Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Mutual Marriage Aid Association of Canada.

HAMILTON ONT. — HEAD OFFICE

Unquestionably the Most Popular Institution of the day in the above Association. AND WHY! Because at comparatively small cost it makes provision for the payment on marriage of from **$250 to $5,000.**

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 1882, to date. For full particulars address WALTER B. WEBBER, Sec'y, HAMILTON, Ont.

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

	$1,000 00	Rev. J. W. Mitchell, Belleville	500 00
H. A. Betts, Kingston	1,000 00	W. C. Smith, Kingston	500 00
Benjamin Robinson, Kingston	250 00	John Ryland, Cataraqui	500 00
Chas. Jenkins, Kingston			

A. C. McMAHON, Agent, Kingston.

LONDON, ENG., 63, Hatton Garden, E.C. — MONTREAL, Ottawa Building, 246 St. James St.

B. LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES

MR. J. GEORGE KING, CHEMIST, MARKET SQUARE, KINGSTON,

Has determined to keep a complete assortment of the above celebrated Lenses. LAURANCE'S SPECTACLES so well known and appreciated in the United Kingdom, will be offered by them to spectacle wearers at the same prices they are sold at in England. Ground on scientific principles from either the clearest and purest PEBBLE, or from optical glass especially MANUFACTURED FOR THE PURPOSE, they are without exception best adapted to restore the ravages of age, and to retain perfect vision; for these reasons they are especially recommended by the most eminent of the Faculty. For the proper introduction of this important branch of his business MR J. GEORGE KING has made arrangements to procure the services of

MR. B. LAURANCE, WHO WILL ADAPT LENSES

Without extra charge, and his invaluable services will be placed at the DISPOSAL OF MR. J. GEORGE KING'S CUSTOMERS **FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY.** Each Eye will undergo a Special Examination, and the Spectacles will be fitted with the particular Lens best suited to the condition of each eye, and as no better opportunity will ever be offered for persons with impaired sight to be properly suited, Mr King trusts this opportunity will be duly appreciated. REFERENCES are allowed to the following local gentlemen **Dr. Sullivan, Dr. J. A. Henderson, Dr. Phelan and Dr Nelson.** Mr. Laurance has also received testimonials from the following distinguished personages:

Lt.-Gen. Sir Patrick McDougall, K.C.M.G.
Chief Justice James McDonald, N.S., late Minister of Justice
Loran E. Baker, M.L.C., N.S.
Chief Justice Sir Wm. Young
Rev. Dr. Hill, Rector St. Paul's, Halifax.
Hon. W. J. Almon, M.D., Senator, N.S.
Hon. A. W. Smith, Judge Sup. Court, N.S.
J. Scott Hutton, Principal Deaf and Dumb Asylum, N.S.
Dr. Arthur Moren, Physician to Deaf and Dumb Asylum, N.S.
Wm. Dunbar, ex-Mayor of Halifax.
Ed. Jennings, M.D., Vice President Medical Association of Canada.
William Tobin, F.R.C.S., Halifax.
W. B. Slayter, M.D., Halifax, President of Medical Council, N.S.
H. C. Herbert, M.D., F.R.C.S., Surgeon Major A.M.D., Chief H.M. Medical Staff, Canada.
Hon. Judge Cassult, Sup. Court, P.Q.
Dr. James Sewell, Dean Medical Faculty, Laval University.
Hon. Judge Polette, P.Q.
Hon. David A. Ross, P.Q.
M. F. Walsh, Sec'y to Minister Inland Revenue, Ottawa.
Dr. McDonald, V.P. Med. Assoc., Canada.
Rev. Father Boldue, Sec'y to Archbishop of Quebec.
Hon. Judge McCord, Sup. Bench, P.Q.
Dr. Marsden, ex-Pres. Med. Assoc., Canada.
Th. Chase-Casgrain, Esq., Professor of Law in Laval University.
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A. N. Borque, M.D., Moncton.
R. J. Baxter, M.D., Moncton.
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Dr. Rand, Chief Supt. of Education, N.B.
Senator Archibald, N.S.
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John Livingston, Esq., editor Mon't Herald.
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1883

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ARGAND

BASE BURNER.

