Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters as all sensible people do, because it cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Bad Blood, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU

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 druggists in medicine, or by mail on receipt of price, 50c. per box, or $5 a boxes $2.50.

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CURE CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, REGULATE THE LIVER.

ONE PILL AFTER EATING INSURES GOOD DIGESTION.

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HAVE YOU Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Aches, Old Sores, Ulcers in Mouth, Hair Falling? Write COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital, $500,000. Worst cases cured in 15 to 35 days. 100-page book free.

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.
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" 2—Clarence street wharf.
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Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened. Telephone communication.

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TELEPHONE NO. 133.

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(Successors to Breck & Booth.)
—DEALERS IN—
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CORRESPONDENCE OFFICE—Corner Ontario and Queen streets.

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Funds over $52,000,000. In addition to which the policy holders have for security the unlimited liability of all the stockholders.

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Cash Capital ..... $ 4,000,000 00
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Losses paid in 72 years 60,271,000 00

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

Wm. B. Clark, President; James F. Dudley, Vice-President; Wm. Harding, Sec'y; E. C. Weeks and F. W. Jennes, Assistant Secretaries.

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PRACTICALLY A CANADIAN COMPANY WITH BRITISH SECURITY.

Reserves are deposited annually at Ottawa and now amount to one million dollars.

Rates lower than the majority of offices. Many and choice plans of insurance offered.

MILES VANKOUGHNET, Agent.

Down Dash! he cry... I heard a child cry... ed these words Dick Hare... opened the door and looked... stormy night. A snow-laden g... swept into the room and extingu... candle. Dick closed the door and re... his seat near the open hearth. Dash s... laid his head upon his master's knee, a... and anon looking up at his face and giving vent to a low dismal whine. The man sat watching the huge knots of fatty pine as they glared and crackled and resolved themselves into glowing coal that fell with a hiss and sputter amid the ashes.

"Why so restless, old dog, nothing human is near our hut this wild night?" The man places his hand caressingly on the dog's head and turned his face towards the door as he listened to the howling of the blast, its rust and screech as it dashed itself in fury against the cabin. The firelight fell upon his face, a pleasant face, full of trust and honest purpose, the keen winds of a Canadian winter had given a ruddy tingle to his cheek, his hair, a light colored tawny mass, covers a well-shaped head, his beard is almost the same hue, not gold, not brown, a happy medium, but it is his eyes, blue and clear, that give the fearless, yet kindly expression to his features, attitude of... discloses a well knit frame, muscular, developed by a hardy outdoor life, his suit of corduroy, with its many pockets, bespeaks the hunter; warm leggings and "shoe packs" complete his attire, a typical Canadian.

The ruddy glare from the burning pine lights up the interior of his lonely home, a house of logs, not more than a dozen feet square, good, solid pine logs, cunningly fitted together at the ends, the crevices filled with a mixture of clay and lime, well and compactly built to withstand the rigors of a northern winter. The bunk covered with furs and heavy red blankets, a bench, a rough table, a collection of guns, rifles, revolvers and fishing tackle hang upon the walls, a shelf well filled with the works of the best writers hang beside a motley array of knives, tomahawks, spears, and bows and arrows gathered from the Indians on his trips into the "back country". Spread upon the floor and fastened upon the walls are the pelts of the beaver, the otter and the wolf, and one large skin spread near his feet, belonged some twelve months ago to an active brown bear, who took a fancy to dispute the passage of the man whose dog now quietly sleeps upon the aforesaid hide.

The man started to his feet exclaiming: "I believe I am growing nervous on this lonesome island," he relighted the candle and took down from its peg his favorite instrument, his violin.

"I think I can play well with that rough melody the wind; the snow and the great pines are singing a rude song to night." The night had grown colder, the magic touch of the ice king in frosted silver had covered the little windows of the logcabin; the dog in warm comfort growled low as in his dreams he chased the "Red" Deer far beyond the "burnt timber." The fire leaped in great rushing bands up the wide "heart top" and the man undisturbed by the mighty conflict of the elements counterfeited with magic touch their notes of rage and turmoil, lost in his art he played, now it was a warlike cry, now a weird chant. Again as the storm lulled, a gentle touch brought forth a strain soothing and peaceful—but listen! Upon the night air arises a cry, a child's cry, so clear, so distinct that it leaves no room to credit it to the storm. The dog jumped up with a loud bark, the man hastily laid down his violin and rushed out into the storm.

