THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR!!

What Representatives Have are Saying About the Coming Heavenly Subject. Is it Because they want to Welcome the new Governor General to the City of Kingston?

It will be a hard struggle—two good men in the field—Alderman W. Wilson putting forth strong efforts. Dr. McCammon sure of success. All this is very well, but what do the majority of housekeepers care who is elected or who is not. What they want to know is where they can get the best assortment and the best value for their money. The safest rule for them to follow is to buy at the house doing the largest business. This is the best test, because the verdict of the people may be relied on as a matter pertaining to their welfare. As a proof of this Crawford's are receiving by far the largest share of public patronage. This is the result of old customers who have been pleased returning to make additional purchases and bringing with them a host of friends. Thus it is that a well selected stock and straightforward business is sure to secure the confidence of all. This week we have received something nice in the Biscuit line, such as Fancy Oil Boys, Numbers, Lettere Nancy Tay, Oswego and every description of Fancy Biscuits made. Dried Raspberries, Blackberries, Blueberries, Peaches, Pumpkins, Apples, and every variety of Fruits and Vegetables.

JAMES CRAWFORD.

Agent for Labatt's London Ale and Potts Island Vineyards.

Dec. 28th.

GOLDEN GROCERY

We Divide Our Gifts!!

☞ Notwithstanding the immense quantity of Fruits we have sold for the last 10 days we will still continue the Holiday Sale until the last pound is disposed of; and instead of giving Christmas Presents as other houses pretend to do, we divide our Gifts equally amongst our customers by giving them the very best goods for the least money, with a standing guarantee that we will cheerfully refund the money on all the goods not found satisfactory after a critical trial at home.

Golden Grocery

W. R. McRAE & CO.

Dec. 28th.

Black Berries.

Parties who have been waiting for those Dried Black-berries can now be supplied as the first consignment has arrived. Also

Denicated Wheat.
Denicated Barley.
Rolled Oats,
Pearline Meal.
Oatmeal,
Cracked Wheat,
Hominy, &c.

S. LOYNES & CO.,

Corner Montreal(A)Princess Sts.

Dec. 28th.

NEW LIVERY OPENED

THE undersigned wish to inform the public that he has fitted up and opened a LIVERY & EXCHANGE SITE STABLES & HORSE on Brock Street.

AT FIRST CLASS RIGS will always be on hand on the shortest notice.

ELIAS ROSS, Proprietor.

Dec. 28th.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

From the Pencil of an Old Journalist. Visited Until Now Under a Pseudonym.

Do you know—you, yes dear you and may you never know—what a dismal number of country years or wearifully unsocial months a mind naturally active and persistent even under difficulties, which would drag a giant down to the dust. No room for thought, no communing save with one's absent self—always shabby company at its best, but to the restless spirit gale and wormwood. Yes, for twenty years have I been shutting them, just these—silently, impatiently, without going back it is true, but certainly not going forward, even at a snail's pace, towards some heaven light in the distance of this world, while everything behind and before seemed to be so far away, that, like an ornamental joke, one couldn't see it through Lord Rosse's telescope—or even the one in the park—your park.

This was just the position in which your resident request found me, urging me to be up and doing something special in the opening way for your Whig semi-centennial of the 31st of December. It was then that I found out how fast the world of mind had been moving, and how utterly unprepared I was to comply. I instantly wished that I was the Poet of Dog Lake, or the other "Canadian Poet," Brunon, either of whom could have accommodated you on the spot and rounded off a poem of any length, while stumbling on into bed, like the old fellow of Homer's day, whose name has not come down to us, and never will. Aye, or Sir John Smith, (see the Whig files) or even that mad fellow Spencer, who could thunder down Niagara while vociferously declaiming a poem on the merits of the great Cataract. Either of this canny pair did I wish to be, fellows who could spin you off an indefinite yards of poetry between night and morn as would reach from here to the new comet, which is coming to come like Mr. Punch's grannin having little or no room for the plain prose part of the entertainment. Then, the merest trickle, just a pin-point, of some sunny glorious gleam of an idea redolent of the aroma of the old days came to me, and I growled one of the deepest "Growls of the Grumbler" and Exclaimed:

"What witch of Endor have we here,
Breathing on this autumn day?
What sorcerer hath charms my ear
And dragged me apart from the fray,
Making the thoughts that stark and dead,
Were widely scattered flash and flash,
Within the brain, arranged, combined,
Startling the whole from its rest."

