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SATINS,
SATINS,
25 Cents Per Yard,

In the following colors:

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- Cream,
- Cardinal,
- Old Gold,
- Pink,
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ALSO

Black Silks, Black Satins, Colored Silks, Colored Satins, Surahs, Merveilleux, Etc., at Specially Reduced Prices for the

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Murray & Taylor's,

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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The General Real Estate Agent.

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Tamarac

Jas. H. Gilmour, of T. Gilmour & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Brockville, says: "I have used Tamarac Elixir for a severe Cold and Cough, which it immediately relieved and cured. Hiram Baker, Lumber and Cheese Dealer, North Augusta, Ont., says: "Tamarac Elixir" is a wonderful medicine for Coughs and Colds, Throat and Lung Complaints. It is without doubt the best medicine I ever used, and never fails to give immediate relief. We consider it a household necessity.

ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE USUAL LINE OF PROMOTION FOR ENGINE DRIVERS.

A Boy's Beginning in a Locomotive Shed. Appointment as Fireman—Freight Engineer, or "Goods Driver"—Passenger Fireman Next—Final Position.

Engine drivers are very little known as a class, though the duties they discharge are public and very responsible. The fact is that the engine driver, who must not only be skilled in the technicalities of his business, but must possess intellectual and moral qualities of a high order, has never risen above the rank of the artisan; nor does he pretend to rise above it, and yet he must be almost as capable and as dutiful as the captain of a ship or the commander of a regiment. The workman, whose cool judgment and unceasing watchfulness are more serviceable than any mere manual skill he may possess, is worthy attention.

Engine drivers are neither born nor made; they grow. You cannot apprentice a boy to engine driving. Engine driving, however, is the goal of the ambition of most boys who begin their working life in a locomotive shed. From being a kind of "devil" to everybody the boy gradually becomes a "cleaner." Supplied with a bundle of cotton waste, he rubs over the working parts of the engine, and thus acquires a knowledge of its construction. At this work he may be kept four or five years. If he is fit for nothing better he remains at it all his life. But if he is steady, quick and handy he is sure to attract the notice of the foreman, and the foreman occasionally calls on him to fire an engine, or haply to run one out of or into the shed. It is a proud day for him when he first steps on the foot plate of an engine, charged to drive it a few yards—out into a siding, perhaps, or up to the train to which it is to be attached.

From this point everything depends on himself. By and by he obtains an appointment as fireman, most likely on an engine which is never engaged in hazardous work. Perhaps it is a pug engine doing yard or station duty, and never permitted on the main line or principal sidings. Here the growing engine driver learns something of the weight of trains, of the regular supply of steam, of the relation between the steam pressure and the work to be done, of economizing coal and generally of the management and working of an engine. Then a vacancy occurs among the firemen on the regular goods traffic and "the most steady and promising young hand in the shed" is promoted. He now obtains a knowledge of "the road," learns to read the signals, as well as the other multitudinous signs by which the experienced engine driver feels his way along, and of course becomes proficient in the art of keeping up the motive power to the point needed by the driver. He may even now be working merely on a branch or on a slow goods train; but he is decidedly getting on. He fathoms the mysteries of shunting. Billiard players will understand what we mean when we say that in shunting "strength" is everything. The engine, like a cue, propels the trucks with just sufficient force, and no more, to land them at the desired spot, the engine itself pulling up as soon as the momentum has been applied.

From goods [freight] fireman he is promoted to goods driver; an important move. He already knows the road, can read the signals and gauge the weight of a train; but he has yet to learn how to keep time on a journey, how to regulate the break so as not to waste power, how to utilize "straights" and descents, how to climb hills and go safely round curves. Goods trains not being greatly pressed for time, he has a good margin to work upon, and after a few journeys his difficulties disappear. Not only can he work his train in perfect accordance with the system laid down; not only does he learn by heart the signals, points, gradients and other features of the road, but he is able to detect weak spots in the permanent way. In such cases he scribbles a line on a piece of paper and throws it out to the first platelayer he passes. That generally suffices; but if not, he makes a report to the chief engineer. He does not know what it is—ballast shifted, sleeper broken, chair defective, or rail giving way; but he feels there is something wrong, and until it is put right he passes over the spot with such caution as to neutralize the danger. His phase as goods driver is one of the most important in his progress.

