HAVE YOU

Scalding sensations?
Swelling of the ankles?
Vague feelings of unrest? Frothy or brick-dust fluids?
Acid stomach? Aching loins? Cramps, growing nervousness?
dtrange soreness of the bowels?
Unaccountable languid feelings? Short breath and pleuritie pains?
One-side beadache? Backache?
Frequent attacks of the "blues"?
Fluttering and distress of the heart? Albumen and tube casts in the water Fitful rheumatic pains and neuralgia Loss of appetite, flesh and strength?
Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night?
Constipation alternating with looseness

fever? Burning patches of

The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear, and reappear until the disease gradually gets a firm grasp on the constitution, the kidney-poisoned blood breaks down the nervous system, and finally pneumonia, diarrhosa, bloodlessness, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue, and then death is inevitable. Thus fearful disease is not a rare one—it is an every-day disorder, and claims more victims than any other com-laint.

It must be treated in time or it will gain the

It must be treated in time or it will gain the mastery. Don't neglect it. Warner's .FE Cure has cured thousands of cases of the worst type, and it will cure you if you will use it promptly and as directed. It is the only specific for the universal

HOME IN THE WEST.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE—Situated in CHATHAM TOWNSHIP, being east half little bow is cold in the extreme, but neverthering VILLAGE OF WALLACEBURG; no faintest blush, no betraying pallor. Her little bow is cold in the extreme, but neverthering VILLAGE OF WALLACEBURG; remark with the utmost countries it is eight from Doesden, and eleven from Chatham. Is convenient to school, churches, post office with daily mail; containing 106 acres of firstclass clay loam, seventy acres being cleared and well fenced. Good frame barn, 35 x 56; frame stables, 63 x 20; and other outbuildings. Good orchard, with fine sowing of grain crops, consisting of 40 bushels of wheat, oats, corn, and and 23 bushels of peas. The proprietor wishing to sell out on account of ill health, any one wishing to get a good grain or dairy farm 'an't do better. For further particulars apply to WILLIAM REID, Oldfield Post Office, Chat-

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

THAT well known HOTEL PROPERTY and FARM, in Admaston, near the K & P. R. "Opecago" etation, and known as "Harr's."
The farm contains 200 acres, 150 cleared, and 50 in hardwood bush. The Hotel is on the line of considerable travel, on the Opeongo Road, and a good business can be done. It is considered one of the best stands in the County, out of the towns. On the premises there are also a Store. a Grain Ptorehouse near the Station, and a Blacksmith's Shop, which will be rented with the other premises, or separately, if desired Farm well watered by running spring, and can be worked by machinery. For terms apply to M. J. HARTY.

FIRST-CLASS STOCK AND year, I shouldn't wonder. Lady Dalruth Dairy Farm in Good Locality.

DOR SALE ON REASONABLE TERMS, 250 acres of land in Township of Portland, Frontenac, being south three quarer of Lot 8, and east half of Lo: 9 in first concession, well located, being three miles south of Harrow-smith Station, K. & P. R., three miles from Wilton Village; thirteen miles from Kingston City, and close to a good school. Over 150 acres are under good cultivation; balance in woodland and pa-ture. Farm has a frame house, 24x40, a pinch of snuff, "and mysterious as she is and three large frame barns and driving shed. Will sell in one block or in part, to suit purchaser. Apply to C. H. ASSELSTINE, Owner, Hamilton P.O., Dakota, or to H. W. JOHNSON, Moscow, Ont.

"Mysterious?"

"Mysterious?"

"Mysterious?"

"Rather, my dear boy! Mustn't say a word about it, you understand; but when she was Sept. 9.

LAKE SHORE DAIRY FARM FOR SALE.

This Well - Known Property

OF ABOUT 200 ACRES,

IS MOST BRAUTIFULLY SITUATED ON the west bank of the Little Cataraqui River nd Lake Ontaric, three miles west from the Square, Kingston. No toll gates or rail way crossings intervening.

It is almost unequalled as a stock or dairy farm, requiring little fencing, two-thirds of the boundaries being water. The land is in the highest state of cultivation, having been well stocked with dairy cattle for a number of years. Buildings consist of two commodious stone dwellings consist of two commodious stone dwellings, stone woodshed and small frame house; barn, 60x160, with stabling for 40 head of cattle and 12 horses; carriage house, 24x46; granary, hennery, ice house, tool sheds, fences. tile drains, &c., all in good condition. Good orchard and plenty of small fruit.

