WE ARE
Doing the Best Laundry work in the city. Give us a trial.
MODEL STEAM LAUNDRY,
40 Princess Street.
MILNE & MILNE

The Daily British Whig.

SEE JENKINS
—FOR—
Xmas Presents.

59TH YEAR---NO. 305 KINGSTON, ONT., SATURDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 24, 1892. TWO CENTS

WE WOULD IMPRESS

3 THINGS ON YOUR MIND:

FIRST.--That our Great Sale of

Gents' Furnishings
—AND—
CLOTHING

Is now in progress.

SECOND.--That we are giving an actual Cash Discount of Twenty Per Cent. off all BOYS' CLOTHING and GENTS' FURNISHINGS, except Linen Cuffs and Collars, This Week.

THIRD.--We are certain we can please you and can show you the Most Magnificent Collection of Goods suitable for the Holiday Season ever brought to this city, and 80 cents in cash will buy $1 worth of them.

C. LIVINGSTON & BRO.
75 AND 77 BROOK STREET.
P. S.—Our store closes at 6 p.m. except Saturday.

GREAT CASH DISCOUNT SALE
—OF—
FURNITURE
—AT THE—
CASH FURNITURE STORE,
220 Princess Street, next door to the Opera House.
To reduce our immense stock of Fine Furniture for the next 30 days, we will give you a Bargain in Furniture of all descriptions.
Bedroom Suites in ash, Walnut and quarter Oak, very fine.
A fine line of Parlor and DrawingRoom Suites of every kind and make.
Parlor Cabinets in oak and walnut.
Sideboards and Extension Tables in every make.
A great variety of Fancy Reception Chairs and Ladies' Rockers.
Bamboo Easels and Stands.
MARTIN & CO.,
220 PRINCESS STREET.

Does Your Husband Wear SLIPPERS!
Why not get him a pair for a Christmas Present? They'll surely be appreciated and are found to keep him from "going out to the club mostings" so frequently. We are showing some elegant new novelties in leather slippers, foremost among which are the celebrated
Faust Slippers,
In Tan and Black Colors. They must be seen to be appreciated.
Sutherland's
LEADING SHOE HOUSE.
Telephone No. 449.

WESTERN FURNITURE COMPANY
JUST ARRIVED.
Xmas Rockers in Plush, Crimson.
Wicker Rockers.
5 o'clock Tea Tables.
Bedroom Sets in Oak.
Gentlemen's Secretaries.
Bamboo Tables, Easels, Umbrella Stands, Etc.
DRENNAN'S OLD STAND,
JOHN H. MILLS, Manager.
Opposite Orange Hall.

ANOTHER LOT
OF THOSE HANDSOME
British Plate Glass MIRRORS
JUST RECEIVED AT
KIRKPATRICK'S, 159 Princess-st

WANTED.
500 BOYS AND GIRLS TO BUY SKATES AND CUTLERY
Strachan's
Fire, Fire, Fire
NO INSURANCE!
CANDIES DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!
We want the cash. Come and get some of the bargains. Great clearing sale for one week.
O. A. VANARNAM'S,
200 King Street.

Hardy's
MAKE Somebody's HEART GLAD This CHRISTMAS.
Only a few more days to do it in. Come and see our supply of Useful and Handsome Presents. Store open every evening until Christmas.—Prices away below any previous year.
HARDY'S
ONE PRICE STORE, 88-90 Princess-st

Hardy's
SELLING!
SKATES—Acme and Hockey Steel Skates. Weather Strips for doors and windows. Horse Blankets from 50c to $5.00 each.
BIBBY'S CHEAP HARDWARE HOUSE
335 and 337 King street.

Frontenac Loan and Investment Society.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend has been declared at the rate of Five per cent per annum on the capital stock of this institution for the half year ending 31st December, 1892, and that the same will be payable at the Society's office on and after Tuesday, the 3rd day of January, 1893.
THOMAS BRIGGS, Manager.
Kingston, Dec. 21st, 1892.

CATARAQUI WARD.
TO THE ELECTORS:
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to announce that, at the request of numerous electors, I will be a Candidate for Alderman for Cataraqui Ward for 1893, and respectfully solicit your vote for the same.
W. G. STRAINGE.

DRESSMAKING.
LADIES REQUIRING FASHIONABLE WORK done at their homes leave orders at 177 QUEEN STREET. Work warranted.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

HE PROVIDES HIS USUAL CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR US.

The Streets Are Full and Shine With a Blaze of Glory—Patriarchs' Big Ball—Ingersoll's Lecture on "Voltaire." And He Gets a Broadside—A Name That Gives Life Its Beauty.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Christmas is here! Glorious Christmas, blessed Christmas; greatest holiday of the year! The very name is a benediction; it comes to us crowned with abundance and fragrant with blessing and good cheer. Other saintly days there are which the christian church has set apart for special reverence, but among them all there is none that touches and thrills the great heart of humanity in every clime where christianity holds as glorious old Christmas. No music so sweet as the sound of the Christmas chimes. What other holiday in the calendar inspires such veneration and love in the palaces of the great and the cottages of the poor?—the richness of whose blessing is felt and acknowledged by the king on the throne, and by the beggar in the street who receives with grateful heart his generous Christmas dole.

