MISCELLANEOUS.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT
REMEDY FOR PAIN
LUMBAGO—LAME BACK.

Why so many deviate from a graceful carriage may be accounted for in as many ways as there are misshapen beings.

ST. JACOBS OIL RESTORES.

Strength.—The spinal column is the mainstay of the body, which stiffens up the straight man or woman, and nature has provided muscular supports to hold it erect.

EFFECTS PROMPT CURES.

Weakness.—[illegible] twist themselves out of shape, and the result is—the few standing straight and the many bending down.

CURES ARE PERFECT, PERMANENT.

Symptoms.—Lumbago manifests itself by pains in the back, which are most insidious or subtile. They come at times without warning; we rise from a sitting posture to find the back so crippled or strained as to cause acute suffering.

EVERY APPLICATION RELIEVES.

Treatment.—Rub the parts affected freely with St. Jacobs Oil; rub hard and vigorously, producing warmth, and if the pain is slow in yielding, wrap the parts in flannel steeped in hot water and wrung out.

ONCE CURED, ALWAYS CURED.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

MEDICALITIES.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Be sure and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

BURDOCK
Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.
BLOOD
CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES.
BITTERS

IF YOU ARE RUN DOWN IN HEALTH AND WANT SOMETHING TO BUILD YOU UP, TRY
MILLER'S EMULSION
of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

MILLER'S EMULSION
Is a certain cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and the first stage of Consumption. Palatable as cream, no oily taste like other Emulsions. In big bottles.

Prepared by the Miller Emulsion Company, New York.

FOR SALE at WADE'S DRUG STORE, Corner King and Brock Streets, Kingston.

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"MOTHER GREEN'S TANSY PILLS," used successfully by thousands, safe and sure. Act only on the generative organs, and cure suppression from whatever cause. Should not be used if Pregnancy is suspected or possible, until the question is negatived beyond dispute, as their employment will be attended with different results than those desired. By mail, $1.00. Full particulars (sealed) 3 cts. THE LANE MEDICINE CO., Montreal, CANADA.

For sale at Wade's drug store, cor. King and Brock streets.

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VIGOR and STRENGTH
For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.
Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill.
Mf'd only by The Evans Chemical Co. TORONTO, ONT. CAN.
Sold by Druggists.

MONEY TO LOAN
E. C. HILL,
INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
115 Brock Street.

PLAGUE OF GAMBLING.

FIRST OF A SERIES OF SPECIAL SERMONS BY DR. TALMAGE.

They Are Directed Especially at the Three Cities in One (New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City), but They Will Fit in Many Other Places.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22.—A decided sensation was produced in this city and in Brooklyn today by Dr. Talmage's announcement of a series of sermons which he proposes to preach on "The Ten Plagues of These Three Cities." In this sermon, which is the first of the series, he pays his attention to the prevalent curse of gambling. He preached it in the Academy of Music in Brooklyn in the morning, and again this evening at The Christian Herald service in this city. His text was taken from Ex. ix, 13, 14: "Let my people go that they may serve me; for I will at this time send all my plagues."

Last winter, in the museum at Cairo, Egypt, I saw the mummy or embalmed body of Pharaoh, the oppressor of the ancient Israelites. Visible are the very teeth that he gnashed against the Israelitish brickmakers, the sockets of the merciless eyes with which he looked upon the overburdened people of God, the hair that floated in the breeze off the Red Sea, the very lips with which he commanded them to make bricks without straw. Thousands of years after, when the wrappings of the mummy were unrolled, old Pharaoh lifted up his arm, as if in imploration, but his skinny bones cannot again clutch his shattered scepter. It was to compel that tyrant to let the oppressed go free that the memorable ten plagues were sent. Sailing the Nile and walking amid the ruins of Egyptian cities, I saw no remains of those plagues that smote the water or the air. None of the frogs croaked in the one, none of the locusts sounded their rattle in the other, and the cattle bore no sign of the murrain, and through the starry nights hovering about the pyramids no destroying angel swept his wing. But there are ten plagues still stinging and befouling and cursing our cities, and like angels of wrath smiting not only the first born but the last born.

THREE CITIES IN ONE.

Brooklyn, New York and Jersey City, though called three, are practically one. The bridge already fastening two of them together will be followed by other bridges and by tunnels from both New Jersey and Long Island shores, until what is true now will, as the years go by, become more emphatically true. The average condition of public morals in this cluster of cities is as good if not better than in any other part of the world. Pride of city is natural to men in all times, if they live or have lived in a metropolis noted for dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Lycurgus of Sparta, Virgil of Andes, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should suspect a man of base heartedness who carried about with him no feeling of complacency in regard to the place of his residence; who gloried not in its arts or arms or behavior; who looked with no exultation upon its evidences of prosperity, its artistic embellishments and its scientific attainments.

I have noticed that men never like a place where they have not behaved well. Men who have free rides in prison vans never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I see in history Argos, Rhodes, Smyrna, Chios, Colophon and several other cities claiming Homer, I conclude that Homer behaved well. Let us not war against this pride of city, nor expect to build up ourselves by pulling others down. Let Boston have its commons, its Faneuil hall and its magnificent scientific and educational institutions. Let Philadelphia talk about its mint, and Independence hall, and Girard college, and its old families, as virtuous as venerable. When I find a man living in one of those places who has nothing to say in favor of them I feel like asking him, "What mean thing did you do that you do not like your native city?" New York is a goodly city, and when I say that I mean the region between Spuyten Duyvil creek and Jamaica in one direction and Newark flats in the other direction. That which tends to elevate a part elevates all. That which blasts part blasts all. Sin is a giant, and he comes to the Hudson or Connecticut river and passes it as easily as we step across a figure in the carpet. The blessing of God is an angel, and when it stretches out its two wings one of them hovers over that and the other over this.

