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UMBRIA ..... Oct. 8, 7 a.m
AURANIA ..... Oct. 15, 1 p.m
ETRURIA ..... Oct. 22, 6:30 a.m
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One of the above Steamers will leave Kingston Daily (Mondays excepted) at 3 p.m. for TORONTO, calling at Deseronto, Belleville, Trenton (foot of canal), Brighton, Cobourg, Port Hope and Bowmanville (weather permitting). At 5:15 a.m for MONTREAL and QUEBEC, calling at Clayton, Round Island, 1000 Island Park, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Coteau, passing through the beautiful and Romantic scenery of the Lake of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence by daylight.

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For further information apply to MESSRS. JAS. SWIFT & CO., Agents, Kingston, or to D. NOONAN, Owner.

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TRADE MARK

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LUMBAGO—LAME BACK.

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St. Jacobs Oil Restores.

Strength.—The spinal column is the mainstay of the body, which stiffens up the straight man or weaken, and nature has provided muscular supports to hold it erect.

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Cures Are Perfect, Permanent.

Symptoms.—Lumbago manifests itself by pains in the back, which are most troublesome on stooping. They come at times without warning; we rise from a sitting posture to find the back so stiffened or strained as to cause acute suffering.

Every Application Relieves.

Treatment.—Rub the parts affected freely with St. Jacobs Oil; rub hard and vigorously, producing warmth, and if the pain is slow in yielding, wrap the parts in flannel steeped in hot water and wring out.

Once Cured, Always Cured.

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A WONDERFUL CASE.

PORT HOPE, Ont., Aug. 20th, 1892.

DR. H. P. WILKINS, TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR DOCTOR,—It is with feelings of great gratitude that I write to thank you for the benefits which my daughter received through taking your Red Blood Pills. She had been ailing for years until all the doctors said her blood was turned to water and they could not do any more for her; in fact everyone said she was dying. The doctors said it was the result of over study. (She is eighteen years of age.) I took her to Bellevue hospital, New York, and to the general hospital, at Montreal, but they gave me the same answer; that it was impossible to save her life. She continued to run down, and had a bad cough, and cold night sweats, her limbs got thin and so white you could almost look through them, and her periods were irregular. She would lie awake all night and suffer intense agony, complaining of severe pains in lower back and loins and frequent attacks of fainting. I daily expected her to die, but a friend, calling to see her, induced me to give her your Red Blood Pills. I at once procured a box from my druggist, and before the first box was finished to my wonderful and agreeable surprise, color came to her cheeks and lips and entire surface of body. She continued them until she took six boxes, and she is now enjoying the very bloom of robust health and strength, and perfectly regular. Since she began to take your pills her weight has increased twenty-one pounds. I consider them to be a perfect charm. Yours respectfully, MRS L. G. CAMPBELL.

Price 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50. Dr. Wilkins' Red Blood Pills are for sale at all drug stores. If your druggist has not got them in stock send direct to Dr. H. P. Wilkins, Toronto, Ont., and they will be sent to your address. Send registered letter or P.O. order.

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

WILL CURE YOU

"Backache means the kidneys are in trouble. Dodd's Kidney Pills give prompt relief."

"75 per cent. of disease is first caused by disordered kidneys."

"Might as well try to have a healthy city without sewerage, as good health while the kidneys are clogged, they are the scavenger of the system."

"Delay is dangerous. Neglected kidney troubles result in Bad Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and the most dangerous of all, Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy."

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Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents per box or six for $2.50. Dr. D. L. A. Smith & Co. Toronto. Write for book called Kidney Talk.

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OLD DR GORDON'S REMEDY FOR MEN

The magic Remedy is not the vaild that will effect the Magical results herein shown.

IT DO NEVER FAIL.

Cures Lost Power, Nervous Debility, Night Losses, Diseases caused by Abuse, Over Work, Indiscretion, Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants, Lack of energy, Lost Memory, Headache and Wakefulness.

You gain 10 to 50 lbs. in three months. Price $1; six packages, $5. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Write for circular.

