

St. Lawrence River & 1000 Island Steamboat Co's (Limited).

In connection with New York Central & Hudson River Railroad and Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad, via Clayton, N.Y. DOWN THE RAPIDS TO MONTREAL.

Commencing on Wednesday, July 7. TIME-TABLE-Tri-Weekly fervice. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, FRIDAYS.

Leave Kingston 3:15 a.m. Mondays, Wed-Arrive Montreal 5:30 p.m. Mondays, Wedmesdays, Fridays.

Leave Montreal 7 pm. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays.
Arrive Kingston 9:15 p.m. Tuesdays, Thurs-N.B -Steamers call 1,000 Island Points, Brockville, Prescott and Cornwall.

FACTS. The New American Line to Montreal is the fulfilment of a long fest want. The Steamers Empire State," "America" and "St. Laware up-to-date boats, constructed vanced lines of modern shipbuilding. They have luxurious cabins on main and promenade decks, and their tasteful furnishings are The beautiful, spacious Dining Rooms on

the Main Deck, with their generous plate glass windows, are equipped with individual tables and have the largest seating capacity alleled scenery. The cuisine is of the first order: no expense being spared to make the skill can devise. These graceful boats are brilliantly lighted by electricity, and equipped with the most powerful type of Marine Electric Search Lights.

The Steamers all burn Anthracite Coal, which accounts for their immaculate clean iness, and the entire absence of smoke (the feature of a steamboat trip) rein the well-merited distinction of the "White squadron." They are readily recognized by the New York Central Shield on the white smoke stacks. These Steamers are essentially day line

The main purpose of their careful construction being to adapt them for daytight service to Montreal. Their clear, spa ions, unobstructed decks afford the grandest resible opportunity for the ful: enjoyment of this most thrilling trip on the American ATThe American Line of Steamers are the

will the rapids, even when the water is at its Notice regarding daily service will appear

N.B. Passengers from Kingston can go on bend two cent stamp for descriptive

City Passenger Agent, Foot Brock Street, Kingston.

Royal Mail Steamships

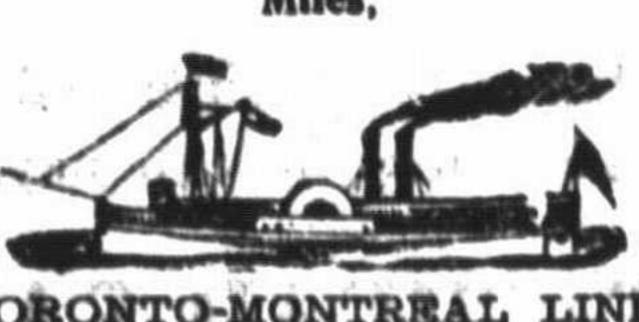
LIVERPOOL SERVICE

VIA LONDONDERRY.

From Montreal. From Quebec. cotsman.. Aug. 28, daylight, Aug. 28th, 2 p.m Sept. 5th, 9 a.m " 11th. 2 p.m Oct 3rd, 9 a.m September, 14th October and 11th November. Boston 11th passage to Londonderry or to

First Cabin-\$52.50 to \$70 single; \$105 to \$133 Second Cabin-\$34 to \$36.25 single; \$66.75 to \$69 return. Steerage to Liverpool, Londonderry, London, Glasgow, Queenstown, Belfast. \$22.50 to \$23 50. Midship saloons, electric lights, spacious promenade decks.

J. P. Gildersleeve, Agent, G.T.R. Station. 42 Clarence St. Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company. THE SCENIC LINE OF AMERICA. From Toronto to Ha! Ha! Bay, Saguenay, 800



TORONTO-MONTREAL LINE. Steamers leave Kingston daily (except fonday), going east at 5 a.m Daily (except Monday), going west at 3 p.m. Through the Bay of Quinte by daylight.

KINGSTON-MONTREAL LINE. Str. Columbian leaves Kingston at 3:15 a m., londay, Wednesday and Friday for Montreal. Passengers so desiri g may go on board this steamer the night before. Burths free.

HAMILTON AND MONTREAL LINE. STEAMER "HAMILTON" Setween Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, 1,000 slands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence and Mon-

Leaves Kingston:-Going East-TUESDAY at 5 p.m. Going West-FRIDAY at 10 p.m. Fares-Hamilton, \$4.50, return, \$8.50. Togr.50. Berths and Meals included both ways. Connections are made at Montreal daily for Juebec and the Saguenay. JAS. SWIFT& CO.,



AND ALEXANDRIA BAY.

