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Send in your orders early for
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AN ELEGANT LINE OF HANGINGS
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have your Parlour Suits and Odd rs Re-Upholstered and Furniture ired and finished over; also procure ever New Furniture you may re- as I am going out of the Retail iture Trade. B. H. CARNOVSKY, rincess St.

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large stock of the Latest Improved
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Fire and Life Insurance Company.
s Company is one of the best in the world. available funds amount to $13,852,139. in ion to which is the unlimited liabilities of holders.
e yearly premiums for fire risks alone nt to $6,447,880.
urance effected on Farm and City Pro- at the lowest possible rates.
ree year policies issued on private dwel- and farm buildings at low rates of ium
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ETNA INSURANCE COMPANY
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Capital..... $4,000,000.00
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s paid in 63 years..... 53,400,000.00
e leading Fire Insurance Company on the nent. Its Annual Premium Receipts in da and the United States are larger than of any other Company, and it has an un- ished record of 63 years.
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RDIAN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
cribed Capital.....£2,000,000
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urances against Loss by Fire accept- the lowest current rates and claims ed without reference to the Board at ion.
W. H. GODWIN, Agent for Kingston.
BRITISH WHIG OFFICE.

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MES KNAPP & SON,
eading Boat-Building Establishment, Barriefield, Ont.
LARGE STOCK OF
EASURE BOATS,
SHOOTING SKIFFS,
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RUNKENNESS
e Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by Ad- inistering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.
can be given in a cup of coffee or tea with he knowledge of the person taking it; is utely harmless and will effect a perma- and speedy cure, whether the patient is a rate dainker or an alcoholic wreck. It has given to thousands of cases and in every nce a perfect cure has followed. It never The system once impregnated with theific, it becomes an utter impossibility for iquor appetite to exist. For circular and particulars address GOLDEN SPECIFIC 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

TALMAGE IN THE WEST.

Continued from page two.

"Stop that snivelling," said Claverhouse. "I have had enough of it. Soldiers, do your work. Take aim! Fire!" And the head of John Brown was scattered on the ground. While the wife was gathering up in her apron the fragments of her husband's head—gathering them up for burial—Claverhouse looked into her face and said: "Now, my good woman, how do you feel now about your bonnie man?" "Oh," she said, "I always thought well of him; he has been very good to me; I had no reason for thinking anything but well of him, and I think better of him now." O what a grand thing it will be in the last day to see God pick out his heroes and heroines. Who are those paupers of eternity trudging off from the gates of heaven? Who are they? The Lord Claverhouses and the Herods and those who had scepters, and crowns, and thrones, but they lived for their own aggrandizement, and they broke the heart of nations. Heroes of earth, but paupers in eternity. I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe! woe! woe!

But there is great excitement in heaven. Why those long processions? Why the booming of that great bell in the tower? It is the coronation day in heaven.

Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned people, too. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls waving scepters of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who waited on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an empress now. Who are that great multitude on the highest thrones of heaven? Who are they? Why they fed the hungry, they clothed the naked, they healed the sick, they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiance at the enemies who put their heels hard down on these his dear children; and one day the Lord struck his hand so hard on his thigh that the omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler, as he said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper." What harm can the world do you when the Lord Almighty with unsheathed sword fights for you?

I preach this sermon for comfort. Go home to the place just where God has put you, to play the hero or the heroine. Do not envy any man his money or his applause or his social position. Do not envy any woman her wardrobe or exquisite appearance. Be the hero or the heroine. If there be no flour in the house and you do not know where your children are to get their bread, listen, and you will hear something tapping against the window pane. Go to the window and and you will find it is the beak of a raven, and open the window and there will fly in the messenger that fed Elijah. Do you think that the God who grows the cotton of the south will let you freeze for lack of clothes? Do you think that the God who allowed the disciples on Sunday morning to go into the grain field, and then take the grain and rub it in their hands and eat—do you think God will let you starve? Did you ever hear the experience of that old man: "I have been young, and now am I old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread?" Get up out of your discouragement, O, troubled soul! O, sewing woman! O, man kicked and cuffed by unjust employers, O! ye who are hard beset in the battle of life and know not which way to turn, O! you bereft one, O! you sick one with complaints you have told to no one, come and get the comfort of this subject. Listen to our great Captain's cheer: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the fruit of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

A Crazy Waste of Time.

It is said that a gentleman in Philadelphia has collected 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps. It took five years, eight months and two days to do it, and his only object was to occupy his spare time. It will doubtless occur to a good many people that this Philadelphian must have been woefully destitute of resources if he could find nothing better to do with his spare time than to collect 1,000,000 canceled postage stamps. It will be readily admitted that Philadelphia, in its material aspects, is not encouraging or stimulating to the man with spare time on his hands, but even there one can find problems of philanthropy to solve and good work to do, and can learn to do it.

