

**FURNITURE, &c.**

**MERCHANTS! - HOUSEKEEPERS!!**  
Send in your orders early for  
**PAINTING - AND - PAPERING**  
Spruce up—don't be a clam—and don't wait till the great spring rush is on.  
**AN ELEGANT LINE OF HANGINGS**  
select from. Always the best selected and most stylish stock in Eastern Ontario.  
Give us a call and look over our stock.  
**ROBINSON'S WALL PAPER DEPOT**  
277 Baggot Street.

**F. C. MARSHALL,**

**UPHOLSTERER.**  
Designs and Estimates Furnished for all Kinds of Work.  
**LOUNGES, EASY, FANCY AND ODD CHAIRS, MATTRESSES, SPRING BEDS, &c.**  
**TURKISH AND OVERSTUFFED WORK A SPECIALTY.**  
ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF REPAIRING.  
CARPETS LAID.  
Opposite Polson's Drug Store, PRINCESS STREET, Kingston.

**LOOK AT THIS.**

**GENUINE ACME SKATES,**  
60 cents a pair.

**GENUINE ACME, Nickel-plated,**  
\$1 per pair.

**BIBBY & VIRTUE.**

**HALL, PARLOUR, COOKING STOVES AND RANGES,**  
—CHEAPEST AT—

**ELLIOTT BROS.,**

Next door to W. M. Drennan, Princess St.  
Tin-smithing, Plumbing, Steam and Gas Fitting  
Steam and Hot Water Heating Engineers.  
Agent for the celebrated Spiral Radiator  
Hot Air Furnace manufactured by M. H. Jacobs, Syracuse, N.Y.

**HENRY BRAME,**

Leading Undertaker and Embalmer.  
—251 PRINCESS STREET,  
Cor. Sydenham Street.  
Telephone communication.

**B. H. CARNOVSKY**

**INTERIOR CABINET DECORATIONS**  
AND ALL KINDS OF  
**FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.**  
281 PRINCESS ST.

**IF YOU WANT THE Cheapest & Best Furniture**

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, CALL AT

**H. BRAME'S,**

251 Princess Street, cor. Sydenham Street, Kingston.

**WOOD AND COAL.**

**BRECK & BOOTH**

Wharfingers, Vessel Agents, Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers, Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered. Bunch wood and Hard and soft Cordwood of first quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfactory guaranteed.

YARD—Corner Ontario and West Streets.  
Office—Clarence and Ontario Streets—Foot of Clarence Street.  
ORDERS left at the stores of Mr. James Redden, Princess Street, and Messrs. McKelvie & Birch, Brock Street, will be promptly filled. Telephone communication.  
Agents "Black Diamond Line."  
L. W. BRECK. E. A. BOOTH.

**Coal, Wholesale, Retail,**

**BEST IN THE MARKET.**  
Yard No 1—Ontario Street.  
" " 3—St. Lawrence Wharf.  
Secure delivery before broker, 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.  
Telephone communication.  
JAMES SWIFT & CO.

**HARD AND SOFT WOOD.**

If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best Hard Maple and Beech Cordwood, Oak, Birch, Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood, Sawed or Un-sawed.  
Or if you want Kindling Wood, (Dry), or Stov Coal, Nut Coal, No. 1 Coal, Soft Coal or Blacksmith's Coal, go to

**R. CRAWFORD & CO., - Foot of Queen St.**

N.B.—Orders left at the Grocery store of J. A. Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone communication

**WOOD & COAL YARD**

COR. BAY AND RIDEAU STREETS.  
**THE VERY CHEAPEST PRICES**  
JOHN L. JOYCE.

**COAL AND WOOD.**

Scranton Coal, Best Quality Hard Wood, Mill Wood, Verona Lime.

**P. WALSH.**

OFFICE—Cor. Barrack and Ontario Sts.

**DRY MILL WOOD AND SLABS.**

Best and Cheapest in the city.  
Foot of Clarence and Barrack Streets,  
**M. MALLEN.**

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

**BRISCO HOUSE, NAPANEE, ONTARIO**

**C. A. CORNELL - PROP.**  
This House has just been re-modelled, and re-fitted, and no pains will be spared to secure the comfort of guests.  
Commodious Sample Rooms for Commercial Travellers.  
The best yard and stables in town.  
**ONE DOLLAR PER DAY.**

**SMOKE "FRESH" CIGAR,**

MANUFACTURED BY  
**S. OBERNDORFFER,**  
KINGSTON, ONT.

**SUICIDES, LISTEN!**

**If You Are Tired of Life, Try This Place.**

**TUBEROSES AND DEVIL FISHES.**

An Establishment, Fitted Up Especially for the Purpose, Where Life Worned Persons Who Want to Slip This Mortal Coil Can Do So Any Way They Please.

