Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Mutual Marriage Aid Association, OF CANADA.

HAMILTON, ONT. (INCORPORATED 1881.) HEAD OFFICE.

Unquestionably the Most Popular Institution of the day to the above Association. AND WHY? Because at comparatively small cost it makes provision for the payment on marriage of from $250 to $1,000.

UNMARRIED PERSONS OF BOTH SEXES and parents are particularly interested in this institution, and should at once look into the plan of operation. This Association has issued during the past year Certificates to the extent of over $2,000,000, $50,000 paid in benefits during the past year. Certificates to the extent of over $1,000,000. WALTER B. WEBBER, Sec'y, HAMILTON, Ont.

Key Agents wanted. The following have been paid lately in and around Kingston:

Jas. Reid, Kingston	$1,000 00	Rev. J. W. Mitchell, Belleville	500 00
R. A. Reid, Kingston	1,000 00	W. C. Sands, Kingston	500 00
Denjamin Robinson, Kingston	500 00	John Hyland, Calabogie	500 00
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A. C. McMAHON, Agent, Kingston.

FAIR, FAIR, FAIR.

R. McFAUL

IS OFFERING BARGAINS IN BLACK SILKS, BLACK VELVETS, VELVETEENS, Satins, Cashmeres, All Wool Dress Goods, Shawls, Flannels, Flushes and everything in in Dry Goods. BARGAINS, BARGAINS, BARGAINS.

AT R. McFAUL'S. - - 180 Princess Street.

Oct. 6th.

Excursion to Detroit, Port Huron & Chicago

Detroit or Port Gratiot and Return	$5 25
Toledo or Cleveland and Return	7 25
Lapeer and Return	6 75
Flint	7 25
Milwaukee	10 75
Lansing	8 25
Battle Creek	9 25
Grand Rapids	8 25
South Bend	9 25
Chicago	10 75

Tickets good to go on the 2.30 p.m. train on the 9th of October and good to return within 15 days from date of issue on any ordinary train.

FOLGER & HANLEY,
Grand Trunk RR. Gen. Agents, Kingston, Ont.

Oct. 2nd.

OUR OPENING A SUCCESS.

IN THANKING OUR MANY FRIENDS FOR CALLING ON US YESTERDAY, we beg to apologize for being unable to attend to all as we would like, there being such a rush. Mrs. Spence and her assistants had more than they could do, but would be glad to see all back that could not get waited on, when we are sure they will be suited, our Stock this season being the largest ever shown in the city and new Goods arriving daily as they come from the manufacturer.

SPENCE & CRUMLEY,
Sept. 28. PRINCESS STREET, opposite the City Hotel.

VISITORS TO THE FAIR

WILL FIND THE BEST VALUE AND LARGEST ASSORTMENT

Dry Goods, Millinery and Carpets

OF ALL KINDS

At the old reliable firm of

RICHMOND & BOYDEN

Oct. 2nd.

The House to Place Your Orders With

Where you will find one of the Choicest Stocks to select from, and at prices that can be beaten. FINE TWEED & WORSTED SUITINGS. FINE COATINGS.

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF NEW TROUSERINGS!

Call and See Them.

Large Stock of Ready-Made Clothing, our own make. See the value we are giving in WHITE, DRESS and REGATTA SHIRTS, COLLARS and CUFFS, all the new styles. Hosiery, Gloves, Suspenders, Umbrellas, &c.

DUNBAR & CO.,

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—OFFERS—

Genuine Reductions in Every Department for the Next 4 Weeks

IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL IMPORTATIONS.

July 26 A. ROSS, Opposite City Hotel.

MINING SUPPLIES.

Ingersoll Rock Drill Company OF CANADA.

Manufacturers of STEAM DRILLS, HOISTS & GENERAL MINING MACHINERY.

DOMINION—WIRE—ROPE—WORKS,

Manufacturers of all Sizes of WIRE ROPE, Flat Rope, Hemp Rope, Manila Rope, Sisal Rope, Signal Rope.

For information apply to

COOPER, FAIRMAN & CO.,
Montreal Dec. 28. 65 & 67 Front-st. So.

AWARDED SILVER MEDALS
MONTREAL AND TORONTO—1886.
"BEST IN USE."

CELEBRATED COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Contains more Internal value than any other

Be sure your Grocer gives you Cook's Friend. The value of other substitutes is in the profit attached to its manufacture.

CAUTION—Observe the Trade Mark and name "COOK'S FRIEND" on every package. All persons from the exact name in quotation.

RETAILED EVERYWHERE. July 24.

NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELT INSTITUTION,

4 Queen St. East, Toronto.

(Established 1864.)

NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS are universally acknowledged to be the most powerful curative agent in the world. They possess vitality in a high degree, and will last a lifetime. Pamphlets with full information free. Consultation free. Call or write. Hours, 9 to 8. Sundays, 10 to 12.

Response to Health & Comfort, 10 Princess St., The Finest. Aug. 14.

FRESH FISH.

RECEIVED DAILY!

OF ALL KINDS IN THEIR SEASON—KEPT in the best of Refrigerators. No old stock kept as the complaint is whispered everywhere in other markets. Our fish are for better than those exposed to the air, sun and dust on market.

WE DO NOT SHORT IN PRICE. 10c your child can be served up as young.

Also the Best of Canned Goods, Fruit, Oysters, &c.

W. C. HORTON,
62 BROCK STREET.

June 12.

Paper Hangings.

The Largest, Cheapest and Best Stock of Gas, Railway & Decorative Paper IN CENTRAL CANADA IS AT THE

CITY PAINT SHOP

BAGOT STREET.

Gasing and Sign Painting, Graining, Glazing, Paper Hanging, Kalsomining and Whitewashing done in the best style, shortest notice and at the lowest rates.

W. ROBINSON & SON.

Opp. Drs. Anderson Princess and Queen. March 27.

PAUSE

A Moment and Think!

All men, both young and old, who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretion, who desire a healthy, vigorous manhood, who desire the fire restored to their eyes, who desire a full, round, vigorous body, with all the vigor, life, energy and magnetism of which youth is the season, should address (in confidence) the Medical Institute, Toronto, Ont., which is composed of young men only, who have had years of experience in the treatment of these diseases. Full particulars, explanations, proofs, etc., sent free, in sealed envelope, to any address. Mention this paper. Address as above. Aug. 17.

NEW YORK HAIR WORKS!

GRAINED AND MANUFACTURED IN ALL the styles, colors of Hair Goods, Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Fronts, Gentlemen's Wigs, Toupees, &c., &c., cheaper than any other house in the trade. Send for catalogue.

JAMES A. CRAWFORD, 21 King Street, West, TORONTO. June 23.

MY MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PEEKFLOW," ETC.

"Oh, Madgie, how lovely! And you don't seem to care about it one bit!"

The voice is Lena's; the words are spoken in raptured admiration, called forth by the disclosures that follow the unpacking of my boxes.

Lena's eyes are taking in every bow and furbelow in the silk dresses Humphrey insisted on my getting in Paris—he seems to think that a woman's happiness depends on the size of her wardrobe—and truly there is some pleasure in being well dressed.

The seventy pounds expended on my trousseau—a sum especially sent for that purpose by my godmother, a maiden lady, who solemnly declared then and there that by that one gift she discharged all duties concerning me—did not go very far after all; and it seemed to give Humphrey great pleasure to fitting me out like a doll. He put me in Worth's hands, and the result is seen by Lena's open-eyed amazement.

To be well dressed is, I think, the sole ambition of Lena's life; and many and frequent are the sighs and heartburnings over last summer's bonnets freshly re-trimmed, and dresses turned and returned again and again. "Poorly but neatly cind," describes the curate's family seen rately. Lena would look pretty in any thing; her childish loveliness wants little adornment.

It is "Oh, Madgie!" and "Oh, Madgie!" as the unpacking proceeds, followed by "How I envy you!" Bee looks on with a pleased face, and laughs at every fresh outburst of Lena's.

The silk dresses are all lying on the bed. I hate them all; to me they are the price of my liberty. But Lena has a wonderful respect for good clothes.

"Put one on, Madgie!" she says heartbreakingly, but I decline.

"Put it on yourself, Lena; the same things always fitted us both."

Nothing loath, she complies and adorns her slight figure in a long black silk dress that lies trailingly upon the ground, and is made in the latest fashion. Lena walks up and down.

"Fancy wearing such a dress!" she says, stopping to survey herself in the glass.—"Madgie I wish I were in your place."

"I wish you were," I answer with truthful fervor, looking at my sister's flushed, pleased face; and then an idea seizes me, and I fly down stairs in search of Humphrey.

He is reading the newspaper in the drawing-room, with Regy and Isabel in close attendance; but the newspaper is laid aside as I appear, and Humphrey gets up quickly.

"Were you looking for me?" he asks.

"Yes," I say, looking at the children; "I want to ask you something, Humphrey."

"Anything serious?"—smiling down at me, and leading the way to the window.

