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AGENT FOR KINGSTON.

AT THE CORNER OF PRINCESS AND KING STREETS.

Oct. 6th.

MY MARRIAGE.

What Trouble a Lack of Confidence Brought. A Foolish Wife's Country.

"Yes, but I cannot go to any of the gaieties when Humphrey is away."

"Oh, you think—you cannot shut yourself up! Georgie talks of coming home soon, and she won't be content to live quietly."

Chris sitting at the end of the table raises his smiling blue eyes on me.

"Olive is dealing about the bush, Mrs. Carstairs; he wants to get up private theatricals, and I believe your presence and assistance are indispensable."

"Oh, I couldn't act! I never did such a thing in my life!" I exclaim.

"There is to be no acting. Captain Delacourt hastily interposes. It's only tableaux vivants, and you have merely to stand perfectly still. They are awfully good fun if we all get up; and you must help us, Mrs. Carstairs."

"You must wait till Georgie comes home, Olive," Mr. Delacourt says. "I expect her home in about three weeks. And a month hence will do for the tableaux—the getting up of these things is half the fun."

"What are they like?" I ask. "I have never seen any."

Captain Delacourt proceeds to explain.

"Living pictures, you know. You can take any subject you like—from Beauty and the Beast to Mary Queen of Scots on the eve of her execution. Of course you get people to wear like the characters as possible, group them after a picture, and, seen through a gauze, the whole thing is very effective when properly lighted. Will you be Mary Queen of Scots, Mrs. Carstairs?"

"I will be anything you like," I answer. "Mrs. Steele told me that they used to be a trunk full of old brocaded silks and all kind of antiquities at Carstairs; but she is not sure where the box is. I intended to search for it when my sisters came. Perhaps the things would be of use for the tableaux."

Captain Delacourt looks delighted.

"The very thing, Mrs. Carstairs. It is a mercy that you did not go to New York."

Captain Delacourt evidently goes in heart and soul for anything that he undertakes.

After luncheon, every book in the house is searched for suitable subjects for tableaux. Chris declares himself incapable of giving any assistance.

"I am awfully hazy about history and all that sort of thing. Don't ask me to suggest anything about books. Have something modern, Olive.—'Arrival of Shah,' say."

"Don't bother, Chris."

Captain Delacourt has a sheet of paper and a pencil to write down anything that is thought of. He has a number of books around him.

Mrs. Delacourt suggests wild impossible scenes from the Waverly Novels, which are negatived immediately by her dutiful son Olive.

"We must have something tragic, and a few desperately sentimental scenes; these are the only tableaux that are in the least effective," he says.

"'The Huguenot?' suggests Chris, his eyes lighting on the pictures on the wall. "What do you say to that Olive?"

Captain Delacourt looks up.

"I put that down long ago, also 'The Black Brunswicker.'"

"But who will take these characters?" says Chris, in his hay honest way. "No girl would stand like that with a fellow unless she knew him very well."

"Oh, bosh!" cries Captain Delacourt.—"Leave me to choose the characters, Chris, and they will be all right."

"Wouldn't Elaine make a pretty tableau?" I say, looking over Tennyson."

"Yes, lying on the barge; or it would be better to have her polishing the shield. That would be less hackneyed," Captain Delacourt returns.

"So Elaine goes down on the list, and we progress swimmingly.

"Have something with a soldier in it. Your uniform would come in handy, Olive."

This is another idea from Chris, brought out, as usual, after long deliberation.

"By Jove, yes! Good idea that, Chris! Mrs. Carstairs suggests something with a red coat in it."

Our combined thought results in a scene with a dead soldier and angels hovering around.

"An awfully jolly idea!" Captain Delacourt declares. "But how we are to get the angels I do not know. The girls in this region are simply frightful! Mrs. Carstairs, will you be an angel? But I think I have you in every tableau, and it is hardly fair to give you so much to do."

