MEDICAL.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

D'FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES COLIC CHOLERA CHOLERA-MORBUS DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS OF CHILDREN OR ADULTS

Price 35 cts

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the effects of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement seen. Failure impossible. 2,000 references. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N.Y.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Kidney Complaints, Backache, &c.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT With Electro-Magnetic SUSPENSORY.

Latest Patent! Best Improvements!

Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from indiscretion or excess (private debility, nervousness, insomnia, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, all female complaints, general ill health, etc. The Electric Belt contains Wonderful Restoratives over all others. Current is instantly felt by wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other style.

Our Powerful Improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, the greatest boon ever offered weak men, FREE with all Belts. Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 days. Sealed Book (illustrated), mailed (sealed) FREE.

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., No. 826 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

CUSTOMS DUTIES.

Arrangements have been made with the Canadian government whereby all Customs Duties will be prepaid on our Belts in New York.

Have You CATARRH

For THE EMPLOYER'S CATARRH CURE. It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, TO TAINED PALATE AND TONSILS, PURIFIES THE BREATH. Some of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. One bottle will work wonders. Price 50c. at Druggists, Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing

CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO

PRIVATE MEDICAL DISPENSARY, 207 SHAW STREET, TORONTO.

Both sexes can obtain remedies unlimitedly successful in the cure of all diseases of a private nature and chronic complaints also.

DR. ANDREW'S FEMALE PILLS—They are nothing new, having been dispensed by the doctor for more than 15 years. No experiment. Price $1 by mail on receipt of price and 4c stamp. Circulars free. Letters answered when stamp is enclosed free of charge. Communications confidential. Address R. T. ANDREWS, 207 Shaw street, four minutes' walk from Queen street west cars, Toronto, Ont.

WOOD AND COAL.

COAL AND WOOD.

TO SECURE Fair prices, Good service, Uniform Grade, Superior quality, Leave your orders with

CRAWFORD, Foot of Queen Street.

Telephone, No. 9.

COAL!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—BEST IN THE MARKET.

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

Chief office—St. Lawrence wharf. Branch office—Cor. King and Clarence streets, opposite British American Hotel, Kingston.

Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened. Telephone communication.

James Swift & Co

AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE LESSON OF THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN.

True Repentance Is a Godly Sorrow For Sin—By the Deeds of the Law No Flesh Can Be Justified, and So the Self Satisfied Are Condemned.

BROOKLYN, July 2.—Rev. Dr. Talmage had selected as his subject for today a picture of contrast, "Arrogance and Humility," the text being Luke xviii, 13, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

No mountain ever had a more brilliant coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The mountain top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall 600 feet high was erected, and the mountain was built out into that wall. It was at that point that satan met Christ and tried to persuade him to cast himself down the 600 feet. The nine gates of the temple flashed the light of silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was mere precious stones melted and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very large a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference.

We stand and look off upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the temple? Is it fire? Why, it seems as if it were a mansion all kindled into flame. What's the matter? Why, it's the hour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke on the altar rises and bursts out of the crevices and out of the door and wreathes the mountain top with folds of smoke, through which glitter precious stones gathered and burnished by royal munificence.

I see two men mounting the steps of the building. They go side by side; they are very unlike; no sympathy between them—the one the pharisee, proud, arrogant, pompous, he goes up the steps of the building. He seems by his manner to say: "Clear the track! Never before came up these steps such goodness and consecration."

THE REPENTANT SINNER.

Beside him was the publican, bowed down seemingly with a load on his heart. They reach the inclosure for worship in the midst of the temple. The pharisee goes close up to the gate of the holy of holies. He feels he is worthy to stand there. He says practically: "I am so holy I want to go into the holy of holies. O Lord, I am a very good man. I'm a remarkably good man. Why, two days in the week I eat absolutely nothing. I'm so good. I'm very generous in my conduct toward the poor. I have no sympathy with the common rabble; especially have I none with this poor, miserable, commonplace, wretched publican who happened to come up the stairs beside me."

