INSURANCE.

CITIZENS' INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF CANADA. Established 1864.
Capital, $1,137,000.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF ENGLAND. Founded 1808.
Capital £2,200,000.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE CO.,
OF IRELAND. Incorporated 1822
Capital $1,500,000.

J. S. R. McCANN, Agent,
139 PRINCESS ST., next City Hotel.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE
FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
This Company is one of the best in the world. Its available funds amount to $43,350,139, in addition to which is the unlimited liability of shareholders.
The yearly premiums for fire risks alone amount to $4,467,000.
Insurance effected on Farm and City property at the lowest possible rates.
Three year policies issued on private dwellings and farm buildings at low rates of premium. Losses paid promptly.
THOMAS BRIGGS, Agent.

THE ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
HARTFORD CONN.
Cash Capital $4,000,000.00
Total Assets, January 1st, 1888 ..... $8,968,272.00
Losses paid in 63 years $3,400,000.00
The leading Fire Insurance Company on the Continent. Its Annual Premium Receipts in Canada and the United States are larger than those of any other Company, and it has an unblemished record of 63 years.
JAMES SWIFT, Agent

GUARDIAN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Subscribed Capital £2,000,000
Total Invested Funds upwards of £3,971,000
Total Income ..... £ 760,000
Insurances against Loss by Fire accepted at the lowest current rates and claims settled without reference to the Board at London.
W. H. GODWIN, Agent for Kingston,
Office: FRASER'S ARCADE, 344 King Street

FIRE INSURANCE.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION,
W. H. GODWIN, Agent
OFFICE: OVER WADE'S DRUG STORE

E. C. HILL, 115 Brock Street.
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT and
PLATE GLASS INSURANCE
Best companies. Low rates.

WOOD AND COAL

WOOD, WOOD, WOOD.
IF YOU WANT WOOD
COME DOWN AND SEE OUR STOCK OF BEST MAPLE, cut or uncut, arriving weekly by Kingston and Pembroke Railway.
BEST DRY SLABS in THE CITY
PINE AND CEDAR BLOCKS and GILMOR'S DRY EDGINGS for kindling wood.
CHEAP FOR CASH.
JAMES CAMPBELL,
Opposite Barrack Gate, Ontario Street.

R. CRAWFORD & CO.,
FOOT OF QUEEN STREET,
HAVE THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF
Hard, Soft, Slab and Kindling **Wood**
—AND—
Furnace, House, Steam and Blacksmith's **Coal.**
AT THE VERY LOWEST FIGURES.
N.B.—Orders left at the Grocery store of Jas Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone No. 9.

BRECK & BOOTH
Wharfingers, Vessel Agents an Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers, Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered. Bunch wood and Hard and Soft Cordwood of first quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
YARD—Corner Ontario and West Streets.
Office—Clarence and Ontario Streets—foot of Clarence Street.
ORDERS left at the stores of Mr. James Redden, Princess Street, and Messrs. McKelvey & Birch, Brock Street, will be promptly filled. Telephone Communication.
Agents "Black Diamond Line."
L. W. BRECK. A. BOOTH.

Coal, Wholesale, Retail
BEST IN THE MARKET.
Yard No 1—Ontario Street.
" 2—Clarence Street Wharf.
" 3—St. Lawrence Wharf.
Secure delivery before broken weather sets in. Chief Office—St. Lawrence Wharf. Branch Office—Corner King and Clarence Sts., opposite British American Hotel
Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty
Coal all under cover and well screened
Telephone Communication.
JAMES SWIFT & CO

M. MALLEN'S WOOD AND COAL YARD
IS ALWAYS STOCKED WITH THE
Best Dry Hard Wood,
Dry Block Wood,
Dry Kindling Wood and the Best descriptions of Coal,
CORNER OF BARRACK & ONTARIO-Sts

P. McCORMACK
KEEPS HARD AND SOFT WOOD, COAL, Edgings, Mill Wood, Good Dry Slabs, Sawed Wood and Single Blocks. Call and see the new wood yard, and you will be convinced that his stock is the best. All orders promptly attended to.
YARD—North end of King Street.

WOOD and COAL YARD,
COR. BAY AND BIDEAU STREETS
THE VERY CHEAPEST PRICES
JOHN L. JOYCE.

MEDICALITIES.

