TRAVELLING

Kingston & Pembroke and Canadian Pacific Railways.

Settlers' One-Way Excursions

Manitoba and Canadian North West will leave Kingston and K. & P. stations every Tuesday during March and April.

Passengers should take the train leaving Kingston at 8 a.m., making direct connections.

Colonist Sleeper will be attached to each train.

For full particulars and copy of "Settlers, Guide" apply to

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Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto and all local points. Train leaves City Hall depot at 3:45 p.m. R. J. Wilson, C.P.R. telegraph office, Clarence street.

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Steamer.	From Portland.	From Halifax.
*Roman,	Mar. 21st, 2 p.m.	.....
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Dominion,	Apr. 13th, 2 p.m.	Apr. 14th, 5 p.m.
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†Roman,	Apr. 25th, 2 p.m.	.....

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Rates of passage from Montreal: First Cabin—$50 and upwards, single; return, $100 and upwards, according to steamer and berth. Second Cabin—$35, single; $66.50 return. Steerage—To Liverpool, London, Londonderry, Queenstown, Belfast or Glasgow, including outfit, $22.50 and $23.50, according to steamer. Midship saloons, electric light, spacious promenade decks.

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For Liverpool calling at Moville, sail from Portland on arrival of Grand Trunk train leaving Montreal the evening previous to sailing.

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Parisian, March 8th,		March 9th
Numidian, " 31st,		April 31st.
Parisian, April 7th,		April 8th.

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Steerage, $23.50, and by "Numidian" $22.50, Derry, Glasgow, Belfast, London

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Do You Want a New HAT?

WE HAVE THE LATEST COME.

GEO. MILLS & CO.,
Next to Waldron's.

WANT TO SELL ANYTHING?

Better talk it over with me. There's always good bidding at the sales I handle. Honest dealings, courteous treatment.

W. MURRAY, JR.,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant
Market Square

A MODERN WAR ARTIST

Snaps His Kodac Even Under Fire.

THE WORK OF THE SCRIBE.

HAS A TOUGH TIME PASSING THE LINES.

The Evolution of the Special War Correspondent as Told by One of Them—Waited Nine Hours For a Signature—Partly to Blame for the Abuse They Receive.

(From Our Special War Correspondent.)

