MEDICAL.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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We guarantee Dodd's Kidney Pills to cure any case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Lumbago, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Female Troubles, Impure Blood—or Money refunded. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or by mail on receipt of price, 50c. per box, or Six boxes $2.50

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

NEW TIME TABLE

Commencing June 23rd, 1895.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
No. 2 Exp.	2.05 a.m.	No. 1 Exp.	3.35 p.m.
No. 4 "	1.35 p.m.	No. 3 "	1.20 a.m.
No. 6 "	12.25 p.m.	No. 5 "	2.45 a.m.
No. 10 Mix	6.00 a.m.	No. 17 Mix	8.40 a.m.
No. 22 "	8.10 p.m.	No. 19 "	6.50 p.m.

Trains Nos. 2 and 3 run daily. No. 5 daily except Monday. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Train leaving at 12.25 noon arrives in Ottawa at 5.20 p.m., and train leaving at 2.05 a.m. has through sleeper to Ottawa arriving at 9.45a.m.

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WILL RUN—

2 CANADIAN NORTH-WEST EXCURSIONS

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July 9th, '95, good to return Sept'r 8th, '95
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TO THE FOLLOWING PLACES:

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Cabin, $45 and upwards, according to steamer, location and number of persons in stateroom.

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Steerage

To or from Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry and Queenstown.

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Successor to J. Mackiesten & Co., Princess Street, Kingston.

I SHALL NOT PASS AGAIN THIS WAY.

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live.
I want to help the fainting day by day.
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears,
Beauty for ashes may I give always.
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away.
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith.
I want to do all that the Master saith.
I want to live aright from day to day.
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

—Great Thoughts.

A WAR STORY.

"Ben Butler and I met in the rotunda of the capitol," remarked Mr. Sayers, chairman of the appropriations committee of the last house, to a Star writer one day, "the last time I saw him. It was not long before the old general's death, and the occasion, if I remember correctly, was some appearance he had to make before the supreme court in the case of the Chicago anarchists. As I shook the old man's hand my memory traveled back to a time when Butler's name was the one I liked the least and Butler's hands the last ones into which I cared to fall.

"I was rather young, a mere boy, in Texas when the war broke like a storm. Naturally, with my geography, I went with the Confederacy. I was in the artillery. One day we captured a battery of three brass guns. It was given to me to command, and the day I got that battery was the proudest day in my life. Then as I look back it still seems to me that those six brass field guns were the most beautiful things that I ever saw.

"Of course I was full of ardor. I burned to do something with my battery. Such was my anxiety to get into trouble with those guns that I dragged a couple over to the Mississippi—we were in Louisiana at the time—and pulled on a fight with a stray gunboat belonging to the Yankees which I found prowling around. We had a sharp, spitfire time of it for a few moments, when a lucky shot from one of my guns tore a hole in her in such a fashion that it let the river in, and she filled and sank. I was excessively proud of the achievement.

"Butler had New Orleans at the time, and, among other things, was running the papers. Later I read an account of my brush with the gunboat in one of Butler's journals. It could not be called an unbiased statement. It reviled me as a most abandoned and bloodthirsty character and declared that even after the gunboat surrendered I kept on pouring shot into her as if my one purpose in life was wholesale murder. Of course this was not so. I wouldn't have fired on anybody after he had hauled his flag down, and besides that I didn't have the ammunition to waste.

"After I rejoined the rest of my battery following the exploit of the gunboat I hunted trouble with the Yankees more zealously than ever. One day I was fully gratified. We were still in Louisiana. The sun came up one morning and found some 10,000 of us facing a largely superior force of Yankees. We couldn't have crawled out of a fight even were we so disposed, but no one suggested any retreat. The fact was we felt quite cocky and were full of a belief that we could whip the invaders. The fight began, and I soon had my heart's wish. I was in a peck of trouble with the Yankees, I and my battery. I had succeeded in attracting the attention and getting a hearing, as it were, from three Yankee batteries all at once. They were a reasonably brisk outfit, and it didn't take them a minute to get my range. Then it began to rain sorrow and hail despair for my battery.

