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THE DAILY WHIG.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

TO CORRECT LOBBY ABUSES.

A writer in the February *Century* says that a simple device, though it may not be the only one necessary, for correcting lobby abuses is publicity in the proceedings of the committees. Let arguments be heard on every bill that comes before a committee, with full notice to all concerned—opponents as well as friends. These should be open to the public, and there the merits of every measure would be thoroughly debated before report had been made upon it. This would enable the committees to get the very best knowledge obtainable on every question. It would take away from the lobby its dark lantern character, and from the committee the star chamber element. It would throw the light upon every measure. In due time the newspapers would make it plain that, while the proceedings of a legislature are important, the proceedings of its committees are still more so. The system would bring before these committees, men interested in legislation, and, as a rule, the interests involved would employ only the most intelligent to be found. Such a process would inform not only the public but legislators themselves. After these arguments had been heard the chances for bad motives to assert themselves would be greatly diminished. Committees would hear both sides and then decide. Now they often hear one side only, and that many times in an unintelligible if not a corrupt way.

SIR JOHN'S RETIREMENT.

Does any one believe the report that Sir John Macdonald will retire from the premiership of Canada in favor of Sir Charles Tupper and accept the high commissionership? Not one. Sir Charles was announced, at a public meeting in Kingston in 1878, by Sir John to be his chosen successor, but our member will have no successor while he lives. He will certainly have no successor at the present juncture. His party has reached a crisis which it may not outlive even with the help of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Leonard Tilley, both of whom are said to be willing to resign the public offices which they hold and stake their chances of success or failure upon the result of the election. The party, too, is not a unit by any means upon the platform upon which it is going to the country, and so the great manipulator dare not desert it now because to do so would be to, in advance, seal its fate. No, Sir John Macdonald is not going to retire from public life nor from the representation of Kingston—unless he is compelled by the electors to do so. It is already settled that he will be nominated again and as much quiet and effective canvassing as possible will be done in his behalf pending the dissolution of parliament. Several upon whom fall the responsibilities of campaign management have had talks with Sir John and been given instructions as to what they can and ought to do. And they expect the liberals to generously, magnanimously, allow the "old man" to come and go as he pleases, to raise no objection, and to allow him to go in by acclamation. This they are not likely to do. They have woke up, caught the inspiration which pressing events gives, and are buckling on the armour for the fray. What of their candidate? He cannot be named too soon. The electors should know if there is one, residing in the city and with all his feelings and affections here, who can at once accept the nomination and go to the people with the determination to win. It is better to be too soon than too late.

MR. FARRER'S MISSION.

Mr. Edward Farrer, the editor of the *Globe* is just now receiving a large amount of attention from the conservative papers. And why? He has conceived the idea of going to Washington, personally investigating the action of the Canadian government regarding reciprocal trade, and giving an emphatic denial of the statement that a treaty would ere long be negotiated. It was importane to know this in view of an early election, and of the circulation of remarks that the government would shortly be able to bring Canada and the United States into closer commercial relation. The tories were playing a sharp game, sending out from Ottawa misleading reports. The *Week*, commenting upon the report of dissolution, remarks:

"If this be the case it follows that there must be now some special reason for the dissolution which did not exist a year ago, or even a few months ago, when government assurances were given that no such action was contemplated. That special reason will no doubt appear in some proposals or correspondence looking to some measure of reciprocity with the United States. In the political history of England as well as of Canada instances are not wanting in which a government has thus forestalled its opponents by adopting the most popular portions of their policies. The well worn *bon mot* which represents one party as catching the other bathing and running off with its clothes will hardly apply here, seeing that the opposition is just now particularly active."

And its press is particularly active, and in its behalf Mr. Farrer has discharged a significant duty in ascertaining how hollow were the pretensions of the conservative party. The British minister "made informal overtures to Mr. Blaine on the trade question, and Mr. Blaine made reply that he was ready at any time to discuss the project of unrestricted trade." Only that and nothing more. The talk of further negotiations, in which Sir Charles Tupper was to give the finishing touches, was all moonshine, and Mr. Farrer being instrumental in making this revelation is made the butt of all the firiest darts that can be directed at him. He is called a "renegade," and his mission is referred to as one for "aiding the enemy." The *Empire* becomes frantic and is appalled that the grits, when roused by rumors of a dissolution, do not consult among themselves, but "despatch their emissary to take counsel with their foreign allies." This is the idiotic bluster of men who have been maddened by the exposure of their little game and resort, as usual, to the calling of bad names. Mr. Farrer has found out just what the position of the Canadian government is on the reciprocity question; he has done more, namely, got from Mr. McKinley himself a repudiation, in terse and emphatic language, of Sir John Macdonald's story that the McKinley bill was "framed with the assistance of Canadian liberals." The disposition of falsehood, ere it had time to do much mischief, may be unfortunate for the conservative party, and they are to be excused if they don't like it. The liberals, however, are not accepting advice or doctrine from the *Empire*, and will not, at its dictations repudiate those who are as fair and patriotic as the political idols it has set up for the worship of the people.

