

FURNISHINGS.

FURS

Fur-Lined Circulars,
Ladies' Fur Jackets,
Ladies' Sable Sets.

BEARBOAS.

Beaver Capes and Caps,
Alaska Sable Capes,
Opposum Capes and Caps,
Greenland Sable Capes.

MUFFS.

TO MATCH ALL THE ABOVE.
Men's Fur Collars and Cuffs,
Men's Persian Lamb Caps,
Men's Otter, Seal and Beaver do,
Fur Gauntlets, Coats, &c.

All information as to prices cheerfully given.

BOSTON HAT - STORE,

Wellington Street.

OVERCOATS.

A Good Man's Overcoat Made to order for \$13.

However, if a bad man comes along will make him one for the same price.

TWEDDELL,

ONE DOOR BELOW CITY HOTEL.

FOR A CHOICE LOT OF
NECKTIES, UNDERSHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS,
GO TO
RATTENBURY'S.

GROCERIES, LIQUORS.

The Assam Tea Estate Depot.

The Barnoova Tea Estate,
The Loobah Tea Company,
The Mechi Tea Estate,

Established for the purpose of supplying pur

INDIAN TEAS,

Unmixed with China direct from their estates. These teas stand without a rival for purity strength and flavour.

The undersigned has this day received a small consignment of these (the finest teas in the world) and will be happy to supply those of his customers who desire something really choice, with a sample of the same.

JAMES REDDEN, PRINCESS STREET,

Sole Agent in Kingston.

THE CELEBRATED

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER IS A PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER.

It contains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia and may be used by the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety. Its great success arising from its being intrinsically THE BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET, as well as thoroughly adapted to the wants of the kitchen, has excited onvious imitations of its name and appearance. Beware of such.

No addition to or variation from the simple name:

COOK'S FRIEND IS GENUINE.

Trade Mark on every package

THE PEOPLE'S

Up-Town Grocery.

S. W. DAY'S,

PRINCESS STREET, ABOVE SYDENHAM-ST.

A LARGE STOCK,
BOTTOM PRICES,
AND A DESIRE TO PLEASE,
MUST ATTRACT ATTENTION.

JUST - RECEIVED

Two Car Loads of the Ontario Brewing and Malting Co's superior
ALE AND PORTER
In Pints, Quarts and Small Kegs, which judges pronounce the finest in the city.

R. THOMPSON,

No. 10 CLARENCE ST.,
OPPOSITE BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

THE LARDER.

OPERA HOUSE FRUIT AND OYSTER MARKET

Florida Naval Oranges,
Florida Russet Oranges,
Jaffa (Holy Land) Oranges,
Messina Oranges,
Valencia Oranges,
Florida Langerines or Kid Glove Oranges.

W. H. CARNOVSKY, 212 Princess-st.
TELEPHONE 21.

YELLOW SIGNS. YELLOW TUBS.
Use "Peerless Brand"

BALTIMORE

FRESH RAW OYSTERS

Selected and packed with cleanliness and care
By C. H. PEARSON & Co., Baltimore, Md.
They are the best. Ask your grocer for them.

BREAD, BREAD.

We take the lead in Quality and Variety. You can get almost any shape and style. Our Home-Made Bread is the latest. Made only at
R. H. TOYE'S,
KING STREET BAKERY.

HOT - MILK - SHAKE,

Just the thing for cold weather. Try it
AT THE BAZAAR.

REES BROS.

MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONERS.

CITY FLOUR STORE.

CHOICE FAMILY & BAKERS' FLOUR
SEED, GRAIN, PRESSED HAY, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

D. FRANKLIN

MARKET SQUARE.

