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DOCTOR WM. H. HENDERSON, physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence: Corner of Wellington and William streets, two block west of the post office, Kingston. Telephone communication. Jan. 15.

DRS. DICKSON & BETTS, physicians and surgeons. Electricity a specialty. Office 81 Wellington street. C. R. DICKSON, M.D., J. H. BETTS, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng. Telephone communication. March 17.

DR. W. G. ANGLIN, M.R.C.S., England. 52 Earl street, near King. Telephone communication. March 6.

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SMYTHE & SMITH, solicitors, etc. 192 Ontario street, Kingston, Ont. EDWARD H. SMYTHE, LL.D., CHAS. FRONTENAC SMITH. November 29.

WALKEM & WALKEM, attorneys and solicitors, Kingston; opposite the post office. RICHARD T. WALKEM, JOSEPH B. WALKEM. July 2.

ARCHITECTURE.

POWER & SON, architects and building surveyors. Office: Golden Lion block. Residence: Sydenham street. October 23.

ROBERT GAGE, architect. Office: 11 Montreal street. Oct. 2.

WM. NEWLANDS, Jr., architect, corner of Brock and King streets, over Wade's drug store. Entrance on King street, next to the Whig office. Aug. 27.

HOTELS.

ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, corner of King and Queen streets, Kingston, has been refitted for the accommodation of the travelling public. Livery attached. First-class rigs always on hand at the shortest notice. ELDER BROS., proprietors. Sept. 5.

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ADAM McARTHUR, accountant, auditor, etc. Office: Clarence street, near King. Jan. 6.

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ONTARIO Building and Savings' Society, Clarence street, Kingston. William Ford, president. Capital, $250,000.—Money to lend on farm and city property or municipal debentures, at lowest current rates of interest, on terms to suit borrowers. JAMES McARTHUR, manager. November 29.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAP BOOKS FOR SALE.—A. SIMMONS, Princess street, has always on hand a large supply of Second-hand Books, which he will sell cheap. Books bought. April 2.

T. A. MOORE, M.D.C.M., PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office: Brock street, opposite Golden Lion. June 12.

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THREE ETON BOYS.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

Lord Staines made no answer, but Mr. Turner rose and approached, wiping the tears away from his foolish old eyes with a large silk pocket handkerchief. "We shall go to you, but you will not come back to us, Sunning," he began. I don't care to quote the rest of his remarks. He was a cleric of the old fashioned school, who had not, I should imagine, occupied himself much with the subject of eschatology. It was, perhaps, right that he should give utterance to his views, which, I am sure, were at any rate sincere; but those stereotyped phrases about the New Jerusalem and white winged angels and golden harps, enunciated with a certain pomposity, despite the occasional quavering of the speaker's voice, jarred somewhat upon my ears, as I dare say they did upon those of several other persons present. Sunning listened patiently. Thank God, he had not many sins, even of a childish kind, to reproach himself with. He had always been a good boy, as well as a brave one, and had no need to dread the unknown future, be that what it may.

After a time, he beckoned to me and put the dog into my arms. "Goodby, Bluey," he whispered. The dog licked his face and he patted its rough head, and then for the first time two great tears welled up into his eyes and brimmed over.

I bent over him and kissed him, and then I picked up the dog and went away. I had no right to intrude upon the scene which I could see was close at hand; and besides, to tell the truth, I couldn't bear it any longer. Many sadder things than a child's death are happening in the world every hour. One may look back upon it dispassionately now and say that it was perhaps well that our poor little Sunning should have been taken from us—that if he had lived, he might not have been happy; that he would almost certainly have been badly brought up; that he would have succeeded to a diminished property; that he would very likely have followed in the steps of his father and grandfather, with less means at his disposal, and consequently greater temptations than theirs, and so forth; but the fact remains that he was the brightest and most promising child I have ever known, and that, humanly speaking, his life was cut short because his mother did not choose to take the trouble of looking after him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Everybody expected that the loss of his grandson would be poor old Lord Staines' deathblow. He himself was of that opinion and at first refused to leave his bed, saying that he had now nothing to live for. But perhaps, upon further thought, he may have remembered that he had still certain matters to attend to before quitting a troublesome world, or perhaps he may have been too old and worn out to die of grief. At any rate he did not die, nor did his health appear to suffer, although I believe he was never seen to smile again after Sunning's little coffin was laid in the family vault at Staines court.

