

AYER & CO'S NOTICE.

All Travelers

Whether by land or sea, who are liable to be out of reach of drug stores and doctors, would do well to have a supply of Ayer's Pills at hand. For this purpose, the Pills are put up in bottles as well as boxes, and may be conveniently carried in one's pocket. Six of the most distinguished physicians of Syracuse, N. Y., in giving their joint testimony as to the excellent medical combination of Ayer's Pills, make this point: "Their beautiful coating of gelatine and sugar is a great advantage, in that it protects them from change by time or climate, and renders them pleasant and even agreeable to take."

"During the twenty-five years I have lived on the frontier," writes John McDowall, of Sweetwater, Col., "Ayer's Pills have been my best friend. I have lived, mostly, where there was no doctor within twenty miles, and have been hard sick several times. I always kept Ayer's medicines on hand, and with them, and the Almanac, have pulled through. I have also doctored others, and believe I have saved some valuable lives by the use of Ayer's Pills."

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

PROVINCIAL.

SMOKE "BILL NYE" CIGARS.

5 CENTS.

SMOKE Creme de la Creme CIGARS.

TEN CENTS.

THIS YEAR'S - MYRTLE - CUT AND PLUG SMOKING :: TOBACCO FINER THAN EVER.

SEE

T. & B.

In Bronze on Each Plug and Package.

USE IRELAND'S DESICATED WHEAT

It cures Dyspepsia. Among the choice breakfast cereals manufactured at "Our National Food" Mills, Toronto, which are having an extensive sale all over the Dominion, the Desicated Wheat is the greatest boon to dyspeptics ever invented. One of hundreds of testimonials received: "I had dyspepsia for 20 years. I used all sorts of remedies until five years ago I got your Desicated Wheat. I gained 15 pounds in three months and have been well for nearly five years, but I use the food every day still." Send five cents to pay postage on sample to:

F. C. IRELAND & SON, 27 CHURCH ST. TORONTO.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

High Class, Fine Art, Live Stock, Mechanica TORONTO ENGRAVING CO. 53 King St. West, Toronto.

STAINED GLASS.

Brilliant Cut, Beveled, Silvered, Bent, Plate, &c. M'CAUSLAND, KING STREET, TORONTO.

ELECTROTYPERS.

F. DIVER & CO., TORONTO

14 KING ST. EAST STEREOTYPERS PALMER HOUSE Cor. King and York Sts., Toronto. Only \$2 per day; also "Kerby" Brantford.

RUSSIA'S LIQUID GLUE



RUSSIA'S LIQUID GLUE. THE STRONGEST GLUE IN THE WORLD. GOLD MEDAL. RUSSIA'S LIQUID GLUE. RUSSIA'S LIQUID GLUE. RUSSIA'S LIQUID GLUE.

Repairs Everything. It repairs holes in all kinds of material, and is the only glue that will hold on to anything. It is the strongest glue in the world. It is the only glue that will hold on to anything. It is the strongest glue in the world.

TOURS IN TROPICAL SEAS.

Novel and unsurpassed scenery, any climate obtainable. Trips embracing from two to 40 ports, occupying two weeks or longer—especially arranged. Coupons available on any of our steamers sailing fortnightly. \$5 a day defrays all necessary expenses of a tour to Jamaica, Hayti, Carthagen, Savannah, Colon, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the Mosquito Coast Ports only First Cabin passage carried. Address either P. M. FORWOOD & CO., Agents, 24 State Street, N.Y., THOS. COOK & SON, Tourists Agencies.

BUTTONS.

"Where's Buttons, Mary?" said little Alice Smith, the cash girl in a Fourteenth street dry goods store to her friend, Mary Simmons.

Mary blushed and looked guilty, although she hastily disclaimed any knowledge of the person alluded to. "How should I know where he is? I don't even know his name. I can't imagine why you girls are always teasing me about him." And Mary petulantly went on with her work of rearranging the disordered showcase and with feminine tact displaying the newest goods in the most conspicuous places.

