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THE BRITISH WHIG
PRINTING DEPARTMENT
is the best equipped jobbing establishment in Eastern Ontario.
The Best Workmen in Every Department.
STRIKE PRESSES RUN. Every PRINTING of every job, from a mammoth poster to visiting card, without delay.
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Cunard Line.
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THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY LIMITED.
New York and Liverpool, Calling at Cork Harbor.
FROM PIER No. 40, N.R., NEW YORK
GALLIA ..... Wednesday, Aug. 1st
BOTHNIA ..... Wednesday, Aug. 8th
PAVONIA ..... Wednesday, 15th Aug.
SERVIA ..... Wednesday, 22nd Aug.
SCYTHIA ..... Wednesday, 29th Aug.
GALLIA ..... Wednesday, Sept. 5th
BOTHNIA ..... Wednesday, Sept. 12th
PAVONIA ..... Wednesday, Sept. 19th
and every following Wednesday from New York.
Steamers marked thus * do not carry steerage.
RATES OF PASSAGE:
$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 Boston, 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.
R. J. KILBECK, Kingston, Agent
Oct. 1883.

ALLAN LINE.
Liverpool, Londonderry & Glasgow.
CARRYING CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES MAILS.
Twenty-two splendid Iron Steamships, full powered, double engined City-class built
Circassian, Austrian, Canadian, Polynesian, Sardinian, Assyrian, Hibernian, Siberian, Russian, Nestorian, Norwegian, Caspian, Sweden, Newfoundland, Mediterranean, Dates to follow, Wallachian, Scandinavian, Parisian, Phoenician, Prussian, Manitoban, Corinthian.
Steamers of the Liverpool Mail Line
Direct Tourist Route to Europe. Shortest Sea Route, only five days from land to land.
RATES FROM KINGSTON:
Cabin $75 50
Intermediate 55 00
Intermediate 46 00
Steerage 35 00
" Return 65 00
The Allan Line consists of twenty-four Iron Steamships, forming different Lines between Liverpool, Glasgow, Londonderry, Quebec and Montreal, Portland, St. John's, New Foundland, Boston and Baltimore.
The Mail Line Steamships are composed of the following:
Parisian ..... 4,000 tons ..... Captain Wylie.
Sardinian ..... 4,000 tons ..... Captain Dutton.
Pennsylvania ..... 3,000 tons ..... Captain Brown.
Sardinian ..... 3,000 tons ..... Captain Graham.
Circassian ..... 4,000 tons ..... Lt. Smith, R.N.R.
Nestorian ..... 3,000 tons ..... Lt. Archer.
The latest train connecting with Steamer at Quebec leaves Kingston every Friday at 2 p.m. A through Pullman car will be run on this train.
For tickets and other information apply to
FOLGER & HANLEY,
Passenger Agents, Ferry Wharf, Kingston.
June 23.

ROYAL MAIL DAILY LINE
PICTON and BELLEVILLE.
ESTABLISHED 1859.
THE NEW SUPERB, FAST UPPER SALOON STEAMER
"HERO,"
T. J. CHAPIN, Master.
Will, until further notice, leave Kingston DAILY at 5:30 p.m., stopping at Portsmouth, Cataraqui, Bath, Adolphustown, Hay Bay, Consecon, Picton, Carrying passengers and freight to all points on the Bay of Quinte and Belleville. Returning, will leave Belleville every morning at 6 a.m., Picton at 7 a.m., Bay of Quinte points as boat goes up, and reaches Kingston about 1 p.m. Connections at Picton with Grand Trunk Railway and Grand Junction Railway.
Passenger tickets at greatly reduced rates.
For freight and passage tickets or information, apply at the office, 84 Lawrence Street, foot of Johnson Street.
C. H. HATCH, Agent.

For Montreal and Intermediate Ports.
The Splendid and Fast Steamer Passenger and Freight Steamer
"ALEXANDRA,"
(NEW BOILERS)
Will leave Brock Street, foot of Quarry, every MONDAY MORNING, calling at Gananoque, Brockville, Morrisburg, Iroquois, Dickinson's Landing, Lancaster, Cornwall, Long Sault, Dalhousie Mills, Lachine, and Montreal, early the following morning.
RETURNING—Leaves Montreal every Thursday at noon for Kingston and intermediate ports, calling at Lachine, Dalhousie Mills, Long Sault, Cornwall, Dickinson's Landing, Iroquois, Morrisburg, Brockville, Gananoque, arriving in Kingston early Saturday morning.
Tickets here for Montreal, including meals and berth, only $5. For tickets apply to
A. GUNN & CO., Agents.
Unquestionable Waiting Room on the Wharf. May 24.