"To show you how hot those Yankees made it one only need to say that they wounded or killed 40 of my 66 men and dismounted two of my brass beauties in 30 minutes. You might have planted corn where my battery stood when they got through, it was so plowed and harrowed by the Yankee fire.

"I was in the thick of the battle. I was standing near the No. 1 gun. A man of the name of Thompson was stepping forward with a shot in his hands to load. Without a word or cry he suddenly fell forward on the gun and then slipped to the ground, limp as a wet towel. A cannon ball had torn through his chest.

"I ordered a man to his place. Before he was there a moment a fragment of shell from out of the sky struck him on top of his head, and he fell dead by the side of Thompson. It was such a whirl of smoke and roar that I couldn't tell what was going on at the other guns, much less in other parts of the field. I had been ordered to hold my position and had made up my mind to hold it while a gun and a man of my battery held together. I ordered another to take the place of the second lying dead under the gun. This man got there just in time to receive a rifle bullet in his mouth. It came out under his ear. This man, however, didn't die. I met him years after the war.

"Three men were all that were available for this especial duty. They were dead and wounded and gone, and I took the post myself. I don't know how long it was—whether one minute or ten—when, without the slightest feeling of pain or warning, I was hurt, my legs gave way, and I sank to the ground. At the same instant an explosion like 40 batteries all uniting in one discharge broke loose just to the rear of me. A column of fire and smoke shot toward the sky, as if a volcano had been loosed by the general jar and din of battle. It was my ammunition wagon. I had 2,000 rounds of ammunition in a big army wagon. It had been placed about 50 yards to the rear of my battery. When we opened the fight, I had made up my mind to stay, and I'd brought up all my ammunition, resolved to win or lose right there. A shot from the Yankees had exploded it. That was the volcano.

"As I look back I'm not sure but the chance explosion of my ammunition wagon saved what was left of me and my battery. The smoke swept down and covered us up like a fog. The Yankees ceased firing on us. They probably thought we were wiped off the face of the earth in the explosion. As the smoke drifted on, while it became clear about the battery, it hung like a blanket between us and the enemy and acted the part of a shield. The Yankees couldn't see us, so they didn't shoot.

"Two of my men came along and dragged me to the rear, out of the way of immediate harm.

"'Are you hurt, captain?' asked one.

"I told him I couldn't tell. That was the extent of my information.

"He tore open my coat and vest. My shirt was white, and save for powder stains and the general grime of battle it was white still. Not a drop of blood reddened it. I held up my left boot.

"'Pull off that boot,' I said.

"The boot, a high cavalry sort, came off. Not a twinge of pain, not a color of blood.

"At this point I broke into a perspiration. A fear seized me, the like of which has never overcome me since. Had I fainted away in the midst of battle and in view of two armies? I felt no wound, was torn by no pain. It came over me like some dream of horror that I was unhurt and had fainted, and that in the sequel of the story I would be branded a coward from one end of the war to the other wherever soldiers built a campfire.

"I held up the right boot to be removed. A cupful of blood ran out. I was never so glad to see anything in my life. I would not have taken gold for a single drop of it, such was the relief it brought. I had been pierced through the ankle by a rifle ball.

"When night fell, while we still held our lines, we were whipped. It had begun to rain, with a sad, hopeless drizzle that took the heart out of a man. I was lying on some blankets in one corner of a negro cabin. Over in another corner, under a blanket, lay my dearest friend, dead. All about were wounded men. The doctors had turned the place into a hospital. At last a doctor whom I knew came in.

"'Never while I'm alive,' I replied. 'I'm too young to talk about going through life on one leg.'

"Then he told me the army would have to retreat that night; that he had no ambulances, no means of transportation. The wounded, including myself, would have to be left behind. They would be prisoners to the Yankees.

"All at once, like a landslide, I thought of Butler and that newspaper account of my firing on the gunboat after it had surrendered. I made sure Butler would hang me like a dog, once he got hands on me. It was at this juncture when I determined he shouldn't get me. I was as strenuously against hanging as against amputation.

