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. 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. K. MUNDELL, B. A., 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. Offices 61 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. 59 Earl street, near King. Telephone communication. March 5.

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. 122 Ontario street, Kingston, Ont. EDWARD J. SMYTHE, LL.D., CHAS. FRONTENAC SMITH. November 29.

WALKEM & WALKEM, attorneys and solicitors, Kingston; opposite the post office. RICHARD T. WALKEM, JOSEPH D. 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. EDWIN HOUSE, proprietors. Sept. 5.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

ADAM McARTHUR, accountant, auditor, etc. Office: Clarence street, near King. Jan. 5.

CARRUTHERS 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 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.—4, 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.

C. H. POWELL,

CARPENTER and Joiner. All jobs promptly attended to. A call solicited. Shop: George street, above Montreal. August 27.

MR. HORACE W. REYNER,

PIANO, Singing, Organ, Harmony. Next term commences September 8th. For terms apply at the Store of Messrs. Reyner & Carey, Golden Lion Block. Aug. 30.

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.

A HARD BARGAIN.

By WALTER BESANT.

It was no use fighting against it. I believe the villain must have been drinking raw brandy, because I was drunk in five minutes. I staggered and reeled about on the stage, I laughed wildly and sang foolishly, and then I stumbled down in a heap and could not get up again. The last thing I remember is the angry roar of poor old Kerrans, beside himself with passion, telling the carpenters to carry that drunken beast away and throw him into the road. I heard afterward that they were obliged to drop the curtain, and that the eclat of poor Juliet's benefit was entirely spoiled. As for myself, the carpenters carried me out to the middle of Richmond Green, where they were going to leave me, only one of them had compassion, and wheeled me to his own house in a barrow.

In the morning I returned hastily to London, sought my cottage at Islington and shut myself in with an agony of shame and humiliation.

I was quite crushed by this blow. For the first time I felt tempted to commit suicide and end it all. To be sure I ought to have foreseen this, and all the other dreadful things. Directly my master, my owner, got able to swallow, though he could not eat, he could drink, and ordered the most fiery liquor he could procure, with a view to kill me off and begin with another victim.

But Providence had ruled otherwise.

Then began a week of cruel suffering. My master sent me word by Boule-de-neige that he intended to finish me off. My appetite, he said, had been long failing, and was now perfectly contemptible. He complained that I had neglected my part of the contract, that I must have been practicing intemperance—the horrible hypocrite—to have reduced so fine an appetite to nothing in a short four months. Therefore he felt obliged to tell me that in a week or two I should probably find the agreement ended. That was his ferocious way of putting it. He meant that in a week I should be dead. His words were prophetic, but not in the sense in which he meant them.

He drank brandy now. He drank it morning, noon and night. He drank it, not because he liked it, but in hopes of dispatching me. I was no sooner partially recovered from one drunken bout than I plunged into another.

I lost all power of walking. I could not move about. I lay the whole day sick and feverish on my bed, or, if I got up at all, it was only to change it for an easy chair. I could eat nothing.

Then I began to have visions and see specters in my loneliness and misery.

First I saw all over again the scenes of my early life—my poor deserted mother; the tramp who took charge of me; the sleep in which I nearly perished; the strolling actors with whom I wandered; the girl with whom I fell in love. Only among them all there hovered perpetually the ugly face of Boule-de-neige, spoiling the pleasant memories, and corrupting the current of my thoughts with his "Cluck-cluck," and his demoniac grin.

"How you do, Massa Lucraft? How you feel your stumpack this morning? Ole massa him berry fierce. Him gwine to make the noyeau punch to-morrow. Dat finish um off. Dat work um up. You wait till to-morrow, Massa Lucraft."

I could only groan.

"You nice young gegleman," he went on, with a grin. "You berry grateful young gegleman. Massa him gib you thirty pounds a month, and you spend it all in 'temperate courses. Bad; berry bad; dam bad. What you say when you die, eh? Ho! ho!"

