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IS A PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER. It contains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia and may be used by the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety. Its great success arising from its being intrinsically THE BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET, as well as its being adapted to the wants of the kitchen, has excited envious imitations of its name and appearance. Beware of such.

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COOK'S FRIEND IS GENUINE.

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A Fine Supply of FRESH OYSTERS, FRESH BOLOGNA SAUSAGES, CHICKEN, HAM & TONGUE.
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MRS. J. K. OLIVER.

SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Taking the hint, we got up, and went down to the stream to wash, after which the morning meal was served. At breakfast one of the women, no longer quite young, advanced and publicly kissed Job. He sprang to his feet, and pushed the woman, a buxom party about thirty, from him.

"Well, I never!" he gasped; whereupon she embraced him again.

"Be off with you! Get away, you minx!" he shouted, waving the wooden spoon with which he was eating his breakfast up and down before the lady's face. "Beg your pardon, gentlemen. I am sure I haven't encouraged her. Oh Lord! Mr. Holly: please hold her! I can't stand it; I can't indeed. This has never happened to me before, gentlemen, never! There's nothing against my character; and here he broke off, and ran as hard as he could go down the cave; and for once I saw the Amahagger laugh. As for the woman, however, she did not laugh. On the contrary, she seemed to bristle with fury, which the mockery of the other women about only served to intensify. She stood there literally snarling and shaking with indignation; and seeing her, I wished Job's scruples had been at Jericho—forming a shrewd guess that his admirable behavior had endangered our throats. Nor, as the sequel shows, was I wrong.

The lady having retreated, Job returned in a great state of nervousness, and keeping his weather eye fixed upon every woman who came near him. I took an opportunity to explain to our hosts that Job was a married man, and had had very unhappy experiences in his domestic relations, which accounted for his presence here, and his terror at the sight of a woman; but my remarks were received in grim silence, it being evident that our retainer's behavior was considered as a slight to the "household" at large, although the women, after the manner of their more civilized sisters, made merry at the rebuff of their companion.

At first we were much puzzled as to the origin and constitution of this extraordinary race, points upon which they were singularly uncommunicative. As the time went on—for the next four days passed without any striking event—we learned something from Leo's lady-friend Ustane, who, by the way, stuck to that young gentleman like his own shadow. As to origin, they had none, at least so far as she was aware. There were, however, she informed us, mounds of masonry and many pillars near the place where she lived, which was called Kor, and which the wise said had once been houses wherein men lived, and it was suggested that they were descended from these men. No one, however, dared go near these great ruins, because they were haunted; they only looked on them from a distance. Other similar ruins were to be seen, she had heard, in various parts of the country, that is, wherever one of the mountains rose above the level of the swamp. Also the caves in which they lived had been hollowed out of the rocks by men, perhaps the same who built the cities. They themselves had no written laws, only custom, which was, however, quite as binding as law. If any man offended against the custom, he was put to death by order of the Father of the "household." I asked how he was put to death, and she only smiled, and said that I might see one day soon.

They had a queen, however. She was their queen, but she was very rarely seen, perhaps once in two or three years, when she came forth to pass sentence on some offenders, and when seen was muffled up in a big cloak, so that nobody could look upon her face. Those who waited upon her were deaf and dumb, and therefore could tell no tales, but it was reported that she was lovely as no other woman was lovely, or ever had been. It was rumored also that she was immortal, and had power over all things, but she, Ustane, could say nothing of all that. What she believed was that the queen chose a husband from time to time, and as soon as a female child was born, this husband, who was never again seen, was put to death. Then the female child grew up, and took the place of the queen when its mother died and had been buried in the great caves. But of these matters none could speak for certain. Only she was obeyed throughout the length and breadth of the land, and to question her command was certain death. She kept a guard, but had no regular army, and to disobey her was to die.

I asked what the land was, and how many people lived in it. She answered that there were ten "households" like this



Suddenly the woman rose, and laid her hands upon Leo's golden curls.

that she knew of, including the big "Household" where the queen was; that all the "households" lived in caves, in places like this stretch of raised country, dotted about in a vast extent of swamp, which was only to be threaded by secret paths. Ofted the "households" made war on each other until she sent word that it was to stop, and then they instantly ceased. That and the fever which they caught in crossing the swamps was what kept their numbers from increasing too much. They had no connection with any other race; indeed, none lived near them, or were able to thread the vast swamps. Once an army from the direction of the great river (presumably the Zambezi) had attempted to attack them, but they got lost in the swamps, and at night, seeing the great balls of fire that move about there, tried to come to them, thinking that it was the enemy's camp, and half of them were drowned. As for the rest, they soon died of fever and starvation, not a blow being struck at them. The swamps, she told us, were absolutely impassable except to those

who knew the paths, adding, what I could well believe, that we should never have reached this place were we then where we had not been brought there.

