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Wharfingers, Vessel Agents and Wholesale and Retail Coal and Wood Dealers. Coals of the very best description, under cover, well screened and promptly delivered. Bunen wood and Hard and Soft Cordwood of first quality on hand. Inspection solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.  
YARD—Corner Ontario and West Streets.  
Office—Clarence and Ontario Streets—Foot of Clarence Street.  
ORDERS left at the stores of Mr. James Reid, Princess Street, and Messrs. McKelvey & Birch, Brock Street, will be promptly filled, telephone communication.  
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SOLE AGENTS**

In this locality for Gilmour & Co.'s (Trenton) **KILN DRIED DOORS,** Sash and Blinds, Mouldings and other factory work.  
A full stock always on hand. Call and examine.  
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Yard No 1—Ontario Street.  
" 2—Clarence Street Wharf.  
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Secure delivery before broken weather sets in. Chief Office—St. Lawrence Wharf. Branch Office—Corner King and Clarence Sts., opposite British American Hotel.  
Prompt and satisfactory delivery a specialty. Coal all under cover and well screened.  
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**JAMES SWIFT & CO**

**HARD AND SOFT WOOD.**

If you want the Driest, Cheapest and Best Hard Maple and Best Cordwood, Oak, Birch, Ash, Elm or Hemlock Cordwood Sawn or Un-sawn.  
Or if you want Kindling Wood, (Dry), or Store 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 Jas. Crawford, Princess Street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone communication.

**M. MALLEN'S WOOD AND COAL YARD**

IS ALWAYS STOCKED WITH THE Best Dry Hard Wood, Dry Block Wood, Dry Kindling Wood and the Best descriptions of Coal, CORNER OF BARRACK AND ONTARIO STS.

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Scranton Coal, Best Quality Hard Wood, Mill Wood, Verona Lime.  
**P. WALSH.**  
OFFICE—Cor. Barrack and Ontario Sts.

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

**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 Bagot Street.

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Buy your Hardware, Boiled and Raw Oils, White Lead, Glass Putty and Pure Prepared Paints at \$1.25 per gallon at

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**HALL, PAINTING, 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.  
Agents for the Celebrated Spiral Radiator  
Hot Air Furnace manufactured by M. H. Jacobs, Syracuse, N.Y.

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

**IF YOU WANT THE  
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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, CALL AT  
**H. BRAME'S,**  
251 Princess Street, cor. Sydenham Street,  
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**FLOUR, FEED AND SEED STORE,**  
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Warehouse : Old Kingston and Pembroke.

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FULL STOCKS OF FLOUR, OATMEAL, Mill Feed, Feed Grain, Seed Grain and Grass Seeds. CASH PAID for Buckwheat, Oats, Wheat, Marrowfat Peas, Potatoes and Raw Flax.  
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W. F. BAKER,  
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**DYEING WORKS, PRINCESS STREET.**

All kinds of goods cleaned, dyed and finished I do it. And more for color the "Joni Package" dye, I warrant to use the best in the market. Try them. Agents wanted. R. MONTGOMERY, Practical Dyer.

meet them face to face, and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it and you can play on one, have an instrument of music—harp or flute, or cornet, or melodeon, or violin, or piano. Every morning before you leave that room, pray. Every night after you come home in that room, pray. Make that room your Gibraltar, your Sebastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find that those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of this country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straitened circumstances now.

**EVERY MAN HAS A NATURAL EQUIPMENT.**

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the fields of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman in a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the Mercantile library and get some books and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man in this house is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. Then his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—oh, that is what makes me solicitous. I am not so much anxious about you, young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have so much to risk and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat, headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go faster.

Al! when I told you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine-cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of the Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that paucity and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking and right believing and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in transport through the next.

I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "Oh Lord, help us. We find it so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right. Lord, help us." That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear of God, and reached his heart. And there are in this house a hundred men who have found out—a thousand young men, perhaps, who have found out that very thing. It is so very easy to do wrong, and so hard to do right.

