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**INTERIOR CABINET DECORATIONS**  
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Wharfingers, Vessel Agents and Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers. Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered. Birch wood and Hard and Soft Cordwood of first quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.  
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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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If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best Hard Maple and Beaulieu Cordwood, Oak, Birch, Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood Sawn or Un-sawn.  
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Commodious Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.  
The best yard and stables in town.  
**ONE DOLLAR PER DAY.**

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TERMS TO SUIT PURCHASERS.  
The latest music, songs, folios, piano methods, &c., at  
**Sherlock's Piano Rooms,**  
281 Princess Street.

worlds into space, and kindles up new suns, and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallelujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates, he cries: "This, my son, was dead, and he is alive again."  
At the opening of the exposition in New Orleans, I saw a Mexican flutist, and he played the solo, and then afterward the eight- or ten bands of music, accompanied by the great organ, came in; but the sound of that one flute as compared with all the orchestra was greater than all the combined joy of the universe when compared with the resounding heart of Almighty God.  
For ten years a father went three times a day to the depot. His son went off in aggravating circumstances, but the father said: "He will come back." The strain was too much, and his mind parted, and three times a day the father went. In the early morning he watched the train, its arrival, the stepping out of the passengers, and then the departure of the train. At noon he was there again watching the advance of the train, watching the departure. At night, there again; watching the coming, watching the going, for ten years. He was sure his son would come back. God has been watching and waiting for some of you, my brothers, ten years, twenty years, thirty years, forty years, perhaps fifty years—waiting, waiting, watching, watching; and if this morning the prodigal should come home, what a scene of gladness and festivity, and how the great Father's heart would rejoice at your coming home. You will come, some of you, will you not? You will, you will! **MINISTERS OF RIGHT REJOICE WHEN THE PRODIGAL COMES HOME.**

III. I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this Gospel! I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and the hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they do not rise into enthusiasm, and they do not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin, I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated, I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When today in our communion service such throngs of young and old stand at these altars, and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attest their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I feel a joy something akin to that which the apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I cannot tell, or out of the body I cannot tell, God knoweth."  
Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home? They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad at the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls pant as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth saying: "All things are now ready;" ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet?

Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion, as a class, live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is more exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations, who wondered at the dulness of the sermons; when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood, and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire. I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality, because they cannot afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of five and six hundred dollars a year—the average less than that—their struggle well depicted by the western missionary who says in a letter: "Thank you for your last remittance, until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, although it was a severe winter, our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land, struggling against annoyances and exasperations unnumberable; some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint, and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers as a class live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.  
Oh, we are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the merriest; but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared with the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great era of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen eighteen of them. Thank God, thank God! **CHRISTIANS RECEIVE A CONVERTED SOUL WITH OPEN ARMS.**

IV. I notice also when the prodigal comes back all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks, and you saw people get ashore in the lifeboats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the Church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.  
Oh, when prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing. Just hear those Christians pray. It is not a stereotyped supplication we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a pleading of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers, men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation.

And just hear them pray, now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clench the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illumined they are. And see that old man get up, and with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house, say: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There was a man of Keith who was hurled into prison in time of persecution, and one day he got off his shackles and he came and stood by the prison door, and when the jailer was opening the door, with one stroke he struck down the man who had incarcerated him. Passing along the streets of London, he wondered where his family was. He did not dare to ask lest he excite suspicion, but, passing along a little way from the prison, he saw a Keith tankard, a cup that belonged to the family from generation to generation—he saw it in a window. His family, hoping that some day he would get clear, came and lived as near as they could to the prison house, and they set that Keith tankard in the window, hoping he would see it; and he came along and saw it, and knocked at the door, and went in, and the long absent family were all together again. Oh, if you would start for the kingdom of God today, I think some of you would find nearly all your friends and nearly all your families around the holy tankard of the holy communion—fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters around that sacred tankard which commemorates the love of Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh, it will be a great communion day when your whole family sits around the sacred tankard. One on earth, one in heaven.  
**FOR THE RETURN OF PRODIGALS LET EVERY ONE PRAY.**

V. Once more I remark, that when the prodigal sets back the inhabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem articulated, and news flies from city to city, and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls this morning should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for," "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

Blessed with the news, the saints below  
In songs their tongues employ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And Heaven is filled with joy.  
Nor angels can their joy contain,  
But kindly with new fire,  
The sinner lost is found, they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre.

