

FURNITURE, &c.

MERCHANTS - HOUSEKEEPERS !!

Send in your orders early for
PAINTING - AND - PAPERING
 Spruce up—don't be a clam—and don't wait till the great spring rush is on.
AN ELEGANT LINE OF HANGINGS
 to select from. Always the best selected and most stylish stock in Eastern Ontario.
 Give us a call and look over our stock.
ROBINSON'S WALL PAPER DEPOT
 277 Baggot Street.

\$19.50
 WILL BUY A SQUARE
PARLOUR - BASE - BURNER.
\$22.50
 WILL BUY THE LARGEST SIZE.
 GRAND UNIVERSAL STOVES AND RANGES are the best and cheapest. For sale only at
BIBBY & VIRTUE'S, King Street.

HALL, PARLOUR, COOKING STOVES and RANGES, -CHEAPEST AT- ELLIOTT BROS.,
 Next door to W. M. Drennan, Princess St.
 Finsmithing, Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting, Steam and Hot Water Heating Engineers. Agent for the Celebrated Spiral Radiator Hot Air Furnace, manufactured by M. H. Jacobs, Syracuse, N.Y.

HENRY BRAME,
 Leading Undertaker and Embalmer,
 -251 PRINCESS STREET,
 Cor. Sydenham Street.
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B.H. CARNOVSKY
 INTERIOR CABINET DECORATIONS
 AND ALL KINDS OF
FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.
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F. C. MARSHALL,
 UPHOLSTERER & CABINET MAKER
 HAS A NICE LINE OF
FANCY AND ODD CHAIRS,
 Just the Thing for a CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
 241 PRINCESS STREET.

IF YOU WANT THE
Cheapest & Best Furniture
 OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, CALL AT
H. BRAME'S,
 251 Princess Street, cor. Sydenham Street, Kingston.

WOOD AND COAL.

BRECK & BOOTH
 Wharfingers, Vessel Agents, Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers, Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered. Bunton wood and Hard and Soft Cordwood of first quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
 YARD—Corner Ontario and West Streets. —
 OFFICE—Clarence and Ontario Streets—Foot of Clarence Street.
 ORDERS left at the stores of Mr. James Redden, Princess Street, and Messrs. McKelvie & Birch, Brock Street, will be promptly filled. Telephone communication.
 Agents "Black Diamond Line,"
 L. W. BRECK. E. A. BOC'N'H.

Coal, Wholesale, Retail,
BEST IN THE MARKET.
 Yard No. 1—Ontario Street.
 " 2—Clarence Street Wharf.
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 Secure delivery before broken weather sets in. Chief Office—St. Lawrence Wharf. Branch Office—Corner King and Clarence St., opposite British American Hotel.
 Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened.
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JAMES SWIFT & CO.

HARD AND SOFT WOOD.
 If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best Hard Maple and Beech Cordwood, Oak, Birch Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood Sawed or Un-sawed.
 Or if you want Kindling Wood, (Dry), or Stov Coal, Nut Coal, No. 4 Coal, Soft Coal or Blacksmith's Coal, go to
R. CRAWFORD & CO., - Foot of Queen st.
 N.B.—Orders left at the Grocery Store of Jas. Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone communication.

WOOD & COAL YARD
 COR. BAY AND RIDEAU STREETS.
THE VERY CHEAPEST PRICES
JOHN L. JOYCE.

COAL AND WOOD.
 Scranton Coal, Best Quality Hard Wood, Mill Wood, Verona Lime.
P. WALSH.
 OFFICE—Cor. Barrack and Ontario Sts.

DRY MILL WOOD AND SLABS.
 Best and Cheapest in the city.
 Foot of Clarence and Barrack Streets,
M. MALLEN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BRISCO HOUSE, NAPANEE, ONTARIO
C. A. CORNELL, PROP.
 This House has just been re-modelled, and refitted, and no pains will be spared to secure the comfort of Guests.
 Commodious Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.
 The best yard and stables in town.
ONE DOLLAR PER DAY.

HEINTZMAN & SPEINWAY PIANOS.
 The Best is Eventually the Cheapest.
 TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS.
 The latest music, songs, folios, piano methods, &c., at
Sherlock's Piano Rooms,
 281 Princess Street.