THE GREAT CITY OF NEW YORK.

In infancy the great metropolis was laid down by the banks of the Hudson. Its infancy was as feeble as that of Moses sleeping in the bulrushes by the Nile, and, like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to the water to bathe, and there she found it. She took it in her arms, and the child grew and waxed strong, and the ships of foreign lands brought gold and spices to its feet, and stretching itself up into the proportions of a metropolis, it has looked up to the mountains and off upon the sea—the mightiest of the energies of American civilization. The character of the founder of a city will be seen for many years in its inhabitants. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The Pilgrims relaxed not their hold upon the cities of New England. William Penn has left Philadelphia an inheritance of integrity and fair dealing, and on any day in that city you may see in the manners, customs and principles of its people his tastes, his coat, his hat, his wife's bonnet and his plain meeting house. The Hollanders still wield an influence over New York.

Grand old New York! What southern thoroughfare was ever smitten by pestilence, when our physicians did not throw themselves upon the sacrifice! What distant land has cried out in the agony of famine, and our ships have not put out with breadstuffs! What street of Damascus or Beyrout or Madras that has not heard the step of our missionaries! What struggle for national life in which our citizens have not poured their blood into the trenches! What gallery of exquisite art in which our painters have not hung their pictures! What department of literature or science to which our scholars have not contributed! I need not speak of our public schools, where the children of the cordwainer and milkman and glassblower stand by the side of the flattered sons of merchant princes; or of the insane asylums on all these islands where they who went cutting themselves among the tombs, now sit, clothed and in their right minds; or of the Magdalen asylums, where the lost one of the street comes to bathe the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wipe them with the hairs of her head—confiding in the pardon of him who said: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at her." I need not speak of the institutions for the blind, the lame, the deaf and the dumb, for the incurables, the widow, the orphan, and the outcast; or of the thousand armed machinery that sends streaming down from the reservoirs the clear, bright, sparkling, God given water that rushes through our aqueducts, and dashes out of the hydrants, and tosses up in our fountains, and hisses in our steam engines, and showers out the conflagration, and sprinkles from the baptismal font of our churches; and with silver note, and golden sparkle, and crystalline chime, says to hundreds of thousands of our population, in the authentic words of him who said: "I will: be thou clean."

THE CURSE OF GAMBLING.

All this I premise in opening this course of sermons on the ten plagues of these three cities, lest some stupid man might say I am deprecating the place of my residence. I speak to you today concerning the plague of gambling. Every man and woman in this house ought to be interested in this theme.

Some years ago, when an association for the suppression of gambling was organized, an agent of the association came to a prominent citizen and asked him to patronize the society. He said, "No, I can have no interest in such an organization. I am in no wise affected by that evil." At that very time his son, who was his partner in business, was one of the heaviest players in Hearne's famous gambling establishment. Another refused his patronage on the same ground, not knowing that his first bookkeeper, though receiving a salary of only a thousand dollars, was losing from fifty to one hundred dollars per night. The president of a railroad company refused to patronize the institution, saying, "That society is good for the defense of merchants, but we railroad people are not injured by this evil;" not knowing that, at that very time, two of his conductors were spending three nights of each week at faro tables in New York. Directly or indirectly, this evil strikes at the whole world.

Gambling is the risking of something more or less valuable in the hope of winning more than you hazard. The instruments of gaming may differ but the principle is the same. The shuffling and dealing cards, however full of temptation, is not gambling, unless stakes are put up; while, on the other hand, gambling may be carried on without cards or dice, or billiards or a ten-pin alley. The man who bets on horses, on elections, on battles—the man who deals in "fancy" stocks, or conducts a business which hazards extra capital, or goes into transactions without foundation, but dependent upon what men call "luck," is a gambler. Whatever you expect to get from your neighbor without offering an equivalent in money or time or skill is either the product of theft or gaming. Lottery tickets and lottery policies come into the same category. Fairs for the founding of hospitals, schools and churches, conducted on the raffling system, come under the same denomination. Do not, therefore, associate gambling necessarily with any instrument, or game, or time or place, or think the principle depends upon whether you play for a glass of wine or one hundred shares of railroad stock. Whether you patronize "auction pools," "French mutuals," or "book-making," whether you employ faro or billiards, rondo and keno, cards or bagatelle, the very idea of the thing is dishonest, for it professes to bestow upon you a good for which you give no equivalent.

TEN "HONEST" GAMBLING HOUSES.

