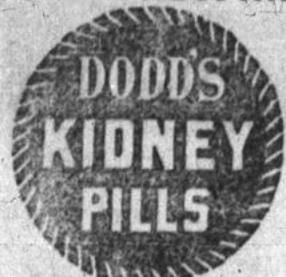
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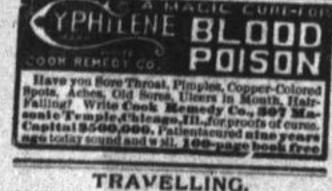
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AHAVIMWASA.

NEW TIME TABLE

1:25 pan. 2:45 n.m. No. 16 Mix. 600 a.m. No. 17 Mix. 84) a.m. No. 22 Stop.m. No. 17 Mix. 84) a.m. 8:10 p.m. No. 10 15 Trains Nos. 2 and 3 run daily. No. 5 daily except Monday. All other trains daily, excopt Sunday. Train leaving at 12,25 noon arrives in Ottawa at 5:30 p.m., and train leaving at 2:35 a.m. ha through sleeper to Ottawa arriving at 9-35s. m. For tickets, and Pullman accommodation. etc., apply to Grand Trunk City Passenger Depot, foot Johnston and Ontario streets, Kingston.



Canada Pacific Railways

NORTH-WEST EXCURSIONS

July 9th, '56, good to return Sept'r 8th, '96 July 23rd, '96, Sept'r 22nd, '96 DELORAINE. CSTEVAN. 828,00. BENSCARTH HOOSOMIN. REGINA. MOOSEJAW YORKTON. PRINCE ALBERT. 835 OO. \$40.00. One way Pacific Coast Excursions

TRAINS LEAVE KINGSTON 7:00 a.m., Mixed for Harrowsmith, Sharbot lake, Mississippi and Renfrew. 11.30 a.m.—Express making direct connection with C.P.H. East and West.
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WAITING FOR A STORY

What shall the story be, Golden Hair! A fairy tale of a maiden fair. "! Of giants and ogres and dangers past. "Ill she happily wed with the prince of last?" What will your story be, Golden Hair?
Will you and the prince make a shappy pair,
Or sorrow and trouble, like giants of old.
Stand in the path till your tale be told?

Whatever your story be, Golden Hair. Keep duty and truth in your loving care, so may it be written when you are gone: "All that she could do, that hath she done." -Home and Country.

COLLABORATION.

If you are a man who values a peaceful domestic life above all things; if you happen to possess a bright and companionable young wife, with ideas of tolligestion and Too Hearty Eating. A per- ful lest you encourage in her an arroproud of her and her "parts," but fear-Fad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongoe own, then beware of moments of sym- heroine did in that hansom!" pathy and keep a guard upon your tongue "Why, that in hours of confidence, lest they lead to Jones unwarily. the death of all future communion; "I knew it ?" cried his wife, overturnwas very insidious. Jones had a mag- shall never enter my house again." nificent idea for a plot. It was modern, without being unspeakable—never was

there a happier conception. But it had a flaw. There was a hitch in the action | slowly, with a painstaking smile, "as which disturbed the flow. Jones stared | that on which you permitted yourself to wildly at the paper on which he had | be addressed by a man, not your husboldest hand. Staring did not seem to | to read me." bring inspiration, and Jones forgot himself so far as to stamp upon the floor. His wife heard the unwonted sound. She was giving the children their nursery tea at the time, and a little plaster fell off the ceiling into one of their bread and milk bowls. She went up ing for some time, but next day the bill

"What's the matter with the poor boy, then?" she inquired. "The nursery criling's coming down. And what has he done to his nice smooth hair?" "Oh, don't be an idiot!" grouned Jones. "I've got the finest idea I ever had in my life, and now I'm simply

His wife's little face became grave and important at once. She was a fair, pretty woman, with brown eyes and a ittle chin that stuck out.