Durban, Feb. 7.—This war has lately developed a new type of journalism, which, as a member of the older school of war correspondents, I much deplore. For it is a difficult matter to keep pace with certain up-to-date members of the profession now in South Africa. First of all, there is the "snap-shot under fire" photographer, who I thought in this campaign, owing to the accurate shooting of the Boers, would not last long; but he is still as bold and rampant as ever. I was admiring the pluck and recklessness of a colleague in taking snap-shots under bullet fire of the foe, especially one of his pictures representing a section of the Dublin Fusiliers at the battle of Colenso. The men are blazing away into space from behind rocks and boulders. I was wondering how on earth the intrepid artist could get such good results from such exciting circumstances. The exact focus, distance, and above all the sun in the right place, while the Boers were no doubt blazing away at him and his camera, and probably the soldiers around him, trying to nurse cover, cursing and swearing at the artist who was drawing, by his bold attitude, an extra hail of nickel bullets. Eventually on arriving in Natal, from whence most of these lovely pictures come, I received a sad shock regarding most of the snap shots in question. I was speaking to a young officer of the Dubs about them, when he laughingly told me that the author of these works of art had asked him to pose a number of his men at Frere as artists' models behind a ridge of rocks, and, to his surprise, they came out as the "Dubs under fire at the famous battle of Colenso, taken by our special artist under fire." Travelling from Maritsberg to Durban I met an officer of the colonial staff who was for a time in charge of two guns at the front. He happened to tell me that the same "snap-shotter" had asked him to pose his guns with men skirmishing round them, which he did, and this picture also appeared as a snap-shot taken in the throes of a bloody battle. Seeing my astonishment, he referred to a photo on board the armored train, supposed to be taken in the same way "under fire," but here, unfortunately, the models distinctly gave the artist away; many of the men were playing their part, pulling their triggers "at the Boers," but others were unable to resist turning their heads towards the camera with insane smiles, to have as Tommy says, "their mugs smack," for they are such Absent-Minded Beggars. I simply mention these facts for the benefit of the public who are apt to look upon photos as above suspicion; in fact, as a colleague of mine once said: "You know the camera can never lie." After all, I think it depends, on whether there is a liar at the back of the camera. This "heroic" war artist, is even surpassed in audacity by a war correspondent, who has lately enlightened (?) his readers with a word-picture of the battle of Magersfontein. But that this article appeared in a sedate London daily, and was copied in the colonial papers here as written by a master-hand, I would not trouble to refer to it. One cannot help admiring the sangfroid audacity of the writer; he does not for a moment hesitate in his wild career, but lets his imagination run riot through two columns of the most soul-stirring blood and thunder, or, as Mr. Atkins probably would say, Tommy-rot. At the outset this correspondent starts in with a most flagrant inaccuracy; for instance, he writes: "At every point of vantage Cronje, with consummate generalship, had posted his artillery." "At the bottom of the kopje right under the muzzles of his guns." Now, as a fact, Cronje had no artillery at Magersfontein, during the famous battle. At 5.20 in the evening after the fight, the enemy opened fire from a solitary gun which they had just brought up to the centre of the position. Then this correspondent romps on: "The Boer forces were estimated at from 15,000 to 22,000 men." Not for a moment did any sane man that day admit that there were more than 5,000 of the enemy. He is also just as much astray, regarding the number of men on our side, for then comes the following drivel: "Our force is estimated at about 11,000 men of all arms, including the never-to-be-forgotten section of the naval brigade, to whom England owes a debt of gratitude too deep for words to portray, for their steadiness, valor, and accuracy of shooting saved England from disaster on this blacker day than Scotland has known since the Crimea." We had one 4.7 naval gun firing lyddite, certainly, but to this day it is mere supposition regarding the damage to life that gun was capable of. Then he comes to the disaster of the Highland brigade and death of Wauchope, which would be almost comical, but that it was a serious incident in war he is describing. "The best, the bravest, fell in that wild hail of lead. Gen. Wauchope was down riddled with bullets, yet, gasping, dying, bleeding from every vein, the Highland chieftain raised himself on his hands and knees cheering his men forward." Can one for a moment believe that a man "riddled with bullets and bleeding from every vein," can take an active interest in passing events? For a fact, not a soul knew what had become of the general, for two whole days after the fight. Some were even in hope that he was a prisoner. His body was eventually found, far ahead of his men, dead and alone. He must have been the first man to carry out his own order to "charge," and he died in the van. In speaking of the Guards this same correspondent says: "They got within hitting distance of the foe, swept through brisket and breastbone, out of their trenches the Guardsmen turned the Boers, as men in English harvest fields toss the hay when the reapers' scythes have whitened the cornfields." He does not say, and wisely, where this heroic assault happened. Then follows this imaginary picture of Cronje: "Cronje knew the mettle of our men, and an ironical laugh played round his iron mouth, and still he stayed within his native fortress. But death sat ever at his elbow, for our gunners dropped the lyddite shell and the howling shrapnel (I wonder if the writer has ever heard shrapnel, it never howls, nor does it bark!) all along his lines, until the the trenches ran blood; many of his guns were silenced." But Cronje had no guns. Then this penetrating correspondent continues: "In the valley behind his outer line of hills his dead lay piled in hundreds, and the slope of the hill was a charnel house, where the wounded all writhed amidst masses of dead, a ghastly tribute to English gunnery." Of course this we should like to have seen, but no binocular on that battlefield could shew us what was hidden behind those hills, and not even that war correspondent would dare to go and see for himself. This is all romance, and very misleading. He finishes his lurid article with the bold statement: "We left nearly 3,000 dead and wounded of grim old Cronje's men as a token that the lion of England had bared his teeth in earnest." Gen. Methuen himself would doubt whether in all his four great fights, at Belmont, Graspan, Modder River, and Magersfontein he had punished the enemy to the extent of half that number. It is letters of this description, seriously published, which excite friction between the press and the British commanding officers in the field. The gross exaggerations, lurid local color, and the purely imaginative element are the things that irritate. How can British officers look on war correspondents and artists with any feeling but distrust when letters of this description find their way into the press?

It is during a reverse that some of the less discreet correspondents are looked upon with disfavor by some of the military officials, for they are liable to misconstrue a necessary retrogade movement into a retreat, and cause in the columns of their paper unnecessary alarm.