"Find, Dash! find," he cried, as the dog rushed away into the darkness. The man appeared to listen, then ensued a few moments' silence; then clear upon the frosty air sounded the loud notes of the dog, and answering back, shrill cries of alarm, uttered, no doubt, by a child, the man dashed breathlessly through the woods and down the steep path to the lake. A gust of wind more powerful than usual almost stifled him. A few steps more and he was beside the dog, which was crouching and whining and trying to lick the hand of a little boy, who screamed at his near approach. As he caught sight of the man, running and stumbling through the snow, he screamed anew with terror, and hid his face beneath the shawl that partly covered the head of a woman prostrate on the snow.

"Back, Dash!" cried the man as the dog jumped and barked to show his delight at the discovery of the storm-waifs.

The man knelt down and brushed the snow from the woman's body; it lay in the lee of an old bush, "lean to," used when canoes are in season to hide the frail craft from the searching rays of the summer sun. The snow as it drifted around the corner had slowly covered the body almost to the arm pits. Her face, shielded partly by the shawl and partly by the restless movements of the wailing child, had escaped the fatal covering and disclosed to the intent gaze of the man in the momentary glare of a "lucifer," the color and features of an Indian woman. He placed his hand upon her breast, but found no answering throb, her face was cold to his touch, dead, perished from exposure and exhaustion, the last faint elements of expiring heat had served to keep alive the little one who clutched and kissed the poor dead face. "Bee! Bee! hide me from the dog," the child cried as he nestled up closer to the body with loving strength. Dick loosened the little boy's grasp and caught him up in his arms. With many soothing words he allayed his fears as he struggled up the steep bank and back to the cabin. Once inside he crossed close to the candle and uttered a cry of amazement as his eyes rested on a sturdy little fellow, as white as the snow from which he saved him.

"Where in the name of all that's wonderful did these wanderers come from? We are a mile from land and sixteen from the frontier," he asked, addressing his remarks from force of habit to the Irish setter. Dash answered by a low whine and walked to the door.

"Yes, old fellow, I'll go out again at once," he said, as he drew the table and bench up so as to form a barricade to the hearth. Then he threw the blankets and skins in a heap upon the floor and placed the little fellow on them, removed the fur cap that covered the golden curls and chafed the hands and face of the now assured child. He then poured a portion of the coffee that simmered before the fire into a pannican, sweetened it and gently made the child drink. He bade Dash, who reluctantly obeyed, to "lie and watch." Then he started once more on his errand of mercy, buffeted and half blinded by the storm he made his way to the body, carefully lifted it and forced an entrance through the cedar bush into the old "lean to." Here he laid the body in the bottom of a birch bark canoe and covered the craft and its strange occupant with a couple of sails. With a heart full of sorrow for the poor old squaw who perished within a couple of hundred yards of his cabin door he forced his way back through the pine trees.

The child was playing with the long silky ears of the dog; as Dick entered, he looked up and smiled.

"Come here little man" said the hunter; As his call the child arose and stood beside him.

"Can you tell me your name," continued Dick as he lifted him upon his knee.

"Dick," answered the little fellow.

"Then I have found a nanowake in the storm," spoke the man; a gleam of recognition crossed his eyes as he gazed into those of the boy.

"Bring Bee oh out of the cold; Bee kept me warm," half sobbed the boy.

"Bee has gone home," Dick gently said and hushed his cries. The little fellow sat quietly watching the flare of the fire; occasionally a great sob would burst from his lids. Gradually his head rested more heavily on Dick's arm, his large grey eyes ... picture of a fair, ... girl, with great laughing ... The sleeper stirs and murmurs ... dreams, "Lily." "Dick" starts, moves, as if to awake, but the cold, blustering winds, sweeping across the icy lake, howling through the branches of the leafless oak, or singing in the nodding pines, again lull the solitary into slumber, and visions of the past in dreams appear most real.

"Dick! Dick! come here and help me." He stretches, rubs his eyes, jumps up; below the grassy bank on which he slept stretches a sandy beach, light ripples waves dancing in the sunlight before a light south wind break in tinkling music on the strand; a cedar canoe with its one fair passenger has just grated on the shore; the lateen sail is a difficult thing for the lady to handle, so she calls to her lover resting so idly amid the wild flowers and grasses on the bank above.

