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THE BRITISH WHIG
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The Best Workmen in Every Department.
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Oct 1883

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The Allan Line consists of twenty-four iron Steamships, forming a Second Line between Liverpool, Glasgow, Londonderry, Queenstown, Halifax; and Quebec, Halifax, St. John's, Newfoundland, Boston and Baltimore.
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CIRCASSIAN ..... 3,000 tons ..... Lt. Smith, R.N.R.
MORAVIAN ..... 3,000 tons ..... Lt. Archer.
The latest train connected with Steamer at Quebec leaves Kingston every Friday at 2 p.m. A through railway car will be run on this train.
For tickets and other information apply to
FOLGER & HANLEY,
Passenger Agents, Perry Wharf, Kingston.
June 16.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.
ROYAL MAIL LINE
Composed of the following first class side wheel steamers:
BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.
Quebec, Captain Nelson | Montreal ... Capt. Roy
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Corsican, " Sinclair | Alnwick ... " Trowell
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COMMENCING TUESDAY, the 19th of June, and until further notice, one of the above steamers will leave Kingston DAILY (Sundays excepted,)
At 5:30 p.m. for Toronto, calling at intermediate ports (weather permitting.)
At 5 a.m. for Montreal and Quebec, calling at Clayton, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Coteau, passing through the Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence by daylight; connecting with the Canada Pacific Railway at Brockville and Prescott for Ottawa, &c.; at Quebec with steamers for Murray Bay, Chicoutimi and the Saguenay; also with the International Railway and Gulf Ports Steamship Company.
Return tickets at greatly reduced rates.
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C. H. HATCH, Agent.
June 16.

FOR PICTON & BELLEVILLE
THE STEAMER "HERO" ..... T. J. Chain, Master
will, until further notice, leave Kingston DAILY at 5:00 p.m., stopping at Portsmouth, Cataraqui, Bath and intermediate ports, on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY will proceed to Belleville, arriving at 10:30 p.m., and Picton at 7:30 p.m.
Returning, will leave Belleville on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 6 a.m., and Picton at 9 a.m. Picton on TUESDAY & THURSDAY at 1:00 a.m., and SATURDAY at 6:00 a.m.
Connections at Picton, Central Ontario R.R. at Belleville, G.T.R. midnight train going East and Grand Junction R.R.
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April 21.

For Montreal and Intermediate Ports.
The Enlarged and Improved Passenger and Freight Steamer
1882 "ALEXANDRIA," 1883
(HAPE SHIPS.)
Will leave Toronto, Island Bay of Quinte, every MONDAY MORNING, on arrival of Express, calling at intermediate ports, arriving and leaving Kingston at 5 p.m., arriving in Montreal early Tuesday evening.
RETURNING: Leaves Montreal every Thursday at noon for River and Bay ports, arriving in Kingston Friday evening, to leave for Toronto on Saturday morning at 6 o'clock.
A. GUNN & CO. Agents.
Comfortable Waiting Room on the Wharf.
May 3rd.
TAKE THE POPULAR
Summer Route to the Capital.
THE STEAMER
GIPSEY
LEAVES KINGSTON
Every Tuesday and Friday Afternoon
at 4 o'clock, for Ottawa, calling at Newburg, Napanee, Calver's Ferry, south Port Hope, Cobourg and intermediate ports. For passage and freight apply to
J. SWIFT,
St. Lawrence Wharf.
June 15th.

SAFE CURE
FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.
There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by purging them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women, for Malaria and perversal troubles generally, as a great remedy has no equal. Beware of imitators, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.
For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.
For sale by all dealers.
H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont. Rochester, N.Y. London, Eng.

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DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT
a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration, caused by the use of Alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain, resulting in Insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa, caused by over exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. One dollar a box, or six boxes for five dollars, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with five dollars, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by
W. J. WILSON, Druggist, (Successor to Heath & Gunn), Kingston, Ont.
Orders by mail at regular price.
Aug. 3.

