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# THE NEW EPOCH OF THE LEGS.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

(Copyright 1895.)

Sisters, the pallor in the East tells us that the herald—daily edition—of the dawn is speeding up the slopes of the Orient; a little while and the rosy fingered hours will paint the day red. Emancipation is on its way by Adam and Eve's express. Yea, it is even now here, with both feet.

How do I know this? How does the cautious prophet become dead certain of anything? By keeping his eyes open, taking both papers, and waiting patiently until the event has prophesied itself. That's how.

A day or two since I was trying to bring order out of the eternal chaos which ever rules in the jungle which I call my den—debating within myself whether to go on with the regular order or go out and set fire to the house, the shorter and sometimes more profitable, and certainly under any circumstances, least expensive method of cleaning house. A hasty but hurried investigation revealed the depressing fact that my fire insurance had lapsed some twain years ere. I sighed and went on with the task of restoring a semblance of order inside. The women folk sighed twice to my once, so I was also outsighed. Signed copies of this will be sent on application. A ten cent stamp must accompany each request, not necessarily for publication, but to make a little noise with. Where there is absolutely no sense, there should be some sound.

Well, emptying a box containing much antique literature, a large assortment of fleet-footed spiders with sinister countenance, and the cliff dwellings of a colony of irascible mud wasps, there tumbled out an old bound volume of Godey's Lady's Book. Dear old Godey. There was the old familiar colored fashion plate folded at the beginning of each number. A lady with a head the size of a hazel nut, and a cloud compelling bonnet as large as a clothing hamper, with a whole conservatory of fabulous and highly colored flowers, all in full bloom, swarming over and under and around it. The lady had a mouth not quite so wide as her nose. A long and gracefully curved neck trailed its sinuous length from her head until it gradually tapered into a pair of shoulders which sloped downward until they lost themselves in what was left of the body after the neck and shoulders had been formed. From a waist not so large in circumference as the thinnest part of the neck, swelled a vast, wide-circling skirt. Legs, or semblance or suggestion of legs the lady had none. Barely visible at the front of the skirt a wee, tiny point like the vertex of a triangle peeped timidly out into sight and faintly suggested that the rest of a foot was concealed somewhere behind it. There is never any suggestion of more than one foot. I looked at the picture, and naturally thought of Sir John Suckling's "Ballad Upon a Wedding,"—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

Although I want you distinctly to understand that nothing so coarse or vulgar as a petticoat went with that sort of a fashion plate. No, siree, ma'am. We didn't wear such things in those modest days. Not a mother's son of us.

Well, lifting mine eyes from that fashion plate of long ago, and looking out of my window upon "Anno Domini 1895" wheeling, and galloping, and striding, and driving, and tally-hoing past, the prophetic vision came upon me. I heard the deep, rotund chest tone of Woman—none of your weak, piping, masculine falsetto—calling out of To-day into the depths of To-morrow, that Woman is free—free—for-ree! Emancipated all the way.

Ay, from the ground up. That is where she has begun. At the ground. With her Understanding. It is the Epoch of Legs. The ballet girl may put on her longest dress with the most sweeping train. She is no good. She is in evidence—and very expensively—an hour or two every evening in the season, maybe. But the End of the Century Woman cavorts all day long, and it doesn't cost a cent to see her take her pedals out for an airing.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out"——

Oh, they did, did they? Well, back in the bleak, desolate days, when she was the sul-lave of the tyrant Man maybe they did. But they don't steal out now. Steal in and out, hey? They come charging out like a pair of reciprocal cuirassiers, clad in good stout leather, with soles as thick as a Philadelphia pie, and they leave a track in the dust like a snowshoe. "As if they feared the light." Fear nothing! Light? Bless your simple soul, son, when she puts on her flat-bottomed shoes and bestrides her spinning wheel after dark she lights a lantern and hangs it on the wheel that she may see and be seen. Fear the light, quotha! Ay, marry come up. Turn the calcium on Me, please.