THE NEW FAST STEEL STEAMER swego and Rochester every Tuesday, Thurslay and Saturday at 10:15 a.m., connecting at lawego with the Delaware, Lackawanna & Vestern RR. for Syracuse, New York and all Returning from Rochester and Oswego she will leave Kingston for Clayton and Alex-andria Bay every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 o'clock p.m. For tickets and further information apply JAMESSWIFT & CO.,

For Liverpool (calling at Moville for endonderry) every Saturday from Monzreal, calling at Quetec. From Montreal. From Quebec

J. P. HANKEY, Agent Grand Trunk Station

Open for charter by day or week.

STEAMER "PAUL SMITH"

TRAVELLING-BY BOAT

Leaves daily at 5 p.m. (Sunday's excepted) of Belleville, Picton and way ports. On Saturday only going as far as Picton. On Tuesdays and Thursdays going to Brighton, Trenton.

Tri-Weekly Kingston and Rochester, N.Y. (Commencing 2)th June.) at 3 p.m. Connecting at Brighton with Str North King" for Charlotte, N.Y., (Port of Sunday-Str. "North King" leaves at 9 a.m.

for Thousand Islands and Alexandria Bay. Right reserved to change time without For further information regarding passage and freight, apply to H. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

TRAVELLING-BY RAIL.

N.Y.C. AND H.R. RR. LESSER. SHORT LINE Niagara Falls, Oswego, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincin-

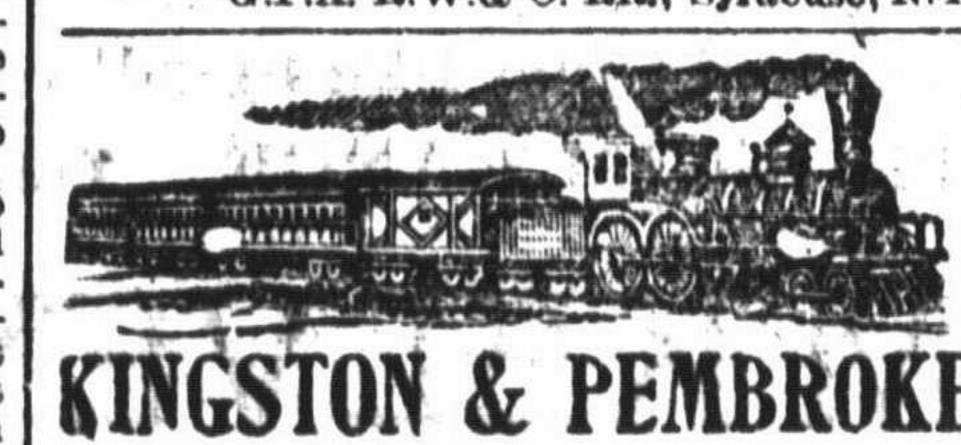
WEST. Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and the SOUTH Troy, Springfield, Hartford, Worcester, Providence, Boston and the

nati, St. Louis and the

BAST. TIME TABLE: Steamer for CAPE VINCENT of any steamers on the St. Lawrence River. | will leave KINGSTON daily (Sunday excepted) 5 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., connecting at Cape Vincent with trains to all points in the UNITED STATES.

> Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars between CAPE VINCENT AND NEW YORK. For lowest rates, time tables and reliable information apply to FRED. A. FOLGER, City Ticket Agent R. W & O. RR., Foot Brock St, Kingston.

G.P.A. H.W.& O. RR., Syracuse, N.Y.



tightest draught passenger boats on this canada Pacific Railways route, thus insuring their being able to run DIAMOND JUBILEE

EXHIBITION, MONTREAL,

board steamer night before (after 9:30 p.m.) Return Tickets Kingston to \$3.70 Good going August 23rd and 25th. Return Tickets Kingston to \$5.65 Good going August 20th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th All tickets good to return until August 3(th, Last cheap excursion to Canadian North-West AUG. 31st and SEPT. 14th. Full particulars at K. & F. and C. P. R Ticket office, Ontario street. Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt.

> GRAND TRUNK BALLWAY BXLURSIONS.

> Victorian Exposition & Industrial Fair TORONTO, AUGUST soth to SEPTEMBER 11th. On Sept, 6th and 8th return rate will be Aug. Stat. Sept. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5 h, 9th and 10th round trip rate will be .5.4 '. All tickets good to return to Sept. 13th, 1897.

