Miscellaneous

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin, as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.

Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; 6 bottles for $5.

The Adulteration of Food Act

PROVIDES PENALTIES FOR THE

KEEPING & SELLING

—OF—

Impure Articles of Diet.

This applies to the Retail Trade as well as Wholesale. Dealers are hereby reminded that

LYMAN, SONS & CO.,

Montreal,

GRIND, PUT UP, AND SELL

Pure Spices,

AND NONE OTHER.

See that the name of the firm is on each package.

Custom grinding done for the trade. Good work and reasonable rates guaranteed.

Nov. 3.

FRESH FISH.

RECEIVED DAILY!

OF ALL KINDS IN THEIR SEASON—Kept in the best of Refrigerators. No old stock kept as the surplus is shipped every day to other markets. Our fish are far better than those exposed to the air, sun and dust on market.

DO NOT JOCKEY IN PRICES. Your child can buy as cheap as you can.

Also the Best of Canned Goods Fruit, Oysters, &c.

W. C. HORTON,

62 BROCK STREET.

June 13.

THE CELEBRATED

COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

is a Pure Fruit ACID POWDER

It contains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia and may be used by the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety. Its great success arising from its being intrinsically THE BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET, as well as thoroughly adapted to the wants of the kitchen, has excited envious imitations of its name and appearance. Beware of such.

No addition to or variation from the simple name:

COOK'S FRIEND

IS GENUINE.

Trade Mark on Every Package

20th Oct.

Cosgrave's Ale

IS THE BEST.

Try it and you will use no other.

B. J. LEAHY,

AGENT.

Aug. 30. Market Square, Kingston

NEW OPENING OF

R. Barry & Son,

No. 12 Market Square, near Inland Revenue Office.

TIN, COPPER and SHEET IRON WORKERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters, Plumbing, &c.

The advertisers are prepared to execute all orders in the above branches.

N.B.—Brazing a specialty.

Dec. 13.

Kingston Roller Skating Rink,

Newly built for the purpose, with all modern improvements and conveniences. Ample skating Room; seats for 1,200 people; most approved skates kept on hand. Open every day except Sundays 10 to 12 a.m.; 2:30 to 5:00 p.m., and 7:00 to 10:00 p.m.

General Admission, Evenings..... 15c
" " Mornings & Afternoons.. 10c.
Combination Tickets, 8 admissions..... $1
Use of Skates (each session)..... 10c.

Special instructions to ladies and children mornings and afternoons, by competent skaters. Order will at all times be strictly maintained

Oct. 19

SMALL-POX.

EVERY FAMILY should protect themselves against this dreadful scourge by using and always keeping on hand a package of Lane's Celebrated "INDIAN" Remedy, the wonderful and never-failing preventive and cure of this fearful disease. Its efficacy is endorsed by the leading clergy, physicians, shipmasters, &c., &c. Price $3.00 per package. Send for circular. If your druggist does not have it on hand send to N. LANE & CO., Proprietors, 1 Broadway, New York

Dec. 6.

DYEING WORKS,

PRINCESS STREET..... KINGSTON

Gentlemen's Suits thoroughly cleaned or dyed properly pressed.

Also Ladies' Dresses, Ulsters, Jackets and Household Goods in all materials cleaned or dyed and beautifully finished.

S. MONTGOMERY,

April 1st. Practical Dyer

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS

Hot and Cold Baths at all hours at

Jones' Tonsorial Parlor

British American Hotel Block, Clarence Street

N.B.—These are the only Baths in the city heated by steam, thereby insuring all hours good hot water

Nov. 3 1884

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

ALLEN & YOUNG, Carpenters, &c., have removed their shop to Queen Street near Queen Street School.

Nov. 17

SECOND-HAND BOOKS

Second-hand Books bought and sold by

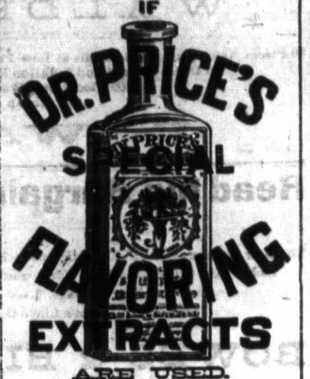
A. SIMMONDS,

Jan. '88. PRINCESS STREET

NO POISON

IN THE PASTRY

IF



ARE USED.

Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., Flavor Cakes, Creams, Puddings, &c., as delicately and naturally as the fruit from which they are made.

FOR STRENGTH AND TRUE FRUIT FLAVOR THEY STAND ALONE.

PREPARED BY THE

Price Baking Powder Co.,

Chicago, Ill. St. Louis, Mo.

MAKERS OF

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

—AND—

Dr. Price's Lupulin Yeast Gems.

Best Dry Hop Yeast.

FOR SALE BY GROCERS

WE MAKE BUT ONE QUALITY.

ALWAYS READY

PAINS AND ILLS.

That Old, Reliable Killer of Pain,

Whether Internal or External, Perry Davis' Pain Killer should have a place in every Factory, Machine Shop and Mill, on every Farm, and in every Household, ready for immediate use, not only for Accidents, Cuts, Bruises, etc., but for Bowel Complaints, such as Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, sudden Colds, Chills, Neuralgia, etc., etc. Sold everywhere. Price, 20c, 25c and 50c per Bottle.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. Limited.

Wholesale Agents, Montreal.

A NEW BOUQUET

OF EXQUISITE RICHNESS OF ODOR DISTILLED FROM NATURAL FLOWERS. THE MOST DELIGHTFUL, DELICATE AND LASTING PERFUME OF THE DAY.

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers. PRICE 75c. A BOTTLE.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.,

(SOLE AGENTS)

MONTREAL.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of diseases arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

HAIR DESTROYER.

ALEX. ROSS'S DEPILATORY removes hair from the face, neck and arms without injury $1 per bottle; sent by post, secretly packed.

Hair dye, for light or dark colors; Oil of Cantharides, for growth of hair; Curling Fluid; Bloom of Roses, for giving beauty to the lips and cheeks; the skin tightener, for furrows; Liquid for black specks, all $1 each; sent by post.

Splints for crooked limbs, $15. Medicine for obesity, $5. Complexion Pills, $2. 91. Nose Machine, for shapening the nose, $3; Ear Machine for outstanding ears, $3; Tar Soap, a remedy for the skin, 15.; "Ross' Toilet Magazine," 1s.

Secretly packed by ALEX. ROSS, 21 Lamb's Conduit Street, High Holborn, London, England and sold by all chemists. Lyman & Sons, Montreal and Wilcox Chemical Co., Kingston O

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.

Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

TWO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest Rates for advertising in 962 good newspapers sent free. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N.Y.

BOUND TO LEAD!

Second to None.

NEW CUTTERS, - - NEW ROBES,

And the best Driving Horses in the City,

—AT—

WELLS BROS'. LIVERY,

FOOT OF PRINCESS STREET

Hacks at regular rates.

Telephone communication

Three first-class Band Sleigh Dec. 24.

BLANCARD'S IODIDE OF IRON PILLS,

Approved by the Academy of Medicine of Paris are specially recommended by the Medical Celebrities of the World for Scrofula, (tumors, King's evil, etc.,) the early stages of Consumption, Constitutional Weakness, Poorness of Blood and for stimulating and regulating its periodic course. None genuine unless signed "Blancard, 40 rue Bonaparte, Paris."

E. Fougera & Co., N.Y., Agents for the U.S and CANADA,

LYMAN, SONS & Co. Montreal.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

The nourishing palatable and warmth giving qualities of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF have caused this invaluable preparation to become a favorite and fashionable beverage for the winter season. It is now obtainable on draught at the leading hotels and restaurants throughout the Dominion.

Dr. Alice McGillivray.

Diseases of women and children a specialty.

Office and Residence—176 Johnson Street two doors above Sydenham Street.

Nov. 12.

Under the Snow.

I.