In a recent issue of The New York Sunday Mercury there appears under the title, "Euthanasia Villa," a very remarkable article by Charles Maurice, which purports to describe, with the most minute and harrowing details, a curious philanthropic establishment which was founded by one Mr. Richard Utterex. The object of this institution is to afford for persons who are weary of the slings and arrows of an outrageous fortune a thoroughly well fitted and well managed place where they can commit suicide in any way that best pleases their fancy. Every possible convenience is given them to depart this life either by a slow, dreamy, pleasant process, or by a route as swift as the lightning's dazzling course through the skies. The following description of the place is given:

One day a young man, haggard, pale and tottering, entered the superbly furnished office and was obsequiously received by the polite clerks. One of the clerks asked the young man what manner of death he had chosen. Another of the clerks asked: "Do you wish to see the prospectus?"

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, but he quickly continued: "The prospectus? Oh, yes, certainly, the prospectus."

Then, with the discreet manner of a waiter in a fashionable restaurant who seeks to learn the guest's preference—Pomard and Sauternes—the clerk handed the young man a richly bound album, wherein were described the different modes of death furnished by the house. The enumeration of these various methods plunged the reader into a shuddering astonishment. At first he ran over them with his finger rather than with his eye, stopping here and there, amused by the marginal illustrations; then he began again, reading seriously this time, without, however, coming to a decision. Certainly hanging had its charms, but what poetry there was about asphyxia with flowers! The soul departs with the breath of the tuberoses! And the poisons, rooms Nos. 4 to 10—a vast choice! And the Indian Curare—the prick of a pin in the bed or elsewhere, and then Nirvana. But here are the best diseases! Ah, the lost diseases! To contract by artificial means leprosy, or the black death, to offer to the practitioners of the present day, whom the disappearance of these "affections" renders inconsolable, the occasion of studying them "from the life," to carry away in dying the consolation that you leave in your remains a whole field of delicate experiences! That is without doubt incomparably more noble than death by laughter, the simple idea of which gives you a nausea and dishonors the ingenious enumeration of Mr. Richard Utterex. But there are ill-natured persons who would be offended at this prospect, however glorious it may be, of having these written on their bodies; they prefer a sort of aristocracy of silence. What could be better than the lancing of veins in a warm bath?

**GOING OVER THE GROUND.**

The life worned young man, according to the story, was too bewildered to decide how he had better slip the mortal coil, when one of the clerks suggested:

"Perhaps it would be well to visit the establishment?"

"That will suit me exactly."

"Whenever it will please you to do so."

After a few inquiries about terms, which were answered by Richard Utterex himself, who said that all settlements were made on the guests' leaving the building, the young man made the tour of Euthanasia villa.

In the large vestibule of a spacious staircase the visitor was shown, with a reverential bow, which he involuntarily imitated, a large statue of the great Schopenhauer, the patron of the institution. Then they proceeded upstairs.

A door opened; it was the chamber called "The Pistol Shot." Like all the other rooms in the house, this was light and elegantly furnished in modern style. As in all others, too, its principal ornament was a handsome coffin in carved ebony; the cover was placed crosswise on the box, as though awaiting its occupant. There were several divans and reclining chairs about the room; the bed was in rosewood.

"Everything is considered here with the most perfect discretion," said the guide; "a system of electrical currents, moved by the report, divides in two, lengthwise, whatever piece of furniture the guest has chosen to commit suicide on; a long basket receives the body before it has had time to stain the furniture or the floor with a single spot. Kindly observe that the walls are upholstered with a thickness of four mattresses, so that it is impossible for any one on the other side of the partition to hear the faintest sound, however powerful the firearm used, even though it were a small Krupp cannon, such as you see there in the corner. Guests have all the time they wish; we never hurry them. Each room is provided with a library abundantly furnished with the most melancholy works. Schopenhauer has been translated for us into all the languages of the Old and New Worlds. Those ten shelves are full of novels that end badly. Upon the eleventh preachers of various religions sound the praises of death. Some serious philosophers and a few poets, Lucretius and Leopardi, occupy the twelfth shelf. As for the conveniences of life (before departing), they leave nothing to be desired. A telephone in each chamber communicates with the office. Orders for meals, or whatever else is wanted, are executed with the utmost promptness by faceless automatons; we keep a whole company of them here. This delicate attention of Mr. Utterex's part is generally very highly appreciated, for people who are so disgusted with life that they are ready to commit suicide wish to see the human face no more. Finally—will you kindly examine the racks!—there you will find either terrible, elegant or brutal instruments of sudden death."