It is estimated that every day in Christendom eighty million dollars pass from hand to hand through gambling practices, and every year in Christendom one hundred and twenty-three billion one hundred million dollars change hands in that way. There are in this cluster of cities about eight hundred confessed gambling establishments. There are about three thousand five hundred professional gamblers. Out of the eight hundred gambling establishments, how many of them do you suppose profess to be honest? Ten. These ten profess to be honest because they are merely the ante-chamber to the seven hundred and ninety that are acknowledged fraudulent. There are first class gambling establishments. You go up the marble stairs. You ring the bell. The liveried servant introduces you. The walls are lavender tinted. The mantels are of Vermont marble. The pictures are "Jephthah's Daughter" and Doré's "Dante's and Virgil's Frozen Region of Hell"—a most appropriate selection, this last, for the place. There is the roulette table, the finest, the costliest, most exquisite piece of furniture in the United States. There is the banqueting room, where, free of charge to the guests, you may find the plate and viands and wines and cigars sumptuous beyond parallel.

Then you come to the second class gambling establishment. To it you are introduced by a card through some "roper-in." Having entered, you must either gamble or fight. Sanded cards, dice loaded with quicksilver, poor drinks, will soon help you to get rid of all your money to a tune in short meter with staccato passages. You wanted to see. You saw. The low villains of that place watch you as you come in. Does not the panther, squat in the grass, know a calf when he sees it? Wrangle not for your rights in that place, or your body will be thrown bloody into the street, or dead into the East river. You go along a little further and find the policy establishment. In that place you bet on numbers. Betting on two numbers is called a "saddle," betting on three numbers is called a "gig," betting on four numbers is called a "horse," and there are thousands of our young men leaping into that "saddle" and mounting that "gig," and behind that "horse" riding to perdition. There is always one kind of sign on the door—"Exchange," a most appropriate title for the door, for there, in that room, a man exchanges health, peace and heaven for loss of health, loss of home, loss of family, loss of immortal soul. Exchange sure enough and infinite enough.

Men wishing to gamble will find places just suited to their capacity, not only in the underground oyster cellar, or at the table back of the curtain, covered with greasy cards, or in the steamboat smoking cabin, where the bloated wretch with rings in his ears instead of his nose, deals the pack, and winks in the unsuspecting traveler—providing free drinks all around—but in gilded parlors and amid gorgeous surroundings.

HAZARDING AN ESTATE.

A young man, having suddenly heired a large property, sits at the hazard table and takes up in a dice box the estate won by a father's lifetime sweat, and shakes it, and tosses it away. Intemperance soon stigmatizes its victim, kicking him out, a slavering fool, into the ditch, or sending him, with the drunkard's hiccough, staggering up the street where his family lives. But gambling does not in that way expose its victims. The gambler may be eaten up by the gambler's passion, yet you only discover it by the greed in his eyes, the hardness of his features, the nervous restlessness, the threadbare coat and his embarrassed business. Yet he is on the road to hell, and no preacher's voice or startling warning or wife's entreaty can make him stay for a moment his headlong career. The infernal spell is on him; a giant is aroused within, and though you bind him with cables, they would part like thread; and though you fasten him seven times round with chains, they would snap like rusted wire; and though you piled up in his path heaven high Bibles, tracts and sermons, and on the top should set the cross of the son of God, over them all the gambler would leap, like a roe over the rocks, on his way to perdition.

Again, this sin works ruin by killing industry. A man used to reaping scores or hundreds or thousands of dollars from the gaming table will not be content with slow work. He will say, "What is the use of trying to make these fifty dollars in my store when I can get five times that in half an hour down at 'Billy's?'" You never knew a confirmed gambler who was industrious. The men given to this vice spend their time, not actively engaged in the game, in idleness or intoxication or sleep, or in corrupting new victims. This sin has dulled the carpenter's saw and cut the band of the factory wheel, sunk the cargo, broken the teeth of the farmer's harrow and sent a strange lightning to shatter the battery of the philosopher. The very first idea in gaming is at war with all the industries of society.

This crime is getting its lever under many a mercantile house in our great cities, and before long down will come the great establishment, crushing reputation, home, comfort and immortal souls. How it diverts and sinks capital may be inferred from some authentic statement before us. The ten gaming houses that once were authorized in Paris passed through the banks yearly, three hundred and twenty-five millions of francs. Where does all the money come from? The whole world is robbed! What is most sad, there are no consolations for the loss and suffering entailed by gaming. If men fail in lawful business, God pities and society commiserates; but where in the Bible or in society is there any consolation for the gambler? From what tree of the forest oozes there a balm that can soothe the gamester's heart? In that bottle where God keeps the tears of his children are there any tears of the gambler? Do the winds that come to kiss the faded cheek of sickness, and to cool the heated brow of the laborer, whisper hope and cheer to the emaciated victim of the game of hazard? When an honest man is in trouble he has sympathy. "Poor fellow!" they say. But do gamblers come to weep at the agonies of the gambler?

In Northumberland was one of the finest estates in England. Mr. Porter owned it, and in a year gambled it all away. Having lost the last acre of the estate, he came down from the saloon and got into his carriage; went back, put up his horses and carriage and town house and played. He threw and lost. He started home, and in a side alley met a friend from whom he borrowed ten guineas; went back to the saloon and before a great while had won twenty thousand pounds. He died at last a beggar in St. Giles. How many gamblers felt sorry for Mr. Porter? Who consoled him on the loss of his estate? What gambler subscribed to put a stone over the poor man's grave? Not one!

GAMBLING THE CAUSE OF OTHER CRIMES.

