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.

L. 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. May 15.

DR. ALICE McGILLIVRAY. Diseases of women and children a specialty. Office: 230 Princess street, at Dr. Sparks', dentist. Telephone No. 196. May 7.

D. 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 Will am streets, two block west of the post office, Kingston. Telephone communication. Jan. 15.

DRS. DICKSON & BETTS, physicians and surgeons. Electricity a specialty. Office: 9 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. 86 Earl street, near King. Telephone communication. March 6.

LEGAL.

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

R. W. SHANNON, M.A., barrister, etc. Office: Next door to King's drug store, on King street, Kingston, Ont. Money to loan at 6 per cent. on both city and farm property.

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

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 28.

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. 6.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

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

CARRUTHERS BROS., financial agents. Office: King stret, 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 M. 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 30.

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.

$25,000 TO LEND at 6 per cent, interest; good security required. Apply to DR. SMYTHE, solicitor, Kingston. July 13.

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 8.

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.

Carnovsky & Anderson,

Cheap Furniture and Upholstering.

NASAL BALM

Osnabruck, Dixons P. O., Ont., May 11th, 1887.

My wife suffered for five years with that distressing disease, catarrh. Her case was one of the worst known in these parts. She tried all the catarrh remedies I ever saw advertised, but they were of no use. I finally procured a bottle of Nasal Balm. She has used only one half of it, and she is thoroughly cured, and now feels like a new person. I feel it my duty to say that Nasal Balm cannot be TOO HIGHLY recommended for catarrh troubles, and am pleased to have all such sufferers know through its use they will receive instant relief and CURE.

CHAS. McGILL, Farmer.

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.

When in my own room I was dressed in the new clothes, I hardly knew myself. A long black habit for riding, gloves, a hat and veil, all sorts of little things of which I hardly knew the use, neatly packed in a leathern valise. I finished my preparations at length and came downstairs, dressed like a young lady. But I could hardly have looked one, because I felt awkward and constrained in my new attire. Mr. Huntspill bowed politely.

"The most beautiful girl," he said, repeating Will's dear words, "on all the southern coast."

That was all very well. But how would beauty give me courage to face Lady Campion?

We were to start at once, but a sudden thought struck me. The hearthstone! Dan's last words were to remember the hearthstone. I had seen to what use Joshua put his, and I had every reason to believe that Dan's was, in the same manner, his own bank, the place where he confided his single talent, so that it could by no means grow or produce interest, or become useful at all, except for spending.

I reflected for a moment.

"Now, my dear young lady," said Mr. Huntspill. His eyes had been upon me ever since I came down in my new dress, and I could see that he looked at me with admiration. That, to my mind, meant that Will would have been satisfied, and I was glad.

"It is the hearthstone," I said.

He stared for a moment. Then he remembered that the general use of the lower sort of people was to hide away their money, and that the hearthstone was the general hiding place; so that if a cottage was robbed the first thing the burglars did was to pry up the hearthstone.

We raised the stone, Mr. Huntspill and I, between us. Beneath was a perfect mine, an Eldorado of gold and precious things.

Remember that Dan Gulliver was turned 60 years of age; that he had been smuggling ever since he was 10; that he had never had an unsuccessful run, and that ever since his father's death the farm had supplied most of our frugal wants, always excepting the brandy, which never, etc.

I am afraid to say how much there was under the hearthstone. It was, I know, more than a thousand pounds, all in golden guineas, tied up in bags containing a hundred each.

Mr. Huntspill poured the contents of each bag upon the table, and counted the coin carefully. For each he made a separate memorandum. Mr. Huntspill tied up the bags again, called one of his servants, and confided them to his care. Then we started on our journey.

I said farewell to the two old people who were to be left in sole charge of Rousdon farm. Mr. Huntspill wrote his London address, in case anything should be wanted. And then he lifted me into the saddle, and we turned the horses' heads Londonward.

I should have been perfectly happy but for two things—the never ceasing anxiety about Will, and an always increasing fear of the terrible Lady Campion.