"Tell me," said she coaxingly, settling on the arm of his big leather chair. Jones saw no warning shadow of coming collaboration.

"I'll just give you an idea of my plot," he said, and proceeded to do so. The "idea" took three-quarters of an hour to give. His wife listened, at first with a preoccupied air. She could not forget that an open jam pot stood on the nursery table at baby's elbow. Soon, however, the full beauty of the thing burst upon her. She got down from the arm of Jones' chair and embraced him with fervor.

"Talk of Stevenson indeed," she sai compassionately, "or your Meredith and Hardys and people!" "Come, come!" said Jones. He tried to tell her dryly "not to be an idiot but the words would not come as east

as usual. After all, real appreciative ness is a rare gift. "Write it straight away off, dear, she begged. "Write it, and get the mon

This brought the fatal hitch back upon Jones' conscionsness in its full bitterness. He laid the case before his wife. She at once suggested the only possible way out of the difficulty.

"That would have occurred to me if I'd thought a minute longer," said

"Course it would, the clever boy!" said his wife soothingly, and she began to expand her plot. Jones listened patiently, sometimes vouchsafing encouragement, and she looked so pretty, so flushed and eager over it, that he was touched. In a demented moment he uttered the words that risked the happiness of two lives.

"Why shouldn't we write it togeth-Once said, there was no unsaying it. Without a word his wife arose and went straight to the nearest stationer's. There she bought ten reams of manuscript paper and 2 shillings' worth of pens. All the rest of the day she was remarkably silent. Jones addressed her at the dinner table with a remark that had never yet failed to please.

"I always like you in that dress," he said. "It's a pretty idea, having those sleeves one can see the arms through. It's called net, or tulle, or

"One moment, please, dear," mutely, in visible composition. Then Jones remarked that her hair was arranged with less frivolity than usual. It showed more of her forehead, which gave an intellectual look. This was aided by a somewhat aggressive ink

Jones felt much as he did toward hi baby boy when that infant played at "being grown up and doin like dadds." He patted his wife's cheek. She received Jones began to feel a trifle irritated and he scraped his foot under the table. His wife started a little elaborately, and

then resumed the silent movement of Next day, when he came back from his office, he found the plaster knocked out of the wall in three places. Tram-pling feet were heard in his own sacred study, and two finely developed young men from Shaplemann's jostled him in his agitated progress up the stairs. ... He burst into his sanctum, to find it filled by a writing table. Near the aboming tion stood his wife, regarding it will

brown eyes full of pensive pride. ing here?" gasped Jones. "Why, you couldn't write anything decent without a writing table and how can you expect me to?" she inquired Her air was so important, yet withal so guilty, that Jones subdued his indigna-tion and tried to laugh. When they had

mitted himself the satisfaction of The evening saw them both established at their desks. The horrid impos sibility of it all struck upon Jones only too soon. He had written the opening time came when he wanted to read it by his stepping on them. -- Boston Herout. To give her her due, his wife listened engerly, and did him full justice

chappter was really not badly written! Her style was evidently modeled on his own. Jones put his finger tips to-gether and smiled hopefully. But when it came to her hero, also not only had with heraldry. ELLIOTT BROS., it came to her hero, also not only had he "g comb at the back of his head," as mon puts it, but he was all thle. How to wipe him tes

out of the chapter without breaking of bearts? Jones fidgeted distressfully: "That's not quite the sort of thing a man would say, dear," he suggested "Oh, isn't it!" she answered, w erision. "As it happens, a man did say

you know how every kind of man talks THE WILLIAMS to a woman when he's alone with her?" "Heaven forbid!" said Jones. "And who said it to you, may I ask?"

"I didn't say it was said to me," replied, with some haste. "How do you like this ending? I think it's rather neat, don't you? 'And when they had Both left the conservatory there was something frail and pink lying on the marble floor. It was a moss rose bud. ' I rather admire that sort of ending." "Where is the point?" inquired Jones.

