

MEDICINES.

**"Cheap Drugs  
the dearest things  
on Earth."**

**MALTOPEPSYN**

FOR **DYSPEPSIA! INDIGESTION!!**

And kindred diseases, unquestionably **THE BEST REMEDY!**

Maltopapsin is endorsed by all the leading physicians and prominent druggists throughout the Dominion of Canada, and we understand it has a large sale in England and the United States.

This is not a quick cure-all, but a reliable remedy for the cure of specific diseases, having its exact formula printed on each bottle label, thereby enabling the purchaser to know just what he is taking.

We recommend Maltopapsin to every sufferer from *Dyspepsia* or *Indigestion*, and know that a trial will demonstrate its value.

Signed, **J. GEO. KING**

We have on hand constantly a fresh and complete stock of

**DRUGS, FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY, ETC.**

Also all the leading Patent Medicines, and a full stock of Paints, Oils, Etc.  
Prescriptions carefully dispensed. Good value guaranteed. Favor us with a call.

**J. GEO. KING, - DRUGGIST,**  
Oct. 22 **Kingston, Ont.**

**A Creaking Hinge**

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. Which the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pains. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city many most remarkable cures, a number of which baffled the efforts of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

**Rheumatism,**

After being troubled with it for years. In this and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.—R. H. Lawrence, M.D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It was eradicated every trace of disease from my system.—R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously, in spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health.—J. Fream, Independence, Va.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. Price 21c; six bottles, \$3.

**Dr. FOWLER'S**

EXTRACT OF WILD

**STRAWBERRY**

CURES—

**CHOLERA,**  
**CHOLERA - INFANTUM,**  
**DIARRHŒA,**

AND

**ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.**

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

**LADIES and GENTLEMEN**

Why do you poison your blood and injure your stomachs by the use of strong drugs, which seldom cure and always do more or less harm. You can be cured without a possibility of injury by the use of A. NORMAN'S Electro-Curative Belts, Insoles and Trusses. Write for Circulars giving full particulars. Consultation Free and private.  
4 Queen Street East, Toronto.  
W. J. WILSON, Sole Agent, Kingston

**PENNYROYAL WAFERS**

Prescription of a physician who has had a lifelong experience in treating female diseases. Is used monthly with perfect success by over 100,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effective. Ladies, ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers, and take no substitute, or enclose postage for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, 50c per box. Address THE KURSKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich. Sold in Kingston at H. WADE'S drug store and by W. J. WILSON.

**CARD.**

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D New York City.

**THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION.**

A successful medicine used over 30 years in thousands of cases. Cures Spasmodic, Nervous, and all diseases caused by abuse, before, indigestion or over-exertion. After six packages guaranteed to cure when all others fail. Ask your druggist for THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION. Take no substitute. One package \$1. Six \$5, by mail. Write for pamphlet. Address: Hurrell Chemical Co., Detroit, Michigan. Sold in Kingston by H. Wade, W. J. Wilson, and all druggists.

All people of Dyspepsia should learn to recognize the symptoms. When indigestion makes a meal a burden, bear these signs in mind. In Turner's better health you'll find.

**ALLAN QUATERMAIN;**

**A FROWNING CITY.**

By H. Rider Haggard, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—ALPHONSE AND HIS ANNETTE.

After dinner we thoroughly inspected all the outbuildings and grounds of the station, which I consider the most successful as well as the most beautiful place of the sort that I have seen in Africa, and then returned to the veranda, where we found Umslopogaa taking advantage of this favorable opportunity to thoroughly clean all the rifles. This was the only work that he ever did or was asked to do, for as a Zulu chief it was beneath his dignity to work with his hands; but such as it was he did it very well. It was a curious sight to see the little Zulu sitting there upon the floor, his battle-ax resting against the wall behind him, with his long, aristocratic-looking hands busily employed, delicately and with the utmost care, cleaning the mechanism of the breechloaders. He had a name for each gun. One—a double four-bore belonging to Sir Henry—was the Thunderer; another, my 500 Express, which had a peculiarly sharp report, was "the little one who spoke like a whip;" the Winchester repeaters were "the women, who talked so fast that you could not tell one word from another;" the six Martinis were "the common people;" and so on with them all. It was very curious to hear him addressing each gun as he cleaned it, as though it were an individual, and in a vein of the quaintest humor.