The streets are crowded, the stores are full and shine with a blaze of glory. Each succeeding Christmas is a revelation in the beauty of its holiday creations. Nothing is more striking than the magnificent progress we have made in the past few years in book illustration and color printing. Many of the Christmas gifts of 1892 are creations of indescribable beauty, and here is to be seen to the best advantage one of the great advances in women's work.

The schools of design have opened an avenue to honorable independence to thousands and thousands of young women, which did not exist twenty years ago. The stores are full of their work, work wonderful in its variety, as it is beautiful in creation.

The Patriarchs' ball may be said to have been the real commencement of society's holiday season. Not all the four hundred were there; as a matter of fact only about two hundred and fifty but they were the choicest flowers in our fashionable bouquet. Ward McAllister led off, of course, for want would the Patriarchs do without him. Mr. McAllister never does anything by halves, and one of the novel features of the affair was the providing of two suppers, and each the most perfect of its kind.

When the company assembled at eight o'clock, which was early for the Patriarchs, Ward McAllister led the march in to the supper room, which was fitted with small tables and plenty of waiters at each table, so that nobody had to wait a moment for anything. There was no confusion, and everybody was served at the same time. This is one of the feats that Mr. McAllister prides himself on—that one guest shall not be eating his canvasback or truffles, while another is waiting for his soup. It was a grand success every way, and was a good send off for our Christmas festivities. After the supper came the ball, and then at 1 o'clock another supper, which finished the festivities of the night. How much did it cost? Well that is a question that is never asked at any ball or other entertainment that Mr. McAllister manages. At the start the Patriarchs place a sum of money in Mr. McAllister's hands. Each member is assessed so much, it may be fifty dollars or it may be a hundred, and this entitles him to a certain number of invitations. Now Mr. McAllister is not limited to the sum assessed; that is merely a starter, and as I have said cost does not enter into the calculation at all; the whole arrangement is left entirely in his hands, nobody pretends to question his accounts, and when it is all over, if there is a deficiency, Mr. McAllister assesses each member for his share of the amount, and the checks are sent without question.

One of the sensations of the ball was a patriarchal looking gentleman, who received most distinguished attention, for he is high up among our millionaires, and was an intimate friend of the late lamented Jay Gould; his daughter, whose marriage was one of the sensations of the town a few years ago, was also present, though exactly how they got inside the charmed circle of the Patriarchs, I don't believe Ward McAllister himself tell. Forty years ago, when all the world was rushing to California to get a share of the golden treasure there discovered, this distinguished, baldheaded gentleman was among the Argonauts. In those days men were not at all particular what they turned their hands to, so there was money in it, and failing to find a profitable claim this enterprising gentleman opened a laundry. Biled shirts were not common then in the Golden State—they were mostly worn by gamblers and other sports, for John Chinaman had not yet hoed the weeds of the gold discovery, nor had he yet monopolized the white man's washee. Business was good, it cost a dollar to wash and iron a shirt, and the laundry prospered, for he had little or no opposition. And it was not long till he made a stake. But the laundryman had a soul above buttons, and when he got a stake he shook his washtubs and his flatirons and went to buying gold dust. In those days every man who bought gold dust called himself a banker. He prospered as a banker, for he was just as good a banker as he was a laundryman. He paid strict attention to business, and in time grew rich; then he came to New York and ruffled his feathers among the millionaires, and a week ago achieved the dearest wish of his heart and the crowning triumph of his life—he was recognized as one of the magnates of the Patriarchs' ball. I forgot who it was said that he would sooner be the head of a house than the tail of it; but this man, millionaire though he be, has no cause to blush for his humble beginning; his life has been an honorable one; his great fortune has been accumulated by no improper means; he has maintained his good character through a long and honorable life,—but, nevertheless, it is a mighty long jump from the washtub to the Patriarchs' ball.

Last Sunday night Col. Robert Ingersoll lectured in Brooklyn on Voltaire. The house was packed as was his previous Sunday night lecture at the Standard theatre in New York. The question naturally arises—why these crowds? why this enthusiasm? why this burning desire to hear this great iconoclast, whose virulent attacks on that sacred book, which is the sheet anchor of millions of christian men and women, have made his name known throughout the civilized world? Is there a growing unbelief among men in the most sacred traditions of the past? Are the socialism and anarchy that have been poisoning the public mind for years gradually undermining the foundation of the christian church, and forcing us to the condition of things that existed in the French revolution. Col. Ingersoll after reviewing the life of Voltaire, pronounced him one of the greatest men that ever lived, and there are millions in France to-day who believe him to be one of the best.

