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SEPT. 30th, OCT. 1st. 2nd.

FROM KINGSTON TO

DETROIT, Mich	$ 7 00
CLEVELAND, Ohio	9 50
SAGINAW and BAY CITY, Mich	10 00
GRAND RAPIDS, Mich	11 00
CINCINNATI, Ohio	13 00
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Tickets good to return until October 18th

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ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSION,

SEPT. 30th and OCT. 1st and 2nd.

At the following fares from Kingston:—

DETROIT, PORT HURON	$ 7 00
CLEVELAND	9 00
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BAY CITY	10 00
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NEW TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
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For tickets, Pullman accommodation and other information apply to

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G.T. City Passenger Station, Foot of Johnson Street, Kingston.

"ANGELS UNAWARES."

A figure by my fireside staid.
Plain was her garb and veiled her face.
A presence mystical she made
Nor changed her attitude nor place.

Did I neglect my household ways
For pleasure wrought of pen or book?
She sighed a murmur of dispraise,
At which methought the rafters shook.

Me young Delight did often win
My patient limits to outgo.
Thereafter, when I entered in,
That shrouded guest did threatening show.

The snows of life to chill me fell
Where many a gracious mate lay dead
And moved my heart to break the spell
By that ungracious phantom laid.

Now, who art thou that didst not smile
When I my maddest jest devised?
Who art thou, stark and grim the while
That men my tune and measure prized?

Without her pilgrim staff she rose,
Her weeds of darkness cast aside,
More dazzling than Olympian snows
The beauty that those weeds did hide.

Most like a solemn symphony
That lifts the heart from lowly things,
The voice with which she spoke to me
Did loose Contrition at its springs.

O Duty, visitor divine,
Take all the wealth my house affords,
But make thy holy methods mine!
Speak to me thy surpassing words.

Neglected once and undiscerned,
I pour my homage at thy feet.
Till I thy sacred law have learned
Nor joy nor life can be complete.

—Julia Ward Howe in Independent.

MEETING STEPPAPA.

"Well," exclaimed Millie, "this is quite the most horrid thing mamma could have done!"

Fraulein Haussmann of Hanover had a large garden behind her finishing seminary for young ladies, and it was up and down this garden that Millie Warwick was strolling, arm in arm fashion, with her sworn chum, Ethel Bidwell, another English pupil.

Ethel waited for further elucidation.

"She has gone and married again!" almost shrieked Millie.

"Well, there's no very great harm in that, dear," returned Miss Bidwell. "In fact, it will be rather nice for you."

"But a stepfather! Oh, it was too bad of mamma!" reiterated Millie.

"I am not surprised that she has married again," said Ethel. "When she came to see you in the winter, she struck me as being almost as young looking as yourself. Indeed I am surprised at her remaining a widow for ten years."

Millie went on reading the letter.

"Worse and worse," was her next piece of information. "His name is Macintosh, and he's Scotch. Then he'll have red whiskers and a strong accent. All Scotchmen do, don't they? They were married very quietly in Edinburgh, without telling any of their friends. I am to join them at Paris and go on with them to Switzerland and have a jolly time. Fancy going on a honeymoon trip with one's own mother!"

"Where are you to join them?" asked Ethel.

"Next Thursday at the Hotel St. Moscow—that's where so many English people go. I suppose Mr. Macintosh can't talk French. Oh, dear, it's altogether too bad of mamma!"

There was no consoling poor Millie, and when her friend saw her off to Paris on the following Thursday Miss Warwick still declined to be comforted.

"Please take me up to Mrs. Macintosh's rooms," said Millie when she arrived at the Hotel St. Moscow.

The garcon, a bold son of Peckham, scratched his head.

"Missis Macintosh, did you say, miss?"

"Yes, Mrs. Macintosh. I am her daughter."

"Well," said the waiter, "I'm sorry to 'ave to inform you, miss, that there ain't no Missis Macintosh 'ere. There's a Mister Macintosh, what arrived about two hours ago. Probably it's 'im you want?"