THE ONE THING LACKING

DR. TALMAGE CONTINUES HIS SERIES OF EVANGELISTIC SERMONS.

The Great Array of Good Things an Average Congregation Can Boast Of, Yet Too Many Lack That Which Is Best of All.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 1.—The deep religious feeling manifested in Dr. Talmage's congregations since his recent arousing "Appeal to Outsiders" has apparently encouraged him to continue preaching distinctively evangelistic sermons. Today he delivered another discourse of the same gospel type, both at the morning service in the Academy of Music, in this city, and at The Christian Herald service at Lafayette opera house, the New York Academy of Music. His text was taken from Mark x, 21: "One thing thou lackest."

The young man of the text was a splendid nature. We fall in love with him at the first glance. He was amiable and frank and earnest and educated and refined and respectable and moral, and yet he was not a Christian. And so Christ addresses him in the words that I have read to you, "One thing thou lackest." I suppose that that text was as much applicable to the young man of whom I have spoken than it is appropriate to a large multitude of people in this audience. There are many things in which you are not lacking. For instance, you are not lacking in a good home. It is perhaps no more than an hour ago that you closed the door, returning to see whether it was well fastened, of one of the best homes in this city. The younger children of the house already asleep, the older ones hearing your returning footsteps, will rush to the door to meet you. And in these long evenings the children at the stand with their games, the wife plying the needle and you reading the book or the paper, you feel that you have a good home.

Neither are you lacking in the refinements and courtesies of life. You understand the polite phraseology of invitation, regard and apology. You have on appropriate apparel. I shall wear no better dress at the wedding than when I come to the marriage of the king's son. If I am well clothed on other occasions I will be so in a religious audience. However reckless I may be about my personal appearance at other times, when I come into a consecrated assemblage I shall have on the best dress I have. We all understand the proprieties of everyday life and the proprieties of Sabbath life.

Neither are you lacking in worldly success. You have not made as much money as you would like to make, but you have an income. While others are false when they say they have no income, or are making no money, you have never told that falsehood. You have had a livelihood, or you have fallen upon old resources, which is just the same thing, for God is just as good to us when he takes care of us by a surplus of the past as by present success. While there are thousands of men with hunger tearing at the throat with the strength of a tiger's paw, not one of you is hungry. Neither are you lacking in pleasant friendship. You have real good friends. If the scarlet fever should come to night to your house you know very well who would come in and sit up with the sick one, or, if death should come, you know who would come in and take your hand tight in theirs with that peculiar grip which means "I'll stand by you," and, after the life has fled from the loved one, take you by the arm and lead you into the next room, and while you are gone to Greenwood they would stay in the house and put aside the garments and the playthings that might bring to your mind too severely your great loss. Friends? You all have friends.

NON CHRISTIAN FRIENDS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Neither are you lacking in your admiration of the Christian religion. There is nothing that makes you so angry as to have a man malign Christ. You get red in the face, and you say, "Sir, I want you to understand that though I am not myself a Christian, I don't like such things said as that in my store," and the man goes off, giving you a parting salutation, but you hardly answer him. You are provoked beyond all bounds. Many of you have been supporters of religion and have given more to the cause of Christ than some who profess his faith. There is nothing that would please you more than to see your son or daughter standing at the altar of Christ, taking the vows of the Christian.

It might be a little hard on you, and might make you nervous and agitated for a little while, but you would be man enough to say: "My child, that is right. Go on. I am glad you haven't been kept back by my example. I hope some day to join you." You believe all the doctrines of religion. A man out yonder says, "I am a sinner." You respond, "So am I." Some one says, "I believe that Christ came to save the world." You say, "So do I." Looking at your character, at your surroundings, I find a thousand things about which to congratulate you, and yet I must tell you in the love and fear of God, and with reference to my last account, "One thing thou lackest."

