Miscellaneous Advertisements.

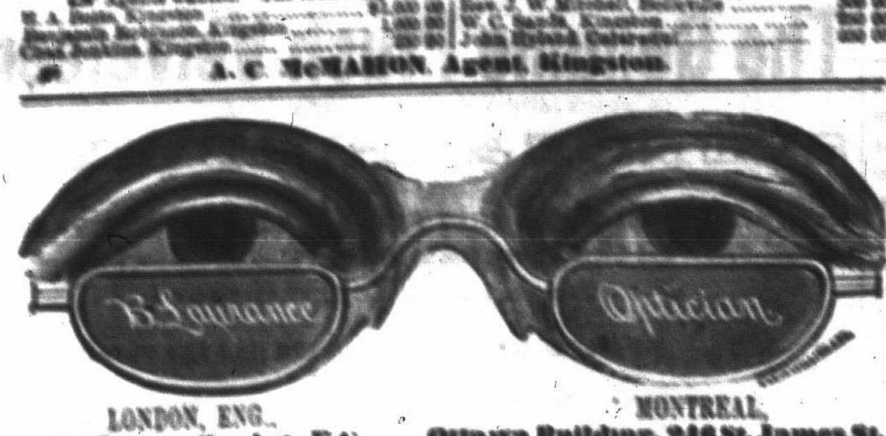
# Mutual Marriage Aid Association of Canada.

Unquestionably the Most Popular Institution of the day is the above Association. AND WHY? Because at comparatively small cost it makes provision for the payment on marriage of from

$250 to $3,000.

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 [illegible] ... WALTER H. WEBBER, Secy, Hamilton, Ont. [illegible]

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.

REFERENCES are allowed to the following gentlemen: Dr. Sullivan, Dr. Phelan, Dr. McKenzie, Dr. J. A. Henderson, Dr. Neilson, Very Rev. Dean of Ontario.

Oct. 29th.

1883

—THE—

## ARGAND

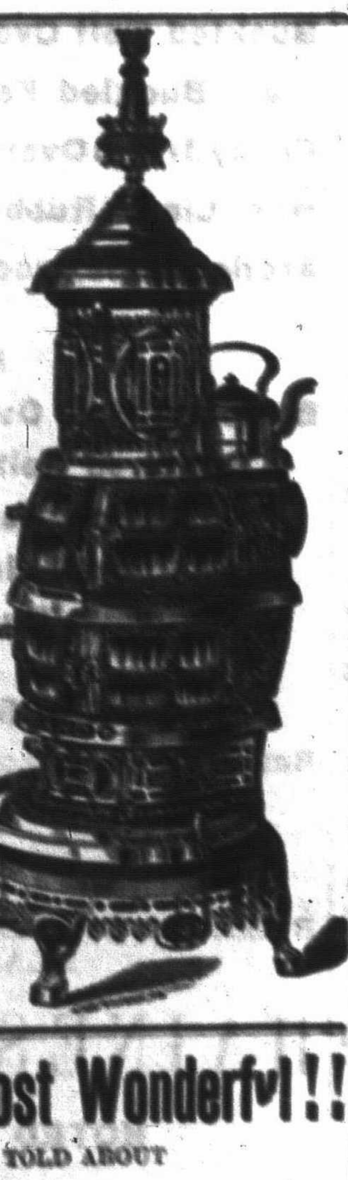
BASE BURNER, FOR 1883

WITH THE

Famous Double Fire Pot,

—IS THE—

Best WORKING STOVE in the DOMINION



FOR SALE BY

JOHN HAMER,

AGENT FOR KINGSTON,

AT THE CORNER OF PRINCESS AND KING STREETS.

Oct. 6th.

## How Beautiful! - Most Wonderful!!

NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD ABOUT

## ROSS' DRESS SILKS.

If You Want to Get a Dress for Common Every Day wear go to ROSS.

If You Want to Get a Nice Dress go to ROSS.