But, despite her disclaimer, pretty Mary was thinking more about "Buttons" than she was willing to confess. In fancy she could see his broad shoulders and the half bashful, half conscious smile on his face as he appeared before her counter on the previous week. He certainly was a strong young man. She could tell that by his brown, muscular hand. And besides there was such an honest look in his eyes. She recalled his hesitation, too, when he asked for the buttons, from which the girls had nicknamed him, and Mary argued from his ingenuousness and his respectful manner that he must be entirely different from the young men whom she encountered on her way home at night and whose bold glances of admiration always made her blush.

A hundred times a day Mary found herself looking down the long store toward the door, expecting and even hoping, although she did not confess the hope to herself—that he would come again. Twice he had been there already, and, to tell the truth, he had bought enough buttons to keep him in these useful articles for five years. What he could want with so many buttons was more than Mary could divine.

In anticipation of his coming Mary arranged and rearranged the buttons in the case. There was an almost endless variety of buttons. China shirt buttons, bone cat buttons, wooden buttons covered with cloth, glass buttons, iristinted, reflecting the sunlight in gleaming rays. But not one of these shone so brightly as the eyes which had met hers over the counter for one brief moment and then had been hidden by the long lashes which dropped over them.

The chances of his coming back seemed very small indeed to Mary when she remembered that he had bought two cards of shirt buttons and enough trousers buttons to start a small store.

"I wonder if he is going to sew them on himself?" said Mary to herself, a smile indenting two dimples in her cheeks. "If he does, he will have buttons all over him."

In fancy Mary could see him sitting in his shirt sleeves with a slender needle between his clumsy thumb and forefinger, trying to fasten a button on his shirt. She could see it all. The compressed lip, the slip of the needle as it stole under his thumb nail, the muttered imprecation; and she laughed at her thoughts in such a merry way that the floor walker censured her, and she resumed her work with a conscious blush.

But the memory of "Buttons" gradually faded from Mary's mind as the weeks went by. He did not put in an appearance again, and as the girls stopped their chattering there was nothing left for the interest to feed upon. Then came the anti-poverty fair, in which a great many of the girls were interested. Their sympathetic hearts were attracted by the golden hopes of a possible era when all want, all misery, all poverty would be done away by the new theories which were so rife in this city. What comforts, new dresses, unlimited ice cream and peanuts were contained in those magic words "anti-poverty!"

And so, urged on by her desire to help the community at large, and perhaps hoping just a little that she was going to be benefited personally by the movement, Mary entered into the fair with all the zeal of a zealot.

She was assigned to take charge of a stand containing articles of vertu and bric-a-brac, and in addition to these was an assortment of sleeve buttons, a most beautiful array, made of gold, pearl, onyx, and some inlaid with precious stones.

Every night after the store closed Mary fastened, sometimes very tired and footsore from standing all day, to Madison Square garden. There were prettier girls than Mary behind some of the counters, but none with a more demure and winning manner, none with a more sunshiny smile or brighter eyes, and so the table over which she presided had no lack of customers.

One night when the band was playing and the lantern shining in the daylight Mary looked up and found "Buttons" confronting her. As their eyes met he stammered: "Oh, excuse me, miss. I didn't know it was you. I just called around to see if—"

"If what?" said Mary, kindly, anxious to relieve his embarrassment. The young man fingered his cane uneasily, and carefully averted his gaze from Mary, for he could feel that she anticipated his want. Then he mustered up courage and blurted out: "If you had any buttons?"

Before she could reply he added hastily: "The fact is that those shirt buttons I bought of you down at the store had such small eyes that I could not get the thread through them. It may be that the thread was too coarse. But, confound it all," he continued, his embarrassment melting away before her assuring and sympathetic smile. "I've had to pin my shirt collar together ever since I came to the city. Besides that, you can imagine what a job it is for me to pin one of these stiffly starched collars around my neck!"

