TRAVELLING—BY BOAT.

DOMINION LINE

Royal Mail Steamships

LIVERPOOL SERVICE

VIA LONDONDERRY.

Steamer.	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
Vancouver,	" 18, daylight,	Sept. 19th, 9 a.m
Scotsman...	Oct. 2, "	Oct 3rd, 9 a.m
Labrador..	" 9, "	" 10th, 9 a.m
Vancouver	" 23, "	" 24th, 9 a.m
Scotsman..	Nov. 6, "	Nov. 6th, 2 p.m
Labrador...	13 "	" 14th, 9 a.m

SS. CANADA will sail from Boston 11th September, 14th October and 11th November.

Rates of passage to Londonderry or to Liverpool:

First Cabin—$52.50 to $70 single; $105 to $133 return.

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Steerage to Liverpool, Londonderry, London, Glasgow, Queenstown, Belfast, $22.50 to $23.50.

Midship saloons, electric lights, spacious promenade decks.

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Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company.

THE SCENIC LINE OF AMERICA.

HAMILTON AND MONTREAL LINE.

Double Service, Commencing Monday, October 4th.

STEAMERS CORSICAN AND HAMILTON.

Between Kingston, Hamilton, Toronto, 1,000 Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence and Montreal.

Leave Kingston Tuesday and Friday:—
Going East at 5 p.m.
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Fares—Hamilton, $4.50, return, $8.50. Toronto, $4, return, $7.50. Montreal, $4 return, $7.50. Berths and Meals included both ways. Connections are made at Montreal daily for Quebec and the Saguenay.

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Weekly Kingston and Rochester N.Y.

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Right reserved to change time without notice.

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For Liverpool (calling at Moville for Londonderry) every Saturday from Montreal, calling at Quebec.

	From Montreal.	From Quebec
California	11th Sept	12th
Laurentian	18th Sept	18th
Parisian	25th Sept	26th
Numidian	2nd Oct	2nd
Carthaginian	9th Oct	9th
California	16th Oct	17th
Laurentian	23rd Oct	23rd
Parisian	30th Oct	31st

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Rome, Utica, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and the

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UNITED STATES.

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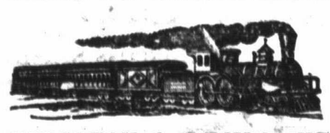

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE

—AND—

Canada Pacific Railways

Time Departure.		Time Arrival.	
No. 1 Express	11:30 a.m.	No. 2 Express	4:1' p m
No. 3 Local	3:00 p.m.	No 4 Local	8:15 a.m
‡No. 5 Mixed	8:00 a.m.	*No. 6 Mixed	1:40 p.m

‡ Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
* Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

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The Direct Fast Line,

EAST AND WEST.

NEW TIME TABLE.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
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		" 5 Express,	2.45 a.m
" 4 Express,	12.00 p.m.	" 13 Express,	10.15 a.m
" 6 Express,	1.10 p.m.	" 7 Express,	12.40 p.m
" 12 Mixed,	6.45 p.m.	" 1 Express,	1.10 p.m
		" 19 Mixed,	6.45 p.m

Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 run daily. No. 5 daily except Monday. All other trains daily except Sunday. Train leaving at 12.00 noon, arrives in Ottawa at 3.50 p.m., and train leaving at 2.10 a.m. has through Sleeper to Ottawa, arriving at 7.20 a.m.

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STAMPS RUBBER STAMPS OF all kinds. Self-Inkers, Linen Markers, Dates, Seals, Stencils, Bank Ts, R'y & Office Stamps, etc. Repairs promptly done. JOHN OSTROM, Wellington Street.

LIKES TO DOSE HIMSELF

Takes a Little Bitters For His Stomach's Sake.

BECOMES A CHRONIC DRUG FIEND.

Insidious Progress of the Tablet Habit. Slaves to Pepsin—Tonics and Phosphates In Great Demand—Cough Cure as a Steady Diet.

Every one has heard of the morphine habit, the opium habit, the cocaine habit and the chloral habit, but how many people know of the enslaving spruce gum habit?

