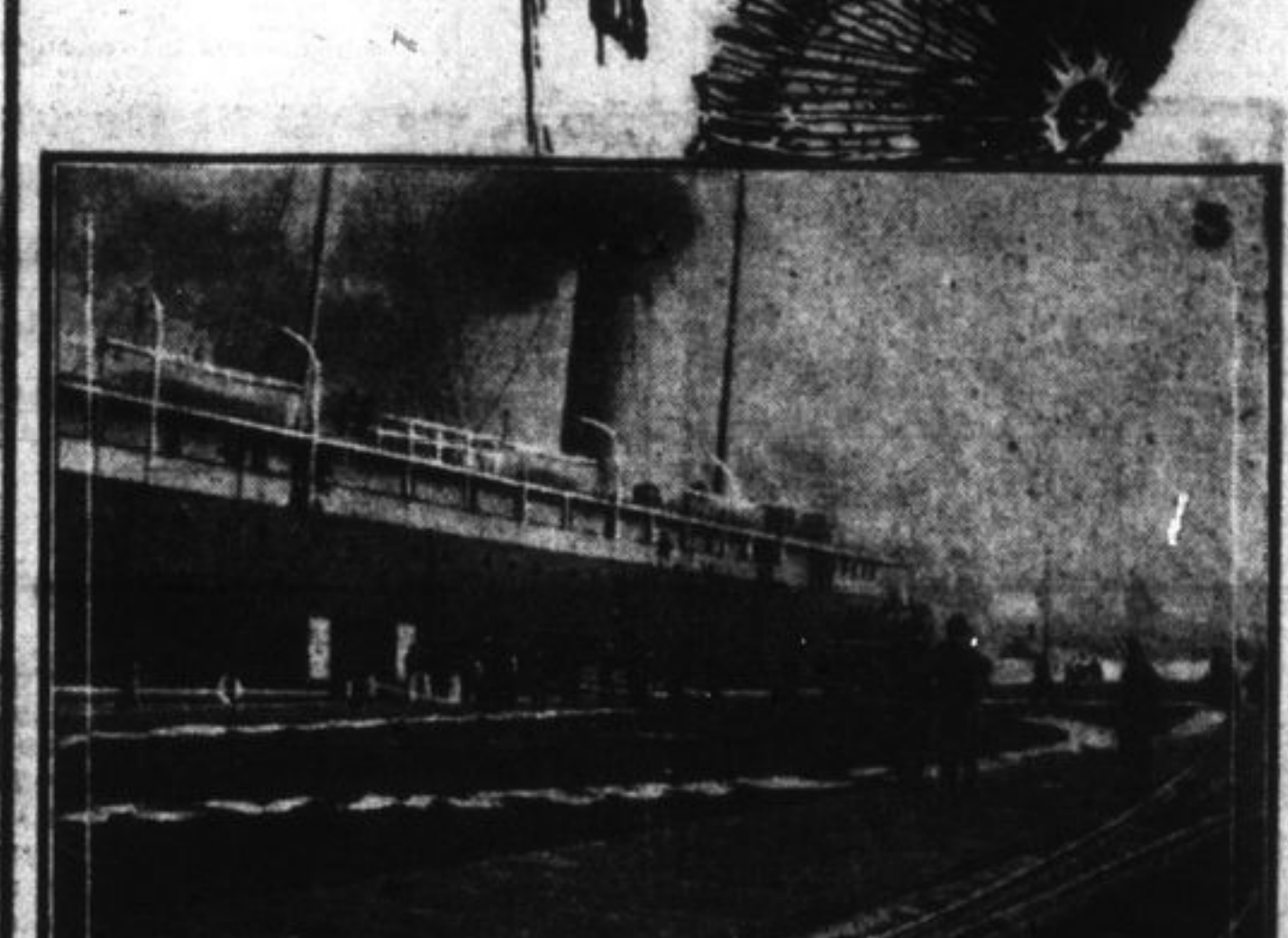
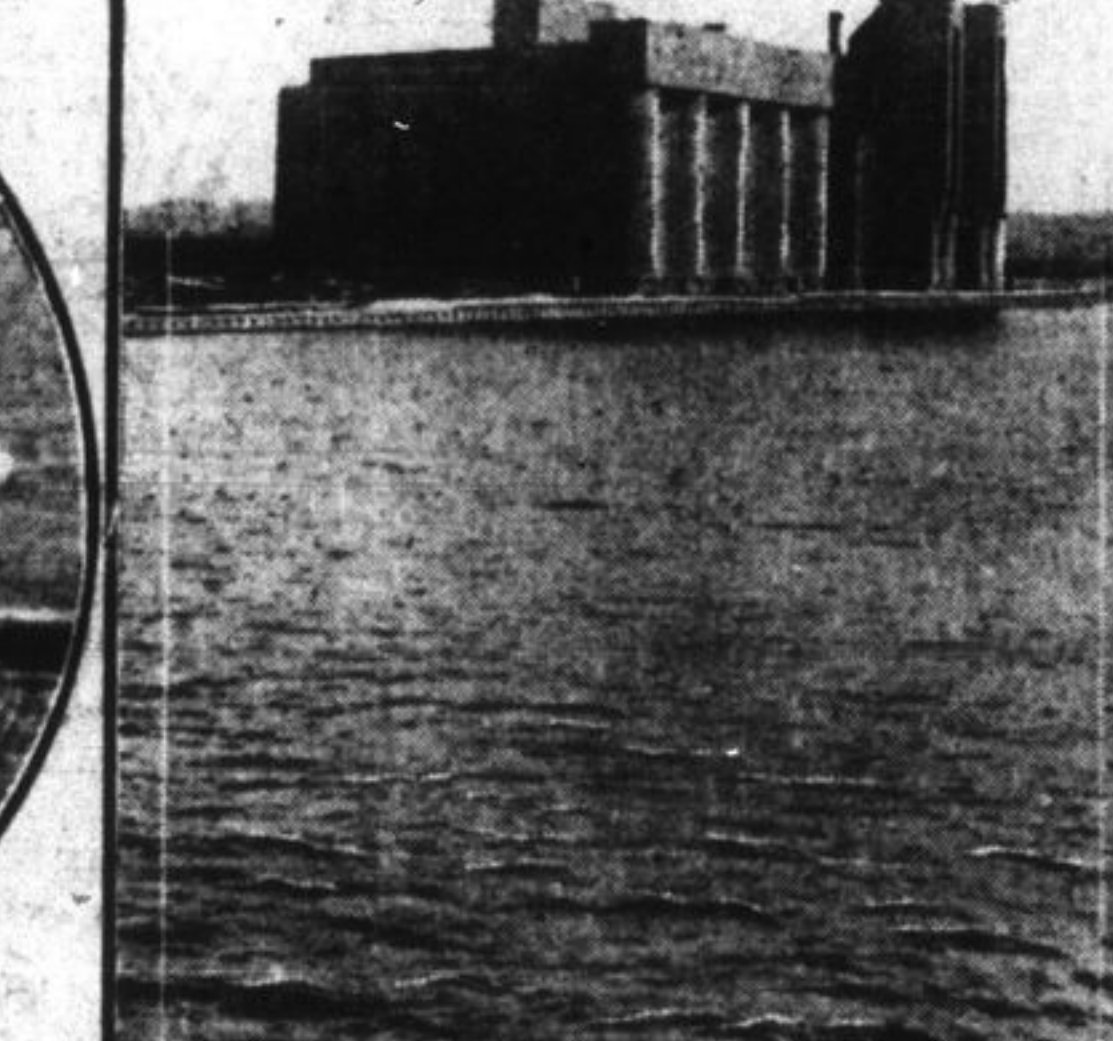