CONFUSION of thought, a defective memory, a disinclination to labor, and a disease for business, are the symptoms and indications of NERVOUS DEBILITY, and these symptoms are usually induced by SEMINAL WEAKNESS and LOST OF POWER. The usual consequences are CONSUMPTION & DEATH. "LANE'S SPECIFIC REMEDY," is an invaluable preparation for the permanent cure of all nervous diseases. Sold by all reputable druggists at $1 per Package, or six packages for $5, sent by mail on receipt of price to any address, free of charge. "THE LANE MEDICINE Co., MONTREAL, Que." Valuable work about Dr. Lane's Remedies on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address.
For sale at Wade's drug store, cor. King and Brock streets.

TO WEAK MEN
Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,
Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.,

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
Sold by Druggists.
PRICE $1.00.
Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS.
Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
M'f'd only by The Evans Chemical Co. TORONTO, ONT. CAN.

LADIES! DR. HAMILTON'S COMPOUND PENNYROYAL AND TANSY PILLS is the only Safe and Reliable Remedy for irregularities. They never fail. Send three cent stamp for sealed particulars. MONTREAL MEDICINE COMPANY, 193 Notre Dame Street, Montreal P.Q. Mention this Paper.

THE KINGSTON FOUNDRY
—AND—
MACHINERY WORKS.
Marine Engines, Boilers and Steam Engines of all Kinds.
MILL WORK AND GENERAL CASTINGS
MANUFACTURERS OF THE WELL-KNOWN "KINGSTON" PROPELLER WHEEL.
REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
I. P. Brock, President; R. C. CARTER, Vice President.
Telephone No. 89.
J. H. TAYLOR, Manager and Secretary

SECOND - HAND BOOKS
SECOND-HAND BOOKS Bought and sold by A. BIRMINGHAM, Princess street.

MISTAKES OF WITNESSES

THE DANGER OF SENDING MEN UP ON IDENTIFICATION.

Some Incidents That Are Given by a Writer in a Legal Journal — A Surprised Man—The Wrong Fellow Had Been Collared And Sentenced.

W. N. Brainard in the Law: In the year 1852 I was in the produce business in Sacramento, Cal. One afternoon the whole available force at the establishment was occupied receiving a large consignment of goods and the sidewalk was blockaded with sacks of wheat, flour, etc., when three or four men, who evidently had been taking of a lunch with "something on the side," came along.

"Why do'nt you keep the sidewalk clear so that people can pass?" demanded one, in an aggressive style.

Being somewhat inclined to combative I answered: "There is room enough for a sober man to pass." His response was a blow with his fist which he instantly followed by attempting to seize me by the throat.

This proceeding on his part was a mistake. I was something of an athlete in that epoch, and in an affair of "rough and tumble" style was not altogether out of my element. In about fifteen seconds after hostilities opened we, the belligerents, were in the middle of the street, according to subsequent report of many spectators, my adversary flat on his back and I beating the devil's tattoo on his head. The interesting performance and large and enthusiastic audience drew the attention of a deputy marshal of police, who put both combatants under arrest and set out with two prisoners, forming his right and left wings in the direction of Recorder's court, in the next square. When we came to the mouth of an alley my assailant broke away from the officer and fled through the alley with astonishing velocity.

The marshal, a bright young man named Aveline, from La Porte, Ind., discovered that the name of my assailant was Smith. The next morning he came to my place of business and said: "We have got the fellow who attacked you, and all your men who saw the affair will appear in the court-room at ten o'clock to give testimony."

On the trial the marshal, my associate in business, our book-keeper, and myself were witnesses, and every one of us identified the prisoner as the person who committed the assault. There was no doubt about it. For myself, could I mistake the adversary I had fought with! I recognized my own handiwork in the effects about the man's head and the marks it had left on his face; I was sure of my own hand writing, as it were.

Recorder MacGrew asked the prisoner, who had no attorney, if he had any defense to make. I expected to see some of his companions, who saw at least the beginning of the affray, come forward as witnesses on his behalf; none appeared. The prisoner stood up and said: "My name is Lee and not Smith. I can not distinctly remember how this fight began. I only know that our crowd had been drinking pretty freely and I guess we were nearly full. I hope your honor will let me off easy and I promise to keep out of such rows in the future."

The court sentenced Smith, or Lee to pay a fine $25 and to be confined in the prison brig—our jail—five days.

About six months afterward a stranger came into my store-house and said to me "How are you, Mr. Brainard?" I informed him that I was in my usual state of physical vigor. "My name is Smith," he went on saying, "and I have come to apologize for making an assault on you some time ago, in front of your place. I had been with some friends taking in a cargo of solids and liquids and I am sorry that I made a fool of myself."

"That's all right, Mr. Smith," I said. "I believe I settled the account on the spot, and the court also gave you a pretty strong dose."