And if You Want to Get a Nice Colored or Best Silk Dress go to ROSS.

Millinery, Hats, Feathers, Flowers and Trimmings Complete.

ALEX. ROSS. - Opposite the City Hotel.

Nov. 7th.

FRESH STOCK OF

## Boy's and Men's Shirts and Drawers,

THE BEST VALUE IN THE CITY JUST RECEIVED

RICHMOND & BOYDEN.

Nov. 7th.

FUR TRIMMINGS! LOOK AT THIS!!

Fur Trimmings 10 inches Wide, $1.25 per yard.

Five inches wide, 60c; and every other width equally cheap.

FUR CAPES—Best Fur Capes, 18 inches long. Only $5. Warranted first quality.

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

Nov. 10th.

## LOOK OUT FOR DEC. 5TH,

WHEN OUR

SPECIAL EXCURSION

—WILL START FOR—

Ontario and Etiwanda, California, British Columbia, Oregon, Washington Territory and the Pacific North-West.

Fares, accommodations, routes, land matter, maps, labour rates and all particulars supplied by us.

FOLGER & HANLEY,

Nov. 12th. Grand Trunk RR. Gen. Agents, Kingston, Ont.

## DIRECT FROM PARIS

1 Case of Ottoman Dress Goods

All Wool—New Colors—[illegible], worth 60c.

PLUSH VELVETEENS AT 75c.

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

Nov. 2nd.


## MY MARRIAGE.

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

He springs back into the hall, seizes a large cloak, wraps it tightly round me, and then, as I raise my face, our eyes meet; and his are full of tears. Then—for there is no time to be lost, and human lives are in danger—he hurries away after Chris.

I make my way in the blinding rain down to the beach, where stand a small crowd, and outside, with the spray flying over it every second in blinding sheets, is a poor little broken vessel, with her sides rent by the rocks, and her crew clinging to the rigging waiting for help to come. A boat is being pushed into the billows amid the blinding spray. Humphrey stands giving orders; his hat is gone and his hair is blown back from his face. So I see him—my king, my husband—and I know that he is going on that boiling sea to save and help.

White and terrified, Bee comes flying over the beach, swaying in the gusts of wind, and, as she reaches my side, Chris Delacourt runs up from the boat and catches her hand in his.

"Say Heaven speed me!" he cries—he is very pale and excited, for death lurks in those yawning waves, and the life within him is young and strong.

"May Heaven bring you safely back!" Bee answers frankly and fearlessly, and then cries out for him to be careful not to throw away his life.

Chris smiles radiantly. I think he would risk death a thousand times to see Bee's lips trembling for his safety.

One more figure leaves the boat and walks up to where we stand; and once more I listen to my husband's voice. He lays his hand upon my shoulder and bends his face to mine.

"If I never come back, remember I have loved you well—how well you will never know."

Then he kisses my lips and runs with Chris down to the boat. They are shoving it off into the yawning gulf of seething foam when Clive Delacourt appears at my side.

"Chris is mad!" he cries. "They will be swamped!"

Above the wind and waves I hear Humphrey's voice shouting for one other man to volunteer; but the crowd stand steady—men with wives and little ones will not throw away their lives.

"Clive," shouts Chris, catching sight of his brother, "come on!"

Frenzied and grief-stricken, I turn to the man at my side.

"Go," I shriek; "one arm may save the rest—go!"

Without a word he dashes forward, pushes through the crowd, and springs into the boat. Like one cry a voice goes up as those brave souls go forth to danger and to death. Lost in the abyss of mighty waves, now hidden, now appearing a mere speck, the little boat rises and falls, ever making its way slowly towards the wreck;

"And the women are weeping
And wringing their hands."

With the touch of his last and lingering kiss upon my lips, I watch with strained and aching eyes the angry awful waves, and the tiny black spot that reveals the boat, with Humphrey's last words echoing in my mind as I gaze—"If I never come back." Never come back! Is there a mist? Is it tears? I cannot see the boat.

