MEDICAL.

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

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Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored.

Weakness Nervousness, Debility, and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses, the results 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.

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FOR ALL DISEASES PECULIAR TO FEMALES.

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Begs to inform the public that he has started in opposition, with his business in SECOND-HAND FURNITURE. Any parties having to dispose of anything in that line, let them be sure to call on him, and they will satisfy him.

THE MAID OF THE MIST.

HOW THE LITTLE VESSEL EVADED HER WOULD-BE CAPTURERS.

A Perilous Trip Through the Whirlpool—A Ride Into the Jaws of Death—"The Hero of the Rapids."—The Names of His Crew.

It was on April 1, 1861, that one of the most thrilling events in Niagara's history occurred. Between the Canadian and American banks of the river there had plied for many years a little steamboat known as the Maid of the Mist. The vessel was built on the American side, and all the time it had floated around on the rough waters here it never went more than a half mile from the spot where it was constructed and launched. The reason for this is very simple. It could not move up stream because of the falls, and it could not go down further than the new suspension, or foot bridge. If it ventured too far in this direction it

HOW THE MAID OF THE MIST EVADED HER WOULD-BE CAPTORS.

was liable to get caught in the swift current, carried down to the whirlpool rapids and then to the whirlpool itself—certain death for everyone on board. The vessel was not a success in financial way. Not as many people visited the falls then as now, nor were there so many willing to brave the dangers of a ride on a small boat in these turbulent waters, knowing that if the machinery should give way the craft would soon be swept to destruction.

The builders of the boat had never been paid in full. They grew tired of waiting for the balance, secured the necessary papers, and were about to attach the boat. The owner, however, got wind of the affair, steamed over to the Canadian side and anchored there. Efforts were made to patch up a truce, but without success. Something had to be done. The owner could not afford to let the vessel lay in the dock and rot. The boat could get no passengers unless it was allowed to land on the American side. This was impossible on account of the officers who were there night and day ready to pounce upon it the moment he poked its nose into port.

The owner, who also acted as captain and pilot, was a man of nerve. He saw there was but one way to get the boat away from the American creditors, and that was to move it from the falls. But how was this to be done, was the question. There was but one route and that was through the wild rapids and the wilder whirlpool. He consulted the engineer and fireman. Would they aid him in the attempt to make the perilous passage? Yes, they would and they did. All the men had grave doubts as to how the journey would end, but they did not propose to back out. They settled up their affairs and prepared for the trip.

One morning before the sun had risen the Maid of the Mist was throwing great clouds of smoke from her stack. People who saw her thought the difficulties had been settled and that the boat was about to resume business at the old stand. The officers on the other side thought the captain had given up the fight and was ready to surrender. Suddenly the lines were cast off and the steamer snorted out into the stream. She ran up toward the falls, the route always taken when starting for the other side. She tipped and tossed about up near the cataract for a few seconds, then wheeled around and pointed straight down stream. As she whizzed by the waiting officers the captain doffed his cap and smiled. Could the people aboard be mad, or were they just playing a joke? asked the men who were around at the time. They would run down a short distance and then return, of course. Surely they could not be thinking of forcing a passage through the whirlpool and expect to come out alive. Down the vessel went, though, and she never came back.

As far as where the cantilever bridge now stands the trip was comparatively a quiet one. Here, though, the water commenced to seethe and foam; there is a big fall in the river bank and the current is as swift as at any place in the world. The men on the boat were lashed to their respective positions and every pound of steam that fire and water could make was on. The captain gave the signal and away went the Maid of the Mist on her journey over the angriest piece of water to be found on this or any other continent. The Maid dashed into the boiling, foaming mass and for a few seconds kept gallantly on her keel. Then she struck the curve in the river where the water seems to leave the bed and shoot into the air. She raised on the crest of a gigantic wave that is always formed here by the curve and the currents and many cross-currents, and for an instant her keel was visible its entire length. She gave a plunge, diving down deep enough, it seemed, until her nose could touch the bottom. It appeared as if she would never rise from the trough of the awful sea, but an instant later she commenced to climb the next great wave, so steep it was that her prow was pointed to the sky. Up she came and down she went again, the whole vessel being lost to view occasionally behind the mountains of water.

