AYER & CO'S NOTICE

Best of All

Cough medicines, Aver's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known, as this. It is the family medieine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but mone does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint."— Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lung., whether in children or adults." - Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a oure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."-Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severa cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was soprostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit. my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever." - Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

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

PROVINCIAL.

J. M. FORTIER.

WHOLESALE CIGAR MANUFACTURER

145 to 151 St. Maurice Street,

MONTREAL.

Private Brands for the Jobbing Trade a specialty.

THIS YEAR'S MYRTLE

CUT AND PLUG SMOKING :-: TOBACCO

FINER THAN EVER.

-SEE-

In Bronze on Each Plug and Package.



Customs' Injuries.

Described by a Noted London Dentist Gentlemen: I consider the bristle tooth brush has to answer in no little measure for the re-cealing gums around the necks of the teeth so



I have no hesitation in saying that any one who uses it for one week will never go back to the old bristle brush with its attendant miseries of loose bristles and constantly wounded gums.—

Faithfully yours, J. Shipley Slipper, Dental Surgeon, For sale by all druggists At wholesale by Lyman, Knox & Co. Mon-treal. Manufactured by the Horsey Manufac-turing Co., Utica, N.Y.



Manufacturers of all kinds of

RUBBER AND - METAL - HAND - STAMPS Notary, Society and Corporate Seals. Steel Stamps and Stencils Cut to Order. 86 KING ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT. AGENTS WANTED.

APPRENTICES WANTED B? MISS W. M. SMITH, Wellington Street, over P. Ohlke's Picture Store. New Improved Method of Cutting, without use of pat'erns, taught in one day. Dressmaking, etc. All work warranted.

By ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

Hark! what was that? She tore her veil from her head, and with it came her hat. Great masses of black hair fell down her shoulders, and a white, young face shone out in the moonlight, lovely even in its terror. The noise was but the piping of an insect, but it sounded like a distant shriek. Then the wind stirred the dry buffalo grass, and it seemed to the panic stricken woman as though it was the voices of men pursuing. Her hair arose, and all the blood in her body rallied in her heart. She would have fainted had it not been for the wailing of the dependent baby in her arms. What should she do? Her first impulse was to run from what might be behind her. But her feeble limbs failed at the sight of the wide plains and obstructing sage brush. If she could but get upon the stage and drive. She went to the horses and spoke to them. One of them whinnied in reply, and that encouraged her. She crept between them, talking to them all the time in trembling, beseeching tones, and got the lines out from beneath their hoofs. Then holding the reins and the baby in one arm, she scrambled on to the wheel, and from there to the driver's seat. Everything was so big, the lines, the seat, the brake, her little feet did not reach the dash board, but rested on some sacks of barley that filled the forward boot. In this barley she made a nest for the baby. When she was ready to start, it was evident that she was not ignorant of driving. She held the lines and whip like the amateur drivers of the New York Coaching clubs. The horses had been restive during these prolonged preparations, and they started off freely at her timorous word. And now the distraction of driving

and the sense of motion diminished her first ghastly horror and replaced it with nervous excitement. She had no difficulty in finding the road, the horses took her back to it. When she reached it. however, she stopped to look around and determine which way led to Pack City. It would be frightful to make a mistake and drive back into that awful tragedy. She thought with a shudder of what might be there, dead or living, in the moonlit road or in the blackness of the bushes. She wondered what had become of the driver. Was it his body that she had seen fall from the stage? He must be either dead or wounded; perhaps he was only wounded. She would send back help instantly from Pack City. But when she decided on the direction she still hesitated. The recollection of that tall, broad shouldered young driver, who had been so kind and courteous to her, persisted in obtruding itself on her mind. Perhaps if he was only wounded he might be dying now for want of a little help. He had helped her in her need, he had helped her baby. In common humanity ought she not to go back to his assistance? Was it not cowardly to take the stage and desert him? Longing to go the other way and weeping hysterically, she finally turned the reluctant horses toward the canyon.

