HAVE YOU

Scalding scusations?
Swelling of the ankles?
Vague feelings of unrest? Frothy or brick-dust fluids? Acid stomach? Aching lous? Cramps, growing nervousness?

dtrange screness of the bowels?

Unaccountable languid feelings? Short breath and pleuritic 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

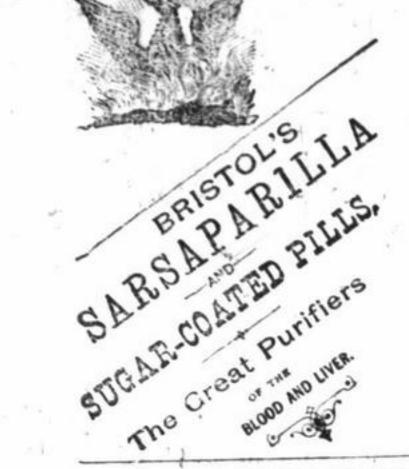
of the bowels? Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark

Chills and fever? Burning patches of BRIGHT DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

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, apeplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue. and then death is inevitable. This fearful disease is not a season of the convulsions of the ease is not a rare one—it is an every day dis-order, and claims more victims than any other com laint.

It must be treated in time or it will gain the mastery. Don't neglect it. Warner's -AFE. 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 speci-ne for the universal



HARD and SOFT WOOD

If You Want THE DRIEST, CHEAPEST and BEST Hard Maple and Beach Cordwood, Oak, Birch, Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood, Sewed or Unsawed. OR IF YOU WANT

Kindling Wood (Dry), or Stove Josl, Nut [Coal No. 4 Coal. Soft Coal or Blacksmith's Coal, go

CRAWFORD & CO. N B.—Orders left at the Grocery Store of Jas.
Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt
attention. The Telephone communication.
April 10.

PROGRESSIVE! PRACTICAL! POPULAR

Lambert & Walsh. MERCHANT TAILORS, - . 175 PRINCESS ST., (Routley's Block), Kingston.

Fall and Winter Styles now ready. Suitings, Overcoatings, Trouserings, of every

First-Class Tailoring at Lowest Prices.

Fit and Workmanship guaranteed. We buy only goods which we know will give satisfaction in wearing. Prices marked in plain figures and as low as

they can possibly be brought. No two prices, but straight fair dealing. -A TRIAL SOLICITED,-

LAMBERT & WALSH, Princess St., Kingston.

AT A. STRACHAN'S

HARDWARE STORE

MACHINE OIL for 35c. per imperial AXLE GREASE, 4 boxes for 25c. THRESHING MITTS for 40c. per pair.

You can buy

We are selling Hardware, Paints, Oils, Glass &c , cheaper than any Hardware Store between Toronto and Montreal. Give us a call and be convinced.

A. STRACHAN, Cor. Princess & Montreal Sts.

\$500 Reward.

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 39 Pills, 25 cents, For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations, The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 81 and 83 King Street East, Toronto, Ontario. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, n receipt of a three cent stamp. W. J. Wilson, Drugg st Kingston, Ont.

June 13th.

Wool Carding, Spinning and Cloth DRESSING.

THE undersigned beg to announce to the public that they are prepared in their mill AT WASHBURN. To do all work in the above lines, and they fe confident of giving their patrons entire sati FOSTER ESTATE."

Washburn WASHBURN MILL AGENCY.

H. Hayden,

FOUR AND FEED STORE, Brock Street, Kingston,

Will act as Agent for Washburn Woolen Mills. MONEY TO LEND.

CURRENT RATES OF INTEREST MACDONNELL & MUDIE, Clarence Street, Kingston,

ON REAL ESTATE at six or seven per sem KIRKPATRICK & BOGERS. Ontario Street Kingstor, [Feb. 6th, 1881.

Dr. Alice McGillivray, DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN a specialty. No. 14 Montreal treet, next to M.H. Church, Kingston.

DR ANGLIN, 52 Earl Street near King Street.

THE TWO ROSENBERGS.

make of it.

father or mother.

In the meantime the recruits had

gathered and stood in line. A lower

officer stood before them, waiting for the stroke of the bell. "Attention!"

"Will you have the goodness to stay

with the recruits, dear Rosenberg?

lieutenant's hands in deep agitation,

needed to rest and collect himself be-

with him in regard to further proceed-

Lieut. Rosenberg watched the cap-

tain disappear round the corner; then

he laughed, and exclaimed: "Well,

morning! Good morning! How goes

Lindemann did so. "How can

it with you? Come here a moment.

