Daily British Whig.

VOL. LIV. KINGSTON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1885. NO. 91.

Travelling.

CUNARD LINE

Last Route

CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY (LIMITED)

New York and Liverpool, (CALLING AT CORK HARBOR)

FROM PIER No. 40, N.R., NEW YORK

CUMBRIA.....Saturday, April 11th
SERVIA.....Saturday, apl 18th
GALLIA.....Saturday, April 25th
AURANIA.....Saturday, May 2nd
ETRURIA (New).....Saturday, May 9th
SERVIA.....Saturday, May 16th
GALLIA.....Saturday, May 23rd
AURANIA.....Saturday, May 30th

RATES OF PASSAGE:

$60, $80 and $100, according to accommodation.

Steerage at very low rates. Steerage Tickets from Liverpool and Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest 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.

J. J. BILBECK, Kingston, Agent.

April 18-3.

ALLAN LINE.

WINTER SERVICE, AND REDUCED RATES FOR LIVERPOOL AND LONDONDERRY.

FROM PORTLAND:

Sardinian.....Thursday, Mch, 5

Last train leaves Kingston on Wednesdays at 2:00 p.m.

FROM HALIFAX:

Parisian.....April 4th
Caspian.....11th
Circassian.....18th
Peruvian.....25th
Sardinian.....May 2nd

Last train leaves Kingston on Thursdays at 2:00 p.m.

RATES OF PASSAGE

FROM HALIFAX TO LIVERPOOL AND LONDONDERRY

Cabin.....$50, $65, $75.
Intermediate.....$35.
Steerage.....$13.

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL AND LONDONDERRY

Cabin.....$50, $70, $80.
Intermediate.....$35.
Steerage.....$13.

If you are sending for your friends you can obtain Prepaid Passage Tickets at lowest rates at this office, available from England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Germany, Sweden and Norway:

STEERAGE, $13.00.

THOS. HANLEY, Agent, Foot of Brock St., Kingston.

Nov. 24.

ESTABLISHED - 1869

D. McEWEN & SON,

Machine, Engine and Boiler Works.

Engines and Boilers, for all purposes, from 1 to 100 horse-power, and fully guaranteed.

Steam Rock Drills and Mining Repairs constantly on hand.

Cheese Factory Boilers and Fittings on hand.

N.B.—A number of Engines and Boilers on hand, new and second-hand.

Oct. 14.

ASHLEY & CO'S

Shirt, Collar & Cuff Factory & Steam Laundry

IS THE PLACE TO GET YOUR WORK DONE.

All kinds of Ladies' and Gents' Laundry Work done. Special arrangement made with students.

—ALL WORK DONE PROMPTLY—

Remember the place:—

239 Bagot St., between Princess and Brock Sts.

At "The Central Dispensary"

You will find the LARGEST AND FINEST LINE of

Artists' Novelties for Decorating

To be found in Central Canada.

—INSPECTION INVITED—

A. P. CHOWN

Druggist, 124 Princess St.

See the "Utility" Sketching Box, the finest made

Dec. 8.

AMERICAN MEAT MARKET

58 BROCK STREET.

We keep constantly on hand a full supply of

Fresh and Salt Meats of all Kinds, Hams, Shoulders, Bacon, &c.

—SAUSAGES A SPECIALTY—

Frankfort Blood Liver Pork, in Sacks and Casings, Bologna of our own manufacture, Head Cheese, Pigs' Feet, Tripe, Butter and Eggs, Lard and Dried Beef.

T. F. ALLEN, - PROPRIETOR.

Feb. 9.

TRUTH!

I AM SELLING Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes, high and low cut, as Cheap as can be sold in the city, as I buy direct from the best shoe houses in Canada. My expenses are small, so it will allow me to sell at less profit than any other shoe store in the city. Ladies' Fine Calf-Kid Button Boots, all widths - C, D, E and E Lasts. Call and examine my goods. You will be satisfied with quality and price.

STEPH'N GRAVES,

290 PRINCESS STREET.

The very best Satin Gloss Polish, for Ladies' Fine Boots—Only 10c. per Bottle.

March 24th.

PARTIES

Ordering Cabinet Work

Of any kind, such as Libraries, Bookcases, Bedroom Sets, Sideboards, Mantels, Over Mantels and all kinds of Ornamental Wood Work, would do well to call on

B. H. CARNOVSKY,

COR. PRINCESS AND GORDON STS.

N.B.—Designs drawn to correspond with any kind of cabinet work

Jan. 2.

SOMETHING NEW.

Fresh Crumpets and Muffins,

SHORT BREAD, PASTRY AND CAKES IN LARGE VARIETIES.

