

AYER & CO'S NOTICE.

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alternative, and causes a radical change in the system.

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia.

"Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly, and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume the malady is hereditary.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable.

"If her father had only been in some decent trade, I should not have minded half so much."

"Well, mother, it's not to be denied that the great firm of Harding, Metal & Co. did make their money by the manufacture of those useful little articles, but I don't see what that matters?

"I can't go on any longer! I know that Knottingham can't afford to do more for me than he has done, and I won't take another penny of yours—I've robbed you both enough as it is.

"No, it's not all," moaned the dowager, refusing to be comforted.

"All the more reason I wish to urge against asking Miss Harding here next week is, that Laura Fairfax will be with us then," and a tinge of aristocratic spite was apparent in her ladyship's tones as she spoke.

"All the more reason for her to come then, mother, I should say. It's as well to make sure that one really has lived down the follies of one's youth before asking some one else to share the wisdom of one's middle age."

"Worthy of me!" re-echoed Francis Erldon in bitter sarcasm.

"Do? Is it a thing to be proud of to sell oneself for an heiress' money bags? to wish to rob a girl who at least has never done one any harm, of every chance in life of being married for sake of what she is, not for sake of what she has got? No, it will be a very one-sided bargain, mother; so keep all your pity for her, poor girl, if ever she marries me!"

"And Lord Francis Erldon, the impetuous younger son of a defunct Scotch peer, threw the morning paper down on the breakfast table with most unnecessary violence, as he rose from his chair and took up a commanding position on the hearthrug, the better to face his lady mother and all her expected remonstrances.

"The Dowager Countess of Knottingham was tres-grande dame, that all the world realized, for was she not born a Pendragon of Tintagel, a family which claimed to have lived for many generations before ever the Norman laid the Saxon low? And as if it were not hard enough to know that her eldest son was a confirmed old bachelor, with a mania for moths, here was her favorite child, her Benjamin, threatening to sully the family escutcheon by a contemplated matrimonial alliance with a simple manufacturer's daughter, to whose children the time honored title of Knottingham must in all probability descend.

"The great cheerful breakfast room at Erldon house was a perfect blaze of warmth and sunshine on this bright September morning, but the faces of both mother and son were clouded and dark, and the barometer stood obviously at 'stormy.'"

"If her father had only been in some decent trade, I should not have minded half so much," observed the irate dowager, after a melancholy pause.

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As Night Follows Day.

By HON. MRS. FETHERSTONHAUGH.



WELL, it's my last chance of pulling through, mother, so there's no use hesitating about it; all your life you have been urging me to marry an heiress, and now that I want to do so, you make moan over it as if I were bringing utter disgrace on the whole family!"

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money for him, but oh! if only it had not been buttons!"

A week later, and the hour 8 p. m. saw what the local county paper called "a large and aristocratic company" assembled before dinner in the long tapestry hung drawing room of Erldon house.

Lady Knottingham was moving amongst her guests with urbane and stately dignity, trying hard to conceal by the warmth of her own manner the bored coldness of her eldest son's, the actual lord of the domain. After submitting with ill grace to one or two necessary introductions to people who were there as his own guests, Lord Knottingham had subsided sulkily into a dark corner far away from every one, only wishing from the bottom of his weak heart and mind that he had the nerve to get up and run away, turning his back on them all sans ceremony.

Lord Francis Erldon, as he stood beside his hated great aunt of Doldrum's chair, and soothed that worthy old fidget's dread of draughts, and fears for the consequences of uncovering her old shoulders so recklessly at her time of life, formed a striking contrast to his sowing and feroce elder brother. His handsome thoroughbred face wore the kindly smile which he always seemed to have for high or low, and the true courtesy of his bright winning manner invariably gained for him much flattering favor from both women and men, for Francis Erldon was one of those many in this world who are "nobody's enemy but their own."

And yet an old friend of his was sitting even now amongst that assembled throng, who was rapidly changing into a calmly vindictive enemy; such an enemy as only a woman can become who sees her power over a man dying out, when her love for that same man has been merely a passing caprice, born of vanity—not the real and loyal faith which forgives all, and with lips trembling with pain can still lovingly say: "The king can do no wrong!"

When Francis Erldon was but a lad of 20, fresh from college, Laura Gray had given him his first lesson in woman's perfidy—had engaged herself to him for the space of one week, during which she had coquetted with and fooled him to the top of the bent, and when the "black Monday" came, she had quietly intimated that he was no longer wanted, and must give place to a better, i. e., a richer man, whose unexpected offer of marriage lay carefully concealed in her pocket at that very moment.

