ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

THIS POWDER never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall street, New York.

DENTAL.

J. H. CLARK, M.D., D.D.S., L.S.D., dentist, graduate of New York college of dentistry. Office: Wellington street, between Princess and Brock streets. Particular attention paid to the preservation of natural teeth. June 1.

J. CLEMENTS, dentist. Office and residence: Opposite post office, Wellington street. Established in Kingston in 1857. Dec. 15.

R. E. SPARKS, D.D.S., L.D.S., dentist, Office, Princess street, between Montreal and Sydenham streets. Residence, No. 10 Charles street. Telephone No. 196. Office hours from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday evening, 7 to 10 o'clock. May 6.

MEDICAL.

C. L. CURTIS, M.D. (successor to Dr. Jarvis) physician, surgeon, etc. Office and residence: Wellington street, nearly opposite the post office. Calls in the city or country promptly attended to. July 15.

MRS. ALICE McGILLIVRAY. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Office: 220 Princess street, at Dr. Sparks', dentist. Telephone No. 196. May 7.

E. MUNDELL, B. M.D., C.M., physician surgeon, etc. Office, late Dr. McCammon's No. 25 Montreal street. Oct. 6.

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 91 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. 92 Earl street, near King. Telephone communication. March 9.

LEGAL.

JOHN STRANGE, LL.B., solicitor, etc. Office: Clarence street, opposite the post office. Money to lend: lowest current rates. Feb. 23.

D. W. SHANNON, M.A., barrister, etc. Office: Next door to King's drug store, on King street, Kingston, Ont. Money to loan at 5 per cent. on both city and farm property.

ROBERT SHAW, barrister. Office: Corner King and Brock streets, over Wade's drug store. June 1.

SMYTHE & SMITH, solicitors, etc. 192 Ontario street, Kingston, Ont. EDWARD H. SMYTHE, LL.B., CHAS. FRONTENAC SMITH. November 20.

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

ARCHITECTS.

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. ELIJER RUSE, proprietore. Sept. 4.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

ADAM McARTHUR, accountant, auditor, etc. Office: Clarence street, near King. Jan. 3.

BARRUTHERS BROS., financial agents. Office: King street, over King's drug store. Money loaned on real estate and other securities. Debentures and stocks bought and sold. May 1.

FRONTENAC Loan and Investment Society, Clarence street, Kingston, opposite the post office.—Money to loan, in large or small sums, at lowest current rates and on most favorable terms, on the security of farm, city and town property. Mortgages and debentures purchased. Money received on deposit and interest allowed thereon. THOS. BRIGGS, manager. May 6.

MONEY TO LEND at lowest rate. Robert H. Shaw, corner of King and Brock streets, over Wade's drug store, agent for the Lombard Investment Co. Best of security for investors. Payments secured. Full information as to investments given. November 20.

ONTARIO Building and Savings' Society, Clarence street, Kingston. William Ford, president. Capital, $2,000,000.—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.

$25,000 TO LEND at 6 per cent. interest; good security required. Apply to DR. SMYTHE, solicitor, Kingston. July 14.

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 13.

HENRY C. FOWLER, BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR, 46 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

PUMPS, PUMPS!

ALL ORDERS for Pumps or Repairs promptly attended to. J. BROKENSHIRE, No. 65 Ontario street, Kingston. June .

Carnovsky & Anderson,

Cheap Furniture and Upholstering,

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. It Cures CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER. STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

EASY TO USE.

H. BRAME, Leading Undertaker and Embalmer. TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION. Corner of Princess and Sydenham streets, No 251. March 16.

ALL THE WORLD AT WAR.

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair," "By Celia's Arbor," "The Golden Butterfly," etc., etc.

"I should like to tell you another thing, dear," he said. "My mother and I parted in anger. She—one must not think ill of one's mother—but she does not remember that I am nearly twenty-three years of age. We quarrelled on account of my violin. She thinks a fiddle only fit for an Italian musician, for a bear leader, or for sailors ashore. Above all, she thinks it unsuited to the head of a city house. Perhaps it is, but then you see I never wanted to play the fiddle in the office. And then—well—then—there was a scene one evening. My dear mother has a high spirit; and when she came in comparing her son—the fiddle scraping son—with his late father, Sir Godfrey Campion, and when that son declared that the comparison was not fair, and one thing led to another, why—there is nothing strange in the fact that the son resolved to take his fiddle into the country for awhile. That is how I came here."

