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H. JENNINGS KING STREET

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By R. RAY BAKER

It is unlikely that ever another man held the unique position in a community that Richard Jerome occupied in Wakefield.

Vocationally Richard was a lawyer, and a good one. A generous practice had given him a financial status that might be termed comfortable, and of late years he had placed certain restrictions on his legal business which permitted many spare moments for his avocation, which was the mending of broken hearts.

The avocation paid Richard not a penny, but he performed the work with a gleam in his eye and joy in his heart; for he loved humanity and could not bear to see his fellows suffer when a way to alleviate their troubles was ready to his hand.

Never had a lovelorn young man appealed to Richard in vain; never had he failed, in his assumed role of Cupid, to "get the verdict." His almost uncanny insight into the ways of women gave him something akin to fame in Wakefield, although it was a fame that was spread by word of mouth and not by newspaper headlines and half-tones.

It began when Richard's chum, Anthony Brexton, came to him with tears in his eyes and wailed:

"It's all over, Dick. Will you please get me a bottle of carbolic acid or an equally deadly poison? Isabelle has turned me down and life holds nothing for me now."

Richard had calmly lighted a corn-cob pipe which was so old it looked as if it might have been the pattern after which all the others were copied, had settled himself comfortably, and said:

"First—before we get this carbolic acid—let's hear your story. Not that I am curious, but I object to spending good money for poison unless it's necessary. Remember, I am a lawyer. Why not let me advise you? My fee will not be heavy."

Anthony had laughed miserably. "You advise in a love affair? That's funny, Dick. Why, you're a confirmed bachelor. You've never been engaged, never had a girl in your life."

"Maybe that will give me a better perspective in the matter," said Richard. "It won't hurt to try."

Then he had listened while Anthony unfolded his tale of woe, and when it was finished and the latter was huddled back in his chair choking back sobs and looking like a child that had crept out of bed early Christmas morning, Richard had taken the case up complacently with:

"Your problem is easily solved. Isabelle thinks you have proved yourself faithless. She won't listen to your explanations. She's a fort and you're trying to storm her with shells that won't penetrate the walls. The thing to do is to find a new method of attack. Put yourself on the defensive and wait for the garrison to make a sortie. Then capture the garrison. Now, this is my plan in detail—"

A week later Anthony appeared again, radiant, jubilant. The scheme had worked.

Now, Anthony had a friend who developed heart trouble, and the friend went to Anthony for advice. "Take it to Jerome," he'll fix it," was the advice he got, and Richard proffered a prescription that healed the wounds. And so on, and so on, till Richard's reputation was firmly established.

Richard was not a youth in years, although he seemed one at heart, and most of his friends were at least ten years younger. Richard was nearly forty and there were tinges of gray in his hair and some wrinkles on his forehead. He was not handsome, but strength of character was stamped on his face, and this attracted most people he met.

One day a young man came into his office with a listless manner and a heart that was not working right.

"My name's Fred Mania," he said by way of introduction, and cast a sour look out of the window at a painter on a scaffold across the street. "I've been living in Wakefield only a month, but during that time I've fallen in love with the most wonderful girl in the world. I've taken her about considerably, and I've tried desperately hard to win her, but she has not responded. I've not yet really proposed because I could tell the time was not ripe, but she knew what I was driving at and last night she told me I could not see her again. I knew Elmer Johnson at college, and when I told him my troubles this morning he referred me to you. It seems you patched up a little love affair for him about a year ago."

Mr. Mania did not offer to reveal the name of his ideal, and Richard did not press him for it. This middle-aged Cupid was not curious or meddling. He simply advised where advice was sought.

"No doubt she's trying you out," he said. "Remain away from her; don't try to see her. That will keep her guessing, and before long she'll probably make it a point to meet you somewhere and find out if you really care. If she does it indicates one of two things—either she loves you or she's a flirt. If she's a flirt, you don't want her."

A few days later Mr. Mania was back, looking more woebegone than before.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co.

"It doesn't work," he announced, dolefully. "I've done as you advised, but she might as well be dead as far as any effort she's made to see me."

It began to look like failure for Richard Jerome, love mediator.

"We'll have to try a new plan," he said after a pause, during which he resorted to the ancient corncob. "Call her up and tell her you've got to see her just once more. Then go to it. Tell her you're desperately in love, and that she must marry you. Be a cave man within reasonable limits."

Three days later Mr. Mania appeared for the third time, and this time he was wretchedness personified.

"It's all over," he cried bitterly, kicking over Richard's waste basket.

"She says she doesn't love me and will not marry me. She says I'm a nice enough sort of a chap, but she doubts that I have real character. For one thing, I'm too young, according to her ideas. She wants an older man."

Richard was puffing on the corncob. He could not evade the fact that he had come face to face with his first failure as Cupid.

"In fact," Mr. Mania resumed, "she told me there was one man in this town that she admired and has loved for four years. He's rather old for a girl like me," she said, "but I'd jump at the chance to marry him. Some day, perhaps, he'll come my way, but if he doesn't I'll never marry at all."

