

A LOVELY SUMMER CITY.

SIX DAYS SPENT IN THE CITY OF THE BAY.

Beautiful Bay of Quinte—Massasauga Park is a Most Delightful Resort—The Wonderful Lake on the Mountain—A Day Spent in Belleville, Then Back to Books and Figures.

Our party broke up at Kingston. It had originally been our intention to spend a week in Belleville, that much-talked-of City of the Bay, and there was just enough German blood in my veins to make it difficult for me to abandon, without a struggle, a cherished hope. So I struggled; then I read a tourist's letter in a Toronto paper, and struggled again. But I was unequal to the conflict, and, bidding my friends goodbye, I made a mad rush for the steamer Passport and grasped the hand of my old friend, the purser.

We left Kingston at three o'clock in the afternoon, early in June. I did not reach the highest point in my happiness until we entered the Bay of Quinte. As one enters the Bay on the "up trip," he finds himself in the midst of scenery that reminds him of what the setting of the Hudson might be were that river twice as wide as it is. I have been up and down the Upper and Lower St. Lawrence, have been upon the Hudson in calm and in storm, and have crossed the Mississippi six times, and have twice sailed the length of Lake Seneca. I believe these waters are looked upon as the most beautiful upon our continent. But if nature ever literally wears a smile, she wears it right here in this Bay of Quinte. Elsewhere there may be found more strength, a more pronounced appeal of, Admire me! But nowhere can there be found beauty more serene, more restful. On either side of the wide, placid water rise the hills, as irregular in form as they are varied in color. Some are bold, some are only composed, some are timid. Here is a dark green, suggestive of mature growth; farther on, the sunlight falls upon the "universal hue," restful and health-giving to the eye; and over here, opposite, is a mound of the delicate Nile green that modest, sensitive ladies choose as a favorite shade.

Leaving the hill country, we come to the luxuriant fields of Prince Edward County, at the left and of Hastings at the right. The sun went down, large and red, and at we near Belleville we are enveloped in the mystical haze of a midsummer twilight. The passport obeys her helm with ease and grace, so our landing is uneventful. Thus I reached the City of the Bay. And that evening, driving around its leafy streets, the solitary occupant of a huge cab, I renewed the conflict with my German obstinacy. But the remembrance of the matchless bay did good office as peacemaker. I had six days to spend in Belleville. The first day found me at Massasauga Park, a most delightful resort four miles down the bay, reached by boats leaving Belleville every two or three hours. The proud fisherman pulls up at this point to listen to the praises of the guests as he exhibits his five-pound bass or his thirty-two-pound maskinonge. I am bound to tell the truth: I did not catch a maskinonge, although these immense fish are numerous enough in the bay. But I did see landed at my feet a six-and-a-quarter-pound black bass, one of the largest ever caught in any water. My stay at the park was spent fishing, rowing, sailing, with a party of gentlemen who pitied my loneliness, lying upon the soft, deep grass under the shade trees, or watching, from the balconies of the summer hotel, the larger boats that daily plough the smooth surface of the bay.

My second day was given to Glen Island and Glenora. Glen Island is a quiet camping spot, cool, grassy, sandy, and wooded by the waters of the bay. Opposite this island is Glenora. And here I found the wonderful Lake on the Mountain. Now, I expected to find something that looked like a lake. But here was a real mountain and a real lake, the latter having neither inlet nor outlet. The top of the mountain is reached by a climb that is more interesting than fatiguing. The setting of the lake is like a huge basin, with immense boulders arranged systematically here and there. It is supposed this lake is fed from Lake Erie, as it falls and rises simultaneously with that body of water. Its bottom has never been found, and it had never been known to overflow its banks. The Lake on the Mountain is one of the most beautiful and most interesting bits of scenery upon this continent.

The third day found me entering Picton harbor. Here the scenery reminds one of a sleeping babe, it is of such quiet beauty. This is a natural harbor of considerable length, and such a harbor! It is hard to believe that the artistic grouping of the trees, and the regular and safe shore on either side were not designed especially for the entrance of ships. To enjoy for three hours moonlight upon the water I return to Belleville that night.

The following day I went again to Picton, wrote a poem upon the harbor, then drove twelve miles to the Sand Banks. This is a well-known summer resort. The white sand, clean and sparkling, piled up mountains high—that is, some mountains. Each year adds to the height, and therefore to the beauty, of these wonderful hills.

My fifth day found me at Twelve O'clock Point, picnicking with a Sunday School after a three hours' delightful sail up the bay. From this solitary spot I took the boat through the much-sailed-of Murray Canal, and found myself upon Lake Ontario. This passage has no attractions of the average canal, but it is more useful than ornamental, having been built that boats might escape the danger of passing Salmon Point during the wintry gales. "Ho! Ho! the breakers roar."