I learned a good deal in those days of other things besides curious and interesting sights. Mr. Huntspill, who was always talking to me, taught them. For instance, in the gentlest and kindest manner possible, he instructed me in sundry points of minor morals—I mean carriage and conduct of myself. This, I knew, was done in order that I might not prejudice Lady Campion against me at the outset by some act of awkwardness or bad breeding.

"A lady," said Mr. Huntspill, who always spoke with authority, "is known by her acts and words first; but there is a connection between nobility of thought and dignity of carriage."

He had learned by this time all my deficiencies, and I knew that he was going to report upon them to Lady Campion. I was not afraid of the report which he would make of me, but I was horribly afraid of madam, as he called her.

The day before we rode into London he talked about her.

"Lady Campion," he said, "is blind, as you doubtless know; but in a short time you will forget her blindness. She writes her own letters, and her letters are read to her by means of a confidential clerk. She hears reports about the affairs of the house, and gives her counsels, which are in reality her instructions. And all as well as if she had the use of her eyes. Madam," Mr. Huntspill went on, "was left sole guardian to Mr. William at the death of Sir Godfrey, her son being then 14 years of age, with a clause appointing Mr. William chief partner in the house at the age of 25. He is now 23. He demands liberty of action until the time comes for him to rule over us. Meantime madam holds the reins with firmness and prudence. What she shall hope for in you is the power to attach her son to his domestic and civic duties, and make the rover a worthy successor to the great Sir Godfrey, lord mayor of London."

This was disquieting. How could I?

He answered my look, being at all times a sympathetic man.

"Madam will tell you how. You will modify the strictness of her injunctions by the gentleness of your own heart. Your affection for Mr. William will supply the rest."

Next day we rode over Hounslow Heath, where so many misguided men had committed the acts which led to a violent death, through Uxbridge, past Shepherd's Bush—a coppice in whose recesses there lingered at evening many a cowardly footpad, on the watch for some defenseless old man or woman; by the stately Holland park, standing amidst a lovely country set with trees; along the gardens of Kensington, on the north of which extended mile after mile of nursery and vegetable gardens; past the dreadful tree of Tyburn, at the corner of Hyde park; and thence, by a network of streets and lanes, in which it seemed impossible to find our way, into the city of London.

I was silent with amazement at so much noise, such crowds, and such splendid buildings. I forgot Lady Campion, everything, in wonder and delight. I rode beside Mr. Huntspill in a dream.

He watched me, riding close at my side and guiding my horse. Presently we turned into a long winding lane with no carts or wagons, but a continuous stream of people. Many of them knew Mr. Huntspill, and took off their hats to him. He gravely returned the salute. The lane led to a small quiet square, in which were only private houses. One of these, the largest, occupied the whole side of the square.

"This," said Mr. Huntspill, "is Great St. Simon Apostle, and this is Lady Campion's town house."

I dismounted in considerable trepidation. Mr. Huntspill led me by the hand into the house and up the stairs. He stopped at a door on the first landing and knocked. Then he opened the door gently, and led me into the presence of Lady Campion.

"Those," said a firm, clear voice, "are the footsteps of John Huntspill; I welcome you, my friend. Is all well?"

"All is well, madam," said John Huntspill. "The interests of the house are prospering. I present to you, madam, the young lady of whom you wrote to me, Pleasance Noel, and commend her to your ladyship's protection."

"Come here, my dear. Closer—closer yet."

I had not dared to raise my eyes. Now I did so. I saw a splendid lady, apparently about 50 years of age, magnificently dressed in black velvet. Round her neck was hung a heavy gold chain. Her collar and wristbands were of costly lace. She was sitting when we came in, and she turned her head in the slow, cautious way peculiar to blind people. Yet there was little look of blindness in her eyes, and she seemed to see me as my eyes met those large, proud orbs of hers. She rose, however, to give me greeting, and continued gazing at me, as it seemed, reading my features in imagination. Seating herself again, I unconsciously knelt at her feet. Then she placed her hands on my shoulders, and began, in a way which made me tremble, gently to pass her fingers over my face and head.

