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CENTRAL FLOURSTORE, Cor. Princess & King Sts., Kingston JOSEPH QUIGLEY, Central Flour, Feed and Grain Merchant, Sept. 13. CITY FLOUR STORE. CHOICE FAMILY & BAKERS' FLOUR, SEED GRAIN, PRESSED HAY, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEED. C. D. FRANKLIN, Feb. 4. MARKET SQUARE. DAMAGED WHEAT. THE WHEAT damaged by the sinking of the Propeller Myles will be sold by the bag cheap at the Kingston Foundry Wharf. This is the finest damaged wheat sold in Kingston for years. Apply to JAS. RICHARDSON & CO., Nov. 3.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, and never returns. No pain, no sale, no suppository. Sufferers will earn of a simple remedy free by addressing J. MASON, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

STORIES ABOUT BEECHER.

CARPENTER TELLS OF HIS GREAT LOVE OF HUMOUR.

How He Surprised a Girls' School With Ingeniously Arranged Umbrellas—His Belief Regarding the Doctrine of Eternal Punishment—Carpenter's Trip Through the South.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 9.

In the numerous articles published in the papers about Henry Ward Beecher very little is said about the humorous side of his character. He was full of humor, and it was in his hearty sympathy with mankind that his greatest successes had their birth. He was not afraid to say a funny thing in the pulpit, and he once said: "I have been criticised because I made people laugh. If I made them cry, I suppose it would have been all right, but the Bible don't say so."

He could tell a story well, and I remember seeing one he once told about a cow which he had received in payment for a debt. I think he told the story in one of his lectures. He said:

"It was a very bad debt and I came to consider it a bad payment. She was a thin cow, but the former owner said she was better than she looked, being a cross between a Jersey and the Durham. She looked as if she might have been a cross between an old hair trunk and an abandoned hoopskirt. I kept the brute three days, and no one could ever appreciate the suffering I endured in that time. The first night she broke through the fence and reduced to a pulp all the underclothing belonging to my next door neighbor. She put her horns through my bathtub and ate up all my geraniums. She was to give three gallons of milk a day, but she seemed short just then, and never had that to spare while we kept her. The second day she walked into the kitchen and upset a pan of butter and a tub of lard. Then she fell down a well, and when I got her out, at a cost of \$5, she took the colic, whooping cough, or something, and kept us awake all night. Not a green thing was left in my garden; my neighbor's peach trees and the rope on which his underwear grew were as bare of fruit as a singletree, and he did not have a twig of shrubbery left. My neighbor came over to me and said: "Now, I don't desire any quarrel, but I want you to keep your cow out of my shrubbery."

"And I want you, my friend," said I, "to keep your shrubbery out of my cow."

Harriet Beecher Stowe says that this humorous part of Henry Ward Beecher's nature manifested itself when he was a boy. While attending the ladies' seminary kept by his sister, young Henry, then 11 years of age, had manifested no disposition toward study, but passed his time in playing practical jokes. At one time, on a rainy day, he fixed the umbrellas standing in the hall in such a way that the opening of the school room door would send the whole thirty or forty of them flying out into the street. The trick was a success, and the school was put into an uproar as soon as the hour of adjournment approached, by the scream of the first girl, who started somewhat in advance of the others for home.

At college he had his own plan of culture and followed this. He had a table made by a carpenter with a hole in the middle, and a fastened chair inside of this. Getting into this hole he would sit down with his books all spread about him, and would thus study with his materials at his hands. His boyish humor still cropped out, notwithstanding he was looked upon as a future theologian. Some of the tutors thought his actions were hardly consistent with his profession, and one of them undertook to correct him. This tutor was a Yankee who had a good sense of the ridiculous. He was about seven feet tall and proportionately thin. Henry Ward Beecher knew the tutor was coming to lecture, and at the appointed time he moved out of his room all of the chairs except one with its legs cut off and which in consequence was not higher than about a foot from the ground. He then crawled into his hole in the study table and pretended to be at work. In a moment the long tutor arrived. Henry arose, but the tutor begged him not to be disturbed, and he looked around for a chair. Henry pointed to the low one, and the tutor began to sit down. He lowered himself gradually, and then finding it so much lower than he had thought it was stretched himself up to his full seven feet and turned about and looked at it. "Perhaps I had better get you another chair," said the student in the middle of the table, rising with evident difficulty, "that is too low for you."

"Oh, no, don't bother," was the reply, "this will do," and with that the tutor sat down with his knees higher than his chin. It was impossible to have a solemn talk in such a position, and when he caught Henry Ward Beecher's eye, and saw that he appreciated the ridiculousness of the situation, he burst out laughing, and Henry was freed from the exhortation. This chair was afterward named by Henry's classmates "the tutor's delight."

