

MEDICAL.

CONSTIPATION.

The Cause of Many Lives. It is the cause of nine-tenths of the head-aches, stomach disorders, fits of "bills," dizziness, etc., which cause the lives of thousands. Do not give cheap purgative pills, while they may give temporary relief, only increase the trouble, as their use has to be continued. Mack's Rheumatic (Liver and Kidney) Pills not only give relief, but they also cure. They set up the bowels well and stimulate the secretions, that in a short time the use of medicine is unnecessary. Price fifty cents a box at all druggists.

TRAVELLING.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM THROUGH TICKETS TO THE Cariboo and Kootenay, British Columbia Gold Fields.

Trall Creek, Rossland, Nelson, Alinsworth, Kaslo and all other points in this land of precious metals.

GOING EAST. No. 1 Express, 2.05 a.m. No. 1 Express, 3.06 p.m. No. 2 Express, 1.25 p.m. No. 2 Express, 1.25 p.m. No. 3 Express, 2.45 a.m. No. 3 Express, 2.45 a.m. No. 4 Express, 6.00 a.m. No. 4 Express, 6.00 a.m. No. 5 Express, 8.00 p.m. No. 5 Express, 8.00 p.m.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND Canada Pacific Railways

THE DIRECT LINE TO THE GOLD FIELDS. OF NORTH-WESTERN ONTARIO AND BRITISH COLUMBIA, and for all points in "KOOTENAY" and "GOLD FIELDS."

Full particulars at K. & P. and C. P. R. Ticket Office, Ontario street.

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships. Halifax, Portland, Liverpool, London, etc.

J. P. HANLEY, Agent. Grand Trunk Station.

J. P. GILDENSLLEEVE, Agent. 41 Clarence Street.

A beautiful, heavy carved Bedroom Set, antique oak finish, large bed, regular price, \$14, our price only \$10.00.

Bedstead, antique oak finish, carved top, only \$1.50.

We down everything on these goods. JAS. REID The Leading Undertaker and Furniture Manufacturer.

MEN'S SHOES. Your faithful feet are rendering you the best of service and deserve the best of shoes.

Wm. Allen & Son, Brock Street. Sign of Golden Boot.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE. CARPENTERS' TOOLS.

Are best bought of us. Saving prices and high qualities are firmly linked together.

Hambly's Hardware House 115 PRINCESS STREET.

If you want the Cheapest and Best Furniture of All Descriptions, CALL AT I. BRAIME'S

A PROPOSAL IN FOUR QUESTIONS.

"Can you?" he asks, with pleading voice. "Can you and make my heart rejoice?" "Coolly and calmly waves her fan. Gaily and joyfully it comes, "I can."

IRMA'S BETROTHAL.

In one of the turret rooms of Reitzenberg castle a young girl, arrayed in a simple dress and white apron, sat sewing industriously.

"Will you allow me to come in?" he asked standing on the threshold. The girl took up her work again. "You can come in if you wish," she said indifferently.

"I have been invited to this house under false pretences. I came because I thought that the visit would give pleasure to Frau von Wolde, who fills, or is supposed to fill, the place of my mother. I am sorry to speak disrespectfully of your cousin, but—"

"Not at all. You are perfectly right, and my relative, Frau von Wolde, is in the plot, and has been from the beginning. I know all about it now. My old uncle has just enlightened me. I, as the heir of Reitzenberg castle—will excuse my mentioning my name first—have received orders to offer my hand and my debts in marriage to the Baroness Irma von Buchow, who, on attaining her majority, will become possessed of so large a fortune that she could free the Reitzenberg estate with a stroke of her pen. Nay, hear me out. This lady was to have been kept in ignorance of the plan, but her friend and chaplain could not resist the temptation of giving her a hint as to how matters stand after she had become the mistress of the castle. Is this not so?"

"Yes," she stood by his side now, and the sunlight just touched the coils of her auburn hair. "I have been deceived, cruelly deceived."

"Under the circumstances, nothing remains for me but to give you the opportunity of expressing your opinion as to this marriage. You have done already, decidedly than you have done already. Baroness Irma von Buchow, will you consent to give me your hand in marriage?"

