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"Perfect Satisfaction,"

Is the verdict of every one using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and all Lung Troubles. Unlike cod-liver oil, and many other specifics, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is agreeable to the taste, and leaves no ill effects.

"I cannot say too much in praise of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral," writes Mr. Robert F. McKee, of New Gretna, N. J. "I have used it in my family, many years, and always with perfect satisfaction."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is truly the Most Popular Remedy of the age, rendering full satisfaction in every instance."—Thornton Edwards, Lonely Dale, Ind.

F. L. Morris, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Your medicines have been satisfactory to me throughout my practice, especially Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which has been used in great quantities by my patients, one of whom says he knows it saved his life."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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SMOKE

"BILL NYE" CIGARS.

5 CENTS.

SMOKE

Creme de la Creme CIGARS.

TEN CENTS.

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MYRTLE

CUT AND PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO FINER THAN EVER.

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In Bronze on Each Plug and Package.

USE IRELAND'S DESICATED WHEAT

It cures Dyspepsia. Among the choice Breakfast Cereals manufactured at "Our National Food" Mills, Toronto, which are having an extensive sale all over the Dominion, the Desicated Wheat is the greatest boon to dyspepsia ever invented.

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British American Hotel Block, Clarence St. N.B.—these are the only Baths in the city heated by steam, thereby securing at all hours hot water.

DYEING WORKS, PRINCESS STREET.

All kinds of goods cleaned, dyed and finished. I put up and have for sale the "Jem" Finishes dye, warranted to be the best in the market. Try them. Agents wanted. R. MONAGHERY, Practice Dyers.

The Mystery of Joe Morgan.

By WALTER BESANT.

The thing grew maddening. If I forgot it for a moment, I heard a whisper in my ear—"I am here." If I managed to fix my attention on the subject in hand, that accursed voice began to remind me that I was neither to sleep nor to work, nor to have any peace for the rest of my natural life.

"What you have done, I shall do—and worse. I shall dog you—I shall haunt you—I shall make remorse and despair do for you what you did to her and to me. I will revenge myself—and her."

What had I done to him? How was I to get rid of this accursed lunatic ghost? By what spell and charm could I lay him forever in the Red Sea?

The full misery of the thing was yet to come. The specter, in the afternoon, seemed to have left me. I even forgot its existence, and dined comfortably. At 8 I met my Eleanor, and persuaded her, not thinking of what might happen, to look at some new furniture in what was going to be our joint house.

"Alfred! who has been walking along the sand—there was an edging of red sand to gravel—with bare feet?"

I looked. There were footprints—great gaunt footprints—parallel with my own. I knew at once what was going to happen, and I trembled.

"Nothing, Nellie; nobody. Who should walk in bare feet except a carpenter? Let us go in."

"Alfred!" she cried, "see, they are falling still—the footprints—as we walk. Take me in—take me away!"

It was pleasant! The accursed ghost was setting his long feet beside mine, keeping step, so that at every footfall of mine there was a new footprint of his. I bore my girl half fainting into the house.

"What was it, Alfred? what was it? I am afraid. And see—see. Oh! Alfred—Alfred!"

With a cry of fright she fell fainting into my arms. Between us and the window stood



With a cry of fright she fell fainting into my arms.

revealed that awful figure in its long white grave clothes, pointing its long bony fingers at me, but saying no word.

I took Eleanor home. I implored her to keep silence as to what she had seen. I soothed and pacified her. I assured her that it was fancy—that it was a trick of the imagination—that it was some schoolboy devilry—anything to keep her quiet. And thus I left her and returned, miserable and maddened, to battle with this demon who had fastened himself upon me.

He was sitting in my chair, with his abominable head, as usual, on his hand.

"I allowed you to go away with the girl," he said, "because I do not wish to do her any harm. But she shall never marry you—remember that. Wretch!"—he rose from the chair and approached me with threatening gestures—"wretch! Was it not enough to interfere between me and her? You try to murder the happiness of another innocent girl! Can you ruthlessly!"