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
BETWEEN TORONTO AND MONTREAL.
Corsican, " Sinclair | Alberian.... " Trowell
Canadian " Jeffers | Passport " Irvine
COMMENCING TUESDAY, the 10th of June, and until further notice, one of the above steamers will leave Kingston DAILY (Mondays excepted),
At 3 p.m. for Toronto, calling at intermediate ports (weather and business permitting).
At 5 p.m. for Montreal and Quebec, calling at Clayton, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Coteau. Passing through the beautiful and romantic scenery of the lake of the Thousand Islands, and the rapids of the St. Lawrence by daylight; also connecting at Coteau with the Ottawa River Navigation Co. for Ottawa, and at Coteau with steamers for Hawkesbury, Carillon and the Rideau; also with the Canadian Pacific Railway and Grand Trunk Railway connections.
Passenger tickets at greatly reduced rates.
For freight and passage tickets or information, apply at the office, 84 Lawrence Street, foot of Johnson Street.
C. H. HATCH, Agent.

TAKE THE POPULAR
Summer Route to the Capital!
THE STEAMER
GIPSEY
(NEW BOILERS)
Will leave Brock Street, foot of Quarry, every MONDAY MORNING, calling at Gananoque, Newboro, Westport, Smith's Falls, Merrickville, Kemptville, Oxford Mills, Manotick, Rideau Ferry, Stevenson's, Carleton Place, Almonte, Pakenham, Clayton, Arnprior, Braeside, Renfrew, Pembroke, Portage du Fort, Shawville, Bryson, Campbellford, Norway Bay, Sand Point, Deep River, Petewawa, Chalk River, Stonecliffe, Aylmer, Hull, Ottawa, and all intermediate points.
RETURNING—Leaves Ottawa every Thursday at noon for Arnprior and all points on the Upper Ottawa River.
Freight taken to Montreal, including meals and berth, only $5. For tickets apply to
A. GUNN & CO., Agents.
Unquestionable Waiting Room on the Wharf. May 24.

MILLS BROS.
ARE SHOWING
A Fine Line of American Soft Stiff Fur Felts
FOR YOUNG MEN'S WEAR — Correct Styles and prices—cool and comfortable.
OUR DRAB AND NUTRIA COLORED SOFT HATS are just the thing for summer wear in full mourning.
HANDSOMELY GOTTEN UP GOODS.
INDIA HELMETS, PITH, FELT, CANVAS and CORK in all colors, sizes and made of ventilating straws.
THE GREAT DEMAND FOR OUR STRAW HATS is the best indication of their popularity.
Saturday, June 30th, was the biggest day ever experienced in the hat trade.
MILLS BROS.,
THE LEADING HATTERS AND FURRIERS, corner Princess and Bagot Streets (Goods sold for CASH only).
June 23

NO MONOPOLY.
THE facilities of the RATHBUN COMPANY are such that until further notice they will SELL
Dunch Wood on their Grove lm Cook at $1.85 per Cord.
They will also deliver the same to any part of the city at 50 cents per cord extra.
All orders received at their Grove 1m or Queen Street yards will receive prompt attention.
A. HOPPINS, Agent, Kingston.
July 20.

Health is Wealth
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, leading to 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, Agent for Health & Wealth, Kingston, Ont.
Aug. 4. Orders by mail attended to.

$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 West'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 40 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of cheap worthless imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., Chemists and Pharmacists, Wholesale and Retail Druggists, 81 King-street East, Toronto.
Wholesale Agents: Lyman Bros. & Co., Toronto; Kerry, Wood & Co., Montreal; Lyman, Knox & Co., Montreal; Hamilton Brothers, Montreal; Seabury & Johnson, New York.
For sale by all druggists everywhere.

BOAT BUILDING.
ESTABLISHED 1847.
New Dominion Boat Building
ESTABLISHMENT.
ONE NEW 4-TON YACHT FOR SALE—something worth owning. Nothing to equal her for neatness and swiftness.
FISHING BOATS AND OARS ON HAND—the largest assortment of skiffs always kept on hand, new and second hand.
If you want a nice Skiff and well built call and give your order or send by mail if at a distance.
BEST SPOON OARS always kept on hand. All work looked after by the proprietor.
H. H. TOMLINSON,
Leading Yacht & Boat Builder
SIMCOE ST., KINGSTON.
July 3rd.