Terms to suit purchaser

S. S. BAKER, P.O. Box 530. Kingston.

FARMERS REMEMBER - You can save money by buy-

For Uncle Sam's Miller is doing excellent work and the undersigned is bound to satisfy his Customers. CORNMEAL, FLOUR, FRED, &c., ALWAYS

ON HAND. J. W. THOMPSON

Stoves. Stoves

FOR THE CHEAPEST & Clayne, you know. Fellow who upset him Best Coal Stoves go to

HAMER'S NEW STORE COR. PRINCESS AND KING STS.

N.B .- A large lot of Second-Hand Wood Cooking Stoves for sale cheap.



NOTICE

A HEREBY GIVEN that the Commandant and Officers of "A" Battery, Reg't. C. A., do not hold themselves responsible for any debts incurred by any person, either military or civilian, connected with the Battery, unless accompanied by an order signed by one of the officers

Pursuant to 48 Vie. Chap. 26 (Unt

NOTICE is hereby given that ROBERT J CHOWS, of Princess Street, in the City of Kingston, Grocer has made an assignment for the general benefit of his creditors of all his property and effects, to John Devana, of the same place.

IMPOUNDED. TAKE NOTICE that I have impounded a white Bull, brass ring in nose. If not claimed by Sept. 30th, 1988, it will be sold by Public Auction at the Pound Gate, on Lot No. 15, concession 4. Kingston Township, on that day, at 13 o'clock poon.

JOHN SMIPH. Poun! Keeper ANGLIN

52 Earl Street, near King Street,

NURSE EVA.

CONCLUDED.

Even as Dare gazes at her, spelibound, she taughs, softly, merrily, at some remark made to her by her companion—a redheaded young Scotchman. The laugh somewhat restores Sir Rawdon to his senses. Alas! she had never laughed; her lovely face had always been tinged with a deep melancholy. What madness possessed him to make him think he saw again before him the one woman h had ever loved-the only one he ever should love? And to dream of meeting her here, of all places! A hospital nurse as a guest at the Towers, in that gown, that-

"Dear Sir Rawdon, so glad [" says his hostess-a tall handsome woman-at this the billiard-room discussing the costumes to moment, coming languidly forward with be worn at a fancy-dress ball, to be given in smile and a graceful gesture. "So nice to

Sir Rawdon murmurs something to the effect that he is positively overpowered with joy at the idea of seeing her again; but his words sound vague and unmeaning-to himself, at least-and his eyes are not his own to deal with; they wand, r incessantly to the low chair and its lovely occupant, and will not be controlled. "Who is the owner of that

"I think you know everybody," says Lady Dalruth, at the end of a long sentence, not one word of which he heard.

"Not quite all. I have not the happiness of knowing your pretty friend on the hearthrug, or or the lady in the low chair over

"No? Well, time will cure that. The latter is my cousin, Miss Monteith. You would like to be introduced to her? Come, then.' "Evelyn dear, let me introduce to you Sir

Rawdon Dare," she says a moment later. Miss Monteith, turning slowly, lifts her eyes fully to Sir Rawdon's, and, after a calm comprehensive glance, makes him the very faintest salutation.

If he had ever seen this girl before, it is certain that she shows no recognition of ever having seen him. There is no surprised start, remark with the utmost composure; it is some ordinary thing about the beauty of the scenery round, and hardly requires any acknowledgment save a bare "yes," to which she confines herself. If, indeed, some Wild freak of Fate has suddenly changed the Nurse Eva-for whom he has been so persistently searching during all these past interminable months-into this stately repellent girl before him, she is so clad in an impenetrable armor of reserve that he cannot

play such a trick? Is not all this rather some eruelty of his imagination, born of his long

dwelling on one engrossing désire? to speak to her; but though she afways and the one thing you desire out of the comswered him very gently, still her manner mon. further conversation.

Dropping into the background, after a last eyes dilate, and defeat, he finds himself close to an old beau. a certain Sir Harry Loune, who is well!

