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GANANOQUE

Gananoque, July 16—Robert Sinclair of the Electric Light Company, suffered quite a painful, and what might have been a very serious accident Saturday. He was doing some wiring in the lane between Dr. Sinclair's and the Brophy House when the limb of a tree, in which he was standing, broke and causing him to fall about fifteen feet. He suffered a nasty gash in his head, requiring several stitches and a couple of broken ribs.

Edward Keating and son Harry his wife and two children, Cass City, Michigan, stopped off here with the former's cousin, Mrs. George Scott, yesterday on their way to Lansdowne to visit the former's sister, Mrs. Hasall, and other friends. They expect to spend about two weeks in this vicinity.

Miss Betty Sampson, who has been at school in New York City for the past several months, arrived home on Saturday and is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Sampson at their summer home "The Nest."

Mrs. R. J. E. Graham and children Belleville, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Byers.

Gerald Keys, Pittsfield, Mass., spent the week-end here with his parents.

Mrs. Sanford Delaney entertained a number of friends last evening in honor of Mrs. E. K. Lund who, with her family, left today for Philadelphia, Pa., to join Mr. Lund and take up residence in that city.

Mrs. Gerald Hudson arrived from Detroit, Mich., on Sunday and is the guest of her mother, Mrs. James Bishop.

Miss Bessie MacDonald, Montreal, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. R. MacDonald.

Mrs. Mullin and daughter, returned to Rome, N.Y., yesterday after a couple of weeks visit with her sister Mrs. Frank Keys.

Miss Margaret Dempster, pupil of St. John's Convent was successful in passing her elementary piano examination from the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Travolo and children, Sherbrooke, Que., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Amo.

Mrs. and Mrs. E. Dufos, and family, Oshawa, spent the week-end in town with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fle't and children,

PICTON

Picton, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson, King street east, on Sunday last.

Mrs. Grant and daughter, Clayton, who have been the guests of the former's brother, Robert Keyes, returned home last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cunningham, Arnprior, spent the week-end with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Orser.

Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Brooklyn, are guests of the latter's mother, Mrs. D. Bishop, Mrs. Bishop, who has been visiting her daughter for the past few weeks, returned home with them.

Several Gananoqueans motored to Brockville yesterday on the occasion of the opening of their Old Home Week. There will be plenty of traffic to that city during the week to participate in the festivities.

Miss Loretta Bishop, Toronto, is the guest of her mother Mrs. D. Bishop.

Congratulations to Miss Helen Dempster who was successful in winning Father Hanley's ten dollar gold piece for the student of St. John's School obtaining the highest marks in the recent entrance examinations. Helen was tied with Miss Bracken also for second place in the whole country of West Leeds.

A Bullock, serving five years in penitentiary, has been taken to Simcoe to give evidence in a fur robbery case of 1925, and for participation in which William Phipps is being tried.

Words are strange things. A spoiled child is too fresh.

When The Babies Are Cutting Teeth THE MOTHER SHOULD USE

During baby's teething time, the bowels become loose and diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps, etc., manifest themselves; the gums become swollen, and cankers form in the mouth.

This is the time when the mother should use "Dr. Fowler's," and, perhaps, save the baby's life.

NAPANEE

Napanee, July 19—The Chautauqua programme opened on Monday afternoon before a representative audience. The opening exercises were in the hands of Mr. Wilson and Mr. J. E. Robinson. During the opening remarks, Mr. Osborne, superintendent for the season, was introduced. The afternoon programme was given by the Vernon Quintette, and consisted of solo, trio, quintette and quartette numbers, and pleased the audience very much. In the evening the Quintette gave a short programme as a prelude to the lecture given by Mr. R. B. Ambrose.

A heavy shower fell on the town on Monday night and cooled the air after, one of the hottest days this season.

The construction of the storm-sewers on Robinson street has been completed.

Work is progressing nicely in connection with the paving of John street. Teams are engaged in driving sand, while a plough drawn by a steam engine is breaking up the macadam surface. The hot day was hard on the horses, and one collapsed.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Lancaster and family left on Monday to visit in Peterborough.

The Misses Gandiers have left to spend their vacation camping on Lake Huron.

Miss Jean Burgess, Bellville, is visiting Miss Evelyn Mills.

Miss Elsie Woodcock is visiting in town.

Percy Vrooman, of Montreal, is visiting his mother, Mrs. J. P. Vrooman.

The Joy of Life

Leaping, laughing, splashing, squeezing—All have got that Kruschen feeling.

Does early morning find you sprinting down to the beach for a bathe?

Do you come back glowing with vigorous health and with a colossal appetite for breakfast?

If the first splash of the day leaves you cold, it's because you're not as fit as you ought to be—and can be, if you do as Grandpa does.

Here's his secret—"as much as will cover a ten-cent piece every morning."

Each tiny dose of the magic Kruschen powder is a perfect blend of the six salts essential to bodily well-being. It keeps you in perfect trim, because it stimulates the liver and kidneys, gently but surely, to a proper performance of their duty. It frees your system of all the waste matter that collects to clog your inside and poison your blood-stream. It sends clear, vigorous blood pulsing through every vein. It primes every fibre of your being with tingling vitality.

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You can buy 160 doses of "that Kruschen feeling" from any druggist for 75c. Get a bottle to-day and start to-morrow.

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Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a 10 cent piece. It's the little daily dinner that does it.

Good Health for Half a Cent a Day

The ingredients of Kruschen Salts are necessary for healthy life. Your body must, of necessity, obtain these ingredients from somewhere, or you could not live. Normally, your system should extract these vital salts from your food—meat, bread, fruit, vegetables, milk, eggs, and so on; but when, owing to impaired digestion, errors of diet, overwork and worry, and other secondary occupations, and many other causes, your system does not extract from your food the correct proportions of the essential life-giving salts, then you suffer from depression, headache, constipation, disordered liver.