"She is lost!" "They have gone down!" voices are shouting around; and men and women are rushing to and fro.

Bee's fingers grasp mine tightly.

"Heaven bring them back!" she cries in her clear sweet voice; and then—"Madgie, I see the boat; they have reached the wreck!"

He may never come back—never come back! The weary, weary words; and he said them a little while ago, and kissed me—oh, so sadly!—as one kisses the dead. And the sweet sad words, "I have loved you well!" Love—the love my soul was hungering for—is mine, and perhaps he will never come back.

"Oh, tell me where they are Bee for I cannot see!"

"They are taking the men from the wreck," she replies. "And now I cannot see them for the waves."

"Oh, Humphrey, Humphrey!" I cry, with a great tearless sob. I cannot see for the showers of blinding spray. "Oh, Bee, do you see them now? Tell me," I cry and hide my face.

"Heaven help them—they are lost!"—shrieks a voice in the crowd; and a great wailing cry of women's voices rises above the roaring boom of the waves.

Crouched on the beach, my face hidden, I listen to the shouts of human voices—If I look at the sea, I shall go mad; and every moment seems like an eternity of anguish.

"They are coming back," I hear Bee saying. "Oh, the waves! Madgie, don't look, it is too awful! They are coming nearer; I can see their faces! Now the boat is hidden by the waves; and now—— Ah, see——"

Her words are drowned by the roar of human voices.

"Saved—saved!"

I spring up, to see the boat and those brave souls with white set faces sweeping onwards towards us, carried on by a great wave with monstrous curling crest. For one second with hushed breath we see them; and death seems rushing over the howling sea to seize and grasp that frail shrinking craft before they reach the shore.

A prayer rises to my lips. I see only Humphrey; and it seems to me that his eyes meet mine. And then—— Ah, Heaven, have mercy now! Like a child's toy the boat with eight living souls on board comes rushing onward, sways, and, tossed by the mighty waves, sweeps broadside on to the beach. One wild shriek of grief and horror goes up, and, as from one man, a hoarse cry of agony comes from the sea, where human beings fight and struggle for life in the boiling, seething surf.

Ah, Heaven, if I live to be old, I shall still see and hear it all—the great hungry waves, the crowd rushing wildly to and fro, the shrieks, the cries, and those struggling figures smitten down as they rise, fighting with the strength of the mighty waves—men rushing in up to their waists in the sea of foam, and women screaming as, one by one, human lives are saved, and strong ready arms snatch them from death.

Spent and breathless staggering from the beach, I see Chris Delacourt helped up by a stalwart fisherman; and a gasp comes from Bee's lips as he wrenches himself from the arms holding him and rushes forward again into the blinding waves.

All saved but one; and I, his wife, watching the end! Oh, Heaven help him! The waves are carrying him from my sight! For one second I see his wild despairing face sweeping towards me; he has reached the shore! Ah, no!

Through the crowd flies one, a woman, a wife, and with her weak strength faces the yawning waves.

"Humphrey, I am coming!"

The surf sways and surges to my knees. With arms outstretched I stand, and he is battling for his life. Strong arms drag me back and hold me fast.

"Save him!" I gasp, looking up wildly into Clive Delacourt's face; and even in the awful agony of the moment I can see how strange he looks.

And then I see him, with a rope tied round him, dashing into the waves that are sweeping something dark along with them. The great cruel waves bear him along, and lay my husband's body at my feet.

"He is dead!" Chris Delacourt bursts out, sobbing; and a cry goes up from the assembled crowd.

The sea, the faces, and that still silent figure grow dim and dark, and Heaven sends death to me too, for my heart is broken.

* * * * * * *

A long, long sigh, and I wake to life again—to life and knowledge. It was not death that came to me then, or this awakening would not be so fearful. I am in my own room, in my bed, and the sight of the familiar things around me brings it all back with a rush; and I remember what has happened here.