"Wouldn't look at you, eh" says this old gentleman, with a chuckle. "Don't take that to heart; more than you have got the same tale to tell. She won't look at any one. not even at the best partis. Pretty, isn't she? Good form, eh? Thing of the season next wanted, right or wrong, to introduce her this year, but she wouldn't hear of it. Seems to shrink from publicity. No wonder, too, beauty has made itself so dooced vulgar of late," says the old gentleman, with a shrug

"Yes?" says Dare calmly, but his look is in itself a question. "She's charmin'-charmin'," goes on Sir

Harry, when he has refreshed himself with

about eighteen, her father, Sir Pagan Monteith, you know-ch-what? Don't want to know? Ha, ha! Very good indeed! Well, he wished at that time to force her into a just now." marriage with a most dilapidated personan earl, notwithstanding-quite old enough to be his father. Girl wouldn't hear of this sacrifice at any price, and when pressed to it by angry parent, bolted-no one knows where, unless Lady Dalruth may. For three long years she remained incognita. Odd affair, isn't it? Nobody can explain it."

Dare thinks he could. Again the belief that Miss Monteith and his sweet nurse are one is full upon him; but he retrains from making his thoughts known to this old gos-

"Why can't she say where she was, ch?" says Sir Harry, in a disfinctly aggrieved tone: "this deadly silence is very injurious

"Why should it be injurious to her?" asks

Sir Rawdon, fiercely. He turns upon the old baronet with open wrath in his dark eyes. It is insufferable to hear her name bandied thus from lip to lip. And yet-Her name? Whose name? If he lets this madness overpower him, what will the end be? What has that haughty beauty over there to do with his gentle nurse? Seeing Sir Harry's look of amazement, he

hastens to change his tone. "She looks too proud to be a subject for calumny," he says confusedly, almost apole-

But the old scandal-monger has found him slow, and in nowise a kindred spirit, so he hobbles away from him to where Lady Dalruth is standing. Dare, too wearily disturbed in mind to find amusement in his present surroundings, follows his movements with idle uninterested eyes, but presently is attracted by something he hears him say to his

"Left him at the point of death," said Sir Harry unctuously, "as he thought, but it was nothing of the kind. Gordon recovered almost immediately. One of the Gordons of was a cousin, and thought to come in for the property, d'ye see."

"One of the Gordons of Clayne," is a bosom friend of Sir Rawdon's, so naturally he pricks up his ears.

"What did happen to him?" asked Lady Dalruth, looking interested. "Oh, mere trifle! Nothing vital, at all

events. One fellow told me it was a broken clavicle; another a fractured humerus; but I haven't the faintest idea what either means. "You should ask Evelyn for a translation,"

says Lady Dalruth, with a merry laugh. Miss Monteith, who had been listening silently to the conversation, turns her eyes upon her. Is there entreaty or simple indifference in her glance? If entreaty, it comes too late; Lady Dalruth does not even see it.

"Miss Monteith?" asked Sir Harry. "Yes. Didn't you know she has studied medicine, surgery, and all the rest of it?" "You terrify me," says Sir Harry, with

"That is quite a correct feeling for the occasion. She is really terribly learned. Aren't

She smiles at the girl, as though in pleasant appreciation of a jest that is known to them alone. But Miss Monteith's return

smile is forced and very faint. "Learned? no. But I really have some taste for that sort of thing," she says quietly; and then turns away, as if anxious to terminate the conversation. In so doing, her eyes meet Dare's. There is a pause, in which each regards the other with a strange anxiety. Then the blood slowly mounts to Miss Montenn's brow, until all her lovely face is dyed a warm crimson. Her breath comes quickly; she wavers; then, with a last defiant, contemptuous glance, she moves away and sinks into a chair at the opposite end of the room.

But to Dare there is no longer even a chance for doubt. Just so had she looked at him when, in a moment's passion, he had

called her "Eva" in the hospital and she

rad coldly corrected him; just so, no doubt her large, scornful eyes had rested upon him during that last fateful hour, when he had half declared his love, and had hesitated-

With a terrible sinking of the heart he tells himself that he has sinned past forgiveness

The next morning all the world is elac with snow. The soft white fleecy carpet is covering the land far as the eye can see, and is lying heavily on branch and bough. The Christmas bells are chiming merrily. A soft gray mist is trembling between earth and sky. Over all, the merry sun is shining gay ly. It is indeed an ideal Christmas morn, Luncheon has come and gone, and they

are all standing before the glowing fire in

the neighborhood some time in the ensuing "One gets so tired of the art rags and the past centuries' gown," says Lady Dalruth dejectedly. "Oh, for something new, something bizarre, out of the common! I'm sure I don't know what is to be done about Evelyn. She and I are quite worn out trying to imagine a costume that all the world hasn't seen a hundred times before. The anxiety, has robbed me of my honest sleep for a fortnight past, I have so set my heart on making her a success. But each of my ideas only

seems more crude than the last. Dear Sir Rawdon, do suggest something." An uncontrollable impulse takes hold or Dare. He glances at Miss Monteith, to find she too is looking at him, that dreamy touch of scorn that had offended him last night now wide awake within her large eyes. It

spurs him to his half-determined purpose. "Why not try the dress of a hospital nurse?" he says to Lady Dalruth, pale but smiling. "I don't recollect having ever seen it at a ball before, and I think the pretty little cap and apron would suit Miss Monteith admirably.'

