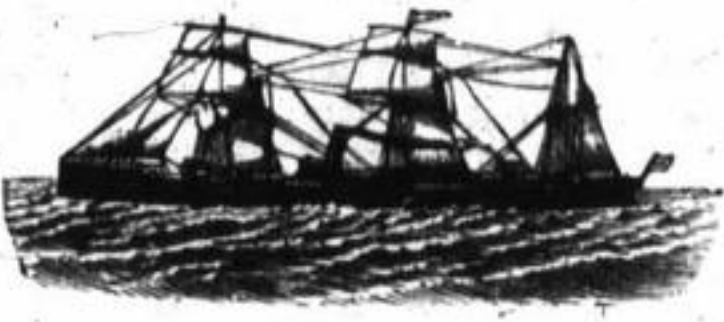


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(LIMITED.)

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Table with shipping routes: GALLIA, AURANIA, BORTHIA, SERVIA, ETRURIA, GALLIA, AURANIA, UMBRIA.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin—\$60, \$80 and \$100, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage—\$35.

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THE - SHORTEST - SEA - PASSAGE, AVERAGE TIME 8 DAYS.

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The Steamships of the Allan Line come direct to the wharves of the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railways at Halifax and at Portland, and passengers are forwarded on by special trains to Montreal and the West.

The last train connecting at Portland with the Mail Steamers, sailing from that port on Thursday, leaves Kingston on Wednesday at 1:40 p.m.

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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 route.

For Tickets and every information apply to THOMAS HANLEY, World's Ticket Agent, Corner Johnson and Ontario Streets, GRAND TRUNK CITY PASSENGER STATION, Nov. 22.

Montreal Winter Carnival.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

Return Tickets to Montreal Carnival On FEB. 4TH, 5TH, 6TH and 10TH, at \$5.80.

Special Excursion Tick's

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE Between Kingston, Peterboro, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and all points east and west.

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

No. 3 Express leaves Kingston at 12:30 p.m. Arrives Toronto 9:10 p.m.; Ottawa, 3:25 p.m.; Montreal, 9 p.m.; Renfrew, 4:30 p.m.

No. 1 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:30 a.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake 10:50 a.m., and Renfrew 2:45 p.m., connect with C.P.R. Express for points east.

No. 5 Express leaves Kingston at 9 p.m., connecting with C.P.R. Night Express Train at Sharbot Lake for all points east and west.

J. H. TAYLOR, F. CONWAY, R. W. FOLGER, Asst. Supt. Ass. Gen. Pass. Agt. Supt.

SPECIAL WINTER TOURS

\$5.00 A day covers all necessary travelling expenses of a Winter tour in southern Canada, replete with novel tropical scenes.

For information and descriptive pamphlet address P.M. BOX 4000 & CO., 21 State St., New York.

THE WILL O' THE WISP.

A STORY THAT IS SHORT AND VERY INTERESTING TO READ.

A Rural Romance—How it Began and How it Ended—A Lover Who was Faithful to Her Promise—And She Had it Happily Fulfilled.

"What in God's name can it be?" exclaimed the astonished Frank, stopping his horse and throwing aside his cigar. "Is the place haunted?"

For a few moments there was silence, then again the barking of the dog. The sound came from the meadow. He looked around, but could see nothing.

"Some cur," he muttered to himself, "barking at the moon." As he did so he heard the words distinctly:

"Help! oh, help! Do come to me!" Frank again stopped his horse to listen. Becoming excited he sprang from his buggy, and leading his horse to the fence tied him.

Then mounting the fence he sat straining his eyes over the meadow. There was nothing human visible. Even black Carlo was shrouded in the shadow of the walnut tree.

After listening some minutes the perplexed Frank proceeded to untie his horse, when again—this time fainter, although distinct—were heard the words:

"Help! oh, help!" He returned, sprang quickly over into the meadow, and shouted:

"Hullo! where in God's name are you?" The sound went echoing through the hills followed by a silence, which appeared to the perplexed young man interminable.

"By jove!" exclaimed Frank, it is certainly the voice of a child, here at midnight in the swamp. What on earth can it mean? Something terrible has happened—a murder perhaps. It is someone that has been left for dead, and has been revived by the midnight air.

Quickly he crossed the field towards the tree. As he approached he could see the form of a small dog near an upright figure, which, in the shadow, appeared like a portion of log. The dark, curl-crowned head was turned from him, the back only being visible, the face unseen.