Why, this era of the legs will long be remembered in history. Does my lady care to waltz? Not particularly. She has learned that man is not a necessity in a ballroom. She can do the skirt dance or wriggle through the bewildering mazes of the serpentine much better without a partner. The little girls on the street who dance to the lascivious pleasing of the tinkling street piano kick their way to and fro, from a wall to curb, in many a fantastic and far reaching caper. The dancing master can give the patient but sudden mule points in the zebra-legged one's own specialty. And if the dancing master of to-day could drop into a minuet of your grandmother's time he would produce much the same effect which a misanthropic hornet does when he voluntarily takes part in the closing exercises of a camp meeting.

Does my lady sit down for a little light conversation? She languidly sinks, with most sinuous Delsartean grace, upon a sofa carrying a deck load of cushions, and displays straightway an expanse of slippered foot, clocked ankle and adjacent anatomy that makes a bashful man so nervous he instinctively hides his own feet under his chair and forgets what he was going to say. She rides to the hounds—or, if "awfter the 'ounds?"—with a display of legs that makes the long-limbed dog take second place, although he had two to her one to begin with, and you would naturally suppose she started out heavily handicapped. And as though leg was the soul of the animate universe, last Summer the equestrian woman had a fad to have her habit-maker's legs clipped; just his leg—contrasting sharply in color with the body, gave the poor brute the aspect of having his trousers rolled up, like a wading boy.

Legs? They are what the cause of emancipated woman stands upon. When the short walking dresses ceased to be a novelty, she put on the divided skirt and rode straddle. You can see her, here and there, in the land, rambling along the avenue like a heavily draped clothespin, while that noble animal, the horse, which she bestrides, plainly intimates to the spectators that it isn't his fault, and that he greatly regrets having left his blinders at home on the coach harness. The divided skirt was fairly knocked out by the golf costume, which was easily shortened for basket ball, until at last she laid hands upon the knickerbockers, which had been the monopoly of masculine youth, put them on and straddled her bike like a little man. And out in Chicago she put side pockets in them, wore them to school, and taught the young men how to shoot and walk, until the school board, so sensitive and conservative are the men of the wild and woolly West, sternly bade her put on her ulster or take off her knickerbockers. She put on the ulster.

But what's the use of talking? Brother man, we may as well submit gracefully. We have lost the distinguishing garment of our sex. But it is our own fault. For centuries, our fathers before us, and we ourselves, have made bitter and sarcastic sport of women's sex, no matter how often or how she radically changed it. She has never yet been able to please capricious man. Man, who wears a sheet iron collar, cast-steel cuffs, an inflexible breastplate on his shirt, and a stove-pipe hat as graceful and comfortable as a section of a pump log, and then makes fun of woman's most ill-considered and uncomfortable dress. We proved again and again, by her very dress, her mental and physical inferiority to man, and her utter incapacity for doing man's work in the world. Again and again, not for one or two years, but for generations, we urged her to adopt the very dress she is now beginning to wear. And now that she puts it on we kick harder than ever. Brethren, it does no good. For now, behold you, she can kick back. That is the gall of it. We have foolishly let the genius out of her bottle, and she isn't all smoke, after all. She is "on to us." It is not denied that she smokes cigarettes. Not under the rose, but whenever and wherever she sees fit. It is whispered, in large clear print, that she tipples more than her grandmother did. It is in evidence that when the Governor of New York faileted on Decoration Day, in all the crowd of both sexes on the reviewing stands, the Governors of neither of the Carolinas being present, the only pocket pistol to be found was in the pocket of a young lady, and it was loaded to the muzzle with good old brandy of the "drinker-down" brand. And it wasn't in one of the hidden pockets which last year's woman carried concealed on her person, either. Because it was found inside of half an hour. It came out as promptly as the flask of a candidate. Yes, more promptly for there were candidates on that stand for every office in the United States, from president down, and not a flask among 'em, save in the pocket of this woman. Here, sister take the trousers. By years, yes, generations of brave endurance and patient persistence you have won 'em nobly; wear 'em with honor. Put 'em on! Oh, good Saint Centipede, not that way! You can't put 'em on over your head! Such is the strength of habit. You see, you have some "manny" ways yet to learn before you acquire them. Farewell, oh fellow man, a long farewell to all our bifurcated and distinguished greatness!

