THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG

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THE WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG

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— TERMS PER YEAR. —

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For ten lines, one or two insertions ... $0 50
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Per line, A.S. first insertion ... 10c per line
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Daily British Whig.

VOL. LII. KINGSTON, CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1883. NO. 211.

THE BRITISH WHIG
PRINTING DEPARTMENT
The Best Workmen in Every Department.
THE LARGEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE STOCK OF TYPE.
Bill Heads, Letter Heads, &c., Made into Pads.

Travelling.

Cunard Line.
Land Route.
THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY
New York and Liverpool,
(CALLING AT CORK HARBOR)
FROM PIER No. 40, N.R., NEW YORK
BOTHNIA ..... Wednesday, Sept. 12th
PAVONIA ..... Wednesday, Sept. 19th
SERVIA ..... Wednesday, Sept. 26th
SCYTHIA ..... Wednesday, Oct. 3rd
GALLIA ..... Wednesday, Oct. 10th
BOTHNIA ..... Wednesday, Oct. 17th
PAVONIA ..... Wednesday, Oct. 24th
SERVIA ..... Wednesday, Oct. 31st
and every following Wednesday from New York.
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.
R. J. KILBRICK, Kingston, Agent
Oct., 1882

ALLAN LINE.
Liverpool, Londonderry & Glasgow.
CARRYING CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES MAILS.
Twenty-two splendid Iron Steamships, full powered, double engined Clyde built
Circassian, Austrian, Nestorian, Canadian, Polynesian, Sardinian, Moravian, Peruvian, Corinthian, Sarmatian, Siberian, Caspian, Scandinavian, Prussian, Nova Scotian, Parisian, Manitoban, Assyrian, Sweden, Newfoundland, Wallachian, Phoenician, Canadian.
Steamers of the Liverpool Mail Line
Sailing Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from Quebec, calling at Lough Foyle to land mails and passengers.
RATES FROM KINGSTON.
Cabin $70
Intermediate 45
Steerage 28.50
Return Tickets 60.00
The Allan Line consists of twenty-four iron steamships, forming different Lines between Liverpool, Glasgow, Londonderry, Queenstown, Galway; and Quebec, Halifax, St. John's, Newfoundland, Boston and Baltimore.
The Mail Line Steamships are composed of the following:
Sardinian ..... 4,000 tons ..... Captain Wylie.
Sarmatian ..... 4,000 tons ..... Captain Dyke.
Pavonian ..... 4,000 tons ..... Captain Brown.
Nestorian ..... 4,000 tons ..... Captain Graham.
Circassian ..... 4,000 tons ..... J. Smith, R.N.R.
Moravian ..... 3,000 tons ..... Jos. Archer.
The fastest train connecting with Steamer at Quebec leaves Kingston every Friday at 11 p.m. A 1st class Pullman car will be run in Sleeper.
For tickets and other information apply to
GEORGE ROBINSON & SON
Agents at Kingston, Ferry Wharf, Kingston.
June 23.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.
ROYAL MAIL LINE.
Comprising of the following first class side-wheel steamers:
BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.
Quebec, Captain Nelson | Montreal ... Capt. Roy
BETWEEN TORONTO AND MONTREAL.
Corsican, " Sinclair | Algerian ... " Tywell
Cambrian, " Ada | Newport ... " Irvine
COMMENCING TO-DAY, the ninth of August, 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 permitting).
At 3 a.m. for Montreal and Quebec, calling at Gananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Ogdensburg, passing through the beautiful Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence; connecting with the Canada Pacific Railway at Brockville and Prescott for Ottawa, etc.; at Quebec with steamers for Lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay; also with the Intercolonial Railway and Gulf Port steamers for Halifax.
Return tickets at greatly reduced rates.
For tickets and any further information, apply at the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's office, 55 Lawrence Wharf, foot of Johnson Street.
C. H. HATCH, Agent.
Aug. 23rd.

