If You Are Offered a Substitute for

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea it is simply because the dealer makes more profit. "SALADA" is the genuine article and should be demanded if you really want the best. Lead Packets only. 25c., 30c, 40c., 50c, 60c. All Grocers. Japan tea drinkers try "SALADA" Green Tea.

Midsummer Sale of Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Etc.

Fifth Annual Sale. It will pay you to buy now, even if you do not need the goods at present. This sale is for cash only.

Parlor Suites—$150 reduced to $125; $100 reduced to $85; $75 reduced to $60; $45 reduced to $35; $35 reduced to $28.

Some special values—5 pieces, Handsome Gold Chair, Centre Piece, Sofa, Rocker, Gents' Chair—was $25, reduced to $20. And another style, very nice, reduced from $20 to $15. Gold Chair included.

Bed-room Suites—Mahogany, $75 reduced to $55; Mahogany, fine, $60 reduced to $45; Golden Oak, $60 reduced to $50; Golden Oak, $22 reduced to $18.

Bed-room Suites—Special value, Mahogany or Oak finish, Bevel Plate Mirror, very pretty; was $14—will sell some of these for $11.50. They are the best value on the market.

Special reductions on Axminister, Velvet and Wilton Carpets. Some Brussels reduced as low as 75c. Unions worth 50c. we offer at 35c. Tapestries sold at 75c. and 85c. will go this sale for 50c. and 60c.

Curtains—Fine Lace, reduced from $10 to $8; Curtains, fine Lace, reduced from $7.50 to $6.

Every line reduced. See our lines and prices. You will save money, even if you have to store the goods until later.

Yours,

T. F. Harrison Co.

DON'T BE DUPED

There have been placed upon the market several cheap reprints of an obsolete edition of "Webster's Dictionary." They are being offered under various names at a low price

By

dry goods dealers, grocers, agents, etc., and in a few instances as a premium for subscriptions to papers.

Announcements of these comparatively

Worthless

reprints are very misleading; for instance, they are advertised to be the substantial equivalent of a higher-priced book, when in reality, so far as we know and believe, they are all, from A to Z,

Reprint Dictionaries,

phototype copies of a book of over fifty years ago, which in its day was sold for about $5.00, and which was much superior in paper, print, and binding to these imitations, being then a work of some merit instead of one

Long Since Obsolete.

The supplement of 10,000 so-called "new words," which some of these books are advertised to contain, was compiled by a gentleman who died over forty years ago, and was published before his death. Other minor additions are probably of more or less value.

The Webster's Unabridged Dictionary published by our house is the only meritorious one of that name familiar to this generation. It contains over 2000 pages, with illustrations, on nearly every page, and bears our imprint on the title page. It is protected by copyright from cheap imitation.

Valuable as this work is, we have at vast expense published a thoroughly revised successor, known throughout the world as

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Get the Best.

Illustrated pamphlet free. Address

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

"Wonderful!"

Says London, Ontario.

John H. Barnstead, Halifax, N.S.

Dear Sir,—

I was afflicted with Rheumatism in my hand, and tried a bottle of your Oil with surprising results. The first application relieved the pain at once, and before I had used the bottle my hand was entirely cured.

I consider your Egyptian Rheumatic Oil a wonderful preparation, and shall certainly recommend it to all my friends. Yours truly,

C. F. ALLISON,
with the London Ptg. & Lith. Co.
London, Ont.

June 25, 1900.

For Sale by G. W. MAHOOD, Druggist, Kingston, Ont.

Before. After. **Wood's Phosphodine,**

The Great Eng. Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed to cure all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package $1, six, $5. *One will please, six will cure.* Pamphlets free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold in Kingston by W. H. Medley and Henry Wade, druggists.

Chocolate,
Ice Cream.
Vanilla,
Ice Cream.
Pineapple Fruit
Ice Cream.

Put up in bricks, any size, and packed for private use, at

A. J. REES',

Princess St. 'Phone 58.

THE MAN WHO FAILS.

