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 R, 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 William streets, two block west of the post office, Kingston. Telephone communication. Jan. 15.

DRS. DICKSON & BETTS, physicians and surgeons. Electricity a specialty. Office: 2 Wellington street. C. R. Dickson, M.D., H. Herrig, M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng. Telephone communication. March 17.

DR. W. O. ANGLIN, M.R.C.S. England. 52 Earl street, near King. Telephone communication. March 7.

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.B., CHAS. FRONTENAC SMITH. November 28.

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

ARCHITECTURE.

POWER & SON, architects and building surveyors. Office: Golden Lion Block. Residence: Sydenham street. October 28.

ROBERT CAGE, 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. ELDEN BROS., proprietors. Sept. 4.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

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

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 M. Shaw, corner of King and Brock streets, over Wade's drug store, agent for the London Investment Co. Best of security. Various modes of Payments secured. Full information as to investments given. November 30.

ONTARIO Building and Savings Society, Clarence street, Kingston. William Ford, president. Capital, $500,000. 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 23.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAP BOOKS FOR SALE—J. 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, 48 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.

TAMARAC

Alderman R. E. Eilbeck, Kingston, Ont. says: "Tamarac Elixir" is the best medicine on earth for Coughs and Colds. In my own case it produced rapid and gratifying results. I caught a severe cold which it seemed impossible to break up, but continually became more thoroughly seated. Finally a hacking cough set in which troubled me, day and night, causing soreness of the Lungs. Hearing your "Tamarac" highly recommended, I procured a bottle; the first dose eased the cough, and one bottle completely cured me. It is a splendid preparation, pleasant to the taste, and should be kept in every house.

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.

That is the news which greeted me on the day of illumination for the victory of Trafalgar.

My governess came to me. I sent her away with some excuse and sat down by myself, saying over and over again, so that I should be able to feel the whole bitterness of despair: "Will is drowned! Will is drowned! We shall never see him again!"

John Huntspill came in search of me. He saw by my face what had happened. He took the letter from my fingers and read it. "Poor Pleasance!" he said. "Poor, poor child!"

I think he must have sat with me all that morning. I know he talked from time to time, but I forget what he said. Presently I began to understand something. "We must not let madam know," he repeated. "She must never know. We will prepare a letter from—from her son"—he paused, and for a moment his voice broke—"stating that he is going on some expedition up the country, and then no more letters at all will come afterward and you will money together—you and his mother. But she must never know her son's real end."

Had I had my will I would have gone straight to madam and told her all. But it seemed more merciful that she should be spared the details, which he wished his mother never to know.

"For his sake, Pleasance," urged John Huntspill, "for his sake be brave; keep your heart before her. Let not my lady's pride, as well as her heart, be broken. She must never know. For his sake she must never know."

He would not leave me till I promised that I would do my best. During the rejoicings I too would seem to rejoice.

Oh, heavy day! Oh, day which seemed as if it would never pass! At 1 I was called to luncheon with madam. She was in excellent spirits, happier than I had ever known her. Presently she asked sharply: "What is the matter, Pleasance? You are crying."

"I was thinking, madam," I sobbed, "of the brave fellows who are killed."

"Yes, but there is a time to mourn and a time to rejoice. You were thinking, my child, of my son." I did not answer. "Come to me, Pleasance." She was sitting after luncheon in her arm chair beside the window. "Come to me."

I knelt at her feet and buried my head in her lap.

"He is a long time away, is he not? But I write to my son and tell him about you, child. When I wrote him last I sent him word that I would not oppose his desire. Yes, Pleasance, I have watched your more narrowly than you know. You will make my son happy. Take my blessing, my dear."

She laid her hand upon my head solemnly. Ah, if she knew—if she only knew!

In the evening, at [illegible] we had a great dinner, which lasted until 8:30, and then we all sallied forth, including madam, into the street, protected by a lusty guard of the house's porters armed with stout cudgels. The streets were full of people, shouting, fighting and drinking. If they passed a house without illumination they broke the windows. Should we never finish! I thought.

Midnight came at length, and the boat, with the sailors, came back to the square. The luncheon of rum was rolled into the square; there was more shouting, more fighting, until the contents were all gone. We were at the open window, looking on. At last the rum was all drunk up, the mob dispersed, the oil lamps went out one by one and we were able to go to bed.

