

MEDICAL.

HANDS AND FEET GOT STIFF

As Though Paralyzed. A grateful young lady in Miss Annie Shepherd, of North Pelham, Ont., who writes as follows: I had two very bad spells of hand and foot paralysis...

Cough Chaser For Coughs and Colds. Sold in Kingston by E. O. Mitchell, 124 Princess Street.

TRAVELLING.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM The Fast Comfortable Route EAST AND WEST.

Tickets on sale to the GOLD FIELDS by both the Canadian and American Routes. Baggage checked through to destination.

GOING EAST. No. 2 Express, 2:55 a.m. No. 1 Express, 3:35 p.m. No. 10 Express, 11:35 p.m. No. 11 Express, 2:45 a.m. No. 12 Express, 6:00 a.m. No. 13 Express, 8:00 p.m. No. 14 Express, 6:50 p.m.

GOING WEST. No. 3 Express, 1:30 a.m. No. 4 Express, 4:45 a.m. No. 5 Express, 8:00 a.m. No. 6 Express, 11:15 a.m. No. 7 Express, 2:30 p.m. No. 8 Express, 5:45 p.m. No. 9 Express, 9:00 p.m.

For tickets, Pullman accommodation, apply to J. P. HANLEY, Agent, G.T. City Passenger Station, cor. Johnston and Ontario streets.

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Ry. N.Y.C. AND H.R. RR. LESSEE.

DIRECT SHORT LINE TO Niagara Falls, Oswego, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, St. Louis and the WEST.

Rome, Utica, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and the SOUTH.

Troy, Springfield, Hartford, Worcester, Providence, Boston and the EAST.

THE TABLE: STEAMER FOR CAPE VINCENT will leave KINGSTON daily (Sunday excepted) at 8 A.M. and 2:30 P.M., connecting at Cape Vincent with trains to all points in the UNITED STATES.

Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars between CAPE VINCENT AND NEW YORK. For lowest rates, time tables and reliable information apply to THEODORE BUTTERFIELD, FRED A. FOLGER, G.E.A. & W.O. RIL, City Ticket Agent, Kingston, N.Y.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE AND Canada Pacific Railways

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

Colonist excursion trains to the Canadian North-West every Tuesday and Friday. Full particulars at K. & P. and C. P. R. Ticket office, Ontario street.

F. CONWAY, B. W. FOLGER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Gen. Manager.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, THE SCENIC LINE OF AMERICA.

TORONTO-MONTREAL LINE. A tri-weekly service between Toronto and Montreal will be maintained from June 1st to 15th, leaving Kingston TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY going East at 5 a.m., and going West at 5 p.m.

Commencing June 15th daily, (except Monday).

HAMILTON AND MONTREAL LINE. STEAMER "HAMILTON". Between Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, 1,000 Islands, Rapids of the St. Lawrence and Montreal.

Leaves Kingston: Going East-TUESDAY at 5 p.m. Going West-FRIDAY at 10 p.m.

Paris-Hamilton, \$4.70, return, \$8.50. Toronto, \$4, return, \$7.50. Montreal, \$4, return, \$7.50. Bertha and Meals included both ways.

J. P. HANLEY, JAS. SWIFT & CO., Passenger Agent, Freight Agents.

STR. "HERO"

Daily Service on the Picturesque Bay of Quinte. Leaves daily at 3 p.m. (Sunday's excepted) for Picton and Westport.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays going to Brighton, Trenton, Belleville, and Deseronto. On Saturdays to Belleville and Deseronto.

STR. "NORTH KING"

Tri-Weekly Kingston and Rochester, N.Y. The "North King" leaves Sundays at 5 p.m. The "Hero" leaves Tuesdays and Thursdays at 3 p.m. Connecting at Brighton with the "North King" for Charlotte, N.Y. (Port of Rochester).

Right reserved to change time without notice. For further information regarding passage and freight, apply to H. H. GILDER-SLEEVY, Gen. Manager.

ALLAN LINE

For Liverpool (calling at Moville for Londonderry) every Saturday from Montreal, calling at Quebec.