Under the snow the fleet pacers glide,
Men with flushed faces and mates by their side,
Urging their racers to marvelous speed,
Passing each other with galloping steed;
These are the riders that winter days go
In swift line of beauty over the snow.
Over the snow the tired footmen go,
Some from their shops are walking home slow.

This is the season when farmer and son
Rest by the fireside for labor is done;
Over to town the farmer will drive,
Beating his fingers to keep them alive.
Over the snow the hungry will go,
Once they were wealthy, you never may know
If trouble, or sickness, or pain brought them low—
There is the class to dread the cold snow!
Ah, if we knew what had led them of late
To let go their foothold and quarrel with fate!

II.

Under the snow where the flowers yearly go,
Nothing can hinder—the world is made so!
The rarest of gardens in sunshine one day,
Is sure to find winter in passing away.
Under the snow do our loved sleep as one,
Resting and silent with life's duty done.
Under the snow we will soon all be placed.
Folded our hands, and form heavenward faced;
Dreaded or hopeful, our turn will arrive,
In joy or in sorrow with friends left alive.
Yes, all are immortal, but mortal as well,
And the day of our summons no creature can tell.

III.

Over the snow are the pleasures we find,
Under the snow may be joy more refined;
Blended at last with the earth under snow,
Who shall sleep sweetest, the high or the low?
Who shall live longest, the great or the small?
Like the end of a king is the end of us all!
Under the snow in honor let's go,
Living and loving and spending life so,
That years after going some fond friends will say:
"For one he was noble, and brave every day.
"He made the world better, and lived such a part.
That stamped his fond image of good in my heart."

* * * * * *

Under the snow! Breathe it once low,
A rest for all sorrow, a balm for all woe!
A meeting beyond with the loved gone before,
A parting so brief that it soon will be o'er.
Heaven grant us the blessing when we are to go,
That our lives be as stainless and harmless as snow.

—Harry Hildreth.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT.

"How do you feel now, mother dear?" asked a tender young voice. "Is your head any better?"

"No, Mabel. It aches and aches, until I almost wish I could die. Lay your hand here."

Mabel's cheek paled as her mother took her hand and pressed it against her burning temple.

Such fire would soon burn out life's flickering taper.

She wet a cloth and bound it round the fevered head. As she did so the sick woman gave a sigh of relief. She opened her eyes and turned a grateful look upon the girl.

"Do you know, Mabel," she said feebly, "I dreamed last night of the dear old home where we lived before your father died. You were a wee toddling baby then. It seems to me, if I could have some of the flowers that grew in the garden in front of the house, the very smell of them would cure me."

Tears rushed to Mabel's eyes. They lived in the great crowded city, and they were poor. Mabel could not spare from her scanty hoard even the trifling sum for which she could buy a bunch of flowers from the vendors who were stationed at so many different places along the street.

How could she get some of the fragrant treasures for her mother?

Suddenly came a thought of an old-fashioned mansion a little way out of the city. It was embowered in a wilderness of bloom.

Surely it would be no harm for her to go and ask for some flowers; they could but refuse them.

She bent over the invalid and kissed her.

"Mother," she said softly, "if you will be content to stay alone for a few hours I think I can gratify your longing, if not for the blossoms that grow about your old home, for some just like them. I will ask Mrs. Gray to come in and give you your medicine regularly."

Mrs. Gray was a kind-hearted woman who occupied a part of the house in which they lived, and she readily consented to minister to the invalid's comfort in any way she could during Mabel's absence.

It was not without a tremor that Mabel at last found herself in a broad, neatly-kept path which led to the Gwinne mansion.

A huge mastiff sprang toward her as she neared the house.

"Down, Nero! Down!"

The speaker was an old gentleman, who evidently feared that the approach of the dog would intimidate Mabel. But Nero contented himself with a good-natured sniff, reserving his fiercer side for a more suspicious party.

His master look pleased to see Mabel pat his head fearlessly. The truth was, now that she was in the presence of the stately old master of the place, her heart failed her, and she was glad of an excuse to defer asking for the flowers.