"Oh, well, if you want points to every single sentence"-"Well, but don't you see that unless you mean something by it there's no sense at all in the thing? It's simply Family Herald 'business.' I should have thought you'd have seen that."

"It's a matter of taste, and I differ her own; if you are secretly immensely from you," said his wife very coldly, "and if we are to pick holes in each other's work allow me to tell you that gance of equality-with you and your no lady would have behaved as your "Why, that actually hap"-began

lest, in short, peradventure they tempt | ing the ink bottle. "It was that day you into collaboration with your wife. | you saw Kitty Cameron home from the In the case of Jones its beginning | theater. I thought so at the time! She Jones was enraged, but saw a possi-

ble "score." "It was on the same day," he said jotted down "Outline of Plot" in his | band, fn the way you so tastefully chose

There was a silence. They glared at one another. Then Jones' wife got up and left the room with a queenly step, closing the door behind her with ostentations gentleness. Jones heard no more about collaborat-

came in for the writing table-7 He bargained with Shaplemann, who consented to take it back for 4, and the incident closed.

Some months later Jones' book actually appeared, and his wife received numerous letters congratulating her on the authorship of it. "What in the world do they mean?" "Why, dear," said she, a little shame-

facedly, "I'm afraid I told most of them about that time when you and I"-"Well, when we what?" "Collaborated, dearest. Don't you remember?"-New Budget.

Tardy Praise For Boswell The London Standard showed a bea tragedy of his end than the facts quite justify, but it does recognize his place in literature, which after all is the es-

sential. His follies were not greater greatest writers in literature. Boswell is to all other biographers what Shakespeare is to other poets. Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' is admirable, but it has only to be compared to the "Life of Johnson" to show Boswell's superiority. Is it not time that the great biographer had his own life worthily written?-St.

The Two Turkeys.

James Gazette.

Mr. Lanigan's fable of "The Two Turkeys" has a fine cynical flavor that prodigal sons will relish: "An honest farmer once led his two turkeys into his granary and told them to eat, drink and be merry. One of these turkeys was wise A Peep at the Samples and one foolish. The foolish bird at once indulged excessively in the pleasures of the stable, unsuspicious of the future, but the wiser fowl, in order that he might not be fattened and slaughtered. fasted continually, mortified his flesh and devoted himself to gloomy reflections upon the brevity of life. When Thanksgiving approached, the honest farmer killed both turkeys, and by placing a rock in the interior of the prudent

turkey made him weigh more than his plumper brother. "Moral.—As we travel through life let us live by the way. "-Buffalo Com-

Challenged In Court. What looked at the time like a close call for Ingersoll occurred six or sever years ago in New York, when he and the gifted Daniel Dougherty were arrayed against each other in a divorce case before Judge Barrett. Dougherty was for the husband. He closed his case in

this way: "Through all this dreadful case, this struggle for what should be to her many usaged times dearer than life, has a veil mantled that beautiful face? Has one tear rolled down those cheeks? Has there been a single blush on that face? Not a tear! Not a blush!" He shook his

fist at Ingersoll as he said this "Do you state that as a fact?" asked "Then I tell you it is untrue."

"Consider yourself challenged," shouted the Philadelphian. "Let us have no interruptions," said Judge Barrett, showing great anxiety

"Well, then, he must not look at me when he says untruths," said Ingersol shaking all over with rage. ensation in the courtroom. Mr Dougherty explained that he had chal-lenged Ingersoll in a purely Pickwickian sense, and when the two lawyers left the room they shook hands.-New York

Injuries From Horses. An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionall It is a standing order in the Eng cavalry that, should a man become disfeetly still. If he does so, the entire roop will pass over him without his bez, and is on the lookout for a firm constation to put his foot on. It is an over a prostrate man. The injuries cansed to human beings by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking them down, and not