ANNUAL EXCURSION TO OTTAWA, MONTREAL AND QUEBEC. First Class Sing e Fare for round trip. Tickets good going Aug. 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. Good to return on or before Sept. 20,'97. ANNUAL SEASIDE EXCURSION,

AUG. 27th, 28th, 29th & 30th. Portland, Me., and Cacouna, Que......\$11 65 St. John, N B Andrews, N.B..... Charlottetown, P.E.I.....

Good to return on or before Sept. 20th, 1897. Stop over will be allowed within the limit of tickets at Quebec and East thereof only. J. P. HANLEY, Agent. G.T. City Passenger Station, Foot of Johnston street, Kingston.

For Sale or Exchange.

Lot between Johnston and Earl on Gordon Street, 54x200. 436 Alfred St., house and lot. house and lot and barn. near Princess, 3 houses. ling and Gore St., 3 houses and land, 100x117 King St., near Gore St., vacant lot, 66x133. frame houses George Street.

House and lot, cor. of George and Stewart St. Earl St., near Gordon St., double brick house And 150 other properties in city and county for sale, to let or exchange.

GARDINER'S Real Estate Agency, 151 Wellington St., Kingston. Money to loan at lowest rates

'Phone 133 for

WHY? Good Quality. Low Prices. Prompt Delivery.

Square Dealing.

BOOTH Cor. Ontario and West Streets

The prudent will

annually visit

now so accessible. and with a course of the waters and

baths ensure continued health. Have secured the Agency of the

TOM WHITE WHOPPED

IE THOUGHT THE BEAR WAS ZEB THE POSSUM HUNTER.

and the Mistake Proved to Be a Fatal One. How the Possum Hunter of the Tennessee Won a Reputation as a Marvelous Clawer and Biter.

"Thar was sum purty bad men around yere jest arter the wab," said Zeb White, the possum hunter of Tennessee, as he got his nipe alight one evening on the doorstep. "Mebbe the wurst critter of the lot was named Tom Smith. He didn't hev no fam'ly, but jest sorter hung around at the Co'ners. He was powerful on the brag, but he could fight fur all that, and bimeby everybody got skeered o' him. He went about with a chip on his shoulder and blood in his eye till sum men moved away to git cl'ar o' him. Fur sum reason he didn't bother me fur a long time, but one day when I went down to the Co'ners to sell sum possum pelts Tom was outer sorts and opened on me. He looks at me a long time with a glare in his eye. Then he throws down his hat and jumps on it

"Whoopee! Zeb White, behold the jumper from Jumpersville! I'll bet my rifle ag'in them possum pelts I kin outjump yo' by six inches! If yo' ar' a man with legs under yo', cum out and try me

"I seed he was tryin to pick a quarrel," said Zeb, "and so I talked soft to him and tried to git away.' When I wouldn't jump, he wanted to box or pull sticks, and when I still hung off he jumped on his hat sum more and hooted: "'I'm the tallest tree on the Cumber-

land mountings. I've stood up ag'in a me I hit back. I'm dyin fur some varmint | man!' "

got to know a b'ar from a man, but he thought it was me, fur shore, and he soon and a surprise party on hand. The b'ar didn't seem hankerin after meat, but he did want sum fun. It was a purty squar' fight, and I'll giv' Tom Smith credit fur standin up like a man. From the way he velled out I could tell that he thought was usin my nails and teeth, but he didn' complain. The b'ar knocked him down and rolled him about a dozen times, an he got many a good lick in on the ba'r, but at length the fout was over and Tom Smith was a whopped man. He hollered out that he'd got plenty, and I reckon was the same with the b'ar, as he sudden! made off into the woods. When Tom go over bein dazed, he got up and said to me

"Zeb White, I'm a-beggin of yo'r pard ing. I thought yo' was a coward and dasn' stand up to me, but yo've whopped me in a fa'r fout and I'll be yo'r friend forever mo'. I've allus bin reckoned powerfu with my nails and teeth, but yo' kin out site and outclaw any human critter in the state of Tennessee.' " "Was he badly used up?" I asked as the story seemed to be finished.