Another good incident, which his sister tells of him, occurred during his early preaching days in Indiana. One day, in crossing the Miami river, he was thrown over his horse's head into the water. When he came out, thoroughly soaked, a Baptist minister, who saw him, said: "Well, Beecher, I am glad to see you are coming to our ways. You have been immersed at last, and you are now as good as any of us."

"Oh, no," replied Beecher, as the crowd, who had heard the Baptist preacher's remark, laughed at him. "My immersion was a different thing from that of your converts. I was immersed by a horse, and not by an ass."

This was rather broad, but it may be that the subject demanded it.

I remember another retort of Beecher's, which he uttered later in life, in which he called one of the most outlandish of the officious newspaper men of the time an ass. It was after one of Beecher's new departures that this man wrote to him as follows:

Henry Ward Beecher: Dear Sir—You have made an ass of yourself to-day. (Signed) _____ To this Mr. Beecher promptly responded, and the reply, with the first letter, got into the newspaper.

Mr. _____ The Lord saved you from ever making an ass of yourself by making you one in the beginning. (Signed) HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Some funny things now and then occurred in his Plymouth church meetings. At one time the case was put of a man who lived a blind and deaf life but who had no faith in God, and no hope of a future life.

"When that man dies," was asked, "does he go to hell, or where does he go?" Without a moment's hesitation, Mr. Beecher replied: "He would have my best wishes, wherever he went."

Speaking of Beecher's doctrine of hell, I close this letter with some extracts from a sermon which he delivered in New York about a year and a half ago. They are worth reading at any time and are especially interesting just now. The text of the sermon was Christ's sorrow over Jerusalem. During the discourse he uttered the following:

There have been men who have so far forgotten the sympathy and compassion of God that they have represented Him as stern, vengeful, looking upon the destruction of the wicked with composure. It has been taught even that there will come a time in the other life when parents will be so lifted up into admiration and glorification of the Divine Nature that they shall be able to look down into hell and see their children damned there and rejoice and glorify God! So brutalized may men become; for if any man, standing in Heaven, can find anything in the character of God that shall enable him to look upon wife damned and children damned in hell he ought to go to hell himself and be damned. But where in the whole economy of divine government, as made manifest in Scripture, is there anything that justifies such a thought of God?

Continuing, Mr. Beecher said:

Whatever may be the future, whether men may drop into annihilation—and there are large numbers of learned men of the church of Christ in our day who believe that immortality is the gift of God through faith in Jesus Christ, and not the natural economy of the world, and that men unsustained by this power of grace in them die as the animals die—or if you regard the other life as one in which men enter upon a probationary period again, and through spiritual evolution work their way up by and by to a higher standard and to admission to glory—in whichever way you look upon the condition of the future, one thing is certain, there is no revenge there, no wrath, no smoke of indignation, no heartless rejoicing over the sufferings of any creature. A being that can look upon intense suffering, which has no remedial power in it, suffering without any other end than that they shall suffer—a being that could look upon that and snuff it up as a sweet incense ought never to be called God's. It is cruelty, it is the embodiment of the very hatred and bitterness which is forbidden by the whole teaching of the Bible; and calling such character and such conduct by the divine name does not make it divine. It is abhorrent to every element and every conception of the divine nature. For, as Christ wept over Jerusalem when there was no chance for it, you may very well understand that God looks upon men too, and sorrows for them when there is no remedy.

The question is often put by men: "If the world has been left to work out its own destruction, why does he not compel things to be right?" This is simply insoluble, because no man can tell what a machine is by seeing the scattered wheels lying around. No man can tell what a picture is going to be by seeing the canvas and the mere ground rubbed in. No man can tell of this world, which is a part of God's universe, what relation it holds to other worlds; and it is the completed administration of God over the whole universe, when all the various beginnings, the genesis in this world and in that world and in the other world, when all these various colors and developments of the power of the soul shall have been marshaled and come together, and you see the totality of the administration of God, then perhaps a man may be in such a position that he can form such judgment why God did or did not. But one thing is certain, that so far as this world is concerned there are certain great laws that lead to righteousness, to safety and to happiness; and certain great laws that lead through transgression to dishonor, disgrace and suffering immeasurable. Why does not God interfere? That you cannot tell, nor I. When it is said that God can do anything that is an extravagant phrase. If you take it literally God cannot do everything.

My brother Charles and I were professed theologians when we were about 10 years old, and we used to discuss that very question, "God can do anything." I held high grounds until Charles said one day: "God can't make a sheet of paper with only one side to it." It seems very foolish, but it is no more foolish than the discussions that have been held in books and sermons. In the very nature of things impossibilities cannot be done.

