THE DAILY BRITISH WHIG

THE WEEKLY BRITISH WHIG

Daily British Whig.

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THE BRITISH WHIG
PRINTING DEPARTMENT
The Best Workmen in Every Department.

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Cunard Line.

Land Route.

THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY (LIMITED)

New York and Liverpool, (CALLING AT CORK HARBOUR)

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SCYTHIA	Wednesday, Oct. 3rd
GALLIA	Wednesday, Oct. 10th
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PAVONIA	Wednesday, Oct. 24th
SERVIA	Wednesday, Oct. 31st
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VERNON H. BROWN & CO

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Oct., 1882.

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Grand Tourist Route to Europe; Shortest Sea Route, only five days from land to land.

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The Intermediate steaming 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

POLLOCK & HANLEY,

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June 23.

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ROYAL MAIL LINE.

Composed of the following first class side wheel steamships:

BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

Quebec, Captain Nelson | Montreal.... Capt. Roy

BETWEEN TORONTO AND MONTREAL.

Corinthian, " Sinclair | Algerian.... " Trowell

Corinthian " Adm. | Passport " Irvine

COMMENCING TO-DAY, the 23rd 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 4 a.m. for Montreal and Quebec, calling at Varennes, Cote Pentecost, Islands Park, Alnwick, Grafton, Port Hope, Cobourg, Brighton, Trenton, Belleville, Deseronto, Napanee, Bath, Portsmouth, Kingston, Gananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Morrisburg, Iroquois, Dickinson's Landing, Long Sault and Cornwall Islands, and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence by daylight; connecting with the Canada Pacific Railway at Brockville and Prescott for Ottawa, Pembroke, and points West; steamers for Murray Bay, Chicoutimi and the Saguenay; also with the Intercolonial Railway and Gulf Port Steamship Company.

Return tickets at greatly reduced rates.

For tickets and all information, apply at the Station and Tourist Association Company's office, 55 Lawrence Wharf, foot of Johnson Street.

Aug. 22nd. C. H. HATCH, Agent.

ROYAL MAIL DAILY LINE

—TO—

PICTON and BELLEVILLE.

(ESTABLISHED 1852.)

THE MIDDLE SEAT, FAST UPPER SALOON STEAMER

"HERO,"

T. J. Calvin, Master.

Will, until further notice, leave Kingston DAILY at half-to-five, touching at Portsmouth, Cataraqui, Gananoque, Rideau Ferry, Bay of Quinte, Deseronto, Tyendinaga, Shannonville, Ivanhoe, Frankford, Trenton, Glenora, Consecon, Wellington, Picton, Carrying Mail daily at 2:30 p.m. Belleville 3:30 Monday excepted.

Will leave Belleville on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY at 6 a.m. and Kingston 8 a.m. on TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY. Picton 7 and Glenora 10:30 a.m. at the 1 a.m. service on Kingston on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 p.m., Tuesday and Thursday at 10:30 a.m., and Saturday a 3 p.m.

Mail bag Tickets (both ways) issued to health and pleasure seekers over the navigation only. Through rates of freight quoted.

Have facilities for horse accommodation and stock and feed for same better than on any Bay steamer. Room only for 60 horses.

Connections at Picton, Cobourg, Oshawa, Port Hope, Trenton, Napanee and Deseronto, and at Belleville, Grand Junction R.R. and G.T.R.

C. H. HATCH, Agent, Kingston. A. GUNN & CO., Freight Agents.

July 2.

For Montreal and Intermediate Ports.

The Enlarged and Improved Passenger and Freight Steamer

"ALEXANDRA,"

(HAVE RECEIVED)

Will leave Richardson's Island foot of Quinte, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, leaving Kingston at 5 p.m., touching at the Islands and intermediate ports every Tuesday and Thursday.

MONTREAL.—Leaves Montreal every Tuesday at noon, for River and Bay points, touching at Kingston Friday morning, leaving Kingston Friday at 5 p.m., touching at intermediate points as above.