FOR 1883.

WITH THE

Famous Double Fire Pot,

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Best WORKING STOVE in the DOMINION

FOR SALE BY

JOHN HAMER,

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AT THE CORNER OF PRINCESS AND KING STREETS.

Oct. 6th.

ARMSTRONG'S

GREAT CHEAP SALE

—OF—

BOOTS and SHOES

1,000 Pairs of Ladies' French Kid and Calf Kid Boots to be sold at unheard of reductions.

☞ Remember this will be the Great Sale of Boots and Shoes ever held in the city. The largest Stock and the most perfect fitting Boots are to be got at

D. F. ARMSTRONG'S, - - 141 Princess St.

Oct. 5th

PLEASE MAKE NO MISTAKE

WALDRON'S is the right place to buy Underclothing.
WADDRON'S is the cheapest place to buy Dress Goods.
WALDRON'S is the cheapest place to buy Ulster Cloths.
WALDRON'S is the cheapest place for Grey and Scarlet Flannels.
WALDRON'S is the right place for Rubber Circulars.
WALDRON'S Black Plush Velveteens are going very fast.
WALDRON'S Colored Velveteens are the best in Kingston.
Ladies—make no mistake but go to WALDRON'S for your Dry Goods.

R. WALDRON'S, - - Wilson's Buildings.

Oct. 25th.

PAUSE

A Moment and Think!

All men, both young and old, who are suffering from nervous debility, loss of memory, or when a constitution is run down through over-taxed energies, or any one bottle of DR. DAVIS' "Great Nervous Remedy" will cure you. It is perfectly safe, being entirely a vegetable compound having been used in cases of the worst kind with complete success. Invalids are invited to write to us. Sent by mail, sealed, on receipt of price, $1 per bottle. All orders, inquiries, etc., to DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Wholesale Agents for Ontario. Wrap in J. A. HATFIELD'S Harmless Nerve and Brain Pills, Ont. Sole Agent for Ontario.

July 7

A BOON TO MEN

All those whom from indiscretion, excesses or other causes previously unknown, have lost manhood, premature decay, nervous debility, lost vigor, etc., can be certainly and permanently cured without stimulants, medicine, or expense. Sufferers, ministers and press. The Medical Society says: "The old plan of treating Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, etc., is wholly superseded by THE MARSTON BOLUS." Sent free by mail. Address THE MARSTON REMEDY CO., 7 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

MY MARRIAGE.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

No moan, no cry, and it is nearly over, the water washing about our feet. We two poor terrified women are quiet enough now, praying Heaven to have mercy and let us die soon. Sir Jasper holds his poor love tightly, and I cling to his other arm. Great sobs break from him, wrung from him because of his sheer inability to help or save.

Only a few more minutes to live; and we cling to life, and gaze with hungry longing eyes at the land we shall never see again. Georgie is half unconscious; her eyes are closed, and the only sign of life is a long shiver now and then.

"Heaven end it soon!" moans Sir Jasper, as a great wave makes us stagger and sway before we recover our footing again.

Blind and sick with terror, I seem to see nothing—hear only the surging sobbing waves that rise nearly to our knees.

"Seven o'clock!" says Sir Jasper, taking out his watch. "It is very nearly high water."

A great wave washes suddenly up to our waists, and a long wild cry breaks from me; for, oh, it is hard to die this slow and awful death! Sir Jasper and I look into each other's faces.

"Shall we end it at once," he gasps hoarsely, "and let Heaven have mercy on our souls? Death itself cannot be much worse than what we are enduring now."

"No, no!" I cry, in wild awful horror, shrinking from the rising water with a terror that seemed to congeal my blood.

Humphrey, poor Humphrey! I seem to see him bowed and smitten, and Bee with pallid cheeks, and myself lying somewhere cold and drowned, my life choked out of me by the rising waves.

It is coming at last, the beginning of the end. I see a wall of water. I hear a man's hoarse cry of anguish, and then a louder cry—

"A sail, a sail!"