"Count Albrecht of Reitzenberg, I thank you for the honor which you have shown me. I will not."

"They stood facing each other, and as Irma trembled, her strange visitor saw a faint smile in his eyes. Her own anger was beginning to evaporate. He really was behaving well, considering that the Reitzenbergs were renowned for their nasty tempers."

"You admit," she said after a pause, "that I have been awkwardly pleased?" "I admit that you have been inhospitably, almost brutally treated! I blush to think that a member of our family could have dreamed of such a scheme. In order to show you how penitent I am, now that I have received my dismissal, I will immediately leave this house and rid you of my presence."

"If you do that, Count Albrecht, I shall be wiser off than ever. You don't know your cousin, Frau von Wolde. She will insist upon my remaining here for three months, as was arranged, she will reproach me for your absence, she will argue and make me dislike you more than ever, if—"

"His good humor was irresistible. She burst into a merry laugh. For a moment she had the rejected suitor remained in conversation with the betrothed, and at the end of that time they, too, had made a plot. Albrecht was to remain at the castle, he and the Baroness Irma were to pretend to be on amicable terms, and the two conspirators, the count and the chaplain, were not to learn until the last day of the visit expired that their hopes had failed."

"I will endeavor to make your visit as little irksome to you as possible," explained the heir of Reitzenberg, "and we can behave as if there were no enmity between us."

"Yes"—there was still a little doubt in her voice and manner—"I think that I can trust you."

"Come," he said gently. "Baroness Irma is it a truce between us signed and sealed?" He took her hand in his, and bending over it raised her fingers to his lips.

The master of the castle was the first to commence hostilities. One day, toward the end of the three months' visit, Irma came into the drawing room to find the whole party awaiting her arrival, and in an instant she perceived that something was wrong. Frau von Wolde had been shedding tears, the old count's brow was clouded with anger, and Albrecht—Irma hardly dared to look at him, so changed was his aspect. It was too clear, that the termination of the pleasant companionship of the last few weeks was to be was.

"My dear Baroness Irma," said the count, advancing to meet his young guest with ceremonious politeness, "I am exceedingly pleased to see you. Your visit here has given me great satisfaction. You honored this house with your presence, with the full consent of your guardian and my estranged cousin, Frau von Wolde, and had hoped, not without grounds, that the friendship between you and my heir was gradually ripening into a deeper and more lasting feeling. The alliance is one which must give satisfaction to all interested in our families. Imagine my distress on hearing today from my nephew that you have refused this proposal of marriage!" Irma looked toward Count Albrecht. Something that she read in his wrathful men made her hesitate as she answered: "It is quite true. We are friends and nothing more."

The color surged into Irma's cheeks and left them pale again. She glanced at Frau von Wolde, who had no help for her there. "That is a question which you have no right to ask, Count Reitzenberg, and which I refuse to answer. I must beg you to excuse me."

"The Baroness Buchow is right," burst in Albrecht. "She has suffered enough at our hands already. She shall not be thwarted in her will. If she honors me with her friendship, I accept it gratefully. Listen to me, my uncle. I refuse to be a party to your scheme."

He rose and held the door wide open. There was no smile on his face now. His eyes were full of trouble as they rested on hers. He did not offer to take her hand in farewell. He stood there in mute distress as she passed by, and, glistening in her white dress, her lace and blue ribbons—and she pressed him without a word. The truce between them was over.

The forest spread its wide wings even as far as the castle garden. Irma loved the green paths and quiet shades, and here she came with her book the morning after her interview with the count and pretended maid. But, though she kept her eyes on the pages, she did not thereby forget Albrecht's parting words—he accepted her offer of friendship gratefully! Driven to bay, as it were, in order to save her, that was what he had said. During the last three months she had come to understand something of his uprightness, his high sense of honor. He would never marry a woman—though she were a princess—to whom he could not give his love.

"It was my fortune," sighed Irma, "that made him nearly hate me at first! Did he hate her now?" She shut up her book and wandered still farther into the wood, down a hillside covered with fern and moss toward the stream that ran between high rocks, chattering and foaming on its way. On the farther side of the stream was a tract of open country, dotted with clumps of trees and underwood, and bright with heather. The stepping stones were half covered with water today. The current was running fiercer than its wont. She beheld herself of a rustic bridge a few yards farther down.

