NAVIGATION.

CUNARD LINE

NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL

VIA QUEENSTOWN.

The Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Ships in the World; Have Never Lost a Passenger and Have Made the Fastest Passages on Record.

OLDEST LINE IN EXISTENCE.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

AURANIA	Nov. 12 noon
ETRURIA	Nov. 19, 5:30 a.m.
SERVIA	Nov. 26, 1 p.m.
UMBRIA	Dec. 3, 5 a.m.
AURANIA	Dec. 10, 10 a.m.
ETRURIA	Dec. 17, 2 p.m.
GALLIA	Dec. 24, 8 a.m.
UMBRIA	Dec. 31, 2 p.m.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Cabin passage $60 and upwards, according to accommodation. Second Cabin passage $35. From Pier 40, N.R., New York.

Steerage at Very Low Rates.

Steerage Tickets to and from London and Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates.

For freight and passage apply at Company's Office No. 4, Bowling Green, New York to VERNON H. BROWN & CO.

Or in Kingston to

J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, 42 Clarence Street. | FRED. A. FOLGER, Foot Brock Street.

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships.

MONTREAL and QUEBEC, LONDONDERRY OR LIVERPOOL.

	From Montreal, Daylight.	Quebec. 9 a.m.
NUMIDIAN	Nov 5	Nov. 6
PARISIAN	Nov 12	Nov 13
CIRCASSIAN	Nov 19	Nov 20
STATE OF CALIFORNIA, Halifax		Nov. 26
Portland.		Halifax.
Sardinian, Thursday, Dec. 8.		Saturday, 10.
Numidian, Thursday, Dec. 22.		Saturday, 24.
Parisian, Thursday, Jan. 5		Saturday, Jan 7.
Sardinian, Thursday Jan. 19		Saturday, Jan 21

The Numidian carries cabin passengers only from this side.

Rates of ocean passage—Cabin by Parisian, $60, and $60 $70; single $1 0, $110 and $130 return. Circassian and Sardinian, $50, $55, $60. Single $95, $105, $115 return. Mongolian and Numidian, $45 and $50. Single $95 and $100, return. Second cabin to Liverpool, Londonderry, Belfast or Glasgow, single $30; return $60. Steerage to Liverpool, Londonderry Queenstown, Belfast, or London, Single $20; return $40.

State Line Service, New York to Glasgow, via Londonderry.

State of Nebraska, from New York, Nov. 10.
State of California, from New York, Nov. 21.
State of Nebraska, from New York, Dec. 15.

FIRST CABIN, $40 and Up.

All information regarding the selection of berths can be obtained in Kingston from

THOMAS HANLEY, Ticket Agent G. T. R., City Station. | J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Ticket Agent, 42 Clarence St.

C P R and K & P.

New, Best Equipped and Cheapest Route to all Important Points in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba Northwest Territories, British Columbia and the United States.

TRAINS LEAVE KINGSTON:

7:30 a.m., Mixed, for Harrowsmith, Sharbot Lake, Mississippi and Renfrew.

12:45 p.m., Express, for Ottawa, Montreal Quebec, St. Johns, N.B., Halifax, N.S., Tweed, Peterboro, Toronto Renfrew, Pembroke, Sault Ste Marie, Duluth, St. Paul, Fargo, Grand Forks, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco.

11:40 p.m., Express Train for Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Tweed, Peterboro, Toronto, St. Thomas, Ingersoll, London, Windsor, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, St. Paul and all points in the United States.

4:15 p.m., Market Mixed (Thursdays) for all local points.

Close connections at Sharbot Lake and Renfrew with all Canadian Pacific Railway Express Trains. The only through train service Kingston to Sault Ste. Marie, St. Paul, Winnipeg, North-West Territories and British Columbia with only one change of cars. Trains making direct connection with C.P.R. leave Kingston at 11:30 and 12:20 p.m.

Full particulars at K. & P. new Depot, Ontario Street.

F. CONWAY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent. | B. W. FOLGER, Supt.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

GREAT ST. CLAIR TUNNEL ROUTE AND ONLY DOUBLE TRACK RAILWAY IN CANADA.

Specially conducted Excursions from Kingston every Wednesday and Friday to Los Angeles, Cal., San Diego, Cal., San Francisco, Cal., also to Portland, Ore., and other coast points. Tourist tickets to Hot Springs, Ark., Los Vegas Hot Springs, N.M., Los Angeles, Cal., Mexico City, Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Portland Ore., San Diego, San Francisco Cal., Victoria, B.C., Winnipeg, Man.

Departure of Trains from the City.

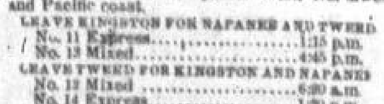
EAST.		WEST.	
No. 2	2:10 a.m.	No. 1	3:40 p.m.
" 4	1:55 p.m.	" 3	1:50 a.m.
" 6	12:30 p.m.	" 5	2:55 a.m.
" 14, mixed	6:0 a.m.	" 13, mixed	5:35 a.m.
" 16, mixed	5:15 p.m.	" 15, mixed	1:00 p.m.