"Well, miss," he said courteously, "can I do anything to put you in the way of finding the person you are seeking?"

"It is you, sir. I came to ask you for some flowers for my sick mother."

"Pick all you want. The more the better. You are welcome to all you can carry."

Just then Mabel heard a clear, ringing voice shout: "Grandfather!" and out of the cool, tiled hall, of which an enchanting glimpse was visible through the open door, came a youth who looked to her like some prince from a fairy land.

She was not accustomed to the luxurious habits of the rich, and his dark-blue velvet dressing-gown, fastened by its cord of shimmering, woven gold, and the richly embroidered smoking-cap which rested on his curly head, seemed to her altogether too gorgeous a toilet for a mortal like herself.

But the illusion only lasted for a moment. A pair of brown eyes, just the color of a ripe chestnut, glanced at her curiously as their owner came down the walk.

"You are just the one I want, Chauncey. Get my pruning-shears and a basket off the table in the lower hall, and bring them to me."

Chauncey soon returned with the desired articles, and Mabel found herself following Mr. Gwinne into the garden. She was soon laden with fragrant spoils, and was sent homeward rejoicing with a kindly:

"Come again when these are faded," from Mr. Gwinne.

When Mabel reached home and her mother saw the flowers, she put out her hands with a delighted exclamation.

"Give them to me, child, quick! The very sight of them gives me new strength!"

And when Mabel put the fragrant clusters into her hands, she held them to her face in a mute caress.

After a while she turned her eyes upon Mabel, with a look in them which startled the girl by its intensity.

She was not like Mabel, who was slight and pale, and who looked even more childish than her years, with only her heavy mass of rippling curls and her dark, appealing eyes to redeem her face from absolute plainness. She had evidently once been a woman of queenly form and of magnificent beauty. Even now her great fever-bright eyes and hollow cheeks bore a wierd, specter-like semblance of health, but it was delusive.

"My darling," she whispered, "you have brought me a blessing, and you shall be rewarded. To-morrow I will throw pride to the winds, and dictate a letter to my father which shall restore my child to her rights. Oh, Mabel, nature is an unerring teacher, and in you love has taught me a lesson at this late day, learned a lesson of duty. I was, when young, carefully educated in all but that most important of lessons to a child, filial obedience. I was brought up to think that my own wishes must be gratified at any cost; and when I met and loved your father, instead of waiting patiently to gain a consent which my indulgent parents could not have long withheld to our union, we were married clandestinely. My one effort at reconciliation was not successful—and—and —— But, darling, I am too weary to say more. Another day I will finish my story."

But when the morrow's sun shone into the room, it was to rest, like a voiceless benediction, upon a clay cold form, and upon a motherless girl alone with it and her sorrow.

At first the desolate child—for Mabel was but fourteen—was conscious only of her bereavement. But soon came a thought which brought with it such keen pain that it aroused her to instant action. Her darling mother must not be laid away to rest in the Potter's Field.

She would go to the kind old gentleman who had given her the flowers, and ask him for help in this trying hour which had come to her young life. She found him at home.

"Oh, sir!" she said piteously, "my mother is lying cold and still, with all the sweet life gone out of her beautiful body! You are kind and rich. I know it is a great deal to ask, but if you will keep them from laying her in a charity-grave I will pay back every penny you spend."

The pleading, tear-stained face, the childish, yet womanly ways of the self-reliant little creature, thus pledged to fulfill a duty which would entail long hours of labor, and days of anchorite abstinence before it could be accomplished, touched a chord in Randolph Gwinne's heart.

"Go home, little one," he said gently, "and mourn for your dead. Do not fear; I will see that all needful arrangements are attended to."

After all was over, Mabel settled down again to her monotonous routine of work. Every week she scrupulously laid aside a portion of her earnings and carried them to Mr. Gwinne, who took them from her with apparent indifference.

The child had made a contract with him, and out of respect to her the man of business carried it out to the letter.

At last the final payment was made. As Mabel turned to go, after thanking her benefactor, his voice recalled her to his side.