"Beauty and the Beast." This is also from Chris, who seems to have a fertile imagination.

"You and your husband," Captain Delacourt says quickly, and then colors crimson. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I don't mean anything, Mrs. Carstairs; but Carstairs is such a big fellow, with a beard and all that, and of course there could be no one more suitable than yourself to act Beauty."

"Of course not," I say, laughing.—"Have Beauty and the Beast if you like. I am sure Humphrey would not mind."

"We need not decide upon them all to-day," Chris observes. "We have lots of time, and ideas may come to us."

CHAPTER XVIII.

With the wind in my face and the keen air causing a thrill of exhilaration, I am speeding over a wide common, leaving Peter on the brown horse far behind.

The Ranger has not been out for a week, and he is in wild spirits to-day; and no sooner does he feel the close short grass under his feet than he is off, and I let him go for a mad gallop, which sobers him a little, and then I draw bridle and glance back to see Peter in the dim distance.

The sea looks cold and blue to-day, with the sunshine on the white-tipped waves, and I can feel the briny air on my face, and hear the wash of the water on the rocks. Up against the bottom I see a horseman approaching; and when he gets near enough I see that it is Captain Delacourt mounted on a gray horse. He takes off his hat, smiling.

"Good morning, Mrs. Carstairs. Was your horse running away just now?"

"No!" I answer indignantly. "I can have pulled him up if I liked."

He smiles again, and I think what a very good-looking man he is, and how very beautiful his dark long-lashed eyes are. I am sure that he thinks so himself too, from the way that he lifts his dark curled lashes and looks at me smiling.

"Are you angry," he says, "because I thought you were not strong enough to pull in the Ranger?"

I shrug my shoulders.

"It is not worth being angry about; for your thinking it, Captain Delacourt, does not prove that it is true."

He looks penitent.

"Please don't quarrel with me! Shall I say that you are the best horsewoman in the county? But of course my saying or thinking it would not prove that it was true."

I laugh as he catches me by my own arguments, and say—

"Have you thought of any more tableaux?"

"I was coming over to Carstairs this morning to talk to you about them," he says. "My mother wants a tableau with Amy Robsart. Will you be Amy to my Earl of Leicester?"

"Oh, yes!" I answer carelessly. "But I can't be everything, you know."

"Would you like to get the Blake girls to help. They are all frightful horsewomen, except the little one; but for court-dresses it will not much matter; and you and Georgie can take all the principal characters."

"How very noble!" I say, laughing.—"The poor Blake girls will feel very much."

"I don't care what they feel. I have you and Georgie down in nearly everything."

We are walking our horses slowly side by side over the common.

"When is your husband coming home?" Captain Delacourt asks.

"In about a month, I think; but we do not care."

"I suppose you are doubtfully lonely?" he says presently.

"I was at first," I answer, thinking.—"But I am getting accustomed to it now. If my sisters could only come to me, I should be quite happy."

Then I note a curious expression in his eyes.

"Your sisters! Do sisters make happiness?"

"To me they do," I answer, stroking the Ranger's neck. "I was always perfectly happy at home till—"

And then the thought of Humphrey checks the words on my lips, and sends a tide of crimson over my face. In my confusion I draw the whip smartly across the Ranger's shoulder. Away we go, and Captain Delacourt is soon after me. It is a race for the next five minutes; and then I pull up, and we look into each other's faces and say no more.

Ah me, in these never ending blue skies, never a sigh in the wind, no warn me of storms and breakers ahead, never a voice to say 'Beware,' to whisper of danger!

I say "Good-bye" to Captain Delacourt, and bid a smiling farewell; and on the morrow I meet the gray horse and his rider again, and laugh at the incident, looking at the Captain with world-innocent eyes.

"How strange that we should meet again!" I say, and know not now, but afterwards, that he has been watching and waiting for the last hour.

