

## WIRELESS AND THE REPUBLIC.

How the Marconi Invention Saved Passengers' Lives.

Binns Tells the Story of His Thirty Hours at the Key.

An Ovation to Binns and Capt. Sealy on Arrival at New York.

New York, Jan. 26.—His nerves shattered and plainly showing the effects of the harassing experience he had gone through in the last few days, John R. Binns, the Marconi operator who stood at his post on the Republic and flashed forth the message that brought aid to the sinking liner, has written the story of his experiences from the moment he was hurled from his berth when the Florida rammed the Republic last Saturday until his arrival in port on Monday night. "I had just turned in for a few hours," he said, "after the previous day's work, when the shock of the impact shook me out of my bunk. A crunching, ripping noise followed as the Florida's bows crumpled upon our side; the panels and side of our cabin fell in, one panel being smashed to splinters, but fortunately the apparatus was unhurt and remained standing. I had a fear, however, that the aerial wires between the masts might have been shaken down, so I hastily tested them, and most fortunately they were still in place. "Five minutes later Siasconnet informed me that he had sent for the revenue cutter Asushnet, then lying at Wood's Hole, and that it was to proceed to assist us. Word had also been sent to the steamships Baltic, La Lorraine and City of Everett.

"I was now working under extreme difficulties, as it was very dark. I had unfortunately broken the lever of my sending key just after the lights went out, but eventually managed all right by holding the broken lever with one hand and sending with the other.

"Capt. Sealy was on the bridge all this time, but soon after I had sent the message of two passengers lying near me. Dr. Marsh came along, and after examining the bodies announced that both had been killed outright. Blankets were stretched over the two still forms, and a little later they were laid in coffins. It was not until a roll call had been made that the identity of the dead was established.

"Just as the Florida returned to us the Baltic began to pick up my signals, and from then on I was kept busy notifying that ship of our position, and from that time forward it was a steady interchange of messages between Tattersall and Baltimore, the Baltic operator, and myself.

"About 2 o'clock I realized for the first time that I was hungry, and Douglas, by steward, who had been running to and from the bridge all morning with messages for and from the captain, was able to get a bit of food and a cup of coffee for me, which I devoured while sending and receiving messages.

**BALTIC EXPLODING BOMBS.**  
"Early in the afternoon the Lorraine was able to read us, and we began to give steering directions, but it was very difficult for her navigator to find us on account of the blanket of fog that enveloped the sea. The hours of the afternoon dragged slowly, and they were filled with anxiety for the captain and all on board. Darkness set in early, superinduced, of course, by the thick weather. The most anxious hour of the day was at about 6 o'clock in the evening, when Captain Sealy heard only faintly, the explosion of a bomb in the far distance. He at once communicated with me, and I made inquiries, learning that the Baltic had been exploding bombs in an effort to apprise us of her whereabouts. We too, had been exploding bombs, but had exhausted our supply, and from now on had nothing but our almost exhausted and fast-weakening wireless apparatus to which we could pin our hopes of rescue.