Leave your orders early.

H. & W. J. CROTHERS

WELLINGTON STREET

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

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

Nov. 1

FREE BY RETURN MAIL. Full description of Moody's New Tailor System of dress cutting. GUARANTEED TO CUT EVERY conceivable garment to fit perfect WITHOUT the use of paper or patterns, can be learned by a young girl without a teacher from the FULL printed and illustrated Instructions GIVEN FREE. Send six 3c. stamps for two sample patterns GUARANTEED to fit perfect. Send cause on postal for description. PROF. MOODY, 103 King St. West, TORONTO, Ont.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and unwholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., New York

REV. HORATIO GILBERT PARKER,

The Canadian Reciter and Literator,

—AND—

MR. GEO. BELFORD,

The Eminent English Reciter,

WILL GIVE A JOINT RECITAL OF

DRAMATIC and HUMOROUS SELECTIONS,

From the Best Authors, in the Opera House Kingston, on

Thursday Evening, April 23rd,

AT 8 O'CLOCK

This is Mr. Parker's last appearance in public as a Reciter.

Tickets to be had at Messrs. Henderson McAuley, and Nisbet's Bookstores.

Plan of Hall and Tickets at Martin's.

Programme:

PART I.

Julius Cæsar: Quarrel of Brutus and Cassius.....(Shakespeare.
Mr. Parker and Mr. Belford.
My First and Last Appearance.....Turner
Mr. Belford.
Herve Riel.....Browning
Mr. Parker.
The Midnight Charge of Kassassin.....Scott
Mr. Belford.

PART II

Scene From the Rivals.....Sheridan
Mr. Parker and Mr. Belford.
From the Dodge Club, or Italy in MDCCCLIX.....De Mille
Mr. Parker.
Lord Dundreary Receives a Letter.....Anon.
Mr. Belford.
The Fall of Pemberton Mill.....Phelps
Mr. Parker.
Rubenstein's Piano, and What he did with it.....Anon
Mr. Belford.

April 17.

AUCTION SALE

—OF—

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

TAPESTRY AND WOOL CARPETS.

I HAVE RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS from D. B. Jardine, to sell at his residence, 66 Earl street, on

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22nd

All of his Household Furniture, consisting of One ROSEWOOD SEVEN OCTAVE PIANO, made by Grovesteen & Co., of New York, Fine Parlor Set, in Raw Silk, Easy and Fancy Chairs, Lounges, Marble and Wood Top Tables, Curtains, Poles, Hanging Lamps, Rockers, Fine Tapestry Carpets, Wool Carpets, Stair Carpets, Handsome Bedroom Sets, in Marble and Wood Tops, Toilet Sets, Sideboard, Extension Dining Table, Spring and other Beds, Fine Hall Coal Stove, Dufferin Range, Coal Oil Stove, Crockery Glassware, Refrigerator, etc., etc.

Sale at 10:30 a.m. TERMS—Cash.

J. E. HUTCHESON, Auctioneer.

April 16th.

EDUCATIONAL.

YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY

E. G. ROSE, - - PRECEPTRESS.

THE SUMMER TERM will commence on MONDAY, APRIL 20TH.

BRANCHES TAUGHT—English, French and Fancy Work.

CLASSES in French and Fancy Work open to all, whether pupils in the School or not.

For Terms and other particulars apply to

MISS E. G. ROSE,

No. 161, Cor. Queen & Sydenham Sts., Kingston.

April 15th.

GENERAL STEAMSHIP AGENCY,

42 CLARENCE STREET,

KINGSTON, ONT.

J. P. GILDERSLEEVE,

Agent.

DOMINION LINE, Sailing from Quebec.

INMAN LINE, Sailing from New York.

NATIONAL LINE, Sailing from New York.

Cabin, Intermediate and Steerage Passage at Lowest Rates.

Prepaid Tickets issued at reduced rates to those desirous of bringing out friends from the Old Country.

April 14th, 1885.

$100 Reward

For any preparation that will equal White Rose Cream to remove Tan, Freckles & Pimples, Soften the Skin, and Beautify the Complexion. Every bottle guaranteed to be as represented, or money refunded. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, 60c. and $1.00 per bottle; or address THE HARTLAND CHEMICAL CO., 27 Wellington Street East, Toronto. Stamps Taken.

Troy, N.Y., Jan. 4, 1885.—I have much pleasure in saying that I have used your White Rose Cream for my complexion for some time, and find it superior to anything have ever used. It softens the skin, and imparts a fresh and delicate bloom to the face and hands unattainable by the use of any other preparation.—ELLA LOMANS.

To the Hartland Chemical Co.