"Good night, my daughter," said madam, as she retired, exulting and happy, to her room. It was the first time she had called me her daughter. Oh, the bitterness! that such a day of death and bereavement should be chosen for this act of grace and kindness!

This torture endured for a fortnight. Then the end came, in a way which we little expected and had not guarded against.

It was in the forenoon, about 11:30, before John Huntspill had left madam, and before the arrival of my singing master, who was due at 12. I was alone in my own room, free for a moment from tutors, governess, and my lady—free to think of the past, my only solace. My own maid—she was the only one in the house who knew that I had some secret sorrow—came to tell me that there was a sailor, an old sailor in the hall who wished to see me. Who could it be but Dan Gulliver?

It was indeed old Dan himself. He came up stairs in his slow and quiet way. I saw him before he saw me. He was dressed like a common sailor; his hair was grayer and his dear old face graver; there was no other change.

He stood in the doorway. He actually did not recognize me.

"Dan," I cried, springing into his arms. "Dan! Don't you know me?"

Then he did, and laid his hands upon my shoulders, holding me back and looking at me, before he kissed my cheek.

"My pretty!" he said, "and growed so tall! And such a lady! To be sure, she always was as sweet mannered as any lady in the land. And oh, my pretty! he's gone! he's gone! Don't take on! don't take on!"

"Tell me all about it, Dan. Tell me. And poor Jephthah gone too!"

"Cut in two halves, he was, with a chain shot. Died in action, my boy Jephthah. But Mr. Campion, poor young gentleman, he died by drowning. Fell off the yard in the night, and never was seen—how could he be seen!—afterwards. Poor young gentleman!"

"Oh, Dan! Dan—my heart will break!"

"Cry, pretty—cry as much as ever you can. But cryin' won't bring him back. Cry now, while I tell you all about him.

"They knowed our story aboard the Victory. I was Smuggler Dan. The boys were Smuggler Job and Toddler Jobs—because, I'm sorry to say, they mariners aboard his majesty's ships never knew which was which. And so Jephthah, who is now cut in two pieces, was never knowed as such. And Mr. Campion they called Gentleman Jack. Now remember—some young gentleman after getting a three years' billet in the forkside for smuggling would ha' sat down and grizzled. Mr. Campion wasn't one o' that sort. 'Providin' always,' he says to me—'providin' always, Dan, as my mother never finds out, why, what odds is a three years' cruise?' And merry with it. Once he ketches hold of a fiddle, the forkside's alive; when he began to play you'd ha' thought the fiddle was talkin', not him a playin'. All round him the men would be sittin' an' singin' till the whole ship was as good tempered as if there wasn't nary a tos'n nor petty officer aboard.

"Well, you may depend on it, pretty, that it wasn't long before the officers got to know what an uncommon sailor they'd got shipped aboard the Victory, for a little run as he'd made across the Channel one fine night; and it wasn't long before Capt. Hardy himself, finding Mr. Campion on the quarter deck, axed him—ay, before the admiral—who he was and how he came aboard. Mr. Campion, no more afraid of speaking to the captain than to the carpenter, he told him, touching his hat, that he had been caught smuggling; that they'd all got off with three years for the information they gave to the Admiralty, and that he hoped to give satisfaction to his honor so long as he was aboard, after which time, he said, he should give up sailoring before the mast. Capt. Hardy he laughed, and the admiral laughed; and then his lordship, who ought to know, said, in his quiet, easy way, that a man was no worse sailor for being a gentleman born, but that gentlemen ought not to run cargoes across the Channel. After that I think the word was passed down to make some sort of difference with us. Anyway, the worst of the bos'ns never had rope's end on none of us four.

"Come the action off Trafalgar. My pretty, we done our duty—Job and Jephthah and Mr. Campion and me—till that chain shot came, and all I saw o' my boy Jephthah was two halves and a pool of blood.

"When the admiral fell they told me to carry him down. That took best part of a quarter of an hour. The action lasted half an hour longer. When the firing ceased and one could look round, I saw Mr. Campion alongside of Job, alive and hearty. As for Jephthah, that poor boy was throwed overboard in two halves.

"We had nasty weather on the way home. One of the prizes foundered. And one dark night, in that nasty weather, all in the dark, poor Mr. Campion fell overboard and was drowned."

