

AYER & CO'S NOTICE.

The Best Remedy

For Dyspepsia is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Other medicines may give temporary relief; but Ayer's Sarsaparilla makes a positive and permanent cure, as thousands can testify all over the country.

"My stomach, liver, and kidneys were in a disordered condition for years," writes R. Wild, of Hutto, Texas, "and I never found any medicine to relieve me, until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than six bottles of this remedy cured me."

Mrs. Joseph Aubin, of Holyoke, Mass., was for a long time a severe sufferer from Dyspepsia, trying in vain, all the usual remedies. At last she began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and only three bottles restored her to perfect health.

"I have gone through terrible suffering from Dyspepsia and Indigestion," writes C. J. Bodemer, 145 Columbia st., Cambridgeport, Mass., "and can truly say Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured me."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

PROVINCIAL.

SMOKE

"BILL NYE"

CIGARS.

6 CENTS.

SMOKE

Creme de la Creme

CIGARS.

TEN CENTS.

THIS YEAR'S

MYRTLE

CUT AND PLUG

SMOKING :: TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

SEE

T. & B.

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. One out of hundreds of testimonials received: "I had dyspepsia for 20 years. I used all sorts of remedies until five years ago I got your Desicated Wheat. I gained 15 pounds in three months and have been well for nearly five years. But I use the food every day still."

STAINED GLASS.

Brilliant Cut, Beveled, Silvered, Bent, Plate, &c.

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KING STREET, TORONTO.

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53 King St. West, Toronto.

PALMER HOUSE

Cor. King and York Sts., Toronto. Only \$2 per day; also "Kerby" Brantford.

IN THE MATTER OF THE KINGSTON CAR WORKS COMPANY (Limited).

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A GENERAL MEETING of the Kingston Car Works Company (Limited) will be held on the Twenty-fifth day of March Next, at THREE o'clock in the afternoon, at the Office of J. B. Carruthers, Esq., for the purpose of considering and, if deemed advisable, of passing an extraordinary resolution of the company, authorizing the liquidators to make such compromise or other arrangement as they may deem expedient with any creditors, or persons claiming to be creditors, or persons having, or alleging to have, any claim, present or future, certain or contingent, ascertained or sounding only, in damages against the company, or whereby the company may be rendered liable.

And, also, authorizing the liquidators to compromise all claims, and liability to calls, debts, and liabilities capable of resulting in debts, and all claims, whether present or future, certain or contingent, ascertained or only sounding in damages, subsisting, or only supposed to subsist, between the company and any contributor or other debtor, or person apprehending liability to the company, and all questions in any way relating to or affecting the assets of the company, or the winding up of the company, upon the receipt of such sums, payable at such times, and generally upon such terms, as may be agreed upon; with power for the liquidators to take any security for the discharge of such debts or liabilities, and to give a complete discharge in respect of all or any such calls, debts or liabilities.

Dated at Kingston, Feb. 20th, 1889. S. HARPER, Secretary of Liquidators.

THE BLACK BESS.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I began, in the first place, by fortifying myself daily with a simple tonic, in order that no mere debility might cause a failure, and, perhaps, it was on finding me so resolved that the subtle apparition feared a fresh encounter—so many weeks went by without its reappearance—the winter, which I had once looked forward to for its promised home and joy, having shifted into spring—that I was fairly drawing fresh breath and fancying myself free—and, being off my guard one night, there it lay.

It was a starlit midnight, with a thick haze catching the starbeams and weaving them into a kind of fleece over the heavens, so that what light there was had a strange and supernatural effect, at best. With this, a wild, high wind was roaring on behind us, like the tramp of a ghostly legion on high, and blowing up some salt, tough gale from the sea-board. Owing to this great wind in our favor—which favoring wind has something as much to do with a railway carriage as with a ship, while pressing from the rear and destroying atmospheric resistance in face—we had made remarkable time, and were ahead of our table, so that I was on the point of slowing, when a white-winged night bird, startled by our approach, rose from its covert beside the track, and flew away toward the woods. In another moment something else rose, too, as if a slumbering wayfarer there had lifted head to gaze after the flying shadow, and then it lay back again—and, looking at it intently, I saw the face once more.



I saw the face once more.

