MEDICALITIES.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
LUMBAGO—LAME BACK.

Why so many devoted from a graceful carriage may be attributed to so many ways as there are misshapen beings.

By Jacobs Oil Restores.

Strength.—The spinal column is the mainstay of the body, which raises up the straight men or women, and bestows the provided muscular supports to hold it erect.

Effects Prompt Cures.

Weakness.—Men and women rock and sway themselves out of shape, and the result is the few standing upright and the many bending down.

Cures Are Perfect, Permanent.

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

Every Application Relieves.

Treatment.—Rub the parts affected freely with St. Jacobs Oil, rub hard and thoroughly, persevering even though if the pain is slow in yielding, warm the parts to flushed stagnant in hot water may be resorted.

Cure Certain, Always Cures.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

CANDHAM'S SARSAPARILLA.
FOR ALL IMPURITIES OF THE Blood.
Descriptive pamphlet with full directions as to Treatment, Diet, &c.,
POST FREE
To any address on application, Apply, giving correct name and address, to
THE WINDSOR MANUFACTURING CO.
P.O. Drawer 2,050, Montreal, P.Q.

STARTLING DISCLOSURES
Are you troubled with Constipation, Foul Stomach, Headache, or Biliousness. If so, take Wade's Mandrake Liver Pills. Purely Vegetable; one is a dose. 25 cents at Wade's drug store, Kingston, Ont.

IN THE EGG.
The health specifics of SWAYNE'S OINTMENT without any internal medicine, cure all forms of Skin Disease, such as Eczema, Itch, Ringworm, Tetter, Scaly Eruptions of the Face, Hands, Arms, &c., leaving the skin clear, healthy and free from blemish. Dr. Swayne's Ointment cures are guaranteed by all other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.
LYMAN SONS & CO., Montreal, Wholesale Agents.

Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. Sold by druggists, or sent prepaid, $1.00. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. TORONTO, ONT.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure SICK HEADACHE.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DR. WASHINGTON
Graduated in 1872, at Victoria University with honors, passed the College of Physicians & Surgeons, Ont.
Since 1880, has devoted his whole time to the specialty of the Throat and Lung Diseases.
(The cut represents a Porous Respirator and the patient in the act of breathing.)
Will Visit Kingston
WEDNESDAY, May 27th
From 1:30 p.m. to 6 p.m., at FRONTENAC HOTEL.
SMITH'S FALLS, McLaren's Hotel, Saturday June 6th—forenoon only.
PERTH, Hick's Hotel, Saturday, June 6th, afternoon.
DISEASES TREATED—Catarrh of the Head and Throat, Catarrhal Deafness, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption, Loss of Voice, Sore Throat, Enlarged Tonsils, Polypus of the Nose or any other Nasal Obstruction removed. Head Office, 75 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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WATER
THE MOST RELIABLE
Under varying steam pressure of any injector known. Will work from 15 pounds to 150 pounds without any adjustment. The only Automatic Injector that will thoroughly drain itself when shut off, thus preventing freezing. EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED. You cannot do without it. Send for prices.
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Sole Licensees and Manufacturers.

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Offered to everyone who can spare a few minutes to call at our store and inspect the large stock of
Men's, Youths', Boys' and Children's Clothing, also Gents' Furnishings,
and the immense assortment of HATS AND CAPS. You will soon learn how many dollars you can save a year by purchasing your CLOTHES FROM US. Each Garment is made of the best
HOME AND IMPORTED FABRICS,
TAILOR MADE, and trimmed equal to the best custom work.
B. SILVER,
89 PRINCESS STREET, Next to Corbett's Hardware Store.

WORMWITH Pianos.
THE UNDERSIGNED beg to call the attention of the public to the fact that they are now MANUFACTURING and intend to sell FIRST-CLASS PIANOS at the LOWEST PRICES consistent with thorough workmanship. PIANOS sold on the instalment plan, and second hand Pianos, Organs and Real Estate taken in exchange.
INSPECTION invited.
Special attention given to TUNING AND REPAIRING. TELEPHONE 398.
THE WORMWITH PIANO CO.,
REMOVED.
DR. CUNNINGHAM HAS REMOVED from Montreal Street to Brock Street, one door from Princess Street.

EARTH REVISITED.