I got a letter, only one paragraph of which I shall read: "Having moved around somewhat I have run across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the-wisp, fortune, and of one of these I would speak. He was a young Englishman of twenty-three or four years, who came to New York, where he had acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared; perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his living, and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling. After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about three dollars left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you.

"He told me his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly the turning point in his life, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe from what this young man told me that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving."

**TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD AND KEEP TO IT.**

The echo, that is, of multitudes in the house. I am not preaching an abstraction but a great reality. Oh! friendless young man, Oh! prodigal young man, Oh! broken hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend you to Christ this day, the best friend a man ever had. He meets you this morning. You have come here for this blessing. Despair not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift one prayer to your father's God, to your mother's God, and get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road, and this is the right road, and that is the wrong road, and I see you start on the right road.

One Sabbath morning, at the close of my service, I saw a gold watch of the world renowned and deeply lamented violinist Ole Bull. You remember he died in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had wound up day after day through his last illness, and then he said to his companion: "Now I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it gets to my friend Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his young son, my special favorite."

The great musician, who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the main land. There were fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheatre of the hills, waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began

to speak, the fifty thousand people on the hillsides burst into tears.

Oh! that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of heaven the one hundred and forty and four thousand shall accord with Christ in crying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children until watch and clock are no more needed to mark the progress, because time itself shall be no longer.

**A Philistine's Views.**

Romantic literature belongs to the domain of art, on the same level as sculpture, painting and the drama. In none of these other expressions is the abnormal, the corrupt, the wantonly repulsive allowable. The line of treatment on these subjects is definitely drawn and generally acknowledged. The unnecessarily foul is unpardonable.

Why should not the same limit be observed in romantic literature? All art deals with nature and truth, but not with all nature and all truth. A festering sore is part of nature; it directly affects the thought and action of the sufferer, and it is as unsightly, as deplorable and as potent as a festering vice on the soul. Why should the latter be allowed and the bodily sore forbidden?

The average middle class American reader, male or female, is a Philistine unquestionably—the most impervious and cloaked conventionality known to all the nations, not even excepting the "lower middle class" English. He wants his fiction to be as proper, as full of small exactitudes in demeanor, as "good an example" on the outside, as he is himself. Humbly as he is, he is far preferable to the "natural" type of the morbid morality mongers who teach a lesson of an hour by a life long corruption. The Philistine has a right to his taste, and he is right in voting down the Zola school as the best for his children. Being a Philistine myself I vote with him.—John Boyle O'Reilly in New York Herald.

**The Middle Course.**

The middle course is generally right in life. It is impossible to draw hard and fast lines as to fiction. There are many things in nature which the artist should not paint and exhibit. Why should the novel be like the secret cabinet in Naples? There are many things about which we do not talk, for perfectly justifiable ethical reasons. Why should they be described in novels? But while prurience should be avoided, prudery and false modesty are also to be shunned. We want virile fiction, dealing with real passions, and not an emasculated view of human nature adapted to the nursery. There is abundant scope for this in a pure and elevating novel. That is a false "naturalism" which says that only the indecent and illicit side of life is true. Morbid indecency is apt to be the resort of a "sensationalist" incapable of attracting attention otherwise. I believe there is now a reaction against the extreme naturalistic movement, but very likely this movement had had the effect of rescuing the novel from namby pambyism.—Charles Dudley Warner in New York Herald.

**Six and Four.**

The study of mathematics is especially recommended as a means of developing the reasoning faculties. No doubt it is adapted to accomplish that very desirable end; but it seems to fail in some cases.

"Six and four are how many?" asked the teacher.

"Eleven!" shouts a little boy, who has worked hard to learn by rote as much of his arithmetic as possible.

"Hum," says the teacher, shaking his head; "think a moment."

"Twelve."

"No."

"Thirteen."

"Now what makes you think it could be thirteen? Suppose you had guessed a smaller number—ten, for instance?"