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

The world is a snob and the man who wins
Is the chap for its money's worth;
And the lust for success causes half of the sins
That are cursing this brave old earth.
For it's fine to go up and the world's applause
Is sweet to the mortal ear;
But the man who fails in a noble cause
Is a hero that's no less dear.

'Tis true enough that the laurel crown
Twines but for the victor's brow;
For many a hero has lain him down
With naught but the cypress bough.
There are gallant men in the losing fight,
And as gallant deeds are done
As ever graced the captured height,
Or the battle grandly won.

We sit at life's board with our nerves high strung,
And we play for the stake of fame,
And our odes are sung and our banners hung
For the man who wins the game.
But I have a song of another kind
Than breaths in these fame-wrought gales—
An ode to the noble heart and mind
Of the gallant man who fails!

The man who is strong to fight his fight,
And whose will no front can daunt,
If the truth be truth and the right be right,
Is the man that the ages want.
Tho' he fail and die in grim defeat,
Yet he has not fled the strife,
And the house of Earth will seem more sweet
For the perfume of his life.

A BALLAD OF PROCRASTINATION.

George T. Pardy.

Some day
I'll write the promised letters that I owe
To all the many dearest friends I know,
And big and little debts I'll surely pay.
For Aye.

Some day
I'll scorn the soothing weed in various forms,
The fragrant pipe, the mild Havana's charms,
And shun the flowing bowl for e'er and aye.
Some day.

Some day
To one fair maid my heart I shall resign,
To her myself and worldly goods assign,
Her girlish wishes and commands obey.
Some day.

Some day
I'll reach the topmost pinnacle of fame,
Blazon abroad the glory of my name,
All youthful follies sternly cast away.
Some day.

Some day
I'll realize that spring has long gone by,
Sweet summer past and winter drawing nigh,
December snows instead of flowers of May,
Some day.

Some day
These things I prophesy might come to pass,
But long e'er then beneath the wind-blown grass
I fancy I shall make a pleasant stay.
Some day.

WHEREVER YOU ARE.

Exchange.

If only I could be with you, dear, with you wherever you are,
I would not care where our feet might fare, under what sun or star,
So that my hand might reach your hand, and our step keep true and sure.
By any sea or through any land, while life for us both endure.

If only I could be with you—ah; the cloudiest sky were blue!,
The roughest path that the wild waste hath would be smooth, if I walked with you—
I'd stoop to drink from the running brook, I'd feed from the berry-spray,
For my soul could live on your tender look whenever it turned my way.

If only I could be with you, dear, when day is done, and the night
Comes down out of heaven, so kind and near, to fold us away from sight,
Your pillow would be my faithful breast, and when we had knelt in prayer,
Ah, what would matter the place of rest, so that we both were there?

Dear, I would leave the throne for you, and my kingdom's door ajar,
To seek and find you, the broad earth through, and be—wherever you are,
To seek and find you, the broad earth years die, only no more to part!
While the swift days fly and the slow years fly,
Ah, small is the world, yet wide, wide, wide, its space between heart and heart!.

IF WE UNDERSTOOD.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better,
Purer, than we judge we should—
We should love each other better
If we only understood!

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad, within,
Often we should love the sinner
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the power working
To overthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Know the effort all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force,
Knowing not the fount of action,
Is less turpid at its source.
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good,
Oh, we'd love each other better
If we only understood!

TO ARCADY.

Beatrice Hanscom.

In varying tones they make their plea,
The young and old and worldly-wise,
Caroline, plaintive, wistfully:
"Tell us the way to Arcady."
"We fain would see Arcadian skies,
Would live that wondrous life and free;
Tell us the way to Arcady."

But I—I sing: "Though there must be
Full many a path that wends its way
By hedge and woodland, dale and lea,
To that dear land of Arcady,
I've got a single word to say:
Whether Phyllis treads with me,
The way leads straight to Arcady."

LOOK ON THE LIGHT.