You need, my friends, in the first place, the element of happiness. Some day you feel wretched. You do not know what is the matter with you. You say, "I did not sleep last night. I think that must be the reason of my restlessness," or, "I have eaten something that did not agree with me, and I think that must be the reason." And you are unhappy. Oh, my friends, happiness does not depend upon physical condition. Some of the happiest people I have ever known have been those who have been wrapped in consumption, or racking with neuralgia, or burning with the slow fire of some fever.

I shall never forget one man in my first parish, who in excruciation of body cried out: "Mr. Talmage, I forget all my pain in the love and joy of Jesus Christ. I can't think of my sufferings when I think of Christ." Why, his face was illumined! There are young men in this house who would give testimony to show that there is no happiness outside of Christ, while there is great joy in his service. There are young men who have not been Christians more than six months who would stand up to-night, if I should ask them, and say in those six months they have had more joy and satisfaction than in all the years of their frivolity and dissipation. Go to the door of that gin shop to-night, and when the gang of young men come out ask them whether they are happy. They laugh along the street, and they jeer and they shout, but nobody has any idea that they are happy.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN'S JOY.

I could call upon the aged men in this house to give testimony. There are aged men here who tried the world, and they tried religion, and they are willing to testify on our side. It was not long ago that an aged man arose in a praying circle and said: "Brethren, I lost my son just as he graduated from college, and it broke my heart, but I am glad now he is gone. He is at rest, escaped from all sorrow and from all trouble. And then, in 1857, I lost all my property, and you see I am getting old, and it is rather hard upon me, but I am sure God will not let me suffer. He has not taken care of me for seventy-five years now to let me drop out of his hands." I went into the room of an aged man, his eyesight nearly gone, his hearing nearly gone—and what do you suppose he was talking about? The goodness of God and the joys of religion. He said: "I would like to go over and join my wife on the other side of the flood, and I am waiting until the Lord calls me. I am happy now. I shall be happy there." What is it that gave that aged man so much satisfaction and peace? Physical exuberance? No, it has all gone. Sunshine? He cannot see it. The voices of friends? He cannot hear them. It is the grace of God, that is brighter than sunshine and that is sweeter than music. If a harpist takes a harp and finds that all the strings are broken but one string he does not try to play upon it. Yet here I will show you an aged man the strings of whose joy are all broken save one, and yet he thrums it with such satisfaction, such melody that the angels of God stop the swift strokes of their wings and hover about the place until the music ceases. Oh, religion's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if you have not the satisfaction that is to be found in Jesus Christ, I must tell you, with all the concentrated emphasis of my soul, "One thing thou lackest."

I remark, again, that you lack the elements of usefulness. Where is your business? You say it is No. 45 such a street, or No. 260 such a street, or No. 300 such a street. My friend immortal, your business is wherever there is a tear to be wiped away or a soul to be saved. You may, before coming to Christ, do a great many noble things. You take a loaf of bread to that starving man in the alley, but he wants immortal bread. You take a pound of candles to that dark shanty. They want the light that springs from the throne of God, and you cannot take it because you have it not in your own heart. You know that the flight of an arrow depends very much upon the strength of the bow, and I have to tell you that the best bow that was ever made was made out of the cross of Christ, and when religion takes a soul and puts it on that, and pulls it back and lets it fly, every time it brings down a Saul or Goliath.

There are people here of high social position, and large means, and cultured minds. Who, if they would come into the kingdom of God, would set the city on fire with rejoicing. Oh, have you not the more than million voices of those in these two cities who are unconverted? Voices of those who in these two cities are dying in their sins? They want light. They want bread. They want Christ. They want heaven. Oh, that the Lord would make you a flaming evangel! As for myself, I have sworn before high heaven that I will preach this gospel as well as I can, in all its fullness, until every fiber of my body, and every faculty of my mind, and every passion of my soul is exhausted. But we all have work to do. I cannot do your work, nor can you do my work. God points us out the place where we are to serve, and yet are there not people in this house who are thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years of age, and yet have not begun the great work for which they were created? With every worldly equipment, "One thing thou lackest."

FOLLY OF THE MERE WORLDLING.