The boy was too young and too honest to conceal his dire pain, and when they met again ten years later, after Laura had become both wife and widow in the interim, the eagerness with which her willow victim accepted the very first overtures which the fascinating Mrs. Fairfax tendered to him, caused that astute lady to smile inwardly with a dulcet murmur: "What fools men are!"

And so the old game was played out in the old fashion—the man honestly and nobly in earnest, longing for the day when he should take this woman to be his wife until death should part; the woman retaining his allegiance as a sop to her own vanity, but never for one instant losing either her heart or her head in a transaction which in her private estimation was always found to be regarded from a prosaic and business like point of view; and to give up her rich jointure (as she was bound to do if she married again) for sake of a younger son encumbered with debt, seemed to her philosophical soul nothing short of perfect lunacy.

So for a year two things drifted on, and the fair widow still pleaded for "time;" but one fine day Francis Erldon lost all patience and forced the plain truth from her at last, that if she ever did consent to forfeit her rich inheritance, it would be for sake of an elder son and not a younger. He wasted no words on such a woman as Laura Fairfax, but turned on his heel and left her then and there—and never again did her beautiful face and caressing tones regain their hold on him.

But because he still treated her with polite courtesy whenever they met, her inordinate vanity prompted the invariable thought so soothing to itself, "poor fellow, he has not got over it." And the blow to that same vanity had been severe when Lady Knottingham, with scarcely veiled spite, told her of the expected arrival of the great heiress that very night, and all the hopes and fears which she entertained with regard to the success that she prayed might be the portion of her most dearly beloved younger son, in securing unto himself the richly endowed hand of the millionaire's daughter.

Seated rather near the entrance door to the drawing room with a background of palms and ferns setting off her pale rose pink dress to good advantage, pretty Mrs. Fairfax was actively engaged in discussing the projected matrimonial alliance in the plainest and most uncomplimentary terms, with a confidential friend on whose sympathy she could rely.

"So vulgar as she must be, too!" sighed the fair widow with ostentatious sorrow for her quondam lover. "Think how it must gild the pride of a man like Francis Erldon to be reduced to selling himself for gold to the button maker's daughter!"

"Insufferable! And after the experience which has been his of what a sweet woman can be! and Cassandra Toady turned one eye towards her companion to see how this bare faced flattery went down, and the other up to the heavens to denote her indignation at man's faithfulness."

"Take care, my dear Cassandra, your emotion is mastering your eyesight," observed Mrs. Fairfax spitefully. "I couldn't tell for an instant whether you were admiring the chandelier or myself! But I wonder whether this heiress will appear covered with diamonds presently—she's sure to do something outrageous."

To be continued.

Few Think

Of the wonderful processes constantly being conducted within the human body, and all are prone to forget that new blood must be supplied to replace the effete and disintegrating atoms, which, if allowed to remain within the body, do so at the peril of health if not of life itself.

Nature sometimes fails to eliminate as rapidly as necessary the waste material of the organism, and it is then that Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut prove of the greatest value. They speedily harmonize every irregularity of action and restore, as if by magic, the wonted measure of health and strength. Hamilton's Pills are entirely vegetable in composition, and are safe to employ under the circumstances. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine.

Shiloh's Catharr Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker-Mouth. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

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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 Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates.

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

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

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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 8:20 p.m.; Ottawa, 5:45 p.m. Montreal, 7:25 p.m.; Quebec, 6:30 a.m.; Renfrew, 5:10 p.m.; Pembroke, 7:58 p.m.

No. 1 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:20 a.m.; arrives at Scharbot Lake 10:00 a.m., and Renfrew 2:45 p.m.

No. 5 Mixed leaves Kingston at 4:15 p.m.; arrives at Scharbot 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 Scharbot Lake for all points east and west. Arrives Ottawa, 5:25 a.m.; Montreal, 8:00 a.m.; Quebec, 9:30 p.m.; Toronto, 7:28 a.m.

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.

All information regarding the selection of berths can be obtained from THOMAS HANLEY, World's Ticket Agent, Corner Johnson and Ontario Streets, GRAND TRUNK CITY PASSENGER STATION

USE ONLY THE IZDAHL BRAND OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.



THE GREAT STANDARD REMEDY for all weaknesses and Diseases of the Lungs, Impaired Nutrition, etc. This oil is pure, fresh, nearly tasteless, and therefore most suitable for delicate digestion.

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IN THE ESSENTIAL QUALITIES OF Durability, Evenness of Point, and Workmanship. Works: Birmingham, England SOLD BY LEADING STATIONERS.

ANY DOG CAN MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET BY TAKING HIS TAIL IN HIS MOUTH.

WE TAKE OUR TALE IN OUR MOUTH TO SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET Our tale's true, and if you heed it, it will enrich you. Be economical and trade with

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

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