"Sir Rawdon! What can you know about hospital nurses?" says a pretty girl from the opposite side of the hearth-rug, with an

"Didn't you know I was in heapital for many weeks-summer before las: when I smashed myself up?" returns Sir Rawdon distinctly," I don't think I shall ever fergot the kindness I received there; and at all events I know I shall never, under any circounstances, forget-my nurse."

"Ah, grafitude is a charming virtue!" says the pretty girl, with a second laugh. "Was it her can and apron you were thinking of

"Yes. They are indelibly imprinted upon

my brain.' Again he glances at Miss Mon-And, after all, is it she? Could even Fate touth. If she has glown a little whiter it is at least only terre ; ", de to a lover's eves. "The you know, the costume sounds well." she says quita calmiv. "Let us think of it. Once or twice during the evening he tried . Mirabel," turning to Larry Dairntt. "It is

was so cold as to check on every occasion | Lady Dalma,'s answer is a little confused. Miss Montenth looks tull at Sir. Rawdon, her

"it, what a dea, of scorn looks beautifu. In the contempt and anger of her age known to everybody and to whom everybedy | With a little passionate movement of the hand, unseen by all but him, she crosses the room with slow graceful step, and disappears through the doorway.

> It takes Sir Rawdon but a moment to invent some tille speech, that leaves him, too, free to quit the apartment without arousing suspicion of the real motive of his departure. Finding himself in the hall, he comes to a standstill, and asks himself what it is he means to do. He cannot forget that last glance of hers, or the passionate anger contained in it. He feels he would give half his possessions to be able honestly to hate her. by W. J. Wilson, Kingston.

but yet knows, by the sheer impossibility of his being able to do this, that he loves her. As he stands irresolute, one of the footmen passes through the hall. Then and there a sudden resolution comes to Sir Rawdon. He will go to her, tell her all-lay bare his heart to her, and, if it must be, hear from her own lips the "No" that will blast his life forever. Anything will be better than this crushing

"In the library, sir, Saw her go in there

Opening the library door he enters the room, and finds himself alone with her.

She is standing at the far window, and, with a little start, acknowledged his entrance. He would have gone to her, but with a certain impulsive eagerness, she too, moves and meets him half way. That her

late anger is still warm within her eyes is, known to him at the hr-t giance. "So-now you know me," she says defiantly, "are you satisfied? Is your curiesity

"I knew you from the first moment. Was I likely to forget?"

"That is the bitterness of it," she says, "Are those three salt years of my life never

to be obliterated?" "From my mind, never! The few weeks I claim out of them were the happiest of my

"What brings you to me now?" demands she suddenly. "Is there more you will still

learn as to the why and the wherefore of my going into hospitals as a nurse? I warn you I shall give no exidanation. "I do not desire one," says Dare humbly;

"I know all about it. Your father's tyranny; your escape from a marriage with that vile old man; your life in hospital-everything. Do you hate me all the more because I know "Hate you-no!" There is studied con-

tempt in the curl of her lip, "Hatred is a strong sentiment; what I feel for you is only She goes back to her former position in the

window, as though to terminate the interview. But he, having "east his all upon the die," makes one more effort for dear life. He follows her there. "Even the worst criminals get a fair hear-

ing." he says. "Let me plead my cause." "No. It would be waste of time."

"At least tell me of what I stand accused," "Listen, then!" exclaims she, turning to him with flashing eyes, "When unkind Fate sent you to that hospital a year and a half ago, and you saw me there day after day, a mere nurse, and -as you believed-unknown and obscure, you deigned to faney yourself in love with me. Your momentary infatuation went even so far, that as the hour approached that was to put an end forever to our intercourse with each other, driven by some paerile impulse, you deemed it even possible to declare your love, and offer me your name. But when it came to the point, you quailed; you drew back your half-uttered words; you shrank from allying yourself with one beneath you. My feelings were as nothing to you. Knowing myself scorned, rejected, without being afforded so much as the poor gratification of being able to refuse might never see your face again. Do you think," with a painful sob, "I shall ever forgive all that?"