SMOKE "FRESH" CIGAR,
 MANUFACTURED BY
S. OBERNDORFFER,
 KINGSTON ONT.

THE GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

GRACE GREENWOOD ON THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Christmas Day in New York—Taking Stock at the Close of the Day—The Country Has People Who Could Easily be Spared—The Charity of the Rich.
 What a day was Christmas Day in New York. Sunny, soft, radiant, glorious; it made one rather glad to be alive. It was a sample May-day, stored up for the 30th of April to fool the poets and May queens with, and given out to us by mistake. May-day has of late years become all rhyme and no roses, as "Forefathers' Day" in some prohibition New England towns has become "all talk and no cider." Here in New York, even at the annual love feast of the New England society, I hear the patriotic celebrants were allowed no cider, but were obliged to content themselves with champagne. But they may be thankful that they were no further out down in the table privileges of the season, for I see that a witty journalist is making war on the immemorial *pieces de resistance* of Yankee desserts. "Because thou art virtuous, O Tribune, shall there be no mince pie and doughnuts?" Still our men had a right royal festival at Delmonico's, as good as it could be with the presence of good women. Masculine wit and eloquence had full swing without fear of damaging rivalry. Amid gayety, splendor, luxury and ease they garlanded rough old Plymouth Rock with poetry, and paid magnificent tributes to the piety, frugality, temperance, endurance and courage of the pilgrims. Well, it is something to be able to know a virtue when you see it. Ah! could those sturdy forefathers and those heroic, but homesick and perhaps seasick, foremothers have foreseen from their bleak landing-place 268 years ago that imposing gathering of their descendants, and heard, through some back action telephone, those toasts and speeches, could they, houseless and hungry, have prophetically beheld that warm, bright banquet hall, how it would have comforted them amid all their hardships and privations? They were silent men, for the most part, the pilgrim fathers, and not given to "dropping into poetry." Their talk was chiefly addressed to the Almighty, and their song also. But we have to take what their wives and the newspapers were spared. The sing the fathers didn't commit are visited upon the children.

I did not have much of a treat on Christmas day, except a visit to the park, the zoological portion, to see how the children and other playful animals were enjoying themselves. I think that with the exception of the poor eagles, who seemed all the more unhappy for the rich sunshine, all the more captives there, even those from the most uncivilized parts of the earth, were of the opinion that Christmas was a good institution. All the fowls and all the animals not perversely adhering to a strict meat diet were generously treated to grain, nuts, cakes and fruit. The roughest buffalo bull and the surliest bear were feasted and discussed their good things in a quieter, better mannered way than even their more dangerous namesakes at the same time the day previous holding high carnival in Wall street. Charity did not exhaust itself in the monkey house or bear pit, or turn away with empty hands after filling the elephant's trunk. There was something left for dependent human creatures. The appeal of Charles L. Bruce, the noble founder and apostle of the Children's aid society, was responded to, as usual, and the poor little waifs feasted like so many princes, but with better appetites. The newboys also were generously remembered and faithfully ministered to. Almost as fortunate are they as their brothers of Philadelphia who have a stationary Santa Claus of their own, whom no "unbelieving Thomas" can dethrone, or rather for whom, when the imaginary good genius of childhood vanishes in smoke up the chimney, a real, practical, good genius steps in at the door, the "child's friend" giving place to friend Child, who does his "spiriting" not less "gently," but more judiciously than the Dutch saint, investigating his benefactions "where they will do the most good."
 How "wise unto salvation" are those rich men like Mr. Childs, Mr. Mills, who has just established a training school for nurses at Bellevue, and Mr. Isamy, who has given to the poor of Liverpool \$110,000. If the two railway kings, Vanderbilt and Garrett, had recreated their brains and souls by charitable plans and work one would probably not so soon have suffered physical and the other mental death. Had Stewart taken pains to distribute his enormous gains among the people, to whom he owed these in great part, or whom his monopolies had crushed, much scandalous litigation would have been avoided and that terrible irony of fate, the "toting" of his old bones past his marble palace in a rough sack by night would never have shocked the community.