I listened to the story, my head in my hands. When Dan finished I burst out into fresh sobbing and crying. I forgot about Lady Campion and everything. I never looked up. While Dan told his story I lay hiding my face in the sofa and crying, while [illegible] was open, and madam herself stood there listening to every word, and with her John Huntspill, with white cheeks and troubled brow. I looked up in my grief, but sprang to my feet, terrified by the look of madam. She was drawn to her full height, leaning on her stick; her face was perfectly white; her lips trembled; her sightless eyes seemed to pour lightning on poor Dan; she was terrible in her despair and wrath.

"Tell me," she said—"not you, girl; not you—tell me, man, smuggler, sailor, whatever you are, who was this Mr. Campion who fell overboard and was drowned?"

"He was your ladyship's son, and my Pleasance's sweetheart," said Dan, simply.

"And he was a smuggler, too, was he?"

"No, madam, not a smuggler; only once, for a boyish freak, he must needs run across with me for a single venture. And when we were all tried, my lady, at Dorchester Sizes, we got off for three years abroad, 'acause of the news we picked up on our way back."

"Tried!—my son was tried!—with common sailors! He was tried and 'got off!'—he was sent to sea!"

"And he is dead," said John Huntspill, in solemn sadness.

"He is dead!" echoed his mother. "And you, girl, knew he was at sea, a common sailor?"

"Alas!" I moaned, "I knew only too well."

"That you concealed from me. Did you know on Illumination Day that my son was dead?"

"I knew that then," I replied.

She was silent for a space. Her eyes were dry and her lips parched. Had she wept one might have had hope.

"All that day," she said, "you gazed upon a rejoicing mother who had lost a son; you, who had lost your lover, rejoiced with the rest."

"Nay, nay!" interposed John Huntspill. "She pretended, to save you. Listen, madam. It was by Mr. William's own wish—nay, command—that you were kept in ignorance of what had happened. I knew; I agreed that it would be better. As no letters came from Mr. William, we wrote letters and pretended they were from him—for his sake; we read them to you for his sake. When the dreadful news came I resolved that we would keep up the deception—for his sake, so that you should never know when and how your son had died."

"Get me my desk, John Huntspill."

He went obediently and brought back her great mahogany desk, in which were Will's pretended letters, all neatly tied up. She opened the desk and found the parcel.

"Take them! Henceforth, John Huntspill, you are no longer my confidential friend. I cannot trust you! Trust you! O Heaven! can I trust any one! Is there man, woman or child in this great world that will not lie?"

Poor woman! poor mother! She stood where she had heard the whole, just within the doorway, John Huntspill beside her; before her, Dan Gulliver, amazed, and not knowing what to say or do; and myself overwhelmed with misery.

"We must put some kind of order into our affairs," said madam. "You will send my lawyer to me at once, John Huntspill. Life is precarious, even with the old as well as with the young. I must make new dispositions. And I would be alone—altogether alone—in this house. You will take away the girl. If she wants money, let me know. My son's betrothed must not starve because my son is dead—is dead!" she repeated, with a sad dropping of her voice.

I threw myself at her knees and caught her by the hand.

"Oh, madam! dear madam! forgive me! Say that you forgive me, for Will's sweet sake!"

"Forgive!" she echoed, in a hard voice. "Forgive! what does it mean? I shall not seek to do you harm. You shall have money. What more do you want? You have fooled me and played with me. You have tempted my son to destruction, you and your smuggler friends. My son, who should have been an honor to me and to this city, like his father before him, has died in disgrace. Forgive you! Yes, I will forgive you—when the sea gives up its dead."

CHAPTER VIII.

OUT OF THE GOLDEN MIST.

We were back again at Rousdon—Dan Gulliver and Job and I—to begin again such portion of the old life as was possible. "We will go on," said Dan, sadly, "just as we used to go on before ever he came. We will forget that he ever came. You will forget that you are a young lady."

Alas! not only was the old time gone, but nothing like it could ever come again. Will had torn up the old time and thrown it away. It was dead. But the memory was left. One could sit and think till day after day that summer of 1803 unrolled itself again, and I could remember every word he said, even the lightest, with every gesture and every look.