Futhermore, this sin is the source of uncounted dishonesties. The game of hazard itself is often a game of cheat. How many tricks and deceptions in the dealing of the cards! The opponent's hand is ofttimes found out by fraud. Cards are marked so that they may be designated from the back. Expert gamesters have their accomplices, and one wink may decide the game. The dice have been found loaded with platina, so that "doublets" come up every time. These dice are introduced by the gamblers, unobserved by honest men who have come into the play; and this accounts for the fact that ninety-nine out of a hundred who gamble, however wealthy they began, at the end are found to be poor, miserable, ragged wretches, that would not now be allowed to sit on the doorstep of the house that they once owned. In a gambling house in San Francisco a young man, having just come from the mines deposited a large sum upon the ace, and won twenty-two thousand dollars. But the tide turns. Intense excitement comes upon the countenances of all. Slowly the cards went forth. Every eye is fixed. Not a sound is heard until the ace is revealed favorable to the bank. There are shouts of "Foul!" "Foul!" but the keepers of the table produce their pistols, and the uproar is silenced and the bank has won ninety-five thousand dollars. Do you call this a game of chance? There is no chance about it.

But these dishonesties in the carrying on of the game are nothing when compared with the frauds which are committed in order to get money to go on with the nefarious work. Gambling with its greedy hand has snatched away the widow's mite and the portion of the orphans; has sold the daughter's virtue to get the means to continue the game; has written the counterfeit signature, emptied the banker's money vault and wielded the assassin's dagger. There is no depth of meanness to which it will not stoop. There is no cruelty at which it is appalled. There is no warning of God that it will not dare. Merciless, unappeasable, fiercer and wilder it blinds, it hardens, it rends, it blasts, it crushes, it damns. It has peopled our prisons and lunatic asylums. How many railroad agents and cashiers and trustees of funds it has driven to disgrace, incarceration and suicide! Witness years ago a cashier of a railroad who stole one hundred and three thousand dollars to carry on his gaming practices. Witness forty thousand dollars stolen from a Brooklyn bank within the memory of many of you, and the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars taken from a Wall street insurance company for the same purpose! These are only illustrations on a large scale of the robberies every day committed for the purpose of carrying out the designs of gamblers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars every year leak out without observation from the merchant's till into the gambling hell. A man in London keeping one of these gambling houses boasted that he had ruined a nobleman a day; but if all the saloons of this land were to speak out they might utter a more infamous boast, for they have destroyed a thousand noble men a year.

IT RUINS DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Notice also the effect of this crime upon domestic happiness. It has sent its ruthless plowshare through hundreds of families, until the wife sat in rags, and the daughters were disgraced, and the sons grew up to the same infamous practices or took a short cut to destruction across the murderer's scaffold. Home has lost all charms for the gambler. How tame are the children's caresses and a wife's devotion to the gambler! How drearily the fire burns on the domestic hearth! There must be louder laughter, and something to win and something to lose; an excitement to drive the heart faster and fillip the blood and fire the imagination. No home, however bright, can keep back the gamester. The sweet call of love bounds back from his iron soul, and all endearments are consumed in the flame of his passion. The family Bible will go after all other treasures are lost, and if his crown in heaven were put into his hand he would cry: "Here goes one more game, my boys! On this one throw I stake my crown of heaven." A young man in London, on coming of age, received a fortune of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and, through gambling, in three years was thrown on his mother for support. An only son went to a southern city; he was rich, intellectual and elegant in manners. His parents gave him on his departure from home their last blessing. The sharpers got hold of him. They flattered him. They lured him to the gaming table, and let him win almost every time for a good while, and patted him on the back and said, "First rate player." But fully in their grasp they fleeced him, and his thirty thousand dollars were lost. Last of all he put up his watch and lost that. Then he began to think of his home and his old father and mother, and wrote thus:

"My Beloved Parents—You will doubtless feel a momentary joy at the reception of this letter from the child of your bosom, on whom you have lavished all the favors of your declining years. But should a feeling of joy for a moment spring up in your hearts when you should have received this from me, cherish it not. I have fallen deep—never to rise. Those gray hairs that I should have honored and protected I shall bring down with sorrow to the grave. I will not curse my destroyer, but oh! may God avenge the wrongs and impositions practiced upon the unwary in a way that shall best please him. This, my dear parents, is the last letter you will ever receive from me. I humbly pray your forgiveness. It is my dying prayer. Long before you have received this letter from me the cold grave will have closed upon me forever. Life to me is insupportable. I cannot, nay, I will not, suffer the shame of having ruined you. Forget and forgive is the dying prayer of your unfortunate son."

FOUL! FOUL!

The old father came to the postoffice, got the letter and fell to the floor. They thought he was dead at first; but they brushed back the white hair from his brow and fanned him. He had only fainted. I wish he had been dead, for what is life worth to a father after his son is destroyed? When things go wrong at a gaming table they shout, "Foul! foul!" Over all the gaming tables of the world I cry out: "Foul! foul! Infinitely foul!"

Shall I sketch the history of the gambler? Lured by bad company he finds his way into a place where honest men ought never to go. He sits down to his first game, but only for pastime and the desire of being thought sociable. The players deal out the cards. They unconsciously play into Satan's hands, who takes all the tricks and both the players' souls for trumps—he being a sharper at any game. A slight stake is put up just to add interest to the play. Game after game is played. Larger stakes and still larger. They begin to move nervously on their chairs. Their brows lower and eyes flash, until now they who win and they who lose, fired alike with passion, sit with set jaws, and compressed lips, and clinched fists, and eyes like fire balls that seem starting from their sockets, to see the final turn before it comes; if losing, pale with envy and tremulous with unuttered oaths cast back red hot upon the heart—or, winning, with hysteric laugh—"Ha! ha! I have it! I have it!"