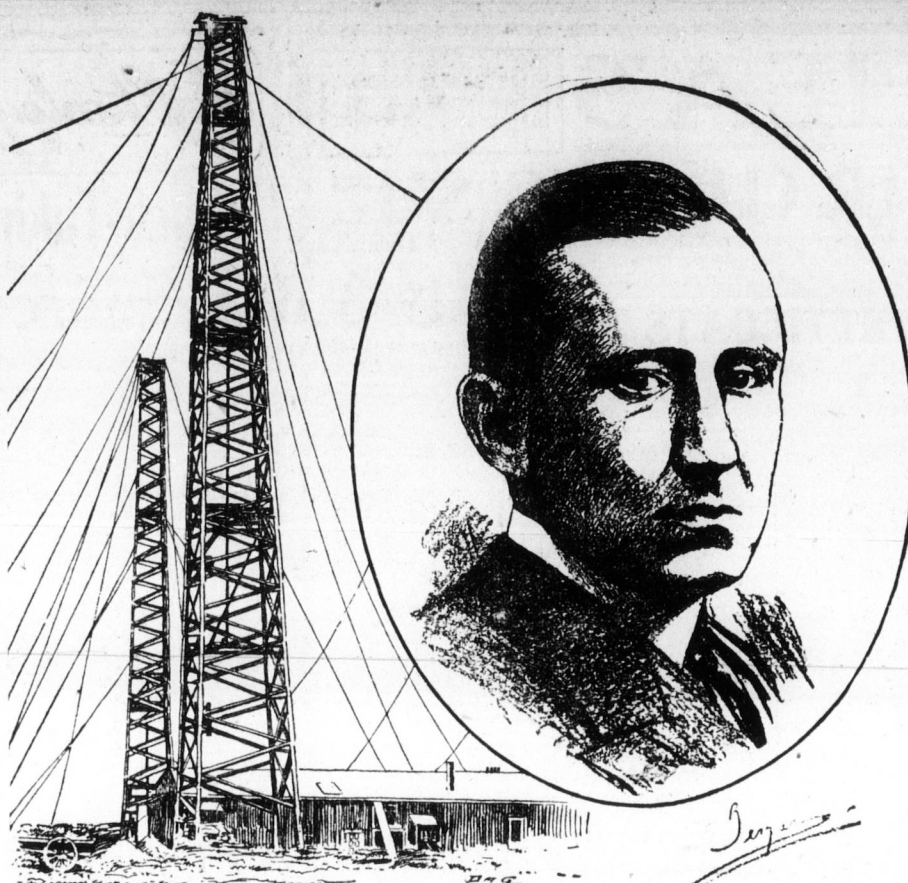
"The Baltic then informed me that she had a solitary bomb left, and arranged with us that this would be exploded at a certain moment. This was done, and we heard the faint rumble there was no further doubt in our minds that the Baltic would soon find us as we tossed about marooned, as it were, in the fog, and not knowing how long we could remain afloat.

**THE BALTIC'S ARRIVAL.**  
"Captain Sealy at times changed the steering directions in accordance with the change of sound direction and a little later we heard the Baltic's foghorn blowing faintly, and this increased in volume as she increased the distance between us. Occasionally we fired rockets, but they could not be seen through the fog, although a little later the Baltic's siren was heard so plainly that we knew the ship was close by. Realizing this, Captain Sealy ordered the Baltic to be told to proceed as carefully as possible, as she was now too close on our port side to be safe.

"I had just communicated this message when I heard a cheer, and I at once realized that these sounds of rejoicing could not come from our men, as only Captain Sealy, the officers, myself, and crew were aboard our ship, and they were all busily engaged in standing by the boats. Looking aft through my porthole cabin, I made out the Baltic quite near the stern of our ship, the fog having again lifted somewhat. She was a blaze of light, and as I sat there in my little cabin the thought occurred to me that the most faithful sight in the world is a ship at sea, especially when that ship is needed to supply a link between life and death.

"Time and again it occurred to me as I worked away in feverish haste, a mere machine voicing the words of our gallant captain, who so heroically watched over the safety of those who had entrusted their lives to him, that the end was near, that it was only a question of how long the ship could withstand the wound that had pierced her very vitals, and I had practically resigned myself to the fate that every seafaring man has before him at some time in his career. I never expected to see New York again, and as I sit here writing this narrative it all comes back to me like a terrible nightmare.

**OVATION TO BINNS AND SEALY.**  
New York, Jan. 26.—Features of the



WILLIAM MARCONI.  
The inventor of the "wireless" that saved the lives of the Republic passengers.

day in the aftermath of the Nantucket collision were the honors extended to Captain I. Sealy and wireless operator Jack Binns, of the Republic, and a statement by the Florida's people as to how the collision occurred. The White Star people promise their version of the causes of the collision to-morrow.

The day began with the landing at the White Star pier of Captain Sealy and Operator Binns. A big crowd awaiting them cheered the men heartily, while a score of enthusiastic admirers tossed the men to their shoulders and carried them to the steamship offices. Here the captain and Binns held a reception, receiving the congratulations of scores of callers, and here Captain Sealy modestly told the story of how he stood by his ship until she sank beneath him.

Later Captain Sealy and Operator Binns, accompanied by Captain Ramsom, of the Baltic, went to the White Star offices in lower Broadway, where another great crowd met them and the ovation was repeated.