He looked surprised. "The court!" he said, inquiringly, "Why, I ran away from the marshal when he was taking us to the court I got my hair and whiskers cut off and left town the same evening on a boat up the river. Since then I have been living at Colusa, and yesterday was my first appearance in Sacramento after that somewhat hurried departure."

It was now my turn to be astonished. I cross-examined him on the matter of the combat and became perfectly convinced that he was my adversary in that affair and that he was not the man whom the positive testimony of myself and three other eye-witnesses of the battle had convicted and caused to be punished. I put myself at once to discover the solution of this mystery. I found the man Lee, Smith's duplicate, employed in a lumber yard, and learned that he had been one of the participants in a free-for-all battle in a grogshop the night following my affair with Smith; but, having been stupefied with liquor, had only a confused recollection of a drunken brawl in which he had received severe punishment from some person unknown. It was that affair for which he supposed he was being tried in the Recorder's court, and he was not only amazed, but somewhat indignant upon learning that in reality he had been punished for another man's offence, committed in another place, at another time. I refunded to him the $25, which I felt that I had been the cause of taking from him unjustly, and pointed out to him the far more serious peril in which his drunken spree might have placed him. Had the case of Smith been robbery or murder the situation of Lee would have been for him very grave. The positive testimony of four intelligent and sober young men to his identity with the real offender might have outweighed in the deliberations of a jury that of his obfuscated companions.

Musical "Mirages."

Attention has recently been called to the visual images which are seen in the air, by an English lady, when certain musical instruments are played. The sound of the oboe causes her to see a white obelisk, which is more acute the higher the pitch of the note. Sometimes, if the notes are of an intense and yearning character, the figure moves rapidly toward her, point first, as if it would strike her. The sound of the violoncello, the high notes of the bassoon, trumpet and trombone, and the low notes of the clarinet and viola, make her see a flat undulating ribbon of strong white fibres and when the violins of an orchestra strike up after the wind instruments have been prominent, she sometimes sees a shower of glistening white dust. These phantoms are usually seen floating in the air half-way between her and the players. The lady is herself an accomplished musician.

Electricity for Gout.

Electrical endosmosis to accelerate the passage of drugs through the skin has for some time been regularly practiced under medical sanction. Edison, "the wizard," had noticed that gouty concretions are often treated with the aid of lithium salts, taken internally to facilitate the formation, dissolution and excretion from the body of urate of lithium. The difficulty in this treatment has always been the uncertainty of the absorption of the salts into the system, and it occurred to Edison that more rapid success might be obtained by external application and the employment of electric endosmose to carry the lithium into the tissues. For the purpose of testing this application he carried out a series of experiments, the results of which were placed before the international medical congress held at Berlin.

The subject experimented upon was 73 years of age, and had lived an active and healthy life until ten years previously, when he contracted the tendency to gouty concretions through sleeping in damp sheets. All the joints except the knees were very much enlarged, and the joints of the little finger almost obliterated by concretion. The patient experienced freedom from pain, which up to that time had been intense, after the first day's treatment, and in fourteen days a reduction of nearly an inch and a quarter was effected in the circumference of one of the fingers, whose form was favorable in accurate measurement. The general condition of the patient was considerably ameliorated, and the results of the experiment were in every way encouraging.—New Orleans Picayune.

Seven hundred and three ministers of the gospel belong to the Masonic Order in New York State. The Methodist and, with 288; Episcopal, 130; Baptist, 112; Presbyterian, 59; Universalist, 37; Congregational, 31; Dutch Reformed, 13; Christian, 13; Lutheran, 11; Jew, 7; Unitarian, 1; Reformed Jew, 1.

Fusel oil or oil of whiskey has been out of this market for a long time. W. J. Wilson has, after constant enquiry, secured a very choice lot, which is for sale at the Pharmacy at low figures.

Queer Folks.

What queer folks one meets in the paper he reads,
How odd is the language they use!
They live, breathe, and act like every-day folks,
But how grandly they talk when they choose!
They always inform us whereabouts they "reside"—
They never were known yet to "flee;"
They always "donate" for sweet charity's sake,
They scorn, like their fellows, to "give."
If they drink to excess they're not "drunk," but in
"An intoxicated condition;"
They go to a concert and always go wild
Over something they call a "rendition."
A sermon is "lengthy," it never is "long;"
This "occurs," it never "takes place;"
That is "purchased," it never by chance can be "bought;"
And a girl with a commonplace face
Is always endowed with a beauty divine
If she only has gone to the dance.
What queer folks one meets in the paper he reads,
And how odd is the language they use!

From Different Point of View.

Charles—They say that Jacob Seligman, the Michigan dwarf, is the smallest millionaire in the world.

