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ETRURIA ..... Sept. 24, 7:30 a.m.
SERVIA ..... Oct. 1, Noon
UMBRIA ..... Oct. 8, 7 a.m.
AURANIA ..... Oct. 15, 1 p.m.
ETRURIA ..... Oct. 22, 6:30 a.m.
SERVIA ..... Oct. 29, 11 a.m.
UMBRIA ..... Nov. 5, 1:30 a.m.
AURANIA ..... Nov. 12, noon.

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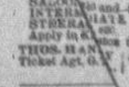

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A WONDERFUL CASE

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

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

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Act gently yet promptly on the LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, dispelling Headaches, Fevers and Colds, thoroughly cleansing the system of poisons, and cures habitual constipation. They are sugar coated, do not gripe, very small, easy to take, and purely vegetable. 25 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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DR. TALMAGE AT HOME.

HIS FIRST SERMON SINCE RETURNING FROM EUROPE.

The Many Sidedness of the Bible—Wonderful Ancient Learning and Sublime Poetry, But More Than All the Power of God Unto Salvation.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 25.—Dr. Talmage was greeted with a most generous and effusive welcome to-day by a vast congregation, which assembled to hear him preach his first sermon after his return from his European preaching tour. He announced that in a Sunday or two he would give a sermon concerning his stewardship in delivering in Russia, in behalf of the Christian Herald, the $25,000 worth of flour for the starving. The subject to-day was "All in All." Text, Colossians iii, 11: "Christ is all and in all."

Returned after the most eventful summer of my life, I must shortly and as soon as I recover from the sea voyage, give you an account of our mission of bread to famine-struck Russia and of my preaching tour through Germany, England, Scotland and Ireland. But my first sermon on reaching here must be a hosanna of gratitude to Christ, and from the text I have chosen I have found that the greatest name in the ocean shipping and from Liverpool to Moscow, and from Moscow to London and Edinburgh and Belfast and Dublin, is Jesus.

ALWAYS A MAN FOR AN EMERGENCY.

Every age of the world has had its historians, its philosophers, its thinkers and its teachers. Were there histories to be written there has always been a Moses, or a Herodotus, or a Xenophon, or a Josephus to write them. Were there poems to be constructed there has always been a Job or a Homer to construct them. Were there thrones lustrous and powerful to be lifted there has always been a David or a Cæsar to raise them. Were there teachers demanded for the intellect and the hearts there has been a Socrates, and a Zeno, and a Cleanthes, and a Marcus Antoninus coming forth on the grand and glorious mission. Every age of the world has had its triumphs of reason and morality. There has not been a single age of the world which has not had some decided system of religion.

The Platonism, orientalism, stoicism, Brahminism and Buddhism, considering the ages in which they were established, were not lacking in ingenuity and force. Now, in this line of beneficent institutions and of noble men there appeared a personage more wonderful than any predecessor. He came from a family without any royal or aristocratic pretensions. He became a Galilean mechanic. He had no advantage from the schools. There were people beside him day after day who had no idea that he was going to be anything remarkable or do anything remarkable. Yet notwithstanding all this, and without any title or scholarly profession or flaming rhetoric, he startled the world with the strangest announcements, ran in collision with solemn priest and proud ruler, and with a voice that ran through temple and palace, and over ship's deck and mountain top, exclaimed, "I am the light of the world!"

Men were taken all aback at the idea that that hand, yet hard from the use of the axe, the saw, the adz and hatchet, should wave the scepter of authority, and that upon that brow, from which they had so often seen him wipe the sweat of toil, there would yet come the crown of unparalled splendor and of universal dominion. We all know how difficult it is to think that anybody who was at school with us in boyhood has got to be anything great or famous, and no wonder that those who had boys with Christ in the streets of Nazareth and seen him in after years in the days of his complete obscurity should have been very slow to acknowledge Christ's wonderful mission.

From this humble point the stream of life flowed out. At first it was just a faint rill, hardly able to find its way down the rock, but the tears of a weeping Christ added to its volume, and it flowed until by the beauty and greenness of the banks you might know the path the crystal stream was taking. On and on, until the lepers were brought down and washed of their leprosy, and the dead were lifted into the water that they might have life, and pearls of joy and promise were gathered from the brink, and innumerable churches gathered on either bank, and the tide flows on deeper and stronger and wider, until it rolls into the river from under the throne of God, mingling billow with billow, and brightness with brightness, and joy with joy, and hosanna with hosanna.