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DR. HOBB'S LITTLE Vegetable PILLS

Act gently yet promptly on the LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, dispelling Headaches, Fevers and Colds, thoroughly cleansing the system of diseases, and cures habitual constipation. They are sugar coated, do not gripe, very small, easy to take, and purely vegetable, 40 pills in each vial. Perfect digestion follows their use. They absolutely cure sick headache, and are recommended by leading physicians. For sale by leading druggists or sent by mail 25 cts. a vial. Address HOBB'S MEDICINE CO., Props., San Francisco or Chicago.

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Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND.

A recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly by thousands of LADIES. Is the only perfect, safe and reliable medicine discovered. Beware of unprincipled druggists who offer inferior medicines in place of this. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound, take no substitute; or enclose $1 and 4 three-cent Canadian postage stamps in letter, and you will send, sealed, by return mail. Full sealed particulars, in plain envelope, to ladies only, 2 stamps. Address Pearl Lily Company, No. 2 Fisher Block, W. Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Sold in Kingston by all responsible wholesale and retail druggists.

BIG G TRADE MARK

CURE YOURSELF!

Ask your Druggist for a bottle of Big G. The only non-poisonous remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men and the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. It cures in a few days without the aid or publicity of a doctor.

The Quickest American Cure.

Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

BIG G 50c PER BOTTLE $1.00

THE KING'S PALACES.

DR. TALMAGE'S FAREWELL SERMON IN LONDON.

Review of His Extraordinary Campaign of Preaching in Great Britain—Presented With a Gold Watch—Takes the Work of the Spider as an Illustration.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—The closing week of Rev. Dr. Talmage's preaching tour was marked by several gatherings which in magnitude and enthusiasm eclipsed all that had preceded them. The last service in London was on Sept. 8, when, after addressing three great meetings during the day time, he spoke to an immense multitude in Hyde park in the evening. Some estimates place the number at 30,000. The crowd was so dense that many women fainted and had to be removed. During the service the auditors were raised to the highest pitch of religious fervor, and scenes were enacted such as have not been witnessed since the days of Whitfield. On the following Wednesday evening Dr. Talmage addressed a great audience at the Crystal palace, Sydenham, the largest building in the suburbs of London. Prayer meetings invoking the divine blessing on the services were held in various churches the preceding Monday and Tuesday evenings.

Before the sermon Dr. Talmage was entertained at a banquet in the large banqueting hall of the Crystal palace by 100 distinguished clergymen and laymen of every denomination and from every continent, even including Australia. A vote of thanks was moved rehearsing Dr. Talmage's eminent services to God and humanity, also that he had traveled over 12,000 miles and preached in every prominent city in Great Britain to hundreds of thousands of eager auditors, collected vast sums for various English benevolences, and throughout the entire tour paid his own expenses, not retaining one farthing. Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson seconded the motion and declared that Dr. Talmage commanded the admiration of the entire Christian world for faithfully preaching the orthodox Gospel in times of fierce religious dissension. The motion was unanimously carried amid great applause.

Dr. Talmage was then presented in behalf of his English admirers with a beautiful and costly gold watch of unique design, inscribed "Presented to Rev. Dr. Talmage at Crystal palace, London, in commemoration of his preaching tour through England in the summer of 1892." Dr. Talmage was then escorted to the great hall, where the vote of thanks was unanimously indorsed and ratified by the entire audience.

He then preached his farewell sermon and shook hands with hundreds at the close. This was the second sermon ever preached in the Crystal Palace, the first having been delivered by Pastor Spurgeon thirty-five years ago on the Crimean war. The text selected for to-day is from Proverbs xxx, 28, "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."

Permitted as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British Scientific association at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of America, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talented countryman, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill-health, had in the fields and forests given himself to the study of insects. And surely if it is not beneath the dignity of God to make spiders it is not beneath the dignity of man to study them.

THE UNUSUAL ATTRACTS.

We are all watching for phenomena. A sky full of stars shining from January to January calls out not so many remarks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window on a summer's eve. Things of ordinary sound and sight and occurrence fail to reach us, and yet no grasshopper ever springs up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack in the window shutter, no barnacle on ship's hull, no burr on a chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid. God in His Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust, and the stork's nest, and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant hills.