"Little Mabel," he said, "I have been an interested spectator of your manner of life since you and I made our bargain. I have seen your cheeks grow pale for want of the food you persisted in denying yourself, that you might bring your weekly hoard to me, and I wondered if one so young would be able to carry out so high a resolve. You have succeeded, and all your life long you will have it to remember. Now, your part is done, and mine begins. Give me your hand, my child, for Randolph Gwinne respects you. More than that he loves you well enough to ask you to be his adopted daughter. Come and make your home with me. You shall have every advantage that bountiful means can provide. You will have no objections, Chauncey, my boy, will you?" as his grandson came into the room.

A few words explained his meaning, and Chauncey turned his handsome eyes indifferently toward the hesitating girl. It was not the first time they had met—as Mabel was conscious in every fibre of her sensitive being, but Chauncey did not remember her.

So the careless but good-natured "Of, course, grandfather, one more or less does not matter in this great house," sank deep into Mabel's memory, to rise again to the surface and influence her future long after Chauncey had forgotten them.

So it was that Mabel was domiciled at the Gwinnes. A governess was engaged for her, and music and painting lessons soon occupied the time not engaged in her studies. Thus a year passed on.

One morning the daily paper was brought as usual to Mr. Gwinne, as he was sitting at the breakfast-table, sipping coffee.

Suddenly an exclamation from him arrested Mabel's attention.

He had read a notice asking for the knowledge of the whereabouts of one Rachel Freeland, whose married name was Wynne. Her only surviving parent had died, and she, if living, was sole heiress to a large fortune; if dead, her children would inherit.

"Well I remember poor Rachel," said Mr. Gwinne musingly. "She was the handsomest girl I ever saw. She gave up all for love, and made a clandestine marriage with a man of whom her parents disapproved. Poor Rachel! I wonder if she is alive?"

Mabel rose from the table, and went to Mr. Gwinne. She was very pale, but her eyes shone with excitement.

"Rachel Freeland was my mother's maiden name. Oh, my kind benefactor, how little you knew whose child it was you were befriending! But for you she would be sleeping in a nameless grave!"

"Truly, the ways of God are mysterious!" said the kind-hearted old gentleman, taking off his spectacles to wipe away the sudden mist that blurred them.

Mabel had no difficulty in proving her claim, as her parents' marriage certificate was found among some papers stowed away in an old chest. So the orphan waif adopted by Randolph Gwinne was now independently wealthy in her own right.

Mabel was now fifteen. She had not changed much in personal appearance during the year of her stay at the Gwinnes'. She was still slight and rather undersized. Her complexion was rather sallow, and though her features were regular, she was undeniably plain. Her luxuriant shining hair and lustrous eyes, were, however, sufficient to redeem her from positive ugliness.

Chauncey was still a student, coming home only for his college vacations, and then burying himself in his beloved books, so that he was only visible at meal time.

Suddenly Mr. Gwinne's health failed, and he was ordered abroad. Mabel, and Miss Clay, her governess, accompanied him. They remained away from home three years.

Then word came to Chauncey that they were coming home. They were tired of travel, and Mr. Gwinne had quite recovered his health.

Chauncey met them at the station. He was handsome and indifferent-looking as ever, but was truly, in his whole appearance, a king among men to Mabel's partial eyes.

As the little party he had come to meet drew near, he gave his grandfather a cordial shake of the hand, and turned towards Mabel, to find himself confronted by a tall, stately girl, with flashing dark eyes, set in a face of such loveliness that he was, for a moment, dazzled.

"I beg your pardon, I thought it was my cousin," he said, turning to the other lady.

But when Miss Clay's familiar features met his eyes, he asked:

"Where is Mabel? Have you left her behind?"

"Don't you know me, Cousin Chauncey?" asked a merry voice beside him, and the beautiful apparation he had mistaken for a stranger put out her gloved hand in a half-playful, half-friendly way.

From that time the young student's torture commenced.

Mabel, who had left home a half-grown girl, had gained with maturity the rounded suppleness of form as well as the queenly dignity of a young Diana; and with the rich color, which had chased away the pallor of her cheeks, had come that delicious, delicate complexion so rarely seen with dark hair.