ROYAL MAIL DAILY LINE
PICTON and BELLEVILLE.
(ESTABLISHED 1852.)
FOR THE SIDE-WHEEL FAST CROWN SALOON STEAMER
"HERO,"
R. A. CHAPS, Master.
WILL, until further notice, MAKE KINGSTON HARBOR ONLY A CALL STOP, for Belleville and intermediate ports, arriving at Picton (Upper wharf) daily at 1:30 p.m.; Belleville 5:30 (Excepting Saturdays).
Leaves Kingston (foot of Princess-st.) for Belleville on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at 8 a.m., and Picton at 8 a.m. on TUESDAY AND THURSDAY, at 8:30 a.m.; Picton 7 and return on SATURDAY at 2:30 a.m., arriving at Kingston on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:30 p.m., Tuesday and Thursday at 10:30 a.m., and Saturday at 5 p.m.
Excursion Tickets (both included) issued to Belleville and intermediate stations good for continuous trip only. Through rates of freight quoted.
Have branch office accommodation and warehouse room for lake freight. Goods for any point on any line of steamers. Everybody delighted.
Connections at Picton, Central Ontario Rly., with Steamers for Napanee and Trenton; and at Belleville, Grand Junction R.R. and G.T.R.
C. H. HATCH, Agent.
A. GUNN & CO., Freight Agents.
June 9.

For Montreal and Intermediate Ports.
The Splendid and Popular Passenger and Freight Steamer
"ALEXANDRA,"
(CAPT. RUTH.)
WILL RUN THROUGHOUT THE SUMMER VERY REGULARLY BETWEEN KINGSTON AND MONTREAL, leaving Kingston at 3 p.m., touching at the Islands and arriving in Montreal early the morning following.
RETURN No. 1 Leaves Montreal every Thursday at noon for River and Bay ports, arriving in Kingston Friday evening, leaving for Trenton on Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.
Special fare to Montreal, including meals and berth, only $4. For tickets apply to
A. GUNN & CO., Agents.
Comfortable waiting room on the Wharf.
May 23d.

TAKE THE POPULAR
Summer Route to the Capital.
THE STEAMER
GIPSEY
LEAVES KINGSTON
Every Tuesday and Friday Afternoon
At 3 o'clock for Ops, calling at Portsmouth, Cataraqui, Crow's Point, Bobcaygeon, Fenelon Falls, Lindsay, Omemee and intermediate ports. For passage and freight apply to
J. SWIFT,
Foot of St. Lawrence Wharf.
June, 1883.

Miscellaneous.

Dr. Starr's Catarrh Conqueror
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
THE GREAT CURE FOR CATARRH
J. T. FLINT & CO.
PHARMACISTS, PROPRIETORS,
ROCKLAND, ONT. AND DERBY LINE, VT.
IN BOTTLES 50 CTS.
TRIAL BOXES SENT BY MAIL 25 CTS.

Paper Hangings.
The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock of
Room, Hallway & Decorative Paper
IN CENTRAL CANADA
AT THE
CITY PAINT SHOP
BAGOT STREET.
Room and Sign Painting, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging, Kalsomining and Window Shade Painting done in the best style, shortest notice and at the lowest rates.
W. ROBINSON & SON
Bagot St., between Princess-st. and Ontario-st.
March, 1883.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
THE RATHBUN COMPANY
DOES NOT INTEND TO SELL MILL WOOD at $1.75 per cord longer than up to the 20th of September next. Any person wanting such for Fall or Winter use ought to secure it before that time.
All orders received at their Grove Inn or Queen Street yards will receive prompt attention.
A. HOPPINS,
Agent, Kingston.
Aug. 23.

A CHANGE.
The undersigned having sold his interest in the VICTORIA HOTEL, Picton, and taken the
CITY HOTEL, Kingston.
He hopes by careful attention to his guests to continue to receive a fair share of the public patronage.
JAMES JACKSON.
Aug. 23.