One of the sacred writers sitting amid the mountains sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiarly shaped foot that it can go over the steepest places without falling, and as the prophet looks upon that marking of the hind's foot on the rocks and thinks of the divine care over him he says, "Thou maketest my feet like hinds' feet that I may walk on high places." And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leaving its eggs in the sand of the desert, and without any care of incubation walk off, and the Scripture says that is like some parents, leaving their children without any wing of protection or care.

In my text inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around upon the magnificence inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weaving its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in king's palaces."

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the text, but I shall proceed to learn from it the exquisiteness of the divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace and looks around and sees the spider on the wall and says "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying, "What a loathsome thing it is." But under microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall and the upholstery about the windows. All the machinery of the earth could not make anything so delicate and beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of its eight eyes.

We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the horses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimeter of the lightning. I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond lily. I love to track his footsteps in the mountain moss, and to hear his voice in the hum of the rye fields, and discover the rustle of his robe of light in the south wind.

Oh, this wonder of divine power that can build a habitation for God in an apple blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orchestra, and can say to a firefly, "Let there be light;" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of his hand goes forth to find heights and depths and length and breadth of omnipotency in a dewdrop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight hurricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You may take your telescope and sweep it across the heavens in order to behold the glory of God, but I shall take the leaf holding the spider, and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze and look and study and am confounded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

NONE ARE TOO WEAK.

Again my text teaches me that insignificance is no excuse for inaction. This spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a place, and so I will not work my spinning jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh, what a lesson that is for you and me! You say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you had a great army to marshal, if you only had a constitution to write, if there was some tremendous thing in the world for you to do—then you would show us. Yes, you would show us!

What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because he could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honeysuckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun? What if the raindrop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave a Solomon robe? Away with such folly! If you are lazy with the one talent you would be lazy with the ten talents. If Milo cannot lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion, but you cannot be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is builded. Therefore be content to do what God commands you to do.

God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiseling a grain of sand, or helping a honeybee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tingeing a shell in the surf, or shaping the bill of a chaffinch. What God does he does well. What you do, do well, be it a great work or a small work. If ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent employ the one. If only the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere you would be indolent and insignificant in a large sphere.

Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: "This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace or in some dark dungeon." Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on, and climbed up, higher and higher and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision, and he said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repulsive get up into very elevated places.

The church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of heaven and earth lives in it. According to the Bible her beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace—the church of God is; and yet sometimes unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil speaking and rancor and slander and backbiting and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light and love and pardon and grace; yet a spider in the palace!

THE CHRISTIAN HOME.

Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindness, love, peace, patience and forbearance ought to be the princes residing there; and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home and the jealous eye comes up, and the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic jargon and dissonance. You say, "What is the matter with the home?" I will tell you what is the matter with it. A spider is in the palace.

A well developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say: "How useful that man must be!" But you find, amid all his splendor of faculties, there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character—it is gradually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but you are anxious in regard to his welfare, and now you discover it. A dead fly in the ointment. A spider in the palace.

Again, my text teaches me that perseverance will mount into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations—the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the King's palace. We see it in worldly things.

Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be the boy that held the horse of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright toils on up from a barber's shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V toils on up from the office of a swineherd until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position until he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, toils on up until he reaches the palace of world renowned art.

And God hath decided that though you may be weak of arm and slow of tongue, and be struck through with a great many mental and moral deficits, by his almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace—not such a one as is spoken of in the text, not one of marble, not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and thrones of ivory and flagons of burnished gold, but a palace in which God is the King and the angels of heaven are the cup-bearers.

The spider crawling up the wall of Solomon's palace was not worth looking after or considering as compared with the fact that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King Immortal. By the grace of God may we all reach it. Oh, heaven is not a dull place! It is not a wornout mansion, with faded curtains and outlandish chairs and cracked ware. No; it is as fresh and fair and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring honor and glory into it.

THE MATERIAL HEAVEN.

A palace means splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, and I do not know how it looks, but if our bodies are to be resurrected in the last day I think heaven must have a material splendor as well as spiritual grandeur. Oh, what grandeur of apartments when that divine hand which plunges the sea into blue, and the foliage into green, and sets the sunset on fire shall gather all the beautiful colors of earth around his throne, and when that arm which lifted the pillars of Alpine rock and bent the arch of the sky shall raise before our soul the eternal architecture, and that hand which hung with loops of fire the curtains of morning shall prepare the upholstery of our kingly residence!