But I find a slight difficulty in making my request, and grow warm under my husband's pleasant smile.

"Well, what is it, Madgie—anything I can do for you, dear?"

"Humphrey," I say, plunging desperately into my subject, "may I do what I wish with my dresses and things?"

"Of course," he answers.

But he does not quite see my meaning; and I lift my eyes from contemplating the carpet, and see his puzzled face looking at me.

"May I give Lena one of my dresses?" I whisper, feeling very mean and shabby, and crimsoning to the roots of my hair.

"Give her the whole lot of them if you like, little woman, and I will buy you a dozen more. Give the girls anything you like, only be happy"—putting his hand under my chin, and looking at me. "I don't like to see my wife afraid to ask me for anything."

"It seems so mean," I falter; "you have done so much, Humphrey."

"Hush," and the smile leaves his eyes. "Don't trespass on forbidden ground, Madgie!"

But Lena does not become the possessor of the silk dress after all. On my way up stairs I meet mamma, and unfold to her my intentions; and my little scheme is nipped in the bud at once. Mamma will not hear of it, and I am obliged to give in, and perforce agree that one solitary handsome dress would be a most unsuitable addition to Lena's wardrobe.

CHAPTER VIII.

The afternoon sun comes in slantingly, and rests in long shining bars across the floor of Bee's room, and brightens her brown dusky hair. She is seated on the floor writing on a box, and a number of papers are scattered around. Bee must be "piling up the agonies" to an alarming extent, to judge by the compressions of her lips and the knitting of her straight dark brows.

I am lying comfortably on her bed, a book in my hand; but for the last half hour have been watching Bee's face and brown head bent over her writing. She looks up at last, a gleam in her sparkling eyes, and pushes the wavy hair from off her forehead.

"I think it will do; I have killed him, Madgie."

"Oh, what a pity!" I cry, for I have taken rather a fancy to the hero in Bee's latest production. "Bee couldn't you bring him to life again?"

"He is buried," Bee answers.

And certainly after that nothing more can be done.

"Listen," she says gathering up her papers. "How does this read, Madgie?—'When last she gazed into the violet depths of his eyes, they were glazing with the film of death; when next she sees them, they will be radiant with the glory of heaven. And so, though her heart may break with fond recollections, she will see him again, and know him for all eternity.'"

Bee's voice is beautiful, reading her own productions.

"Do you not like that, Madgie? I wish I could find the part where the sea washes him in, and just brings him up to her feet, but my papers are all mixed."

"I think you ought to make it into a real book," I say with enthusiasm. "You ought to copy it all out, Bee, and send it to some publisher."

Bee's manuscript is of the most extraordinary description—backs of letters, envelopes, margins of news-papers, stray copy-books, anything, everything that can be procured without buying.

She looks coolly at the mass as I speak.

"I don't like to ask pays for money," she says her cheeks flushing. "You see he does not know I am writing. But, Madgie, do you really think it would do for a book?" she winds up, looking into my face with her radiant eyes.

"Yes," I answer, leaning back upon the pillow, my arms under my head, and gazing lovingly at my sister's bright beautiful face. "Is it all full of love and lover's lore?"

"Yes, from 'first to finish,'"—laughing gleefully; and then gravely—"Madgie, I wish I had a lover of my own; it would be a great help to me to have some idea of what they really say."

Bee speaks as if she were discussing the habits of some animal in natural history, and I cannot help laughing at her.

"You ought to know," she says. "Of course you and Humphrey make love to each other?"

"Make love?" I echo aloud; and then I say to myself, "Fancy making love to Humphrey!" "Bee," I resume—and my voice is solemn—"couldn't you write a book without a man in it also?"

"Without a man?"—and Bee's eyes open wide—"in that case, Madgie, it would be no book."

I seem to have taken up wrong views on the subject or Bee has; any way we do not agree. I cannot see that the climax of life's happiness is a wedding; but perhaps there is something wanting in my nature. All books drive hard and fast to the little matrimonial post; possibly on each bride and bridegroom leave the church they find out their mistake.

"Bee," I say, to change the subject, "you ought to send that story to be published."

Bee's face flushes a rosy red.

"I will some day," she answers.

I remember poor Bee's lack of foolscap paper, and resolve to supply her next—that has gone back to her scribbling.

"You have killed him; can't you stop now?" I say. "Don't kill him now that he is down."

Bee laughs and her pen flies faster than ever.

"I have not finished her yet," she answers. "The poor bridge has to be built lamenting over his tomb."