The moon had lit up the wicinity of the scrub oaks by the time the stage moved slowly back on the scene. All was silent and deserted. Suddenly the horses snorted and shied at a mass of blue cloth lying in the road. The woman turned the team to one side and drove it against some trees. Then taking her baby in her arms she crept down from her perch, and, starting at every sound, stole her way to the prostrate form. It was the driver's face which she uncovered, as ghastly white as her own, and smirched with blood and dust. Then she slipped her hand under his coat and laid it over his heart. It was still beating. Hurriedly she searched his pockets for the flask that he had used in her service but a few hours before; it was her turn now. She lifted his head and poured the raw whisky generously down his throat. He responded with a groan and a gasp that frightened her anew, and then struggled to a sitting posture. "Water!" he cried, "for God's sake, water!" Then, as she hesitated, he continued faintly, "my hat. There's a spring over there," and lay down with another groan.

Her fear was dispelled by the sound of his voice. She found the spring, and filling his hat, let him drink, and bathed his face and head. He revived at this treatment, and, again sitting up, took out his knife, and asked her to cut his sleeve off. "I am losing blood terribly from my arm," he explained. She bravely but tremblingly did as she was told. When she had cut away the soaked cloth and bared the massive arm, he helped her to improvise a tourniquet with his handkerchief and a piece of stick, and the bleeding was stopped. After a second dose of whisky and water he commenced to improve rapidly. She bound another cloth around his head. "The fellow with the rifle did that," he said. "That is what knocked me off the box. It's only a graze, but it was a mighty close call." Then he struggled to his fect and looking around saw the stage. "They didn't get the box, did they?" he cried eagerly.

"I don't know," she said, taking up her baby and hushing its cries. "I don't think so. The horses ran away."

"The horses ran away!" he said, staring wonderingly for the first time at the pretty, white face that was raised to his. "Well, but-why-how did the stage get back here?"

"I brought it back," she replied, low-



"You brought it back!" he exclaimed.

"You brought it back!" he exclaimed; "you!" For a few minutes the wounded lieutenant looked down at the slight form of the woman who stood before him in the moonlight, veiled in her own long black hair. Then, as he realized what she had done, he took off his hat and dropped it

placed hers frankly within it, and he raised the little gauntlet respectfully to his lips. "You are very brave," he said with considerable feeling; "I am glad to think that perhaps I owe you my life." The Johnstown stage was later than ever that night when it drew up in front

of Abe Goldstein's store, in Pack City. Simultaneously with its arrival the drinking and gambling saloons and other places of public resort suddenly became deserted. It was said that a woman had driven the stage in, and that a man with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling was sitting alongside of her, holding a baby. While Wells-Fargo's box and the mail sacks were being taken out, for Goldstein's store was also the express and postoffice, the story was briefly given to the crowd. Then a cheering, pistol firing procession accompanied the stage down the street to the hotel. Here a dozen strong arms fairly lifted the woman from the box, while the baby was only rescued from its mob of volunteer bearded nurses by the energetic intervention of the muscular landlady. The lieutenant himself, after being enthusiastically asked to drink in the aggregate liquor enough to have stocked a wholesale whisky store, was put to bed and a messenger dispatched for the surgeon at the fort.

Meantime a little party of horsemen swiftly and silently rode out of the town in the direction whence the stage had come. The next day the lieutenant was informed that Whistling Dick had been found dead in the road at the head of Stony creek grade. A false gray beard had been picked up near the body, and was thoughtfully offered to the lieutenant as a memento. "We struck the other fellow's trail," said his informant, "in that clump of scrub oak. He was wounded, and there wasn't any trouble in following it. We finally corralled him down in Stony creek. But he was game, and played that gun of his for all it was worth before we took him in. You never would have guessed, now, that it was Jim Gatoby himself, the company's new driver. But that's who it was, for a fact. I've heard since that the express folks kind of suspicioned him of standing in on that last robbery."