Finding that things were marking time with the Cape Colony forces, I thought I would go round to Durban and get up to the front in time for the relief of Ladysmith. I found two great difficulties in my path, first of all the enemy, and secondly the headquarters officials. I had much difficulty in getting my passes to the front. I found eventually that it was hopeless to join my colleagues at headquarters, for there were too many correspondents already there, but, owing to my being not quite a stranger with the forces, I was able to get a pass for the time to take me over the lines of communication. Armed with this I left Durban at 5.40 in the evening and on arriving at Maritsburg, on entering the military zone, I had my pass vised by the station staff officer for Chieveily; and to clinch matters a prominent official, who was travelling the same way, was courteous enough to ask me to proceed in his special carriage. Even under the wing of this officer, at Moon River there was a vigilant examination of passes, and I was almost stopped on my journey when I arrived at Estcourt, a little after 3 a.m. I was fired out of my carriage and on no account was I allowed to proceed till my pass was countersigned by the officer in command at Estcourt. "Well," said I to the officer in charge of the station, "take me to him and let him sign it at once." "But," replied he with an air of surprise, "the officer is asleep, it can't be done till morning." The train steamed out of the station, and I was left stranded on the platform. It was a drizzling, cold morning, and I was about rolling myself up in my blanket in a dry corner of the platform when the officer befriended me, and sheltered me in his office. He then told me that he was very sorry, but a strict order had come from the front to allow no one to proceed. "When will the commandant be ready to sign my pass," said I? "At 7.30, if you go to his tent you can get it signed, and can proceed by a train leaving at eight." Well, I thought, this is not so bad after all, I shall be at the front by mid-day, and fighting was not expected that afternoon. So I slept till 6 a.m. Then I paced the station till the commandant should wake. Arriving at his tent at 7.30 I found that the officer had gone for his morning ride, and they "didn't know" when he would be back probably to breakfast. I returned to the station, and found some eight passengers bewailing a similar fate to mine. It was certainly a curious crew. A colonial officer in mufti afoot to take command of a thousand volunteers, ambulance corps, and stretcher-bearers; another gentleman was the chief detective of Durban, and two were Jew sutlers, and above all one of Gen. Buller's own waggon-drivers and a special sutler, who was deploring the fact that he had fresh eggs and a case of apples for the general, and at least he feared that the eggs might spoil. When I informed the wrathful little crowd of the absence of the commandant they became almost furious, and their indignation knew no bounds when that eight o'clock train started, leaving us in a drizzling rain watching its departure from the platform. Though we were all under martial law, I am afraid we said many unpleasant things regarding the behaviour of the commandant, who kept us waiting while he had his bath, his breakfast, and smoked the necessary cigar. At last the order came that we might see him at his office at ten. Huddled under the verandah of a tin building out of the rain, we stood for two hours and more waiting for the gentleman in office to attend to our wants. He then arrived, and passed into his bureau, when no doubt we poor wretches, for we were now joined by a few Kaffirs, were too offensive for his official eyes, so he closed his door on us. Probably this was not an intentional affront, but, seeing some of us very hot and indignant, he may have become a little nervous; it was only ajar, and the slit was filled by a sergeant, who only left it when he ushered us in one by one. The whole scene reminded me of police supervision of passports on the Russian frontier. The sergeant, after securing the door, advanced with one of us to the table, at which sat the colonel in command, and at his side a subordinate officer. This gentleman received the piece of paper from the sergeant, when, apparently suspicious of some contamination, he gingerly held it between thumb and finger and passed it to his chief, who slowly read it, and then, in one instance, though he could see perfectly well that the pass was signed and guaranteed to the front, he hummed and hawed, and at last, eyeing the applicant suspiciously, he said: "And, er—what may your business be?" "Oh, please don't trouble," said the bearer of the pass. "I have been badgered about for the last six days from one of you gentlemen to another, and I am now rather tired. Can you now

(Continued on page six.)

ON "THE THREE MENTALS."

MENTAL, ORNAMENTAL, DETRIMENTAL.

Rev. C. O. Johnston, Toronto, Lectured to a Large Audience in Queen Street Methodist Church Last Night—A Lecture Replete With Wit and Wisdom.