Of course, spruce gum does not dry the membranes, deaden the moral sense and pervert the imagination, and so its victims

A SODA COUNTER DOSE.

do not answer advertisements and send away for "painless cures," but there is a spruce gum habit, and there are dozens of these minor habits of which the druggist can tell you.

The manufacture and sale of small packages of patent preparations and the invention of new compounds for the soda fountain are largely responsible for the increased number of victims to these habits. The soda fountain of today must have an elaborate side line of phosphates, nerve tonics, fluid extracts and headache cures. The customer finds that a certain drink has a soothing or an enlivening effect on him, as the case may be, and every time during the day that he feels out of sorts he goes to the drug store and gets a speedy cure for 5 cents. Before he realizes the fact he is going to the drug store regularly and is one of the "fiends." This does not mean that he is to die in the asylum. It simply illustrates the force of habit.

There are men who take headache cures two or three times a day whether they have headache or not, and some of them soon learn to buy bromo mixtures by the bottle and take two or three doses a day.

Since many kinds of medicine began to be put into tablet form it is much easier to fall into the habit of giving yourself continuous treatment. The soda mint habit is the most common of all. You will find men nowadays who buy their tablets in quantities and crave them as the cigarette smoker craves a smoke. The strong peppermint tablet is also in great demand. Then there are cloves and sharp, stinging "breath sweeteners"—all intended to calm a disordered stomach.

The druggist told me of one customer who maintained that he would die of dyspepsia were it not for the constant use of peppermint chewing gum, writes George Ade, in the Chicago Record. Others will have nothing but the spruce gum and the old fashioned "rubber" gum.

Men and women who would not take an alcoholic stimulant under any circumstances keep their small pockets stuffed with roots and herbs. The calamus root or the "sweet flag" is the favorite nibble with the herb victims, although the lovage root is more stimulating.

There is a gentian habit and a ginseng habit. It often happens that some astringent root or herb is used as a substitute for tobacco, with the result that the tobacco habit is cured, but is succeeded by a craving for the cure.

It is said that women in particular are given to habits of inhaling. The most common of these is the chloroform habit. A woman finds that a few drops of chloroform put on a handkerchief and held under the nose have a sedative effect and "calm her nerves." So she never ventures 20 feet away from home without her little flask of chloroform.

The use of smelling salts can easily become a fixed habit, so that the poor woman is positively miserable if she cannot shock herself every few minutes with a powerful whiff.

The druggist told of a man who used a menthol inhaler to cure a cold. He liked

THE ONLY THING THAT HELPS HIM.

the effect of the mentholized air tingling through his nostrils and has carried an inhaler ever since, using it often.

It has been claimed that many women have formed the habit of drinking cologne, the purpose of this singular performance being to enable them to exhale perfumed air. The druggist took no stock in the story. He said that a few weak minded women might drink cologne, but the practice was not common. What the cologne "fiend" does is to merely moisten the inside of her mouth with the liquid.

Pepsin in all its forms has come into demand by the drug store victims.

The dyspeptic keeps his pockets filled with pepsin gum and pepsin tablets, and the high liver has a bottle of pepsin always ready, so that he may take a dose after every hearty eating. He will take pepsin three times a day and feel perfectly confident that his food will be promptly digested without any inconvenience to him.

The druggist said that the general use of pepsin had led many persons to believe that they need not restrain their appetites on account of any injury.

But it is in the bottled department that the "fiends" are most active.

"Why, I knew men who have been taking the same patent medicines right along for 20 years," said the druggist. "There's one man who takes a certain kind of 'bitters.' It contains a fair percentage of alcohol and is doctored up with vegetable extracts so that it tastes all right, and he finds out that it's the only thing in the world that helps him. It is a tonic that gives him an appetite if he takes a small glass of it just before every meal, and, of course, when he doesn't use it he has no appetite at all. Then there are the various medicines containing opiates. A man will catch cold and will try a certain cough cure. It may cure his cold. Then he will stop the remedy and discover that he doesn't feel as well as he did while he was under treatment. So he will take some of the medicine again, and it will make him feel better, and he will discover that it is the only thing that helps him any, so he will keep on taking it."