"You are pretty, child, and you are tall. What is your age?"

"I am past 16."

"What color is your hair?"

"It is light brown. My eyes are blue."

All this time her busy, sensitive fingers were passing lightly over my face.

"Your name is Pleasance. Your father, John Huntspill tells me, was a ship's carpenter. Your guardian, one Daniel Gulliver, has gone to sea, and you were left alone. My son William has fallen in love with you. You are betrothed to each other without the formality of asking my consent. It was wrong in my son. I trust, my dear, that what I see of you will induce me to grant that consent. We have time before us, during which we may do the best to learn each other's ways and character. Be sure that in all you do I shall be always watching you, blind as I am. You may kiss me, Pleasance."

I kissed her fingers, but she drew me to herself and kissed my forehead. Presently to my distress, John Huntspill went away, and I was left alone with madam.

She began by asking me how I used to spend my days, what I used to read, of what character were my religious opportunities, and other questions designed to bring out exactly what I knew and how I thought. Then she told me that John Huntspill had prepared a report of my general ignorance, for which care would be immediately taken. She informed me, further, that a skillful governess, aided by all kinds of masters, would begin their labors with me the very next morning.

She ended in her stately way:

"William did not wait for my consent, nor did you know, perhaps, that it is unbecoming of a maiden to engage herself without that consent. Nevertheless, should you be diligent and prove yourself possessed of the aptitude and the qualities which he believes to be in you, that consent will not be withheld. Understand me, Pleasance, William is of age, and in two years' time or so will be called upon to assume the chief command of this great firm. He can marry without my consent, if he wishes. For your own happiness, and in obedience to the Fifth Commandment, you will study to obtain my approval. I do not deny that I could have wished—yes, that I most strongly wished—my son to form an alliance with one of gentle birth. You must try to remove this disappointment."

Then my new manner of life began. It was, indeed, different from the old.

Every morning I practiced for two hours on the pianoforte, or harpsichord, as madam called it. After breakfast came the masters. There was M. Elie Lemoine, master of dancing and deportment—he was my favorite, because I took to dancing with great readiness; a singing master; a refugee French lady, of courtly manners, to teach me French; one of the clerks, an elderly man with a wife and large family, permitted to increase his income by giving me lessons in writing; and a professor of elocution, who taught me to read with propriety.

With all this work before me, I had little time to think about poor Will. One day, however, John Huntspill came to see me, and requested that I would favor him by walking in the square with him for a few minutes.

He told me that madam was growing anxious about her son. His story, to put her off the scent, was that he was going to the West Indies. And the West Indian mails had come in, but no letter, naturally enough, had arrived from Will Campion.

"Everything depends," he said, "on there being no inquiry. I have, for my own part, ascertained by a Portsmouth correspondent, in whom I can trust, that Mr. William is now at sea. Madam would die of shame were she to learn the truth. I see nothing for it but to feign a letter from him. I have written it, and propose to bring it to-morrow as coming from the office. It will doubtless be for you to read it aloud. We are embarked in a course of falsehoods; from one deceit springs many. Far, far better had Mr. William at once confessed his name and position, and obtained, as he certainly would have done, his majesty's pardon for a boyish escapade."

Yes, we were indeed embarked in a course of falsehood. Not one letter did we write, but many—four every year. John Huntspill wrote them, getting his descriptions of West India scenery from all sorts of sources, avoiding the islands of Jamaica, Barbadoes and St. Kitt's, in which the house had correspondents. Then he would bring in his precious missive, announcing calmly that a mail was in from the West Indies, bringing a letter for madam. Lady Campion always took it, felt it, remarked how the smell of the vessel clung to the paper, and then putting it into my hands, commanded me to read it.