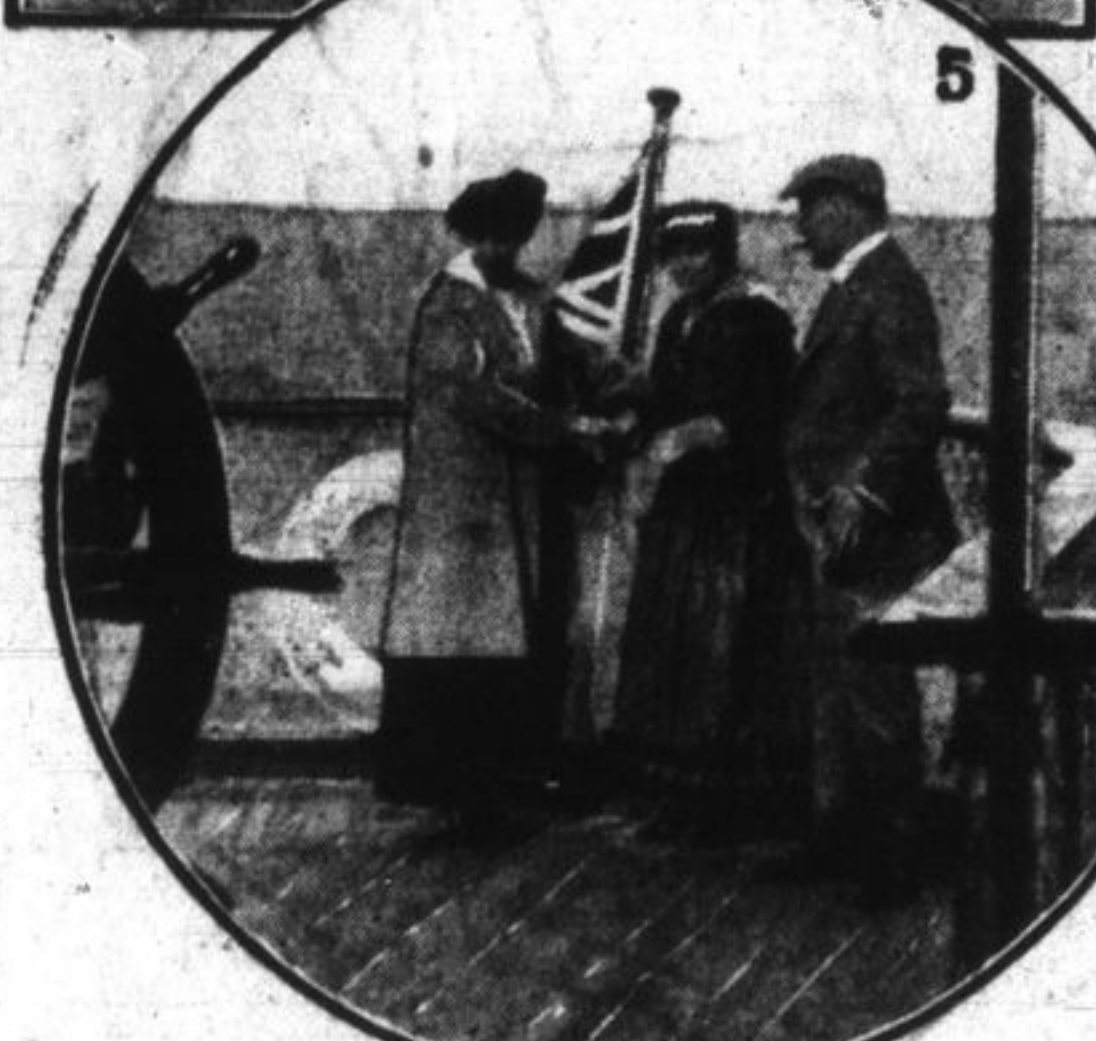


