

# 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.

**WANTED!**

**1,000 LADIES**

To buy CORSETS at

**MURRAY & TAYLOR'S**

176 Princess Street.

Having just received 1,000 Pairs Corsets direct from the manufacturers at Special Prices, we now offer the Ladies of Kingston and Vicinity some unheard of bargains in this Special Line as we are able to sell them away below Regular Prices.

**JUST THINK!**

30 different makes in all the latest styles and cuts.

- Corsets for 25c, worth 35c.
- Corsets for 27c, worth 50c.
- Corsets for 45c, worth 60c.
- Corsets for 65c, worth 85c.
- Corsets for 75c, worth 90c.

See our Unbreakable Five-Clasped extra long Corsets for 85c, worth \$1.00.

We also show an extra fine Sateen Corset, silk flossed, and with five clasps, in Old Gold, Light Blue and Pink, for \$1.25, never sold less than \$1.50.

And a full line of Crompton's Misses and Children's Corsets at lowest prices.

We invite every lady to inspect this Special Lot.

Remember the place:

**Murray & Taylor,**

The Leaders in Low Prices.

176 PRINCESS STREET.

May 20.

**BUSINESS AFFAIRS.**

**NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE.**

**THOMAS CUNNINGHAM,**

(Late of D. F. Armstrong), begs to inform his friends that he has opened a Boot and Shoe Store on

**PRINCESS STREET,**

Directly opposite Parkhill's Old Stand.

He has on hand a large and well assorted stock of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Boys' Boots of all varieties; also Trunks, Valises, &c.

I intend making Custom Work a specialty, having secured the services of the best workmen.

Having an experience of over 30 years, 16 of which as Manager with Wm. Kirk and D. F. Armstrong of this city, all patrons may depend on getting good satisfaction.

**THOS. CUNNINGHAM.**

May 16.

**NEW GOODS**

**HORSEY'S HARDWARE HOUSE.**

Refrigerator, Ice Cream Freezers, Lawn Mowers, Hose Reels, Garden Hose, Iron Beds, Door Mats, Agate Hoes and Brass Bird Cages.

Ready Mixed Paint \$1.25 a gallon.

**R. M. HORSEY & CO.**

May 9.

**D. McEWEN & SON.**

**Machine, Engine and Boiler Works.**

Engines and Boilers for all purposes, from 1 to 100-horse power, and fully guaranteed. Steam Rock Drill and Mining Repairs constantly on hand. Cheese Factory Boilers and Fittings.

Also a number of New and Second-Hand Engines and Boilers.

**GEORGE CLIFF,**

**The General Real Estate Agent.**

HOUSES TO RENT. - TENANTS FOUND

Building Lots, Farms, &c., bought and sold on commission. Offices, with Strange & Strange, Clarence St. opp. Post Office

**NASAL BALM** A POSITIVE CURE FOR CATARRH AND GOLD IN THE HEAD. **EASY TO USE.** No Instrument Required for its Use. Not a snuff powder or irritating liquid. If not obtainable at your Druggist, sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and \$1.00 per box, by addressing FULFORD & CO., BRIDGEVILLE, ONT.

**FROM MAINE TO CUBA.**

A CORRESPONDENT COVETS A SEA VOYAGE BY SAIL.

And He Secures Passage on a Vessel Loaded with Shooks for Cuba—Tells His Experiences with the Captain and Moralizes on Sailors in General.

[Special Correspondence.]

BOSTON, May 24.—Down in old Portland town by the docks and slips; down there where the tide rises and falls, and the waters of the sea gurgle and splash among the rotting piers; down where it is ever damp and dank with spray and foam from the fretful movements of the tugs and steamers; down where the splendid air of the sea forever battles with the reeking odors of decaying fish and the ooze and slime of a city, lay the Uranus, sunk in mud a half a fathom, for the tide was out, and whatever of her black, old hull was above the mud was buried out of sight, save her jibboom, spunk-er boom and spars, by a great load of "shooks," lashed and stayed and battened in place until the little fo'castle and the little cabin and bulky life rails were fairly hidden from sight.