$500 Reward!
We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with Wood's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., Chicago and Toronto. Free postal package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of $ 1 cent stamp. Sold at W. J. WILSON'S Drug Store, Kingston.

YOUNG MAN,
IF YOU ARE suffering from loss of memory, nervous debility, general debility, or any other disease you have contracted since you set foot on this PRIMEVAL CONTINENT, LET US FAULK to you our NERVOUS SYSTEM MEDY. It has brought hither and thither, and from the uttermost ends of the earth, the sufferers now before the public. One bottle is guaranteed to cure. It is no humbug. Try it. Apply to
T. A. HATFIELD, General Merchant, Wolfe Island, Ont., Sole Agent for Canada. May 23.

JUST RECEIVED
—AT—
Nelligan's Central Fruit Depot
A CHOICE LOT OF
SEA SHELLS.
ICE CREAM A SPECIALTY
B. NELLIGAN'S
No. 249 & 251 PRINCESS STREET.
June 8.

STOP THIEF. $1000 REWARD.
Beware of Count chin. The high reputation of Count chin, Prince's Branch Cough Balsam, the best cure for all throat and lung complaints, has given rise to spurious compounds. The genuine Count chin's Branch Cough Balsam is prepared only by Frank W. Kinnear & Co., sole proprietors, Kingston, Ontario. Ask for Count chin's Branch Cough Balsam, and take no other. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per bottle. Wholesale agents, Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto. Also, Kinnear's Liver Pills, a thorough cathartic, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. Wholesale agents for Canada.

PERFECTION WINDOW CLEANER. SAVES PRICE IN ONCE USING. Removes dirt, greasy or window cleaning. Ask your merchant for it, or send 25c for sample by mail. PERFECTION WINDOW CLEANER CO., Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS RONAN,
Furnishing Undertaker,
BAGOT STREET, next door to Crowe & Cunningham's Store Depot.
Furnishings and Attendance
always description for Funerals at very moderate rates. FIRST-CLASS HEARSE on hand.
Coffins of all Sizes and Prices kept on Hand
Services given at hours at all hours.
Thomas Ronan.
Jan 6.

SECOND-HAND BOOKS
Second hand Books bought and sold by
A. SIMONDS,
PRINCESS STREET, a few doors above Gordon's.

GOOD-BYE, PROUD WORLD.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.
Thou art not my friend, I am not thine.
Too long through the weary crowds I roam.
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Too long I am tossed like the driven foam.
But now, proud world, I'm going home.

Good-bye to Flatter's fawning face,
To Grandeur with his hollow grimace,
To upstart Wealth's averted eye.
To sly pole-cats here and there
To crowded halls to court and street,
To frozen heart, and heating feet,
To those who go, and those who come,
Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

I go to seek my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
A secret lodge in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the Delphic Muse planted
Where Arethen grows the livelong day,
Below the hawk-bird's roundelay
And evermore have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I mock at the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the love and pride of man,
At the toppling church and the tow'ring clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

GRACIE'S SHORT LESSON.

"Make haste, Mr. Markham! Do read out my fate. What is the color of his eyes, and what is to be the exact shade of his hair?

"Gray eyes," began the Sybil—"and—what's this?—red hair? Yes, gray eyes and red hair—that's your fate, Miss Gracie Conti."

"Remarkable coincidence," murmured Miss Conti's right hand neighbor. "How will you have the aforesaid? Do you prefer off the curl and on the sand, or on the curl and on the carrot?

"On the curl and on the carrot, of course," said Gracie, laughing and coloring a little.

Syd, sitting on her left hand, found reason for the first time in his life to congratulate himself on the color of his curly locks.

Miss Conti was treating him charmingly that evening. She had been so capricious during the last week. Sometimes cold and reserved, impossible to please, dissatisfied with everything Syd did and said, until he felt like packing his valise and rushing away out into the wide world anywhere that he might forget her enchanting face. Then suddenly things would change. Gracie would become as sweet and warm and sunny as a day of early summer. Syd would forget the resolutions and gloomy determinations of yesterday, and find that life was full of a mysterious, entrancing sweetness.