Now was my time. What if I should shut my eyes, and, not seeing it, drive on? But no, that would be cowardly—neither would it effect the object, neither could I do it. Moreover, were I able, in so doing I might fail to observe some real obstacle, and so plunge my whole train to destruction. Therefore, I gazed. And gazing, it took the strength out of me—the sweet, wide open eyes; the tender, trembling mouth; the half-fainting rose upon the cheek. As the stars swoops and snaps a bending tree, I sent a shriek against the whistle's edge, and felt the answering drag of the brakes, and then, in spite of myself, the throttle valve had done its work, and we were gently slowing, and should have paused at a point several rods from the appealing sight—should have paused—but we did not.

It was as though some mighty and invisible hand, mightier than the breath of steam or the temper of steel, mocking my own, had seized us and was drawing us on at its wicked will. My heart refused to beat—stood still with horror; the shiver that ran even through the roots of my hair hardened there; we were close upon the place, grinding with all our belty iron over it; we had passed it, and we paused.

The wind had dragged the whole train for that distance. If you doubt me, the books of my profession will tell you that it is no remarkable instance, for a sudden thaw of century wind has been known to do to much as to bring to a stop a train under full headway. I would that sudden thaws of century wind had been blowing one cruel day for me!

We had passed the place then. Till I could rouse me from the numbing faintness, could draw a breath, and then could steady my voice, I did not attempt to move. But the instant I mastered myself I went through my customary drama on these occasions—was off, running behind and swinging my lantern over the vacant track, finding nothing, back again, and leaning on my handies before the conductor had reached me. I told him then that we were ahead of time by reason of the wind, and I was waiting on the side track for the down train to pass. Fortunately, facts upheld me, or my flushed face and shaking hands would have betrayed the truth, or the falsehood, behind.

I questioned with myself now if the ghost was laid. Yet how could it be? We had run over the face, it was true, but by no volition of mine. Indeed, I had decided exactly the opposite; I had refused to do so; I had stopped. My will had again been cowed and conquered—not yet had it pricked the bubble of this phantasm and caused it to explode into empty and innocuous air.

It would be idle to rehearse the passing of the summer and the coming of the winter, with their continued visitations, that then, indeed, came more seldom, but every time with increased power. I had struck work for a season, and had been up resting with Margaret, at her mother's, for two delicious months—resting, just closing my eyes in peace. I had begged her then, before I came away, to marry me; for I thought if I had the dear home face my daily companion, to come home to, to go out from, the fictitious one would perform die a natural death. But, even had Margaret herself entirely consented, her mother had too many scruples to suffer her only child to leave her for such precarious protection as mine might be. So I went back to solitary life again.

My trouble had now become so much a chronic thing that, except when its manifestations or their results were extraordinary, I took no serious note of them; only the possibility of their future coming, and the actuality of their past, hung over me like a black, suffocating cloud, awake or asleep. In fact, though, I had no sleep that deserved the beneficent name. In place of the sweet oblivion and rest of forgetfulness that other men knew, I had for my part a long and living nightmare.

In all this time I had failed to find sufficient strength to obey the physician's

order, to cut through the cursed thing that was killing me, with the sharp flange of my wheels, and annihilate it. But Dr. Blanchard had found me out, although in consulting him I had given no name, and one afternoon he accosted me in the street, on my way to the station, not to ascertain what progress I had made—for that was visible enough in my haggard and faded appearance—but to ask me if I was to be on duty that night. I responded in the affirmative, and, on hearing my reply, he said gently that he should have the pleasure of trusting himself to my guidance for that trip, and, if I had no objection, and could find room for him, he would be my companion upon the Black Bess. Of course I perceived his intention sufficiently well; and perhaps it was an unwise thing for him to propose, for his mere presence was more likely to conjure up the appearance than to help me overcome it.

If, now, I tell the rest of the story as it appeared to me then, and as my troubled brain received it, it is because remembrance is nearly as vivid as the suffering, and I can hardly say today where reason ends and phantasms begin.

We had a snowy night for this excursion of Dr. Blanchard's, so much is certain; not like that great, white, whirling storm in which the face, all wrapped in folds of bridled lace, filled before me and rested till I topped, and not all the big poles in the company's use could then have advanced the snowed-up train an inch; but a night of gusty flaps, when a light down dropped on the track and was gone, and velvet flakes draped spray and twigs of the woodland and shook off shiveringly as we passed, and snow softly dashed hindlingly across our path and vaned, and all the play was a grey and dawning bewilderment.

I knew that, whatever the weather was, Margaret would not fail me; the station, as I then felt the doctor, as we neared Lenoxford, what right there was in step for him at that place, and remarked that it was, may be, fortunate for me that night that Margaret had really to cross the track, in order to reach the look-out that I had just passed. I looked up, and saw her, as I have said, the width of her arms, and her hair, both together. But Dr. Blanchard shook his head, and laid me out my own bit of head, and I had time to wonder if I could be so stupid as to think her capable of taking any of her life.