Then I relapsed into slumber again and the silence of death, and the spirit of Robin Campbell appeared, clad in the time-honoured pupils, patted me familiarly on the back, and said: "That's it, I. I. I. it's just grand; that's what I tells Bates" (he still quotes him, metaphors you see) "go ahead, we'll manage it between us." Plucking up an atom of wakeful courage I said:

"My Maid with the dainty brow,
On which she seems to frown,
Ah, were it not for Robin now,
I'd never chirp another note.
A record of heroes rise to view
Like ships approaching to the main,
All the old world comes back anew,
A woman an age since I was born."

Still I was, with the one eye which was partially open, that this would never do, and begging Robin to again take upon him the rich form of an angel of light and legation, I sat down to the plain prose part of the experiment.

ENTERING THE RANKS.

It does seem like an age since I was born, when I look back to my earliest recollections of the Whig. You know that it had been many years the victor, and its St. George, who had long since conquered and killed the Dragon Dirty Jack, was in the zenith of his editorial career and unexampled prosperity, when I, for weal or woe, became a member of the staff. This was a good many years after the paper was established as the first daily in Upper Canada, and "Bill" Macfarlane was perpetual foreman of the establishment; but my brain, like that of every boy of the time who was destined to "Come to something," was filled with memories of the past when the Whig was working its way upwards to fame and a niche in the temple and watches of Whig were were were rumbling about from place to place in old corners of my undeveloped cranium, "longing time to nothing in my brain," odds and ends of which play hide and seek there to this day. Specially had I been taken up with the New Year addresses of Black Jack, little dreaming that in the days to come I should be inditing New Year addresses myself, albeit in a more solemn and sentimental style. I can recall but a ring (warm from one of those ancient visitants now, and will not attempt to exhaust my brain for more, as I am hardly wide awake yet, but I thought that the man who could write like that was nobly entitled to all the fame of all the ages, and would get it. Well do I remember how Bob McCue (the gracious, "gave the wall") and myself solemnly devoting an entire Saturday afternoon committing one of these addresses to memory, and then almost particularly we succeeded beyond escape:

"The chief retires into Peter's breath,
And Betty gave a woeful wreath,
My dears," she cried, "what a sad disaster,
Such times you'll come a little faster,"
And over the wound she clapped a plaster."

These were the palmy days of auld lang syne, when I was unconsciously acting the part of Whittier's "Barefooted Boy," and furbishing myself for the coming battle of life, and it was many years after when I took the English shilling and enlisted under the banner of Black Jack. This was the beginning of many of the happiest years of my life. Still it was the social life and its unforgotten memories and associations, and not the newspaper life, which made the deepest and most abiding impression on my mind. With my temperament how could it be otherwise, or that I could ever have forgotten Rocket Court and the agreeable life at the farm, which was all and all to me during a period of nearly fifteen years. The heavy welcome told not so much in words as in the manner of the reception, which you no more doubted to be genuine than you would doubt that the sun would rise on the morrow morn. A reception of children fresh never to pass away; of one of those who lingers amid the happy scenes of the Summer Land of their who last her angelic company beyond apprehension or an if. And so the mental but reviving in the new but perfectly natural life which is no longer a mystery to nearly fifty millions of our race.

THE OLD CONTRIBUTORS.

There was a time when the name of the Whig's corps of correspondents was legion, and their respective merits undeniable. The word of war, sharp, keen, and effective, often threatening to come to something more than words blows, was looked for by both readers and borrowers of the paper with ever increasing anxiety and much of pleasure and delight. The diversity of talent which it continually drew in and brought out was great, the writers being of all grades and conditions of men, for all were welcome to use their pen. This was the gala time of the career. Poets and verse were equally acceptable. Who forgets the vivid lyrics of James Shelley of the 34th Regiment and others "Cleek" and Alsham," and a goodly array of contributors to the shortlived Magazine, which deserved a better fate, for it was a plucky attempt to place the gentle army of talent seeking a hearing through the paper on a sounder basis. Lanty Maguire rushing in with a will, with now a sermon, now a song, the Gallant Brave, John Watkinson, dropping in now and then with the phenomenon there in the world, Billy Barlow, whose sounds "as long's your arm," like Burns grace, proving that there will existed an improvisatore and a rarer singer in Israel. J. A. G., a host in himself if put to the test, which he never was, and the dozens of others who on occasion furnished their mite or their avalanche, all meeting and mingling like meteors, or like Lanty on the rampage, many more whom I have well nigh forgotten, but which a better memory and more practiced pen than mine may supply. These were the days when ambition would look lower, and dreamed and hoped for victories in this line yet to be achieved with the pen, and bound to make it mightier than the sword, though it may not cut so deeply.