As for Gracie, she never stopped to think at all of her feelings toward Syd. It was agreeable to have his constant society, great fun to see how important all her caprices were in his eyes. Mrs. Maryl's place was delightful—the summer one of the happiest she had ever spent, but as for meaning all sorts of serious things—loving Syd, marrying Syd, and living in the country forever more—pshaw! she had not the slightest idea of it.

But on that evening when they sat around the table, telling their fortunes, Gracie was in high spirits and amused the whole circle.

Syd watched her so intently that he forgot to contribute his offering to conversation. He could sit forever and watch the play of expression over her face, but the best of it all was the soft smile she gave him from time to time.

"Now, where am I to live, Mr. Markham?"

"Come—to, the city; a large city. I very nearly said country, Miss Conti. From association of ideas, you know," said Mr. Markham, with what he thought a very roguish glance.

"That would have been a very unfortunate mistake," said Mr. Lathrop. "Miss Conti would die of despair if she was called upon to vacate her beloved town."

"I would, indeed," said Gracie, with a slight shudder. "I was certainly intented to make my pilgrimage on pavements."

"I fear you are shamefully artificial in your tastes," continued Mr. Lathrop. "Wouldn't you luxuriate in the perpetual repose, and the silence broken only by the lowing herd. What are crashing orchestras compared with the birds singing in the forest trees? What are flow bells compared with the tinkle of the sheep bell?"

"Decidedly better," said Gracie. "I would rather hear Thomas orchestra than all the birds that ever sang."

"Oh! Miss Conti, Miss Conti! What a shameless avowal! I am sure your real choice is a sweet country cottage, surrounded by lilacs and syringa bushes. In your heart of hearts you prefer the country."

"You know nothing of the sort," said Gracie, gayly. "You know I would not live in the country under any circumstances whatever."

"Not with the man of your heart, who would say to you, 'Come, we will make hay while the sun shines, and when it sets, we will sit in the shade of a piazza and eat huckleberries, and hear the tree frogs and whippowills sing their evening song; while, for conversation, we will say to each other, 'Qu'elle est belle, la solitude!'"

"Such a consummation could never be, I assure you," said Gracie, speaking more decidedly than she intended, under the fire of Lathrop's searching, satirical eyes.

"Yes, you will, remember," said Mr. Lathrop, as the door closed on Gracie's retreating figure. "You'll remember it well enough. You spoke from the heart that time, Miss Gracie Conti, which is a thing you are not very often caught doing."

Syd made no reply, and Lathrop went on.

"Take that girl out of society, and put her down to a milk and bread diet of domestic life, and she'd shrivel away to nothing. She's made for society—she worships it. Gracie Conti can feel but two things, the pleasure of breaking a heart, or the mortification of falling when she sets about it. I saw her last year, down at Newport, put a man through his paces in a deliberate style that—Well, it was artistic. Did you ever hear of Murray Livingstone?"

"Yes. He is in Egypt, is he not?"

"Egypt or Tartary, or any other remote retreat, I imagine, where Gracie Conti's voice and Gracie Conti's name won't be often heard." And then Mr. Lathrop proceeded to narrate to his attentive listener a story in which poor Gracie, to tell the truth, took a heartless part.

"There, said Mr. Lathrop, when he came to the end, "that was about as pretty a piece of work as I ever saw. You won't have a sugar, Maryo? Well, then, I'll say good-night. You won't go up yourself?"

"I believe not. Sleeping is rather a slight upon these fine nights."

Gracie, whose room overlooked the veranda, wondered very much why Syd should take that tramp back and forth. She could see his hands thrust in his pockets with an air of unmistakable meditation, and a thoughtful, very thoughtful, look on his features.

"You look as if you'd just sighed somebody's death warrant, and were very, very sorry for it, decided Gracie, "and I think it is very eccentric and inconsiderate in you to tramp forever, late as it is, when you know we have the French play to morrow evening and want all the rest we can get. I shall never get to sleep."

But she did, and bloomed like a fresh flower at the breakfast-table the next morning.