These and many other things we learned from Ustane during the four days' pause before our real adventures began, and, as may be imagined, they gave us considerable cause for thought. The whole thing was exceedingly remarkable, almost incredibly so, indeed, and the oddest part of it was that so far it did more or less correspond to the ancient writing on the sherd. And now it appeared that there was a mysterious queen clothed by rumor with awful and wonderful attributes, and commonly known by the impersonal but to my mind rather awesome title of *She*. Altogether, I could not make it out, nor could Leo, though of course he was exceedingly triumphant over me because I had persistently mocked at the whole thing. As for Job, he had long since abandoned any attempt to call his reason his own, and left it to drift upon the sea of circumstance. Mahomed, the Arab, who was, by the way, treated civilly, indeed, but with chilling contempt, by the Amahagger, was, I discovered, in a great fright, though I could not quite make out what he was frightened about. He would sit crouched up in a corner of the cave all day long, calling upon Allah and the Prophet to protect him. When I pressed him about it, he said that he was afraid because these people were not men and women at all, but devils, and that this was an enchanted land; and, upon my word, once or twice since then I have been inclined to agree with him. And so the time went on till the night of the fourth day after Billali had left, when something happened.

We three and Ustane were sitting round the fire in the cave just before bed-time, when suddenly the woman, who had been brooding in silence, rose, and laid her hands upon Leo's golden curls and addressed him. Even now when I shut my eyes I can see her proud imperial form, clothed alternately in dense shadow and the red flickering of the fire, as she stood, the wild center of as weird a scene as I ever witnessed, and delivered herself of the burden of her thoughts and forebodings in a kind of rhythmic speech that ran something as follows:

"Thou art my chosen—I have waited for thee from the beginning;
Thou art very beautiful. Who hath hair like unto thee, or skin so white!

Who hath so strong an arm? who is so much a man?

Thine eyes are the sky, and the light in them is the sun and the moon.
Thou art perfect and of a happy face, and my heart turned itself toward thee.
Ay, when mine eyes fell on thee, I did desire thee, and when thou wert near me, I did desire thee.
Then did I take thee to me—thou, my Beloved, and hold thee fast, lest harm should come unto thee.
Ay, I did cover thine head with mine hair, lest the sun should strike it;
And altogether was I thine, and thou wast altogether mine.
And so it went for a little space, till Time was in labor with an evil day;
And then that befall upon that day? Alas! my Beloved, I know not. I was lost in the darkness.
And she who is stronger did take thee: ay, she who is fatter than I, Ustane.
Yet didst thou turn and call upon me, and let thine eyes wander in the darkness.
But, nevertheless, she prevailed by Beauty, and led thee down upon her horrible places;
And then, ah! then, my Beloved—"

Here this extraordinary woman broke off her speech, or chant, which was so much musical gibberish to us, for all we understood of what she was driving at, and seemed to fix her flashing eyes upon the deep shadow before her. All in a moment they acquired a vacant, terrified stare, as though they were trying to realize some half-seen horror. She lifted her hand from Leo's head, and pointed into the darkness. We all looked, but could see nothing; but she saw something, or thought she did, and something evidently that affected even her iron nerves, for, without another sound, down she fell senseless between us.

Leo, who was growing really attached to this remarkable young person, was in a great state of alarm and distress, and I, to be perfectly candid, was in a condition not far removed from superstitious fear. The whole scene was an uncanny one.

Presently, however, she recovered, and sat up with an extraordinary convulsive shudder.

"What didst thou mean, Ustane?" asked Leo, who, thanks to years of tuition, spoke Arabic very prettily.

"Nay, my chosen," she answered, with a little forced laugh. "I did but sing unto thee after the fashion of my people. Surely I meant nothing. How could I speak of that which is not yet?"

"And what didst thou see, Ustane?" I asked, looking her sharply in the face.