"He hadn't skassly a bit of clothing left on him," replied Zeb, "and he was bruises and bites and claw marks from head to heel. I reckon he might hev got well from them, but his heart was broke. He knowed I was in pore health, and when he realized that he'd bin whopped by a sick man he took to his bed and died in two weeks. He sent fur me the day he died, and an hour

befo' he breathed his last he reached fur

my hand and whispered: " 'Zeb White, I can't make out how yo did it, but yo' dun made me holler fur the first time in my life, and I'm prayin fur death to cum. I've kinder thought yo' might hev had buzzsaws fastened to yo'r hands and feet, but that wouldn't be ag'in yo' and I bear no grudge. Goodby, Zeb I hope to neet yo' in the t'other land and hurricane, and when lightnin struck at hev another fout to see who ar' the best M. QUAD.

"FETCHED HIM A CUFF THAT KNOCKED HIM TEN FEET."

to look cross eyed at me. Zeb White, take my rifle, my butes, my hat; take all I've got on this yere airth, but stand up to me

"I was in mighty pore health," exclaimed Zeb, "and no match fur sich a man, and so I had to crawfish. Everybody said I orter shoot him down, but I couldn't shed blood that way. It hurts me to this day to remember that I went home like a whipt cur, leaving that critter to crow over me, but my mind was made up to tackle him as soon as I felt like a man ag'in. When I got home, I was cryin, 15 65 and the old woman scz to me, sez she:

"Zeb, has the wah broke out ag'in?" " 'No.' " 'Then, what's the matter?'

" 'I've bin bluffed!' "'D'yo mean that Tom Smith has crowed over yo'?'

'That's jest what he has, and I'm so pesky weak in the knees that I had to git away from him.' " 'Jest backed yo' down, did he?'

"'He did. It's the fust time in my life I ever crawfished fur any human critter!' "Reckon it is, Zeb. I knows how yo' feel, but yo' couldn't help it. If yo'd tackled him, he'd hev broke yo' in two. I'll go right at it and nurse yo' up, and in fo' weeks yo'll be fitten to whop Tom Smith ti he can't hoot. If yo' hain't, I'll put on yo' clothes and whop him myself!'

"I felt better arter that," said Zeb, 'though I couldn't get over the hurt to my feelins. One evenin about two weeks arter the fuss and when I was gainin on it, but not feelin much better, I was sittin right yere when I cotched sight of a b'ar across the road by them rocks. Plenty of b'ars round yere them days, as nobody had been home to kill 'em off. About the time I cotched sight of the b'ar Tom Smith showed up. He had cum down to whop me. He wasn't satisfied with bluffin me | gin counting? down, but he'd made threats to break all my bones. The old woman cotched sight of him as soon as I did and got down the rifle. She meant to kill him if he cum in to attack me. Tom saw me a-sittin yere and he stopped right by that tree and

throwed down his hat and yelled: " 'Whoopee! I'm hungry fur the meat at an alligator! I thirst fur the blood of tigers! I'm lonely to meet up with a den of rattlesnakes, and I can't go home tonight till I've chawed the ear of a panther! Zeb White, ar' that yo' a-softin tharf'

" 'Do yo' call yo'self a man?' "'Not a well man. If yo'll gin me fo' weeks mo', I'll run yo'outer the kentry!' " 'I can't wait! I'm a-perishin fur the want of a mortal combat with sumbody! If yo'll cum out yere, Zeb White, yo' kin tie my hands and feet and I'll fight yo' with my teeth alone! Take pity on a perishin man and cum out. Whoopee! If yo' respected yo'r pore old father or loved yo'r

mother, vo'd cum out and stand up to me!' "Waal," sighed the old man, "he talked that way till I got mad and riz up to go, but jest as I did so that b'ar waltzed across the road on his hind feet and fetched him a cuff which knocked him ten feet. Tom thought I'd got out thar without his seein me, and he was tickled to death as he riz 02 up and went fur the b'ar. We heard him

'Zeb White, I said yo' wasn't a man, ar' the happiest minit of my life. Take "I reckon Tom must hev bin half drank

" To Her Level. "My child, do you think he has the force and perseverance to raise himself to your

"I am sure he has, mamma. Why, have you forgotten, the time the elevator was broken, how he climbed the whole eight

Love laughs not alone at locksmiths. Especially in our throbbing civilization there are others .- Detroit Journal.

Diogenes Up to Date. Diogenes was on foot with a bicycle lan-

"Why do you carry that 'lantern?" in-

quired the king. "I am looking for the best wheel on the market," quoth Diogenes, "and up to the present date each man I have met has recommended a different one."-Washington lies.

Her Bathing Suit. Soxey-Say, have you seen the new am to find out why not .- New York Sun-

bathing dress of Miss Van Dough? It's day World. Knoxey-Judging from the aspect of it around the top and bottom, I should say it was so poverty stricken as to be trying | she quoted. to make both ends meet. - Pittsburg News.