Augustus—I doubt it. I asked Uncle Rufus, who's worth millions, to indorse my note for me a week ago, and he fell into a fit of abstraction and hasn't been able to get out of it since.

* * *

Frederick A. Bee is the Chinese consul at San Francisco. A Bee is naturally associated with the Flowery kingdom.

* * *

A Peerless Peer.

The marquis of Drogheda's
Six feet five inches tall,
In stockinged feet he can o'erlook
His fellow-nobles all.
It doth appear he is a peer
Without a peer, appearing
Above the heads of other peers
In stockinged feet at peering.

* * *

Edward Bellamy, a London doctor and a fellow of the Royal society, is much annoyed by the receipt of letters from people who mistake him for the author of "Looking Backward." It is safe to say that none of these letters are from publishers remitting the royalties upon that very salable book.

* * *

A Common Form of Insanity.

"Did you read this, dear?" said Mrs. Grigsby to Orlando the other night. "It's a strange case. A harmless lunatic down in Georgia imagines that he's a grain of corn and will not go into the yard lest a chicken eat him. Isn't it an odd delusion?"

"Oh, the world is full of such delusions, dear," replied Grigsby. "I know a harmless lunatic who seems to imagine that she's a piece of cheese and she will fly from a room when a mouse enters it for fear the little creature will devour her."

* * *

A story from Tennessee says that a negro recently outran a pack of foxhounds and mounted sportsmen, and captured alive with his hands the fox they were chasing. The story unfortunately arouses a dark suspicion that it is colored.

* * *

The czar of Russia is so strong in the fingers that he can tear a pack of cards to pieces, fifty-two at a time, and so weak in the nerves that whenever he hears a joke cracked he imagines a bomb has exploded.

* * *

A Cause For Rejoicing.

"A rich deposit of mercury has been found in Austria," said Boothby, reading from his paper at the breakfast table.

"Oh, how delightful," chirupped Mrs. Boothby as she poured a cup of coffee. "I do hope now that they will have enough to fill up those horrid thermometers. Coal is so high this fall."

* * *

John G. Whittier has been spending the summer partly in the White mountains and partly at his home at Danvers, Mass., says a writer. The poet is a very big man, of course, but people will be surprised to know that he is able to stretch himself over a good portion of two states.

* * *

Try It and See.

Bower—Dr. Simple says that a cup of fresh coffee three times a day is the best means I can take to tone myself up.

Mrs. Bower—You can do that much more easily and quickly, dear, if you sit down on a tack.

* * *

Twice-Told Tales.

A gentleman possessed of a luxurian growth of bright red hair met one day Deacon——of Lynn, Mass., who had lost nearly all the natural covering of his head but who made up in quickness of retort for his physical deficiency. It was a warm day and as the deacon, in conversation with his acquaintance, removed his hat to wipe his bald and perspiring head, the red-headed man asked: "Where were you, deacon, when the hair was given out?" "Oh, I was on hand," quickly retorted the deacon, "and they offered me that red hair, but I wouldn't take it."

* * *

One day an unmarried lady of Sharon, Conn., called at the house of a friend and was asked by the latter's inquisitive little son if she had any little girls. "No," was of course the answer.

"Any little boys?" the child continued.

"No, dear," the lady replied.

The boy eyed the blushing lady for a moment and exclaimed: "Well, what are yours then?"

* * *

Danbury, Conn., has among its citizens a humble old colored man whom nature and misfortune have distorted out of almost all semblance to a human being. His wide mouth, twisted features, and crooked frame give him an inexpressibly outre and ever comical appearance. He is known to every body as "Old Eph." One day a bright little girl seeing him pass the house as she stood looking out of the window burst into a fit of laughter. Her mother reproved her for laughing at the unfortunate old man and she replied: "Mamma, I wasn't laughing at Eph. I was just laughing to think how God must have laughed when he made him.'

Farm Notes.

Some farmers consider certain marks in a cow as indicating her quality as a milker, but a far better guide is to weigh her milk regularly. That tells the story without any guesswork, and tells exactly what every owner ought to know.

H. B. Biber in the American Poultry Journal gives a very interesting account of his various efforts at poultry raising for profit. It was not until he fenced them in yards 50 by 125 feet square, with houses 6 feet square to a yard, and from fifteen to twenty-five fowls to a yard, that he struck success. It brought healthy fowls and plenty of eggs.