The great wave washes back again.—Blind and wet, I cling to Sir Jasper, and hear him shout aloud, the despairing cry of a strong man facing death's agony. And then another wave washes over my shoulders, and I shriek as the blinding stones dashes back again, and I see, oh Heaven, it has come too late! a boat plunging over the waves, and a voice cries out—

"Courage! We are saved!"

* * * * * *

Saved! Lying at the bottom of the fishing boat, my head on a rough coat, I come back to life. We are flying before the wind, the big brown sail feeling over to water's edge, and the white waves seething and curling past. I see the rough kindly faces of the fishermen, and Sir Jasper, with Georgie leaning against him, her white face upturned.

Is she dead? I suppose my eyes ask the unspoken question, for Sir Jasper answers—

"It can't be—it is impossible; her head was never under water once!"

He is rubbing her hands in his, and I struggle to my knees to help him. My teeth are chattering, I feel sick, dizzy and cold, and my thin dress clings wet and limp around me.

"How did they save us?" I say trembling with cold and excitement.

"They heard me shout," he replies; "and one noble fellow jumped in and held you up till the boat was got about. A minute later, and it would have been all over."

"Where are we going?" I ask, in blank bewilderment.

"To Sea Crags," Sir Jasper answers.—"They can't land on those rocks, Mrs. Carstairs. What can we do to bring her round?" Turning his piteous face to the sailors, he asks, "My men have you not a drop of spirits on board?"

After searching, one man produces a small black bottle containing whisky. Sir Jasper forces a little between Georgie's closed lips, and makes me swallow some too. I feel better after it; and Georgie opens her eyes wonderingly.

The sailors are very kind, and do their best to make us comfortable; and at last we see the twinkling lights of Sea Crags, a tiny fishing hamlet to which I once drove with Humphrey. Sir Jasper is whispering to Georgie, and she has spoken once or twice in a tremulous voice.

Then the brown sail is hauled down, and kind rough arms lift us out, and we stand once more on the earth again, and see a crowd gathering, and hear eager offers of help. Willing hands lift Georgie and carry her off, surrounded by eager sympathising fisher-folk. They are very anxious to carry me too, but I rebel, and, gathering up my wet skirts, stagger weakly by Sir Jasper's side. A forlorn, miserable trio we are, though full of thankfulness for the lives that have been given back to us.

Sir Jasper is dreadfully anxious about Georgie; but by-and-by, when we are warm and Georgie and I clad in the Sunday garments of the fisherman's daughters, the color creeps back to her face, and she can laugh at our queer appearance. I smile a little too, as I sit on a low stool by the fire, and shake out my long brown locks to dry; but I am trembling still, and death seems hardly to have left our presence yet.

Sir Jasper comes in, attired strangely in queer uncouth garments; and the warm blood rushes to Georgie's face as he bends over her, whispering and holding her hand in his.

"When can we get home?" I ask, feeling anxious to relieve the fright and anxiety there must be at home. We must have been missed by this time; and no doubt search is being made.

"I have managed to get a horse," says Sir Jasper, "and I will ride as fast as I can to Carstairs and let your husband know that you are safe. Then we can bring back the carriage for you. That is the best plan, I think."

"And mamma," Georgie puts in—"you will let yer know won't you?"

"Of course. And now I'll be off. You feel all right now, Georgie?" Sir Jasper says, bending over her again, for she is all his own now.

Then he goes out into the quiet twilight, and a few minutes after we hear the sound of a horse's hoofs galloping past. Georgie sits and smiles into the fire, musing over pleasant thoughts.

"I have not congratulated you," I say. "Oh, Georgie, I am so glad!" And she looks up with tears in her eyes.

"I was happier to-day, even so near death, than I have been for a long, long time. Madgie, he cared for me all the time and it did not seem so hard to die when I knew that."

We drink tea in the cottage, out of great heavy cups, and feel the blood coursing through our veins again; and we try not to think of those few awful moments when death was so very near.

Darkness has spread over the sky, and the waves are creeping back again; but I heed not the wash and murmur now.—Georgie is half asleep in a large straw armchair, a red shawl around her, and all her dark hair streaming over her shoulders. I look at her face, and it seems to me that her new happiness has blotted out the hard defiant expression that has rested there for so long; the firm sweet mouth is half smiling even in her sleep, and on her sweet fair brow rests no shadow of trouble—all is perfect peace at last. Death was a friend when he made those two one, after all the weary time of sadness and separation.