"But I thought gentlemen were in the habit of wearing collar buttons," said Mary, with a reassuring glance. "So they do here in the city. But when I left Otsego county my mother made me half a dozen new shirts in the old-fashioned way, and perhaps I—I—I!" Here he colored up again, and Mary came to the rescue with: "Of course, you like to wear the shirts because your mother made them. I'll tell you how you can fix it. Bring the shirts down to the store to-morrow and I'll get a poor woman to fix button holes in the shirt so that you can use collar buttons."

young man, with a bundle under his arm, stood by the driver on the front platform. When she alighted at Grand street she was unaware that behind her, dodging along in the shadows, came the young man and the bundle.

How her heart would have fluttered had she known that when she lit the night lamp in her chamber his gleam was watched by a pair of dark eyes in the street below, and that only when a puff of breath from her rosy lips put out the shimmering flame did lingering footsteps die away upon the pavement in the direction of the Bowery.

But the next night found "Buttons" at the fair. This time he brought the shirts with him, and was even bold enough to ask Mary to go to supper with him. But he had not courage enough to ask if he could accompany her home.

Did Mary send the shirts to the poor woman whom she had spoken of? Oh, no; as tired as she was on arriving at home she set up until 1:30 making button holes in "Buttons" shirts. And while she was snipping with her scissors, and her needle was flying in and out, her lover was pacing back and forth on the opposite side of the street, his heart on fire with the delirium of love.

Those were pleasant days for Mary. Her eyes took on a new luster, her cheek assumed a more rosy hue. The elixir of love had animated her with new life. All day she hummed under her breath: Just a little more, Just a little more, Just a little more, Just a little more.

At last, one night just before the fair closed, "Buttons" mustered up enough courage to ask if he could accompany her home. His excuse was that the night was wet and she had no umbrella, and she consented, so she, he, closely, and suggested that she go early, early they should walk. As they went down the Bowery with its brilliant shop windows and the sidewalk shining in the light it was necessary to walk close together because the crowd was so great and the umbrella was small.

It was curious, but neither had eyes for the dazzling scene along the route. "Buttons" leaped the way with the story of his life. He told her—and she listened carefully, for she might lose a word—how he had come to the city from Otsego county and was fortunate enough to secure a job as a blacksmith in a railroad car shop. His name was Tom Murphy. He had a good trade, and one of these days he intended to get married if he found a girl who was willing to take a homely fellow like him. Her Mary archly said:

"Why, I don't think you're homely." Tom gave her hands a squeeze, just a little one, and then they walked in silence for awhile and at last arrived in front of her father's place.

"I can't ask you to go," she said, in a deprecating manner, "because it's too late. But can't you come around some other night?"

Could he? Could the stars shine! Could a duck swim! Well, he should rather guess he could. But there was a little matter he wanted to mention. Here he became strangely silent, and held her hand while he murmured a slow drip on the pavement.

"What is it?" she said, palpitating like a frightened rabbit. A big lump came up in Tom's throat and a mist swam before his eyes. He turned pale as he placed his hand beneath her chin and raised her drooping head so that he could look into her eyes.

"I was wondering," he continued, in an unsteady voice, "if you would be willing to give up sewing buttons and devote your whole time to sewing buttons on my clothing?"

"Oh, Tom!" she said, struggling to get away. But he held her fast and for an instant the Irish frieze overcoat and the waterproof were pressed close together by a sturdy blacksmith's arm. A gust of wind came around the corner and carried the answer away, but it must have been favorable to his wishes, for Tom astonished the Italian chestnut vendor on the corner by buying out his whole stock and otherwise acting like a good natured lunatic.—New York Evening Sun.

Advice To Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is the prescription of one of the best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never-failing success by millions of mothers for their children. During the process of teething its value is incalculable. It relieves the child from pain, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, griping in the bowels, and wind-colic. By giving health to the child it rests the mother. Price 25c a bottle.

For the benefit of those who abhor printer's ink as a prime factor to the advancement of their interest, we would state that Sampson—the strong party—was the first man to advertise. He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, and several thousand people "tumbled" to the scheme. He brought down the house.

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Putnam & Co. Get "Putnam's."

