

FURNISHINGS.

DON'T FORGET THE BIG CLEARING SALE OF FURS AT THE BOSTON - HAT - STORE Wellington Street.

This will be a rare opportunity to buy Robes, Coats, Caps, Muffs, 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.

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 KATES,

60 cents a pair.

GENUINE ACME, Nickel-plated,

\$1 per pair.

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HALL, PARLOUR, COOKING STOVES AND RANGES, -CHEAPEST AT-

ELLIOTT BROS.,

Next door to W. M. Drennan, Princess St. Tinsmithing, 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,

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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.

LEPAGE'S THE ONLY GENUINE LIQUID GLUE



Repairs Everything. It cures all kinds of wood work, and is the only glue that is made in Canada.

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

supplicatory behavior and her tears moved him, and when he stooped down to write on the ground, he wrote that mighty, that imperial word Forgiveness! When on Sinai God wrote the law, he wrote it with finger of lightning on tables of stone, each word cut as by a chisel into the hard granite surface. But when he writes the offense of this woman he writes it in dust, so that it can be easily rubbed out, and when she repents of it, oh! he was a merciful Christ! I was reading of a legend that is told in the far east about him. He was walking through the streets of a city and he saw a crowd around a dead dog. And one man said, "What a loathsome object is that dog?" "Yes," said another, "his ears are matted and bleeding." "Yes," said another, "even his hide would not be of any use to the tanner." "Yes," said another, "the odor of his carcass is dreadful." Then Christ, standing there, said: "But pearls cannot equal the whiteness of his teeth." Then the people, moved by the idea that any one could find anything pleasant concerning a dead dog, said: "Why, this must be Jesus of Nazareth." Reproved and convicted they went away. Surely this legend of Christ is good enough to be true. Kindness in all his words and ways and habits. Forgiveness! Word of eleven letters and some of them thrones, and some of them palm branches. Better have Christ write close to our names that one word, though he write it in dust, than to have our name cut into monumental granite with the letters that the storms of a thousand years cannot obliterate. Bishop Babington had a book of only three leaves. The first leaf was black, the second leaf red, the third leaf white. The black leaf suggested sin, the red leaf atonement, the white leaf purification. That is the whole story. God will abundantly pardon.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE WORLD'S INJUSTICE.

I must not forget to say that as Christ stooping down, with his finger wrote on the ground, it is evident that his sympathies are with this penitent woman, and that he has no sympathy with her hypocritical pursuers. Just opposite to her is the world's habit. Why didn't these unclean Pharisees bring one of their own number to Christ for exorcism and capital punishment? No, no; they overlook that in a man which they damnate in a woman. And so the world has had for offending women, scourges and oblongation, and for just one offense, she becomes an outcast, while for men whose lives have been sodomic for twenty years, the world swings open its doors of brilliant welcome, and they may sit in legislatures and senates and parliaments or on thrones. Unlike the Christ of my text, the world writes a man's misdemeanor in dust, but chisels a woman's offense with great capitals upon ineffaceable marble. For foreign lords and princes, whose names cannot even be mentioned in respectable circles abroad, because they are walking hazretts of abomination, our American princesses of fortune wait, and at the first beck sail out with them into the blackness of darkness forever. And in what are called higher circles of society there is now not only the imitation of foreign dress and foreign manners, but an imitation of foreign dissoluteness. Like an Englishman and I like an American, but the sickest creature on earth is an American playing the Englishman. Society needs to be reconstructed on this subject. Treat them alike, masculine and feminine crime. If you cut the one in granite, cut them both in granite. If you write the one in dust, write the other in dust. No, no! says the world, let woman go down and let man go up. What is that I hear plashing into the East River at midnight, and then there is a gurgle as of strangulation, and all is still. Never mind! It is only a woman too discouraged to live. Let the mills of the cruel world grind right on!

SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRIST'S DUST WRITING.

But while I speak of Christ of the text, his stooping down writing in the dust, do not think I underrate the literature of the dust. It is the most solemn and tremendous of all literatures. It is the greatest of all libraries. When Layard exhumed Nineveh he was only opening the door of his mighty dust. The excavations of Pompeii have only been the unclasping of the lids of a volume of a nation's dust. When Admiral Farragut and his friends a few years ago, visited that resurrected city, the house of Balbo, who had been one of its chief citizens in its prosperous days, was opened, and a table was spread in that house which eighteen hundred and ten years has been legged by volcanic eruption, and Farragut and his guests walked over the exquisite mosaics and under the beautiful fresco, and it almost seemed like being entertained by those who eighteen centuries ago had turned to dust. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! Where are the remains of Sennacherib and Attila and Epaminondas and Tamerlane and Trojan and Philip of Macedonia and Julius Caesar? Dust! Where are the heroes who fought on both sides at Marathon, at Hastings, at Marathon, at Cressy, of the 110,000 men who fought at Agincourt, of the 250,000 men who faced death at Jena, of the 400,000 whose armor glittered in the sun at Wagram, of the 1,000,000 men under Darius at Arbella, of the 2,641,000 men under Xerxes at Thermopylae? Dust!

