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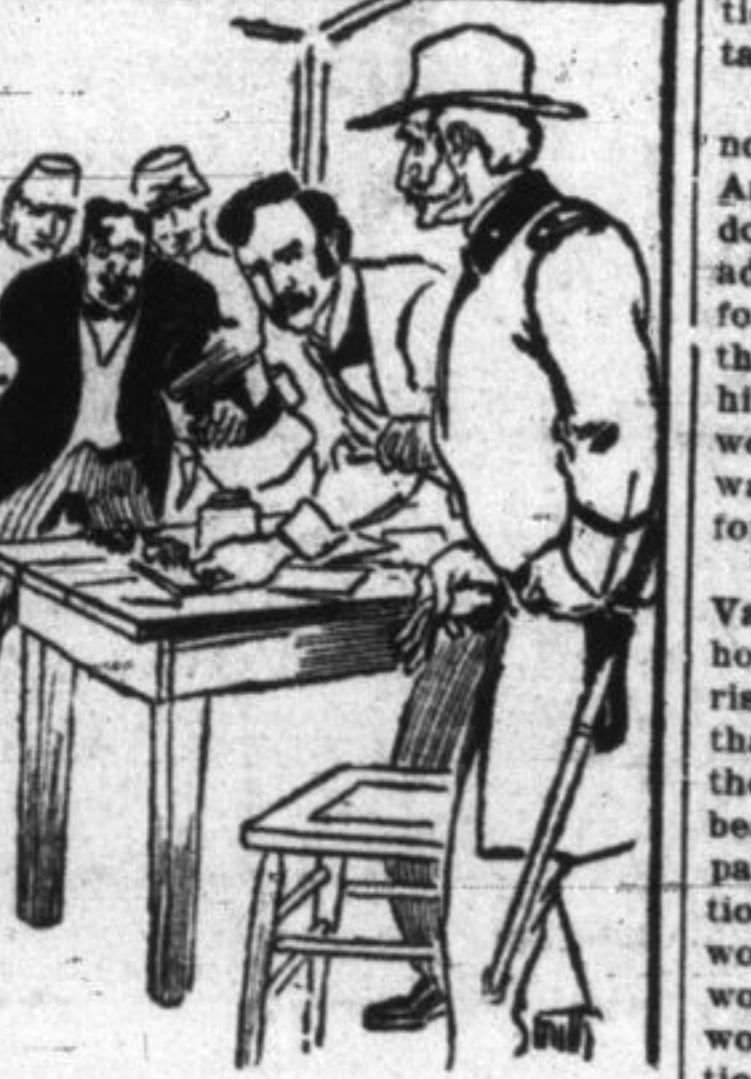
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 (To be continued)

SECRET SERVICE
 BEING THE HAPPENINGS OF A NIGHT IN RICHMOND IN THE SPRING OF 1865
 THE PLAY BY
WILLIAM GILLETTE;
 BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR BERT SMITH
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General Randolph either did not hear Thorne's speech or he did not care to prevent him, and he continued his questioning. "Where did you get this mistaken order?" he asked.
 "But Arrelford, intensely alive to what was going on, interposed. "He's at it again, sir!"
 "Halt, there!" said General Randolph. "I ordered you to wait."
 The dispatch was almost complete. Thorne ground his teeth with rage in his impatience. He had tried audacity before, he would try it again.
 "I was sent here to attend to the business of this office and that business is going out," he said resolutely.
 "No," said General Randolph with equal firmness, "it is not going out until I am ready for it."
 "My orders came from the war department, not from you, sir. This dispatch came in half an hour ago," answered Thorne angrily, his voice rising. "They are calling for it at the other end of the line. It's my business to send it out and I am going to do it."
 "Stop!" said General Randolph, as Thorne began to send the message



"Silence, Sir," thundered Randolph again. "Sergeant, seize that man and keep him from that machine."
 Well, the last hope was gone. As the sergeant stepped forward to execute his orders, Thorne, desperately determined to the last, clicked out a letter, but he was cut short in the middle of a word. The sergeant and two men dragged him away, chair and all, from the table, and two others posted themselves in front of the key.
 "I will have you court-martialed for this, sir," said General Randolph angrily.
 "You will have to answer yourself," cried Thorne, playing the game to the vital importance, sent by the secretary of war.
 "Do you mean that?" cried Randolph.
 "I mean just that," answered Thorne, "and I demand that you let me proceed with the business of this office. Before these officers and men I repeat that demand."
 "By what authority do you send that dispatch?"
 "I refer you to the department, sir," "Show me your orders for taking charge of this office."
 "I refer you to the department, sir," answered Thorne stubbornly.
 "By God, sir!" continued General Randolph hotly. "I will refer to the department. Leave your men on guard there, sergeant. Go over to the war office. My compliments to the secretary of war, and ask him if he will be so good as to—"
 But Arrelford's evil genius prompted him to interpose again. When affairs were going to his liking he should have let them alone, but fate seemed to be playing into his hand, and he determined to make the most of it and the chance.
 "Another witness! Miss Varney,"