The creature seemed always with me during this time. If I opened my eyes I had the feeling that he was hovering about my bed. If it was dark I thought I saw his eyes glaring at me from some corner. If I was asleep he would waken me with his "Cluck." What he did in my cottage I never knew. The room was filled with the visions which passed through my brain, succeeding each other again and again like the acts of a play repeated incessantly. I saw the octagonal room with the old gentleman eating and drinking. I saw myself at Richmond. I saw myself before the magistrates; and I looked on as an outsider, as a spectator of a tragedy which would end in death and horror.

It was two days before the period allotted to me by my master, at 8 o'clock in the evening, as I was sitting in my lonely cottage, expectant of the usual drunken bout, when I felt a curious agitation within me, an internal struggle, as if through all my veins a tempestuous wave was surging and rushing. I lay down.

"This is some new deviltry of the old man," I said to myself. "Let him do his worst; at least, I must try to bear it with resignation." I began to speculate on my inevitable and approaching end, and to wonder curiously what proportion of the sin of all this drunkenness would be laid to my charge.

To my astonishment nothing more followed. The tumult of my system gradually subsided and I fell asleep.

In the morning I awoke late, and missed the usual headache. I had therefore, I was surprised to find, actually not been drunk the night before. I rose with my customary depression, and was astonished to discover that my nerves were steadier and spirits higher than I had known for a long time.

I mechanically went to the cupboard and pulled out my cold mutton and potatoes. Who can picture my joy when I found that I could taste the meat again, and that it was nasty? I hardly believed my senses; in fact I had lost them for so long that it was difficult to understand that they had come back to me. I tried the potatoes. Heavens, what a horrible thing to a well regulated palate is a cold boiled potato!

At first, as I said, I could not believe that I had recovered my taste; then, as the truth forced itself upon me, and I found that I could not only taste, but was actually hungry, I jumped and danced and was beside myself with joy. Think of a convict suddenly released and declared guiltless of the charges brought against him. Think of a prisoner on the very ladder of the gallows tree, with the rope round his neck, reprieved and pardoned. Think of one doomed to death by his physician receiving the assurance that it was all a mistake, and that he would gather up long years of life as in a sheaf. And think that such joy as those would feel, I felt—and more!

I went to the nearest coffee shop and ordered bacon, eggs and tea, offering a short grace with every plate as it came. And then, because I felt sure that my old tormentor must be dead, I repaired to my lawyers' and saw the clerk.

"Ah," he said, "the poor old man's gone at last! Went out like the snuff of a candle. His illness was only twenty-four hours. Well, he's gone to heaven, if ever man did."

"What did he die of—too much eating and drinking?"

"Mr. Lucraft," said the clerk severely, "this is not the tone for you to adopt toward that distinguished man, your benefactor. He died, sir—being a man of moral, temperate, and even abstemious life, though of full habit—of apoplexy."

"Oh!" I said, careless what the clerk said, but glad to be quite sure that the diabolical old villain was really dead. I suppose that never was such joy over the repentance of any sinner as mine over the death of that murdering glutton, for whom no words of hatred were too strong.

"I think you've got to see our senior partner," said the clerk. "Step this way."

He led me to a room where I found a grave and elderly gentleman sitting at a table. "Mr. Lucraft" he said, "I was expecting you. I saw your late patron's negro this morning. He told me that you would call."

I started, but said nothing.

"I have a communication to make to you on the part of our departed friend, Mr. Ebenezer Grumbelow. It is dated a few weeks since, and is to the effect that a sum of money which I hold was to be placed in your hands in case of his death. This, it appears, he anticipated, for some reason or other."

"Ebenezer Grumbelow." That was the name which had so long escaped my memory—"Ebenezer Grumbelow."

I said nothing, but stared with all my eyes.

"My poor friend," the lawyer went on, "after remarking that unless you change your unfortunate habits you will come to no good, gave me this money himself—here is the check—so that it will not appear in his last will and testament."

I took it in silence.

"Well, sir"—he looked at me in some surprise—"have you no observation to make, or remark to offer, on this generosity?"

"None," I said.