ESTABLISHED 1867.
Steam Power Cleaning and
DYEING WORKS,
PRINCESS STREET ..... KINGSTON
Gentlemen's Suits thoroughly cleaned or dyed and properly pressed.
Also Ladies' Dresses, Ulsters, Jackets and Household Goods in all materials cleaned or dyed and beautifully finished.
R. MONTGOMERY,
Practical Dyer.
Aug 9 18.

Travelling.

MERCHANTS' LINE
To Toronto, Cleveland, Windsor Sarnia and Chicago,
(Calling at intermediate Ports by the way going West.)
THE STR. CALEDONIA
Leaves Queen's Wharf on SATURDAY, Sept. 8th at 6 o'clock a.m. for Chicago, calling at Toronto and way ports.
SUNDAY MORNING—TO HAMILTON AND TORONTO.
THE STR. CITY OF MONTREAL
Will until further notice, run weekly between Hamilton, Toronto and Montreal, leaving here for Montreal and way ports at 8:30 a.m. WEDNESDAY. Returning will leave for Toronto and Hamilton SUNDAY MORNINGS at 7:30 a.m.
For tickets, etc., apply to
A. GUNN & CO., Agents.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION
TORONTO,
Commencing on the fifth September,
AND THE
PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION AT GUELPH, ONT.
Opening on the 24th September.
THE STEAMERS OF THE RICHELIEU AND Ontario Navigation Company will carry passengers to
Toronto and Return $4.00,
Meals and berths extra.
Live Stock and articles for exhibition carried at very low rates.
Parties having Horses and other Stock, requiring space, will please send notice to the undersigned.
For tickets and other information apply at the Lake and River Steamboat Office, 55 Lawrence Wharf, foot of Johnson Street.
C. H. HATCH, Agent.
Kingston, Aug. 27, 1883.

GENERAL TICKET OFFICE
42 CLARENCE ST.
GENERAL TICKET OFFICE, 42 Clarence St.
GENERAL TICKET OFFICE
42 CLARENCE STREET.
Tickets by rail or steamboat to all points West North-West or South-West, also OCEAN STEAMSHIP TICKETS issued by
V. G. HOOPER
GENERAL TICKET AGENT.
V. G. HOOPER, GENERAL TICKET AGENT.
V. G. HOOPER, General Ticket Agent, 42 Clarence Street, Kingston, Ontario.
Mar. 4, 4.

IN MEMORIAM.

DAVID DE VALE ALTMAN.

Dead, with the dew still on upon the flowers
Which made life's pathway so fair,
His sun gone down in the bright morning hours,
In glory incomplete.

Gone, swift as rosy dawn to dewy rays,
As evening's glowing cold
A soul endued, round the volume of days
We call the human world!

Dead, as when dawn and cloud, sunlight and rain
Are set by the same strain,
In reverence, with eager ears we wait and long
No—not a note comes back again.

A few hot tears, as King David cried
Of old, "Would God I may die
My son, would God that I for thee had died!"
My hope, my only one!

My faithful boy! I may behold your face
Cannot come to me more;
I cannot hear a chamber door, or stair
His voice, his tread, or grand bread.

"Light of mine eyes! long had I hoped to see
To loan when age came on
Yet I am left a home and stricken tree,
A child of my prime!"

As a wife weeds for him, her pride,
Crown of her womanhood!
Strong, generous, brave, he grew up by her side
With every grace imbued.

With mother love she read the coming years,
And saw a proud place won
By him who whom she wept with hopes and fears,
Her happy dreaming—one.

A loving sister calls with aching heart,
"O brother, come again!
Had ye thou but said 'good bye' ere we did part,
Loss bitter were our pain.

"But O, to have no kiss, no word, no hand!
No chance from lay olive eyes,
No slight or gesture love could understand—
No sad, kind word to prize."

Sore stricken hearts, how can I comfort you?
Alas! I do well I feel
The kindest words must seem but mockery
And wrong! when I meant to heal.

Yet O, believe, Our Father knoweth best.—
He giveth a sweet sleep
To his beloved, happy, peaceful rest
They do not wake to weep.