Again, you lack the element of personal safety. Where are those people with associated with you twenty years ago? Where are those people that fifteen years ago used to cross South ferry or Fulton ferry with you to New York? Walk down the street where you were in business fifteen years ago and see how all the signs have changed. Where are the people gone? How many of them are landed in eternity I cannot say, but many, many. I went to the village of my boyhood. The houses were all changed. I passed one house in which once resided a man who had lived an earnest, useful life, and he is in glory now. In the next house a miser lived. He devoured widows' houses, and spent his whole life in trying to make the world worse and worse. And he is gone—the good man and the miser both gone to the same place. Ah, did they go to the same place? It is an infinite absurdity to suppose them both in the same place. If the miser had a harp, what tune did he play on it?

Oh, my friends, I commend you to this religion as the only personal safety! When you die, where are you going to? When we leave all these scenes, upon what scenes will we enter? When we were on shipboard, and we all felt that we must go to the bottom, was I right in saying to one next me, "I wonder if we will reach heaven—if we do go down to-night?" Was I wise or unwise in asking that question? I tell you that man is a fool who never thinks of the great future.

If you pay money you take a receipt. If you buy land you receive the deed. Why? Because everything is so uncertain, you want it down in black and white, you say. For a house and lot, twenty five feet front by one hundred feet deep, all security; but for a soul vast as eternity nothing, nothing! If some man or woman standing in some of these aisles should drop down, where would you go to? Which is your destiny? Suppose a man is prepared for the future world, what difference does it make to him whether he goes to his home today or goes into glory? Only this difference—if he dies he is better off. Where he had one joy on earth he will have a million in heaven. When he has a small sphere here he will have a grand sphere there. Perhaps it would cost you sixty, or one hundred, or one hundred and fifty dollars to have your physical life insured, and yet free of charge I offer you insurance on your immortal life, payable not at your decease, but now and to-morrow and every day and always.

My hope in Christ is not so bright as many Christians, I know, but I would not give it up for the whole universe, in one cash payment, if it were offered me. It has been so much comfort to me in time of trouble, it has been so much strength to me when I have been assailed, it has been so much rest to me when I have been perplexed, and it is around my heart such an incasement of satisfaction and blessedness that I can stand here before God and say: "Take away my health, take away my life, take everything rather than rob me of this hope, this plain, simple hope which I have in Jesus Christ, my Lord. I must have this robe when the last chill strikes through me. I must have this light when all other lights go out in the blast that comes up from the cold Jordan. I must have this sword with which to fight my way through all those foes on my way heavenward."

When I was in London I saw there the wonderful armor of Henry VIII and Edward III. And yet I have to tell you that there is nothing in chain mail or brass plate or gauntlet or helmet that makes a man so safe as the armor in which the Lord God clothes his near children. Oh, there is a safety in religion! You will ride down all your foes. Look out for that man who has the strength of the Lord God with him. In olden times the horsemen used to ride into battle with lifted lances, and the enemy fled the field. The Lord on the white horse of victory and with lifted lances of divine strength rides into the battle, and down goes the spiritual foe, while the victor shouts the triumph through the Lord Jesus Christ. As a matter of personal safety, my dear friends, you must have this religion.

APPEAL TO THE YOUNG.

I apply my subject to several classes of people before me. First, to that great multitude of young people in this house. Some of these young men are in boarding houses. They have but few social advantages. They think that no one cares for their souls. Many of them are on small salaries, and they are cramped and bothered perpetually, and sometimes their heart fails them. Young man, to-night at your bedroom door on the third floor you will hear a knocking. It will be the hand of Jesus Christ, the young man's friend, saying, "Oh, young man, let me come in; I will help thee, I will comfort thee, I will deliver thee." Take the Bible out of the trunk if it has been hidden away. If you have not the courage to lay it on the shelf or table, take that Bible that was given to you by some loved one, take it out of the trunk and lay it down on the bottom of the chair, then kneel down beside it, and read and pray and pray and read until all your disturbance is gone and you feel that peace which neither earth nor hell can rob you of. Thy father's God, thy mother's God, waits for thee, O young man. "Escape for thy life!" Escape now! "One thing thou lackest!"

But I apply this subject to the aged—not many here—not many in any assemblage. People do not live to get old. That is the general rule. Here and there an aged man in the house. I tell you the truth. You have lived long enough in this world to know that it cannot satisfy an immortal nature. I must talk to you more reverentially than I do to these other people, while at the same time I speak with great plainness. O father of the weary step, O mother bent down under the ailments of life, has thy God ever forsaken thee? Through all these years who has been your best friend? Seventy years of mercies! Seventy years of food and clothing! Oh, how many bright mornings! How many glorious evening hours you have seen! O father, mother, God has been very good to you. Do you feel it? Some of you have children and grandchildren; the former cheered your young life, the latter twine your gray locks in their tiny fingers. Has all the goodness that God has been making pass before you produced no change in your feelings, and must it be said of you, notwithstanding all this, "One thing thou lackest!"