No letter really came from Will at all. He was fighting the French somewhere. That made me tremble at night, thinking of the almost daily news, shouted about the streets, of another engagement and another victory, with the dreadful list of killed which followed after. Yet John Huntspill bade me hope. Among the lists, so far, he had not seen the name of William Campion, or those of Dan and his boys.

CHAPTER VII.

THE VICTORY OF TRAFALGAR.

Day followed day, and season followed season. I had been with Lady Campion nearly two years. I had been so long in the great, quiet house, where no footfall was ever heard on the thick carpets, so long with the stately lady who saw everything with blind eyes, that the old life seemed quite gone and lost. No more running and singing; and if, as happened sometimes at first, a sense of weariness would fall upon me, madam, who divined everything, would admonish me:

"It is for Will's sake, Pleasance."

And for his dear sake, what labor, what weariness, could not be borne?

We did not stay all the time in the city. Lady Campion had a house at Chertsey, whither for three months in the year we repaired, governess, lessons, and all. There a horse was kept for my own riding, and a groom to protect me. When September vanished, and the leaves were yellow, we left Chertsey and drove back to our city house, in a carriage almost as grand as that of the lord mayor.

No letter from Will all this time; not one line.

We kept up the deceitful correspondence between Will and his mother. What travels we contrived for him! What adventures John Huntspill and I imitated from books, or invented out of our own head! What hair breadth escapes! What romantic incidents! Madam had no suspicion. She watched for the arrival of the letters; she had them read and reread to her; she learned them all by heart; she quoted them as admirable specimens of the best modern style; she dated events from incidents in the letters.

They were all victorious in those days. Surely there was never a time when a nation was so brave as in the time of that long war. There was no note of hesitation then—no timid counsels. Girl as I was, I gloried in the spirit of the country, when, with one consent, the nation flew to arms to resist the threatened invasion. Every day after breakfast I read aloud The Morning Post, especially that portion of the paper which gave the naval intelligence.

One morning I read the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

The list of casualties would be published in a few days. John Huntspill and I went about with heavy hearts. He did not dare to meet my eyes, for his Portsmouth correspondent had found out that all four were on board the Victory.

We had illuminations in the city to celebrate the event on the Day of Rejoicing. We drove in state to church to offer up our far from humble offering; we invited guests for a feast of thanksgiving; we sent money for the poor in token of gratitude, and we gave orders that the rejoicings of the house of Campion & Co. should excel in splendor those of every other private house. The front of the house was covered over with a trellis work, on which were fixed thousands of oil lamps of different colors, arranged in patriotic designs. In the centre was the lion and unicorn, with the words "God save King George!" Above was the union jack, with the legend "Honor to the glorious dead!" I drew out the plan by madam's instructions. She thought me wanting in enthusiasm and delivered a little speech on the part which should be borne by women in the glory of their country. Above all, she said—her words fell upon me as a bad omen—above all, women must be ready, for the sake of their country, to imperil without a murmur the lives of husbands, lovers or sons.

On the morning of this joyful day John Huntspill, in paying his daily visit to madam, handed me quietly a letter. It was addressed to me—I had seen the writing once before, in the parish register—by the rector of Rousdon. Could it be from Will? I hastened away and tore it open with trembling fingers. It was not from Will. It was from Dan Gulliver, and it was the saddest letter that ever a girl received.

"MY DEAR PRETTY" (said poor old Dan)—"We have made the port of Portsmouth, with the admiral aboard in his coffin. Jephthah was killed in the action with a round shot, which cut him in two pieces. My poor, pretty Pleasance! don't cry too much, but Mr. Campion fell overboard on the way home, and is consequently drowned. This is bad news for you, I am afraid, and for me too. Job sends his love, and he says he is alive, and he wishes it had been him. Your affectionate DAN GULLIVER"

(To be continued.)

GENERAL AND SPORTING NEWS.

Umpire McLean had his jaw broken again while umpiring in Buffalo on Tuesday.

There is another "Deacon" in the profession besides Jim White. Parsons, of Rochester, has the same nickname.