Express Trains Nos. 2, 3 and 5 run Sundays included. No 5 does not run Mondays. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Telegraph Office open day and night. Telephone No. 99

THOMAS HANLEY, Agent.

Corner Johnston and Ontario Streets.



Bay of Quinte Ry. and Navigation Co.

THE NEW SHORT LINE TO ALL POINTS WEST.

The shortest and quickest route between Kingston, Napanee, Tweed, Peterboro, Toronto, Galt, Guelph, Woodstock, London, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points West, Northwest and Pacific coast.

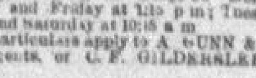
LEAVE KINGSTON FOR NAPANEE AND TWEED	
No. 11 Express	1:35 p.m.
No. 13 Mixed	4:45 p.m.
LEAVE TWEED FOR KINGSTON AND NAPANEE	
No. 12 Mixed	6:20 a.m.
No. 14 Express	1:20 p.m.

Nos. 11 and 14 make close connections at Tweed with C.P.R. for and from all points West. For full information and tickets apply to R. E. WILSON, Agent C.P.R. Telegraph Office, Clarence Street.

R. C. CARTER, Gen. Manager. | G. A. BROWNE, Gen. Pass. Agent.

H. B. SHERWOOD, Supt.

Daily to Picton and Tri-Weekly to Belleville.

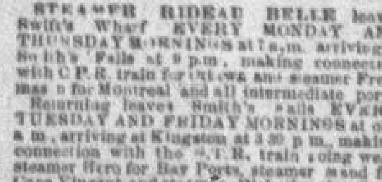


Str. Hero

BEGINNING MONDAY, Sept. 12th, will (until further notice) leave Gunn's wharf, Kingston, DAILY at 3:30 p.m. for Picton, and for Belleville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Returning, arriving in Kingston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:30 p.m.; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 10:15 a.m.

Further particulars apply to A. GUNN & Co., Freight Agents, or C. F. GILDERSLEEVE, Manager.



KINGSTON AND SMITH'S FALLS

STEAMER RIDEAU BELLE leaves Swift's Wharf EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY MORNINGS at 7 a.m. arriving at Smith's Falls at 9 p.m., making connection with C.P.R. train for Ottawa and steamer Freeman for Montreal and all intermediate ports. Returning leaves Smith's Falls EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY MORNINGS at one a.m., arriving at Kingston at 3:30 p.m., making connection with the K.T.R. train going west, steamer Hero for Bay Ports, steamer Island for Cape Vincent and steamer Richelieu for Gananoque.

JAMES SWIFT & CO., Agent. | NOONAN, Owner.

IF YOU WANT

CHEAPEST AND BEST FURNITURE Of all descriptions. Call at

H. BRAME'S,

Princess Street corner of Sydenham street, Kingston

MEDICAL.

St. Jacobs Oil

A SURE CURE. A PROMPT CURE.

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back-Aches
all Aches
NEURALGIA

IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

DR. WILKINS'

Red Blood Pills.

NOTHING LIKE THEM ON EARTH.

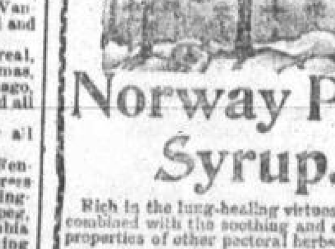
They produce a natural fresh pink color on the cheeks and lips. The most remarkable and the most perfect of all health giving remedies. The greatest of all flesh formers. They purify, enrich and strengthen the blood. The only safe, sure and certain remedy for all those distressing complaints so peculiar to the female sex. They act promptly on the relaxed mucous membrane of the digestive canal, and in this way restore its functions. Pale people using these pills rapidly require a beautiful, clear and healthful appearance.

Price 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

For sale by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, by addressing

DR. H. P. WILKINS, Toronto, O.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.

PRICE 25C. AND 50C. PER BOTTLE.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

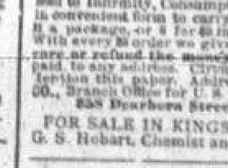
SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES —Of Lime and Soda.—

IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

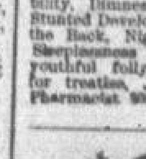
MANHOOD RESTORED.



Before & After Use. Photographed from life.

"SANATIVO," the Wonderful Spanish Remedy, is sold with a Written Guarantee to cure all Nervous Diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power of the Generative Organs in either sex, caused by over-exertion, youthful indiscretions, or the excessive use of tobacco, opium, or stimulants, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Put up in convenient form to carry in the vest pocket. Price $1 a package, or 6 for $5 in Canadian or U.S. Money. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free in plain envelope. Mention this paper. Address MADRID CHEMICAL CO., Branch Office for U.S.A. and Canada, 358 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR SALE IN KINGSTON, ONTARIO, by G. S. Hobart, Chemist and Druggist.



ERRORS OF YOUNG AND OLD.

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 3c. stamp for treatise, J. E. HAZELTON, Graduated Pharmacist, 308 Yonge Street, Toronto.