Somehow the man who kills time by collecting canceled stamps, like the man who can write ever so many hundred words on the side of a coin and the man who can eat 100 oysters in 100 hours, seems to be on an intellectual level with the lunatic who adorns his cell with an endless, unclassifiable and meaningless collection of rubbish. More asylums should be provided for the time killers who throw away themselves and their opportunities on such trifles while the world is asking a whole catechism of big questions that are yet unanswered, but which may be solved by patient and intelligent work, and which, when solved, will make the globe blossom like a rosy Eden.—New York Press.

An Echo from Many Firesides.

The wise man now in my house thinks I am wrong to urge you to strive after sensible conversation on your piazzas this summer. He believes, as I do, in rest, and fears that you will fatigue your brains in the endeavor to elevate the tone of seaside and mountain prattle. I agree with him wholly. "Long live nonsense!" we cry, above all in vacations. So I take it all back. Yet I sort of wish the nonsense could be about sky and wave, humming birds in the honeysuckle, quails calling "Bob White!" or even kittens, rather than such whispers as these: "She said she thought so, really and truly, and I said I supposed he just said that because she said so;" or, "I saw her going down to the beach, and, of course, it is to have him come after her;" or, "Forty, if she is a day, though she dresses for 17."—Susan Hale in Boston Globe.

Devoted to African News.

There are now three periodicals in Europe which are wholly devoted to African news and comments upon the various enterprises developing there, while three-fourths of the space in another journal is given solely to affairs in the Congo state. One of these periodicals has a circulation of 6,000 copies. L'Afrique, which is published in Geneva, and The African Times, of London, have been in the field for several years, and now comes The Afrika Post, issued in Hamburg, which will be chiefly devoted to Germany's commercial interests in her new African colonies.—New York Sun.

Indispensable.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and have given it to my friends. It gives instant relief when all other remedies fail. I would not be without it in my house." Mrs. T. Boil, Weidman, Ont.

Dolce Far Niente.

When the merry frogs are sporting
In the river rushes rank,
And the pickerel is lying
In the shadow of the bank;
When the little boy is swimming
In a costume of the mode
That was worn by good Godiva
When through Coventry she rode;
When we hear the milkmaid singing
In the lilac scented lane,
And knee deep in the river
We behold the bovine train;
When the sun is brightly shining
In the sky of cloudless blue,
How pleasant is the knowledge
That you have no work to do;
That 'neath the leafy maples
You can watch the swallows fly,
As dreaming, idly dreaming,
On a mossy bank you lie!

—Boston Courier.

One Serious Defect.

Young Lawyer (to pretty cousin)—Yes, Maude, I think I have a perfectly appointed office. That desk alone cost over one hundred dollars.

Pretty Cousin (looking about with evident admiration)—Yes, Charley, it's a lovely room; but I notice one serious defect.

Young Lawyer—What's that, Maude?

Pretty Cousin—The absence of clients. —Drake's Magazine.

"Magnificent, but Not War."

Guiseppe Galessi is one of the best and most even tempered orchestra leaders alive. Recently, on account of sickness, his cornet player was obliged to send a substitute. The sub was a mixture of conceit, double f, and muscular activity. After the overture—a series of ear splitting blasts from the cornet and agonizing groans from the leader's chair—Guiseppe leaned over to the cornetist and, with all the grace and politeness imaginable, remarked: "Sare, you play zee fine cornet; zee grand tone; zee magnificent expressione, but, sare, your pardone, please don't play!"—The Clipper.

Not the Right Temperament.

Summer Resort Hotel Man—I am very sorry, sir, but you won't do here and I must dispense with your services.

New Clerk—Eh? What's the matter?

"You are too thin skinned."

"Sir?"

"Oh, I mean no offense, none at all; it's your misfortune, not your fault. You see your skin is so thin that the blood shows through. You blush up easily, and when the thermometer is over 150 in the shade your face gets so red and you look so uncomfortable that it drives away custom." —Omaha World.

A Peck of Trouble.

Featherly was making his customary Wednesday night call, and Bobby was sustaining his part of the conversation with his usual ease and fluency.

"Ma," he said, "do people who steal get into trouble?"

"Certainly, Bobby. Why?"

"I heard Clara say that Mr. Featherly would get into trouble if he didn't stop stealing kisses."—The Epoch.

Like Cures Like.

Bobby had made himself sick by surreptitiously eating too many jam tarts.

"Now, Bobby," coaxed his mother, "if you will take this medicine like a little man you can have almost anything you like."

"Can I have some more jam tarts, ma?" —New York Sun.

Good Enough Cold.

Woman of the house (to tramp)—I can't give you nothin' hot, 'cept perhaps the weather, but I kin give you most anythin' you want cold.

Tramp (a tear of gratitude trickling down his wan cheek)—Thanks, madam; I think I'll take a little cold cash.—Texas Siftings.

The Wrong Sort.

Surprised Dame—What! And you have refused Mr. de Good? I thought you liked him.

Lovely Daughter—I did, but none of the other girls seemed to care a snap for him.—Omaha World.