Who steals my purse—and many a time
while we have slept
Hath she done this—steals trash. 'Tis
something, tho' oftener
Nothing. Especially after she goes
through it.
'Twas ours, when it had anything in it,
'tis hern.
Now that 'tis empty as a last year's bird's
nest,
But she that filches from us our good
pantaloons—
Not to trade off for plaster paris g[illegible]
some wandering dagoes,
But to bedeck her lithe, ema[illegible]ated
walking things—
Robs us of that which not enr[illegible]her,
So far as grace of figure and celestial
bearing is concerned,
But makes us poor indeed, the while the
biting wind
Sighs bleakly round our bare and
shrunken shanks.

Robert J. Burdette.

### Sensations of Starving.

For the first two days through which a strong and healthy man is doomed to exist upon nothing, his sufferings, says an article in Current Literature, are perhaps more acute than in the remaining stages; he feels an inordinate, unspeakable craving at the stomach night and day. The mind runs upon beef, bread and other substances, but still, in a great measure, the body retains it strength. On the third and fourth day, but especially on the fourth, this incessant craving gives place to sinking and weakness of the stomach accompanied by nausea. The unfortunate sufferer still desires food, but with a loss of strength he loses that eager craving which he felt in the earlier stages. Should he chance to get a morsel or two of food, he swallows it with a wolfish avidity, but five minutes afterward his sufferings are more intense than ever. He feels as if he had swallowed a living lobster, which is clawing and feeding upon the very foundation of his existence.

On the fifth day his cheeks suddenly appear hollow and sunken, his body attenuated, his color is ashy pale and his eyes wild, glassy and cannibalistic. The different parts of the system now war with each other. The stomach calls upon the legs to go with it in quest of food; the legs, from weakness, refuse. The sixth day brings with it increased suffering, although the pangs of hunger are lost in overpowering languor and sickness. The head becomes dizzy; the ghosts of well-remembered dinners pass in hideous procession through the mind. The seventh day comes bringing increasing lassitude and further prostration of strength. The arms hang listlessly, the legs drag heavily. The desire for food is still left to a degree, but it must be brought, not sought. The miserable remnant of life which still hangs to the sufferer is a burden almost too grievous to be borne; yet his inherent love of existence induces a desire still to preserve it if he can be saved without tax on bodily exertion. The mind wanders. At one moment he thinks his weary limbs cannot sustain him a mile; the next he is endowed with unnatural strength, and if there be a certainty of relief before him, dashes bravely and strongly forward, wondering whence proceeds his new and sudden impulse.

Skirts remain straight and round, with godet and organ-pipe backs.

### THE TRIPLE CALL-DOWN.

**How a Bored Irishman Silenced a Crowd of Self-Admitted Genials.**

There were four of them, as genial, good-natured, whole-souled retailers of old wives' tales as ever got together in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car. They had all fed well in the diner and settled down with the anticipation of enjoying a long evening of yarn swapping. They spread themselves over as many of the seats of the smoker as they could cover, and crowded into a corner, a large, round-faced, jolly-looking Irishman, who was enjoying his after-dinner cigar. Somehow he wasn't amused by the stories. The barrators spread themselves, but they couldn't phase him, and the bored expression on his face grew in intensity as the stories went on. The stories were not funny. Once in a while there was a gleam of humor, but for the most part they were commonplace or vulgar. But they seemed irresistibly humorous to the four, who pelted their thighs and wheezed and chortled and roared as each in turn finished his yarn.