"Three Mentals—Mental, Ornamental, Detrimental" was the unique subject of Rev. C. O. Johnston's lecture to his old congregation in Queen street Methodist church last night. Considering the wave of patriotism spreading throughout Canada and the empire readers of the announcement were disappointed that "regimental" was not included; but listeners to the eloquent address found that things regimental were there. And through it all, too, there ran a strain of the sentimental, mingling harmoniously with the witty and the gay. The lecture was instrumental in adding to the listeners' store of knowledge, ornamental in its eloquent and impassioned delivery, but detrimental in no wise.

At eight o'clock not a vacant seat remained in the church. Rev. James Elliott, B.A., being ill, J. G. Elliott occupied the chair and introduced the speaker. Before doing so, however, the choir rendered a couple of selections and Mrs. Evans spiritedly sang a patriotic solo.

Mr. Johnston was received with applause by his old congregation and admirers. As an introduction to his address he described the burning of the christians in Rome to satisfy the lust of the bloody Nero, and of fair Lygia's rescue from the horns of the bull by her protector, Ursus, the Lygian giant. So in every contest in life there was a beast, a beautiful maiden and a man of mind and strength. Strength—not only bodily but mental is admired in man, and beauty in woman. Judgment was another power of the mind; it was a gift to free nations. It enables man to plan for the future; we cannot live for to-day alone. If Britain were fighting for to-day alone there would be no struggle in South Africa. She is fighting for the good results that will manifest themselves in the centuries to come. The will was another gift to free nations. It was not courage alone that was characteristic of the armies now in the field; it was the will to do and dare.

Mr. Johnston then proceeded to delineate the character of the Irish, Scotch and English nations, and did so very humorously. The Irish were quick, alert, fresh—jump at conclusion, and were therefore more witty. When a brilliant dash is to be made, let the Irish Fusiliers charge (cheers).

"Every one of us," exclaimed the speaker, "should have one drop of Irish blood in our veins (laughter)—and that is enough (applause) for it carries with it enough of the milk of human kindness to soften all our hearts."

Then there were the Scotch. They were cautious, canny, noncommittal, slow to promise, but insistu, upon that promise being kept, thorough in everything. When you want to drive the enemy from the trenches, and it requires a stubborn fight, the Scotch Greys can be depended upon (cheers).

There also are the English—solid, strong, thorough, commanding, regular, brave. The Briton doesn't fight for territory, honor or money; he dearly loves to be boss, and he is (applause). He loves his wife and plum-pudding, and loves both about alike (laughter).

Lastly, the Dutch—slow, thick, stolid, faithful, a lover of home. The Boer will die without sense enough to overcome the strange fatality of determination. The speaker compared the Dutch to the sheep that would not go on, but stand obstinately immovable, although it were scourged and beaten. The herder was obliged to bring a waggon and remove such sheep before flocks would advance. So the Boers should be removed to St. Helena or elsewhere. Thus was seen the mentality of nations.

Mr. Johnston next took up the ornamental. He was glad this quality was found in conduct and language. The detrimental was ill-understood by a pathetic story telling of misery and heart anguish occasioned by rum-drinking.

The audience showed its appreciation of the lecture by a hearty clapping of hands. Mr. Elliott in fitting terms conveyed the congregation's thanks to Mr. Johnston, who suitably replied.

Nourish the Nerves and Cleanse the Blood.

When This Is Done You Secure Perfect Digestion, Good Appetite, Restful Sleep and Full Health.

Paine's Celery Compound,

Nature's Spring Medicine, Makes People Well and Strong.

True, vigorous health is the portion of men and women, who have pure, rich blood and well nourished nerves. Poor health and disease means diseased nerves and impoverished blood.

Paine's Celery Compound fully supplies the needs of the ailing and run-down in spring time. It drives all clogging matters and impurities from the life stream, making it course with freedom and vitality to every part of the body.

Paine's Celery Compound braces the unstrung and weak nerves and furnishes a nutriment that builds up the entire nervous organization. The tired, thin and worn out body takes on flesh, pain in the back is banished, the skin becomes clear, the kidneys and liver are free from disease, the digestive organs do their work with unfailing regularity, and a feeling of new energy and well-being take the place of nervousness, despondency, irritation and melancholia.