**LIONIZED CAPTAIN.**  
On the Brooklyn waterfront, the scene of much activity. The Republic was being cleared away the debris and making her shipshape so that she might go into drydock for repairs. Captain Ramsom declined to make a statement as to the cause of the collision, but Richard & Company, agents of the Florida, issued a statement regarding the circumstances of the collision. Its feature was the direct charge that the Republic was running at high rate of speed through the fog. It also refuted reports that the captain of the Florida was to blame and that the captain struck the man.

**New York Goes Crazy Over Republic's Heroes.**  
New York, Jan. 26.—Probably a man who has felt a ship as big as a skyscraper rear like a colt and sink under his feet into deep water, and who had to fight for his life in the whirl of her going down, knows the meaning of danger. Yet when that same man is hoisted to a pedestal for the heroic hero work, he is in greater danger than still. Captain W. I. Sealy, of the wrecked Republic, had to face this danger to-day, with the marks of the first night's storm on his face, and he knew that he was under test.

With him in the order of idolizing that began at Pier 48, at the foot of West 11th street, carried to the White Star offices at Bowling Green, and continued until the captain sought refuge in a Turkish bath up town, were Jack Binns, the wireless operator aboard the Republic, R. J. Williams, second officer of the gored liner, and various others of the little group of officers, and members of the emergency crew that had remained on the Republic until near the end, whom everybody delighted to honor. Jack Binns found himself caught in the fame of a special mention in the halls of Congress. Second Officer Williams had remained with his commander until the waters swept over the Republic. Indeed, all the elements of a second day conspired to bring mortification to these plain English sailors.

The revenue cutter Manhattan had dropped alongside the Seneca, off Tompkinsville, early this morning, and the commander of the Republic and his men, who had been getting a much-needed sleep, securely locked from the intrusion of enquirers during the night, transhipped to the Manhattan and were brought up the bay. The ovation commenced right there. Snuffy-nosed tugs caught the sense of something stirring, and yelped acclaims to the Republic's men, even the crew of some of the dirty tramps lying off the Staten Island shore lined the rails to yell at the Manhattan as she passed.

The outer drew alongside of the long pier, on the opposite side of which the Big Baltic was lying. Most of the Republic's crew that had been brought in on the Baltic, a bevy of stewardesses, and Superintendent Hennell hurried down to the gang plank of the Manhattan to give the Republic's commander and his officers the proper reception. From West street a big crowd of stokers, longshoremen, and marine idlers, had invaded the White Star sheds and filled the spaces between heaps of freight about the gangway.

**HOW THE CAPTAIN LOOKED.**  
Capt. Sealy came up the gang plank wearing the same blue frock coat with the frogged front that he had about his shoulders when he went down into the ocean with his ship. He had a rough black fedora hat on his head that he had picked up from the ditty box of some sailor

on the Seneca. Beneath the drooping brim of the hat his eyes looked heavy, and the marks of three nights of sleeplessness were about the corners of his mouth.

Binns, the wireless operator, a chunky, florid-faced English boy, still garbed in his raincoat and a service cap of the White Star, followed, with Chief Engineer McGowan, Fourth Officer Morrow, Second Officer Williams, and the rest of the officers that had been sent off to the Gresham by their commander before the Republic took the plunge. Some of the emergency crew that followed brought with them the only survivors of the ship's stock of pets—some canaries and a fussy parrot.

The crowd swooped down on Capt. Sealy and his companions before they hardly set foot on the dock. The captain had to force his way through the cheering folk. Capt. Ramsom, of the Baltic, came down the gangway then with an open hand for Capt. Sealy. They went into the captain's quarters on the big ship. An hour later Sealy came down the gang plank with a spot of color on either cheek, a grey cap to replace the black fedora, and an overcoat.

Capt. Sealy and his officers then went down to the White Star offices in color. A jam was waiting for them. Capt. Sealy's face was red when the crowds took up his name and banded it about with scattering cheers. He bowed his head and ducked for the revolving doors. Inside the offices there was a crowd of the Republic's passengers. A house warming started right there. Two dozen of the men and women who had been on the Republic and who were down at the steamship office looking for other boats crunched the mortified captain to a table, hoisted him to the blotter in the middle of the rosewood, and then yelled for a speech.

"I can't make a speech," Capt. Sealy began, with confusion written all over his pink countenance. "I don't know what to say, and I am glad to see you here. That's about all. You must excuse me, really."