The angels called him, ere his young white soul
Was matched by stain of sin.
His race is ended,—he hath reached the goal,
And, when you enter in

Triumphant through the gates with jubilant song
The loved and lost shall be
First in that wondrous throng, angels throng.
To meet and welcome ye.

W. H. J. MACDOUGALL.

CATCHING A LUNATIC.

How We Detected Him—And How He Tried to Escape—Our Gallant attack.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard and I had gone up the river camping out. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. We were talking to Dr. Rawlo, the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast. We talked of things in general, and lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far. The doctor laughingly said: "Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or five, tall and bony, iron-grey hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic, for on most points he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him see his temper, for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder; he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen, for, if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes." We laughed, shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised if we should happen to meet him that we would certainly see him returned to safe custody.

Presumably we had come for river beauties and the camping out. Presumably; but, as a matter of fact, there was a young lady not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lillian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well: and, having come so far we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had a peep at her. Unfortunately we had no acquaintance with Mister—there was no Missus. We had met the young lady at several dances, and such like, but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lillian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhopeful she would get that chance now.

We went lazily on, dipping the oars in and out. All thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone. We talked little, and that little was of Lilian as I the chances of our meeting. We were close to the shore, could almost touch it by stretching out an oar. We were dreaming and lazing, when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees, not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. Dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture, wore a billy-cock hat and a coat buttoned up to his throat.

He had light whiskers, a heavy, drooping moustache, hair unusually long, iron-grey in color. He might be a soldier, retired from its profession, or an artist out painting: he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick and shouted out, "Stop!" It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice, "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired."

We looked at him and each other. It was a free and easy style of asking a favor; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one, too. Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said; "you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of advising a point blank refusal, not appreciating his offhand manner, but Alf thought differently.

"All right," said he; "we don't mind, if you don't."

I steered for in. No sooner were we near the shore than quite unexpectedly he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Hang it!" said I, "take care, or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he retorted. "It'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?"

We stared at him; the coolness, not to say impertinence, of the remark was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilt us into the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat swaying again, crushing me into a corner, and, without asking with your leave or by your leave, taking the oars from my hands and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them, "but if you will allow me."

"Not at all," he said. "I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing, impertinence. We waited in silence a moment or two.

"Come," he said, "where are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time."

The stranger said nothing, he sat shoulder and Lift. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the water.

"Where are you going?" said Alf. "Keep in-side."

"I am going into the shade, the sun's too strong."

He had the oars; we could hardly insist on his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shade of the willow trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramping me on my seat and running his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware that you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down like a blinking owl, his mouth wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash, Dr. Rawlo's words crossed my mind,—tall, strong, about forty-five, iron grey hair, a habit of chewing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! Was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I knew the possibility, nay the probability, of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear it is mad persons. I knew little of them, have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who—

Dr. Rawlo's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes, my muscles were strung, my fists clinched. Every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What in the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, excitable temperament, hot-blooded youth!" said the stranger.

I could have said something had I chosen, but I preferred discretion. I did not like his eyes.

"Nothing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow."

I didn't wait to learn if anything had an objection, but, swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing; it was a miracle he wasn't over.

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At that word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he said; "do you know, sir—" He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom I whispered in his ear, "The lunatic."

"What!" said Tom, right out loud.

"Hold your row, you confounded dunkow! It's the man from Dr. Rawlo's!"

"The—"

"He was going to say something naughty—I know he was; but he stopped short and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke and imported the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I turned; there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have him look at me.

"What is the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not be pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring at him.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as a cucumber. "To what insolence do you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled. I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent but risky. I couldn't forget Dr. Rawlo's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster. I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before—perfectly demoniacal. To my surprise, he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

"Thank you," he said. "I shall not forget this."

There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank then at the other; his eyes traveled everywhere, resting nowhere; his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second. If I hadn't sailed out he would have run us right into shore. When I called he clutched the outer string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

"I—I will get out," he said, in an odd, nervous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf, "in a few minutes."

