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Send in your orders early for
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—Spruce up—don't be a clam—and don't wait
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AN ELEGANT LINE OF HANGINGS
to select from. Always the best selected and
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Give us a call and look over our stock.
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277 BAY ST.

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PARLOUR - BASE - BURNER.

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WILL BUY THE LARGEST SIZE.
2nd GRAND UNIVERSAL STOVES AND
RANGES are the best and cheapest. For sale
only at
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—CHEAPEST AT—
ELLIOTT BROS.,

Next door to W. M. Drennan, Princess St.
Tin-smithing, Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting
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—251 PRINCESS STREET,
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INTERIOR CABINET DECORATIONS
AND ALL KINDS OF
FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.
281 PRINCESS ST.

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.

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BRECK & BOOTH
Wharfingers, Vessel Agents and Wholesale
Retail Coal and Wood Dealers, Coals of the
very best description, under cover, well screen
ed and promptly delivered. Bunco 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. BUCHANAN.

Coal, Wholesale, Retail,
BEST IN THE MARKET.
Yard No. 1—Ontario Street.
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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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HARD AND SOFT WOOD.
If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best
Hard Maple and Beech Cordwood, Oak, Birch,
Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood Sawn or Un
sawn.
Or if you want Kindling Wood, (Dry), or Stov
Coal, Nut Coal, No. 1 Coal, Soft Coal or Black
smith'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
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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 modeled, and re
fitted, and no pains will be spared to secure
the comfort of Guests.
Commodious Sample Rooms for Commercial
Travelers.
The best yard and stables in town.
ONE DOLLAR PER DAY.

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

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

CONTRABANDISTS.

There Are Still More Smug
glers Than Are Dreamt Of.

THEIR WORK IS SCIENTIFIC.

Women by All Odds the Best Smugglers.
How the Professional Female Jewelry
Smugglers Operate and Their Curious
Schemes for Concealing Diamonds.
Smuggling in-General.

The art of smuggling has flourished on this
green earth so long that its origin and the
identity of the first smuggler are lost in ob
scurity. It would be interesting if from the
records and traditions of the past could be
gleaned some facts about the first contra
bandist, and to compare his probably clumsy
methods with the really admirable modes of
action pursued by the thousands of contra
band maniacs of today.

Time was when your genuine contra
bandist—one operating on the coast of England,
for instance—had to be a man of unlimited
nerve, great physical endurance, not over
much conscience and the ability to use a
sharp pair of eyes on a dark night. For in
those days smuggling was as dangerous as
housebreaking is now. A smuggling vessel
from France, in order to escape detection, had
to put in on a bare, wild part of the coast of
England with her contraband goods and run
the risks of the not infrequent dangers of
wind and wave. It was necessary to choose a
dark night, perhaps a cloudy one, for a land
ing, and to the cautious smuggler of a hun
dred years ago the light of the full, round
moon, a blessing and a protection to honest
sailors, was quite as thwarting as the glare
of the noonday sun.

If the smugglers managed to land their
casks of brandy, cigars or laces without being
observed by the lynx eyed coast guards,
whose duty it was to patrol the shore, up and
down, through the long night, then all well
and good. But if one of the watchful guards
caught them in the act, as was very often the
case, it was a serious thing for them.

They would see a red sheet of flame sud
denly shoot with a hissing noise into the
black night and drop into the sea. It was
the guard's signal. In what seemed a mirac
ulously short time there would come run
ning from all directions the inconveniently
observant coast guards—men chosen for their
rugged honesty, and equally as fearless and
determined as the smugglers. They would
find themselves surrounded, staring into the
muzzles of cocked guns. If they submitted
gracefully to the inevitable they would be
quietly led off to their punishment. But
sometimes they did not look at the matter so
philosophically; and many a desperate and
deadly battle was fought, under the frowning
emph of heaven, between these unphiloso
phical contrabandists and the brawny coast
guards.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.
Compare that sort of smuggling with the
bloodless but nevertheless scientific smuggling
of to-day! Goad your imagination to even a
faint conception of the wondrous evolution of
smuggling, and behold! all faces shall rise
up and call thee great!