At last the big Irishman could endure it no longer, and he broke in with:

"That r minds me of a farmer who caught three boys stealing apples in his orchard."

The original four turned toward him with a look of expectant triumph, ready to yell at the first sign of conclusion.

"He chased them," went on the Irishman, "and they all run up a tree. 'Come down,' said the farmer, but they wouldn't.

"'Will ye come down for once?' asked the farmer.

"'We will not,' answered the boys.

"'Will ye come down for twice?'

"'We will not.'

"'Will ye come down for three times?'

"'So they all came down.'"

And with that the big Irishman winked at the only other man in the compartment who was not of the story-telling crowd. The yarn splurges laughed uproariously for a second or two and then a light went up, as the Germans say, and they stopped suddenly. They looked at one another for a minute, searching for the point, and then one said, with a yawn and a stretch: "Well, I guess it's bed time. Good night," and the party broke up, wondering.

### One Bottle Cures.

Dear Sirs,—My little sister Violet woke up frightened one night and was picking her nose very much. She looked as if she would take convulsions, but mamma gave her Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup, and one bottle cured her.—MAY ARCHIBALD, Vernon, B.C.

### A Great and Unusual Offer.

For every case of Throat and Lung disease that Shiloh's Cure fails to cure, the cost price will be refunded. For sale at Wade's drug store.

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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

MANUFACTURERS' LIFE

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 policy-holders

Thirty days of grace for payment of renewal premiums

Paid up policy or cash surrender value after three years.

Loans to policy-holders 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.

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"Health for the Mother Sex."

"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, Leucorrhœa, 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."

A LOVELY COMPLEXION is the result of good digestion, and that is secured by using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI

Sold by Druggists and Confectioners, 5c. Refuse Imitations.

A VERY INTERESTING NOVELTY.

For three 3c. stamps, Adams & Co., 11 and 13 Jarvis St., Toronto, will send a set of 16 Paper Dolls, with changeable heads and bodies.

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THE RATHBUN COMPANY

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We now offer from CATALOGUE an endless variety of B. L. SHOT GUNS and RIFLES, of the latest model and improvements, at 15% off regular prices. We, of course, could not offer the above inducement upon goods that have been carried in stock for any length of time, and say, our object in adopting this plan is to give our customers an "up to date" both in model and price and at the same time secure ourselves against loss by the continued decline in the price of these goods.

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# THE CHINESE EXCITED

ANTI-CHRISTIAN PICTURES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LATE RIOTS.

Circulated Through the Empire—Missionaries Are Supposed to Use Chinamen's Eyes in the Manufacture of Silver—Their Intense Hatred.

The recent massacres of missionaries in China were caused in great measure by various cartoons printed for the purpose of stirring up feeling against the Christians. In the part of China where these atrocities took place there has for years been a growing notion that the presence of Christians was detrimental to the welfare of the native population, that the missionaries preached a doctrine which was heretical and blasphemous and that they practised all manner of cruelties. In an accompanying illustration a missionary will be observed engaged in the interesting surgical operation of removing a Chinaman's eye. The operation is not a strictly surgical one, for it is not supposed to result in any benefit to the victim. In fact, as is stated in the letter press accompanying the picture, the agents of Christianity pleasingly

styled the "Hog sect," practise this barbarity on native Chinese converts, because they (the missionaries) well know that by properly combining the eye of a Chinaman with molten lead the mixture may be made to produce silver. After attributing such bloodthirsty practices and mercenary motives to the humble missionaries, the cartoon hints, in an inscription to the right, that, "You foreigners scoop out the eyes of men, and men will scoop out your eyes." Another cartoon bears the title "The Beating of the Devils and the Burning of the Books." The "devils" are the "foreigners," usually referred to by the Chinese by a word which the missionaries have interpreted to mean "foreign devils." The picture hardly requires any explanation, and, as far as its perfect lucidity is concerned may be termed a model of cartoon construction. It will be seen in the left-hand side of the picture that those who superintend the conflagration are experiencing the disagreeable odor arising from the consuming volumes. The artist has very cleverly conveyed this idea by the simple expedient of making these persons hold their noses, at the same time imparting to their countenances an expression which may be interpreted to signify disgust or nausea. This is the effect which, it is suggested, the Scriptures and tracts circulated by the missionaries have on the natives.