An older and more experienced judge of beauty would, years before, have seen its promise in these regular features, and straight, though at that time, angular outlines—but to her adopted cousin it was a surprise.

He looked upon it as upon a miracle, and every new glimpse of her bewitching face served but to deepen the impression.

But Mabel had changed in other things besides beauty. She was incomprehensible to him in her varied moods.

Now grave—now gay—now majestic as a princess—now gentle and simple as a child.

Chauncey knew not what to make of her. But he was fully conscious of one truth: that he loved the very ground her tiny feet had pressed. He was her shadow.

At last he grew desperate.

She should not thus hold him aloof and play with his feelings any longer. It might be amusement to her, but it was making his life a torture.

So he captured her in the library one morning, before the rest of the family had made their appearance, and pressed his suit with an earnestness which would have moved a heart o' stone.

But to all appearance it had no effect upon Mabel. She answered with a careless smile:

"In a house like this, where 'one more or less doesn't matter,' it would be well for you to think twice before offering yourself to me;" and she swept from the room, leaving Chauncey lost in a maze of bewilderment and anger.

Her debt was paid; but was Mabel happy? It was hard to tell from her appearance in society.

Chauncey made no attempt at reconciliation; and the two young hearts daily drifted farther apart, until one day it happened that the same spirit stirred within them both—a longing for a walk in the garden.

Winter had passed, and summer had come, and so had the flowers.

They met beside the same luxuriantly-laden bushes from which Mabel had carried the clusters to her sick mother.

Their eyes met involuntarily. In spite of his wounded pride, Chauncey's wild love sprang into renewed life, and he held out his arms entreatingly.

"Oh, Mabel, forgive me! I was but a careless, thoughtless boy. It is the man who now appreciates you, and loves you better than his own life."

Another moment and Mabel's queenly head was resting on his breast.

"It was because I loved you even then, that your words had power to sting me so cruelly. They rankled all through the years that followed them. But the pain is gone now."

So amid the flowers was told another one of those stories as old as the first love-tale in Eden, and yet as young as the morning which ushers in a new day.

Odd Cranks.

Somebody in Mr. Gould's office has been giving the press an idea of the great speculator's correspondence. More that one-half the letters he receives come from beggars or cranks. One man wanted him to make him a present of $30,000 in 4 per cent bonds because they would produce him an income sufficient to maintain him in idleness, and he thought Gould could spare the money easily enough. A man in Central New York sent him photographs of himself, wife, and eleven children and asked permission to take an excursion in his yacht. One man wanted the capitalist to cover a particular stock, and another besought him to depress the price of a certain class of securities on a certain day. Everybody who calls on Gould must state his name, address and business. A clergyman presented himself the other day, and was promptly admitted. When he had seated himself he took out $2,000 in currency and asked that it be invested along with Gould's money in his next "whirl" on the street and that the speculator keep it until it had amounted to $20,000. The proposition was refused, and the preacher withdrawn in disgust.

Crocodiles are the only reptiles whose nostrils point in the throat behind the palate, instead of directly into the mouth cavity. This enables the crocodile to drown its victim without drowning itself, for by keeping its snout above water it can breathe while its mouth is wide open.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.

Diseases of the skin, ringworm, scurvy, scorbutic eruptions and swellings, sore heads and the most inveterate skin disease to which the human frame is subject cannot be treated with a more easy and reliable remedy than Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which act so peculiarly on the constitution and so purify the blood, that those diseases are at once eradicated from the system, and a lasting cure obtained. They are equally efficacious in the cure of excoriations, burns, scalds, glandular swellings, ulcerous wounds, rheumatism and contracted and stiffened joints. These medicines operate mildly but surely. The cures effected by them are not temporary or apparent only, but complete and permanent.

For sale by H. Wade, cor. King and Brock Sts., Kingston.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

Danger in the Air.