It was the same with the battle-ax, which he seemed to look upon as an intimate friend, and to which he would at times talk by the hour, going over all his old adventures with it—and dreadful enough some of them were. He, by a piece of grim humor, had named his ax "Inkosikaasi," which is the Zulu word for chieftainship. For a long while I could not make out why he gave it such a name, and at last I asked him; when he informed me that the ax was evidently feminine, because of her womanly habit of prying deep down into things, and that she was clearly a chieftainship because all men fell down before her, struck dumb at the sight of her beauty and power. In the same way he would consult "Inkosikaasi" when in any dilemma; and when I asked him why he did so, he informed me it was because she must needs be wise, having "looked into so many people's brains."

I took up the ax and closely examined this formidable weapon. It was, as I have said, of the nature of a pole-ax. The haft was made of an enormous rhinoceros horn, and was three feet three inches long, about an inch and a quarter thick; and with a knob at the end as large as a Maltese orange, left there to prevent the hand from slipping. This horn haft, though it was so massive, was as flexible as cane, and practically unbreakable; but, to make assurance doubly sure, it was whipped round at intervals of a few inches with copper wire—all the parts where the hands grip being thus treated. Just above where the haft entered the ax it was scored with a number of little nicks, each nick representing a man killed in battle with it. The ax itself was made of the most beautiful steel, and apparently of European manufacture, though Umslopogaa did not know where it came from, having taken it from the hand of a chief he had killed in battle many years before. It was not very heavy, the head weighing two and a half pounds, as near as I could judge. The cutting part was slightly concave in shape—not convex, as is generally the case with savage battle-axes—and sharp as a razor, measuring five and three-quarter inches across the widest part. From the back of the ax sprang a stout spike four inches long, for the last two of which it was hollow and shaped like a leather punch, with an opening for anything that was forced into the hollow at the punch end to be pushed out above;—in fact, in this respect it exactly resembled a butcher's pole-ax. It was with this punch end, as we afterward discovered, that Umslopogaa usually struck when fighting, driving a neat round hole in his adversary's skull, and only using the broad cutting edge for a circular sweep, or sometimes in a mace. I think he considered the punch a neater and more sportsmanlike tool, and it was for his habit of pecking at his enemy with it that he got his name of "Woodpecker." Certainly in his hands it was a terrible efficient one.

Such was Umslopogaa's ax, Inkosikaasi, the most remarkable and fatal hand-to-hand weapon that I ever saw, and one that he cherished as much as his own life. It scarcely ever left his hand except when he was eating, and then he always sat with it under his leg.

Just as I returned his ax to Umslopogaa, Miss Flossie came up and took me off to see her collection of flowers, African lilies, and blooming shrubs, some of which are very beautiful, many of the varieties being quite unknown to me, and also her belief to botanical science. I asked her if she had ever seen or heard of the "Goya" lily, which Central African explorers have told me they have occasionally met with, and whose wonderful loveliness has filled them with astonishment. This lily, which the natives say blooms only once in ten years, flourishes in the most arid soil. Compared to the size of a bloom the bulb is small, generally weighing about four pounds. As for the flower itself (which I afterward first saw under circumstances likely to impress its appearance fixedly in my mind), I know not how to describe its beauty and splendor, or the indescribable sweetness of its perfume. The flower, for it only has one bloom, rises from the crown of the bulb on a thick, fleshy, and flattened stem (and the specimen that I saw measured fourteen inches in diameter), and is somewhat trumpet-shaped, like the bloom of an ordinary "longiflorum," set vertically. First there is the green sheath, which, in its early stage, is not unlike that of a water-lily, but which, as the bloom opens, splits into four portions and curls back gracefully toward the stem. Then comes the bloom itself, a single dazzling arch of white inclosing another cup of richest velvety crimson, from the heart of which rises a golden-colored stamen. I have never seen anything to equal this bloom in beauty or fragrance, and, as I believe it is but little known, I take the liberty to describe it at length. Looking at it for the first time, I well remember that I realized how, even in a flower, there dwells the majesty of its Maker. To my great delight Miss Flossie told me that she knew the flower well, and had tried to grow it in her garden, but without success, adding, however, that, as it should be in bloom at this time of the year, she thought that she could procure me a specimen.

After that I fell to asking her if she was not lonely up here among all these savage people, and without any companions of her own age.

"Lonely?" she said. "Oh, indeed no! I am as happy as the day is long, and, besides, I have my own companions. Why, I should hate to be buried in a crowd of white girls all just like myself, so that nobody could tell the difference. Here," she said, giving her head a little toss, "I am I; and every native for miles round knows the 'Waterlily'—for that is what they call me—and is ready to do what I want; but in the books that I have read about little girls in England, it is not like that. Everybody thinks them a trouble, and they have to do what their schoolmistress likes. Oh! it would break my heart to be put in a cage like that and not to be free—free as air."