A clean, sweet fowl-house is a very desirable thing. A building infested with vermin is a wretched place to confine fowls in; and however generous may be their food or the attention given to their needs otherwise, the neglect to keep the laying and roosting quarters free from lice oftentimes all attempts to maintain poultry in a healthy condition. Purity and cleanliness are absolutely essential to the health and comfort of fowls, guarding them from vermin, and rendering even narrow quarters comparatively comfortable. Whitewashing is one of the most important aids to secure these results, and should be performed twice a year—spring and autumn—at least, and oftener, if necessary.

Leopold II., king of the Belgians, is a tall, slim and remarkably handsome man. He has a broad forehead, delicate features and a fine full beard that has begun to turn gray. He is 56 years old.

60c. Per $100

Insures first-class property for three years. Parties desiring low rates should call on W. J. B. White, 92 Brock street.

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Regular Meetings.
Minden, No. 193, Monday, Nov. 3rd, at 7:30 p.m.
Cataraqui, No. 8, on Wednesday, Nov. 12th, at 7:30 p.m.

Independent Order of Foresters.
Court Frontenac, No. 36, Regular Meeting will be held at the Court Room, corner of Princess and Montcalm streets, on Thursday evening, Nov. 8th, at 7:30 o'clock. A full attendance participantly requested. J. S. R. McCANN, Sec.

Order Canadian Home Circles.
KINGSTON CIRCLE, No. 126, MEETS on MONDAY, Oct. 8th, at 7:30 p.m., in Hall over School Board Rooms, Montreal st. J. W. MADDEN, Sec.

Ancient Order United Workmen.
LIMESTONE LODGE No. 91, meet in Orange Hall, over Public School Board Room, Montreal Street. Next meeting THURSDAY, 23rd inst., at 7:30 o'clock. W. H. GODWIN, Rec.

Canadian Order of Chosen Friends.
MEETS IN SONS OF TEMPERANCE HALL 2ND AND 4TH MONDAY of each month at 8 o'clock.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

MOTT'S DIAMOND CHOCOLATE
JOHN P. MOTT & CO. HALIFAX N.S. Estd 1844
IS THE BEST.
For Sale Everywhere.
ASK FOR
MOTT'S.

THE CELEBRATED
THISTLE BRAND
—AND—
RUSSIAN CARAVAN TEA
(In bottles) are for sale at
REDDEN'S
CHINA TEA HOUSE,
PRINCESS STREET.

McLAREN'S CELEBRATED
COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER.
Has No Superior in Purity, Healthfulness and Economy.
It is distinguished from alum powder by the bread, etc., made with it, having no *tendency to dry up.*

OYSTERS, OYSTERS
Fresh Daily, at the "Bazaar."
REES BROS., Man. Confectioners.

CITY FLOUR STORE
CHOICE FAMILY & BAKERS' FLOUR
SEED GRAIN, PRESSED HAY, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
O. D. FRANKLIN

TORONTO FLOUR STORE
Choicest Grades of Pastry and Family Flour always on hand; Graham Flour, Rolled Oats Rolled Wheat, Cracked Wheat, Germ Wheat Oatmeal and Cornmeal; Seeds in season.
W. J. McNEILL. - BROCK STREET

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ROBINSON BROS.,
Paper Hangers and Painters.
The dictionary will define the meaning of "BARGAINS," but you must come to us for demonstration.
Robinson Bros.,
BAGOT STREET.
PAPER HANGERS AND PAINTERS.

HESITATE NO LONGER.
PLUMBING And GAS-FITTING.

STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING
J. JAMIESON,
42 JOHNSTON STREET.

ELLIOTT BROS.,
Hot Water Heating Engineers, Practical Plumbers, Steam and Gas-Fitters,
TINSMITHS AND COPPERSMITHS
Manufacturers of Plain and Fancy Tin and Galvanized Iron Work. Dealers in Stoves, Ranges, House-Furnishing Goods, Pumps of all kinds, Wash Basins, Baths, Water Closets, Sinks, Rubber Hose, Brass Goods, Lead and Iron Piping, etc.
75 AND 77 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

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Universal Stoves and Ranges
Have been sold in Kingston for the past four years. Every one a grand success. Call and examine before buying. Sold only by
H. D. BIBBY,
335 and 337 KING STREET.

B. HAY CARNOVSKY,
ART CABINET MAKER
AND UPHOLSTERER.
128 and 130 Ontario Street.

IF YOU WANT THE
CHEAPEST AND BEST FURNITURE
Of all descriptions. Call at
H. BRAME'S,
251 Princess street, corner of Sydenham street Kingston.