"Why not now? Why not now, sir?" he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

"Where are you going to get, into the river?"

I admired Alf's coolness. I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him fully in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes I'm think in his. All returned him back for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well known inn and a capital landing stage.

"When we come along side the stranger said.

"This will do; I'll get out here."

He turned the boat inshore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang onto the bank. There were several people about, watermen and others. All was alive him in an instant. He ran almost instantaneously and leaped on shore. He touched him on the shoulder.

"Now come," he said, "don't be foolish, we know all about it."

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning.

"What do you mean?"

But Tom was too quick for him. he was on the other side, and took his arm. "Come, he said, "don't let us have a row."

The stranger raised himself to his height and shook Tom off with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like ninepins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father, but I found I had met my match and more. I was like a baby in his arms. He lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and, scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful; his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course the by-standers, seeking a row, came up. They interfered and pulled us off.

"Here's a pretty go!" said one. "What's all this?"

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf. "He's a lunatic!"

"A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic, escaped from Dr. Rawlo's asylum!"

Instead of heading a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd.

"There's some mistake, he said, "this gentleman is Mr. Travers, of Tilhurst Hall."

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? And that was Lillian Travers father! I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged and watched and insulted and assaulted the man of all others in whose good books we wished to stand—Lilian Travers' father! Never did three men look such fools as we did then. We were so confoundedly in earnest about it, that was the worst of all. I didn't care what you say; you may think it a first rate joke, but he must have been an eccentric sort of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved sensibly, he had made one sensible remark, he would have blown our delusion to the winds.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man whom we had insulted, but he treated us and them with the loftiest scorn, and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd; and, as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each in our secret heart declared that we never would forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this I have never seen Lillian Travers, nor do I ever wish to.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FERRY.

The first ferry was established by Abijah Putnam, the founder of Fort Putnam, and it extended from Cape Vincent across the Big Bay to Wolfe Island. About 1809 the second ferry was started from Gravelly Point to Hinckley's Point of the same island. Eber Kelsey ferried from the American side for many years, and Samuel Hinckley from the other. For 10 years Peter Sternberg controlled a ferry from Carleton Island to Wolfe Island. Row boats and scows were used until 1847, when a small steamer called the Farmer made trips from and to Kingston, being governed by the demands of freight and passengers as to the frequency of her trips. The year after the railroad was completed to Cape Vincent, the Wolfe Island Canal was cut by a Stock Company, in which the railroad and the city of Kingston were interested as well as private individuals. The str. Lady of the Lake was used as a ferry boat by the Cape Vincent & Rome RR. during 1872 while the str. John Counter was being built especially for the route. The str. John Counter was owned and managed by the aforesaid Stock Company and designed to run through the Canal, but was found too large. She was used, however, during the Fall of 1883 and the Spring of 1884, making his trips around the head of the island, until sold to parties in Montreal. The str. Star took her place during the remainder of the season. George W. Creighton was Captain of both the str. John Counter and Star. In 1885, the str. Sir Charles Napier, formerly owned by the American Lake & Steamboat Company, was purchased by Captain G. W. Creighton and commanded by him until the Spring of 1888, when Messrs. Kinghorn and Hinckley organized a Company, putting the str. Pierrepont on the line and following her, at a later date, with the str. Watertown. In 1889, Messrs. Folger Bros. and Mr. Nickle purchased these steamers, Captain Hinckley still retaining his interest.

TAMPERING WITH THE JURY.

There is authority for the assertion that the second jury in the Star Route case was tampered with more flagrantly than the first. At least three of the jurors are involved. Big money was demanded and paid. The amounts paid each juror are known. In some cases the bribe exceeded the amount of the fees paid the Government officers. This revelation will illustrate how futile are the efforts of the Government to secure convictions in such important cases in the District of Columbia.