From Montreal. From Quebec. Laurentian... 2nd June, last cabin only... 15th Canadian... 15th June, last cabin only... 15th Parisian... 15th June, last cabin only... 15th Caribbean... 15th June, last cabin only... 15th Californian... 15th July, last cabin only... 15th

For tickets and every information apply to J. P. HANLEY, Agent, G.T. City Passenger Station, 124 Clarence Street.

BOOKBINDING

In all its branches. OTTO, Cor Brock and Bagot Streets.

SYTHIE & LOSCOMBE, GENERAL BINDERS, OFFICE: 225 BA A Street. Assignments collected.

LOST IN NEW YORK.

BEHAVIOR OF THE POLICEMAN, THE BOY AND THE SPECTATORS.

One Occasion When Human Nature Overcame the Indifference of Crowds in the Streets—Effect of a Little Stray Upon Women Shopping.

"As a general thing," said the western woman, "I would cross the street rather than pass one of your New York crowds. I mean those crowds that seem to gather as if by magic when there is an accident, or a fight, or a horse down, or an arrest, or any one of a dozen things which are always happening here."

"Somehow it always makes me miserable. I think about Oshkosh, and of how we have neighbors out there and care what happens to each other. Did you ever look at the people in these groups? They are as unmoved as the old granite blocks with which you pave your streets. They make me shiver, those men and boys, pushing and gapping in a curious circle at some one who has just been mangled by a cable car. They are as coldly observant as if they were secondhand dealers sizing up your old furniture. If there is a good deal of blood, their eyes shine. If it's just a case of heart disease, or a simple illness, they go on, as apathetic as ever. Generally they make a grim joke and then forget the whole affair."

"A fight produces a different sort of crowd. But I don't like it any better. The men are more attentive then. They smile too. Laugh if things get hot enough; are visibly sorry when the policeman arrives, and then—go on, as apathetic as ever."

"The women, too, haunt me. They don't always stop and join the crowd, but pass with a look of indifferent curiosity, too accustomed to such things to be impressed. I hate them!" said the western woman vigorously.

"But the other day," she went on, her expression softening, "I saw a different crowd, and I suppose it was as typically a New York one as any of the others. It was at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fourteenth street. I saw this gathering of people as I came down the avenue, and my first impulse was to cross the street and avoid it. But, do you know, there was something queer about it—something that impressed me when I was almost a block away?"

"It wasn't a compact crowd, such as you generally see. It was more indecisive and wavering. People would go a few steps, then turn to look back. Sometimes they went fully 20 feet and then went back again. As I got nearer I saw that most of them were women. That in itself distinguished it from the ordinary crowd. People were looking down toward the sidewalk, and at first I thought that the attraction was merely some amusing mechanical toy. But when I saw the faces, I knew I was wrong. Many of them were weeping, but not with amusement. Tenderness, pity, gentleness, reassurance, that was what I read in the faces, and it puzzled me tremendously until I saw a policeman standing in the center of the crowd."

"Then it dawned on me in a flash. There was a lost child. That explained everything—the consideration of the crowd, which forbore to press too closely about the frightened little stray; the sympathy which dragged them back to it as if by a strong undercurrent; the smiles, half tender and half reassuring, which some of them had spoken of to me encouragingly. I watched the faces in the crowd, and for once I found human nature the same as I have known it where you don't have to scrape off the varnish of indifference in order to see what is underneath. The eyes of the women softened. Some of them pushed their hands up under their spotted veils and brushed the tears away. Their mouths, those tired, irritated, unloving and unlovely mouths, which I call the shopping district mouth, relaxed and curved into softer lines. Their whole face seemed to be remolded by the force of some inner feeling, and a different soul than that of the bargain hunter looked out of their eyes."

"I don't think that half of them saw the child who really stood there, his little grimy hand in the policeman's protecting palm. That child wore a blue and white sailor suit, and his hair was red. But I looked into the women's eyes and I saw far different things. I saw a toddling 2-year-old in a sheer white muslin frock, and its hair wasn't red, but golden. And I saw a sturdy little chap in trousers—such tight trousers and such fat little legs—and his hair was soft and brown. I saw a curly head lying on a pillow and two tiny hands crossed on the little breast, and they were strangely still. But then I looked into that woman's eyes only through the tears which blinded her."