The publican went clear to the other side of the inclosure, as far away from the gate of the holy of holies as he could get, for he felt unworthy to stand near the sacred place. And the Bible says he stood afar off. Standing on the opposite side of this inclosure he bows his head, and as orientals when they have any trouble beat their breasts, so he begins to pound his breast as he cries, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Oh, was there ever a greater contrast? The incense that wafted that morning from the priest's censer was not so sweet as the publican's prayer floating into the opening heavens, while the prayer of the pharisee died on his contemptuous lips and rolled down into his arrogant heart. Worshiping there they join each other and go side by side down the steps, the pharisee cross, wretched, acrid, saturnine; the publican with his face shining with the very joys of heaven, for "I tell you that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Now, I put this publican's prayer under analysis, and I discover in the first place that he was persuaded of his sinfulness. He was an honest man, he was a taxgatherer, he was an officer of the government. The publicans were taxgatherers, and Cicero says they were the adornment of the state. Of course they were somewhat unpopular, because people then did not like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay their taxes, and there were many who disliked them. Still, I suppose this publican, this taxgatherer, was an honorable man. He had an office of trust. There were many hard things said about him, and yet, standing there in that inclosure of the temple amid the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he cries out from the very depths of his stricken soul, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" By what process shall I prove that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your actions, to estimate your behavior? I will do nothing of the kind. I will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your salvation.

THE IMPERILED SOUL.

You go down to a storm to the beach, and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry, "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown and launch out on the tempestuous sea of human suffering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry, "A shipwreck!"

I know that our souls are dreadfully lost by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner? Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco or Chicago, and you were paying him promptly his salary, and you found out, after awhile, that notwithstanding he had drawn the salary he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord.

He sent us out into this world to serve him. He has taken good care of us—he has clothed us, he has sheltered us, and he has surrounded us with 10,000 benefactions, and yet many of us have given nine-tenths of our lives to the service of the world, the flesh and the devil. Why, my friend, the Bible is full of confession, and I do not find anybody is pardoned until he has confessed.

What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Isaiah say? "Woe is me, because I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up into heaven." And among the millions before the throne of God tonight not one get there until he confessed. The coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white tangled foam of the breakers.

Repent! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies
And meets the fiery day.

But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no relief except through God's mercy. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man. When I get $10 taxes, I pay them right over to the government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts. I appeal to thy justice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy.

NO HOPE IN SELF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart, that you can purchase your way to heaven? Come, try it. Come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you. Add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good words and works, and then you will see Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit of self satisfaction, as he cries, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, say a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to be saved? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story—mercy, mercy, long suffering mercy, sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. Why, it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist when it tries to describe God's mercy.

Oh, says some one, that is only adding to my crime if I come and confess before God and seek his mercy. No, no! The murderer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands looked into the face of God and cried for mercy, and his soul has been white in God's pardoning love. And the soul that has wandered off to the streets and down to the very gates of hell has come back to her father's house, throwing her arms around his neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdalen.

THE DOORS OF MERCY.

But, says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No, I will throw it open wider. I will take the responsibility of saying that if all this audience, instead of being gathered in a semicircle, were placed side by side in one long line they could all march right through that wide open gate of mercy. "Whosoever," "whosoever." Oh, this mercy of God. There is no line long enough to fathom it; there is no ladder long enough to scale it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it; no angel's wing can fly across it.

Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, cannot compass that harmony of mercy, mercy. It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gate. I hear it in the chiming of the celestial towers. I see it flashing in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved. I hear it in the thundering tread of the bannered host round about the throne, and then it comes from the harps and crowns and thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a throne overtopping all heaven—the throne of mercy.

How I was affected when some one told me in regard to that accident on Long Island sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft as she tried to save herself, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I bless God that this lifeboat of the gospel has room enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race—room for one, room for all, and yet there is room!

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further and find that he did not expect any mercy except by pleading for it. He did not fold his hands together as some do, saying, "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved; if I'm to be lost, I'll be lost, and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was worth having was worth asking for, hence this earnest cry of the text, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

It was an earnest prayer, and it is characteristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered. The blind man, "Lord, that I may receive my sight;" the leper, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" sinking Peter, "Lord save me;" the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" But if you come up with the tip of your finger and tap at the gate of mercy it will not open. You have got to have the earnestness of the warrior who, defeated and pursued, dismounts from his lathered steed and with gaunfleted fists pounds at the palace gate.