"Speak again, for Heaven's sake, speak! whoever you are!" cried Frank. Ethel turned her head and saw plainly in the moonlight the tall, dark-looking man approaching. She sobbed out "Here," and in a few moments he was at her side.

She extended her arms towards him. He stooped and dripping with slime and mud she was rescued and in the arms of her deliverer.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Frank. For a few moments she was unable to speak, and lay motionless in his arms. He carefully carried her to his carriage and placed her on the seat, the faithful dog running beside the vehicle.

"Now, my dear little girl," said Frank, gathering up the reins, "first tell me are you hurt? then how you came to be fast at this hour in that muddy swamp."

Ethel, gathering strength and confidence answered him that she was not hurt, then frankly narrated her dream, her idea of the vision, her desire to explore the mystery, and her anxiety to find the beautiful lady.

Frank listened with surprise, pleasure, and amusement, until they reached Mr. Moore's residence, then said:

"I earnestly entreat you never to go there on such an errand again. Had you remained there much longer the result would have been serious."

"Oh, I never will!" replied Ethel, shuddering. "I shall not have the opportunity should I desire it, for in a few days I am going away to school; besides, I never will believe in fairies any more."

"I, too, am going away," replied Frank, "to pursue a course of studies in Germany. I will be absent four years; when I return I may meet you again," looking earnestly at her beautiful upturned face in the clear moonlight.

"When I return do you think that you will remember me?" Ethel looked intently at the young man's handsome face, then exclaimed with feeling:

"I never will forget you! oh, never. You have saved my life. How could I?" she continued, bursting into tears.

"Oh it is not worth crying about," said Frank soothingly, lifting her out, for they were now at "Meadow Grove." Only promise not to forget me, and give me a kiss by way of remembrance.

"I never kiss gentlemen; mamma says it is not right."

"Very well; do as mamma tells you," replied Frank laughing. "You will when I come back to see you on my return from Europe, you will be your own mistress then and not so scrupulous. You will kiss me then, and marry me, be my wife, won't you?"

In all romances if a lady is rescued from death she marries the knight, and you must marry me!" Frank said this jestingly, then added in a more serious tone, "Stranger things than this have happened, little one."

Ethel hesitated for a few moments to consider before answering, for a "kiss" her, child as she was, a promise had always been, and was still destined to be, a very serious thing.

"Yes, I will. I promise never to forget you, never! and I will marry you when I get to be a young lady."

"Thank you!" replied Frank, smiling at her earnestness. "Good night." As he was driving away he called back, "We will never tell anyone about your being lost in the swamp; remember it is to be a secret between us."

"Oh, no," she replied; then hastened in to the house, away up to her room, where she carefully removed her soiled clothing. After bathing, she carried her clothes to a place where she herself could take them out to cleanse them to avoid detection; then she crept into bed and did not awaken from her slumber until late the next day.

Frank, after his encounter with Ethel, drove slowly home, thinking over the strange occurrence. Never, he thought, had he seen such a beautiful creature, such an ingenious face, well calculated to make a lasting impression, it was so pure and so refined. The singular encounter of that night never afterward, in all his wanderings, was forgotten by him.

Frank went to Germany, where he remained for four years, perfecting himself in a course of studies, and seeing much of life and the beauties of the old world. But he never forgot the pretty brown-eyed maiden of "Meadow Grove," who was destined to be his bride.

She went to the city of P—, and remained there for four years, returning after a course of studies a very elegant and accomplished lady. She had tried to ascertain the name and residence of her handsome knight in vain. There was no acquaintance between Mr. Moore's family and the Scotts, and besides there were so many strangers during the summer coming and going to the boarding-house that it was not possible to keep track of them.

When she returned to "Meadow Grove" at first she mingled in the society of the neighborhood, and more than one aspiring country lad solicited her hand, but they soon found culture had placed her beyond them, as education in those days had not become so general as now in the rural neighborhood. She found the society around her ungenial and gradually withdrew from it, incurring in return their envy and dislike.

Frank Chester, after his return from abroad, had settled down in the city of P— in business with his father. During the heated summer months he determined to rusticate once more at Mr. Scott's farm and to meet Ethel again if possible, who had never been forgotten by him.

Soon after his arrival one pleasant Sabbath afternoon he resolved to visit "Meadow Grove," alleging as an excuse that he wished to get Mr. Moore's ideas about farming and the value of land in the neighborhood, as he desired to make some purchases in the locality. He was determined not to make himself known to Ethel, but was anxious to see if she remembered him.