Day after day we ride together; and I find him a gay, pleasant companion, always ready to amuse, always agreeable. I laugh and talk, and the hours go by pleasantly enough. And long afterwards I know that my husband set his teeth hard under his moustache at one little sentence in a letter of mine—"I go out riding with Captain Delacourt every day."

I see no harm in it. Ignorant of the world's ways, utterly innocent of the conclusions that might be drawn from my conduct, I allow Captain Delacourt to be my companion day after day, riding out with him alone.

"I can take care of you, Mrs. Carstairs," he says one day.

And so Peter is saved the trouble of doing escort duty, and Captain Delacourt takes care of me instead.

Humphrey writes regularly. Every week brings a long letter from him, every word breathing his passionate love for my own worthless self; and I get to know my absent husband better by these letters of his than I have learned to know him all the months we have lived together.—I read that he is thinking of me every hour of the day, that he is longing and hungering for the time that will bring him home again, home to the wife who has no love for him, back to the heart that has never beaten for him or any man yet.

Poor Humphrey! I press my lips to his letter for I am fond of him after a fashion—and when I write to him, and say I wish he were at home again, it is no falsehood, for I do mean it. His friend Grant is getting weaker and weaker, dying day by day; and his sister is to be left in Humphrey's charge. My husband writes a great deal about these two, brother and sister; and I wonder what Felicia Grant will be like, for he is to bring her home with him after her brother's death. It will be only for a little while; but I am sorry, I do not like strangers; and this Felicia Grant I have never seen.

And then comes a letter which says Mr. Grant is dead, and that Humphrey and his ward are to leave New York by the next steamer.

"My husband is coming home," I say with a grave smile, looking not at Captain Delacourt, but straight between my horse's ears.

We are riding side by side over the stretch of common which spread far away on either side and widens out beyond till it meets the gray horizon. A row of tall elms stand up against the sky, and far behind us lie the great sea.

The gray horse is brought a shade closer.

"When is he coming?"

"In less than a fortnight; and Miss Grant is coming with him. Her brother is dead, and Humphrey is her guardian."

I say it all slowly and gravely, for I am sorry that Felicia Grant is coming. And then I look up and see my companion's eyes fixed on mine.

"What are you thinking of Mrs. Carstairs?" he says. "I wonder if our thoughts are the same?"

"I am sure they are not," I answer; "for I was wondering if I shall like Felicia Grant."

"And I," he says quickly, "was wondering if our pleasant rides were to come to an end."

"Our rides—why?"—looking at him with wide-open eyes.

"Your husband will want to ride with you himself," he says, a little color rising to his face.

"Humphrey never rides," I rejoin, not in the least detecting his meaning, for that my husband might object to my constantly having Captain Delacourt for a companion never once enters my head.

He explains himself.

"Carstairs might not approve of your riding with me so often"—laughing as he speaks; and I laugh too.

"Oh, what nonsense! My husband will only be too glad to have any one to take such good care of me."

He sighs, and his face gets very grave.

"Thinking of the tableaux?" I say laughing hilariously. And he turns dark angry eyes on me, which glare into my laughing ones.

"I am not thinking of the tableaux. I wish the whole thing was over—I wish I had never come to Ripley to spend my leave!"

"Captain Delacourt have you lost your senses!"

"I believe I have," he answers fiercely; and then perhaps something in my face brings him to reason, for he stops suddenly, and then adds, "Shall we have a canter? There is a nice straight bit before us."

But he does not recover his spirits or his temper for the rest of the ride.

"You are horribly cross," I remark, when we are saying good-bye. "Don't come to-morrow if you are not in a better humor."

"Georgie will be home then," he says gloomily; "and we sha'n't see much of each other after that."

"Why, Georgie will come too; and it will be much pleasanter all together," I rejoin, and wonder at the frown on his face.

"Much pleasanter! I don't see it. Three are not company, you know. Good-bye, Mrs. Carstairs. I have been very rude; but you must forgive me. I have had a bad attack of toothache."