You have got to have the earnestness of the mad who at midnight in the fourth story has a sense of suffocation with the house in flames, goes to the window and shouts to the firemen, "Help!" Oh, unforgiven soul, if you were in full earnest I might have to command silence in the auditory, for your prayers would drown the voice of the speaker, and we would have to pause in the great service! It is because you do not realize your sin before God that you are not this moment crying mercy, mercy, mercy.

HE WAS TRULY REPENTANT.

This prayer of the publican was also an humble prayer. The pharisee looked up, the publican looked down. You cannot be saved as a metaphysician or as a rhetorician; you cannot be saved as a scholar; you cannot be saved as an artist; you cannot be saved as an official. If you are ever saved at all, it will be as a sinner. "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Another characteristic of the prayer of the publican was, it had a ring of confidence. It was not a cry of despair. He knew he was going to get what he asked for. He wanted mercy. He asked for it, expecting it. And do you tell me, O man, that God has provided this salvation and is not going to let you have it?

If a man builds a bridge across a river, will he not let people go over it? If a physician gives a prescription to a sick man, will he not let him take it? If an architect puts up a building, will he not let people in it? If God provides salvation, will he not let you have it? Oh, if there be a pharisee here, a man who says: I am all right. My past life has been right. I don't want the pardon of the gospel, for I have no sin to pardon, let me say that while that man is in that mood there is no peace for him, there is no pardon, no salvation, and the probability is he will go down and spend eternity with the lost spirits of the text.

But if there be here one who says, I want to be better, I want to quit my sins and live a new life, I want to be a Christian, why what process shall I prove that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your actions, to estimate your behavior? I will do nothing of the kind. I will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your salvation.

THE IMPERILED SOUL.

You go down to a storm to the beach, and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry, "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown and launch out on the tempestuous sea of human suffering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry, "A shipwreck!"

I know that our souls are dreadfully lost by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner? Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco or Chicago, and you were paying him promptly his salary, and you found out, after awhile, that notwithstanding he had drawn the salary he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord.

He sent us out into this world to serve him. He has taken good care of us—he has clothed us, he has sheltered us, and he has surrounded us with 10,000 benefactions, and yet many of us have given nine-tenths of our lives to the service of the world, the flesh and the devil. Why, my friend, the Bible is full of confession, and I do not find anybody is pardoned until he has confessed.

What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Isaiah say? "Woe is me, because I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up into heaven." And among the millions before the throne of God tonight not one get there until he confessed. The coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white tangled foam of the breakers.

Repent! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies
And meets the fiery day.

But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no relief except through God's mercy. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man. When I get $10 taxes, I pay them right over to the government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts. I appeal to thy justice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy.

NO HOPE IN SELF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart, that you can purchase your way to heaven? Come, try it. Come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you. Add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good words and works, and then you will see Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit of self satisfaction, as he cries, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, say a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to be saved? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story—mercy, mercy, long suffering mercy, sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. Why, it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist when it tries to describe God's mercy.

Oh, says some one, that is only adding to my crime if I come and confess before God and seek his mercy. No, no! The murderer

True Philanthropy.

To the Editor of the WHIG.

Please inform your readers that I will mail free to all sufferers the means by which I was restored to health and manly vigor after years of suffering from nervous weakness. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but thanks to heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong. I have nothing to sell and no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever, but being desirous to make this certain cure known to all, I will send free and confidential to anyone full particulars of just how I was cured. Address with stamps, EDWARD MARTIN, (teacher,) P.O. box 143, Detroit, Mich.

M. P. L.—What is it? It is the most comforting, soothing and effective cure for Piles you ever tried! Ask for Magic Pile Ointment, 50c a bottle.

GROCERIES.

IMPERIAL CREAM TARTAR BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

GILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

PURE AND SOLUBLE MOTT'S BREAKFAST COCOA

Made simply with boiling milk or water.

Sold by all grocers.

After trying everything else I have been entirely cured of Indigestion by using

ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI

Sold by Druggists and Confectioners.