"For how long?"

"Oh, for years maybe. If you told that man he was a victim of an opiate, he would feel hurt and indignant. He feels that he is taking this medicine because it is the only thing he can get that will help him. Why, I know a man who has been taking a 'cholera cure' winter and summer for five years. It's the only thing he can find that will touch his case, and it isn't a case of cholera, either. I know another man who drinks Jamaica ginger, and he thinks it would be wrong to take a drink of whisky. This isn't a wise thing for me to say, from a business standpoint, but people trifle too much with drugs nowadays. They buy and try all kinds of new preparations, and often they form strange habits and become 'fiends.' Unless they use morphine or cocaine they don't pretend to conceal their habits, because they do not feel that they are victims. But when they try to give up their antipyrine and their digestion tablets they find out."

A NOVEL WOMAN'S CLUB.

It Is Composed of Four Divorced Wives of Garret Bell Edgar.

There is a woman's club in Kansas City that for originality can't be beaten. All of its members are widows. There are four of them, and, strange as it may seem, they are all widows, by divorce, of the same man. Stranger still, the husband is still living and is paying ardent attention to one of his former wives; object, matrimony.

This man of the comprehensive heart is a Kansas City plumber named Garret Bell Edgar. Although he is only 36 years old, he has been addicted to the marriage and divorce habit for 18 years and has made a record calculated to make even a Chicagoan envious. The four women who bear his name, each of whom has obtained a divorce from him and who have organized

GARRET BELL EDGAR AND HIS FOUR WIVES.

the remarkable club, are all living in Kansas City. Following is a list of Edgar's hymeneal achievements, chronologically recorded:

Wife No. 1.—Mrs. Annie McCombs Edgar; married in Bates county, Mo., in 1879; lived with her eight months; one child, a son.

Wife No. 2.—Mrs. Maggie King Edgar; married in Kansas City, in April, 1889; divorced in 1893.

Wife No. 3.—Mrs. Mollie Burton Edgar; married in Kansas City, Kan., in 1893; divorced the following year.

Wife No. 4.—Mrs. Carrie Holmes Edgar; married in St. Louis, June 22, 1895; lived with her eight months. Divorce granted to wife in Kansas City, June 11, 1897, and July 5 set aside on a technicality; will sue again in October.

The fact that he is re-engaged to wife No. 3 has given rise to the statement that, just to show that he cherishes no ill will against any of his former matrimonial partners, Edgar has declared his intention of going back over his list of wives and marrying them all over again if they will have him. As he is still healthy and as good looking as ever, it is possible that he may be able to carry out his career to its logical conclusion. He has made a good start by regaining the affections of wife No. 3. His second courtship of her began last spring, rapidly progressed to the engagement stage and the wedding day was set for July 8.

Edgar had supposed that wife No. 4 had secured her divorce from him so that there could be no possible doubt about it, but he reckoned wrongly. Everything passed auspiciously until July 5, only three days before his second marriage to wife No. 3 was to take place. Then he was shocked when he learned that the decree of divorce of wife No. 4 had been set aside. This complicated matters and it was necessary to postpone the nuptials until after the fall term of court at least.

In the meantime wife No. 3 had met wife No. 4. No. 3 had been led to believe that since she became divorced from Edgar he had had nothing to do with any other woman, and she was angry beyond measure when she learned that he had married another. But she had promised to marry him again and she intends to keep her promise. The two women were angry at each other at first, but their anger soon grew to friendship. This friendship between the last two widows of Edgar broadened until it at last embraced the first two.

Then all the widows of Edgar got together one day and talked over their adventures. After that their reunions were frequent, and finally, each having a considerable knowledge of vocal music, they organized themselves into a vocal quartet club and called it the "Widows of Garret Singers." As such they are said to be doing much good. In Kansas City they recently gave a benefit to a woman paralytic whose husband had deserted her.

Right Over the Plate.

"Another ball?" he asked, as he saw his wife looking over the invitation cards at breakfast.

"Better call it a strike," she said. "I need $50 for a new dress to wear."—Detroit Free Press.

It Is Apparent.

"What do you think of the woman bicyclist who made a triple century?"