Bee laughs over her imaginary characters; but they are real living men and women to her while, they last; and I leave her to "pile up" further "agonies," and on pretext of taking a walk, hurry off to the town and make straight for Mr. Jones' well-known shop where stationery and such like commodities may be had—also valentines, Christmas cards, and various fancy articles.

As I go into the shop in my own impetuous fashion, with Crib as of old, leaping and barking before me, old Mr. Jones rises precipitately and pushes his spectacles up to the top of his bald forehead.

"You're welcome home, Miss Madgie," he says—"Mrs. Carstairs, I mean. Can I do anything for you this evening, ma'am?"

And all the time he is craning his neck and trying to look round the corner. I suppose he fancies Humphrey is outside, and is trying to get a peep at him.

"Have you foolscap paper?" I ask, taking out my purse with the agreeable consciousness of being able to pay for what I want. In the old days our hoarded sixpences were always below the mark required. "Now I am in a position to buy up Mr. Jones' whole shop, and Mr. Jones himself, I feel too at a valuation.

He dives into a recess and produces a goodly pile of the coveted foolscap paper.

"How much?" I say, thinking of darling Bee's delight.

"How many quires, Miss? I will count it."

"I want it all. What's the price?"

I fancy I have bought up his whole stock, and feel a delicious sense of satisfaction at the thought.

"Shall I send it up now, Mrs. Carstairs?" bringing out my name without any doubt or mistake—my new name that I myself cannot get accustomed to yet.

"I will take it myself," I say, and, on his remonstrating, insist; for I know, if I trust to Mr. Jones sending up the parcel, Bee will have to wait for her foolscap.

It is too heavy indeed, Miss," he asserts. But I gather up the parcel in my strong young arms, and step gleefully out in the sunshine, delighted with my purchase.

It is rather heavy, and my cheeks grow very warm after a short time; but I struggle on bravely, and presently espy Humphrey coming with long strides towards me; and, for once in my life, I am glad to see him, and smile up a welcome into his astonished face as I reach him and he reaches me, gasping under my load.

"In the name of goodness, child, what have you got?" he says taking the ponderous parcel from my arms.

"Foolscap paper for Bee." I gasp out.

"It is hardly fair of Bee to make you her messenger."

His tone sounds resentful, and I flame up at once in hot championship of the absent.

"Bee didn't. She never knew I was coming, Humphrey. How could you think such a thing of her?"

"I don't know that I did think it," he answers in a different voice. "I was vexed, my darling, to see you laboring home carrying a stone weight. Why did you not ask me to go with you?"

"I never thought of you," I reply with more truthfulness than pleasantness.—"Bee had no paper. I knew that she was longing for it; and so I flew off and got all that."—looking at the parcel reposing under Humphrey's stalwart arm.

"You are good to every one but me," he says in a low voice.

For a few moments we pursue our way in silence.

"Why didn't they send this stuff up to the house?" he says presently. "You have tired and overheated yourself."

"What does it signify?" I answer a little crossly. "I will carry it if you are tired, Humphrey."

It is an unfair hit; but I am getting a little out of temper.

"Give it to me," I say, reaching up and laying forcible hands on the parcel. But Humphrey shifts it to the other arm.

"Don't be foolish, Madgie. And may I ask what Bee means to do with this enormous supply?"

He is speaking quite pleasantly; but I put the worst construction on his words, and answer accordingly.

"If Bee had not wanted the paper, I should never have got it; and, if I had for one moment thought you would have objected to my buying it for her, I never would have got one single sheet."

It is a mean, unwarrantable speech; and I am ashamed of it the moment the words are out of my mouth. I do not look at him, but straight in front of me. Still, when I hear his voice, I know what his face is like.

"Madgie, did you mean that?"

No answer; I have closed my lips tightly.

"Don't you know," he says gently, in a weary, pained voice, "that I am only too glad for you to be happy in any way you choose? Madgie, what is mine is yours; and I never thought my wife could so deliberately wound me."

Something compels me to turn and look at him, and I meet the gaze of two sorrowful gray eyes.

I did not mean one word of my cruel, unwifelike speech; and, when I see the pain in my husband's face, I say quickly in justification, with tearful earnestness—

"Humphrey, I wish I had died, before I said that to you."

"Did you mean it?" he repeats, his eyes and lips softening as he reads the repentance in my face.

"You know I couldn't mean it; and I only said the nastiest thing I could think of to make you cross."

It is a very lame explanation; but he is satisfied.

"Madgie," he whispers, "will you promise never to say a thing like that again? You don't know how such words from your lips hurt me."

I brush away a few rising tears, and speak in a subdued and faltering voice.