BIG G — TRADE MARK — PRICE $1.00

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 Universal American Cure.* Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co., CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

NERVE BEANS

NERVE BEANS are a new discovery that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility, Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the weakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or excesses of youth. This Remedy absolutely cures the most obstinate cases when all other TREATMENTS have failed even to relieve. Sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing THE JAMES MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Ont. Write for pamphlet. Sold in Kingston at Wade's Drug Store Agency for Miller's Emulsion.

THE MAJOR'S SPREAD.

How the Good Old Soul Entertained Enemies Unawares.

"LOST! Lost!"

"Teddy!"

"If you'd only have helped me—"

"Did you approach him as I advised you? Did—"

"Approach him? How can a fellow approach a man that meets him at the first sally with the sword of ridicule, and then follows his thrust with a cannonading of vituperative epithets—"

"If you hadn't allowed those fellows to run poor old Sultan—"

"Old Sultan be hanged! They didn't hurt him any—"

"He might have overlooked past offenses, and mightn't—"

"Look here, Kittie McCalligan, what's the use of your 'mights' and your 'mightn'ts'—Uncle Mac detests, abhors, abominates, despises, hates and loathes the college boys—"

"For which I am painfully aware he has, too often, just cause. Who ties cats to his window shutters? Who puts turtle eggs under the hen? Who smuggles howling dogs into the cellar at dead of night, fills Sultan's mane with burs, and paints the front fence red, white and blue? You may use all the telling synonyms you care to—"

"I he didn't hate 'em they wouldn't do it—"

"'They'—with Teddy McCalligan, ringleader, left out?"

"Oh, I say, Kit—"

"You fellows don't do much to make him love you that I have ever seen. Great, grown boys like you, at that, not a soul among you under seventeen—"

"Nor one of us over twenty. Twenty's awful young for a boy, Kit, and all the fellows so far from home, and that, and half-way homesick, the most of 'em, and not one allowed to go home at Thanksgiving, with the Don kicking up such a dust about it all—"

"You can go home, at any rate, and as for being homesick, I'll wager that Jim—"

"Oh! Jim Junior—'beautiful Jim'—he's the rummiest cove of the lot, if you like—and you needn't roll your eyes around in such an indignant manner, either—you're not the only girl living."

"Teddy!"

"Well, you are, then; but I happened to see a photograph in Jim's chest pocket—"

"Teddy!"

"Stunning picture—eyes like stars, mouth like—well, what are you crying about?"

"Did you—did—did—did you ever hear Jim say he wa—was homesick?"

"Think the fellow's a blubbering idiot! S'pose you imagine he going around dampening handkerchiefs with the brine? Oh, I say, Kit, that was your photograph I caught on to—help a fellow out, won't you?"

When a man in impecunious circumstances acts in a manner somewhat unusual, he is straightway dubbed a crank; if, on the other hand, a man of means is guilty of the self-same actions, he is termed merely eccentric. Maj. McCalligan's bank account was large enough to allow him to be called by the longer and more euphonious appellation, and persistent enough in his oddity to keep the sibilant word continually upon the tongues of the people unluckily obliged, by stress of circumstances, to dwell inside the corporation of the populous college town. The major had settled there long before any great barracks of a school building had been erected, before the noise and confusion consequent upon the arrival of hundreds of mannerless youths within the town—youths who laughed law and order to scorn, and had since filled the major's nights with a hideous unrest. That he, the hero of a hundred battles, should be routed by such an enemy to his peace, that he should pull up stakes and fly before so puling, so inane a foe was as far from his thoughts as that the major's ire was that adversary's chief joy. In every way possible, innocently or maliciously, these tormentors sought to arouse the major's wrath, desisting only when they had won for themselves the dear delight of seeing his quick Irish blood fly to his scowling brow, and hearing his quick Irish tongue berating them with the choice invective he had, with seeming forethought, gathered for such occasions as these in his native land.

In the college town, therefore, the major had remained, pestered and enjoyed by youths who grew to manhood, graduated, and, as the years flew by, began sending on second editions of themselves to their beloved Alma Mater.

During this passage of time the major's sister—the sole idol of his heart—had married and, after several years of married bliss, had found herself a widow, with two little children to care for. Although she realized their great need of her, and fought bravely to live for their sakes, her efforts were of no avail, and each day saw her more and more the shadow of her former self. In vain her brother tried to comfort her—the fond heart was broken, and before the winter frost had melted above the grave wherein lay all her hopes, there was another mound to be covered by the soft white mantle of the snow, and the major, filled with that mournful tenderness felt only by lamenting Irish hearts, led the two little ones back to his own fireside, accepting them as a sacred legacy. He gave them his name and his undivided care and attention, and joyed in the sense of his ownership of two charming children, who were now as much his own as though he had suffered sleepless nights during their infancy, and been fretted by a wife of his choice—for the major was not a marrying man, and the thought of an outsider—a woman at that—coming into his irresponsible bachelor existence, and laying down any sort of law, or chalking any sort of mark for him to toe, was a maddening one.