So he rides away; and I devoutly hope he will not ride out with me again till his toothache is better.

Georgie has returned, and throws herself heart and soul into the projected tableaux. I have never seen her so bright or so animated about anything. But, when it is suggested that she should appear in a scene with Sir Jasper Vane, she becomes cold and proud at once, and objects to the whole thing. Chris flares up and gives Georgie a piece of his mind.

"It is all affectation," he declares. Look here, Georgie—what do you mean by it? All the parts are planned, and they can't be altered now."

She turns her flushed face to her brother.

"If I can't choose my own part, I sha'n't act at all."

Chris tugs at his moustache, and Captain Delacourt comes to the rescue.

"Why won't you act, Georgie?"

"I never said I would not act," she answers. "But you have arranged everything to your own fancy, Olive; and I might at least choose my own part. Can't one of the Blakes be Elaine, and I can be something else?"

It has been suggested that Georgie should be Elaine, and that Sir Jasper should represent Sir Lancelot, leaving his shield in her charge.

Georgie cannot say that she objects to act with Sir Jasper—it would sound too ridiculous, and provoke comment; and in the midst of the argument Sir Jasper himself walks in; and when he has shaken hands all round, Chris, who shows great want of tact, blunders most terribly.

"Everything has gone wrong, Jasper.—Georgie won't be Elaine; and so the whole thing has to be altered."

Sir Jasper bites his brown for a second, and then speaks.

"Can you find a substitute for Lancelot? Then I am sure Miss Delacourt will not object to the Lily Maid."

He looks straight at her as he speaks, a keen penetrating look; and Georgie answers with some spirit—

"It makes no difference who Lancelot is; I think Elaine a stupid backwoods subject. Cannot we have something else, Olive?"

"No; it is utterly impossible to make any alterations now. Do be reasonable, Georgie!"

Captain Delacourt has set his heart upon this tableau; for it is to have the double attraction of another picture in the second scene, in which Elaine appears in the foreground, dreaming of Lancelot, and weaving sweet fancies as her loving hand crosses his shield, while behind a second gauze appears in the dim distance Lancelot the brave, bending low before Guinevere.

Georgie sees that it will be in bad taste to hold out any longer, and so gives in with a good grace; and the work goes on smoothly.

Suitable costumes present a great difficulty. And everybody more or less displays his or her ignorance or knowledge by the various opinions expressed on the subject. Books are consulted, pictures eagerly appealed to; and, with a little ingenuity, the difficulties vanish.

"I must not forget the old trunk at Carstairs," I say. "Suppose you all come up to-morrow morning and search for it?"

We are a merry party day after day at Ripley, discussing the arrangements, stage properties, footlights, and all the et-cetera necessary to make the tableau a perfect success. Occasionally Georgie and Sir Jasper have a war of words; but otherwise perfect harmony exists.

Bee is quite well again; and Reggy and Isabel are in an advanced state of convalescence. Humphrey's hundred pounds is to be devoted to a month at the sea-side in the summer; and after that, when the sea-breezes have blown away all chances of infection, Bee and Lena will pay their long-promised visit.

We have great fun at Carstairs, searching for the trunk.

"Mrs. Steele, I am going to have a luncheon-party," so please have everything very nice."

"I know I need say no more; and so my housekeeping is easy work. I arrange the flowers, and give a few finishing touches to Bernard's preparations at the table; and I cannot help thinking that there is some comfort in being a rich man's wife.

"Madgie, how do you manage everything so nicely?" Mrs. Delacourt says.—And I answer cheerfully—

"Oh, I leave everything to Mrs. Steele!"

We are a very merry party at luncheon, my first entertainment without Humphrey. There is a little laughing confusion about places, and Captain Delacourt takes my husband's vacant place at the foot of the table.

"Shall I carve this beef, Mrs. Carstairs?" he asks, looking with a smile down the table. "I am usurping Carstairs' post.