In still another picture two of the foreign devils are represented in the act of attempting to introduce the doctrines of Christianity among the disciples of Confucius. The allegory adopted by the artist shows the doctrines of Christianity as a hog, which is being borne by two fore gn devils to the door of Confucius. This worthy will have nothing of it.

These cartoons have been selected from a book which once was the property of the murdered missionary, Mr. Stewart. Very few of the remaining cartoons are of a sort that could be reproduced by a newspaper in a civilized country. Mr. Stewart's book is an exact copy of much of the Chinese incendiary literature which is published at Hunan. Boats are loaded at Hunan with handbills, posters, placards and pamphlets, and (it is suspected by the connivance of the Government) are disseminated from there throughout the Chinese empire. The Chinese title of the book containing the cartoons was "The Chinese Picture Gallery," and its circulation was sedulously pushed forward by means of private subscriptions, the object being not to make any money

by the sale of copies, but simply to stir up inflammmatory sentiment against the missionaries. It can be readily understood that such instruments are far more effective than pamphlets or printed documents which, to a large part of the people, would be unintelligible. The cartoon is admirably calculated to convey in a second an idea which it would require minutes to explain in letter-press. And its advantage is still more striking among a people who are largely illiterate.

The hostile feeling of the Chinese of the Yangste Valley can hardly be appreciated by us who are so far from the scene. Perhaps we gain a faint notion of it upon the occurrence of massacres such as those which took place last month. The ignorance of the nations has afforded a fertile field for the planting of all sorts of the most ridiculous and outrageous delusions. Many of the Chinese inhabitants of this district charge the Christians with all the abominations which, curiously enough, were charged against the early Church at Rome—child murder, mutilation, uncleanness and other deeds of darkness. It is said that those who publish and circulate the cartoons are men of refinement and cultivation. The artists are selected with great care.

It is claimed that, owing to the good work done by the Improved Industrial Dwelling Company of London the death rate of that city has been reduced from forty to only eleven in a thousand.

"Guelph eyes" are a protrusion peculiar to all Her Majesty's descendants. The Prince of Wales has it in a marked degree, and it is to be noticed in the German Emperor and the Grand Duke of Hesse.

### A Fact Worth Knowing.

Consumption, La Grippe, pneumonia, and all throat and lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure. For sale at Wade's drug store.

Pratt's headache powders cures headaches instantly, only at McLeod's.

Wash Easy Wash Quick WITH Sunlight SOAP 6c. TWIN BAR

Books For Wrappers

For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book, 160 pages, will be sent

### Multum in Parvo.

Some wish they did, but no man do believes.

To proclaim our faults to the world is pride.

Children have more need of models than of critics.

Humility is to have a right estimate of one's self.

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others on ourselves.

To carry a care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.

It is another's fault if he be ungrateful; but it is mine if I do not give.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow is real poverty.

Action may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.

He who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance; but to do what lies clearly at hand. To make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Goodness smiles to the last.

Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse, but envy wants both.

Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.

What reason, like the careful ant, draws laboriously together, the wind of accident sometimes collects in a moment.

Alexander received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude.

Epochs of faith are epochs of fruitfulness; but epochs of unbelief, however glittering, are barren of all permanent good.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundled in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

Our cares are the mothers not only of our charities and virtues, but of our best joys, and most cheering and enduring pleasures.

The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.

In this great society wide lying around us, a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and gross sense.