Grape Juice Fermented. "That man Von Miner is the most careful individual of his health that I ever

saw " and Van Wither. 'oes ho do?'' asked a friend. Van Wither, "that he takes all his grupes | so wholly unrefined as Turkey!" in liquid form."-Baltimore Sun. the A B C of civilization, and we're in the

Where to Stop. A .- Well, and how did you sleep last night? Did you follow my advice and be-

B.-Yes! I counted up to 18,000. A .- And then you fell asleep? B.-No. Then it was time to get up.-

A Parting Shot. Mistress-Mary, have you got a young

man in the kitchen? Cook (under notice to leave)-I have. an I consider a young man in the kitching is a jolly sight better than an old man in the drorin room. So there!-Pick Me Up.

> The Blaze of Skies. One more unfortunate Burning to death, Frenzied, importunate, Panting for breath! Talk to him carefully, Question him not, Swearing so fearfully, "Whew, ain't it hot?"

Look at his collar there (Cost half a dollar there). How the sweat constantly Makes it droop downward! Take him off instantly, Seaward, not townward!

Anywhere-anywhere Where there is snow! Talk to him carefully, Worry him not, Say to him cheerfully, "Isn't it hot?"

Mad with thermometers,

Down on barometers,

Anxious to go

And, owning his weakness (It may be he likes you), Just take with all meekness The blow that he strikes you. -Atlanta Constitution.

one of per certisas in Pondon-

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Alleged Assault on a Contemporary—The

Hanging of Sam Parker. Our esteemed contemporary is out with the story that a third attempt was made to assassinate him last Sunday night as he was walking in the western suburbs of the town. He says he was fired on five times by some one concealed in Dead Man's raine, and that all the bullets passed close to is sacred person. Not being armed, he ran away. There is not a man, woman or child in Giveadam Gulch who believes the story. There are plenty of men who would be rejoiced to hear that the cranky, small souled and lying old reprobate had passed in his checks, but they wouldn't waste cartridges on him. No one has ever attempted his life, and if he ever dies among us he'll have to get in front of a drove of steers or coax a thunderbolt to hit him. We have no love for him, and yet we would not speak of him harshly. He was born that way and can't help himself, and he hasn't the sand to go out and hang himself and let his wife run the concern and make a living out of it.

Three or four weeks ago Sam Parker

and Jim Davis, both of Pine Hill, went up into the mountains for a bear hunt. Two weeks ago Sam Parker retarned alone, to explain that Davis had been de voured by a grizzly bear. For some reason or other the people didn't believe the story, and Sam was arrested for marder and confined in jail. The other day it occurred to the philosophers that they must either believe the story or find the bear and secure a denial, and as there was no hope of the latter they adopted a middle course—that is, times being dull and Sam complaining of his surroundings, they took him out and hung and buried him. Word was kindly sent to us, and we were there an hour in advance. We had a long talk with Sam, and, though he insisted on the truth of his bear story, he admitted that the middle course was the one to take and interposed no serious objections. He thanked the crowd in advance for the trouble to be taken on his account, and his remarks at the last moment were timely and well chosen. He may not have quarreled and shot his companion, but he has lost nothing by being hung, as he was cross eyed and had a harelip, and there was little in life for him. M. QUAD.

Not This Kind.

The bicycle the elderly wheelman was riding was a machine that had been made to order for him. It was not a racer. It was a plain, substantial, trustworthy bicycle without any frills and would have carried a man of twice his weight.

He sat straight up and rode in the dignifled manner of a man who had no ambition to be mistaken for a scorcher. An unthinking youth with legs shaped

like a darning needle and a back humped like a hyena's rode up alongside. He glanced at the machine of the elderly wheelman and from his thin lips escaped

the word: The elderly wheelman turned his head slowly in the direction of the unthinking youth and replied: "But you couldn't buy it on the install-

ment plan, my son."

silence. - Chicago Tribune.

Patrick's Economy.

In the days of expensive postage a young Irishman wrote a long letter from America to his mother in Ireland and closed it as "Well, well! Here I am with eight pages entirely full and not one of the

things said that I laid out to say, but sure there'll be double postage to pay if I say 'em here. So to save that I'll write ye another letter tomorrow."-Youth's Cem-Bill of Fare at Klondike. Horse sandwiches, \$10.