The bridge hung high in the air, supported by rough stone pillars. It was a picturesque but a fragile affair. Half way across Irma put her hand on the rail. How noisy the stream was! The plank snapped off at her touch, one plank tumbled under her feet, another fell with a splash into the water. She had plenty of courage. She was light and active. She knew, moreover, that she could not get the bank. She was about to make the attempt when she was stopped by a peremptory shout: "Gently! Gently! Jump from that projecting stem. It is safe!"

She looked up. On the edge of the heather covered rock stood Albrecht Reitzenberg. She paused, uncertain, half inclined to retreat her steps. Perceiving her hesitation, he raised his voice and shouted still louder above the clamor of the rushing water: "Can you hear me, Baroness Irma?" She nodded assent. "Step there—to the left. Do not look back!"

Voluntarily she obeyed. He held out his arms. The girl, wavering between them, he could be of no help. "The stem will bear your weight. Do not be in too great a hurry."

"Why does he look so grave?" thought Irma. "Is he still angry?" "I had better return the way I came, Count Albrecht. Do not trouble on my account."

"No. Do as I direct you. You see which is the best place to stand? Drop your book—it might be in your way—and jump as far as you can. Now!"

One spring and Irma was safe on the moss and heather while the plank on which she had thought to stand slipped slowly and surely into the foaming water. Albrecht held her hand close in his, he cried: "Thank heaven that you are safe at last! Oh, Irma, my Irma, I could not stop you. I came just too late for that. I could only look on in agony. Are you frightened? Are you hurt?"

"I am not hurt. I did not know that it was dangerous. I did not, indeed." "She saw him pale at the thought of her peril, and the tears which she had not shed for herself fell fast for his distress. "The bridge should have been destroyed long ago. It shall be done today. I did not dare to join you, or to speak till you had passed the worst. If you had been killed—ah! I cannot bear to think of it—I should never have known another day's happiness, and it would have been my fault—mine! How could I let you wander about alone when I was longing to be with you? My Irma, my best beloved! Thank heaven that I have you safe at last! Surely we have played at being friends and enemies long enough! Look at me and say that you love me!"

When he had made her an offer of marriage three long months ago, she had been ready, ay, very ready, with her refusal. Now, when her whole heart was his, she could find no words amid her tears except: "I love you! I love you!"

It was enough for him. "My bride! My wife!" he said, and held her in his arms. The green forest rustled and whispered, the bees tossed their long legs in the sunlight, the red squirrels played on the oak trees, the whole wood was full of life and joy at that moment when the lovers plighted their troth.—Woman at Home.

Primitive Incense. In ancient days sweet odors were obtained by burning aromatic gums and woods; hence the word perfume, which is from the Latin per, through, fumus, smoke or vapor. From this arose the idea of incense in primitive worship. It was used by the orientals long before it became known to the western world. People of the east utilized it for sacrifice in their temples. At feasts it enhanced the pleasure of the senses. At funerals it was a bribe to appease the manes of the dead, and later, in theaters, a disinfectant against the unpleasant odors of a crowded building.

Pliny assures us that incense was not employed in sacrifice until after the Trojan war, when fragrant woods were applied to give an agreeable smell. In an ancient magical manuscript it is directed that three grains should be taken, of three fingers, and placed under the threshold to keep away evil spirits which might come in the form of offensive odors.—London Society.

Dreamers. "Don't forget, Philip," said Mr. Grand-dad, "that a man cannot live in castles in the air. If he spends too much time in dreaming, he is likely to find himself with a poor shelter when stormy come on. If a man would have a house of his own, he must build it himself, and he can do this only by faithful, unceasing labor. This only the greater part of life. It is in fact, the greatest part of life. He is happy in carrying the load. And he is happiest and likely to have the finest house who recognizes this fact and takes his load up early."—New York Sun.

Any Old Thing Will Do To wear under rubbers, had you want

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

DIGGING THAT PAID. How Grandpa Gray Fined Up a Surprise For Young Industry. "I am going to try 'em," said Grandpa Gray, and his eyes were twinkling.