Col. Ingersoll bases Voltaire's claim to greatness on the fact, that he emancipated the minds of his countrymen from the base superstitions of the church. Let us consider for one moment the heritage he left behind him in comparison with that left by Jesus Christ, whose birth we celebrate in this joyous Christmas time.

A woman living as Voltaire lived would be called a harlot, and a person of such scandalous and infamous life Col. Ingersoll would not admit into his household, yet Col. Ingersoll has a beautiful family and a delightful and happy home. No Voltaire or his mistresses could have entered there. He emancipated the minds of his countrymen from superstition, and what did he give them in its place? A record of bloodshed and savage brutality, at which mankind stands aghast, after the lapse of a hundred years. Never in the history of the world was one such a wild carnival of blood as that which resulted from his teaching, and the followers of Voltaire, whose reason was emancipated from superstition, enthroned a naked harlot in a christian temple, and worshipped her as a christian worship his God; and it was not till the chief true religion regained its sway in France, that the French nation was rescued from a murderous barbarism worse than that of Attila and his Huns. Voltaire did not live long enough to reap the fearful harvest he had sown; if he had survived twenty more years he might have shared the fate of Robespierre, the creature of his creation, and have followed him and Danton to the scaffold—if he escaped the assassination that overtook his other disciple, Marat.

Colonel Ingersoll's mind is emancipated from superstition. He believes in no God, no bible, and no hereafter; he has been flattered and applauded till it would not be at all astonishing, with the natural vanity of man, if he began to regard himself as the apex of all wisdom and all reason and all light. A moment's quiet reflection will convince him that there is a great deal of knowledge in this world on the outside of his head that will never by any possibility get in there. Now that Col. Ingersoll is emancipated from superstition, wherein is he any better, or any wiser, or any freer than Cardinal Gibbons or Archbishop Corrigan, or Bishop Potter or Bishop Keith John, or Dr. Sierra or Rabbi Wise, or Gotthiel. In scholarship, Col. Ingersoll in the wildest stretch of his reason and vanity, will not compare with any one of them. They have had at their disposal all the light and all the reason that Col. Ingersoll has had, and their reason does not agree with his reason, and with the same light their conclusions are entirely different. There are in this country and scattered all over the world, institutions of learning in which are christian professors that among them embody all the accumulated wisdom of the ages; they are the men who have aided the world's material progress—the apostles of humanity who have helped to make it what it is, and whose wisdom covers every department of human knowledge. Wherever christianity has its highest development, there civilization has achieved its noblest victories, and has been crowned with its supreme glory. Is it not barely possible then, in view of all these facts, that the majority of learned men may be right and Col. Ingersoll wrong.

Where is the little child whose heart bounds with delight on the birthday of Voltaire or Rousseau? Not on this great globe. There are millions who will be made happier by the birth of Jesus. And though twenty hundred years have nearly past—His name is more potent to-day than it was when, living He bore His cross on up the rugged sides of Calvary.

Pass through the streets and mark the crowds as they hurry by; hard, indeed, must be the lot of him or her who does not bear some little love gift homeward to gladden this Christmas time.

No need to scan the religious belief of these holiday pilgrims to tell that the spirit of Christ is working there, whether expressed in the apostles' creed, the Westminster confession, the thirty nine articles, or the simple rules of the Society of Friends.

No matter if their songs of praise are heard in the swelling thunders of the Magnificat beneath the imperial dome of St. Peter's, or rise in rude harmony from the tambourines and cymbals of the Salvation Army and amid the horrors of the slums—they all acknowledge a common wallspring and a common birth, which turns toward the humble stable at Bethlehem over which blazed the luminous star of the east.

Voltaire died a hundred and twenty-five years ago at the age of eighty-five; during his sixty years of active literary life he lost no opportunity of decrying the bible and of undermining the belief of his countrymen in the existence of God; and it is recorded that in the supreme hour, when he felt the hand of death upon him, he rose in his bed and cried, "I die worshipping God, loving my friends and hating not my enemies,' and his last desire was to be buried in consecrated ground. He had enjoyed the earth and the fulness thereof; he had been the companion of kings, and only a short time before his death his country had risen as one man to do him honor; but the honor and the glory of the world were fleeting away, and he turned at last to the God whose name he had outraged and blasphemed. But in this hour of joy and thanksgiving there is one name that is transfigured in the souls of men, one name that swells the notes of Jubilee, one name that resounds in every anthem of praise. It is the name of Jesus. It is not in the palaces of the rich alone that the blessing of His presence is felt; the sick and dying sufferer on his couch of agony, the prisoner in his cell, the beggar in the street, and the little child whose heart is made glad by these Christmas gifts, all share in the common benediction. With grateful hearts, then, let us return thanks for the blessings which we enjoy, and share our abundance with those that are needier than ourselves; and wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am ever,—BROADBRIM.