Everything in the house was rather upset to make way for the French play.

Syd was far from paying his usual homage at Gracie's shrine that morning. Instead of sitting as usual, by her side, he chose the remotest corner of the table.

Perhaps that was why she had to repeat his name twice or thrice before she could attract his attention.

Gracie did not like that sort of thing, but it will be soon remedied," she thought.

Gracie was here, there and everywhere during the day, beautifying industriously—not omitting to muse a little over Syd's unaccountable behaviour.

He did not return until dinner was half over. He looked fagged and sad little. Strange to say Gracie's tongue had been mute until he appeared, and then she was her talkative self once more. But she took care to address no remarks or questions to Syd.

The drawing rooms of Glen Mayre were thronged with a brilliant company to witness the performance of the French play. Gracie's way the part of heroine—a peasant girl, whose lover has been conscripted.

It was Gracie's triumph! She played her part to admiration. Capt. Armstrong was foremost in the ranks of applauders, but through it all she seemed to feel but one form bending over a proud, beautiful face, which looked backward to the man standing behind her chair, much oftener than forward to the stage.

"Of course, he must talk to some one," ran the under current of the peasant girl's thoughts, "but how ill bred in Winifred Ould to talk perpetually while the play goes on. She whispers so that he must lean over her to hear what she says. Poor Syd! who would so much rather give his attention to us. Why does he not leave her? Ah! he has bent his head till his hair almost touches hers."

But here the noble Englishman comes on the scene. The money for Gaspard's release is paid from the very purse his sweetheart had loyally restored. All is joy, the curtain falls, and ten minutes later the distinguished "vieux drôle" receive well earned congratulations. Gracie is soon surrounded, but of her subjects, one fails to approach and render tribute.

At last she sees him coming. Capt. Armstrong is surprised but delighted with the brilliant smile she gives to what he privately considers a very commonplace speech.

"I will not look towards him," thinks Gracie, "to punish him for being so late in paying his devoirs. Isn't he going to stop? He has passed. Ah! it was to get that fan from the table."

"You have not congratulated me, Mr Syd," she said, gayly.

"Have I not? Then permit me to do so now. You played your part charmingly, Miss Conti, as doubtless you have always done." Bowing, with Miss Ould's fan in his hand, Syd passed on. Capt. Armstrong excused himself, and for one moment Gracie stood alone.

"Permit me to occupy this envied position until your partner comes for this waltz—the first, is it not?" said Mr. Lathrop's voice.

It was a weary face that Gracie's looking glass reflected when the evening was over, the guests all gone and streaks of the gray dawn were stealing through the window shutters.

The pretty peasant's costume was thrown petulantly aside, piece by piece. The last was the high, white cap, trimmed with scarlet ribbons, that had done its work coquettishly enough.

Gracie rested her crossed arms on the marble bureau-top and held a conversation with herself, as she often did.

"Well, how did you like it all? How did the play go off? Were you brilliant and dazzling? And was Syd carried off his feet with admiration, so that he saw and heard nothing but you? And were you relentless to him, driving him distracted by displaying your indifference and flirting with Capt. Armstrong? And then did you soften and walk with him down the linden path in the moonlight, and let him tell you something that he had never dared to breathe to you before? Or were you flattered by a lot of people whom you don't care five cents for—strangers whom you wish never to see again, and have to dance all the evening and chatter to tiresome men. Capt. Armstrong, ineffably conceited, and Lathrop always at your elbow to say something disagreeable; while Syd—Syd did not dance with you, did not walk with you, did not look at you, did not speak to you even?

"And did I finally get cross, and let Mr. Lathrop have, for the first time, the exquisite pleasure of making me angry? And did I, oh, little fool! when every one was gone, think I would give Syd a last chance' and ask him to light my candle; and did he do it, politely, but without a word that all the world might not have heard?"

The next morning, after some hours of refreshing sleep, Gracie saw things in a more cheerful light. She concluded that Syd was, perhaps, vexed about some trifle. She would make friends again, herself, and then it would be all right.