Freight taken on Steamer and Barge, towing and tank, only by

For further apply to

A. GUNN & CO., Agents.

Comfortable, Waiting Room on the Wharf adjoining.

TAKE THE POPULAR

Summer Route to the Capital.

THE STEAMER

GIPSEY

LEAVES KINGSTON

Every Tuesday and Friday Afternoon

At 4 o'clock for Quinte, calling at Newburg, Portland, Grafton, Port Hope, Colborne, Brighton, Carrying Freight and Passengers. For passage and freight apply to

J. SWIFT,

June 23rd. St. Lawrence Wharf.

Miscellaneous.

SICK HEADACHE, LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE &c.

The Mildest Pill ever taken. Try them.

The original and genuine made only by

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Rock Island, P. Q., and Derby Line, Vt.

—Sold by Druggists.—

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AT THE

C. O. D. STORE.

The Best and Cheapest Goods in GENT'S FURNISHINGS ever shown in the city.

SEE OUR NECKTIES, COLLARS, CUFFS, &c.

UNDERSHIRTS, DRAWERS, FLANNEL SHIRTS (with and without facings) WHITE AND FANCY SILK HANDKERCHIEFS—the finest ever shown.

J. R. RATTENBURY & CO.,

206 PRINCESS STREET.

(Late with A. Ross) directly opposite the Windsor Hotel, and next door above Bowen & Somerville's.

Sept. 12th.

Paper Hangings.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock of

Room, Hallway & Decorative Paper

IN CENTRAL CANADA

AT THE

CITY PAINT SHOP

BAGOT STREET!

House 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 & Clergy

March, 1883

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE RATHBUN COMPANY

DOES NOT INTEND TO SELL MILL WOOD at $5.50 per cord longer than up to the 6th of September, next. Any parties wanting the same 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. 22.

A CHANGE.

The undersigned having sold his interest in the VICTORIA HOTEL, Picton, and taken the

CITY HOTEL, Kingston.

Hopes by careful attention to his guests to continue to receive a fair share of the public patronage.

JAMES JACKSON.

Aug. 22.

ESTABLISHED 18

Steam Power Cleaning and

DYEING WORKS,

PRINCESS STREET.....KINGSTON

Gentlemen's Clothes thoroughly cleaned or repaired and properly pressed.

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

R. MONTGOMERY, Practical Dyer.

Aug. 9

Travelling.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

TORONTO,

Commencing on the 6th September,

AND THE

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION AT GUELPH, ONT.

Opening on the 13th September.

THE STEAMERS OF THE RICHELIEU AND Ontario Navigation Company will only proceed to

Toronto and Return $4.00,

Meals and berths extra.

Livestock and articles for exhibition carried at very low rates.

Parties having Horses and other Stock, respectfully upon, will obtain good notice to the undersigned.

For tickets and other information apply at the Lake and River Steamboat Office, 55 Lawrence Wharf, foot of Johnson Street.

Kingston, Aug. 27, 1883. C. H. HATCH, Agent.

GENERAL TICKET OFFICE

42 CLARENCE ST.

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Tickets by rail or steamboat to all points West North-West or South-West, also OCEAN Steamship Tickets issued by

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GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

V. G. HOOPER, GENERAL TICKET AGENT.

V. G. HOOPER, General Ticket Agent, 42 Clarence Street, Kingston, Ontario.

Sep 4

FALLEN STARS.

Before the window little Mamie stood
In night-robe white—her dimpled feet shown
Waiting in quiet, reverential mood,
While sister Annie finished her evening prayers.

The smiling moon sailed slowly up the sky,
And, just above the gray horizon's bar,
Beamed down upon the earth, with golden eye
Twinkling and bright, a mystery star.

"The heavens declare God's glory"—from my mind
These words of praise overflowed my lips in speech;
How great, I thought, if this be only part
The glory revealed, we know so much.