HE IS ALL IN ALL.

I was looking at some of the paintings of the artist, Mr. Kensett. I saw some pictures that were just faint outlines; in some places you would see only the branches of a tree and no trunk; and in another case the trunk and no branches. He had not finished the work. It would have taken him days and months perhaps to have completed it. Well, my friends, in this world we get only the faintest outline of what Christ is. It will take all eternity to fill up the picture—so loving, so kind, so merciful, so great! Paul does not in this chapter say of Christ he is good, or he is loving, or he is penitent, or he is kind; but in his exclamation of the text he embraces everything when he says, "Christ is all and in all."

I remark in the first place, Christ is everything in the Bible. I do not care where I open the Bible—I find Jesus. In whatever path I start I come after a while to the Bethlehem manger. I go back to the old dispensation and see a lamb on the altar and say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" Then I go and see the manna provided for the Israelites in the wilderness, and say, "Jesus, the bread of life." Then I look at the rock which was smitten by the prophet's rod, and as the water gushes out I say, "It is Jesus, the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness."

I go back and look at the writings of Job, and hear him exclaim, "I know that my redeemer liveth." Then I go to Ezekiel, and I find Christ presented there as "a plant of renown," and then I turn over to Isaiah, and Christ is spoken of as "a sheep before her shearers." It is Jesus all the way between Genesis and Malachi. Then I turn over to the New Testament, and it is Christ in the parable; it is Christ in the miracle; it is Christ in the evangelist's story; it is Christ in the apostle's epistles, and it is Christ in the trumpet peal of the Apocalypse. I know there are a great many people who do not find Christ in the Bible.

Here is a man who studies the Bible as a historian. Well, if you come as a historian, you will find in this book how the world was made; how the seas fled to their places; how empires were established; how nation fought with nation, javelin ringing against harbegeon, until the earth was ghastly with the dead. You will see the coronation of princes, the triumph of conquerors, and the world turned upside down and back again, cleft and scarred with great agonies of earthquake and tempest and battle. It's a wonderful history, putting to the blush all others in the accuracy of its recital and in the stupendous events it records. Homer and Thucydides and Gibbon could make great stories out of little events, but it took Moses to tell how the heavens and the earth were made in one chapter, and to give the history of thousands of years upon two leaves.

AN ANTIQUARIAN BIBLE STUDENT.

There are others who come to the Bible merely as antiquarians. If you come as an antiquarian, you will find a great many old things in the Bible—peculiarities of manner and customs and ceremonies. If you come to look at military arrangements, you will find coats of mail and javelins and engines of war and circumvallation and encampments. If you look for peculiar musical instruments, you will find psalteries and shigionoths and rams' horns. The antiquarian will find in the Bible curiosities in agriculture, and in commerce, and in art, and in religion that will keep him absorbed a great while. There are those who come to this Bible as you would to a cabinet of curiosities, and you pick up this and say, "What a strange sword that is!" and "What a peculiar hat that is!" and "What an unlooked-for lamp that is!" and the Bible to such becomes a British museum.

Then there are others who find nothing in the Bible but the poetry. Well, if you come as a poet, you will find in this book faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in a style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment in its garland and pours eternal harmonies in its rhymth.

Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing floor, and the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels, and the fish pools of Heshbon, up to the psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth Orion, Arcturus and the Pleiades. It is a wonderful poem, and a great many people read it as they do Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." They sit down and are so absorbed in looking at the shells on the shore that they forget to look off on the great ocean of God's mercy and salvation.

BLIND UNBELIEF IS SURE TO ERR.

Then there are others who come to this book as skeptics. They marshal passage against passage, and try to get Matthew and Luke in a quarrel, and would have a discrepancy between what Paul and James say about faith and works, and they try the account of Moses concerning the creation by modern decisions in science, and resolve that in all questions between the scientific explorer and the inspired writer they will give the preference to the geologist. These men—these spiders, I will say—suck poison out of the sweetest flowers. They fatten their infidelity upon the truths which have led thousands to heaven, and in their distorted vision prophet seems to war with prophet, and evangelist with evangelist, and apostle with apostle, and if they can find some bad trait of character in a man of God mentioned in that Bible these carrion crows caw and flap their wings over the carcass. Because they cannot understand how the whale swallowed Jonah they attempt the more wonderful feat of swallowing the monster whale of modern skepticism. They do not believe it possible that the Bible story should be true which says that the dumb ass spake, while they themselves prove the thing possible by their own utterances.