"Dick! Dick! come here and help me."

"Don't move, Lily; you'll upset." A run, a jump down the steep bank, a few timely moves by practiced hands, and the canoe has dismantled and overturned upon the sands. "Lily, wait a moment. Will you come for a sail this afternoon? I must see you."

"Yes, Dick," she answered gaily, waving her hand from the bank above. He scrambles up the rude path and together the two hungry, hearty campers burst into the circle of white tents that cluster like huge snowy flowers amid the dark green underbush that covers the northern end of Beaver Island; a scene fair to view this old familiar island is, whether amid the fret and fury of a December gale, or resting thus calmly on the bosom of the sparkling lake, whose breezes, even though it is July, are cool and temperate. This part of Canada is the chosen haunt of Lillian and her father, a refuge from the toils and worries of business life, a few friends for company and Dick, her childhood's playmate.

"Come to lunch," a clear, well-remembered voice exclaimed. A merry laughing group gather around the feast-spread campers' fashion on the grass, the meal ended the same voice rings out: "Dick, take me for a sail."

Oh! those pleasant, dreamy, aimless days, as we glide gently along, our light craft noiseless as the shadows sweeping over yonder field of grain.

"Lily, heads down. All right; we're off on the other tack. Oh, this is glorious."

"Yes, dear Dick, it is, but I am very sad to-day."

"You sad, my Lily, sad, nonsense," laughed the lover.

"Yes indeed I am very sad. Father says we must return to the city at once and leave this lovely spot, and you."

"But must you go so soon?" argued Dick. "Remember our promises. Let me speak to the father."

"Oh, no, not yet; you will ruin everything. But I love you, I love you," she sobbed.

The mists roll over, the sleeper sighs and murmurs and sees another scene arise from out the dissiness of the past——

October, with its woods of golden, scarlet glory, its days of hunters' joys, the air is filled with the whirring, winnowing sound of myriad wings, the sharp report of the duck guns is echoed back in dull rumbling crashes from the neighboring islands, on the northern rocky point of the beaver sits Dick, hidden by a carefully constructed "bough-house." This screens him from view when the web-footed prey fly along past his decoys; his gun is laid aside; his thoughts are far from game and hunting, a letter from a mutual friend tells him that Lillian, his own, his loved and promised one, was married, a few days ago, to her father's young partner in business——

Rocks, islands, ducks, the grand October scenery fade, dissolve, and up out of their misty chaos arise a house, a handsome house in the fashionable quarter of a large city. A gentleman dressed in the correct style ascends the steps, he asks for Mrs. Waldron and is shown into the drawing room. She comes hastily down the stairs, his card in her outstretched hand, entering she closes the door and falls sobbing on the sofa, moaning:

"They have sold me, Dick, they have sold me." He sees her suffer, he offers what help an honorable man can offer; he tells her his permanent address will be Beaver island.

Again all is lost to view and slowly but of the dim surrounding of the land of sleep arises the view of his present home here. Disconsolate and alone he leads a hunter's solitary existence. A few years roll into the past with that silent speed found only in our dreams. Again a letter comes, "her husband a fugitive from justice," her father dead, herself, she believes, dying." If death steps in and takes her she will send to him, as pledge of their bye-gone love, her boy, her one treasure, little Dick, her faithful squaw Bee knows she lonely hut on the Beaver. "Santa Claus, ain't you, tumming?" This sounds more real. The sleeper turns and sighs, then arises from his cold couch to find the bright sun of Christmas morning streaming in through the little windows of the cabin. And hears again the baby voice repeat, "Santa Claus, ain't you tumming? Yes, darling," cries the man, "and I thank God for my Christmas gift, something to take me back to civilisation."

Hamilton's Butternut Pills for Dyspepsia. One a Dose.

It is too often forgotten that impaired digestion, flatulence, sour stomach, eructation of gas from the stomach, all have their origin in a disordered condition of the liver. No remedy can equal Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut for the cure of all diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels. They are vegetable, mild in action and safe for old and young under all circumstances. Sold by all dealers in medicine and at N. C. Polson's drug store.

The Love That Lasts.