"I think she is just three times as big a fool as the woman who makes only a single."—Chicago Post.

The Badge of the Boss.

"Trousers," says the gifted Ouida.
"Are so ugly I can't bear 'em."
There's a woman for a wife—
Now we know she wouldn't wear 'em.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE MODERN WALTZ.

SOME RECENT INNOVATIONS IN THE TERPSICHOREAN ART.

Dancing Masters Deplore the Decadence of the Waltz and Take Steps to Reform It—How Ungraceful Styles of Dancing Originate.

Once a year the dancing masters meet in national convention and solemnly decide how we shall dance. Then they go back to their respective academies and spread the edict with much serious intention. But the dancing public, sad to relate, goes on dancing just as the whim of the hour dictates and pays scant attention to the official utterances of the professors.

THE CORRECT POSITION.

At the recent gathering in Boston the dancing masters paid their respects to the waltz. Few will deny that the waltz needed something of the sort. As you see it performed now in public places it is fearfully and wonderfully executed. Not long ago I was one of the spectators at the regular weekly hop in a seashore hotel. A nice, gray haired old lady, who confided to me that she "had not been in a ballroom before for a dozen years," furnished me with a new standpoint from which to view the modern dance.

"I'm sure I couldn't guess what they're dancing now," she said.

"That's the two step."

She thought it was rather pretty, but the figures of the square dances perplexed her. She complained that the dancers walked through them without any attempt to be graceful, and she was not reconciled when told that the elaborate "balance to corners" and the courtly "salute" were old fashioned. Then came another round dance.

"What are they doing now, pray? Waltzing! I never should have suspected it. If they were not ladies and gentlemen, I might have thought they were wrestling."

It was rather a severe criticism, but I could almost agree with her. Her description of the waltz of today was more accurate, as far as it applied to the American variety, than that of Lady Ancaster, who stirred up fashionable London folks by telling them that the waltz as they danced it had degenerated to a graceless romp.

Scions of English nobility may romp when they waltz, but over here we certainly do not do anything that could be described in that manner. We may wrestle, jump, hop, slide, contort, but we do not romp. There is fun in a romp. Our decadent waltz does not suggest that the waltzers are enjoying themselves. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poetess of passion, once wrote a poem in which she spoke of a couple of waltzers as "drifting down the hall together." But that was several years ago. Couples do not drift nowadays, or if they do it is down a very choppy stream.

"Affectation is the trouble which is at the bottom of bad waltzing," says President M. B. Gilbert of the American Society of Dancing Masters. "People seem to have got the idea that it is unfashionable to be graceful. At nearly all dances now you will see young men holding their partners' right hands up under their left ears. Now, such a style as that was never taught in any dancing academy in this country. It is a position affected through a mistaken idea that it is the way fashionable people waltz.

"You will see a man take his partner's hand with his palm upward. The natural tendency is for him to raise his hand and arm until he has it clear up back of his neck. There is nothing graceful about this.

"The proper position is with the palms of both dancers' hands downward, the man holding the woman's lightly in his bent fingers. But there is a still graver mistake which is made just as often. This is when the man holds the woman at his right side and rushes her around the hall regardless of time or music. Her right

THE INCORRECT POSITION.

arm crosses his chest as she holds on to his collar for dear life. They do not move in anything like unison and as for grace and rhythm in their performance it is absolutely lacking."

It is a hopeless task, however, which is before the dancing masters. Most people graduate from dancing school early in life and few can be persuaded to take a postgraduate course. To most of us a return to the "one, two, three; one, two, three, now!" would be like going back to "twice two are four." It is only by training up the young people to waltz gracefully that our terpsichorean pleasures can be brought up to the required standard. As a nation it must be admitted that we are poor dancers.

CHARLES WARNER.

Wood Yard.

James Campbell, corner of Wellington and Barrack streets, always has on hand a good stock of best maple, cut and uncut, dry slabs, pine and cedar blocks. All cheap for cash. Telephone 116.

Arnot's Arnica Anodyne. Sold wholesale and retail by Jas. B. McLeod, druggist, Kingston.