One year has passed. Again the silent City of Rocks has lost its sharp outlines in the shimmering heat of a July afternoon. On the bench outside of the stage house door Nate, the station keeper, is sitting, reading a month-old newspaper. On the edge of the water trough opposite him Frank, the helper, is mending a horse collar. Presently Nate threw down the paper and said: "Well, I'll be durned!" Frank looked up inquiringly. Nate, rolling a cigarette from a piece of brown wrapping paper, continued: "Ye rec'lect the old gen'l'man from the states wot went up the line about two months after Lieut. Calverly laid out Whistling Dick and that smarty of a Jim Gatesby?" Frank nodded his head. He was a

man of few words. "Ye rec'lect how many questions he asked about that little rumpus? Specially bout the lady with the kid, who showed such a heap o' sand? That old gen'l man

was her father.' "I knowed that," said Frank, in a tone that resented having his interest excited

to no purpose. "Of course ye knowed it," replied Nate, calmly. "Didn't he perk up his head like a grass fed cayuse and tell ye so when he brought her down the line agin about two weeks afterward? Of course ye knowed it. Didn't he tell every mother's son all along the line that it was his daughter? Why, when he went out to the Sahatlin agency and got her to give up teachin' the Injuns' kids and go back home with him, they tell me that he set up the drinks fer the whole durned town. But ye didn't year how it was that the lady ever come out into this country to teach siwashes, did ye? No! Well, then, the way of it was this. She bucked agin the old man in gittin' married. She lowed her jedgment laid over his, but it didn't pan out worth a durn. Her husband was no good, and when he found her father wasn't going to chip in to help 'em along, he went back on her. But she didn't go nosing 'round the old man to be tuk back. That warn't her style. She just got an appintment as school teacher out yere, which was 'bout as fur away as she could git. But she hadn't no more'n gone when her husband passed in his checks in a railroad smash up. Well, the old man didn't know where she were, till one day he came across a newspaper tellin' 'bout the stage being jumped out yere. Then he got on to her trail, and followed her up and tuk her home. P'raps ye rec'lect that about two months afterward the lieutenant went back to the states. Nat'rally. Well, I'm a sluice robber of him and she ain't got married! Yes, sir, yere it is in the paper. They say the old man's richer than Blue Gulch, and give 'em a couple of hundred thousand to start on. And wot's more, among the weddin' presents they got was a solid silver tea set with a 'scription on it, as how it was presented to Lieut. and Mrs. George W. Calverly

defense of the Johnstown stage.' THE END.

by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, 'in

grateful remembrance of their gallant

Etiquette in the Saddle. The empress of Austria sits alternately

on either side of her horse, and has saddles made in both ways. This plan is adopted by several of the noble ladies of England who hunt regularly.

The advantages of riding on one hand or the other of the escort are equally balanced. When riding on the right side the lady is protected from passing vehicles; on the left, her escort is enabled more quickly and safely to take her horse by the head.

The seat should be in the middle of the saddle, not on either side. The wrists should bend inward so a to permit of a little play of the wrist joint at each tug of the horse on the reins.

In rising to the trot, bear outwardly with the left heel, which will keep the knee close against the saddle and prevent the leg from swaying about, At the same time be careful not to rise towards the left.

It looks well to see a lady cantering beside a gentleman who is trotting, but the reverse never seems quite good form. In this country top boots for the groom are by no means de rigueur, and under many circumstances would savor more of pretense than of real gentility.

The groom should never canter, but should trot in a business like way, rising in his stirrups, or, if necessary, should gallop, sitting straight, with hands low and feet thrust home in the stirrups.

The English rule for country riding and the park alike requires a gentleman to pull up and pass a lady, if alone, at a walk, whether she be on foot or on horseback.-Horsemanship for Women.

Pacific measure—I'wo for one.

in the read, having but one available arm, and offered her his hand. She placed hers frankly within it, and he raised the little gauntlet respectfully to

PEOPLE OF KINGSTON AND VICINITY IN GENERAL.

The announcement that DR. KERGAN, IN PERSON, is to visit Kingston, having created wide-spread interest and brought many letters of inquiry to Headquarters, we desire to say that

DR. D. KERGAN, WILL VISIT KINGSTON IN PERSON, REMAINING AT THE

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL, FROM

Tuesday Morning, April 9th, UNTIL TUESDAY NIGHT, April 16th.