She descended to the breakfast room in this happy state of mind. All the family were assembled. Gracie threw a swift glance around the room. Syd was not there.

"Syd," said Mrs. Maryo, "rode over to breakfast at Shallowfield, where Miss Ould is staying. I heard Mr. Stewart give him the invitation last night, but I did not think he would accept it."

"Ah, my dear madam! there are some wonderfully persuasive things in the world, of which the least is not an entreating glance from a beautiful woman."

"I suppose, by that, you mean Winifred Ould," said Mrs. Maryo. "Syd certainly admires her extravagantly. I have often heard him say she was the most beautiful woman he ever saw."

Gracie bent over Sophy, and began assiduously feeding her with marmalade. Why did she feel that sudden rush of violent anger against Mrs. Maryo, Lathrop, Winifred Ould—everybody who talked so absurdly about what they knew nothing of?

"Miss Conti, don't feel irresistibly attracted to the flower-garden?"

"Not the least," replied Gracie. "I feel, decidedly, attracted to but one object—that is, a certain arm-chair in my own room, and I intend from this moment, to give it all my attention."

But she did not do this at all. She slipped away to the solitary library, to fancy she was enjoying Pendennis, in spite of some troublesome questions that would intrude themselves.

She was still there when, two or three hours later, the door opened, and Syd walked in.

He looked very tired and haggard, but notwithstanding this, Gracie felt a flush of pleasure at seeing him that she had never felt before.

It was only last night they had met, but she felt as though weeks had passed since she had seen the real Syd—the old time Syd.

Syd said something about not disturbing her. "Oh, you don't disturb me. I just came down here because it was quiet, and I had nothing else to do.

Syd walked to the window, and stood looking out for some minutes.

"How did you enjoy last evening?" he said at length.

"It was delightful," said Gracie, promptly. "How did you like it?"

"Tolerably well, said Syd. "As much as I ever enjoyed that sort of thing, I suppose. All merry makings are bores.

"Do you think so? Perhaps they are to some people, but I can always find somebody to make the time pass for me.

"Can you?" said Syd, bitterly. "I wish, then, you would give me your recipe, Miss Conti, because, in my opinion, things get more unsatisfactory and tiresome every day."

"Oh! just keep a light heart, and make the best of things, said Gracie, brightly; and to show her respect for this admirable prescription, she went up stairs and cried herself to sleep.

Gracie would not join the riding party this morning. Miss Ould and her cousin were to come over to meet the rest at Glen Mayre. Gracie heard the clatter of hoofs and the gay voices under the trees, but she could not go to the window to see the party off. She could imagine how Syd sprang on his horse and subdued his restless Wanderer to suit Miss Ould's less impatient steed.

About an hour after they were gone Gracie came down, rejoicing in the unusual stillness. No one was to be seen but little Sophy, who, directly she caught sight of Gracie, came running to put her hand confidingly in hers, and ask, or rather command, to "go dai-dai," which, in Sophy's parlance, meant, go to walk.

"Willingly, Sophietta, said Gracie. "Now, lead Dacie just where you want to go."

Accordingly, the two perambulated around the lawn, and through some thick shrubbery, until they came to a garden bench.

"Dacie, sit Sophy and Dacie down," commanded Sophy.

Gracie complied by putting Sophy on the seat, then kneeling in front of her, she took the baby face in both her hands, and gazed on it long and wistfully.

"Sophy, do you love Dacie?"

Sophy assented.

"Who else do you love, Sophy?

"My Sydno," said Sophy.

"My Sydno," repeated Gracie, slowly, with a sudden thrill of pain.

"Sydno, my Sydno!" cried Sophy, stretching out her hands.

Gracie turned her head. Syd's glowing, ardent face was close to hers.

"Oh, Gracie! Gracie! he whispered entreatingly, "won't you say those words once more?"

And Gracie said them, half laughing, half in tears.

HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL.