Thus far the engine had worked nobly, the steam had held out well, the boat's nose had been kept to the front, and the nerves of the men on board were still like steel. Forward went the little steamer, tipping on her sides at times until her smokestack would almost touch the top of a neighboring wave, nearly standing on her prow one second and the next rushing along on her stern. That she missed striking one of the many rocks and being crushed to splinters was a miracle. Providence and a good pilot kept her on her proper course.

The trip through the rapids was ended, but the most perilous part of the voyage was yet to come. As the Maid approached the whirlpool the black smoke that went up from her stack showed that she was preparing for the final plunge. Down she went at a speed so great that the fast-running waves could not catch her. She wavered as she struck the ever whirring waters, toppled over to leeward as the twisting torrents met her and for a moment it looked as if the engine would be powerless to drive the boat through; that the gallant vessel would be whirled around on the rocks where the brave trio would meet certain death. The little wheel, though, made itself felt, and in just seven seconds the Maid was safe on the other side of the whirlpool, and in four minutes from the time she started from the falls she had completed the most perilous trip made by any vessel before or since. No boat nor no person ever went through these angry waters before and came out alive, and, with the exception of a man who made the trip in an iron barrell, no one has ever attempted the voyage since.

Just as the good people were beginning to stir at Lewiston the Maid of the Mist hove in sight, coming leisurely down the stream. She steamed to Niagara on the lake, at the mouth of the river, and anchored. When the pilot, the owner of the boat, grasped the wheel that morning as the journey was commenced his hair was raven black, but when he stepped on land at the end of the voyage it was gray. The men, however, beyond being somewhat bruised and weak from the excitement of the trip were uninjured. They are all yet living. The Maid after a few days proceeded to Port Dalhousie, where for many years she was engaged in towing on the Welland canal.

The name of the daring navigator who conceived this awful trip is Joel R. Robinson. The voyage earned for him the sobriquet of "the hero of the rapid," and it is by this title that he is still known. James McIntyre was the engineer of the Maid on this memorable trip and James H. Jones was the fireman. Since the Maid of the Mist went through the rapids there has always been more or less controversy as to whether the body of water could frequently be navigated by stanch little craft. Mr. Robinson unhesitatingly says it could not; that it was simply a miracle that the Maid went through in safety and that there is scarcely one chance in a million of a vessel coming out bottom side down.

Bishop of British Columbia.

The newly-appointed bishop of British Columbia, the Rev. William Willcox Perrin, vicar of St. Luke's, Southampton, in 1871, by the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Wilberforce. He remained curate of St. Mary's until 1881, when he accepted the living of St. Luke's from which vicarage he

has now been appointed bishop. Mr. Perrin has hitherto held the offices of chairman of the Southampton school board and warden of the refuge in addition to having the care of the Home of the Good Shepherd and other church institutions. The new bishop is well known all over England as a strenuous temperance advocate, and is, besides, a very hard worker in parochial matters. His appointment to the diocese of British Columbia was made by the archbishop of Canterbury, to whom the power of appointment was delegated by the synod of the church in British Columbia. The diocese is practically conterminous with the island of Vancouver. Formerly it embraced a far larger extent of territory, but the original diocese, which included the mainland and island, has been divided into the sees of New Westminster and Caledonia. Bishop Hills, whose resignation created the vacancy, was the first bishop, and held the position for 34 years. Bishop Hills is now in England.

Devoted to Ireland.