Through the still night-air comes the rush and rumble of wheels. A carriage is being driven furiously through the little street. It pulls up suddenly.

"Madgie, Madgie!" cries a dear well-known voice that has the echo of old times in its tones, and Bee comes hurrying thro' the low doorway, and we cling closely to each other.

"Bee," I gasp—"Bee darling!" And I burst into a passionate fit of weeping, my arms around her neck.

"Oh, don't! Hush, Madgie, you must not cry," she whispers in a tearful voice. "Dear, we have all been frightened; but it is over now."

I raise my face and see here—the sweet dear face I thought I should never again see. And then my eyes stray to another figure—my husband, with longing eyes looking into mine. For one moment I have forgotten him; then I creep into the shelter of his arms and lean my face upon his breast. I feel him shiver all over as he gathers me tightly to him; and I know he cannot speak because his heart is too full.

"My wife!" is all he whispers, in a tremulous voice.

Happiness is a wonderful cure for all ills. Five minutes later we were looking at each with no tears—only smiles; and Sir Jasper and Georgie look perfectly radiant. Humphrey has packed the carriage with shawls and rugs, and brought soup and wine and every imaginary thing. Surely no shipwrecked mariners were ever made such a fuss about!

We drive home very silently in the darkness. Bee sits opposite to me with Sir Jasper, and her presence fills me with a great peace and happiness. Georgie leans back in the corner, like myself, weary in body and mind. Humphrey is outside on the box; and when we reach home, he comes round and lifts me out, and carries me bodily up the steps and into the hall, for I am weak and shaky yet. Lena, Felicia Grant and Mrs. Delacourt stand waiting with pale anxious faces; and we are kissed and cried over again. Lena hangs over me, with her pretty childish face bearing the trace of tears; and Mrs. Delacourt looks as if the last few hours of anxiety have aged her ten years.

"Mamma, we are all safe, so you need not be frightened now," Georgie says cheerfully.

Sir Jasper stands beside her, looking quite happy and quite unconscious of the absurd figure he makes in the loose hanging garments of the fisherman. Mrs. Delacourt looking from one to the other, divines that what was all wrong has become all right again, and she kisses Georgie suddenly; and then, after a little more talk they drive away home, and with Bee and Lena, one at each side, I go slowly up stairs to get into my own clothes again.

"Humphrey was nearly out of his mind," says Lena. "Oh, Madgie, when he met us at the station his face was as white as a sheet! He told us you were lost, and Miss Delacourt; and it seemed so strange and——"

"Ah, don't speak of it now!" I say, still seeming to feel the rush of the blinding waves. Tell me about home and mother and everybody."

And it is of the dear old home we are speaking when Humphrey comes in; and I am lying on the sofa in my room, clad in a white cashmere dressing-gown with pink ribbons, Bee and Lena sitting close beside me. They have got over their fright now, poor girls! Lena is raving about Carstairs—the old house has taken her fancy, and to-morrow and all the to-morrows to come speak of perfect happiness for her.

"My child, you look very tired," Humphrey says. "I don't like to see such pale cheeks."

He says little of what he has endured himself, but by-and-by he holds my hand in his, and in a low awe-stricken voice, I tell him how the mishap occurred, and speak of the fear and terror with lips that quiver at the recollection.

"My child!" he says. "And to think on my sitting here while you——"

His voice breaks, a tear—not mine—falls upon my face; and I know a little of what he went through when the life he loved was in danger—the young heedless life that is so dear to him.

I think we get to know each other better in the long talk that follows, and our hearts have crept a little nearer when, with a long kiss, I whisper his name with a love and tenderness that have come newly to my lips. Out of death the dawn of a new love is springing; and it is with a sense of great rest and contentment that I feel my hand in his. Can it be that I am getting to care for my husband at last?

CHAPTER XXV.

