

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Regular Meetings.
Minden, No. 233, on Monday, Mar. 14th, at 7:30 P.M.
Ancient St. John's, No. 3, on Thursday, Feb. 7th, at 7:30 P.M.
Cataract, No. 92, on Wednesday, Feb. 13th, at 7:30 P.M.

Canadian Order Foresters.
COURT STANLEY, No. 199, C.O.F., meet the SECOND AND LAST TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH in the "Prentice Boys' Hall, King Street. T. T. RENTON, Recording Secretary.

I. I. O. O. F. M. U.
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, meet every other Friday in the Sons of England Room, Princess Street. Next meeting FEBRUARY 15TH. W. BUSHKILL, Recording Secretary.

Sons of England.
LEICESTER LODGE, No. 33, of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, will meet in their new Lodge Room, corner Montreal and Princess St., over Strachan's Hardware Store, the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month.

FURNISHINGS.

DON'T FORGET
THAT ON
SATURDAY, Feb. 2nd,
THE BIG CLEARING SALE

FURS

COMMENCE AT THE
BOSTON - HAT - STORE,
Wellington Street.

This will be a rare opportunity to buy Robes, Coats, Caps, Mitts, Boas, &c., as the entire stock is to be sold without reserve.

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.

THE LARDER.
OPERA HOUSE
FRUIT AND OYSTER MARKET

All kinds of Canned and Preserved Fruits in glass and tin. Evaporated California Fruits, Prunes, Prunelles, Tunis Dates in stalk, &c. Kipperd Herrings and Ciscos.

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

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.
C. D. FRANKLIN
MARKET SQUARE

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.
F. NISBET:
BOOKSELLER
STATIONER.

BIRTHDAY CARDS.

A FRESH STOCK OF
PRANG'S BIRTHDAY CARDS
JUST RECEIVED.

VALENTINES,
Comic and Sentimental.

At NISBET'S,
CORNER BOOKSTORE.

GENERAL - NEWS - AGENCY
-For Genuine Bargains in-
BOOKS, PAPERS AND STATIONERY.

FRASER & HAMILTON, Props
King St., opposite Market, Kingston.

Everyone should read the **UTICA "GLOBE"** the Leading Illustrated Journal of New York State

SECOND - HAND BOOKS
Second-Hand Books bought and sold by A. SIMMONDS, Princess Street.

A WANING ART.

Bunco Steering Is Suffering from Too Much Information.

COUNTRYMEN ARE "TOO FLY."

"The Boys" Are in the Dumps the Country Over, but in New York They Are in Especially Low Spirits, and with good Reason.

The golden days of the bunco steers have departed. The best and most artistic men in the profession, the cream of the class, are now engaged in the degrading occupation of making stoves and cane chairs for their respective states without being remunerated for their pains by any wages whatever. Those who have been fortunate enough not to get caught have become quite humble, have dropped their swagger and air of bravado, and on the street they positively look of no more importance than common business men. To see a first rate bunco man on the streets of New York five or six years ago, when the bunco business was at the height of its prosperity, would give you the impression that he was the extravagant son of some rich man making frantic efforts to spend his money with as much rapidity and idiotic generosity as possible, and to "go to the devil like a gentleman." He was dressed as ex-



THEY GREW TOO BOLD.
pensively and with as scrupulous correctness as E. Berry Wall or Robert Hilliard, carried his cane and gloves in the most approved horizontal fashion, took a Broadway constitutional at 2 every afternoon, criticised the pictures and drank the 75 cent drinks of the Hoffman house bar, talked of the leading actresses by their first names and, in short, was so much like the legitimate New York "man about town" as to be scarcely distinguishable from him.

But, flushed by their continued success, the bunco men grew too bold. They lost for the time the first attribute of a successful confidence man—discretion. They began to attract the attention of the newspapers and were frequently exposed. The great excitement that was caused when Oscar Wilde was cleverly buncoed by Hungry Joe within a week after his arrival in America will be easily remembered. Hungry Joe, who is now serving a long term, and who is a man of fine presence and extremely fluent tongue, introduced himself to Wilde as the son of a celebrated banker, and so won upon the aesthete by his gentlemanly manners that after the two had chummed all over New York for more than a week, Wilde was buncoed to the tune of \$7,500. The money was recovered, however. This and several other big bunco cases, notably the one in which Charles Francis Adams was done out of \$17,500, caused such a row that the great and rapid decadence of buncoing began, and the profession has been sliding down hill ever since, until now few of the celebrated steers are to be seen in their accustomed haunts.

AS TO KID MILLER.
"Kid" Miller may now be considered the leading bunco man of New York. You can see him almost any day on Broadway, and he is as persistent a poser as Kyrle Bellow.

His face is utterly devoid of color and is swollen by the disfigurements of heavy dissipation, the effect of the opium pipe being especially apparent. He is smooth shaven, and his features, except for a sodden look that tells its story to the experienced observer, have a not unintelligent cast. His eyes are dead and dull, but shifting and scrutinizing. His nose is straight, his mouth thin and shut with intense firmness. His high silk hat is covered from brim to crown with a black cloth band, which gives an impression that he has just lost his worshiped wife, but which really means that the hat is four years old and can't be ironed into decent shape.