Where are the guests who danced the floors of the Alhambra, or the Persian palaces of Ahasuerus? Dust! Where are the musicians who played, and the orators who spoke, and the sculptors who chiseled, and the architects who built in all the centuries except our own? Dust! The greatest library in the world, that which has the widest shelves and the longest aisles and the most multitudinous volumes and the vastest wealth, is the underground library. It is the royal library, the continental library, the hemispheric library, the planetary library, the library of the dust. And all these library cases will be opened, and all these scrolls unrolled, and all these volumes unclasped, and as easily as in your library or mine we take up a book, blow the dust off of it, and turn over its pages, so easily will the Lord of the Resurrection pick up out of this library of dust every volume of human life, and open it and read it and display it. And the volume will be rebound, to be set in the royal library of the King's palace, or in the prison library of the self destroyed. Oh, this mighty literature of the dust! It is not so wonderful after all that Christ chose, instead of an inkstand, the impressionable sand on the floor of an ancient temple, and instead of a hard pen, put forth his forefinger with the same kind of nerve and muscle and bone and flesh as that which makes up our own forefinger, and wrote the awful doom of hypocrisy and full and complete forgiveness for repentant sinners, even the worst.

And how I can believe that which I read, how that a mother kept burning a candle in the window every night for ten years, and one night very late, a poor waif of the street entered. The aged woman said to her, "Sit down by the fire," and the stranger said, "Why do you keep that light in the window?" The aged woman said: "That is to light my wayward daughter when she returns. Since she went away ten years ago, my hair has turned white. Folks blame me for worrying about her, but you see I am her mother and sometimes, half a dozen times a night, I open the door and look out into the darkness and cry, "Lizzie! Lizzie!" But I must not tell you any more about my trouble, for I guess, from the way you cry, you have trouble enough of your own. Why, how cold and sick you seem. Oh, my! can it be? Yes,

you are Lizzie, my own lost child. Thank God that you are home again!" And what a time of rejoicing there was in that house that night! And Christ again stooped down and in the ashes of that hearth, now lighted up not more by the great blazing logs than by the joy of a reunited household, wrote the same liberating words that he had written more than eighteen hundred years ago in the dust of the Jerusalem temple. Forgiveness! A word broad enough and high enough to let pass through it all the armies of heaven, a million abreast, on white horses, nostril to nostril, thank to flank.

ODDS AND ENDS.

At every railroad in Holland there is a watch woman at the crossing.

Marriage would be more frequently a success if fewer men and women were failures.

All matches, friendships and societies are dangerous and inconvenient where the contractors are not equal. - I. Estrange.

At Canajoharie, N. Y., a horse was frightened to death by the noise made by steam escaping from a locomotive.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of wealth and reputation shall, at least in repute, be great. - Zimmerman.

A Kansas man hauled 800 carloads of dirt in one month, and the local editor chronicled it as "300 transfers of real estate in one month."

Rhubarb came from China about 1573, and when introduced into England was called "patience." Turnip leaves were first eaten as a salad.

At a book sale in Boston a pamphlet entitled "Captivity in Canada," and published by Rev. John Norton in 1747, fetched \$363.

The proposed East river tunnel between New York city and Long Island, it is stated, will be four and a half miles long and cost \$5,000,000.

Our admiration of a famous man lessens upon nearer acquaintance with him, and we seldom hear of a celebrated person without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. - Addison.

A St. Louis coal company mined at Danville, Ill., a lump of coal that weighed 37,000 pounds. It was shipped to Chicago, and the timbers in the mine had to be taken down for its removal.

At a typewriting contest in London there were 126 entries and nearly all appeared. The first prize was for seventy-nine words a minute, twenty or thirty words less than has been achieved in this country.

What a wretched condition of the "divine right of kings" to rule is afforded when we contemplate the physical and mental characteristics of the kings and princes of Europe! - Philadelphia Record.

The region covered by Professor Pickering's experiment for enumerating nebulae, photographed in a given portion of the heavens, was about four thousandths of the entire sky, and resulted in the discovery of twelve new clusters.

A millionaire named Tagliabè, who died at Milan, bequeathed the sum of 50,000 francs to the street sweepers of that town, on condition that they would all go to his funeral in their working clothes. In his youth he had himself been a street sweeper.