CIRCLE OF THE CHURCHES.

The News From All Denominations—The Filling of the Pulpits.

The decorations of the altar in St. Mary's cathedral are very beautiful.

St. James' church will have two communion services to-morrow, 8 a.m. and 11 a.m.

Special Christmas music in Sydenham street church to-morrow morning and evening.

Rev. G. A. Anderson is custodian of the Queen Anne communion service of the Mohawk band.

Rev. Mr Orr, St. John's church, Ernestville, was presented with a fur coat, gauntlets and set of robes.

Baptist church—Morning, "The Greatest Event in History"; evening, "Peter Rastaran." Strangers welcome.

"Broadbrim's" letter in tonight's Whig furnishes as good a sermon as will be presented to-morrow in Kingston.

Twenty Christmas dinners were distributed last night by the Endeavor society of Brock street Methodist church.

Sydenham street church—The Rev. Thos. Griffith, M.A., Ph.D., will preach at both services to-morrow; Christmas music. Strangers welcome.

Trinity university, Toronto, has conferred the honorary degree of D.D. upon the Right Rev. Dr. Chalmers, recently appointed bishop of Goulbourn, Australia.

Queen street Methodist church—Sermons by Rev. C. O. Johnston. Morning, Christmas service; evening, "Popular Amusements". Special music. Everybody welcome.

During the week Rev. J. Mackie, M.A., attended a committee meeting in Toronto, having in view the revision of the Presbyterian hymnal. Considerable change is proposed.

The Christmas music at St. Andrew's church to-morrow, both services, is expected to be exceptionally good. Mr. Greenwood, choirmaster, is arranging an elaborate programme.

Brock street Methodist church—Christmas services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Rev. D. Sanderson. At 3 p.m. an open session of the Sunday school with songs, recitations and dialogues by the children.

An elegant brass book desk was placed on the altar of St. George's cathedral, to-day, as a memorial by clergy and laity to Rev. H. Farrer, first missionary of North Frontenac, who died at Bancroft last May.

Zion church—Christmas address by N. McPherson, M.A., of Queen's; evening song service led by pastor. Christmas tree and Santa Claus concert, on Tuesday evening 15c. Fancy goods left from bazaar for sale.

The services at All Saints, will be at the usual Sunday hours. Special Christmas music has been prepared, and carols will be sung after evensong. There is no Sunday school to-morrow, but the children will attend the carol service at 7 p.m.

A letter received by the Whig from Indore, Central India, announces the arrival there, on Nov. 20th, of Dr. Agnes Turnbull, recent Kingston graduate, and of Misses Dunoon and Calder, also Ontario ladies, who have tendered their lives and services to the Canada Presbyterian mission.

Last evening a very pleasant meeting was held at St. James' mission, on Dufferin street. Rev M. M. Harding was presented on behalf of the congregation with a pocket communion set, and the ladies' bible class gave him a large bible. He made feeling replies, and addresses were given by Major Mc[illegible] and Rev. B. B. Smith.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

PARAGRAPHS PICKED UP BY OUR BUSY REPORTERS.

The Spices of Every Day Life—What the Public Are Talking About—Nothing Escapes the Attention of Those Who Are Taking Notes.

Tangerines at Henderson's.

Extra clarified cider at Redden's.

The WHIG will not be issued on Monday.

Christmas ale in small kegs at McParland's.

Candy! Candy! Lots of nice cheap candies at Henderson's.

The liverymen report business better since the advent of the sleighing.

Buy your Christmas wines and liquors at McParland's.

Gents' toilet slippers, from 75c up at Armstrong's.

Crystallized strawberries and stuffed prunes at Henderson's.

Capt. Joe Ludgate, of the Salvation army, is now stationed at Lincoln, Ill.

New French peas at Redden's.

Oysters, oysters, a large supply of all kinds at the Bazar, Rees Bros.

This morning at nine o'clock the thermometer registered 4° below zero.

You can get everything you want for Christmas dinner at Redden's.

Just the thing for a Christmas present, Armstrong's toilet slippers.

Merry Christmas! This is the weather to enjoy it. Seems like old times, eh?

Wharram's, King street, is where the great sale of candies is going on.

Hear the selections by local talent on the phonograph at Hoag's drug store.

A. W. Hall, of this city, while in Belleville had a choice cutter robe stolen.

Bananas, grapes, Florida oranges, lemons, dates, figs, apples, etc., at the Bazar, Rees Bros.

Table raisins and figs at Redden's.

Tobacco from England, a special lot of nobbies at Rattenbury's, for Christmas trade.

More new goods just to hand this morning which we intend selling at any price. Mitchell's.

Harold Horsey is home from the Congregational college, Montreal. He is studying for the ministry.

Beautiful new China silks, twenty-five new colors, handsomest ever seen at the Bon Marche.