One by one the stranger saw all the philanthropic ideas imagined by Mr. Richard Ut-

terex. In the Asphyxia chamber, after having explained the perfect obstructions that prevent air from entering when once the door is closed, the clerk proposed to the visitor a brief experience, so that he might judge for himself of its efficiency. This offer, which is rarely accepted, was declined, as charcoal and laughing gas have but little attraction except as a last resort. Tuberoses tempt more, must of the suicide neophytes being afflicted with sentimentalism. Large masses of fresh flowers were everywhere about the chamber, harmonizing with the designs of the carpet and the hangings.

The inspection was resumed.  
The stranger stopped with some curiosity on the third floor, at a landing where there were three doors, each one bearing a sign, "For Science."

"Mr. Utterex here offers an opportunity of rendering by one's death a great service to human kind," says the guide, according to the story. "Here, in the experimental chamber, magnanimous individuals, who care nothing about their lives, experiment on substances, to prove to science whether they are harmless or toxic; others submit themselves to cruel surgical operations and successive mutilations that give the exact measurement of human sensibility. Some days ago a young Russian had a quarter of his cranium sawed off; he survived exactly three hours and fifty minutes. The house doctor, Mr. O'Neil, was wild with joy. 'What a splendid experiment!' he cried."

"The Chamber of Lost Diseases is also very popular," continued the clerk, pointing to the door; "if you apply your nostrils to the well, you will notice that it is isolated by a perpetual interior bath of phenol. We have the finest collection of virus that there is in the world. At the present moment a leprosy patient is in extremis behind this wall."

"Electricity plays the principal role in 'death by laughter,'" continued the guide, leading the young man to another room. This is a concealed method—a bed that looks comfortable and invites you to sleep, but as soon as a living person is stretched upon it he is riveted by irresistible grapples, while the illusive couch is instantly decomposed into a multitude of minute brushes, very soft and yet very stiff, which run over the patient's body, imitating the prickings of millions of insects, stopping by preference on the joints, and never ceasing to play strange and skipping marches upon the soles of the feet. But a curious spectacle, and on that will certainly interest you," pursued the guide, in a soft, insidious and almost confidential tone, "awaits you. Kindly follow me."

His guide took him by the arm and led him on. A door opened. At first he did not distinguish anything; then, in the greenish air, he saw the rigid forms of naked walls in a large, unfurnished and silent room. The room was silent. But a murmur came from the deaf walls, a murmur that can only be compared to the distant report of a storm, or the hoarse resounding, increased a hundredfold, of one of those shells wherein vibrates the obscure roaring of the ocean. The clerk went to the wall, and, with the gesture of a magician making passes, touched it rapidly here and there. Immediately the right side of the wall disappeared and the report redoubled. It was like the confused echo of lives settling in the waves. And there they were swarming in the flooded walls—fishes, crustacea, mollusks and all submarine animals. It was the sea, and upon this dark green bottom, coming from afar, increasing and enlarging, entering in the chamber, appeared tens, hundreds and thousands of arms terminated by round and bloodless mouths.

The visitor stepped back—mentally—for he was incapable of making a physical movement; all sentiment of life that remained in him was in his head, in the roots of his hair, an unusual pricking, as though his hair stood literally on end.

"The devil fish!" said his guide in a hollow voice; "a living body full of muscles and blood, trembling and sensitive, thrown into this artificial sea, which, although without water, is more terribly real than the other, can here find the most splendid banquet of physical sufferings. Just imagine the sensation of mortal ass, just at the sticky and swarming kisses of those innumerable tentacles, each one gifted with the force of a thousand leeches! The very essence of the body is in the blood, and with the blood life escapes through this monstrous suction. Little by little the patient grows weaker, the eyelids close and rigor sets in. No one will ever know whether you perished by fear or by pain."

The young man grew white, and seemed to be in a paroxysm of dread. The guide assisted him to the balcony, and supported him while he breathed the fresh air.

**LIFE IS SWEET.**

"What manner of death have you chosen?"

The stranger was feverishly agitated. "I cannot—I should prefer—"

"To visit the establishment again, perhaps?"

"No, no!"

"However, you may choose some—"

"Yes, of course, I must; it is evident—"

He gradually regained his self possession and at the same time his love of life; he assumed, not without effort, an easy air and an appearance of indifference to the physical terrors at which, in reality, he still inwardly trembled. Suddenly, as though illumined with an idea, he said:

"Let us go down stairs."

When they reached the third floor he pointed to the experimental chamber and said:

"You say it is occupied?"

"Yes, it is occupied."

"What a pity! Well," and the stranger affected to contemplate longingly the forbidden threshold; "well, I will wait. Let us descend."

At the office he was received by Mr. Utterex himself, who welcomed him with a gentle smile.

"The room that I have selected"—began the young man with an easy manner.

"The experimental chamber?"

"Yes."

"It is occupied," said Mr. Utterex, still smiling, and at the same time offering the visitor a thin sheet of Bristol board with gilt edges, on which was written:

Mr. X. to Richard Utterex, Dr.

