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BRECK & BOOTH Wharfingers, Vessel Agents an Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers, Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screen ed and promptly delivered. Bunch wood and Hard and Soft Cordwood of first quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction

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Best Dry Hard Wood,

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Designs and Estimates Furnished for all Kinds of Work. LOUNGES, EASY, FANCY AND ODD CHAIRS, MATTRASSES, SPRING BEDS, &c.

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White Lead, Glass Putty and Pure Prepared

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DYRING WORKS, PRINCESS STREET. All kinds of goods cleaned dyed and finished.
I put up and have for sale the "Jem Package Dyes," warranted to be the best in the market Try them. Agents wanted, R. MON rGOMERY,

Practica Dyer.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

A HALF HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

An Account of the "Tantrum" Indulged in by Clytemnestra, a Performing Circus Elephant, in a Small English Town-A Good Memory.

St. Nicholas tells an interesting story about an eiephant named Clytemnestra, who traveled with a circus throughout England. Following is the story in condensed form.



"CLYTIE" HELPS HERSELF. One night the caravan stopped at a small town called Hythe, and the tents were pitched and the animals made comfortable. About 3 o'clock in the morning, when the keepers were all asleep, "Clytie," who was very wide awake, managed to break her chains, and, finding himself free, proceeded to take a walk abroad. She went soberly away from the tent, as a well behaved elephant should do, until she came to a little shop which was tightly closed for the night. She felt about the door and window with her trunk and then drew back from the door with her head held low and lunged suddenly forward with a rush. The door crashed inward and Clytic followed with evident satisfaction at finding herself in an elephant's paradise. In one moment she had overturned boxes

and jars which stood on the counter and was stuffing the sweetmeats into her greedy mouth. She had broken into a candy and fruit store and proceeded to sample everything she could reach. She did not think of stopping merely because the man who owned the candy rushed hurriedly into the store and out again yelling, "Ow! Ow!" at the top of his lungs.

Nor did she stop when the whole neighborhood took up the worthy man's cry of "Ow! Ow!" She went on eating and eating until a little man named Job and her keeper came running up, and cried out in a sharp voice: "Hi, there, Clytie! What d've mean? Come out o' that now, d've hear?" and led

her back to the tent. Everybody was puzzled to know who Clytic selected that candy store from any other, until the owner of the store offered the solution. He had fed an elephant from his shop as many as twelve years before. Was Clytie that elephant? More inquiries were made and the fact discovered that she was the very elephant that had been fed there a dozen years earlier. Her memory was better than her gratitude.

A Famous Dog.

A deservedly famous dog is Wolf, the "nigh leader" of the dog team that drew the sledges in the Greely Arctic expedition, says Golden Days. The off leader was Tiger, who fell a victim to starvation's demands; but Wolf still lives, and is now in California for his health. Wolf has a history. He is the only dog ever enlisted in the United States navy, and after the close of the expedition Wolf was given his regular papers of honorable discharge from the government service. Wolf was born in the north some eight years ago, and taught to draw sledges across the frozen sea by his Eskimo master. Lieut. Greel chose Wolf for his superior strength and wonderful intelligence, and he and Tiger led the team that dragged the unfortunate band of explorers northward. He is a large animal, with long, gray, silky hair; and although of grave demeanor, allows children to romp with and ride on him. He is now he property of Gen. Sherman, and when his health is restored be will come cast and pass his remaining days in dignified case.

The Chest at Chatham.

This was a money box, n: _ in the reign of good Queen Bess, for charitable sailors to put their contributions in. These contributions were doled out to poor sailors who had come home sick or disabled by accident or old age. As it was found that the box did not supply money enough, every sailor was forced to contribute a portion of his monthly wages to the chest. In George the Third's days, the chest was removed from Chatham to Greenwich, and in the reign of the sailor king, William the Fourth, sailors were relieved from the duty of giving part of their hard earned wages for the support of their sick and worn out mates, and the amount was charged on another fund.

A Grievance.

It's a most delightful thing, our Bobby thinks, To have a watch, his very own, with hands that As lively as you please, with such a cheerful tick-

And a place to put the key in when it's time to

have it wound. And a charming little chain in shining links.



OUR BOBBY LOOKS QUITE DARK AND GRIM. But it makes our Bobby look quite dark and grim When people that are anxious to obtain the time

Look at a jeweler's window or a church tower, if they may. Or consult their clocks and watches in the most provoking way, And never think to ask the time from him! -Wide Awake.

The loicle.