I am amused beyond bounds when I hear one of these men talking about a future life. Just ask a man who rejects that Bible what heaven is, and hear him befog your soul. He will tell you that heaven is merely the development of the internal resources of a man; it is an efflorescence of the dynamic forces into a state of ethereal and transcendental incubration, in close juxtaposition to the ever present "was," and the great "to be," and the everlasting "no." Considering themselves wise, they are fools for time, fools for eternity.

VAIN AND FOOLISH DISPUTES.

Then there is another class of persons who come to the Bible as controversialists. They are enormous Presbyterians or fierce Baptists or violent Methodists. They cut the Bible to suit their creed instead of cutting their creed to suit the Bible. If the Scriptures think as they do, well; if not, so much the worse for the Scriptures. The Bible is merely the whetstone on which they sharpen the dissecting knife of controversy. They come to it as a government in time of war comes to armories or arsenals for weapons and munitions. They have declared everlasting war against all other sects, and they want so many broadswords, so many muskets, so many howitzers, so many columbiads, so much grape and canister, so many fieldpieces with which to rake the field of dispute, for they mean to get the victory though the heavens be darkened with the smoke and the earth rent with the thunder. What do they care about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ?

I have seen some such men come back from an ecclesiastical massacre as proud of their achievement as an Indian warrior boasting of the number of scalps he has taken. I have more admiration for a man who goes forth with his fists to get the championship than I have for these theological pugilists who make our theological magazines ring with their warcry. There are men who seem to think the only use of the sword of truth is to stick somebody. There is one passage of the Scriptures that they like better than all others, and that is this: "Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight!" Woe to us if we come to God's word as controversialists, or as skeptics, or as connoisseurs, or as fault finders, or merely as poets!

Those only get into the heart of God's truth who come seeking Christ. Welcome all such! They will find him coming out from behind the curtain of prophecy until he stands in the full light of New Testament disclosure, Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. They will find him in genealogical table and in chronological calculation, in poetic stanza and in historical narrative, in profound parable and in startling miracle. They will see his foot on every sea, and his tears in the drops of dew on Hermon, and hear his voice in the wind and behold his words all ablaze in the valley between Mount Olivet and Jerusalem.

There are some men who come and walk around the Temple of Truth and merely see the outside. There are others who walk into the porch and then go away. There are others who come in and look at the pictures, but they know nothing about the chief attractions of the Bible. It is only the man who comes and knocks at the gate, saying, "I would see Jesus." For him the glories of that book open, and he goes in and finds Christ, and with him peace, pardon, life, comfort and heaven. "All in all is Jesus" in the Bible.

HIS ALL SUFFICIENCY.

I remark again that Christ is everything in the great plan of redemption. We are slaves; Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Jesus says, "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die; Christ says, "Save that man from going down to the pit; I am the ransom." We are tossed on a sea of troubles; Jesus comes over it, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says, "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick; Jesus is the balm of Gilead. We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the grave hillocks heave as He cries, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification; "Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith; "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation; "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Light to worlds of light all round the heavens cry, "Glory, glory!"

Let us go forth and gather the trophies for Jesus. From Golconda mines we gather the diamonds, from Ceylon banks we gather the pearls, from all lands and kingdoms we gather precious stones, and we bring the glittering burdens and put them down at the feet of Jesus and say: "All these are thine. Thou art worthy." We go forth again for more trophies, and into one sheaf we gather all the scepters of the earth, of all royalties and dominions, and then we bring the sheaf of scepters and put it down at the feet of Jesus and say, "Thou art King of kings, and those thou hast conquered."

And then we go forth again to gather more trophies, and we bid the redeemed of all ages, the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, to come. We ask them to come and offer their thanksgivings, and the hosts of heaven bring crown and palm and scepter, and here by these bleeding feet, and by this riven side, and by this wounded heart cry, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and forever!" Tell me of a tear that he did not weep, of a burden he did not carry, of a battle that he did not fight, of a victory that he did not achieve. "All in all is Jesus" in the great plan of redemption.

A VERY PRESENT HELP.