Teacher—And when the prodigal son's father found that his son was lost to him, what did he do? Willie, you may answer. Willie—Advertised.

In Better Humour Now.

"My son aged eleven, was cured of an eruptive humour that covered his head and face with sores, by two bottles of Burdock Bitters and Pills," testifies Mrs. Mary Fulford, of Port Hope, Ont.

A select party assembled at the residence of W. J. Delmage, Camden, on Wednesday, to witness the marriage of his adopted daughter, Miss Francis A. Peterson to S. C. Clancy, Kennebec. The ceremony was performed by Rev. D. S. Houck.

Miraculous.

"My Miraculous Cure was that I had suffered from kidney disease for about two years, was off work all that time. A friend told me of B.B.B. I tried it, and am happy to say that I was cured by two bottles." Wm. Tier, St. Mary's, Ont.

A large heart-shaped opal, recorded as one of the finest specimens known, valued with setting at \$1,800, adorns the window of a prominent New York jeweler.

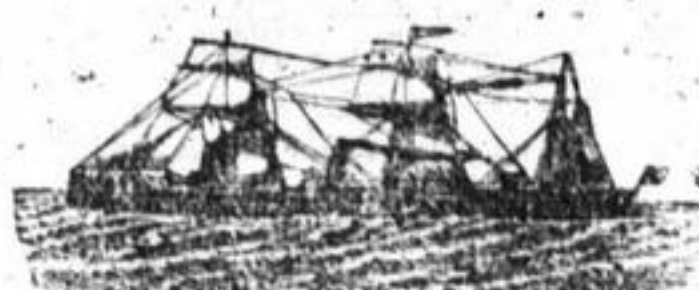
Look Out for It.

If you are troubled with a cold or cough however light the attack, look out for it, do not allow it to settle on the lungs; break up the cough by loosening the tough phlegm with Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam.

When a young man goes out between acts it is probably not because he likes the drama less, but the dram a great deal more.

TRAVELLING.

CUNARD LINE.



NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL, (CALLING AT CORK HARBOR)

The largest, fastest and most magnificent ships in the world; have never lost a passenger and have made the fastest passages on record. Oldest line in existence.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

AURANIA, Saturday, Feb. 9, noon.
UMBRIA, Saturday, Feb. 16, 5:30 a.m.
SERVIA, Saturday, Feb. 23rd, Noon.
ETRURIA, Saturday, March 2, 5:30 a.m.
AURANIA, Saturday, March 9, 11 a.m.
UMBRIA, Saturday, March 16th, 4:30 a.m.
SERVIA, Saturday, March 23rd, 10:30 a.m.
BOTHNIA, Saturday, March 27th, 2:30 p.m.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin—\$60, \$80 and \$100, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage—\$35. From Pier 40, N. R., New York. Steerage at Very Low Rates. Steerage Tickets to and from London and Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates.

Through Bills of Lading given for Belfast, Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp and other points on the Continent and for Mediterranean ports.

For freight and passage apply at Company's Office, No. 4, Bowling Green New York.

VERNON H. BROWN & CO., Or to J. P. Gildersleeve, Agent, 42 Clarence Street, Kingston.

ALLAN LINE.

WINTER SAILINGS.

From Portland, From Halifax, SARDINIA, Jan. 18, Saturday, Jan. 12

RATES OF OCEAN PASSAGE. Cabin—\$40, \$65 and \$75, according to accommodation. Intermediate \$30. Steerage \$20. Return tickets from Liverpool to Portland or Halifax—Cabin \$100, \$25 and \$100 according to position of stateroom. Intermediate \$60. Steerage \$40. Steerage passengers are booked to and from Queenstown, Derry, Belfast, London and Glasgow at same rates as Liverpool. Intermediate passengers are forwarded to and from Glasgow and Liverpool by rail without extra charge.

The last train to make connection with the steamer leaving Portland leaves Kingston every Wednesday at 1:40 p.m., and to Halifax every Thursday at 1:40 p.m.

All information regarding the selection of berths can be obtained from

THOMAS HANLEY, World's Ticket Agent, Corner Johnson and Ontario Streets.