Lady Bracknell did not appear at the funeral. It is believed—or at all events it was stated—that she felt unable to face so cruel an ordeal; but the truth, as I afterward heard on excellent authority, was that she was afraid to venture within reach of her husband, who had ordered her away from him immediately after the boy's death, assuring her that he was not master of himself, and that she would do well to keep out of his sight for some time to come. So she took him at his word and fled down to the country, to the house of I forget what friend, who undertook to comfort her in her affliction. Bracknell remained in London, and, as I was told, continued to go to his club every day, to gamble heavily and to drink hard.

I called upon him several times, but he was always out; and one day when I chanced upon him in the street, he told me roughly that I need not trouble to look him up again.

"Kindly meant, I've no doubt," he said; "but I should be very much obliged to my friends if they wouldn't be so—etc., etc.—officious. When I want to be condoled with I'll let them know."

After that I could only leave him to himself. Even if he had been willing to listen to me, I should have been puzzled to discover any plausible form of consolation; and certainly I should not have hit upon that selected by my mother, who in the overflowing kindness of her heart wrote him a long letter, in which she reminded him that among other blessings he still possessed his wife. I believe she was afterward a little ashamed of having taken this bold step, and would never have let me know of it had she been able to resist showing me Bracknell's reply, which was brief and pithy:

"Dear Mrs. Maynard:—I told your son the other day that I didn't wish to be condoled with, and I don't. But I must say that I hardly expected to be congratulated. Lady Bracknell is not with me just now, or she would, I am sure, desire me to thank you for speaking of her as a blessing. It is probably the first time in her life that she has been called by that name, and I should think it would be the last. Sincerely yours, BRACKNELL."

My mother shook her head at this. "He ought not to speak so of his wife," she said. And when I brought forward certain excuses on Bracknell's behalf (I would not shock her by mentioning all those that might have been mentioned, nor would she have believed in them if I had), she only shook her head the more, telling me that I had no realizing sense of the sacredness of marriage.

Whether I deserved that rebuke or not is of small consequence, but I might fairly have retorted that my dear mother, for her part, was a little too sublimely indifferent to the worldly side of that contract, and that by her present conduct she was in danger, not only of making two people more unhappy than there was any occasion for, but of getting herself into serious trouble as well. However, I doubt whether anything that I could have said would have prevented her from asking Lady Mildred to come in to tea every other day, and then casually getting Jim to meet her. She had made up her mind that this couple ought to be married, and even that it was the will of heaven that they should be married. It would have been too much to expect that the will of heaven should be set aside to please Lord Staines or Mr. Beauchamp, the latter of whom, as my mother pointed out, might have proposed long ago, if he had chosen, but had preferred to go off to Norway and catch salmon.

And so, during the summer, our house was made the scene of what, to a commonplace person like myself, wore very much the appearance of clandestine love making.

Lord Staines' suspicions were at length aroused, and he sent for me to pour them into my ear. It was on a fine autumn day that, in obedience to his summons, I walked up to Staines Court and was shown into the library, where he now sat from morning to night, and where, in spite of the warmth of the weather, a fire was burning. He looked very feeble and broken, bending forward in his chair and holding up a thin, trembling hand to the blaze.

"Maynard," he said, "I want you, like a good fellow, to speak a word of warning to your friend Leigh. I would rather not speak myself, because, as you know, he has been caused trouble and disappointment by our family already, and I should be sorry to seem unfriendly to him. So will you just tell him as kindly as you can that it won't do? I see more than perhaps you young folks suppose, and of course you know what I allude to. It won't do, my dear Maynard. I am sorry for it; but it won't do."

"Lord Staines," I answered boldly, "I am not going to undertake any such commission. I can quite understand your anxiety to keep the Beauchamp property in the family, and if you can get the persons principally concerned to do as you wish, I dare say it will be in some respects a good thing; but I don't choose to be a party to any scheme of that kind. My point of view is not the same as yours. What may become of the Beauchamp property is nothing to me; whereas it is a good deal to me that Jim Leigh should have what he wishes for. I believe that Lady Mildred and he are attached to each other, and, that being so, I hope they will stand up for themselves and marry."

I may expected that this audacious harangue would call forth an explosion of wrath; but my expectations were not fulfilled. Lord Staines only sighed wearily and said: "God knows I care little enough for money or lands now! My time is almost up, and I suppose Bracknell will be the last of our name. Against Leigh I haven't a word to say; only, as I told you before, it won't do. Mildred must marry Beauchamp. I am under obligations to him which can't be discharged in any other way; and he will be a kind husband to her. We won't argue the point, if you please."

"He will not be a husband of her choosing," I made so bold as to observe, despite his prohibition.

"You don't know what you are talking about," returned the old man, fretfully. "The thing must be, and there's no use in discussing it. If you don't see your way to speaking to your friend, I must speak to Mildred, that's all."