Childhood's sweet, simple prayers had each been said
Still I sat musing in the gathering gloom
Upon my knee had dropped the golden head,
When sudden plaintive sobs bring to the room.

Mamie, frightened, had hastened to her side,
With eager questions, filled with anxious fear
"Not ill—then tell me why my darling cried?"
"Not hurt, what is the matter, tell me, dear?"

"I and because the naughty stars in moon
Has left the Path, they take star,
And gone away into the sky alone,
So high, so very high, and oh, so far."

Quick to my eyes, warm tears responsive rolled,
Close to my heart I pressed the child, sweet face
Giving glad thanks that in my arms I held
My lost twin stars in tender, safe embrace.

I thought how many wandering stars to-night
Are far away from mother love and care,
How many fallen—once so pure and bright
As those my trembling—dismayed and fair.

Who is sufficient? Vain is human power
Alone to keep the wolf outside the fold.
The strong are weak in dark temptation's hour,
The old, old story all in vain is told.

Alas, those strying ones! How little they
Who have love stood alone can understand
How hard life's battle is from day to day,
What unseen snares are set on every hand.

Poor, lonely souls, to whom the lamps of home
Bring only thoughts of dread, remorse, and shame;
How we, their sisters, to a home much fairer,
Take all we might to remove and reclaim!

We give of our abundance, clothing, food,
We counsel, warn, read sermons, proffer tracts,
And deem our heavenly service today good
Forgetful it the "one thing needful" lacks—

The spirit of the Master. While we stand
Cold in our selfishness to preach and pray,
Yet stretch to touch, with cold, the outcast's hand,
Or one kind word in Manifest forbidden lay.

How can they turn to God the Father's love,
His power to cleanse the vilest from all sin,
When, by our deeds, our fellow souls we disprove?
We delight them, and we fear to take one in.

And they go forth once more, we know not where,
Perhaps to fall again a helpless prey,
She's heavy burdens all alone to bear
Alone to struggle up the "narrow way."

Yet Christ hath said, "If for the least of these
Ye have done aught it unto me ye do."
Hath fallen star His eye with pity seen,
Hath straying sheep his reckless shrieking.

Unseen, the Shepherd watch by our side,
How dare we, then, in thought even, "cast a stone?"
Beneath the Pharisaic robe of pride
His eye doth pierce, all hearts to Him are known.

CHECKMATED.

"On! although I have declined your flattering proposals you tell me that you can compel me to accept them, whether I will or not! Is that what you mean?"

The girl sat back against the large tropical that formed an appropriate background for a face of rare loveliness. She lazily swung one small foot in its white satin shoe, and looked the very personification of languid scorn, as she held her huge fan between her own face and her companion's.

The sarcasm in the girl's tones stung the man who sat beside her, and an evil expression spread over his pale face, while the look in his glittering black eyes might have warned her that his was no vain boast.

"Yes," he returned, slowly. "To put it in plain language that is what I do mean. Look here, Iva Duncombe; I know you do not care for me——"

"Care for you! As plain speaking is to be the order of the day hear how I feel towards you. I loathe, detest you, and would infinitely prefer being touched by the touch of reptiles! Your very presence fills me with horror; and I would die a hundred deaths rather than marry you!"

"Nevertheless, you shall be my wife," he returned, venomously; "I know your secret!"

"My secret!" returned the girl, with a rippling laugh; "which of them, for I've got dozens?"

"Do you think that I don't know that you are to marry your cousin, Lord Arleigh? Do you think that I don't know that you would do anything in the world for his sake?"

"You grow insolent, sir. How dare you presume to meddle with your master's private affairs?"

"My master! Yes, I am his paid secretary; nevertheless, I am his master! Listen," he hissed, sinking his voice to a whisper, and coming closer to the shrinking but haughty figure; "the man you love and would marry is a murderer!"