Few of the smugglers of today are steel
muscle, hairy breasted giants; few would
know how to handle a weapon if necessity
demanded it; of dangerous night encounters
few of them have any knowledge; of coast
guards most of them are densely ignorant.
Nearly all that sort of thing has long ago
passed away. On the coast of New Jersey
and Maine, perhaps of a few other states, you
will occasionally hear of wine and cigar
smuggling, but it becomes rarer.

In short, nearly all of the smuggling of this
last quarter of the Nineteenth century is done
in broad daylight. And this in spite of all
the precautions and restrictions devised by
one of the most inventive and thorough cus
tomers services in the world. It is impossible
to squelch smuggling. Bulky books of rules
can be made and thrice the force of inspec
tors and inspectresses be employed in the cus
toms, but the amount of smuggling can only
be reduced, never altogether stopped. The
professional smugglers always seem to be
able to outwit the customs officers. Espe
cially is this the case with respect to the
professional jewelry smugglers. The majority
of these are French women, and the schemes
they concoct to conceal diamonds about
their persons are worthy the ingenuity of
Japanese puzzle inventors. The place of con
cealing diamonds which was once more used
than any other was in the high heel of a natty
French shoe. These shoes were made in Paris,
and the heel could be screwed on and off at
pleasure. The number of diamonds they
would hold was surprising, and for many years
the scheme was worked with great success.



DETECTED.

The inspectors of the New York custom house
were puzzled. They knew that diamonds
were being smuggled somehow or other, but
for the life of them they could not discover
how. But one day a pretty young woman,
evidently a novice at smuggling, attracted
the attention of one of the female inspectresses
owing to her nervousness, and the inspectress
politely requested an interview with her in one
of the searching rooms. She was completely
stripped (to her tremendous indignation) and
every article of her apparel was strictly ex
amined. Nothing was found, however, and
the young woman, very lightly attired in
deed, strode up and down as fiercely as an
Amazon—and, as far as lack of drapery was
concerned, looked like one. Finally, however,
the inspectress came to her shoes, examined
them critically, shook them. Ah! what was
the cause of that rattling! She looked at
them again. A thought struck her. She un
screwed the heel. A shower of diamonds fell
at her feet, casting their brilliant rays around
the room.

Thus was the little scheme discovered.
THIS OPENED SOME EYES.
Many shoe heels were examined after that,
and many were the glittering finds.
The female diamond smugglers had many
other clever tricks. Some hid the diamonds

in their hair; others glued them in the pits of
their arms with pitch; and many put them in
their mouths while undergoing examination.
It is curious how people who in everything
else are strictly honest and would not think
of defrauding any individual, do not think it
in the least wrong to defraud the govern
ment. They consider it a very venial sin to
swindle Uncle Sam. And to do this they
will do any amount of perjury and suffer
humiliations which they would resent quickly
enough if under any other circumstances.
Millionaires even will do the pettiest things
in order to escape the payment of duty, and
their wives are far worse. The sketch here
given shows a well known woman in New
York society, who, on returning from her
tour in Europe last autumn, and looking very
much fresher than she had when she went
away, excited the suspicion of an inspectress
who had caught her in trifling smuggling
before.

The sketch explains itself.
It suffices to say that over \$600 worth of
fine laces and other dainty articles were
found in her clothes.

There is no doubt that women are better
and more daring smugglers than men, nor is
there any doubt that women do more smug
gling than men. There used to be great
quantities of expensive lace smuggled into
New York by women—not by professional
smugglers, but by women of wealth and
standing. The most common way of doing
it was by wrapping it round their legs in
great rolls. Others stitched it on the inside
of their dresses, and it is sometimes sewed
on the inside of a hat. A custom house officer,
in talking about women smugglers recently,
said:

A CUSTOMS OFFICER'S STORY.

