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FICTION ABOUT NAMES

A LOT OF COMMON TITLES HAVE NO BASIS IN FACT.

The German Emperor is Not the Emperor of Germany and There is No Such Job as That of Crown Prince of Germany—Even Balfour at an Unlucky Moment Referred to Lord Bacon Instead of Lord Verulam.

The exploded theory, we are told, dies hard, and fictions, once promoted into facts, are almost assured of life everlasting. It is the inevitable outcome of that faint of stark stupidity, as Dr. Johnson would have said, which is to be found in every man; the shade of mental fog that enables makers of reference books to perpetuate the most foolish errors and entitles the deluded to believe what he wishes to believe. This kind of "established" and "endowed" habit has accomplished much in regard to personal names. It was responsible, for instance, for allowing Mr. A. J. Balfour to talk of "Lord Bacon" when unveiling the statue of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, at Gray's Inn some time ago; responsible, too, for Sir Robert Allison's recent lapse when he alluded to the "King of Belgium," meaning, probably, the King of the Belgians—an entirely different affair.

There is, however, a much worse specimen going the rounds just now, for though like "Lord Bacon," quite an aged absurdity, it has prospered, as many wrong things have, through the war. A double-headed freak, made specially in the Hohenzollern Vaterland for free importation to Merry England, it is no other than "Emperor of Germany"—"Crown Prince of Germany." This impossible thing springs up like fungus everywhere. Even so accurate and well-informed a writer as Mr. H. G. Wells has it, in his excellent pamphlet on "The War and Socialism." The author, in his Westminster Abbey at the last coronation there labelled a chair with the fiction "Crown Prince of Germany." And in the recently-published letters which passed between King George and M. Poincaré last July our Foreign Office ended His Majesty with alluding to "the Emperors of Russia and of Germany." The popular press, the illustrated handbook, and the cinematograph make an augmented chorus. Well, there is no such person, and there never has been, so far as a Prussian king is concerned. Further, there is a reason why such is so—it is no more quibble over the form of a name.

Emperor of Germany was a title assumed by Rudolph, Count of Hapsburg, in 1273. By the Pragmatic Sanction of 1439 the title, then held by Albert II., was confined in perpetuity to the House of Austria. This succession came to an end in the person of Francis II., who, after his crushing defeat by Napoleon, resigned his title of Emperor of Germany and took that of Emperor of Austria, in 1806. At the same time Austria withdrew from the leadership of the Germanic States, and Prussia, once a mere vassal of Poland, stepped into the position. That movement, however, was gradual, entailing many other changes, and it was not till 1871 that the new German Confederation completed its dream by the King of Prussia becoming German Emperor.

William I., a very ordinary person, who had greatness thrust upon him, imagined then, and continued to imagine to his dying day, that he had a right to the older title; but his march, who was very far from being a fool, would have none of it, and his mandate, German Emperor, became law. The reason was obvious, the Emperors of Germany being the representatives of the ancient Empire of the West, the Holy Roman Empire, a position imposed by the Lutheran descendant of Brandenburg Electors; moreover, "Emperor of" meant, as in Russia it still means, sovereign lord absolute of land and people, the Emperors of Germany being always that in Austria and in other territory, while the Hohenzollerns was never such in Prussia. But we have a fair idea of what the present head of the house would like to be!

The German Emperor we unwisely call "the Kaiser," as though there was no other. If any man is to be accorded that title it is the Emperor of Austria (and, as a fact, he is occasionally so termed), for his predecessors were often styled "the Emperor" simply; Caesar, Emperor, Kaiser, Emperor being indeed, the same. The King of Prussia may play, as Napoleon Bonaparte played, at being a modern Roman Emperor, but the only figure-head who could possibly assume the part with any sense of genealogical rhyme and reason is Franz Joseph the Hapsburger. Our daily reiterated compliment "the Kaiser" passes unchallenged, but anyone alluding to the Czar of Bulgaria as "the Czar" would be laughed at, though, in accordance with our German logic, he should be justified.

As to the "Crown Prince of Germany," he can be given a very quick dismissal. There is not only no such person now but it is doubtful if there ever has been—doubtful, indeed, if the title was in existence when the ancient empire of Germany flourished.

The Whole Truth. Magistrate—Why did you beat your wife unmercifully? Prisoner—Well, your honor, she aggravated me by sayin' she'd have me up before that bald-headed old fool, meanin' you, yer honor. Magistrate—You're discharged.