Millionaires are a speedy crop in the West when they get the right hold of the land, and many Kingstonians will be glad to hear of the phenomenal success of Charles and Albert Sills, late of this city. They are both growing wealthy, the former being reputed as worth from $1,000,000 to $1,250,000. Of their operations the Western papers say

"Yesterday a contract was made by F. L. Underwood and others with W. M. Craig and A. M. Sills for the sale of the old fair ground property, the Dundee place. This is the largest agency contract ever made in Kansas City, involving over a million of dollars worth of property. The good character of the agents is well recognized in the placing of this important and extensive contract."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"The Gunnison Coal Company, of which C. T. Sills is manager, owns 4,000 acres of coal lands fifteen miles north west of Gunnison on Ohio Creek on the line of the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad. The coal is bituminous, first class for steam and domestic purposes, and is largely used here. The veins of coal are 6 feet clear, with beds of fine clay under whole layer. Mines have been worked by tunnel 300 feet and side entry 200 feet. Coal sells at the mines at $2.50 and in the city at $6 per ton. Mr. Sills is also manager and a large shareholder of the Gunnison Improvement Company, which owns the town site of Willard, twelve miles from here; also three-fourths of Maple Leaf Gold mint, at Willard, and two-thirds of Little Nellie mine and other mining properties."—*Denver Tribune.*

The path to riches is easy if you strike the right trail, but it is few who strike it so truly as the Messrs. Sills.

NORAH'S STORY.

W. Templeman, publisher of Almonte, has in press, as publisher for Mrs. McDougall, "Norah," late correspondent in Ireland for the Montreal Witness, her book, "The Days of a Life," descriptive of the life of an Irish landlord. Although a work of fiction it deals with facts that came under the writer's observation, and every character is taken from life. It is a scrupulously authentic argument in behalf of a reformation of the condition of many Irish tenants, and will be of value as a contribution to Canadian and Irish literature. The author is an Irish Protestant lady, for many years before the public as a writer. The book will contain 450 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Price $1.50, by subscription only.

Sprague's Anti-Phosphate.
FOR THE BRAIN AND NERVES OF TOBACCO.
Dr. C. A. Farnald, Boston, says: "I have used it in cases of impaired nerve function with beneficial results, especially in cases where the system is affected by the intoxication of tobacco.

RAILWAY SMASH-UP.

The Grand Trunk Express Runs off the Track Near Brockville—General Smash-up.

The Grand Trunk express due in Kingston yesterday afternoon at 4.15 o'clock, did not arrive until about 8 o'clock. The delay was caused by a general smash up near Brockville. The accident occurred near the watershore. The engine had rounded a sharp curve and ran upon rails which had spread. Several of the cars were derailed. The tender went off first and the express car followed. The latter rolled down the embankment and was considerably wrecked. Edward Allen, the express messenger, escaped uninjured, though he was considerably mixed up with boxes, bales, trunks, etc. His head was nearly crushed by one of the trunks which went flying through the car.

The Brockville Times says the second car, containing the baggage had the trucks broken from under it. It struck the express car, knocked the end off it, and dashed into a field. A baggage man, named Bagerette, and a brakeman were in the car at the time and both escaped with slight injuries. Bagerette had a number of trunks piled on top of him, but was only bruised about the chest. The brakeman had his back hurt. The two cars were pitched into the field, the express turning end for end; the baggage car over the end of it and landing at right angles to the track.

The cut embankment over which they went is about eight feet high. The second class car left the track, but its trucks remained, several holes made in the north side, platforms destroyed and the bottom badly broken up, but remained on the embankment. The post office car went off on the south side and ran into the bank, which rises about four feet there, and turned more than half way over. The mail clerk was not hurt. The next was a first class car, and it was tipped partly over to the south side, the rest following it also left the track. The Pullman only left the track, but was not injured, and the dining car did not leave the rails. The only passenger hurt was an old lady named Jane Friar, who belongs to Delta. Her injuries were chiefly from the shock, and come quite frightened. An auxiliary train was despatched from Brockville to the scene of the accident and the passengers taken to Brockville. After the tender had left the rails it was dragged about fifteen rods over the ties by the engine.