"I will never say anything so untrue again, Humphrey. I do not care for you as people in books care for each other; but I do know how very good you are, and—you aren't angry with me now, are you?"

"Angry with you? Oh, Madgie, the scaring is not only in books—it is in real life often enough!"

It is the old weary subject again; and I walk with downcast face and throbbing heart, my tall husband towering beside me, along the well-known road that my feet have trodden so lightly many times before. I was discontented and wretched and miserable—before I was married. Crib pays on contentedly in the dust, looking round now and then and wagging his stump of a tail. All the pleasure has been taken out of my purchase—and I had pictured such a blissful moment when Bee's eyes rested on the pile of paper.

A long deep sigh reaches ears not meant to hear. Humphrey's voice is very gentle when he speaks.

"Am afraid you are tired, darling."

"Oh, no!" with a woe-begone smile. "Tired!" The idea contains elements of amusement.

A few months ago I had not such a word in my dictionary; and now it is not bodily fatigue, but mental depression that makes me heart-sick and weary often.

I have ceased to take any interest in life. The present has no charms for me; the past is too sweet to dwell upon; and, as for the future, I see a long vista of dull dismal years, spring, summer, autumn, and Christmases, during the time which I am getting used to Humphrey. I wonder if his thoughts are like mine, and if his mind is still resting on my unkind speech of a few minutes ago.

If I ask him, I know he will hark back, and that eventually the conversation will come round to the old subject. He loves me, and I do not love him. He himself spares me the trouble of thinking of anything safe and suitable to say.

"Will you be ready to come home, next week, Madgie?"

"Home?" I echo in astonishment. "Why, I am at home! Oh, you mean Carstairs!" The last words are spoken in blank disappointment.

"I mean our home," he says, quietly still, though a little sadly. "And you won't be going away for ever, Madgie.—You will see your own people often, and the girls will be coming to stay with us when you like."

"Oh, may I ask Bee and Lena soon, very soon?" I exclaim. "Humphrey, I should love Carstairs if I had Bee and Lena with me."

I am aglow with sudden pleasurable excitement at the prospect. Why, it would be hardly like being married if I could take some of them with me to make the new home home-like with their dear voices.

"I hope you will love Carstairs for its own sake," Humphrey says. "It is a grand old place, Madgie. But, dear, I should like to have you all to myself for a few months—till after Christmas—and then you can have the girls for a long visit."

I turn away my head, and feel a choking sensation in my throat. My husband knows full well that, when Bee and Lena come to Carstairs, their society will make up the pleasure of my existence. "I should like to have you all to myself."—They were loving words, whispered in a fond, manly voice; but I would rather he had said, "As I shall not want you at all, have Lena and Bee to amuse yourself." It is of no use saying anything. I have voluntarily given myself to be this man's wife; and so when I speak I think he cannot and does not detect any of the disappointment in my calm quiet words.

"That will do very well," I say, as we turn in at the white gate; and go up the short avenue between the high laurel hedges and are at home.

When we get into the hall, Humphrey lays the ponderous weighty parcel on my outstretched arms; and I look up into his face for a second, for my conscience troubles me still.

"You don't think I meant what I said?" I murmur in a subdued scarcely audible voice.

The color rushes to his face; and he holds me parcel and all, close to him for a second, and whispers some extremely idiotic things into my ear. For such a big man he is wonderfully foolish; and, oh, I wish he did not look so rapturously happy when I say anything kind to him! He now stands at the foot of the stairs and watches till I am out of sight.

Bee never guesses the hard words that passed over that foolscap paper; she never dreams, as she thanks me rapturously, how hard and bitter my thoughts have been.

"How did you carry it Madgie," she says.

"Humphrey carried it," I answer.

"And, oh," she exclaims, "fancy the stories I shall write now, Madgie! I can rush into print immediately."

"Rush into anything but matrimony," I say with a laugh, a laugh that is bitter, wretched—anything but mirthful.

Bee is in the clouds however, and I am glad that my rash speech has passed unheeded.

CHAPTER IX.

It is six o'clock in the morning, and the shadows are fleeing away from the earth. The sun is not to be seen, and the land is white with dew, and cobwebs hang like beautiful lace-work from almost every tiny twig and leaf. The spiders must have been busy all night, for the gossamer threads sweep every instant across our faces as we pass through the lanes where the dew-laden blackberries are hanging ripe and luscious in the haw-thorn hedges.

"We" means Bee, Jack, and myself, the three madcaps of the family. We have stolen a march on the rest, and are off on a mushroom-hunt while the rest of the world lie wrapped in slumber.