"I do not know," he continued; "I do not know—your signature here, if you please—what reason Mr. Grumbelow had in taking you up, or what claim you possessed upon his consideration; but I think, sir, I do think, that some expression, some sense of regret, is due."

I buttoned up the check in my pocket.

"Mr. Grumbelow was a philanthropist, I believe, sir?"

"He was. As a philanthropist, as a supporter of charities, as a public donor of great amounts, Mr. Grumbelow's name stands in the front. So much we all know."

"A religious man, too?"

"Surely, surely; one of our most deeply religious men. A man who was not ashamed of his saintly profession."

"Cluck-cluck!"

It was the familiar face of Boule-de-neige at the door.

"You know, I suppose," said the lawyer, "Mr. Grumbelow's body servant, a truly Christian negro?"

"Was there," I asked, "any clause in Mr. Grumbelow's letter—any conditions attached to this gift?"

"None whatever. It is a free gift. Stay, there is a postscript which I ought to have read to you. You will perhaps understand it. In it Mr. Grumbelow says that as to the services rendered by him to you, and by you to him, it will be best for your own sake to keep them secret." I bowed.

The date of the check corresponded with the first illness of the old man—his affection of the throat. Probably he was afraid that I should reveal his infamous story.

"I may now tell you, Mr. Lucraft, without at all wishing to break any confidence that may have existed between you and the deceased, that a friend of Mr. Grumbelow's—no other, indeed, than the Rev. Jabez Jumbles, a pulpit name doubtless known to you—intends to write the biography of this distinguished and religious man, as an example to the young. Any help you can afford to so desirable an end will be gratefully received. Particularly, Mr. Lucraft, any communication on the subject of his continual help given to young men, who regularly disappointed him, and all, except yourself, died of drink."

I bowed again and retired.

Did any one ever hear of such a wicked old man?

Outside the office I was joined by the negro.

"What have you got to say to me, detestable wretch?" I cried, shaking my fist in his withered old face.

"Cluck-cluck! Massa not angry with poor old Boule-de-neige. How young massa? Young massa pretty well? How de lubly abbadide of de young gegleman? How him strong stumjack? Cluck-cluck!"

He kept at a safe distance from me. I think I should have killed him if I had ever clutched him by the throat.

"Ole massa him always ask, 'How dat young debbel? Go and see, Boule-de-neige.' I go to young massa's cottage daraway, and come back. 'Him berry dam bad, sir,' I say; 'him going to the debbel berry fast; just like dem oders. De folk all say he drink too much for him berry fine constitution.' Cluck-cluck! Ole massa he only say ebbery night, 'Bring de brandy, Boule-de-neige; let's finish him.' Cluck-cluck!"

Here was a Christian negro for you!

"Tell me, what did your master die of?"

"Apple perplexity, massa."

"Ah! what else? Come, Boule-de-neige, I know a good deal; tell me more."

"Massa's time up," he whispered, coming close to me. "Time quite up, and him berry much 'fraid. Massa Lucraft want servant? Boule-de-neige berry good servant. Cook lubly dinner; make massa rich, like Massa Grumbelow."

"I'd rather hire the devil," I exclaimed.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck!" grinned the creature; and really he looked at the moment as much like the devil as one could wish. "Cluck! dat massa can do if massa like."

I rushed away, too much excited by the recovery of my freedom to regard what he said.

I was free. What next?

First the restoration of my shattered nerves.

There was no permanent injury done to my constitution, because, after all, the drink had not actually gone down my throat, nor was it I who had consumed the gallons of turtle soup, the tons of fish, the shiploads of cattle with which he had punished me for that woful signature of mine.

The contract, in some inexplicable manner, affected me with the punishment of my purchaser's excesses by a kind of sympathy. I remained a strictly temperate man for a month. I recovered gradually the tone of my system; my features lost their bloated look. I became myself again.

And then I sought the injured Kerrans.