The girl's face paled to the very lips, but she looked unflinchingly into his eyes.

"Pooh!" she returned, contemptuously; "you have taken leave of your senses!"

"A murderer, my haughty dame! I possess the proofs of his guilt, and he has bribed me to hold my tongue these fifteen years."

There was a dead silence. The fountain tinkled musically on; the flowers distilled their subtle perfume, but the girl's calm was broken up, and her breath began to come in labored gasps.

"Prove it," she whispered.

"Ask himself. You know the story of my life," he continued. "Thrown, a nameless outcast, upon his father's charity—bitter charity, my bread given me by careless hands.—how I hate him! how I hate all his race! And I hate you, too, dainty, scornful thing! Still, for the sake of that very hatred, I will make you my wife! Your pride will not be wrought so very low, after all, for I am Lord Arleigh's brother, although I cannot claim his name; and "you don't marry me, fair cousin, his neck shall be stretched upon the gallows."

"I do not believe a word you say," she answered, proudly. "Who do you pretend he has murdered?"

"Have you never heard of Walter Amtruther, the rector's son who disappeared so mysteriously? John Arleigh murdered him in my presence; and it was I who buried the body of his victim! Now, who is master?" he exclaimed, rising, with a burst of demoniacal laughter, and standing before her with his arms folded. "The time for my revenge has come! Ask him, and see if he'll deny the accusation."

"Monster!" she said, shuddering.

"I go away to-morrow, and in a month I will return for your answer. You profess to love John Arleigh. I have heard your protestations when you little thought I was near you. If they are true your answer to me will be favourable. I have biided my time, and revenge is sweet."

And bending over the girl he muttered a few words in her ear that left her fair face as drawn and livid as that of a corpse.

* * * *

"Is it true? Oh Jack, I cannot believe it!"

Lord Arleigh was a fair, handsome, but worn-looking man of about thirty-five, and his expression, as he stood before her mother-stricken, girl, was simply heartbreaking.

She was a distant cousin, living with her mother in a pretty cottage upon the estate; and she and Lord Arleigh were engaged to be married, loving each other with all their souls.

"Why should he burden you with my hideous secret?" he asked. "I am paying him a heavy price enough for keeping it, as I know to my loss!"

"Tell me all about it," said the girl, faintly. "There is some extenuating circumstance?"

Lord Arleigh sat down close beside her.

"My darling Iva," he said, looking at her with eyes that were neither false nor shifting, "I confess that I have committed the crime of murder, but it was done unintentionally. The shadow of my guilt should never have crossed your innocent path if I could have prevented it; however, as you have heard so much, I shall tell you all.

"About fifteen years ago there was terrible havoc played with the game upon my father's estate by poachers, and I, being a young and ardent sportsman, was naturally very indignant that such things should be done with impunity. One night I was watching in the woods near the house, all alone, for the keepers were scattered about the more distant preserves. I had watched for an hour or more, when the sound of two shots in rapid succession, fired almost beside me, aroused me from the reverie into which I had fallen.

"I crept softly around the huge trunk of the tree by which I was standing, and found myself almost face to face with a man, who was in the act of reloading his gun.

"He turned and fled, disregarding all my commands to stop. My hot young blood boiled within my veins, and maddened, not knowing what I was doing, I raised my gun to my shoulder and fired.

"The unfortunate man fell to the earth, and just at that moment Raynor, who was then my father's secretary, as he is now mine, stood by my side.

"I shall never forget the expression of his countenance as he glared at me in the bright moonlight.

"You have committed murder, my Lord!" he hissed, between his teeth. "Are you mad, to stand here and be taken redhanded?"

"Iva, I cannot tell you all that passed between us. He coolly turned over the body of the dead man, and the moonlight streamed upon my boyhood's companion, Walter Amtruther.

"Oh, the sickening sensation of that moment, when I realized that the mad passion of a second had ruined my life!