"Wouldn't Humphrey come?" asks Jack, as we climb the last fence and see the mushroom field before us, wide, white, and dewy in the morning light.

"I didn't ask him," I answer, springing from the top of the fence, and feeling perfectly certain that Humphrey would gladly have made one of the party but for a certain speech of mine last night.

"I am going mushroom-hunting with Bee and Jack," I had said to my husband.

It was not the words perhaps, but the tone that prevented Humphrey from volunteering to accompany us.

I am a little sorry to have vexed him; but the luxury of being once more on an expedition with Bee and Jack is too delightful to let any other feeling be aught else but momentary. The grass is very wet, the air cool and fresh; but the mushrooms show their little white button faces in abundance, and we hurry over the wide field and fill our baskets.

I have forgotten all about Humphrey, all about Carstairs, everything unpleasant is lost in the pleasure of the moment, and I am myself again—myself in every sense of the word, for I am attired in one of Madgie Alison's dresses, and in my old serge I feel happy again. The very sight of the worn old garment recalls many a ramble, many a madcap chase across the country; and, oh, the sweet, fresh early morning, with just a touch of frost in the air, and the trees and hedges turning yellow and russet! Our mushroom-hunt is very successful; our baskets are piled high, and the field is dotted with the little white specks still.

"We must come another day and get some for catchup," Bee says. "I am so hungry—aren't you, Madgie?"

"Starving! But look—who is that getting over the stile? It is very like Colonel Trevannion."

"It is!" shouts Jack excitedly. "He has come home?" Let's race and meet him."

And off we go, flying like the wind across the field Jack first, then Bee, myself last, basket in hand; and the three of us reach the other side of the field, flushed, breathless, gasping out welcome to the tall old man who stands with a smile on his dear old face, and with his hands outstretched.

"Well, Jack—and Bee too—and you, madcap"—turning to me. "I thought you were married!"

"So I am," I say in a low dreary voice; and he looks up suddenly into my face with one of the quick searching glances that sends the blood leaping to my forehead.

"When did you get back, Colonel?"

Jack puts the question, with all the unreserved frankness of fourteen years.

"Yesterday morning. And are you staying here, Madgie?"—the penetrating dark eyes looking into mine again.

"Yes; I—that is, we came home last week," I answer lamely.

He lays his hand upon my shoulder.

"I wish I had been at your wedding, my child; but I could not manage to get away. And what is this husband of yours like?"

"I will show him to you," I answer, as if it was a new dog or a new bonnet we were discussing.

Col. Trevannion laughs.

"And when is he to be on view, madcap?"

"Any time—always."

My voice is low and dreary still. I cannot rave about my husband; Col. Trevannion must see him and judge for himself. He turns to Bee.

"Well, and how are you getting along with Hector?"

"Oh, so well!" cries Bee. "I can jump now; and I am sure I can ride as well as Madgie. Can't I Jack?"

"I think you do," allows Jack.

"Did you know I had given Hector to Bee?" asks the Colonel. "I gave her some lessons before I went away; and she is so plucky—as reckless as yourself."

Hector—my horse—that had been mine ever since I was ten years old! I feel a pain at my heart to think he has changed hands.

"I did not know it," I say whispeningly. "I am very glad that Bee is learning to ride."

I belong to them all no longer; even my own dear old friend the Colonel has transferred his allegiance to Bee. For years he kept a horse solely and expensively for my use. I was the only one of the family he really knew or cared about; now I am forgotten. And again I feel as if I had come back from the grave, and were seeing my place filled up, my vacant chair occupied. It is foolish and unreasonable; but tears stand in my eyes when I hear Colonel Trevannion talking to Bee as once he talked only to me; and I awake to the knowledge that I have given everything up and got nothing in exchange—nothing. I have Humphrey's love and ten thousand a year; and I value one about as much as I do the other.

We are walking back slowly across the field. I am not talking; just now I am too unhappy to attempt to be cheerful.

"Madcap, what has come over you?"

I look up, and see the Colonel's dear blind old face turned toward me—the benevolent old face, with the long white moustache, and the kind dark eyes I know so well.

"Nothing," I answer but he shakes his head.

"It can't be nothing, when those blue eyes are filled with tears, madcap. I never saw your bright eyes dim before."

"Oh, please don't!" I say impatiently, and hastily brush away the unbidden tear-drops.

(To be Continued.)

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For Old and Young, Male and Female.