But he has not yet done with stoking. His next step is as passenger fireman. His other qualities, if he possesses them, are now coming into play. It is true he has simply to maintain the motive power for the service of the driver, but he is something better than the boy who blows the organ bellows. He is the driver's companion and helmsman; he is probably as competent as the driver himself; and he necessarily exercises a moral influence which, if strong, proves invaluable to both of them in case of emergency. One might almost compare them to companion lighthouse keepers. Should an accident occur, it is the fireman's duty to run forward with a danger flag, just as it is the rear guard's duty to run back and "protect" a following train. Then from passenger fireman he becomes passenger driver. But there is a great difference in passenger drivers. The one whose development we have traced is one of the best. Passing over his stages of employment on branch lines, slow main line trains, specials and so on, we come to his final phase as the driver of the great express—the Flying Dutchman, Scotlman, or Zulu, or the Wild Irishman, as the reader may choose to suppose.

What is his position now? Well, he is a man whose efficiency and character will from any point of view stand the severest tests. He is an expert whose training has been of the most gradual, minute and thorough description, who has climbed step by step to the top of the ladder, where his foothold is now as firm as if he were standing on the solid ground. His wages are (say) ten shillings a day; his working hours are fifty-six to fifty-seven a week; he is exposed to all sorts of weather—very peculiar it is, too, on the foot-plate of a locomotive with your feet scorched by the heat while the bitter east wind freezes the moisture on your beard; and he is charged with the duty of taking (say) 300 passengers from London to Exeter, or Glasgow, or Edinburgh, or Holyhead within a certain time, at an average speed of fifty miles an hour. From the moment he starts to the moment he arrives he is under a constant strain. Not only are the peculiarities of the road, which he knows from experience, to be noticed; but every mile or two there is some official signal put up for him to read. Level crossings, points, tunnels, bridges, viaducts, stations, platelayers, gradients, curves—all these he must look out for. Consider the operation of climbing and descending a "summit," or descending and then climbing a "valley." At these times the driver's hand is never off the lever. In the course of a few miles he will perhaps make fifty imperceptible changes in the speed of the train—accelerating it or diminishing it so steadily that not a passenger notices what is being done. That is the perfection of engine driving. That is the climax of the driver's skill, and he attains it coincidentally with the full development of those qualities which he has unconsciously trained within himself, and which are all governed by an overmastering sense of duty. —St. James' Gazette.

A STENOGRAPHER'S STORY.

How a Young Shorthand Reporter Got Ahead of the Judge Advocate.

"All this talk about speed," said a shorthand writer, "reminds me of a little experience that I had away back in 1896. I was then located in New York, and was a mere lad and comparatively new in the business. I had never been in a court room and knew absolutely nothing about the form of trials. I could write shorthand, however. There was a big murder trial going on in North Carolina, and they sent to New York in hot haste for a stenographer. I happened to be the only one at the time available, and Graham sent me down.

"I shall never forget that experience. About the first man I came in contact with was the judge advocate. He was as gruff and sarcastic as a cross cut saw half a mile from an oil can. He looked me over in a sneering way that I shall never forget, and seemed to be sadly disappointed over the fact that there was not more of me.

"The man whose shoes you have been sent to fill could write 200 words a minute," he said gruffly. "How many can you write?" "I don't know exactly, sir," I stammered. "Well, I'll drop into your room in the morning before court opens and put you through your paces," he said sarcastically.

"When I got to my room I was about the worst frightened boy you ever saw. This was a nice sort of man for one who knew nothing whatever about courts to encounter. About the first thing I saw when I entered my room was an old volume of Webster's speeches. An idea at once struck me. I picked out one of these and practiced on it most all night. The consequence was that I had committed it to memory and had it right at my finger ends. All that remained was to devise some scheme to get the judge advocate to select that particular speech for the text. Bright and early the next morning he came into my room.

"Have you got anything here that I can read to you from?" he asked.

"I don't know," I replied, as carelessly as possible. "Let's see. Ah, here's a book which seems to belong to the room. It's Webster's speeches. Maybe this might do."

"I opened it carelessly at the particular speech which I had practiced upon and handed it to him. He examined it carefully, and all the time my heart was in my mouth. I was afraid he would turn the pages and pick out some other speech. But he didn't.

"I should think this would do," he said, and proceeded to count off 200 words.

"Well, at it we went, and when the 200 were written I still had fifteen seconds of the minute to spare. He timed me with one of those old stop watches, and I can see it yet.

"Hum!" he said. "I guess you'll do," and after that he seemed to think I was yet of a man than I looked."—Chicago Times.

Cads and Cowboys in London.