$125 GIVEN AWAY. $125.
A SCHOLARSHIP IN BOTH BUSINESS and Shorthand Courses, value $125, will be given to the person making the most words out of "BROCKVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE." To the second largest, a Scholarship in either of the above courses, value $75. To the third, a Scholarship in Ornamental Penmanship, value $25. Send 25 stamps at once for compilations. BROCKVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE, Brockville, Ont.

AT AN ENGLISH COURT.

THE POLICE MAGISTRATES GENERALLY RANK VERY HIGH.

An American Gives a Seat on the Bench — It Was Interesting to Witness the Way the Prisoners Were Handled—A Huge Dock—Julian Ralph's Description.

Even the few Americans who have seen an English police court will not all confess it. Indeed, human conditions are so peculiar that I hasten to explain how I came to see one, for police courts are not in the guidebooks, and even "shunning" stops at their doors. It was in Birmingham, and I was in search of one of England's most noted specialists, who, it turned out, was a police magistrate, like so very many other rich, cultivated, and famous Englishmen. Police magistrates are chosen from among the leading men, and not only serve for life and without pay, but esteem it an honor to do so. They need not know anything about law, and usually do not, but that is almost the only point at which they resemble the typical American police justice. There must be an enormous number of these magistrates in England, for Birmingham has about fifty. Large numbers are needed, as they sit in pairs, each pair serves only on one day in a week, and a large proportion are too old to do anything of an official nature except to continue to sign their titles after their names. I went to the police court, which was as grimy and as shabby as police courts and the crowds within them usually are, and sent my card to the magistrate by a policeman. It interested me to see the respect shown to the judge by the officer, for the man was afraid to speak or to do the least thing that might attract the judges attention. His plan was to stand beside the bench, my card in hand until the magistrate might happen to look that way. It seemed as if his honor never would turn his head, but at last, after a delay of full ten minutes, reluctant fortune favored me, and I was bidden to go up and take a seat upon the bench.

The trip-hammer effect of the blows that caste has dealt English humanity always impressed me, and almost constantly confronted me. It was not many days after this that I met an able journalist, an editor, who said that for many years he had made it a rule to drop all other work in order to report Mr. Gladstone whenever he made a speech. I congratulated him upon being so intimate as he must be with so great a man. "Intimate!" said he. "Why, I do not know him at all. I met him accidentally in a railway car last year, and was presented to him. He shook my hand, but he does not remember me." At the time of that conversation the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew and a reporter were riding up town in New York together in a horse-car; and as it fell out that Mr. Depew (who had just arrived from England) had no change, the reporter paid his fare.

But I really did go to the police court, and found it more interesting than the above intergressions gave reason to suspect. It was so interesting that after I had whispered my business, I asked if I might not stay up there until the last prisoner got his share of British justice.

The two magistrates sat side by side at a desk high above everything else in the courtroom. The desk was enclosed on either side by glazed partitions containing doors, and behind it and the judges was the end wall of the room. The high platform on which their throne-like box was built had its own doors, for egress and ingress, in the side walls of the room. Immediately in front of the judges' bench sat "the clerk"—as we would say, the clerk of the court—on a high stool behind a high desk like a pulpit. The clerk is as important in the law there as he is in politics here. He knows the criminal law, and is the only one except the criminals and their councellors who does. He gives the magistrates advice when they seek it, and often, when they fail to seek it, corrects them. In this court his curly black poll came a trifle above the edge of the magistrates' desk, just where a pen-wiper would be useful, and for all the world like one, because the rest of him could not be seen. On either side of the clerk's desk a tier of short benches arose—one tier for reporters and one for lawyers.

The dock took up nearly all the middle of the room. It looked like a huge bird-cage with the door broken off. Its wires were of half-inch iron. They rose straight from the floor to the ceiling, and were boarded up in the back so that the people on the benches for the public in the rear could not see the prisoner or be seen by him. Something like an old-fashioned cellar door, slanting from the cage toward the floor, projected from one end of the cage. It was the covered way by which the prisoner was brought up into the dock from the tunnel of masonry under the court, which led from the cells in another building. When the prisoner came up out of this covered way he found himself facing the magistrates, whom he saw through a square break in the cage wires, an aperture that just left him exposed from his head to his waist. A court official in police blue stood in the cage all the while, holding a sheet of paper on which were the names of all the prisoners, notes of the offences of which each was accused, and a record, or "pedigree," of the number of times each had been arrested before.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

BRITISH CAPITALISTS SWINDLED.

American "Financiers" Secure Over a Million of Their Money.