Accompanying the Doctor will be the most skilled and experienced members of his International Medical Council, thus insuring those who suffer from any CHRONIC or supposed incurable disease, peculiar to their sex or otherwise, an opportunity to obtain the critical opinion and candid advice, FREE OF CHARGE, of the most experienced and successful Medical

Specialists in America.



CONSUMPTION CURED. The symptoms of this universal and much dreaded disease are too well known to need any comment at this moment. The great trouble is that persons afflicted with consumption are unwilling to believe it, until they are so far gone as to be incurable, or if curable to any degree, they are always liable to a sudden return of the most unfavorable symptoms. OUR SUCCESS in the treatment of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and all Lung Diseases is due largely to the use of the Pulmonoplenean instrument of Dr. Kergan's invention. We can guarantee success where the regular practitioner would shake his head and say "Incurable," "Too late," etc.

Do not neglect the troublesome cough, the tired feeling or cold spot in the back, usually under shoulder blades. Come to us prepared to learn the truth regarding your the case. When physician and patient fully understand one another, success is surer.

DYSPEPSIA.

The popular American disease cured. Americans and Canadians generally generally eat too much and too fast, their overworked stomachs rebel, and they suffer: some but little, some greatly. Some would die if they could. You will know Dyspepsia by the bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, dry hot feeling from the mouth to stomach, especially after eating, pain, tenderness, or fullness of stomach, belching of mind, raising of sour and bitter water, and in other cases of tasteless water, with fragments of food or an oily substance, burning feeling in stomach, a morbid fear of death, or an indescribable feeling of despondency and utter disgust with life, pain in forehead and temples, drowsiness, subject to bad dreams, etc. Bad disposition usually gets "the blues," and very miserable all around, Don't invite Dyspepsia by irregular habits, etc. You cannot be cheerful and agreeable if you are a Dyspeptic.

 Below are given a few samples of the letters (and extracts from letters) being received daily by Dr Kergan and his International Medical Council. The Doctor will have with him hundreds of original letters received from grateful patients. Call at the hotel and see them if you are interested. STUDY THESE PEN PICTURES

If you see your trouble portrayed in any you should do as they (the patients) did and consult Dr. Kergan and his I. M. C. A. Staff. You will not be disappointed.

Names of patients not mentioned except by permission \$500 forfeited if we cannot prove every statement.

REFERENCES.

Harvey McKenna, the champion billiardist of the world, well known in Canada, was cured during the summer of '88 of consumption by Dr. Kergan, after being sent home from Washington, D. C., by Dr. Hamilton, to die-now enjoying good health and following his profession. His permanent address is 57 Grand River St., Detroit.

John Goforth, of Marckton, Ont., cured in two months of consumption, after being pronounced "Incurable" by honest but inexperienced physicians.

J. H. Baskerville, of Orillia, cured in less than three months of consumption, after six of the best doctors in that vicinity gave him up as "Incurable."

I. D. Boardman, a prominent newspaper man of Michigan (now proprietor and editor Petersburg, Mich., Bulletin), contracted Lung Disease during the war time, then a young man, but returned home broken down, declined into consumption in '79, had several bleeding spells, given up to die, but saved by Dr. Kergan-Now '89 and in excellent health.

REFERENCES.

Jos. Drapeau, of Montreal, employed by the L'Etendard, resides at No. 199 Guy street, cured in three months. Cause of trouble—Ulceration of Stomach and Bowels. Before applying to us treated for Dypepsia without benefit.

Jno. O'Brian, a well-known resident of Bank St., Ottawa, a dreadful sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia, cured in three months. Dyspepsia cured to stay cured by us; will guarantee it never returns.

S. P. Orr, of So. Dudswell, P. Q., recently wrote us: "I feel a thousand times better than I did four weeks ago." Mr. O. will receive a derfect cure for Dypepsia and Habitual Constipation, accompanied by a whole train of bad symptoms. Hundreds of cases like his in Kingston.