"Did you just meet our captain?"

"Did anything about him surprise

"Ah! Now, you see-I thought he

schnapps or eaten too much break-

"Well, there is certainly something

.. What brought you to such a conclu-

"Why, just think! When I came up

to him he asked me how my father

"Well, why should he not ask you?"

Rosenberg the first looked at him in

"Why should be not ask me?" be

serve you, Rosenberg?" he asked.

"Very much; he was in tears."

the habit of doing so.

wrong with him.

amazement.

repeated.

nothing like it in all the world!"

A certain man named Rosenberg, who belonged to a well-known battery and had married very young, had a son whom he allowed to enter the same battery when he was 18. But as the father had not been promoted very rapidly, it happened that he and his son were second lieutenants at the same time, the father just entering his fortieth year and the son his twentieth. In spite of the difference in age, the father looked younger than his son, who had come into the world with an old face; and if the father's gray hair could have been exchanged for the coal-black locks of his son there is no doubt but that he would have been taken for his son, and vice versa, especially as there was a marked resemblance in face and figure. They became known as Rosenberg the first and Rosenberg the second. After the death of his wife the father

and his son separated and took bachelors' quarters, which pleased Rosenberg the second, as it gave him more freedom. But the father who had been used to society, soon grew tired of it, and invited to his rooms all the officers who visited the little garrison. This was not of frequent occurrence, but it afforded occasional new experiences. It was a great pleasure to the old officer to watch the unpacking of his comrades' trunks. There was always something new to be seen that people of this little, out-of-the-way place had never heard of, and concerning which the curiosity of Rosenberg the first led him to inform himself very minutely. One day an officer of the White dragoons came to the garrison, who, although no longer a young man, had very black, glossy hair. One Sunday morning Lieutenant Rosenberg the first entered the room of his guest without knocking, just as "he was drawing the cork from a bottle that he had taken out of his satchel.

"What have you so fine?" asked the curious host. "A flask of cologne water-or perhaps a cordial for the. stomach?"

This sudden appearance seemed to surprise his guest rather unpleasantly. He hastily put the cork into the bottle and set it behind a curtain out of

"Oh, it is water-for the scalp," he muttered." "For what?" asked Rosenberg.

"For the scalp. "Oh!" he said; and continued: "You

the strange officer, and he turned the

was about to take his departure, but

Rosenberg the first could not allow

that until he had ordered his own old

horse, and mounted it to accompany

his friend of the White dragoons to

the city limits, where he left-him, and

rode home again. When he arrived

there and saw the sun streaming in, he

went to close the blinds, and discover-

ed behind the curtain the bottle that

his guest had forgotten. His first im-

pulse was to hasten after him with it.

But the second thought was that the

officer would have a start of an hour

before he could overtake him. He had

only an hour at his disposal, as he

must be on duty after that. The bot-

tle could remain where it was until his

comrade returned, or if he never did

return he probably knew where to get

more. The old officer examined it on

all sides. It was a plain white bottle,

without a label, and half full of a fluid

like clear water. "What things people

will contrive?" he thought; while he

shook first his head and then the bot-

tle. "This benefit his head! What

nonsense! I believe it is good for

nothing." He drew out the cork, held

right eye, and took a good sniff of it.

"It is clear water," he said. "My

comrade has done well. Such stuff

would make me white-clear, well

water. I might play a joke on my

friend of the White dragoons. I will

pour this out, and put in some other.

When he returns he will use it on his

head and imagine it has helped him.

Then I will laugh at the old boy. Ha!

room, poured the contents of the bottle

into the wash-bowl, and then filled it

"There," he ex laimed, putting the

cork in, "I shall enjoy that, when my

friend returns. This will help him as

little as the other, and he will soon

find out that it never amounted to any-

thing. That do any good! Ha! ha!