He hung by the heels, on a cold winter's day, He had dropped on the roof, not expecting to stay, But had crept to the eaves just to look at the

And was seized with a chill with his head hanging

And there he had hung quite as stiff as a stake, Till the winter's back bone was beginning to And the appeared to be lifeless and dead, All at once perspiration ran down o'er his head, And that morn in his veins, such a tingling he felt,

That he said to himself, "I'm beginning to mait!"

Samuel Coleridge the Poet. Samuel Coleridge, the poet, was born in Devoushire, England, in the year 4772. He died in 1834. He spent his life in poverty, although he had remarkable gifts. He wrote "Genevieve," "Christabel" and "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner." He possessed a wonderful memory and was a fine conversationABOUT WARD M'ALLISTER.

Something of the Man Who Manages the Four Hundred of New York.

Ward McAllister, of New York, is unhappy. He is the manager of society in that overgrown place, and he has bungled the job by selecting the dancers of the first dance of the big ball that will wind up the forthcoming celebration of the centennial of Washington's inauguration. And certain of Gotham's society people are as virulently indignant over the matter as McAllister is unhappy.

This slip is about the first McAllister has made and it is not likely it will down him. He is too useful.

How he attained the position he now holds can scarcely be traced. The fact of the matter is that probably he grew into it. The

hour came for the man and the man was there. About fifteen vears ago a number of subscription dinners were given at Newport during the summer season, followed by rather informal dances, and to these some thirty prominent society men there subscribed. The affairs were in the



charge of Mr. McAllister. They were so brilliantly successful that it was suggested to continue the series of entertainments after the return of the cottagers to New York, making such changes in the nature of the entertainments as the change of place and season might dictate. In this way the Patriarch balls were started and Mr. McAllister, of course, conducted them. Up to that time all the large entertainments were given by private people and the expenses of them were disbursed from private purses. Under this arrangement a number of evils grew up against which there was much strenuous kicking with little success. It required a man with an income of \$100,000 or over to give such private entertainments, and there were only two or three of them who could do it. Society was made up of people who could get invitations to these private entertainments, and, of course, the invitations were dictated by personal and business considerations, and refused out of motives of spite, jealousy or revenge. The two or three private families, who gave large private balls, ruled society with a rod of iron, and there was heart burning and indignation, toadying and absurd adulation on all sides. The subscription balls, of course, did away with this order of things. They not only rendered unnecessary the giving of large private entertainments, but med-it to a great extent impossible. With thirty subscribers to a ball, which in the course of a very short time became lifty subscribers, there were a number for people working for the success of a single entertainment and with the success of that entertainment at heart, where in the case of a privat - affair the responsibility of success had to be shouldered by a host and hostess. The Patriarch balls were a success from the beginning and large private entertainments have almost entirely disappeared. Mr. McAllister has taken the place of the social despot of fifteen or twenty years ago and the result is certainly better for everybody concerned.

SHE WAS FROM BOSTON.

How a Blooming Eosebud of a Girl Perfeetly Paralyzed a Professor.

The dry as to marrow, the leathery as to heart, but verdant as to brain, the professor found himself in the ball room, and, like the fly in amber, wondering how the deuce he got there.

In a bower corner sat the resebudiest of resebuds in a garden of exquisitely engowned

"I make it a rule of three, professor," says the rosebud. "I dance three dances only of a night, one in every hour. The first a square dance to bring my voluntary muscles with their fasciculi into gentle play; the second a polka, to work the voluntary muscles into perfect action, and the third a waltz, for absolute enjoyment."

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor. "I employ the interim by following some train of thought. To-night I am seeking types. I want to find my Cleopatra, my Aspasia and my Phryne." "Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Did Cleopatra spend the winter of 40 B. C. with Antony in Alexandria, or was it 41? Did she hare her besom or only her arm to

"Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor. "Was Aspasia fast or only a flirt! Was Socrates her lover? Was the divorce of Pericles as perfect as the Chicago divorce? Why does Aristophanes ascribe the Samian and Peleponnesian wars to her simply because she lost her lady's maid! Do you think Plutarch's defense exculpates her! Was her second husband, Lysicles, a pork packer or merely a cattle dealer!" "Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"Was Phryne's mother a laundress, and is it true that she got her living at one time by gathering capers? Were those capers for sauce or boiled legs of mutton! Was her offer to rebuild the walls of Thebes if her name was inscribed on them bona fide? Did she profane the Eelusinian Hellasts in order to let the council see her beautiful anatomy? I incline to this, for Apollo painted her as the Venus Anadyomene, and Praxiteles sculped her as the Cnodian Venus, Was Apollo her lover as well as Praxiteles!" "Bless my soul!" exclaims the professor.

"You see, professor, I'm from Boston." "Aha!" and the venerable professor bounded like one of his crack pupils in the direction

of the refreshment room.-Chicago Herald. Degrees of Intimacy.