GRAND TRUNK CITY PASSENGERS' FATION

K. & P. and C. P. R.

New, Direct, Shortest, Quickest, Cheapest and Best Equipped All Rail Route to Maritoba, the North West, and British Columbia points

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST ROUTE

Between Kingston, Peterboro, Toronto, St. Thomas, London, Owen Sound, Sault Ste. Marie, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, and all points in the United States.

SAFETY IS GUARANTEED YOU WILL TAKE NO OTHER. New and Elegant Cars are run on all Express Trains.

No. 3 Express leaves Kingston at 12:40 p.m. Arrives Toronto 8:20 p.m.; Ottawa, 5:45 p.m.; Montreal, 8:15 p.m.; Quebec, 6:30 a.m.; Renfrew, 5:10 p.m.; Pembroke, 7:58 p.m.

No. 1 Mixed leaves Kingston 7:30 a.m.; arrives at Sharnbot Lake 10:00 a.m., and Renfrew 2:45 p.m.

No. 5 Mixed leaves Kingston at 4:15 p.m.; arrives at Sharnbot Lake at 7:10 p.m., Thurs. days.

No. 7 Express leaves Kingston at 11:45 p.m., connecting with C.P.R. Night Express Train at Sharnbot Lake for all points east and west. Arrives Ottawa, 5:25 a.m.; Montreal, 8:15 a.m.; Quebec, 2:30 p.m.; Toronto, 7:28 a.m.

The only through train service to the North West and British Columbia, with only one change of cars.

No Customs Troubles. J. H. TAYLOR, F. CONWAY, B. W. FOLGER, ASST. SUP' Ass. Gen. Pass. Agt. SUPL.

GRAND - TRUNK - RAILWAY.

Through Sleeper Every Night by the Ottawa Short Line.

Via Grand Trunk & Canada Pacific Railways.

Winter excursions to the Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, San Bernardino, Portland, Oregon, Victoria and Vancouver B.C.

To Winnipeg, North-West and British Columbia settlers without effects are advised to go by regular express trains. Two connect ions daily having colonists' sleepers attached. Baggage checked through to destination. Rates of passage and cars of immigrant effects furnished on application.

Passenger Trains leave the new City Passenger Depot, foot of Johnson Street, as follows: GOING EAST. GOING WEST.

No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50.

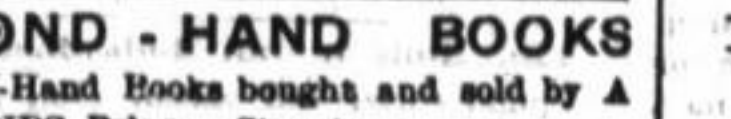
Express trains Nos. 3, 4 and 6 run Sundays included. No. 6 does not run on Monday. All tickets good to return for thirty days. For rates and general information apply to

THOMAS HANLEY

Agent Grand Trunk Railway, corner Johnson and Ontario Streets.

HAVE YOU TEETH

Then preserve them by using



Patented for BAILEY'S RUBBER TOOTH BRUSH.

Cleanse the teeth perfectly and polish the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with hot or cold water and without any tooth wash or powder. Both brush and handle are imperishable.

—PRICE LIST— Bailey's Rubber Bath and Fesh Brush, \$1.50. Bailey's Toilet Brush, 25c. Bailey's Hand Brush (size 3x1 3/4 in.), 50c. Bailey's Rubber Tooth Brush No. 1, 40c. Bailey's Tooth Brush No. 2, 50c.

If unable to procure these in your locality, send us postal note and we will forward any of the above prepaid upon receipt of price. For sale by all dealers in toilet goods.

Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal,

Sole Agents for Canada

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.

Hot and Cold Baths at all hours at JONES' IONSORIAL PARLOR

British American Hotel Block, Clarence St. N.B.—These are the only Baths in the city heated by steam, thereby securing at all hours hot water.

SECOND - HAND BOOKS

Second-Hand Books bought and sold by A SIMMONDS Princess Street.