He then put his hand in the wash-

"Now, if that has any effect, my

name is Hans," said he. "To-morrow

morning my head will look just as it

does now. But I must be off to the

square to drill the recruits. It is a

quarter of an hour too early, but it

will make no difference, and one never

knows what may delay him on the

way." So he put on his cap, fastened

on his saber, and walked leisurely to-

ward the market-place. When he

reached there he found the captain

·Having had nothing to pass away

the time with, the captain thought he

would go down to the square and have

a little chat with Rosenberg the first,

if he should happen to be down some-

what early. He smiled with satisfac-

tion as he saw that officer coming

around the corner, but when he had

come a few steps nearer his face fell

with disappointment. Still he spoke

to the man who approached him, and

said: "Good morning, dear Rosen-

Lieut. Rosenberg the first looked

very much surprised at this unexpect-

ed question, and stared at his superior

"Your father is well, I hope," con-

"My father?" 'said the lieutenant,

"Certainly, your father. I thought

I spoke plainly enough. What is there

so wonderful about my inquiring for

"The captain is very kind," said

"I do not understand you. Why

"Great heavens! because my father

"The old man turned pale. "Dead!

Your father dead?" said he, with trem-

bling voice. "My God! How did it

"He fell from his horse and broke

The captain clasped his hands and

shook his head in horror. "Oh, oh,

oh!" said he, over and over. "Oh,

Lieut. Rosenberg the first looked at

you poor fellow, you poor fellow!"

Rosenberg the first; "but I am very

tinued Capt. Klohn, now also some-

berg. How is your father?"

officer instead of answering.

still as puzzled as before.

the health of your father?"

much surprised indeed."

is dead, captain."

what surprised.

there before him.

basin, held his head over it, and wash-

ed his hair until his arm ached.

half full of water from the pitcher.

With this decision he wents to his

"Certainly: way not?" "Because he never oil so before." have a very clean, beautiful scalp." "What of that? Everything must "That is what makes it," have a beginning. What is there spec-"And such black hair." fally to wonder at in that?" This was evidently very annoving to

"What is there to wander at? I do not see how you. Lindemann, a sensiconversation in another direction. The ble man, could it place after a man who next morning he returned his thanks for the hospitality he had received, and "Dead! Do you jest? No one

should speak lightly of such things, my dear Rosenberg. "I have no pleasure in joking about

such things; but I certainly can say that my father is dead." Lieut. Lindemann's face grew very long, and he turned as pale as Capt.

Klohn had before him. "Can it b true? Can it be possible?" he said. "But tell me, for God's sake how it happened. "He fell from his horse and broke

his neck." Lieut. Lindemann's arms fell by his side, and his breathing was heavy and painful. Rosenberg the first looked with wonder at Lindemann, who grasped his hand and said: 'My poor, poor friend!" He wiped a manly tear from his eyes, and turned away in the direction he had come. "God comfort you!" he cried. "Heaven send you strength to bear it!

"He must be crazy." thought Rosenberg the first, staring after him in utter bewilderment, "or has he had too; hearty a breakfast. Only one of the two can be possible-only one of those

the bottle to his left nostril, closed his But when fifteen minutes later the sergeant came to look around and see if all was in order, and took the liberty of inquiring for his father's health. Rosenberg became angry. "Is it a plot!" he exclaimed. "They are trying to play a trick on me. But I am too old to allow such a thing, especially at the expense of my father; that will not pass-I certainly will not allow it. As soon as the training of the recruits is over I will go to the captain and report, and if he is at the head of the conspiracy it is all the same to me. I will not be responsible for

> Let us leave the old officer standing on the market-place raging inwardly and see what Rosenberg the second is doing. He came out of his rooms in the best of spirits, carefully picked a speck of dust with his thumb and forefinger from his left arm, and sauntered down the street with a complacent smile on his lips, not knowing exactly where he wished to go. He met Lieut. Lindemann. "Heavens! What a ghastly face!" said Rosenberg the second to him. "You look as though you had had some frightful misfor-

Lieut. Lindemann stared at this speech. "Rosenberg, I don't understand you," he finally said.

"What don't you understand, old fellow? That I wonder at your doleful expression? It is not usually so. Come with me into the restaurant. We will take a glass of wine together. Lindemann shook his head, as if the

conduct of his friend was wholly incomprehensible. "I am in a good humor to-day; I invite you to breakfast," continued Lieut. Rosenberg. "Come," and he turned

to take his arm. But Lindemann drew back. "You have consoled yourself very quickly, he said bitterly. "Consoled! What have I to console

myself for?" "Rosenberg, I do not understand you. I would not have expected such ack of feeling from you.'

"Lack of feeling! What do you "Well, I should not have thought when one's father was dead-

Rosenberg's face grew serious a once, and he grasped Lindemann's hand. "Oh! forgive me," he said with tender sympathy in his voice. "I did not know that-though I might have surmised something from your sad face. My poor friend! forgive me, and permit me to offer my sincere sym-

This was too much for Lieut. Lindemann. "Know what? Now, have done," he said, red with anger. "That is enough-my very soul rises up against such flippancy. Your father is not yet under the ground, and you begin to be merry!"