Nourish the nerves and cleanse the blood with Paine's Celery Compound, and a new happy and healthful life will be yours.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

Newsy Paragraphs Picked Up By Our Reporters On Their Rounds.

J. F. White, Toronto, inspector of separate schools, is in the city.

We make a specialty of soft hats; try us for your next. Grand Union.

St. Mark's church, Barriefield, has taken up the calendar scheme.

The hallway arch near the Union street entrance to the court house has been taken down.

We keep nothing but the newest shapes. Try Grand Union for your next hat.

A catload of charcoal was shipped yesterday from the city to Deseronto for the smelting works.

James Dwire, Calabogie, died at the Hotel Dieu on Monday morning after a short illness of pneumonia.

Yesterday one of the horses of "A" field battery was found dead in its stall, having expired of pleuro-pneumonia.

M. Burns, the only Barriefield citizen who has made an effort to fill his ice house this winter, completed the work on Saturday.

At the close of his lecture last night Rev. C. O. Johnston was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Walker, Queen street.

Prof. Hart, of the dairy school, addressed the cheese-makers' association of the counties of Peterboro and Victoria in Peterboro on Saturday.

The Grand Union battery can furnish your new hat for the spring.

Only about $25 was raised by the collection at Queen street Methodist church last night. The lecture was under the auspices of the Epworth league.

Port Jervis, N.Y., merchants have raised $600 with which to advertise the town in metropolitan papers, to secure new industries and get a boom in operation.

C. R. Whitehead, general manager of the dominion cotton mills company, is in the city trying to fix up matters between the company and striking employees.

If you took out of this city the people who read the newspapers, what would you have left? Would you be satisfied with any trade which omitted the newspaper readers?

Herbert Joyner and brother, Division street, will leave to-morrow for Victoria, B.C., where they have secured good positions. Their young friends will give them a hearty send off to-night.

A Wolfe Island team of horses were examined on Saturday by the chairman and veterinary surgeon of the fire department with a view to purchasing them. The horses were tried by the firemen and found to be first class.

Christy's hats. Grand Union.

Rev. C. O. Johnston, at the close of his lecture last night, expressed his sorrow at the death of Rev. Richard Whiting, whose genial face he had expected to see beaming at him from his accustomed seat. He fittingly eulogized the character of deceased.

The manager of the theatre at Auburn, Ind., not only prints on the house programme a polite request that ladies remove their hats during the performance but has arranged a card: "Now is the time to remove you hats," which appears when the orchestra takes its place.

American and English hats, all new shapes here. Grand Union.

"What's your flag up for?" enquired a leading lawyer this morning by telephone. "Because the British are in Bloemfontein," was the reply. "Well you Whig fellows do it up right royally." He expressed his pleasure over the news and the Whig's early announcement of it.

A new team of horses has been purpurchased for the Ontario street fire station to replace the team sent to South Africa.

A motor in street car No. 15 dropped out of place about half past six last evening and stalled the car on Union street. The service was not delayed to any serious extent.

A carnival—the last of the season—was held on Dix's rink last night. The ice was in good condition, the night was a perfect one for skating and over 150 people were present.

Flags were floating to-day from the city buildings, Whig office and other places of business in honor of the British occupancy of Bloemfontein, the capital of Orange Free State.

While travelling in the vicinity of Tamworth last week, Paul Ohlke, piano agent of this city, was caught in a snow storm, and for three days suffered intensely. His face was badly frozen, and he could get no medical aid. He is now confined to his house, and is in a serious condition.

Called Home To Rest.

Maggie A. Victoria Counter, widow of the late John Worden, aged fifty-eight, died at her home in Adams Centre, N. Y., on Monday, March 5th. She formerly resided in Henderson. Having about eight years ago been stricken with paralysis, she has since been an invalid.

In 1897 she and her son and two daughters moved to Adams Centre, where they bought a beautiful home. Her son Micajah had just returned from the Klondyke, where he and his brother Charles had been for some time. The latter is now on his road to Dawson, where he has large mining interests. Macajah, who had made two trips to the Klondyke and had been very successful, was obliged in the fall to journey for his health to Mexico where he now is. All that love, kindness and wealth could do was done for Mrs. Counter. She was lovingly waited on by her four daughters and one son, also by her sister Miss Counter, who had a short time before arrived to visit her. Her other daughter, Mrs. Pixley resides back of Sydenham, and was unable to be present till after her death, owing to the storm making the roads for a time impassable. The deceased lady was well-known in Kingston and vicinity, her home before marriage being about six miles from the city at the "Counter House," an old and familiar landmark, built by her father long ago on the Sydenham road. He was a brother of John Counter, mayor of the city for the longest period in its history.