THE CITY DIRECTORY.

Hotels and Restaurants.

ISLAND HOUSE—Best cigars and liquors. Meals at regular hours. W. DOYLE, Manager. Square. BUNNETT HOUSE, Ontario St., near First. First class hotel to G. T. H. and K. & P. Stations. T. WILSON, Proprietor.

ALBION HOTEL, corner Queen and Montreal Streets, well situated, with yard and stabling. NELSON SWITZER, Proprietor.

OTTAWA HOTEL, corner of Ontario and Princess Streets. First-class accommodation; yard and stabling. JAMES NORRIS, Proprietor.

SCOTT'S HOTEL, cor. Queen and Ontario Sts., satisfaction guaranteed. Fine liquors and cigars. Good yard and stabling. most convenient and popular hotel in city, opposite to G. T. H. station and steamboat landings. MRS. SHANAHAN

Livery Establishments.

F. A. BIBBY, 129 Brock Street, the leading hack and livery stable in the city. Telephone No. 157.

T. C. WILSON, 129 Clarence Street, the largest and longest established livery in the city. Telephone No. 179. Vehicles ready at a moment's notice.

REIDER BROS., New Livery in connection with St. Lawrence Hotel on King Street. First class rigs will always be on hand on the shortest notice.

McCAMMON BROS., Kingston Horse Exchange. Livery and Boarding Stables corner of Brock and Bagot Streets. A new and stylish outfit of vehicles and excellent horses. Charges moderate.

H. P. WELLS LIVERY, foot of Princess St., is the most thoroughly equipped one in the city, having every style of rig kept in a first-class livery. Special rates to opera and commercial men. Telephone No. 10.

Watches and Jewellery.

F. W. SPANGENBURG, manufacturer and importer of fine jewellery, 31 King Street.

J. A. LEHRUP, watchmaker, jeweller, 68 Brock St., dealer in watches, clocks and diamonds. Watches, ranging in price from \$3 to \$300. Silverware and Jewellery.

A. M. BROCK, watchmaker, jeweller and engraver, has every facility for manufacturing and repairing jewellery in all its branches. Golden Diamond Watch Sign, 90 Princess St.

Photographic.

J. W. POWELL, Copies and Enlarges small pictures, all kinds, and finishes in any style. Our crayon portraits are entirely free-hand drawings and we can make any change required. Our bromide enlargements are finished in crayon or monochrome and are second to none for fine finish. J. W. POWELL, 165 Princess street.

Financial.

MONEY TO LOAN in large or small sums at low rates of interest, on City and Farm Property Loans granted on City and County Debentures. Apply to THOMAS BRIDGES, Manager, Frontenac Loan and Investment Society. Office—Opposite the Post Office.

J. HALLIGAN & Co., 33 Brock Street. Family groceries, imported wines, liquors and cigars. VICTORIA WAREHOUSE, admitted to be the best place in the city to buy groceries, crockery, china, etc. THOS. H. JOHNS.

TRINITY BROS., having removed to their new premises, Brock Street, Market Square, where they show the largest and finest stock of Imported and Domestic Liquors, Teas, Cigars, &c., in the city.

Cigars and Billiards.

HOLDER BROS., (J. B. and F. W.) dealers in choice cigars and tobaccos. Pool and billiard room in connection. Ontario street, near Burnett House.

Tailoring.

FOR LATEST AMERICAN STYLES, guaranteed to fit, go to A. O'BRIEN'S, 209 Princess St., above Sydneyham.

Plumbing and Gas Fitting.

J. G. BASTOW, practical sanitarian. Plumbing, gas and steam fitting, 349 King St. Telephone No. 62.

Fruit, Confectionery, &c.

THE BEEHIVE—Fine groceries, fine and domestic fruits. JOS. HISCOCK, Masonic Buildings, Market Square.

Boots and Shoes.

W. ADAMS, mnfr. Men's work a specialty. Factory work on hand. Brock St., near Market.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DOCTOR ALLEN, OFFICE—80 Brock street, near Wellington street. Telephone No. 307.