March 17th, 1885.

LARGE BOATING STOCK.

J. KNAPP'S BOATING ESTABLISHMENT

Barriefield.

A Large Stock of Pleasure Boats and Skiffs of all Sizes and Descriptions for sale.

No work can exceed ours in strength and neat ness.

Remember the place, across the Cataraqui Bridge to Barriefield.

April 7. JAMES KNAPP.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

The Flood in Belleville a Destructive Affair—Damage so Far Wrought.

Belleville, April 17.—All yesterday afternoon Coleman street was flooded with ice from Christ Church to the bay. Everett street was also flooded, and the lower floors of all the dwellings were deluged. South of Bridge street the water reached to the base of Murney's hill, and the people, although many were driven from their lower floor, were hopeful that the worst was over. Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening, the unbroken ice below the lower bridge yielded. A general move resulted—slowly at first, then an irresistible rush. The ice in the harbor and at the middle of the river had refused to move, but the current was so strong that it turned to the west before it reached the ashery, and found an outlet down Brock street, and from thence through Willard and Mary streets to the bay. The river was jammed with ice from the upper bridge. All this mass found an outlet by the route described. The scene was grand to behold, but the situation terrible. Doors were burst open by the ice, windows smashed and furniture overturned. Fences were broken down, shade and fruit trees uprooted, and wood piled in yards carried off. The door at W. H. Campbell's was smashed in and the

ICE ENTERED THE LOWER ROOMS.

All the light furniture was afloat, and was sucked into the current and carried away. A heavy sideboard and bookcases were overturned and the walls badly shattered. Mr. W. E. Vandervoort had a coal stove upset and a piano damaged so that it is all but useless. Carpets in the flooded district will be spoiled, as the dirt in the water will leave them covered with several inches of mud. A number of the smaller houses were shifted from their foundations, but no dwellings were carried away. Outbuildings were swept away and carried to the bay. Some cattle and other stock, such as calves and pigs, were drowned. No fires could be kept up, and the dampness and hunger and apprehension of danger made it

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

At daybreak this morning the good work was resumed. Fifty families have been made homeless. Application has been made to the Mayor, who will place the City Hall at their disposal until the flood subsides. On the east side of the river the alarm was great, as at the first move of the ice, it was thought all the buildings on the river bank would be swept away. Daniel Cunningham, engineer of No. 1 fire engine, was in the engine house at the time, and was made aware of outside events by the groaning, and cracking of the building. The floor under the engine began to rise, and for a time, he was afraid it was going to be swept away. Help was summoned and the ponderous machine was soon landed safely in the yard. Before the team could be hitched on, the water was up to the horses breasts and was flowing out of the gangway into Front street in a perfect torrent. The engine was hauled to the market square and left for the night. The water came up to the sidewalk in front of the *Intelligencer* building. From here south, Front street was a rushing stream of water, so deep that a waggon bed was wet by driving through. A good many were drowned out of their houses, but the alarm was soon over, as the water gradually fell away, but did not cease to flow until about 11 o'clock this morning.

A HEROIC CITIZEN.

"Billey" Black, sailing master of the yacht Norah, who lives on Jane Street, below Clarke's grocery, soon had a punt afloat, and at eight o'clock started for W. M. Brown's house, about four hundred yards distant. Geo. Earl and a man named Fox, a blacksmith, were the only ones who volunteered to accompany him. After paddling about between the ice and the buildings in the darkness for two hours they reached Brown's house. It was then ten o'clock. No sound could be heard, but after climbing in the second story window Black found the inmates in a room up stairs. Icebergs twelve feet square were in the kitchen below and the furniture had floated away. Miss Prentice, who had been badly bruised by the ice before she could get up stairs, lay on the floor unconscious. Black carried her to the window and she was lowered down into the boat. Mrs. Brown, a woman who weighs over two hundred pounds and who is almost helpless from a stroke of paralysis, was next handed down, and the brave men paddled back the dangerous course to Black's house; Jas. Corbett then joined the rescuing party and Mr. W. Brown and man named Craig were rescued in a like manner. It was eleven o'clock when he landed the second load at his door. Many other lives were saved in a similar way. Upwards of thirty passed the night in a barn belonging to Mr. Bull on the side hill. Mr. Britton's wife and two children were safely carried out of their house, an iceberg six feet square having burst open the door. Robert Day's wife and three children were alone in the house all night. It was impossible to reach them, but this morning several young men crossed the ice and from the roof of the dwelling the children were taken out of the room and safely landed at Black's house. The children were without any clothing, the water having swept everything away.

A FEW INCIDENTS.