Mrs. Cornelia V. E. Miller and Mrs. Priscilla Field, two aristocratic looking women of middle age, were arrested the other day by members of Inspector Byrnes' detective staff at a swell hotel in New York city. They were charged with receiving

MRS. MILLER—MRS. FIELD.

stolen money and being fugitives from English justice. Judge Barrett, before whom they were brought on a writ of habeas corpus, set them at liberty, but Mrs. Miller was re-arrested immediately by a United States marshal.

It seems that the husbands of the women, J. H. Field and W. W. Miller, went to London from Chicago some time ago and started a banking enterprise, subscribers to which were promised large profits and quick returns. Guileless British capitalists invested heavily. Not long ago Messrs. Field and Miller sought refuge on the continent, and their wives paid a visit to New York. The women began drawing against their London bank account, and had secured $65,000 before the exposure occurred. Then the English dupes put in a claim to the rest of their deposit and secured the women's arrest.

This is the first time that Field's name has been connected publicly with a fraudulent enterprise. In Chicago he flourished as an advertising agent and newspaper writer. A former employer says that he was thoroughly honest, but "sharper than chain lightning. He could pick up an acquaintance with a wildcat in ten minutes and be on friendly terms with the creature in ten more." Miller came into prominence some years ago as one of the principals in as big a swindle as was ever perpetrated—the notorious Fund W. scheme, which had its headquarters at Chicago and its victims throughout North and South America. When the crash came Miller turned state's evidence and got off with a fine of $1,000, while his partners, Fleming and Loring, went to prison. Miller made $100,000 out of Fund W., and the current report—probably exaggerated—is that he and Field have "skinned" the Britishers to the tune of $1,500,000.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

A Barrel Full of Money
Is a good thing to have, but health is better than wealth. Preserve your health by eating cookery made with Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder.

If you want to know what a dollar is worth take it to Armstrong's.

Beecham's Pills cure sick headache.

Hazel Balm at Wade's Drug Store.

TRAITS OF ANIMALS.

Some Really Strange ones Talked About In Harper's.

Do dogs hate butchers? This question was debated in an extended manner a number of years ago in Nature, and the general consensus of opinion was, to put it mildly, that there was want of confidence exhibited on the part of dogs in their intimacy with butchers in general. The sight of beef displayed on the tender-hooks could, however, not have been distasteful to the dog. It must have been the man in charge of the ribs and briskets who was anti-sympathetic to the dog.

Reasoning it out, as would Professor Romanes, it could not have been primarily the particular smell of the butcher which was distasteful to the animal, as associations of the man with licks and cudgellings freely bestowed in checking certain kleptomaniac impulses natural to the dog. A chicken's breast and milk and sponge-cake fed lapdog would have turned up its nose at honest beef and the shambles, but a normal dog would not have been indifferent to the blandishments of the flesher.

There are some very original and pathetic stories due to Pierquin. He insisted that the dog held in holy horror certain individuals whose terrible calling it was to traffic in dog-skins. I have sometimes thought that the lugubrious ballad of the dog-skin dealer has yet to be written. Say he is coming into some mediæval town with his pack of dog-skins on his back. Then the first lounging street dog sees the stranger over, and sniffing assures himself of the horrid load the peddler carries. Then scampering off he imparts his conviction to a dog friend. Then the two track the man, verify the facts, more dogs come up, they act in consort; bay and yelp and hound the panic-stricken man out of the town.

It is so easy to construct your modern facts in accordance with ancient legends. It really does not make so much matter as to the verification of the data of to-day, and so there is that story of Actæon torn to pieces by his own hounds, which fable might be so dovetailed as to make the hunter the first dealer in dog-skins, and that would unset the legend that it was the vengeful Artemis who so made away with her presumptuous lover. Sweet Una, how prettily a nail-paring incident might have been assorted to her story! A rat, a beaver, a squirrel, as rodents, become exceedingly uncomfortable when they have nothing to gnaw on. If they cannot use their gouglike teeth, these grow to abnormal lengths. Your canary-bird, with no chance to wear out his claws, would be very much obliged to you if you would occasionally pare off a mile of his horny toes. Una's particular lion, with elongated claws, ought to have been grateful if the young woman had clipped them. Feeling, as I do, kindly disposed toward Una, and wishing by no means to diminish the originality of the charming story, it might be well to remember that many of the larger animals are indebted to the weaker creatures for bodily comforts.

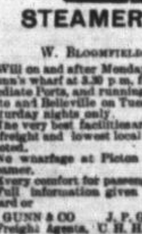
The African buffalo would lead an unhappy life if it were not for a kind of crow, who frees the huge animal of ticks, and more than that, stands guard over his four-footed friend and announces the coming of an enemy. It is not so long ago that a story of Father Herodotus was revived and credited, which tells of tiny birds perching on the head and jaws of Nilotic crocodiles, relieving the huge saurians of leeches and parasites.