TAKE YOUR TROUBLES TO JESUS.

Oh, if you could only feel the hand of Christ smoothing the furrows of wrinkled faces! Oh, if you could only feel the warm arm of Christ steadying your tottering steps! I lift my voice loud enough to break through the deafness of the ear while I cry out, "One thing thou lackest." It was an importunate appeal a young man made in a prayer meeting when he rose up and said: "Do pray for my old father. He is 70 years of age, and he don't love Christ." That father passed a few more steps on in life, and then he went down. He never gave any intimation that he had chosen Jesus. It is a very hard thing for an old man to become a Christian. I know it is. It is so hard a thing that it cannot be done by any human work, but God Almighty can do it by his omnipotent grace; he can bring you at the eleventh hour—at half past 11—at one minute of 12 he can bring you to the peace and the joys of the glorious gospel.

I must make application of this subject also to those who are prospered. Have you, my friends, found that dollars and cents are no permanent consolation to the soul? You have large worldly resources, but have you no treasures, no heaven? Is an embroidered pillow all that you want to put your dying head on? You have heard people all last week talk about earthly values. Hear a plain man talk about the heavenly. Do you not know it will be worse for you, O prospered man, if you reject Christ, and reject him finally—that it will be worse for you than those who had it hard in this world, because the contrast will make the discomfiture so much more appalling? As the hart bounds for the water brooks, as the roe speeds down the hillside, speed thou to Christ. "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee; neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed."

I must make my application to another class of persons—the poor. When you can not pay your rent when it is due, have you nobody but the landlord to talk to? When the flour has gone out of the barrel, and you have not ten cents with which to go to the bakery, and your children are tugging at your dress for something to eat, have you nothing but the world's charities to appeal to? When winter comes, and there are no coals, and the ash barrels have no more cinders, who takes care of you? Have you nobody but the overseer of the poor? But I preach to you a poor man's Christ. If you do not have in the winter blankets enough to cover you in the night, I want to tell you of him who had not where to lay his head. If you lie on the bare floor, I want to tell you of him who had for a pillow a hard cross, and whose foot bath was the streaming blood of his own heart.

Oh, you poor man! Oh, you poor woman! Jesus understands your case altogether. Talk it right out to him to night. Get down on your floor and say: "Lord Jesus Christ, thou wast poor and I am poor. Help me. Thou art rich now, and bring me up to thy riches!" Do you think God would cast you off? Will he? You might as well think that a mother would take the child that feeds on her breast and dash its life out, as to think that God would put aside roughly those who have fled to him for pity and compassion. Yea, the prophet says, "A woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, but I will not forget thee."

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

If you have ever been on the sea you have been surprised in the first voyage to find there are so few sails in sight. Some times you go along two, three, four, five, six and seven days, and do not see a single sail, but when a vessel does come in sight the sea glasses are lifted to the eye, the vessel is watched, and if it come very near then the captain, through the trumpet, cries loudly across the water, "Whither bound?" So you and I meet on this sea of life. We come and we go. Some of us have never met before. Some of us will never meet again. But I hail you across the sea, and with reference to the last great day, and with reference to the two great worlds, I cry across the water: "Whither bound? whither bound?"

I know what service that craft was made for, but hast thou thrown overboard the compass? Is there no helm to guide it? Is the ship at the mercy of the tempest? Is there no gun of distress booming through the storm? With priceless treasures—with treasures aboard worth more than all the Indies—wilt thou never come up out of the trough of that sea? O Lord God, lay hold of that man! Son of God, if thou wert ever needed anywhere, thou art needed here. There are so many sins to be pardoned. There are so many wounds to be healed. There are so many souls to be saved. Help, Jesus! Help, Holy Ghost! Help, ministering angels from the throne! Help, all sweet memories of the past! Help, all prayers for our future deliverance! Oh, that now, in this the accepted time and the day of salvation, you would hear the voice of mercy and live! Taste and see that the Lord is gracious.