"Your grief has bewildered you, Lindemann," replied Rosenberg earnestly: "You are confusing me with "How so? I do not see it."

"Or your father with mine. But, my friend, your father is dead, not "My patience is exhausted" said

you bold your own father in such little honor. My father, thank God, is well. I had a letter from him yesterday. If he were dead, my sister would certainly have telegraphed to me."

he called, as the first clang trembled "Well, that is good. Why do you in the church tower. To a soldier duty comes before all else, eating or "For your father, unhappy, frivoldrinking, house or home, wife or child, ous, incomprehensible man "My father!" said Lieut. Rosenberg,

"Certainly. For whom else? He said the old captain. "They cannot be fell from his horse and broke his neck." left without a head." He pressed the Rosenberg the second turned deathly pale. "I did not know a word of and then added: "Adieu! adieu! dear he stammered. "Who told you?" Rosenberg," while bright tears fell "Who told me? Why, you, yourfrom the old soldier's eyes down on his

bushy beard. "Auf wiedersehen! God "How, I? That is impossible." comfort you! dear Rosenberg. God have not seen you to-day." comfort you!" He turned and went "Have not seen me? You called me with faltering steps to his home, the a half hour ago, on the Market square, shock having weakened him so that he to tell me the dreadful news."

Rosenberg the second looked anxfore calling the sergeant to advise iously at his friend. "Lindemann," said he, "I believe there is something wrong with you." "Quite the contrary. It seems to

me there is something wrong with

You told this same thing to

never saw anything like it. There is Capt. Klohn!" "Capt. Klohn! I have not seen him Just then another officer came from the same direction which the captain "But I have. I met him as he came had gone. "Lindemann!" called from the market-place, and his face Rosenberg, as he was passag. "Good

was full of tears. He said you staid with the recruits that you had undertaken to drill for your father." Now Rosenberg the second became angry too. "Did Capt. Klohn tell you

that," he asked, "with his own mouth? Then I will go to the captain at once. If I told him that my father was dead he certainly is not, and so it must be that your father is dead. Some father must be, for such a story never came must have been too free with his from nothing." With that he took his saber under his arm and stalked off, in a very agitated frame of mind, to "What do you mean? He is not in the captain's house.

The captain was sitting in his room, unable to control himself, when his servant entered and announced that Lieut. Rosenberg was at the door and wished to know if he could speak to him. "Certainly, certainly," he said;

"show him in." The next moment Lieut. Rosenberg the second appeared. "My poor young friend!" said the captain, "it was very hard on you, under such sorrowful circumstances, to stay by those recruits so long I met Lieut. Lindemann and intended to ask him to relieve you, but when I told him-the sad news I forgot it. Do not be angry, my young friend. The sudden blow has completely upset

equally upset. Before he could speak. the family inheritance. As regards the the captain's short speech confirmed recent passing of an act of parliament what Lieut, Lindemann had told him, dealing with the Towneley estates, the But he had not been near the recruits. | American account is, so far, correct, inand had not spoken either to the cap- asmuch as such an act was passed last tain or Lindemann. It was a story lit session. It is an act of enormous dimen-

The captain was about to insist upon \ least, and setting forth, with the fullest the young officer being seated, when details, the whole story of the Towne- Of Special Bargains purchased at Clearing Sales. We have his thick-headed, red-headed attendant | leys from the beginning. But that act entered the door again. "Captain-at | does not, as the American claimants say, the door is-" he began, and then decide to pay Towneley moneys over to glanced at the young officer, and his them. It was passed in order to legalize head became thicker and redder than

"Well, what is it?" urged the old captain. "At the door is -is-" "Well, will you let it out? Who is

"Lieut. Rosenberg." he answered with trembling. "He wished me to ask if he could speak with you a mo-

The captain and the young lieutenant looked at each other. Lieut. Rosenburg! If he was at the door he could not be dead, too. A gleam of light

"Lieut. Rosenberg the first?" asked Capt. Klohn of his servant, who stared again at the other as if a spirit stood

"The captain will pardon me," he replied; "it is Lieut. Rosenberg the sec-

The two men turned to each other in bewilderment. "Lieut. Rosenberg the second!" re-

sible—he is here." "Yes, I certainly see that," said the fellow: "but Lieut. Rosenberg the sec-

ond is also outside the door. "You are crazy, fellow. You evidently can not see very well," and Capt. Klohn turned to the officer. "You surely are here. And while you are here, you can not come again.