I lie, calm and quiet. I do not weep any more. There is no future for me, and I see the long, blank and dreary years stretch out before me. My eyes are quite dry, a little while ago I could have wept, but then my heart was all unstrung and quivering with every breath of emotion.

In these moments of dreadful agony my past rose up before me, and remembering the early days of my marriage, the love that was daily offered me and, so unfeelingly rejected for long weary months—Humphrey's patience, gentleness and unremitting kindness, even when I could barely treat him kindly, all these phantoms passed in review before me, my active brain strung to its utmost tension.

Oh, if I could but bring him back to life again. The agony of having to live knowing that I had never made an effort to win back the love I thought was lost to me by my own folly. The rush of remembrance of his gentleness, and above all his worshipping love during our early married life, crowded thick and fast upon me, and my brain throbs until I fear I may go mad.

I hear whispering voices and quiet footfalls passing to and fro, and soon the curtains are drawn aside.

"Poor Madgie! Break it to her gently, Bee"—comes Lena's voice, very tremulous and uncertain.

The light of a candle falls upon my quivering lids. I turn my face away, and hide it from their sight! Break it to her gently! All the words the human tongue may utter can make no difference. This that has happened they may say in three words—"Humphrey is dead!"

"Madgie!" says Bee's voice, soft and whispering.

At sound of it my sorrow wakes and cries—the pain and anguish, all the grief and longing, that, if I live for seventy years, I shall ever feel as keenly as I do now.

"He is dead; do not speak to me!" I wail. "Humphrey, Humphrey, my love, my darling!"

There is a stir, a stifled sob. A hand draws back the curtain.

"Madgie, be calm!" Bee cries.

She is smiling, smiling when my heart is broken! Do I dream? Who is this with arms outstretched? Ah, no, it is no dream!

"Madgie darling—my poor little wife!"

With a glad cry I throw my arms about his neck. My love, my husband, come back from the grave! Joy does not kill; and yet I lie very still in the clasp of those arms that tremble as they hold me tightly. Not a word do I say, but hide my face on his breast, with deep thankfulness.

"Foolish child!" he says at last, with a tremulous loving voice. "Madgie, it was worth being nearly drowned, to hear my wife call me 'darling.'"

I whisper it now to him with loving tenderness; and, as we two take a long, long look into each other's eyes, there is no need of words any more. And out of death has sprung to life a great joy and confidence, and nothing on earth can ever come between us again.

Rest, rest and quiet. Peacefully I now lie sheltered in the arms of my husband, my King. Safe in his arms forever, sobbing out my happiness to the grave, quiet man, whom a year ago I thought I never could love.

With my hand in his I have whispered all the doubt and misery, and no words of reproach has he uttered; then, with the crimson blushes rising to my cheeks, I speak in a low voice, and do not look at him as I breathe Felicia Grant's name. I tell him of my jealousy, how I misjudged his kindness to her, believing that he loved her, and of the bitterness of my own feelings towards her, and in spite of all, my augmenting love for him.

I recall the many instances when my pride and insane jealousy forbade the utterance of my true feelings towards him, and when I tell him of my frequent visits to his studio in his absence, and of my longing for the painting he had sold for Felicia's benefit, because it was the work of his hands, a wonderful smile of quiet happiness lights up his grave features, and when I cease talking he gathers my hand yet closer in his—

"Madgie, you might have trusted your husband."

"I understand it all now," he says slowly. "Wife, I have never loved but one woman, and I am holding her hand now." Then bending his face a little—"Madgie, look at me, and promise that in all the life to come, when doubts and troubles arise, you will come first to me, your husband."

"I promise," I whisper, raising my eyes to his. "Humphrey, I can bear anything now, for I know you love me."

* * * * * * *

A great peace and rest has fallen, and the days are filled with a happiness too deep for words—a happiness that seems sacred after the pain and sorrow that went before. We do not speak of the trouble now, but of the life before us, the goodly life that is to be.

One message do I send to my old friend Colonel Trevanalon, and Humphrey smiles as he reads the words—

"Come to Carstairs; Humphrey and I want you, that you may hear how madcap Madgie has kept her promise."