His overcoat is too thin for the weather, and is of an uncertain mouse color. In the lapel is stuck a bunch of imitation violets which have done service for several months. His legs are indefinite and dusty. In his hand is his gold headed cane, which he never pawns, and as a rule he carries a single glove as though it were a pair.

And Mr. Miller is watching the crowd. He sees every one, and when a gentleman whom he would term a "sucker" goes by he knows it. He gets the whole town in his memory. If you are wide awake he detects the fact and lets you alone. But when a stupid fellow gets into his orbit, one of these men that imagine a low round of pleasures means "seeing" metropolitan life, he is apt to find in a convenient dive some night a slim young man in a mourning band hat, a mouse colored overcoat, and with a glove and gold headed cane.

But the kid is lying low just now—very low, indeed. It is rare that he makes a haul nowadays. But he seems to have mastered Thackeray's problem of "How to live on nothing a year."

The most celebrated bunco man of his time was the notorious Henry Miller, who was killed by a barkeeper some years ago. Miller was a man of education, and was gifted with great personal beauty. He did not confine his operations to any one locality, but his specialty was at the summer and winter resorts. In the summer he would pose as a terrific swell at Newport, Long Branch or Cape May. He would have the best apartments in the hotels, and always had a spanking team of horses. One big haul every summer was all he worked for. In the winter

he would usually turn up in Jacksonville, Fla., or so other southern resort, and play the part of the mysterious and distinguished stranger with no end of money. One of his most celebrated Jacksonville swindles was when he victimized William Waldorf Astor, the noted millionaire, out of \$20,000.

A TERRIBLE WAIL.
One of the leading bunco men still left in New York, stimulated by something wet and a good cigar, grew communicative to a reporter not long since, and, after giving vent to a touching wail over the decline of his profession, mentioned a few of the little schemes which he successfully works.

"Buncoing isn't anything like the business it used to be," he said, pulling away dreamily at his cigar, "but we occasionally get hold of some pretty rum soffies."
"We capture men illustrious in all the walks of life. I don't mind giving some of the snap away, because they have been worked threadbare, and besides there is a sucker born every minute. No matter what they read they all imagine they can down us—well, if the fools didn't try we'd never get a sight of their money, so good luck to 'em."
"So you'd like to know all about it. Well, in the first place our profession is divided up into specialties. There are hotel and sidewalk men, like James Maurice, alias O'Brien, 'Kid' Miller, Eddie, or 'D. D.' Kelly (the bunco man pronounced it 'Deedy') and Harry Foster. They hang round Madison square and Broadway, where the big hotels are. Then there are many fellows like Pete Lake—'Grand Central Pete'—poor 'Hungry Joe,' George Andrews, Bill Decker and Charlie Wilson, that's 'Spanish Joe.' They worked the railroad depots, the Pennsylvania, West Shore and other ferries, where people from the far west and way back generally strike the town."

"First of all, you must know that there are no dens in the business. The boys hire a furnished room on the first floor of a building in any quiet side street, telling the landlord that they are agents for some company or other. The hand shaker grasps a prosperous looking stranger and sings out: 'How are you, Mr. Green? How are my friends in Brownville?' The chump generally replies: 'Why, you've made a mistake, I'm Mr. Brown from Greenville.' The 'shaker' apologizes, hurries off and reports to the steerer, who pulls a book out of his pocket and hunts up Greenville. The book, by the way, is what is known as a bank note reporter, and gives a complete list of all the banks in the country. From the list the steerer finds that Mr. Jones is the president of the Greenville bank and that Messrs. Smith and Gray are among its directors. Off he goes to the chump, shakes hands with him, calls him by name and saying he is Mr. Jones' nephew, asks for the health of the Smiths, Grays and other prominent people. See! The chump is flattered by the attentions of the bank president's stylish nephew, and it does not take long to steer him into the room where the boss bunco man is waiting to play his part. There is the usual story about the painting drawn as in the lottery prize, then the cash prize and the rest of it. Usually the chump bites in a few minutes; he is anxious to get \$500 for \$100, he puts up his wad of bills, the boys get it, and he walks out in a brown study, not knowing exactly how he was done up, but quite sure he has been swindled.

"Complain to the police? Not much. The bunco men leave their office a minute or two after he does, and no one could find them; besides, the man is ashamed to tell how green he was. Even if the boys are arrested, you can't find one man in a hundred who will go to a police court and give himself away for a sucker."

"Then there's a very pretty scheme of Grand Central Pete's. You'd laugh to see the dozens of farmers he gets to lend him \$50 on a worthless check so that he can pay a man the balance due for an imaginary horse. That's a dandy scheme, and it's perfectly safe. It generally takes the haybag about an hour to tumble after he's been left standing outside a store where Pete has to go in for a minute on important business."