And looking out into the wavering whiteness by the glare of the head-light, I saw the doctor, north his gruff advice, all at once—"That There!" I cried. "That there!" "When?" I demanded, the doctor springing to gaze over my shoulder, as if his unmarked vision could have discerned so much as an outline in that thick fog. "Down it! Don't be mad! Drive on!" "When?" I insisted on. "That's right before us. A woman's figure. See! she has turned her hands; she sees us; she did not fear us in that spot, we have frightened her; she trembles, she falls, she is lying on the track, she cannot get up—that face, that white face—it is Margaret's!"

"By God! there is no woman there!" he replied, before I had finished. "My eyes are as keen as yours. I tell you there is not a sign of her before us till we reach the Bradford lights there, a mile away!" I hardly heard him. I had stretched out my hand to pull up, when I caught a sidelong glimpse of her, brandishing an iron bar above my head. "Touch that handle!" he cried, "and I will knock you down!" And then he interposed his self between my hand and it. "You are mad," I said, calmly, and believing what I said. "Do you suppose I fear your billy? While I am master of the Black Bess he does not run down a woman—best of all that can be."

To be continued.

ODESSA OCCURRENCES.

Accidents—Free Newspapering—A Kell-gious Boom—Honor Roll.

ODESSA, March 6.—Thos. Pollet and Geo. A. Aylesworth and family have removed to Kingston. John Cairns has been appointed caretaker of the school house. Geo. Ham, removing a load of stove wood to Napanee, upset, receiving a slight scalp wound. Morgan Seward, arranging some machinery in the woolen factory, fell on the bobbin machine, forcing a spindle through his right hand.

The farmers are plowing—pitch holes out of the road. Papers copying will please state the fact or some cranks will accuse us of lying. The ice houses are being filled with a good article.

Friday was a busy day in division court, Judge Wilkison presiding. It costs something to run a newspaper. There's the printer and the devil to pay, ink, paper and plant to buy, wear and tear on plant, capital and the patient editor's brains, and other expenses too numerous to mention. Still we want to use this vast equipment free to advance our selfish interests such as concerts, bazaars, and what not affairs where your ticket or head is invariably punched at the door. Looks thin, don't it? Hatched, matched, and dispatched occurrences must also be accompanied by the advertised charge "not necessary for publication but as a guarantee of good faith."

Visitors: Mrs. H. A. Timmerman, Port Arthur; Miss Fitzsimmons, Brockville; Miss Berta Booth, Smith's Falls, and Mrs. J. W. Davy, Kingston. Miss Hilda Smith and Miss Hattie Derbyshire are spending a pleasant holiday at Ottawa. Honor roll Odessa public school, for February: Fifth Senior, Robt. E. Preston, principal—Ada Montgomery, Ed Sproule. Fifth Junior, Archie Young, Lottie Schermerhorn, Ethel Maybee, Agatha Booth, Lena Booth. Fourth Senior, Floss Derbyshire, Guy Watts, Ernest Young, Harry Timmerman, Earl H. Storms, William McAlister. Fourth Junior, Allie McCormac, Siddle Davy, Nellie McCormic, Annie Snider. Third Senior, Miss Henry, teacher—Jessie Chamberlain, Wallace Laidley, Harry Lee, Robert Cairns. Third Junior, Carrie Stenburgh, Georgie Montgomery, Willie Cairns, Henry Murphy. No. 2, Teresa Young, Mable Mabee, Esther Chamberlain, Douglas Laidley.

Second Senior, Miss Henry, teacher—Lena Hartman, Willie McCormic, Blanch Hogle, Mary McConnell. Second Junior, Eddie Walker, Mamie Wright, Laura Davy, Alex. Emmons. First Senior, Ethel Chamberlain, Ada Babcock, Horace Mabee, Addie Babcock. First Junior, Harry Cairns, Kenneth Laidley, Calvin Emmons, Frank Morrison.

Common Croup Is often fatal when not remedied in time. Leslie B. Nicholson, 19 Wellesley Avenue, says: "As a quick cure for croup, colds, colds, sore throat, chilblains, etc., I can recommend Hagyard's Yellow Oil." It is a sure cure. Directions accompany each bottle.

TRAVELLING.

CUNARD LINE.



NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, (CALLING AT CORK HARBOR).