As she entered the sitting room Millie stopped dead and would possibly have retreated had not the bold, bad man from Peckham hastily closed the door and retired, for, sitting by the window, perusing a paper, was a young gentleman of not less than 20 and not more than 25 years of age, irreproachably garbed, dark, clean shaven and not very bad looking.

"I shall be polite, sometimes cordial," Millie had concluded, after debating the matter with herself for many miles, "but on no account affectionate. I shall thus let him know that, while I do not wish to cause any unpleasantness, I shall go my own way and he will go his."

However, Millie's plan of campaign collapsed like a bubble.

When Mr. Macintosh rose from his chair, Millie collected herself with an effort, and, advancing, held out a little gloved paw.

"How do you do, Mr. Macintosh?" she said.

"Thank you," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "I am very well." Then, as Millie continued standing, he added, handing her a chair, "Won't you sit down?"

Millie seated herself.

"Er—I expected to find mamma here," said the young lady, after an awkward silence of quite a minute's duration.

"Oh, I see," replied Mr. Macintosh.

Then an appalling idea flashed through her brain. Her mother and Mr. Macintosh had discovered their mistake already. In one short week they had fallen out. They even traveled separately. Doubtless he had married her for her money, and her mother had discovered this.

"I had better not say too much about mamma until I know exactly how the land lies," Millie decided. "I may only aggravate their differences."

After a long and awkward pause, Mr. Macintosh suggested that perhaps she might like to look at the English illustrated papers while she was waiting.

"I have a bundle of them in my carryall," he said. "I'll get them for you."

While he was absent Millie reviewed the situation again.

"I hope he won't be as severely polite as this always," she thought. "It's evident that I shall have to break the ice. I will let him see that, however he may have fallen out with poor mamma, I intend to be friendly."

During tea Millie told him numerous anecdotes about her life at Fraulein Haussmann's, after which he retaliated in the gayest fashion with stories of Oxford varsity. Thus they passed the time away until the first dinner gong sounded.

This reminded Millie of the flight of hours.

"I had forgotten all about mamma. When will she be here?" she exclaimed.

"Possibly she is blocked on the line," murmured Mr. Macintosh. "At any rate, you had better dine here while you wait for her."

But Mr. Macintosh's careless reference to her mother jarred on her and damped her spirits. Things were evidently very bad indeed. His indifference to his wife's whereabouts was positively shameful.

During dinner, therefore, she was quieter, so Mr. Macintosh had to do the lion's share of the talking. And so well did he perform his task that Millie had to confess that her steppapa was a very charming young man and that it was a thousand pities he could not get on with his wife.

"I must try and make the peace," she thought. "Meanwhile my best plan will be to be as pleasant as possible—conciliatory, in fact."

Inspired by this idea, she made no objection when he suggested a stroll on the boulevards. She insisted on his smoking, she prattled to him while he enjoyed his cigar, she leaned on his proffered arm and, indeed, made a conscientious effort to impress him with the fact that she was a nice girl and, though a stepdaughter, would not be an incumbrance or a bother to him.

And when they got back to the hotel, after a little hesitation, as they were separating for the night, she stood on tiptoe and administered to his brow a pure, daughterly kiss.

"Well," observed Mr. Macintosh after she had vanished, "of all the experiences I've ever had this certainly takes the cake."

Now, a portion of the above was told to the present historian by Mr. Dick Macintosh and part by his wife. I have merely interwoven their accounts. The end of the story I also obtained from both, but Dick's account was the best. Millie was very reticent when relating her share. Millie related her part as thus:

"Well, I was unpacking my things, you know, in order to be able to go to bed, when who should come in but mamma. We hugged each other, and then I said:

"'Oh, mamma, how could you quarrel with him?'

"Mamma looked very astonished and said:

"'What are you talking about?'