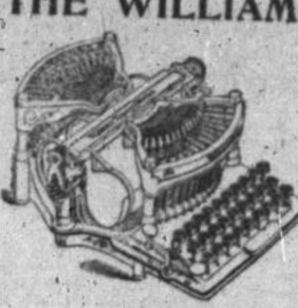
And Babes Go Hungry. place Trouville are a source of unfail ing to the Comtesse de Bretenil had or white doeskin leggings the other day when it was muddy, and a correspo ent counted five different coats on one

Miss Sharpgirl-I have read that a an diet has a very beneficial effect on the brain. Do you think there is anyhing in it? Canesucker-No. Miss Sharpgirl, I'm

Miss Sharpgirl-Well, then it see as if there might be something in

after all -Texas Sifting

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ght Carriage; Ball Bearinge; Easy Touch

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This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases coming respect for letters by devoting a peculiar to women which can and "leader" the other day to the memory | does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus century ago. It makes perhaps more of | which every woman is PERIODI-CALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and and jostled the little woman so roughly always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters than Goldsmith's, and yet the world by addressed to the "A. M. C" Medicine a- stilly trick went on sniffing at "Boz- Co., Montreal, Marked "Personal," zy" for generations. That nonsense is will be opened and answered by a lady happily now about dead. We are begin- correspondent and will not go beyond ning to speak fittingly of one of the the hands and eyes of one of "the

SEX."

mother sex."

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CORRESPONDENCE OFFICE-Corner On SALES OFFICE & YARD-Corner Ontario THE OLD FRIENDS

The old friends, the old friends We loved when we were young. With sunshing on their faces. And muste on their tong col The boos are in the almond flower, The birds renew their strain, But the old friends, once lost to us, Can mover come again. The old friends, the old friends! Their brow is lined with care; They've furrows in the faded cheek

And silver in the hair,

its to me they are the old friends still. In youth and bloom the same As when we drove the flying ball Or shouted in the game. The old men, the old men, How slow they crosp along? How naughtily we scoffed at them In days when we were young! Their proxing and their dozing,

Their prute of times gone by, Their shiver fike an aspen leaf If but a breath went by. But we, we are the old men now Our blood is faint and chill; We cannot leap the mighty brook-Or climb the breakneck hill. We mannder down the shortest cuts. We rest on stick or stile.

But the young men, the young men. Their strength is fair to see-The straight back and the springy stride, The eye as falcon free, The short above the frolic wind As up the hill they go, But though so high above us now. They soon shall be as low:

Yet pass us with a smile.

Oh, weary, weary drag the years As life draws near the end, And sadly, sadly fall the tears For loss of love and friend. But we'll not doubt there's good about In all of human kind: So here's a health before we go To those we leave behind.

THE ICONOCLAST.

a woman carrying on her head a tray of Marianna, babies, all eat. See?" plaster images and walking with the All this time the wife stood with four a red kerchief on her head. These glaring colors, however, made her a picture.

and then looked back. She regarded him calmly. "Buy a lit' San Samnele says-a his oration, signor?" Broughton had no particular use for a praying Samuel, but he blid various theories about our adopted citizens and of Boswell, whose death took place a Uteri, Lencorrhoes, and the PAIN to might have acquired something in the plaster cast line if at that moment a Pullen in St. Louis Globe-Democrat. broad shouldered fellow had not come

that the tray was thrown from her head and went ruining to the sidewalk. It was the end of the world for that population of graven images. They fell in a heap of indistinguishable fragments, mingling their dust in a complete demecracy of saints, politicians, lambs, the three graces, and even a model of a beautiful foot labeled Trilby. Little Samuel was past praying for, but he was no more thoroughly pulverized than the bust of Napoleon. Young Mr. Broughton felt stirring within him an essay on the frailty of mundane things. Then the

air was torn with the lamentations of the woman. "O Madonna!" Next she denounced the cause of the disaster, who was moving away. "Head of big, you are-a! Why-a you hit-a me? What I ever done at you-a? You break-a my image-I not eat-a more!" she rattled her finger nails along her front teeth to indicate the hunger which would be the consequence

of the breaking of her stock in trade. Meanwhile two bootblacks had seized the man by the elbows, and turning him around ran him back face to face with the woman. She stood wringing her hands and wailing. "What ruin! Poor-a

The aggressor was evidently also at "Soy!" one of the bootblacks said. "Youse has gotter reach down inter yer clothes an square up wid de dago loidy."