But even sacred legacies can be, at times, trying. Not that the major had had the fact borne in upon him, as it were, until the children were well grown. Teddy had started to college and joined the rabble, and Kittie had shown a decided and unblushing preference for a certain sophomore whom he had caught on his way back from a stolen visit to Teddy's room sliding down one of the pillars that supported his (the major's) porch, and whom he had therefore forbidden the premises.

Granted these children tried him, and that he made them aware of the fact by the use of language peculiar to the major; for all that they felt that their uncle loved them as dearly as they loved him, and when Teddy preferred his request, rash though it had been considered at the first blush, they were quite confident that he would not refuse them so innocent and eminently praiseworthy a desire. They had talked it over together so often, this sister and this brother, that it had, by degrees, because of the increasing familiarity of the idea, lost its first possible aspect. It did not occur to them that what they had talked and dreamed over until it had grown to seem almost a thing accomplished might burst upon their fond uncle with all the unexpectedness of a thunder clap out of a clear sky.

The very moment poor Teddy had chosen was unpropitious; the major had but just discovered fresh traces of collegiate usurpation upon the person of his beloved horse, Sultan, and his rage, in consequence, was at a pronounced pitch.

"Invite your college friends to eat a Thanksgiving turkey, is it?—a Thanksgiving devil! I'll tache them to give thanks in my house! Would ye pour wine for the murtherers of your uncle, and shtir sugar in it to their liking? 'Tare an' ouns, but you're a cool-faced lot, wid the chake of a grinning chimpanzee! Invite the bloody beggars, say you—oh, no, ye'll not! I be lave I'll reserve the right to do what invitation's done in me own house, or know the raison why! And I'd rather have the company of tramps—d'ye mind that—the poor, meeserable, abused, misundhersthood tramps, that niver lift a finger to do any one a mean turn, thorough, honest, daycint min, that lave a citizen in pace, lave the gates on their hinges, the shingles on the roof"—here the major's anger roars amain—"and the roof on the house! No, sir! To perdition wid your college monsthers—but ye may ask ivery tramp ye mate in the sthreet to come and dine, wid Maj. McCalligan—say that he is their friend, and that turkeys shall be roasted in honor of them—that the deserving hungry shall be fid at the ixpinse of Maj. McCalligan, and that bread and wather's too good for the likes' of"—here followed untranslatable, but unquestionably vigorous, Celtic epithets—"college companions!"

Poor children! Teddy's notion of doing the hospitable was nipped in the bud, so green that there was no means of determining just how rich in hue or how beautiful a flower it might have become; and Kittie's little dream of a period of bliss wherein a most enchanting gown of peach blossom tinting shared equal honors with the figure of a tall and rather awkward youth known to the college world as "Jim Junior"—this delightful dream vanished in the miserable dawn of her uncle's tempestuous mood, and the wretched sun of a day of disappointment shone through mists of big unshed tears.

"Uncle, you haven't forgotten your proposition concerning Thanksgiving—in other words—to-morrow?"

"Eh, Teddy? Bless me soul, me boy, what?"

"To fetch a pack o' tramps on Thanksgiving day to dine with you. I've met thirteen in the interim—sorry it's thirteen—such an unlucky number; but since I told each one to fetch all the scarecrows he could scare up along with him, I wouldn't wonder—hello, uncle, what's the matter?"

"Noth—nothing, Teddy—nothing, me boy!" The laugh shouldn't be on him, he'd be bound. What an ass—what a long-eared, deep-mouthed, braying ass he had been to give that boy Teddy (and, if Teddy! others, of course, others who were his arch-enemies and especial abominations) such a grotesque, such an absurdly ridiculous hold upon him!

THE MAJOR WELCOMING HIS GUESTS.

"Had you forgotten about it, uncle?"

"Forgotten? D'ye think me mim'ry's failin' me? We'll have a regular faist—turkey enough fer twinty, and oyster dhrissing to confound the natives! It's Maj. McCalligan that can taich the benighted world the rale maning of hospitality. Faith, it shall be a beautiful shprid!"

And it was. The great oaken table, pulled out to its last joint, with the company napery covering its polished surface, groaned with the burden it bore. There was no half-heartedness about Maj. McCalligan; the glitter of his best silver, the sparkle of his finest crystal; the glowing hues of the brightest flowers from his hot house, the aroma arising from well-cooked viands—all these awaited in due time the coming of the guests.

By ones and twos and threes they came—a motley crew—an unkempt, unwashed lot of hungry men, knocking at the side door, knocking at the back door, ringing at the front door—each and all cordially welcomed by Maj. McCalligan, who stood bowing (forswearing, however, the shaking of dirty paws held out to him now and again), and seeming really to enjoy the revenge he felt confident Teddy, the rascal, had thought to take upon him. It actually warmed the good old Irish heart within him to see the hungry, gaunt-eyed men put away the delicate provender with which he had provided them, and the thought that for one hour at least these outcasts were appeasing their seldom-satisfied appetites and were drinking in, together with their fragrant Mocha, a glimpse of life among the lofty and refined, touched his heart with the warm finger of self-satisfaction, and he beamed benignantly upon his indigent guests.