My last day in Belleville was spent in the city itself. I visited the city of the dead, "by peaceful Quinte's side," the Provincial Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Hospital, many manufacturing establishments, besides taking note of the beautiful homes, gardens and the score of avenues overarched by thick-leaved trees that whisper their secrets to one another when all the world sleeps.

I said good-bye to the City of the Bay with somewhat of sorrow. I was going back to musty books and to wearisome columns of figures, and I knew that it meant, for a few days at least, a fight with a remembrance of avenues, parks, white sand, the picturesque Bay of Quinte, fine fishing,

boating, lake and mountain, hospitable Belleville, the beautiful City of the Bay, with its palatial Hotel Quinte and unexcelled hotel accommodation, music, moonlight, and the most beautiful harbor upon this beautiful earth.—HANS HOLZENSTEIN.

MUCH LIKE A MIRACLE.

A Statement From a Well-Known Berlin Merchant.

How His Daughter Was Restored From the Terrors of St. Vitus' Dance—Her Case One of the Worst Ever Known—Has Fully Recovered Her Health.

From the Berlin News.

The readers of the News have been made familiar with the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People through the articles appearing from time to time in these columns, and while the druggists say that many in this vicinity have received undoubted benefit from their timely use, it is only recently that we have heard of a cure in Berlin of such importance as to take rank among the most remarkable yet published. There is hardly a man or woman in the town of Berlin, or the county of Waterloo, who does not know Mr. Martin Simpson, issuer of marriage licenses and general merchant, King street. Anything said by Mr. Simpson will be implicitly relied upon. A day or two ago we had a talk with him in reference to his fourteen year old daughter, Helen, who had for two years been a great sufferer from St. Vitus' dance. He tells us that it was the worst case he ever saw. She did not sleep for whole nights and was an intense sufferer. She was totally helpless and could neither eat nor drink unless administered to her by her parents. The best medical attendance was had, but all to no avail. She kept getting worse and worse, and finally, when in the paroxysms, commenced to froth at the mouth, and her parents believed she was going out of her mind. Though unable to walk for about eight months she would in her spells have fits, making her jump high above her coach. While in this condition, the worst case ever seen in this place, Mr. Simpson, as a last resort, purchased some Pink Pills and gave them to his suffering and afflicted daughter. He assures us that in thirty hours she found some relief. In a week the "dances" were entirely stopped and she was able to sleep, and was rapidly regaining her former strength. Some months after the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued she again had touches of disease, but a few doses of the pills stopped it, and for the last eight months had been entirely free from the terrible malady from which no one who knew the circumstances, expected she would recover, and her parents, as may be expected, are warm in their praises of the wonderful remedy which worked such great results. These facts are known to all who are acquainted with the family and further comments are wholly unnecessary.

When such strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that they are the favorite remedy with all classes. They are an unfailing specific for locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, and after effects of a grippé, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations in this shape, at 50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., at either address.

HOW TO TELL A BAD EGG.

An Infallible French Method Which Requires Only a Good Eye and a Lighted Candle.

When one calls for a fresh egg in a Parisian eating house the chances are that one will be properly served. Not that there are no bad eggs in Paris as well as elsewhere but there are certain men employed at the Central Markets, or Halles, whose only duty is to sift the bad or doubtful eggs from the good ones. In one of the cellars of the Halles one sees a man passing his hands rapidly before his eyes and in front of a light candle. Around him are baskets containing thousands of eggs. His duty is to separate the bad ones from the good, and he is remunerated at the rate of 75 centimes, or 15 cents a thousand eggs.

He accomplishes his work with extraordinary dexterity. With one hand he takes three or four eggs and brings them to the exact position he wishes, between his eye and the lighted candle, as if by magic. For an egg to be good the part that appears black must be completely detached from the part that appears white. In other words, the yolk and the albumen must be seen to be quite separate. The white looks as if it radiates about the central nucleus, and this nucleus is simply the embryo of a chicken, which, being denser, floats in the liquid which nourishes it. When there is confusion between the transparent and obscure part the egg is doubtful.

To sort eggs out quickly requires a long experience. The selection of winter provisions is an especially delicate task. In addition to reporting on the freshness of eggs, these operators in the Central Markets also examine the size of eggs. Those that pass through a certain sized ring are put on one side as too small. The employee separates eggs merely by touching them. As the French markets are flooded with the produce of tiny Italian chickens, the task is often a very long one.

The men are all sworn in to do their work honestly, and, with their serious and automatic look, they make between \$1.50 and \$2 a day. The other employees of the Halles bow down to them and are ever willing to acknowledge their scientific superiority.

An Odd Collection.

A man in Colorado has a quaint collection of bottles. It is divided into two sections. Sections one is large. Section two is not. Section one contains hundreds of bottles, the contents of which his wife swallowed hoping to find relief from her physical sufferings. Section two contains a few bottles that once were filled with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was this potent remedy that gave the suffering wife her health again. It cures all irregularities, internal inflammation and ulceration, displacements and kindred troubles. It has done more to relieve the sufferings of women than any other medicine known to science.