Positively cures Nervousness in all its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhœa, Leucorrhœa, Barrenness, Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power. It repairs Nervous Waste, Invigorates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Impaired Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Organs in either sex. $2 per box, or six boxes for $10, sent by mail, prepaid, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our Written GUARANTEE to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the Cheapest and Best Medicine in the Market. Pamphlet sent free to any address.

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE is sold by Druggists at $2 per box, or 6 boxes for $10, or will be forwarded free of postage, on receipt of money, by addressing MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO., Windsor, Ont., Canada. Genuine only at W. J. WILSON, The Pharmacy, Kingston.

Feb. 20.

R. No. 66.

Endorsed by the FRENCH ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

Inflammation of the Urinary Organs.

Caused by Indigestion and Exposure. Rotal Dieu Hospital Paris, Treatment. Positive Cure in one to three days. Local Treatment only required. No nauseous doses of Cubebs or Copaiba.

INFALLIBLE. HYGIENIC. CURATIVE. PREVENTIVE.

Price $1.50 including Bath Syringe. Sold by all Druggists, or sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price. Descriptive Treatise free on application.

AMERICAN AGENCY FOR MEDICINE CO. Windsor, Ont.

Sold in Kingston by W. J. WILSON, Successor to Heath & Gunn, The Pharmacy, Kingston.

Ask Your Grocer for a sample bottle of

LYMAN'S CONCENTRATED Extract of Coffee.

Sept. 18th.

STOP!

Burdock BLOOD Bitters

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Heart Burn, Headache, Dizziness, Dropsy, Flittering Of the Heart, Acidity of The Stomach, Dryness Of the Skin.

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

Before Taking. After Taking.

Will quickly restore Vigor and Vitality in the weak, nervous, debilitated and emaciated, arising from the effects of youthful indiscretion, or over indulgence, rendering marriage improper or unhappy, producing Wakefulness, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to insanity or consumption and a premature grave.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The genuine Medicine can only be obtained from us or our agents, at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free to any address on receipt of the money, by addressing

The Gray Medicine Co.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

A WHOLESOME CURATIVE NEEDED IN

Every Family.

AN ELEGANT AND REFRESHING FRUIT LOZENGE for Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, &c. EFFERVESCENT TO PILLS and all other system, with the active medicinal properties of the best CORDIALS. Ladies and children like it.

Price 25 cents. Large boxes, 40 cents.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SMOKE V.T.C. TWIN-NAVY THE BIG 10CT. PLUG

Hardware.

IMPORTANT TO STEAM USERS

AND ENGINEERS

How to Keep Boilers Clean.

FISHER'S PATENT AUTOMATIC BOILER CLEANER, when properly applied to a steam boiler, never fails to remove all

Muddy Deposits and Sediments

from water before they become baked into scale. The Cleaner is automatic and certain in its action, and will outwear a new boiler. A boiler kept clean means a saving in fuel and repairs, as well as a reduced liability to explosion.

Having the agency for this section of the country, we are prepared to fit them up and guarantee them to be all the patentee claims for them.

For further information apply to

McKelvey & Birch,
Plumbers and Steamfitters.
Arch'n Kingston, Ontario.

April 11

DUCHESS RANGE.

COUNTESS

BASE BURNER.

HURSET'S HARDWARE HOUSE

185 Princess Street.

Sept. 18th.

Wood and Coal.

Wood and Coal.

BEFORE laying in your winter Stock of Fuel call down and see our supply of

HARDWOOD.

Sawed and unsawed, 17 inch and 20 inch hard wood full length. Softwood, slabs and edgings for kindling. Also

HOUSE COAL & SOFT COAL

of every description, under cover well screened and dry. All cheap for cash.

CRAWFORD & CO.
Sept. 1 Foot of Queen St.

NEW WOOD YARD.

All kinds of Hard and Soft Wood

CUT, SPLIT and DELIVERED

AT REASONABLE RATES

—AT—

DORAN'S WHARF

(Near the Water Works)

R. DAVIS
Sept. 1 Dry Dock

COAL DEPOT.

JAMES SWIFT,

87 LAWRENCE WHARF, KINGSTON

Wholesale and retail dealer in

All Descriptions of Coal

For House, Furnace, Blacksmiths and Steamboat use. The best description of House Coal kept on hand under cover, screened and delivered to order at the lowest market rates. Country orders will receive prompt attention.

JAMES SWIFT

Miscellaneous.

JERSEY WAISTS!

JERSEYS! JERSEYS!

M. H. WALSH & CO

Have just received their first lot of FALL JERSEYS in Black, Navy, Brown and Garnet for Ladies, Misses and Children.