"'Steppapa,' I replied. 'He didn't bring your name up once all the time, and he didn't seem to care what had become of you, and—and altogether he was the last man in the world I should have taken for a bridegroom. But he was very nice to me.'

"'My dear child,' exclaimed mamma, 'are you wandering? What person do you refer to? Your stepfather has only just arrived at the hotel. We crossed this morning. As for quarreling, we are the most devoted couple in Christendom.'

Now for Mr. Dick Macintosh's version:

"Well, you see, old man, I received a letter from my Uncle Ned telling me that he had taken a wife unto himself, and would I meet him and the lady at the hotel St. Moscow in a week's time. On the date named I hied me to Paris, and while I was awaiting Uncle Ned's arrival a young lady was shown in.

"Well, we both thawed after a time and had a rare evening. She proved the jolliest girl imaginable—talked, laughed, joked and seemed bent on being as friendly as possible. We had tea, dined, took a stroll and returned to the hotel. Then, my boy, imagine my astonishment. After she had said good night she reached up and gave me the most delicious kiss I had ever received in the whole course of my existence."

In due time the four set off on their tour together, and during the tour Dick and Millie managed to patch up matters so neatly that they came to be quite good friends by the time they returned to England, and about a year after their return Dick took a flat in Kensington and asked Millie to share it with him, such as it was, and Millie not objecting, they were married, and there I visited them and heard the story.—Answers.

Shakespeare and Golf.

It is said that Shakespeare's works abound in the most direct and explicit references to the game of golf, several of which have been collected in Miss Wood's recent volume of "Quotations For Occasions."

In "Much Ado About Nothing" is an unmistakable allusion to a characteristic St. Andrew's gesture in the words, "I know you by the waggling of your head," while in "Titus Andronicus" is encountered the pertinent query, "What subtle hole is this?" In "Richard III," again, one meets the line, "Put in their hands the bruising irons of wrath," and in "Henry VI" (part I) the statement "I'll call for clubs."

Falstaff's ruling passion was evidently golf, for on his deathbed he "babbled of green fields," and there were certainly links on Prospero's island, else why the question "Why hath the queen summoned me hither to this short grass'd green?" Some commentators prefer the reading, "To tee or not to tee, that is the question." But apart from this disputed passage in "Hamlet" there is a reference to the fault of "striking too short."

A Kink in Your Back

Have it straightened out by MACK'S RHEUMATIC PILLS.

Pain in the back sometimes is rheumatic, sometimes indicates kidney disorder. Whichever it may be Mack's Pills are sure to cure. They are a rheumatic pill acting on the liver and kidneys, sweeping out all rheumatic acids and poisons by way of the bladder and bowels. No other remedy so effectual as Mack's Pills. Pains and aches vanish when they are used. Price fifty cents at all drug stores.

"Cough Chaser"—Cures a Cough Quick. 10c., all Druggists.

Sold in Kingston by E. C. Mitchell, 126 Princess Street.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails were softened to swansdown
And still fluttered down to snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snowfall
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloudlike snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.

—James Russell Lowell.

PHEMIE.

"It's no use trying," said Phemie. "Mother hates me, and everything I do is wrong."

"Your mother can't help it, Phemie," said Dr. Jasper. He was the new medical man, in huge favor with Mrs. Albatross, Phemie's mother.

"Your mother is highly strung—quite a woman of genius, and allowances must be made for her temperament, my dear young lady. Temperament rules everything."

Indeed, Mrs. Albatross' temperament seemed to rule Dr. Jasper, the parson, the squire, the parish, but it did not rule Phemie.

"Look here," said the girl—she was just past 20—"you and mother are always croaking about me, I know, but you do nothing to help me. At least I think you would, but you're afraid"—

"Your mother used to take an interest in you, but you did not meet her half way. Is not that so?"