If a man loves a girl enough to yearn after her for sixty-two years it is right that he should marry her. This Christian Shultz did. Back in 1830 Shultz loved Martha Cowan, a school-mate in Germany. When she was eighteen years old her parents came to America, and brought Martha with them. Until last month Shultz and Miss Cowan knew nothing of each other's whereabouts. Then Shultz came to America and learned that his sweetheart of years ago was living in Ohio. He found her in McGuffy, and they were married on Tuesday. The bride is eighty years old and the bridegroom two years her senior.

"Frost on Your Throat" 10c. at Wade's.

BE SURE YOU GET ONE! IT'S GOOD THE ... SUNLIGHT ALMANAC FOR 1896

A SPLENDID BOOK OF REFERENCE, 400 PAGES

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HOW TO GET IT | Commencing November, 1895, and until all are given away, purchasers of 3 packages or 3 bars of SUNLIGHT SOAP will receive from their grocers, 1 SUNLIGHT ALMANAC FREE.

Contains complete Almanac, Home Management, Language of Flowers, Gardening, Fashions and ... Dreams and their significations, Recipes, &c. &c.

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... and only scientific and practical Electric Belt made for general use, producing a gentle current of Electricity, for the cure of disease, that can be readily felt and regulated by a quantity and power, and applied to any part of the body. It can be worn at any time during working hours or sleep, and

WILL POSITIVELY

Cure Rheumatism

Lumbago, General Debility, Lame Back, Nervous Disease, Varicocele, Sexual Weaknes, Impotency, Kidney Disease,

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Any sluggish, weak or diseased organ may by this means be roused to healthy activity before it is too late.

Leading medical men use and recommend the Owen Belt in their practice.

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Contains fullest information regarding the cure of acute, chronic and nervous diseases, prices, how to order, &c., mailed (sealed) FREE to any address.

The Owen Electric Belt & Appliance Co.
49 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

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A Cheerful Call to Christmas Bargains.

Never so Good. Never so Cheap.

Our beautiful display of Holiday Gifts is open and ready. The newest ideas, the best selections, the most appropriate and desirable presents at fairest figures.

The right thing for every person—old, middle age or young.

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Aids Digestion. Sold by Druggists and Confectioners, 5c. Refuse all imitations.

For the return of one Tutti Frutti wrapper and two 3c. stamps, one of the popular novels of the day will be sent to you postpaid, with list of other

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Trade is rapidly increasing, owing to the extra value we give in fine goods.

See our big 50c bottles of Perfume. Special For Christmas.

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Knot Tied Loosely. Machine Sewed Boots. DIFFERENCE Knot Tied Tight. Hand Sewed Boots.

We Make the Tight Ones.

Our Waterproof, French Calf, Hand Sewed Lace Boots... ONLY $5.00

W. ALLEN & SON, Golden Boot, Brock St.

Oil Heaters

BEST AND CHEAPEST.

Get a descriptive circular.

GEO. SEARS,
Successor to J. Mackieson & Co., Princess Street, Kingston.

Lake Lake, Dec. 23.—We have left the roads in a very ... Our school closed on Fri... number of our folks intend... ball at A. Mitts's Joyceville ... night. A daughter of H... was severely scalded last ... ing. Mrs. T. Berrigan ... Charles Rothefurt return... day after an absence of ... in Uncle Sam's domain.

Oso Station, Dec. 23.—... as our sleighing has left and roads ... and frees excess of mud, Christmas trees will appear different from the old-time ones with plenty of snow and the merry jingle of the sleigh bells. The various places around here are having their Christmas trees and entertainments. H. F. Kilborn has returned home from the medical school for his holidays. The scholars of our school presented the teacher with a handsome toilet case for his kindness and affability since he came to live here. Miss S. Conboy has returned home from Kingston. Business, in consequence of no sleighing, is dull. V. Kilborn, who had an attack of apoplexy, is recovering.

Pleasant Valley Pointers.

Pleasant Valley, Dec. 23.—The country wears the aspect of spring. Farmers might again take hold of the plough. School closed on Friday. A number of farmers attended market at Kingston on Thursday and report prices not very brisk. All are looking forward to Christmas and old Santa's visit. Solomon and Robert Truelove, and also Alexander Quinn, who have been in the United States working in the lumber region, passed by on the R. & P., going northward, last week. Visitors: Messrs. James and John Anderson, of Bob's Lake; Mr. and Mrs. David Leslie, of Piccadilly; W. Rodgers, Westport; A. McLean, Harrowsmith; D. Smith, Smith's Corners; N. Smith, Odessa; M. Myers, of New York state, at James Watson's.