In this closing moment of the service, when everything in the house is so favorable, when everything is so still, when God is so loving and heaven is so near, drop your sins and take Jesus. Do not cheat yourself out of heaven. Do not do that. God forbid that at the last, when it is too late to correct the mistake, a voice should rise from the pillow or drop from the throne, uttering just four words—four sad, annihilating words, "One thing thou lackest."

When Emergencies Arise.

It is well when the clothing takes fire for the victim to stand perfectly still; this requires presence of mind. Motion fans the flame, so that it burns more rapidly. The victim may throw himself or herself on the floor and roll over and over. A woolen blanket or shawl or a piece of carpet may be wrapped tightly around the person; if these articles are wet, so much the better. No time should be lost, particularly if the clothing is of cotton. There are, however, other forms of danger where it is fatal to stand still. Promptness and decisive action, speed and celerity, are most necessary in many cases to save life. The unfortunate mortal, be it man or woman, who finds himself or herself the victim of brain and nerve troubles, must in every case, if they value life, act quickly and without hesitation. Indecision and carelessness will only add fuel to the flame of disease, and cause it to burn with increased vehemence. That worn out tired feeling is a sure indication that your system is out of gear. That nervousness points to rocks and shoals which must be avoided or you are wrecked physically. That feeling of sleeplessness, that state of languidness and inertia, that condition of melancholy and morbidness must be got rid of or your lease of life will not be of much value to yourself or family. In such emergencies it is well to know the great rock of safety and have it within reach. Thousands have already crossed the rocks and shoals of treacherous diseases through the use of Paine's Celery Compound. The discovery of this great remedy has done more to increase the happiness of mankind than any other discovery ever made. It has snatched from the grave and raised from beds of sickness thousands, who now delight to speak of it and recommend it to others.

The Military Camps.

Kingston, Brockville and one or two other places are petitioning the minister of militia to be selected as the sites for the military camps next summer for districts 3 and 4. So far, however, no choice has been made. Gen. Herbert's predecessor was strongly in favor of the selection of permanent camping places in each district on the grounds of economy and convenience. Militiamen consider that no better place than Kingston can be had.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50 cents and $1. *Trial size free.* At all druggists.

Charged With Trespass

A case of malicious trespass, preferred by Richard Thompson against John Pickett, both of Howe Island, was heard before Squire Brown, Pittsburg, on Wednesday. Decision was deferred until Monday. Mr. Ross, of Gananoque, appeared for the defendant.

The Key Stone

Regular action of the bowels is the keystone of health. The use of B. B. B. insures it and cures constipation, dyspepsia, etc.

Miss F. Williams, 446 Bloor street, Toronto, writes: "Have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and pain in the head with great success. I improved from the second dose."

Keep Off The Chaps.

Wet wintry weather causes chapped hands, sore throat, croup, colds, pains in the chest, swellings, etc., for which a certain cure exists in Hagyard's Yellow Oil, the best pain expeller for internal or external use. Keep it on hand in case of emergencies. Every bottle is a little giant in curative power.

Just received a job lot of women's button boots, to be sold at $1. American Shoe & Clothing Co.

Plum jam, 12½c. lb. J. Crawford.

LINENS

IMPORTED BY

RICHMOND, ORR & CO.

Bleached Table Linen, Unbleached Table Linen, Turkey Tabling, Napkins, Doyleys, Tray Covers, Sideboard Covers, Towels, Towelling, Plain and Fancy Bath Towels, Linen Sheeting, Pillow Linen, Linen Draper, Fronting Linen, Butcher Linen, Oatmeal Cloth, Ladies' Hemstitch Handkerchiefs, Men's Hem-Stitch Handkerchiefs, Ladies' Fine Embroidered Linen Lawn Handkerchiefs, Embroidered Linen Pillow Shams, at the Carpet House of

RICHMOND, ORR & CO.

WALSH & STEACY

Will Clear Out Remnants

SILKS, SATINS, DRESS GOODS

Henriettas and Other Fine Goods at Greatly Reduced Prices.

Special Offering of DRESS GOODS REMNANTS

SPECIAL SALE LONG SILK GLOVES,

EVENING SHADES KID GLOVES.

WALSH & STEACY, Princess Street

WE : ALWAYS : LEAD!

During the Months of November and December to Every Purchaser of One Pound of Our

CELEBRATED - 50 - CENT - TEA!

WE WILL SELL

3 POUNDS OF RAISINS AND 3 POUNDS OF CURRANTS FOR 25 CENTS.

Guaranteed New Fruit This Year.