"That fiend in the guise of a man prompted, counselled me, and undertook to do away with all evidence of my crime, keeping my secret for the sake of gold.

"I was young, and I grasped at life; but I became his slave. He has never forgotten to remind me during all these years that the sword hanging over my head by a single hair may fall any moment. However, it was only yesterday he revealed himself to me in his true colours.

"There is no hope, no escape for me, for you shall not be sacrificed. I am ready," he concluded, with the calmness of despair.

During this recital Iva sat as if turned into stone; but gradually an impression crept into her eyes like that of some untod animal at bay.

She rose, and laying her hands upon her lover's shoulders, said, in solemn, heart-broken tones, "Jack my love, if I had a hundred lives I would sacrifice them all for your sake. The story of your misfortune—for it was not crime—must be kept secret at any price. Your mother, yourself——" She laid her hand upon her swelling heart. "I will marry this man, and you are safe."

"By heavens, you shall not!——"

"Hush!" she interrupted, lifting her hand warningly. "Here is mamma. It is because I love you, Jack."

* * * *

A fortnight of the month Raynor had given was gone; but in that fortnight a good many events had occurred, as we shall see.

Lord Arleigh had gone abroad, and Iva watched with sinking heart the rapid flight of time, bringing nearer to her the consummation of her despair.

She sat alone one afternoon in the drawing-room musing—always sadly musing—when her reverie was interrupted by the entrance of her mother.

"It is really too bad, Iva, that because a railway accident has happened our house must be turned into an hospital."

"Oh, hush, mother!" said the girl rising, and drawing a screen before the folding-doors. "He will hear. We have only got one to attend to, and he will be quite recovered in a short time."

"A great Australian bushranger or a ticket-of-leave man!" grumbled Mrs. Duncombe, lowering her voice to a whisper. "You are so romantic, Iva, I really believe you like waiting on this person."

Iva colored, but only answered, gently, "For the sake of humanity, mamma."

"For the sake of fiddlesticks! We are badly off, and the amount of jelly and port wine an able-bodied man like that can devour will be simply ruinous. Besides, the very moment he is well he will be attempting robbery or something of that sort."

"Oh, mother," laughed the girl, "in spite of his big beard, he has the most amiable expression."

"Very well. Something will happen yet. We shall be murdered. I have a presentiment."

"Are these grapes for him?"

"Yes, sent from the Court; and, Iva, I wish you would ask him what his name is."

The railway accident was attended by no loss of life, but there was a great many sufferers from injuries, and to these Lady Arleigh benevolently threw open the Court—the catastrophe occurring at the very gates—while her son "vowed" his approval from Vienna.

Large as the accommodation was, there was not room for all; so one of the least injured persons was conveyed to the cottage. His broken arm was set and his scalp wounds were dressed, and then the doctor thoroughly informed him that he was in no danger, but must submit to a short confinement.

His recovery was rapid, and in a few days he was removed to the pretty ante-room which adjoined the drawing-room.

"I forgot to ask your name," said Iva, arranging the china basket of full blooming grapes on the table beside the couch.

"Walter Amtruther!" he returned unhesitatingly.

The girl staggered back, and looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"Walter Amtruther!" she echoed faintly.

"Now you know why I wouldn't use the name. Poor old dad! Prodigal son! Too great a shock! Not prepared!" he said in broken accents, turning away his head.

"For heaven's sake, tell me at once! Are you"—she paused her hand across her forehead—"are you the rector's son?"

"No other. I have sowed all my wild oats, and have found my way back to the home-nest, with something warm to line it with in the bargain. You were a wee maiden when I saw you last, Miss Dumpscombe."

He looked at her with a pleased expression in his brown eyes.

"I can't understand. You were shot!" grasped poor Iva, her gray eyes growing purple black.

"Ah, is that story known? I thought Arleigh would hold his tongue for his own sake. It was Raynor, though, I suppose. My poor father knows it all, then?"