"We were on an old sugar plantation. Before the fight I'd seen some rough, two wheeled sugar carts. I made them hustle about and get me a mule, a negro and a sugar cart. They bandaged my leg and put me in. The last thing the doctor did was to give me a two ounce bottle of morphine and show me how to take it. Then he said 'Goodby,' and I could see that he thought it was forever. He probably figured that if the Yankees didn't kill me the morphine would.

"All that night, all the next day, all the next night that rough cart jolted on through the rain. For a whole 36 hours I lived on morphine. At last we got to Shreveport. When I was lifted out of the cart, my ankle was swollen to elephantine size. But I escaped Butler, and I had not fainted away in battle, and these two reliefs almost made the rest easy. I got back into Texas, and at last was well again. As soon as I could sit in a saddle I was back with my battery again in time to take part in a campaign against General Canby—who was afterward killed by the Modoc Captain Jack—in New Mexico. We left Texas with over 3,200 men, and on our return eight months later mustered fewer than 1,000."—Washington Star.

Why Some Mushrooms Are Poisonous.

The greed of gain, regardless of consequences, is one of the dangerous elements in business life and is never more clearly brought out than in the culture of mushrooms. It is well understood that mushrooms grown on old pastures are wholesome and delicious—of course taking it for granted that they are freshly gathered and properly prepared. The London Lancet has an interesting article on the subject of growing mushrooms and calls attention to some points that are worthy of the notice of health authorities and housekeepers. The mushroom is a very low order of organization. It flourishes on old manure heaps and is capable of taking up a large amount of the material from which it derives its existence.

Clean and carefully handled manure, with a fair amount of old sod and earth, grows healthful plants, but in some large cities garbage and filthy matter of all sorts is used in the preparation of the beds. Microscopic investigation has revealed the fact that the cap of the mushroom is so constructed that it can absorb from the manure vapors which are dangerous poisons. The little fringes underneath the cap are therefore little more than storehouses of poisons. It would be well worth while for consumers of mushrooms to find out from where they receive their supplies, and if other than clean and wholesome materials are used to discard them altogether.—New York Ledger.

Sleeping Car Beds.

A genius has devised for sleeping carriages a system of beds made of rubber bags, which are to be stretched over steel frames and inflated with hot air from the locomotive. In 15 minutes an entire car can be made ready for the night. In the morning, when the hot air is turned off, the mattress and pillows will immediately collapse.

Decidedly a Lazy Man.

"Talkin about lazy men," said the man with the ginger beard, "bout the worst case I ever knowed was a old fellow down in Arkansaw that allus wore a kind of loop tied in his whiskers." The grocer refused to ask why, but the man from Potato creek came to the rescue with a "What fur?"

"To save 'im the trouble of holdin up his pipe," explained the man with the ginger beard. "You see he would lift his pipe up to his mouth an hook his thumb through the loop in his whiskers, an then when he wanted to talk—you know them lazy fellers is great guessers"—

"I've kinder noticed that," said the grocer, "right in this store."

"Great guesers, an when he wanted to talk awhile, he wasn't put to the trouble of lettin his pipe down an liftin it back into his face agin, 'cause he would jist hitch his thumb in the loop, which I said before he had tied in his whiskers."

One long, single and solitary fly buzzed against the dingy window pane, its buzzing making an exact harmony in fifths with the snore of the man from Potato creek, who was leaning limp against the cheese.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Excuse For the Pug.

Although Lee Jones lives in Alameda, he is devoted to his club and his devotion frequently costs him the last boat. Of course he always explains the matter next day at dinner.

Within the past few days Mrs. Jones' pug dog has been running off and staying away for half a day at a time. Monday evening he disappeared and Tuesday morning he was still among the missing. Mrs. Jones became anxious about her pet and at the breakfast table asked her cook

"Maggie, where do you suppose pug is? He was away all night."

"I don't know, mum, but I guess he missed the last boat," was the prompt response.—San Francisco Post.

The Viand He Sneered At.

The noble redman sniffed disdainfully. "They say"—

He drew his blanket around him pettishly.

—"that every dog has his day.

"But"—

He chewed his basswood toothpick in his rage.

—"we had this one yesterday as a stew, the day before as a bake, and now today it's hashed!

"Gosh!"—

He toyed with his tomahawk.

—"that's tough on me!"