ciety of our friends in heaven, we will not only have to travel a path of faith and a path of tribulation but we will also have to positively battle for their companionship. David and his men never wanted sharp swords and invulnerable shields and thick breastplates so much as they wanted them on the day when they came down upon the Amalekites. If they had lost that battle, they never would have got their families back. I suppose that one glance at their loved ones in captivity hurled them into the battle with tenfold courage and energy. They said: "We must win it. Everything depends upon it. Let each one take a man on point of spear or sword. We must win it." And I have to tell you that between us and coming into the companionship of our loved ones who are departed there is an Austerlitz, there is a Gettysburg, there is a Waterloo. War with the world, war with the flesh, war with the devil. We have either to conquer our troubles, or our troubles will conquer us. David will either slay the Amalekites, or the Amalekites will slay David. And yet is not the fort to be taken worth all the pain, all the peril, all the besiegement? Look! who are they on the bright hills of heaven yonder? There they are, those who sat at your own table, the chair now vacant. There they are, those whom you rocked in infancy in the cradle, or hushed to sleep in your arms. There they are, those in whose life your life was bound up. There they are, their brow more radiant than ever before you saw it, their lips waiting for the kiss of heavenly greeting, their cheeks rosate with the health of eternal summer, their hands beckoning you up the steep, their feet bounding with the mirth of heaven. The pallor of their last sickness gone out of their faces—never more to be sick, never more to cough, never more to limp, never more to be old, never more to weep. They are watching from those heights to see if, through Christ, you can take that fort, and whether you will rush in upon them—victors. They know that upon this battle depends whether you will ever join their society. Up! Strike, harder! Charge more bravely! Remember that every inch you gain puts you so much farther on toward that heavenly reunion.

"VICTORY OR DEATH!"

If this morning while I speak you could hear the cannonade of a foreign navy, coming through the "Narrows," which was to despoil our city, and if they really should succeed in carrying our families away from us, how long would we take before we resolved to go after them? Every weapon, whether fresh from Springfield or old and rusty in the garret, would be brought out, and we would urge on, and, coming in front of the foe, we would look at them, and then look at our families, and they would be "Victory or death!" and when the ammunition was gone, we would take the captors on the point of the bayonet or under the breach of the gun. If you would make such a struggle for the getting back of your earthly friends, will you not make as much struggle for the gaining of the eternal companionship of your heavenly friends? Oh, yes! we must join them. We must sit in their holy society. We must sing with them the song. We must celebrate with them the triumph. Let it never be told on earth or in heaven that David and his men pushed out with braver hearts for the getting back of their earthly friends for a few years on earth than we to get our departed.

You say that all this implies that our departed Christian friends are alive. Why, had you any idea they were dead? They have only moved. If you should go on the 2d of May to a house where one of your friends lived and found him gone, you would not think that he was dead. You would inquire next door where he had moved to. Our departed Christian friends have only taken another house. The secret is that they are richer now than they once were, and can afford a better residence. They once drank out of earthenware, they now drink from the King's chalice. "Joseph is yet alive," and Jacob will go up and see him. Laving! Are they? Why, if a man can live in this damp, dark dungeon of earthly captivity, can he not live where he breathes the bracing atmosphere of the mountains of heaven? Oh, yes, they are living!

Do you think that Paul is so near dead now as he was when he was living in the Roman dungeon? Do you think that Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, is as near dead now as he was when, year after year, he slept seated on the floor, his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could find ease in no other position? Do you think that Robert Hall is as near dead now as when, on his couch, he tossed in physical tortures? No. Death gave them the few black drops that cured them. That is all death does to a Christian—cures him. I know that what I have said implies that they are living. There is no question about that. The only question this morning is whether you will ever join them.

But I must not forget those two hundred men who fainted by the brook Besor. They could not take another step further. Their feet were sore, their head ached, their entire nature was exhausted. Besides that, they were broken hearted because their homes were gone. Ziklag in ashes! And yet David, when he comes up to them, divides the spoils among them. He says they shall have some of the jewels, some of the robes, some of the treasures. I look over this audience this morning, and I find at least two hundred who have fainted by the brook Besor—the brook of tears. You feel as if you could not take another step farther, as though you could never look up again. But I am going to imitate David, and divide among you some glorious trophies. Here is a robe: "All things work together for good, to those who love God." Wrap yourself in that glorious promise. Here is for your neck a string of pearls, made out of crystallized tears: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Here is a coronet: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O ye fainting ones by the brook Besor, dip your blistered feet in the running stream of God's mercy. Bathe your brow at the walls of salvation. Soothe your wounds with the balsam that exudes from trees of life. God will not utterly cast you off, O broken hearted man, O broken hearted woman, fainting by the brook Besor.