OPPOSITION
BOAT ESTABLISHMENT.
JACOB SHARMAN, Barriefield, offers to the citizens of Kingston CHEAP BOATS. I have been doing business in other cities by Agents. Parties have saving and boats to my Agents I have gone into opposition here.
Shooting Skiffs $1 per foot.
Fin Oars for $2.
Varnished Cedar Skiffs.
Family Boats for $35.
Square Stern Sail Skiff, sail, oars, etc., $40.
Try them before you buy them. Guaranteed satisfaction. ☞ REPAIRING done cheaply. Boats built to order on the shortest notice.
Spoon Blade Oars $3 per pair.
JACOB SHARMAN, Barriefield.
June 9th.

MERCHANTS' LINE
To Toronto, Cleveland, Windsor Sarnia and Chicago.
(Calling at Intermediate Ports by the way going West).
THE STR. LAKE MICHIGAN
Leaves Gunn's Wharf, WEDNESDAY, Aug. 1st, for Chicago, calling at Toronto and way ports.
GOING EAST.
THE STR. CALIFORNIA
Leaves at 8 o'clock a.m. on WEDNESDAY, August 1st, for Montreal, calling at Brockville and Prescott.
THE STR. CITY OF MONTREAL
Will until further notice, run weekly between Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal, leaving here for Montreal and way ports at 4 p.m. on WEDNESDAY. Returning will leave for Toronto and Hamilton SUNDAY MORNINGS at 8 a.m.
For tickets, etc., apply to
A. GUNN & CO., Agents.
July 19.

TAKE THE POPULAR
Summer Route to the Capital!
THE STEAMER
GIPSEY
(NEW BOILERS)
Every Tuesday and Friday Afternoon
at 4 o'clock, for Gananoque, calling at Newboro, Westport, Elbe's Ferry, Smith's Falls, Merrickville, Kemptville, Oxford Mills, Manotick, Rideau Ferry, Stevenson's, Carleton Place, Almonte, Pakenham, Clayton, Arnprior, Braeside, Renfrew, Pembroke, Portage du Fort, Shawville, Bryson, Campbellford, Norway Bay, Sand Point, Deep River, Petewawa, Chalk River, Stonecliffe, Aylmer, Hull, Ottawa, and all intermediate points. For passage and freight apply to
J. SKIPP, St. Lawrence Wharf.
June

NOBLE LIVING.

Put all thy talents to their use,
Keep nothing lay in dust,
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn
And innocence thy trust.

Rise to thy proper place in life,
Trample upon all sin,
And ev'ry gentle hand hold out
To help the wanderer in.

So live, in faith and noble deed—
So heaven returns to earth,
So live, that men shall mark the time
That gave the mortal birth.

MAUDE THORNTON.

A STORY OF LOVE, CONFIDENCE, DISAPPOINTMENT AND SADNESS—TERRIBLE REVELATION.

After the Depression Comes Gladness, New Faith, New Light, New Love—All's Well That Ends Well.

Theresa Vincent was superbly beautiful to gaze upon, but her passionate, revengeful temper warned her admirers, and they feared, yet they were fascinated with her cunning wiles.

She sat in a brightly lighted saloon, robed in a dress of shining amber satin, which set off to perfection her voluptuous form. Rare lace in profuse, snowy clouds was fastened about her throat. Rich jewels glittered in her dark hair; in her tiny shell ears, at her throat, and on her hands.

"Jump down, Piero," she exclaimed, impatiently, as a small spaniel nestled in her lap.

"He is late," she muttered, angrily, glancing toward the small time piece. There was a strange, smothered fire in the magnificent dark eyes, and an undue excitement in her movements.

Restlessly she walked to and fro, her brow covered with a dark frown. There was a triumphant look, full of hate and revenge, in her passionate face. "He shall pay dearly for this folly, and if he dares to deny it the penalty will be high, indeed." Her eyes sparkled vindictively. Her clenched hands pressed the rings into the delicate flesh, and raised rough, red ridges, but she did not heed it.