Mrs. Leon Bourgeois, with her baby daughter, the only baby on the ship that had been rammed on Saturday morning, was standing near the table where the captain had been placed. She lifted the youngster high above her head and called out to Sealy: "Here's one of the survivors who wished to thank you, captain." When the Republic's commandant disappeared the crowd in the White Star offices seized upon Binns, the wireless man. It was a sad moment for Binns. He blushed, crossed one foot over the other and jammed his hands in the pockets of his rain coat. His round British face was split with a wide grin of mortification.

"Oh, I say now," he protested. "Call it off, call it off."

Binns had to take refuge upstairs. When he came down it was through a side door. He slipped out to report to Mr. Bottomley, the manager of the Marconi American Company, and soon he had a difficult time saving himself from being handicapped by enterprising theatrical managers and other interested persons.

Mr. Bottomley said this afternoon that he thought Binns would live himself for a few days to rest up; then he would go back to England to take a job on a ship that the Marconi people have already slated for him. His salary of one shilling a month from the White Star people stopped the moment that the Republic sank. The White Star salary is only a nominal one, Binns being paid by the wireless company.

After Sealy had had a conference with Mr. Franklin and the other officers of the International Mercantile Marine Company, the nature of which was not given out, he slipped into a cab and made for a Turkish bath.

**SORROW FOR HER NEW GOWNS.**  
New York, Jan. 26.—The Tribune prints the following to-day: As an example of the embarrassed positions regarding clothing in which most of the passengers of the Republic found themselves when they landed in New York yesterday from the Baltic, the case of Mr. and Mrs. John Smallman, of London, Canada, is illustrative. They had intended to make an extensive tour of the Mediterranean ports and then go to Egypt. Because of this they had taken with them rather extensive wardrobes.

Mrs. Smallman, who fared better than most of the women on the Republic, saved one entire costume and two fur coats. She also saved her money and jewels. She lost, however, a wardrobe which she said she had been accumulating for three years.

"Look at that baggage, John," the young and pretty wife remarked sorrowfully, as she gazed at the luggage of the Baltic's passengers, piled on the lower deck, ready to be taken ashore. "Just think where all my new gowns

have gone!" and the woman who had not faltered when danger and death stared her in the face, dropped a tear for the finery that was resting on the ocean bed thirty fathoms down of No Man's Island.

"Cheer up, Maude!" was Mr. Smallwood's breezy remark, and his wife gathered up the corners of the pillow case in which she carried the few belongings she had saved and walked bravely down the gangplank. It is the intention of the Smallmans to continue on their trip as soon as they can gather together a new outfit. Indeed, it was surprising how many of the Republic's passengers were undaunted by the wreck and were inquiring on what steamer they would be forwarded.

### BY SUBMARINE SIGNALS.

How Lucania and Baltic Found the Republic.

New York, Jan. 26.—Of great supplemental value to the wireless in locating the injured Republic on Saturday was the system of submarine signals adopted the past two years by the ocean liners. In the guiding of the liners to her the signals of the Republic were more effective within the radius of their operation than the wireless would have been had it continued in operation. The wireless does not reveal the direction from which it comes. The submarine bell, however, is like a call in the dark.

These delicate instruments, which the officers have been using mainly by the liners to pick up the light ships similarly equipped along the coast, were brought into use a little more than three years ago. Two years ago the White Star line followed the custom in their installation. The principle upon which they are built is that a sound wave under water travels at the rate of 4,700 feet a second as against 1,100 feet a second in the air. In thick weather a fog horn or bell can be heard only a short distance. The submarine signals can be heard for ten miles, and have been picked up at fifteen miles.

The apparatus that picks up the signal is about the size of a man's hat and is attached to the inner sides of the ship. It is a box filled with chemicals. In the chemicals is a microphone, and from this runs a wire attached to an ordinary telephone receiver on the bridge. The apparatus is in duplicate, one forward and one aft of the vessel. The officer on the bridge, with the receiver to his ears, is able to shut off communication from either side.

This apparatus was originally designed to pick up the lights along the coast, which are equipped with the submarine bell. The bell is an air-tight compartment beneath the water line and strikes regular signals.

After the ships were equipped with the receivers they were also equipped with bells, so that in case they came close to each other in the fog they would be heard. The bells ringing in the air-tight compartment ring as the ship moves, and the steady ringing does not conflict with the ringing of the signals from lights along the coast.