In Miss Maud Gonne the Irish cause has found a champion who will command the attention of almost any audience, both on account of her eloquent patriotism and her charming personality. Miss Gonne devotes all her energies toward enlightening the world—non-English-speaking nations in particular—on the somewhat intricate Irish question. Though amply able to cope with this from a political point of view, Miss Gonne prefers to present the wrongs of her country in a more sympa-

MISS MAUD GONNE.

thetic guise. Warm-hearted and generous, full of the impetuosity characteristic of the Irish race, she rises far above the ordinary lukewarm patriot, of whom there have been so many sorry specimens. Miss Gonne is pathetic, affectionate and defiant as she touches on the many glorious deeds of patriotism in every period of the history of Ireland—a patriotism which, like the shamrock, springs up in the heart of every true daughter or son of Erin.

At a recent lecture Miss Gonne fairly electrified her audience by her superb rendition of this poem, dear to every Irish heart:

The harp that once through Tara's halls,

Miss Gonne was born at Kerry in 1866 and received her education in Dublin. Her father was an Irish landlord and officer in the British army. Though her parents' tastes and sympathies were decidedly English she, nevertheless, has sacrificed everything to devote her life and her fortune to the Irish cause.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Boston has two negro councilmen.

Brandy was first used medicinally.

Icebergs sometimes last 200 years.

Six-inch heels were once the fashion.

The sound of vowels is photographed.

There are twenty-three patterns of gimlets.

The heart of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.

The China St. Petersburg canal is 4,472 miles long.

Rabbitsburg is the name of a town in West Virginia.

A revolver has been invented that shoots seven times a second.

All Men

Young, old or middle aged, who find themselves, nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headaches, pimples on the face and body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, evelids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dulness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes, surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance, may be permanently cured. Send your address and 10c in stamps for book on diseases peculiar to man, sent sealed. Address M. V. LUSON, 24 Macdonnell Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Please mention this paper

Wanted a Glass Emerald.

A London society journal vouches for the truth of this story, which may interest fashionable people. A young peeress, famous for her many duels and her audacity, having lost the other day an emerald worth £150 out of her ring, went to an eminent firm of jewelers in the West End and asked for an imitation one to be put in its place.

"Leave the diamond setting," said her ladyship, "and put a glass setting where the other one was."

"But, ah! my lady," ventured the manager, unwilling to lose the opportunity of making a handsome sale, "would not your ladyship prefer a real emerald?"

"I don't want a real one," replied the petulant peeress. "Suppose I should lose that one too? I can't keep buying gems to lose, and when one loses one's jewels in society, oddly enough, one never hears of them again. Nobody ever thinks of bringing them back to you. A glass emerald will look just as well, and you don't suppose, do you, that any of my friends would dare suspect that it isn't real?"

The shopkeeper gave her a glass one!

Why 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.

GROCERIES.

"She Looketh Well

to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

But her ways are not always *old* ways. In fact she has discarded many unsatisfactory old ways. For instance, to-day she is using

Cottolene

the New Shortening, instead of lard. And this is in itself a reason why "she looketh well" in another sense, for she eats no lard to cause poor digestion and a worse complexion.

COTTOLENE is much better than lard for all cooking purposes, as every one who has tried it declares. Have you tried it?

For sale everywhere.

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Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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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 3 pounds Sal Soda.

Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

An Absolute Cure for INDIGESTION

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI

IMPARTS TONE TO THE SYSTEM. Take no worthless imitation.

Strengthens the Voice;
Purifies the Breath;
Keeps the Teeth Clean;
Improves the Appetite;
Builds up the System.

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Take no worthless imitation. See that "TUTTI FRUTTI" is on each 5c. package.

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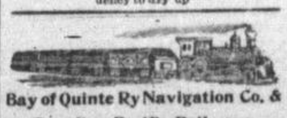
BAKING POWDER

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



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This season has been greatly in excess of that of any previous years. Without doubt it is because we have the

SOUVENIR'S & JOHN BULL'S,

the best line of Ranges and Hall Stoves in Canada.

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IF YOU WANT THE CHEAPEST AND BEST

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Of all discriptions, call at

H. BRAME'S,

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COAL OIL.

BEST QUALITY CANADIAN COAL OIL.

"SILVER STAR" BRAND.