Now that McCormick, Galvin and Morris are all in good condition together, Pittsburg is a very dangerous team.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

The last report has it that the reserve rule will be done away with at the next meeting of the American Association.

Bushong, Fulmer, Kerins, Flint and Ewing, five of the greatest catchers in the country, are laid up with broken fingers.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

When Irwin is not playing with the Philadelphias they act pretty much as the Thistle would do in a stiff Nor'Easter without a rudder.

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

Shreve, the Indianapolis pitcher, is worth $75,000 and his folks in Louisville are very rich. He plays ball for the love of it and not as a business.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and throughly, subdues the pain and disease.

The great "Kelly" and Jack Farrel are the two league captains most disliked by umpires. Their kicking is denominated "incessant, senseless and brutal."

Of Van Haltren, Anson says: He is anything but an "exploded phenomenon" or a failure. I pronounce him a success, both as a ball player and a pitcher. He is fully up to my expectations and a desirable man.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

Forty-four successive games was catcher Boyle's limit with the St. Louis Browns. Then his hands gave out. It is an unequalled record, beating George Myers' performance of thirty-seven games when with the St. Louis Maroons.

The *Spectator* denies that Hamilton threw last Friday's game to Buffalo. People who saw the game declare positively that Horner did not over-exert himself and that he was laughing pretty well all the time he was in the box, as if he considered it good fun.

Weighed in the balance, but not found wanting. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspepsia Cure has been weighed in that just balance, the experience of an impartial and intelligent public. Both remedially and pecuniarily it is a success. Its sales constantly increase, testiomy in its favor is daily pouring in. The question if its efficacy in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Ailments, and for Blood Impurity, is decided.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Harry Wright is said not to have a single enemy among ball players. They all like him, and the cause is very simple. He is an honest, hard-working manager, rules his men with an iron will, but never asks anything he would not do himself. It is seldom that anyone hears of a member of the club being disciplined. He sets an example to his men, and they follow him.

Gilbert Laird, St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney, Scotland, writes:—"I am requested by several friends to order another parcel of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. The last lot I got from you having been tested in several cases of Rheumatism, has given relief when doctors' medicines have failed to have any effect. The excellent qualities of this medicine should be made known, that the millions of sufferers throughout the world may benefit by its providential discovery."

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.

The attention of all sufferers is drawn to these well-known remedies, for they possess conspicuous advantages as a safe and reliable aid in all these emergencies to which travellers, emigrants and sailors are so especially liable. They have been largely patronized by wayfarers by land and sea, and in fact, by all classes of the community, to their very great advantage. The Pills are beyond all doubt one of the most effective remedies ever discovered for cases of obstinate constipation, confirmed indigestion and colic, complaints which are engendered by exposure and irregular feeding. The Ointment will be found of the very greatest service in cases of piles, abscesses, erysipelas and all kinds of local ulcerations.

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.

Bulbs for Planting.

Hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, lilies, etc., just arrived from the celebrated nursery of James Vick, Rochester, will be sold at reasonable prices at Hobart's medical hall.

New handsome and stylish cloths for fall jackets at R. McFaul's.

SCROFULA

Humors, Erysipelas, Canker, and Catarrh, Can be cured by purifying the blood with

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lindale, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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

DR. HODDER'S BURDOCK AND SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND

CURES Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Impure Blood, Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, Skin Diseases

THE GREAT REGULATOR

Of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood. Cures Headache, Constipation, Female Complaints, and builds up the system.

Read the following:

"For years past I have suffered from Dyspepsia, and I was recommended to try Dr. Hodder's Compound. I did so and found it a perfect cure."

E. J. CURTIS, Toronto, Ont.

Sold everywhere. Price, 75c.
DR. HODDER'S COUGH AND LUNG CURE Never Fails. Guaranteed. P. ce, 25c and 50c.