The clatter of dextrously-handled knives (which weapons were favorite conveyors of food from plate to mouth) and forks, the loud swoop and gurgle caused by the swallowing of coffee cooled in saucers, the noisy crunch of teeth upon rapidly-disappearing edibles, the half inaudible grunts accompanying the pointing of an unwashed digit toward some desired viand, together with the major's good-naturedly encouraging and voluble chatter, made a cheerful hour of it all. At times the host cast furtive glances toward Teddy, to mark his chagrin at the turn affairs had taken, but Teddy, too wily for his uncle, caught each glance upon a countenance so expressionless that it bounded back and was lost somewhere between the chicken salad and the cheese.

"THAT'S DESSERT, DARLING!"

At last the hungriest man among them desisted with a sigh—even he could eat no more. Silently the guests arose, and, with an attempt at a bow, and a guttural something meant for thanks filed slowly and slouchily toward the kitchen door.

The Major, after calling Kittie from the parlor to witness the triumphal exit, passed into the library to enjoy a quiet smoke and a retrospection of the heart-warming scene.

A tall, awkward man brought up the rear; a lean, lank, cadaverous fellow, with black eye-sockets and a beard of a week's growth covering his unprepossessing lineaments. As the major disappeared, and Kittie, beaming with a smiling curiosity, brought all the bright beauty of her girlish years into the now deserted room, this hulk of a rag-tag, the most repellant, most uncleanly and altogether obnoxious tramp of them all, turned, and, as if overcome by her dainty charms, clasped Kittie in his long, lank arms, and left a very dirty kiss upon the pretty bloom of her rounded cheek.

"That's dessert, darling," whispered the man. "Ted's a brick—brick? he's a whole pavement! We boys are positively stuffed—kiss me good-night, love—'sh—there!"

"O, Jim!" EVA BEST.

Holloway's Pills.

In general debility, mental depression and nervous irritability there is no medicine operates so like a charm as these famous pills. They purify the blood, soothe and strengthen the nerves and system, give tone to the stomach, elevate the spirits, and in fact, make the patient sensible of a total and most delightful revolution in his whole system. They may be commended most unreservedly as the very best family medicine in existence. Though so powerfully efficacious, they are singularly mild in their operation, and might be given with perfect confidence to delicate women and young children. They contain not a grain of mercury, or any other noxious substance, and cannot do harm. Delicate females and all persons of sedentary habits will find these pills a blessing.

Good warm underwear for 30c a suit at W. J. Byrnes & Co's slightly damaged by the fire.

MEDICAL.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

HAVE YOU BACK-ACHE

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 when the kidneys are clogged, they are the scavengers of the system." "Delay is dangerous. Neglected kidney troubles result in Bad Blood, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and the most dangerous of all, Brights Disease, Diabetes and Dropsy." "The above diseases cannot exist where Dodd's Kidney Pills are used."

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

OLD DR. GORDON'S

NEVER FAIL IN CURING all Suppressions and Irregularities, and make women regular. Perfectly safe. Used monthly.

"They have relieved me of a world of trouble and anxiety."—Mrs. James Howard.

"I would not be without them. They never disappoint."—Mrs. C. A. Montpieler.

Price $1. Six packages $5. Sent by mail securely sealed, upon receipt of price. Write for circular. Address, QUEEN MEDICINE CO'Y MONTREAL.

PEARLS OF HEALTH.

Sole Agency City Drug Store, Corner of Princess and Montreal streets.

PRIVATE MEDICAL DISPENSARY

287 SHAW STREET, TORONTO,

Both sexes can obtain remedies unlimitedly successful in the cure of all diseases of a private nature and chronic complaints also. DR. ANDREWS'S FEMALE PILLS They are nothing new, having been dispensed by the doctor for more than 15 years. No experiment. Price one dollar, by mail on receipt of price and six cent stamp. Circulars free. Letters answered when stamp is enclosed free of charge. Communications confidential. Address R. I. ANDREWS, 287 Shaw street, four minutes' walk from Queen street west cars, Toronto, Ont.

LADIES

MOTHER GREEN'S TANSY PILLS," used successfully by thousands, safe and sure. Act only on the generative organs, and sure suppression from whatever cause. Should not be used if Pregnancy is suspected or possible, until the question is negatived beyond dispute, as their employment will be attended with different results than those desired. By mail, $1.00. Full particulars (sealed) 3 cts. THE LANE MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL, CANADA. FOR SALE AT WADE'S DRUG STORE.

IN USE 100 YEARS.

THE

POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

DR. ROBERTS' OINTMENT.

SKIN DISEASES. SKIN DISEASES. SKIN DISEASES. SKIN DISEASES. SKIN DISEASES.

THIS VALUABLE OINTMENT (as originally prepared by G. L. ROBERTS, M.D.), is confidently recommended as an unfailing remedy for Wounds of every description, Chilblains, Scorbutic Eruptions, Burns, sore and Inflamed Eyes, Eczema, &c.

DR. ROBERTS' ALTERATIVE PILL

For the Blood and Skin.

SKIN DISEASES. SKIN DISEASES. SKIN DISEASES. SKIN DISEASES. SKIN DISEASES.