S. H. Phippen had 500 cords of wood piled near his ashery. The whole lot, together with his carts, waggons and a barn were carried off by the flood. He estimates his loss at $8,000.

Mrs. Thos. Parsons was rescued from the top of her house by Fred Andrews, cutting a hole through the roof.

Mrs. Conway passed the night in the attic of her house with no clothing but her night dress.

About twenty families sought refuge on a large heap of slacked ashes, where they spent the night in fear and trembling.

The city will lose $2,000 by damage to the bridges and sidewalks.

About ten acres of land is covered with ice, in some places twenty feet high. The scene was viewed by thousands of people to-day. Such a flood was never known in Ontario.

Wm. Hopkins did not reach home until the water was nearly as high as the fences. One of his children, who has scarlet fever, was safely removed up stairs and with some damage from water he escaped very luckily.

The water flooded the sale rooms at the Queen's hotel and one or two travelers lost heavily. One drummer's trunk floated out of the door and down the street two hundred yards. A traveller with samples of fur had his goods damaged and before he could get out a pig swam in the door and delayed his escape some time.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diptheria and Canker Mouth. Sold by W. J. Wilson, Kingston.

A BROKEN HEART.

High roared the flames upon the hearth,
The wind howled fitfully without,
And wind and flame like revelers
Seemed gleefully to laugh and shout,
As Maud and I before the fire
Leaned idly back and smiled and sighed,
Her robe of violet velvet hung
In shadowy folds down at her side.

Her golden hair in rippling waves
Hung carelessly below her waist,
And creamy lace from shoulders white
Fell, and its web-like pattern traced.
Her gaze was always on the fire,
And mine was always upon her;
The faint, sweet scent of sandalwood
Came even as her fan did stir.

A score of years—and once again
I sit within the olden room,
And back upon the air there floats
The faint, sweet sandalwood perfume.
Parted world wide are Maud and I,
Yet, like a subtle, airy caress,
I feel anear me fall the folds
Of that soft violet velvet dress.

PARTED AND REUNITED.

A Wife Wronging a Faithful Husband—A Hasty Parting and Happy Return.

Special to the Whig.

I entered this wood an hour ago, yet I stand here still. My brain seems reeling. An awful sorrow has crushed me.

Sixty minutes ago I was a young, happy girl—a bride of two months standing. With a light step I came gaily down this wood-land path and saw—my husband, with another woman in his embrace! Her white arms were round him; her fair hair was blown across his breast; her lips were pressed to his. Oh! shall I ever forget the sight or the

"HOW DARE YOU STEAL MY HUSBAND'S HEART?"

agony it brought to my soul to know that he, my heart's darling, whom I had deemed a king amongst men, was false to me!

They did not see me. I listened for no words. With the sound of those passionate kisses filling my ears—with that shameful scene burning like fire within my brain—I fled away into the deepest gloom I could find, like a wounded animal vainly rushing from the dart which is fixed in its own breast. How am I to go home? How shall I bear to look again upon his traitorous face?

"Don't touch me!" I cry.

My husband and I are standing face to face; he has dared to offer me a caress. Bertram gravely looks at me, with surprise in his eyes.

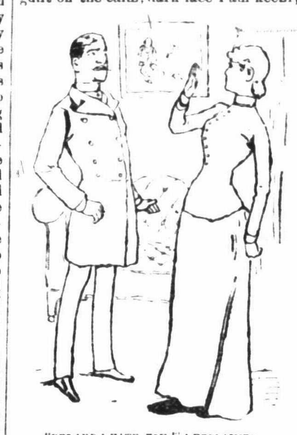
"Lenore, have I offended you in any way?" he asks.

"You have only killed every feeling of affection I ever had for you. That is all!" I said fiercely.

"I do not understand.

"Do you not? Bertram, I have just come from Oakwood!"

He starts, but there comes no look of guilt on the calm, dark face I am keenly



"YES AND I HATE YOU!" I EXCLAIMED.

watching. Is he base that he can thus deftly hide his sin?

"You saw me there," he questions.

"Yes, and I hate you!" I exclaimed, snatching my hand from his grasp. "You are the vilest man I have ever known. I would not remain under your roof for a kingdom!"

* * *

Yesterday I left my husband—only twenty-four hours ago; yet it seems as though a century of time has passed since then, and I ask myself how I shall live without him the long, blank years which stretch out before me.

I am travelling by express train to a little place among the mountains, where I can hide my misery in peace. I am alone in the coach, and leaning my head back wearily against the cushions, I ponder whether she—his new love—will not take my place within that lost home.

The cars enter a tunnel; then, as they emerge into daylight, there comes a piercing scream from the locomotive's whistle of an approaching train, and a deafening, blinding crash, which seems to swallow me up.