THE UNION M DICINE CO.,
Aug. 9. Proprietors, Toronto, Ont.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation. Heals the Sores, Restores the senses of Taste Smell, Hearing. A quick Relief. A positive Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and it is agreeable. Price, 50 cents, at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N.Y. March 19.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORES THE HEARING, no matter whether deafness is caused by colds, fevers, or injuries to the natural drums. Always in position, but invisible to others and comfortable to wear. Music, conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book of proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N.Y. March 29

Clearing Sale

—OF—

LAMPS!

In order to make room for new stock, we are selling all Lamps on hand at greatly reduced prices.

—GOOD VALUE GUARANTEED—

G. S. HOBART

MEDICAL HALL

LADIES!

If you desire solid comfort ask your dealer for a pair of Turner's Fine Shoes. All the latest New York styles, English Wankenphast, New York Cousens, Lon don Box.

Opera Toe. ☞ None genuine unless stamped W. TURNER, JR., HAMILTON.

ADVERTISERS can learn the exact cost of any proposed line of advertising in American papers by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce St., New York. Send 10cts. for 100-Page Pamphlet.

California Bartlett Pears,

VERY FINE.

AT THE BAZAAR.

Oranges, Lemons, Apples, Cocoanuts, &c at the Bazaar.

REES BROS., Manufacturing Confectioners.

Upholstering.

F. C. MARSHALL, upholsterer and cabinet maker. Parlor Suites and Lounges of every description made to order. Repairing promptly attended to. Chairs caned. Mattresses re-stuffed or made to order. Carpets cleaned and laid. 241 Princess street. Nov. 6

WOOD AND COAL.

COALS AND WOOD

BRECK & BOOTH,

Wharfingers, vessel agents and wholesale and retail coal and wood dealers.

Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened, and promptly delivered. Sunk wood and hard and soft cord wood of the best quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed. Yard, corner of West and Ontario streets. Office, corner of Clarence and Ontario streets. ☞ Orders left at the stores of Mr. James Redden, Princess street, and Messrs. McKelvey & Birch, Brock street, will be promptly filled. Telephone communication.

L. W. BRECK. E. A. BOOTH.

COAL, COAL, COAL!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Yard No. 1—Ontario street.
Yard No. 2—Clarence street wharf.
Yard No. 3—St. Lawrence wharf.
Chief office, St. Lawrence wharf. Branch office, corner King and Clarence streets (opposite British-American hotel).
Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal, all under cover, well screened. Telephone communication.

JAMES SWIFT.

Hard and Soft Wood.

IF YOU WANT

The Driest, Cheapest and Best

Hard maple and beech cordwood, oak and beech cordwood, dry ash, elm or hemlock cordwood, either sawed or unsawed; or, if you want kindling wood (dry), or stove coal, nut coal, No. 4 coal, soft coal, or blacksmith's coal, go to

R. CRAWFORD & CO.,

Foot of Queen street.

N.B.—Orders left at Jas. Crawford's grocery store, Princess street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone communication. April 6.

—DRY—

Mill Wood and Slabs.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY at the out of Barrack and Ontario streets

M. MALLEN.

May 9.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE

—AND—

Canada Pacific Railroads

New, Direct, Shortest, Quickest, Cheapest, and Best Equipped All Rail Route to Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia points.

The Best and Cheapest Route between Kingston, Peterboro', Toronto, St. Thomas, London, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and all points East and West.

Try it once and you will take no other.

Elegant Drawing Room Cars are run on all day Express Trains between Kingston and Sharbot Lake.

No. 3 Express leaves Kingston at 12:40 p.m. Arrives Toronto, 8:20 p.m.; Ottawa, 5:45 p.m.; Montreal, 8:15 p.m.; Renfrew, 5:10 p.m.

Passengers leaving by this train will reach Winnipeg in 60 hours.

No. 1 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:30 a.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake 10 a.m., Renfrew 2:45 p.m.; connecting with C.P.R. Express for points east.

No. 5 Mixed leaves Kingston at 4:15 p.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake 7:10 p.m., Renfrew at 10:45 p.m.