Elgin Episodes.

Elgin, Dec. 23.—W. H. Pearson is having a clearing out sale. He intends making some improvements to his shop before getting in a new stock. Frank Seed is able to be out again with the aid of his crutches. Schools closed on Friday for the Christmas holidays. N. H. Howard has returned from Welland, where he went to attend the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. Lennox. Mrs. Mack Halliday, of Deloraine, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Ruth Howard. The opening of D. R. Reid's new hall was a decided success. The Fulford orchestra, of Brockville, furnished the entertainment. On account of the mild weather of last week some of the farmers have started to plow. A great many of the farmers are having their cattle dehorned. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of Cornwall, are visiting their daughter, Mrs. G. S. Reynolds.

From Leeds County.

Unionville, Dec. 23.—Mr. and Mrs. David Forth were in Brockville on business last week. Several from this vicinity attended the concert at New Dublin last week. It was a very enjoyable occasion. Wesley Andrews, Smith's Falls, spent Sunday at Charles Andrews'. Mrs. Thos. Scovil and son have returned to their home in Portland, Ont., after spending a few days visiting their cousin, William W. Percival. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Andrews, of McIntosh Mills, were visiting friends in this place a few days ago. S. and R. Hudson were in Brockville for both pleasure and business on Saturday. Mrs. Charles Andrews and son spent Thursday in Brockville visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. William Wilson, who have spent the last eight months in Syracuse, employed in the salt works of that city, returned here on Saturday of last week. They intend spending the winter with Mrs. James Barrington, mother of Mrs. Wilson. R. Moxley, Lansdowne, passed through here on Saturday. Miss Lily Hall, a resident of here, has been engaged to teach the Elbe Mills school for the new year. Our Epworth league, on Friday evening, will be led by Mrs. Alvin Gilray.

Calabogie Items.

Calabogie, Dec. 23.—No sleighing and no skating for Christmas! What a pity such a thaw should come at this particular season! Such are the laments heard on every hand regarding the weather, especially from the younger part of the community. Those interested in the lumber trade hold that the weather is just what they wish. If it freezes now before more snow comes it will make an excellent road bed. Messrs. Dickson and Guin are preparing to operate an open air skating rink this season. Miss Grant has arrived home again. She has resigned her position as teacher in the Admaston school and next year will assume control of the junior department of Calabogie school. Mr. McNabb will continue to preside in the capacity of principal. Quite a number of villagers have come down from the woods for Christmas. On Friday evening a musical entertainment, furnished by the young people of the village was given in school house. Mr. A. Joyce presided over the entertainment. The programme was excellent throughout. As it was the first of the kind ever given here its promoters have every reason to feel encouraged, and we hope to hear from them again. Christmas entertainments are the order of the day, no less than three coming off in the next ten days.

Cushendall Events.

Cushendall, Dec. 23.—Our school closing exercises on Friday afternoon last were very successful. The parents showed by their strict attention the appreciation they held for the manner in which the pupils went through their work and the programme they rendered. All the pupils acquitted themselves admirably and were well pleased at the prospect of two weeks' holidays. School re-opens on 6th Jan. Several cattle dealers have been operating around here lately. Services will be held at the English church on Christmas evening. Rev. Mr. Johnston being absent preaching in Seeley's Bay, Zion church pulpit was occupied by J. B. Parks, Woodburn, Sunday morning last. His remarks were earnest and interesting. The Wreath Christmas number was received with great favor here, many comments being passed on the excellence of the engravings and stories contained therein. The annual school meeting occurs on the 26th. Chas. Martin and W. J. Franklin have purchased handsome cutters. Several from this vicinity attended Dufferin and Woodburn concerts last week. Miss Dawn and Edwina Scammell and Miss May Franklin, of the Kingston collegiate institute, and Miss Gertrude Scammell, Queen's college, are spending their holidays at home. A. Darragh, Kingston; Mr. and the Misses Purdy, Cataraqui, visiting at W. Woods', sr.; J. B. Parks and daughter, Woodburn, at the paponage.