Sir Jasper sits at my left hand, and Georgie next him. She tried to get to the other side of the table, beside of Mrs. Delacourt, but Chris was already seated there, and she was obliged to take the chair offered by Sir Jasper. However, as we all have tableau on the brain, there is plenty of conversation. Various rehearsals are in contemplation, but Chris objects to this.

"Better have the whole thing impromptu. I am sure I shall feel like having my photograph taken; and once goodness knows, will be enough."

Chris turns his handsome face from one to the other, with such an air of comical perplexity that we all laugh.

"Don't laugh, Mrs. Carstairs," he says. "'Pon my honor, I am in earnest! I know I shall feel an awful fool; and if I try the task before, I shall never have the courage to go through it again."

"You have only to stand still," Sir Jasper remarks—"to stand still and not to laugh. You can manage that, Chris?"

"I don't know," Chris answers ruefully. "I hate being looked at."

"Then you are the first of your sex that ever hated anything of the kind" laughs Georgie.

"That is not business," Captain Delacourt breaks in. "Chris, never fear, the Blake girls will admire you to your heart's content. Jasper, how about those lights?"

And so the discussion goes on. Mrs. Delacourt gives a smiling assent to everything; and I think Olive might burn Ripley down if he liked.

After luncheon, we invade the housekeeper's room; and Mrs. Steele gives me an enormous bunch of keys.

"You will find the box in the lumber-room at the end of the corridor, ma'am," she says; "and a strange collection it is—court-dresses and the like."

"This is exciting," Captain Delacourt remarks. "Let me carry the keys, Mrs. Carstairs."

"No," I cry, laughing. "I will open Blue Beard's box myself."

Gathering my long dress over my arm, I hasten up stairs, and the others follow.

Sir Jasper comes up leisurely. I do not think he could hurry himself to save his life, for at all times he preserves the same dignity of demeanor. Now he comes stalking slowly down the passage, and arrives at the room designated the lumber-room to find us all more or less on our knees round a great black trunk, which might, from its size and ancient appearance, be supposed to bear considerable resemblance to the chest in the "Mistletoe Bough."

The lock defies our united efforts for a long time, but Chris succeeds in turning the key at last, and the treasures are disclosed to view—rich old silks and brocades of the last century, court suits, fans, high-heeled shoes, and no end of curiosities.—Eagerly we examine them, and finally carry the old dresses down to the drawing-room to show them to Mrs Delacourt.—They are without doubt the very things for theatricals.

Presently Georgie, her eyes bright and sparkling, appears as a lady of the last century, in a yellow brocade, her hair towering high on her forehead. With an unmoved expression Sir Jasper surveys the pleasing picture.

"It is more becoming than the present style of dress," he observes, and turns away, but fifi before a lightning flash leaps from Georgie's eyes, and she sweeps him a mocking curtsey.

"Tableau!" cries Captain Delacourt, with a laugh; and Georgie flushes crimson.

I go up stairs with her to help take off the old dress, which I supposed, belonged to one of the old Carstairs of long ago.

"Georgie," I say, speaking softly—for I know I am treading on forbidden ground—"I do not think you treat him well."

Georgie is rolling up her long dark hair again. She turns round, her arms above her head, and her dark eyes pitiful and earnest.

"I want him to think that he is no more to me than—than the merest stranger of my acquaintance."

"I wish you were friends again," I return, speaking out the thought of my heart—and Georgie sweeps her long hair over her face and says no more.

"Do your brothers know?" I ask presently; and she answers without turning round—

"They do not know all. When it was broken off Chris said I was fickle; and he also said Sir Jasper was his friend, and that he would not quarrel with him on my account. And Olive was away, and never heard anything about it."

"I do not think he looks happy," I observe, keenly watching Georgie's face in the glass as I speak—"nor you either, Georgie."

A short laugh breaks from her curved red lips.