Take no worthless imitation. See that "Tutti Frutti" is on each package.

WATER MELONS,

GREEN PEAS,

NEW POTATOES,

VEGETABLE MARROWS,

CROOK NECK SQUASH.

W. H. CARNOVSKY,

Headquarters for California and Tropical Fruit.

On the Square. Telephone, No 21.

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.

CANADA'S FAVORITE PIANOS.

FINE STOCK TO CHOOSE FROM. JUST RECEIVED A FINE LOT OF PIANO DRAPE COVERS.

G. W. ROBINSON & SON, Agents

FIRE INSURANCE

PHŒNIX INSURANCE CO., Of Hartford, Conn. Established 1854.

CANADA BRANCH, Head Office, 114 St. James Street MONTREAL.

CASH CAPITAL, $2,000,000

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

A share of your fire insurance is solicited for this reliable and wealthy company, renowned for its prompt and liberal settlement of claims. Agents throughout the Dominion. See that you get a PHŒNIX OF HARTFORD POLICY.

KINGSTON AGENTS: JOHN A. GARDINER, 151 Wellington Street, CHIEF AGENT. J. A. GOODERALE, Special Agent.

The Canada Accident Assurance Company.

London and Lancashire Fire Insurance Company.

The Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company.

Federal Life Assurance Co., Hamilton.

REAL ESTATE bought and sold. Money to loan. Rents and estates managed.

JOHN A. GARDINER.

OFFICE: 151 Wellington Street.

ELLIOTT BROS.,

77 PRINCESS STREET,

Stoves Taken Down, Removed and Stored on the Shortest Notice. Prices Moderate. The "Happy Home Range" is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Tile Pipe and Fittings always on hand.

Telephone 55. Residence 53.

NAVIGATION.

KINGSTON AND OTTAWA

LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Heated by steam. The magnificent New Steamer JAMES SWIFT (Captain Fleming) will leave Kingston every Tuesday and Friday (until further notice) for Ottawa at 1 p.m. Returning will leave Ottawa every Monday and Thursday morning at 8 o'clock, connecting at Ottawa with the G.T.R. Company's boats for Montreal, and at Smith's Falls with the Canada Pacific Railway.

KINGSTON AND PERTH.

THE STEAMER RIDEAU BELLE Captain Scott, Master, will (until further notice) leave Sydenham wharf, Kingston, every Monday and Thursday at 7 a.m. Returning will leave Perth every Wednesday and Saturday at 6 a.m., connecting at Perth with G.T.R. at Kingston with G.T.R., K. & P.; steamer Hero, steamer Maud, steamers Ocean and Persia, and Royal Mail Line. Tickets good on either boats. For freight and tickets apply to MESSRS. J. SWIFT & CO., Kingston; CAPTAIN FOSTER, Smith's Falls; G. A. HARRIS, Ottawa. D. NOONAN, Owner.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation COMPANY.

In connection with regular daily service the steamers Columbian and Bohemian will make trips every week, commencing Monday, July 3rd, as follows:—Columbian, Monday, Wednesday and Friday; Bohemian, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Also Daily Service

Between Kingston and Toronto and Between Kingston & Montreal,

Calling at intermediate ports.

LEAVING FOR MONTREAL DAILY at 5:15 a.m., and arriving at Montreal at 6:30 p.m., connecting with the steamers for Quebec and the River Saguenay.

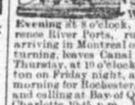
LEAVE FOR TORONTO and intermediate ports at 3 p.m., passing through the Bay of Quinte, and arrive at Toronto about 6:30 a.m., in time to connect with the different railways and steamers for NEW YORK, NIAGARA FALLS, Buffalo, St. Catharines, etc.

For tickets and information apply to THOMAS HANLEY, Ticket Agent.

STEAMER ALEXANDRIA

Rochester, Kingston, Montreal

CALLING AT BAY OF QUINTE AND RIVER ST. LAWRENCE PORTS.