"Hear me. "I will not. If your life, and heart, and title were all at my feet now, I--" "They are at your feet."

"Then I reject them," returns she with

"As you will. But at least you shall listen to what I have to say in my defense," says Dare with dignity. "That morning of which you speak-my last in the hospital-I truly meant, as you say, to tell you of my love." "Meant?" And then you hesitated."

"I did," says Dare simply. "My name and the honor of my house is dear to me. 'Is it a crime beyond forgiveness that I should have paused before offering that name and honor to a woman who, though the most beautiful and lovable in the world, was still-un-

"Why should you seek to excuse yourself?" interrupts Miss Monteith haughtily;"I know

"Inere is, however, one thing that you do not know. You saw that I did hattle with myself that morning, but you did not wait the termination of it. Love and duty fought a hard fight, but when it was over, you-that is Love-had won the victory; I raised my

searched for you everywhere; I advertised, all to no purpose. For eighteen months I sought for you-in vain." Her face is turned away from him now, but a faint sound, that is either a sigh or a

head again to tell you all-to beseech you to

be my wife, but you were gone. Later on I

"About all this you must believe me not, as you will," says Dare quietly. "I have only my simple word to give you, but it is at least a word that has never yet been dishonored. Will you not say something to me?"

"All I have to say has been said long ago. I cannot forgive you," says Miss Monteith, but as she says it she bursts into tears. "I will not accept such words from your

lips," exclaims Dare, with deep agitation. And then all in a moment his arms are round her and his cheek pressed to hers. "Beloved," he says, "have pity on me! Just think of it! You who have a name as mine, can you not understand the struggle I

"I can," murmured she sadly; "and yes, honor you for it. But-" Here her voice fails. "Oh, if you could only know what I

suffered!" she says, sobbing bitterly. "I do know it. It was just half what suffered, returns he, gravely. "O darling, put an end to my misery note-here! Of the two I am the more to be pitied, because if you still prove unkind my unhappiness will last forever. Eva, speak to me." "Evelyn," corrects she, softly.

"Ah, of course. But you must remember how long you have been 'Eva' to me. What an eternity lies in that year and a half! The very length of my wretchedness should buy "You are a special pléader," whispers she;

and then she makes him a present of a little arch smile, and a tender glance from under her drenched lashes. "Tell me you love me," persists he. "I cannot-yet. There is first some-

"Nothing that shall separate us," declares

dreadful time when you were ill?" triumphantly. "Had a letter from her only vesterday. She has been in India with her husband for the past four years, or probably you would have seen her at the hospital during that locky time when I was ill. Now, what have you got to say". He is fast waxing into the wildest spirits.

"Nothing," returns she demurely; "so now let us go back to the others." She makes a movement as though to go to

the door, but he seizes her. "and you sha'n't go without confessing it. Now then you will marry me?"

"And you are sure you love me?" "As superas size can be " says Miss Monteith sclennil), with a shameless disregard of mardenia reserve.

ERILOR'S VITALLIZER IS what you need for consumption, loss of appetite, dizziness an i all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by W. J. Wil-

Catarrh cured health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. Sold

In Season

It is now in season to warn our readers J. Doran, 10; C. Percy, 44; L. Clow, against the sudden attacks of cholera, cramps, colic, and the various bowel complaints incident to the season of rire fruit vegetables etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the grand specific for

"Where is Miss Monteith?" he asks the ... Murray & Lanman's Florida Water is probably the simplest and purest perfume ever made, being absolutely nothing more then the delicious fragrance of rare flowers, preserved and made permanent, and it is doubtless to this purity of composition that its immense popularity is in a

great measure to be ascribed.

A Malarial Neighborhood People so unfortunate as to reside in a malarial region should cleanse and thoroughly tone up the system with Burdock Blood Bitters, that promptly acts upon Loyst, 21: W. N. York, 34. R. Wheeler, the stomach bowels, liver and kidneys, thus preventing ague and all bilious com. Kring, 26; J. N. Whittle, 42; S. Babcock, plaints. An ounce of prevention is worth | 34; F. S. Baker, 29; E. O. Robbins, 30.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. Sold by W. J. Wilson, Kingston.