"Oh no," said the boy, confidently, "it couldn't be ten."

"Why not?"

"Because five and five make that."—Youth's Companion.

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.

**Have You Thought About It!**

Why suffer a single moment when you can get immediate relief from all internal or external pains by the use of Nerviline, the great pain cure. Nerviline has never been known to fail in a single case. It cannot fail, for it is a combination of the most powerful pain subduing remedies that is known. Try a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline. You will find Nerviline a sure cure for neuralgia, toothache, headache. Buy and try large bottles 25 cents, by all druggists.

The assessment roll of Trenton is receiving a severe criticism. It appears that for years the assessment has been most unjustly adjusted. Merchants and professional men have been assessed for little or nothing. Great discrimination is apparent between the ratings of the rich and poor. It is contended that the poor man pays a most unjust proportion of the taxes.

**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.

The following left Picton this week: John Tripp and wife, and Harry Armstén Bloomfield, for Carman City, Man.; Geo. J. Whattam and Ansel Richards, South Fay, for Regina, N. W. T.; J. E. Aylesworth, Wellington, for Brandon, Man.; J. Dainard, Millford, for Winnipeg.

**A Life of Ease.**

Miss Lizzie Ratcliffe, writing from Falkirk, Ont., says: "I had such a cough I could not sleep and was fast going into consumption. I tried everything I could hear of without relief, but when I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balm I soon got ease. It is the best medicine I ever tried. LIZZIE RATCLIFFE, Falkirk, Ont."

**Manture**

Is now quite the rage, but Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses has no equal for making the hands soft and white. Drug gists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

**A RUSH**  
Best describes the state of trade at  
**HARDY'S**  
**BIG CLEARING SALE**

on Saturday. This sale continues right along till the goods are all gone.

**DRESS GOODS AND SILKS**  
Will receive special attention. Remember the newest goods, newest colors, suitable trimmings and lowest prices are some of the attractions of our Dress Goods Department.

**HARDY'S,**  
One Price Store, 88 Princess Street.

**CALL AND SEE THEM,**

THE NEW STOCK OF  
**LADIES' WHITE UNDERCLOTHING**  
WE ARE SHOWING.

Skirts, Corset Covers,  
Drawers, Chemises,  
and Night Dresses,

IN NEW PATTERNS AND AT LOW PRICES.  
**MINNES & BURNS,**  
Reliable and Close-Priced Dry Goods Store, Corner of Princess and Bagot Streets.

**JACKET CLOTHS,**  
One Case of Light Tweeds.

**JACKET CLOTHS,**  
Suitable for Spring Jackets.

**DRESS GOODS,**  
Beautiful New Shades,  
Trimmings to Match.

**KID GLOVES,**  
NEWEST SHADES ARE HAVING A BIG RUN.  
**JOHN LAIDLAW & SON.**

THE PRICE TELLS AND PEOPLE TELL THE PRICE.

SEE OUR SPECIALTIES.

**LADIES' KID BOOT 99c.**  
**LADIES' KID SLIPPER, 65 cents.**  
**GENTS' FINE SEWED BAL., \$1.95.**

Pointed or Medium Toe,  
**HEADQUARTERS SHOE STORE,**  
**D. F. ARMSTRONG,**  
141 Princess Street.

THIS IS JUST WHY!

A Great Many Ask Why It is We Do the Largest Business in the City in Our Line?

SIMPLY BECAUSE WE BUY IN LARGER QUANTITIES, buy for cash, save the discount and give the purchaser the benefit. In the undertaking, as every one knows, the one who does the largest business can do it the cheapest. It requires the same number of horses, hearse, carriages, etc., to do 50 funerals for one year as it does 350. We also do our own engraving which is a great saving. Attend personally to every funeral and with the long experience which we have had can attend to funerals better and cheaper than any one in the business!

**JAMES REID, 254 and 256 Princess Street.**  
R. REID, Manager.