S. A. Spangenberg, Belleville, a former jeweller and brother of Mr. Spangenberg, of this city, is in Kingston.

Buy your silk handkerchiefs, mufflers and gloves for Christmas presents at W. J. Byrnes & Co's.

Crystallized ginger, walnut meats, glace fruits, and all the luxuries of the season at Henderson's grocery.

The merchants did a good business yesterday and those who advertised extensively had the greatest patronage.

Cleaned currants are selling fast; only a few left; put up in one and two pound cartons. Jas. Redden & Co.

If you want a bargain call at Mitchell's. New goods just to hand this morning which we are bound to sell at any price.

Charles George makes a great blow on the harmonica and thinks he can make any competitor feel dizzy after an hour's work.

Rev. Dr. Smith, of Queen's, is in Ottawa canvassing for the school of mining and agriculture. In Renfrew he collected over $2,500.

New French mushrooms at Redden's.

Miss Sophia Brooks, wedded to Thomas A. Drummond, of Abel's engine works, Toronto, are in Kingston on their honeymoon trip.

200 men's overcoats, in beaver, naps, Irish frieze and fine worsteds, clearing out at half price at the Bon Marche.

Mrs. Robert Massie, of Deseronto, daughter of W. Allen of this city, had a serious fall last week and is now quite ill in consequence.

Come and select your chocolates in fancy boxes while the assortment is good. They are going off fast. Jas Redden & Co.

When you want any cigars, pipes, and smokers sundries, call telephone 430. Oberndorffer Bros., sequator cigar store.

John Marshall, English master at St. Thomas collegiate institute, is home for the holidays, as also W. R. Givens, law student, Toronto.

Ladies' secretaries, music cabinets, parlor cabinets, five o'clock tea tables, in great variety, at Martin & Co's, next to the opera house, 220 Princess street.

W. E. Sherman, of Macnee & Minces' house, has been engaged as drummer for a Toronto firm. He is a jolly fellow and will succeed.

I am going to Martin & Co's to get my easy chair while their discount sale is going on.

A petition is being circulated against the proposed action for the establishment of a school of mining and agriculture in connection with Queen's college.

Special bargains in brocaded plush combination parlor suites at $30; hardwood bedroom sets, $10, to be had at Martin & Co's, 220 Princess street.

W. Day, Napanee, has acquired his brother's tannery business and entered into arrangements with C. Knight, the business to be known as Knight & Day.

The scholars of Newburg public school presented their departing headmaster, P. D. Sherry, with a beautiful gold-headed cane, and a handsome cup and saucer.

John Parsley, ill for some time with typhoid fever, is convalescent. James McKone, confined to his room with the same sickness, is getting around again all right.

Received to-day a choice line of Irish thorns and Scotch furs; sticks, also fancy briar pipes and imported cigars suitable for Christmas presents, at W. J. Paulls.

Frederick Lake, who went to Denver, Colorado, suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, and hoping to be cured by change of climate, is in a very serious condition. He has pneumonia.

Order Labatt's London ale at McParland's. It's the finest in the city.

One of the doctors reported a lad named Evans to Inspector Kidd as suffering from typhoid fever. The inspector says there must be a little mistake as there has been no sickness in the boy's house for three months.

Grand display of new American neckwear for Christmas at W. J. Byrnes & Co's.

The employees of the M.T. Co. found a large live turkey in the storehouse this morning. It either strayed there or else some modest person took this means of giving a Christmas present.

The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by the many wonderful cures it is accomplishing. It is just the medicine for you.

Those wishing the most acceptable present for a brother or son should remember the advantages of a membership ticket in the Y.M.C.A. It will bring the donor to mind many times during the year.

Mrs. Riley Cane, Garafraxa, sent to the Kingston hospital, left seven small children in a destitute state. The townships of Leeds and Lansdowne, whence they went to Gananoque, is asked to aid in their support.

Irish and Scotch whiskies, rum, gin and brandy at McParland's.

The WHIG is crowded with news. We have been running Christmas articles all week culminating with a fine story on page three. Page two is loaded with local matter while the outside pages burst with paragraphs of public interest.

Queen's anti-halite, a new discovery by accident, removes hair from the face, neck and arms, permanently, without pain or injury. So simple any child can use it. A boon to those who dislike shaving. A relief to ladies annoyed by hair on the face. At Wade's drug store, Kingston.

Owing to the serious accident which happened to Samuel Stephenson, of the Rockwood asylum staff, some time ago, he will be unable to take part in the entertainment given by the institution this winter. Being a general favorite he will be greatly missed.

The Kingston salvationist band, in Napanee on Monday, succeeded the newspaper office, and the *Express* adds: "They know where the dollars are." Kingston journalists are never stranded and we suppose they are consequently all saints.

The WHIG will not be issued on Monday morning next.

CITY AND VICINITY.

Hurrah For the Royal Rink!

The 14th band will play at the rink Monday afternoon. Splendid ice.

To-night.