A few years have passed and he is only the wreck of a man. Seating himself at the game ere he throws the first card, he stakes the last relic of his wife, and the marriage ring which sealed the solemn vows between them. The game is lost, and staggering back in exhaustion he dreams. The bright hours of the past mock his agony, and in his dreams fiends with eyes of fire and tongue of flame circle about him with joined hands to dance and sing their orgies with hellish chorus, chanting "Hail! brother!" kissing his clammy forehead until their loathsome locks, flowing with serpents, crawl into his bosom and sink their sharp fangs and suck up his life's blood, and coiling around his heart pinch it with chills and shudders unutterable.

BE WARNED IN TIME.

Take warning! You are no stronger than tens of thousands who have by this practice been overthrown. No young man in our cities can escape being tempted. Beware of the first beginnings! This road is a down grade, and every instant increases the momentum. Launch not upon this treacherous sea. Split hulks strew the beach. Everlasting storms howl up and down, tossing unwary crafts into the Hellgate. I speak of what I have seen with my own eyes. I have looked off into the abyss, and I have seen the foaming, and the hissing, and the whirling of the horrid deep in which the mangled victims writhed, one upon another, and struggled, strangled, blasphemed and died—the death stare of eternal despair upon their countenances as the waters gurgled over them.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SOCIETIES.

ANCIENT ORDER UNITED WORKMEN. Limestone Lodge No. 10, meet in their Hall over Public School Board Room, Montreal Street. Next meeting on Thursday, 26th Feb., at 7:30 p.m. W. H. GODWIN, Secretary.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF FORESTERS. Court Frontenac, No. 59. Regular meeting at the Court Room, corner of Princess and Montreal Streets, on Thursday, March 5th, at 7:30 o'clock. J. S. R. McCANN, Sec.

ORDER CANADIAN HOME CIRCLES. Kingston Circle, No. 105, meets on Monday, Feb. 16th, at 7:30 p.m., in Fraser's Hall, King St. J. W. MADDEN, Sec.

CANADIAN ORDER OF CHOSEN FRIENDS—Meets in Sons of Temperance Hall 2nd and 4th Monday of each month at 8 o'clock.

CATARAQUI MASONIC LODGE, NO. 92, ON Wednesday, Feb. 11th, at 7:30 p.m.

LEGAL CARDS.

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H. V. LYON, B.A., BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, Notary, etc. Office—Over King's Drug Store, King Street.

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R. E. SPARKS, D.D.S., L.D.S., M.L., DENTIST. Office—230 Princess Street. Residence—132 Gordon Street. Office hours 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. Saturday evening 7 to 9 o'clock. Telephone.

L. CLEMENTS, L.D.S., DENTIST, DIRECTLY opposite the Post Office, Wellington Street, Kingston. Established in 1857. Telephone No. 337.

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HOMŒOPATHY. C. L. CURTIS, M.D., successor to Dr. Jarvis, Physician, Surgeon, etc. Office and Residence nearly opposite the Post Office, Wellington Street. Calls in the city and county promptly attended to.

DR. ROZELLE V. FUNNELL, (SUCCESsor to Dr. Alice McGillivray). Office—230 Princess Street. Telephone, 346 (A).

ARCHITECTS.

WM. NEWLANDS, ARCHITECT AND APpraiser, corner of Brock and King Streets, over Wade's Drug Store. Entrance on King Street, next to Whig office.

J. B. REID, ARCHITECT. OFFICE, FORD'S Block, over Nisbet's Bookstore. Entrance from Brock Street.

GILLEN & GILLEN, ARCHITECTS, SUCcessors to R. Gage. Office—Corner of Brock and Bagot Streets.

POWER AND SON, ARCHITECTS AND Building Surveyors. Office—Wellington Street, Kingston.

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MONEY TO LOAN IN LARGE OR SMALL sums at low rates of interest on City and Farm Property. Loans granted on City and County Debentures. Apply to THOMAS BRIGGS, Manager, Frontenac Loan and Investment Society. Office opposite the Post Office.

AT LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST. Apply to McINTYRE & McINTYRE, Barristers, etc., King Street, near Market Square.

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PIANOS AND PIANO TUNING. THE largest and most varied stock of New and Second hand Pianos between Toronto and Montreal, on monthly or quarterly instalments. Tuning and repairing. J. REYNER, Golden Lion Block.

A. H. HOWELL, ORGANIST QUEEN ST. Methodist Church, gives lessons in Piano Forte and Organ playing. Residence: 220 Queen street, opposite Queen street Church.

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MRS. COCHRANE, TEACHER OF PIANO Forte and Singing. Apply at 122 Earl St.

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GEORGE CLIFF, THE GENERAL REAL Estate Agent, makes a specialty of taking care of estates, letting houses, collecting rents, buying and selling city properties. Parties wishing to buy or sell houses or lots should call at the Headquarters for Real Estate, opposite the Post Office.

J. HALLIGAN & CO., 53 BROCK STREET. Family groceries, imported wines, liquors and cigars.

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McCAMMON BROS., KINGSTON HORSE Exchange, Livery and Boarding Stables, corner of Brock and Bagot Streets. A new and stylish outfit of vehicles and excellent horses. Charges moderate.