"Good heavens!" I cried, almost beside myself with rage. "What madman is this, who is allowed to revisit the earth in grave clothes and torture an unoffending man? What have I done to you, devil or lunatic, that you should persecute me in this way?"

"He asks me what he has done! Think of Madagascar, villain of the deepest dye. Think of San Fran, pirate and crimp. Think of Liverpool docks and Polly. Joe Morgan—Joe Morgan, you were always as brazen a liar as ever stepped, but I did not think you would brazen it out to me."

A thought struck me. "You call me Joe Morgan. I am not Joe Morgan at all. I never heard of any Joe Morgan."

He laughed. "If you are not Joe Morgan," he said, "I will eat my hat. I mean, of course!"

"Come, this is trifling. I say that you mistake me for some one else. What makes you think me Joe Morgan?"

"Because you are."

"Nonsense. How long since you saw Joe Morgan?"

"Ten years."

"What was he like when you left him?"

"Much the same as you—sanctimonious look, reddish hair, stumpy figure, fat cheeks, just like yourself."

"This was flattering."

"Only Joe Morgan did not wear a beard."

"Had this devil of a Joe Morgan any marks?"

idiot of a ghost. What shall I do now to make things square again?"

"Do! What can you do, but go right away?"

"Shall I," he said, "shall I appear to the young lady to-night after she goes to bed? I can easily do it, and then explain it all."

"Certainly not; on no account. You are not to disturb her at all."

"Well, then, I suppose I had better go."

"Indeed, that is the only thing you can do. Go at once, and have the goodness never to return."

He began to disappear. I seemed to breathe more freely. Then the shape, which had almost disappeared, started into sight again with a suddenness which brought back the horror which first seized me.

"One word, sir," he said. "I am afraid I haven't come well out of this affair. Now s'pose—I only say s'pose—I can put you on to a good thing. It may be a wreck lying in four or five fathoms—Turk's Islands way; it may be buried treasure; it may be only a pot of money; it may be coins, or may be statues; but if I should hear of it, and was to come and tell you, it might go some way to getting into your good opinion again."

"No," I replied. "I want nothing, except an assurance that I shall never see you again."

He sighed. "Well, sir, I feel that I can't go against your wishes. I promise, no malice, eh? When we meet again, which we may, there will be no malice, I hope."

Then he disappeared finally, and I have seen no more of him.

I have often wondered who Mr. Joseph Morgan is, where he lives, and what he has done, and how he managed to offend my ghost.

THE END.

Quarrels of the Chinese.

Among a population of such unexampled density, where families of great size are crowded together—three or four generations, with all the wives and children, under one roof—allusions for quarrel are all pervasive. The sons' wives and children are prolific sources of domestic unpleasantness. Each wife strives to make her husband feel that in the community of property he is the one who is worsted; the elder wife tyrannizes over the younger ones, and the latter rebel.

The instinct of the westerner with a grievance is to get redress straightway; that of the Oriental is, first of all, to let the world at large know that he has a grievance. A Chinaman who has been wronged will go upon the street and roar at the top of his voice. The art of hallowing, as it is called in Chinese, is closely associated with that of reviling, and the Chinese women are such adepts in both as to justify the aphorism that what they have lost in their feet they have gained in their tongues.

Much of this abusive language is regarded as a sort of spell or curse. A man who has had the heads removed from his field of millet stands at the entrance of the alley which leads to his dwelling and pours forth volleys of abuse upon the unknown offender. This has a double value—first as a means of notifying to the public his loss and his consequent fury, thus freeing his mind; and, secondly, as a prophylactic tending to secure him against the repetition of the offense.

Women indulge in this practice of "reviling the street" from the flat roofs of the houses, and shriek away for hours at a time until their voices fail. Abuse delivered in this way attracts little or no attention, and one sometimes comes on a man or woman thus screaming themselves red in the face with not an auditor in sight. If the day is a hot one the reviler bawls as long as he (or she) has breath, then proceeds to refresh himself with a season of fanning, and afterwards returns to the attack with renewed fury.