In the chilling winds, the damp atmosphere and suddenly checked perspiration, colds are lurking. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam cures colds, coughs, asthma and bronchitis, and all complaints tending towards consumption.

A Good Record.

Among the many thousand bottles of Hagyard's Yellow Oil sold annually in Canada, not one has ever failed to give satisfaction. It cures rheumatism, colds and all painful complaints and injuries.

Fluid Lightning.

There are but few that have suffered almost intolerable pain from toothache, neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lightning is an untold blessing in time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicines to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lightning cures. A. P. Chown, Sole Agent.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

What to do.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the blood is out of order, take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure. A. P. Chown, Sole Agent.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, face ache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15c. & 25c.

Dear Little Hands.

Dear little hands, I loved them so!
And now they are lying under the snow—
Under the snow, so cold and white,
I can not see them, or touch them to-night.
They are quiet and still at last, ah, me!
How busy and restless they used to be!
But now they can never reach up through the snow,
Dear little hands, I loved them so!

Dear little hands, I miss them so!
All through the day, wherever I go—
All through the night, how lonely it seems,
For no little hands wake me out of my dreams.
I miss them all through the weary hours,
I miss them as others miss sunshine and flowers;
Day time, or night time, wherever I go,
Dear little hands, I miss them so!

Dear little hands, they have gone from me now,
Never again will they rest on my brow—
Never again smooth my sorrowful face,
Never clasp me in a childish embrace.
And now my forehead grows wrinkled with care,
Thinking of little hands, once resting there,
But I know in a happier, heavenlier clime,
Dear little hands, I will clasp you sometime.

Dear little hands, when the Master shall call,
I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all—
When my feet touch the waters so dark and so cold,
And I catch my first glimpse of the City of Gold,
If I keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate,
Over the tide where the whited-robed ones wait,
Shall I know you, I wonder, among the bright bands,
Will you beckon me over, oh! dear little hands?

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Tale of the Commune.

The famous Napoleon column in the Place Vendome, Paris, was constructed by order of the great soldier from cannons captured in his wars, and was designed to illustrate in bronze the wonderful career of the Corsican boy. It was modeled after the Trojan column, and is to-day one of the conspicuous and notable landmarks of the French capital. But it has had a curious history. In 1871, when Paris was held by the commune, it was resolved to pull down the pillar, and steps were immediately taken to undermine its base, the idea being to cause it to fall with one grand crash, symbolical of that national fall which the communists hoped to see take place as a result of their misguided efforts.

A bed of sand, fagots, and manure was prepared for the huge mass to fall upon, that the concussion to the surrounding buildings might be lessened. The *Official Journal*, on the morning of May 16, announced that the column would positively fall that day at 2 o'clock. At the hour named a large crowd of spectators assembled. The members of the commune and their staff, amounting to two hundred, attended on horseback. Bands played and everything was done to give the occasion a festive character. Colonel Mayer, commanding in the Place Vendome, ascended to the top of the column and waved a small tricolor flag. He then tore the flag, cried "Long live the commune!" tied the flagstaff to the rails at the summit of the pillar, and descended. When the ropes were tightened the band struck up the "Marseillaise," and all eyes were fixed on the doomed monument. "It falls!" exclaimed the onlookers, and the great mass bowed slowly toward the Rue de la Paix. As it fell it broke into pieces in the air and struck the ground in four portions. A loud yet dull report followed, and clouds of dust rose into the sky, but the concussion was nothing like so bad as most people had expected. The column forced itself some way into the ground, but no windows were broken, nor was the square in any way injured.

As soon as the huge fragments had settled themselves, Col. Mayer mounted them and waved a red flag, the populace cheering and shouting, "Long live the commune!" At nearly the same moment there was posted at Versailles, the headquarters of the government troops, a brief yet significant dispatch, dated Mount Valerian: "The top of the Vendome column has disappeared from view."

The excited communists immediately set about making the indignity to the memory of Napoleon even greater than it had been, by breaking the bronze pieces of the column and throwing them into the Seine and carrying them into hiding in distant parts of the city, so that by nightfall of the following day not a piece weighing so much as twenty pounds of the once magnificent monument which towered into the air 105 feet remained in the Place Vendome, or was anywhere to be found.