The Sevres dessert service in Windsor castle is valued by an expert at fully £100,000, the punch bowl alone being estimated at £10,000. The value of the china at Buckingham palace and that of Windsor together is thought to exceed considerably £200,000.

At Charlotte Harbor, Fla., a blackbird was seen to dive into water his own depth and bring out a live crab as big as a silver dollar. He flung the crustacean on the beach and picked and shook him until he killed him, and then made a breakfast on him.

Candles and candelabra now find a place in the most fashionable drawing rooms. They are used for mantel ornaments and stand on tables, and come in silver, various kinds of bronze and china. The most stylish gas fixtures are also in the shape of sconces and candle brackets.

The war department has granted to the Smithsonian Institution the privilege of erecting an astro-physical observatory on the heights of Arlington, its purpose being, as its name implies, the investigation of the physical constituents of the heavenly bodies.

A man who got lost in the bush in South Australia resorted to an ingenious expedient for escaping from his dilemma. After wandering about for four days he decided to cut a telegraph line and wrap on the spot. His plan worked. The telegraph repairers were sent out along the line to discover the cause of the interruption, and I came upon the wanderer in time to save his life.

A forcible fact.

Constipation is the most frequent cause of headaches, bad blood, humors, dizziness, vertigo, etc., and because of this should never be allowed to exist. It may be readily cured by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which never fails to cure even the most obstinate and chronic cases.

Ticking Torture.

Mrs. Henry M. Kitchen, St. George, Ont., says: "I had a bad cold which settled in my throat, causing a continual tickling, and I just coughed all the time. I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and in three days was getting better, and in ten days I went to church. Our neighbors know this to be true.

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 Polson & Co. Get "Putnam's."

An Apt Quotation

From a letter by Mrs. Sullivan, 124 West Ave., Hamilton, says: "After trying a number of medicines for liver complaint, from which I suffered for years, I bought two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and found it a complete cure. My house is never without it."

Mrs. Maroney, Braeside, whose stock of liquor Inspector McDonald seized last week, pleaded guilty before the Araprior magistrate on Thursday. She was fined \$50 and costs for selling liquor without a license, and \$20 and costs for keeping liquor. All the property she possesses is six children and a husband, who skipped to the states to avoid punishment for selling liquor contrary to the law, and who, she says, has sent her no money since he left.

Would Not be Without it.

This is what every lady says about Dyer's Cucumber and Rose Jelly for curing chapped hands. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms - Moisture; intense itching and stinging; anal at night; sore by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At drug stores, or by mail, or 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Eczema, Itchy, Scaly, Skin Tortures.

The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment," without any internal medicine, will cure any case of itching, salt rheum, ringworm, piles, itch, sores, pimples, eczema, all scaly, itchy skin eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing. It is potent, effective, and costs but a trifle. Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE AT ANY SACRIFICE. \$30,000 Worth OF DRY GOODS.

DRESS GOODS, But two weeks more SHEETINGS, remain until we offer our entire stock for SALE BY TENDER. SILKS, TABLE LINENS, LACES, TOWELLINGS, KID GLOVES, DRY GOODS NAPKINS, HOSIERY, PRINTS, UNDERWEAR, GINGHAMS, EMBROIDERIES, great COTTONS.

CLOSING OUT SALE, R. & J. Gardiner. SPRING.

LIDLAW'S for New Embroideries. LIDLAW'S for New Muslins and Apron Checks. LIDLAW'S for New Prints, something very special. LIDLAW'S for New Wrapper Materials. LIDLAW'S for Real French Fancy Flannels. LIDLAW'S for Cheapest Ribbons in Kingston. LIDLAW'S for Ladies' and Children's Cashmere Hosiery. LIDLAW'S for Linens for Fancy Work of all descriptions. LIDLAW'S for the Newest "Linen Embroidery Crash." LIDLAW'S for Collars and Cuffs, Sheetings, Twilled and Plain; Pillow Cottons, Night Gown Cottons, Grass Linens for aprons. NEW GOODS arriving daily and marked at the very closest prices.

JOHN LAIDLAW & SON'S.

WALSH & STEACY

SHOW 44 CASES OF NEW SPRING DRY GOODS LOWER THAN EVER.

This week we will run Gents' Unlaundered Shirts at 35c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c, 90c and \$1, with Cuffs and Bands, every size, from 14 to 17 inch neck.

25 dozen Alexandra Kid Gloves in Spring Shades. Black Chantilly and other New Lacings and Flouncings from 95c to \$3.25.

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,

HAINES & LOCKETT'S, Kingstons, Belleville and Trenton.