A Lot of Money

is wasted every year by people who can ill afford to lose it. They buy what they do not want, or what afterwards turns out to be useless for the purpose for which they bought it; and so they are compelled to go without many things of which they stand in need. A man suffering from headache, loss of appetite, indigestion, or low spirits, will dose himself with noxious drugs, and waste his money on all sorts of useless medicines, when by taking a dose of Holloway's Pills he could immediately relieve himself right. Of course, if he has rheumatism, lumbago, bronchitis, or a weak chest, he must use Holloway's ointment, a world-famed remedy for these complaints.

Cold in the head and headache cured in five minutes; catarrh cured in seven days by using Dr. Hunt's magic snuff. In boxes 25c. Only at Wade's drug store.

Corns are cured with three applications of Miller's Sure-Cure Corn Salve, 15c a box. Sold only at Wade's drug store.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure at Wade's.

The Hide Market.

John McKay & Co., hide and leather dealers, (telephone 489) Kingston, Ont., report the hide market in a firmer condition. Prices showed a tendency to advance, but the war scare prevented the raise being declared. Present prices are as follows: No. 1 inspected beef hides 4½c. per pound; No. 2 inspected beef hides 3½c. per pound; No. 3 bulls 2½c. per pound; horse hides from $1 to $1.50 as per quality; sheepskins, fresh taken off, 60c. to 75c. per skin; dry country stock 15c. to 50c., according to wool; tallow, rendered, 4½c. per lb.; tallow, rough, 2c. per lb.; deacon skins 30c.; veals 50c. to 60c.

Markets Elsewhere.

Toronto, Dec. 23.—Wheat, white, 71c. to 72c.; wheat, red, 67c.; wheat, goose, 53c.; peas, 53c. to 53½c.; buckwheat, 37½c.; barley, 35c. to 44½c.; oats, new, 26½c. to 28c.; hay, timothy, $16 to $17; straw, sheaf, $12 to $13; eggs, new laid, 20c. to 21c.; chickens, 25c. to 40c.; butter, lb. rolls, 20c. to 21c.; tubs, dairy, 12c. to 15c.; ducks, 40c. to 60c.; turkeys, 75c. to $1.25; geese, 5c. to 6c.; potatoes, 20c. to 25c. per bag; dressed hogs, $4.50 to $4.60; beef, hindquarters, 4½c. to 7c.; beef, forequarters, 3c. to 4½c.; lamb, 4½c. to 5½c.; veal, 4c. to 6c.; mutton, 4c. to 5c.; onions, 30c.; turnips, 15c. to 20c.; beans, $1.10 to $1.20; beets, 30c. to 35c. per bag; carrots, 15c. to 20c. per bag; parsnips, 40c. to 50c. per bag; apples, $1 to $2 per barrel.

Montreal, Dec. 23.—The grain market was dull and featureless, only a few small lots of oats moving at quotations. Peas, per 60 lbs., 61c.; No. 2 oats, per 34 lbs., 30c. to 30½c.; corn, duty paid, 45c. to 47c.; barley, feed, 38c. to 39c.; barley, malting, 53c. to 55c.; buckwheat, per 48 lbs., 37c. to 38c. The unseasonable weather has played havoc with dressed hogs, buyers not operating. Prices were weak at $4.50 in a jobbing way.

Cheese was featureless and prices cannot be quoted in the absence of business. There was only a small jobbing enquiry for creamery butter, which was easy in tone at 19½c. Dairy makes continue entirely neglected. Eggs were moderately active and steady; choice, 14c. to 15c.; ordinary, 11½c. to 12c. Beans ruled easier at $1 in car lots. Potatoes were very slow at 40c. to 45c. in round lots. Poultry was weak and depressed owing to the very warm weather. Choice turkeys sold at 7½c. to 8c., common to inferior, at 6½c. to 7c.; chickens, at 6c. to 7c.; ducks, at 7c.; and geese, at 5c. per lb.

Pink Cheeks

Are produced in a few days by the use of Miller's Iron Tonic Pills. For people of both sexes who are either pale, weak or nervous they have no equal. Fifty pills in a box for 25c. Sold at Wade's drug store only.

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.

A Great and Unusual Offer.

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

...hy was sick, we gave her Castoria.
...was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
...became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
...had Children, she gave them Castoria.

...W & SON.

Copland Brewing Co.
BOHEMIAN
ROYAL EXPORT
LAGER
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No. 6	12.25 p.m.	No. 5 "	2.45 a.m.
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