Pyppyus-I can't go that fellow Soaker. He's puffeck bwute. Snyppyus-How so?

Pyppyus-Why, I've only known him a couple of months, and, be jawve, at the club I was tawking to him and the boozy beggaw went to sleep wight befaw my eyes,

Snyppyus-He probably thought that so far he was only a nodding acquaintance. - New York Mercury.

A Calculating Woman.

Mrs. Snowball-So you are going to marry Henry again, are you? I thought you had enough of him for the rest of your life?

Mrs. Goldsnap-Circumstances alter cases, you know. He wasn't worth a cent when I left him, and now he's well off. "Oh, yes. That is different."

"Besides, I would get considerable alimeny next time if I should want to leave him again." —Chicago Herald.

Knew What He Was Talking About. Bildad-Why don't you buy a typewriter, Ormsby!

Ormsby-My wife doesn't understand typewriting, and if she did, a fellow doesn't care to have his wife around his office all the time. Bildad-Your wife wouldn't have to run it. You could hire a girl for a small salary.

Ormsby-As I said before, I don't want

my wife around the office all the time. - Uni-

dentified.

DRESS GOODS.

We are pleased to notice that our customers, acting on our advice, have bought so freely during the past two weeks. We are in a position to state that almost all the New Shades of Fine Dress Goods are in the hands of retailers. Perhaps not one Jobbing House in Canada could to-day fill an order for a complete range of New Colours. Our 2nd and 3rd repeat order for some shades are to hand. We again advise buy at once, even if you don't intend having them made up for some time. Opened this week a new range of Wool Henriettas at 49c. A new range of French Cupi and Satin Stripe. A new range of Foulle Stripe, double-fold, 35c., all the new shades and black.

HARDY'S

One Price Store, 88 Princess Street.



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TRIMMINGS,

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RIBBED, DOUBLE KNEES AND FEET.



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THE PRICE TELLS AND PEOPLE TELL THE PRICE.

SEE OUR SPECIALTIES.

LADIES' KID SLIPPER, 65 cents. GENTS' FINE SEWED BAL., \$1.95.

Pointed or Medium Toe.

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Dr. J. - Collis - Browne - Chlorodyne.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

ADVICE TO INVALIDS—If you wish to obtain quiet, refreshing sleep, free from headache relief from pain and anguish to calm and assuage the weary achings of protracted disease, in vigorating the nervous media, and regulating the circulating systems of the body, you will provide yourself with that marvellous remedy discovered by Dr. J. Collis Browne (late Army Medical Staff) to which he gave the name of CHLORODYNE, and which is admitted by the profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

CHLORODYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis and Asth

ma, CHLORODYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhosa, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dy

CHLORODYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation and CHLORODYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache. Meningitis, &c.

Meningitis, &c.

From Symnes & Co., Pharmaceutical Chemists, Medical Hail, Simla, Jan. 5, 1880. To J. T. Davenport, Esq., 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London. Dear Sir,—We embrace this opportunity of congratulating you upon the wide-spread reputation this justly esteemed medicine Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne, has earned for itself, not only in Hindostan, but all over the East. As a remedy of general utility we must question whether a better is imported into the country, and we shall be glad to hear of its finding a place in every Anglo-Indian home. The other brands, we are happy to say, are now relegated to the native bazaars, and judging from their sale, we fancy that their sojeurn there will be but evanescent. We could multiply instances "ad infinitum" of the extraordinary efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne in Diarrhosa and Dysentery, Spasms, Cramps, Neuralgia, the Vomiting of Pregnancy, and as a general sociative, that have occurred under our personal observation during many years. In Cholera, Diarrhosa, and even in the more terrible forn s of Cholera itself, we have witnessed its surprisingly controlling power. We have never used any other form of this medicine than Collis Browne's, from a firm conviction that it is decidedly the best, and also from a sense of duty we oweto the profession and the public, as we are of the opinion that the substitution of of any other than Collis Browne's is a DELIBERATE BREACH OF FAITH ON THE PART OF THE CHEMIST, TO PRESCRIBER AND PATIENT ALIKE.

the public, as we are of the opinion that the substitution of of any other than Collis Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the Chemist, to prescriber and patient alike. We are, Sir, faithfully yours, Symes & Co., Members of the Pharmacy Society of Great Britain. His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

CAUTION—Vice Chancellor Sir Page Wood stated that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See "Times," July 13, 1864.

Sold in bottles at 1s, 14d., 2s, 9d., 4s, 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "D. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government Stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle. mony accompanies each bottle. Sole Manufacturer, T. J. DAVENPORT. 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London, Eng