Kruschen Salts should be your safeguard. Besides cleansing the body of impurities, gently, surely and painlessly they possess a wonderful power of giving new life and vitality to the countless millions of cells of which every body is composed. Flesh, blood, bone, brain and nerve, are all made up of cells, and every cell requires one or more of the numerous constituents of essential life-giving salts, then you suffer from depression, headache, constipation, disordered liver.

Kruschen Salts for its healthy life.

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CHAPTER XXIII—SURRENDER

"Look here, Marcella! We're engaged, aren't we? Then you must allow me to take some of your troubles off your shoulders."

Warwick Treman was the speaker. He had come upon his lady-love weeping in sheer perplexity at her little desk, with a sheaf of unpaid bills before her.

"It's dreadful!" She dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief. "We'll be summoned to appear in court if I can't do anything! And the gas has been cut off, and the butcher's boy doesn't come any more for orders, and the grocer threatens to sue us, and I expect the bailiffs will walk in at any moment and take possession! And Dad doesn't understand! He sits in his study, poring over his books, and writing learned essays, and not in the least realising that the sword that's hanging over our heads!

Treman managed to keep back a smile. Helplessness in others was a puzzle to him. Inwardly he despised Marcella's father, as an impractical, self-absorbed dreamer, with no real sense of what he owed his daughter.

But it pleased him that the girl herself should be in such a quandary; it put her in his power.

Besides, he was masculine enough to appreciate helplessness in a woman. To a certain extent, it flattered him—the strong man.

"Let me take matters in hand, little girl!" he said kindly, sitting down beside her, and picking up the bills. He scanned them with a keen, quick eye.

The tradesmen and probably your servants, too, have been systematically robbing you while you were away. Those accounts are exorbitant."

Marcella sighed. What a useless, reckless creature she had been! Moreover, she had no right to go away and leave her father, just for her own

selfish enjoyment! Her conscience pricked her sharply.

Why couldn't she have stayed at home, and kept an eye on things? Why couldn't she have studied the stock market, and the investment columns, and been some financial help to the old man?

It was too late now.

Warwick Treman slipped an arm about her waist. The action was done gently, tenderly, and Marcella felt her bruised heart soften towards him. In comparison with that fickle, cruel "someone else," how kind he was!

"Something must be done at once," he said, slowly. "You have a bank account, Marcella?"

She nodded, saving ruefully: "But it's overdrawn! The bank itself is dunning me for money!"

He smiled at her helplessness. The protective instinct, dormant even in ruthless males like himself, rose to the surface.

"I intend to make settlements on you and your father, so you won't object to my paying into your account, today, for a start, a sum of—say—one thousand pounds?"

Marcella drew back, startled.

"As a gift?"

He nodded.

"And why not? The settlement will be much larger, but you need immediate money. And as we're going to be married—"

The girl felt the web tighten.

"If you'd let me look upon it as a loan?"

A crafty look came to his face. It was just the nicest flicker, and she did not see it, luckily.

"I don't care how you look on it, my dear, as long as it helps you to happiness."

Quick tears sprang to her eyes. "You're an angel of goodness, Warwick! A loan, then, it shall be."

"But—we are engaged, Marcella, aren't we? Last night you said—"

She bowed her head. She wasn't going back on her word. And she was sure—quite sure—that in time she would grow to care quite deeply for this kind, generous man.

Didn't she regret love? Wasn't an engagement with him—the sense of definite obligation—the surest way to blot the memory of the other from her mind and heart?

He wrote the check out in her presence.

"Now—sign your name on the back, dear, and I'll hand it in at your bank. You have your own check book? Good! Then write out all the checks for these accounts, and post them off, and there will be plenty of money in the meantime, behind you. Tomorrow morning at ten o'clock I'll be around in the car to take you down to Lady Mary Warrington's country-place, where troubles will be forgotten, and we'll rusticate to our hearts' content!"

He came, on time; but it was nearly eleven before they started. Treman was in a fever of impatience to get the girl away before Miles Holden's phone call should come through.

But at last they did set off.

In the car he produced the engagement-ring and slipped it on the third finger of her left hand. It was a magnificent solitaire, and blinked up at Marcella with a glacial eye.

"How gorgeous!" She tried to sound enthusiastic, but her heart was leaded, all the same. Warwick was kind and generous and rich, but—where was romance? Her dreams?

It was early March, and already the woods showed the gold of primroses and the blue mist of young sweet violets.

The drive was long, broken by an interval for lunch. And after the meal was over, they were delayed by carburetor trouble, so that it was five o'clock before they reached the big stone gates of Lady Warrington's country home, sped up the avenue, and found their hostess seated amid a crowd of guests in the large, old-fashioned hall, dispensing tea.

"How perfectly lovely to see you both!" Lady Warrington bounded forward in her usual awkward fashion, jerking the tea-tray so that several cups spilt part of their contents in the saucers. "Marcella darling, you look frozen! Here—this way—to the fire!"

She pulled the girl over to the great log-fire that was sputtering and crackling cheerily, drew off her gauntlet gloves, and proceeded to rub her hands.

Instantly, of course, she sighted the magnificent diamond on its slender circle of platinum.

Tact and reticence were not her forte. She gave an excited squeal.

"An engagement-ring! Marcella! Warwick! Why, how perfectly romantic! I'm positively thrilled!" She held Marcella's hand up to the light. "I'm sure I congratulate you both! I'm so delighted! You were just made for each other!"

(To Be Continued)

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