"Yes," I said, trying, in my ignorant, country way to realize what all this meant—"the lord mayor, the lightheaded and the rest.

"Was your father an admiral?" I asked at length. He stared for a moment and then burst out laughing. Of course he always laughed at everything. Years afterward I asked him how it was he did not lose patience with so much ignorance.

"Lose patience!" he asked, in his silly, delightful way, "it all helped to make me love you the more madly."

Now, it was not such very great ignorance after all, because I had heard of admirals who were knighted. It was natural for me to think that all men who were called sir were admirals.

There is one thing which no woman can ever understand—what it is in her, and her alone, that makes a man fall down and worship her. I was the most simple and ignorant of country girls and he was a gentleman. Yet he risked the happiness of his whole life on the chance that I should become what he imagined me to be already. My heart sinks still with a sort of humiliation to think how unworthy of that true and loyal gentleman I was. You will see presently of what things I was capable.

We went home at length, hand in hand, across the fields. Will said nothing to Dan, and we had our tea just as usual, only that I was silent.

In the evening Will went out, accompanied by the two boys. I had quite forgotten about Joshua and wondered a little at his leaving me.

It was dark when they came back. Will had his left hand tied round with a pocket handkerchief, his right eye was black and he had got a gash across his cheek. He had been fighting Joshua Meech, and he had left, as I afterward learned, that hero senseless on the ground.

Jephthah—or was it Job?—announced the battle and its results. "He be give Joshua a drubbing," he said, with a cheerful chuckle.

Now, no one in that house bore Joshua any grudge, and yet at the news we all congratulated ourselves and the victor. I am almost ashamed now to think that Will was more glorious in my eyes than ever.

There could be no fiddling that evening, and Dan had a double ration of brandy punch.

A fight in those days was a mere episode in a man's life. It might occur at any moment. Everybody fought, and a gentleman learned boxing as a part of his education.

But I was anxious that there should be no bad blood, and the next day I went over to the mill to see Joshua.

His face was a good deal more battered than Will's. It was evident that he had taken punishment manfully. He asked me to go into his own room for a talk.

"It is your politeness, I suppose," I began, "that makes you fight a strange gentleman?"

"What's a fight?" he replied. "That's nothing neither to him nor to me. He's a well plucked one, he is, as ever handled a pair of fists. Which makes it worse."

"What is worse, Joshua?"

"Now, no more fooling, Pleasance. You listen to me. No good comes of young gentlemen dangling with young girls. Besides, I won't have it. He's got to go."

"You won't have it?"

"No," he said, banging his hand on the table. "I won't have it. There! You've got to be my wife."

"I've got—to—be—your wife?"

"Of course you have. I've told Dan long ago. Why, I've been saving up for it these ten years. Next Easter Sunday I mean to marry you."

I only stared.

"Don't think, Pleasance, that a man can't love a girl because he hasn't got his mouth stuffed with fine words. Gar! it makes one sick to think of it. I've loved you since you were a child. And he shall go."

"He shall not go, Joshua," I said. "And I will never, never marry you. Remember that."

"He shall go," he said firmly. "One way or the other, he shall go. Don't make me desperate, Pleasance. He shall go. Now you know what to expect, behave accordingly."

I sprang to my feet and rushed out of the cottage. The man's set lips and steady eyes frightened me.

I told Will; but he laughed at my fears. What was Joshua to him? At the most, there could only be another fight.

Joshua came no more to the farm, and I did not see him again till the trouble came upon me and mine.

And now I must leave the pleasant time, when every day brought some new happiness and some fresh brightness with it, and come to the story of that trouble.

It was partly my own fault.

One day—we had been sailing to Ladram bay and back in the little boat; we had just beached her, and were sitting on the pebbles hand in hand.

"What does Dan do," asked Will, "with two boats?"

"The Chace Mary is the fishing boat," I replied; "the Dancing Polly is for the runs to France."

