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ORDERS left at the stores of Mr. James Redden, Princess Street, and Messrs. McKelvey & Birch, Brock Street, will be promptly filled. Telephone Communication.  
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**R. CRAWFORD & CO.,** - Foot of Queen St. N.B.—Orders left at the Grocery Store of Jas. Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone communication.

**M. MALLEN'S WOOD AND COAL YARD**  
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row had never entered, and that the unfallen celestials will be outdone and will put down their trumpets to listen, and it will be in heaven when those who have conquered sin and sorrow shall enter, as it would be in a small singing school on earth if Thalberg and Gottschalk and Wagner and Beethoven and Rheinberger and Schumann should all at once enter. The immortals that have been chanting ten thousand years before the throne will say as they close their librettos, "Oh, if we could only sing like that!" But God will say to those who have never fallen, and consequently have not been redeemed, "You must be silent now, you have not the qualification for this anthem," so they sit with closed lips and folded hands, and sinners saved by grace take up the harmony, for the Bible says "no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

A great prima donna, who can now do anything with her voice, told me that when she first started in music, her teacher in Berlin told her she could be a good singer, but a certain note she could never reach. "And then," she said, "I went to work and studied and practiced for years until I did reach it." But the song of the sinner redeemed, the Bible says, the exalted harmonists who have never sinned could not reach and never will reach. Would you like to hear me in a very poor way play a snatch of that tune? I can give you only one bar of the music on this gospel harp: "Unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Lamb, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever, Amen." But before leaving this interrogatory, Why God let sin come into the world! let me say that great battles seem to be nothing but suffering and outrage at the time of their occurrence, yet after they have been a long while past we can see that it was better for them to have been fought, namely, Salamis, Inkerman, Toulouse, Arbela, Agincourt, Trafalgar, Blenheim, Lexington, Sedan. So now that the great battles against sin and suffering are going on we can see mostly that which is deplorable. But twenty thousand years from now, standing in glory, we shall appreciate that heaven is better off than if the battle of this world's sin and suffering had never been projected.

THE QUESTION ASKED BY THE DISCONTENTED. But now I come nearer home and put a dark saying on the gospel harp, a style of question that is asked a million times every year. Interrogation the fourth. Why do I have it so hard while others have it so easy? Why do I have so much difficulty in getting a livelihood while others go around with a full portemonnaie? or, Why must I wear these plain clothes while others have to put a hard to get their wardrobes closed, so crowded are they with brilliant attire? or, Why should I have to work so hard while others have three hundred and sixty-five holidays every year? They are all practically one question. I answer by saying it is because the Lord has his favorites and he puts extra discipline upon you and extra trial, because he has for you extra glory, extra throne and extra felicitates. That is no guess of mine but a divine say-so. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." "Well," says some one, "I would rather have a little less in heaven and a little more here." Discount my heavenly robe 10 per cent, and let me now put it on, a fur lined overcoat; put me in a less gorgeous room of the house of many mansions and let me have a house here in a better neighborhood." No, no; God is not going to rob heaven, which is to be your residence for nine hundred quadrillion of years, to fix up your earthly abode which you will occupy at most for less than a century, and where you may perhaps stay only ten years longer, or only one year, or perhaps a month more. Now you had better cheerfully let God have His way, for, you see, He has been taking care of folks for near seven thousand years and knows how to do it and can see what is best for you better than you can yourself. Don't think you are too insignificant to be divinely cared for.

It was said that Diana, the goddess, could not be present to keep her temple at Ephesus from burning because she was attending upon the birth of him who was to be Alexander the Great. But I tell you that your God and my God is so great in small things as well as large things that he could attend the cradle of a babe and at the same time be making it a world.