ACROSS CANADA'S GREAT LAKES



WHEN the mercury is jabbering up towards the century mark, and the hot winds claw your hair into your eyes so that you wish they'd stop blowing, and the succeeding dead-breathless calm makes you long to open your mouth and howl—you can run your electric fan to the limit of your psyche, you can spend all your leisure time in tinkering with the fan, but you won't be cooled. And so it comes that as you pass your weary brow for the hundredth time and fast yourself with your favorite evening paper, you murmur "Gotta get away somehow; yep, I gotta get away."

Where? Why, to the coolest spot o'course, the refrigerating area nearest your home ticket office.

And then you remember that Providence has provided Canada with a system of ice-lanes that can't be beaten south of the Arctic Circle—in the form of four great lakes—with Michigan across the walk next door. Superior, the biggest and deepest, has an area of 31,400 square miles, a maximum depth of 400 feet, and a mean temperature of 40 degrees. And all you have to do is to get on it and you'll want your fur coat.

Then you plump for your suitcase, get the end of a passing train, and settle yourself as near to a fan as the rest of the passenger will allow. There's a breeze from outside too as soon as you start, but the August sun is in, and while it's cooler than nothing it doesn't grow to be much of a comfort until you get north of Lake Simcoe and your Canadian Pacific express is looking for it for Port McNicoll.

The best explanation of the G. P. R. boats for the lake boats and your Canadian Pacific express is looking for it for Port McNicoll.

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At the dock, panting in the shadow of the elevator, sit the S.S. Keewatin, one of the Company's four boats, a Clyde-built greyhound that came across the Atlantic, was out in two to fit the lower canal's capacity and then riveted together. There's nothing of the shrill hysterical train-see-through about a boat whistle. It shows a ship for what it is, a great bluff, brawling creature that has room and coolness and white paint and wide spaces, that isn't over in a hurry, that already you feel better. Your trim little stateroom appeals to you, or if you possess a "cabin-de-luxe suite" and a toilet in emporium you get soft pink curtains and a wide white bed with shining brasses, and a bathroom where you can scrub up for you to do on, and then in the cool of the afternoon the ship lifts up her bow to her friends the gulls, behind the islands, you see your cabin, and drift out into the Bay.