It was no use trying to tell him a story which he never would have believed. I simply told him that I was taken suddenly and hopelessly ill on that fatal night. I asked him to remember, which is quite true, how I began the piece with a fire and animation quite impossible in a man who had been drinking, how I had certainly nothing between the scenes, during which intervals I was talking with him, and how the thing came upon me without any warning. If you try, you know, you can make yourself quite drunk with brandy in two minutes. This is just what Mr. Grumbelow did to me.

Kerrans, good fellow, outraged in his best feelings, was difficult to smooth down.

He had asked me to act with Juliet in the hope of restoring to the girl her lost good spirits. I came; the misfortune happened, and she was worse than ever. But he forgave me at last, and allowed me another chance. This time it was not Juliet who threw her arms around me; it was I who implored her forgiveness, and the renewal of her love. I was cold no longer. I left off remembering, and lived again in the present. I was a lover and my girl was trembling and blushing, with her hand in mine.

It all happened more than fifty years ago. The only record which remains of the events I have described, are on the tablet to the memory of Ebenezer Grumbelow in St. Rhadegunda's church, city; and the little faded scrap from The Morning Chronicle, which I always carry in my pocket book, and which tells the tale of my shame.

Juliet never believed my story, and I left off insisting on its truth. She lies in Norwood cemetery now, but we kept our golden wedding ere she died; and children and grandchildren live to bless her name.

THE END.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.

These remedies are unequalled throughout the world for bad legs, wounds, foul sores, bad breasts, and ulcers. Used according to directions given with them there is no wound, bad leg, or ulcerous sore, however obstinate or long standing, but will yield to their healing and curative properties. Many poor sufferers who have been patients in the large hospitals under the care of eminent surgeons, and have derived little or no benefit from their treatment, have been thoroughly cured by Holloway's Ointment and Pills. For glandular swellings, tumors, "piles," and diseases of the skin there is nothing that can be used with so much benefit. In fact, in the worst forms of disease, dependent upon the condition of the blood, these medicines, used conjointly, are irresistible.

Babies and Children.

They are always catching cold in the head. Place a small particle of Nasal Balm in each nostril at night also rub well over the bridge of the nose, and let us known how they are in the morning.

Many of the citizens of Tulare, Cal., have been made seriously ill by the bites of bite black spiders, which have appeared

GENERAL AND SPORTING NEWS.

Joe Acton, wrestler, is recovering, and Arthur Chambers will match him to wrestle Tom Connors or anybody else for $250, $500 or $1,000 aside.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

New Orleans has a brass band of fourteen members that are all newsboys.

It is said that owing to illness the Emperor of China's marriage will be postponed for two years.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what an amount of pain is saved.

Lord Doneraile was not the first British peer to die of hydrophobia. The Duke of Richmond also died of the same disease.

The four children of Dr. W. A. Gordon, of Chester, Ill., were born in different years, but the birthday of each falls upon July 22.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

They had a pumpkin on show at Titusville, Fla., recently, that had a girth of seven feet two inches, and weighed 136 pounds.

William Mitchell, of Rosetta, Ill., is paying 1 cent per head each day for the privilege of watering his stock at a spring on a neighbor's farm.

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

A new bridge across the Tiber at Rome is to be named in honor of Garabaldi.

A farmer near Kenton, Tenn., put up a barrel of vinegar about a year ago and stopped it tight. Last week he opened the barrel and found a swarm of yellow jackets inside.

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes:—"I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever tried. It has been a great blessing to me."

An East Tawas, Mich., man kicked his wife about and killed her canary because she would not say he was a brute. He then killed the dog because it would not eat the canary.

Frank Purdy and David Sherman, Indian printer boys at Genoa, Neb., Indian School, are trying to raise $250 for a small printing outfit with which to issue a paper from that school, called *The Pipe of Peace*. Their subscription is indorsed by the superintendent of the school.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Another level headed druggist sold harmless colored water for vitrol in Paris the other day to an excited woman who immediately proceeded to fling the innocuous liquid in the faces of two persons whom she desired to destroy.