YOU WANT DIVINE NURSING.

A shepherd finds that his musical pipe is bruised. He says: "I can't get any more music out of this instrument, so I will just break it, and I will throw this reed away. Then I will get another reed, and I will play music on that." But God says he will not cast you off because all the music has gone out of your soul. "The bruised reed he will not break." As far as I can tell the diagnosis of your disease, you want divine nursing, and it is promised you: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." God will see you on the way through, O troubled soul, and when you come down to the Jordan of death you will find it to be as thin a brook as Besor; for Dr. Robinson says that, in April, Besor dries up and there is no brook at all. And in your last moment you will be as placid as the Kentucky minister who went up to God, saying is the dying hour: "Write to my sister Kate, and tell her not to be worried and frightened about the story of the horrors around the death bed. Tell her there is not a word of truth in it, for I am there now, and Jesus is with me,

and I find it a very happy way; not because I am a good man, for I am not; I am nothing but a poor, miserable sinner; but I have an Almighty Saviour, and both of his arms are around me."

May God Almighty, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, bring us into the companionship of our loved ones who have already entered the heavenly land, and entering the presence of Christ, whom, not having seen, we love, and so David shall recover all, "and as his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

BRIEF MENTION.

Alexander the Great died at Babylon, B. C. 323, at the age of 33.

Titian, considered by many the prince of colonists, was born at Venice in 1477 and died in 1570.

Kansas boasts of having the largest two military reservations in the country—Forts Leavenworth and Riley.

George Routledge, the London publisher, printed and sold 600,000 copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

A Ulysses, Neb., man has built the "largest corn crib on earth." It is 400 feet long, 12 feet wide and 12 feet high, and holds 25,000 bushels.

A very pleasant and "genteel" way of making a little pin money has been found in the new feminine fad for wood carving.

Public opinion is the strongest factor in putting down any evil, and it is made up of private opinion, openly expressed and heartily followed.

Anna Katherine Green makes it a rule to rest a year between the publication of one book and the beginning of the composition of another.

A Michigan woman practiced with a revolver until she could hit a suspender button at eight paces. Then there came a burglar into the house early one morning, and she sent a bullet ping through her husband's left ear.

Little Billy had a new brother, and soon afterward one of his neighbors said to him: "So you have another baby at your house? He's a right smart little fellow, I suppose." "Humph!" said Billy, turning up his nose. "How many smart boys do you expect us to have in our family?"

It is now proposed to have another international exhibition in the great crystal palace at Sydenham, near London, in 1891, in the buildings in which the exhibition of 1851 was held in Hyde park, but which were afterward removed to Sydenham.

Twenty-seven years ago an acorn lodged somehow in the mortar or between the stones of an Ohio court house spire, took root, and sent out an oak shoot. Today a miniature oak grows on the spire, eighty feet from the ground. It draws life from the cement, the "skin of the rock," and the air, but principally from the air, as there is very little cement in the spire.

He who amasses wealth, not as an equitable return for value given, but by underhand dealing or oppression of the poor, or gambling on a high or low scale, has been engaged in no honorable competition. He who climbs into power, not by proving himself the fittest man to wield it, but by pushing others down and crowding them out, desecrates the name of emulation.

The first railway out of Chicago was the Galena and Chicago Union now the Galena division of the Chicago and Northwestern, the first ten miles of which, to Harlem, were completed and open to travel Dec. 30, 1848. The company some years subsequently extended its lines to Freeport, there connecting with the Illinois Central to Galena and Dubuque, and also to Fulton on the Mississippi. The Michigan Central and Michigan Southern were completed and opened to travel in 1852.

A Strange Story.

A writer in The London Morning Post tells a strange tale of "ancient Holyrood," which he says should have once contradicted or confirmed. Some visitors who went through the Queen of Scots' apartments there were shown by the guide, who seemed to have spoken a little beyond his commission, a certain passage and a large jutting stone like a step, and the following curious statement was then let fall. Some time ago, when some repairs were being made in the Queen of Scots' room, a stone mason struck the jutting out stone above mentioned, which rang hollow. He had the curiosity to turn it up, and discovered the remains of a baby wrapped in cloth of gold, and marked "J." Now, it is well known that Mary Stuart gave birth to James I of England and the VI of Scotland in the adjoining room, and that immediately after the birth the child was removed and brought up elsewhere, the queen showing a small interest in her offspring.