And God will make it all right with you, and there is one song that you will sing every hour of your first ten years in heaven, and the refrain of that song will be, "I am so glad God did not let me have it my own way." Your case will be all fixed up in heaven, and there will be such a reversal of conditions that we can hardly find each other for some time. Some of us who have lived in first rate houses here and in first rate neighborhoods will be found, because of our lukewarmness of earthly service, living on one of the back streets of the celestial city, and clear down at the end of it, No. 808 or 909 or 1005, while some who had unattractive earthly abodes, and a cramped one at that, will, in the heavenly city, be in a house fronting the Royal plaza right by the imperial fountain, or on the Heights overlooking the River of Life, the chariots of salvation halting at your door while those visit you who are more than conquerors, and those who are kings and queens unto God forever. You, my brother, and you, my sister, who have it so hard here will have it so fine and grand there that you will hardly know yourself, and will feel disposed to dispute your own identity, and the first time I see you there I will cry out: "Didn't I tell you so when you sat down there in the Brooklyn Tabernacle and looked incredulous because you thought it too good to be true?" And you will answer: "You were right; the half was not told me!" So this morning I open your dark saying of despondency and complaint on my gospel harp and give you just one bar of music, for I do not pretend to be much of a player. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

But I must confess I am a little perplexed how some of you good Christians are going to get through the gate, because there will be so many there to greet you, and they will all want to shake hands at once, and will all want the first kiss. They will have heard that you are coming, and they will all press around to welcome you and will want you to say whether you know them after being so long parted.

**THE THINGS BEYOND OUR COMPREHENSION SHOULD BE ADORNED.**

Amid that tinkle and romp of reunion, I tell you whose hand of welcome you had better first clasp and whose cheek is entitled to the first kiss. It is the hand and the cheek of him without whom you would never have got there at all, the Lord Jesus, the darling of the skies, as he cries out: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the fires could not burn it and the floods could not drown it." Then you, my dear people, having no more use for my poor harp on which I used to open your dark sayings and whose chords sometimes snapped, despoiling the symphony, you will take down your own harps from the willows that grow by the eternal water courses and play together those celestial airs, some of the names of which are entitled "The King in His Beauty," "The Land That Was Far Off," "Jerusalem, the Golden," "Home Again," "The Grand March

of God," "The Life Everlasting." And as the last dark curtain of mystery is forever lifted, it will be as though all the oratorios that were ever heard had been rolled into one and "Israel in Egypt" and "Jephtha's Daughter" and Beethoven's "Overture in C" and Ritter's first sonata in D minor and the "Creation" and the "Messiah" had been blown from the lips of one trumpet or been invoked by the sweep of one bow or had dropped from the vibrating chords of one harp.

But here I must slow up lest in trying to solve mysteries I add to the mystery that we have already wondered at, namely, why preachers should keep on after all the hearers are tired? So I gather up into one great armful all the whys and hows and wherefores of your life and mine, which we have not had time or the ability to answer, and write on them the words "adjourned to eternity." I rejoice that we do not understand all things now, for if we did, what would we learn in heaven? If we knew it all down here in the freshman and sophomore class, what would be the use of our going up to stand amid the juniors and the seniors? If we could put down one leg of the compass and with the other sweep a circle clear around all the inscrutables, if we could lift our little steel yards and weigh the throne of the Omnipotent, if we could with our seven day clock measure eternity, what would be left for heavenly revelation! So I move that we cheerfully adjourn what is now beyond our comprehension, and as according to Rollin, the historian, Alexander the Great, having obtained the gold casket in which Darius had kept his rare perfume, used that aromatic casket thereafter, to keep his favorite copy of Homer in and called the book, therefore, the "edition of the casket," and at night he put the casket and his sword under his pillow, so I put this day into the perfumed casket of your richest affections and hopes this promise, worth more than anything Homer ever wrote or sword ever conquered: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," and that I call the "edition celestial."

**Dr. Shradys Thanksgiving Box.**

Dr. George F. Shradys, of New York city, during one of his frequent "runs" to Ulster county, related a pathetic little incident that came under his knowledge a year or so ago. The doctor was in the country enjoying a rest. During a ramble one day he noticed a sickly looking boy of about 8 years of age resting by the roadside. Near the child and gazing tenderly at him was a sweet faced old lady, whom he called "Granny." The child touched his cap politely to the doctor, and the little wan face lit up at a few kindly remarks that were made by the stranger. A day or two afterward the doctor was told that an old lady and a little boy wished to see him. "I could do nothing to stop his coming," explained the woman. "He says over an over, ever since the day he saw you, that you can make him well all like other boys. He gives me no peace, night or day, and so I have taken the liberty of bringing him to you to cure."