They are useful in scrofula, scorbutic complaints glandular swellings, particularly those of the neck. They are very effectual in the cure of that form of skin disease which shows itself in painful cracks in the skin of the hands and in all scaly diseases.

They may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet.

Sold at 1s.1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s and 22s each by the Proprietors, Bridgeport, Eng.

TRULY THANKFUL.

Just Try to Feel Like Brother Hood and You'll Be Happy.

I always liked Thanksgiving day. Coming, as it does, at such an appropriate season, just before the long, hard winter, I am in better shape, so to speak, to have a soul filled with gratitude than I would be along about, say, February, when the buckwheat flour is running low and the grocer doesn't wait upon me with the same

"DON'T YOU GIVE ME CREDIT FOR HONESTY?"

alacrity that he did when I first opened the account with him early in the season.

I once intended giving my patronage to a certain grocer. I went to him, in perfectly good faith, and, as is usual with me, asked for a little time.

He coughed about thrice in a peculiar way, to sort of prepare me for the worst, and said:

"Eh—well, you see, Mr. Hood, we couldn't do it. Have to draw a line somewhere, you know."

I was mad in a minute. You know how the Hoods are, fly off the handle in a jiffy and say things they're likely to be sorry for afterwards. I blurted out indignantly:

"Don't you give me credit for honesty?"

"Why, certainly, Hood," he said, "but—eh—couldn't for anything else, you know."

Still that is alien to my subject. Thanksgivings in general, and Thanksgiving dinners in particular, will always touch a responsive chord when the button is pressed in my vicinity.

We are such good eaters, we Hoods. There are so few things that we don't like. Light meat or dark meat, it's all the same to us. A little of the breast, the neck, a drum stick or the wishbone will do us nicely, thank you, and if they are all gone we can get along beautifully with the gizzard and plenty of gravy and stuffing.

It is very seldom that you hear a Hood say: "I never eat that, thank you," or "None of the so-and-so for me, please."

We are not gormandizers, but what other people eat and like, yea, verily, can we also.

And that's one of the things that Charles Newton Hood, familiarly, "Newt" Hood, has to be thankful for to day—his appetite. Rising at a moment's notice to pate de foi gras, quail on toast and blue points, or happy with stewed grocery-store codfish and boiled potatoes.

If I don't particularly like a viand, I just eat a little more to make up.

Why, if I should happen along in an African forest upon a pleasant party of cannibals enjoying a Thanksgiving dinner of stalled missionary and contentment therewith, and I was hungry, and they should ask me to sit by and take pot luck with them, it would be just like me to squat right down on the log nearest the barbecue, and send my order up for more spareribs as did the big chief with a ring in his nose.

Why should we blame the poor, hungry cannibal for loving his fellow man, even if

"WHY SHOULD WE BLAME THE CANNIBALS?"

he prefers him "well done?"

It is right that we should be thankful and eat much turkey on Thanksgiving day, for yea, that which we do not eat will be warmed over for us the rest of the week.

We have much to be thankful for. The World's Fair is bound to be held sometime, new States have been added to us, and baby's teeth have come through well. Next year we will have politics. Let us be thankful that it is not this year.

If we are sons and daughters who have fled or been kicked from our father's home in days gone by, let us remember that Thanksgiving day is the dandy time to waltz home and have all forgiven, unless the standard Thanksgiving day story is wrong.

If we are rich, let us be thankful that we know not the pangs of poverty, and if we are poor, let us be thankful that we do not have the care and responsibility of great wealth.

Let us be thankful anyway.

CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

For Thanksgiving Dinner.

Aunt Martha—I dunno what we're goin' to do about a Thanksgivin' dinner, Abner. Our old gobbler must be as tough as sixty, and the neighbors have sold all their'n to the Toronto market men.

Uncle Abner—We want something better'n these common country turkeys. I'll get one in the city; I'm goin' daown ter morrow ter York.

Uncle Abner (back from the city)—Here's your turkey, Martha.

Aunt Martha—Why, you everlasting ole goose! It won't begin to go in the oven of our stove.

The First Thanksgiving.

The first observance of a day of thanksgiving, formally recommended by the civil authorities, occurred in Leyden, Holland, October 3, 1575, it being the first anniversary of the deliverance of that city from siege. In February, 1631, the colony at Charlestown was to the very point of starvation, and when a vessel with supplies arrived a day of public rejoicing and thanksgiving was ordered by the Governor; and this is considered to have been the very first Thanksgiving Day held in America. In June of the following year the colonists of Massachusetts held a day of thanksgiving on account of a favorable measure toward the colonies having been passed by the Privy Council of the King of England.

Misnomers Both.

"Curious name," said Hicks. "The idea of calling a worm that is all curves an angle-worm. 'Bout as bad as calling a cake that raises the dence with you an angel-cake."

A Plucky Dog.

Jimmy—Aha, my dog has a new collar.

Billy—Go on! dat's nothin'; my dog got kicked clear down stairs an' it didn't hurt him a bit.

Gobblers Everywhere.

The turkey is not the only gobbler at the thanksgiving board, particularly in families where there are boys.

A Curiosity From China

Is shown at Wilson's Pharmacy, in the shape of a basket, containing "Chinese Sacred Lilies. It seems to be made of a species of rush and is well put together. Drop in and inspect it.