I recover consciousness, to find I am only bruised. The collision has taken place near a few farm-houses, and the injured passengers are being carried to these dwellings. A dreadful scene meets my gaze as I alight; the front portion of both trains is completely wrecked. Amidst the *debris* lie maimed human bodies, some struggling to extricate themselves, others white, still, wrapped in the last dread slumber. A female figure is borne past me on men's shoulders. Every part of her body looks crushed out of shape; even the pale face and long fair hair are made ghastly by crimson stains of blood.

Where have I seen such hair as this before? Like a flash of light that scene in Oakwood rises before my sight. Yesterday these golden tresses were flung across Bertram's breast!

I start forward. A wild hatred for this woman, who has ruined my peace, takes possession of my mind, driving out all pity.

I heed not those around us. It seems to me as though she and I have the world to ourselves.

"Do you know what you have done, with your shameful wiles?" I cry. "How dare you steal away my husband's heart?"

She has, I see, no power to move aught except her eyes. These with a frightened, pleading expression, turn to my face.

Her lips move feebly; she utters but one word—"Forgive," and my rival falls back dead.

* * *

Twelve months have rolled slowly away, but the flight of time has brought no peace to me. I am heart hungry, starving for the love which once was my daily food.

Though I turn with loathing from the thought of my husband, an intense yearning grows up in my soul to be near him—to look once more upon his countenance.

The strong desire of my heart conquers me. I grow languid and weak. At last, yielding to an irresistible impulse, I leave the dwelling I have for a year called *home*, and return to the neighborhood of that other house where dwells the husband whom, in spite of all I still love.

I resolve to remain here unknown, so that some day I may, unseen, behold him again.

It is not long before, one night, I steal forth in the darkness to stand, an hour later, in front of my lost home.

There is no light in the drawing room. He does not, then, occupy the apartment we so often shared.

I turn to his study window. That also is dark. Where is he?

I lift my eyes to his chamber. Here a light burns steadily, while shifting shadows, as of persons moving quietly within, fall across the blind.

My heart grows sick with a dreadful fear. He is ill. He may be dying; and I, his wife, stand here, a stranger, with no power to cross the threshold.

I tremble with intense anxiety. Oh, if some servant would but open the door I might inquire what is the matter. In the dusk they would not recognise me.

A quick step comes up the gravel path. I turn hastily. It is the doctor.

Unheeding his astonishment, springing forward I grasped his arm.

"Tell me what is amiss!" I gasp. "He is not seriously ill?"

Doctor Taylor looks down gravely into my agitated face as he answers, "Ill unto death; there is only a gleam of hope."

I shed no tears; they seem frozen. The words ring again and again through my brain—"Ill unto death!"

"I must see him," is all I say.

The doctor shakes his head.

"You must let me go to Bertram!" I cry. "Oh, have some pity, and keep me not from my dying husband! I will not agitate him, I assure you."

"The very sight of your face would do that. Mrs. Fremaine, do you know, during the time he was unconscious, your name was on his lips day and night?"

"Yet you are cruel enough to keep us apart!" is my passionate response.

A moment's silence, while I see his stern face soften, then he says, "You shall be admitted on one condition. It is that you remain behind the bed. He will not perceive your presence, and you must promise to speak no word; the flame of life is so weak that any agitation may extinguish it at once."

"I promise," is my quick response.

We enter the house. Five minutes later I stand on the threshold of my husband's room. My heart beats nigh to suffocation. How shall I bear the sight which is before me? Oh, Heaven! how shall I look upon him, perchance for the last time, and make no sign?

The door opens. The nurse, at a word from Doctor Taylor, leaves the chamber. He motions to me with his hand, and I glide into my appointed place.

Where I stand is in shadow, so that I am hidden; but I see the outline of a prostrate figure; of a face so white, so haggard, that it chills me with agony.

"Oh, my darling!" I cry, humbly,—"my darling always, though so false to me! Is it thus we meet at last?"

"Doctor," faintly says my husband's voice, "it is nearly all over. This is surely death coming? Tell me."

"You are very weak," replies the medical man, evasively.

"That means you fear to answer my question. You need not. Life has been too bitter for me to regret it is fleeting. But before I die there is something I wish to say, that you may repeat it some day to my wife."

I start violently in my hiding-place, but Doctor Taylor casts a warning glance in my direction, and I am silent. Is the secret of his falsehood to be revealed here and now?