The lieutenant did not know what to say, so he said nothing. "Let him come in," said Capt.

The boy shuddered, cast an appeal ing look, muttered as if saying his prayers, and went out-stumbling over his own feet. A moment later Lieut. Rosenberg the first entered. New and speechless astonishment. The boy also stepped in to see the result.

You are Lieut. Rosenberg the second?" asked the captain at last. "The captain will excuse me. I am

Lieut. Rosenberg the first.' Poor Capt. Klohn's head whirled. "That is impossible," said he. "In that case you would be your own father and father of the other Rosenberg. the second, and that can't be, for i you were your own father you would be dead, and could not be here. Heavens! How my head aches! This agi-

But all the time the two lieutenants had been looking at each other's eyes. "Father! your hair has turned black," said the son.

"What! My hair black?" he answered. Then he stepped before a mirror, and looked in. "It is." said he in consternation. "There was never such a thing before. That blamed stuff is what did it.'

Capt. Klohn now stepped behind "Oh!" he exclaimed, "you have dyed your hair so that I didn't know you, and asked you how your father was, and you very naturally wondered at it. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! And you told me your father was dead. But how did you know about it," turning to Rosenberg the second. "I met Lieut. Lindemann."

"Oh, yes," roared the old captain, "I met Lieut. Lindemann, too. That is a good story, an excellent story." "That is an excellent story," peated the boy, who was slapping his left hand with his right hand in great

"Will you hold your tongue, .boy!" growled the captain. "I will, Herr Captain."- Translated the German by Margaret G.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, FOR THROAT AFFECTIONS. ...

Dr. F. B. Philpott, Salisbury, Mo., says "I have used scott's Emulsicn in glandular diseases, and throat affections, with uniformly good results. It is the only preparation of Cod Liver Oil I use."

THE TOWNELEY ESTATE. FACES OF WHICH SOME OF THE HEIRS HAVE NOT BEEN AWARE.

A number of American papers recent ly published an account of certain claims to an enormous sum of money and to what "are known as the Towneley estates in the counties of York and Lancashire, and the Vane-Tempest estates, comprising extensive mining properties at Stella, Blaydon, Ryton, Wisiston and Stapley, in the counties of York, Lancashire and Durham." The said estates were represented as being "in the hands of the imperial government and managed by the Marquis of Londonderry. The newspaper from which we quoted gives in addition an account of the claimants to the so called Towneley estates, and to the methods they are adopting to have their claims realized. In addition, there is what pretends to be an historical resume of the Towneley family, their kinship with the Widdringtons, and their dispersion beyond the Atlantic. It would seem that the efforts made on the part of the American descendants to get possession of the estates have endured for over forty years, and that millions of dollars have been already expended for the purpose.

The story is a strange one, mixing up facts and fiction in a manner calculated to bewilder anyone who knows aught of the Towneleys and their estates. There may be Towneley claimants as well as there have been Tichborne and Derwentwater claimants, but in the present instance the aspirants are sadly at sea to begin with. It is quite true that the Townleys have mining properties at Stella, Blaydon, Ryton, Winlaton and Stanley, but it is quite false that either the one or the other of these places is in hands of the imperial government, or that they have been so for at least a hundred and fifty years. They are certainly not managed by the Marquis of Loudonderry, nor are they called, or ever have been called, the "Vane-Tempest estates." The writer of the story has fallen into an error that a claimant knowing anything of the circumstances ought not to have fallen into. The Londonderry family of the Vane Tempests never had any kinship with the Tempest family of Winlaton and Stella, which has been extinct since the days of the Jacobites. The identity of the name has led to the cou-

This brief explanation is sufficient to show how far at sea as regards the fami-Lieut. Rosenberg the second was ly history are the American claimants to sions, too, being four inches thick at the the division of the estates among the members of the Towneley family now living in England and Ireland. That division has actually taken place.

A ROW IN BURMAH

KING THEBAW'S DOMAIN IN DANGER-HE HAS ASSUMED A DEFIANT ATTITUDE.