As we approach the close of the year we naturally count up our losses and take stock of our blessings. We certainly have not lost so many of our English-speaking great men and women, scholars, authors, artists, and military heroes as were taken from us last year, alas, we have not many to lose! We have had a thousand minor disasters, terrible enough for the sufferers, but no such tremendous tragedies by fire and flood, earthquake and cyclone as in some past years. But "White Caps" here and there almost all around the horizon betoken moral foul weather, more to be dreaded than any storm at sea. Grand railroad enterprises are being pushed in many directions, but they are being faithfully accompanied by railway robber enterprises, quite as bold and nearly as profitable. These marked miscreants are being everywhere vigorously pursued, and when caught severely dealt with, while the "White Caps" seem to be severely let alone—after the Dogberry tactics. They first make free with the property, the last with the bodies of their victims. It is the difference in crime between the carrying off of cash and laying on the lash. If I mistake not certain Southern Ku-Klu ruffians were some years ago tried, convicted and sent to the Albany penitentiary—thus, why this immunity for "White Caps"? What is sauce for the southern goose is surely sauce for the northern gander.

Political turmoils and election disputes over and silly debts paid, for all of which we may be thankful, but the Elmore returns from the clergy of distant parishes are not all in. The yellow fever scourge seems to have been quite overcome, but an alarming epidemic of whistling is spreading through the land. It attacks the weaker sex mostly. In Kansas I see they have in one Miss Blanche Weber "a champion whistler." They are appearing on all sides! The other night at a reception one was sprung upon us, and we were called upon to listen to an elaborate operatic air, whistled by a very serious-looking young lady, whose prim mouth lent itself naturally to the puckering process, but whose lung power was not quite equal to the strain put upon it in the long sustained effort. There seemed need of a boy to blow the bellows. Though I could not say, as a certain musical critic said of "the only Shaw," "She whistles en-

tirely from note, and exactly as the music is written, but she fills it full of an expression and sentiment that no human voice can render." I was yet glad that poor Patti was not there to hear.

We are well out of that Hayti peril. It is a pity our deliverance did not come in time for the president to have mentioned it in his Thanksgiving proclamation. Our escape reminds me of a little adventure which my daughter and I once had on Lake Lucerne. We were in a small boat, of which we were captain, helmsmen and crew. My daughter rowed; I steered. We had just left the landing of the quaint little city for our pension some two miles up the lake, were in a hurry and so did not wait for a steamer, also putting out to get out of the way. We thought she would turn to the left, instead of which she perversely and rashly turned to the right and insolently faced us. She was the William Tell. The Swiss still believe in Tell. They keep his rock and preserve in every museum of the republic the bow and arrow with which he shot off the apple. We gave him—her—fair warning. People on that boat shouted and screamed, and the "Tell" backed out just as Hayti has done, and the collision by which our craft or the other would have suffered was happily avoided. Still, we took no glory to ourselves for the issue, and I don't think our country merits any for compelling Hayti to give way in this matter.

The excitement in England over the course of the Prince of Wales, in playing the mischief with the Honorable Artillery company, has given us republicans some curious reading. I do not, of course, think of entering on the merits of the case. I will merely say how the free discussion over there of the conduct of the prince, and the fearless comments of the London press on "the blunder" of the foremost and most popular man in England, have struck me with a realization of a great change in this matter or manner of English royalty, since the time of the last Prince of Wales—that "first gentleman of Europe." About him, when at the worst only journals of the opposition and outlaw ports and radicals dared to speak plainly, while for this little arbitrary act of Albert Edward's, involving no political or moral principle, that lofty personage is severely blamed and solemnly warned by conservative and liberal organs alike. If the long prosecution of a disastrous war—if the loss of the grandest colonies of England—if madness and blindness did not utterly remove George III. from his sacred place, I do not believe that this blunder of his great-grandson, agent the Honorable Artillery Company, is going to imperil the Hanoverian succession much.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE TOWN OF MARBLEHEAD.

The Historic Old Place Which Was Recently Devastated by Fire.