It was the calm of a summer Sabbath. The lawn in front of Mr. Moore's residence blossomed like a rose. Frank was impressed by its beauty as he entered the gate and passed up the broad walk which led to the house, where were seated Mr. and Mrs. Moore and their treasure. How beautiful she looked in her snowy robes, which floated around her lovely form like a fleecy cloud.

Frank's heart throbbled violently as she raised her large, soft-looking brown eyes towards him. The face which he had thought so beautiful in the moonlight was lovelier, if possible, now than before.

The well-shaped head was covered with glossy curls, through which wound a garland of pink rose-buds, and a cluster of the same was fastened at the snowy throat. Ethel dropped her eyes in confusion at the eager gaze of admiration of the handsome stranger, who, recovering his self-possession, made some polite excuses to Mr. Moore for his visit, and was formally introduced to Ethel.

After this his visits became frequent to "Meadow Grove." Ethel was delighted with the intelligent and gentlemanly stranger. There was something in his face which caused her to regard him with surprise, for she was confident that she had met him before, yet could not tell where or remember when.

His good name and standing being carefully investigated by Mr. Moore, and, being quite satisfactory, he was now a welcome guest at the farm.

He and Ethel walked, drove, read, and were so constantly together that the society of one became indispensable to the other.

He carefully concealed the mystery about the "Will o' the Wisp," determining that she herself should remember it before he disclosed it to her.

In such constant companionship with one so attractive as Frank, it was not surprising that Ethel should soon find herself hopelessly in love with him. This knowledge caused her great pain, for in her heart she had resolved to marry no one until the knight who had rescued her from death in the swamp should come back, as he had promised, and claim or release her. Now, false-hearted one, she had given her love to another.

One lovely midsummer night Frank proposed a walk on the highway near the meadow. They sauntered slowly along; the moon shone calmly down on field and brook. The whip-poor-will sang softly near the stream, whilst the mist with its filmy drapery floated over the meadow, with its glimmering star glittering as a decoy. Frank stopped and leaned against the fence.

"What a scene!" he said; "it is as ever will be indescribably dear to me. I shall soon be obliged to return to P—, but I never can forget it or you, Ethel?" he continued. "You must have become aware ere this of my love for you; may I hope that I have not loved in vain?"

She leaned her head down against the bar for a moment in silence, whilst her heart beat violently. She felt that she must refuse him, yet the effort she must make seemed impossible to her. At last, reluctantly, she said, "I love you dearly, but my promise is given to another, and I cannot break my word. I have been false to him, in that I am, for he was my deliverer. He saved my life."

"Where? and when?" exclaimed Frank, excitedly.

"There?" she said, raising her head and pointing to the meadow; "at that very spot, over four years ago, he rescued me. Oh! I should have perished had it not been for him, and I never will marry another until I have some tidings from him—until he releases me. He should be back this autumn, and until it is passed I will not marry or pledge myself to another."

"Ethel," said Frank, "look at me; can't you remember? Has four years so changed my appearance that you cannot recognize me?" My darling, the man you promised to wait for, at the gate, and to kiss, stands before you to claim that promise. I ask it now," he exclaimed, clasping her in his arms.

"Oh, Frank? was it really you?" cried the delighted Ethel. "Now I understand why your face has been such a puzzle to me." Soon after the midsummer eve they were married, and Frank took his beautiful bride back with him to the city of P—.

Ethel's adventure is no longer kept a secret for Frank often declares that the vision in the swamp near "Meadow Grove" was the means of making his life-long happiness.

Sure Cure For Rheumatism. If the syst emis properly cleaned by some medicine that acts upon the bowels, kidneys and skin, such as Burdock Blood Bitters, and the sufferer will use Hagar's Yellow Oil according to directions, there are few cases of rheumatism, however bad, but will yield promptly to the treatment.

Worth its weight in gold. West's World's Wonder, the cheapest and best liniment in the world; cures more cases and goes farther than any other medicine. Rheumatics, try it. 25 and 50c. All druggists.

Shiloh's cough and consumption cure it sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. W. J. Wilson, wholesale and retail agent, Kingston, Ont.

Threatened Danger. In the fall of '84, Randall Miller, of Maitland, N.S., was prostrated to his bed with an attack of incipient consumption. Cough remedies all failed. He rapidly grew debilitated, and friends despaired of his recovery. He tried Burdock Blood Bitters, with immediate relief, followed by a speedy cure

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Has worked wonders. It has produced luxurious growths of hair on bald heads; it has restored crops of gray and faded hair to their original color and vigor; it has cured hundreds of dandruff, and it has saved many persons from becoming bald. It is more effectual than any known preparation. Do not wait until it is too late, but if your hair is in a feeble state, get a bottle and save the growth, or you may lose it forever.