Six long hot days go by, and our adventure on Crab's Rock has become a thing of the past. People can talk of something else now, and we are no longer objects of curiosity. The surging of the rising waves has ceased to echo and to echo through my brain. I can sleep now without awakening almost every minute from dreams in which the whole awful scene reappears with vivid reality. Humphrey is at last assured that no ill-effects are going to follow from the cold and wetting; and Bee, Lena, and I are as happy as the days are long.

From early morn till dewy eve we three are inseparable. Felicia spends the long hot days studying, as if she was preparing for a competitive examination; and no persuasion can induce her to join us in walks or drives. I think she feels her brother's loss too keenly to care to go out into the world again—the world that is careless and gay; so the long days pass like a golden dream, and I am as light-hearted as the madcap Madgie of long ago.

"Humphrey," I say to my husband one day, slipping my hand into his of my own accord, "I am glad I married you; and I think—yes, I know that I am quite happy now."

"Quite happy?" he repeats, a fond smile in his eyes. "Heaven keep you happy always, dear!"

"May we have a picnic to-morrow," I say looking up into his face—"just a small picnic to the Glen—ourselves and the Delacourts?"

"Settle anything you like, child," he answers; and then more gravely, "I like to see you bright and happy, dear. There was a time when I thought my wife would never take an interest in anything again."

Ah, full well I remember the time when I was freshly awakened to the knowledge that while I had cut myself adrift from the old life I had no interest in the new! The remembrance of it shadows me now for a second, and then I laugh gleefully.

"That was when I thought you were too tall, and had an objection to your beard."

"And had too much money," he says smiling—"and when a certain little lady hurt me every hour in the day by refusing to spend it."

"I don't trouble you much that way now, Humphrey," I answer. "I am sure you have found out that keeping a wife is a very expensive amusement."

"Very, especially when she grows prettier every day"—catching my hands and looking down into my face. "Little sweetheart, did ever man worship such blue eyes as thine?"

"Nonsense!" I cry, laughing and letting my eyelids fall over smiling eyes. "We are old married people, Humphrey, and ought not to talk nonsense."

"I like to see you blush," he persists, "and to make the dimples come, Madgie.—Tell me, do you like your husband better now than on the day you were married?"

"A thousand times better," I answer, with a gay little smile and a darting look into his passionate gray eyes. "For I did not like you at all then, and I do now—a little."

But the qualified admission pleases him; and I begin to believe that a husband is not such a bad thing after all. I suppose I have become used to him at last.

"Georgie is going to be married in a month," I say next; "and I am very glad. She is so happy now; and I am sure Sir Jasper is a different being."

Then I catch a quizzical gleam in Humphrey's eyes, and I know that he is laughing at me, because I have changed another of my opinions.

"It is few to hear you say that you are glad at a wedding," he says mischievously. "I shall expect you to announce your partiality for beards next."

"Never!" I cry, and dart away between the standard-roses to Bee, who comes smiling down the gravel path, her bright face looking sweet and winsome in the sunshine, a red rose in her hair and another at her throat.

Bee always looks picturesque and gipsy-like, while Lena would sacrifice everything to be fashionably dressed and have an appearance of chic.

"My love is like a red, red rose," sings Bee in her low rich voice, "and Madgie, what a glorious day this is!"

"Yes; and we are going to have a picnic to-morrow. Come and plan it, Bee."

Lena comes hastening over the closely-clipped lawn.

"Madgie," she cries, "the Delacourts are here!"

So we all go topsy-turvy into the long cool drawing-room where Georgie and Chris stand talking to Felicia, who for a wonder has left her work for to-day.

Georgie is dressed in soft creamy muslin, with lace at the throat and wrists. Sir Jasper's love is a true woman after all; with the reconciliation all the fretness has disappeared, and even in dress his wishes are her law now. The old rocking-Georgie Delacourt who cared for no one's opinion, is very womanly now, with only one desire, to look fair in her lover's eyes. It is a new idea to me, who have never dressed to please any one in my life but myself; but I like Georgie the better for it, and it is only right that she should please Sir Jasper in all things now. On her finger flashes an engagement ring. I catch her often looking at it with shy pleasure, and I know that to her Crab's Rock has proved a very pleasant spot indeed.

