TRAVELLING.

Kingston & Pembroke & Canadian Pacific Railways
CHEAP RATES
Central Canada Exhibition,
OTTAWA.

Tickets good going Sept. 14th, 15th, 18th, 20th and 21st.
$4.15.
Tickets good going Sept. 17th and 19th.
$3.05.
All tickets valid returning from Ottawa on or before Sept. 24th, 1900.
Harvest Excursions to Canadian North West Sept. 11th.
Full particulars at K. & P. and C.P.R. Ticket Office, Ontario street.
F. CONWAY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. B. W. FOLGER, Gen. Manager.

The Bay of Quinte Railway
New Short Line for
Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto and all local points. Train leaves City Hall depot at 4 p.m. R. J. Wilson, C.P.R. telegraph office, Clarence street.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
OTTAWA EXHIBITION
Tickets good going on
Sept. 14, 15, 16, 18, 20, 21, - $4 15.
Sept 17 and 19 - - - - - $3.05
All tickets valid returning from Ottawa on or before Sept. 24th.
BRANCH TIME TABLE.
In effect June 24th. Trains will leave City Depot, foot of Johnston St.:
GOING EAST.

No. 8	1:55	a.m.
No. 2	2:35	a.m.
No. 6	11:50	noon
No. 4	1:05	p.m.
No. 12	7:05	p.m.

GOING WEST.

No. 5	1:05	a.m.
No. 3	2:35	a.m.
No. 11	9:10	a.m.
No. 1	12:25	p.m.
No. 7	3:20	p.m.
No. 19	7:05	p.m.

Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 run daily; 3 and 8 daily except Monday; 6, 7, 11, 12, 19 daily except Sunday.
J. P. HANLEY, Agent, City Passenger Depot.

Dominion Line Steamships:
Liverpool Service Via Halifax.

Steamer.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
*Roman, August 4, daylight, direct.		
Vancouver,	Aug. 11, daylight	Aug. 11th, 2 P.M.
Dominion,	Aug. 25, daylight	Aug. 25th, 2 P.M.
Cambroman,	Sept. 1, daylight	Sept. 1st, 2 P.M.

*This steamer does not carry passengers.
Rates of passage from Montreal: First Cabin—$60 and upwards, single; return, $114 and upwards, according to steamer and berth. Second Cabin—$37.50, single; $71.25 return. Steerage—To Liverpool, London, Londonderry, Queenstown, Belfast or Glasgow, including outfit, $23.50.
Midship saloons, electric light, spacious promenade decks.
Boston to Liverpool Via Queenstown.
New England, August 15th September 12th, October 10th.
For further information apply to J. P. Hanley, Agt., G.T.R. Station, J. P. Gildersleeve, 42 Clarence St. D. TORRANCE & CO., General Agents, Montreal.

L. O. & B. of Q. Sbt. Co'y Ltd.
Kingston, Picton, Belleville,
Str. "HERO."
Commencing Sept. 10th will leave for Picton and intermediate Bay of Quinte points week days at 3 p.m. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays steamer will call at Deseronto, Northport and Belleville.
Kingston, Rochester,
Str. "NORTH KING."
Leaves for Charlotte, N.Y., (port of Rochester) on Sundays at 6.30 p.m. Steamer leaves for Gananoque and 1,000 Islands at 9 a.m. SUNDAYS. Right reserved to change time with or without notice.
J. P. HANLEY, Agt. H. P. GILDERSLEEVE, J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Gen. Manager. JAMES SWIFT & CO., Agents.

R. & O. Navigation Co.
EXCURSION RATES
TORONTO EXHIBITION.
Tickets good going Sept. 1st, to 6th, and returning up to Sept. 10th, inclusive.
Fare $6.70.
Meals and berths included going west.
J. P. HANLEY, Agent, City Passenger Depot.

New, Fast Str. "ARGYLE,"
For Bay of Quinte Ports, Rochester, Toronto, leaves Craig's wharf every Sunday and Thursday at 4 p.m. For Gananoque, Rockport, Alexandria Bay, leaves Craig's wharf every Sunday and Thursday at 9:15 a.m. Sunday excursion to Alexandria Bay and return, $1; to Toronto $3; return $4.
Comfortable Str. ALEXANDRIA.
For Montreal and way ports, running rapids, leaves Craig's wharf every Monday at 8 p.m. For Bay of Quinte ports and Rochester, leaves Craig's wharf every Friday at midnight. Cabin accommodation, cuisine unexcelled. For further information, folders, &c., apply to
W. G. CRAIG & CO., Agents, Kingston, Ont.
A. W. HEPBURN, General Manager, Picton, Ont.