I said nothing about this conversation to those whom it concerned, and whether Lord Staines carried out his intention of remonstrating with Lady Mildred or not I cannot tell. Very likely he did not, for I fancy that he shrunk from distressing her, and he may have thought it needless to take active steps before Beauchamp's return from Norway.

No news with regard to that event reached my ears, and it was not until late in the autumn that I was made aware of its having taken place, by encountering Beauchamp himself at a country house in the north of England, where I had been invited to spend a few days. It struck me that our meeting was not a source of unalloyed satisfaction to him. There was even a sort of shamefacedness in his demeanor which I could not at first account for, but which explained itself at dinner time, when Lord and Lady Bracknell made their appearance among several other guests who had arrived late in the afternoon, and when her ladyship exchanged meaning glances with my young friend, after affording him a conventionally polite greeting.

The Bracknell menage, which for a time had been threatened with disruption, had been set agoing once more (by the kindly intervention of friends, as I was informed), and was, to all appearances, being conducted upon much the same principles as heretofore. At all events, Bracknell seemed to look with absolute indifference upon the renewal of the flirtation which he once professed himself determined to check. The past few months had worked a very perceptible change in him; he had grown stouter; his complexion had become pasty and his eyelids heavy, and a few gray hairs had appeared about his temples. His manners, too, had distinctly deteriorated. He was bored, and did not attempt to disguise the fact; moreover, he displayed a contradictious and quarrelsome tendency which evidently caused some anxiety to our hostess.

As for Lady Bracknell, she was brilliant and radiant. Her black dress and jet ornaments threw up the dazzling whiteness of her skin; she looked as if she had not a care in the world; and if, as I suspect, the other ladies were whispering to each other what a heartless wretch the woman was, I can only say that in my humble opinion they had a very good right to do so.

Probably neither their remarks nor my opinion were matters of much moment to her. She was a cold hearted and calculating woman, but she was capable, no doubt, of enjoying herself after her own fashion, and few things can be more pleasant than to indulge in your favorite pastime, while making it subserve a definite, practical end. This, for the time being, appeared to be Lady Bracknell's enviable lot. The subjugation of Beauchamp was complete. He remained by her side the whole evening through; he scarcely took his eyes off her for a moment; and it may be assumed that he had no idea of the sorry spectacle that he presented to lookers on.

Hilda had a second string to her bow, in the shape of a certain Comte de Vienzac, a French attache, whom I had met several times in Wilton place. De Vienzac was one of those semi-Anglicized Gauls who get their clothes made in London, whose talk is of horses and shooting, and who discuss sport with a solemnity far exceeding that of their models. Being young, by no means bad looking, and full of that confidence in the irresistible nature of his charms, which is the very last thing that his countrymen can bring themselves to part with, he most likely flattered himself that he had made a conquest of Lady Bracknell, and it was easy to see that he found Beauchamp a good deal in the way. That Beauchamp reciprocated his sentiments with interest was not less obvious; and while one of the young men assumed an aggravatingly supercilious mien and the other scowled savagely, Hilda, arbitress of the contest, sat between them, displaying her white teeth and gently swaying a black ostrich feather fan.

Somehow or other the sight of that smiling, contented, selfish woman, playing off her admirers one against the other, infuriated me. I could not get the memory of poor little Sunning out of my head while I watched her; it seemed to me that of all forms of depravity the most odious is that which obliterates the natural, animal instinct of maternal love. And my soul being stirred within me by the spectacle of the power possessed and exercised by that woman, who if she had had her deserts would have been picking oakum in Millbank penitentiary, I could at last contain myself no longer, but, rising from my sequestered corner, crossed the room with the intent to do a truly silly thing.

I made straight for the sofa on which Bracknell was sitting apart with his hands in his pockets, and asked him whether he didn't want to smoke.

"Of course I do," he growled. "Why the dickens don't these people go to bed?"

"We will give them the slip," said I; for I was bent upon having a few words in private with him. "Now is our time, while nobody is looking."

So I got him away to the smoking room, and, as soon as we had lighted our cigars, plunged head first into the middle of my subject. "Bracknell," said I, "do you or do you not intend Beauchamp to marry your sister?"

I have mentioned already that Bracknell's manners had deteriorated. He frowned heavily and asked me what the devil that was to me.

"I will tell you," I answered. "You must admit, I think, that you haven't behaved very well to Jim Leigh"—

"Good Lord!" interrupted Bracknell, "are you going back to that old story again? Why, man, I made him an apology when he reappeared in London last summer! What more would you have? I can assure you that I repent from the bottom of my heart of having deprived him of Miss Hilda Turner."