"No, it isn't. When I was 16, she had a fad of dressing me up in last century costume and making a doll of me—not my style at all—just to show off her own cleverness and queerness at my expense. She said I was ugly and only dressing could make me fit to be seen."

"Well?" said Dr. Jasper, who was a rising young medico of 30, as he looked gravely and judicially at the pretty much tried girl, who only half believed in his good will.

"Well," said Phemie, "every one laughed, and I showed mother I would not stand it."

"And then?"

"Then she packed me off to school. The mistress said I was sort of dazed for a time, as if I had been ill treated—and so I had—and quite neglected, but they were kind to me there, and I was very happy for more than a year, except in the holidays, which were always odious. Then you came along"— And Phemie paused and stole a doubtful glance at the doctor.

"What then?" said the doctor, like a person coldly inquiring for ordinary information, yet with a certain little twinkle in his eye which did not escape the aggrieved Phemie.

"Then," said the girl, "I thought you were my friend at first, but I don't now. At least"—

At this moment Mrs. Albatross entered, and, turning sharply on Phemie, said with a snap, "I suppose you haven't fed the fowls or sorted the linen or done anything but idle away your time, as usual?"

"I was called when Dr. Jasper came because you could not be found."

"I'm sick of your excuses. Dr. Jasper does not want to see you." Then, in quite an altered tone, as Phemie shrunk away out of the room: "Do you mind coming up to my sitting room? I want to have a talk with you about those changes at the infirmary. I am sure you will agree with me and you will be most useful. We can't allow things to go on," etc.

Dr. Jasper always did agree with Mrs. Albatross, but somehow he molded her, and she usually came round to his opinion. He listened and she talked. He could wait, and when he had taken her bearings—without ever interrupting or contradicting—she listened and he talked, and not then, but next time, she echoed his opinions and fancied they were all her own.

"It is such a comfort to find a sensible man to talk to in a stupid place like this," said she, laying her arm confidingly upon the doctor's as he sat smiling and agreeing with her.

Mrs. Albatross had worried one husband into the grave—she was too clever for him—but her intellectual vivacity, imagination and enterprise made her an interesting companion. She was only a little past 40, and very well preserved, and she meant to marry Dr. Jasper.

Whether it was hypnotism or will power the doctor came again and again and would not send in his bill, and the doctor's bill never was paid. He paid himself.

"Don't speak to me," said Phemie hurriedly as he met the doctor coming down stairs after a long confab with her mother. "Mother's about. She's out all tomorrow afternoon. I've got to paint the doors"— And Jasper passed out with a sympathetic smile. She knew he would call and advise her about painting the doors. He did call.

"What a deal you know about mixing paints and things! I'm sure I want good advice a great deal more than mother does. But, then, I'm not clever like mother," added Phemie, with a little aggrieved pout. "So it's not worth while talking to me."

"I do feel for you," said the doctor, with an unusual warmth of manner "I have done all I could to get your mother to be fair to you, Phemie"—he had never called her Phemie before, and she felt her color rise. "What's the matter?" he added hastily, for suddenly Phemie's eyes filled with tears, and she just went off then and there and left the paint pots and things without saying another word.

* * * * * * *

Dr. Jasper's visits became more frequent. Mrs. Albatross was constantly seen about the village with him. They met in cottages. She was devoted, so she said, to nursing the sick. It was certainly a new development. She was never seen with her daughter, nor was Jasper, but he saw her daughter oftener than she knew. Still it seemed less and less possible to do without Mrs. Albatross. Her ability, her cooked foods and port wine for "cases," her influence with the squire, who disliked and obeyed her; with the parson, whose good will was important to the doctor and who was afraid of Mrs. Albatross, for she browbeat him in the chair at parish meetings, picked holes in his sermons and organized the penny readings, which he disliked, under his very nose—all this and a good deal more—for Mrs. Albatross was a woman and not above feminine arts—put Jasper in rather a tight place.

He knew that Mrs. Albatross wanted to marry him, and there were days—yes, whole days—when he really thought he should be obliged to marry Mrs. Albatross.