Broiled dog, with gold dust, \$10. Barbecued boot legs, with straps, \$8. Stewed felt hat, with trimmings, \$4. Fried mackintoshes, rain soaked, \$7. Boiled wagen covers, with axle grease,

lanta Constitution

His Mission. "The Reporter-I am to go as correspondent to one of the South American repub-

Pickled wagon tongue, sliced, \$1.—At-

His Wife-Is there an insurrection go-The Reporter-No, there isn't, and I

His Retort.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man,"

"The lack of it the woman," he added, and as she happened to be in a ball gown at the time she naturally considered the remark personal.—Chicago Evening Post.

Progress. "To think," mourned one Greek gen-"He's afraid of appendicitis," replied eral, "of having been whipped by a nation "Yes," replied the other. "Turkey's in

> I O U."-Washington Star. Hard on Harper. Gertrude (engerly)-Papa, did Mr. Har-

per call on you today? Mr. Millyuns-Yes. Gertrude-Well, what followed? Mr. Millyuns-The ambulance. - Cleveland Leader.

Becoming a Novelty. "What a queer look that fellow across the corridor has!" "Yes. He has the pedestrian facedoesn't ride."-Cincinnati Enquirer.

On the Beach. She is as graceful as a deer. Reminds me more of a she bare. - Brook-The Trial of Katie. The languor of the poppy creeps

Adown the dreamy night.

Far up the lawn a firefly keeps

A vigil with his light. For forty nights within this vale Her trial's been going on. For forty nights we've heard them rall And argue pro and con.

The one maintains that "Katie did" (Alluding to a kiss) And shouts his charges out amid The rabble's awful hiss. His colleague holds him hard at bay.

And thinks to win I wis.

That "Katie didn't" kiss.

With lusty voice I hear him say

How foolish for these little bugs To join in such a tilt! I'll just give her one of my hugs And straightway prove her guilt.

-New York Sunday World.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills

using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by well. Dose, one pill.

In New Jersey.

Farmer Rakehay-Of course Beucephalus may look funny t' city folks, but he' a darn sight stronger than a hoss an ain' half so costly.—New York Journal.

Biggest Fire Engines.

The two biggest fire engines in the world are in Liverpool. These are the most powerful fire engines known throwing 1,800 gallons of water a min tote and a jet 140 feet high. The force with which the water is ejected from them may be estimated from the fact that the jet is "warranted to kill a man at 50 feet."

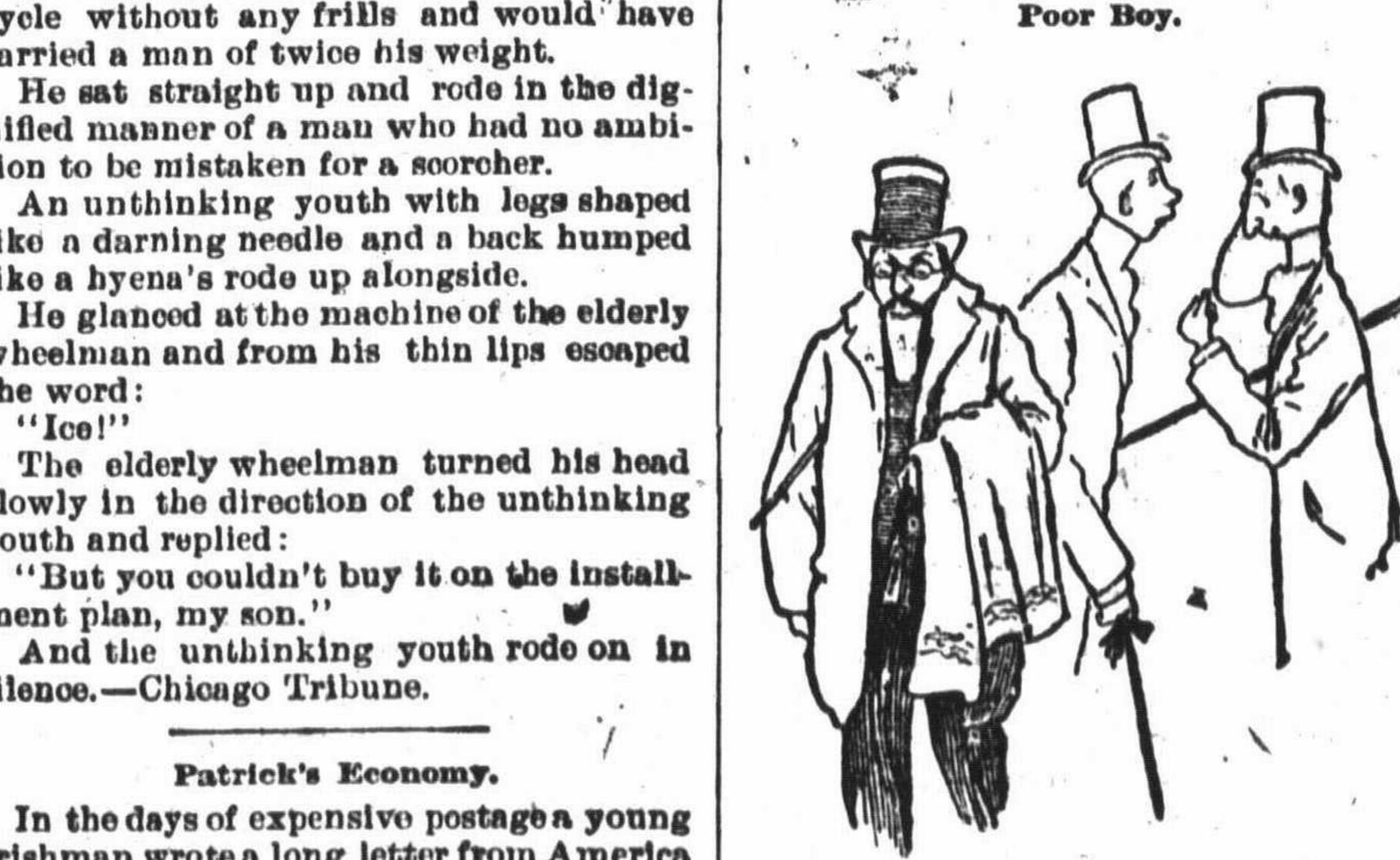
A Clerical Error. Clergyman (to tramp)—I cannot con scientiously assist you. You toil not neither do you spin.