he cried triumphantly, as he bowed toward the window in which Edith had that moment appeared. "She was here with me, she saw it all. Ask her."
 General Randolph turned toward the window and in his turn bowed to the girl.
 "Miss Varney," he asked courteously, "do you know anything about this?"
 "About what, sir?" answered Edith in a low voice.
 "Mr. Arrelford claims that Captain Thorne is acting without authority in this office and that you can testify to that effect," was the general's answer.
 CHAPTER XV.
 Loyalty and Duty at the Touch.
 Thorne's case was now absolutely hopeless. By the testimony of two witnesses a thing is established. All that Arrelford had seen Edith had seen. All that he knew, she knew. She had only to speak and the plan scheme would fall to pieces. His brother's life would have been wasted, nay more, his own life also; for well did he realize that the bold war he had played the game would the more certainly hasten his immediate execution. A spy in the Confederate camp!
 He could reproach himself with nothing. He had done his very best. An ordinary man would have fallen a dozen times in the struggle. Courage, adroitness, resourcefulness, and good fortune had carried him so far, but the odds were now heavily against him and nothing that he could do would avail him anything. The game was played and he had lost; Arrelford had triumphed.
 Thorne, in the one word that Edith Varney was to speak, would lose life, honor and that for which he had risked both. And he would lose more than that. He would lose the love of the woman who had never seemed so beautiful to him as she stood there, pale-faced, erect, the very incarnation of self-sacrifice, as were all the women of the Confederacy. And he would lose her respect. His humiliation would be her humiliation. Never so long as she lived could her mind dwell on him with tenderness.
 His condition was indeed pitiable; yet, to do him justice, his thoughts were not so much for himself as they were for two other things. First and foremost he bled before him the plan for which he had made all this sacrifice, which had promised to end the weary months of siege which Richmond and Petersburg had sustained. His brother had lost his life, he more than suspected, in the endeavor to carry it out, and now he had failed. That was a natural humiliation and reproach to his pride, although as his mind went back over the scene he could detect no false move on his part. Of course his allowing his love for Edith Varney to get the mastery of him had been wrong under the circumstances, but that had not affected the failure or success of his endeavors.
 And his thoughts also were for the woman. He knew that she loved him, she had admitted it, but once his eyes had been opened, he could have told it without any admission at all. All that he had suffered, she had suffered, and more. If she would be compelled to apologize for him, she would also be compelled to assume the defensive for him. She loved him and she was placed in the fearful position of having to deal the blow. The words which would presently fall from her lips would complete his undoing. They would blast his reputation forever and send him to his death. He knew they would not be easy words for her to speak. He knew that whatever his merit or demerit, she would never forget that it was she who had completed his ruin; the fact that she would also ruin the plan against her country would not weigh very heavily in her breaking heart against that present personal consideration—after a while maybe but not at first. And therefore he pitied her.
 He drew himself erect to meet his fate like a man and waited. The wait was a long one. Edith Varney was having her own troubles. She knew as well as anyone the importance of her testimony. She had come from the commissary general's vacant of rest and had been back at the window long enough to have heard the conversation between General Randolph and the two men. She was an unusually keen-witted girl and she realized the situation to the full.
 Her confidence in her lover had been shaken, undermined, restored, and shaken again, until her mind was in a perfect whirl. She did not know, she could not tell whether he was what he seemed to be or not. It seemed like treachery to him, this uncertainty. It would be a simple matter to corroborate Mr. Arrelford at once, and it occurred to her that she had no option. But coincident with the question flashed into her mind something she had forgotten which made it possible for her to answer in another way. Thus, she understood that the life of her lover hung upon her decision.
 (To be continued.)

COUNTRYSIDE TIDINGS
 WHAT WHIG CORRESPONDENTS HAVE TO TELL.
 News From Villages and Farms Throughout the Adjoining Counties — Rural Events and Movements.

News From Newburgh.
 Newburgh, July 2.—John Moore, of Brantford, and A. Corway, of Kingston, were home for a few days, Porland Scriver and John Shorta are improving after severe attacks of rheumatism. Mrs. Berkley, of St. Alban's, Vermont, is visiting Miss Lena Madden, Mrs. John Daly and children, of Toronto, who are visiting with Mrs. and Mrs. John Gehan, Rev. G. W. Da Mille and family, have gone to reside at Havelock. Rev. A. Thompson and family are moving to Summitstown. Miss Marjorie Brisco, of Galt, is visiting at her grandmother's. J. Lochard, Mrs. Clancy, Mrs. Shory, Mrs. Sagore, Charles Walker and Frederick Hill are having their houses painted.