No. 7 Express leaves Kingston at 11:45 p.m., connecting with C.P.R. Night Express Trains at Sharbot Lake for all points east and west.

J. H. TAYLOR, Ass't. Sup't. F. CONWAY, Ass't. Gen. Pass. Ag't.
B. W. FOLGER, Superintendent.

To those who like

A GOOD CUP OF TEA,

Ask for and drink only

REDDEN'S

CHINESE MIXTURE.

Drink it alone, it is pure, and therefore cheap. It is much stronger than any other tea, and the same quantity must not be used—two teaspoonfuls will go as far as three of other sorts, therefore it is much more economical.

—JAMES REDDEN—

China T House.

March 8. Kingston, Ont

ROBERTSON BROS

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

CROCKERY, CHINA

GLASSWARE,

LAMP GOODS, PLATEDWARE

CUTLERY, ETC.

178 Princess Street, Kingston.

HOW FAR THAT CANDLE THROWS ITS BEAMS?

HENDRY & THOMPSON,

POPULAR GROCERS,

Corner Princess and Montreal Sts.

J. S. Henderson,

Sole Agent in Kingston for

-HYMAN'S GENUINE-

Cut Plug.

CAMP FURNITURE AT JAMES REID'S.

See our Camp Folding Cot. See our Wove Wire Folding Cot. See our Upholstered Folding Cot. See our Camp Stool.

Large Red Rockers, Small Red Sewing Rockers, Large Red Ann Rockers. Verandah Chairs of all descriptions.

JAMES REID, Furniture Dealer,

254 AND 256 PRINCESS STREET.

DYEING WORKS

PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

ALL KINDS of goods cleaned and dyed A well finished. I put up and have for sale the "Jem Package Dyes," warranted to be the best in the market. Try them.

R. MONTGOMERY, Practical Dyer.

March

KINGSTON!

Monday, Sept. 5th.

P. T. BARNUM'S

GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, COMBINED WITH

THE GREAT LONDON 3 RING CIRCUS

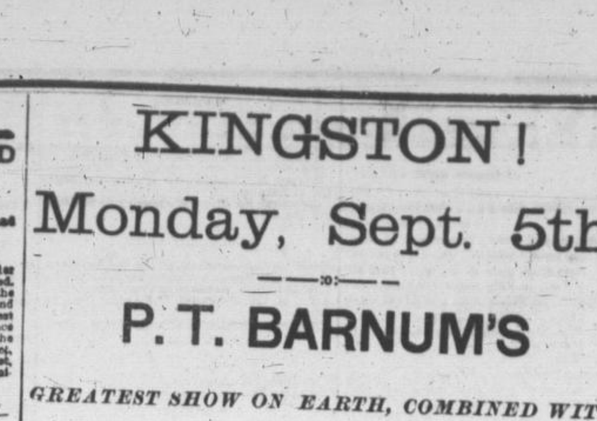
And Monster Roman Hippodrome,

Making Ten United Monster Shows.

ANOTHER - SHOW - ADDED - THIS - SEASON!

CAPITAL, $4,000,000. - DAILY EXPENSES, $7,000.

Largest and Richest Amusement Enterprise on the Face of the Globe.



KING THEEBAW'S REMARKABLE HAIRY FAMILY,

The Most Marvelous Human Beings Known to Exist. Revered and Honored as Sacred Mascots, or Luck-Bringers, to the Burmese Empire. Secured at an Expense of $100,000 in Gold. First Time in a Christian Country.