In a few days our old friend makes his appearance, and, Humphrey not being present, inquires with a strange expression, the meaning of my message.

I only laugh and ask him to wait until Humphrey arrives before I tell him.

The Colonel looks dispirited, probably thinking madcap Madgie intends to make him the witness of some painful scene as he recalls the misery and coldness between us so short a time since, but scarcely has the look upon his face died away ere Humphrey's voice is heard—

"Madgie, darling, where are you?" and as I answer—

"Here, my husband!" the Colonel's face becomes lit up with joy, and seizing both my hands in his, he leads me to Humphrey, who laughingly embraces me and says:

"Madgie has told me all, and has at last kept her promise."

* * * * * * *

We have no more secrets between us now; and it is Humphrey who tells me that Clive Delacourt has sailed for Australia.

"So for 'Bee's sake' you need never never break my heart any more," he whispers gently. "Madgie what do you say to buying a yacht and going for a cruise to the Mediterranean for part of the winter?"

"I should like it very much," I answer, and smile as I speak, for I desire nothing but to be with him.

"Well, after Felicia's wedding we will go," he says cheerfully. "I met Carrington yesterday, and he wants it to take place immediately."

* * * * * * *

The house is gay once more. I am Madcap Madgie again, and with Bee and Lena, roam around the dear old house singing, frequently invading Humphrey's den, who always stops work, and his eyes kindle in the old way as he notes my gay, exuberant spirits.

Georgie comes frequently and one day she says suddenly:

"Madgie, do you know I once thought you did not care for Humphrey?"

My cheeks redden as I answer.

"My dear, I do not see why you should have thought so."

For reply, she says—"You seem so different now."

In a few weeks Felicia comes, she is to be married at Carstairs, and we are all bustle and preparation.

I can now admire, and fully appreciate Felicia's gentle, quiet character. She receives my shy advances with some embarrassment, and when Humphrey and I are together in her presence, I often notice her looking at us with evident surprise.

I blush with shame when I reflect that my studied affection for Humphrey, in public, in the past, was so evidently seen through, and it is apparent that Felicia is surprised at our affection now so openly exhibited.

Carrington soon followed Felicia to Carstairs, and in his presence she brightens wonderfully, and I often ask myself why I never noticed how very handsome she was.

They are married before the New Year; and Felicia never knows why I put my arms around her neck and ask her to forgive me—me, who wronged her in thought—and she never knows how it all came about, the pain and misery that are ended now.

After their departure for their home in the South of England, we settle down for a few weeks of quiet.

Chris comes often, and in his shy, quiet way, hovers about merry, bright-eyed Bee. They have become good friends now and I note with joy that Bee always greets his coming with evident pleasure.

Chris is more in love than ever, I can see plainly, and my only fear is that he may spoil all by impatience.

Bee has not suffered much. Her young heart was not deeply touched, her youth and brightness have all returned, and if she ever thinks of Clive the thought has no power to make her sad.

Bee and Lena and I make the old house merry. Papa is here on a short visit, and wanders through the rooms with a glad smile on his dear old face. We are all very happy, none more so than Humphrey, who seems to have grown younger. The lines of care are fading from his brow, and no frowns nor doubts are ever seen upon his face.

* * * * * * *

On the morrow Humphrey and I start; and I do not think the hours now will be wearisome, the time long, with him alone. Bee and Lena are going home to-day, and at the last Bee whispers—

"Madgie, darling, I said 'Yes' to Chris last night."

The light in her eyes is enough; I know that "Yes" came not from her lips alone.

* * * * * * *

We have seen Bee and Lena off on their homeward journey; and Chris with his fair face a little clouded, has smiled a farewell for a short time only. And now in the gathering twilight Humphrey and I stand side by side in the deep window, looking at the dying glow in the western sky, and with a great, great happiness in our hearts—husband and wife strange no longer.