THE popular side-wheel STEAMER ALEXANDRIA (Captain E. B. Smith) leave Gunn & Co's Wharf every Monday Evening at 8 o'clock, calling at the St. Lawrence River Ports, running the Rapids, and arriving in Montreal on Tuesday afternoon. Returning, leaves Canal Basin, Montreal, every Thursday, at 10 o'clock a.m., arriving in Kingston on Friday night, and leave at 1:30 Saturday morning for Rochester, through Murray canal, and calling at Bay of Quinte ports, arriving at Charlotte 9:45 p.m. Returning, leaves Charlotte at 7:30 p.m., Sunday, on arrival of train from Rochester.

Passenger accommodation unsurpassed.

The steamer Alexandria is noted for comfort and the politeness of her officers.

A. GUNN & CO. and THOS. HANLEY, Agents.

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY

RIVER AND GULF ST. LAWRENCE.

"SS. MIRAMICHI"

LEAVES MONTREAL ON MONDAYS

At 4 p.m. on 19th and 26th June, 10th and 24th July, 7th and 21st August, 4th and 18th September, 2nd, 16th and 30th October, for Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Percé, Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The finest trip of the season for health and comfort.

ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.

For tickets and state Rooms apply to HANLEY'S GENERAL TICKET AGENCY, Kingston, Ont.

DAILY TO PICTON—TRI-WEEKLY TO BELLEVILLE.

STR. HERO.

BEGINNING MONDAY, 24th April, will (until further notice) leave Gunn's wharf, Kingston, DAILY at 3:30 p.m. for Picton, and for Belleville, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Returning, arriving in Kingston, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:15 p.m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10:45 a.m.

Further particulars apply to A. GUNN & CO., Freight Agents, or C. J. GILDERSLEEVE, Manager.

Rochester and Alexandria Bay

STR. NORTH KING,

LEAVES FOR ROCHESTER EVERY SUNDAY EVENING at SEVEN O'CLOCK, via Bay of Quinte, arriving at Seven o'clock next morning.

For Alexandria Bay EVERY SUNDAY at 8:45 a.m. connecting at Charlotte (Port of Rochester) every SATURDAY at 4:25 p.m., via Bay of Quinte.

DAILY LINE TO ROCHESTER, via Grand Trunk Railway to Port Hope, thence by steamer North King, arriving at 2:30 p.m.

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

STEAMER PERSIA,

J. B. SCOTT, Master.

FOR MONTREAL, TORONTO AND ST. CATHARINES, will leave Jas. Swift & Co's wharf Every Wednesday Morning at 8 o'clock for Montreal and way ports and Every Sunday Morning at 8 o'clock for Toronto and St. Catharines. For freight and passage apply to JAS. SWIFT & CO., Agents.

EDUCATIONAL.

DELSARTE

College of Oratory, Elocution and Dramatic Art.

Large Faculty of specialists. Course thorough and scientific. Degrees conferred. Large art catalogue sent on application to the president, FRANCIS J. BROWN, Y.M.C.A. Building, Toronto

KINGSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION,

NO. 193 PRINCESS STREET, MASON & RICH BLOCK.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPT. 6TH. Winter Term Nov. 13th. Spring Term Feb. 3rd. Summer Term April 10th. Special Summer Term July 3rd.

G. F. TELGMANN, Director.

Special Class for the piano at $2 per term every Monday and Thursday evenings, and Wednesday and Thursday afternoons. Lectures, etc., free.

Kingston Ladies' College AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

A Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies, Cloverburn, Emily Street, Kingston.

SPECIAL ATTENTION given to student preparing for examinations. The refining influences of home combined with high mental training.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT is in charge of Arthur Fisher, Esq., Mus. Bac., A.C.O., England.

For terms and prospectus apply to MRS CORNWALL, B.A., Principal, at the College.

TO WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS

HOTEL FRENCH,

HARVEY, ILL.

FURNISHED HOUSE CAN BE SECURED FOR THIRTY DAYS.

Situated on the Grand Trunk and Illinois Central R. R., being convenient to stop without going into the City, and more accessible to the Fair Grounds than the City itself.

This is a three-story brick building, cool and airy rooms, with first class table.

Give a few days' notice of your intended visit and you will reserve you a room, meet you at the station and guarantee satisfaction. Parties of four or six can have suite connecting if desired.