Unto the evil things of life,
Keep ears and eyes closed tight,
And see them but to pass around
Or else to help make right.
But unto all things noble, good,
Keep ever open heart
That you may see and know and feel
And of them have a part.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

New York's Annual Budget--Figures Lie.

BREACH BETWEEN LEADERS

MAKES POLITICAL CASE LOOK BAD FOR BRYAN.

Some Incidents in McKinley's Past Career—Stood Firmly by His Friend Sherman—"Round-Up" at Coney Island—A Fight to a Bitter Finish.

(Whig Correspondence; letter No. 1,212.)

New York, Aug. 10. — When some months ago I suggested that our next annual budget would reach a hundred millions of dollars, a friend of mine who has a habit of saying all sorts of unpleasant things whenever he gets the opportunity respectfully informed me that I was talking through my hat. I frequently hear that expression and, though moderately fly, as this world goes, I can't say that I know exactly what it means, but whatever it means, the hard granite fact still remains that the expenses of the greater New York for the coming fiscal year will exceed a hundred millions of dollars, of which forty-five millions of dollars will be paid for salaries alone. I am well aware that the record just issued places the budget at $79,000,000, and connected therewith is the musty proverb: "That figures won't lie," but they do lie, notwithstanding civil service reform and the unquestioned axiom that a mathematical fact once proven can never thereafter be questioned. If this were true it would be a record of the sublimest heights of moral rectitude and human virtue. But it is not true; it is a false and misleading statement of untruths and fabrications, of which the devil, the father of lies, might feel proud. The record places the next annual budget at $79,000,000, showing that the salary list absorbed over fifty per cent. of the receipts, and here I will give a single illustration of how the city's money goes and it is but one of many which will help to swell the city's budget from the seventy-nine millions of dollars stated as the full sum of the city's expenses in the latest issue of the record and the actual sum that the city will have to pay when it comes to foot the bills.

The case before the court last week was one where an Italian father tried to reclaim two of his children, who were girls, from the children's aid society. Several years before he had surrendered the children to the association under the sworn plea that he was too poor to care for them. The society accepted charge, and after a time found both the girls good homes in the far west. Instead of their miserable residence in New York, they were placed with people who had no children of their own and who soon learned to love them, and the children, happy with their new found parents, soon forget the wretchedness and misery of their early life. They were all taught and well clad and as happy as children could be.

When the Italian father learned that they could be placed in some family where for taking care of children smaller than themselves they might earn a portion of the cost of their keeping, their father sought to reclaim them, so he might get the money for their services and return them to the scenes of their childhood's misery and filth. In the case tried this week the city had cared for five of the complainant's children for several years, the absolute cash cost of keeping being only a fraction short of a thousand dollars. In the anxious Italian father's effort to get rid of these little wage winners, he swore that he was so poor that he could not support them, but when he wanted to reclaim them, he confided to the charities commissioner the fact that he had $1,400 in the savings bank and that as the driver of a cart in the street cleaning department he had been receiving $14 a week for the past seven years.

While the case is pending the two girls are committed to the care of the society for the prevention of cruelty to children. They exhibited the greatest terror when approached by their parents, and clung close to the officer who had them in charge. It is to be hoped that the court will appoint the children's aid society as their guardian till they have reached the age of eighteen years, after which they will be able to take care of themselves.

While moaning over our heavy municipal taxation one of the most serious subjects for reflection is the fact that eighty per cent. of the pauper children supported by the city are the offspring of foreign parents, so, notwithstanding the Record's estimate of seventy-nine millions for the next year's municipal budget of the greater New York, will be lucky if it has not to foot a bill in excess of one hundred millions.

In commenting, a short time since, on the relative condition of the republican and democratic parties, I stated "that neither of the two great parties had money to burn"—and while both parties are abundantly supplied with the root of all evil, it is, nevertheless, equally true that the demands on the cash box were never so heavy and that the bar'l is going to be a very important factor in the coming presidential election.