I finish this letter just in time to catch the express train for Florida and the south. I go with a party of United States senators and other notable persons and I hope to send you some interesting letters during the tour. My party aims to see for itself the wonderful development of the southern states. It is a social party and neither politics nor the government is mixed up in it. It pays its own expenses, and it is composed of both Democrats and Republicans. The senators are Sherman, of Ohio; Butler, of South Carolina; Palmer, of Michigan; Ransom, of North Carolina, and Manderson, of Nebraska. In addition to these are Sergeant at Arms of the Senate Canady, of North Carolina; Gen. Anson G. Cook, of New York; Mr. Babcock, Senator Sherman's private secretary, and a number of senators' wives, daughters and nieces. Altogether we just fill the special car which Superintendent Barry, of the Pullman Car company, has selected for us. We will go almost directly to Charleston and from there move on south toward Florida, taking in it may be a trip to Cuba. After our stay in Florida is over we will come back through the new south, stopping in the states of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. My next letter will probably date from Charleston. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

Opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 46 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

A Lucky Escape.

"For six years I suffered with my throat and enlarged tonsils. I was very weak; I doctored four years, and had advice from three doctors; they said I would have to undergo an operation. I tried B.B.B. instead. One bottle cured me." M. A. Squeich, Raglan, Ont.

Miss Hattie Curtis and John McGiness, members of the salvation army, Napanee, have left for Toronto. They enter the army training home for a few weeks and then be appointed to stations. This makes four officers who have been sent out from Napanee.

What a Mistake to

Suppose that a good cough remedy must be nauseous. Lanman's Balsam Syrup is the very best cough cure in the market, yet it is so pleasant to the taste that children take it greedily. Lanman's Syrup never fails to give prompt relief in all cases of coughs, colds, bronchitis, whooping cough, etc. Lanman's Balsam Syrup is sold in bottles at 25 cents, at Polson's drug store, and by country dealers in medicine.

Highly Spoken of.

Mr. James M. Lawson of Woodville, Ont., speaks in high terms of Yellow Oil for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and painful complaints. Yellow Oil is used internally and externally in case of pain; also coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., and has made many remarkable cures of deafness.

SPECIAL BENEFIT WEEK FOR THE LADIES. BARGAINS WHITE GOODS.

White Muslins at 3c, worth 5c. Swiss Muslins at 4c, worth 6c. Striped Muslins at 5c, worth 8c. Checked Muslins at 7c, worth 10c. Plain, Check and Fancy Striped Lawns at 10, 12 1-2 and 15c, worth 15, 20 and 25c.

Two Cases Remnants of Embroideries going fast at 50 Cents on the Dollar. All-Over Embroideries, Oriental and Nottingham Laces clearing at Half Price.

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March 7. GENTLEMEN!

THREE DOLLARS will buy a pair of Gents' Hand Sewed Calf Lace Boots from us. They make a good boot for Spring wear.

March 10. HAINES & LOCKETT.

ALL SORTS OF SILKS TO BE REDUCED BY RICHMOND, ORR & CO.

Summer Silks, Pongee Silks, Black and Colored Gros Grains, Black and Colored Satin Merveilleux, Satin Tricotine, Ottoman Silk, Satin Pekin, Brocaded Satin, Irish Poplin, &c. DO NOT FAIL TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OPPORTUNITY. Remember that besides the Great Reductions in Prices there will be Five Per Cent off all cash and thirty-day purchases.

March 9. RICHMOND, ORR & CO.

SPRING

Will soon arrive, and to be ready for it we have received 7,000 YARDS OF NEW DRESS GOODS. We guarantee our

PRICES, QUALITY AND STYLES Cannot be excelled in Canada. Inspection invited.

March 9. R. M'FAUL.

300 Pieces New Embroideries.

New Swiss Embroideries from 3c. to \$1.50 per yard. New Book Muslin Embroideries from 5c. to \$2.00. New Turkey and White Embroideries 5, 8, 10, 12 1/2c. New Navy Blue Embroideries 5, 8, 10, 12 1/2c. New Black and White Embroideries 8, 10, 12 1/2, 15c. New All-Over Swiss Embroideries 50c. to \$2.50. Turkey, Navy and Black All-Over Embroideries Cheap.

Feb. 24. R. WALDRON.

THIS WEEK AT THE GREAT STOCK-TAKING SALE.

NEW WHITE COTTONS. NEW WHITE COTTONS. NEW WHITE COTTONS. NEW WHITE COTTONS. NEW CHECKED MUSLINS. NEW CHECKED MUSLINS. NEW CHECKED MUSLINS. NEW FACTORY COTTONS. NEW FACTORY COTTONS. NEW FACTORY COTTONS. NEW FACTORY COTTONS. NEW INSERTIONS. NEW INSERTIONS. NEW INSERTIONS. ALL AT SALE PRICES.

A Liberal Discount to Ladies' Aid Societies. SPENCE & CRUMLEY, 132 and 134 Princess Street, Jan. 17.