

A husband and wife don't always agree, except on the merits of Blue Ribbon Tea.



SEPTEMBER 1st.

Back season is now here. We have just received a nice line of everything in the Spring Goods line. Gases from \$10 up. Cartridges, Powder, Shot, Shell.

W. A. MITCHELL 55 PRINCESS STREET.

COMMERCIAL.

Table with columns for 'MONTREAL STOCK MARKET' and 'MONTREAL PRODUCE MARKET'. Lists various stocks and their prices.

MONTREAL PRODUCE MARKET. Montreal, Que., Sept. 2.—Flour—Receipts, 170 bbls; market quiet. Quotations: patent...

LIVERPOOL MARKET. Liverpool, Mon., Sept. 2.—Wheat—No. 1 Spring...

CAROLINE IS FAMOUS.

The New York Sunday Press Tells Of the Charleston Heroine. Brookville Reporter.

Canuck papers are all right in their place and can tell a plain matter of fact story fairly well, but it takes the Yankee press manipulators to put on the frills.

The New York Sunday Press contains a cut of Caroline Luroes, baby and bottle, and a short sketch of her heroic deed in caring for the little one.

When the first found she was lost and it came on night she fed the baby on blueberries and gave it water out of the bottle, climbed a tree and held the baby all night.

Ray Fortson, Sept. 2.—Hon. G. E. Fortson has been yesterday the one and only visiting politician...

The fastest steamer—New York Leaves Folger's wharf at 8 a.m., Sept. 7th, for Montreal, Island points and Ogdensburg. Fare 50 cents.

Nathaniel March, Reporter, is eighty-eight years of age. He came to Kingston when he was about ten years of age and has resided ever since in the Bay of Quinte district.

The crops in the late St. John valley this year are something phenomenal. The production of Marysville cleared \$250 by their recent plow.

Alex. O'Brien, High-Class Tailoring and Furnishings, Corner Princess and Bagot Streets.

THE LAST EDITION.

GENERAL PARAGRAPHS.

The Very Latest News Dropped Into The Smallest Spaces. United States manifestos can be secured in any quantity at the White office.

A prominent man in a near by village has been asked to put up \$2,000 or stand exposure for misconduct. The archbishop of Ontario and Mrs. Lewis reached Quebec at noon and will arrive in Kingston on Monday afternoon.

Monday is a holiday, but don't forget that Tuesday night is the moonlight in aid of the children's ward in the general hospital.

You will find all kinds of boots and shoes at the very lowest prices at Abernethy's. The inauguration of the monument erected to Champlain, the founder of the city of Quebec, has been definitely fixed for September 21st.

The directors of the R. & O. company, feeling they have a regular Klondike in the Kingston and 1,000 Islands excursion business, promise to open up a few more leads next season. This is their own proclamation.

ANGLO-GERMAN ALLIANCE. Various Things Will Result From The New Order. London, Sept. 3.—The Daily Mail says: "We learn that Mr. Balfour and the German ambassador, count Von Hatzfeldt, signed on Wednesday a document preliminary to a treaty which will give Germany a free hand in Asia Minor and allow England to lease Delagoa Bay from Portugal at a cost of between two million and five million pounds."

Not having seen the exodus, the captain believed that his crew, frightened at the possibility of big blows, had told the rat story as an excuse for quitting the ship. He swore at them and ordered them to go ashore and stay there. The superstitious sailors tried to convince the captain that they were not deserting him, and they asked him not to make the United States consul and obstinate. He got a new crew and that night started out of port.

The story spread, and the trip of the Vernon was watched. In Lake Michigan she pounded several hours in a terrible sea; her seams opened, and she went down. Not a soul was saved. There was probably not a sailor on the lakes who did not hear of this story, and those who had been disbelievers before now had full confidence in the rat sign.

Seven or eight years ago a schooner which had no name was deserted by rats while she lay in Milwaukee. Two of her crew quit immediately. The remaining two stayed on the craft. This schooner was blown ashore at Silver Creek, Lake Erie. The two men were taken off by a life saving.