A light began to dawn upon Ida. She drew a low chair close to the couch and sat down.

"Wait until you hear my story before you say any more," she began, and then, almost incoherently, poured out her tale.

"The scoundrel!" shouted Amtruther, when she had finished. "Oh, the wily, hypocrite! Marry him? No, indeed, poor child! I shall prevent that. Shall I tell you my history?"

Iva assented eagerly.

"I was a very wild young fellow when I was young—a bad lot, I confess—and still, looking back now, perhaps I was more reckless and foolish than actually wicked. Jack Arleigh and I were friends when we were lads together; but as we grew up he gradually fell away from me. It was not to be wondered at, for I gave myself up to evil courses, and he was gentlemanly and refined in his tastes. Still, I resented it at the time.

"I may thank Raynor for the beginning of my downward course. He, being clever and unscrupulous, found an easy dupe in me, and being older and more experienced gained a wonderful ascendancy over me. He taught me to gamble; for even in a country village it is not difficulty to find many willing to indulge in that vice. Well, I need not tell you how I fell lower and lower, broke my father's and my mother's hearts, and became an outcast from society.

"Like a second Mephistopheles Raynor always stood at my elbow urging me to my ruin, and still, with devilish ingenuity, hiding our intimacy from his patrons, whom he hated with a deadly rancour, which then I was incapable of understanding, although I was pleasant enough to hear him vilify Jack Arleigh.

"It was Raynor who first suggested to me that the game overstocking his lordship's preserves could be turned to account.

"Iva Dumscombe I swear to you that I only did at first out of bravado, and to annoy the man who had at one time been my friend. Little by little Raynor got me completely into his power, and I was ruined and despairing when the scene took place that Arleigh told you of.

"So he thought I was dead! Poor old Jack! how he must have suffered! For I know his nature well, and I know also what is to be in George Raynor's power.

"No, I was not killed, but it was a close shave, and when I came to myself after a long illness I found that I had been conveyed to a small seaport town many miles from this. There Raynor appeared to me in the shape of a guardian angel. He forgave all my debt to him, supplied me plentifully with money, and paid my passage to Australia, on condition that I would remain there, and not let my existence be known.

"He promised to smooth matters at home, but at the same time pointed out to me the advisability of disappearing altogether, at least in the eyes of the world.

"Oh, Iva, it was a deep-laid plot; but now I comprehend the disinterestedness of his actions. I fell in with his plans easily enough. A roving life of enterprise possessed a charm for me beyond all others, and even then I had some idea of turning over a new leaf, and trying to redeem my wasted life.

"I wrote one letter to my father, and another to Arleigh; for I did not for a moment believe that he had fired with intent to murder me, as Raynor said, knowing who I was.

"I entrusted both these letters to his keeping, and then set out on my new career, with my mind comparatively at ease. I have had the usual experience of the gold fields—ups and downs.

"For many years fortune frowned, but she suddenly took it into her head to smile, and then she did it with a vengeance.

"I had forgotten everything connected with my old life; but as I grew rich I became homesick.

"I saw in an English paper an account of a school-feast here, and my father's and mother's names. I longed to see the old folks again, and so I returned to England. Please Heaven I shall soon stand an honest man in the eyes of the world, and have plenty to spare afterwards. That is all, and I want now to shake Jack Arleigh's hand, and ask his forgiveness for all he has suffered on my account."

The girl's tears were softly and silently falling, and bowing her head she murmured fervently, "Thank God!"

* * * *

"You have come for your answer?"

Iva stood in the middle of the room, her figure drawn to its full height, and her bright eyes fixed proudly and contemptuously upon the man whose fair face was distorted by an evil sneer.

"Yes," he returned; and continued warningly, "You, and take care, for as sure as I possess the power so surely will I use it!"

He approached her as he spoke, but she waved him aside, and taking two swift steps towards the folding doors beckoned him to follow her.