Tramp-Don't you believe it. No yarn in the world come up to 'em can spin, and I can spin 'em all day long if I'm encouraged. Got any beer in the house?—Texas Siftings. The Worst Part.

A professor of Trinity college, Dublin, overhearing an undergraduate making use of profane language, rushed at him frantically, exclaiming, "Are you aware, sir, that you are imperiling your immortal soul and, what is worse, incurring a fine of 5 shillings?"-Household Words.

Her New Love. he-I can prove that you said you liked the very ground I walked on. He-And I can prove that your feet haven't touched the ground since you gos

that new wheel. - Detroit Free Press.



thay, Chollie, what an extweemely thoft looking individual that chappie is No expwession at all!"-Ally Sloper.

A Busy Judge.

After hearing argument in a case a rural instice said: "I'm sorter mixed on this here matter an I'll preserve my decision." "About what time, jedge," said the lawyer, "will you dish out them pre-

"Thar's no tellin," replied his honor. "I've got a sight o' plowin ter do an erbout ton acres ter fence in. Jest take the pris-'ner ter jail till fall!"-Atlanta Constitu-

Possible Mispronunciation.

Wallace-They say that if you pick up a hairpin on the sidewalk you will soon get Ferry-I think there must be a mispro nunciation somewhere. I picked one up and stuck it in my pocket, and my wife

found it and I got a lecture. - Cincinnati

Laughter. He dared laugh in her face. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. As for her, she dared do nothing of the kind. Had she ventured to laugh in her

face she probably wouldn't have done

thing to the enamel. But she could laugh in her sleeve. -Detroit Journal.

Enquirer.

His Last Joke. The judge looked solemn. "You are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead. Have you anything to

The former police reporter smiled gently. "It will make a good noose item." New York Journal. Why He Was Saved.

Steersman (during exciting yacht race) -Man overboard! Shall we stop or let him drown?

a Captain (promptly)-We must stop and pick him up. It's against the rules to drop any ballast during a race. - New York Tricks In All Trades.

"Do you think you are expert enough to take dictation for that author?" asked one typewriter of another. "I guess so. If I find I am falling behind, I'll tell him it was because I got in-

An Bxchange. Brokeleigh-I say, old man, will you give me two tens for a \$20 bill? Stakeleigh-Certainly. Here they are. Brokeleigh-Thanks. Here's the \$20 bill. It's a bill for this suit of clothes have on, you know .- New York Sunday

terested in his story."-Washington Star.

Those Clever Babies. Spats-What makes infants look so wise! and Barrack streets, always has ou hand a Socratoots-They are trying to make good stock of best maple, cut and uncut the women think they can understand the dry slabs, pine and cedar blocks. All baby talk which the whole neighborhood | cheap for cash. Telephone 116. springs on them. - Pittsburg News.