"Oh, it makes me tired to try and remember all the rackets. 'Kid' Miller worked a nice one on an Episcopal clergyman the other day. He's a pale, slender chap, not much more than a boy, and when he handed the Rev. Mr. Blank a forged letter of introduction from another minister in Cleveland, whose name he faked out of a church almanac, Mr. Blank said he was glad to meet the Rev. Mr. White's brother. The letter read: 'My brother is buying books for me. Please honor his draft for \$100 and thereby do me a great favor.' The preacher thought it was O. K., and put up his check for \$75 when it was asked for. Unfortunately for 'Kid' the check overdrawn the Rev. Mr. Blank's bank account and 'Kid' got left. But the scheme was all right."

"One of the oldest schemes that chumps still bite at is the 'top and bottom' game. This is played with dice, and usually worked with a confederate. You may not know that the sum of the numbers appearing on the top and bottom of any three dice, no matter how they are thrown, always amount to twenty-one. On the general ignorance of that fact the 'top and bottom' game is so often successful in beating the uninitiated. The fa-



WARD LAKE
SWAINE FITZGERALD
BUNCO AND CONFIDENCE MEN.
vorte haunt of the game is in a saloon, where, out west, the dice box is called into requisition whenever you want a drink or a cigar. Nearly everybody is on the beat; if they can't beat a stranger they will try to beat each other.
"Well, the operator with his pal is in a saloon. A promising looking party comes in and a shake for drinks is proposed. This easily leads up to guessing on the top and bottom. The first time for drinks, then the (Continued on page three.)"

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

J. JOHNSTON & CO
Having decided to go to Manitoba in April, and in order to do so, their entire stock of

ALL NEW GOODS MUST BE SOLD.

STOCK CONSISTS OF

- \$3,000 Worth of New Dress Goods,
- \$1,000 Worth of Silks, Satins, Plushes, etc.,
- \$1,000 Worth of New Seasonable Prints,
- \$1,000 Worth of Cottons and Shirtings,
- \$1,000 Worth of Tweeds, Cloakings and Worsteds
- \$500 Worth of Wool Blankets and Flannels,
- \$2,000 Worth of Hosiery, Gloves and Corsets,
- Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Furnishings, Smallwear, etc., etc.

No space to quote prices, but we positively say that the goods will be sold at

WHOLESALE COST.

Store to be let April 1st.

J. JOHNSTON & CO

WALSH & STEACY

WILL CONTINUE THEIR

CHEAP SALE OF WOOLLEN GOODS
DURING FEBRUARY.

No Reasonable Price Refused for Heavy Woollen Cloths, Cloakings, Sealette, Seal Plush, Ulsterings and all kinds of Fancy Woollen Goods.

A SALE OF NEW EMBROIDERIES now going on.

WALSH & STEACY.

SATIN MERVELLIEUX.

500 yards Just Received and to be Sold at

75c. per yard. Regular Price \$1 per yard.

Inspection invited at

MURRAY & TAYLOR'S,
176 PRINCESS ST.

AT LESS THAN COST.

We have a few pairs of White Blankets left over which we want to clear out, and are offering them at less than cost. Blankets worth \$4 for \$3; Blankets worth \$5 for \$3.50; Blankets worth \$5.50 for \$4. Finest quality Canadian Blankets at cost. All Wool Blankets from \$2.25 to finest quality.
A. J. McMAHON, 102 Princess-st.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.

HOLLOWAY'S THE PILLS Are at all seasons of the year a reliable remedy for correcting any Disorder of the Digestive organs, and for restoring a healthy action to the STOMACH and BOWELS. They act on the Liver and Kidneys with marvellous effect, and by giving strength and tone to these important organs create a circulation of pure and healthy blood. Females of all ages find these Pills invaluable
HOLLOWAY'S THE OINTMENT Heals all recent Wounds, Cuts, Bruises and Sprains and is a certain cure for RASH, LEGS, SORES, ULCERS and OLD WOUNDS. It has no equal for the cure of Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Gout, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases.
Manufactured only by Thomas Holloway, 78 New Oxford St., late 538 Oxford St., London.
Purchasers should look to the Label on the Boxes and Pots. If the address is not 538 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, they are spurious.

FANCY FURNITURE.

- Fancy Walnut Cabinets, Bevel Plate Mirror, \$25 to \$40.
- Ladies' Work Baskets, \$2.50 to \$6.50.
- Gentlemen's Fancy Rattan Arm Chairs, \$5.50 to \$12.
- Gentlemen's Fancy Rattan Rocker, \$6.50 to \$10.
- Fancy Rattan Reception Chairs, \$1.75 to \$10.
- Platform Carpet and Plush Rocker, \$5 to \$18.
- Marble Top Hall Stand, \$12.50 to \$25.
- Marble Top Bed: room Set, \$40 to \$125.
- Ladies' Fancy Desk, etc., \$12 to \$18.
- Music Racks, Fancy Tables, Wood and Marble Top, \$2.50 to \$25.

Do not fail to examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere.
JAMES REID, 254 and 256 Princess Street.

Boots and Shoes

At Wholesale Prices Until the 1st March at

THE HEADQUARTERS SHOE STORE,

At D. F. Armstrong's, 141 Princess-st.