$1 Gold Pieces For 50c

Not in it with the bargains we are now offering. 27c. bow ties, 3 for 25c.; 50c. puff ties, 4 for 50c.; 82 wool underwear now 90c. a suit; $3.50 fine underwear, a snap, $1.75 a suit; 20c. fast black hose, now 3 for 25c.; 85 waterproof coats, now $2.50; $1.25 mocha mitts; how 50c.; $2 balbriggan S. & D., now 90c. a suit. What we advertise we have; no fake sale. The Sinclair bankrupt stock. Bert. Prevost, manager.

YOUR GROCER KEEPS IT.

SEE THAT YOU GET IT.

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c per pound.

Monsoon

INDO-CEYLON TEA.

WASH AND BE CLEAN.

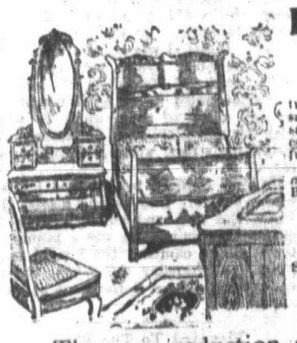
Go to your grocer for soap. Come to us for

Clothes Wringers

WASH | TUBS, BOARDS, BOILERS.

We can supply you with the best that is made, and our prices are right.

McKELVEY & BIRCH,
69 and 71 Brock Street.



REID'S Clearing Sale

Of Furniture and Upholstery.

Whether you want an odd piece or two of furniture, or an entire outfit for a new home you can save money by taking prompt advantage of this sale. You gain, too, the lasting satisfaction that comes from using well made and properly finished furniture.

We propose a clean sweep of the stock, as prices are been liberally cut as follows:

Bedroom Sets, regular price	$65.00,	Sale Price	$50.00
" " "	48.00	" "	39.00
" " "	35.00	" "	28.00
" " "	25.00	" "	18.00
" " "	15.00	" "	12.00
" " "	12.50	" "	10.00

Sideboards:—

Regular Price	$55.00,	Sale Price	$45.00.
" "	40.00	" "	32.50
" "	25.00	" "	18.00

And as low as $8.50.

The same reduction exists in every line, Parlor Suits, Dining-Room Chairs, Hall Racks, Fancy Rattan Chairs, Fancy Tables, etc., at

JAMES REID'S.

BOVRIL...

For Lunch,
For Supper,
When Sleighing,
When Skating,
After the Dance,
After the Theatre

BOVRIL is Delicious and Instantly Invigorating.

Fine English Clothing.
Fine English Clothing.
Fine English Clothing.

Messrs. Wacks Bros., Leicester, England, are prepared to mail free of charge to any address in Canada Pattern Self Measurement Forms of their $7.50 Tweed and Worsted Suits, and guarantee a high-class fit. We pay carriage on goods to the value of $7.50. The British preferential tariff reduces the custom charges to a mere trifle. For full particulars write Messrs. Wacks Bros.

Suit to Measure $7.50.
Suit to Measure $7.50.
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Carriage Paid.
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MESSRS' WACKS BROS
Leicester, England.

EPPS'S COCOA

GRATEFUL COMFORTING

Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Highly Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the Nervous and Dyspeptic. Sold only in ½-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER

EPPS'S COCOA

ROUGH WEATHER FOOTWEAR.

The rough weather incident to this season of the year makes it imperative to give the most careful attention to Footwear.

We believe you will be most certain to find here the goods to suit. We offer you

The Proper Shoes for Style;
The Best Shoes for wear;
The Right Shoes for your money

ABERNETHY'S,
127 Princess Street.

Ask Your Grocer For

Health Brand Graham Flour,

Manufactured by an entirely new process in which the most nutritious portion of the wheat only is used, and is the best Flour to be used for Graham Gems or Brown Bread.

Try a Small Package and see if what we say is not true.

The FRONTENAC MILLING CO.,
LIMITED, KINGSTON.