CONDUCTOR MCCOLLUM.

Rev. Mr. Carey and Mr. R. Bailey, brown manufacturer, arrived here this morning and recount their experiences at the scene of the wreck. Mr. Bailey was on the train when it left the track, and his feelings may be better imagined than described when the extent of the damage was ascertained and a knowledge of his narrow escape dawned upon him. He was riding in one of the first class coaches, and when it became derailed he received a dreadful shock. Great sensation and alarm was felt and as quickly as possible every one rushed out of the train. The first view of the ruin was somewhat appalling, but the excitement cooled down as it was learned that no lives had been lost, that few had been hurt and they but slightly. There were three physicians on the train—one of them Dr. Merrick, of Gananoque, and these gave the wounded the earliest and best attention. Rev. Mr. Carey was at the depot awaiting the arrival of the train when the news of the accident came.

AN OLD RESIDENT GONE.

The death of Joseph C. Hawley, of South Fredericksburg, resulted from an attack of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Hawley was 82 years of age, but up to a month prior to his death was in the enjoyment of excellent health. The Napanee Express says his funeral took place on Wednesday the place of interment being Bath. The deceased gentleman was a son of Daniel Hawley, a U.E. Loyalist from New York State, who arrived in this country about 1800, and was among the first settlers of the district. He was the last of a family of nine, and was born on the farm where he resided up to the time of his death. Possessed of fine social qualities and a genial disposition he drew around him a large circle of friends, and it can be truthfully said of him that he had not an enemy. Though never taking a very active part in politics he was always a supporter of Reform principles, and by his gold example in applying these principles to his every day walk he exerted a far-reaching influence for his party. He was for years an active member of the Canada Methodist Church, in which capacity he will probably be more greatly missed than in any other. He leaves behind him three sons—the late worthy member for the Local Legislature, C. and J. M.—all of whom are worthy successors of a worthy sire. The daughter are Mrs. W.A. Gunn, of Kingston, and Misses Mary A. and Carrie Hawley, who reside on the homestead.

MINISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.

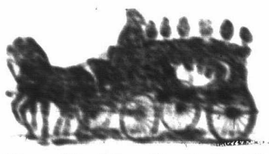
Some of the appointments by the Toronto Conference of the Canada Methodist Church are:

Picton, J. S. Clarke.
Consecon, John A. Jewell.
Wellington, J. A. Chapman.
Belleville, S. G. Bourne.
Ameliasburg, W. Tomlin.
Roslesville, E. Crum.
Bloomfield, A. Brown.
Cherry Valley, J. McFarlane.
Milford, T. J. Robinson.
Cramp, G. S. Reynolds.
Desoronto, W. Bacon.
Northport, J. A. McCamon.

EXEMPTION!
THE PANTRY
IS RECEIVING
A Large Stock of New Groceries
THIS WEEK.
ALL—FRESH—AND—NEW
WHICH IT OFFERS FOR SALE AT VERY SMALL PROFITS AND FOR SAME PRICE TO EVERY ONE. LET THEM BE YOUNG OR OLD, RICH OR POOR, NO EXCEPTION TO ANYONE.
YOU
Can buy 14 lbs. Fright Sugar for $1.00
" 13 " Very Bright " 1.00
" 11 " No. 1 Granulated " 1.00
TEA
500 x Chests Teas of extreme grades and quotations from 20c to 60c per lb.
PIC NICS
Everything in Meats, Sardines, Biscuits, Condiments of all kinds, &c. Fresh and cheap can be got at
THE PANTRY GROCERY & PROVISION CO.
174 PRINCESS STREET.
June 1.

CAUTION!
EACH PLUG OF THE
Myrtle Navy!
IS MARKED
T. & B.
IN BROKEN LETTERS.
NONE OTHER GENUINE!
TAKE NOTICE
WE MUST INSIST UPON OUR CUSTOMERS getting all now for sale.
Picture Frames and Other Goods
which we are selling cheap. We have no room to show any more. If left any longer on our hands the goods will be
SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
ON PAY EVENING.
REMEMBER THE PLACE
Richardson's
PICTURE FRAME FACTORY,
Opera House Block, Princess St. Kingston.
June 4.