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Oil delivered in any quantity at buyer's residence.

CAUTION.

I HEREBY FORBID ANY PERSON OR PERSONS to give credit to my wife, Sarah Bertram, at my expense, or in my name, as I will not be responsible for debts contracted except upon my written order.

GEORGE H. BERTRAM.

Harrowsmith, Nov. 9th, 1893.

SPOKE FOR HERSELF.

Martel du Bois, a young man of good family, but of somewhat limited means, was, at the breaking out of the French revolution, affianced to the daughter of a tradesman named Zoulouche—a man of wealth, but no principle.

Celeste was pretty, artful, ambitious and treacherous, and when she thought it to her interest to get rid of her lover she secretly denounced him, and he was arrested and thrown into prison.

Meantime a young widow, Mme. Romaine, who had secretly conceived a passion for him, on learning of his incarceration and its cause determined to save him. She went to the jailer, and by means of a bribe, for money was potent in those days as well as in these, obtained an interview. Du Bois was surprised at her visit.

"I have come," she said frankly, "in the hope that I may save a life for which I would freely give my own."

"I do not know as I understand you, madame!" replied the wondering prisoner.

"Probably not, for I am a woman, and women are sometimes enigmas even to themselves. I will not ask if you know me, for you certainly do not, but do you know my name?"

"Yes; you are Mme. Romaine, widow of Jules Romaine, daughter of Gustavus D'Auvergne—young, lovely, accomplished and rich."

"We have 10 minutes to converse in private. You must escape from here and fly from France! You may be tried at any hour, and, once tried, you will be condemned and executed."

"But who so base as to denounce me, madame? I would know the name of my enemy, that, if ever I do escape, I may at some future time exact reparation for the injury."

"Oh, perfidy!" exclaimed Mme. Romaine. "Prepare yourself, Martel du Bois, to hear a terrible truth. Where you trusted most you have been most basely betrayed. Celeste Zoulouche is your secret denouncer."

"Impossible!" cried Du Bois, staggering under the mental blow. "Impossible! Mon Dieu! You are but trying my faith."

"We are wasting precious time," said the other, glancing at her watch. "Believe what I tell you. You will have corroborative evidence all too soon."

"Then welcome the guillotine! Why live in a world so treacherous and base?"

"But all are not like Celeste Zoulouche."

"Your own presence here, madame, is a proof of that. But my faith is shaken, and life seems of little worth."

"We should not be too selfish," rejoined Mme. Romaine hurriedly. "Live, Martel, or one of your friends will henceforth be wretched!"

"Is it so?" exclaimed Du Bois as the truth flashed upon him.

"This is no time for false delicacy," pursued the other, with agitation. "Circumstances have caused me to betray feelings you otherwise might never have suspected, and for which even now I may be receiving your secret censure. But no matter! Let me but know you have escaped and are beyond the reach of your enemies, and I can be happy, even should we never meet again."

"Censure you! Despise you for trying to save my life? Oh, madame, your words give me pain!"

"You will live then? You will escape?"

"If possible, I will, if only for your sake."

"Quick, then, give ear to my plan. Here is a powder, of which you will take a small portion at a time. It will make you sick; you will look pale. Eat little or no food, and you will lose your strength. The physician will be called, and you will be removed to the hospital. Once there, I trust I shall be able to effect your escape. You will obey my instructions?"

"Religiously."

"Then, if your trial should not come on meantime, you may be saved. I go to watch and pray and hope. Adieu!"

He followed the directions of Mme. Romaine, and the third day after her visit he was removed to the hospital. Here he fell under the charge of a lay sister named Agnes.

"I know all!" she said to him at the first opportunity. "Julie Romaine is my cousin; I am her confidant. We have agreed upon a bold and novel plan for your escape. It is this: You must seem to get worse and worse, and at last, at the proper time, you must feign convulsions and appear to die. I will cover your face, and when the chief physician comes his rounds announce your death. If he takes my word for it, all will be well; if not, we may fail. That is our risk."