Notes From Wilbur.
 Wilbur, July 2.—The Lavant and Wilbur annual picnic is to be held July 10th. William Thomas, who has been ill, is improving. A McDougald has gone to Robertsville to visit friends. James Boyd, Flower, spent summer at his home here. Mrs. George Thompson and Mrs. Burns Thurston, Schumaker, are visiting at the latter's home here. Mrs. William Webb, Smith's Falls, are visiting friends here. John Roche, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Roche, has returned to Havelock. Mrs. W. Roche, Mrs. Clara, Lavant, spent Friday at W. Roche's. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Boyd, spent the week-end with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Boyd. S. Jackson and Miss Jessie, spent Saturday at the Hill-view farm.

Lyndhurst Current Locals.
 Lyndhurst, July 6.—Mrs. G. S. Rooney and son, Thomas, have gone to Toronto to meet G. S. Rooney, who is coming home to spend his vacation. William Tait is here for the week-end. He returns to-day to Cardinal. Miss Hazel Blackman, of Seeley's Bay, is spending her summer holidays with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Tate. A good many went to Cassanogue on the 14th. Miss Edna Barlow, of Delta, is visiting relatives here for a time. The two sons of Rev. Mr. Creggan, of Deseronto are spending the summer here with relatives, Mrs. J. Hunkens Sand Bay, is renewing old acquaintances. Mrs. R. Harvey continues very poorly. The farmers are into their haying and report good crops of new seeding.

At Washburn Corners.
 Washburn Corners, July 4.—Farmers have commenced haying and report an average crop. R. Preston lost a valuable horse last week. A message received this week, conveyed the sad tidings that Mrs. Ephraim Jackson had died suddenly at that place. Interment was made at that place. R. Preston, formerly an esteemed resident of Athens, died at his home in Toronto on Wednesday. A large number are enroute to Ogdensburg today to celebrate the members of Rising Sun lodge A. F. and A. M. attended divine service in Athens Presbyterian church on Sunday morning and were addressed by the pastor, Rev. William Usher. The many friends here of R. Green, of Soperston, congratulated him and Mrs. Green on their marriage which took place on June 24th at Park Avenue, Guelph. The social at Soperston last evening was a decided success.

Marrried at Westport.
 Westport, Ont. On Monday morning, June 29th, at 10 o'clock, a pretty wedding was solemnized at St. Edward's church, with Rev. Father O'Rourke officiating, when Miss Helena Grant, was united in marriage to William Joseph Egan. The bride was handsomely gowned in a dainty costume of cream-colored silk, and wore a white picture hat and carried a beautiful white rayer book. The bridesmaid, Miss Rose, sister of the bride, wore a prettily gown of white ribbon over silk and black hat with willow plume. The groom was assisted by his brother, James. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold bar pin set with watch, for and to the groomsmen a dainty tie pin. After the ceremony the wedding party returned to the home of the bride's parents, where with a number of invited guests they partook of a sumptuous wedding breakfast and then left amid showers of rice for a trip to Ottawa. The bride's travelling suit was of fawn broadcloth and silk blouse. The many and costly presents received testified to the popularity of the young couple. On their return they will reside at Narrow's Lock.

At Maple Grove.
 Maple Grove, July 3.—Farmers are cutting hay. The roads in this locality have been inspected by the government and will be repaired in the near future. A pleasant evening was spent at St. Stephenson's on Tuesday last. Dancing and games were indulged in. J. W. Trousdale and son, Sydenham, miners at Gould Lake, have struck it rich. Mica in abundance has been taken out in the last few days. A number from here attended the camp meeting at Verona, on Sunday last. A wee boy has come to stay at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson. Miss O. E. Saborn, teacher has gone to attend summer school at Sharbot Lake. Mrs. Stalger, nurse, at W. Wilson's for a few days, has returned to her home in Sydenham. H. Van Luven and family and B. Kemp and family, are visiting at W. Wilson's. R. Lee, Sydenham, and M. Lee's, Mrs. E. Ashby and daughter, Barre, are renewing acquaintance in this vicinity. M. Lee and family at W. Lee's, Sydenham. E. Vankoughnet and family, Rosedale, at P. Vankoughnet's; Miss Edith and Flossie Whaley at S. Stephenson's. J. Wilson, Deseronto, at W. Wilson's. Mrs. P. Vankoughnet at J. Whaley's.