ELDER BROS. NEW LIVERY IN CONnection with St. Lawrence Hotel, on King Street. First-class rigs will always be on hand on the shortest notice.

T. C. WILSON, 120 CLARENCE STREET, the largest and longest established livery in the city. Telephone No. 179. Vehicles ready at a moment's notice.

F. A. BIBBY, 129 BROCK STREET, THE leading hack and livery stable in the city. Telephone No. 203.

F. NISBET, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER.

Fashions for February

YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL, 30c.

DELINEATOR, 15c.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 10c.

F. NISBET,

Corner Bookstore, Brock-st.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

INSTRUCTIVE ENTERTAINMENT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Short Sketch of the Monkey as It Appears in Captivity—Its Remarkable Propensity and Talent for Imitation. Its Love of Mischief.

Monkeys are not only interesting to the naturalist, but are a source of entertainment to everybody, young and old. Their remarkable propensity and talent for imitation, together with their extreme agility; their curious, prying disposition and their love of mischief, make them very amusing, whether in a wild or captive state.

A MISCHIEVOUS MONKEY.

The food of monkeys consists chiefly of fruits, corn and other vegetable substances. Most of them catch and eat insects and also birds, of the eggs of which they are very fond. In captivity they learn to eat and drink almost everything that is used by man, and show a great fondness for sweet things and alcoholic liquors. Many have capacious cheek pouches, in which they stow away food which they cannot consume with sufficient expedition. Most interesting to the naturalist is the marmoset monkey, from the forests of Brazil and Guiana, one of the most interesting of the South American monkeys.

This little creature, which, exclusive of the tail, is only seven inches in length, is frequently kept as a pretty domestic pet, but, from being a native of a tropical climate, it requires the greatest care to protect it against cold. In confinement their habits are gentle, though, as may be inferred from the sketch, their activity leads them into all kinds of mischief, such as washing cigars and bathing a Geneva watch in a basin of water.

The Ten Baby Toes.

There were ten little fellows who started one day
To make on the road of existence their way,
To seek for its joys and to meet with its woes,
And the name they were known by was Ten Baby Toes.

Five got in one sock, and declared they were Right,
And found a fine dwelling, snug, pleasant and tight;
And then the five others, of brothers bereft,
Jumped into another, and said they were Left.

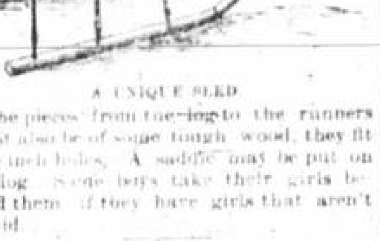
With each, Master Big Toe, he marched at one side
(Two Big Toes were brothers) to strengthen and guide;
And he is the stoutest of all the five toes,
As he ought to be, getting such "stubs" as he goes.

Sometimes Right was foremost, and Left left behind,
Then Left in the front, with Right left you would find;
But however these brothers in rivalry vied,
Whenever they rested they stood side by side.

They shared the same burden—the baby above—
And mother declared that they shared the same love,
And all just as precious, since every one knows
That Baby can't spare the least one of his Toes.
—Harper's Young People.

An Ingenious Contrivance.

A writer in The Farm Journal tells that he has had lots of fun with the sled-like contrivance shown in the picture. The runner and shaft are one piece—half of a pole about three inches in diameter and of some tough wood—notched where the runners leave off and the shaft begins.



A UNIQUE SLED.

The pieces from the log to the runners must also be of some tough wood; they fit into inch holes. A saddle may be put on the log. Some boys take their girls behind them if they have girls that aren't afraid.

Amusement That Requires Physical Skill.

Athletic amusements, for the most part, seem very easy. Nevertheless all require patience and practice before the pleasant part comes. If ever one is near despair it is when a wretched bicycle wobbles about under you as you bestride it for the first and second and third and many further times. It doesn't help you a bit to have somebody on either side of you clutching the handle to keep you safe. Besides, they always are in a way when you bicycle and all are just falling—because, they say, they don't care to be kicked to death by the iron mule. In tennis it is just the same. The racquet seems to be as unfit and clumsy an object to hit a ball with as would be a chimney pot. And what a figure one cuts, with one's gawky movements, and red, angry face while one is learning! Yet a little practice and stubbornness—politely called perseverance—get over all this, and tennis and cycling are worth taking some trouble with.

The Traveled Alphabet.

Numbered with amusements for evening hours, suggested by Good Housekeeping, is the "Traveled Alphabet." This game sufficiently taxes the ingenuity to make it quite as suitable for the older as the younger people. Deciding on the person with whom the alphabet should begin, each one must take a letter in turn and apply it to the country to which he or she is going, and the object of the journey, thus:

No. 1. I am going to Africa to get Ants and Anacondas.
No. 2. I journey to Brooklyn to get Bread and Beets.
No. 3. I travel to Cleveland to get a Church and Choir.
No. 4. I am going to Denver to obtain Dandelions and Dainties.
No. 5. I journey to Egypt to Eat Eggs at Ease.

This should be continued until the alphabet is exhausted. Any player failing to comply must pay the forfeit of introducing a new game, singing a song or telling a laughable story.

Severe Cold Cured.