What It Means.

"Paw," asked little Oscar, "what does this paper mean by the lull before the "Som a poor fellow's honeymoon, I suppose."-New York Journal.

> Hot Weather Song. Oh, for a seat in an ocean cave, Where the sharks and the whales sit upon And soak and snore all day!

Oh, for a plunge in a polar sea, For a slide down a hill of snow, And a hut on a heaving floe!

SOME QUEER WEDDINGS.

Two Were Conspicuous For Brevity, and the Third Was Long Drawn Out. The courts have held that no particular ceremony is necessary to render a marriage valid. In New York and several other states the mere assumption of marital relations constitutes a marriage under the common law. In Medina, O., an old Methodist minister who has won more than a local reputation for his wedding ceremonies invariably inquires of the contracting parties, after satisfying himself t the legal qualifications, "Do you two desire to become oner. An amrmative an swer brings the concluding words of the seremony, "Then you are one."

On the other hand, sometimes a rural

minister who regards his position as one of the greatest solemnity and importance will introduce so much flowery rhetoric into his wedding ceremonies as to cause an extra pull at the groom's purse strings. In Madison, Ga., an official who has won a great reputation for marrying negro couples invariably uses this formula: 'Stand up, you poor miserable sinners!' he says. "By the authority vested in me as an officer of the state of Georgia, which is sometimes called the Empire State of the South; by the fields of cotton that spread in snowy whiteness around us, by the howl of the coon dog and the gourd vine whose clinging tendrils will shade the entrance to your humble dwelling place; by the red and luscious heart of the watermelon, whose sweetness fills the heart with joy; by the toothsome sweet potato and the juicy possum; by the heavens and the earth, in the presence of these witnesses, pronounce you man and wife!"

In Jeffersonville, Ind., awhile ago an old justice of the peace who was frequently called upon by eloping couples from across the Kentucky state line devised a wedding service which was simplicity itself. He eimply said: "Rise, Jine hands, Elitched. Shove \$2 under the door. And whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. ''-Chicago Times-Herald.

As It Struck Her.



Skipper-We're sailing under reduced Miss B. Counter-I see. A bargain sail? -New York Sunday World.

A Queer Sign.

A Cleveland man who recently returned from a trip through England, winding up with the jubilee week in London, was asked what was the most curious thing he saw when abroad.

"Well," he answered, "the thing which most forcibly appealed to my American dilight in the exaggerated form of humor was a sign over a Salvation Army barracks in Leeds. I stumbled upon it one afternoon while strolling atmlessly about. Here is a literal copy of the inscription, 'Souls Renovated While You Wait.' '-

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Liberal. Sprocketts-Now, let's understand each other before we start on this century run together. Of course we are agreed that the pedestrian has no rights the wheelman is bound to respect?

De Scorch-Well, I wouldn't put it quite so strong as that. The meanest human being has a right to six feet of earth and a Christian burial. - New York Truth.

Luxurious. Kane—Get a bicycle yet? Able-Think I'll wait till they are im-

proved a little more. "Well, there will be a chainless wheel out next year. "That won't do me. What I want is a combined motor bieycle and hammock."

-Cincinnati Enquirer.

to you before he died?"

a sausage factory.

Rugby-Yes.

The Corn Fed Philosopher. "There is, no doubt," said the oracular and bumptious neophyte, "that the way to a man's affections is through his stom-

"And yet," said the corn fed philosopher,

"it is not man who expects ico cream and such to be bought for him."-Indianapolis

Journal. A Slip of the Tongue. The missionary wept softly. "And did my predecessor," he said, "open his heart

that is to say-how very warm it is this evening!"-New York Press. Apparently Prosperous. Gadby-I hear that Jorkins has started

The cannibal chieftain smiled. "Oh.

no," he said. "We did that for him-um-

Rugby-Making both ends meat, 1 guess. - New York Sunday Journal.

A Fellow Sufferer.

Gadby-How's he getting on?

Pastor-I'ze d'lighted to find yo' readin Parishoper-I wuz jest lookin in de book of Job to see if it tells what he done fer boils .- New York Sunday World.

Hints For the Household. "Mamma, why do recipes always say to keep jelhes and preserves in dark places?"

"So that little boys like you will be

afraid to go where they are. '-- Chicago

Wood Yard. James Campbell, corner of Wellington

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