish Co.

PHONE 520

whole month in a Kansas town which was so notoriously temperance that even the cows had gone dry at the last election."—New York Sun.

Only One "BROMO QUININE."
To get the genuine call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a cold in one day. 25c.

How to Shed a Rough Chapped or Blotchy Skin

(From Beauty's Mirror.)
This is what you should do to shed a bad complexion: Spread evenly over the face, covering every inch of skin, a thin layer of ordinary mercolized wax. Let this stay on overnight, washing it off next morning. Repeat daily until your complexion is as clear, soft and beautiful as a young girl's. This result is inevitable, no matter how soiled or withered the complexion. The wax literally absorbs the filmy skin, exposing the lovely young skin beneath. The process is entirely harmless, so little of the old skin coming off at a time. Mercolized wax is obtainable at any drug store; one ounce usually suffices. It's a veritable wonder-worker for rough, chapped, reddened, blotchy, pimpled, freckled or sallow skin. Pure powdered axolite is excellent for a wrinkled skin. An ounce of it dissolved in a half-pint witch hazel makes a refreshing wash-lotion. This renders the skin quite firm and smooth; indeed, the very first application erases the finer lines; the deeper ones soon follow.