London, Oct. 14 .- The sensational announcement that the government is determined on the annexation of Upper Darmah is excating much disonssion, but must await confirmation for some time. All the Tory organs and speakers have been given hints. Two articles in the National Review suggested it on Saturday night. Mr. Archibald Colquboun, who has been the Times' special correspondent all over the East, writing to the Times, directly urged absolute annexation. He says the English will be welcomed : that King Thebaw is intriguing with the French along the Irrawaddy Valley, which is the only route for a railway from India to China through peated Capt. Klohn. "That is impos- | Siam : that Burmah is a very rich country. The Burmese ambassador to Paris denies in lignantly that he is intriguing with the French. He asserts that the Burmese are both able and determined to resist annexation by anybody. The ultra Radicals will protest strongly. Nobody of authority has yet mentioned the subject, but King Thebaw's abomina. Calcutta, Oct. 14.-King Thebaw, of

tions have long excited discust, and he is probably near the end of his tether. Burmah, has answered the communication sent by the Chief Commissioner for British Burmah, in accordance with instructions from the Indian government, with reference to the dispute between the Burmese government and Bombay and Burmah Trading Association. The King replied in an arrogart and insulting manner, and refused to discuss the claim of the Trading Company with the Indian government. The Chief Commissioner has asked for 8,000 reinforcements before sending an ultimatum to Mandalsy.

Calcutta, Oct. 14.-A despatch from Rangoon says the Burmese government is increasing its forces on the frontier and actively preparing to resist any attempt the government may make to force a suspension of the decree of confiscation of property of Bombay and the Burmah Trading Company in default of payment of a judgment for \$125,000, alleged to be due the Burmese Foresters as wages. The company deny they are in debt to the workmen, and claim that they never were allowed an opportunity of rebutting the charge. The majority of men have signed a declaration that they have no claim on the corporation.

Holloway's Pills.

Teachings of Experience.—The united testimony of thousands extending over more than forty years, most strongly recommends these pills as the best purifiers, the mildest aperients, and the surest restoratives. They never prove delusive, or give merely temporary relief, but attack all ailments of the stomach, lungs, heart, head, and bowels in the only safe and legitimate way, by depurating the blood, and so eradicating those impurities which are the source and constituent of almost every disease. Their medicinal efficacy is wonderful in renovating enfeebled constitutions. Their action embraces all that is desirable in a household medicine. They expel every noxious and effete matter; and thus stimulated.

Sore throat. To cure this oft-occuring trouble Hagyard's Yellow Oil internally and externally. Yellow Oil cures croup, asthmay pain in the side, rheumatism, neuralgia, ear ache, deafness and all sore and painful complaints.

When a person is weak and faint, or fatigued and exhausted, there is nothing so refreshing and reviving as a little of Murray & Lanman's Florida water. Rubbed on the JAMES REID hands and temples, and inhaled freely, it tones and braces the whole system.

READY-MADE OVERCOATS

Fall Stock now complete.

The Finest Stock for Menand Boys ever shown in Kingston.

The Best Lighted Clothing Store in the city.

PEOPLE'S - CLOTHING - HOUSE, 75 & 77 BROCK STREET, C.LIVINGSTON&BRO.

CLOTHING

Call and see the New Clothing Establishment of

is also untrue that they are now in the CASEY & BYRNES, 102 PRINCESS STREET.

We are giving the best value ever offered in Kingston in Ordered and Ready-Made Clothing. Give us a call and get value for your money.

All Wool Suits to order at \$9, \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18, \$20 and up. Overcoats at \$10, \$12, \$15, \$16, \$18 and up. READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Suits at \$5. \$6. \$7. \$8. \$10 and \$12. Overcoats at \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8 and \$10.

And for value will beat anything ever offered in the city.

CASEY & BYRNES. Oct. 8.

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SPECIAL!

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

CASES & BALES

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Dress Goods away down in price. Tweeds and Cloths at special rates. Underwear-better value than ever thought of, Ulsterings, Matalasse Clonkings, Ottoman Cloakings, Silk

Soliels, Scalettes, &c., cheapest and largest variety we ever held, Flannels, Brankets and Comforters cheaper than ever. HARDY&MURRAY.

176 Princess Street, Kingston.

TWINE. BIMDER

HARVEST MITTS Straw and Barlev Forks BEST MACHINE OILS WARRANTED SATISFACTORY AT JOHN CORBETT'S

REMEMBER-Cor. Princess and Wellington Streets.

Aug.6th.

THE GREATEST . WONDER . OF MODERN . HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & DINTMENT

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