A more recent case of this kind was that of the steamer Idaho, which went down off Long Point, Lake Erie, last November. This boat put out of Buffalo just ahead of the hardest blow of last season. One who was regarded as the finest passenger boat on the lakes. On this, her last trip, she was buffeted for several hours. She pounded by Long Point, eighty miles northwest of Buffalo, and then her captain ordered her brought about so that she might run under Long Point for shelter.

The rush of waves was too much for her. She was caught in the roll of the sea and she gradually filled and sank. Of her crew of twenty-one men nineteen were drowned. The first mate and a seaman named Gill climbed into the rigging, where they remained thirty-six hours. They were finally taken off by the steamer Mariposa.

It was learned shortly after the wreck that just before the vessel left her moorings, a swarm of rats crawled over the hawseers to the wharf. This was known to part of the crew and four men deserted at the last moment. Their places were filled by two vagabonds who were lounging along the docks.

When the old ship was well out of port and was beating hard, the old steward, who was the eldest crew member on the lakes, learned that the rats had left the ship the hour of her departure. He cursed because the fact had been kept from him. When the boat began to roll and plunge and the great waves broke over her old lady, the steward got down on his knees and prayed. He was the first to be washed overboard.

The captain of a sailing vessel was asked recently why he and other lake navigators put so much confidence in the movements of rats. "Because it has been shown that rats are an unfailing sign," he said. "It has been proved a hundred times. There are a whole lot of things in this world that we don't know anything about. Why can't it be sensible to believe that God designated rats as messengers to warn navigators of danger? Rats live in the very fibres of a ship. They see what we can't see. When the timbers are hollowed and the seams open, these little animals know that the ship is unsafe and they desert it. Knowledge of some kind was probably settled on them by one of the powers of which we know absolutely nothing."

Jim. I heard the drum roll, rill-rill, dub, dub. And the piccolo's shrill refrain. The boys in blue with hearts so true Are marching home with their rifles true. I hear the drum, but it beats for me. Despair and grief's tattoo. I'd be glad if our dear lad— Our Jim—poor Jim—marched, too!

I hear the tramp, the tramp, tramp, tramp. Of the army marching by: Brave soldiers all, at their country's call. They went to fight and die. Their task is done, with heads erect. They pass there in review: Instead of bears I'd give them cheers. If Jim—poor Jim—marched, too!

I hear the clank, the clank, clank, clank. Of the secrets of the captain's eye. But my eyes rest on the blood-stained crest. Of a hill far, far away. They left him there where the weeping winds Sing dirges faint and few— They're home—God's light! How grand the sight!

THEY DESERTED THE SHIP.

RATS GO ASHORE BEFORE A VOYAGE.

The Sailors Also Refused to go on the Water After Seeing the Floating Rodents—Vessels Have Gone Down Afterwards—Theory of a Captain.

There is only one salt water superstition accepted by sailors of the great lakes. That is the one which has come down from the earliest navigators, that if rats leave a ship the ship is certain to sink. Lake men's absolute and general credence in this makes up for their incredulity regarding other marine prognostics. It is hard to find a lake sailor, from a captain down to a deck-hand, who does not place full faith in the old rat sign. Not all of them will admit it to an outsider, but they admit it to one another. The old captains used to have the rats taken from the ship, civil war and still small vessels of the old type would no sooner take their craft out of port if the rats had deserted her than they would pull anchor in a December norwester.

There is no reason why these freshwater sailors should not be credulous. The superstition has been handed down from the time boats first began to ply on the lakes, and the stories told of the sinking of various craft on the lakes have served to convince the present generation of navigators that there must be something supernatural in the exodus of ship rats. Take the story of the Vernon, for instance.