THE ALLAN LINE
For Liverpool.

From Montreal.	From Quebec
Parisian, 4 a.m., Aug. 8	6 p.m., Aug.
Sardinian, 5 a.m., Aug. 11	3 p.m., Aug. 11
Corinthian, 9 a.m., Aug. 18	6 p.m., Aug. 19

First Cabin, summer rates, $52.50 and upwards; return, $100 and upwards. Second Cabin, $35, $37.50 and $40. Liverpool or London. Steerage, $23.50. J. P. HANLEY, Agent, Grand Trunk Railway Station, Johnston and Ontario Sts.; J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Agent, 42 Clarence St.

SLEEPS IN PAUPER'S GRAVE

"THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW FOR THEE."

The Author of This Ends His Days in a Kansas Jail After Falling From Grace.

Rev. Edward Dunbar, who wrote the old Sunday school song, "There's a Light in the Window, for Thee, Brother," sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kan., where he died a tramp in the town jail ten years ago. His name became a byword in the places where he was known, and from a prison cell he went forth a vagabond on the face of the earth.

In 1867 Dunbar was arrested at Leavenworth while engaged in holding a series of revival meetings and taken to Minneapolis, where he was tried for bigamy, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for three years and eight months.

One night in the spring of 1890, Dunbar applied at the Coffeyville jail for lodging. He was ill and the authorities took him in. He died the next day. Papers in his pocket revealed his identity and showed that he had tramped all over the country. Some church people lately have erected a marble slab over his grave on which these words are inscribed. Here lies Edward Dunbar, who wrote, "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother."

When Dunbar was a small boy he lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street in which the factory was located, and as the lad's work kept him away until after dark she always placed a light in the window to guide his footsteps homeward.

The boy became restless and took a notion to go to sea, so off he went for a three years' cruise. During his absence his mother fell ill and was at death's door. She talked incessantly about her boy, and every night asked those around her to place a light in the window in anticipation of his return. When she realized that the end had come she said:

"Tell Edward that I will set a light in the window of heaven for him."

The lad had grown to manhood ere his return home, and his mother's message had such an effect upon him that he reformed and became a preacher. In the course of his reformation he wrote the famous song.

Dunbar married a young lady of New Bedford and five children were born. The young divine soon made a reputation as a pulpit orator, and the public was therefore greatly surprised when it was announced one Sunday morning that he had departed leaving his wife and family behind. He went to Kansas and then to Minneapolis.

A revival followed and hundreds were converted. Miss Eunice Belle Lewis, a handsome young heiress of Minneapolis, was one of the converts. She fell in love with the evangelist and married him against the wishes of her friends.

After Dunbar's incarceration in the penitentiary judge Young secured a divorce for Mrs. Dunbar and married her himself. They now live happily together in Minneapolis.

THE BRITISH WOUNDS.

Show That Boers Are Using Martini-Henry Ammunition.

Pretoria, Sept. 11 (4:15 p.m.)—It is evident from the nature of the wounds of the British troops, now being sent to the hospital here from the front, that the Boers are running short of ammunition for their rifles, and are using Martini-Henri and sporting guns. There has been a noticeable increase in the number of wounds caused by bullets from the last named guns in the past two months. Previous to that time the wounds were mostly all caused by Mauser bullets.

Truth In The Rumor.

Brussels, Sept. 13.—The Memorial Diplomatique, a usually trustworthy publication, announces that there is truth in the rumors recently current that king Leopold is going to abdicate.

It says that the king is disgusted with the nation because it will not support his imperialistic projects and his schemes for the reorganization of the army and the creation of a Belgian navy.

His ambition to annex the Congo Free State is strongly opposed, and to complete the storminess of the political situation the socialists are preparing an agitation with the object of securing universal suffrage.

King Leopold is said to be anxious to transmit the power to prince Albert, who, as a new and perhaps popular ruler, might help toward the realization of his uncle's ideas.

Brain In A Paper Bag.

Connellsville, Pa., Sept. 13.—John McClintock was brought to the county hospital here from Fort Pitt, Somerset county, with his skull fractured by the kick of a horse, and some of his brains knocked out. The man saved the brains and brought them to the hospital in a paper bag. McClintock is perfectly rational and does not suffer any pain to speak of.