But he never for a moment realized it was twice as tough on the dog.—New York World.

A Great German's Prescription

Diseased blood, constipation, and kidney, liver and bowel troubles are cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea. For sale at Wade's drug store.

BEST POLICY EVER OFFERED

If you are Thinking

About taking life insurance, either an endowment for yourself or a life policy for the protection of your family, and you were offered your choice of two policy contracts; one, a mass of microscopic type involving burdensome conditions and penalties and the other a straight promise to pay, printed in large type and framed in simple language, containing no conditions except one—the payment of premiums,

Which One Would You Take?

Assuredly the simple, and safe Policy—the one which issues from

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The solid, sure and successful Insurance Company.

CHOOSE A CANADIAN COMPANY

That pays its policy claims immediately upon satisfactory proof of death.

That issues a simple policy contract, easily read and easily understood.

That gives a policy under which, if you travel in any part of the world, it will not be voided thereby.

That issues an absolutely non-forfeitable policy.

That has a large percentage of Surplus to Liabilities.

☞ It is beyond dispute that the insured in a Canadian Company has advantages in the way of lower rates, better security, and larger dividends than can be offered by any foreign company.

The Manufacturers' Life Guarantees:

Ninety per cent. of the surplus to policyholders

Thirty days of grace for payment of renewal premiums

Paid up policy or cash surrender value after three years.

Loans to policyholders after three years, thus avoiding the necessity of lapsing.

In case of lapse, policy may be revived within one year thereafter, if in good health.

T. D. MINNES,
District Manager.
159 Wellington Street, Kingston.

MILES' CANADIAN SPECIFIC

"Health for the Mother Sex."

COMPOUND

"HEALTH for the MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhea, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A.M.C." Medicine Co., Montreal, Marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

FLOUR FEED

LIFE IS TOO SHORT

To catalogue in detail the numerous lines we handle.

The many reasons why purchasers should buy and use our goods,

A Peep at the Samples

A fair trial of the staff is all we ask.

Everyone not already numbered among our many customers should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest this.

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SEEDS SALT

WOOD AND COAL.

COAL

A word to the wise is sufficient, you know,
Although the thermometer's far from zero,
Take heed of the rhyme,
For now is the time
To order your coal while the prices are low.

Be Wise!

CRAWFORD

is waiting to fill your order at the lowest price.

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Yard No. 1—Ontario street.
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FASHIONS

STYLES THAT FIND FAVOR.

A Smart Day Costume, With a New Cut of Coat—Lawn and Linen Collars.

One of the smartest little coats brought out this season can be made in silk, crepon, serge or any material that may be wanted. One sees by the sketch the appearance it presents in front, but this does not tell that it opens in a V shape at the back, so that the shirt shows, and there

DAY GOWN WITH SMART LITTLE COAT.

are revers there as in front. It can be worn over any kind of blouse, and an elastic broad belt can be worn with it to advantage.

The skirt is wide and fashionably cut, and the blouse, with its thick guipure embroidery, is a great improvement to the jacket, falling over the revers, which generally display some distinctive material. The sleeves are short, an attempt to follow the fashion in that respect which has met with great favor in Paris.

There were never more charming materials worn for blouses or prettier coloring, and the blouses find favor almost to the exclusion of all other bodices. But this particular jacket will without doubt stand on its own merits and takes away from the one dowdy point in blouses—viz, the waistband where the skirt and bodice unite. It wants a good figure with the class of skirt now worn not to present too much hip, or too little, or too much slimness, or too much obesity. Women are wearing a prettily made bow in the center of the back and often at the collar behind, and for these shot ribbons are greatly in demand.

The most fashionable gowns have plain skirts, full sleeves and bodices of either white satin or shot silk covered with white or ecru lace, or the full bodices of the same material as the gown are hidden by a center box plait and collar in contrast.