A WOMAN'S FESTIVAL.

Thanksgiving Day One Peculiarly for Home Spending.

It may not be generally recognized, but it is none the less true, that Thanksgiving is peculiarly a woman's festival.

In the first place, unlike our other chief national festival, the First of July—for Christmas and New Year's have never been made the subject of national enactment or proclamation by the heads of the Government—Thanksgiving is a day celebrated within the walls of home; for even the church service in the morning, when one is attended, is a part of the home surroundings, the various members of the family gathering in the pew as in another sort of home, and all the rest of the day is a celebration of the idea of home and its environment. It is towards home that every one who is away from it looks on the approach of the day; it is home to which every one comes who has any home to come to. It is home and the things of home that are remembered afterward in recalling the way the day was passed. And home is the woman's throne—a platitude very possibly, but one nevertheless of deep significance. Whatever other sphere she fills abroad and in the world, still, as where Macgregor sat was the head of the table, wherever woman is is the fireside and the altar; she is the peculiar genius of home, and the festival of Thanksgiving is the festival of the home—is the festival of woman.

It is women, too, who have the most to do with the preparation and ceremonial of the festival. When they do none of the actual laborious work themselves they yet direct it and attend to its performance. But in the great majority of our homes it is they who do all the work, both directing and preparing; it is they who dress the great turkey, and brown his breast to a turn; who baste the savory ducks; who build the walls of the chicken pastry after long-descended rules of many grandmothers; who set the moulds of quivering crimson jelley; bake the mince pie, with all its cosmos of richness, the golden squash pie, the cross-barred cranberry tarts; wash the crisp ivory-stemmed celery; spice the sweet pickles; can the tomatoes; make the catsups; crack the nuts; bring out the layers of raisins and the golden winter pears; and since that modern accompaniment has been added to so many occasions, turn the freezer for the domestic ice cream. It is the women, of course, who lay the table, crimp the napkins, brighten the silver, think of the flowers, and make everything as fresh and attractive in the house for the resident and for the arriving as the family means allow. It is true that the men of these homes usually provide the sinews of war; but it is equally true that the battle is fought by the women in the manner we have described, if it is within the bounds of possibility so to style any such labors of love; for while the man, having done his part, strolls about with pipe or cigar, or lounges with his newspaper, the woman is attending to the duties which have been made hers, without a thought in another direction.

Woman is, then, entirely the priestess of this altar; and it is an altar, this Thanksgiving one, to which Delphos could have offered but a feeble rivalry. For the keeping of Thanksgiving Day intends not only the offering of thanks to heaven for all blessings received, all misfortunes withheld, but it is with all that a celebration of the fact and existence of home. And who so fit and natural to make that celebration, to officiate as priestess at that shrine, as women are? Long, long ago, in profane records, we have the thanksgiving before meat, and far back in sacred records the thanksgiving was made before the bread was broken; but never till in these times of ours and of our grandmothers has an entire day of thanksgiving been organized in which women were the chief actors, as circumstances have made them in the celebration of our Thanksgiving Day, and in which women, owing to that fact alone, can join with more heartiness than in any other. The red Indian has his wigwam, the rude savage his hut or cave, sometimes his associated hut or cave; and the woman of that wigwam or that hut or cave has a vast journey to make before she reaches the eminence of the simplest woman in our homes where Thanksgiving day is kept. It is this home and its opportunities and possibilities, which has separated from the associated hut, improved on the wigwam, differentiated at last from a place where a slave served into a place where a woman rules supreme in affection—it is this home, we say, which has given woman much of the enlightenment and uplifting she has received, and which continues to help her by means of advantages increasing from generation to generation.

It becomes women, then, to keep this festival of Thanksgiving as something peculiarly their own; to spare themselves no pains in the preparation of the feast, and to curtail no pleasure that can belong to it or be added to it, to make a point of making it desirable to those who are away to come back to the central hearth, and of giving great cheer to those that are at hand, recognizing that while the custom of Thanksgiving pays reverence to the Dispensing Powers and Heavenly Bounty, it also acknowledges the value of home and the sovereignty of women at the fireside.

Toughening for Thanksgiving.

Turkey—Hit harder, boys; remember I'm going to a boarding house.—*Life.*

She Never Smiles.

Poor Edith never smiles now;
What can have happened to her?
Some awful disappointment—
Can she have lost a woer?
Poor Edith never smiles now;
Why is her life-joy dulled?
Who once was always smiling?
She's had a front-tooth pulled.

Just Before the Engagement.

Mr. Twinks—What yer wishin' fo', Car'lin.

Miss Clumpah—'Taint right fer ter tell, but I wahts a seal-skun sack pow'ful bad. What's yo' wishin' fer?

Mr. Twinks—I'se jes' wishin' d' bone'll brek on yo' side ob d' handles!

HOME.

I've trod the Appalachian height
And Mississippi's shore,
Explored Golconda's caves by night,
And heard Niagara's roar;
Seen mansions grand on foreign strand,
Where fancy bade me roam,
But never yet can I forget
My old paternal home.