Princeton Warming Up.

Princeton, N.J., Sept. 13.—Capt. Pell, of the 'Varsity football team, arrived at headquarters this morning. He will commence at once to look over new men, and active practice will begin on the 17th. He seems well pleased with the general outlook and, with trainer Robinson, says that Princeton will be near the top of the heap this year.

Roosevelt In South Dakota.

Redfield, S.D., Sept. 13.—"Teddy" Roosevelt marked a red-letter day in the republican campaign in this state to-day when he addressed a monster mass meeting of enthusiasts here. The gathering exceeded in size and enthusiasm anything of the kind ever before held in the state. To-night Roosevelt is scheduled for a speech at Aberdeen.

Removing Sale.

Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Valises at cost all this week, at Abernethy's.

Frederick Barnett, Sydenham, was in the city to-day on business.

E. W. Grove
This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

BIRTHPLACE OF CYCLONES.

The Rocky Mountains Their Home, Their Cradle and Beginning.

For the world west of the Mississippi, the Rocky mountains are points of origin not only of the rivers and water flows, but of condensing of the moisture of the air, the banked snows, the subterranean currents which form the basis of the entire watershed. Their cold altitude seem to shed the waves in the plains below, and in their battles generate the cyclones and the lesser windy terrors which devastate the western plains. They are the beginning of the heart-breaking blizzards, which tie up the traffic of the metropolitan streets or chill beyond endurance the homes of the poor. They are in a word, the atmospheric top of the continent, and one would expect to find among them the same excesses of nature that are seen on the smaller scale when the wind whips the flags off the roofs of lofty buildings or when dark clouds lower over the Jersey hills or the gentle mountains of the Cumberland.

Yet, though the Rocky mountains are the beginning of such awful things as cyclones and blizzards, they are singularly immune from the terrible effects of these phenomena when they reach their full growth on the plains below. The storms are sharp, strong and typical. They are dramatic. But, lacking the chance of a long run across the plains, where force is constantly accumulated with each successive mile of progress, their life is usually of short duration and their immediate sphere of action small. They are as if all the phenomena, the storm, from its genesis to its conclusion, were given in minature. In this respect the storms of the Rockies differ from those of the Swiss Alps. The latter are severe, protracted and full of catastrophe. The former complete themselves briefly and then let the balance of the continent wrestle with what they have given forth.

Probably nowhere is storm and climate so varied. All phases of nature's cataclysms alternate with all phases of nature's peace and pleasure. The entire gamut from sunshine to black gloom frequently is run within a single day or an hour. A morning will open clear, with the sun warm. Perhaps at noon the clouds will gather and a heavy rain begin. In a few minutes this will turn to sleet and then to hail. Fifteen minutes after the storm begins it will be snowing heavily and an hour from the time the first cloud appeared the sun will be shining again. The whole shower, rain, hail and snow, will have been accompanied by thunder and lightning.

GLORIOUS OLD BRITAIN.

Some Facts of Interest Regarding the Empire.

Half the ships in the world are British. The best of them can be converted into ships of war in forty-eight hours. We have a million of soldiers in India. Some of them have been brought to Malta.

There are 400,000,000 of people in the British empire.

The queen would have to live another seventy years to see all pass before her night and day for all that time. She is the greatest Mohammedan ruler in the world.

"God Save the Queen," is sung in twenty languages.

She owns one-fourth of the railways in the United States and half of the railways in South America. Britain owns the largest part of North America; that is, Canada.

Olive Schreiner says that, if any big misfortune were to happen to England sixty millions of English-speaking people in other countries would leap to their feet!

Neither of the ancient empires like that of Persia, Greece nor Rome, were equal in size or wealth to the British empire of to-day. British manufactures are now valued at 800 millions a year. Two-thirds of the ship-building of the world is done by the British. As much as 2,500 millions sterling have been lent to other nations by the British. The annual revenue of the British government is ninety-six millions sterling.

The British have 689 ships of war. They could fire off 7,530 guns at once. Three-fourths of all the letters which are posted in the world are written in English and sent to persons who speak English. The trade of Great Britain is worth £7,000,000,000 a year. The British empire, if cut into a strip a mile wide, would reach round the world 450 times.

THE HARVEST.

James Mitchell, Hamilton.