In the good old times ten per cent. was thought to be the proper thing as an election assessment on salaries, great and small. Suppose that the same rule holds now—ten per cent. on a salary list of forty-five millions of dollars would be a nice little plum to go into the next fight with, and if it be true, that Providence is usually on the side of the heaviest guns, it may have been a wise piece of foresight on the part of president McKinley fixing up his home in Canton, Ohio, as a shelter for the rest of his life. His opponent is evidently getting ready for a raid on the white house and for the past three weeks he has been busy buying up articles not likely to be needed during his four years' residence in Washington.

After four years of trial under the merciless judgment of the political searchlight, the American people need hardly be told that William Jennings Bryan is a man of blameless life and spotless character. In this respect the rival candidates are alike. Both are domestic men, finding more solid happiness in their homes than anywhere else in the world, and a final feature has a most unwavering faith in his destiny. It is recorded of president McKinley that in his young boyhood days he had a settled conviction that some day he would be president of the United States. Twice the opportunity was offered to him before he finally reached the goal of his ambition, but like the honest man that he is he put the alluring temptation behind him and stood by his friends to the last.

He could have had the presidential nomination when Rutherford B. Hayes secured it, and again, at Minneapolis, the golden prize was within his grasp, he having gone to the convention as the representative and advocate of his life-long friend, senator John Sherman. After many ballots it became evident that senator Sherman could not be nominated and almost without a dissent the delegates united on William McKinley. He positively refused to accept the proffered honor. They then declared they would nominate him willy-nilly. President McKinley is a man not easily moved to anger. From his youth upward he has practised the most absolute self-control. A volcano might be raging in his breast and his face would be unruffled as a millpond. But when the delegates proposed to nominate him against his will, thereby destroying the last chance of his friend, senator Sherman, his face flushed with anger and, after denouncing the entire proceeding, in no measured terms, he said: "I am here as the friend and advocate of senator John Sherman for the presidential nominatian by the republican party; he is my choice, first and last, and no friend of mine will dare to use my name" As the delegation filed out of his room, sadly disgruntled at their defeat, an old friend of his from Ohio, who was one of the party, turned around, when he reached the door, and said, "Bill McKinley, that last speech of yourn will make you president of the United States, an' don't ye forgit it."

It is generally conceded that in the coming presidential fight, New York will be the pivitol state and it is pretty safe to say that the party that carries New York will elect the presidential candidate. The position of the democratic party in the state is peculiar. As the accredited representative of regular democracy, Tammany hall has the unquestioned call; through its hands will pass the great bulk of the contributions of the faithful and also the largesses from banks, insurance companies, business corporations, railroads and plethoric business trusts, that, "casting their bread upon the waters, hope it may return after many days." Mr. Croker virtually controls the distribution of that vast fund, for although he is not now the chairman of the executive committee, he is the power behind the throne, which is greater than the throne itself, and in a heated discussion of the differences existing between ex-senator Hill and himself, when alluding to the many bitter things that the ex-senator had said about him, while his Tipperary was up to 1,000, at the suggestion of a friend, he visited senator Hill in his room, and after rehearsing the senator's wrongful accusations, to which senator Hill gave a weak denial, Mr. Croker, whose passion by this time was up to red heat, gave the ex-senator an unqualified lie direct and bounded out of the room, declaring that the senator should never touch one penny of Tammany's money to help his friends in the coming election.

The breach between these two great leaders looks bad for Mr. Bryan and if an unclouded sky hovered over the tents in the republican camp, Mr. Bryan might just as well countermand the order of removing his penates from the capital of Nebraska; but the peace that passeth understanding is not theirs. Throughout the state is a large number of old and influential republicans who chafe at the unquestioned primacy of Thomas Collier Platt. The republican party has always been famous for its kickers, they were men stiff necked, who never bent the knee to any mortal thing; men under the name of half breeds, who led by judge Robertson, aided by the counsels of James G. Blaine, hurled the greatest senator New York ever had, Roscoe Conklin and Mr. Platt himself from power, and buried Platt in obscurity for many years. This kicking contingent has always been an element of danger in the republican party and unless it can be controlled and got into line between now and November, it would be quite secure to put a safety pin on your pocket, if there is anything in it and put your betting book on the highest shelf in your closet and don't take it down till after the election.