Dare not Dispute it.
The testimonials we publish may be verified by any person who may doubt the truthfulness.
Essex, Dec. 18.—We, the undersigned, have used Norviline in our families as prepared by N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, Ont., and certify that it never fails to give relief in colds, coughs, and rheumatic pains, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to the public.—P. Prince, Postmaster, Eight; Hiram W. Wanser; Simon Powers, Eight; Cornelius Brown, South Cayley.
10 cent trial bottles may be purchased at King's drug store. Polson's Norviline, the never failing pain cure. Try it now.
A New Principle.
The principle upon which Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor acts is entirely new. It does not stick deep into the flesh, thereby producing soreness, but acts directly upon the external covering of the corn, separates it from the under layer, removes the direct pressure from the part, and at once effects a radical cure, without any pain or discomfort. Let those who are suffering from corns, try surgical or treatment, try it, and by the compliments of the cure they will be ready to recommend Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor to others.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE SALVATION ARMY

To the Editor of the British Whig:

DEAR SIR,—Much is being written and said about the Salvation Army and its ways and means of working. Any one reading the many articles as published in the Whig can readily see that the writers are extreme in their comments either for or against the Army, and with your permission I will give what I claim, an unbiased opinion, as a consequence after much conversation and enquiries into the subject. No one with common sense will hold up the Army and its modes of working as exemplary. The "Church Perfection" has not yet been attained and never will in this world. In the time of the Apostles the ways and means of working were very severely commented upon and often punished with death. The working of the early disciples as far as I understand Testament history was in some respects similar to that of the Salvation Army. They travelled from place to place, preaching and exhorting, and wherever an opportunity offered, taught poor sinners the way of Salvation. We read of St. Paul repairing daily to the market place in the city of the learned Greeks and there preaching "Christ and Him crucified," and you will remember on that memorable day when they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, how they were accused of being full of new wine. There is no doubt that there is a something in the religion of Jesus Christ which the world knows nothing of, and a sinner newly born of God feels that he has "something" worthy of his rejoicing. That this rejoicing is governed by the sensational nature of an individual we have no doubt, and consequently must, in judging the genuineness of the work of the members of the Salvation Army, be charitable. Time has shown good results in the conversion of many of Kingston's greatest sinners, and it is a cause for rejoicing.

But as to the ways and means of working. Some of their actions we certainly disapprove of, and we also think there is too much said in their meetings about the collection. If this movement is God-sent, God will take care of it, and it will prosper as it deserves. This fact seems to be overlooked when we hear such expressions as "Now give us a good collection, you know if you don't give us a good collection we can't build our Barracks," and such like. These sayings have a bad impression, and sometimes mar the good effect of an earnest appeal.

Again, we unquestionably disapprove of the beating of drums in the streets, the parading of males and females through the mud and dust; the collecting of a number of soldiers every night around the tent and keeping up a hooting on instruments, that is school in discretion.

The holding of demonstrations by certain societies may be well enough, but the assembling of a large body of Christians in a certain city, parading, making all sorts of hideous noises, is certainly enough to give one the impression "these people are not sound." The masses are not won in this day by such means, and the sooner they are abandoned the better. We read of a certain Captain being arrested and refusing to pay a fine imposed by the law, being more willing to go to prison, and, as it were, court notoriety by refusing to comply with the reasonable requests of the public. Where the said Captain is justified in his proceedings we are at a loss to understand. Certainly he has no example in the Word of God. We read of certain of the disciples being imprisoned, but without the option of a fine, and under very different circumstances. All Christians are supposed to take Christ as their example, and no where in Testament history do we read of him taking a decided stand against the law of the land. Our Saviour was never arrested for creating a disturbance in the public highway. No, He went about doing good, administering words of comfort and cheer to those who needed them, and exhorting in a mild and winning way, sinners to renounce their evil doings.

And again we must object to the very positive manner in which many of the Army speak as to the way of being saved, as well as to the experience of those who would have us infer that their religion consisted in only making them "happy." "Come up here and get religion and you will be happy like we are," is a common exhortation. Instead of "Repent of your evil doings, seek Christ through His word, and show you are a Christian by your walk in life." But I am trespassing upon your space. Hoping that this humble epistle may help to influence some in a common sense way of working for the Saviour, I am for the present yours, &c.,

AN OBSERVER.