Out in the verandah cafe under the awnings the little blue and white teapots are nestling together like a flock of birds, with their own silver dishes of golden pound cake beside them. Go and have a cup of tea at the Company's invitation and soon, so few as yet dotted with the bright luncheon that will one day spring up among the trees. By and by there's dinner in the "voony dining saloon, with everything cooked so only a well-aid can do it, yet never Frenched out of its originality. And take a tip from one who knows—try the fish whatever you do.

Lake Superior is cold enough and clear enough and big enough and wise enough to know just how to make treat.

In bendable curves you become dream-dream-like a Japanese movie against the pale sky. How good the Gullmaker was not to turn him out all white, like the brother of the West Wind! The splendid show of his under-ways-backward drift that so seaward on earth would dare to imitate, the sudden setting of his wings, the grace of him, like a butterfly snowflake when the boat has followed so patiently down its first course. A mile in the rear—and you soon he's ahead of you opening his yellow bill and calling plaintively for his dinner, according to all the world like an oriole and ill-used kitten!

The next thing is the sunset, but please don't expect any programme notes about it, because it can't be done. See it yourself—a riot of gossamer, a fire dance of the titans, dying down into the silent smoulder of dead crimson washed the red's egg and dimmed orange of a half past ten sky; and up above, white Venus between the day and night.

Sleep! Not the lulling, best-forgotten nightmare of town, nor the sharp-and-jerk interludes of the train, but a drifting, away into peacefulness, lulled to rest by the Lake, a great purring friendly bumble going alongside to take care of bottom, you know, and the Captain has called there for thirty years.

When you say "Breakfast from 7 a.m." on your Notice Card, no doubt you say "Nothing doing—eight or nine for mine. I'm on my holidays." But somehow or other, one hour of rest 14-latest sure-enough sleep is worth three of your Green in the way of usefulness, the very heart-truest of penance. And of all the greens in the world, the blue-green of the water is the softest, purplest in distance, flocked into clear melting foam whiteness, dimmed by great summer clouds and lit in undreamed of semi-true of penance. And of all the greens in the world, the blue-green of the water is the softest, purplest in distance, flocked into clear melting foam whiteness, dimmed by great summer clouds and lit in undreamed of semi-true of penance.

And then you swing slowly into the eighty-five mile stretch of St. Mary's River, green-banked, with white brush-line of bushes and all the summer of their butting curtains and their gay little buttocks and twenty miles of fifty-three second through the lake's locks, the average time taken for a steamer to make the passage last year was twenty-eight minutes forty-five seconds through the American and on the same waters at right angles to their courses of the lakes.

And so, on the long headland of Whitefish Point the "Keewatin" sails straight into the biggest fresh water sea in the world, mile on outward mile of bent breezes, and crinkled waves, and dipping gulls—mile on toward mile of north blue sky and drifting clouds and that precious, health-giving, lake-lake-wind that Nature has packed up here for us North Americans ever since the days when her mad prehistoric glaciers dug Superior out of the solid globe.

FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE

Frontenac

MYER'S CAVE.

Aug. 4.—Most of the farmers are through cutting their tame hay and report a very good crop. A number of people from Fernleigh passed through here Monday enroute to the Bon Echo to pick blue berries. Mr. and Mrs. David Ritchie and children have returned to their home in Lakeshore after spending a couple of weeks with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Perry spent Sunday last at Mrs. K. Meek's. Clayne, Miss Chew and Mr. Jones have returned to Toronto after spending the last two weeks at Hill Crest. Miss Tena MacGregor has gone to Tamworth to visit her uncle and other friends; George Young, Clayne, spent Sunday last at the cave.

BREWERS' MILLS.

Aug. 4.—The heavy rain and wind storm on Tuesday did considerable damage to crops in this vicinity. John McKendry left for the west Tuesday morning. A few of the young people attended the social in Patterson's Grove on Monday evening. Senator Louder, Oregon, arrived on Wednesday to spend a few weeks at his cottage. Miss Sarah Anglin has returned from visiting her brother at Iroquois. Miss Greenleaf is spending a few days with Miss B. McKenry, Mr. and Mrs. C. Mangan, Sudbury, at J. Murray's; Mrs. P. Milne and little daughter, Marguerite, are visiting friends in Lansdowne. Miss Anna Milne, Kingston, is spending her vacation with her parents here.

LONG LAKE.