"And so Bee is to marry Chris!" Humphrey says after a long silence. "Chris is a good fellow, and she will be happy."

"Yes; and she loves him now," I answer. "Darling Bee—fancy having her living close to us always!"

His arm, passing round my shoulders, draws me to his side.

"Wife, answer me one question."

"Well,"—lifting, as of old, saucy smiling eyes to his—"what question Humphrey?"

Closer the dear face bends to mine, and his arms hold me tightly.

"Madgie, do you love me as much as Bee?"

"No"—a smile quivering on my lips as I look up into the gray eyes bent so tenderly on mine.

"What then, darling?"

My arms creep up to lay themselves about his neck, and I whisper softly—

"Not as much, but more!"

**Physicians & Invalids**

Can try the Spirometer and consult the Surgeons of the celebrated International Throat and Lung Institute free, by calling at the City Hotel, Kingston, Nov. 15, 16, 17, 18th. This instrument, the wonderful invention of Dr. M. Souvielle, of Paris, Ex-Aide Surgeon of the French, which conveys the medical properties of medicines directly to the seat of disease, is the only thing that will cure permanently diseases of the air passages, viz; Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption in its first stages. Crowds are visiting them in every town and thousands of poor sufferers are being cured every year by these celebrated physicians who have offices in London, Eng., Montreal, P.Q., Toronto, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., Detroit, Mich., and Boston, Mass. If impossible to call personally, write for list of questions and copy of International News, published monthly, to 173 Church St. Toronto. Office for Ontario.

**Wait a Minute**

And read this. You may be troubled with corns, and if not at present they may take root in the near future. Therefore we want to tell you what to use in order to make a perfect cure, and especially what to avoid. Of course like the majority of people you will want to use the best that is to be had. That is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. Avoid, then, the article "just as good" or the something else "a good deal better." You will regret using anything else than Putnam's, for it don't burn, and you can't tell what the others will do until you try. Don't live to be sorry when you can so easily prevent it. Polson & Co., props.

**Science.**

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 no remedy yet discovered has proved so effectual in accomplishing this as Flax-Seed Emulsion Comp. It contains the Phosphorus 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.

**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.

**Honest and True.**

This is eminently the case with Polson's Nerviline, the "great pain cure." It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, the purest, and most certain pain subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only costs 10 or 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at Polson's and King's drug stores. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Polson's Nerviline.

**Everybody Ha! Ha!**

Read this carefully. If you or any friend are suffering from any kind of pain, internal, local or external, try Polson's Nerviline, the sure pop pain cure. Nerviline is one of the most elegant combinations ever offered to the public for the relief of pain. Pleasant to take, powerful in effect, sure in results, and cheap because the strongest, purest, and most certain pain remedy in the world. You can test this great remedy by going to Polson's and King's drug stores and buying a 10 cent sample bottle. Try it at once.

**Testimonial.**

Toronto, Dec. 20th.

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

Major J. W. Selby.

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

**Cured Free.**

Any reader troubled with dyspepsia, costiveness, headache, liver complaint, etc., should call at Chown's Drug Store, and secure a free trial bottle of McGregor's Speedy Cure at once, which will convince you of the merits of the medicine. It cures permanently where all other medicines have failed. As a blood purifier it has no equal. Remember it costs nothing to try it. Regular size, 50 cents and $1.

**What Does it Mean?**

What is meant by "Secretions" in a medical sense? "The secretions" are the powers of certain glands and organs of the body to hold and distribute the healthful fluids of the system, such as bile from the liver, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates all the organs of the secretions to make pure blood.

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

"THE BEAUTY" of having a bottle of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in the house is, that you are prepared for the "attack." Croup or Cholera, the Pain-Killer is a sovereign remedy.

Mrs. J. McPhee, Appin, writes:—During the last eight years I have used almost every medicine, recommended for biliousness, but found nothing equal to Carson's Bitters. If you suffer try it. From 50 cents.


Miscellaneous.