A Wise Precaution.

Little Boy—I say, pa, (his father is very stout and embonpoint), do you see this cooper shop?

Father—Of course I do.

Little Boy—Well, Thanksgiving will be along in a few days; hadn't you better let one of these coopers put a hoop or two around you?

An Unlucky Block.

E.—Don't let us turn down this street.

F.—Why not?

E.—Because it's unlucky for me to pass the next block. There are precisely thirteen people to whom I owe money living on it.

A Cure for Constipation and Headache

Dr. Silas Lane, while in the Rocky mountains, discovered a root that when combined with other herbs, makes an easy and certain cure for constipation. It is in the form of dry roots and leaves, and is known as Lane's Family Medicine. It will cure sick headache. For the blood, liver and kidneys, and for clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Druggists sell it at 50c. a package—enough for five weeks.

Flowering Bulbs.

If for out-door culture should be planted now. A large and varied stock comprising most of the leading kinds and of remarkably healthy growth at Wilson's Pharmacy.

Carpets cleaned by the Renovo Co.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

The ORIGINAL and Genuine

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

bears the Signature, thus:—

Lea & Perrins

Ask for

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Crosse & Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

Agents: J. M. Douglas & Co. and Urquhart & Co, Montreal

GREAT EMOTIONAL SALE

Of 275 TWEED ULSTERS.

They must be MOVED to make room and will be sold at

HALF PRICE

This is a big Bargain.

JOHN LAIDLAW & SON.

Special Montreal Advertisements.

STEEL RAILS (New & Fast Seconds.)

CEMENT, WASTE, STEEL & IRON FILES, ETC. ETC.

WALTER TOWNSEND, MONTREAL.

AGENT FOR BOLLING & LOWE, LONDON, ENG.

MOTHERS Ask for and see that you get Dawson's Chocolate Creams, the Great Worm Remedy.

25c. PER BOX at all Druggists. Being in the Form of a CHOCOLATE CREAM Children never refuse them.

PRODUCTS OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE

Liqueurs of the Convent and Elixirs.

Gen'l Agency & Depot Cie. Gen'le des Bazars.

Selling Agents, C. A. Choulllou & Cie.

12 & 14 St. John St.

Beware of imitations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWN. CHLORODYNE

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS

IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE—Dr. J. Collis Browne (late Army Medical Staff) DISCOVERED A REMEDY, to denote which he coined the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne is the SOLE INVENTOR, and as the composition of Chlorodyne cannot possibly be discovered by analysis (organic substances defying elimination) and since the formula has never been published, it is evident that any statement to the effect that a compound is identical with Dr. Browne's Chlorodyne *must be false*.

This caution is necessary, as many persons deceive purchasers by false representations.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE—Vice Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the inventor of CHLORODYNE; the whole story of defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say, it had been sworn to.—See "*The Times*," July 13, 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is the true palliative in *NEURALGIA, GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.*

GENERAL BOARD OF HEALTH, London, report that it acts as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.

DR. GIBBON, Army Medical Staff, Calcutta, states, "Two doses completely cured me of diarrhœa."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE is a liquid medicine which assuages PAIN of EVERY KIND, affords a calm, refreshing sleep, WITHOUT HEADACHE, and invigorates the nervous system when exhausted.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE rapidly cuts short all attacks of *EPILEPSY, SPASMS, COLIC, PALPITATION, HYSTERIA.*

IMPORTANT CAUTION.—The Immense Sale of this Remedy has given rise to many Unscrupulous Imitations. Be careful to observe Trade Mark. Of all Chemists. 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. & 4s. 6d. SOLE MANUFACTURER, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell Street, London, W. C., England

GRAND DISPLAY OF FURS.

PRINCESS McNaughton and Co. STREET,

Would Call Attention to their Fine Stock of Furs, Ready-Made Clothing, Hats, Etc.

You are invited to call and see these goods. The prices are fixed to the hard times now prevailing. In this store you can get just what you want, both in quality and price.

THE EMBODIMENT OF STRENGTH

Johnston's Fluid Beef

Imparts Robustness, Lustiness, Vigor. An invaluable means of developing firmness of muscle, power of endurance and general healthfulness.

3 APPLICATIONS THOROUGHLY REMOVES DANDRUFF

ANTI-DANDRUFF

GUARANTEED

D. L. CAVEN. Toronto, Travelling Passenger Agent, C. P. R. says Anti-Dandruff is a perfect remover of Dandruff—its action is marvelous—in my own case a few applications not only thoroughly removed excessive dandruff accumulation but stopped falling of the hair, made it soft and promoted a visible growth.

Restores Fading hair to its original color. Stops falling of hair. Keeps the Scalp clean. Makes hair soft and Pliable. Promotes Growth.

THE NEWEST DRESS GOODS!

AT WALDRON'S.

New Bengalines, all the new shades, at Waldron's
New Fancy Cheviots, all the new shades at Waldron's
New Crepon, all the light and evening shades, Waldron's
New Navy and Black Silk Spot Cheviots at Waldron's
New Silk Velvets to match all Dresses

R. WALDRON, Brock and Wellington streets.