Aug. 4.—The recent rain and wind has caused the grain and corn to lodge, which will make it very hard to harvest. Rev. Mr. Webster has been making pastoral calls. Mrs. Evertson Clement is home from the

LEEDS

NEWBORO

Aug. 5.—A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Welch, July 31st. Miss Marie Lyons is spending a few weeks with friends in Kingston. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William Kirkpatrick, on Wednesday, July 25th. Mr. and Mrs. Millar, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Tice of Cleveland, O., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Bell, a few days last week. Mrs. Thomas McDermott is ill suffering from a paralytic shock. She is improving. Two cruisers, pleasure craft, were anchored here last week. Mr. Jones, and party of Louisville, Kentucky,

TOLEDO

Aug. 5.—Mrs. McCallum and daughter, Miss Inez, are guests of Mrs. W. Dugham. Mrs. Hiram Nichols who has been confined to her bed for the past months, is not gaining as her many friends would wish. Miss Effie Stratton and niece, Ottawa, are guests of Miss Jennie Nichols. Margaret Weatherhead spent Sunday at Charlestown. A man in Canadian uniform past through this vicinity last week buying horses but he failed to return to finish the bargain as he had agreed. The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church met at the home of Mrs. Jonas Bruce, Wednesday. Born to Mr. and Mrs. G. Killin's, Edward Kennedy is at home. Miss Maggie Harper has returned home after visiting Mrs. T. Peters. Master "Tommy" Thompson, is the guest of Master Mattie Harten. Mrs. M. Clow has returned home, after visiting her daughter, Miss Mary Campbell. Pte. Harold Neil is making a farewell visit to his brother, Martin Neil, before leaving for the front. Mr. and Mrs. John Van Camp, Waiertona, and Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson, Kingston motored out to John E. Campbell's. The many friends of Miss Edna McMahon, send their heartfelt congratulations on her success in passing her lower school examination.

HASTINGS

Aug. 3.—The funeral of Miss Stella Barrett was held on Monday last at the Roman Catholic Church. The funeral services were held by Rev. Father Carey. They were largely attended. Stella will be much missed in the home and among her school friends. The family have the sympathy of a large circle of friends.

John Storjors has his new house about completed. R. C. Morry is putting in a new cement dam. Miss Simmonds and Miss Dyer, Philadelphia are visiting at D. B. Floyd's. C. E. Jones and wife are holidaying at the Sand Banks, Walter Redden is much improved. James Ward has gone to the hospital with typhoid fever. Dr. Burrows is a frequent visitor in town. Mr. Hyland and family, Ottawa, are visiting at W. J. Howes'. Mrs. Monk and family have moved to Watertown. G. Paul, Toronto, was in town on Sunday last. Stewart Woods and wife, Walkerville are visiting his parents, George Woods. Mr. Smith and sister with several other friends are visiting at Jacob Wagat's. Wesley Shire, wife and family, California, are visiting their parents, C. G. Coxall and John Shire. The electric light was shut off for two nights, owing to the building a new dam. Recruiting officers were around last week getting young men to enlist for the front.

BATH

Aug. 5.—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hazelton, Picton, who have been visiting friends here, returned home on Sunday last. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hazelton also Messrs. Charles and Henry Mitchell, all of Rochester, N.Y., returned home by steamer Caspian on Sunday last. Mr. George Sterenson and children, Windsor, are visiting at John Forrester's. Miss Gilbert, Seely's Bay, is visiting at D. H. Robinson's. Alexander McDonald, of the 38th Battalion, left here on Sunday last to join his regiment at Kingston en route for Bermuda. Quite a number of people took in the excursion by steamer America to Picton on Thursday.

BATH

Aug. 4.—Quarterly service was held in the Methodist Church on Sunday last. Mrs. Davis, an old resident of this place, passed away this morning. The deceased was over ninety, and was much respected by every one. Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Amey spent last week with C. Gonn. Murral. A few from here took in the Friday excursion to Trenton last week. Mrs. H. Abbott was the guest of Miss Bell, Empey Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Tammon spent Sunday with friends at Turlow. Mr. and Mrs. Barham left for their home at Belleville after spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Tammon. Visitors: Mrs. Spencer and daughter at G. Vallean's; Mrs. A. J. Gonn's; W. McLeod at J. D. Denison's; Miss P. Banks, at H. Martin's; Misses Gracie and Ruby Storman and Miss Esme McCutcheon at F. S. Amey's.

LEEDS

Aug. 5.—The farmers are very busy with their hay, and report a fair crop. J. K. McMahon is making improvements to his barn. T. Fitzgerald's house looks much better after receiving a coat of paint. Huckleberries are reported to be scarce, owing to the late frost. The many friends of Wilber Clarke are glad to hear that he is able to be about again, after suffering from a very sore foot. Vanley Clow had the misfortune to fall and severely hurt his knee. The stork has left a little daughter at James Judge's. The Cole Lake base ball team played a

TAMWORTH

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