I remark again, Christ is everything to the Christian in time of trouble. Who has escaped trouble? We must all stoop down and drink out of the bitter lake. The moss has no time to grow on the buckets that come up out of the heart's well, dripping with tears. Great trials are upon our track as certain as greyhound pack on the scent of deer. From our hearts in every direction there are a thousand chords reaching out binding us to loved ones, and ever and anon some of these tendrils snap. The winds that cross this sea of life are not all abaft. The clouds that cross our sky are not feathery and afar, straying like flocks of sheep on heavenly pastures, but wrathful and somber, and gleaming with terror, they wrap the mountains in fire and come down baying with their thunders through every gorge.

The richest fruits of blessing have a prickly shell. Life here is not lying at anchor; it is weathering a gale. It is not sleeping in a soldier's tent with our arms stacked; it is a bayonet charge. We stumble over gravestones, and we drive on with our wheel deep in the old rut of graves. Trouble has wrinkled your brow, and it has frosted your head. Falling in this battle of life, is there no angel to bind our wounds? Hath God made this world with so many things to hurt and none to heal? For this snakebite of sorrow, is there no herb growing by all the brooks to heal the poison? Blessed be God that in the Gospel we find the antidote! Christ has bottled an ocean of tears. How many thorns he hath plucked out of human agony!

Oh, he knows too well what it is to carry a cross, not to help us carry ours! He knows too well what it is to climb the mountain, not to help us up the steep. He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who are imposed upon. He knows too well what it is to be sick, not to help those who suffer. Aye, he knows too well what it is to die, not to help us in our last extremity. Blessed Jesus, Thou knowest it all. Seeing thy wounded side, and thy wounded hand, and thy wounded feet, and thy wounded brow, we are sure thou knowest it all.

Oh, when those into whose bosom we used to breath our sorrows are snatched from us, blessed be God, the heart of Jesus still beats, and when all other lights go out and the world gets dark, then we see coming out from behind a cloud something so bright and cheering, we know it to be the morning star of the soul's deliverance! The hand of care may make you stagger, or the hand of persecution may beat you down, or the hand of disappointment may beat you back; but there is a hand, and it is so kind, and it is so gentle that it wipeth all tears from all faces.

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that any druggist is authorized by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy to give you a sample bottle free? It never fails to cure acute or chronic coughs. All druggists sell Kemps' Balsam. Large bottles 50c and $1.

Superfluous Work.

Mrs. Billus—Mary, you needn't waste any time dusting those balusters.

Domestic—I thought yez told me Mrs. Grumpus wuz a-comin' the day fur a visit.

Mrs. Billus—Yes, but her three little boys are coming with her.

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 reached from $5 50 to $14 00. Covers from $1.75 up. We are also showing a magnificent line of elder down comfortables extremely cheap. Come and see them you will soon need them. R. McFaul.

Annual Exhibitions.

Central Canada, Ottawa	Sept. 22 Oct. 1
Peterboro Central, Peterboro	Sept. 26-28
North Crosby, Newboro	Sept. 27-28
North Lanark, Almonte	Sept. 27-29
Bay of Quinte, Belleville	Sept. 27-29
Kitley, Frankville	Sept. 28 29
Ernestown, Odessa	Sept. 30.
Hungerford, Tweed	Oct. 4.
Lansdowne Front, Athens	Oct. 4-5.

Firewood in Plenty.

Come down and see our stock of best maple, cut or uncut, arriving weekly by Kingston and Pembroke. Best dry slabs in the city. Pine and cedar blocks and Gilmour's dry edgings for kindling wood. All cheap for cash. James Campbell, opposite barrack gate, Ontario street. Telephone No. 116.

Dulce at Wade's drug store.

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 base 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 for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR The Celebrated CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.

For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.

WE BELIEVE

That new and really stylish Dress Materials sell themselves.

Come and see what we have to offer.

JOHN LAIDLAW & SON.

NEW GOODS FROM ENGLAND AND FRANCE
AT WALDRON'S.

New Cream, White and Black Silk Brussels Laces.
New Black and White Figured Flouncing Laces.
New Black and Cream Guipure Laces.
New Real Honiton Brussels and Maltese Lace Handkerchiefs.
New Black Beaded Gimps and Edgings, low prices.
New Black Passementere Trimmings, low prices.
New White, Cream and Black Frillings and Ruchings, low prices.