A fight in which only two parties are concerned usually resolves itself into mere hair pulling; the combatants when separated by their friends shout back to each other maledictions and defiance. The quarrel between Laban and Jacob, recorded in the thirty-first chapter of Genesis, when the latter stole away from Laban's house, is a "photographically accurate account of the truly Oriental performance which the Chinese call making an uproar."—North China Herald.

New Sugar Refining Process.

A queer story of an alleged wonderful discovery by an American inventor and the practical application of it in Great Britain comes from a Scotch newspaper, which vouches for its truthfulness. The discovery is of a process for refining sugar by electricity, and the inventor was Professor Henry Friend, of New York, whose death occurred, it is said, last March. He was so secretive, it is said, that he repelled all attempts to facilitate the working of his process by keeping the management of the machinery in his own hands, and he was so fearful that his secret would be discovered that he sent the machinery to Scotland piecemeal from different parts of this country. He gave years of labor and investigation to the process, it is said, and only his wife was initiated into his secret. At his private working room he posted a notice that it was death for any one to cross the threshold, and when he died his secret would have been lost had not those interested in his scheme insisted that he should make a written record of his experiments for use in such a contingency.

No details of the new process are given, but it is declared that it renders the boiling of sugar no longer necessary, and thus saves much that is now wasted. The raw sugar is put into his machine, and the first batch is converted into refined product in four hours. After that the process is continuous, the machine working as long as raw sugar is supplied, and turning it into refined sugar in an hour and three-quarters from the time it is put in. Ninety-nine per cent. of the saccharine matter in the raw sugar is secured, it is asserted, and the total cost is only about eighty cents a ton.

The right to use the process has, it is alleged, passed into the hands of a firm of Liverpool merchants, and startling changes in the sugar business in the near future are promised.—New York Sun.

Holloway's Pills.

Chances of temperature and weather frequently upset persons who are most careful of their health and particular in their diet. These corrective, purifying and gentle aperient pills are the best remedy for all defective action of the digestive organs. They augment the appetite, strengthen the stomach, correct biliousness, and carry off all that is noxious from the system. Holloway's Pills are composed of rare balsams, unmix'd with baser matter, and of that account are peculiarly well adapted for the young, delicate, and aged. As that price less medicine has gained fame in the past, so will it preserve it in the future by its renovating and invigorating qualities, and the impossibility of its doing harm.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

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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.

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Through Bills of Lading given for Belfast, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp and other points on the Continent and for Mediterranean ports.

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From Portland. From Halifax. SARDINIAN... Jan. 18. Saturday, Jan. 12. RATES OF PASSAGE.

Cabin—\$50, \$65 and \$75, according to accommodation. Intermediate \$30. Steerage \$20. Return tickets from Liverpool to Portland or Halifax—Cabin \$100, \$125 and \$150 according to position of stateroom. Intermediate \$60. Steerage \$40.

Steerage passengers are booked to and from Queens-town, Bery, Belfast, London and Glasgow at same rates as Liverpool.

Intermediate passengers are forwarded to and from Glasgow and Liverpool by rail without extra charge.

The last train to make connection with the steamer leaving Portland leaves Kingston every Wednesday at 1:40 p.m., and to Halifax every Thursday at 1:40 p.m.

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K. & P. and C. P. R.

New, Direct, Shortest, Quickest, Cheapest and Best Equipped All Rail Route to Manitoba, the North West, and British Columbia points.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE

Between Kingston, Peterboro, Toronto, St. Thomas, London, Owen Sound, Sault Ste. Marie, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and all points in the United States.

TRY IT ONCE AND YOU WILL TAKE NO OTHER. New and Elegant Cars are run on all Express Trains.

No. 3 Express leaves Kingston at 12:40 p.m. Arrives Toronto 8:30 p.m.; Ottawa, 6:45 p.m. Montreal, 8:15 p.m.; Quebec, 6:30 a.m.; Renfrew, 5:10 p.m.; Pembroke, 7:55 p.m.