Not So Bad as It Might Be.

Customer (getting his hair cut)—Didn't you nip off a piece of the ear then?

Barber (reassuringly)—Yes, sah, a small piece, but not 'nough to affect de hearin', sah.—Texas Siftings.

He Was Stout.

Fat Man—What costume shall I wear to the masquerade ball?

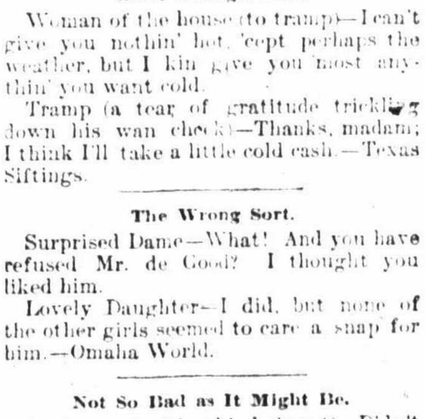
Cynical Friend—Don't wear any costume. Tie a string to your ankle and go as a captive balloon.—Texas Siftings.

Going.

Oh, bustle, bustle, fare you well;
We're sick and tired of your abuses;
So don't hang back, you've got to go,
Or tourmure self to other uses.

—Washington Critic.

The Amende Honorable.



Mrs. Quimpah—I'se bery sorry, Mis' Peedley; 'deed I is.

Mrs. Peedley—Whad's d' mattah?

Mrs. Quimpah—I done frowed a rock at one ob yo' hains, en knocked out fo' teeth.

Mrs. Peedley—Hains don' hab teeth, chile!

Mrs. Quimpah—Chill'n does! Yo'liddle Reg'nald happened ter be luck'n ober d' fence!—Time.

Walsh & Steacy's

Cotton Wash Goods Department is Still Well Assorted.
Beautiful Shades in Plain Satins.
French and English Fancy Satins.
Full Line of Colors in Chambrays.
400 pieces Light Prints, 4, 5, 6 1-2, 7 and 8c.
Everything in above department at Cost and Under.

WALSH & STEACY.

SUMMER TOURIST ROUTES

St. Lawrence River & 1000 Island Steamboat Cos. (Limited,)
FOR CAPE VINCENT, ALEXANDRIA BAY, CLAYTON & 1000 ISLAND POINTS,
IN CONNECTION WITH THE
ROME, WATERTOWN & OGDENSBURG & UTICA & BLACK RIVER RAILWAYS
FORMING THE DIRECT CONNECTION WITH
NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER & WEST SHORE RAILROADS FOR WATERTOWN, ROME, SYRACUSE, UTICA, OSWEGO, ROCHESTER, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, TROY, ALBANY, NEW YORK, JERSEY CITY, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, BALTIMORE, and all points East and West.
Baggage Checked Through.
Steamers leave Folger's Wharf, foot of Brock Street, daily, (Sundays excepted) for Cape Vincent at 6 a.m. and 3 p.m.; for Gananoque at 4 p.m.
For information pertaining to rates and routes, to any point, apply to
F. A. FOLGER,
General Pass.-Agent, St. Lawrence River Steamboat Co. Foot of Brock Street.

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co
FULL DEPOSIT WITH THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.
President: Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, P.C., G.C.B.
J. B. CARLILE, Managing Director.
Authorized Capital and Other Assets over $2,000,000.

This Company's six months' business, just terminated, the largest ever done by any company in the Dominion.
Accepted business is over $3,000,000, or over $5,500,00 in the Ten Months since it's organization.
It has the LARGEST STOCK and PAID UP CAPITAL of any company in the Dominion.
Its Plans, Rates and Policy Contract are unequalled. A large number in Kingston are insured in the "Manufacturers'."
The business of the Manufacturers' Accident Co., (Capital over $1,000,000) is also very large.
Agents wanted in unrepresented districts. Apply to
THOMAS AKIN, - INSPECTOR, KINGSTON
J. F. SWIFT, KING ST. GENERAL AGENT.
WILSON & MORRISON, - PETERBORO, ONT.,
Managers for Eastern Ontario.

ARMSTRONG'S
We Have Just Received a Case of
LADIES' INDIA KID BUTTONED BOOTS
Which we will Clear out at $1.10.
Regular Price is $1.50.
D. F. ARMSTRONG'S, - 141 Princess Street.

GENTLEMEN.
We have received and are selling the best Unlaundered Shirts for 50c, in the city.
Unlaundered Shirts at 75c and $1, extra good value. See these goods!
We are selling all Light Colors in Ties at Cost to Clear them out.
A. J. M'MAHON.

FINALE SWEEP.
Going, going, going! at whatever prices that will clear them out. Embroideries, Laces, All Over Laces, All-Over Embroideries, Lace Flouncings, White and Colored Muslins, Piques, Lawns, Etc., Etc., Boating Shawls, Parasols, Etc., Etc. All must go at once.
JAS. JOHNSTON & CO.