The people at Lyme welcomed us all with a cordiality which meant not only gratitude for the past, but hope for the future. Since that dreadful day of rebuke when Joshua's delivery of goods was discovered to be so much sea water and nothing else, the town had been without brandy. Campion's fine old Jamaica rum, well enough in its way, was a poor substitute for the right good Nantes which Dan had provided. A taste had been developed which was doomed to disappointment, for no one succeeded Dan. A man cannot suddenly become a smuggler. Relations have to be established on the opposite shore, a connection to be formed at home; it is a business which is the growth of years. Now Dan represented the third, and his sons the fourth generation, of a long career in the trade, during which the whole business for this part of the coast had dropped into the hands of Gulliver & Company, smugglers to the nobility, gentry and clergy of Lyme Regis and the surrounding country. Imagine, therefore, what a blow it was to the district when the fatal arrest happened, followed by the dreadful discovery of the sea water. So that, when we came home again, there were visits paid to us not only of congratulation on our return, and condolence for poor Jephthah, but also of hope and temptation. Mr. Hallock, J. P., walked all the way from Lyme on purpose to see his old friend again, and to hint that the naked condition of his cellar, as regarded French brandy, was deplorable. The Rev. Benjamin Burden, who, long before the end of Dan's two years' captivity, had got through his four kegs, came to say that he was reduced to cider, and that of the thinnest. Dan received these visitors with great politeness, but held out no hopes that the old trade would be revived. First, he said, the Dancing Folly was gone; he should never again find a boat he could trust so well; then his nephew, Joshua Meech, was gone, pressed while busy with the kegs; though how them kegs turned out to be sea water he couldn't say; and Jephthah was gone; and he was getting old, and a second conviction meant a capital sentence. Then his money in John Huntspill's hands was bringing him a little income by itself, and he had given his promise not to smuggle any more. I think the old man had learned to look on smuggling, compared with the great game of war, as a small thing.

It was strange to come back to this queer atmosphere, in which crime appeared no sin and law breaking was encouraged by the administrators of the law. The strangeness passed off after awhile, and then the two years of life in the stately house of the old city square appeared, in its turn, dreamy and unreal.

We came back to the old place, and began in a broken winged way to resume the old ways. Then, naturally, I began to make the house and the housekeeping more in accordance with my recently acquired ideas. Dan acquiesced, wondering; Job tried to adapt himself to my ways with the good will which always distinguished him, but with less success. He betook himself to work on the farm, and in assuming the smock frock immediately changed, just as he used to do, the roll of the sailor for the slouch of the laborer.

John Huntspill wrote to me from time to time. Madam made no sign of relenting. She never asked for news of me; she had withdrawn her confidence from him; she never spoke to any one about her son; she sat silent all the day long, pale and stern. Her heart was full of bitterness.

When Dan began to talk about Joshua, and to regret the misfortunes which befell him, I considered that it would be well to conceal my share in them; and the fact of his treachery. When he came home again—should he ever come home—it would be time to consider what steps should be taken. For the present it seemed better to leave the old man in the belief that Joshua's troubles were undeserved. Indeed, it would have been difficult to persuade him that his own nephew could be guilty of so foul and dastardly a crime. For my own part, I hoped that he would never come home again. "A life for a life," I said bitterly. "As he destroyed my Will's life, so let his be taken away."

(To be continued

A Common Cold

Is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposures, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily Cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Pawtucket, R. I.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into Pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vanderpool, Meadville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who knew me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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

GENERAL AND SPORTING NEWS.

Pitcher Stalize has signed with Wilkesbarre.

Only 800 people attended the Rochester benefit game on Monday in that city.

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.

Only 500 people attended the Buffalo-Rochester exhibition game at Buffalo on Tuesday.

"Chub" Collins has been released by Hamilton. What an excellent substitute umpire he would make!

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.

A match for the championship of London, Ont., was played on Wednesday afternoon between the Maroons and Beavers. Result: Maroons 26, Beavers 5.

The absurdities of the International league schedule could not be better shown than in the fact that Buffalo has played twelve more games than Toronto.

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

"She went out with all brakes down," was the exclamation of the New York *Times* when the Thistle took her first spin in American waters.

Captain Barr, of the Thistle, has been presented with a pair of binocular glasses by the Glasgow Board of Trade for his rescue of the survivors of the steamer Harkaway.

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.

A telegram from Boston, Mass., says that John McPherson, of Winnipeg, "the champion shot putter of the world," is sick in that city and will not be able to compete in the games of Lucknow, Wingham and Brussels.

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.

Clarkson says that his arm is bad, and bathes it in hot water every night. He wanted to rest but Anson would not let him. Anson says he has heard Clarkson talk the same way so often that he doesn't think there is much the matter with him. "There's where Anson will be fooled," replied the great twirler, "if he doesn't give me some rest soon."