The Vernon was a three-master which did a tramp business. Built in Buffalo in 1850, she was for many years regarded as one of the best craft on the lakes. Late in the fall, about fifteen years ago she unloaded a cargo of grain in Buffalo and reloaded with package freight for Chicago. Her captain had hired what extra sailors he needed, and about seven o'clock on the night of November 2nd, he was ready to leave and start west. There was considerable of a sea outside and the indications were that the weather would be heavy for several days. Still, the Vernon was considered a staunch vessel, and no one thought it risky to take her out. Just before the lines were let off one of the seamen saw a rat run over the hawseers to the wharf. In a moment another was seen. The seaman called others of the crew to see the unusual sight. Between fifty and seventy-five rats were seen to scurry and look refuge along the wharf. Five sailors accordingly informed the captain that they would not go out with the vessel.

Not having seen the exodus, the captain believed that his crew, frightened at the possibility of big blows, had told the rat story as an excuse for quitting the ship. He swore at them and ordered them to go ashore and stay there. The superstitious sailors tried to convince the captain that they were not deserting him, and they asked him not to make the United States consul and obstinate. He got a new crew and that night started out of port.

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WOMEN GLOVELESS NOWAYS

Only the Old Fashioned Wear Them in Summer—Gloves in the Past.

Fashionable women who wear gloves in the summer are now as rare as were the unglorified women of the same class a few years ago. It is only a short time since a well-dressed woman would as soon have gone without her hat as to appear on the street without gloves. The temperature had nothing to do with it. Gloves in summer were as compulsory as at any other season of the year.

But now one may go days together in the crowded streets, or other places where people congregate, and never catch sight of a gloved hand. One may observe, too, that in the rare cases where gloves are worn the wearer is of the common type rather than of the fashionable class. To the former gloves are inexorable—the sign of good breeding and good dressing that cannot be omitted.

At a little forsaken-looking hamlet on the way to Denver, during the recent meeting of the general federation of women's clubs, a woman boarded the train and joined the delegates. She looked like the place—little and forsaken—but she was intelligent and refined and had two bright babies with her. Dreadfully poor, with shabby clothes, a hat which was a year old, and the two babies to take care of, she yet wore gloves—loose, old-fashioned black ones, but gloves nevertheless. They were her creed of good form, and she wore them religiously, only taking them off when she fed the children and immediately replacing them.

The woman was an easterner, who, years ago, married and "went west." They had not succeeded. She was to meet her sister at the federation, who is a prosperous Boston woman and whom she had not seen the twenty years. It was a pathetic little incident, emphasized by the little.

At all the federation meetings there was scarcely a glove to be seen. Even at the evening receptions they were dispensed with.

But when the wearing of gloves was conducted on the same sound principle that inspires a miller to wear a white hat, but long ago the custom departed from the primitive idea of usefulness. According to the encyclopedias and other heavy literature Larries was the first to wear a glove. The former king was not fashionable, but it is set forth in the "Odyssey" that in his capacity of farmer he had to deal with certain brambly bushes, and he must also keep his hands in a kindly condition, hence the introduction of gloves.

Since the time gloves have had many and strange significances, from a seal of the transferee of property to a challenge to single combat. Not until centuries later did they begin to take on class significance. It was when they were adopted by royalty that the wearing of gloves was first regarded as a mark of station. Some of the early English kings were buried with gloves on, and when the manufacture of gloves was introduced in Great Britain, it was considered as a craft of great dignity and importance.

During the reign of the second Edward of Scotland the motto of the Glovers of Perth, a wealthy guild which still exists, was "chartered and received armorial bearings."

But although gloves were started on their career through the custom of the nobles, they fell to the women to bring them into universal popularity. After bringing about such a fashion it is to be supposed that women have felt they must stand by it, for, whatever the cause, men have never become addicted to the glove habit after the manner of women. A man is bound to be comfortable, and when gloves are a discomfort he casts them off. He never loses sight of the utility idea, differing from the rib sex, which was created blind to it.

With the introduction of the shirt waist and the short skirt, and the sailor and fedora hats, a woman's costume has become comparatively simple and sensible, and it is this new freedom and comfort in dressing that accounts for her independence in the matter of gloves.