As they promised last week, a brand new cordon of our finest police made a descent on the evil resorts of Coney Island, and the inmates of the gambling hells and bagnios thought the day of judgment had come. The time chosen for the raid was between one and two o'clock in the morning and a more miserable lot of weeping and repentant sinners could hardly be conceived than those that were bundled into that big police waggon and carted off to the lock up. It was a queer assortment. In the bad lot there were several old rounders, for whom the prospective jail had no terror, for "they had been there before, many a time." They laughed and cheered and sang "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," as though the whole affair was a good joke, which they thoroughly enjoyed. They were lost beyond all hope, depraved beyond the power of saving grace. The devil's mortgage would never be redeemed till Potter's field claimed them for its own.

There were twenty-three in the first haul, and among them were four young girls. Two of them had run away from home and their heartbroken parents had been seeking them for days. In less than a week two of them had left happy homes to reach the lowest depths of depravity and degradation. There was nothing worse on Coney Island than the vile den from which they were rescued, and they cried as if their hearts would break. There were three respectable looking old men who looked like country visitors who were on their vacation. They had been robbed of everything they possessed and not having money to pay their fine they were sent to jail.

A war has been declared against the nickel-in-the-slot boxes that exhibit infamous pictures of the most shameless and disgusting character. It is a shocking form of vice, and those that own the boxes deserve no mercy. The police are doing a good work, and aided by the board of health, which has declared the worst dens of vice unfit for human habitation, and they will raze them from turret to foundation stone.

Our Chinese population have been getting quite restive during the past week as the war between China and ourselves seems inevitable. None but street arabs and the worst class of loafers entertain any but the kindest feelings for this quiet, sober and industrious people. Now that the war is on and the lives of our ambassadors, consuls, missionaries and other of our citizens are in peril there is nothing to do but to fight it out to the bitter end till China returns our minister unharmed, or her people, amid the smoking ruin of their homes, shall learn a lesson which will be one of the red landmarks of history for ages to come, and when the sweet angel of peace shall once more spread her snowy pinions over our happy land, when the soldier will have laid down his arms, and shall sit beneath his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest him nor make him afraid, when "the sword shall be beaten into the plowshare and the spearhead into the pruning hook," let us ask ourselves, in the silence of our closet at night, if it was right, before God or man, at the behest of a foreign outcast, who himself had found a home beneath our flag, to drive the Chinaman from our gates, not because he was criminal, or bad, but because he was a Chinaman, and as our conscience answers, so mote it be.

—BROADBRIM.

Bogus Money

You don't want at all. Nor should you want bogus teas. When a man gets a bogus quarter, he is anxious to get rid of it; when a grocer gets a bad tea, he is more than anxious to get rid of it, naturally. To get the GENUINE, you have to ask for it.

MONSOON

INDO-CEYLON TEA

CANADA FAMED AFAR.

An Australian Firm Orders More Japanese Catarrh Cure From The Proprietors of This Well-Known Remedy in Canada, and Tells of Its Unequalled Merit—Wonderful Results on Every Case Tried.

Messrs. Charles Cornell & Co., 247 Coppen street, Richmond, Victoria, Australia, writes: "Enclosed please find 10s. for six boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure, which kindly mail to us at your earliest convenience. Some time ago we purchased a small supply, and must say that it has given very satisfactory results on every case tried. It certainly is an article of undoubted merit. We are sure if its wonderful merits were known more widely here a large sale would be established in this country."

The proprietors of Japanese Catarrh Cure are not only receiving the strongest letters of gratitude from the catarrh afflicted in every town, village, and city in Canada, but from every state in the union. Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only remedy ever known to cure chronic catarrh. If cure after cure has been used without success, you will not be disappointed with Japanese Catarrh Cure. Sold by J. B. McLeod, Kingston, for 50c., or mailed post paid by the G. and M. Co., limited, 121 Church street, Toronto.