"Nay," she answered again; "I saw naught. Ask me not what I saw. Why should I fright thee?" And then turning to Leo with a look of the most utter tenderness that I ever saw upon the face of woman, civilized or savage, she took his hand between her hands, and kissed him on the forehead as a mother might. "When I am gone from thee, my chosen: when at night thou stretchest out thine hand and canst not find me, then shouldst thou think at times of me, for of a truth I love thee well, though I be not fit to wash thy feet. And now let us love and take that which is given us, and be happy, for in the grave there is no love and no warmth, nor any touching of the lips. Nothing perchance, or perchance but bitter memories of what might have been. To-night the hours are our own; how know we to whom they shall belong to-morrow?"

(To be Continued.)

Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing, nauseous, and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cures of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

Destructive Land Slide.

GENEVA, June 2.—A land slide has occurred on Spitzen Mountain, near Spiringen, covering an area of two square kilometres. Many houses were destroyed, killing ten and seriously wounding many more persons, and many herds of cattle were destroyed. The debris damned the Nicholas tunnel, forming an extensive lake, and if the dams give way a serious catastrophe is inevitable.

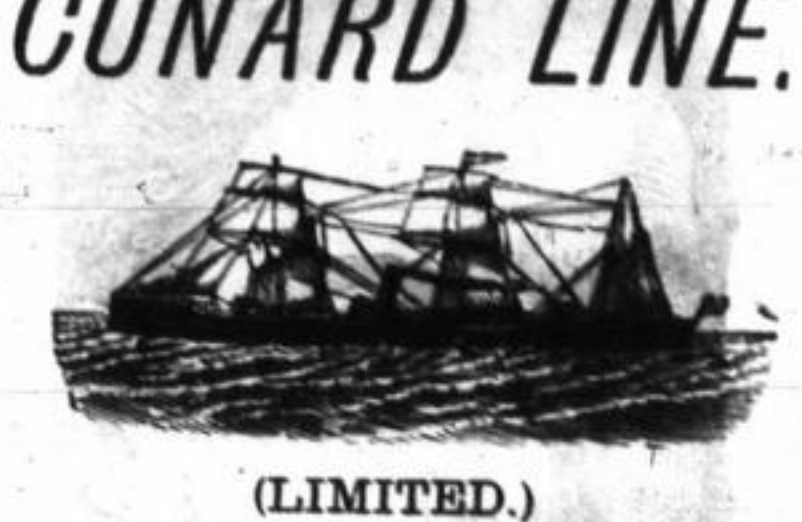
An Open Letter.

Nov. 25th, 1886.—Messrs T. Milburn & Co.—I wish I had used B.B.B. sooner, which would have saved me years of suffering with erysipelas, from which I could get no relief until I tried B.B.B. which soon cleared away the itching, burning rash that had so long distressed me. Mrs. Edward Komkey, Eastern Passage, Halifax, N.S.

Try It.

"What shall I do for this distressing Cough?" Try Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. It is soothing and healing to the throat and lungs, and loosens the tough mucus that renders breathing difficult or painful.

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AVERAGE TIME 8 DAYS.

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FROM LIVERPOOL, STEAMER, FROM QUEBEC.

Thursday, May 5. Sarmatian Thursday, May 26
Friday, May 13. "Circassian" Friday, June 3
Thursday, May 19. Sarmatian Thursday, June 9
Friday, May 27. "Polynesian" Friday, June 17
Thursday, June 2. "Persian" Thursday, June 23
Thursday, June 9. Sarmatian Thursday, June 30

Rates of Passage by the Mail Steamers:
From Quebec to Londonderry and Liverpool:
Cabin—\$80, \$70, \$60. Return—\$110, \$130, \$150.
Intermediate—\$70. Return—\$90. Steerage
\$20. Return \$40.

Rates of Passage by the Extra Steamers:
Cabin—\$50, \$60 and \$70. Return—\$80, \$110 and \$130. Intermediate—\$30. Return \$60.
Steerage at very low rates.

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

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

The last train connecting with the Extra Steamers sailing on Friday, leaves Kingston on Thursday at 1:45 p.m.

Passengers desiring can be booked via R. & Ont. Nav. Co. Steamers, enjoying the scenery of the 1,000 Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

For Tickets and every information apply to
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SHORTEST, BEST & CHEAPEST ROUTE
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Winter excursions by the All Rail Route to San Francisco, Los Angeles and points on the Pacific Coast in California; also to Florida, West Indies, Bermuda and other tropical climate at greatly reduced rates. Tickets good for six months.

Passenger Trains leave the new City Passenger Depot, foot Johnson Street, as follows:—

GOING EAST:
No. 1 at 1:30 p.m.
No. 3 at 1:35 p.m.
No. 5 at 1:45 p.m.
Mixed at 6:15 a.m.