Georgie enters cheerfully into the plan for the picnic, and Chris assents with his good-humour. I see him smiling at Bee's radiant delight, and her fresh native way of expressing it. They stand in the deep window side by side, a charming picture, catching the blood-red rose at Bee's white throat, and tenderly touching the velvet arch face and glorious eyes. Chris is talking to Bee as he has been seldom seen to talk to any lady, but there she is such a child that he could not be she with him.

As they stand together, and I see his sharply cut face bend bending to answer the laughter in her eyes, I thought flies into my mind, and I wish that Felicia Grant would get to care for Bee, and she for him.

"Chris is coming home to-night," says Georgie. "He will be in time for the picnic. But I think we ought to ask a few more people, Madgie. We have not gentlemen enough."

And by the time it is all planned the picnic has swelled considerably. To this Chris objects.

"I say, what's the use of asking a lot of people?" he says. "We should feel it over so much pleasanter by ourselves. Georgie, don't drag those Brakes in."

Georgie laughs.

"Chris is terribly afraid of the Brakes. I am sure he will make one of them some day of sheer fright."

Chris resumes hurriedly.

"I make bad work of chaff," he says with more temper than I have seen exhibiting. Chris show during all the time I have known him.

So the Brakes are struck off the list, and Chris is appeased. He and Georgie take their departure, and I go to aggravate Mrs. Sleeve of the picnic that is to be on the morrow. Lena comes with me, and after-wards says gravely—

"Madgie, sometimes I can hardly believe it is really you."

"Then who, Lena?"

"Why, when I think of you at home, with perhaps only one good dress, and trying to do housekeeping on nearly nothing at all, and then to see you now comfy gone, bowing to your housekeeper and having everything that heart can desire. I wonder you can keep your senses."

I laugh a little at her exaggerations.

"One gets accustomed to anything, Lena, it does not take a lifetime to get used to being rich."

"I wish I had the chance of trying," Lena replies. "When I makes, it will be for money. There is nothing like it, after all."

I turn away with a quiver of pain, and see my husband in the doorway. He has heard Lena's thoughtless words, and I know, from the look on his face, that he has drawn his own conclusions and put his own interpretations on her heedless speech. He knows that what I have spoken idly cannot quite obliterate the pain.

[illegible]

as home [illegible] with grave face [illegible] and gives [illegible] ing at his picture. [illegible] home [illegible] at her easel too, so I make a few careless observations that mean nothing at all, and go away down-stairs again a little disappointed, a little unhappy.

A few words have opened the cold account between husband and wife, and the opportunity for explaining them has passed away.

(To be Continued.)

Impotence.

The Excelsior Rupture Treatment was introduced to the American people several years ago by furnishing the remedy to those afflicted with Hernia in way 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.

Nervous.

To increase the weight of the body, 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 we remedy yet discovered has proved so effectual in accomplishing this as Flax-Seed Emulsion Cons. It contains the Phosphates 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 Walsh's and the Pharmacy, W. J. Wilson.

Another Victory.

A startling and important discovery was made when, after long and patient experiments, the combination of Norwine was received. A grand victory indeed for the suffering have an ever ready prompt, efficient, and cheap remedy at hand. Do you know that for 25 cents you can buy a trial bottle of Polson's Norwine and test the great power over pain of every description? Polson's Norwine cures chills, pain in the stomach, side and back, rheumatism, in fact all pain. Sold by all druggists.

Brown's Fruit Lightning.

Wife.—What's the matter now John.

Husband.—Oh, that neuralgia and tooth-ache near kills me.

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

Do Carefully What You Eat.

The best medical authorities believe that worms in the human system are often induced by eating too freely of uncooked 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.

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 Agreeable.

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

Testimonial.

Toronto, Dec. 20th.

I have much pleasure in recommending the Galvanic Shoe to any one troubled with cold feet, and believe they will prevent a great many complaints which this changeable climate causes.

Major J. W. Dallas.

W. J. Wilson, the Pharmacy, agent for Kingston.

Now that there is a reliable remedy for kidney troubles half the sorrows attributed to these complaints have been removed. For this let all be thankful, and to Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure award all praise for having thus removed a hitherto considered fatal disease from our path. It was never known to fail. Sold by all druggists.