THE TRUEST HEART.

Washington Post.

Life's wondrous tome before me now is lying;
I read on every page with joy and tears
The goodness, kindness, and the love undying
Which, mother, you have shown me all these years.

I read how you my infant couch attended
Through long and weary nights of anxious care
That then the life but just begun had ended
Had not thy faithful saving hand been there.

I see how you my early footsteps guided
And watched, solicitous, my later youth,
With tears the early fault yet softly chided
And taught me virtue, love, and holy truth.

O that those sinless years to me returning,
The purity of life's young day could bring!
O weary soul, so full of fruitless yearning,
How sin hath soiled the plumage of thy wing!

Thine image, gentle mother, is e'er near me,
And where I go it follows night and day,
It rises through the gloom a star to cheer me
And lead me from temptation's dangerous way.

I've wandered far and tasted many a pleasure,
Have drunk of sorrow, tasted friendship's worth;
My erring feet have moved in folly's measure,
Yet there I've found the truest heart on earth!

MY SOLDIER COMES NO MORE.

Ellen Clemintine Howarth.

Yes, many a heart is light to-day,
And bright is many a home,
And children dance along the way
The soldier heroes come;
And bands beneath the floral arch
The gladdest music pour;
While beats my heart a funeral march—
My soldier comes no more.

One morn from him glad tidings came,
Joy to my heart they gave;
At night I read my hero's name
Amid the fallen brave.
I know not where he met the foe,
Nor where he sleeps in gore,
Enough of woe for me to know
My soldier comes no more.

Now, here they come with heavy tramp,
And flags and pennons gay,
Who were his comrades in the camp
His friends for many a day,
The music ceases as they pass
Before my cottage door;
The flags are lowered, they know, alas,
My soldier comes no more.

What care I for the seasons now?
The world has lost its light;
No spring can clothe my leafless bough,
No morn dispel my night,
No longer may I hopeful wait
For summer to restore;
My heart and home are desolate—
My soldier comes no more.

To Teach In Turkey.

New York, Aug. 11.—Miss Hester D. Jenkins, of Ashbrook, Wis., and Miss Given Griffiths, of the university of Chicago, sailed for Constantinople, Turkey, to-day. Miss Jenkins will occupy the position of professor of English and Miss Griffiths the chair of science at the American college in Constantinople.

Well people do not worry. Take Miller's Compound Iron Pills and be well. Fifty doses for a quarter. Sold by E. C. Mitchell.

Miller's Worm Powders for restlessness and peevishness. Sold by E. C. Mitchell.

A pretty view.

Cherry lips and pearly teeth set in rosy gums.

Never was a lady who didn't want *that* kind of facial decoration.

Any lady *may* have it if she uses "*Dentofoss*" for the teeth.

Polishes, cleans, brightens, preserves, sweetens the breath by destroying germs of decay—it is *the* ideal tooth cleanser—no caustic lime, no traces of iron, nothing that is tooth-injurious, such as is frequently found in the chalky compositions of drug store manufacture.

Sold by all good druggists. You can get it if you ask for it, but you *must* ask.

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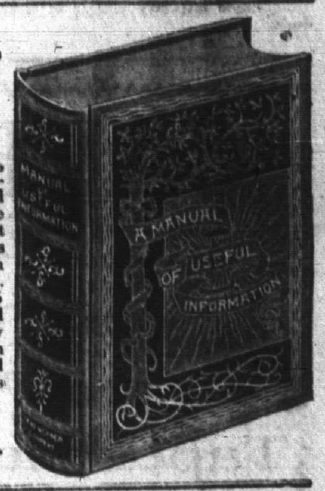

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GUARANTEED TO PREVENT

CHOLERA-INFANTUM,

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BRITISH CHEMISTS COMPANY,
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