"Wouldn't you like to learn?" I asked.

"So I do learn. Father teaches me Latin and French and arithmetic."

"And are you never afraid among all these wild men?"

"Afraid? Oh, no! They never interfere with me. I think they believe that I am 'Ngal' (of the Divinity), because I am so white and have fair hair. And look here," and diving her little hand into the bodice of her dress she produced a double-barreled, nickel-plated Derringer; "I always carry that loaded, and if anybody tried to touch me I should shoot them. Once I shot a leopard that jumped upon my donkey as I was riding along. It frightened me very much, but I shot in the ear and it fell dead, and I have its skin upon my bed. Look there!" she went on in an altered voice, touching me on the arm and pointing to some far away object, "I said just now that I had companions. There is one of them."

I looked, and for the first time there burst upon my sight the glory of Mount Kenia. Hitherto the mountain had always been hidden in mist; but now its radiant beauty was unveiled for many thousand feet, although the base was still wrapped in vapor so that the lofty peak or pillar, towering nearly twenty thousand feet into the sky, appeared to be a fairy vision, hanging between earth and heaven, and based upon the clouds. The solemn majesty and beauty of this white peak are together beyond the power of my poor pen to describe. There it rose, straight and sheer—a glittering white glory, its crest piercing the very blue of heaven. As I gazed at it there with that little girl, I felt my whole heart lift up with an indescribable emotion, and for a moment great and wonderful thoughts seemed to break upon my mind, even as the arrows of the setting sun were breaking on Kenia's snows. Mr. Mackenzie's natives call the mountain the "Finger of God;" and to me it did seem eloquent of immortal peace, and of the pure, high calm that surely lies above this fevered world. Somewhere I had heard a line of poetry,

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"

and now it came into my mind, and for the first time I thoroughly understood what the poet meant. Base, indeed, would be the man who could look upon that mighty, snow-wreath pile—that white old tombstone of years, and not feel his own utter insignificance, and, by whatever name he calls him, worship God in his heart. Such sights are like visions of the spirit; they throw wide the windows of the chamber of our small selfishness and let in a breath of that air that rushes round the rolling spheres, and for a while illumine our darkness with the white light which beats upon the Throne.

Yes, such things of beauty are indeed "a joy forever;" and I can well understand what little Flossie meant when she talked of Kenia as her companion. As Umslopogaa, savage old Zulu as he is, said when I pointed out to him the peak hanging in the glittering air: "A man might look thereon for a thousand years and yet be hungry to see." But he gave rather another color to his poetical idea when he added, in a sort of chant and with a touch of that weird imagination for which the man was remarkable, that when he was dead he should like his spirit to sit upon the snow-clad peak forever, and to rush down the steep, white sides in the breath of the whirlwind, or on the flash of the lightning, and "slay, and slay, and slay."

"Slay what, you old blood-hound?" I asked.

This rather puzzled him, but at length he answered.

"The other shadows?"

"So thou wouldst continue thy murdering even after death?" I said.

"I murder not," he answered hotly; "I kill in fair fight. Man is born to kill. He who kills not when his blood is hot is a woman, and no man. The people who kill not are slaves. I say I kill in fair fight; and if I am 'in the shadow,' as you white men say, I hope to go on killing in fair fight. May my shadow be accursed and chilled to the bone forever if it should fall to murdering like a bushman with his poisoned arrows!" And he stalked away with much dignity, and left me laughing.

Just then the spies, whom our host had sent out in the morning to find out if there were any traces of our Masai friends about, returned and reported that the country had been scoured for fifteen miles round without a single El Moran being seen, and that they believed that those gentry had given up the pursuit and returned whence they came. Mr. Mackenzie gave a sigh of relief when he heard this, and so, indeed, did we; for we had had quite enough of the Masai to last us for some time. Indeed, the general opinion was that finding we had reached the mission station in safety, they had, knowing its strength, given up the pursuit of us as a bad job. How ill-judged that view was, the sequel will show.

After the spies had gone, and Mrs. Mackenzie and Flossie had retired for the night, Alphonse, the little Frenchman, came out, and Sir Henry, who is a very good French scholar, got him to tell us how he came to visit Central Africa, which he did in a most extraordinary lingo, which, for the most part, I shall not attempt to reproduce.

"My grandfather," he began, "was a soldier of the Guard, and served under Napoleon. He was in the retreat from Moscow, and lived for ten days on his own leggings and a pair he stole from a comrade. He used to get drunk; he died drunk, and I remember playing at drums on his coffin. My father—"

Here we suggested that he might skip his ancestry and come to the point.