GALLOWAY'S
CITY HAT STORE
IS THE PLACE TO GET YOUR HATS. BY keeping a large stock, well selected and at prices to suit everybody.
Children's Straw and Felt Hats a Specialty
MEN'S SILKS AND STIFF HARD HEAD HATS
of all the latest styles and a choice selection of
MEN'S NEW STRAW HATS
IN TUSCA COTTA AND ALL THE NEWEST SHAPES JUST OPENED AND
AT
VERY LOW PRICES.
GALLOWAY'S
84 PRINCESS STREET
June 2. Next to Opera Hall.



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LEADING UNDERTAKER
No. 254, corner Princess & Sydenham Sts. Kingston, Ontario.
ESTABLISHED 1858.
All branches of undertaking attended to. Has constantly on hand all kinds of
COFFINS AND CASKETS
both wooden and metallic. A complete stock of FURNITURE of every description, and all things from chairs upwards to his line. Keeps always for use the best quality of embalming fluids. His Hearses are first-class.
Prices as low as offered in the city and county on most reasonable terms.
H. BRAME.
March 10.

ICE CREAM
Made from pure cream at the "BAZAAR."
SODA WATER, ice cold, with pure fruit syrups AT THE BAZAAR.
STRAWBERRIES, PINEAPPLES, BANANAS CUCUMBERS and TOMATOES arriving daily at the "Bazaar."
Rees Bros.
June 1.

HAIRWORK
MRS. AND MISS RICHARDSON
Have on hand everything in the line of Hair-work, Hair Switches, Curls, Braids, Waves, Hair Nets, Combings, Curlettes and Bids. Ladies' Hair Cut, Shampooed, Hair Dressing, Hair Dyeing, Hair Waving.
Hair Waved.
Rear Princess St., over Walsh & Storey's.
May 18th.

BUSINESS CARDS.

C. CREIGHAN, L.D.S.,
DENTIST. Office over Mills Bros. Hat Store, Corner of Princess and Bagot streets. Entrance Bagot street.

ADAM McARTHUR,
ACCOUNTANT AUDITOR, &c. Office Clarence Street, near King St.

WM. NEWLANDS, Jr.,
ACCOUNTANT, Ford's Block, Brock-street, second floor.

POWER & SON,
ARCHITECTS and Building Surveyors. Office, Wellington-street, Kingston.

WALKEM & WALKEM,
ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c., Kingston, opposite the Post Office. GERARD WALKEM. JOSEPH S. WALKEM.

L. CLEMENTS,
DENTIST, Princess opposite the Post Office Wellington Street. Established in Kingston, 1866.

CARRUTHERS BROS.
FINANCIAL AGENTS, Clarence Street, Kingston. Money to loan on real estate and other securities.

ROBERT SHAW,
BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, &c. Office—Princess Street, over Dr. McKenzie's Drug Store. Money to loan on Real Estate.

DR. J. YOUNG, M.D.,
MEMBER of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company, London, Eng. Surgery, Arch-street. Office, Princess Street, cor. Princess street, Kingston.

R. W. GARRETT, M.D., C.M.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Office and residence, Princess St., between Montreal and Sydenham streets. Office hours—Last hour each morning, and afternoon and evening.

DRS. PETTS & HENDERSON,
WILL be found at the Dispensary, No. 1 Princess Street, opposite M. E. Church, Kingston both city and country promptly attended to at all hours of the day and night.
Chas. K. Petts, M.D. W. H. Henderson, M.D.
Graduate of K. C. C.

HOMŒOPATHY.
C. E. CURTIS, M.D., graduate of Dr. Jarvis, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office and Residence nearly opposite the Post Office, Wellington Street, Visits in the city or country promptly attended to.

BOOK BINDING.
Of every description, can be done at the Printing Establishment on Princess Street, cor. Princess and Ontario streets, and towards Bagot street, Kingston. Music bound in the cheap