The moment came. It was in the little sitting room up stairs.

Something had happened. Dr. Jasper saw that plainly enough.

The lady was flushed and excited, and he missed the usual confidential hand squeeze.

"I—I wanted to see you," she said and paused. "Nothing has come to your ears, I suppose?"

The doctor looked inquiringly.

"Well, then, I'm dreadfully troubled, annoyed beyond measure, put out. Of course, you know my maid, Susan. She has been with me ten years and is not a gossip"—

"What on earth do you mean? Do be plain. Surely with me you might be quite plain." And he moved a little nearer, feeling at that moment a curious kind of attraction which almost compelled him to lay his hand upon her arm and force her to be quite honest.

"Don't keep me on tenterhooks," he said eagerly. "Tell me!"

"I will," said the lady. "I feel I can tell you anything. I don't think I have any other friend in the world—at least, not like you. No-one understands me, no one has helped me as you have, and we've got to part. That is all"—

"What on earth," said Jasper, really shaken and troubled—he had never seen her grow pale like that or her lips quiver like that, and she was not of the crying sort, and she did not cry now—"what—what has Susan been saying?"

"Only that it's all over the place, and that she thought at last she ought to tell me"—

"You don't mean, you don't mean"—He couldn't quite say it.

"Yes, I do," she said. And she rose and walked up and down the room full of a sort of angry vexation, mingled evidently with a conflict of passionate feeling she could neither conceal nor subdue.

"Sit down," he said. He had risen. He took her arm. She was positively trembling. He led her to the sofa by the fire.

"I shall have to leave this place," she said in a sort of hard voice. The angry tears came into her eyes. He had never seen her weep. This was the nearest approach to it.

"I know what you are going to say. Don't say it. No, you shan't go. You are useful. The people trust you. It is your sphere. I am the marplot."

"Why should you go?" said Jasper, hardly measuring his words. "Why should either of us go? Why not stay—and stay—stay together?"

"You don't mean it?" Men at such times are more fools than knaves.

"Yes, yes—I—do."

Jasper had taken her hand. The woman with the iron will, the keen intellect, the nature self contained, which seemed at times as hard as nails, turned toward him and in another moment fell crying and laughing hysterically into his arms. At that moment, as ill luck would have it, Phemie, hearing unusual sounds and thinking some one needed assistance, entered.

"Go and fetch some sal volatile. Your mother is not very well." Indeed, at that moment Mrs. Albatross seemed to have really fainted away. Whether she fainted or not no one will ever know. The doctor himself was doubtful.

* * * * * * *

Jasper never entered the house again. He went home, packed up his things, wrote a hurried note in a disguised hand to Phemie, who on the following day would be 21 years old and come into £500 a year, which had been left her, to the disgust of her mother, by her fond father—and Jasper went to bed.

He must have risen early. No one at his lodgings saw him go out. His hot water was brought up at 8 o'clock. His boots had not been put out over night.

The servant knocked again at 9. The door was not locked. She entered. She saw boxes packed and labeled "Left till called for." The bed was empty.

The station was a mile off. There were only two passengers by the early train.

When Mrs. Albatross came down to breakfast she inquired for Phemie. Phemie was gone.—Sketch.

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"Aristocrat"—

The shape for slender feet and stylish dress. Straight sided American type, with high, stiff, moderately full, box toe. A man-of-fashion shoe.

Laced—Buttoned—Congress—Oxford. Black, Tan, Seal Brown, Carmine or Wine Color. Half sizes 5 to 11. Widths A. to E. Goodyear Welt. $3.00, $4.00, $5.00. Stamped on sole.