"The what?" cried Will.

"The runs over for the brandy, you know. Why, she is the fastest boat that ever crossed the channel."

Will listened with a bewildered face. Presently he laughed.

"So Dan is a smuggler, is he? Crafty old man!"

"Why," I said, with pride, "everybody knows that Dan is the boldest smuggler along the coast. They've given up trying to catch him now."

"Oh!" And Job and Jephthah?"

"They go, too, of course."

"And—and the jealous amoroso, Don Joshua, does he go, too?"

"Yes, he goes, too. They all four go."

Will whistled.

"Shade of my sainted father!" he said, "was it for this that you brought your son up in pious hatred to the illicit traffic which interfered with your own gains?"

I did not understand one word of what he said.

"I will explain," he said. "My father made his fortune and mine chiefly by rum. Rum is a rival to brandy. Great numbers of the happy children of Ham—who, as my mother believes, are by divine ordinance subject to the children of Japhet—toil in Jamaica for the house of Campion & Co. We provide the British public with red noses, speckled noses, bottle noses, gout and chalk stones in the hands. That is our work in the world. We flog slaves in order that Britons may get drunk on health giving rum. And we pay duty. What are we to think of a man who runs over brandy, which may be sold cheaper than rum, and is more wholesome? How do you think I have been trained to regard such a man? And now to feel that I have not only been staying in such a man's house, but that I am engaged to his adopted daughter, and that daughter the sweetest girl in the world! Lady Campion, what will you say to it?"

CHAPTER III.

A LUCKY RUN.

From the moment Will heard about the smuggling he began to get restless. He would follow Dan down to the beach and talk while he looked after the boats. I knew that he was pumping Dan's adventures out of him—a process by no means difficult. Dan's anecdotes were chiefly of narrow escapes—not from revenue cutters or privateers so much as from sea fogs. Once in a thick fog he nearly put straight into Bridport harbor, there being at the time only a light breeze from the southeast, and a revenue cutter armed and manned lying within the two pier, ready to give him and his cargo a warm welcome. Another time he had to heave overboard the whole of his cargo almost under the very nose of his pursuers. He knew the whole of the French coast, from Dunkerque to St. Malo, and was known in every port. He would drop along the shore, hugging the land, so as to look as much as possible like a fishing smack, till he arrived at his destination; when, you may be sure, he took very little time to load and go away again. Or there were tales of heavy seas and stiff sou'westers. Dan was 60 years of age or thereabouts at this time, and his memory carried him back for half a century of smuggling. His father before him, and his grandfather before him, had been yeomen of Ronsdon, like himself, and, like himself, mainly dependent on the illicit trade.

Now, there was hardly anything more likely to excite the imagination of a town bred youth than a tale of a successful and hazardous run. The romance, such as it was, of highwaymen was over. There were still plenty of them, and they were always hanged when they were caught, so that they were not without some glory. But, considered as heroes, they had had their day. The dogeneratе successors of Claude Duval were either desperate murderers, like the Blacks of Waltham, or they were poor, commonplace, ragged footpads. But the smuggler—the man who encountered the dangers of war, of storm and of the revenue officers—was still a hero. So that Dan leaped at once, in the estimation of Will, from a good natured, cheerful old sailor to the level of a sea king; and this despite the young man's early training and prejudice.

Then came evenings in which after the violin had discoursed, we sat round the fire and talked of nothing else but old trips and their results. Countless were the questions put by Will—questions as to the French coast, the French people, their ways, and their manners; as to the boat, and the navigation of the Channel; as to the danger and the delight of running fifteen knots an hour, everything made snug and taut, carrying all canvas, with heavy seas washing over the gallant little craft. I never thought what might happen. I had lived so long in an atmosphere of carelessness to danger that I had quite ceased to believe in any danger. And when Will begged Dan to take him, too, when he made another run, I laughed and clapped my hands to think how he would enjoy it.

Dan made difficulties. He said it was not a young gentleman's work; that his lady mother might get to hear of it; that things might happen; that he would never be easy in his mind afterward if anything did happen. Finally, over-persuaded by the eagerness of the young man, he acceded to his request.