When certain persons abuse us let us ask what kind of characters it is that they admire. "We shall often find this a most consolatory question.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

Remember you have not a sinew whose law of strength is not action; not a faculty of body, mind or soul, whose law of improvement is not energy.

There is a virtue in country houses, in gardens and orchards, in fields, streams and groves, in rustic recreation and plain manners, that neither cities nor universities enjoy.

Affliction comes to us all not to make us sad, but sober; not to make us sorry, but wise; not to make us despondent, but by its darkness to refresh us, as the night refreshes the day; not to impoverish, but to enrich us, as the plow enriches the field; to multiply our joy, as the seed, by planting, is multiplied a thousandfold.

### Sad But True.

Americans are foreign ways and manners?

Cats keep quiet all day and howl all night?

People talk during a musical performance?

All types of women adopt the same fashion?

Men always take the part of a pretty girl?

A tall, stout woman marry a thin, short man?

"Good things" always come to some one else?

The summer girl's engagements fall to stick?

The fluffy-haired girl always attract attention?

Cats like fish, yet hate to get their feet wet?

The summer girl flirt with every man she sees?

The girl of to-day think it's smart to be mannish?

The summer girl spoil her bathing suit by going in?

Girls with large hands insist on wearing many rings?

Women and men always want what they can't have?

Men wear silk hats and tan shoes at the same time?

Thin, angular women wear abbreviated bathing suits?

The small brother always appear at the wrong time?

The innocent by-stander always get in the way of the bullet?

The moon tempt even the new woman to be sentimental?

The bravest new woman turn faint at the sight of a mouse?

Bald-headed men invariably sit in the front rows of a theater?

The college girl think that she knows more than her mother?

### Why Will

Men say "pants?"

Men drink bad rum?

Everybody talk shop?

Men wear pink shirts?

Butchers always be fat?

A man wear golf stockings?

A bicyclist bend himself double?

Women use nauseating perfumes?

A red-headed girl wear a pink dress?

Bread always fall butter side down?

The barber speak when not spoken to?

Actresses lose their diamonds so often?

A woman wear a high hat at the theater?

A man with a fat face wear side whiskers?

Prize-fighters talk two years before fighting?

### Stub Ends of Thought.

Diplomacy is not a science, but an art.

It is because a woman doesn't know what to do with a secret, that she can't keep it.

Solitude is the salt of thought.

The worry of the day is a bad bed fellow.

Women talk better than men because they have more practice.

Good advice is harder to take than bad.

Love is simple in sentiment and complex in action.

Babies are the best educators of women.

Poverty is pulverized prosperity.

Talk moves fast when the burden of thought is light.

### A Commissioner in B. B.

Gentlemen,—Having used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years I have no hesitation in saying that it beats everything else we have tried for coughs and colds in children as well as grown up people. It relieves that tight binding sensation in the chest. We would not be without it for anything, as we have a large family.—WILLIAM ANDREW, Commissioner in B.R., Balmoral, Man.

### 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.

### Sick Headache.

Biliousness, constipation and all liver and stomach troubles are quickly cured by taking Wade's Mandrake Liver Pills. One pill a dose. 25 doses for 25c. Sold only at Wade's drug store.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will please you.

Come in and look over our splendid fall stock and you'll know "where to buy clothing" and buy it right. Star Hall.

THE CHEAPEST KID GLOVES THAT'S GOOD ..

Is $1.00 for a real French Kid Glove (Rouillon's). We want to caution you not to expect any satisfaction for less, NO MATTER WHO OFFERS IT TO YOU. Nobody can sell lower than we do, and we sell as low as we can. But you are safe at $1.00 with us, as we gladly replace an unsatisfactory pair or your money back if you want it.

KID GLOVES, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25.

J. LAIDLAW & SON.

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.

OFFICE—Foot of Queen St.

Telephone—No 9.

COAL!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—BEST IN THE MARKET.