"He's a bloomin dago hisself," commented the other boy. Broughton had been painfully composing a few phrases of such colloquial cent. In effect, he said that it was necessary to pay the compatriot for that

which was broken. "I only got a ten cent-a, signor," said the offender, handing the coin to the woman. He was permitted to go in

"Ten-a cent-a! Madonna mia! For so mooch image!" sobbed she. So Broughton put \$1 into his own hat and passed it around among the throng that had been attracted by the noise. When he gave the collection to the woman, she wiped her eyes, kissed his hands with many benedictions, and went her

Broughton's assignment had taken him in the direction of Mulberry bend. As he returned through that quarter he saw a hundred yards in front of him a woman with a tray of images on her head. He quickened his pace and soon was near her. It was the same Italian; she had replenished her tray with more saints and heroes and graces. "So it is," mused young Mr. Broughton-who still trailed clouds of the glory of journalism -"that in this world no one is indispensable. One perishes, another replaces

Just then, swaggering around a corner, appeared the former breaker of images, and again, as if on purpose, he swung his arm rudely against the woman. As before, a crash, lamentations and a crowd. The dwellers of Mulberry bend, themselves well acquainted with poverty, gave of their few copper coins to her, who sat wailing among the ruins of her wares. They helped her to pick up such of the certs as were not irreme diably broken and to replace them the tray. This time Broughton did not stay to act as consoler. The aggressor had walked off rapidly, and the reporter followed him. After five minutes' chase they turned into an unspeakably dirty alley, where the Italian entered a doorway without noticing that any one pur-

sued him. Broughton, having made sure that he should recognize the house again, hastened to the nearest police tation and told the story. "She was a quiet, decent little body," he said to the officer. "That great, hulking brute struck her on purpose the secime might have been by accident." Two policemen were detailed to ac-

living in this house?"

The child picked

ompany Mr. Broughton, who was mown to the chief of the station, and he led them straight to the door where Rain and Railway Tracks the Italian had entered. Up the dark Locomotive engineers like to have the and broken stairs they climbed. Brough-ton shrunk from contact with the slimy walls. It seemed to him that evil odors tere depositing themselves there in a stilential fungous growth. At last they merged upon a landing. A child leuned unless it is kept wet. over the baluster of the story above troughton tossed him a nickel.
"My little man, is there an Italian

stared in silence. "Say, kid, is dere a dago here?" on

of the policemen translated. The boy pointed with a thumb to a door at the left of the landing where the three men stood. Broughton felt the thrill of the righteons svenges. The malicious brute who had twice destroyed. the wares of the poor little image vender would soon be sent to the island. And a good riddance for the community. One of the police opened the door, and they entered. They saw at one side of the room a long work bench, covered with plaster images. The iconoclast sat there, carefully mending a broken figure. The woman was leaning over his shoulder, laughing as they chatted in their own

"Eh, I always say it, Pietro, youhave a holy hand at mending them! If not, we might lose by the game." "I don't say, Marianna, that St. Samuel is better than new, but at least be will stick until he takes another tum-

So that was their trick! A piece of And the young men, half ashamed to laugh. real Neapolitan cunning. Broughton decided that he ought to have seen through it sooner. The woman caught sight of the visitors, and ran forward with hands clasped: "We ain't done-a nottin," she pleaded. "Dis our beez-a-ness. We alla-right-a."