It is not generally known that in Ethiopia a people numbering 200,000 have the Old Testament in Ethiopic version and still adhere strictly to the Mosaic ceremonies and laws. They are the children of Hebrew immigrants who in the time of the great dispersion settled in Abyssinia and married wives of that nation.

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.

The rabbits are eating out ranchers in Steptoe Valley, White Pine County, Nev. At night they come in whole armies and devour the growing crops.

Mr. T. C. Wells, Chemist and Druggist, Port Colborne, Ont., writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure sells well, and gives the best of satisfaction for all diseases of the blood. It never fails to root out all diseases from the system, cures Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, etc., purifies the blood, and will make you look the picture of health and happiness.

A horse grazing on the bank of Higgins' Lake, Mich., saw Mrs. Charles M. Pettit and her little daughter drowning, jumped into the lake, swam out to them, made them understand they were to take his mane, and then carried them safely to the shore.

If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

James Richardson, of New Orleans, the largest cotton planter in the world, has this year 38,000 acres in cotton and 7,000 acres in corn.

Few are the remedies whose beneficial qualities and real merits have made them so popular with the public, and increased from year to year their consumption, which, whilst possessing the most valuable remedial properties, are yet so simple in their compound, and so easy to take, as The Quinine Wine, prepared by Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto. This article is prepared from the pure Sulphate of Quinine, combined with fine Sherry Wine, and choice aromatics, which relieves the Quinine of its bitter taste, and does not impair in the least degree the efficacy of its action upon the patient; while doses, frequently repeated, strengthen the pulse, increase muscular force, and invigorate the tone of the nervous system, and thus by the general vigor which it imparts, creates an appetite, which gives to the stomach tone and energy, and fortifies the system against all infectious diseases. Ask for Northrop & Lyman's Quinine wine; sold by all druggists.

The sum of 200,000 francs in gold and bank notes was found among the debris of two buildings destroyed by the recent earthquake at Diano Marino, Italy. It was impossible to tell to which house the money belonged, all the inmates being dead, so that the relatives have asked the courts to decide.

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.

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.

We know of no mode of treatment which offers, to sufferers from chronic diseases, a more certain hope of cure than that which is comprehended in the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For purifying and invigorating the blood, this preparation

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.

GEORGE D. ROSS & CO. Agents for Clapperton's Spool Cotton. W. & J. Knox's Linen Threads.

J. & P. COATS, BEST SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON FOR HAND AND MACHINE SEWING. RANKIN, BEATTIE & CO., Agents. MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

CANADA BANK NOTE CO. Engravers, Lithographers & Printers. GLOSSED LABELS, RAILWAY PRINTING MAPS, ARTOTYPE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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.

Montreal Rolling Mills Co. Manufacturers of CUT NAILS, HORSE SHOES, TACKS, BRADS, SPIKE, WIRE & HORSE SHOE NAILS, WHITE LEAD, SHOT, IRON & LEAD PIPE, &c. &c.

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.

HENEY & LACROIX, Manufacturers of Harness, Saddlery, Buggy Tops, Carriage Goods, 337 ST. PAUL STREET.

GREENE & SONS CO. FURS, HATS, CAPS, STRAWS and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

MACLEAN, SHAW & CO. Manufacturers and Importers of STIFF & SOFT HATS. Specially cater for a City Trade, in Fashionable styles.

CANADIAN RUBBER CO. Manufacturers of Rubber Shoes, Felt Boots, Belting, Packing & Engine Hose.

S. DAVIS & SONS, "CADLE" & "EL PADRE." CIGAR MANUFACTURERS. Toronto Branch, 37 Church Street.

J. M. FORTIER, CREME DE LA CREME CIGAR FACTORY, 163, 165, 167 St. Maurice Street.

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D. A. McCASKILL & CO'S CELEBRATED STANDARD VARNISHES were used in finishing all the Carriages leaving Canada for the COLONIAL EXHIBITION, where they received SPECIAL DIPLOMA AND MEDAL. The only Varnishes in Canada having obtained SILVER MEDALS. Suppliers to all the leading Railways.

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May 3.

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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 10:15 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.

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