JOHN LABATT'S CELEBRATED ALE and STOUT.

These goods are made only from choice Barley Malt, the best Hops and pure Spring Water. They have been analyzed in three cities by four of our ablest chemists, and have been pronounced "remarkably sound," "perfectly sound," "of delicious flavor and superior quality." Physicians throughout Canada recommend them in their practice in preference to other brands.

TEN GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS and Twelve Diplomas have been awarded this Ale and Stout at the Great World's Exhibitions, viz.: At Philadelphia, U.S.A. 1876; Canada, 1876; Sydney, Australia, 1877; Paris, France, 1878; Jamaica, West Indies, 1891; Chicago, U.S.A., 1893; and San Francisco, California, U.S.A., 1894.

☞ No other Malt Beverages on this continent have received such eminent testimonials.

Brewery at London, Canada.

JAMES McPARLAND, - KINGSTON.

THE POPULAR SONG.

I never was naturally vicious,
My spirit was lamplike and mild.
I never was bad or malicious,
I loved with the trust of a child,
But hate now my bosom is burning,
And all through my being I long
To get one solid thump on the head of the chump
Who wrote the new popular song.

The office boy hums it,
The bookkeeper drums it,
It's whistled by all on the street.
The hand organ grinds it,
The music box winds it,
It's sung by the "cop" on the beat,
The newsboy, he spouts it,
The bootblack, he shouts it,
The washwoman sings it all wrong,
And I laugh and I weep
And I wake and I sleep
To the tune of that popular song.

Its measures are haunting my dreaming.
I rise at the breakfast bell's call
To hear the new chambermaid screaming
The chorus aloud through the hall.
The landlady's daughter's piano
Is helping the concert along,
And my molars I break on the tenderloin steak
As I chew to that popular song.

The orchestra plays it
The German band brays it,
'Tis sung on the platform and stage.
All over the city
They're chanting the ditty,
At summer resorts it's the rage.
The drum corps, it beats it,
The echo repeats it,
The bass drummer brings it out strong,
And we speak and we talk
And we dance and we walk
To the notes of that popular song.

It really is driving me crazy.
I feel that I'm wasting away.
My brain is becoming more hazy,
My appetite less every day.
But, ah, I'd not pray for existence
Or struggle my life to prolong
If up some dark alley with him I might dally
Who wrote that new popular song.

The bone player clicks it,
The banjoist picks it,
It livens the clog dancer's heels.
The bass viol moans it,
The bagpiper drones it,
They play it for waltzes and reels.
I shall not mind quitting
The earthly and flitting
Away 'mid the heavenly throng
If the mourners who come
To my grave do not hum
That horrible popular song.

—Joe Lincoln in L. A. W. Bulletin

She Knew the Game Too.

The other day a Detroit youth who had come home from college for vacation took his younger sister out to see a baseball game. She is a quiet, demure little lass, with blue eyes and a timid manner, and she slipped into her seat in the grand stand as staidly as if she were entering the family pew at church.

As the game progressed he kindly undertook to explain to her something about the points, so she would understand at least a little about it.

"Now the young man is about to throw the ball," he said. "He is called the pitcher. The man with the stick in his hand is the batter. He will try to hit the ball, and if he does he will run to that little bag, which is called a base."

The young man's sister seemed to be quite interested and listened attentively to his explanations.

Presently somebody hit out a two bagger that went clear through the shortstop and lit out for first like a wild turkey.

The young man began to explain.

"Now," he said, "if the fielder throws the ball to the man on the bag before"—

The young man ceased suddenly.

His sister had sprung upon the bench, grabbed his hat and thrown it into the crowd, and shrieked at the top of her voice:

"Yah, yah, yah! Wasn't that a hot tamale? Ss-ss-sz-zz-zzz—get that shortstop a seine. Go it, Dempsey, you're a peach! Oh, lordy, what a daisy cutter! Get him a basket! Whoopee, don't that make your whiskers curl? Yah, yah, yah!"

"Sit down, sis," said the young man in a slightly aggrieved tone. "Why didn't you tell me you were a rooter?"—Detroit Free Press.

Destruction.