Again the joyous harvest brings
The rustling yellow sheaves;
While all day long the cricket sings
Amidst the golden leaves,
Nature again with lavish hand,
Has opened out her store,
And eager hands throw golden bands
Around the sheaves once more.

The seed within the bare ground cast
Has come to golden grain,
Warmed by the genial summer past,
And fed by gentle rain;
For now in most the fields around,
That deck our beauteous land;
The golden sheaves securely bound
In martial order stand.

While o'er the scene with silvery beams,
The harvest moon doth shine;
The darkness feels as if, it seems,
Uncalled for at this time,
When nature has her grand display
Of golden sheaves in line,
The night is turned as bright as day,
A picture most divine.

And so it's right to hymn a song
Of praise to God above;
To whom the harvest does belong;
Sent to us in His love,
And sure we are He always will
This harvest blessing send,
His gracious promise to fulfill,
Until seed time has an end.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

Chicago Times-Herald.

The summer time is waning fast,
Loose leaves lie on the lawn;
The golden days are gliding past,
The roses are all gone,
The nights are stretching out, the nest
Is empty on the bough,
And by the cricket's note I know,
That autumn winds ere long will blow
That summer's dying now.

I hear the acorns rattle down—
O'er lake and hill and sea;
The people hurry back to town,
From cares no longer free;
The ripened fruit is tumbling through
Full many a leafy maze,
And by the look of plain and sky,
I know that autumn's drawing nigh,
With all its dreamy days.

The lambs erstwhile so slim and frail,
Are big and wild and strong;
The colt has grown a flowing tail,
The robin's hushed his song;
The housewife, with her sleeves rolled up
Is busy canning fruit—
I know the dreamy autumn's near,
For from a dozen points I hear
Coal rattle down the chute.

Three applications of Peck's Corn Salve will cure hard or soft corns. In big boxes, 16c., at Wade's drug store.

THE END.

Chicago American.

They were both guilty, but was he so much to blame in his passionate love for this fair woman who had turned the heads of better men than Gordon Willis?

And Gordon Willis loved her. And yet there was an another, a dark-faced, childish loving girl, who bore his name and to whom his love was due.

He had married Iva St. Clair to please his father and keep his inheritance.

And years after, at his father's death, Gordon had married her, caring little for her, but fully aware of the fact that she loved him with all the passion of her fervid nature.

Vivian Hope was alone and friendless in the world when Iva Willis offered her a home, for they were distant cousins, and she gladly accepted the generous kindness.

Gordon Willis stood before her now, his handsome face passion-stirred, his blue eyes glowing.

The truth had broken on Iva Willis with an awful suddenness of horror.

She came forward now with a pleading gesture.

"I have heard all," she said, "and, Vivian, pity me. You will go away, Vivian, will you not—go away with your fatal beauty and leave me, my husband? I do not blame you. But, Vivian, if this goes on I will die—do you hear—die."

"You talk nonsense, Iva," she said. "You can turn me away if you wish."

There was a moment's silence; then Iva bent forward, her eyes still on Vivian's lovely face.

"Without my husband's love I could not live. I asked you to go away, and you refused. Remember, I have told you that the day my husband tells me that for your sake he wishes me dead I will grant his wish. But, Vivian, I warn you that if you ever take my place, living or dead, I will avenge my own wrongs."

No one knows what words took place between Gordon Willis and his wife a few weeks later, but every one knew that the cold, still form of Iva Willis was found floating on the lake when the evening shadows fell, her little hands crossed on her bosom, her passionate heart at rest.

Iva Willis had been dead one short year when Gordon brought Vivian home to reign in her stead.

They were straying up and down the shady paths together, and Gordon's eyes filled with passionate tenderness were resting on Vivian's lovely face.

They paid no heed to where they were straying till with a little inward shudder Vivian noticed they had turned down the path that led to the lake—the lake where Iva had ended her passionate young life.

"What is the matter, darling?" Gordon asked.

"I—I feel a little chilly. Will you go to the house and bring me a shawl, please?"

Kissing her lightly on the forehead her husband turned and left her, and she passed on and down to the lake.

She had complained of chilliness while Gordon was with her, but as he turned away something crept over her that was not cold, yet left her trembling. A terrible, undefined fear seemed creeping round her heart, and dark shadows were closing over her.

Suddenly her face grew ghastly white and all the light faded from her lovely eyes; even her lips became pale with the terror that swept over her.