days with friends in Watertown, N.Y. Miss Eliza Knapp, Kingston, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Wilkins, for a few days. Mrs. Lockhart and children, of Toronto, are spending a month with friends here. T. B. Cook and family spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. J. Carr, Petworth. Rev. J. W. Humphrey, B.D., and family moved into the Methodist parsonage on Thursday. W. J. Godfrey, barber, has moved to the village from Ottawa, having purchased the business of George Dowker. Mrs. Godfrey and children will come up from Ottawa today. Mrs. Frank Walker, ill of rheumatism for some weeks past, is able to be out again. Miss Jennie Hughes, of Utica, N.Y., is visiting her friend, Miss Georgia Matthews. Nathan Carleton and son, Elmer, have added to the appearance of the village by painting their houses. Augustus Jackson has also painted his house. Herbert Jackson has recently purchased the house and lot of Lemuel Kish. A large number from here purpose attending the Orange celebration in Deseronto. Miss G. Wallworth is the guest of Miss Sybil Thompson for the week-end.

Perth Road Reports.
 Perth Road, July 3.—The Sunday school picnic held July 1st in A. Harris' grove was largely attended. Races and foot-ball were some of the marked amusements. A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Ferguson Leland, June 17th when her daughter, Emma, was united in marriage to Adam Ricale, of Perth Road. A farewell picnic was held for the ladies mission circle, Miss J. Crozier, having completed her duties as teacher, has returned to her home at Mountain Grove. Two weeks ago, Lionel Soles lost a valuable horse. The animal became frightened at an automobile, it ran into a telephone pole and was killed almost instantly. A wee girl has come to stay at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Woods. A little boy has arrived at Mr. and Mrs. H. Guthrie's. George Ennis is on the sick list. Mrs. Bruce Guthrie and little son, of Deseronto, is spending a few days with relatives at Maple Leaf. Mrs. B. B. Johnston is spending a fortnight with relatives. Miss J. Clough is spending a few days at Mrs. S. Orsers, Maple Leaf. Misses Lillian and Sadie Guthrie, at Miss M. Raymond's. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Ennis, and son, at William Shales. Misses Mina Campbell, and Myrtle Raymond, have left for Sharbot Lake summer model school. The Mission Circle will meet at Mrs. William Guthrie's, July 8th.

PARIS TRES OF THE THIN?
 Rounded Figures Again Coming Into Fashion.
 Paris, July 7.—Is the reign of the slender woman over? Is the question forced upon Paris as the result of various fetes and race meets of the grande semaine.
 On all sides are seen long tunic dresses with wide hip shashes and the front—a style that calls for a figure. The demand has created the supply, a nearly every one seeming to be a statuesque Juno. How the transition was managed in many cases remains a secret known only to the feminine mind.
 Another point has made itself evident: There is less of the new modes of the great courtiennes, the majority of costumes being seemingly by small dressmakers or home-made.
 There are many remarks that assert it is infinitely more chic than the Grand Prix, and the opinion is freely expressed that Paris is fast losing its prestige for feminine elegance. The press is now agitated on this point, many persons declaring that the courtiennes cannot afford to allow such an impression to go abroad, for the trade depends greatly on foreign opinion, and that if foreign buyers see a few more such poor Grand Prix they will be likely to give orders elsewhere.

FARMS FLOODED BY BREAK.
 Damage Amounting to Thousands Caused by Water.
 Rochester, N. Y. July 7.—Forty feet of the north bank of the Erie canal, near lock No. 63, east of this city, went out on Sunday morning, causing damage that will run well into the thousands. The theory is held by officials that muskrats bored under the stone wash wall and weakened the bank. When it let go there was a rush of water into the farm lands that covered fields to a depth of four feet for a distance of half a mile.
 Gardens and backyards in Brighton, a suburb of Rochester, were flooded. In the country eight acres of celery were washed out on one farm.

Toronto Street Market.
 Toronto, July 6.—Wheat, bush, \$1.10; do, goose, bush, 96c; oats, bush, 45c to 46c; barley, bush, 62c to 64c; hay, No. 1, \$18 to \$20; do, mixed, \$16 to \$17; straw, \$16 to \$17; dressed hogs, heavy, \$9.50 to \$10; do, light, \$11.50 to \$12; butter, dairy, lb., 23c to 28c; eggs, doz., 27c to 30c; fowl, lb., 14c to 15c; chickens, year-old, lb., 20c to 22c; do, spring, lb., 40c to 45c; ducks, spring, lb., 55c and 40c; turkeys, 14c to 25c; potatoes, bag, \$1.50 to \$1.60; beef, forequarters, cwt., \$10 to \$12; do, hindquarters, cwt., \$12 to \$13.75; medium, cwt., \$9.50 to \$12.25; do, common, cwt., \$9.50 to \$10; mutton, light, cwt., \$10 to \$12; veal, prime, cwt., \$14 to \$16; lamb, cwt., \$13.50 to \$14; do, spring, lb., 21c to 23c.

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