The old Uranus was a three masted schooner of about 500 tons burthen; was laden with "shooks" consigned to Havana and some miscellaneous goods for Nassau, Bahamas; and when she had "cleared" for her ocean venture her manifest showed that, for this voyage, she was entitled to carry "one master, two mates, one cook, five seamen and one passenger." I, a humble American journalist, in search of health and experience, differing from those of the aristocratic literators who travel on passes and to Europe in a month, was that same one passenger; and if I had any romantic notion about desiring queer company, cramped quarters, tough fare and a royally rough voyage, my most extravagant aspirations were to be realized.

Our captain was what might be concisely described as an Awful Presence.

Born among the rocks of Maine, he had been reared in infinite penuriousness and pickled in salt water and whisky. He was, in fact, a sort of tough old "Finnan Haddie," dry and thin as a herring, and saltier and dirtier than the worst old bitter mackerel ever left over in the rock salt of a cast away fish tub. He was proud of fith, gloated in general meanness, swore awful oaths simply to enjoy the horror they caused, revelled in ragged clothing because the ship owners objected to it, and seemed to perennially enjoy a sort of inner ecstasy in anything on the line of miscellaneous cussedness. He was tall, gaunt, skinny. His face was cadaverous, red, bleary. His little green eyes, no bigger than peas, were set away back underneath perfect forests of red eyebrows; and his otherwise picturesque face was given sublime atrocity of expression by a wide mouth, ever open, and monstrous teeth, always set as if biting quick and hard through all opposition, all of which was half revealed, but strongly intensified by a tremendous mustache, usually ornamented with divers well defined stalactites of frozen tobacco juice and drool.

I am safe in the interests of historical accuracy in saying these things, because I shall take good care to never meet this particular salt water hell kite again. But I can never forget my negotiations with him for the voyage, no more than the voyage itself.

A "lift at the log" meant the keeping of the ship's log during the voyage, which I modestly assisted in; and the greasy old record will bear witness, in my humble chirography, to a real land lubber's earnest efforts to put in proper sea language each day's and night's events, the queer impressions of the ship's officers, the countless reckonings, shiftings, changings and occurrences, which maritime law makes stand as inviolable evidence of the doings of a vessel and those responsible for her safety.

Soon came a howling January night, and our captain would wait no longer for fair weather. So we left the old seaport city of which Longfellow wrote:

I remember the black wharves and the ships,  
And the sea tides tossing free;  
And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.

There were no beauty and mystery of the ships that evening. The magic of the sea had evidently knocked off, too. True enough, as the sun went down behind the town there was much to see as our snorting tug jerked and hauled our vessel through the choppy waves of the bay. But it was ghastly, bitter, dreary, awful seaward in every recognition and glimpse. That, perhaps, added real magic to what was being left behind. In that same old Portland town grew little and snug, nest like and dear as it receded.

But the tug is steaming back to port, the sun has gone down behind the land, the city lights show faintly in the far distance, the great lights from Portland Head and Halfway Rock flash angrily, all sail is set, "four bells" clangs and booms from the life rails hoarsely; we are alone in the night upon a savage sea, and—

"Grub!"  
Our captain stood in the companion way and glared up at me from the cabin, as, half frozen, I slivered among the "shooks" by the creaking mizzen mast. "Grub!" he chopped out of his fang like teeth. "An," he continued in a haughty vein, "grub's grub on this vessel. We has no style; 'n' no grub ain't sent to private rooms neither!"

I pined my way along the "shooks" toward the cabin. The schooner came up and struck me a few times squarely, as if determined on intimacy. I got down the narrow companion way easier—in a heap, as it were. That cabin was about six feet square, stifling, stinking, startling. Our captain and his two mates were clinging to a diminutive shelf table with one hand, and with the other shoveling in great hunks of bread and half cooked pork, and smorting and gasping over black coffee and blacker dried apple sauce. One swinging lamp revealed a sallow eyed, villainous cook crouching in the pantry door, with a grim smile on his buckwheat cake face as he critically saw me plunge to my stool at the table.