"Carthage must be destroyed!" shouted Cato, with all the violence and pertinacity of the man with one idea. The opposition was disposed to filibuster.

"How?" they asked insistently, for the destruction of a town was no easy matter in those days, the practice of renting houses out being as yet quite unknown.—Detroit Journal.

Broken Pledges.

"Before we were married you said you wouldn't put an obstacle in my way for the world."

"Did I? Well, perhaps I did."

"And now you are everlastingly sticking your feet out so that I fall over them."—Chicago Record.

Suspicion Made Certainty.

"Last night," said Mr. Booze, "I think I made a remark to the effect that I had one of the greatest heads in the ward."

"Something of the sort," said his wife.

"Well, this morning I feel fully prepared to say that I was right."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Surely Insane.

Igloo (the Eskimo)—That unfortunate explorer must have gone crazy.

Mrs. Igloo—Yes, the poor thing is singing "There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight."—New York Journal.

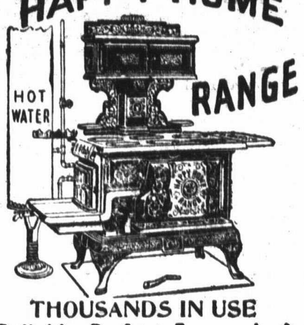
Ladies' Over-Gaiters From 25c.

At Abernethy's.

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.

HAPPY HOME RANGE.

MOORE'S 'HAPPY HOME'



THOUSANDS IN USE

Reliable · Perfect · Economical

These Ranges are made in sixteen different styles and every Range guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction.

NOW IS THE TIME

to have your Stoves and Furnaces fitted up before the rush. All orders promptly attended to.

We have a large assortment of Second-Hand Hall Heating Stoves.

Examine our leading lines before purchasing.

ELLIOTT BROS.,

75 & 77 PRINCESS STREET. - KINGSTON, ONT

THE BOSTON SUBWAY

SATISFACTORY SOLUTION OF THE STREET CAR PROBLEM.

Congestion of Traffic In the Busy Streets of the Hub Relieved by Underground Trolley Lines—Tunnels That Are Light, Clean and Attractive.

It is now possible to cross Tremont street, Boston, at any point opposite the Common and at any time of day without loss of life or limb. The new subway has brought about the change.

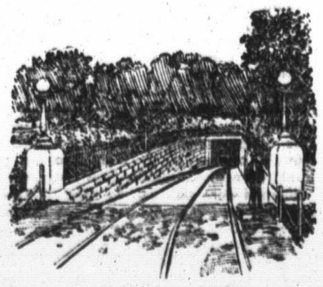
It is an old tradition that the fathers of Boston, when they laid out the city, let the streets follow the winding cow paths. At any rate, the streets as they exist today are very crooked and most of them are very narrow. This was all right in Revolutionary times, but when the city grew miles beyond the Common and spread itself out to the south and west; when business centered itself along the lower ends of Washington and Tremont streets, and when dozens of street car tracks usurped the narrow roadways, then the Bostonians wished their ancestors had not stuck so closely to the cow paths.

Probably no other city on the continent was ever so badly afflicted with a congestion of traffic as the Hub has been for many years. Some of the most important street car lines skirt the south and east corners of the Common on Boylston and Tremont streets. When the change was made from horsepower to trolley, matters grew worse. Then the poles and the tangle of overhead wires made that historic breathing spot look like a piece of dingy, green billiard cloth which had become frayed and tattered around the edges. So after much wrangling in the legislature and courts it was decided to build the subway and put the trolley cars underground.

A large portion of the work has already been accomplished and Boston is delighted with the result. The first thing a Boston man asks a visitor from New York, Chicago or elsewhere is:

"Been through the subway yet? Let's see—you haven't one in your place, have you?"