After the wireless went out of business on the Republic the bell jangled along, and this registered upon the Baltic and Lucania. By shutting off the receivers on one side or the other the captain of the line was able to tell which direction the drifting ship was taking, as the sound waves registered only upon the side to which the Republic had drifted.

### STORIES OF COLLISION.

Toronto Passengers Had Very Trying Experiences.

Toronto, Jan. 27.—Among the Toronto passengers on the ill-fated Republic who arrived in the city yesterday were Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Woods and Miss Woods and Mrs. (Col.) Mason and Miss Mason. Mr. J. W. Woods, president of Gordon, Mackay & Co., told a very graphic story of the wreck.

Mr. Wood was of the opinion that most of the passengers suffered more from fright over the fact that the lights had gone out, and he expressed the opinion that there should be an auxiliary light just for such emergencies. The Woods party lost all their luggage. In fact, the cabins of the Republic were sealed after the passengers left them, and Mr. Woods considered this a very wise precaution, as if there had been any attempt to save the baggage it would have resulted in much confusion and possible loss of life. Mr. Woods paid a high tribute to the stewards of the Republic. They all lied like gentlemen, going among the passengers assuring them that there was no danger. Once on board the Florida the stewards assumed charge and served a really

good dinner, consisting of macaroni and beefsteak. There were no knives, but as there were plenty of forks this did not seem much of a hardship.

Continuing, Mr. Woods said: "I never saw a finer sight than when we left the sinking Republic. On the bridge stood the captain with some of his officers, and the boats gave them a cheer as they pulled off. That cheer was answered as lustily as though nothing had happened. The captain shouted through his megaphone that they would be all right if the Republic would stand the additional strain of being towed. That's what sank her; the additional strain of the pull against her already weakened bulkheads."

### THE LADIES' EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Woods and Miss Woods had a very trying experience, but stood the ordeal magnificently. Miss Woods showed great presence of mind and great pluck. She went down the darkened stairway to her cabin on two occasions to get necessary articles. Mrs. Woods exhibited equal fortitude. The transfer from the Republic to the Florida was comparatively easy, as the sea was calm, but Mrs. Woods declared that the most trying time was when the passengers were being transferred to the Baltic, it being very difficult to get up the side of the Baltic from the boats. The Italian women at this point had their children taken away from them, and they waited until the officers had to give them back.

Mrs. Mason and Miss Mason occupied a stateroom on the Republic opposite the spot where the steamer was struck. When the crash came, the two ladies were thrown against the sides of their berths with great violence. When they recovered they heard a voice commanding everybody to go on deck and get a lifebelt. In the confusion on deck Mrs. Mason was separated from her daughter, and she did not see her again until after the wreck and were transferred to the Florida.

"While we were aboard the Florida," said Mrs. Mason, "we felt that we were in greater danger than ever. There were so many people on her, and while we could hear the pumps working all the time at full speed, we could feel that the vessel was sinking. Nobody spoke of this, however, until it was all over. We lost everything but our shoes, stockings, and our cloaks in the wreck. In fact, my daughter had to go barefooted for a time, until she found a pair of shoes."

### MISS TWEEDIE'S BRAVERY.

Among the incidents which have been related regarding the wreck of the Republic there is none more creditable than that in which Miss Mamie Tweedie, of Toronto, was the principal. After the crash, while the passengers of the doomed steamer were standing on deck with lifeboats ready to lower, and lifebelts about their bodies, Miss Tweedie noticed an old Italian, one of the steerage passengers, wringing his hands, and crying bitterly. He was old and feeble, and in the rush for lifebelts had not been able to obtain one.

The steamer was in total darkness, and was expected to sink any moment. With a bravery and self-sacrifice that was remarkable, Miss Tweedie took off her own lifebelt, gave it to the aged Italian and went back to the steam and smoke to the stateroom for another for herself. All Miss Tweedie will say about the affair is: "He was sick and half mad with fear, so I let him have my lifebelt, and went down to the stateroom for another." But the act is one of the most heroic recorded in connection with the accident.

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When a man in Mr. Douglas' low condition can be quickly cured, aren't the chances good for you? Don't fail to try Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box at all dealers.