I had been over and over the sea, and imagined I was a sailor. I put my whole human power into being brave and looking wise.

Our captain laughed outright. So did the mates. The cook would have done so, had he not rammed a towel in his mouth and choked it off.

"What'll ye 'ave?" asked the captain, grinning.

"Oh, anything," I airily replied, with a mighty effort. He put a few pounds of pork on my plate, rising and falling from his tiptoes with the motion of the ship. Still continuing in this easy and graceful attitude, he waved a tremendous fork high in air and thus laid down the law:

"No blankety blanked airs on this vessel! ye h'yr? It's a long reach an' a loud howl an' gits grub. Ez ye git grub, ye git grub; and grub means money as it don't come troopin' in in airs an' other high jinks diddles!"

With this deliverance he helped me to a pint of black coffee and a quart of the blacker app's sauce. The odor of the "grub," blending with that of the ship's bilge water and other mysterious but penetrating aromas,

was unbearably loathsome. Everything whirled and danced about me. My head felt like a big balloon lancing about among clouds of solid rock. I saw double. The little smoky lamp had great luminous rings about it. The faces and forms of our captain bold and his two mates grew gigantic and dwarfed to pigmies with each lurch of the laboring vessel. I don't know what might have happened in my desperate sickness and fury had not the schooner at that instant shipped a generous sea, a ton or so of which burst through the door of the companion way and snuffed out the savage hilarity of these old salts' meal in a jiffy, giving me escape from their persecutions and themselves something besides a landlubber to play with, during which heaven-sent intermission I reeled into a berth and that sodden, deathly stupor which follows the best physical and mental efforts of the bravest of men to battle against, that direct of scourges and most inscrutable of mysteries, the sickness of the sea.

It would be safe to record about one week of my voyage to Cuba as being a period of dreadful blank. It is possible that such experiences are needed to humble man. If so, one should figure on things so as to be humbled that way only once. But after what one might term a partial restoration to consciousness, there was much of true interest about me.

The captain, who, to do him credit, had underneath his preposterously mean nature some bits of warmth and geniality and an occasional revelation of colossal humor, gave me the half of his own berth, which stood in the side of another little six foot cabin at the rear of where we ate. This compartment was a queer place. The walls were filled with pictures of sea fights, and many worse than those pasted against the partitions and glossed over with varnish. The carpet, whose zigzag pattern was obliterated with grease and tar, had been woven on an old oak loom up at Eastport by our captain's grandmother, along about the time when the Enterprise took in the Boxer and the Constitution captured the Guerriere in Portland and Boston harbors. The old hair lounge yawned and creaked with the ceaseless movement of the vessel, and nobody had the heart to burden it further. At the head of the bed stood the softly ticking ship's chronometer. Against the center of the forward partition was a little desk where the captain studied his courses, his logarithms and charts, and figured his "reckonings" and his gains; and over this, day and night, swung a very smoky lamp. Before this, as before a midnight shrine, I shall ever remember our captain; for, of wild nights, and almost all nights for that matter, clad only in drawers, undershirt, a sou'wester hat and rubber shoes, he roamed about this mite of a den like a caged bear, or snorted and sputtered at his desk, scratching and creaking on an old slate with a flinty pencil, and swearing the most terrible oaths one ever heard, as if to keep himself agreeable company. At these times an old briar root pipe stood out sidewise from his scraggy jaw. And he puffed, puffed, puffed. For certain reasons I am patient with those who love tobacco. But the grade of our captain's tobacco, the age of that briar root pipe, the condensed and reconcondensed sections of that smoke which could have been caught, spiced, twisted and hung up to dry, were something undoubtedly worse than Virgil and Dante encountered in the tenth gulf of old Lucifer's dominions.

Then this old sea dragon would take a whirl around the little cabin in front, until he had stirred up the tired mates and the cook, and they would rise up in the darkness of their little filthy caves, and humbly ask: "Be'ther anything wantin', sir?" When he would bellow at them the inquiry why in the name of blankety blank he couldn't be let alone, and return to his lair to chuckle and puff.