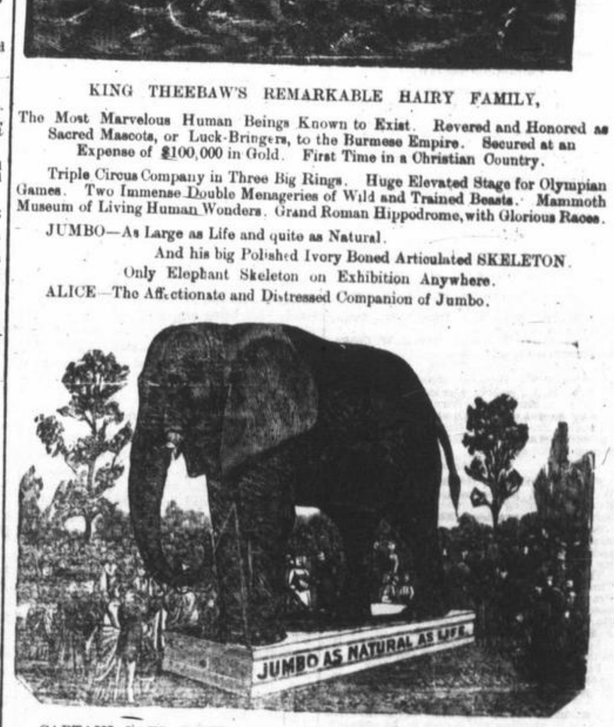
Triple Circus Company in Three Big Rings. Huge Elevated Stage for Olympian Games. Two Immense Double Menageries of Wild and Trained Beasts. Mammoth Museum of Living Human Wonders. Grand Roman Hippodrome, with Glorious Races.

JUMBO—As Large as Life and quite as Natural.

And his big Polished Ivory Boned Articulated SKELETON.

Only Elephant Skeleton on Exhibition Anywhere.

ALICE—The Affectionate and Distressed Companion of Jumbo.



CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON, the Aquatic Marvel. Performing a Series of Wonderful Feats in a Specially Constructed Lake of Crystal Water.

THE FLYING GYMNASIUM—Breath-Taking Acts on the Flying Trapeze, while Travelling at the Rate of Thirty Miles an Hour.

Myriads of Intensely Interesting and Startling Features, collected at an Enormous Expense. Trained Horses, Dogs, Pigs, Ponies, Lions, Tigers, Panthers, Bears, Hyenas, Leopards, Camels, Elephants, Monkeys, Birds, and even Reptiles.

100 Startling Acts and Furious Races on the Hippodrome Track.

300 Phenomenal and Daring Artists performing in 3 Rings.

100 Foreign Specialists Executing Perilous Feats on the Elevated Stage.

11 Acts going on at the Same Time.

1,000 New Features and Wonderful Attractions.

TREMENDOUS FREE STREET PARADE.

Containing over a Mile of Rich Objects and Rare Features, will leave the Grounds at 8 o'clock A.M.

ADMISSION TO EVERYTHING, 50 CENTS. Children under Nine, 25 Cents.

Two Exhibitions Daily, at 2 and 8 P.M. Doors open at 12.30 and 7 P.M.

For the Accomadation of those wishing to avoid the crowds at the wagon, an Office has been established at F. NISBETS CORNER BOOK STORE, where reserved numbered tickets can be bought at the regular price, and admission tickets at the usual slight advance, on the morning of the Show.

EXCURSION RATES ON ALL RAILROADS.

Will Exhibit at Brockville, September 3; at Belleville, September 6.

D. F. Armstrong,

141 PRINCESS STREET.

WIGWAM SHOES,

For Ladies, Gents, Misses, Boys, and Children.

The Most Comfortable Foot Wear for this Hot Weather.

Headquarters Shoe Store:

D. F. Armstrong,

141 PRINCESS STREET.

D. F. ARMSTRONG

141 PRINCESS STREET.

MORE BARGAINS THIS WEEK

At the Star Clothing House, 93 Princess Street

TWO DOORS BELOW WELLINGTON,

in Clothing, Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc. Another big cut in prices of Boy's Jerseys and Blue Flannel Suits.

Big bargains in Trunks and Valises. This line specially must be cleared at any price, so as to make room for other goods.

Remember, if you want big bargains call at the Star Clothing House.

H. WOLF, Opposite Henderson's Bookstore.