"Yes, you're all right," said Broughton impulsively. "It was my mistake. I owe you a dollar for it." And he laid a silver dollar on the work bench of the maker, breaker and mender of images. The Italian looked up with a real Neapolitan smile, radiant, many toothed wide and irresponsible.

"Tell me about it," said the reporter. "You not give a me 'way, gent'men

"No. Go on." "Look, it like a dis. We not sell im-Young Mr. Broughton was, unawares | age. And I say, you hear-a me, Marianand gradually, in process of evolution | na. we get more money to break all! from the journalist to the newspaper | She carry de image. Den I come-a with man. It took all sorts of rubs and sur- | grand-a force-a. Patatrac! All ruin-a! prises and facers and disillusions to form | A-a-a-ar me! Dat, Marianna. A-ah, the him. That morning he was nurrying through Printing House square on an money in hat. Don't-a cry, poor voman! assignment, when he noticed before him | After, I mend-a what-a can. After, I,

stately gait and even poise of the south | rather clean and very beautiful children Italian. She was small, brown. She clinging to her skirts, and peeping shyly wore a gown of blue cotton, a woolen at the strangers. How could Broughton shawl, plaided in olive and yellow, and | or any one else blame this happy family? Indeed Broughton has never formulated his views upon the case, although To observe her Broughton passed by her | he used to take social problems very seriously. Whenever he meets Pietro in the street they exchange a glance of in- tree." telligence. Sometimes the Neapolitan,

by a quick gesture, indicates Marianne farther along the avenue. And then Broughton, if he has time, assists at the -nth performance of the comedy of the iconoclast.-Elizabeth

LIVES BY HIS WITE

Perry Yarrington Has Done Pretty Well but Is Now In Durance Vile. Perry Yarrington, who was recently arrosted at Providence on charges made by a New York Herald reporter, has had a long and successful career as a swindler. For at least 20 years he has been duping persons all over the country by means of an alleged patent gas machine. He used to tell his victims that his machine would make gas at a cost of only 7 cents a thousand feet. Only a few years ago he formed



a partnership with a man in Chicago, and After swindling residents of various eastern and western states he would invariably go to New York and "lay off" for a period, but only for a abort time. His criminal habit was ingrained, and he couldn't resist the temptation to part fools and their money, and in a way that the law did not allow. At one time he had an office at 53 Broadway, New York. He there appeared as the vice president of the "United States Land and Investment company." He was the beginning and end of the company, and all there was to it. Ugly

rumors began to circulate here, and when he would not accept a polite invitation to racate the office he was ejected. In the latter part of last year he went Hoboken and started the John L. David- proper hands the citadel of the Mediterson company, to do business in lumber. He called himself John L. Davidson. At against heathendom. But the military the same time he organized the "Richard- monks to whom it had been intrusted son Lumber company." Both schemes had grown corrupt and licentions. were for the purpose of note kiting, and he managed the "business" very cleverly.

French agents had already been among them, and such was their timidity at His associates were John G. Hathaway, Henry J. Thornton altas James G. Wilson, and Chester T. Linley. A lot of merest show of resistance to his de-

That Yarrington has well "feathered when they should appear —Professor his nest" is shown by the luxurious home Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century. idren-he is a widower-have horses and parriages and everything that money can buy. He was born in West Springfield, Pills do not cure Constipation. They Mass., and spent most of his early days in | aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Ten give the old Bay State. He enlisted in the perfect regularity of the bowels. For sale army toward the close of the war and was stered out as a brevet major general; Then he began to live on his wits. He is about 55 years old, 5 feet 8 inch tall, short build, fron gray hair and mustache, a florid complexion and looks like the typical alderman.

To make materials waterproof, mix together one pound of sugar of lead and one pound of alum, pounded separatel and pour over it 2 quarts of boiling wa-ter. Let stand for six hours and bottle for use. It should be applied with a sponge or soft brush until the material is thoroughly wet. It should then be troned and hung up to dry.

ong period of dry weather and the knife grinder's wheel will not take hold The Supresse Test. He-Can you doubt me?