To restoring love of life.....\$5,000

As the Peeler Saw It.

Policeman—Yes, sir, Mr. Storms will be a famous man some day. He already has a western reputation.

"Really? I never heard of him before."

"You haven't? Why, I've run him in three times myself"—Nebraska Journal.

**R. & J. Gardiner's**

**GRAND FINAL CLOSING SALE.**

**AS WE INTEND OFFERING OUR ENTIRE STOCK FOR SALE BY TENDER AT THE END OF FEBRUARY,**

We are making determined efforts to reduce our stock, which is still too large. We have given great bargains since opening

**OF OUR RETIRING CHEAP SALE,**

But the low prices at which we will sell all classes of FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS from now until the end of February will surprise all. It will pay you to read our advertisement and buy your

**SPRING DRY GOODS**

**NOW AT A SAVING OF FROM 40 TO 50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.**

- DRY GOODS sold at 13c reduced to 7c.
- French Serges sold at 15c reduced to 9c.
- All Wool Dress Suitings sold at 20c reduced to 12 1-2c.
- French Cashmeres sold at 50c reduced to 35c.
- SILKS—Black Gros Grain Silks sold at 90c reduced to 55 cents.
- Colored Satin Merveilleux sold at 90c reduced to 55c.
- Rich Black and Colored Silks sold at \$1.25 and \$1.50 per yard reduced to 90c.
- Colored Satins for evening wear sold at 45c reduced to 23c.
- Lace and Trimmings of every description we offer at prices regardless of cost or value.
- Kid Gloves, Silk Gloves, Cashmere Gloves. All must be sold at however great a loss.
- EMBROIDERIES—The value we offer astonish all.
- Cashmere Hose, Lisle Thread Hose, Silk Hose, and all makes in Underwear at half price.
- Cottons of all makes we are selling at less than the wholesale mill prices.
- Factory Cottons 3c, 4c and 5c per yard—a saving to the buyer of from 2 to 4c per yard.
- Sheetings, all makes, at from 8 to 15c per yard under present values.
- Tickings, Towellings, Table Linens and Napkins, all at an immense reduction in price.
- Prints and Ginghams at half price. Good Fast Color Prints at 5c per yard worth 10c.
- Ginghams at 5c per yard worth 10c.

Buyers are advised to make their purchases early, as we have still a large stock left of desirable goods. **CLOSING OUT SALE.** R. & J. GARDINER.



**WHAT : WHITE : COTTON**

**DO YOU USE ?**

Nine Ladies out of ten will tell you they don't know,—one cotton is as good as another. Now this is not so and can be proved by good judges of cottons who prefer one particular make on account of some peculiar quality in itself. Now we secured five years ago a

**SOFT FINISHED, PURE WHITE COTTON**

That at the time was offered to all desirous of securing a really good article at a moderate price, and each year since then our sales for this particular brand has been greater. We offer three different weights, all equally free from all starch and ready for the needle at

**8c., 9c., 10c.,**

by the yard or by the piece, and acknowledged by users to be the best in the city at

**JOHN LAIDLAW & SON'S.**

**More New Goods**

BEING SHOWN BY  
**RICHMOND, ORR & CO.**

Ladies' and Children's Ribbed Undervests in Merino Finish.  
Ladies' Ribbed Undervests in Silk.  
New Shades in China Silks.

New Patterns in Tweed Ulsterings.  
Five Qualities of Black Corkscrews.

NEW PATTERNS in TROWSERINGS AND SUITING TWEEDS. NEW GOODS RECEIVED DAILY AT THE CARPET HOUSE OF RICHMOND, ORR & CO.

**HOUSEKEEPERS.**

Although there has been a big advance in the prices of all Cotton Goods we are still selling at the old figures, as we secured a good stock before the advance. Good yard wide Grey Cotton from 5c. Heavy Grey Cotton at 6, 7 and 8c that will be 8, 9 and 10c before long. White Cotton from 5c. Fine White Cotton and Heavy White Cotton at very low figures. Our Sheetings and Pillow Cottons cannot be beaten for value.

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

**NEW SPRING DRY GOODS**

**AT WALDRON'S.**

200 pieces Best White Cottons at 5, 8, 10 and 12 1-2c.  
100 pieces New Embroideries, extra cheap.  
50 pieces New Spring Ulster Cloth, 40, 50, 60 and 75c.  
New Wrapper Flannels, handsome colors.  
New Sheetings, Towellings and Table Linens.  
500 pieces New Prints, beautiful designs.  
All Goods at less prices than last year.

**MOCCASINS REDUCED IN PRICE,**

**OVERSHOES REDUCED IN PRICE,**

—AT—

**HAINES & LOCKETT'S,**

Kingston, Belleville and Trenton.