Great rush to the Bon Marche for toys, plush fancy goods and novelties in fancy dry goods all clearing out at half price at F. X. Cousineau & Co's old stand.

Bitten By a Dog.

On Thursday evening a boy named Baxter, while passing through a yard at the rear of the opera house, was badly bitten on the thigh by a large Newfoundland dog. Dr. Ryan dressed the wound and said it was a bad one.

Phonograph Entertainment.

An interesting entertainment will be given in Queen street church on Tuesday, Dec. 27th, at 8 o'clock. It will consist of selections by a phonograph interspersed with singing and recitations by the children. Admission 10c.

Are Willing To Sell.

His Grace Archbishop Cleary is willing to sell that part of Regiopolis grounds below Montreal street for hotel purposes. St. George's rectory is also seeking power to sell or lease the Bagot street front. Here is a splendid site for an hotel, redeeming a wasted centre of the city.

Christmas And New Year's.

To enable everybody to spend a merry Xmas and Happy New Year with their friends. The Bay of Quinte and Canadian Pacific Railways will sell round trip tickets at low rates. For tickets and further particulars apply to R. J. Wilson, C. P. R. Co's telegraph office, Clarence street.

First of the Season.

Edward Charles, foreman at the M. T. company's docks, was the first to get a ducking by trusting too much to the ice. He had occasion to go around to the outside of the tug Bronson, laying at the wharf, and stepping on a thin layer went down like a shot. Several of the men pulled him out. He was muffled up, a back halted and home sought.

Asking For a Respite.

If "Ratepayer," "Pro Bono Publico," "One Who Was There," "Subscriber," "Constant Reader," "Vox Populi," "Veritas," "Citizen," and other excellent people in the habit of sending invaluable communications to the newspapers, love us, they will kindly refrain from sending letters to the WHIG during the holidays. We are "loaded" these days.

A Very Good Market.

There was a fairly large market to-day, but it was not as large as it would have been had the weather not been so cold. There were many blockaded and they sold slow because the most of the citizens had been supplied. Turkeys were purchased at from 8c to 10c per lb; geese, 90c to $1 apiece, and chickens and ducks, 80c to 90c per pair.

Stanley House Arrivals.

Wm. Richards, W. J. Richards, North Adams, Man.; Alf. Salzler, Enterprise; F. M. Lee, Murvale; R. Sparks, Bedford; W. Davison, David Sly, Harrowsmith; Wm. Duffy, Chicago; T. Copeland, Fort William; George Brant, Hamilton; E. J. Gallagher, Ottawa; Peter Johnston, Camden East; Mr. Roswell, Toronto; J. R. Mader, Newmarket; E. D. Woodcock, Yarker; Hiel Blakely, Napanee; Richard Joyner, Portland.

Open On Christmas Holiday.

The young men's building will be open on Monday, as on every other public holiday, to members and visitors. A game of basket ball will be played in the morning at 11 o'clock. Preparations are being made for the great New Year's reception. A unique card is being issued.

The Y.M.C.A. meeting at 4.15 p.m. on Sunday will be conducted by Harold Horsey.

Another Generous Gift.

The sisters of L'Hotel Dieu were yesterday made the recipient of a handsome walnut bedroom set; a full equipment for a room in their new hospital, a gift from Hon. Dr. Sullivan, who is always first in showing kindness towards the sisters. This is only one of his many acts of benevolence for which may his reward be "exceeding great" and may health, happiness and prosperity attend him and his family.

A Ship Carpenter Hurt.

Yesterday afternoon T. Howard, a ship carpenter, met with an accident which will cause him to remain in the house for some time. He was working on the new barge being built by the M. T. company and slipped off a plank, falling a distance of about fifteen feet. He was picked up unconscious and wounds were found in his head and in different parts of his body. After several minutes he recovered from the shock and was taken home.

His Arms To Come Off.

Dr. T. M. Fenwick will perform a critical amputation on a convict at the penitentiary. The man fell from one of the buildings a distance of sixty five feet and had both arms broken. The arms will be taken off. The convict, named Bruce, comes from Simcoe and is an M.A., a graduate of Trinity university, Dublin. He was sentenced a couple of weeks ago for larceny, having only been released a few weeks previously. He is now on his fifth term and has been sentenced under the names of Johnston, Macdougall, Wallace and Bruce.

Police Court—Saturday.

At the police court, this morning, W. P. Scott, grocer, Elm street, accused of the larceny of a pair of coins, the property of Charles Smith, Division street, explained that he procured the lines from a boy. The boy jumped in Scott's rig as he was driving along the street and wanted to sell the property. He wanted 75c. for them, but Mr. Scott thought 50c. was enough and the lad finally agreed to this figure. Mr. Scott claimed he did not know who the boy was. He was a stranger to him. Mr. Scott had been using the reins for four or five weeks on his horse. The magistrate gave him a chance to find the boy.

The Pigeon Shooting Match.