Sept. 7.

LIME KILN CLUB.

Elder Peasleek arose to enquire if any member of the club had heard whether Bob Ingersoll was to lecture this winter or not. No one seemed to have heard anything about it, and the rev. member requested that the Secretary be instructed to write to Ingersoll direct and ascertain.

"What am de object?" queried the President.

"I propose that this club take steps dat dar' am a hereafter for the soul."

"You do, eh? If de pusson who denies sich a theory am a fool, de pusson who sets out to prove what sehen sights of de world already believes, am sez' doub to an idiot. Sot down an' save yer breah!"

"But it am my duty as a Christian man to controvert Ingersoll's arguments!"

"It am your duty as a Christian man to let Bob Ingersoll have all de rope he wants! If you hev got de proper faith he can't hurt yo. If your belief won't stan' an attack, den it am too weak to stan' alone. If, arter men and women have believed in God an' hereafter an' Heaben for 6,000 y'ars, a lawyer wid a smah voice an' a voice like a dog barkin' in a barl, kin come along an' scare 'em into fits, somebody had better go to work an' ping up de knot holes an' put new rivets in de flues."

COMING EXHIBITIONS.

Provincial, at Guelph, Sept. 24 to 29.
Dominion, at St. John, Oct. 2 to 5.
Industrial, Toronto, Sept. 11 to 22.
Midland Central, Kingston, Oct. 2-5.
West Peterboro, Peterboro, Oct. 2, 3.
East Peterboro, Warsaw, Oct. 2, 3.
East Durham, Millbrook, Oct. 4, 5.
Township of Otonabee, Keene, Oct. 12.
West Hastings, Belleville, Oct. 3, 6.
East Hastings, Thrasher's, Oct. 3.
Ameliasburg, Rublin's Mills, Oct. 12.

Miscellaneous.
SAFE CURE
FOR THE
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS
THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.
There is only one way in 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. To restore these therefore is the only way to obtain 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 placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary complaints, for the distressing disorders of women, for Malaria, and physical troubles resulting, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.
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8th ANNUAL EXHIBITION
WILL BE HELD AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, KINGSTON, ON
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday & Friday
2, 3, 4 & 5 OCT., 1883
$5,000 IN PRIZES, ETC.
For Live Stock, Dairy Goods, Agricultural Implements and Joints, Manufactures, Fine Arts, &c.
Grand Display by the Military Bands and extra attractions on Wednesday and Thursday, 3rd and 4th Oct.
Cheap fares to all railways and steamboat companies.
Kingston stops on Steamships, 4th Sept.
Admission, 25 cts. Special arrangement for school children.
For Prize Lists, Entry Forms, &c., apply to the Secretary at the office of Thos. Hess, Finance and Insurance Agent, University Street, opposite the Post Office, Kingston.
F. BLACKSTOCK, Sec.
R. J. DEACON, Pres.
Secretary.
Sept. 4.

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
THE ONLY INSTITUTION in Canada which a Farmer's Son can be educated with out being he taught farm work.
A GOOD ENGLISH EDUCATION given and special attention paid to
Agriculture, Live Stock Chemistry, and VETERINARY SCIENCE.
AVERAGE COST was Only Forty Dollars for $50 a year for BOARD, washing and TUITION. Students admitted on 1st October.
For Calendar with full information apply to
JAMES MILLS, M.A.
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Sept. 5.

ONTARIO.
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May 19th.

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CAN BE LEASED—the premises on Clarence Street, now the Bank of Montreal, together with the furniture, fixtures, safes, etc., in general order. Also will be sold the balance of stock. For further particulars apply to
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Sept. 3rd.

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JUST TO HAND
And opened up—Over one thousand pairs
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WE HAVE BOUGHT THESE GOODS FOR CASH at about half manufacturers cost and will close them out at prices never before heard of. We also have some lots of the above goods in Gent's Ware, Children's and Infants' Shoes.
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