To the Ladies. McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate wil ure any case of Pimples on the tace Rough Skin on either hands or face, and leave them soft as silk. It will also heal any sore when all other preparations fail. Thousands have tested it. Ask your druggist for McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate and do not be persuaded to take anything else claimed to be as good. It is bu 25 per box at Chown's drug store,

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve 15. W. Marshall, 25. Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis

Sold by W. J. Wilson, Kingston.

Do Your Children Have fits or convulsions, grind their teeth. pick their nose, have a bad breath, or a changeable appetite? Are they restless or feverish at night? If so ask your druggist for Dr. Smith's German Worm Remedy (take no other), it only costs 25 cents. simple safe, and pleasant to take. If there are no worms it removes the slime and bile that breeds them, tones up the system. and will save many a doctor's bill. A word to the wise, etc. Thousands of testimoni-

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by W. J. Wilson, Kingsten.

Prominent among the greatest medical discoveries, by the many cures it has effect ed, McGregor's Speedy Cure leads the van. Subjected to the minutest chemical analysis it has been found to contain none of those injurious ingredients characterizing the worthless specifics daily offered to the public. Every ingredient possesses a peculiar adaptability to the various complaints for which it has been compounded, and its efficacy is being established by testimonials you, I left the room, hoping, praying I hourly received. We are, therefore, confident that we have a préparation which we can offer to the public with the assurance that it will be found not only a relief but an absolute cure for Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation and Im. 2. Private W. Hammond, 36; No. 3, pure blood. Free trial bottles at Chown's | Sergt. Robert Hawkey, 36; No. 4, Sergt.

> that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the Beaubien, 30; No. 10, Private John H. remedy for you. Sold by W. Wilson,

> You do not want to try experience but Henesty the Best Policy.
>
> An honest medicine is the noblest work. resort to the old and well tested means that afforded relief in the past. When your of man and we can assure our readers corns ache don't take the first article offer that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not only reliable but is almost infallible to cure cholera morbus, dysentery. canker of the stomach and bowels, and the various summer complaints, whose attacks are often sudden and fatal.

Sold by W.J. Witson, Kingston.

BANGING AT BULL'S EYE.

Members of the 47th Rattalien at the Butts-Some of Them Good at Target Practice.

The 47th Batt. did wonderfully well at the butts, and the score sheets, now complete, are an evidence of this fact. The local corps is the largest in camp, and the performers of its companies are therefore of greatest significance. We append a summary of the figures thus :

No. 1 Company - Sergeants M. Walker, 19; T. Hartley, 36; S. J. Hughes, 24; Corporals Love, 14; W Coverny, 19; Jamieson 16; Jas. Hartley, (bugler), 29; Privates R. Coleman, 20; D. Cunningham, 11; A. David, 21; Irwin, 27; Marshall, 15; Dalbertson, 3; F. Dugall, 12 . R. Kirkpatrick, 9; W. McGalie, 17; McDonald, 16; R. McGregger, 16; J. Doyle, 12; W. Parks, 31; Tetlock, 14; Nager, 17; G. Watts, 19; Blair, 23 Milsap, 11; F. Lee, 6; Kirkpatrick, 26; A Maybee, 25; Waggoner, 16; Mc-Grath, 13; S. Dick, 0; Chisley, 19; J. King, 13; G. Babcock, 19; Teho, 37; J. Hutchison, 20; W. Nelson, 23; J. Dugan, 11; W. Babcock, 20; G. Brewer, 0;

Burns, 32; Reid, 15. No. 2 Company—Sergeants Healey, 33; C. Campbell, 30; J. M. Orr, 33; Corporals, W. Collins, 28; J. Crothers, 15; J. S. Babcock, 23; J. Barclay, 28 J. Cains, 34; J. Graves, 24; W. Gummer, 18; D. Graham, 30; T. Gardiner, 21; W. Hammond, 30; J. Hartwick, 27; W Hartwick, 24; J. Hogan, 32; J. Hendrie, 27; J. Hurd, 30; G. Jamieson, 19; F 28; T. L. Peters, 28; T. Provis, 29; A. J. Shav, 22; A. O. Beur, 25; H. Martin, 32; Daniel Badgeley, 28; Jas. Anderson,