No. 1 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:30 a.m.; arrives at Sharnot Lake 10:50 a.m., and Renfrew 2:45 p.m.

No. 5 Mixed leaves Kingston at 4:15 p.m.; arrives at Sharnot Lake at 7:10 p.m., Thurs. days.

No. 7 Express leaves Kingston at 11:45 p.m., connecting with C.P.R. Night Express Train at Sharnot Lake for all points east and west.

Arrives Ottawa, 5:25 a.m.; Montreal, 8:15 a.m.; Quebec, 2:30 p.m.; Toronto, 7:28 a.m.

The only through train service to the North-West and British Columbia, with only one change of cars.

No Customs Troubles. J. H. TAYLOR, F. CONWAY, B. W. FOLGER, Asst. Supl. Ass. Gen. Pass. Agt. Supl.

WINTER CARNIVAL MONTREAL.

FEBRUARY 4th to 9th. REDUCED FARE TICKETS will be on sale from Monday, Feb. 4th, to Saturday, Feb. 9th, inclusive, and good for return until Wednesday, Feb. 15th.

Passenger trains leave the new City Passenger Depot, foot of Johnson Street, as follows: GOING EAST. No. 1... at 1:30 p.m. No. 2... at 2:05 a.m. No. 3... at 2:05 a.m. No. 4... at 2:05 a.m. No. 5... at 2:05 a.m. No. 6... at 2:05 a.m. No. 7... at 2:05 p.m. No. 8... at 2:05 p.m. No. 9... at 2:05 p.m. No. 10... at 2:05 p.m.

Express trains Nos. 3, 4 and 6 run Sundays included. No. 6 does not run on Monday. All tickets good to return for thirty days. For rates and general information apply to THOMAS HANLEY Agent Grand Trunk Railway, corner Johnson and Ontario Streets.

TOURS IN TROPICAL SEAS.

Novel and unsurpassed scenery, any climate obtainable. Trips embracing from two to 40 ports, occupying two weeks or longer—specially arranged. Coupons available on any of our

\$5 a day steamers sailing fortnightly. By \$5 a day defrays all necessary expenses of a tour to Jamaica, Hayti, Carthage, Savanilla, Colon, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the Mosquito Coast Ports only First Cabin passengers carried. Address either P.M. FORWOOD & CO., Agents, 21 State Street, N.Y. THOS. COOK & SON, Tourists Agencies.

HAVE YOU TEETH

Then preserve them by using BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

Cleanse the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with hot or cold water and without any tooth wash or powder. Both brush and handle are imperishable.

—PRICE LIST— Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush... \$1.50 Bailey's "Toilet Brush... 25 Bailey's "Hand Brush (size 3x1 3/4 in)... 50 Bailey's Rubber Tooth Brush No. 1... 40 Bailey's "Tooth Brush No. 2... 50

If unable to procure these in your locality, send us postal note and we will forward any of the above prop'd upon receipt of price. For sale by all dealers in toilet goods.

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T. C. WILSON, 120 Clarence Street, the largest and longest established livery in the city. Telephone No. 178. Vehicles ready at a moment's notice.

ELDER BROS., New Livery in connection with St. Lawrence Hotel on King Street. First class rigs will always be on hand on the shortest notice.

MCCAMMON BROS., Kingston Horse Exchange. Livery and Boarding. Stables, corner of Brock and Bagot Streets. A new and stylish outfit of vehicles and excellent horses. Charges moderate.

H. P. WELLS' LIVERY, foot of Princess St., is the most thoroughly equipped one in the city, having every style of rig kept in first class livery. Special rates to opera and commercial men. Telephone No. 10.

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TERNEY BROS. have moved to their new premises, Brock Street, Market Square, where they show the largest and finest stock of Imported and Domestic Liquors, Teas, cigars, &c., in the city.

Cigars and Billiards. HOLDER BROS., (J. B. and F. W.) dealers in choice cigars and tobaccos. Pool and billiard room in connection. Ontario street, near Burnett House.

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