The low voice continues. This is the story:

"Years ago, before I met Lenore, my wife, I fell in love with a girl named Constance Fielding. She was very beautiful, and she did not disguise that she returned my passion. I made her an offer, which was accepted. On the very day I had held her in my arms, on the very day her lips had sworn love-vows to me, I learnt she had been for two years the affianced of another. I was nearly mad in that hour. Rushing into her presence I poured forth in bitter words my rage at her deception.

"She threw her self at my feet, imploring me to listen.

"'Not one word!' I cried. 'Your falsehood has crushed out all the love I gave you. Had you been my wife before this truth became known to me I would have cast you off as I do now!'

"From that moment she faded out of my heart. I had deemed her all purity, all truth; I found that, plighted to one man, she yet allowed another to press her to his heart with tender kisses on her perjured lips. This knowledge made her as dead to me as though I had seen the sods piled over her grave.

"Three years passed, when I met Lenore. She was all I had dreamed my first love to be—a pure-hearted, loving woman, and she became my wife.

"Two months I had of brief, entrancing joy with my darling girl—two months of golden love. Then in one hour life's bliss faded utterly; I was left in blank darkness—alone.

"You know Oakwood, which lies on my grounds? I walked through there one day, and encountered the worn shadow of a woman I once had known. This ghost from my past was Constance. In her attenuated face the large blue eyes glittered feverishly; her cheeks were bright with the hectic of consumption.

"She burst into bitter tears as we met: then poured forth with incoherent words a story of wild, wasted affection and mad folly.

"'I married the man to whom you left me,' she cried; 'but, Bertram, I never loved anyone but you!'

"'Hush!' I said, 'why wrong your womanhood by telling this to me? You are a wife. I am married. Be sure I did not wed another with any love of you still lingering in my heart. You were as though dead to me when I left you that day. Your falsehood had killed my love. But my wife is the one joy of my heart—a priceless treasure I can never cease to value!'

"Having thus spoken, I sternly turned away. But she followed me.

"'Bertram,' she cried, wildly, 'don't torture me with such words. It is the very thought that I am nothing to you, *when I might have been all*, that she, that other woman lies in your arms, and has a right to your caresses, which is killing me. Despairing, intense love for you, has drawn me from my home—from the man I call husband, to die here at your feet.'

"As she uttered these words her violent emotion seemed to be forcing soul and body asunder. She leaned back against a tree, her lips white—her bosom panting convulsively with every labored breath.

"I did not touch her. No shadow of past tenderness awoke again in my breast. The pure image of my wife arose before me; while besides her stainless love this woman's shameless avowal of a sinful passion seemed loathsome in my sight.

"She saw the stern reproach of my eyes. A wild storm of feeling swept across her face, and with a despairing cry, ere I was aware of her purpose, she cast herself on my breast, her arms clasped round me, her lips on mine.

"I struggled to free myself, but she clung desperately, exerting all her strength; so, for one moment, she lay there upon my heart, while gasping forth the words, 'I am dying; oh! let me rest here for a little while where I have so longed to be!' Then I had ruthlessly put her aside.

"I was true to my wife in soul and thought, I swear, as I had vowed to be before the altar; but what man could see such passionate love as this lavished upon him without some feeling of pity arising within his heart?

"I spoke in a few soothing words to her, saying what folly it was to thus destroy her own honour and tarnish her wedded name by an affection which could never meet with a return.

"Gradually she grew calmer. A look of shame passed across her face, and she said, 'Bertram, I should not thus have betrayed myself to you, had I not known that I am dying. Keep my secret for a short time, I pray you. In mercy to my womanhood, speak not of my folly to your wife till I am dead. She has your love—she has all! I have nothing but my shame; don't reveal that until I am gone beyond reproach. It will only be a few weeks at farthest; then you shall be free to tell her my story.'

"I solemnly gave her the promise she asked. I thought no one had witnessed our meeting, and I saw by her face that death would soon cancel the pledge. But when on reaching home I met my wife's eyes, I knew with certainty that she had seen us just at the fatal moment when Constance, half-maddened, had cast herself into my arms. Could she but have heard the words which passed, the true meaning of that strange scene would have been apparent; but hearing nothing, my guilt seemed self-evident. I felt this was so, yet no excuse could I utter: the promise given to Constance sealed my lips. In that very hour, with but a few bitter words, my wife left me."

Bertram's voice sinks almost to a whisper, but he struggles to add, 'Promise me . . . to . . . seek . . . out Lenore . . . and . . . tell . . . her;' then, solemnly, "I think this . . . is . . . death!"

An awful silence—a faint sigh, and forgetful of all, save that my husband—my darling—is passing away from me, I am on my knees, with that dear head upheld upon my bosom.