To Clean Candlesticks. If you have difficulty in cleaning the candle grease from metal candlesticks try setting the candlesticks in hot water for a few minutes. This will melt the grease.

No matter how insignificant a man may be, he is firmly convinced that his superiority will come day by day. He's a poor actor who can't get any one to take his part.

BOOMERANG AEROPLANE.

Two Frenchmen Have Invented a Novel Flying Machine.

A flying machine that is neither aeroplane, balloon, helicopter, nor ornithopter is now being tried. It is called a gyropter, and is the invention of A. Papin and D. Rouilly. Its principle is taken from a study of the movements of a boomerang, and of the fall and flight of the seeds of the sycamore. This last is a one-bladed screw propeller turning about an imaginary axis and balanced by the weight of the seed grains so that it falls slowly like a parachute.

The gyropter is made up of a long body, with a head and tail, turning on an axis situated one-third of the distance from the head to the tail. The seat for the aviator at this centre of rotation remains immovable in the middle of the great boomerang.

The thing is not unlike a great banjo, the neck of which is turned at a right angle and ends in a hole. It is built of wood, strengthened by interior braces, and covered inside and out with canvas.

It has neither front nor rear. It is a body turning upon itself, a propeller-blade thrown into the air and given equilibrium by part of another blade placed there to balance the weight of the motor. This motor works a turbine which sends a stream of air at tremendous speed into the interior of the apparatus, whence it issues from the curved end of the tail and by its pressure on the surrounding air sets up a rotary motion in the whole machine.

The motor is in the head. It is a rotary motor, with nine cylinders, making 1,200 revolutions a minute. The air rushes through a wide tube surrounding the aviator's seat. The latter is in a circular box on ball-bearings. The air penetrates a sort of antenna made of wood and revolving about its longitudinal axis at the will of the pilot. This ends in a curved pipe through which the air rushes with force enough to prevent the car from pariahing in the whirling motion of the rest of the machine. This antenna is the rudder of the apparatus.

Under the apparatus is a leaf-shaped float, which acts as a cushion in descending and as a hub on which the machine revolves when started on the ground.

The air rushes around the machine and is expelled from the end of the tail with a speed of 100 metres a second, about seven cubic inches being discharged every second. The surface of the apparatus is smooth, and those of the whole machine, and those insure stability under the guidance of the pilot, who can, of course, change at will the angle their planes make to each other.—Johannesburg Sunday Times.

Amazon Natives' "Wireless." In the Jumaara region of the Amazon the natives use a crude system of wireless telegraphy, which, it is claimed, has been in operation for thousands of years. The transmitter found by an explorer was a hollowed trunk of a tree suspended from a horizontal pole stretched between two stumps. Inside the transmitter had been arranged much like a violin, and it was explained that when the instrument was struck smartly with a small rubber hammer a vibration was created that carried for miles over the hills. The receiver is very similar to the transmitter, except that it is placed on a hardwood platform, the base of the hollowed tree-trunk being grounded on the platform. When the message is struck in the neighboring village, sometimes thirty miles away, this receiver catches the vibrations, causing a jerky, singing sound. The sound system, it is said, can be read by the members of the tribe, and in this way news of victories and other happenings are told throughout the countryside.

The Craving for Salt. It is not essential to life, why do those who have little or none of it crave for it? You should see, as I have seen (writes a correspondent) the whole population turn out of an African village on the approach of white prospectors in the hope of obtaining salt. The men demanded it, the women clamored and the children cried for it. Even the coffee-colored babies slung astride their mothers' backs thrust forth their tiny hands and devoured it as greedily as our English children do sweets. A spoonful of salt all around established amicable relations, and when it came later to bartering I found salt by far the most valuable medium. Value for value, salt procured three times as much as calico or fancy goods.—London Chronicle.

The Lost Donkey. In Turkey they tell stories about Naar-ed-Din and his donkey. Once upon a time when the donkey was lost Naar-ed-Din went about seeking it, at the same time giving thanks as he went.

"Why do you give thanks?" asked his friend. "I see no cause for thankfulness." "Cause enough," was the prompt reply. "Why, man, alvey, if I had been along with that donkey I'd have been lost, too."

Yast Lodge of Silver. At Fond Du Lac, Lake Athabasca, Northern Saskatchewan, a ledge of silver three feet deep and three miles long has been discovered by British Columbia prospectors. Assayed the samples ran \$11,000 to the ton.