R. WALDRON, Brock and Wellington streets.

NOTICE

Our store will be closed on Thursday and Friday, September 22nd and 23rd, on account of receiving a large Bankrupt Stock of BOOTS AND SHOES and READY-MADE CLOTHING Will RE-OPEN on SATURDAY MORNING, Sept. 24th, at 8 o'clock sharp. Come and get some of the greatest bargains in Kingston in Boots and Shoes and Ready-Made Clothing. This stock was bought at a low figure and must be cleared out inside of fifteen days, to make room to display our Winter Stock. We do what we say. No humbug at

A. Bernstein's,
134 PRINCESS STREET
S. W. JACOBS, Manager

AUCTION SALE
—OF—
Timber Berths.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
(WOODS AND FORESTS BRANCH.)
Toronto, 8th June, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given, that under Order in Council, Timber Berths as hereunder in the Nipissing, Algoma, Thunder Bay and Rainy River Districts, viz.: In Biggar, Butt, Finlayson, Hunter, McCraney, McLaughlin, Paxton, Peck, and the northerly portion of Berth Forty nine, lying South and West of the Wahnapitae Lake, all in the Nipissing District. The Townships of Lumsden and Morgan, and a small portion of Territory lying North and West of Pogamasing Lake, in the Algoma District: Berths one and seven, Thunder Bay District; and eleven, twenty, seven, thirty six, thirty-seven, sixty four sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, and sixty-nine, Rainy River District. Will be sold at Public Auction on Thursday, the Thirteenth day of October next, at 1 o'clock p.m., at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,
Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to locality and description of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application personally or by letter to the Agent of Crown Lands.

Unauthorized advertisement of this notice will not be paid for.

WOOD AND COAL.

OUT OF WOOD?

Ask that husband of yours to buy you some

Dry Hardwood, sawed or unsawed.
Dry Soft Wood, sawed.
Dry Cedar Blocks,
Dry Slabs.

From

CRAWFORD.

OFFICE FOOT OF QUEEN STREET.

Quality best, Prices lowest.

COAL

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—BEST THE MARKET.

Yard No. 1—Ontario Street.
" 2—Clarence Street Wharf
" 3—St. Lawrence Wharf.
Chief Office—St. Lawrence Wharf. Branch Office—Corner 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.

BRECK & BOOTH HAVE REMOVED

Their Office from the Corner of Clarence and Ontario Streets to the

Premises Directly West of Hotel Frontenac.

Between Hotel Frontenac and Anglo-American Hotel Ontario Street

F. NISBET BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER.

NEW BOOKS.

In the Roar of the Sea, by S. Barry Gould. 50c

A Man's Conscience, by Avery Macalphine. 50c.

The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. 75c

Charming to the Latest Day. 50c

Love for an Hour is Love Forever, by Amelia Barr. 50c.

A Modern Ulysses, by Joseph Hatton. 30c.

A Modern Dick Whittington, by James Payne. 40c.

F. Nisbet,
CORNER BOOKSTORE.

BIG C TRADE MARK

CURE YOURSELF!

Ask your druggist for a bottle of Big C. 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 Universal American Cure. Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. PRICE $1.00

STOVES FOR COAL.

We have a good line of SECOND-HAND HALL STOVES, which we have taken in exchange. We offer them at low prices, as we require more room for

GURNEY'S ART COOKERS
OTHER NEW

THE OVERCOATS.

OVERCOATS.

Men's Good Overcoats from $3.50.

If you want a good OVERCOAT for yourself or boy at

One-Half Its Value

Call at the MONTREAL BANKRUPT STOCK CO, 93 Princess Street.

OVERCOATS.

W-A-T-C-H-E-S

A Nice Line of Ladies' Silver and Gold Watches on hand, at all prices to suit purchasers.

Also a line of Gents' and Boys' Watches in ever variety, both American and Swiss.

MANUFACTURING and repairing done in the best and latest styles and all work done guaranteed to give satisfaction.

W. J. ARNIEL
69 KING STREET. KINGSTON.

AN EYE-OPENER

Is sometimes necessary, especially when choosing Choice Perfumes, therefore take our advice and visit

HOAG'S DRUG STORE,

Where you can view the most elegant line of Perfumes in the city. Remember we make Perfumes a specialty.

FRANK J. HOAG,
Chemist and Druggist, nearly opposite Windsor Hotel.

NOW BOYS AND GIRLS

When you want to give your best friends a surprise and a good drink take them to WILSON'S and give them a ten cent

ICE : CREAM : SODA.

It will astonish them, and for those who like genuine ICE CREAM SODA at five cents, we have it in any flavor, but it cannot be expected to be as nice as our ice Ice Cream So