DEAR SIRS,—My mother was attacked with inflammation of the lungs which left her very weak and never free from cold, till at last she got a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and, on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried. MRS. KENNEDY, 50 Smith Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

A True Bill.

Wm. Gillespie, Wolfe Island, says: "I had indigestion and stomach cough for three years. Was treated by best physicians and used numerous patent medicines without success, when two bottles of Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil cured me. I have great pleasure in recommending it." For sale at Wade's drug store.

Familiar Family Friends.

The family store of medicine should contain a bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Mrs. Hannah Hutchings, of Rossway, N.S., says: "We have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil in our family for six years, for coughs, colds, burns, sore throat, croup, etc., and find it so good we cannot do without it."

Teeth Like Pearls.

Is a common expression, the way to obtain is to use Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste, fragrant and delicious. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

60c. Per $100

Insures first class property for three years. Parties desiring low rates should call on W. J. B. White, 92 Brock street.

Northern Spy apples and new prunes. James Crawford.

We have with us to-day the greatest living statesman.
"THE GREATEST"
Can you prove this?
YES.
Because he don't deny it.

The Leading Dress Goods Department Here.

Over fifty new colors and qualities in SPRING DRESS MATERIALS. Some of the prettiest things you ever saw, and remarkably cheap for high class goods. Do not decide on purchasing a dress until you have seen what we are offering, for we can show you many novelties in FANCY DRESS GOODS.

LAIDLAW.

For five years our Dress Goods trade has been growing gradually, but in a most satisfactory manner. We bring out novelties and sell cheaply, so that we now hold the trade of nine-tenths of those who bought dress goods from us in

1886.

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COAL
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—BEST IN THE MARKET.

Yard No. 1—Ontario Street.
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Chief Office—St. Lawrence Wharf. Branch Office—Corner King and Clarence Streets, opposite British American Hotel, Kingston.
Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened.
Telephone communication.

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COME DOWN AND SEE OUR STOCK OF BEST MAPLE, cut or uncut, arriving weekly by Kingston and Pembroke Railway.

BEST DRY SLABS IN THE CITY

Pine and Cedar Blocks and Gilmour's Dry Edgings for kindling wood. ALL CHEAP FOR CASH.

JAMES CAMPBELL
Opposite Barrack Gate, Ontario Street.
Telephone, No. 116.

You can buy DRY HARD WOOD SLABS, sawed to stove lengths, at $4 per cord, at

CRAWFORD'S,
FOOT QUEEN STREET.

DRY ROCK ELM, sawed, at $4 per cord.

M. MALLEN'S WOOD AND COAL YARD

Is always stocked with the
BEST DRY HARD WOOD,
DRY BLOCK WOOD,
DRY KINDLING WOOD
AND THE
BEST DESCRIPTIONS OF COAL.
Corner of Barrack and Ontario Streets.

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.

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ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF ENGLAND. Founded 1808.
Capital $6,000,000.

NATIONAL ASSURANCE CO.,
OF IRELAND. Incorporated 1822.
Capital $5,000,000.

Insurance against loss by fire effected at low rates and claims promptly settled without reference to home office. Loss by lightning covered whether fire ensues or not.

J. S. R. McCANN, Agent,
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Fire & Life Insurance Company.

This Company is one of the best in the world. Its available funds amount to $43,837,136, in addition to which is the unlimited liabilities of shareholders.
The yearly premiums for fire risks alone amount to $6,447,880.
Insurance effected on Farm and City Property at the lowest possible rates.
Three year policies issued on private dwellings and farm buildings at low rates of premium.
Losses paid promptly.
THOMAS BRIGGS, Agent.

FIRE INSURANCE.

LONDON ASSURANCE CORPORATION,
W. H. GODWIN, Agent.
Office: FRASER'S ARCADE, King Street.

GUARDIAN ASSURANCE COMPANY

Subscribed Capital	£2,000,000
Total Invested Funds upwards of	3,900,000
Total Income	768,000

Insurances against Loss by Fire accepted at the lowest current rates and claims settled without reference to the Board at London.
W. H. GODWIN, Agent for Kingston.
Office: FRASER'S ARCADE, 344 King Street.

THE ÆTNA INSURANCE CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.

Cash Capital	$4,000,000 00
Total Assets	10,437,497 04
Losses paid in 72 years	66,271,000 00

For prompt settlement of losses and equitable dealing with policy holders this company stands unrivalled.
J. GOODNOW, President; W. B. CLARK, Vice President; JAMES F. DUDLEY and W. H. KING, Assistant Secretaries.
JAMES SWIFT, Agent.

THE KINGSTON FOUNDRY
AND
MACHINERY WORKS.

Marine Engines, Boilers and Steam Engines of all Kinds.

MILL WORK AND GENERAL CASTINGS.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE WELL KNOWN "KINGSTON" PROPELLER WHEEL.
REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

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Telephone No. 260.
J. H. TAYLOR, Manager and Secretary.

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HAS AN ABUNDANCE OF SLEIGH BELLS. ALSO DINNER, SCHOOL, OFFICE BELLS, Etc.

Skates and Skate Straps

And everything in the HARDWARE line.

Strachan's
Corner Princess and Montreal Streets.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
ACT LIKE MAGIC
ON A WEAK STOMACH.
FOR SALE BY
ALL DRUGGISTS.

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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.