Now, supposing the real child, the real James, is the infant wrapped in cloth of gold, lying under that stone, who was the other child who afterwards reigned as James I of England and VI of Scotland? Did this question ever occur to the authorities? This will be best answered by asking how they are said to have treated the discovery. They telegraphed at once to the high personage in London whose business it is to control Holyrood palace. What did he? He sent back word "to make no fuss about it," but to replace the baby in cloth of gold marked "J." under the stone, and presumably there he still lies. But the questions remain to be answered. If that is Mary Stuart's baby, and the rightful heir, who was that other baby? And why, when the supposed original turned up in cloth of gold, was there no fuss to be made? If this is all a mare's nest, it is high time that people who go over Holyrood should know it, let alone those whom it may concern even more nearly.

Once Too Often.

A beggar, a small boy, and a pitcher figured in an interesting little comedy up town. The pitcher was standing outside of the third story window of a house which stood directly opposite a saloon. On the Bowery this pitcher would be called a "growler," although it was a beautiful design and somewhat expensive.

Whenever the person who occupied the room wanted some beer the pitcher was put out, and a small boy who keeps a bootblack stand on the opposite corner would see it, and quickly go for it and get it filled. The beggar had been that way before, and had learned the relation between the small boy and the pitcher, so he watched for its appearance one day and forestalled the small boy. He went up to the room from which the pitcher was exhibited, told the owner that he called for it instead of the small boy, and secured both the pitcher and the dime that was in it.

The dime went into his pocket, and the pitcher was probably resolved in a quarter at the nearest second hand store.—New York Times.

Professor Felix Adler, of New York, thinks that general improvement in government, industry and society is constantly going on, and that all necessary reforms will yet be won, as the result of experiment and effort on the part of the laboring masses and their friends.

GARDINERS' RETIRING CHEAP SALE

Continues to Draw Large Crowds of Buyers.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18,

AND UNTIL ALL ARE SOLD THE FOLLOWING

SPECIAL - OFFERINGS WILL BE FOR SALE.

FOR REDUCED PRICES ON OTHER CLASSES OF GOODS
SEE DAILY NEWS.

Dress Goods--One lot All-Wool Dress Suiting at 12 1-2c, worth 20 cents.

One lot Camel Hair Costume Cloths 20c per yard, actual value 35c.

One lot English Dress Serges 9c per yard worth 17c.

One lot Fine English Melton Cloths at 7c per yd worth 15c

Also specially reduced prices on French Cashmeres and French Herietta Cloths.

SILKS, BLACK AND COLORED.

All must be sold. Rich Gros Grain Silks sold at 90 reduced to 60c

Satin Merveilleux sold at 90c reduced to 65c.

Colored Satins for evening wear sold at 45c reduced to 23c.

Black French Faillie Silks sold at \$1.50 per yard reduced to \$1.10

Better qualities at a still greater reduction.

RETIRING CHEAP CLEARING SALE.

R. & J. GARDINER.

BIG BARGAINS

—IN—

MEN'S HEAVY UNDERWEAR

—AND—

CARDIGAN JACKETS.

Prices all reduced to clear out our stock of these goods. Come and see them.

Cousineau, Quinn & Corrigan,

SUCCESSORS TO F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

LOOK AT THIS!

For the next week, before Stock-taking, we will sell Woollen Goods at cost to clear. This is a Genuine Sale.

JOHNSTON & CO.

BARGAINS

—IN—

Dress Goods!

Previous to Stock-taking we are going to offer the balance of our

DRESS MATERIALS

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Plain and Fancy Cashmeres,
Henrietta Cloths, Amazon Cloths,
Armure Cloths and All Winter Dress Materials.

This is a rare chance to secure a good article at a very low price.

JOHN LAIDLAW & SON.

DON'T

Have your Rubbers slipping at the heel but get a pair of the Champion Rubber Straps, 10 cents a pair, at

Haines & Lockett's.