He meant his three small grandsons—Hal, Herbie and Had. So at dinner grandpa said to grandnephew: "I wish I had time to take that rock out of the yard there. It's a real eyesore to me."

"Can't you, grandpa?" asked the boys. "Well, yes, if you want to," said he, "and I'll be much obliged to you."

So, directly after dinner, they set to work. It didn't look like a very large rock. But it was a good deal larger than it looked really. "Boob!" said Herbie. "I'll take it out in no time!" And he got a stout stick and tried to pry up the rock. But the stick broke, and Herbie got a fall, from which he jumped up red and angry.

"Mean old thing!" said he, and he put his hands in his pockets and watched Hal and Had tug at it until their faces were red with pain. "Then all three lifted together, but it wasn't a mite of use. 'Let's get the hoe!' said Had. 'And the littlest crowbar!' said Hal. 'And the shovel!' said Herbie. So Had huddled around it, and Herbie shoveled, and Hal pushed the crowbar under the rock and bore down on it with all his might. The afternoon was very warm, and the three little scoundrels needed a great deal of mopping. But the boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said grandpa, looking out through the vines. "But just then a great shout announced that the work was done. And there—there where the rock had lain—were four silver dollars, one silver and three gold! 'Hurray for grandpa!' cheered the boys, and at that very minute grandpa walked out of the house. 'Pretty well done!' said he, giving each little head a pat as he came to it. 'Pretty well—done!'"

He Was Too Friendly. He made friends with the fishes. As they swam in the sun, and they came at his beckoning one by one.

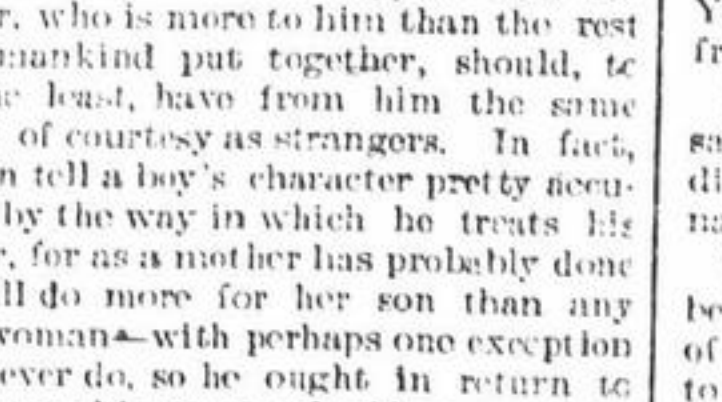


He spoke not their language, Nor wrote them by sign, But he got a social whipping When he dropped it in a bin. —Chicago Record.

A Good Game For Fun. "Who's got the whistles?" Is a game with no end of fun in it. Most of the party—at least all who do not know the game—should be excluded from the room where the fun is going on. Blindfold one of the girls or boys who haven't learned the trick and place him in the center of a circle, in which all the other players are sitting, just as if "hunt the slipper" were to be played. While the blindfolded one is in progress let some person slip up quietly and tie the whistles by a long string to some part of the dress of the blindfolded one. The game consists in getting hold of the whistles and blowing it while the blindfolded player tries to guess who has it. Of course he has the whistle first, and until he discovers the trick the fun runs high. When he has found the whistle, another player can be called into the room and blindfolded and the trick played again.

A Boy and His Mother. Many a boy fails to rise from his chair when his mother enters the room, while he would get up at once if a stranger entered, and one would suppose that his mother, who is more to him than the rest of womankind put together, should, to say the least, have from him the same marks of courtesy as strangers. In fact, you can tell a boy's character pretty accurately by the way in which he treats his mother, for as a mother has probably done more to get you for here son than any other woman, with perhaps one exception—will ever do, so he ought in return to treat her as his most valuable possession. His courtesy, his civility and his lightness bearing toward her are never thrown away.—Trapper's Round Table.

Bobby's Politeness. Bobby's politeness.