Suppose Una had clipped the lion's claws, how would she have managed it? What is a lion but a colossal cat, and if catnip delights a cat, might not something else pacify or mollify a lion? I do not mean to say that the late Rev. J. G. Wood, the naturalist, solved the Una mystery. I do not believe he did, but he told his son, the Rev. Theodore Wood, how he managed so as to get on a social footing with lions and tigers, or to be at least le bien venu, in menageries, where carnivores are at home. The naturalist was in the habit of making a ball of paper, sprinkling it with lavender-water, and throwing it to the animals. They "used to grow wild in their exuberant delight. They would grasp the ball with both forepaws, hold it close to their nostrils," and he concludes by saying that the animals always afterward remembered him, and seemed to expect more perfumed paper balls.

There is a very useful French book called The method of Verifying Dates. One which, alas! can never be written, ought to be entitled The Act of Verifying Facts. The verification, however, of the printed or spoken assertion is simplicity itself. Try it.—Barnet Phillips, in Harper's Weekly.

Life Savers Rewarded.

Jesse Howland and James McMahon received unusual honors at the hands of the United States government the other day.


JESSE HOWLAND.

They were met at a New York hotel by a representative of the treasury department, and in the presence of a number of people each was presented with a gold medal and a letter of honor from Secretary Windom. This was their reward for saving the life of James Speedwell, who but for them would have drowned in the surf at Normandie-by-the-Sea, N. J., one afternoon last summer. The rescue was effected with immense difficulty, and was witnessed by many distinguished people, among them being Governor Hill, of New York. A proper statement of the case was made to the Washington authorities, who were so impressed by the gallantry of Howland and McMahon that they ordered struck two gold medals instead of the customary silver testimonials.

She Ran Away In a Dragoon's Dress.

A young woman created a sensation in the Rue de la Galete, Paris, the other night by appearing in the uniform of an officer of dragoons. She went into a restaurant and ordered a dish of crayfish, but a wary policeman, who watched her movements, followed her as she was leaving the refreshment establishment and arrested her. In the meantime, the officer whose uniform the gay girl had donned dressed himself in mufti and went out to look for his missing female friend who had been helping him to keep his birthday. He found her in the police station, whence she was only released this morning after having relinquished previously her military habiliments and resumed her own costume.

You can get the best fresh butter at J. Crawford's.
20 lb. basket grapes, 75c. J. Crawford.

BAY OF QUINTE STEAMBOAT ROUTE
DAILY TO PICTON AND TRI-WEEKLY TO BELLEVILLE and DESERONTO.
SPLENDID AND FAST
STEAMER HERO
W. BLOOMFIELD, MASTER,
Will on and after Monday, Sept. 2nd, leave Gunn's wharf at 3.30 p.m. for Picton and Intermediate Ports, and running through to Deseronto and Belleville on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights only.
The very best facilities are offered to shippers of freight and lowest local and through rates quoted.
No wharfage at Picton on freight by this steamer.
Every comfort for passengers assured.
Full information given by the Purser on board or
A. GUNN & CO. J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Freight Agents. C. H. HATCH, Tkt. Agent.

SEASONABLE GOODS.
Central Park Lawn Grass, fresh and good; Purest Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, this season's catch; Wyman's Iron Pills, surpass all other Tonic Pills sold; Wilson's Cough Balsam, the best cold cure.
W. J. WILSON,
"THE PHARMACY," Princess Street.—Telephone, 383.

JUST ARRIVED.
BY DIRECT IMPORTATION the following goods, comprising a fine line of Turkish Sponges, Surgeon's Sponges, Bath Sponges, Mouth Sponges and Children's Slate Sponges, which we are selling at prices to suit all. Also a full stock of ENGLISH CONFECTIONERY, Mottled and White Castile Soaps. Call and inspect our stock.
CITY DRUG STORE,
Cor. Princess & Montreal Streets.

LADIES, PLEASE WAIT FOR IT
WAIT FOR WHAT?
Don't You Know That The Wholesale DRY GOODS STOCK of Tait, Burch & Co., of Toronto, Amounting to $47,575, will be Sold Here at the
OLD "FEDERAL WAREHOUSE," ON PRINCESS STREET,
Commencing Saturday, Oct. 25.
Everything will be sold regardless of cost or value. This will be the BIGGEST SACRIFICING SALE ever known in Kingston.
Come One, Come All, and Buy Goods at Your Own Price.
Remember the Place, the Day, the Hour.
The Doors Will be Opened at 10 o'clock Sharp.

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