Salt Rheum Cured.

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

Serious 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.

The use of Pills, Salve, Castor Oil and other nauseous purging Cathartics is unnecessary, as a pleasant substitute is found in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, which act as a Cathartic without griping or sickening nausea. All Druggists sell it. 50 cents a Bottle.

Miscellaneous.

Wind Up

If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take about, if you are simply suffering or from feel weak and disspirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will surely cure you.

If you are a Minister and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother worn out with care and work, or a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters, toiling one hour midnight oil, Hop Bitters will surely strengthen you.

"If you are suffering
From over-eating or
Drinking any liquor
Now, or Dissipation, or
are young and growing
up fast, as is often the
case,

"Or if you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning, or stimulating, without intoxicating, if you are old, blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, nerves unstrung, therefore, remember, Hop Bitters is what you need to give you new life, health and vigor.

If you are sensitive or dyspeptic or suffering from any ailment in the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop temporizing, decide this moment and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a Balm in Gilead in Hop Bitters.

If you are a Druggist, or a member of a temperance society, barricade your system against the onslaught of all evil, from malaria, epidemic, bilious and intermittent fevers, by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, good blood, the sweetest breath, and health. $500 will be paid for a case that they will not cure or help.

That pain, indisposition, headache, weakness or drunkenness can be made the pursuits of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle.

STOP!

Burdock BLOOD Bitters

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Jaundice, Dysentery, Sick Headache, Heart Burn, Headache, Dizziness, Drops, Flutterings of the Heart, Acidity of The Stomach, Dryness of the Skin

and every species of disease arising from a disordered LIVER, STOMACH or BOWELS OR BLOOD.

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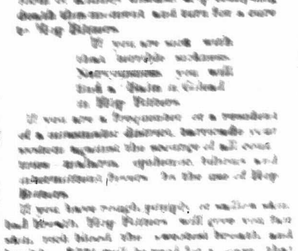

For Old and Young, Male and Female.

Positively cures Nervousness in any its stages. Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Premature Night Emissions, Nocturnal Emissions, Impotency, Sexual Weakness and Diseases from a Private Nature, Spermatorrhoea, Inability to Marry, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Dizziness, Fits, Epilepsy, Nervous Debility, Hypochondria, Melancholy, Mental Depression, Loss of Power, Premature Old Age, Wakefulness, accompanied with the Indications of Consumption, Insanity, Pain in the Back, Dim Sight, Nervous Trembling, Cold Feet, Flushings of the Face, Pimples on the Face, Lassitude, Want of Energy, Want of Ambition, Unfitness to Enjoy Society, Want of Confidence, Want of Will Power, Want of Memory, Want of Sexual Power, Want of Sexual Desire, Want of Sexual Organs, Want of Development, Want of Manhood, Want of Vigor, Want of Vitality, Want of Strength, Want of Nerve, Want of Muscle, Want of Flesh, Want of Appetite, Want of Blood, Want of Life, Want of Everything.

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Endorsed by the Patron Saints of Modern Medicine for Inflammation of the Urinary Organs.

Cured in Inflammation and Suppuration, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Pain, Weakness, Nervous Debility, Nocturnal Emissions, Sexual Weakness, Impotency, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Dizziness, Fits, Epilepsy, Nervous Trembling, Cold Feet, Flushings of the Face, Pimples on the Face, Lassitude, Want of Energy, Want of Ambition, Unfitness to Enjoy Society, Want of Confidence, Want of Will Power, Want of Memory, Want of Sexual Power, Want of Sexual Desire, Want of Sexual Organs, Want of Development, Want of Manhood, Want of Vigor, Want of Vitality, Want of Strength, Want of Nerve, Want of Muscle, Want of Flesh, Want of Appetite, Want of Blood, Want of Life, Want of Everything.

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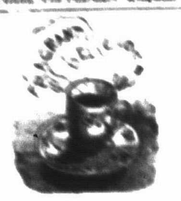

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WE HAVE BEEN WORKING DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS AND HAVE NOW MADE THE LARGEST AND BEST SUPPLY OF

Fine Furs, Jackets, Fancy Skrugh Robes, &c.,

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