The door opened, and her face was instantly wreathed with soft smiles for the new comer. Carefully veiling her eyes from too critical a gaze she advanced.

"I feared you could not come, Wallace," she said, lifting her dewy lips toward him.

"Indeed!" he said, coldly. "I usually keep my engagements."

Apparently he did not notice her remark; but, with elegant ease, he threw his stalwart figure into an easy chair.

"Any news, Theresa?" he asked, without meeting her eyes. She had seated herself on the arm of his chair, and softly stole her arm around his neck.

"What news could I possibly hear?" she asked, laughing musically. "Your poor little wife does not have much of an opportunity to know what is going on in the world."

Wallace Eldridge winced at the word "wife." Her caresses were annoying to him, but knowing her excitable temper, he retained, with an effort, an easy composure.

"No!" with a slight laugh. "But, by Jupiter! you'll doubtless acknowledge that you have seen enough in your day."

"No, I have not seen enough of the world," she said, purposely misunderstanding him. "I should like to travel again."

"Would you?" he asked, carelessly enough, but Theresa detected a certain eagerness in his tone, and her eyes flashed maliciously.

"Well," he said, at length, "you can arrange it, I suppose. You have money enough."

"Yes; but no thanks are due to you for it," she retorted quickly. "Why don't you take care of me as you ought to, Wallace?"

"I do not think there is any need of discussing that subject, Theresa," he remarked, quietly. "You are doing very well at present."

"Yes," she repeated, sarcastically. "You must feel very proud to know that your wife has as much money at her command; consequently, yours to command, also."

"Theresa," he said, sternly, rising as he spoke. "He was very pale. "It is sufficient to remark that I did not know your true character when I married you. That marriage has been annulled now, and I am here by your wish, not mine."

"But why did you want to break our marriage ties, Wallace?" Her voice was tremulously low and sweet. Her arms were about his neck, and her deep eyes full of passionate love.

"Wallace, you know I love you."

Roughly he shook her from him, and laughed ironically.

"Your love has come too late."

"Then you cast me off, Wallace?"

"There are pleasanter terms to use than that. We have been separated."

Theresa was very much agitated, and with an effort controlled her passions. Her eyes flashed sparks of anger, but she did not give it full sway.

"Wallace," she said, in a deep, choked voice, "was it because of this country girl that you wished for a divorce?"

"I do not know to whom you refer," he answered, easily.

"I mean this flaxen haired girl who has dared to win your affections from me. The one you have met so often clandestinely by a deserted roadside."

He glanced at her inquiringly, and answered composedly.

"You are exciting yourself unnecessarily. I assure you, Theresa, you have been misinformed. I have not the remotest idea whom you mean."

He had turned to leave the room, but changed his mind, and with the hope of quieting her, seated himself comfortably and with one hand hanging over the arm of his chair, snapped his fingers at Piero. Theresa stood before him with angry, blazing eyes.

"Wallace, beware how you trifle with me. I have been your neglect, but now you shall not deceive me. Deliberately you have severed former ties. And why? Because of this white-faced blonde, a country heiress. I have your secret, and it is useless for you to deny it."

"Still, I do deny your charge," he said slowly and firmly, meeting her eye steadily.

"What! you deny that you have made love to this girl? have her in you

She stood beside the arm of his chair, and after a pause, said, in her coaxing, musical voice.

"Come, tell me about her, Wallace."

A deep red mantled his brow, and an angry light shone in his eyes.

"You are extremely foolish about this imaginary woman, Theresa."

"Then you still refuse to tell me about her?" She stepped back, and drew her fine figure to its full height. Her deep black eyes glittered with a dangerous light.

Wallace laughed uneasily, and avoided her glance.

"Refuse? How could I do otherwise when you are wrong in your accusations?"

"Then you deny all knowledge of this blonde?"

"I certainly do."

"Wallace Eldridge that is false."

He laughed slightly.

"You mean that you do not believe me, I presume, Theresa."

"I believe that you are deceiving me, and this is my revenge."

There was a sharp report, and Wallace Eldridge fell back dead,—shot through the heart.

Theresa Vincent disappeared that night to follow up her career in other countries.

During the week that followed her engagement with Howard Borchedt, Maude appeared pale and quiet. The worn, weary look in her face told of silent suffering.

She had heard nothing of Wallace Eldridge. His name had not passed her father's lips in her presence since that eventful day.