"Well," said the western woman, with an apparent mental shake, "you see how different it was. 'I hadn't happened to see a lost child before, and it was a revelation to me. The little fellow himself made my heart big with admiration. He was so plucky, so reserved in his trouble, so dignified under the most trying circumstances. He did not wail as most children would have done. I don't think he ever shed a tear. He kept his little lips pressed grimly together and said never a word except when some one spoke to him. Then he answered briefly, and his eyes pathetically searched the face before him for a ray of hope. When they gave him candy instead of hope, he accepted it with a grave 'Thank you!' but he did not eat it, and he showed that he found the denouement disappointing."

"The policeman was not the least interesting person in the group. I have always found the New York policemen kind enough, but in a blasé and cynical fashion. They were analyzing their character, taking it on the average, I shouldn't think of including sympathy among their predominant qualities. They accept most events with the stolidity of long custom. They are as little affected by any ordinary accident as a hard drinker would be by a thimbleful of beer. And that is the reason why this policeman interested me almost as much as the crowd did. He was gentle, serious, sympathetic. He did not say much to the child, and that showed his penetration. But there was something in the clasp of those two hands, the one so small and helpless, the other big and protecting, but no braver than the little one, which showed me. Occasionally the two exchanged a glance. They were only a New York policeman and a little, redheaded lost child. But I tell you, there were two immortal qualities in that glance—fortitude and sympathy! Are you laughing? Oh, very well! And the western woman shrugged her shoulders and changed the subject.—New York Sun.

HAS LOFTY IDEALS.

Professor A. W. Barnard, Inventor of a Rare Enough Airship.

Professor Arthur Wallace Barnard, the inventor and navigator of a real airship, in which he has actually taken a considerable voyage in the plain sight of a great many people, is not a whilakered and spectacled man of letters, as his title might imply. He is a professor of physical train-



PROFESSOR A. W. BARNARD.

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FACT AND FICTION.

John R. Spears Excels in Both Styles of Writing.

One of the most delightful and fascinating short stories which has ever been written about sailors and the sea is the "Port of Missing Ships." It was written by John R. Spears, who of late has been quite prolific in producing fiction, but who for several years has been known to the reading public as the author of a number of charming series of articles descriptive of his wide wanderings over the two western continents.

Mr. Spears began his journalistic career at an early age. Born in Van Wert, O., in 1850, he was a general utility boy in a country newspaper office during war times. He had learned a lot about the printing business in 1866, when he had an opportunity to exchange his ink stained apron for the neat blue uniform of a naval cadet. Spears stuck to the navy for three years and then resigned because he didn't like it.

After leaving Annapolis he drifted back into the newspaper business, and in 1875 he had become editor of a weekly published in East Aurora, N. Y. A year later he established another weekly, but after a six years' struggle he found there was more glory than remuneration in being a country editor, so he went to Buffalo and took a high private position as reporter on a city daily.

In 1883 Mr. Spears went to New York and became one of "the bright young men" of whom the New York Sun is so proud. For the last dozen years Mr. Spears has been the star reporter on the staff of that great newspaper, and for it he has traveled over much of North and South America. Camera in hand, he has journeyed through the Central American republics, through Chile, Argentina, and even penetrated to the tip end of Patagonia. He has explored the arid wastes of Death Valley and fraternized with the Eskimos in Greenland.

About all his travels he has written entertainingly and instructively. He is not a heedless traveler, seeing only the things which are on the surface, but he has looked into the heart of things, and what his skillful pen could not picture his faithful camera has reproduced. Mr. Spears is still on the staff of The Sun and writes his fiction during his leisure moments. He spends as much of his time in the Adirondacks as he can, but even in camp he is not idle, for his stories about birds and animals are fully as interesting as those about people.

Mr. Spears is now engaged in writing a history of the American navy, and The Sun, with its accustomed generosity, has given him a four months' leave of absence for that purpose.

Accepted The Challenge. VIENNA, May 31.—It is stated that Herr Possler, a member of the reichsrath, has been challenged by a number of members of the right party, owing to the fact that, during Friday's sitting of the reichsrath Herr Possler called the members of the right "cannibals." Herr Possler, it is said, has accepted several of the challenges.