A palace also means splendor of association. The poor man, the ontcast cannot get into Windsor castle. The sentinel of the queen stands there and cries "Halt!" as he tries to enter. But in the palace of which I speak we may all become residents, and we shall all be princes and kings. We may have been beggars, we may have been outcasts, we may have been wandering and lost as we all have been, but there we shall take our regal power. What companionship in heaven! To walk side by side with John and James and Peter and Paul and Moses and Joshua and Caleb and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and Micah and Zechariah and Wilberforce and Oliver Cromwell and Philip Doddridge and Edward Payson and John Milton and Elizabeth Fry and Hannah More and Charlotte Elizabeth, and all the other kings and queens of heaven. Oh, my soul, what a companionship!

A palace means splendor of banquet. There will be no common ware on that table. There will be no unskilled musicians at that entertainment. There will be no scanty supply of fruit or beverage. There have been banquets spread that cost a million of dollars each, but who can tell the untold wealth of that banquet? I do not know whether John's description of it is literal or figurative. A great many wise people tell me it is figurative; but prove it! I do not know but that it may be literal. I do not know but that there may be real fruits plucked from the tree of life.

I do not know but that Christ referred to the real juice of the grape when he said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing. I do not say it is so, but I have as much right for thinking it is so as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariots rumbling in the distance. I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the palace is filling, and all the chalices, flashing with pearl and amethyst and carbuncle, are lifted to the lips of the myriad banqueters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the honor of the glorious King.

"Oh," you say, "that is too grand a place for you and for me." No, it is not. If a spider, according to the text, could crawl up on the wall of Solomon's palace, shall not our poor souls, through the blood of Christ, mount up from the depths of their sin and shame and finally reach the palace of the eternal King? "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so may grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord." One flash of that coming glory obliterates the sepulchre.

IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

Years ago, with lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave is a hundred feet high. The grottoes filled with weird echoes; cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave; stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful.

Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth.

The guide after a while takes you into what is called the "star chamber;" and then he says to you, "Sit here;" and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim, "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern and wanders on and wanders off until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterraneous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God! Our divine Guide takes us down into the great cavern, and we have the lamp to our feet, and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and after awhile we look up, and "behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a King's star chamber.

And while we are looking at the pomp of it an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of the earth crystalize into stalagmite, rising up in a pillar on the one side, and all the glories of heaven seem to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and as that gate flashes open you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulcher has become the illumined star chamber of the King! Oh, the palaces! the eternal palaces! the King's palaces!

The Population of Kingston

Is about 20,000, and we would say at least one-half are troubled with some affection on the Throat and Lungs, as these complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect this opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Trial size free. Large bottle 50c and $1. Sold by all druggist.

The Shimmering Beauty of Silks.

In silks there is the whole family of bengalines, including those brocaded with color, the plain heavily colored varieties, and the so-called "wool bengalines," which will be largely used for street gowns. There are Louis XVI. silks of white with flowered stripes, separated by bars of rose, yellow, or green; Pompadour silks, with huge flower sprays in the colors of the blossoms; shadow silks of dim and shimmering patterns in most marvellously close color harmonies; velvet striped silks in Persian colors; satin-finished silks like surah, but heavier, brocaded small blossoms or dots of color, and the popular striped moires, all are found among the new materials and will contribute to the elegance which promises to be characteristic of the coming mode.

American Goods.

The handsomest and most complete stock of Chenille curtains and table covers ever brought to the city can be seen on our counters. These goods are imported direct from the makers, and are offered at prices never before touched from $5.50 to $14.00. Covers from $1.75 up. We are also showing a magnificent line of eider down comfortables extremely cheap. Come and see them you will soon need them. R. McFee.

Its Excellent Qualities

Commend to public approval the California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs. It is pleasing to the eye, and to the taste and by gently acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, it cleanses the system effectually, thereby promoting the health and comfort of all who use it.

Dates at Wade's drug store.

SHORT LIFE OF VALUABLE DOGS.