# IMPORTANT!

To Machinists and Workingmen.

WE HAVE RECEIVED TWO CASES of the

Patent Seamless Back Overalls,

IN PLAIN BROWN,
IN FANCY CHECKED,
PLAIN BLUE,
VERY BEST MAKE

We have also received Navy Blue Laced and Buttoned Shirts and Plain Grey, White and Colored Cambric. Best make wool Hose and best home made Mitts, and a good assortment of Gent's Furnishings at the NEW Dry Goods Store, Uptown.

## C. A. HICKEY,

274 & 276 Princess St., Kingston.

Nov. 6th. One door above Fashion's.

A CURE GUARANTEED

MACK'S

MAGNETIC MEDICINE

For Old and Young, Male and Female.

[illegible] MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE is sold by Druggists [illegible] W. J. WILSON, The Pharmacy, Kingston.

℞ No. 66.

Endorsed by the FRENCH ACADEMY OF MEDICINE. Inflammation of the Urinary Organs, [illegible]

AMERICAN AGENCY "W" MEDICINE CO., [illegible]

Sold in Kingston by W. J. WILSON, [illegible]

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 overwork, indiscretion, use one bottle of Dr. E. O. PAUL'S great Nervous Remedy. It will cure you. It is perfectly safe, [illegible] Write to T. A. HATFIELD, General Agent, Wolfe Island, Ont. Agent for Can. [illegible]

July 7.

ONTARIO

The Model Settlement

—OF—

Southern California

FOR HEALTH, CLIMATE AND CHOICE FRUITS. For particulars, pamphlets and map, address

CHAFFEY BROS.

May 15th. Ontario, Cal.

Wood and Coal.

## NEW COAL YARD.

BRECK & BOOTH'S

COAL YARD,

Molson Wharf, Corner West and Ontario Streets.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED OUT AN extensive Coal depot and are now prepared to supply the public with

Coals of Every Description,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

AT THE VERY LOWEST RATES.

L. W. BRECK. A. BOOTH.

ORDERS can be left at McKelvey & Birch's, Brock Street, or George Carruthers, Princess St.

OFFICE — Clarence Street, British American Hotel Block, Kingston. Oct. 29th.

## COAL DEPOT.

JAMES SWIFT,

ST. LAWRENCE WHARF, KINGSTON

Wholesale and retail dealer in

All Descriptions of Coal

For House, Furnace, Blacksmiths' and Steam purposes. [illegible] at the lowest market rates. Country orders will receive prompt attention.

JAMES SWIFT.

Wood and Coal.

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

HARDWOOD,

[illegible]

HOUSE COAL & SOFT COAL

[illegible] All cheap for cash.

CRAWFORD & Co.

Sept. 13 Foot of Queen St.

Books and Stationery.

METAL BACK

Photograph Album.

THIS IS THE CHEAPEST ALBUM EVER made, [illegible]

McAULEY'S

KING STREET.

T. McAULEY sole Agent for Kingston.

Nov. 3rd.

Furnishing & Undertaking.

## H. BRAME,

LEADING UNDERTAKER

No. 253, corner Princess & Sydenham Sts., Kingston, Ontario.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

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

COFFINS AND CASKETS

both wooden and metallic. [illegible]

Funerals conducted in the city and country on most reasonable terms.

March 13. H. BRAME.

JAMES REID,

—THE—

Leading Undertaker and Embalmer,

254 AND 256 PRINCESS STREET.

ALL ORDERS for CUT FLOWERS, WREATHS &c. promptly attended to.

TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION OPEN DAY & NIGHT.

THREE FIRST-CLASS HEARSES

## THOMAS RONAN,

Furnishing Undertaker,

BAGOT STREET, next door to Chown & Cunningham's Stove Depot.

Furnishings and Attendance

[illegible] FIRST-CLASS HEARSE on hand.

Coffins of all Sizes and Prices kept on Hand

Services given at all hours at all times.

Thomas Ronan.

Jan. 1883.