"I remember when I last came back from
Europe a fine young woman, exceedingly
plump, whom everybody admired. The
young fellows on board were infatuated,
especially those who liked a stout, well
rounded girl. All the way over she wore the



IN A STEAMER CABIN.

same dress—blue cloth, tailor made. It fitted
her, if possible, just a little bit too well. Said
I: 'I can imagine a belle rigging herself like
this when on parade at Newport, but for the
deck of a Cunarder, it is a trifle too chic,'
said I."

"What did you suspect?"
"Suspect! Bless you, I didn't suspect—I
knew. At Quarantine, after the health offi
cer came aboard, a boat pulled out from Fort
Hamilton and wanted to take my charmer
off. I touched her on the shoulder. 'You
can't leave this vessel,' said I, 'until we reach
the Battery.' 'Who are you?' she demanded,
turning pale. 'I'm a custom house officer,'
said I, 'and as soon as we land I shall have
you searched.' She hadn't the heart to say
much. Still pale, she sat down, biting her
lips and looking round to see that nobody
had heard us. 'Officer,' she said at length,
'how much will make it square?' 'Well,' said
I, with a sly glance at her shapely figure, 'I
don't know how much it took to make it
round; but I guess there is about \$5,000
worth of lace and jewelry in the lining of
that dress of yours.' And so it was. When
the women searchers had undressed her she
looked like a scarecrow—old, laggard, a
regular skeleton. The haul just doubled my
estimate."

The professional female smugglers are
nearly all comfortably well off. There is
plenty of money in the business, and there
are several who are quite rich. But few of
them ever leave off smuggling. There is a
sort of fascination in it, and after a time
they grow so enamored of the excitement and
danger incident to the life of a smuggler that
they find it hard to give it up.

The young men who, returning from their
summer's jaunt on the continent, do a little
smuggling and are tremendously pleased
over it, are as thick as leaves that strew the
brooks of Valambrosa. Before leaving for
Europe a friend of one says to him:

"Hear you're going across the pond, Char
ley."
"Yep."
"Well, just bring me over nine or ten
pairs of trousers from Poole, in London, will
you?"
"Yep."

Several others of Charley's friends will
make the same request, and the result is that
when Charley lands in New York he has
ninety or a hundred pairs of Poole's trousers
distributed among his trunks, and with a
small doucun he gets them through the cus
tom house. He distributes them among his
friends, who warmly congratulate him upon
his cleverness, and Charley feels gleefully
proud and immensely pleased with himself.

Even men who have never smuggled in
their lives try to make people believe that
they do. Enter a club smoking room. Note
with what pride your juvenile host offers you
a cigarette of the finest Turkish tobacco.
"Tobacco, dear boy," he says, "that would
be cheap at ten dollars a pound." "But can
you afford such a price?" "Hush," he whis
pers, "it costs me only a dollar; smuggled,
dear boy, smuggled." He is smoking native
tobacco with a flavoring of cheap Turkish or
Egyptian.

Kisses Without Thrills.

"Didn't that fellow Brown kiss you in the
hallway when he went out?" asked Mrs.
Jones of her daughter, as the outer door
closed upon the evening's caller and the
mother leaned over the baluster above.
"No, he didn't," was the reply, and there
was a suspicion of regret in the answer.
"I thought I saw him," insisted the old
lady, "and I thought I heard him."
"So you did; but he didn't kiss me. He
just merely smacked my bang, and that
wasn't me—was it, now? He may have meant
to salute me chastely on the forehead, or im
part a respectful token upon my auburn
tresses, but what he did do was to kiss a
front piece of hair that had grown—heaven
knows where! He might have kissed a piece
of kid skin—like Smith did in the ante
room of our opera box the other night. He lifted
my gilded hand gingerly, touched his lips
gingerly to it, and might as well have kissed
the sole of my shoe for all the thrill there was
to it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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 CONTINUE THEIR SALE OF

WINTER DRESS GOODS.

WE ARE OFFERING SEALETTE, SEAL PLUSH, HEAVY CLOAKINGS,
BLANKETS AND WINTER DRESS GOODS AT LESS THAN
WHOLESALE PRICES.

Our Annual Winter Sale of Grey and White Cotton is now going
on. Low prices.

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.