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, testimony in its favor is daily pouring in. The question if its efficacy in Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Ailments, and for Blood Impurity, is decided.

Why is it that baseball spectators take a fiendish delight in any mishap that may befall the umpire. If he happens to be struck by a stray ball, no matter how hard a yell of delight invariably attests the satisfaction of the audience thereat. If a player is struck there is a sigh of sympathy, and when he resumes his position he is greeted with applause.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Syracuse Exhibition Company has protested Umpire Hoover for his work in the Wilkesbarre-Star games. This makes the second protest against Hoover, as Rochester has also taken this action.

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."

Among the new rules adopted for next season will probably be one making the hitting of a batsman by a pitched ball equivalent to a base hit. The rule will probably be made by the joint committee on rules this fall.—*Mail*.

To Avoid Baldness or Grey Hair.

Use Dr. Dorenwend's Great German Hair Magic. It keeps the scalp clean and free from Dandruff, and promotes the growth of the hair. It prevents premature grayness and stop all falling out of the hair. On bald heads, where the roots have not perished, it will invigorate them and force a new growth of hair. Ask for Hair Magic. It is the only reliable. For sale by J. G. King, A. P. Chown and all druggists.

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

1887.

Bay of Quinte Steamboat Route.

DAILY LINE TO PICTON, DESERONTO AND BELLEVILLE.

The Fast and Elegant Steamer

HERO

C. H. NICHOLSON, MASTER,

Will, until further notice, leave Gunn's wharf at 3:30 p.m. sharp for Bay of Quinte ports, arriving at Picton at 7:30 p.m., and going through to Deseronto and Belleville every night except Friday, when she stops at Picton over night.

Returning, leaves Belleville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 a.m. sharp, Deseronto 7:30, and Picton 9. Leaves Belleville on Tuesday and Thursday at 4 a.m., Deseronto at 5 and Picton at 7. On Saturday, leaves Picton 6 a.m.

During July and August this Steamer on Saturday makes a Special Excursion Trip to the Thousand Islands, leaving Kingston at 2 p.m. Returning, leaves Kingston for Bay ports at 8 p.m.

Magnificent accommodation for passengers and lowest freight rates given.

Full information given by applying to the Captain on board or to

A. GUNN & CO., Freight Agents.
C. H. HATCH, J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Passenger Agents.

TRI-WEEKLY TRIPS

Between Kingston and Smith's Falls

The Steamer Rideau Belle

(D. NOONAN, MASTER)

Will leave Kingston every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 o'clock a.m., calling at all intermediate ports, and will arrive at Smith's Falls at 12 o'clock p.m.

Returning, will leave Smith's Falls every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7:45 o'clock and Jones' Locks at 8 o'clock, calling at all intermediate ports arriving at Kingston at 5 o'clock p.m.

A delightful trip, giving opportunity of seeing the splendid scenery of the Rideau and other lakes with which it passes. Passengers will have nearly two hours at the picturesque Jones' Falls, one of the most romantic spots on the continent.

Every attention paid to the comfort of passengers. Freight handled with care and despatch. Through freight consigned to our care will have prompt attention.

For further particulars apply to the proprietors, Noonan & Bujaud, Capt. A. Foster, Smith's Falls, or James Swift, Kingston.

May 14.

FOR ST. CATHARINES, TORONTO, MONTREAL AND INTERMEDIATE PORTS.

THE STEAMER PERSIA (J. H. SCOTT Master), leaves Kingston every Wednesday morning at eight o'clock for Montreal and intermediate ports, and every Sunday morning at five o'clock for Toronto and St. Catharines.

For freight or passage apply to

JAMES SWIFT, Agent.

May 4.

CANADA SHIPPING COMPANY.

BEAVER LINE OF STEAMSHIPS.

Sailing weekly between Montreal and Liverpool. Proposed sailings from Montreal to Liverpool or Glasgow:

Lake Ontario ..... Tuesday, Sept. 6.
Lake Nepigon ..... Tuesday, Sept. 13.
Lake Huron ..... Tuesday, Sept. 20.
Lake Winnipeg ..... Tuesday, Sept. 27.
Lake Superior ..... Tuesday, Oct. 4.

*88. Thunemore does not carry passengers.