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 of existence.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE

AURANIA, March 9, 11 a.m. UMBRIA, Saturday, March 16th, 4:30 a.m. SERVICIA, Saturday, March 23rd, 10:30 a.m. BORTHIA, Saturday, March 27th, 2:30 p.m. ETRURIA, Saturday, March 30, 4:30 a.m. AURANIA, Saturday, 6, 9:30 a.m. GALLIA, Saturday, April 10th, 1 p.m. UMBRIA, Saturday, April 13th, 3 p.m.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin—\$60, \$80 and \$100, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage—\$35 From Pier 40, N. R., New York. Steerage at Very Low Rates. Steerage Tickets to and from London and Queens town and all other parts of Europe at low rates.

Through Bills of Lading given for Belfast, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp and other points on the Continent and for Mediterranean ports. For freight and passage apply at Company's Office, No. 4, Bowling Green New York.

VERNON H. BROWN & CO., Or to J. P. Gildersleeve, Agent, 42 Clarence Street, Kingston.

ALLAN LINE.

WINTER SAILINGS.

From Portland. From Halifax. SARDINIAN, Jan. 18, Saturday, Jan. 12 Cabin—\$30, \$65 and \$75, according to accommodation. Intermediate \$30. Steerage \$20. Return tickets from Liverpool to Portland or Glasgow—Cabin \$100, \$125 and \$150, according to position of stateroom. Intermediate \$60. Steerage \$40.

Steerage passengers are booked to and from Queenstown, Derry, 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. For full information regarding the selection of berths can be obtained from

THOMAS HANLEY, World's Ticket Agent, Corner Johnson and Ontario Streets, Kingston.

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 ON 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 8:20 p.m.; Ottawa, 5:45 p.m. Montreal, 7:45 p.m.; Quebec, 6:30 a.m.; Renfrew, 8:10 p.m.; Pembroke, 7:58 p.m. No. 1 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:30 a.m.; arrives at Sharbot Lake 10:00 a.m., and Renfrew 2:45 p.m. No. 5 Mixed leaves Kingston at 4:45 p.m.; arrives at Sharbot 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 Sharbot Lake for all points east and west. Arrives Ottawa, 6:45 a.m.; Montreal, 8:00 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. Supt.

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THE GREAT ONTARIO SHORT LINE.

Most Direct Route to Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia and Pacific Coast, Via North Bay.

Time saved and direct connections made by this route. SPECIAL COLONIST TRAINS will be run EVERY TUESDAY during the months of March and April, with colonist free sleeping car attached. Intending passengers are recommended to communicate as early as possible with the agent of the Grand Trunk Railway.

Passenger trains leave the new City Passenger Depot, foot of Johnson Street, as follows: GOING EAST. No. 1, at 1:50 p.m. No. 2, at 3:50 p.m. No. 3, at 2:00 a.m. No. 4, at 2:00 a.m. Mixed, at 6:10 a.m. No. 5, at 5:05 a.m. No. 6, at 7:30 a.m. Mixed, at 7:30 p.m. No. 7, at 7:30 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.

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Hot and Cold Baths at all hours at JONES' TONSORIAL PARLOR

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

THE CITY DIRECTORY.

Hotels and Restaurants.

ISLAND HOUSE—Best cigars and liquors. Meals at regular hours. W. DOYLE, Manager. Square, BURNETT HOUSE, Ontario St., nearest first-class hotel to G. T. R. and K. & P. stations. T. WILSON, Proprietor. ALBION HOTEL, corner Queen and Montreal Streets, well situated, with yard and stabling. NELSON SWITZER, Proprietor. OTTAWA HOTEL, corner Ontario and Princess Streets. First-class accommodation; yard and stabling. JAMES NORRIS, Proprietor. SCOTT'S HOTEL, cor. Queen and Ontario Sts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Fine liquors and cigars. Good yard and stabling. A. SIMPSON. ANGLo-AMERICAN HOTEL, most convenient and popular hotel in city, opposite to G.T.R. station and steamboat landings. Mrs. SHANAHAN

Livery Establishments.

F. A. BIBBY, 129 Brock Street, the leading hack and livery stable in the city. Telephone No. 107. T. C. WILSON, 120 Clarence Street, the largest and longest established livery in the city. Telephone No. 179. Vehicles ready at a moment's notice.

ELDER BROS., New Livery in connection with St. Lawrence Hotel on King Street. Fine 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 a first-class livery. Special rates to opera and commercial men. Telephone No. 10.

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FOR LATEST AMERICAN STYLES, guaranteed to fit, go to A. O'BRIEN'S, 209 Princess St., above Sydenham.

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