The Kingston gun-club had a shooting match at live pigeons on Bibby's farm, yesterday afternoon. Each man had seven birds. The day was so very cold that good shooting was almost out of the question. A badge will be presented to Collemer Folger, the winner of the match. The following is the result:

	SCORE.	TOTAL
John Purdy	1 0 0 0 0 0 0	1
M. Switzer	1 0 0 0 1 1 1	4
H. Stratford, jr.	1 0 0 1 1 1 0	4
F. Bibby	1 1 0 0 1 1 0	4
C. Folger	1 1 1 1 1 1 0	6
F. Harold	1 1 1 1 1 1 0	6
H. Stratford, sr.	1 1 1 0 0 0 0	3
J. M. Theobald	0 1 0 0 1 1 1	4
William Craig	1 1 0 1 1 1 0	5
William Leslie	1 0 0 1 1 1 1	5

Cotton Mill Employees Dine.

James Hutton, of the Albion hotel, had a nice spread laid before employees of the cotton mill, last night. The dining-room was decorated. Over forty guests were seated at a time, and waiters were kept busy. After a merry time the boys separated at an early hour this morning. The employees intend to make this an annual affair.

The following programme was gone through with: Piano solo, Mr. O'Connor; recitation, "Canada, Our Home," J. Abern; comic song, "Whitcomb's Excursion," A. Lee; song, "Powder Monkey Little Jim," E. Hargreaves; recitation, "Eugene Aram," M. Campbell; song, "Dear Boy From Ireland," Henry Hubbard; comic song, "The Old Woman and Her Donkey," Jas. Cooper; song, "Green Shores of Erin," Mr. Cotter; comic song, Mr. O'Connor; recitation, "The Bicycle," R. Pomfret; comic song, "Poor Married Man," Henry Hubbard; song, "Comrades," Ed. Hargreaves; Lancashire dialogue, "Sam O'Nancy," M. Campbell; banjo solo, George Perryman; song, "Died Far Away From Their Own Native Land," J. Cooper; comic song, "The Tippler," M. Campbell.

FIREMEN GET INCREASES.

WERE REPORTED AS COMPETENT AND WORTH CARING FOR.

The Business at the Meeting of the Fire and Light Committee—A Lamp For an Western Quarter—The Request of the Rathbun Company Refused.

A regular meeting of the fire, water and light committee was held yesterday afternoon. There were present: Ald. Robinson, Ryan, Fair and Carson. The communication of Mr. Strange and others asking for an electric lamp to be erected on the corner of Montreal and Raglan road was considered, and granted, and the committee for 1893 recommended to put it up. Chief Youlden was granted $25 for the support of a horse to carry him to fires.

T. Driver asked that the electric light poles standing on the corners of Clergy and Queen streets be removed to opposite corners. The petitioner and others complain of being annoyed by loafers and dissolute characters, because of the present location of the lamps. The matter was referred to the chairman and city engineer to report upon.

J. McMaster, W. M. Sands, S. Hall and J. Sands, firemen, applied to have their wages increased from $1 per day to $1.25. Chief Youlden said the firemen were competent and good men and deserved encouragement. Ald. Robinson was of the same opinion, and it was recommended, on the suggestion of Ald. Carson, to increase the salaries of the firemen to $35 a month. This means an increase of about $5 per month.

The city engineer and city commissioner reported on the matter of the petition from the Rathbun company asking to be relieved from the obligation of covering a new building with iron as required by the fire by-law. The report stated that the building was within the fire limits and is placed in the middle of a lumber yard, and is a building very liable to take fire owing to the fact that railway locomotives frequently pass close by. One track lies three or four feet off the building. The only argument that can be used in favor of granting the petition is that the building and premises are comparatively isolated, quite a distance from other property.

Ald. Robinson—That's a go-between report.

Ald. Ryan—No recommendation is made in the report.

The city engineer said he and Mr. Gordon had done their duty and the committee should act now.

It was decided that it would not do to amend the fire by-laws and the request was refused.

A number of accounts were passed including one from the water works department for $1,175.

OLD VICTOR AT REST.

He Began His Canadian Career In Kingston Thirty Years Ago.

John L. Townsend is dead. He made his first appearance in America with the Townsend family in Shakespearian plays in Kingston, on May 26th, 1864, when he tried to run a season. Since then he played periodically here at fair times and in the theatrical seasons until about fifteen years ago. In 1854 he was an undertaker and had a good business in Greenwich, Eng. In a triangular contest for M.P. he obtained a seat in the parliament of Great Britain, which was his ultimate financial ruin. He then essayed the stage, but did not meet much success, so he and his family embarked for Canada, settling in the township of Loughboro, near Kingston. In Ottawa he ran a season, assisted by his family and Alf. Riel at Her Majesty's theatre, and then toured the province for years playing Richard III and other heavy plays. His family were all clever, Florence particularly. She married Major Fair, of Ottawa, and (widowed) still resides there. Harry, Burnett and Constance were able in their lines of business. They are now in the states. The deceased head of the family had been for years invalided and the family were scattered. There was, probably, no theatrical manager who could show a cleaner record. He was a true gentleman, kind and charitable to all in his power during days. Of late years misfortunes have fallen heavily upon him, and only three weeks ago Ida Van Cortland gave him a benefit in Hamilton, where he died Thursday night.