The cowboys in Buffalo Bill's camp object to the manner in which the visiting crowd beguile an hour or two by forming groups around the doors of the tents and studying the inner lives of the occupants. Many of the cowboys are married and have their wives and children living with them in camp, and they do not much enjoy having the path outside their homes besieged by a staring mob, who, perhaps, under the impression that the English language is not spoken in Texas, make the loudest and freest comments on the fittings and the inhabitants of the tent. The cowboys in general are very good tempered and civil. Lately one of them offered mild remonstrance to a thoroughly typical cad, who was making his female companion very merry with his comments as they stood in the middle of a little mob of stagers.

"Why do you stand there all the time and stare and leer like that?" the cowboy asked. "Surely you ought to have more sense."

"Dare say you Yankees have come over to teach us sense," was the cad's smart reply.

The cowboy looked at him calmly and said: "If you were a foot or so nearer to my size I guess I would try to knock some sense into you;" and then the young Texan giant turned and stalked back into the recesses of his tent, murmuring to some friends who were there: "If I stayed any longer where I could see these folks I might lose my temper."—London News.

Cure of the Opium Habit.

Varied factors affect the cure. Much depends upon individual constitution and environment. Recurrence of the original disease must be carefully watched lest it be made the pretext for an occasional taking, which will incur large risk of confirmed re-use. Alcoholic taking greatly lessens the prospect of permanent recovery. The ex-opium habitue must, if he values his future good, entirely abstain from alcohol.

The heroic plan of abrupt, complete disuse deserves the severest condemnation. No physician is warranted, save under circumstances peculiar and beyond control, in subjecting his patient to the torturing ordeal of such withdrawal. This plan has the sanction of men otherwise eminent in the profession, but I venture to suggest, with no lack of respect to them, that like a somewhat famous nautical individual, "they mean well, but they don't know."

"Theory is one thing, practice another, and I am quite certain were they compelled to undergo the trial there would be a rapid and radical change of opinion. I regard the plan as cruel and barbarous—utterly unworthy a healing art.—J. B. Mattison, M. D., in The Epoch.

Newport's Gilded Bachelors.

The single man at Newport, unblest with an invitation from some cottage resident, goes into quarters quite as does his ideal in London, in his chambers in Piccadilly or Half Moon street. The Berkeley, the White Hall and the Casino, with others of lesser fame, have their rooms all engaged months before the season fairly opens, and here the society man puts up with valet and boxes and buckhorn handled sticks and umbrellas and has his polo pony near by, gets his cafe au lait and chop at Gunther's and trusts to his desirable presence being needed to fill up a dinner table to eke out the vulgar fact that he must eat to live. He has shown up a new garment in his collection of necessities for Newport wear. This is an opera cloak, needed after the warmth of the ballroom, but is a contradiction to the white mantle of a lady. As he steps out of the glare and heat he has his man ready with a long black cashmere cloak, most voluminous in material and folds, quite like that in which Mephistopheles slinks on the first time he appears in "Faust." It is of the finest cloth, patterned such as the old woman's garment of the peasantry in Ireland.—Newport Cor. Providence Journal.

Dogs with the Gout.

In the list of arrivals at Trent appears "Killa, Blanca, etc., hounds of his grace the duke of Sutherland, with servants and attendants." These aristocratic dogs, eight in number, are "ill of the gout" and are at Trent for treatment.—Chicago Herald.

Heating by Electricity.

Professor Thomson says that when the means of utilizing the power of crusting quick heating by electricity shall be better understood it will be used in every workshop for welding, forging and other purposes.

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We will offer some

STARTLING REDUCTIONS

In our stock of

FANCY WOOL GOODS.

Hoods, Clouds, Fascinators, Shawls, Wool Vests, Jackets, Mitts, Bootees, Infantees, Tuques, Tam O'Shanters, Etc., Etc., all Marked Down to

50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Come and see the Bargains.

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Now going on you can buy some

GREAT BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

Also your choice of 200 Remnants Colored Dress Goods at Cost Price and under. Ask to see them.

Materials for Tailor-Made Dresses.

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UNEQUALLED FOR LOW PRICES!

Having secured the stock at 50c on the Dollar you should call and secure a Bargain in a Fall Suit and Overcoat.

Remember the Place, 79 BROCK STREET.

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SPECIAL GOODS, LOW PRICES, FOR XMAS.

- Ladies' Hem-Stitch Linen Handkerchiefs 10, 12, 15, 20, 25c.
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- Gents' White China Silk Handkerchiefs, Hem-Stitch, 60, 75, 90c.
- Gents' White Silk Handkerchiefs, Beautiful, Extra Cheap.

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Fine Gold Jewelry, Solid Silver Jewelry, &c., just received.

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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired.