

FURNISHINGS.

FURS

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

BEAR BOAS.

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 per
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 tea leaves 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 constitu-
tions with perfect safety. Its great success
arising from its being intrinsically THE BEST
VALUE IN THE MARKET, as well as thor-
oughly adapted to the wants of the kitchen, has
excited envious imitations of its name and ap-
pearance. 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. TOYER'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, CLO-
VER AND TIMOTHY SEED.
C. D. FRANKLIN
MARKET SQUARE.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT AND IN-
STRUCTION OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

An Appeal from the Children's Dog, for
a Little Less Study and a Little More
Play, to the Directors of the School.
Verse for the Children.

"I am the children's dog,
I've come on a very long jog,
Their woes to relate
To the council in-state;
Bow-wow," said the children's dog.

"They come back from school every day,
They haven't a moment to play,
With such lessons to learn
It makes my heart burn,
Though I'm only a dog as you say.



I AM THE CHILDREN'S DOG.
Such figures of rhyme and of prose;
Such figures in rows upon rows,
Why, the thought of their sums
Gives me pain from my gums
Right down to my tail and my toes.

"So, Mr. Directors, I pray,
Don't wear all their small brains away,
Some lessons abolish,
And intellects polish,
Like mine, by a little more play."

A Boy Who Became Famous.

It was a bright, warm day in the early sum-
mer of 1781, and London was full to overflowing,
when a boy about 11 years old, with long
dark hair hanging down his neck and a
strange, dreamy, far off kind of look in his
gray eyes, came slowly along one of the
busiest and most crowded streets of the great
city, so wrapped up in his own thoughts that
he hardly felt the jolts and bumps which he
encountered in pressing his way through the
hurrying throng around him.

He must have been thinking of a battle or
a hard struggle of some kind, for every now
and then he darted out both his arms in front
of him, to the no small danger of the eyes or
ribs of the passers by. Suddenly he was
brought to a stand still, and no wonder, for
in flourishing his hands about he had thrust
one of them right into the coat pocket of a
tall man who was just going past him.

"What! so young, and so wicked!" cried
the man, turning round and seizing him.
"You little rascal, do you want to pick my
pocket in broad daylight?"

"No, I don't want to pick your pocket,"
said the boy, staring about him as if
awakened from a dream. "I thought I was
swimming."

"Swimming!" echoed the man, with a
broad laugh. "Well, I've heard a crowd
called a sea of people, but I've never heard
of anybody swimming in it before. You're
either telling me a lie, or else you must be
crazy."

"I'm not, indeed," protested the boy. "I
was thinking of that man who swam across
the Hellespont—Leander, you know—and it
seemed to me as if I was swimming across it,
too."

"Oh!" cried the stranger; "that's it, is it?
You seem fond of reading, my friend?"

"I'd read all day long if I could," answered
the boy, earnestly; "but I've only got a few
books, and I've read 'em all again and again."
"Well, I'll tell you what—I belong to a
library, and if you like, I'll give you a ticket
of admission to it for six months, and then
you can read as much as you please. Here's
my address, and you can come for the ticket
as soon as you like."

And the stranger, chuckling over this queer
adventure, went briskly on, little thinking
that he would live to see that boy honored by
all England as one of her greatest poets, and
would tell with pride to all his friends how
he had once done a kindness to Samuel Taylor
Coleridge.—Harper's Young People.

The Game of the Key.

The game of the key may be played by any
number of persons, who should all, except
one, seat themselves on chairs placed in a
circle, and he should take his station in the
center of the ring. All the sitters must next
take hold, with their left hands, of the right
wrists of the persons sitting on their left, be-
ing careful not to obstruct the grasp by hold-
ing the hands. When all have in this man-
ner joined hands, they should begin moving
them from left to right, making a circular
motion, and touching each other's hands, as
if for the purpose of taking something from
them. The player in the center then pro-
ceeds a key to one of the sitters and
turns his back, so as to allow it to be
privately passed to another, who hands it to
a third, and so it is handed round the ring
from one player to the other, with all imagi-
nable celerity, which task is exceedingly
easy to accomplish on account of the contin-
uous motion of the hands of all the players.
It is the office of the player in the center, after
allowing time for the key to be passed on to
the third or fourth player, to watch its pro-
gress narrowly and to endeavor to seize it in
its passage. If he succeeds in his attempt,
the person in whose hand it is found, after
paying a forfeit, must take his place in the
center and give and hunt the key in his turn.
Should the seeker fail in discovering the key
in his first attempt, he must continue his
search until he succeeds. When a player has
paid three forfeits he is out.

An Illustrated Lesson.

We are indebted to Golden Days for the
following lesson in etiquette, which, if care-
fully studied by our little men and women,
will doubtless have a very salutary effect:



DO TAKE CARE. DO NOT STARE.

If I were a bird,
"If I were a bird," said a boy,
And exceedingly wise looked he,
"I'd always build my little nest
In the top of a Christmas tree."
—M. L. H.

Convenience in the Pantry.

A useful contrivance in which to keep
knives, forks and table spoons is a pocket
tucked on the pantry door, made of enameled
cloth and lined with Canton flannel, the in-
terior being stitched in small divisions to
accommodate the separate articles. It is urged
as an advantage that "the Canton flannel
will absorb all moisture that may be left on
the articles."

THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Casabianca, the Boy Who Stood on the
Burning Deck.

Every one who has been a school boy is
familiar with the lines, "The boy stood on the
burning deck." This is the story of Casabianca,
who was the hero of the burning deck:
Owen Casabianca was a native of Corsica,
on which island he was born in the year 1788.
His father was Louis Casabianca, a distin-
guished French politician and naval com-
mander, and the friend of Napoleon. He was
captain at this time of the Orient, one of the
largest vessels in the French navy, a mag-
nificent ship of war, carrying 130 guns and
600 seamen. Of Casabianca's mother we know
little, save that she was a young and beautiful
Corsican lady and devotedly attached to her
son. Owen was her only child, a handsome,
manly little fellow, with her beauty in his
flashing eyes and dusky hair. She died while
he was yet quite young, and when the green
sod was placed over her grave, the boy left
the pleasant valley under the smiling hills of
Corsica, to go with his father and tread the
hard deck of a war vessel. Mere child as he
was, Casabianca soon grew to love his father's
dangerous calling, and became a favorite
with all on board. He was made midshipman,
and at the early age of 10 years participated
with his father in the battle of the Nile. The
ship caught fire during the action. Soon after,
Capt. Casabianca, the father, was wounded
by a musket ball. Not yet disabled, he was
struck in the head some minutes later by a
splinter, which laid him upon the deck insen-
sible. His gallant son, unconscious of the
chief's doom, still held his post at the bat-
tery, where he worked like the hero he was.
He saw the flames raging around him; he saw
the ship's crew deserting him one by one, and
the boy was urged to flee. With courage and
coolness beyond his years, he refused to de-
sert his post. Worthy son of Louis Casabi-
anca, he fought on, and never abandoned the
Orient till the whole of the immense vessel
was in flames. Then, seeking refuge on a
floating mast, he left the burning ship behind
him. But he was too late. The fatal cata-
strophe came like the judgment doom. With
an explosion so tremendous that every ship
felt it to the bottom, the Orient blew up, and
from among the wreck the next morning was
picked up the dead, mangled body of the
young hero, whose story romance and poetry
cannot make more heroic than it was.

Brain Weights.

The study of brain weights is interesting
because of its bearing upon the question of
intellectuality. The average human brain
weighs forty-nine or fifty ounces in the male
and about forty-five ounces in the female.
Great brain weight is not always associated
with intellectual vigor, as is shown by the
fact that an idiot is known to have had a
brain of over sixty ounces in weight. But
notwithstanding the evidence of such cases
as that of the idiot referred to, great
mental power is generally associated with
a brain weight exceeding the average.
Cuvier's brain weighed sixty-four ounces;
but Gambetta's brain weighed less than the
average woman's brain, which is, of course,
peculiar because of his great intellectuality.
A strange problem is developed by a compar-
ison of the average weight of the male and
female brains with the minimum weight
of each within the range of intelli-
gence. The average weight of the female
brain is about five ounces less than the aver-
age weight of a man's brain. If the weight
of the brain were an infallible gauge of intel-
lect the average woman would, so to speak,
have five ounces less intellect than the average
man. But the weight of brain in a man be-
low which idioy exists is about five ounces
higher than it is in woman. This is what
presents the problem. If, say, thirty ounces
of brain in a woman saves her from idioy and
thirty-five ounces are requisite in a man,
what becomes of man's average of five ounces
of brain weight in excess of the average in
woman? The conclusion seems to be that a
smaller quantity of female brain is essential
to intellectuality than of male brain. This
is equivalent to saying that the female brain
is of a superior quality. In contradiction of
this the fact may be cited that in comparison
with men but few women of great intellectual
vigor have appeared in the world. If this
hold true a woman with a brain of fifty
ounces ought to be equal to a man with a
brain of forty-five ounces.

"Too Thin."

Though the phrase "too thin," as ordinarily
used by schoolboys and others, may now be
familiar, the words may be used in a
perfectly orthodox manner. "Thin" is equiva-
lent to "transparent," easily seen through;
and, as a metaphor, seems to involve the aid
of a veil such as the ancients call ventus tex-
tilis, or "woven wind," which served to dis-
play as much as to conceal the person. It is
in this sense evidently that Shakespeare used
the words in "King Henry VIII," act v,
scene 2, where the king says:

You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop Winchester. But know I come not
To hear such flattery now; and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offenses.

That is, "Your commendations are too
transparent to hide your offenses." Another
instance of the use of the words may be
found in Smollett's novel of "Peregrine
Pickle," published in 1751. When the hero
suddenly informs his lady love, Amelia, that
he is going abroad, the tears gushed into her
eyes, and she was at great pains to conceal
the cause of her grief by observing that the
tea was so scalding hot as to make her eyes
water. "This pretext," says Smollett, "was
too thin to impose on her lover, or to deceive
the observations of her friend Sophy." There
is nothing vulgar in saying that a pretext is
"too thin," and this is what is meant by the
modern elliptical phrase.

A National Song.

"E. Pluribus Unum" is the title of a poem
by George W. Cutter, published in No. 3 of
"One Hundred Choice Selections," by P.
Garrett & Co., Philadelphia. It consists of
eight verses of eight lines each. Some of the
verses terminate with the words, "Many in
one." It was extremely popular thirty or
forty years ago, and was considered then a
national song.

Memento Mori.

An epitaph from a stone at Vernon, Vt.:
Here lies cut down like unripe fruit
A son of Mr. Amos—Tute
And Mrs. Jemima Tute his wife
Call'd Joannathon of whose frail life
The days all summon'd (how short th' Account)
Scarcely to fourteen years Amount—
Born on the twelfth of May Was he
In Seventeen Hundred Sixty-Three
To death he fell a helpless Prey
April the Five & Twentieth day—
In Seventeen Hundred Seventy Seven
Quitting this world we hope for Heaven
But tho' his spirit fled on high
His body mould'ring here must lie
Behold the amazing alteration
Effect'd by Inoculation
The means Employ'd his life to Save
Hurried him headlong to the Grave
And in the bloom of Youth he fell
Alas! What human tongue can tell
The mothers grief her Anguish show
Or paint the Fathers heavier Woe
Who now no nat'ral offspring has
His ample Fortune to possess
To fill his Place stand in his stead
Or bear his name when he is dead
So God ordain'd his ways are just
The Epitaph crumble into dust
Like and the World mere Bubbles are
So loose from these for Heaven prepare.

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 Faille 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.
CHEAP SALE
—OF—
DRY GOODS
AT R. WALDRON'S.
Great Reductions during the month of January. All Winter Goods
away down in price.
R. WALDRON.