Doctor Taylor utters no word of reproach. Every moment is precious, as, with strong

WITH THAT DEAR HEAD UPHELD UPON MY BOSOM

restoratives, he labors to bring back the soul almost trembling for its flight upon the parted lips. Some minutes of terrible suspense, then my Bertram opens his dark eyes calmly upon my agonized face.

Joy seldom kills; it does no harm to him.

"Lenore, you have heard?" he questions.

"All! Oh, my husband! forgive me!" I cry.

In one glance, eye to eye, our hearts meet again, never more to be divided, and our wedded hands are reclasped for ever.

* * * * * *

Many years have passed since then, and as I sit here finishing this history of the most trying period of my life, Bertram is just returning from a drive with our two boys, and as I see them coming up the same gravel walk on which I met Dr. Taylor on that eventful night, my heart is uplifted to God in praise and thanksgiving for the gracious manner in which He providentially brought about this precious and lasting re-union.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price, 10c, 50c and $1. Sold by W. J. Wilson, Kingston.

HAVE YOU

Hot and dry skin?
Scalding sensations?
Swelling of the ankles?
Vague feelings of unrest?
Frothy or brick-dust fluids?
Acid stomach? Aching loins?
Cramps, growing nervousness?
Strange soreness of the bowels?
Unaccountable languid feelings?
Short breath and pleuritic pains?
One-side headache? Backache?
Frequent attacks of the "blues"?
Fluttering and distress of the heart?
Albumen and tube casts in the water?
Fitful rheumatic pains and neuralgia?
Loss of appetite, flesh and strength?
Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night?
Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels?
Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water?
Chills and fever? Burning patches of skin? Then

YOU HAVE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS.

The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear, and reappear until the disease gradually gets a firm grasp on the constitution, the kidney-poisoned blood breaks down the nervous system, and finally pneumonia, diarrhœa, bloodlessness, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue, and then death is inevitable. This fearful disease is not a rare one—it is an every-day disorder, and claims more victims than any other complaint.

It must be treated in time or it will gain the mastery. Don't neglect it. Warner's SAFE Cure has cured thousands of cases of the worst type, and it will cure you if you will use it promptly and as directed. It is the only specific for the universal

BRIGHT'S DISEASE!

TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tenders for Works," and addressed to the undersigned, will be received until noon on

WEDNESDAY, the 29th INST.,

For the Construction of the following works:

Addition to the rear of the Main Building, and rebuilding Stable at the Asylum for the Insane, Kingston. Construction of Slate Roofs over the decks of the Main Building Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville. Reconstruction of Gas Works and Building at the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia, and for the construction of a Lock-up at Fort William, Thunder Bay.

PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS can be seen at this Department; at the Asylum for Insane, Kingston; the Deaf and Dumb Institute, Belleville; the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia; and at the Sheriff's Office, Port Arthur, where forms of tender can be procured on application.

The *bona fide* signatures of two parties who may be willing to become sureties for the due performance of the contract to be attached to each tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

C. F. FRASER, Commissioner.

Department of Public Works, Ontario.

April 13th, 1885.

CAUTION!

EACH PLUG OF THE

MYRTLE NAVY

IS MARKED

T. & B.

IN BRONZE LETTERS.

NONE - OTHER - GENUINE.

December 31.

YOUR SLEIGHS

MUST BE PUT AWAY.

G. W. ROBINSON

—HAS A—

First Class Storehouse

On Queen Street.

Cloth Trimmings kept from Moths.

April 2nd.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the world. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Company, at Chicago, New York and St. Louis. SOLD EVERYWHERE

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. In fact, 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.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co. 10 Spruce St., N.Y.

FOR A FIRST-CLASS CIGAR

—OR—

PIPES of ANY DESCRIPTION

CALL ON

RICHARD NEWLANDS,

(McGOWAN'S OLD STAND.)

Just Received 10,000 LA UNIONS Prime Five Cent Cigars.

RICHARD NEWLANDS.

March 6.

Boats, Boats.

A LARGE QUANTITY OF

PLEASURE SKIFFS

Of Various Sizes, for Sale by

JACOB SHARMAN, Barriefield.

HAVING LEASED the Cameron Boat Establishment, foot of Simcoe Street, Kingston, will be ready at opening of Navigation, to fill all orders for Sale and Hiring of New Boats, and for Repairing old ones, in the City Establishment.

April 1st.

GORDON & GOTCH,

Australian, Foreign & General Advertising Contractors

Wholesale & Export Booksellers and News Agents.

GENERAL SHIPPING AGENTS.

St. Bride St., Ludgate Circus, London, Eng.

Are authorised to receive advertisements for the BRITISH WHIG.

Visitors to England are cordially invited to make use of their Australian, American and English reading room at above address.