CHARLES G. FRENCH, Harvey, Ill.

GRAND MASTER GIBSON.

THE CAREER OF THE HEAD OF THE MASONIC ORDER IN CANADA.

He is Better Known, However, in His Capacity of Provincial Governor in the Ontario Cabinet—His Work as an Administrator and as a Public Man.

Right Worthy Brother the Hon. John M. Gibson, Q. C., Hamilton, Ont., whose picture is herewith given was elected at the recent meeting of the Grand Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons of Canada to succeed Most Worthy Brother John Ross Robertson in the Grand Master's chair.

Mr. Gibson has not been a merely ornamental Mason. He was initiated in Strict Observance Lodge No. 27, G.R.C., on November 19, 1867, and five years later occupied the position of Worthy Master.

He became a member of St. John's R. A. Chapter No. 6 in 1870 and in 1874 organized Temple Lodge No. 324. He subsequently filled the position of Grand Superintendent of the Hamilton District for one year; and was D.D.G.M. for the Hamilton District in 1883-4. He is a very prominent member of the Scottish Rite of Masonry—an order which he joined about 22 years ago. He has filled the position of M. W. Sovereign of Hamilton Chapter, Rose Croix; and Commander in Chief of Moore Sovereign Consistory for three years. He became an Honorary Inspector General, 33d degree, 1884, and was on October 1, 1886, created an active lodge Grand Inspector General, 33d degree, of the Supreme Council of Canada. He is also the representative near the Grand Lodge of Canada of the Grand Lodge of Montana, and representative of the Grand Chapter of Kansas near the Grand Chapter of Canada.

HON. J. M. GIBSON.

Born in York County, Ont., of Scottish parentage in 1842, Mr. Gibson's schooling began at Hamilton Central School and was finished at University College in 1863 with the degree of B.A., he carrying off the Prince of Wales prize of that year together with the silver medals in classics and modern languages and the prize in Oriental languages. He was called to the bar in 1867. A subsequent course at the University of Toronto secured him the degree of LL.B., and the gold medal. In 1879 he was appointed a Queen's Counsel for Ontario. His interest in educational matters led to his election as chairman of the Hamilton Board of Education, a member of the Senate of his alma mater and president of the Hamilton Art School.

Lieut.-Col. Gibson is an enthusiastic soldier, having command of the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, one of the crack militia organizations of Canada. He is also president of the Canadian Military Institute and the Dominion Rifle League. He was a member of the Canadian Wimbledon Teams in 1874, '75 and '79, winning prizes on all those occasions. In the latter year he won the Prince of Wales prize (a badge and £100). In 1881 he commanded the Canadian Wimbledon team which defeated the British team in the rifle contest for the Rajah of Kolapore's cup. He was also a member of the Canadian long-range teams at Creedmore in 1876 and 1880.

To the Canadian public generally the Grand Master is better known, as a matter of course, in his capacity as a member of the Provincial Government, than in any other. He first entered the Ontario Legislature in 1879, and has represented Hamilton at every session since that date. As chairman of the Private Bills Committee of the House, a position which he has held almost since his first entrance to the Legislature, he has been largely instrumental in shaping the laws which have gone upon the statute bookduring the past 12 or 13 years. It was in 1889 that he was called to take the portfolio of Provincial Secretary in the Ontario Cabinet. Since that time his views have been crystallized into law by public acts dealing with the regulation of liquor traffic, the controlling of life insurance corporations and benefish and game of the Province. In the work of administration he has control of several sub-departments, including among others that having the oversight of the prisons, asylums and charitable institutions of the Province.

The French First of July.

Do you know anything about the French First of July? It is on the 14th, and the French people celebrate their Independence day, for it was on that day 103 years ago that the old Bastille, where all the political prisoners were kept, was torn down by the indignant people. The day in the city of Paris is a very bright and lively one indeed. No carriages, stages or vehicles of any kind are allowed in the streets in the evening, and the avenues are lighted by thousands of gas jets, which are arranged in bands and strings, like the strands of a diamond necklace. At each square platforms, decorated with blue, white and red (the French colors) draperies, are erected, and here bands of musicians are installed, and they play for the merry dancers until late into the night. The palace of the Trocadero, which stands on a great hill overlooking the Seine, is ablaze with light and color, and directly opposite, on the other side of the river, is the great Eiffel tower, the tallest structure in the world. The revolving light in the dome sheds beautiful rays of color—blue, white and red—over the entire city, and can be seen for miles around the adjoining country. Of course there are fireworks, rockets and candles and pinwheels, just like we have.