"And suppose he leaves me for dead—what then?"

"Then, after dark, I will pretend to have received an order to have you conveyed to the dissecting room, where you will be provided with a surgeon's suit, in which disguise you must escape."

Near the close of his fourth day in the hospital Martel du Bois was seen by more than one person in convulsions. An hour or two later, when the physician made his rounds, he was covered with a sheet.

"There is no more need of you services here," said Sister Agnes calmly, as she intercepted him. "The next patient seems worse. Will you be kind enough to see him at once?"

The doctor passed on. So far, all well.

It was quite dark when the body of Du Bois was borne into the dissecting room. The attendants retired in haste, leaving Sister Agnes and a lad with him.

"Now, then, here are your garments. Quick!" said the fair nurse.

In less than five minutes the late corpse looked like a very active and important surgeon.

"This lad will guide you—follow him!" said Sister Agnes hurriedly. "Linger not a moment! Adieu! Adieu!"

Five minutes later Martel du Bois, guided by a youth, was hurriedly passing through the streets of Toulouse. On the outskirts of the town the youth led him to an old stable, where they found two swift horses prepared for a journey.

They mounted and rode southward toward Spain. When morning dawned, there were 40 good miles between them and Toulouse. The second night they entered Spain and were safe.

"Now, my brave lad," said Du Bois, "go back to your mistress, Mme. Romaine, and tell her my hand, my heart and my life are at her disposal."

"She will accept your hand and heart, but begs you to keep your life," returned the youth, with a light laugh.

"She will speak for herself!" rejoined Du Bois sharply.

"She does!" laughed the other.

"How is this?"

"I am Julie Romaine."

They were married in Spain, and at the close of the reign of terror returned to France and lived long and happily.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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. Bear & Co., Windsor, Ont.

Deafness Cured.

GENTLEMEN.—For a number of years I suffered from deafness, and last winter I could scarcely hear at all. I applied Dagyard's Yellow Oil and I can hear as well as anyone now. MRS. TUTTLE COOK, Weymouth, N.S.

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.

FOR INVALIDS

whose system needs toning up and whose appetites are failing, a quick and pleasant remedy will be found in

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.

Prepared only by K. CAMPBELL & Co.

Beware of Imitations. MONTREAL.

THE LATE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

A Descendant of the Famous "Geraldines" Who Invaded Ireland.

The late Duke of Leinster, whose death was chronicled only the other day, was a descendant of the famous Geraldine who, with Strington and other Normans, invaded Ireland to help King Morrogh in the beginning of the eleventh century. The Geraldines came originally from Florence, where the Italian family name was Gherardini. "Dominus Otho" passed from Florence to Normandy and thence into England, where he became a great favorite with Edward, the Confessor.

Gerald Fitzgerald, fifth Duke of Leinster, was the premier Duke, Marquis and Earl of Ireland. He was born August 16, 1851, and succeeded his father February 10, 1887. In 1884 he married Lady Hermione Duncombe, daughter of the first Earl of Feversham, who had the reputation of being the handsomest woman in the United Kingdom. In addition to being Duke of Leinster, which title was conferred in 1766, the following titles were held by the Duke; the years of their creation are also given, showing that some of them are among the oldest peerages—Marquis of

DUKE OF LEINSTER.

Kildare, 1761; Earl of Kildare, 1316; Earl of Offaly, 1761; Baron of Offaly, 1205 (peerage of Ireland); Viscount Leinster, 1747 (peerage of Great Britain); Baron Kildare, 1870 (peerage of the United Kingdom). He will be succeeded by the eldest of his three sons, Maurice, Marquis of Kildare, who was born March 1, 1887.