"Bien, messieurs!" replied this comical little man, with a polite bow. "I did only wish to demonstrate that the military principle is not hereditary. My grandfather was a splendid man, six feet two high, broad in proportion, a swallower of fire and gaiters. Also he was remarkable for his mustache. To me there remains the mustache, and nothing more."

"I am, messieurs, a cook, and was born at Marseilles. In that dear town I spent my happy youth. For years and years I washed the dishes at the Hotel Continental. Ah, those were golden days," and he sighed. "I am a Frenchman. Need I say, messieurs, that I admire beauty? Nay, I adore the fair. Messieurs, we admire all

Continued on page 7

**ELLIMAN'S**  
**EMBOCATION**

From LIEUTENANT R. H. PRICE, Master of Kadonshore Hunt, December, 1898. Gentlemen—I use the Royal Emboication in the stable and kennel, and have found it very serviceable. I have also used the Universal Emboication for Lungbug and Rheumatism for the last two years, and have found it very light since using it. R. H. PRICE, Lieut.-Col.

**W. CLARK'S**  
HORSE CLIPPERS, BARBERS' AND HAIR CUTTERS.

Solely imported by  
**528, OXFORD ST., LONDON, ENGLAND.**

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.**  
FINEST Electro Silver Plate

Exquisite Designs, Unrivaled Durability and Finish; also  
**1847 Rogers Bros.'**  
Knives, Forks, Spoons, etc.  
Articles bearing this Trade Mark are Genuine Rogers' Goods.

**ST. LAWRENCE RIVER**  
—AND—  
**1,000 ISLANDS STEAMBOAT CO'S.**

(The only lines giving a full view of the 1,000 Islands in both the American and Canadian Channels).

Running in connection with the *Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg and New York Central Railways*, Steamers leave Folger's Wharf, foot of Brock Street, for *Clayton, Cape Vincent, Alexandria Bay and 1,000 Island Park* at 7 A.M. and 3 and 4 P.M.

The Direct Route for *NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, SYRACUSE, ROCHESTER, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND* and other points East and West.

Steamers leaving Kingston at 7 a.m. and 3 p.m. make Close Connection at CAPE VINCENT. Through Sleepers for New York. Steamer leaving at 4 p.m. makes Close Connections at Clayton. Through Sleeper.

**F. A. FOLGER,**

St. Lawrence River and 1,000 Islands Steamboat Company.

June 28.

**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 Worsteds, for Evening and Dress Wear.

English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, for Business Suitings.

Black and Blue Serges, for Summer Suitings.

Light Overcoatings, in different colors, for Evening Wear.

Fancy French Trouserings 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.

**CAMP FURNITURE AT JAS. REID'S.**

June 24.

- See our Wove Wire Camp Folding Cot.
- See our Upholstered Camp Folding Cot.
- See our Folding Canvas Camp Cot.
- See our Large Red Arm Rocker.
- See our Large Red Arm Chairs.
- See our Red Sewing Chairs.
- Veranda Chairs of all descriptions at

**JAMES REID'S, - 254 & 256 Princess St.**

June 24.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.**

**THE PILLS** Are at all seasons of the year a reliable remedy for correcting any Disorder of the Digestive organs, and for restoring a healthy action to the **STOMACH and BOWELS**. They act on the Liver and Kidneys with marvellous effect, and by giving strength and tone to those important organs create a circulation of pure and healthy blood. Females of all ages find these Pills invaluable.

**THE OINTMENT** Heals all recent Wounds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains and is a certain cure for **BAD LEGS, SORES, ULCERS and OLD WOUNDS**. It has no equal for the cure of Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Gout, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases.

Manufactured only by Thomas Holloway, 78 New Oxford St., late 533 Oxford St., London.  
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, they are spurious.

**CARPETS! CARPETS!!**

—AT—

**ALEXANDER ROSS.**

The stock is well selected and consists of Velvet Pile, Brussels, Tapestry, Wool, Unions and Hems.

—CHOICE PATTERNS AND LOW PRICES.—

Borders to match Brussels and Tapestry Carpets. Call and examine our stock.

April 12.

**ALEX. ROSS**

**\$1.75.**

**\$1.75.**

A Lot of **LADIES' FINE CALF BUTTON AND LACE BOOTS** to be sold at \$1.75 a pair.

These goods are very nice and neat, and equal to Boots usually sold at \$2.50.

**HAINES & LOCKETT.**

July 22.