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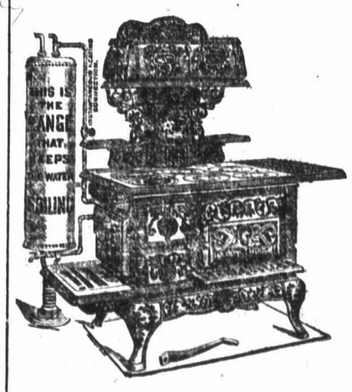
Sole Kingston Agents, HAINES & LOCKETT

"HAPPY THOUGHT" RANGE.



Don't be persuaded that you can buy anything equal to THE HAPPY THOUGHT. It is the only Range that has retained its name and stood the test for the past 14 years.

Don't buy an experiment.

Don't buy an imitation.

Don't buy a "just as good."

Buy a "HAPPY THOUGHT" and remember that as a guarantee of the single one you buy, over five hundred in and about Kingston are to-day delighting their users.

McKELVEY & BIRCH

69 & 71 Brock Street, KINGSTON.

Bride Rode In a Sedan Chair.

A bride at Oconomowoc, Wis., recently introduced a decided novelty at her wedding. She was carried to the church in a sedan chair. The chair was prettily decorated with flowers, and was the last thing in a wedding procession that moved on foot along a carpeted avenue of maples from the bride's home to the church. The chair was carried by four young men. First there were ushers two by two, then dresden bits of delicate prettiness came in the form of pink and green clad bridesmaids, Gainsborough hatted and armed with sweet pens, then came a flower girl of diminutive proportions, then the maid of honor, with her father, and lastly the lady of the sedan chair, the silvery white bride, Miss Buda Peck.

A Monkey's Funeral.

A pet monkey belonging to Gunner's Mate William Bentley of the Naval academy in Annapolis died recently and was buried with honors. Six sailors acted as pallbearers. Carpenter John Jones made the coffin. The monkey was named Chink. He was purchased by Mr. Bentley last January at Rio Janeiro, and was a favorite aboard ship. His death resulted from convulsions caused by eating too freely of yellow paint, with which the deck of the frigate Santee was being covered.

Foreign Swordswomen.

Spanish and French women of the higher class are usually expert swordswomen. They are taught to fence as carefully and accurately as their brothers, and there are numerous schools in the two countries where young women are taught not only to fence, but to handle the broadsword.

Bullfighting Pays.

Guerritta, the famous bullfighter of Spain, receives about $60,000 a year for his labors. For each appearance in the arena he gets $12,500.

The assessment returns of the city of Hamilton show an increase of $1,273,530.

FOSTOFFICE BURGLARS.

They Give a Great Deal of Trouble to the Department.

"The postoffice burglar," said Chief Postoffice Inspector Wheeler, "gives us a great deal of trouble. His advent in the annals of crime is but recent, yet he is a type peculiar to himself, and it would seem that he has come to stay. Postoffice burglars, as a rule, are the most desperate characters, possessing every cunning, and are alike ready to seize on any chance to 'lift' a 'bundle of stock' or 'crack' a safe. Any method suits them if it will enable them to get the 'boodle.' The booty is usually in postage stamps, which are disposed of through the medium of a 'fence,' the burglar seldom realizing more than 40 per cent on the real value of the stolen stock. Yet with this heavy discount the occupation seems alluring, and consequently keeps our men constantly on the alert.

"This class of depredation became so common that I found it necessary in 1894 to call especial attention to it in my annual report, and I recommended to the postmaster general that a series of rewards be offered for the apprehension of these criminals. The suggestion was adopted, and has materially aided our men in ferreting out the perpetrators. We now have an annual appropriation from congress for this purpose, and for the past three years the number of burglaries has fallen off in a slight degree. The burglar is still at work, however."

Have you seen the new high art curtains in French tapestry, something entirely new in the city, at R. McFaul's Kingston carpet warehouse.

The Bay of Quinte Ry. new short line for Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto and all local points. Train leaves City Hall depot at 4:00 p.m. R. J. Wilson, C.P.R. telegraph office, Clarence street.

Boston is alarmed over the importation of yellow fever by a tourist from Texas.