She drew them wide open, revealing a couch upon which the figure of a man reclined, and Lord Arleigh sitting beside him.

"This is my answer!" she exclaimed, turning her face mockingly towards him. "Allow me to introduce you to an old friend—Walter Amtruther!"

Holloway's Pills.—Health or Wealth.—No sane person would hesitate an instant in the choice between these two conditions. Now is the season to secure the former either by restoring or confirming it. These Pills expel all impurities from the system which fogs, foul vapors, and variable temperature engender during winter; they invigorate also with most wholesomeness upon the skin by dissipating the river of life as accumulated bile, and by exciting the kidneys to more energetic action; it increases the appetite for food and strengthens the digestive process. The stomach and liver, with which most disorders originate, are fully under the control of these regulative Pills, which act very kindly yet most efficiently on the weakest bowels.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE STREET RAILWAY.

The Editor, British Whig.

DEAR SIR,—I am another who agrees with "Citizen" in appreciating your efforts to gain the citizens their due by compelling the Street Railway Company to repair the track which has long been a nuisance to the public and a shame to the corporation. It will be a sign that the Council have the welfare of the citizens at heart when they take decisive steps in this important matter. The wonder is that the corporation have not long ago been sued for damages sustained by persons smashing their vehicles in driving over the projected iron. If this "accommodating" company had shown any signs whatever of improving the road, or had they promised when notified by the Council to take steps in that direction, no doubt the public would have been patient with them and awaited the promised results. But when all communications seem to have been completely ignored the taxpayers are one with the Council in the step they have threatened. We have no doubt but what it would be better all round for the railway to come under the supervision of a new Company. As it is now people have to be a convenience for the cars instead of the cars being a convenience for them, as is seen daily in the independent spirit shown by the drivers. It is a shame that the public have so long been imposed upon and they will heartily second any effort you may put forth to have this evil remedied.—Yours respectfully,

A SUFFERER.

Sept. 14th, 1883.

LAST'S METHODIST CONFERENCE.

Thursday was the eighth of the United General Conference. Memorials were presented and reports from Committees were received. That on missions was discussed at length. The Board is to be enlarged to 18 members elected from the General Conference and two to be elected from the different annual Conferences. The report from the Committee of Publishing was adopted. The *Christian Guardian* and *Wesleyan* are to be the official organs. The establishment of a book room and paper in Manitoba was left with the Book Committee. The next edition of the Methodist hymn book is to contain a suitable preface of its having been adopted for the new Church. The hymn books now used are to be used as congregations may deem fit. Respecting education it is deemed necessary to form one grand University when practicable. In Ontario such University is to be established in Toronto or elsewhere. A large commission was appointed to look after the matter and all other parts of the report. There are at present six or seven educational institutions, having 101 professors and more than 3,000 students, while the endowments exceed $400,000. There are two Methodist educational institutions in Manitoba holding charters. These are to be amalgamated as soon as convenient.

Judge Dean moved that an address should be drafted and presented from this Conference to the B. C. Conference in England, very respectfully requesting them to sanction the present proceedings for union. Rev. Mr. Webber made the gratifying announcement that he had just received from England a communication stating that the authorities there did not intend to contest the title to the property in Canada. The report of the Committee on Discipline was taken up, and quite a lively discussion was had upon a resolution to expunge a rule requiring ministers before marriage to consult their senior brethren. After several facetious speeches, the discussion more grave in view of the importance of marriage as affecting the influence of a minister. The rule was expunged.

Some discussion took place as to the continuance of the custom of issuing tickets. It was found that the practice had varied in the several united Churches as to tickets. The rule for issuing tickets was adopted along with the remainder of the report.

ENGLISH OFFICERS IN EGYPT.