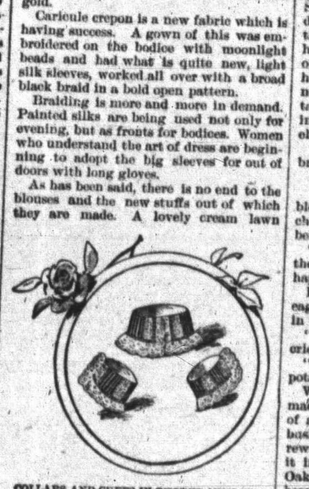
Particularly attractive tea gowns are made for summer wear in crepon, with white lawn collars and frills bordered with lace, a few pearls in the way of embroidery introduced on the satin front.

A pretty little cape of some kind is an important adjunct to a season toilet, and one that would serve both for morning or evening is made in blue and brown shot china silk, lined with purple and embroidered about the yoke with black and gold.

Cariole crepon is a new fabric which is having success. A gown of this was embroidered on the bodice with moonlight beads and had what is quite new, light silk sleeves, worked all over with a broad black braid in a bold open pattern.

Braiding is more and more in demand. Painted silks are being used not only for evening, but as fronts for bodices. Women who understand the art of dress are beginning to adopt the big sleeves for out of doors with long gloves.

As has been said, there is no end to the blouses and the new stuffs out of which they are made. A lovely cream lawn



COLLARS AND CUFFS IN TUCKED MUSLIN.

blouse has tiny pink and blue flowers on an open pattern, the flowers being raised, and so finely worked it is hardly possible to believe they were not embroidered by hand. Some of the very dressy blouses have enormous white silk or satin sleeves covered with black chiffon, forming a contrast to the material employed for the bodice.

Among the new accessories of the season nothing is more dainty and pleasing than the collars and cuffs in tucked muslin, with insertion and lace edging, in gauffered lisse, chiffon, etc.

My Lady's Jewels.

Favorite head ornaments are swords with jeweled handles, which pass through the hair and have points incrusted with gems.

Cabochon is the favorite way now of cutting stones, and a large cabochon emerald is set in the back of a watch studded with diamonds.

Rows of pearls, with bars of diamonds and pear shaped pearls intermixed with diamonds, form many necklets.

An article de luxe is sleeve links, with large turquoise or sapphires, surrounded by diamonds, some with double stars, one each side of the cuff, others with only one star and a metal oval button.

The latest introduction for necklaces is a series of distinct diamond figures like the number "8," though which velvet is threaded and which can be worn separately for stars or other ornaments.

Turquoises are particularly the fashion now, especially when surrounded by diamonds.

Sapphires mingle well with the queen of stones and are often mounted in platinum, which never tarnishes.

She Was a Relic.

"Oh, yes, my husband has been a collector of curios and such things for a number of years."

"Was he in that business when he married you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I thought so."—Atlanta Constitution.

Admitted.

"I don't see how Van Loo got into that club. He isn't much of a swell."

"Why, my dear fellow, he told the committee that the very ink he wrote with was of the vintage of 1848."—Life.

Bike and Bloomers.

The chaperon isn't in it now if she doesn't ride a bicycle.—Boston Globe.

My son an dorter wears them bloomers.
I never used their like or sich,
For now I has the greatest trouble
To find out which is which.
When I cuss an fume around
When Jim's done what he orter
Not, by gum, I'm knocked clean plum ter ground—
I finds Jim is my dorter.
An when thar's bills for millinery,
An when I see me purse is slim,
I hears a larf that's deep an merry—
I finds I'm chinnin Jim.
—Syracuse Post.

A Natural Beautifier.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. For sale at Wade's drug store.

HE WON HER.

Walter Oakville's Persistence Noted Him a Bride In the End.

I.

"No, Walter," said Caroline Geranium, with determination that her trembling bosom would not stifle, "I cannot marry you. I would not conceal the fact that I have and do cherish a warm sentiment for you; but you are too poor, Walter, to support me as I would wish to be supported as a wife."

Walter Oakville felt his heart almost burst asunder, but he knew only too well that his soul's idol had spoken the truth. For a moment he stood as if struck dumb, and then, as his cheeks grew whiter, he spoke in almost whispered accents.

"Caroline," he said, "your confession bids me hope that I may some day claim you for my own. Tell me, darling, that you will nurse the affection you bear me, and that you will be ready to put your hand in mine when I come to you again and am able to care for you as you desire."

The proud, beautiful head bends low, and Caroline Geranium said she would be steadfast unto death.