Queer, Isn't It? No two persons are ever more confidential and cordial than when they are consuring a third.—Jean Paul Richter.

Troubles and thunderbolts usually seem black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

A girl admires a fast young man—that is, if she has time to fast that he can't possibly get away.

Easy & Practical Home Dress Making Lessons

Prepared Especially For This Newspaper by Pictorial Review

ATTIRE FOR THE SUMMER GIRL



centers even, large "O" perforation at under-arm seam. It made high neck, sew standing collar to neck edge as notched; it made with V-shaped neck, sew flare collar to neck edge, center-back even and bring large "O" perforation to corresponding perforation in front. If desired, gather front and back on crosslines of small "o" perforations and stitch upper edge of band over gathers, small "o" perforation in band at under-arm seam. Finish lower edge of band with a straight gathered ruffle about 1 inch wide. Turn under lower edge of sleeve on double "o" perforations and stitch, easing in any fullness. If desired with sleeve puff, close seam as notched to large "O" perforation. Gather on crosslines of small "o" perforations, draw gathers to the required size and stitch tape underneath. Adjust to position underneath folded edge of sleeve, notches and seams even.

Now close the skirt-seams, finish the edges above for opening. Item the lower edge and close back seams of bands, to be adjusted on the skirt, having the center-front and seams even. Stitch upper edges along cross-lines of single small "o" perforations. If desired, omit bands and stitch straight gathered ruffles the width of bands to position. Gather upper edge of skirt between double "TT" perforations. Sew to lower edge of waist over stay, centers even, small "o" perforation at under-arm seam.

Large "O" perforation in girde indicates upper edge; gather between double "TT" perforations and adjust boning the desired length under gathers. Finish the ruffles with a narrow band of the taffeta.



Summer frock of sheer organdy polka dotted in brown and trimmed with taffeta to match the dots.

For the girl who is fond of brown there are lovely organdys with leaf background which can be made into exquisite summer frocks. The accompanying design has a tucked waist with front, back and short sleeves in one and a one-piece gathered skirt, with high waist-line. The trimmings are of brown taffeta. The average size calls for 5/8 yards 36-inch material, 3/4 yard taffeta and 3/4 yard batting 3 inches wide for stay.

In putting the design together first tuck the waist, and the tucks may be put in by machine or with fagotting or chain stitching. Both these forms of hand trimming are exceedingly popular this season. Now close the under-arm and sleeve seams and hem the back on both sides. Gather lower edge of waist and dart the stay on lines of small "o" perforations to fit into the lines of the figure. Sew to lower edge of waist.

Pictorial Review Costume No. 6210. Sizes 14 to 20 years. Price, 15 cents.

Swiss Marriage Customs.

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exists ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers. If a man accepts a bouquet of edelweiss from a man she at the same time accepts him as her fiancé, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman he loves. Another method which exists in the Canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flower-pot containing a single rose and a note on the window sill of the girl's room when she is absent from home and wait—perhaps days—for a reply. If the maid takes the rose the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents, but if the rose is allowed to fade away the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple.

That Barrel Chair.

A woman there was, and she wrote for the press, as you or I might do. She told how to cut and sew a dress and how to cook many a savory mess, but she never had done it herself, I guess, but none of her readers knew. She told how to comb and dress the hair and how out of a barrel to make a chair—how to adorn any parlor and give it an air—we thought the tale was true. Oh, the days we spent and the nights we spent, with hammer and saw and tack, in making a chair in which no one would sit, in which no one could possibly sit, without a creak in the back.

Comparisons Are Odious.

"Oh, dear," lamented a lady on her return from a fashionable reception, "I have made such a terrible blunder! Lady X. introduced me to an artist, and, trying to be clever, I commenced to air a theory I have read about—that it is impossible for an artist to avoid drawing faces more or less like his own." This artist disagreed very politely, but I wouldn't give in and finally told him his own drawings proved it. I have discovered since that he draws nothing but pigs and sheep!—London Tattler.

Soldiers' Steps.

Soldiers are marching across Europe, but they do not keep step. They vary both in the length of the step and the rapidity of their pace. The British infantry step 31 1/2 inches, the longest of all the steps. Germany keeps step with Switzerland. They each do 31 inches, whilst 29 inches is the pace in the armies of Italy, France and Austria. The Russians take the shortest step, 27 1/2 inches, and only do 112 in a minute.

George Quaker-bush has purchased the property known as H. Colledge, Smith's Falls, and will take possession immediately.

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