For slowly along the edge of the lake came a slender form in wet, trailing garments, with marble face and black, wide open, stony eyes! Oh, God; was it Iva Willis? Was that cold, ousky face the one that had been raised in piteous pleadings to her own? Were those white lips the same that had parted that day in a cry of passionate pain.

Yes, it was she. Living or dead, she had promised to avenge herself, and she had come.

Vivian tried to shrink back, but in vain. Closer, still closer, came the cold wet form. Then two tiny hands were outstretched as if to clasp her.

Was it a dream, was it madness or was it a terrible reality?

Closer—closer. The black, staring eyes were looking into hers, and she could see the water dripping on the sand, and then—

An icy chill swept around her, the dark shadow closed around her, and Gordon Willis, coming down the path, heard a shriek so terrible in its anguish and horror that his blood stopped coursing in his veins, and when he reached his darling's side he found her kneeling in the sand, and out of her beautiful eyes all light had faded save the wild glare of insanity.

No one ever knew or ever will know how it really was.

All they have for the story is the wild ravings of Vivian herself.

God only knows whether she was simply the victim of imagination, or had Iva come back to avenge the wrongs of her outraged heart, as she promised?

Only one thing every one agreed, and that was that both the brides of Gordon Willis met strangely sad fates, but which was the sadder none could tell—the fate of the childish young wife swept in dead at his feet or the fate of the beautiful Vivian.

Mistrusted The Gunboat.

A passenger who boarded the steamer Pierrepont at Braky's Bay yesterday lost all confidence in the gunboat, being afraid of the troubled waters. He took the train to Kingston and after visiting the fair, again doubted the seaworthiness of the reliable gunboat. The Braky's Bay man boarded the steamer Unique for Clayton, but on getting there, found no means of locomotion to his home. He had to hire a man to row him across the river. This morning he came to the city on the Pierrepont, which he will now trust to his dying day.

Married In Utica.

Miss Sarah F. Murphy, formerly of Kingston, was married in Utica, N.Y., on Sept. 4th to Gustave Mursch. Rev. Karl C. Walters performed the ceremony. Miss May Murphy made a charming bridesmaid, while George Schultze assisted the groom. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, No. 5 Kirkland street.

Removing Sale.

Boots, Shoes, Trunks and Valises at cost all this week, at Abernethy's.

DINGSTON DISTRICT FAIR.

A Continuation of the Names of the Prize Winners.

Dairy Products.

Cheese, colored, D. M. Hay, Glenburnie; D. McDonald, Sydenham; D. A. Curtis, Williamsville. Two white cheese, D. M. Hay; Joseph Cramer, Glenvale; Mrs. P. E. R. Miller, Switzerville. Any other variety, A. D. Perry, Camden East, second; Joseph Cramer, third. Butter, dairy, tub or crock, Mrs. S. A. Lyon, Latimer; W. J. Smith, Cataraqui. In prints, L. A. Smith, Westbrook; Joseph Cramer, Glenvale; W. J. Smith, Cataraqui.

Special prizes for white and colored cheese to be divided among several exhibitors. Gold medal for white cheese, D. M. Hay.

Household.

Catsup, R. J. Bushel, Kingston; W. J. Smith, Cataraqui. Home-made wine, C. C. Friendship, Williamsville; Mrs. P. E. R. Miller, Switzerville. Maple sugar, A. B. Shewell, Cataraqui; Mrs. S. A. Lyon, Latimer. Maple syrup, L. A. Smith, Westbrook; Mrs. P. E. R. Miller. Jams, John Taylor, Latimer. Jellies, R. J. Bushel; John Taylor. Cider, Mrs. P. E. R. Miller; A. B. Shewell. Vinegar, Mrs. Miller; R. J. Bushel. Raspberry vinegar, A. B. Shewell, S. A. Lyon. Bread, for sale, Mrs. S. A. Lyon; P. Edwards, Inverary. Bread, home-made, W. J. Smith, Cataraqui; Benson Buck, Sydenham. Buns, home-made, Mrs. Bennett, Kingston; W. J. Smith. Comb honey, A. F. Frink, Napanee. Extracted honey, A. F. Frink. Colony of bees, Baiden Bros., Portsmouth.

Fine Arts.