Walter Oakville was made of sturdy stuff, and his nature brooked no obstacle when his soul placed a goal for his ambition to attain. He had determined to make Caroline Geranium his bride, and she had plainly indicated that she needed substance as well as sentiment when she entered the married state. He was making $8 a week in the collection of debts. An additional $7 would make Caroline and bliss attainable.

II.

Walter Oakville mounted the steps of the Associated Charities. Secretary Emery looked up from the satisfied perusal of commendatory resolutions No. 2,911 of the board of directors and inquired his business. Walter Oakville quickly told it. "I am a young man, as you see," he began, "but I am unfortunate. I have closely followed the philanthropic movement which is destined to eradicate poverty by assisting its victims in agricultural pursuits. What I want is a vacant lot and some potato seed, with a scattering of beans, if you will be so kind."

Secretary Emery beamed upon Walter Oakville, and proffered his escort to the headquarters of the potato committee on Ninth street.

Four days afterward Walter Oakville planted a bushel of lime covered quarter sections of Early Rose potatoes on the western slope of a suburban hill, destined one day to be a villa site. On the outskirts of this prospective patch he planted three quarts of beans and a gill of moth balls. Why moth balls? Because the potato committee shrewdly mixed moth balls with their beans to prevent would be farmers from planting them in soap kettles, and the potatoes were covered with lime for a similar purpose.

Early and late worked Walter Oakville, now hoeing the rows of his patch and again carrying water from the hydrant to moisten his vegetable graves. Ever and anon he would take a clip of bills and dun the sluggish debtors in their lairs. Through all his duty he thought of Caroline Geranium.

If Walter Oakville was proud the day the potato committee drove out to his patch and praised his humble efforts, he was overjoyed when he heard that a system of reward had been decided on.

III.

"We have been assured by a friend of our cause," said the chairman, "he will give $1 each for the first bushel of potatoes raised under our plan and delivered at the committee rooms. Your patch is looking fine, but you'll have to get a hustle on you to beat Erasmus Collins, who is growing his potatoes in East Washington."

Walter Oakville hoed with more tremendous energy after this and carried prodigious quantities of water. On the 11th of September Walter Oakville after nightfall dug up a potato plant. Upon its roots there hung 27 potatoes. He put them in his vest pocket and retired to happy dreams of Caroline Geranium. With the garbage horn he was astir in the morning, and ere noon the sun was shriveling prostrate potato plants and Walter Oakville was toiling toward a Ninth street car with a bushel of potatoes on his back.

"A dollar apiece," he ejaculated. "It'll break the central relief committee!"

IV.

Proudly he deposited his sack on the table of the potato committee. A great chorus of joyful cries arose from the members.

"You have beaten Erasmus Collins, and the reward will be yours!" exclaimed the happy chairman.

Eager hands untied the portly sack and eager eyes grew wide as the contents came in view.

"He has brought back the moth balls," cried an indignant committee man.

"No," gasped the chairman, "they are potatoes."

Walter Oakville, as we have said, was made of sturdy stuff. He scorned the offer of a compromise. He had raised the first bushel of potatoes and had rightly won the reward. The newspapers would know of it if he was not justly treated. Walter Oakville carried his point. With proud heart and $1,427 he left the broken hearted philanthropists. With $1,426 he clasped Caroline Geranium in his arms and pressed his lips to hers just as the clerk of the court was writing in his day book:

"Received $1 for one marriage license—Walter Oakville and Caroline Geranium."—Washington Post.

Gratuitous Insertion.

"That's all right"—

The advertising manager leaned over the prostrate form of the burglar whom he had caught in his room. He had struck the robber down, but his hand was injured by the blow.

"I put it in a bold faced type," he murmured. Then, kicking the fallen robber, he again scanned the man's face.

"Nicely illustrated with cuts," he continued, "but I'll not charge you for the display!"

Then the moon went behind a cloud and wept, while the stricken thief groaned inwardly.—New York World.

Just What He Expected.

An evangelist stopping at a suburban hotel fell into conversation with a young man he met there, and just before they parted at bedtime he said:

"Young man, do you realize that when you retire tonight you may be called before morning dawns?"