Merchants and dealers in gloves say that this new bare-handed fad has affected the sale enormously. June, July and August are deadly dull in the glove trade, and this year not even silk gloves find the sale of former years.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Chicago News. Some people are always up and doing—other people. The older a woman gets the more she worries about past years. Love and seasickness are feelings that beggar description. Patriotism is frequently used as a cloak by scheming politicians. One Cuban in the commissary department is worth two in battle. Men are not necessarily big guns because they happen to be big noses. Before marriage every man swears to love; after marriage he loves to swear. Some people are naturally nervous, while others are troubled with prickly heat. There is nothing a manly man admires more than a girlish girl or a womanly woman.

An actress is often indebted to the florist for the flowers she gets over the footlights. The man who fails to lay up something for a rainy day always has to depend on his friends for an umbrella. It doesn't always make a man happy when a girl returns his love—especially when it's returned because she has no use for it. Before marriage every man has a theory about managing a wife, but after marriage he finds that it's a condition and not a theory that confronts him.

She Loves Her Neighbor.

An Alchison woman, who loves to accommodate her neighbors is serving coffee three times a day to her family, though they prefer tea, in order to help a boy next door collect enough wrappers to get a bicycle. She has substituted Snow White bar soap for toilet soap in every bedroom to help out a woman in the same block who is collecting enough soap wrappers to get a sewing machine for nothing, and she recently bought fifty pounds of prunes because another neighbor's boy finds that by selling a certain amount of prunes he can get a rifle free. She buys extracts, starch, rice, etc., in the same way, and the man of the house hasn't had a piece of meat in a week, because none of the neighbors are so-licitating orders for beefsteak in the hope of winning a premium. The man of the house is getting tired of being told to eat prunes cheerfully and to cultivate a taste for dried apples because it will help his neighbors.

For Getting Her Hair.

The swift steamer "New Island Wanderer" for the Ogdensburg fair, Wednesday, Sept. 7th. Leaves Folger's wharf 7 a.m. Calls at Gananoque and Brockville and Ogdensburg. Fare 25 cents.

R. E. Gilson, the visiting organist, who gave the piano recital at Thursday, Sept. 2nd, will play at the same place on Saturday, Sept. 4th, at 8 p.m. Tickets 50 cents.

The biggest dog—The Swift Steamer. Wednesday, Sept. 7th, the "New Island Wanderer" leaves Folger's wharf 7 a.m.

The biggest dog club holds its...

WE HAVE EVERYTHING...

IN DRESS GOODS that is new and Always at the Right Prices.

5,000 YARDS FANCY SILKS, Exclusive Designs, 50c, 65c, 70c, 75c, 90c, \$1.00.

R. WALDRON.

HAVE A HAPPY RE-UNION. PICTON SCHOOL GIRLS FORM A LITERARY CLUB.

And Then They Go Off and Get Married, But Twenty Years After Meet and Have a Rare Time in Recalling the Past.

Picton Gazette. About twenty years ago ten girls of the Picton high school formed themselves into a club called the G.L.C.—"Girls' Literary Club." The ten were: Misses Amanda and Lilly Southard, daughters of Abraham Southard, Picton; Miss Cassie E. Palmer, daughter of David Palmer, Picton; now of Toronto; Miss Bertha Rose Wainport, Miss Nellie Hart, Picton; Miss Carrie Lavier, daughter of Nicholas Lavier, Picton; Miss Lillian Platt, daughter of G. D. Platt, Picton; Miss May Sawyer, Picton; Miss Agnes Lent, daughter of J. E. Lent, Picton; and Miss Annie Minkner, daughter of the late Capt. Andrew Minkner, South Bay.

In the fall of 1881 the last full meeting of the club was held, after which its members began to scatter, seven of them becoming teachers.

In 1899 Miss Hart went to Japan in the employ of the missionary society of the Methodist church of Canada. Desiring to keep in touch with the nine in the home land, after a year's residence there, she wrote to one of the members suggesting a circulating letter, and enclosed her sheet addressed to the girls. This one added her sheet and sent them on to another, and so it travelled by mail and grew till its ten sheets reached Miss Hart again in far-off Japan. She exchanged her sheet for a new one and sent the package to No. 2 again to do likewise, and so it has continued to go the rounds, with its ten letters, ever changing, and each one addressed, "Dear Girls," though every one is now a staid married woman.