She-I don't know. Wait I

ut season. - Detroit Tribune

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CONCERNING QUININE

The Cinchona Tree Will Produce Quinine, It appears that the cinchona family has STR. HAMILTON been libeled. The cinchona family is the genuine name of the class of tree from the bark of which quinine is obtained, and a recent number of a well known drug journal contained the statement that it has been discovered that the tree furnished no quinine except in malarial regions. The drug journal further says that if a tree is planted in nonmalarial regions it will not produce quinine, and that "It is therefore claimed that quinine is a malarial poison, drawn from the soil by this wonderful

Now, according to the New York Sun, there is good authority for saying that, given the proper conditions, the cinchons tree will produce quinine, malaria or no malaria, so that if the disease exists where the tree grows it is one of those providential things called coincidences, and a bad one for the malaria. The good authority quoted is Professor Henry H. Rusby of the College of Pharmacy of the City of New York, who is the author of the exhaustive treatise on cinchonas in the seventeenth edition of the United States Dispensatory. When interviewed on this ques-

tion, Professor Rusby said: "Quinine does not exist in the soil and therefore not 'drawn up' by the tree. It is an organic compound, manufactured by the tree as a waste product out of inorganic substances. The production of quinine is not at all dependent on a malarial climate. The only place where a tree of proper variety has failed to produce quinine is in a greenhouse, and even this sannot be positively said of all cases. There are 46 species of the cinchona, besides a very large number of varieties and hybrids. Of these species the quinine yielders constitute not more than a third, and those actually cultivated because of their large yield are only three in number-Cinchona calisaya, C. succiruba and C. officinalis. "There is no other instance among medicinal plants," continued Professor Rus-by, "where so great an improvement has Professor Rus-by, "where so great an improvement has Dr. The yield of quinine has been more than tripled in exceptional cases and doubled in the aver-

How to Wash One's Face. The idea that soap is hurtful to the skin is a great mistake, providing the soap be

of a pure, unadulterated kind, remarks an exchange. The face should be thoroughly washed twice a day. This is especially important when the skin is inclined to be ofly. The real secret of blackheads is that the face is not washed frequently enough with soap SUNDAY at 9 a.m. for Alexandria Bay. Re-

There is an art about washing the face. Use cold or tepid water, never hot water. The latter causes contraction of the skip, which is inevitably followed by reaction. | ar North King. Italian as his Harvard studies of Dante in a short time made off with all the had rendered possible to him, and now money he could lay his hands on, leaving avoided. The constant use of hot water causes wrin- J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, THOS. BANLEY,

Filtered rainwater or water which has been softened by chemical process is absolately necessary if you would keep your complexion clear. The face should be covered with a lather made from a good soap. which should be well rubbed in with the hands. Then wash the face in perfectly clear water until every trace of the soap i removed. Afterward dry gently with a soft towel. Rough friction should never

The French Capture of Malta. Yes, it was a sanguine expedition which, all unconscious of its danger, sailed away for Malta." The geographical situation of that island makes it in ranean, the bulwark of Christendon them, and such was their timidity at the approach of Bonaparte that after the

money was made before Yarrington was mands the gates of an almost impregnable fortress were dishonorably opened The scheme for floating worthless paper to the French republic without a blow. was intricate. The notes of irresponsible Waiting only to garrison this easy conmembers of the companies, which were closely connected and founded for the express purpose of putting spurious paper in the entire fleet in good condition anchortic to Boston. reas purpose of putting sparsing partial parti night and paid for in this paper, and the few casualties the troops were landed. mpanies acting in conjunction divided and the vessels were left to cruise along

Her majesty the queen gave Mr. Bell-smith a sitting for his historical picture of the decoration of the hier of Sir John Bromo Seltzer for headache, all

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