Richard emptied the ashes from the pipe and filled it again. He struck a match and was preparing to apply the flame to the tobacco when his client went on:

"The funny part of it is, Julia has never been in this man's society but once four years ago, when she was his partner on a Sunday school hayride."

Richard dropped the match suddenly. It had burned his finger. He sat puffing, but getting no smoke, and asked:

"What did you say is her name?"

"Julia Roth" was the response.

The corncob fell and sprinkled unlighted tobacco over the floor, while in his mouth Richard retained the broken stem. He rose and took his hat from a peg on the wall.

"I'm sorry," he said, as Mr. Mania prepared to leave. "I'm dead sorry for you; but I've got to admit that for once I have failed as a heart doctor."

They stepped toward the door, listlessness in Mr. Mania's gait, while in Richard's there was an unaccustomed vigor. He opened the door and paused.

"I don't mind letting you in on a little secret," he said, and his eyes were bright. "I've loved that girl ever since the hayride, but—well, I have been a pretty good adviser in the love affairs of others, but when it came to mine—"

He placed an arm on the other's shoulder.

"I'm dead sorry for you, really; but you can't blame me for wanting a little heart throb of my own."

AGAIN THE TERRIBLE TURK!

Details of Tragedy Which for Some Reason Did Not Make the First Page.

Early dawn was spreading over the valley. The first sun's rays were stealing over the white houses far below.

They were standing still, watching the maturing beauties of nature.

"Dear," said she gushingly, "look at the beautiful sunrise."

"Just look at the lovely dewdrop," he cried appreciatively.

Indeed, the dew was sweet. Their feet were soaked with it and it fell down on their uncovered heads, drenching them quietly.

"And that waterfall—how gorgeous!" she murmured, turning around to whence came the mighty sounds.

He started to move. "Oh, don't go yet," she pleaded.

"But I'm hungry," he said. "I want my breakfast."

"Oh, Hoppy, let's hunt for some breakfast—here in the fields. We might find—"

Here she stopped and her eyes dilated in terror. Wanderingly, and as though sensing some danger, he looked, too. Small wonder she stopped—froze in her tracks, for if ever an evil, murderous-looking, blood-thirsty face leered into theirs, it was the face of the sinister Turk.

Then arousing himself from his torpor the lover uttered a shriek of terror and dragged his loved one along with him as he went.

The Turk—a wonderful specimen he was, too—with a wicked wink, let them see some distance. Then coolly, deliberately, he followed.

The poor frightened creatures never looked back and the wily Turk never lost sight of them. Suddenly he made up his mind and leaped toward them.

Oh, if they could but get safely behind some trees—or hide in the dark corner of some hidden cave.

But no! 'Twas not to be! Deggone if it was. The only place left them to escape from the terrible Turk was the cool, inviting waters beneath the rearward torrent.

Alas! Ere they reached the surging surgery to escape from a more terrible death, the red-faced, hungry turkey was upon them and gobbled the two little grasshoppers up at one gobble.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Man.

"You like to see Mrs. Styles come in to your shop, I suppose," said the caller.

"Indeed, I do. She never complains at the prices I ask for her hats," replied the milliner.

"No; I understand her husband does all the complaining in the family."

According to an Austrian naval officer gas bubbles rising from a depth bomb dropped into a stormy sea quieted the water as effectually as oil would have done.

A new and powerful electric lamp for microscopes consists of a quarter inch glass tube, bent in the form of a circle and containing a single tungsten filament.

Webster's GROCERY

TABLE DELICACIES

Just received a large shipment of

NIAGARA GRAPE JUICE Extra good quality. A very refreshing drink during the hot weather. Whipping Cream always in stock.

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Everything will be sold at greatly reduced prices. TRIMMED HATS—at less than cost. Shapes from 25c. and up. HAT TRIMMINGS, RIBBONS, ETC.

Take advantage of this Sale, as everything must be sold by June 30th.

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Women's White Canvas Lace Boots; sizes 2 1/2 to 7; high and low heels. Special clearing sale

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In Black and Tan, with Leather and Neolin Soles; no odd lines, but all sizes; complete in broad, medium and pointed lasts. For Saturday from \$5.00 to \$8.50

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Good, washable, latest patterns; fast colors; for Saturday \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 all reduced—no tax.

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New arrivals in Boys' Suits in Brown, Gray, Belted Models; Bloomers with Governor Fasteners. Sizes from 25 to 35. Prices from \$7.50 to \$14.50

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White Canvas in high tops, spool and Cuban heels; Oxfords and Pumps. Specially priced for Saturday from \$2.50 to \$3.50

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A reservoir within a Chicago inventor's massage device permits massage cream to be applied as it is being used.

A leather device has been patented to hold a piece of blotting paper on a writer's wrist without interfering with the motions of his hand.

Of German invention is a portable, gasoline driven saw mill that can be driven to trees to cut them down and then convert them into boards.