It is, in fact, a triumph of engineering and well worth a visit. There are three open cuts where the trolley cars enter the subway. One is out on Tremont street where Shawmut avenue comes in. Here the tracks from each of these thoroughfares dive into the tunnel. Another is in the Public gardens, where the cars coming down Boylston street take the underground dip. The third is at the northerly end of the subway, just beyond Haymarket square and in front of the new Union terminal railroad station into which the Fitchburg, Boston and Maine, Eastern and other roads run. There is a loop here



BOSTON'S NEW SUBWAY INCLINE IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.

as most of the trolley lines make it their terminus, and, the subway being four tracked, they disgorge their passengers and take the back track up town.

Including the inclines or open cuts, the subway has a total length of 1½ miles and will contain about five miles of track. At present the branch down Boylston street along the Common side and the main line down Tremont to Park street are in operation. The Shawmut avenue branch and the northerly end of the main line will be finished within the next eight months. Ground was broken for the subway in April, 1895. The sum appropriated was $7,000,000 and, wonderful to relate, the transit commissioners say that it is probable the cost will be about $1,000,000 less than that sum.

No great difficulties have been encountered thus far in digging this big hole in the ground. Of course there were countless [illegible] wire conduits and the like and some 40 inch water mains at an inconvenient level proved rather hard to handle, but no unexpected conditions arose to delay the work. The main trunk of the subway runs under the wide walk or mall on the east side of the Common, and when the excavations were being made the bones of hundreds of old Puritans were disturbed. This raised a howl of righteous indignation, and the sacredness of the long forgot burying ground was harped upon for weeks. But the commissioners quieted the reverent patriots by collecting all the bones and reinterring them in the holy ground of the Common, with a nice monument to mark the spot.

The deepest point of the subway is on Boylston street, where the south bound tracks are laid 39 feet below the surface, but the average depth is 14 feet. The tunnel itself is a giant bore with ribs of steel and casings of cement, asphalt, concrete and masonry. The roof is a series of arches and the floor is concave, with drains at the bottom. As the drains are below the level of the sewers, pits have been established at intervals, and when they are filled with water automatic electrical pumps are started, which empty them into the sewers above.

Perhaps you imagine that Boston's subway is a dark, damp, ill smelling place. It is nothing of the sort. The entrances to the stations are handsome structures of stone, with glass roofs. The only fault to be found with them is that they remind you of an old Grecian tomb—at least that is what I thought of the first time I saw one. But then you go down an easy flight of wide stone steps to a cheerful, brilliantly lighted station. Everything is dazzlingly white. The bricks lining the entrance are of glazed white porcelain, the masonry arches are painted white and the iron pillars and supports are covered with immaculate white enamel. Incandescent and arc lights flash everywhere, and the vista ahead through the stretches of the subway is far from a dingy one. It is about the cleanest and neatest hole in the ground in existence and no doubt will be kept so. Already the traffic on Tremont and Boylston streets has been much decreased, and when the subway is fully completed Boston folk may get about their town with comparative ease and safety.

ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

Introducing a Novelty.

A Phenix (A. T.) firm has secured 5,000 pennies for the purpose of introducing them into the trade in that city.

Moslem Writing Desks.

In writing the Moslems always use the palm of the hand as a writing desk, and their writing is beautifully done.

Fireproof Chimneys of Paper.

An absolutely fireproof chimney, 50 feet high, has been built of paper in Breslau. It is the only one of the kind.

The baya bird of India spends his spare time catching mammoth fireflies, which he fastens to the sides of his nest with moist clay. On a dark night a baya's nest looks like an electric street lamp.

Blast furnaces of today which produce five times the amount of iron cost very little more than the furnaces of 25 years ago.

A MARTYR TO PAIN.

A Mother Tells How Her Daughter Suffered and How She Got Relief.

A letter came to us the other day telling how a daughter who suffered so much at each period as almost to bring on convulsions, has been completely cured by Indian Woman's Balm. The mother is delighted, and while not wishing us to publish her name, will gladly allow us to send it to any sufferer who may desire it. Pamphlet sent to ladies by addressing the Balm Medicine Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Cough Chaser" for Coughs and Colds 10c., all druggists.

Sold in Kingston by E. C. Mitchell, 124 Princess Street.

New Boot and Shoe Store,

Cunningham's Old Stand, opposite John's Grocery, Princess Street.

ALL NEW AND UP-TO-DATE GOODS.

L. Gourdier.