35; Albert York, 25. No. 3 Company. - Sergt. T. Hawkey. 20: R. Hawkey, 36: W. Moore, 25; "There may be. Who-who was that 'Alys' | Corporals A. Ferguson, 25; H. McAdon, you were always raving about during that | 20; N. Clarke, 18: Privates J. Arnold, 16; S. Babcock, 14; N. Campbell, 0; G. "Alvs! My sister, of course!" says he | Clark, 13; J. Dougherty, 12; P. Doyle, 29; J. Esford, 10; T. Empey, 22; Grav. 12: W. Golly. 15: H. Grimason, 17: J. Hamilton, 16: W. Johnson, 9: J. Linegar, 9; J. Lipsitt, 14; S. Lewis, 12; J. Murray, 17; R. McDonald, 17; H. McKiver, 15: M. Nix, 11: H. Mueroe, 19: J. Orser, 11: J. O'Malley, 8: J One, 19; T. O'Grady, 14; H. Power, 11; G. Suddard, 35; J. Suddard, 15; J. "Oh, yes, there is something!" he says, Stanley, 23; J. Smith, 16; E. Traynor, 21: J. Woodruff, 25; D. Williamson, 2: Jules Lesbutz, 2G.

No. 4 Company-Sergts, W. Atkins, 25; Alex. Atkins, 31; H. Baiden, 28; Corporals, J. Payne, 13; Geo. McAuley. 21: A. Bennett, 27; R. Anderson, 12: T. Asselstine, 22; F. Ault, 21; H. Cambridge, 22; W. Connors, 15; H. Connollv. 26; J. Graham, 26; R. Graham, 14; P. Flynn, 27: T. Kennedy, 13: A. Mc-Geen, 9; W. Newman, 12; A. Payne, 27; T. Payne, 24; R. Patterson, 9; H. Stratford, 18; E. Sullivan, 11; H. Stevens, 23; W. Foster, 19, N. Cairus, 23;

E. Lisseter, 17; R. Thompson, 16. No. 7 Company-Sergt. H. Coe, 28; Corpl. Shay, 28; Corpl. Volger., 31; Privates W. Pritchard, 39; D. Homestead, 19; G. Daly, 20; J. Long, 10; W. H. Walker, 20: A. Verratt, 20: B. Bab cock, 22; J. Gibbs, 18; H. Burnett. 17: 20 : E. Mullen, 18 : J. Ashwin, 19 : F Moon, 16; J. Tryan, 25; R. Brownley, W. Jenkins, 2; J. Love, 4; G. Shotts

No. 8 Company-A. D. Allan, 22: D. McGregor, 22; W. Hardey, 21; T. Hinchey, 19; T. Copeland, 25; W. Coulter, 24; W. McGregor, 19; S. Palmateer, 28; H. Martin, 26; M. Percy, 20; B. Thompson, 28; A. Wager, 28; R. B own, 23; E. C. Wager, 25; J. Baker, 27; W. J. Hinchey, 19; E. J. Wager, 29; D. Bagley, 27; N Palmateer, 23; L. Doney, 25; J. Parks, 25; H. Thompson, 22; H. Smith, 28; S. Kring, 25; A. O. Benn, 22; J. Connors, 26; E. Cousens, 34; R. Bell, 33; H. Wheeler, 16; J. Loyst, 35; W. B. Grant, 30; A. N. Allen, 32; G. 22 : D. Monck, 21 ; G. Bagley, 23 ; R.

N. 9 Company. - Staff-Sergt. Filson, 28; Sergt. H. Filson, 23; Sergt. R. R. Burleigh, 12 : Sergt. J. Montgomery, 19: Corpl. S. Glen, 13; Corpl. R S. Atkin. 17; Corpl. T. Smith, sr., 26: Pt. T. Cochran, 26; G. Wemp, 21; W. McWillan. 2; D. Marshall, 15; J. Smith. 6; W. Filson, 20; R. Fleming, 2; D. Lawson, J: H. Richards, 18; G. Gain, 20 R. Henderson, 25; M. Gettings, 5; J. McMillan, 8: R. Thómpson, 18: John Wright, 13; W. Hobart, 10; H. Fleming, 14; D. McCangherty, 23; W. Bieubien. 30 : A. Ashlaw, 8; W. McMaster. Flemings, 20; T. Smith, 9; B. Burns, 20; C. Thompson, 16; Hught McPhee,