STROUD BROS.

109 PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON.

SPECIAL "JANUARY" SALE OF DRY GOODS AT WALDRON'S

ALL FANCY STRIPE AND PLAID DRESS GOODS REDUCED.
All Henrietta Cloth and Cashmeres reduced.
Black Merinos and Black Cashmeres reduced.
Jacket Cloths, Sealettes and Plushes reduced.
Flannels, Blankets and Shawls reduced.
Eider Down Quilts and Tacked Quilts reduced.
Remnants Tweeds and Cloths reduced.
Remnants Sheetings, Towelings and Table Linens reduced.
Gloves, Lined Kid, Kitts and Gloves reduced.
Brussels, Tapestry and Wool Carpets reduced.

AT WALDRON'S.

FREE EVENING CLASSES AT THE

Kingston Business Colleges

Shorthand, Pitman or Pernin; French for Business Purposes or Correspondence; Penmanship, Spelling, Arithmetic and Book-keeping. Call at office: 82 PRINCESS STREET.

CLEARING SALE

GOING ON IN ALL LINES OF Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Hats, Caps, ETC., ETC., ETC.

McNaughton and Co

F. NISBET, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Fashions for February

YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL, 30c.

DELINEATOR, 15c.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 10c.

F. NISBET,

Corner Bookstore, Brock-st.

JUST : ARRIVED.

A NEW LOT OF OUR OWN FAMOUS

Russian Caravan Tea,

In two pound bottles, also a fresh supply of the celebrated

THISTLE BRAND TEA

In pound and half pound packages. We can heartily recommend both of the above.

JAMES REDDEN & CO.

INDISPUTABLE

ADVERTISING SPACE IS A COMMODITY—THE VALUE IS ABSOLUTELY DETERMINABLE.

WHAT DOES IT COST PER THOUSAND?

Every Advertiser Should Ask

BEFORE CONTRACTING WITH ANY PAPER.

INVESTIGATE CIRCULATIONS. DON'T take everybody's word. Ask for mailing lists and other evidences, always at hand. Then figure it out! The advertiser pays twice as much proportionately for a small circulation as for a large one, and reaches only a mere skimming of the mass of readers! Think it over!

Count up what the small circulation has been costing per thousand, multiply in proportion for the large circulation, and perhaps you will be set a thinking anyway.

Compare the advertising patronage of the WHIG with that of other provincial papers. A great many business men have investigated and been satisfied, or have found superior benefit from the WHIG. Its mailing list is open to inspection by any advertiser. It will make patrons wherever seen. Its greatest growth in circulation has been in the past three months and more new names are coming in in January than ever before.

FOUR DIFFERENT STYLES OF HEINTZMAN & CO'S

CELEBRATED PIANOS

AT THE NEW PIANO WAREROOMS

OHLKE'S ART DECORATION STORE,

182 and 184 Wellington Street.

Terms and prices reasonable.

N.B.—SHEET MUSIC KEPT IN STOCK.

P. M'CORMACK

KEEPS HARD AND SOFT WOOD, COAL, Edgings, Mill Wood, Good Dry Slabs, Sawed Wood and Single Blocks. Call and see the new wood yard, and you will be convinced that his stock is the best. All orders promptly attended to.

YARD—North end of King Street.

TRAVELLING.

CUNARD LINE

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.

The Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Ships in the World. Have Never Lost a Passenger and Have Made the Fastest Passages on Record.

OLDEST LINE IN EXISTENCE.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

AURANIA	Jan. 31, 6 a.m.
UMBRIA	Feb. 7, 4 p.m.
SERVIA	Feb. 14, 10 a.m.
ETRURIA	Feb. 21, 60 p.m.
AURANIA	Feb. 28, 8 a.m.
UMBRIA	Mar. 7, 1.30 p.m.
SERVIA	Mar. 13, 6.30 a.m.
BOTHNIA	Mar. 21, Noon

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Cabin passage $60 and upwards, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage $35. From Pier 40, N.R., New York.

Steerage at Very Low Rates.

Steerage Tickets to and from London and Queenstown, and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates.

For freight and passage apply at Company's Office, No. 4, Bowling Green, New York.

VERNON H. BROWN & CO.

Or in Kingston to

J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, 42 Clarence Street. FRED A. FOLGER, Foot Brock Street.

ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

Liverpool, Halifax and Portland Service. Cal