"I don't doubt it," I replied; "I only meant to remind you that you owe him a good turn. I can't go into particulars, because we shall have the other men in here presently, but the long and the short of it is that Lady Mildred and he are in love with each other."

"Oh, indeed!" said Bracknell. "Well, really, I don't care."

"Does that mean," I inquired, "that you won't oppose their marriage?"

"It means," answered he, "that I shall not bother myself about the matter, one way or the other. Jim had better fight it out with the governor."

I ought, I suppose, to have been contented with that. I had not behaved with my usual circumspection in introducing the subject at all, and I had received an assurance, which, so far as it went, should have been entirely satisfactory to me. But, being so exasperated with Hilda, and being also curious to learn how far Hilda's absolute lack of principle was shared by her husband, I must needs proceed to remark:

"You once told Lady Bracknell in my presence that you would not permit her to entice Beauchamp away from your sister. You have changed your mind as to that, it appears."

Bracknell rose slowly from his chair, advanced to that in which I was seated, and placed a heavy hand on each of my shoulders, looking straight into my eyes. "Maynard," said he, "you aren't a bad sort of fellow, taking you all round, but you're just as cheeky now as you used to be at Eton, and I may as well tell you at once that I'm not in the humor to put up with cheek. Do you remember my giving you a licking once in Keate's lane?"

"No," I replied, "I do not. I remember your hitting me and I remember kicking you on the shins, and I remember old Jim Leigh corning between us."

"Well," said Bracknell, "I dare say it was no bad thing for you that Jim Leigh happened to be handy. I didn't want to thrash you then and I don't want to thrash you now; but if you take upon yourself to interfere with my private affairs a second time, by the Lord, I'll knock your head off your shoulders."

This threat, which was embellished by certain expressions which I prefer not to transcribe, caused me to reflect. I do not suppose that Bracknell could have knocked my head off my shoulders, but it is quite possible that he might have managed to give me a black eye; and really I cannot afford to be seen going about with a black eye. Therefore I resolved to abstain from further provocation; and at this opportune moment our interview was interrupted by the entrance of our host, accompanied by a large detachment of his guests.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL AND SPORTING NEWS.

Wilkesbarre is negotiating with Pitcher Shaffer, late of the Mets.

Never lose your temper on a baseball field. The other fellows make on it.

There is no Evaporation or Deterioration in strength about Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. The ingredients of this incomparable anti-rheumatic and throat and lung remedy are not volatile, but fixed, pure and imperishable. Pain, lameness and stiffness are relieved by it, and it may be used with equal benefit externally and internally.

Hamilton has won six games from the Toronto baseball club and lost four.

No wonder Binghamton weakened for a time. The monthly pay roll is $2,400.

No one buys a "Pig in a Poke"—in other words, purchases on mere guesswork—who buys for his or her relief Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The fact is too well known to leave room for any per adventure that it is a sovereign curative for Indigestion, Costiveness, Impurities of the blood, Kidney and Female troubles, and other infirmities.

Wesley Curry has had a surfeit of umpiring in the association and has resigned.

Capt Cavanagh, of the Brockville lacrosse club, has been replaced by Capt. Bourke.

The Montreal checker club have decided to include chess, which they intend to make a feature of their games.

Nearly all infants are more or less subject to diarrhœa and such complaints while teething, and as this period of their lives is the most critical, mothers should not be without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. This medicine is a specific for such complaints and is highly spoken of by those who have used it. The proprietors claim it will cure any case of cholera or summer complaint.

That excellent team of colored baseball players, the Cuban Giants, of Trenton, N. J., have so far played 100 games and lost but 26 of them.

Van Haltren, the Chicago pitcher, is said to be but a shadow of his former self, so much has the unaccustomed heat and climate of the East affected him.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering, and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

Mark Baldwin has the most wild pitches scored gainst him in the National baseball league, namely, 30; then comes Keefe with 28 and Healy with 22.

On their last trip East the Cincinnati baseball players received $2 50 each every time they won two games in any one city, and the club treasury wasn't much depleted.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Anson says that Detroit is the meanest baseball club in the country in its treatment of umpires, as they will kick on anything and anybody every time they get whipped. Chicago's captain should keep quiet on the subject of kicking.

Darling has a badly smashed hand. He hurt it in Detroit ten days ago and injured it again in Friday's game against Washington. He will be in no shape to catch for ten days or possibly two weeks.

Agitation in the world of homœopathic medicine has been its very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individuality of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of these bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world famous remedy of general debility and langour "Quinine Wine,"—and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvement, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonics and natural life-giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to its importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skilful observation and scientific opinion have pointed out in the less perfect preparations of the past. All druggists sell it.

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