We were then in the cold evenings, about the middle of October, and in the last few days of a waning moon. The weather was fine and open, with a steady southwesterly breeze springing up most nights toward sunset, and lasting till late the next morning. Dan went over to the mill to consult with Joshua, who readily resigned his place to Will, on the condition of his not losing his place in the profits, should the venture be successful. I took this kindly of Joshua. I thought he must have passed into a better frame of mind, although he had not been once to the house since the day he threatened me.

Everything being arranged and the weather favorable, they went on board at 8 in the morning. I was in the dingy, carrying things backward and forward for them, and when Dan was satisfied that nothing had been forgotten I dropped into the little boat and sat in it watching the Dancing Polly slip out of the bay and glide into the darkness, while Will leaned over the taffrail and waved a farewell to me.

It was nothing unusual for me to sleep alone in the house. There was no danger of robbers in so secluded a spot as Ronsdon, and there was always a sense of protection in the fact of old Isaac Agus and his wife sleeping in the cottage hard by. I had no fears for myself. Only, somehow, things were different now. I had left off thinking of myself and thought all day and night of Will. That night, for the first time, I was timid. I thought of the little boat sailing across the black Channel to the enemy's coast. I conjured up the dangers. Bonaparte might catch them. He was at Boulogne then, preparing for the invasion of England with every ship, craft, boat of any kind which he could collect together. The Dancing Polly might be captured by a privateer; they might be arrested on the French coast; they might be wrecked. I thought of every danger except the one most likely to happen—that they might meet their difficulties on the return voyage. For the first time in my life I was afraid, and while I sat before the fire conjuring up the ghosts of possible disasters I heard a step outside, the latch was lifted, and Joshua Meech showed himself at the door.

I thought he had been drinking. His eyes were haggard and bloodshot—those eyes of his which were too close together and too small; his face was distorted and his fingers worked nervously together.

"They are gone?" he asked, sitting on Dan's settle, with a sort of groan.

"Yes," I replied, fearing he was come for no good. "They put out at 8. Now, Joshua, if you have anything to say have done with it at once and go."

"I've got this to say," he replied hoarsely. "I've been trying to put you out of my mind and I can't. Who's Mr. Campion, that he's to come here and take away my girl?"

"I never was your girl, Joshua."

"You should have been. I'd set my heart on it. And you shall be yet. There never was a thing that I wanted as I did not get. I've always looked to marry you and nobody but you, and I will yet."

"Will you?" I laughed. "Never!"

"Don't think I shall be an unkind husband, my pretty!" he said with a sudden change of voice and manner. "I love you too well. I shall wrap you up warm and give you nothing to do only to make yourself happy."

"Now, Joshua," I said, "go! This is enough foolishness for one night. I am going to marry Mr. Campion. Do you hear? I am going to be his wife."

"If you won't listen to fair words," he said, springing to his feet, "listen to foul. I've given you one more chance. It's your last. Will you give up that young popinjay?"

"No, I will not. Go!"

"I've warned you," he said, "and I'm desperate. Whatever happens, mind, it will be all on your own head. Whatever happens, you done it."

I had no suspicion, not the least shadow of suspicion, of what he meant. If Joshua's anger made me fear anything, it was that he might attempt some desperate deed of personal violence. At the same time I was disquieted, and I longed for the return of the boat.

They sailed at 8, as I have said. If the breeze continued steady, they might reach the coast of France in the morning. Supposing that all went well, they would receive their cargo in a few hours, and should be back in the early morning of the following day—say from 1 to 3 o'clock, before daybreak. But that depended entirely on the wind.

(To be continued.)

Holloways Pills and Ointment.

The combined ill effects of overcrowding, sedentary occupations and monotony of life are only too well known to those who have to pass the best part of their lives laboring in factories and crowded workrooms. The compulsory confinement weakens the general health and induces chronic constipation, indigestion, and various forms of skin diseases. Holloway's remedies are of priceless value to persons of this class, for they can be used without entailing loss of work, being purely vegetable in their composition, and consequently act without harshness on the most delicate system. The experience of more than forty years proves that no means surpass Holloway's remedies for curing bad legs, bad breasts, piles, and wounds of all kinds.