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero the orator, at the Macedonian festival Philip the conqueror, at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates the philosopher; but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of Heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Saviour's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups from the bowls of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the redeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise, and with gleaming chalice drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

**Copyright in Judicial Opinions.**  
The supreme court of the United States has rendered a decision in reference to the copying of judicial opinions, in the case of Callaghan et al. vs. Myers. The appellee brought suit against the appellants for infringing upon a copyright secured to him by the reporter of the supreme court of Illinois by publishing certain volumes of the Illinois reports. The court decided in favor of the appellee, holding that while copyright cannot be secured for the text of the opinions of the judges, the reporter of the court has the right, in the absence of any legislation forbidding him to do so, to secure a copyright for the title, headings, notes, syllabi, and arrangement of the opinions, and that as the book would be of no value without these copyrighted portions, the whole book may be copyrighted. The court said, however, that this copyright will not hold good where it is sought to be procured in behalf of the state.  
—Scientific American.

**Have a System.**  
Whoever you are, whatever your lines of action, reduce your life to a system. This is the open secret of all smooth and rapid work. It is always the systematic people who get over the most ground with the least friction. Watch this successful business man; observe that thrifty housewife; mark yonder pastor as he manipulates a hundred interests. Full of affairs, how do they contrive to clutch from the grinding whir so many serene intervals of leisure? The answer is, system. 'Tis a sad thing, and a common, when one would sit down and draw a long breath, or when one might enjoy some otherwise legitimate pleasure, to be clamored upon by duties undone. Why make a lumber room of your life, full of odds and ends of unsorted things? Some folks are animated confusion.  
—Clergyman in St. Louis Republic.

**What Shall She Call Him?**  
"C. L. M." asks: "What is a good name for the gentleman to whom one is engaged? Shall I say my 'intended'? That sounds stiff. Shall I say 'the gentleman I am engaged to'? That is very long. What is the best form? and is there not a better phrase than 'keeping company' or 'courting'?"  
Our language is very poor in these equivalents. In French a gentleman who aspires to a lady's hand is called "a pretendunt," but we have no exact name for the "beau." As for courting, it is a good, old-fashioned, pretty word, much better than "keeping company."  
—Mrs. Sherwood in St. Louis Republic.

Wholly contrary to popular belief the color of the eyes indicates in no instance any moral characteristic.



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**NEW FANCY APRON MUSLINS**

**NEW CHECK MUSLINS,**

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**GREY COTTONS,** splendid value.

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New Goods arriving daily.

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OF FROM 35 TO 40 PER CENT

**LESS THAN OUR USUAL PRICES.**

We are confident that no such opportunity has ever before presented itself to the buying public of Kingston to purchase goods of equal quality, such as we are offering at nearly half their value.

**OUR STOCK IS STILL COMPLETE,**

and during the next few weeks we shall offer all classes of goods regardless of cost or value. Are you looking for a bargain? If so, it will pay you to purchase during

**OUR RETIRING CHEAP CLEARING SALE**

all the goods you will require for the next 2 years

**R. & J. GARDINER.**

**BOYS' READY-MADE - SUITS**

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**OVERCOATS AT COST PRICE**

**BOYS' MOCCASINS,**

50 CENTS.

**Cousineau, Quinn & Corrigan,**

SUCCESSORS TO F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

**OUR SPECIAL PRICES**

Will continue till Saturday, 2nd. Those who have favoured us with a call are satisfied that a Clearing Sale with us means a big reduction in prices. See our \$4 Blankets for \$3. Other prices equally cheap.

**A. J. McMAHON, 102 Princess-st.**

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—AND—

**PILLOW COTTONS**

**AT R. WALDRON'S.**

FINLEY'S "ROYAL" WHITE SHEETINGS, 2, 2 1/2, 2 3/4 yards wide. Horrock's White Plain and Twill Sheetings, 2, 2 1/2, 2 3/4 yards wide. Wamsutta Sheetings, Plain and Twill, 2, 2 1/2, 2 3/4 do. Unbleached Twill Sheetings, 2 and 2 1/2 yards wide, 25c. Unbleached Plain Sheetings, Heavy, 2 yards wide, 20c. Richardson's Linen Sheetings, Best quality, 2 1/2 yards wide. Finley's "Royal" Pillow Cottons, 38, 40, 45 and 54 in. Duncan's Best Pillow Cotton, 38, 40 1/2 and 45 inch. Richardson's Pillow Linen, best 40, 42 and 45 inch. 300 White Satin, and Marcellas Quilts and great bargains.  
**R. WALDRON.**