"Eldridge, my name is Eldridge, for I do not believe that he was bound to another when he married me. Oh that it had never been, but it is too late, too late," she moaned, tossing restfully on the lounge in the little blue morning room.

Howard Borchedt entered, and sitting down beside her, gently patted her clasped hands.

"You are not well this morning Maud?"

"Indeed, I am," she insisted, smiling.

"You are sure, my darling?" he asked, anxiously, bending his head, and looking searchingly into her face.

"Of course," she answered lightly, and her white fingers strayed through his dark hair.

"You must not worry about me, Howard. I am not worthy of your love.

"Not worthy!" he exclaimed, fondly pressing his bearded lips on her hand. "Maude, I tremble when I think of my great happiness, and the fear of losing you haunts me day and night."

"You are very foolish to love me so, Howard."

After a pause she said.

"You will not care if we do not walk or ride this morning? I am so tired," wearily.

"Certainly not. It is very pleasant here, and you can rest."

"You have the papers?"

"Yes."

"Read to me." She closed her eyes, and Howard read and talked alternately vainly trying to bring smiles to her white face.

At last she partially raised from the pillow, and drawing a paper from him, glanced abstractedly down the column.

The account of Wallace Eldridge's death caught her eye. She read to the end, and sank back unconscious. The delirium and fever which lasted for weeks. The tattle between life and death was long; but at last she was out of danger.

Howard Borchedt shadowed the house not daring to hope that his darling would be spared to him.

The holidays had passed, and it was nearly the last month of winter before she sat in the blue morning room again.

Her delicate face had a flush of excitement which enhanced her beauty.

The grate fire flickered cheerfully, and sent its warmth into the cozy room. Without was one sheet of whiteness, and the snow-flakes were still falling.

The sleigh-bells sounded nearer and nearer, then the opening of doors, and stamping of feet.

Maude lay back in her chair before the fire, and waited in breathless silence.

Howard came in quietly, and taking her transparent hands in his great palms bent his head in subdued thanksgiving. When he lifted his head, and his eyes rested on her beloved face they were moist.

"Thank God, you are restored," he murmured, fervently. "I nearly despaired of having you again, Maude."

"And a fine-looking object has been saved from Death's clutches."

He playfully tapped her thin cheek.

"We will soon get the roses back, never fear."

"And can you love me when I look like this?"

"You are beautiful, my fragile lily."

She smiled faintly at his enthusiasm; and prayed for strength to tell him the cause of her illness.

The days of her convalescence were happy ones; but she felt very weak, and gladly leaned on her lover's strength.

The appointed marriage day was drawing near, and she had not summoned sufficient courage to tell him her secret.

"Howard," she faltered one day, as he was leaving her, "here is a letter for you," handing him her written confession as she spoke.

"For me?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes; and after you have read it if you cannot forgive me I shall not blame you." There were tears in her voice, and her forced bravery seemed forsaking her. "Think correctly of the one who loves you dearly; but who made a great mistake."

"Maude, what is this? What does it mean?" he exclaimed, in amazement. "Tell me now. Do not keep me in suspense."

"No, no; I cannot. Go home and read it there alone. But kiss me now that I may be sure you loved me," she cried wildly. "There," pushing him away, "good-by. Go, go," and she left him.

Hour after hour passed, and he did not return. Her grief and surprise were intense.

"He will never forgive me. It is right, but, oh, so hard," she moaned.

"Maude, come to me," cried his familiar voice. Joyfully she sprang into his outstretched arms.

"You forgive me?" she asked.

A kiss was his only reply. His drawn face and the pained look in his eyes were the only evidence of the terrible struggle he had gone through.

They were married that spring, and through their happy, married life, no subject was never mentioned, but each year on the return of Thanksgiving, they strove by charity and substantial deeds of goodness, to make those around them happy, and they succeeded.

Mothers will find the Pain Killer invaluable in the nursery, and it should always be kept near at hand in case of accident. For pain in the bowels, take a little Pain Killer in sweetened milk and water, bathing the bowels in it clear at the same time. If the milk passages are clogged, from cold, or other causes, bathing in the Pain Killer will give immediate relief.

WEBB NO MORE.

Dead Before Reaching the Whirlpool—A Very Attractive Spot—Maid of the Mist.