The first to launch on the sea of matrimony was Miss Minkner, and the last to follow her example was Miss Lent. As to the husbands selected only five occupations are represented—teachers, farmers, physicians, travellers, ministers.

In 1884 Miss Minkner married E. J. Lake, M.D., of Iburg, Pa., now of Kingston, a Picton high school scholar with the ten. Then in the following order the others were married: Miss Sawyer to J. W. Johnson, principal of Belleville business college; Miss Lavier to H. W. Richards, of Chicago, Ill., traveller, another Picton high school scholar, with the ten; Miss Amanda Southard to F. Ketcheson, Melita, Man. farmer; Miss Palmer to John Damer, of Toronto, traveller; Miss Rose to H. Hibbs, Bloomfield, farmer; Miss Platt to Rev. G. Davey, Chester, Pa., now of Red Bank, N.J.; Miss Lillian Southard to M. Mabee, Peterboro, Ont., teacher, deceased; Miss Hart to W. Nichol, M.D., Montreal, and Miss Lent to Rev. John Hall, Bond Head, Ont.

On the 27th of July last there was a re-union of the club held at the residence of A. Southard, the home of Mrs. Mabee. All but one of the ten were present—Mrs. Ketcheson—not being able to remain long enough to meet the others on their visit to Picton. Two of the husbands, Rev. G. Davey and John Hall, were guests of the evening, as also was Frederick Lazier, brother of Mrs. Richards, an old high school scholar with the ten. Though children have come to draw out the world, love and brightness, none of the homes, yet death has touched but one household, when the husband, Mr. Mabee, was taken. Each of the ten has enjoyed also a goodly measure of this world's good things, for all of which blessings, thanksgiving, and praise are due to the "Father of lights," from whom cometh every good gift and every perfect boon.

Some Sage Sayings. The biggest fish stories come in bottles. A woman may know just what to say, but she invariably adds more to it. The man who has never loved but once may have experimented a good deal. A young man with a slender salary should marry a girl with a small waste. A single spade in the hands is worth more than a tray of diamonds in the pack. Love makes the young man on the rear seat of the tandem make the wheels go round. There is usually more danger in an elopement than any other kind of runaway. A girl's features may be stamped on her mother's heart, but it's always her complexion that looms up on his coat collar.

John Laidlaw & Son. FALL SUITS. FALL OVERCOATS.

OAK HALL. FALL SUITS. FALL OVERCOATS.

H. D. Bibby Co., 336 King Street, Kingston.

Deckyard Scandal At White. MALTA, Sept. 3.—The prosecution of Henry Vella, late cashier to the admiralty deckyard here, has been begun. The accused is charged in three indictments, setting forth that he conspired to his own use, by means of the signatures, in 1897, £14,432; between 1893 and 1894, £10,000; and in 1897, £1,300; the total defalcations amounting to over £25,000. The crown advocate asks for periods of imprisonment varying from seven months to two years on each of the indictments.

Who Was Assassinated. New York, Sept. 3.—Despatches from Paris this morning state that the city is in a wild uproar over the allegation that Oct. Henry did not kill himself, but that he fell a victim to an assassin. The statement is based on the assertion in the papers that they have not seen the man with which, it is alleged, Oct. Henry killed himself.

Who Was Another Hero. New York, Sept. 3.—A dispatch to the Herald from Havana, via Key West, reports having successfully done everything in his power to convey the impression that he was sailing to Spain via New York per SS. Philadelphia, Thursday, Gen. Pando instead of Gen. Pando, and that he had been shot about ten hours later on the French steamer "Leone de France" with a bullet in his back, 12,000,000 francs.

The Magnificent Steamer "New York" Leaves Folger's wharf 8 a.m., Wednesday, Sept. 7th, for the big fair at Ogdensburg, calling at Thousand Island points. Fare 50 cents.