No. 10 Company-Sergt. Mabel, 22: Sergt. Brown, 25; Sergt. Amey, 19 Corpt. Howard, 6; Corpl. Clark 18; Corpl. Babcock, 33; Bugler Fraser, 0; Private C. Clark, 14: Private Larkins. 27: Private Thompson, 29: Private Wilkinson, 17: Private Nugent, 7: A Lee, 8; J. Walker, 9; Private Hawley. : Private Bradford, 8; Private Birtrim, 18: Private Young 14: Private Kinne. 3: Private Schermerhon, 14; Private Laughlin, 19; Private Roblin, 24; Private Boyce, 15; Private Watts, 14; Private Weldon, 4; Private Johnson, 0; Private Smith, 11; Private McConneil, 23: Private Smith, 9: Private Schultz. 0; Private Emberley, 21; Private Asselstine, 3; Private Cronk, 11; Private Card, 7: Private Hartman, 2: Private J. Hawley, 19; Private T. Wade, 26; Sergt. M. James, 18; Private D. Lake, 20; Private D. Walker, 16; Private J. W. Babcock, 21; Sergt. Baillie, 11. POINTS IN COMPANIES.

200 yds. 400 yds 500 yds. Total. 160 No. 1 Co.....327 280 1002 No. 2 Co....363 701 197 120 1092 148 No. 9 Co.....249 The best shots of the various compan-

ies were: No. 1, Private Teho, 37; No. Alex. Atkins, 31; Wm. Pritchard, 39; pless nights, made miserable by No. 8, Sergt. J. W. Wilkes, 42; W. Babcock, 33. In the Hour of Need.

> ed to for the purpose, viz., to remove the troublesome corns and to do this without pain, and to do it promptly. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has been used for many years. It has never be known to fail. Putnam's Extractor makes no comforts. It works nicely and efficiently. Aug.6th.

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To the Farmers of the Surrounding Counties:

Having completed our Fall Purchase we have much pleasure in saying that we have the Largest and Cheapest Stock of

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IN THE CITY

25; E. Alport, 30; Privates, S. Alport, Below you will find a few of the Hundred of Bargains we will offer :

Good Yard Wide Home Made Flannel at 25c., worth 40c. Leatherland, 28: S. LaFleur, 32; S. Mar. Good Heavy Union Flannel Shirting at 10c. per yard. tin, 26; W. McDonald, 20; S. Peters, Solid Check Home Made Flannel reduced to 23c. per yard. Rea, 28; W. Silver, 24; P. Shooelou, 27; Ask to see our Plain and Check Full Cloth at 75c., real cheap at 65c.

Best Cotton Yarn only 75c, per bundle.

Best Carpet Warp at \$1.00, sold elsewhere at \$1.25. 50 Bales Best & Heaviest Cotton Grain Bags at \$2.25 a doz. Thousands pairs of White and Grev Blankets from \$1.50 up. 250 Good Canada Tweed Suits from \$5.00.

175 Pairs Heavy Full Cloth Pants from \$2.00 a pair. H. Ferling, 13; J. Gallagher, 25; W. Men's Grev Ribbed Shirts and Drawers at 25c. each.

> It will pay Every Farmer to call and examins the Bargains we offer before purchasing elsewhere, and we will convince you that

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Is the True Farmers' Friend & Opponent of High Prices.

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MAN

Buys his Groceries from HENDRY & THOMPSON, which makes him look so Happy.

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18: S. Spears, 22: W. Chown, 10: Geo. GREAT ATTRACTION TO THE MONSTER CHEAP

Sale of New Fall Dry Goods at the CHEAPSIDE.

BISONETTE BOWES Will commence their Big Sale on TUESDAY NEXT and continue it for two weeks. Wonderful Bargains will be offer-

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In addition to our already Large and Complete Fall Stock we have just opened up

32 CASES & BALES Of Special Bargains purchased at Clearing Sales. We have

bought whole lines and offer Dress Goods away down in price.

Sept. 17th.

ed. Call and see us and bring your friends.

fweeds and Cloths at special rates. Underwear-better value than ever thought of, Ulsterings, Matalasse Clonkings, Ottoman Clonkings, Silk Soliels, Scalettes, &c., cheapest and largest variety we ever held,

Flannels, Brankets and Comforters cheaper than ever. HARDY&MURRAY

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HARVEST MITTS Straw and Barley Forks, BEST MACHINE OILS WARRANTED SATISFACTORY AT

JOHN CORBETT'S. That hacking cough can be so quickly deep holes in the flesh, hard to heal and cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. more troublesome than the original dis-