But the fortunes of war changed. The communists were driven from the city, and order once more reigned. Immediately an effort was made to restore the many ruined public and private portions of Paris, the Napoleon column among them. Rewards were offered for the finding of the missing pieces, under the stimulus of which the Seine was dragged and thousands of out-of-the-way places explored. Strange to say, every piece of the great monument was found. It was once again raised, and to-day the heroic figure of the great emperor stands as proudly on the summit of the magnificent pile in the Place Vendome as though it had not been plunged piecemeal into the Seine by an angry populace. *Cassell's Magazine.*

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, dropsical, swelling, dizziness indigestion, headache, sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

An Excellent Report.

Hon. Jos. G. Goodridge, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I cannot express myself in sufficiently praiseworthy terms of Burdock Blood Bitters which I have used for the past two years with great benefit."

Useful to Know.

Everyone should know that Hagyard's Yellow Oil will give prompt relief; applied externally will stop any pain; and taken internally cures colds, asthma, croup, sore throat and most inflammatory complaints.

To Our Readers.

If you suffer from headache, dizziness, back ache, biliousness or humors of the blood, try Burdock Blood Bitters. It is a guaranteed cure for all irregularities of the blood, liver and kidneys.

"Rough" on Pain Plaster.

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in the chest or side rheumatism, neuralgia. 25c. Druggist or mail.

Well as Ever.

Lottie Howard writes from Buffalo, N. Y.: "My system became greatly debilitated through arduous professional duties; suffered from nausea, sick headache and biliousness. Tried Burdock Blood Bitters with the most beneficial effect. Am well as ever.

GOLD—Is excellent for filling decayed Teeth, but "TEA-BERRY" prevents the decay, makes them white, and makes people lovable.

Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer," $1. Druggists.

A Card.

To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to Rev. Joseph T. Inman, *Station D., New York*

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Stinging, irritation, inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints, cured by Buchu-Paiba." $1.

Neglected Colds, Pain in the Chest, and all diseases of the Lungs, are cured by using Allen's Lung Balsam. See adv.

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OUR ANNUAL GREAT CLEARING SALE BEGINS TO-DAY

And will continue until our Stock is all Reduced.

Goods must be sold to make room for Spring purchases. We guarantee to give you Boots and Shoes cheaper than ever before offered by us or any other house in the trade. We will clear out the balance of our Fancy Velvet Slippers, in Ladies' and Gent's, at $1.00. Ladies' Bright Kid Button Boots 90c., every other line in stock in proportion. Ladies' Felt Congress, warmly lined, at $1.00. Bargains in Ladies French Kid and Calf Kid Button Boots, in these we have the Largest and Most Varied Assortment in the city, from the best makers in Canada. Bargains in Gent's Hand-Made Boots, in Laced and Elastic, the very latest styles, all of which will be sold at prices that we know will please you. This is a genuine sale. Come and secure some of the Bargains.

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Feb. 18.

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BROKERS, COMMISSION AGENTS, &c., &c.

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We have a lot of Child's Buttoned Felt Overshoes, sizes 6, 7 and 8, which we now offer at the low price of FIFTY CENTS A PAIR. As the regular figure is One Dollar it will pay to buy now, even if you should not require to use them at present.

Jan. 29. Haines & Lockett.

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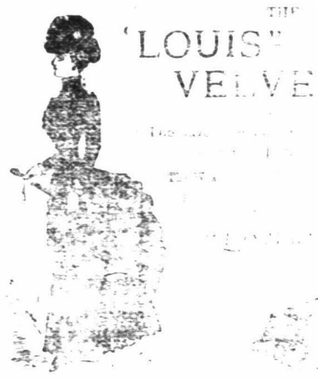

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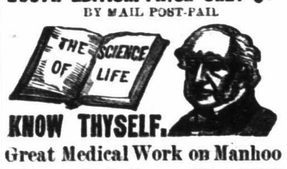

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