The First Sign

Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Dyspepsia Cured.

It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. Today my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 283 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

GENERAL AND SPORTING NEWS.

Fred Plaisted will join with Gandaur in the boat building business at St. Louis.

Shortstop Lang, of the Jersey City team, is making a big reputation for himself by his beautiful stops, pick ups and accurate throws.

Use Eureka pile cure for piles. Sure cure. Ask your druggist for it.

Steve Brady, late of Hartford, has joined the Newark baseball club. He ought to strengthen that team very much, alike at first base and at the bat.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

"Somers, of the New Orleans baseball club, is mad. Somebody telegraphed him that his mother was dead, and he travelled for a night and a day, only to find that it was his mother-in-law."—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

All beds seem hard to the rheumatic. Then hearken ye peevish sufferers! Apply Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to your aching joints and muscles. Rely on it that you will experience speedy relief. Such, at least, is the testimony of those who have used it. The remedy is likewise successfully resorted to for throat and lung diseases, sprains, bruises, etc.

During a baseball game near Poolville, Madison County, N.Y., on Sunday afternoon, Otto Bronson, 18 years of age, was struck on the temple by the ball and almost instantly killed.

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes: "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years.

Gastrich and Malcolm, the Modoc pair of St. Louis, have challenged Clegg and Standish, of Detroit, for a boat race either in Detroit or St. Louis.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Canadian cricketing team finished the final match of their tour at Liverpool on Aug 23rd and were badly beaten by a Lixerpool eleven. The score stood; Canada, 78 and 229, of which Henry, of Halifax, contributed 48 and 69; Liverpool 233 and 75 for four wickets; the latter thus winning by seven wickets.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or Diarrhœa, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptons are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

A Syracuse tailor will give each of three Syracuse players who make the most runs a $10 pair of pantaloons. The string to this offer is that the club must, however, win the pennant.

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.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germ of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand incessant substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, guaged by the opinions of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

There is a Miss Ahl living in Appling County, about ten miles from Baxley, Ga who is 10 years and 2 months old and weighs 180 pounds. She weighed at the age of 7 years 140 pounds. She is no higher than children usually are at her age, so you may judge she is a sight. Persons who have saw her say she is as broad as she is long.

LEADING BUSINESS HOUSES OF MONTREAL

CRATHERN & CAVERHILL, METALS & HEAVY HARDWARE.

Caverhill, Learmont & Co. SHELF HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c.

Benny, Macpherson & Co. Wholesale Dealers in Iron, Metals & Hardware. ALSO— RAILWAY & CONTRACTORS' SUPPLIES.

PILLOW, HERSEY & Co. Manufacturers of Cut Nails, Tacks, Shoe & Wire Nails, Brads, Railway and Pressed Spikes, Horse Shoes, Bolts, Nuts and Rivets.

H. SHOREY & CO. WHOLESALE CLOTHING and MANTLE MANUFACTURERS.

J. W. MACKEDIE & CO. Manufacturers of CLOTHING Wholesale, 33 Victoria Square, Montreal.

JOHN C. WATSON. Manufacturer of WALL PAPERS In all grades. Awarded Silver Medal Dominion Exhibition, 1886. Samples mailed to the trade.

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THOMAS FIRTH & SONS, (Limited.) NORFOLK WORKS, SHEFFIELD, Manufacturers of CRUCIBLE CAST STEEL FOR Axes, Tools, Taps, Dies, &c. Spring Steel, Locomotive Tires AND— MILD STEEL CASTINGS. JAMES HUTTON & CO., AGENTS.

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PECK, BENNY & CO. Manufacturers of the Celebrated "P. B." BRAND HORSE SHOE NAILS. IRON & STEEL CUT NAILS. RAILWAY & PRESSED SPIKES. Horse Shoes, Tacks, Brads, Wire Nails.

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S. DAVIS & SONS, "CABLE" & "EL PATRE" CIGAR MANUFACTURERS. Toronto Branch, 38 Church Street.

J. M. FORTIER, CREME DE LA CREME CIGAR FACTORY, 143, 145, 147 St. Maurice Street.

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