BEST WEB JERSEYS AT LOWEST PRICES in Kingston.

M. H. WALSH & CO.,
Sept. 29. 134 King Street.

FELICE BERTOLINI,

Market Square, Kingston.

IS A BOUT TO RE OPEN HIS ESTABLISHMENT for the manufacture of

Sausages, Bologna, Smoked Ham and Bacon,

TONGUE, DRIED BEEF, LEAF LARD, &c., &c. Parties wishing Hams smoked can have them done at any time. Superior sausages of all descriptions. Premium for Sausages and Bologna. ☞ He will re-open on the NORTH SIDE OF MARKET SQUARE, next door below King's Drug Store. Sept. 24.

ONTARIO.

The Model Settlement

—OF—

Southern California

—FOR—

Health, Climate and Choice FRUITS.

For particulars, sample etc. and map, address

CHAFFEY BROS.,
May 13th. Ontario, Cal.

RIZONA.

RIZONA is a delicious preparation of Rice, manufactured by the Royal Royal Milling and Manufacturing Co., of Montreal. Put up in handsome one pound packets. It is much more delicate, more nutritious than Corn Starch. Each packet contains full receipts for making puddings, blanc mange, &c., &c. Ask your grocer for it. Sept 27.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

HIGHEST AWARD WITH THE WORLD
GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1878

Boots and Shoes.

SUTHERLAND

WE SHOW TO-DAY THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes

in the city. Being practical shoemakers we are not deceived in what we are buying, therefore parties who trade their trade to us are always sure of getting a good article.

If You Want Bargains in Ladies' Boots

of any description give us a call.

If you want a good solid teacher's next in King "GENTLEMEN'S BOOT," come and see us. We have them.

If you want a CHILD'S BOOT, button or lace—cheap and neat, you will find them here.

If your foot is a peculiar shape and you cannot be fitted in ready-made goods leave your order with us. We manufacture the best Boots and Shoes in the Dominion of Canada. ☞ Our sales are for cash and always one price.

Sutherland's Low Price Boot and Shoe House
103 PRINCESS STREET,
Sept. 6th. Next to Shaw.

Confectionery.

A FINE LOT

—OF—

OYSTERS

On hand and received daily

—AT—

MRS. OLIVER'S

Fruit and Confectionery Store

Brock Street, near King.

Oct. 1st.

SWEET POTATOES

—AT—

Nelligan's Central Fruit Depot,

No. 60 & 62 PRINCESS STREET.

Confectionery, Fruits and Vegetables

Kept constantly on hand and sold at lowest market prices.

Aug. 7

The Big Cake Bakery.

R. J. NEWMAN,

Fancy Cake and Bread Baker, Confectioner, &c.

DINNERS AND LUNCHES served at 3 hours, hot or cold. ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER and other drinks kept in season. Boats and hotels promptly supplied. Orders strictly attended to.

69 KING STREET, KINGSTON, Market Square.

Aug. 22 Sign Big Cake.

Fresh Maple Sugar

FRESH CONFECTIONERY.
FRESH BISCUITS.

Try Our Soda Biscuits

Made every afternoon by

H. & W. J. CROTHERS

March 1885.

Oysters, Oysters

OYSTER SEASON NOW OPEN AT THE BAZAAR

Fresh Stock Arriving Daily

Peaches Peaches

Now is the time to buy for preserving

Rees Bros.

Sept 13 [illegible]

Furnishing & Undertaking

H. BRAME,

LEADING UNDERTAKER.

No. 251, corner Princess & Sydenham Sts. Kingston, Ontario.

ESTABLISHED 1858.

All branches of undertaking attended to. Has constantly on hand all kinds of

COFFINS AND CASKETS

both wooden and metallic. A complete stock of REQUISITES of every description, and all things first class appertaining to his line. Keeps always on hand the best quality of embalming fluids. His Hearses are first class. Funerals conducted in the city and county on most reasonable terms.

H. BRAME.

March 13

JAMES REID.

—THE—

Leading Undertaker and Embalmer.

254 and 256 PRINCESS STREET

ALL ORDERS FOR CUTTERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

TELEPHONE CONNECTION OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

☞ THREE FIRST-CLASS HEARSES ☜

Druggists.

SOMETHING EVERYBODY NEEDS

Something everybody should have.

A Chamois Jacket,

TO PROTECT HER FROM THE COLD

The place to buy Jackets or Chamois is AT THE

"CENTRAL DISPENSARY."

A very fine line received this week.

ALBERT P. CHOWN.

DISPENSING CHEMIST
Sept. 28