Last autumn the British people welcomed the warriors returning from the campaign which ended in Tel-el-Kebir with a heartiness which was almost exaggerated, considering the quality of the foes with whom they had been contending. Part of the expedition remained behind for the purpose of re-organizing the Egyptian army, and had presently an opportunity of displaying greater heroism than those who came home when the war was over. When the first case of cholera declared itself in the hospital, the native doctors and attendants fled, whereupon Sir Evelyn Wood and all his officers, without exception, tended the sick with a degree of devotion rare among friends—even preparing the dead bodies for burial and carrying them to the grave. Out of eighty men seized with disease in the Egyptian army, only thirty died—a result mainly owing to the incessant nursing of the sufferers by the English officers." We will not add a word to this simple narrative—to bestow praise would be almost an impertinence; but we desire to lend our aid in making the facts known as widely as possible. The Egyptian peasantry can scarcely fail, in spite of their alleged detestation of the "infidel dogs" who are set over them, to contrast the self-denying kindness of their present commanders with the brutality with which private soldiers were treated by the Turkish and native Egyptian officers in former days, and these officers belong to those "bloated English aristocrats" who have for years been unpeasantly maligned, slandered and misunderstood.—*St. John's News.*

It is very instructing to witness the astonishing effects of nature's medicine, viz., medical electricity. When science goes hand-in-hand with the physician most wonderful results manifested. Shoulders of many years standing leap for joy and throw away their crutches; stomachs, the base of many a happy home, fling the smoke before the wind; nervousness, of every kind, debility of the worst description, the hydra headed monster that fills many of our graves, is immediately relieved and permanently cured by the help of the scientific discovery—Norman's Electric Belts, Bands and Insoles. Mr. Norman has perfected his belts, till now they are peers of the whole list of known remedial agents. W. J. Wilson, "The Pharmacy," 165 Princess Street, is agent in Kingston; he will be pleased to show testimonials from several in the city and vicinity to those who wish further proof of their efficacy.

CHILBLAINS.—A name well known in connection with the Hair Renewer, which restores gray hair to its natural color by a few weeks use. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by all druggists.

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It possesses a delightful fragrance, and imparts a cleanness to the skin which is perfectly unobtrusive. It is warranted harmless, is used by thousands and never fails to give the utmost satisfaction. Price 25 cents per bottle at

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Come and have your bottles filled with some of the new odours at

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If you want a sure cure for Piles, and Preventive of Fistula use Dr. Williams' Universal Pile Ointment. In pots, 50 cts. at Wade's Drug Store.

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MRS. C. A. HICKEY

Begs to intimate to numerous friends and customers that she has leased the premises

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The Entire Stock of Dry Goods

AT AND UNDER COST,

Now situated in the store, 194 Princess Street, commencing on SATURDAY, Sept. 8th, and will continue for TWO WEEKS ONLY. OF ALL IN WHICH THIS CHANGE IS MADE, the stock will be sold without reserve, as she is determined to close all goods possible out by the above date. If low prices will secure a speedy sale.

It is her intention to commence business up Street with an entire ly new Stock, hence the great reductions in the above goods on hand.

A prompt commencement of renewal will be made and the hours to suit all, as well as many new customers, OF SEVENTEEN THE CHEAP SALE COMMENCES ON SATURDAY NEXT.

Sept. 7th. C. A. HICKEY, 194 Princess Street.

Business Cards.

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

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

R. O. BURNS, M.D., C.M., OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—Barrie, corner of Bagot Street. May 19 '83.

POWER AND SON, ACCOUNTANTS 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, directly opposite the Post Office Wellington Street. Established in Kingston, 1866.

CARRUTHERS BROS., FINANCIAL AGENTS, Chemist Store, King street. Money to loan on real estate and other securities.

E. W. GARRETT, M.D., C.M., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c. Office and residence, 202 Wellington Street (late Dr. Fowler's), between Princess & Queen Sts., Kingston. March 19.

ROBERT SHAW, BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, &c. Office—Princess Street, over the Skinner'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, King, Surgeon, Accoucheur, &c. Office, Princess Street, one Province Street, Kingston.

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