About six or seven years ago the Duke, then Lord George Fitzgerald, visited America. He left New York in January, 1887, after having made himself thoroughly popular by his dignified mildness of manner and genial sociability. His wife, now the dowager Duchess, was easily the most distinguished woman in London drawing rooms. She was considered when she came out in London as Lady Hermione Duncombe to have had the most perfect complexion ever seen, and Lord George fell in love with her at first sight. It was said that Lady Feversham, her mother, had never allowed her daughter to use water on her face and that the beauty had

DUCHESS OF LEINSTER.

been brought up to perform her ablutions in milk. After she became the Marchioness of Kildare, strange stories went about of quarrels between the the fair bride and her lord. At last matters came to a crisis. The Marquis was a man of quiet habits and loved his home. The Marchioness preferred the butterfly amusements and the homage paid to her charms in the ballroom.

She refused to leave a diplomatic ball from which her husband wished to take her. The noble Marquis went home alone in high dudgeon and ordered the lights out and the doors locked. When the beautiful Marchioness returned to the ducal household she rang and knocked without obtaining entrance, till, at last, exhausted and overcome, the proud beauty prostrated herself in ball dress and diamonds on the cold doorsteps of her home in a fit of weeping. There she was found by the Marquis, who thought the lesson had been sufficiently impressed. Great was the talk in London society which followed this episode in the life of the lady whose pictures have adorned every photograph window in London.

DISGUSTED WITH MARRIED LIFE.

A Shrewish Wife Made a Tramp of Bookkeeper Clay.

Charles F. Clay, a tattered, timeworn tramp, appeared at a Chicago police station the other day and charged himself with having embezzled $2,000 from the Kansas City Savings bank a few years ago, when, according to his story, he was bookkeeper of that institution. Clay claimed to have been in very prosperous circum-

CHARLES F. CLAY.

stances before he took to the road, and his tale aroused the interest of a Record reporter, who catechised him as follows:

"What makes you lead this vagabond life—you an educated man?"

"Well, I was disgusted. Suppose you had a wife that was jawing you day and night, jawing, jawing, jawing all the time. It's enough, isn't it, to make a man crazy?"

"Then you were not happy in your domestic experience?"

"Well, I should say not. That's why I became a tramp. I'd sooner sit under the trees and hear the birds sing than stay in the finest home and listen to a scolding wife."

"Where is your wife now?"

"She is in London. I don't want to hear anything about her. We have separated."

"Then it was your unhappy domestic life that made you turn tramp?"

"That's about it. I don't care to talk about it, but I'd rather any time live like a tramp than be obliged to live with a scolding woman."

The Kansas City police were communicated with regarding Clay's self confessed embezzlement, but as no answer was received Clay was told that he could go. His idea, in explanation of the lack of prosecution, was that the bank had compromised his offense by accepting the bank stock which he turned over before his flight from Kansas City. His apparent good fortune in escaping the penitentiary did not seem to impress Clay as an unmixed blessing. There was no rejoicing in his words nor any expression of thankfulness. Apparently he would rather have remained in a warm cell in any lockup than to face the biting cold of the open air.

Beyond Dispute.

There is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It cures hoarseness, sore throat, coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

A TIMELY TOPIC.

HANDKERCHIEFS!

We have a large stock of New Handkerchiefs for Christmas in

SILK,
LINEN
OR CAMBRIC.

Initial or Hemstitched, Plain or Embroidered.

J. LAIDLAW & SON.

THE BOTANIST.

Pansies should be covered in winter with nothing heavier than leaves, as they need a free circulation of air.

Not only do the forms and character of the blossoms of the chrysanthemum vary greatly, but there is a wider variation in the color than in any other flower.

The British scientific expedition to the Philippine islands is said to have discovered 2,500 feet above sea level, on the sides of the extinct volcano Apo, a flower 5½ feet in diameter.

One extra good winter blooming fuchsia is speciosa. Given a large pot, light fibrous soil of leaf mold, and sand, good drainage and plenty of water at the roots and overhead, it will make rapid growth and flower abundantly from January to April without cessation.

THE SCIENTIST.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

The tromometer is a mechanical device of Dr. Quintard, a Frenchman, for gauging the trembling of nervous people.