Captain Webb's most untimely end is in the absorbing topic of discussion, still at Niagara Falls. Inspector Newburn gave a very interesting account of what transpired at the Falls since Webb's advent. Mr. Newburn met with Mr. Colling, of the Customs, Niagara Falls. This gentleman was at the inclined railway, near the whirlpool, when Webb went down. He saw the Captain when he disappeared. Mr. Colling saw Webb for a minute before he reached the whirlpool, and is confident that he was either dead or insensible. As the body approached the whirlpool, the head seemed to be hanging to one side, and the body appeared to have no life in it. Once it was raised a little out of the water by an extra eddy, but fell back as if lifeless. Mr. Newburn decidedly takes the same view. He believes that Webb had endurance enough to swim a long distance, but was buffeted to death by the pressure of tons upon tons of water in the rapids. Therefore, he must have been killed or rendered insensible ere he got to the whirlpool, into which he was without a doubt drawn. The rapidity of the current which carried Webb to his doom may be gathered from the fact that it only took three minutes to carry him from the bridge to the whirlpool—fully a mile distant. Mr. Newburn believes that Webb's body will be recovered in about a week from now, and has precedents for his assumption. In 1859, when his father (the late Dr. Newburn) was living at Drummondville, the 23rd was stationed there. There were numerous desertions, and at least three of the men were found in the whirlpool, but not till after nine days had elapsed from the time of drowning. So will it be, the Inspector thinks, in Webb's case.

THE PLACE OF DEATH.

The whirlpool is a scene of extraordinary beauty. As the river approaches this place its rapid descent and the narrowness of its curved and rocky bed force the stream, which runs at the rate of 27 miles an hour, into the pitch up ridge of water, from which hand jets and cones, often rising to the height of twenty feet, are thrown into the air. At the pool the river makes an abrupt turn to the right, while the strength and violence of the current, as it swoops around the cliff on the American side, produces so strong a reaction as to press part of the stream into a bosom or basin on the Canadian shore, the struggling and counter working currents thus forming the great vortex of the whirlpool. But it is a hidden vortex, and the contrast between this lonely little lake-let, calm and smooth as a mirror, except for a few swirls of foam at its outer edges, as it lies in the embrace of its encircling and richly wooded cliffs, and the furious white-hissing rapids from which it seems so miraculously to have escaped, adds the charm of surprise and mystery to its great beauty. Peace after tumult. Strangely gyrating circles rise and spread and vanish and reappear again, signs of the mysterious currents beneath. Everything coming within the reach of these restless currents is caught and dragged into the vortex below. Here bodies of animals that have gone over the Falls reappear and circle round for days or weeks before they are recovered from the pool, after their wild dance of death. From the whirlpool to Queenston is seven miles of rolling, turbulent water.

THE "MAID OF THE MIST."

The Maid of the Mist was the name of a small steamer which in 1854 used to ply between Railway Suspension Bridge and the foot of the Falls. She turned out an unprofitable speculation, however, and was sold, the condition of the sale being that she should be delivered at the mouth of the Niagara River, negotiating navigation through the tumultuous rapids and past the whirlpool. A daring coadjutor, Joel R. Robinson, undertook the task of piloting the boat down the river, and two men assisted him. With a shriek from her whistle and a white puff from her escape pipe, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung round to the right, cleared the smooth water and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid and when a third of the way down it a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, keeled her over, carried away her smoke stack, started her over on that side, threw Robinson flat on his back, and thrust McIntyre against her starboard wheelhouse with such force as to break it through. Every eye was fixed, every tongue was silent and every onlooker breathed freer as she emerged from the fearful baptism, shook her wounded sides, and into the whirlpool, and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large spot in the pool, and then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from its combing waves, she dashed on without further accident to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston. Thus was accomplished the most remarkable and perilous voyage ever made.

The Most frightful scourge of humanity is Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Commencing with a little pain in the back, it hurries the sufferer to a premature grave. Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure is the only known remedy that prevents the fatal result. Take it in time.

It is now in season to warn our readers against the sudden attacks of cholera, wrong color, and the various bowel complaints incident to the season of ripe fruit, vegetables, etc. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the great specific for these troubles.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25c. all druggists.

Nervous Prostration, Premature Old Age, either caused by tobacco, alcohol, overwork, or excesses, cured by Dr. R. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

A Texas Centennial Wonder.—The triangular shape of the Triangle Dye Package added to their undoubted superiority have won the day and driven all others from the field. 10 colors. 10c.

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