Miscellaneous.

# STOP!

Burdock

BLOOD

Bitters

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

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

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

T. MILBURN & CO. Proprietors, TORONTO.

Ask Your Grocer for a sample bottle of

LYMAN'S

CONCENTRATED

Extract of Coffee.

Sept. 18th.

Ingersoll Rock Drill Company

OF CANADA.

Manufacturers of STEAM DRILLS, HOISTS & GENERAL MINING MACHINERY.

DOMINION WIRE ROPE WORKS.

Manufacturers of all kinds of STEEL & Iron Wire Rope. Railway and Contractors Supplies.

For information apply to

COOPER, FAIRMAN & CO.

Montreal, Dec. 28. [illegible] Foundling St.

NORMAN'S

ELECTRIC BELT INSTITUTION

4 Queen St. East, Toronto.

(Established 1874.)

NORMAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS are guaranteed to be as good and powerful as represented. [illegible]

W. J. WILSON, Sole Agent, [illegible] The Pharmacy. Aug. 18.

Hardware.

IMPORTANT TO STEAM USERS AND ENGINEERS.

How to Keep Boilers Clean.

FEATURE PATENT AUTOMATIC BOILER CLEANER, [illegible]

Muddy Deposits and Sediments

[illegible]

For further information apply to

McKelvey & Birch,

Plumbers and Steamfitters, Agents, Kingston, Ontario.

April 11.

DUCHESS

RANGE.

COUNTESS

BASE BURNER.

HORSEY'S HARDWARE HOUSE

183 Princess Street.

Sept. 15th.

Insurance.

## Fire Insurance AGENCY

J. P. GILDERSLEEVE,

42 CLARENCE STREET.

English, Scotch and Canadian Companies Represented

42 CLARENCE ST.

Assets Represented nearly Forty Millions of Dollars.

42 CLARENCE STREET.

[illegible]

LOSSES SETTLED LIBERALLY & PROMPTLY

RISKS COVERED BY TELEPHONE

42 CLARENCE STREET,

KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

THOS. MILLS,

Insurance, Real Estate & Loan Agent.

OFFICE—CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON.

SPECIAL attention given to the issuing of Fire, Life and Endowment Policies. Farm and city property bought sold and exchanged. Money loaned on notes, mortgages, &c., on long or short terms.

CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

CAPITAL AND FUNDS, [illegible]

[illegible]

J. T. WHITE, [illegible]

ONTARIO BRANCH

City of London Fire Insurance Company,

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

CAPITAL [illegible]

RESERVE FUND [illegible]

$100,000 Deposited With the Government.

The Company is now prepared to accept risks on all classes of property at current rates.

Losses of this branch settled here without reference elsewhere by

A. F. MAGURN, General Agent, Toronto.

Gilbert & Murray, Agents.

Citizens' Insurance Company of Canada.

Established 1864

HENRY LYMAN, [illegible]

ANDREW ALLAN, [illegible]

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

[illegible]

R. W. Vandewater.

Agent in Kingston. Office at Stevenson's & Co. [illegible]

Old and Reliable Western Assurance Co. FIRE AND MARINE, TORONTO.

[illegible]

LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE Fire & Life INSURANCE CO'Y.

This is one of the Best Insurance Companies doing Business in Canada.

Invested Funds [illegible]

Investments in Canada [illegible]

[illegible]

Clarence Street, Kingston, March 30, 1883.

Guardian Fire and Life Assurance Company

[illegible]

Agent for Kingston, Ontario Street

Jan. 1, 1883.

Ætna Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn.

[illegible]

April 1883. JAMES SWIFT, Agent.

Miscellaneous.

SMOKE

V.T.C.

TWIN-NAVY

THE BIG 10 CT. PLUG

## A BOON TO MEN

[illegible]

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS!

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

—GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1878.—

RIZONA.

RIZONA is a [illegible]

SECOND-HAND BOOKS

[illegible]

A. SIMMONDS

Jan. 22. [illegible]