A scientist claims to have discovered that the eye of man is luminous to the extent that one can in total darkness see the movement of his arm by the light of his own eyes.

A doctor of Corpus Christi, Tex., recently grafted a piece of a rabbit's eye upon the injured optic of a 10-year-old boy, and the operation bids fair to be a complete success.

Fooled the Mule.

An ex-street car mule in Los Angeles, from force of habit, had wandered between the rails. The electric car came along, and the mule imagined he was at the old business. The motorman put on a little extra speed, but the mule maintained the regulation distance between himself and the car. Faster and faster went the car. So did the mule. He had no thought of shirking, to the huge delight of the spectators and motorman.

'Twill Be a Peculiar Hanging.

J. N. Hill, who was convicted of murdering Mrs. Ratzler at Pittsburg, only lives by wearing a silver tube in his neck. This will render his hanging peculiar.

The Great Canal Affair

Is causing considerable stir in the dominion, so is the celebrated Admiral cigar made by Tasse, Wood & Co., Montreal.

There is a plan of Kingston, in 1796, hanging in the waterworks office, that should be owned by the historical society. It was drawn by C. F. Jones, from information obtained by R. Rowan, C.E., from various sources.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WAKE UP.

JOLLY GOOD NEWS

For the consumer. Wonderful knock down in prices that will amaze everybody. Read the particulars, then call at WOODS' FAIR, and when you see our Goods and Prices you will agree with us in saying, "Never in your experience have you seen such wonderful bargains."

BOOKS—Mildred and Dessie Books, Pansy and Elsie series, Boys' Own Library and Ruby Series 19c. 15c—an assortment of cloth bound 12 mos., some of the best authors, books worth 35c, 40c and 50c, Xmas prices 15c. Boys' Own, Girls' Own Annual, Chatterbox, Christmas Box of Pretty Stories, Child's Life of Christ, Fireside Readings, Boys and Girls of Marbledale, Great Cities of the World, Holy War and hundreds of other fine books.

GAMES—5c, 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c.

DOLLS by the thousands. Take special notice of this remarkable line: Nice dolls for 5c and 10c; great big dolls for 15c and 20c; dolls as 25c as big as you expect to pay 50c for; dolls at 35c, 50c and 75c equal to any you ever saw at $1 and $1.50. We have every size and variety in china, unbreakable bisque, rubber, kid body, dressed and undressed.

TOYS—An endless variety. The most complete stock we have ever shown, comprising too large a variety to mention.

If you don't see what you want ask for it. Plush Goods, Dressing Cases, Work Boxes, Shaving Sets, Handkerchief Boxes, Glove Boxes, etc. A full line of hand painted Satin Gloves and Handkerchief Cases.

ALBUMS—The greatest $1 Album ever known, the latest shapes.

CUTLERY—A full line of Cutlery, Carving Sets, Dinner Sets, Tea Knives and Forks, Bread Knives, etc., at prices never before heard of.

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Corner of Princess and Wellington Streets Kingston, Ont.

ONE,

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For half-a-dollar.

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THE NEW TWIN SCREW STEAMSHIPS.

Positively the largest and most magnificent steamers in the World. 620 feet long, 12,500 tons. 15,000 horse power.

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and others, averaging over 500 feet long, 7,500 tons, and 14,000 horse power; the whole comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast Express Passenger Steamers. Two and three sailings weekly (including Boston Steamers) forming a service unequalled.

The character, record and general reputation of this line for speed, comfort and safety—HAVING NEVER LOST A PASSENGER DURING THE 53 YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE, needs no comment.

Average time: A trifle over six days.

Fastest time: Five days, 22 hours, 7 minutes.

New York to Liverpool, via Queenstown.

ETRURIA	Dec. 16	10 a.m.
AURANIA	Dec. 23	3 p.m.
UMBRIA	Dec. 30	11 a.m.
SERVIA	Jan. 6	3 p.m.
ETRURIA	Jan. 13	
AURANIA	Jan. 20	3 p.m.
UMBRIA	Jan. 27