A very interesting and lively character was our captain, taken "by and large," as the farmers say.

But as the days grew into weeks, and we crept into the warmer latitudes, the manifold asperities of this sort of actual existence seemed to fade away, giving one who can apply the philosophy of patience and indifference to immediate surroundings extraordinary opportunity for the larger view and more generous study of sea folk and sea life.

One thing was made clear: A sailor's life is not the one sung in the ballads. It is an endless round of duties day and night. Take, for instance, our vessel. Two men and a mate comprised each watch. The watches are each four hours night and day, with the exception of the two dog watches of two hours each. That is twelve hours of each twenty-four to hard labor and responsibility. Then there is endless setting and reefing of sails; all hands are liable at any moment to be called on deck into service where danger is as great as service; the pumps are to be tended, for every ship leaks; the rails and guards are to be mended; the hatches are always needing attention; new sails must be "beat" in place of those lost in squalls; old sails must be patched; the cargo requires continual looking after, for if it "shifts," God pity all; the rigging is newly "served"; the anchors "beaten" and painted, the decks "tarred down," and night and day there is never an end to "lashing" things fast and faster. It is a dog's life, and sailors nearly all live like dogs and are treated like dogs. Out in the fo'castle there, their bunks are wretched boxes that a land tramp would scorn. From port to haven they are in the same "logs," which never leave their bodies. The master himself, once a seaman, "gets even" by his own brutality and meanness. In the main their days are unrest, their nights unclean, their lives are unwholesome, and all this from what the master would make you believe are their actual necessities and conditions, in order for the little remnant of American shipping to exist at all.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

**Anecdote of Gen. Lee.**

Gen. Lee one day found Dr. Cutting, an army surgeon, who was a handsome and drowsy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass. "Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation." "Why, general?" "Why," replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth."—Argonaut.

**The New English Fleet.**

The new English fleet is to consist of twenty-five vessels built at a cost of over \$65,000,000. Four of these ships have been completed, two of them being barbettes, one a turret ship and one a protected cruiser. Four additional vessels are to be finished this year and twelve next year and the remaining five within five years.—New York Tribune.

**Machine Politics.**

"Do you know, my friend," said a very solemn political individual, "that when you silently drop that snow white ballot from your fingers it floats down in rhythmic grace and settles the destinies of a nation?" "No, sir; I don't," replied the imperious voter; "but I know when I drop it into the box it settles my bargain with the boss of this 'ere ward."—Hartford Post.

Under a new edict just promulgated in Japan criminals are not to be executed singly. When there is one he must wait until there is another to keep him company.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. W. J. Wilson, agent, Kingston.

# LADIES!

Your attention is called to the important fact that we are now

## CLEARING OUT

At 50, 60 and 75c on the Dollar, our entire stock of

## EMBROIDERIES,

All-Over Embroideries,

## SILK, SPANISH AND ORIENTAL LACES,

In Black, Cream and White, All-Over Laces, White Muslins, Swiss Check Muslins, Lawns, Piques, Etc.

# F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

May 25.

**FINE ORDERED CLOTHING A SPECIALTY.**

DEVOTING OUR TIME EXCLUSIVELY

To the manufacture of Ordered Clothing, and guided by a very long experience in buying in the different markets, we are enabled to offer to our Old Customers and to New Ones

West of England Broad Cloth, for Dress Suits.

Fine English Worsted, for Evening and Dress Wear.

English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, for Business Suits.

Black and Blue Serges, for Summer Suits.

Light Overcoatings, in different colors, for Evening Wear.

Fancy French Trousers and Halifax Tweeds, especially adapted for the Hot Months of Summer, at Prices which defy competition.

Our time is given exclusively to the manufacture of Clothing. We feel justified in assuring our customers that Perfect Satisfaction will be given as to Fit, Workmanship and Durability.

**Thos. Moore, - 59 Brock Street.**

May 16.