Crayon, O. E. Hewton, Kingston. Pencil drawing, O. E. Hewton. Water colors, figure or still life, Miss S. C. Barber, Belleville; Miss E. Fraser, Kingston. Water colors, landscape or marine, Miss M. Logan, Toronto; Miss E. Fraser, Kingston. Oil, flowers or fruit, Miss Mabel Cook, Woodstock; O. E. Hewton, Kingston. Oil, figures or still life, Miss M. Logan, Miss S. C. Barber. Painting on china, Miss S. C. Barber; Mrs. P. E. R. Miller, Switzerville. Painting on satin or silk, Mrs. Miller, Miss S. C. Barber. Designs for wall paper, Mrs. K. S. McLean, Rockwood hospital; Miss Logan. Banner painting, Miss S. C. Barber. Best landscape in water colors, Miss S. C. Barber.

Children's Work.

Crochet work, Benson Buck, Sydenham. Hemmed handkerchiefs, John Kelly, Sunbury. Painting flowers, John Kelly, second. Painting scenery, John Kelly, second. Knitted stockings or mitts, John Kelly. Woodwork by boys, John Kelly, second. Crazy patchwork, Lena Elsler, Kingston. Patchwork quilt, Benson Buck. Buttonholes, Benson Buck. Crochet lace, Benson Buck; John Kelly. Pillow shams, Benson Buck. Table doylies, John Kelly. Special prize for silk embroidery on linen, Miss Susie Moyle, Napanee.

Wood work, Mrs. T. Smyth, Tormore, Ont.; Miss E. MacVean, Coleraine, Ont. Berlin wool work, Mrs. G. L. Aiken, Gravenhurst; Miss Susie Moyle, Napanee. Photo frame, embroidered, Miss G. C. M. White, Kingston; Miss Mildred MacMorine, Kingston. Drawn thread work, Mrs. K. G. Baker, Gananoque; Miss Lou Gannon, Gananoque. Art braid work, Mrs. K. G. Baker; Miss E. MacVean. Ideal Honiton, Miss Flanagan, Kingston; Miss Lou Gannon. Outline work, Mrs. G. L. Aiken, M. C. Brough, Gananoque. Honiton lace, Miss E. MacVean; Mrs. T. Smith. Point Lace, Mrs. P. E. R. Miller, Switzerville; Miss Susie Moyle, Napanee; Roman embroidery, Mrs. T. Smyth; Mrs. G. L. Aiken. Venetian embroidery, Miss E. MacVean; Mrs. T. Smyth. Eastern embroidery, Miss E. MacVean; E. Pierce, Kingston. Bulgarian embroidery, Miss E. MacVean; M. C. Brough. Danish embroidery, Miss MacVean; Mrs. K. G. Baker, ecclesiastical embroidery, Miss G. C. M. White, Kingston. Embroidery in white cotton, Miss E. MacVean; Miss G. C. M. White. Initialing handkerchiefs, Miss Mildred MacMorine; Mrs. K. G. Baker. Embroidery or monogram, M. C. Brough; Miss Smith, Kingston. Embroidery on table linen, M. C. Brough; Miss Mildred MacMorine. Embroidery on ivory, Mrs. K. G. Baker. Embroidery in lace, stitched, Miss S. C. Barber, Mrs. K. G. Baker, embroidery in silk rope, Mrs. K. G. Baker; Miss E. MacVean. Embroidery on bolting cloth, Mrs. R. S. McLean; Mrs. G. L. Aiken. Embroidery in silk, M. C. Brough; Mrs. K. G. Baker. Coronation braid work, Miss E. MacVean; E. Pierce. Queen Anne darning, Miss E. MacVean; Mrs. K. H. Ellsworth, Toronto. Mountmellick work, Miss S. C. Barber; Miss Moyle. Netting, Miss E. MacVean; Mrs. P.E.R. Miller. Darning or netting, Mrs. Miller; Mrs. Swain, Kingston. Tatting Miss S. C. Barber; Mrs. A. E. O'Brien, Kingston. Crochet work and fancy braid combined, Mrs. A. E. O'Brien; Miss Flanagan. Crochet work in cotton, Miss E. MacVean; Mrs. K. G. Baker. Crochet work in wool, Susie Moyle; Thomas Abbott, Kingston. Crochet work in silk, Susie Moyle; Mrs. K. G. Baker. Knitted lace, Miss E. MacVean, W. J. Dick. Battenburg lace, Mrs. G. L. Aiken; Miss Lou Gannon. Brazilian point lace, Mrs. A. E. O'Brien; Miss Flanagan. Jewel work, M. C. Brough; Miss S. C. Barber. Table coten Battenburg lace, Mrs. G. L. Aiken; Miss Lou Gannon. Special prize ladies' work, best collection of silk embroidery, consisting of tray, centre and four doylies, six pieces to match, Miss S. C. Barber.