"Do I realize it? Well, I should say I did! I am going to start on a double century run tomorrow and had left word with the hotel clerk to call me at half past 3. I guess that's before dawn, ain't it?"—Wheel.

Unreasonable Demand.

"Haven't you any napkins?" asked the guest at the Muddy Gulch restaurant.

"Napkins?" exclaimed the waiter. "Ain't the tablecloth good enough for you, mister?"—Chicago Record.

"We'll Back You Every Time."

A flush of pride suffused the face of the young jockey as he read the telegram: "Let us know each race you start in, and we'll back you every time." The message came from his old time comrades in far-away Yorkshire. They knew he rode square—rode to win—and their telegram was a testimonial to his integrity and worth. Hundreds and thousands of testimonials to the worth of Holloway's Pills and Ointment as family medicines are in our possession. Many a poor sufferer has been restored to health by these world-famed remedies, and has gratefully written to tell us so. Human friends come and go, but these remedies—the friends of mankind—are always with us in the hour of need.

Harlowe Happenings.

HARLOWE, July 8.—Bush fires are raging near Cloyne and threaten to do considerable damage if rain does not come soon. A deficiency of water at the cheese factory caused the directors to employ George Primrose, and by the use of dynamite water was secured at about fifteen feet. Mrs. A. Bradshaw, widow of the late A. Bradshaw, staying with her brother at Roblin, has returned. She will reside here in future. H. B. Seeley was in the city on Friday. Breton Hawley, Arden, was here on business Thursday. Visitors: Mr. and Mrs. William Bath, Northbrook, at Asa Miller's.

PREPARING FOR A TRIP?

Have you a dress you feel DRESSED in and at same time you can wear with perfect freedom? A dress that will not crush or lose its shape? If not prepared with such a dress, come and see our New ... ...

Black Lustres

Fine as Silk.
Crisp and dust-proof.
Very stylish.
Moderate in price.

25c, 35c, 45c, 50c, 75c.

DOUBLE WIDTHS.

J. LAIDLAW & SON.

KINGSTON MARKETS.

The Prices Gathered on the Market Square and Elsewhere.

KINGSTON, July 9.—Berries have been coming into market in great quantity recently. Garden strawberries, however, are now played out. Garden raspberries bring 14c to 15c per quart; wild raspberries, $1.25 per pail; red and white currants, 10c per box; black berries, 10c per box; cherries, 13c per box, or $1.25 to $1.50 per basket; gooseberries, 5c. to 10c per quart; huckleberries, 12½c per quart.

Cucumbers, 5c to 10c each; rhubarb, 4c. to 5c. per bunch; green onions, 4c. per bunch; cauliflower, 5c. to 20c. each; cabbage, 35c. to 50c. per dozen; lettuce, 5c. per head; radishes, 4c. to to 5c. per bunch; tomatoes, 15c. per pound; mint, 2c. per bunch; asparagus, 5c. per bunch; parsley, 5c. per bunch; beets, carrots and turnips, 5c. per bunch; green peas, $1 per bushel; shelled peas, 10c to 13c per quart.

Pork, per quarter, 6c to 7c; 8c to 12½c. per lb.; beef, carcass, 4c to 5½c per lb.; cuts, 5c to 12c per lb.; mutton, carcass, 5c to 6c; 8c to 12½c per lb.; lamb, carcass, 3½c to 4½c.

Fowls, 40c to 50c per pair; turkeys, 10c per lb.; ducks, 60c to 75c each; chickens, 50c to 65c per pair.

Bakers' flour $2.50 to $2.75 per cwt.; family flour, $2.50 to $2.60 per cwt; cornmeal, $1.60 per cwt; chops, $23 to $25 per ton; bran, $16 per ton.

Eggs, 12½c to 13½c per doz.; butter, rolls, 16c to 18c; pound prints, 20c to 23c.