"I'm so sorry, Miss Ethel, but I could only get one plate of ice cream for myself. Shall I bring you some lemonade and a sandwich?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Mamma's Aunt. Baby Fred has an aunt that he loves very much indeed, but of course no one can quite equal mamma in his estimation. The other day he was asked the familiar question, "Whose boy are you?" "I'm mamma's and auntie's," he answered. "But," he added quickly, "my head belongs to mamma!"—Youth's Companion.

Not Breathless. Aunt Maria (at the theater)—Why do all those men rush out in breathless haste the moment the curtain falls? Uncle Henry—Just wait till they come in again, and you'll understand it.

WOMEN WHO BOWL.

The Game of Tenpins Now a Fad With the Ladies. Bowling, ever popular with muscular masculinity, has during recent years come into high favor with the women. Formerly it was the rigor of the game that daunted the girl of athletic tendencies. But at last she discovered that the exercise need not be more violent than the player desires, and then she adopted the excellent pastime.



IN THE BOWLING ALLEY. and began to note its popularity among her sisters. Now there are thousands of women who are bowling enthusiasts, and there are a great many clubs composed exclusively of women. In Brooklyn there is a Women's Bowling League, whose annual tournament closed recently after an exciting series of games.

There is no fool-hess about the work of the women on the alleys. They bowl scientifically. They appreciate the exercise as a means of physical culture, and also take deep interest in the problems of curve and delivery. As a general thing women bowl quickly. The short physical woman runs in a race dash, and the tall sports toward the pins as though fired from a cannon.

GOOD AT THE HURDLES.

S. H. BIGH, Columbia's New Athletic Captain, May Gather More Laurels. The intermediate athletic contest came in for a great deal more consideration these days than was formerly accorded to them. This year public interest in these events promises to be greater than ever.



before. The big colleges of America are already actively preparing for the season's athletic struggles. The hottest rivalry will be displayed when Columbia and Princeton meet. They are to settle their claims by May. Columbia's new captain, S. H. Bigh, is expected to do great things for the team. He is veteran with a fine all-around record. He is particularly good at the hurdles and will probably set a lively pace for the Tigers.

SPORTING MISCELLANY. Twenty-one American 2:15 trotters are now owned in Europe. It is reported that the cycle racer Monte Scott is carrying all before him down in Mexico. Whether the bicycle manufacturers will have a better year than this year is a question which is being much debated at the present.

The Caribee Indian football team will be greatly weakened next year by the loss of many of the best players. Motocen goes to Princeton, Leon Wolf and Cayton to Chicago university and two more of their players to Wisconsin.

The Most Prominent Wheelwoman. Miss Florence Woodbury of Danville, Ill., is, without doubt, the most prominent wheelwoman in the United States. She was not only the first woman delegate to a national assembly of the L. A. W., but has a wife's acquaintance with L. A. W. officials and leading cyclists than any other lady cyclist in America. She is a sister of A. G. Woodbury, whose work as chairman of the road improvement committee of the Illinois division has been so efficient and so greatly admired by the league members of his state. She attended the national meets at Detroit, Columbus, Ashbury Park, and many state meets, being a witness of Zimmerman's defeat of Wundt at Peoria, which event first brought him into prominence in the racing world.

To Make Colors Fast. To preserve the colors of gingham, printed lawns, etc., and before washing almost any colored fabrics, it is recommended to soak them for some time in water every gallon of which is added a spoonful of ox-gall. A strong clear tea of common vinegar will preserve the color of French linens. Vinegar in the rinsing water for pink and green fabrics will brighten these colors, and soda answers the same purpose for both purple and blue. The colors of the above fabrics may be preserved by using a strong milk warm lather of white soap, putting the dress into it instead of rubbing it on the material and stirring into a first or second tub of rinsing water a large tablespoonful of ox-gall. To prepare ox-gall for washing colored articles empty it into a bottle, put in a handful of salt and keep it closely corked. A teaspoonful to five gallons of the rinsing water will suffice.

Bookcases lining the walls of a room can be made less monotonous and very attractive by separating them with a couch or seat at intervals. On the wall back of the seat may be tacked a piece of embroidery or a small rug, to give color and a short curtain or valance on the wall, including the bookcase ends, the seat in-

Melba's Note on an Old Teacher. It is told of Mme. Melba that she sent recently a present of a cigarette case to one of her old teachers with this letter: "Do you remember teaching a little girl the harmonium at Leigh House, Richmond? If you do remember her, I wonder if you know that I was that naughty little girl. How frightened I was of you, and yet you were very kind! I may go to South America from May till August next year, for which I shall receive £40,000. Not bad for an Australian, is it?"