## HEADQUARTER

# --SHOE STORE--

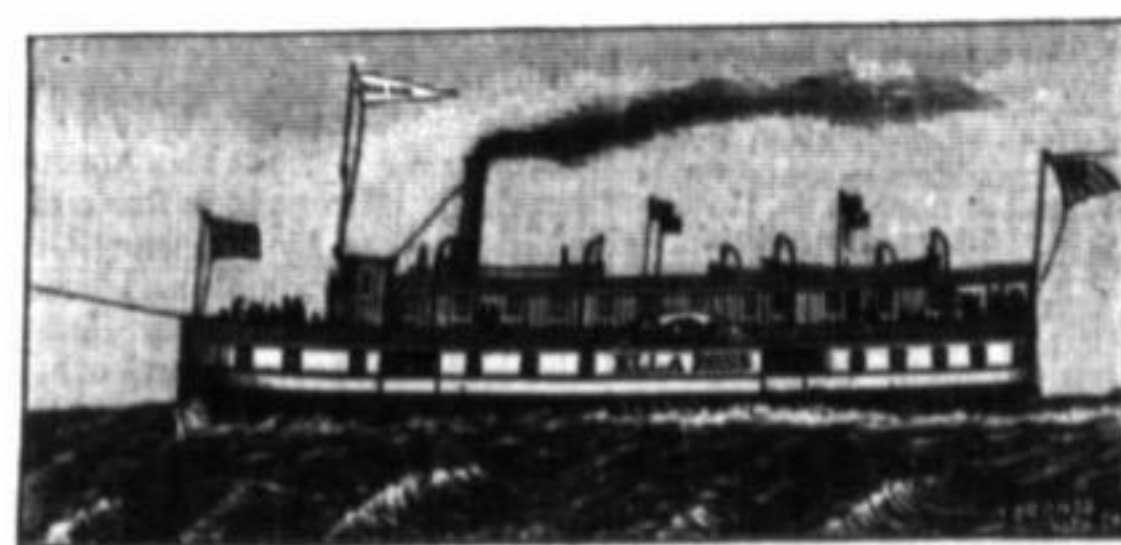
Ladies, see our Daisy French Kid Buttoned Boot at \$2.50, the finest finished and best fitting Boot in the city.

## D. F. ARMSTRONG

141 PRINCESS STREET.

April 19.

THE IRON PALACE PASSENGER STEAMER



Will commence her Regular Weekly Excursion Trips about 15th May from KINGSTON to MONTRÉAL, thence returning by the Ottawa and Rideau route, running all the Rapids, and passing through the matchless scenery of the Rideau Lakes and 1,000 Islands by daylight. The ELLA ROSS will remain over Sunday at the 1,000 Island Park, calling at Alexandria Bay each Monday morning. This is the only Passenger Steamer making the round trip. As this is one of the most popular routes on Canadian waters accommodation will be at a premium, and those wishing a cosy, comfortable trip will do well to go early. Only \$14 for the Round Trip; Meals and Berths included.

W. GARRETT, Captain and Proprietor, JAS. SWIFT, Agent, St. Lawrence Wharf, Kingston.

**The Right Place for House Furnishings.**

200 Pairs Cream Lace Curtains from \$1.25.  
New Smyrna Rugs, Coco Mats, Lapland Mats.  
New Kensington Squares, 3x3 and 3 1/2x4 yards, cheap.  
New Art Blinds, handsome designs, extra cheap.  
Cheapest Brussels Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, Dutch Carpets.

**R. WALDRON.**

May 20.

**CARPETS - CAREFULLY - CHOSEN**

**RICHMOND, ORR & CO.**

Carpets from the most celebrated English makers. The Latest Modern Patterns from each of these famous English makers.

Besides Carpets, their stock of Lace, Mattas and other Curtains stands alone for VOLUME AND VALUE.

This is the house for House Furnishing Goods. Five per cent. off all cash purchases and thirty day accounts by

May 21.

**RICHMOND, ORR & CO.**