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No. 2 at 3:15 p.m.
No. 4 at 2:10 a.m.
No. 6 at 4:55 a.m.
Mixed at 7:55 p.m.

Express Trains Nos. 3, 4 and 6 run Sundays included.
No. 6 does not run on Monday.

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KINGSTON & PEMBROKE
—AND—
CANADA PACIFIC RAILROADS.

New, Direct, Shortest, Quickest, Cheapest and Best Equipment All Rail Route to Manitoba and the North West.

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

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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 8:10 p.m.; Ottawa, 4:25 p.m. Montreal, 9 p.m.; Renfrew, 6:00 p.m.

Passengers leaving by this train will reach Winnipeg in 65 hours.

No. 1 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:30 a.m., arrives at Sharbot Lake 10:30 a.m., and Renfrew 2:45 p.m., come 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.

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Composed of the following first-class side-wheel Steamers:

BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.
Quebec, Capt. Nelson. | Montreal, Capt. Roy.

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Corsican, Capt. Simclair; Algerian, Capt. Trowell; Corinthian, Capt. Ada; Spartan, Capt. Irvine.

Commencing on THURSDAY, THE 2ND OF JUNE, and until further notice, one of the above Steamers will leave Kingston daily (Mondays excepted) at 5 p.m. for TORONTO, calling at Cobourg, Port Hope and Bowmanville, (weather permitting) and on SATURDAY, THE 4TH, at 5 a.m. for MONTREAL and QUEBEC, calling at Clayton, Round Island, 1,000 Island Park, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Coteau, passing through the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Lake of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence by daylight.

Return Tickets at Greatly Reduced Rates. Excursion Tickets to the Saguenay, Ports on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Halifax, Portland, Boston and New York.

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MAY 19, 1887. C. H. HATCH, Agent.

—1887—
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STR. HANHERO,
(C. H. NICHOLSON, MASTER).

Will, until further notice, leave Gunn's Wharf at 8:30 p.m. (sharp) for Picton daily, going through Deseronto and Belleville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings. The above returning leaves Belleville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:00 a.m. sharp; Deseronto 7:30 a.m., and Picton 9:30 a.m.; and leaves Picton Tuesday and Thursday at 7:00 a.m., and Saturday at 6:00 a.m.

Magnificent accommodation for passengers and lowest freight rates given.

Full information given by applying to the Captain on board, or to
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J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Pass. Agents. Freight Agents.
April 29.

TRI-WEEKLY TRIPS
BETWEEN KINGSTON & 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 5:45 o'clock and Jones' Locks at 6 o'clock, calling at all intermediate ports, arriving at Kingston 6:30 o'clock p.m.

All day trip, giving opportunity of seeing the splendid scenery of the Rideau and other lakes both ways. 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 & Bajus; Capt. A. Foster, Smith's Falls; or James Swift, Kingston.
May 12

MONTREAL AND WAY PORTS

Fast, Commodious, Upper Cabin Steamer
"ALEXANDRIA,"
(CAPT. SMITH, MASTER.)

Will leave Gunn's wharf every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, for Montreal, calling at Gananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Ogdensburg, Morrisburg, etc., and arriving in Montreal early Tuesday evening.

Returning, leaves Montreal Thursdays at 12 o'clock noon, for Kingston, arriving Friday night, leaving Kingston for Trenton and Bay of Quinte ports on Saturday mornings at 6 o'clock sharp.

Passenger accommodation unsurpassed. Returned tickets at reduced rates.

Freight rates as low as the lowest.

For tickets and other information apply to
May 6th. **A. GUNN & CO.,** Agents.

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Those who are interested in Boats or Boating if you intend to purchase a boat of any description:
If you want to hire a Boat for any length of time:
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Call on or address the undersigned.
We will endeavor to give satisfaction in every way with anything in the line of Boats.

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Parties wishing to get good Boats at moderate prices will do well to call at the OLD BOATING ESTABLISHMENT, AT THE FOOT OF SIMCOE ST., near the Park, Kingston, and see for themselves. We guarantee a Bargain and good tight boats. Old Boats repaired and made tight.
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Remember the place—across the Cataracts Bridge to Barriefield.
April 13. **J. KNAPP & SON.**

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time; but have them cured for good. I have cured the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLEN SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Others have failed in no reason for not receiving a cure, but at once for a trine and a Free Trial of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office, I will send you a trial, and I will cure you. Ad. from Dr. H. G. ROOT.

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