### FINANCIAL FIRM FAILS.

London, Jan. 26.—The London and Paris Exchange, one of the biggest "outside brokerage" firms in England, with twenty-three Provincial and continental branches and an agency in New York, was placed in the hands of a receiver to-day, at the instance of the debenture holders of the company, which is a limited liability company.

### GOWGANDA.

The town site of Gowganda has been selected. A stake was driven on the northeast shore of the lake a few days ago by the chief fire ranger of the Temagami forest reserve. The surveying of the town site into regular town lots will be done at a date not far in the future. Already, however, independent of any site, the miners have laid out their own plans on their own properties, and have been building bunk houses at a rapid rate.

### Sir. Rivers Wilson May Retire.

A London cable states that while no active steps have been taken yet, the feeling in well informed quarters is that Sir Charles Rivers Wilson will retire from the presidency of the Grand Trunk in the near future.

The charges against the House of Refuge at Cobourg will be investigated by the Counties Council.

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### FATHER AND SON.

BOTH KILLED AT KINGSTON RAILWAY CROSSING.

Wm. Spooner's Wagon Struck by Train—Spooner May Be Fatally Hurt—Crossing Dangerous and Subway Had Been Ordered.

Kingston, Jan. 26.—A frightful catastrophe occurred at the G. T. R. junction at 7.15 o'clock this evening, when engine No. 244, pulling the local passenger train from Brockville to Belleville, struck a team of horses and wagon in which William Spooner, his wife and ten-year-old son, Wilfred, were seated, and instantly killing the father and son. Mrs. Spooner was badly injured, but may recover.

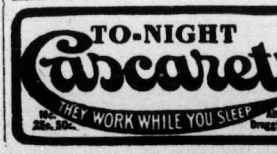
Mr. Spooner was returning to his home in Glenburnie with his wife and son, and had reached the junction when the suburban train was running in. He stopped his team and waited till it passed, and then continued on, having to drive diagonally over six tracks. He failed to notice the west-bound train as it rushed into the yard. In an instant it crashed into the wagon. The horses had crossed the tracks and rushed on unhurt. The wagon was carried on the front of the engine for nearly 100 yards.

When the train stopped Mr. Spooner's body was found wedged between the box of the wagon and the front wheel on the right side. He had been instantly killed, but the body was not mangled. One arm was broken. Mrs. Spooner and the boy were found near the crossing alongside the track. The woman was living, but the boy was dead, his head being badly crushed. Mrs. Spooner was removed in the ambulance to the General Hospital, and the bodies of the dead taken to Corbett's undertaking rooms. Mr. Spooner was a prosperous farmer, forty years of age. His wife is a daughter of William Craig, of Glenburnie, and a cousin of Alderman William C. Craig of Kingston. A five-year-old daughter survives.

The crossing where the accident occurred is dangerous. For years the question of building a subway has been discussed, and the matter went so far that the Railway Committee of the Privy Council ordered that one be built and the cost borne by the G. T. R. Company, the county of Frontenac and the city of Kingston. The city objected to this award, as the crossing is outside the city limits, and the County Council decided to delay action.

The railway company was prepared to go ahead with the subway, but at the request of the county and the city delayed action. For the past two years nothing has been heard of the matter. There is a switchman at the crossing only from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. The subway question will again be revived, as Frontenac has paid a heavy penalty in failing to meet the railway company and carry out the award of the Railway Committee.

The military mess at London, Ont., was fined \$80 for selling liquor, and an appeal is spoken of.



### OBLIGING PRISONER.

Hunts Up an Officer and Gives Himself In Charge.

Regina, Sask., Jan. 26.—A remarkable legal prosecution was concluded to-day, when Neil Macaulay was acquitted on a charge of theft because there was no evidence against him, his own course of action being the strongest evidence of his innocence. He was arrested at Melville, Sask., several weeks ago and committed for trial. There being no police man there, and as he had come to Regina to be tried, he volunteered to go alone.

The Magistrate gave him papers of commitment and he at once made his way to the nearest point in the Province where there is a mounted police constable, and gave himself up. The officer brought him here, and he has fortunately been discharged. He could just as easily have made his way over the border.

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Two Queen's Medical College graduates have received old country honors. Dr. Joseph Quigley won the degree of M. R. C. S. England, and L. R. C. P. London, and Dr. A. R. McIntyre, formerly superintendent of the Kingston General Hospital, the F. R. C. S. degree of Edinburgh.

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