Poisonous Stimulants Are Given to Protect Them Against the Climate.

Another good St. Bernard dog has joined the great majority. Colonel R. P. H. Durkee's famous dog Burns is dead, having barely completed his sixth year, when he should have been good for six more years at least. His poor condition since he came here and his death now is further evidence of the unnatural life that famous dogs lead in England, since the advent of dog shows. In order that their dogs may be able to stand the strain of England's almost daily dog shows, the professional fanciers and breeders in that country give them arsenic and other poisons as tonics and keep them up for a certain time on such treatment.

The dogs win numerous prizes and are duly praised in sporting papers, when after they have attained a certain celebrity, they are coveted by our American fanciers, and big offers by mail and cable are made for them, one of which offers is accepted when the dog begins to show signs of weakening or when a better dog comes out. The dog is shipped to America with a great flourish of trumpets, generally about in time for the big dog shows of Chicago and New York, where being a new comer, he generally wins a few prizes, and the next we hear of him he is sick, and later on perhaps in a few months dead, and interred with him are some thousands of good American dollars, the reason being that the artificial life the dog has led, the change of climate, and above all the missing of his accustomed tonic or "bolster," has had its effect in a complete breakdown of his system.

This has been the case with St. Bernard dogs principally, their close inbreeding helping largely to undermine their constitutions or at least deprive them of the stamina necessary to resist even slight attacks of illness. Within the last seven or eight years dog shows have so increased in number and good dogs have so increased in value that men have adopted dog breeding as a business, and a profitable one at that, and in spite of the efforts of kennel clubs, unscrupulous men have gone into and are in the business. The famous dogs that have gone under in America from lack of the accustomed dopes are first, the St. Bernard Merchant Prince, owned by Mr. E. H. Moore, of Melrose, Mass., and purchased by him for about $4,000. After making the round of dog shows and doing some breeding, he suddenly succumbed. The same fate happened to the grand dog, Ben Lomond, $4,000, who beat Burns here and in New York. Then followed that equally grand dog Alton, $4,500, all belonging to Mr. Moore. Mr. E. Sears' noble Hesper, $3,000, buried; then last year Scotland Prince and Prince Regent, each worth about $6,000.

This year Lord Bute, imported by the Menthon kennels, of Phœnixville, Pa., at a cost of $5,600. He lived only eight months after being imported, although under 4 years of age. In the west here Mr. Poag's famous smooth coated Watch lasted about a year and a half; another $6,000 buried. The mastiffs Ilford Cantion and Champion Minting are further examples, all dying when they should have been in their prime. With these and similar examples before them American breeders are having their eyes opened, and so far this year very few—in fact hardly any—famous dogs have been imported, although several crack kennels in England have been advertised for sale, notably that of Mr. A. H. Gosling's famous St. Bernard kennel, not one dog from which has been purchased to come to America. And now the noted kennel of Mr. Thomas Shillcock, of Birmingham, is on the market, comprising such noted dogs as Sir Hereward, winner of numerous prizes; Donnybrook Fair, Marvel, Lord Leigh, Lord Rosebery, Duke of Arnadale and numerous others. This kennel has been advertised in the American sporting papers, but no offer having been made Mr. Shillcock is going out of the business.

It was the high prices paid by Americans that first boomed the English dog market, and if they cease to buy the bottom will fall out of the business in England. Americans now prefer to patronize the home-bred stock, which is the equal of foreign bred, and further, is acclimatized and not bolstered.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Back Ache.

Back-ache is caused by sick kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills will remove it. By their peculiar action on the kidneys, they impart activity and benefit the system by purifying the blood. You cannot have pure blood with disordered kidneys; health's exterior depends upon their natural condition; they are the governors of the system, continual disorder results in kidney consumption, which is Bright's disease.

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 if or 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.

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ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FAILING MEMORY, LACK OF ENERGY positively cured by Hazelton's Vitalizer. Also Nervous Debility, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Ambition, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Night Emissions, Drain in Urine, Sleeplessness and all ailments brought on by youthful folly. Address, enclosing 10 stamps for treatise, J. R. HAZELTON, Graduate Pharmacist, 109 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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New Treatment. Send stamp for particulars and mention this pa