THE WORST CASE coming under our care, and one that received the worst treat ment at the hands of "Family Dectors," Mr. Geo. Haine, of Clifford, Mich.. He was treated for Consumption and then Kidney Disease. Finally, despairing he applied to us, and, wonderful to say, after remaining at our institution one month, returned home nearly well. Dyspepsia and its worst complications caused all the trouble. Mr. H. continued treatment about three months and was completely cured.

RHEUMATISM, if you got it you will know it. If you want to get cured of it forever you will consult Dr. Kergan and his I. M. C. specialists on Constitutional and Blood Diseases. Mever yet failed to perfectly cure or greatly benefit even the worst cases.

SKIN DISEASES are divided into three great classes (1), diseases on the skin; (2) diseases in the skin; (3) diseases under the skin. They all depend on some great causes which are also divided into three divis.ons, (1) hereditary or ante natal causes (2) constitutional or acquired causes; (3) local or accidental causes. They have received from us a large share of attention, and have become one of the wost important departments of our practice. We treat, with unvarying success, all classes of skin diseases, malignant or benign, from the simple pimple to the worst form of lepra, lupus, or keloid growth. The vast range of our experience in these diseases makes our opinion and advice valuable to all suf-

Mrs. Wm. T., Napanee, Ont. Case No. 9,374, of 1888. Cured of cancer of the breast without use of knife or plaster. H. S. H., of Kingtson, cured of an affection of the skin, the results of disease contracted when a young man. Miss Eva McHugh, of Brockville, Ont.,

had an eruptive disease on eyelids, treated for nearly a year at Brockville and Kingston, was finally cured by Dr. Kergan in Chas. Rurwash, of Picton, skin disease

affected forehead, scalp and ears; got it dried up once, but broke out again. months' treatment at home failed to remove it. May 1887 he visited Detroit and took treatment home with him. It lasted three months and completely cured him. Now '89 and no sign of it reappearing. Spent over \$200 trying to cure it. We cured it for one-tifth that. It will never cost a cent for our treatment if it returns again.

Hundreds of the most wondeful cures are being yearly effected in these diseases. Call and see the evidence of our superiority. Our specialists are recognised authority on blood and skin diseases.

AN INNOCENT LOOKING LITTLE SORE oftimes developes into a powerful and dangerous enemy. Take advice now while Dr. Kergan is in Kingston if you suffer from any continuous or periodical Blood or Skin Disease.

DISEASES PECULIAR TO WOMEN-To speak separately and fully of the incident to girlhood, womanhood, motherhood would require more space than can here be allotted, consequently it's better to say nothing than to say but little. Every mother is aware of trials and experiences through which their daughters must pass, and should be ever mindful of their physical as well as moral welfare. Right here we are brought to the consideration of a subject often overlooked at home and entirely avoided by teachers (both school and church) it is the indulgence in unmentionable habits generally attributed to the male sex. Parents, watch closely. You must remember girls as well as boys are human; one wicked companion will spoil a dozen good playmates. Don't be afraid to teach the young folks, or if you cannot, will not or don't know how to do so properly, have a kind person, pastor or intelligent physician do so for you. Could serrowing fathers and broken-hearted motherssee the thousands of letters we have received from young and middle-aged men and women, bemoaning their ignorance, their fate, and their parents neglect, and realize the earnestness of their appeals to us for advice and assistance, they would not wonder at the cause of their sorrow and grief. These are a few simple facts that cannot be laughed at or ridiculed only at the expense of thousands of thoughtless, innocent young

women and bright promising young men. TO ALL YOUNG PERSONS Dr. Kergan extends a friendly hand and a warm heart. In him they will find a kind and genial parent, a trusty, ski'led adviser, and a friend worthy of their confidence and faithful to their interests. If through ignorance you have fallen victim to disease or dissipation, visit him, he will heal you and restore you to the path of health and happiness. REMEMBER HE IS HERE only from April 9th to the l6th.

References and Testimonials from men and women cured of diseases peculiar to their sex, or of diseases of more private nature, will be shown at the hotel to all candid investigators, or printed copies will be mailed with special treatise from headquarters. Address DR. J. D. KERGAN, or the I.M.C. Association, Detroit, Mich.