April 11th, 1885.

KINGSTON & BATH ROADS.

SALE OF TOLLS.

THE ANNUAL LETTING OF THE TOLLS collectable at the Toll Gates on the Kingston & Bath Road, will take place by Auction on THURSDAY, APRIL 23rd, at 3 o'clock p.m., at Fallon's Hotel, Williamsville.

JOHN DUFF, Secretary.

Kingston, April 11th.

F. NISBET, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER.

NEW BOOKS

The Parables of Jesus, by Rev. Jas. Wells $1.75.
Sick Room Meditations and Studies, by Rev. Jas. Cross, $1.75.
Silver Chimes, by Emma Marshall, $1.75.
The Young Prowler, by R. M. Ballantyne, $1.75.
Beryl and Pearl, by Agnes Giberian, $1.75.
Moments on the Mount, a Series of Devotional Meditations, by Rev. Geo. Matheson, $1.25.
My Grandmother's Pictures, by Emma Marshal, 75c.
A Red Wallflower, by the author of the Wide, Wide World, $1.25.
Twice Bought, by R. M. Ballantyne, $1.25.
Lillies and Shamrocks, by C.W.A., and Francis Ridley Havergal, 35c.
Up Nigh Friendly Words, to Those Within and Those Without the Fold of Christ, by Rev. Geo. Everard, 50c.

—AT—

F. NISBET'S

The CORNER Bookstore.

April 9th.

WATCH!

GET YOUR

Fire Screens, Mantles, Over Mantles, Mirrors, Libraries, Book Cases, Sideboards, Parlour Suits, Bedroom Suits, Chairs, Tables, Plush Mounts, Easels, Show Cases, &c.,

—AT—

RICHARDSON'S,

212 PRINCESS ST.

Estimates for all kinds of Ornamenta Wood Work cheerfully given.

Repairing promptly attended to.

February 23.

TO THE FRONT AT ONCE!

THE

14th P. W. O. RIFLES

Are strictly requested to gladden the hearts of friends and acquaintances by leaving their Photographs before going from Kingston.

BEAUTIFUL FRAMES

For all kinds of Pictures to be had at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

Lower Than Ever, at

The Picture Frame Factory,

115 BROCK ST.

P. OHLKE.

April 14th.

GALLOWAY.

Owing to the fact that the premises at present occupied by me is to be renovated and remodelled, I will DURING THE NEXT TWO WEEKS OFFER MY ENTIRE SPRING STOCK AT REDUCED PRICES, as I will have to make way for the contractor.

My stock is now large and varied, comprising the very latest designs from New York and European Markets, which I will offer at tempting prices.

GALLOWAY'S,

84 PRINCESS STREET.

March 26. Next to Cousineau's

CONFECTIONERY

Of all Kinds.

Florida Oranges, Grapes, Figs, and Choice Cakes.

Pastry that can't be beat.

R. H. TOYE.

April 7th.

PINEAPPLES! PINEAPPLES! BANANAS!

TOMATOES, ORANGES, LEMONS, CORNED MEATS, APPLES OF ALL KINDS.

Vegetables, Lettuce, Celery and Radishes always to be found at the

American Fruit Depot.

MRS. J. K. OLIVER.

March 30th.

HARD and SOFT WOOD

If You Want

THE DRIEST, CHEAPEST and BEST

Hard Maple and Beach Cordwood, Oak, Birch, Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood, Sawed or Unsawed.

OR IF YOU WANT

Kindling Wood (Dry), or Stove Coal, Nut Coal No. 4 Coal, Soft Coal or Blacksmith's Coal, go to

R. CRAWFORD & CO.,

FOOT OF QUEEN ST.

N.B.—Orders left at the Grocery Store of Jas. Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone communication.

April 10.

C-A-G-E-S!

CANARY, ROBIN, and MOCKING BIRD CAGES.

BIRD NESTS, BIRD BATHS, CAGE BRACKETS, etc.

—JUST RECEIVED AT—

Horsey's Hardware Store,

PRINCESS STREET.

April 11th.

PROCLAMATION!

Toronto Flour Store,

61 Brock Street.

BEST QUALITY CROWN JEWEL, SUDA AND FAMILY FLOUR, CHEAP FOR CASH.

Oats, Bran, Shorts, and Feed of all kinds.

Farm Produce taken in Exchange.

Harry Hayden

March 28th.

STRAWBERRIES, STRAWBERRIES,

AT T-H-E B-A-Z-A-A-R!

Tomatoes, Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Cocoanuts, Dates, etc., etc.

REES BROS.,

April 15th. Manufacturing Confectioners

HOTEL FOR SALE OR TO-LET.