"I am as happy as possible. Don't take fancies into your head Madgie; and, above all things, don't imagine that a peace could be patched up between him and me. I never suited his ideas; and it is much better as it is."

[To be Continued.]

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That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle.

Important.

The Excelsior Rupture Treatment was introduced to the American people several years ago by furnishing the remedy to those afflicted with Hernia in any of its forms and collecting no pay until permanent cure was effected. In this way the treatment gained a world wide reputation on its own merits, never failing to cure any reducible Hernia. The Company has placed the remedy on sale by all druggists in the United States, Canada and England, in this way bringing it within the reach of all classes at a trifling cost. Ask your druggist for a free book or send six cents for one to the Excelsior Rupture Cure Manufacturing Co., Ogdensburg, N.Y.

$500 in Reward.

For any testimonials recommending McGregor's Speedy Cure for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, etc., that are not genuine, none of which are from persons in the states or thousands of miles away, but from persons in and around Hamilton, Ont. We give trial bottles free of cost, so that you cannot be deceived by purchasing a worthless article, but know its value before buying. Trial bottles and testimonials given free at Chown's Drug Store.

Science.

To increase the weight of the baby, invigorate the system, revitalize the exhausted and depressed, is the true object of medical science. The digestive organs must be in a healthy condition if we wish to secure this desirable result, and no remedy yet discovered has proved so effectual in accomplishing this as Flax Seed Excelsior Cour. It contains the Phosphorous to build up the nervous system and all the fat producing properties of Flax-seed to enrich the blood and supply the animal economy with the elements for reconstruction. For sale at Wade's and the Pharmacy, W. J. Wilson.

Can't Be Beaten.

It is a fact that Nervline cannot be surpassed by any combination for the relief of pain. The reason is a good one. Nervline contains the best, most powerful, and the latest discovered remedies. It is a magic pain cure. Rheumatism, stiff neck, cramps, neuralgia, colic, in fact all pain, internal, external, and local, are subdued in a few minutes. Go at once to Polson's & King' drug stores and get a trial bottle. It will only cost you 10 cents, and you can at small price test the great pain cure. Polson's Nervline. Large bottles only 25 cts.

Purely Vegetable.

First the bud, then the blossom, then the perfect fruit. These are the several stages of several of the most important ingredients composing the painless and sure cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. The juices of plants greatly concentrated and purified, gums and balsams in harmonious union, all combined, give the grand results Putnam's Extractor makes no sore spots, does not lay a man up for a week, but goes on quietly doing its work until a perfect cure results. Beware of acid substitutes.

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

How to Treat Weak Lungs.

Always breathe through the nose, keeping the mouth closed as much as possible. Walk and sit erect, exercise in the open air, keep the skin scrupulously clean, and take Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for coughs, colds and bronchial troubles.

Highly Approvable.

One very valuable feature of Dr. Law's Pleasant Worm Syrup is, that is highly agreeable to take, and all varieties of worms, tape worm included, can be safely expelled by it without recourse to harsh and sickening drugs.

Kram's Fluid Lightning.

Wife.—What's the matter now John.

Husband.—Oh, that neuralgia and toothache near kills me.

Wife.—Why don't you go to Chown's Drug store and get a bottle of Kram's Fluid Lightning, you know it cures all such things as toothache, neuralgia, headache, lumbago, earache, sore throat etc. It gives instant relief.

Be Careful What You Eat.

The best medical authorities declare that worms in the human system are often induced by eating too freely of unripe fruit and too much meat, cheese, etc. Whatever may be the cause Freeman's Worm Powders are speedy and safe to cure; they destroy the worms and contain their own cathartic to expel them.

A Paralytic Stroke.

W. H. Howard, of Geneva, N.Y., suffered with palsy and general debility, and spent a small fortune in advertised remedies, without avail, until he tried Burdock Blood Bitters. It purified and revitalized the blood, caused it to circulate freely, and quickly restored him to health.

Salt Rheum Cured.

Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough Skin, Pimples or Canker Sores; if so go at once to Chown's Drug Store and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Price 25 cents. It was never known to fail.

Railway Accident.

Frank Spink, Wilton Avenue, Toronto, some time ago received a bad injury by an accident on the G.T.R. The severe contusions were quickly healed by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

They all tell the same story. Mr. W. Thompson, Jeweler, Dublin, suffered for years from Dyspepsia, got no relief until he used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. He says it was just the medicine I needed. It has cured me.

Compound.—A name well known in connection with the Pain Removers, which Mr. Johnson gives hope to the natural order by a form worth test. Sold at 25 cents a bottle by all druggists.

Medicines.

STOP!

Burdock BLOOD Bitters

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

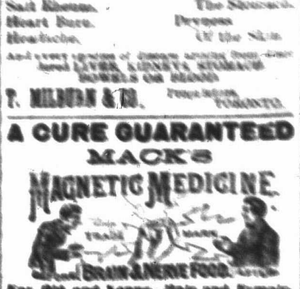
Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Heart Burn, Headache, Diarrhœa, Dropsy, Flutterings of the Heart, Acidity of the Stomach, Dryness of the Skin

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

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

A CURE GUARANTEED

MACK'S



For Old and Young, Male and Female.

Positively cures Nervousness in all its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Prostration, Night Sweats, Wakefulness, Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, Impotency, Sexual Incapacity, Impotency, Loss of Manhood, Spermatorrhœa caused by Self-Abuse or Excessive Venery, Impotency, Sexual Weakness, Impotency, Premature Decay in Youth, Sleeplessness, Nervous Irritability, Hypochondria, Palpitation of the Heart, Headache, Pain in the Back, Dim Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a premature grave.

☞ Before and After Using. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. ☞ The Specific Medicine is sold by druggists at $1 per package, or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing the agent.

The Great Medicine Co. For sale by Chown's Drug Store, Kingston.

PAUSE

A Moment and Think!

All men, young and old, who are suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, or where a constitution is run down through overwork or indulgence, you can rely on P. PAULE'S great Nervous Remedy. It will cure you. It is perfectly safe, being entirely a vegetable compound, having been used in cases of the worst kind with complete success. Its effects are simply wonderful, many previous things have failed. All correspondence strictly confidential. Write to P. A. HATCHARD, General Agent, Toronto, Ont. Sold by druggists everywhere. Aug 4.

Confectionery

A FINE LOT OYSTERS

MRS. OLIVER'S

Fruit and Confectionery Store

Brock Street, near King.

Oct. 1st.

SWEET POTATOES

Kelly's Central Fruit Depot

NO. 80 & 82 PRINCESS STREET.

Confectionery, Fruits and Vegetables

Sold cheap by wholesale and retail by the week or month.

Aug 12

R. J. NEWMAN,

Fancy Cake and Bread Baker, Confectioner, &c.

DINNERS AND SUPPERS served up. Wedding cake made to order. ICE CREAM AND SODA WATER and other drinks kept in season. Bread and buns promptly supplied. Orders attended to.

89 KING STREET, KINGSTON. Sign Gilt Boy and Big Clock.

Aug 22 Stop Big Clock

Fresh Maple Sugar

A FRESH CONFECTIONERY. FRESH BISCUITS.

Try Our Soda Biscuits

Mail every afternoon by

H. & W. J. CROTHERS

March 10th.

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SCHOOL BOOKS, STATIONERY, PENS, INKS and PENCILS AT THE

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The Cheapest and Best Assortment of Newspapers and Periodicals in this city at

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All branches of undertaking attended to. Prices moderate as based on Levels of

COFFINS AND CASKETS

Body washing and wrapping. A complete stock of Silks, Satins, Brocades, and all things that can be required in the trade. Kings adopted as one the best quality of embalming fluid. The Hearse are first-class.

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Telephone Connection Night and Day.

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