Knitting, Shirts, Quilts, Etc.

Plain hand sewing, Miss Mildred MacMorine; Miss S. C. Barber. Knitting fancy wool shawls or capes, Miss J. C. McMillan; Mrs. P. E. R. Miller. Carriage Afghans, Mrs. G. L. Aiken; Mrs. Drummond. Ladies' underclothing, machine made, Mrs. G. L. Aiken; Mrs. K. G. Baker. Ladies' underclothing, hand made, Miss Lou Gannon; M. C. Brough. Shirts cotton, handmade, Miss E. MacVean; Mrs. S. A. Lyon. Shirts cotton, machine made, A. Knight; Mrs. P. E. R. Miller. Shirts, flannel, hand made, Miss E. MacVean; Mrs. T. Smyth. Shirts, flannel, machine made, A. Knight; Mrs. S. A. Lyon. Nightgown, flannel, hand made, Inez McPherson; Mrs. K. G. Baker. Night gown, flannel, machine made, Miss Lou Gannon. Knitting fancy cotton stockings, Mrs. Drummond; Miss Inez McPherson, Toronto. Knitting plain wool stockings (one pair), A. Knight; Mrs. Drummond. Knitting plain wool socks, (one pair), Miss Inez McPherson; Miss S. C. Barber. Knitting plain cotton stockings, Mrs. Drummond; Miss Inez McPherson. Knitting plain silk stockings (one pair), Mrs. Drummond; Miss Inez McPherson. Knitting plain silk mitts (one pair), Miss Inez McPherson; Mrs. Drummond. Knitting plain woollen mittens, fine, ladies', Miss Inez McPherson; Mrs. S. A. Lyon. Knitting plain woollen mittens, coarse gents, Miss E. MacVean; Miss Inez McPherson. Knitting gent's driving gauntlets, Benson Buck, second. Knitting plain woollen gloves, coarse, Miss E. McVean; A. Knight. Darnings on socks or stockings, Miss E. MacVean; Miss S. E. Barber; Sofa pillows, Miss Flanagan; Mrs. M. I. Clancy. Table cloth embroidered, Miss S. C. Barber; Miss E. MacVean. Toilet sets, any kind, Mrs. R. S. McLean, Kingston; Miss S. C. Barber. Five o'clock tea cloth in silk embroidery, Susie Moyle; Miss S. C. Barber. Five o'clock tea cloths in any other kind of work, Mrs. G. L. Aiken; E. Pierce. Table centre piece embroidered, Miss S. C. Barber; Miss Susie Moyle. Tray cloth in white, linen, Mrs. G. L. Aiken; P. E. R. Miller. Table doylies in white linen, embroidered, Miss S. C. Barber; Mrs. T. Smyth. Best display of buttonholes on different materials, Miss Mildred MacMorine; Mrs. T. Smyth. Table mats, one set, Miss Flanagan; Miss S. C. Barber. Counterpanes, Benson Buck; Mrs. P. E. R. Miller. Counterpanes, domestic woven, Mrs. P. E. R. Miller. Counterpanes, knitted, Miss S. C. Barber; Miss Kate Asselstine. Counterpanes, crocheted, Miss S. C. Barber; Miss E. MacVean. Quilt, cotton, patchwork, Mrs. S. A. Lyon; Miss S. C. Barber. Quilt, cloth patchwork, Miss S. C. Barber; A. Knight. Quilt, log cabin, Joseph Kelly; Miss Lizzie Daly. Quilt, silk, patchwork, Mrs. W. A. Brown; Miss Flanagan. Quilt, Japanese or crazy patchwork, Miss S. C. Barber; Mrs. T. Smyth. Rag mats, A. Knight; Joseph Kelly. Rag carpets, cotton warp, John Taylor; Mrs. P.E.R. Miller. Wool mats, yard, Miss S. C. Barber; Susie Moyle.

Thomas Eccles, Thousand Island park, arrived in the city yesterday and will remain until Friday with friends. He is here to attend the big fair.

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