Mr. Townsend was ready to die and talked with calmness, even with cheerfulness, of his approaching end. Early in the morning the old man was repeating to himself, softly, yet in a clear voice, the beautiful lines beginning:

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past."

When he finished he looked up to his old friend and said with a smile: "This is my last day on earth. I am so glad!"

To the last Mr. Townsend manifested the studied, formal courtesy which always distinguished his manner and speech. Rev Canon Curran conversed with him on spiritual subjects, and read two or three consolatory prayers. After one of these the old actor pressed his hand to his heart with a theatrical gesture and said, with perfect intonation and emphasis: "To that last sentiment, my dear canon, I can with all sincerity of soul, echo Amen!"

It was in 1862 Mr. Townsend came to Canada, settling in Frontenac as a farmer. He had trained his family, in whom there was latent histrionic talent, until they had attained a degree of unusual excellence, when he sold his farm, moved to Kingston, fitted up the city hall there with scenery, and on May 26th, 1864, appeared as an actor for the first time in his life on this side of the ocean. Shortly after he organized the Townsend dramatic company, which was once well known throughout the United States and Canada.

In 1877 he was seriously ill in Indiana, and ceased to travel. In his declining years he gave instructions in elocution and dramatic art in Hamilton. Many of his pupils have attained considerable success on the stage.

Of late years sorrow had crept upon him thick and fast. What he lost and suffered no man knew save himself. He was not one to parade his misfortunes to the world. Death and financial embarrassment clouded his declining years, but his kind old heart was still warm and tender. He will be buried on Sunday with masonic honors.

Many in Kingston will remember with feeling this grand old man. The WHIG staff has kindly remembrance of most cordial assistance with him. For the little helps the press was able to give him he was grateful. He was truly honorable and, though humbled by circumstances, bore himself with pride and raised a family in honor and credit. Oscar, George, was on the staff of this paper for a while.

The Opera House.

"Colleen Bawn" was put on at the opera house last night. Though it was cold outside the boys had a warm time inside. It was a rollicking piece. To-night "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" and the screaming farce, "John L. Sullivan," with Lindley as ex-champion. Monday, matinee at 2:30, "Muldoon's Picnic," and at 8 p.m., musical and spectacular extravagance, "The Sleeping Beauty."

Follow The Crowds

To Bowes & Bennett's old stand opposite the Windsor Hotel for fancy goods, toys, China, crockery and glassware almost given away to-night.

The cheapest of them all. Chocolate creams for Saturday only 10c a pound, and pure mixed candy 10c a pound. As we manufacture our own we can guarantee them pure and fresh. J. McLaughlin, 212 Princess street.

At Bellevue police magistrate Fitzsimons charged Patrick Boland, Tyendinaga, accused on a charge of unlawfully defrauding his creditors.

Call and get a spray of holly for the plum pudding. It looks you in; at Henderson's.

Ferguson, of Winnipeg, arrived yesterday and will remain three weeks.

A full 25 a ballish ish wedding is Deseronto next month.

BEAUTIFUL WORK.

As Performed by the Singer Sewing Machine at the Company's Office.

The coziest and prettiest spot in the city is the show room of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Princess street. It is especially attractive for ladies, and has been ornamented and set in order for Christmas visitors. A call was made by a reporter this morning, and he was particularly fascinated with the neatness and order that prevailed. Fine fancy work done by the Singer sewing machine is visible everywhere in many different forms and designs.

There is pretty stitching on bolting cloth in the shape of tasbourines and in other devices, which, when displayed in a house, make it look comfortable and is evidence that the housekeeper has good taste. Beautiful panels of bright colors also show the superior work of the Singer. But probably the most attractive articles on display are a pair of heavy curtains, made valuable by the Roman embroidery around their edges. The same kind of embroidery is on exhibition in linen, on five o'clock tea covers and on table cloths. These all represent machine work. There are raised panels with arsenic work, and two English setters, representing what can be done by experts in the way of stitching. These dogs are in frames and show very prominently. The fancy work is also exhibited in table drapes, sofa cushions, all sizes, smoking caps, and in outlining with silk on Zulu cloth. A very pretty article is a tea cozy embroidered in silk, and dainty toilet sets are also worked in silk and arsenic. Picture scarfs on bolting cloths take up space. Many a little girl will hope that old Santa will put an nice a doll in her stocking as she saw in the Singer show room. There are two large and handsome wax dolls prettily dressed and their clothes represent some of the finest work done by the Singer sewing machines. Here and there are silver and