Yard No. 1—Ontario street.
" 2—Clarence street wharf.
" 3—St. Lawrence wharf.

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A SPICEY ....WINDOW

Is the name given to our display, the reason being that we are making a display of Pure Spices, Pickling Requisites, such as, Corks, Bees Wax, Sealing Wax, Rosin, &c.

MORAL:, Be sure and buy only PURE SPICES and these requisites. Buy them at

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A New and Elegant PERFUME

CHEVELOT'S VIOLETTE de PARME

50c. per oz.

N. C. Polson & Co.

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After 26 years. What everybody likes. Can you guess what it is? It's a

Home-Made Soda Biscuit

Don't let your grocer put you off with any other. Made by

W. J. CROTHERS WELLINGTON TERRACE.

If you want the Cheapest and Best

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Houses and Lots Bought, Sold or Exchanged. Rentals of Stores and Houses a Specialty.

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Sailing Through the Bay of Quinte.

HAMILTON & 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 $4.50, return $8.00; Toronto $4.00, return $7.50; Montreal $6.00, return $7.50. Berths and meals included both ways

TORONTO & MONTREAL MAIL LINE STEAMERS.

On and after July 1st, Steamers of this Company will leave Kingston daily, except Monday.

Going East at 4:30 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.

J. S. SWIFT & CO., Freight Agents. T. HANLEY & SONS, Passenger Agents.

STEAMER ALEXANDRIA,

Montreal, Kingston, Rochester,

Calling at Bay of Quinte and St. Lawrence Ports. The popular side-wheel STEAMER ALEXANDRIA (Capt. E. E. Smith) leaves Craig & Co's Wharf every MONDAY EVENING at 8 o'clock, calling at St. Lawrence Ports, running the RAPIDS and arriving in Montreal on Tuesday afternoon. Returning, leaves Canal Basin, Montreal, every THURSDAY at 10 o'clock a.m., arriving in Kingston on Friday night, and leaves at 1:30 Saturday morning for Rochester, through Murray Canal, calling at Bay of Quinte Ports, arriving at Charlotte at 10:45 p.m. Returning, leaves Charlotte at 7:30 p.m. on SUNDAY, on arrival of train from Rochester.

First Rochester trip from Kingston on June 1st.

Passenger accommodation unsurpassed and rates low.

For tickets and freight rates apply to W. G. CRAIG & CO., Agents, Successors to A. Gunn & Co.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

ORCHESTRA ON BOARD

STEAMER NORTH KING, Lighted by Electricity, Heated by Steam,

COMMENCING SUNDAY, SEPT. 15th, the above Steamer will leave Kingston every SUNDAY at 5 p.m. for Charlotte (Port of Rochester) direct.

DAILY LINE TO ROCHESTER, via Grand Trunk Railway to Port Hope, thence by steamer North King.

J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Ticket Agents. THOS. HANLEY, Ticket Agents.

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DAILY LINE TO PICTON,

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STEAMER HERO,

COMMENCING ON 9TH SEPTEMBER leaves Kingston WEEK DAYS at 3:30 p.m. for Picton and intermediate ports, and on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS the steamer goes through to Belleville, arriving at 11 p.m.

Further particulars apply to E. E. HORSEY, Purser. H. H. GILDERSLEEVE, Manager. JAMES SWIFT & CO.

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

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

AT LOWEST RATES.

Every requisite for the voyage furnished without extra charge.

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Funds over $22,000,000. In addition to which the policy holders have for security the unlimited ability of all the stockholders.

FARM AND CITY PROPERTY insured at lowest possible rates. Before renewing old or giving new business get rates from

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THE ETNA INSURANCE CO. HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Capital ..... $ 4,000,000 00
Total Assets ..... 10,907,598 64
Losses paid in 72 years ..... 65,271,490 00

For prompt settlement of losses and equitable dealing with policyholders this company stands unrivalled.

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