Another Bargain. Only 74 pairs of women's tan lace shoes; regular price \$1. We are selling them for 75c. A few pairs of Misses' at 65c. Come at once. Haines & Lockett.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Welland-Vale Perfect Bicycle, thoroughly up-to-date, and pronounced by experts one of the best wheels in the market. Spot cash, \$30, at Strachan's hardware.

Advertisement for The Stearns Bicycle. Captures a Woman's Heart. Here's such a light, graceful, chic appearance in its make-up that the least susceptible maid or matron falls in love at first sight. Here's a stylish something in every line of the handsome Stearns, which backed by its easy running qualities and true worth make it the vogue in fashionable circles. Finished in a striking black with orange rims, or in full orange (The Yellow Fellow).

Advertisement for E. & D. bicycles. If There is One Thing More than another that impresses experienced bicycle riders with the E. & D. wheel it is the high quality of material, workmanship and finish that enter into its construction. Time and money have been sacrificed without stint so long as the "best" was produced. The main feature, however, is the bearing. This is so constructed that dust or rain cannot get into the ball race and the oil cannot get out of the pathway of the balls. For this reason it is only necessary to oil the E. & D. wheel BUT ONCE A SEASON. No oil can be furnished with kit of tools. It is worth something to have a distinctive mount. That's why the E. & D. is a favorite with both rider and dealer, and it's easy to sell a favorite. The time will never come when others will be "just as good," remember that. MANUFACTURED BY CANADIAN TYPOGRAPH CO., WINDSOR, ONT. GEORGE MILLS & CO., AGENTS, KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

Advertisement for Omaha Attraction. The Mirror Will Be a Pleasing Novelty at the Transmississippi Exposition. This summer the south is holding a big fair, but next year tourists will be attracted to the west, for the Transmississippi and International exposition is to be opened in Omaha on June 1, 1898, and the gates will be kept open until November. Work on the exposition grounds is well started, and there is now no doubt that it will be opened on time. The architects have completed the plans of all the main buildings and contracts have been let for the agricultural, mining, administration and art buildings. Dredging and excavating for the lakes and lagoons are under way. The Mirror, or water amphitheater, which will terminate the lagoon at the west end of the court, is, as the name implies, intended to repeat by reflection a very beautiful peristyle, whose double colonnade encircles this end of the lake almost to the water's edge. The basin lies directly before the Government building, which terminates the architecture ensemble toward the west. It is in plan a trapezoid, three hundred feet long by 400 feet across. The flanking colonnades on either side converge toward the west, creating a false perspective that greatly enhances the effect of distance. This almost theatrical

Advertisement for Blue Flame Oil Cooking Stoves. No odor. No danger. Boils one quart water in four minutes. See them. E. B. LOUCKS, 335 KING STREET.

Advertisement for E. E. Knott's Stock Broker. KNOW ALL MEN BY THIS ADVERTISEMENT That it is my will that every person shall make money by BUYING CORN. The Leroy gold mine in Rossland three years ago was sold for \$2,400,000, now \$5,000,000 is refused for it. WHY? After digging down 300 feet the richest ore has been discovered. A rich vein of ore will be discovered within the next two months. If you are not posted in the statistics of Corn, write or call on me and I will produce them per bushel margin around present prices: You will make a sure profit AND THE RESPONSIBILITY ARE A VERY BIG ONE. Profiteers are on the uptown and are safe to hold, as stocks are light, and domestic and export demand enormous. I want to have the opportunity to tell you when to buy Corn, and if you write for pointers I will give you money-makers. ALL orders executed on the New York Stock and Cotton Exchanges and Chicago Board of Trade over a direct private wire through houses rated in the millions and who have paid one hundred cents on the dollar for over a quarter of a century. Write for full information, my Vest Pocket Manual, and Board of Trade Book in Vermont. (Established 1865.) Only regular Stock Broker in Vermont. E. E. Knott, Stock Broker, 100 WALL STREET, NEW YORK. WOODRUFF & WALKER BLOCK, BURLINGTON, VT. DIRECT PRIVATE WIRE TO NEW YORK & CHICAGO.