Sea salmon, 20c to 22c per lb; pike, 6c per lb; whitefish, 9c to 10c per lb.; salmon trout, 9c to 10c per lb;

The grain market is still quiet. Both wheat and oats are lower than they were a week ago. The former has dropped 4c to 5c and the latter about 2c. Owing to the most of the millers carrying sufficient stock to last them during the month of July enquiries are limited and prices have to be shaded to make sales. We quote No. 1 hard Manitoba, to-day, 93c; white, red, winter, 90c; Ontario spring, nominal; peas are dull owing to the low price for which corn can be obtained in comparison with them. No deliveries as farmers are all busy harvesting their hay.

The Wool and Hide Market.

John McKay, 157 Princess street, reports: The wool market remains firm. We are paying for washed fleece wool from 16c to 18c per lb.; pure Southdown, 19c per lb.; unwashed wool, from 10c to 12c according to quality. Hides, No. 1, 7c per lb.; bull hides, 6c per lb.; calf skins, dekins, from 40c to 60c for No. 1; veal skins, from 60c to 80c; shearlings, 15c; lambs, 15c to 25c; horse hides, $1.50. We are receiving large quantities of wool at above prices. American market for wool continues dull.

Markets Elsewhere.

MONTREAL, July 9.—Prime steers and heifers, fed with meal on grass, sold at from 4c to 4¼c per lb., with pretty good stock at about 3½c and the more common and leaner beasts were rated at from a little over 2c up to about 3c per lb. The prices of calves were about the same as on last market, good veals selling at from $5 to $9 each and common ones at from $2 to $4 each. Mr. Bourassa bought five fine calves paying from $7 to $9 for them. Sheep are exceedingly dull of sale and prices are from 2½c to 3½c per lb.; good lambs bring from $3 to $3.50 each and common ones from $2 to $2.75 each. Fat hogs are scarce and sell at from $4.50 to $4.75 for 100 lbs.

TORONTO, July 9.—Wheat, white, 85c; wheat, red, 85c; wheat, goose, 75c; peas, 64c to 65c; barley, 46c to 48c; oats, 40c to 42c; hay, timothy, $16 to $17; do, new, $13 to $14.50; straw, bundled, $8 to $9; straw, loose, $5 to $5.50; eggs, new laid, 11c; butter, lb. rolls, 16c; butter, tubs, dairy, 11c to 12c; dressed hogs, $5.75; beef, forequarters, $4 to $5; beef, hindquarters, $7 to $10; yearling lamb, $8; spring lamb, $9 to $12; mutton, $5 to $6; veal, $5 to $7.

Wood Yard.

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

Pills Do Not Cure.

Pills do not cure Constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels. For sale at Wade's drug store.

It Pays to use Sunlight Soap

6c. TWIN BAR

Books for Wrappers

For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a book will be sent

THE

And all its uncles, cousins and aunts have arrived.

Troublesome

Be ready for the fray during this warm weather and secure your Tanglefoot, Shoo Fly Paper and Pads, Insect Powder, &c.

FLY

Last, but not least, we are still selling Paris Green and Hellebore at the usual low prices.

HOAG'S

Drug Store, Opposite Windsor Hotel.

NAVIGATION.

Richelieu & Ontario Nav. Co.

Sailing Through the Bay of Quinte!

TORONTO & MONTREAL LINE.

STR. HAMILTON

—BETWEEN—

Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, 1000 Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence and Montreal.

LEAVES KINGSTON—
Going East—Tuesdays, at 5 p.m
Going West—Fridays, at 10 p.m.

FARES:—Hamilton $4.25, return $8.00; Toronto $4.00, return $7.50; Montreal $4.00, return $7.50. Berths and meals included both ways.

MAIL LINE STEAMERS

On and after July 1st, Steamers of this Company will leave Kingston daily (Sundays included).

Going East, 5 a.m. Going West, 3 p.m. (Mondays excepted.)

Meals and berths included going East on these steamers in June and September, and included going West all season.

JAS. SWIFT & CO., Freight Agents. T. HANLEY & SONS, Passenger Agents.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

(LIMITED.)

River and Gulf St. Lawrence

SS. MIRAMICHI OR CAMPANA

LEAVES MONTREAL ON MONDAYS

At 4 p.m. on 27th May, 10th and 24th June, 8th and 22nd July, 5th and 19th August, 2nd and 16th September, for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Percy, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Summer Cruises in Cool Latitudes.

The well and favorably known SS