Ask for Dr. Dorenwend's Hair Magic and take nothing else. A. Dorenwend, sole manufacturer, Toronto. J. G. KING and A. P. CHOWN, Druggists, Agents for Kingston, August 8th.



PRESERVE YOUR SIGHT By wearing the only FRANK LAZARUS (Late of the firm of Lazarus & Morris) Renowned Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

These Spectacles and Eye Glasses have been used for the past 35 years, and given in every instance unbounded satisfaction. They are THE BEST IN THE WORLD. They never tire, and last many years without change.

For sale by W. J. WILSON, Druggist, Princess St., Kingston, Ont. FRANK LAZARUS, MANUFACTURER, 28 Maryland Road, Harrow Road, LONDON, ENGLAND. (Late Lazarus & Morris, Hartford, Conn.) No connection with any other firm in the Dominion of Canada. Nov. 19.

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SEASON 1886-7

Coffees roasted twice a week and ground daily on the premises.

HENDRY & THOMPSON. TELEPHONE.

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We have the satisfaction of numbering with our patrons many new customers. WE ARE READY FOR ALL. We have made the standard of our goods the first consideration, and can confidently claim that for character and assortment our stock is not excelled in the City at PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.

A CHEAP TEA & BREAKFAST A SPECIALTY. DAIRY GOODS, of the Choicest as well as the Cheapest, received daily.

CANNED GOODS of every grade at REDDEN'S - CHINA - TEA - HOUSE, Oct. 6. PRINCESS STREET.

CROCKERY, CHINA, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, ALL KINDS, PLATED WARE, &c.

See the largest assortment in the city at ROBERTSON BROS. SPECIAL REDUCTION IN PRICES for the Holiday Season.

Our Stock is now complete with all the latest Novelties and Patterns. Special Bargains in Combination Dinner and Tea Sets and Fairy Lamps.

Robertson Brothers, IMPORTERS.

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LABATT'S LONDON ALE.

The Finest Ale in Canada. JAS. CRAWFORD - AGENT FRUIT, &c.

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MUFFINS and CRIMPETS fresh every day at THE "BAZAAR." REES BROS., - Manufacturing Confectioners, Dec. 2.

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A Fine Supply of FRESH OYSTERS, FRESH BOLOGNA, SAUSAGES, CHICKEN, HAM & TONGUE.

Bologna, Fresh Eggs, Lard and Butter always on hand. MRS. J. K. OLIVER, Nov. 24.

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Through inconvenience and delay by the late Fire I could not do justice to my customers. Now I am ready again to serve them with promptness and attention.

3,000 feet of New Mouldings, the latest styles and patterns, opened up yesterday at

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WADE & ANDERSON, Upholsterers and Cabinet Makers, NO. 58 BROCK ST., Third Door above King Street.

Furniture made, repaired and polished. Mattresses renovated. Window and Mantel Fixtures fitted. Carpets cleaned and laid. Good Work at Low Prices. Best of city references. THOS. WADE. ANDREW ANDERSON. Dec. 14.

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PARLOR SUITES and LOUNGES of every description made to order. REPAIRING promptly attended to. Chairs caned. MATTRESSES restuffed or made to order. CARPETS cleaned and laid.

241 PRINCESS STREET. Nov. 5.

HENRY BRAME, Leading Undertaker & Embalmer, 251 PRINCESS STREET, COR. Sydenham St., Kingston. Telephone communication. Aug. 9.

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ANGLIN'S LUMBER, WOOD AND COAL YARD

HARD AND SOFT COAL, Hard Wood, Soft Wood, Mill Wood, ALL AT CHEAPEST RATES. All kinds of Lumber Building Timber Laths, Shingles, &c. The only place in the city having three Machines worked by steam for sawing Cordwood. Telephone communication. W. B. & S. ANGLIN, Sept. 24. East End of Wellington St.

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HARD AND SOFT WOOD.

If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best Hard Maple and Birch Cordwood, Oak, Birch Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood, Sawed or Un-sawed.

Or if you want Kindling Wood, (Dry), or Stove Coal, Nut Coal, No. 4 Coal, Soft Coal or Black Smith's Coal, go to

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Yard No 1—Ontario Street. 2—Clarence Street Wharf. 3—St. Lawrence Wharf.

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Portland Cement, Water Lime, K. & P. White Lime, and Hair, all of the best quality, at

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