Nearly Dead. after taking some highly puffed up stuff, with large testimonials, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary troubles, Bright's disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases

THE HAPPY THOUGHT COOKING RANGE

Is the best seller we ever handled. Over 500 in use in Kingston. It always pleases. The more sold the greater the demand, and that speaks volumes. Bear this in mind when you want a new Cook Stove this season.

MCKELVEY & BIRCH, 69 & 71 Brock Street, KINGSTON.

Cures all Diseases of the Stomach, Blood, Liver, Kidney, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, General Debility, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, When all else has failed try

HOP BITTERS

25 Years before the Public. Thousands of Testimonials. Recommended by Eminent Physicians. Ladies who wish a Clear Complexion, take one Bottle. Montreal and New York.

INVENTIONS OF THE INSANE. NUGGETS FROM NEWBORO.

Useful Articles Designed in Lunatic Asylums and Patented by Friezels. A lunatic asylum is not the place most people would look for the products of inventive minds, and yet there are a number of cases on record where men have been confined because their brains were wrecked, and who worked behind the bars until they succeeded in giving valuable new devices to the world. Some years ago an inmate of a Philadelphia asylum invented an egg-beater with an automatic movement, which his friends have patented and sold for a considerable sum of money.

A similar case is reported from an English asylum. In the institution there is a man confined who thinks he is locked up in prison because he is unable to pay the national debt. In order to raise the necessary money to pay the debt he has been using his diseased brain for several years on inventions which have succeeded in several instances. In one case he invented a contrivance to be placed on the end of a lawn tennis racket for the purpose of striking up balls and avoiding the necessity for stooping.

A physician tells of a man who went crazy over financial troubles, and after being confined in an asylum, took to experimenting with an old clock which the authorities let him have for amusement. While the man had absolutely no knowledge of mechanics, or indeed, anything else outside of his banking house, he succeeded in making two clever and useful contrivances out of the old clock.

Of course there are exceptional cases and the great volume of thought in the madhouse is usually directed toward wild and impossible schemes. The same physician who told of the successful inventor told of many very different cases. Among them was this one: "A lunatic in an asylum whom I was once assistant physician invented a flying machine, and a unique method of suspending it in mid-air. The atmospheric pressure being fifteen pounds to the square inch," he said, "I have simply to exhaust all the air from above my machine by an enormous air pump fixed over the whole deck, and the air pressure underneath will hold the ship up." I told him he would need another air pump on the top of the first one to exhaust the air that would be pressing that pump down, and another above that, and so on, ad lib., but he declared he once made a model which had worked splendidly. He said it flew about in the room like a bird. Unfortunately the window happened to be open at the top and it flew out. And so I lost it," he lamented.

The chaplain of an asylum in the north once told me of a madman there who had a plan for laying a cable round the world in two days. His idea was to send up a powerful balloon to the highest possible altitude, with a cable attached. By the revolution of the earth on its axis the cable, he declared, would be laid completely round the earth in twenty-four hours."

Hundreds of happy people wore our garments last season because there was value in them. Dunlop, Kingston's popular clothier, King Street.

POSITIVE PROOF.

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto. Gentlemen—Some two weeks ago I obtained a box of your Heart and Nerve Pills from our popular druggist, Mr. E. Scarlett of Dundas, and I can now unhesitatingly say that they have been very beneficial to me in relieving an obstinate and old standing complaint affecting my heart and nerves. I was troubled with the well-known symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, such as sleeplessness, dizziness, palpitation, neuralgia and other pains, for such a long time that I had really given up hope of a cure. Now, out of gratitude to this remedy, and as others may learn of its virtues, I give my unsolicited testimony.

There is no cure so good for heart and nerve troubles as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. This is my honest opinion. My wife is also using this remedy with great success for fluttering of the heart. (Signed) J. D. Robinson.