The Sensation of Falling.

Lord Sherbrooke, who once fell over a precipice 130 feet high, said: "My experience has proved to me that the worst possible way of measuring a height is to fall down it. People are described in such situations as having their whole life pass before them, as losing their breath, as dead before they reach the ground. None of these things happened to me. I seemed a long time rolling over and over in the air. I remember hoping that I should be killed outright and then the relief of finding myself in water."

Down With High Prices For Electric Belts

$1.55, $2.65, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Quality remains the same—sixteen different styles; dry battery and acid belts—mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. BABE & CO., Windsor, Ont.

To Lay Out A Log Way.

Mr. Booth, C.E., left for the Muskoka district to-day, where he lays out a three and a half mile log way. The logs are drawn this distance by an endless chain. The work is being done for the Gilmour company, of Trenton.

Wood Yard Removed.

James Campbell has removed to the corner of Wellington and Barrack streets. Always on hand a good stock of best maple, cut and uncut, dry slabs, pine and cedar blocks. All cheap for cash. Telephone No. 116.

Hair! Hair!

All latest New York, Boston styles at half price. Wigs, waves, switches, handmade curlets selling at cost. Cutting and fitting learned perfectly in two evenings. M. Richardson, 107 Princess street.

HON. S. H. STRONG, K.B.

A Canadian Recipient of Queen Victoria's Birthday Honors.

The Hon. Sir Samuel Henry Strong, was one of four distinguished Canadian gentlemen to share in the annual distribution of noble titles which Britain's Queen is pleased to make on each anniversary of her royal birthday.

Chief Justice Strong, unquestionably, is one of the most eminent judges on the Canadian bench, and his elevation to the rank of a Knight Bachelor will be regarded, by the people of the Dominion as a compliment worthily bestowed. Sir Henry, as he has expressed a desire to be addressed, was born in England, though educated and trained in Canada.

HON. SAMUEL HENRY STRONG, K. B.

He was appointed vice-chancellor for Ontario in 1869 and a justice of the Canadian Supreme Court in 1875, becoming chief justice early in the present year on the retirement of Sir William Ritchie. Sir Henry has risen at the bar and upon the Bench of Canada by the force of unusual ability and his judicial career has been admired by those most competent to judge.

He is a man of strong character, fearless in the administration of justice, and the order of knighthood in Canada will be graced by this addition to the ranks of the Canadian nobility.

One on Him.

Some drummers were diverting themselves in a smoking car by repeating episodes of so call'd "check." All but one had related an instance. When he was called upon, he drearily said:

"I don't remember anything worth telling. In fact my wife has completely dazed my memory of matters of that kind by a fine sample of her own stock. You see, when I got back from my latest trip, I went home at something after 9 o'clock in the evening. Well, there was my house lighted up from top story to basement, carriages were leaving the door, and affairs seemed to be going on inside on a grand scale. I let myself into the basement with a latchkey and walked into the dining room. Strains of music came from the back part of the hall, and the mingled laughter and conversation indicated a host of guests.

"Presently my wife came into the dining room dressed like a princess. She ran up to me saying:

"'Oh, Jack! I'm so glad you've come home early.'

"'So'm I,' said I. 'What's the racket—surprise party?'

"'Surprise party!' said she with a pout. 'No, indeed. It's the anniversary of my wedding.'

"'Tilda,' said I, 'you're off. You're way off! This is the month of March. It was in summer we were married!'

"She serenely replied: 'I know that very well. This is the anniversary of my first marriage. Go put on your dress suit, dear.'"—New York Tribune.

Why He Didn't.

A Cass avenue man, with a wife who has her own ways about doing things, catches her now and then.

"My dear," he said the other morning as he was dressing, "I think you were right when you told me last night there were burglars in the house."

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"Because