These Steamers have very superior accommodation for Saloon, Intermediate and Steerage Passengers, and carry a Surgeon and Stewardess. All passengers embark and land at Montreal, which is a great convenience.

Rates of Passage: Montreal to Liverpool—Saloon, $40, $50 and $60; round trip tickets, $80, $90 and $110, according to steamer. Intermediate, $30; Steerage $20.

For freight, passage and other particulars apply in Liverpool to H. W. Roberts, 21 Water street; in Quebec to H. H. Sewell, 125 Peter street; in Kingston to J. P. Gildersleeve, 42 Clarence street, or Thos. Hanley, corner of Ontario and Johnston streets.

H. E. MURRAY, General Manager, 1 Custom House Square, Montreal.

June 20.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

RIVER & GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

STEAMSHIP "MIRAMICHI" leaves Montreal on MONDAYS, at 5 p.m., 13th and 27th June, 11th and 25th July, 8th and 22nd August, 5th and 19th September, 3rd and 17th October,

FOR PICTOU, N.S.,

Calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Percé Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The finest trip of the season for health and comfort.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.

For ticket and state-rooms apply to C. H. HATCH, Kingston, Ont.

June 9.

ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS!

SHORT SEA PASSAGE!

ECONOMY COMFORT

Rates of passage by the Mail Steamers: From Quebec to Londonderry and Liverpool: Cabin, $60, $70 and $80; return, $110, $130 and $150. Intermediate, $30, return, $60. Steerage, $20, return, $40.

Rates of passage by the Extra Steamers: Cabin, $50, $60 and $70; return, $90, $110 and $130. Intermediate, $30; return, $60. Steerage, $20; return, $40.

The steamships of the Allan Line come direct to the Railway wharves, and passengers are forwarded on by special trains to Montreal and west.

The last train connecting at Quebec with the mail steamers, sailing from that port on the Thursday, leaves Kingston on the Wednesday at 1:45 p.m. The last train connecting with the extra steamers sailing on the Friday, leaves Kingston on the Thursday at 1:45 p.m.

If you are sending for your friends, we can furnish you with prepaid passage certificates to bring them from England, France, Germany, Sweden, Norway, &c. Rates of passage always as low as by any other line.

Passengers, desiring, can be booked with the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company Steamers, enjoying the scenery of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

For further particulars apply at the Grand Trunk Passenger Station, corner of Johnston and Ontario streets.

T. HANLEY, Agent.

May 5.

TO MACKINAC.

The Most Delightful SUMMER TOUR

Palace Steamers. Low Rates. Four Trips per Week Between DETROIT AND MACKINAC And Every Week Day Between DETROIT AND CLEVELAND

Write for our "Picturesque Mackinac," Illustrated. Contains Full Particulars. Mailed Free.

Detroit & Cleveland Steam Nav. Co. D. D. WHITCOMB, Gen. Pass. Agt., DETROIT, MICH.

THE PALACE FURNISHING STORE!

Has the best assortment of Balbriggan Underware, Hosiery, Gloves, Scarfs, Umbrellas, Collars, Handkerchiefs, etc., for men at cash prices, imported direct for our own trade. Gentlemen can depend on getting reliable goods from

W. G. ASHLEY, The popular Tailor and Furnisher, Princess street.

DYEING WORKS

PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

ALL KINDS of goods cleaned and dyed 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, March Practical Dyer.

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. Bunch wood and hard and soft cord wood of the first 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.

E. 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. 6 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 8.

—DRY—

Mill Wood and Slabs.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY at the foot 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, 8:45 p.m.; Renfrew, 7:10 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.

H. H. TAYLOR, Ass't. Supt. F. CONWAY, Ass't. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

B. W. FOLGER, Superintendent.

W. STRACHAN & CO.,

MONTREAL

PRESSERS and REFINERS OF

Lard Oils.

Manufacturers of Finest Brands

CYLINDER,

ENGINE and

MACHINE

OILS.

FULLING AND SCOURING SOAPS

Orders Solicited.

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 best. It is much stronger than any other tea, so the same quantity must not be used—two teaspoonful 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.

CONSUMPTION.

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

BOATS, BOATS!

J. KNAPP & SON, BARRIEFIELD,

A LARGE Stock of Pleasure Boats and Sheet ing Skiffs of all sizes and descriptions for sale. No work can exceed ours in strength and neatness. Boats built in any style, second to none in Canada as builders.

Remember the place—across the