Pile tumors, rupture and fistula, radically cured by improved methods. Book, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The sum of the whole is this: Walk and be happy; walk and be healthy.—Dickens.

Recipe—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adam's Root Beer Extract, one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast, half a cake
Sugar, two pounds
Lukewarm Water, two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

Reproofs of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.—Budge.

Catarrh Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing, Zeal is very blind, or badly regulated, when it encroaches upon the rights of others.—Queenell.

"I Took One-Half Bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure and Obtained Perfect Relief"—This Remedy Gives Relief in a Few Hours, and Usually Cures in One to Three Days.

J. H. Garrett, a prominent politician of Liverpool, N. S., makes, for the benefit of the public, the following statement: "I was greatly troubled with rheumatic pains for a number of years. On several occasions I could not walk, nor even put my feet to the floor. I tried everything and all local physicians, but my suffering continued. At last I was prevailed upon to try South American Rheumatic Cure. I obtained perfect relief before I had taken half a bottle of the remedy, and to-day regard it as the only radical cure for rheumatism."

Self-will is so ardent and active that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit upon.—Cecil.

Denver and Return.

The Wabash Railroad is the direct line to the Great Annual meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col. Tickets on sale July 3, 4 and 5, good until September 1st. The rate will be the lowest ever made to the public. The Wabash is the only line that can take delegates via St. Louis and Kansas city and return them via Chicago, or (vice versa.) Take this route and pass through seven States of the Union in the finest equipped trains in America. All particulars from any Railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, northeast corner King & Yonge streets, Toronto.

Unless a tree has borne blossoms in spring you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.—Hare.

A Matter Now Beyond Dispute.

The fact that St. Leon Mineral Water is the only recognized perfect medicinal water on the continent is now beyond dispute. That it cures indigestion, Rheumatism, Biliousness and Kidney troubles is proven by the numerous instances in which it has cured where other remedies failed.

Our leading physicians recommend it for these diseases, and, besides, the proprietors guarantee it. Sold by all reputable dealers.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—Pope.

Death Seemed Preferable to the Agonizing Pain.

Mrs. Routh-use, of Willisport, P. O., Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart since last fall, having taken in all nine bottles, and I now feel entirely like another woman. I am fifty-four years old, and have been troubled with heart disease for more than twenty years—sometimes for five hours at a time suffering such agony that death seemed preferable to the pain. The cold sweat would stand out; in great beads upon my face. The Heart Cure gave me relief from almost the first dose and has proved a great blessing."

You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think by so doing any good may be accomplished.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Does He Chew or Smoke?

If so, it is only a question of time when bright eyes grow dim, many steps lose firmness, and the vigor and vitality so enjoyable now will be destroyed forever. Get a book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," and learn how No-To-Bac, without physical or financial risk, cures the tobacco habit, brings back the vigorous vitality that will make you both happy. No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Look free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

How true it is there can be no tete-a-tete where vanity reigns.—Mme. de Girardin.

He Was a Mind Reader.

Well, is there anything I can do for you asked the sharp-featured woman who had come to the kitchen door in response to the knock.

There is, ma'am, responded the way-worn tourist. You can give me a good meal of victuals, with pie and cake and real cream in the coffee, but I am something of a mind reader and a physiognomist, and I can see you ain't going to do it. Afternoon, ma'am.

That's Different.

Professor—When we want to say something that we don't dare say in English we use the French.

Pupil—And when the French want to say something they don't dare say in French—

Professor—Ah, you could make your fortune in Paris if you could only discover that something.

CONTINUOUS SUFFERING UNNECESSARY.

One or Two Doses of South American Kidney Cure will Give Relief in the Most Distressing Cases of Kidney Trouble.

It is a fallacy to argue one's self into the belief that suffering when it comes upon us must be patiently endured. Usually suffering can be removed, if one knows of the means and way. Much suffering is borne by those who are troubled with kidney disease. The distress at times is keen. But in South American Kidney Cure, medicine that is a kidney specific and nothing more though nothing less, a sure, safe, and more speedy remedy is to be found. Relief is sure in less than six hours.

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One of the handsomest sleeping cars that has ever been turned out of the factory is now running from Toronto to New York via the West Shore route. It is a buffet car, and refreshments can be obtained en route, if desired. This car leaves Union Station, Toronto, every day except Sunday, at 4.55 p.m., reaching New York next morning at 10.10 a.m. On Sundays the sleeper runs from Hamilton only, connecting with the through train from Toronto. Call at any Grand Trunk office in Toronto for information or space in this sleeping car. Reservations can be made in advance if desired.

A. P. 770

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good. Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it. Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

Rob Roy Cigar

It's no because I'm Scotch but you canna smoke a better Cigar than "ROB ROY," They cost 5c. but I get sax of them for a quarter.

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