Startling Stories About the Ghosts of Lovers.

THE ROMANCE OF TWO "FREAKS."

A Tragedy Which Is Nightly Re-enacted at a Washington Residence—The Phantom Ferryboat—Beheading a Faithless Bride—A Miser Who Guards His Gold.

THOSE who knew General Tarner Wood in life claim that he now revisits the museum in New York city where he last appeared, and also the "freak" boarding house in which he died. His dark but diminutive specter has been seen upon the stage after the close of the last evening performances, and later on has flitted through the private apartments once occupied by his best friend, Big Hattie, the Massachusetts giantess.

The general laid claim, and with justice, to the title of "the oldest living midget." He was a coal black negro, about sixty years of age and forty inches tall. Ghosts had shown the midget such marked preference that in his later days he discouraged their midnight calls by leaving the gas ablaze while he slept. At the first opportunity the erstwhile friendly specters took their revenge. They blew out the light, and General Wood died of suffocation. At least the friends of the deceased laid the disaster at the door of the spooks, and as no other theory brought to the attention of the coroner proved plausible, that one may be permitted to stand until supplanted by another better established.

As near as can be ascertained, the spirit is hunting for Big Hattie, but instead of following her "on the circuit" it sticks to the places where the general last saw her when in the flesh, and causes thereby much panic among those who are her successors at the museum and the "freak" boarding house, and who knew not Turner Wood. But the disembodied midget's conduct is by no means eccentric, viewed from the standpoint of ghostly tradition and etiquette. He is following strictly the rules laid down by those who have been spooks much longer than he, and who undoubtedly know what they are about. Indeed, he is much less annoying than the group that has for some time rendered tenantless a well appointed mansion at Washington.

SHALFORD'S HEADLESS GHOST.

of this number, the parish clerk, the village blacksmith and a retired sea captain of agnostic views, went to the residence late one afternoon, followed at a distance by a timorous but admiring throng. They forced an entrance, ate supper, drank beer, smoked their pipes and waited developments. On the coming of darkness they lit their lanterns, and passed the hours in descanting on the folly and senseless superstition of their ignorant neighbors. At 1 a. m., however, a flood of radiance chased the shadows from every nook and cranny. The three ceased their talk. Suddenly the sea captain pointed to the corner on their left, gasped, "See there," and dashed out of the door to the fragrant pasture land. His comrades looked and also ran. They had viewed the headless form of a young woman, from whose shroud emanated the mysterious light that filled the place!

GRASPED A HUMAN SKULL.

Keyport, N. J., also possesses a ghost, for whose persistent appearances unhappy love is primarily responsible. Two hundred years ago this specter was a prominent citizen of New York. At fifty years of age he found that by strict attention to business he had amassed $50,000—quite a fortune for those days. With this sum at his disposal he retired from trade and let his fancy wander toward other channels. He had money; he wanted a child to inherit it. So he went a-wooing in a stately, matter of fact way, but the object of his choice, who was young, and looked with favor on a swain less old, flouted him. Then the elderly merchant first discovered that he had a heart and was in love. He proposed a second time and received a fresh rebuff. So he turned miser and hermit. He bought 1,000 acres of land near where Keyport now stands, and in the midst of the wilderness erected a strong log hut. He was something of a chemist, and frightened the hostile Indians by performing feats of necromancy. The solitary years went by, and the hermit knew that his end could not be far distant. So he emerged from his obscurity, sent to England for material and caused the erection of a costly tomb. There he was buried, and there he began the spook business. A rumor spread that the old man's gold lay beneath his coffin. Depredators plotted for it, but like the Indians they were frightened from their booty. The necromancer was a necromancer still. Of those who visited the charmed inclosure some were stricken with blindness, others felt a rush of cold air and still others were gripped by clammy hands and bodily ejected. The tomb is in ruins now, but the ghost yet guards its treasure. Recently a venturesome explorer crawled through the underbrush to the haunted spot. He picked up he thought was a knot of damp wood. He looked, he unclasped his hand and then he fled.

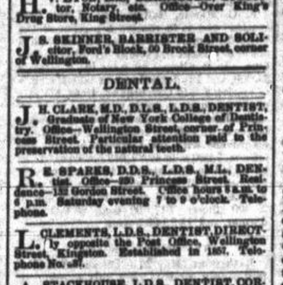
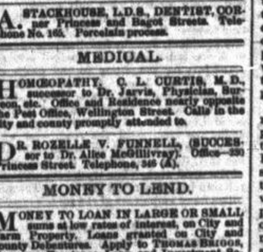
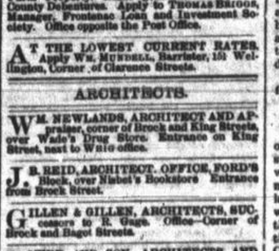
The skull he had disturbed seemed to grin a farewell at his retreating form.

F. X. WHITE.

AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS.

This group consists of a man, a woman and a cat. The three began to persecute the recent occupants of the house a week after they moved in. Going down stairs one night the adult daughter of the family stumbled over a yielding body, and the yowl of a cat in pain assailed her ears. She was so lamed by the accident that she went to bed instead of to the theater. Her father greatly disliked felines, and hunted the rooms through, intent on ejecting the intruder. But he found nothing. Soon after voices were heard in the hall, as of a man and woman engaged in altercation. Then came a shriek, a fall, the cat yowl and—silence. This was repeated at intervals during a whole month. As the family sat reading late one evening the trouble began again. All four, father, mother, son and daughter, stole to the foot of the stairway and listened. First they heard whispers, next voices raised in anger, followed by the tumble, and the climax of that blood curdling mianow. The women fainted, and the succeeding forenoon a new and less sensational residence was secured. When the tenant surrendered his keys the agent of the haunted house told its story. A quarter of a century before it was occupied by an irascible old gentleman, who urged a distasteful alliance upon his only daughter. She protested, and at the head of the stairs he gave her a push which sent her headlong to the floor below. A favorite cat, which was following his mistress, became involved in the catastrophe, and both were found dead at the foot of the flight with their backs broken. At the inquest the blame for the tragedy was put on the cat. The horror stricken father did not long survive, and now the three nightly repeat the terrible scene in which they were principals, and keep unrented a property that otherwise would bring the owner an income of $200 a month.

THE PHANTOM BOAT.

Another peppery old party now suffering for his sins is, or was, Thomas Dargin, who forty years ago kept a ferry on Flint river, in Alabama. Dargin's daughter, Mary, fell in love with Ned Vines, a dashing young stage driver. The girl's father opposed the match, and the couple planned an elopement. One dark stormy night when the river was much swollen they started to cross on the ferryboat, which was managed by means of a chain stretched from bank to bank. When they were but a short distance from land, Dargin, to whom their secret had been betrayed by a negro, ran out, wild with rage, and unfastened the chain. The boat was swept down stream and wrecked. Next day the drowned lovers were found clasped in each other's arms on the shore several miles below. Dargin's anger changed to the most poignant remorse. He moaned and sobbed over the body of his child, and then shouting "I killed her!" sprang into the flood. The following afternoon there was a triple funeral. Dargin's successors even to this day declare that the place is haunted. Each midnight some invisible power draws a phantom boat across the river, and when the moon shines bright the shivering onlooker may see seated in the craft, white robed and spectral, two forms that clasp each other's waists. They are the ghosts of beautiful Mary Dargin and her handsome lover.

A house is falling into ruin at Shalford, a charming English hamlet not far from London. No one lives in it, and the people of the neighborhood avoid it as they would a pest hospital. Yet every night a strange illumination brightens its broken and cobwebbed windows, and pass upon the sward without no wheel a chariot that she vagrant dog or prowling for turns tail in dire dismay. Within the memory of those still young this place was the home of John Somers, a prosperous farmer, about thirty years of age. All went well with him, and to his eyes the world looked fairer than ever the hour that pretty buxom Mary Sargent promised to be his wife. In due season the wedding day was fixed, and the banns were called in church three successive Sundays. The girls envied Mary her good fortune, and the boys told John he was a "lucky dog." But the night before the morning appointed for the ceremony Miss Sargent disappeared. So also did a farm laborer, and an investigation showed that the two had fled together. From a bright, jolly representative of British manhood Somers changed to a scowling semi-madman. He closed up his affairs and started after the fugitives. None of the three ever returned, but six months later a pale light began to appear at the windows of the deserted house. The idea of ghosts was scouted by those who prided themselves on their "common sense," and three