ETRURIA	Feb. 21, [illegible] p.m.
AURANIA	Feb. 28, 8 a.m.
UMBRIA	[illegible] p.m.
SERVIA	Mar. 14, 8:30 a.m.
BOTHNIA	Mar. 18, Noon
ETRURIA	Mar. 21, 2:30 p.m.
AURANIA	Mar. 28, 7:30 a.m.
GALLIA	April 1, 10 a.m.

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.

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VERNON H. BROWN & CO.

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

Liverpool, Halifax and Portland Service, Calling at Londonderry.

	From Portland.	From Halifax.
POLYNESIAN	Feb. 5	Feb. 7
CIRCASSIAN	Feb. 19	Feb. 21
SARDINIAN	Mar. 5	Mar. 7
POLYNESIAN	Mar. 19	Mar. 21
CIRCASSIAN	April 2	April 4

Mail steamers mentioned as sailing from Portland leave that Port about 1 p.m. on Thursdays, after arrival of the train leaving Kingston Wednesday afternoon.

From Halifax about 1 p.m. Saturdays. Passengers via Halifax leave Kingston Friday morning's train, by Grand Trunk.

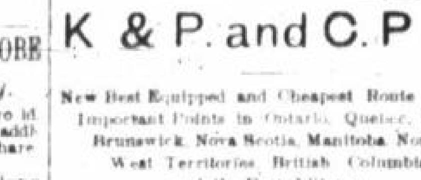
RATES OF OCEAN PASSAGE.

Cabin, to Liverpool and Derry—$40, $50, $60. Return (via Halifax and Portland) $80, $90, $110. Intermediate, Liverpool, Derry and Glasgow, $25.

Steerage, to or from Liverpool, Derry, Queenstown, Glasgow, Belfast, London, $20.

All information regarding the selection of berths can be obtained in Kingston from

THOMAS HANLEY, Ticket Agent G.T.R. City Station. | J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Ticket Agent, 42 Clarence St.



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New Best Equipped and Cheapest Route to all Important Points in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, North West Territories, British Columbia and the United States.

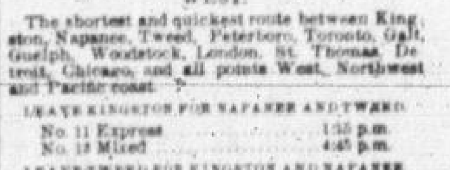
TRY IT ONCE AND YOU WILL TAKE NO OTHER.

Trains leave Kingston as follows:
7:00 a.m., Mixed for Harrowsmith, Sharbot Lake, Mississippi and Renfrew.
12:40 p.m. Express for Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. Johns, N.B., Halifax, N.S., Tweed, Peterboro, Toronto, Renfrew, Pembroke, Sault Ste Marie, Duluth, St. Paul, Fargo, Grand Forks, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Brandon, Calgary, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland and San Francisco.
11:30 p.m., Express (Daily), for Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Tweed, Peterboro, Toronto, St. Thomas, Ingersoll, London, Windsor, Detroit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Denver, St. Paul and all points in the United States.
4:35 p.m., Market Mixed (Thursdays), for all local points.

Close connections at Sharbot Lake and Renfrew with all Canadian Pacific Railway Express Trains. The only through train service from Kingston to Sault Ste. Marie, St. Paul, Winnipeg, North-West Territories and British Columbia with only one change of cars.

Ticket Office, New City Hall Depot, Ontario Street.

F. CONWAY, Ass't Gen. Pass. Agent. | B. W. FOLGER, Supt.



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LEAVE KINGSTON FOR NAPANEE AND TWEED.
No. 11 Express ... 1:35 p.m.
No. 13 Mixed ... 4:45 p.m.

LEAVE TWEED FOR KINGSTON AND NAPANEE.
No. 12 Mixed ... 6:20 a.m.
No. 14 Express ... 1:30 p.m.

Nos. 11 and 14 make close connections at Tweed with C.P.R. for and from all points West.

For full information and tickets apply to R. J. WILSON, Agent C.P.R. Telegraph Office, Clarence Street.

R. C. CARTER, Ass't Gen. Mangr. | H. B. SHERWOOD, Sup't & Gen. Pass. Ag't.

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One Way Excursions to British Columbia, Washington Territory, Oregon, California and Pacific Coast Points.

Leave Kingston at 1:30 p.m. on FEBRUARY 6th and 20th, March 6th and 20th.

A colonist sleeper will run through from Toronto to Vancouver, via North Bay, with each excursion, without change.

Departure of Trains from the City

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
No. 1	at 12:15 p.m.	No. 2	at 3:30 p.m.
No. 5	at 1:50 p.m.	No. 4	at 1:45 a.m.
No. 3	at 7:25 a.m.	No. 6	at [illegible] a.m.
Mixed	at 6:05 a.m.	Mixed	at 6:35 a.m.
		Mixed	at 7:25 p.m.

Express trains Nos. 3, 4 and 6 run Sundays included. No. 6 does not run on Monday.

Telegraph Office open day and night. Telephone No. 99.

For information of all kinds apply to
THOMAS HANLEY.
Office—G.T.R. Passenger Station, Corner Johnston and Ontario Streets.

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Sold on the most reasonable terms

AT SHERLOCK'S MUSIC STORE.

New Music received every day, and Violins, Banjos, Guitars, etc. 281 Princess street.