"The fault of the old lady and her little grandchild was so touching," said the doctor, "that I resolved to do my very best to effect a cure, and in time the youngster was running about, strong and well as his companions." Last Thanksgiving day a home made box was delivered by express at Dr. Shradys' home in New York city. The box contained a turkey and a little note, written in a boyish hand, which said:

"Dear doctor this is from the boy what you made well I know the turkey is young and tender for I raised him from the egg myself."  
I have often received munificent fees from grateful patients that my skill has helped relieve," said the doctor, "but I was never more touched by a gift in all my professional experience than when that little country chap's turkey in the rough little box with the words 'expresses all paid' written on every side was delivered to me."—Kingston Freeman.

**The Future Life.**

I feel in my self the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The earth gives me a generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers; why then is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe, at this hour, the fragrance of the lilies, the violets and the roses—at twenty years.

The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the funeral symphonies of the worlds which mine me.

It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is a history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like so many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. My tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above a foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—Victor Hugo.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

**Go at Once to the Root**

Of the evil; doing by halves makes waste half the energy expended by mankind. Why should you trifle with disease? When indications are given that something has gone wrong make the restoration of normal conditions the real, not incidental, business of life. Few curative agents have equalled Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, compounded of purely vegetable substances, on scientific principles, and beautifully sugar-coated. They constitute the most certain, safe and pleasant family medicine in existence. Try Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sold by N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, and by all dealers in medicine.

**Tickling 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."

Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett are the principal stockholders of a gun and ammunition company whose capital stock is \$5,000,000.

**R. & J. Gardiner.**

*UNTIL SUCH TIME as WE DISPOSE of OUR STOCK,*

Now advertised for sale by tender in the Toronto "Globe" and Kingston "Daily News," we will continue to sell as usual, but at

**EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES.**

In every department of the house we will offer

**DECIDED BARGAINS**

In seasonable goods. In many instances goods are being sold at

**LESS THAN HALF PRICE**

to reduce stock which we find is still too large.

**SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS ALL THIS WEEK**

On Silks, Satins, Velvets and Plushes at CLEARING SALE PRICES. Dress Goods of every description at Clearing Sale Prices. Prints, Ginghams, Chambrays at Clearing Sale Prices. Cottons, Sheetings, Tickings, Towellings, Table Linens and Napkins at less than wholesale prices. Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery and Underwear at a reduction of 50 per cent less than present values.

**RETIRING CHEAP SALE.**

R. & J. GARDINER.

**WALSH & STEACY**

WILL SHOW THIS WEEK 50 CASES OF

**NEW - SPRING - GOODS,**

INCLUDING

Black Lace Flouncings, Black Lace Scarfs, Black Faille, Gros Grain Silks and Satins, Handsome Henrietta and other Black Dress Goods, China Silks in Light and Dark Shades, Pongee Silks.

WALSH & STEACY'S.

**GREAT CLEARING SALE**

—OF—

**Boots and Shoes,**

DAMAGED BY FIRE, WELL AND SMOKE,

AT THE

HEADQUARTERS SHOE STORE,  
**D. F. Armstrong,**

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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.  
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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.**

**NEW GOODS FOR MEN'S WEAR**

JUST RECEIVED BY

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Made Up Ties, plain and fancy; Four in Hand Ties, latest designs. The above Ties include the Empire, Lord Stanley, Our Club, The Derby, The Pall Mall, Duke of Westminster.  
Also Scotch Cambrie Bows, White Dress Shirts, New Shapes in Collars, Braces, Night Shirts. For a full stock of Men's Furnishings call at the Carpet House of RICHMOND, ORR & CO.

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**OVERSHOES REDUCED IN PRICE,**

—AT—

**HAINES & LOCKETT'S,**

Kingston, Belleville and Trenton.