The town of Marblehead, Mass., which was so fearfully devastated by a fire some time ago, was, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, reckoned the second town in Massachusetts in population and wealth. It is built upon a peninsula projecting into Massachusetts bay, about four miles in length and two in breadth, with an area of about 4,000 acres, and joins Salem on the west. The surface is elevated, and is extremely irregular and rocky. The harbor is deep and convenient, and is about one and a half miles long by a half mile wide. The town has been noted from the first settlement of New England for the enterprise of its people in the fisheries. More recently the inhabitants have also engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes.



BEFORE THE FIRE.

Marblehead was originally a part of Salem, and was incorporated as a distinct town in 1640, at which time it contained forty-four families. Many of the inhabitants were from the Channel Islands, and their peculiarities of language are still to be noticed among the people, and formerly existed to such a degree as almost to constitute a separate dialect.

Marblehead contributed a regiment of 1,000 men to the army, and at the end of the war there were 1,000 fatherless children in its population of less than 4,000.



AFTER THE FIRE.

During the war of 1812 the frigate Constitution was chiefly manned by men from Marblehead, and the town also sent out a great number of privateers; and when peace was declared it was found that 500 of its citizens were held in England as prisoners of war. In the civil war it was the first town to send troops to Boston (April 16, 1861), and furnished altogether 1,440 men.

Burning Money.

A citizen of Eatonton, Ga., smokes about twelve pounds of tobacco yearly in a pipe that he declares is over 200 years old. This leads a mathematical person to calculate that if that were the average amount used in the pipe since the first day 2,400 pounds of weed have been burned in this bowl, and if the first \$13 had been put out at the rate of 10 per cent, it would now have grown to the sum of \$1,755,443,300.

Means of Identification.

"Boy," he said, as he made change for his paper, "why don't you wash your face? Nobody would recognize you with a clean face."
 "That's the case in a nutshell," replied the boy. "I've got money lent out to ten different boys, and if I should wash my face they'd jump them debts quicker'n a streak of lightning."—Detroit Free Press.

Corn Sowing.

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore-producing substitutes.

JANUARY BARGAINS!

IN THE FOLLOWING GOODS:

DRESS GOODS,
 Cashmeres, Silks and Plushes, etc.

A JOB LINE.

All Wool Ulster Cloth, 60c. worth 90c.
 Black Matalasse, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50.
 Black Ottoman Cord, 85c. worth \$1.25.
 See our Prints at 8c. worth 12 1-2c.

A JOB LOT

SATIN MERVELLIEUX for 67 1-2c. worth 85c.
 Everything in our stock marked to clear. Bargains for everybody at

MURRAY & TAYLOR'S
 176 PRINCESS STREET.

WALSH & STEACY

WILL HOLD DURING JANUARY

A GRAND CLEARING SALE

OF

Winter Goods

At Lowest Prices ever Offered in Kingston.

Ready-made Jackets, Ready-made Ulsters, Heavy Melton Cloth and Wool Dress Goods, Tweeds, Cloths and Cloakings. Ulsterings of all kinds. Sealette and Seal Plush.

WALSH & STEACY.

R. & J. Gardiner

RETIRING FROM THE RETAIL BUSINESS

AFFORDS A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

TO PURCHASE ALL CLASSES OF

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS

AT UNHEARD OF LOW PRICES.

Readers of the "British Whig" should remember that our entire stock, which is still a very large one, must be sold within the next few weeks.

We know persuasion won't sell it. Advertising alone can't move it. We must use the lever which no buyer can resist. Low prices is the magnet which attracts the crowd and draws the money. That together with an immense stock, which in its completeness is still unsurpassed by any in the city, will enable us to do the work. We anticipate the next few weeks will be as busy ones with us as the preceding ones.

Come quickly while the assortment still remains unbroken, for you will want to come again and bring your friends with you.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY

By Buying Your Dry Goods at the Great Retiring Sale of

R. & J. GARDINER.

FOR THIS WEEK ONLY.

1000 PAIRS OF LADIES'

AMERICAN RUBBERS

AT 25 CENTS,

Gents' Toilet Fancy Velvet Slippers

FROM 75 CENTS, at

D. F. ARMSTRONG'S, 141 Princess Street.