THE GALLANT BRAVE.

In every respect the Gallant Brave, of happy memory, was a man and a friend to be proud of, and a good worthy citizen of credit and renown in his quiet way. Good intelligence, the soul of kindness, a firm, sharp and easy writer, his style just what those who knew him might expect and not be disappointed—free and manly and energetic, or with a touch of the ludicrous as the needs of the occasion required, an undercurrent of fun and frolic, sparkles of wit and not a little of the sledge hammer element to give it due effect—all thoroughly characteristic of the man. There was something true and genuine about him that was irresistible, a manhood sweet of friends amongst those who knew him well, but I never learned that he ever had a foe, and if he had, one could warrant that that one enemy didn't amount to much and was not a lover of plain speech—not one who could give and take a joke with the best, most sensible, cross-grained or good natured man in the world, and come out with a pleasant laugh at the close. Strong as a giant, gentle as a child, two of his great virtues were earnestness and simplicity, you could safely write him down as one who loved his fellow men. In fact he seemed to me to have so many of the better human traits that no room could be left for bad ones. To see Donald in native costume was to see a sight and to long to be a Scotsman. Considering all the liberties taken by the Whig with Donald—the Fishguru Raid for instance, where he lead the Gallant Bloody Fifth Frontenac Invincibles, I wonder to this day that his good nature never forsook him or turned his mortal foe. Donald was not a man to deal with so heavily as the lightning sketch compels, but as there's no help for it, and for many other shortcomings, I make no apology.

LANTY MAGUIRE.

But there was a younger man, of a still different stamp, who figured somewhat voluminously among the many correspondents both in prose and verse and gave good promise for the future, when years would have acted as a sedative on a quick and active brain, and a disposition to do things which Theodore Hook would have taken kindly to. This was Lanty Maguire, who got blamed for more than he deserved. Was a good trick played or happy spark let off, it was in vain that Lanty set up an alibi, and proved it beyond dispute, was a more than usually good article published in anonymous guise, teeming with more than the usual amount of fun and the genuine frolicsomeness of lively youth, Lanty had to stand sponsor for it whether he would or not, and his friends were always worth the reading and something more. In fact he was as happy and agreeable a writer as ever honored the Whig with either a rapidly spun idea, or a more studied cogitation when he chose to take the other tack; all evidently slashed off when the rollicking spirit was strong upon him and he felt pleased with himself and all the world. His great versatility stood him in good stead in whatever he attempted, and the happy knack he had of making himself and his subject popular and taking was entirely his own. Had he lived to mature years and had the benefits that experience alone can give, Lanty might have made for himself a name with very little trouble, for it was in him and needed very little coaxing to draw it out. Like many another flower of promise the graver side of his character has been lost to us, but we must be content and rest thankful with what we got and the rare promise of better things to come which it betokened.

A. G.

Another Scotsman of a different stamp, who was a frequent contributor to the Whig for a number of years, was X. or J. A. G., a clear, sharp, concise and effective writer, keen and incisive, with the head and brain of the true Celt, but an intellect that unfortunately was never seen at its best. The easy flow of words left nothing to be wished for. Unlike Donald there was not much laughter to be drawn out of him, and yet he was the reverse of moody save on rare occasions. The vein of Fun had never been worked; it was far down and hard to get at; but it was there, and many a time used to good effect when a dig direct was needed in a quiet jocular way. His mind was intensely earnest and straightforward, stern, decided and downright fact, and his shafts always went straight to the mark. He was an indefatigable hunter up, collector, and preserver of facts, and used them with good effect on needful occasions. The files of the Whig of my time show many a political letter, or series of letters as occasion required, all polished with the greatest care and bearing traces of the man who preferred to think his way and concentrate his thoughts on the affair of the moment, than to be lured off at a tangent by any provocation. Many of his letters were worthy of a better fate than the mere ephemeral one which so speedily overtaken most contributions to our daily press. Still he was so painstaking that everything he wrote had a careful finish rarely found in writings which, at the best, are mere hurried affairs. The best of his efforts, however, are not to be found in the files of the Whig, but rather in editorials on various subjects in papers with which, at a later period, he had business connections in the towns adjacent to Petersham, near which place he had his residence for many years after leaving Kingston, and where for several consecutive years after removing to Ottawa I spent with him many a week of my summer holidays in pleasant intellectual chatterings. It was here that I learned to know him well, and drew out much of the hidden intelligence that was in him. Had he given a portion of his time to sketching literary matters Mr. Gammill would have been a decided success, for he possessed happily, not only all the requisite faculties as well as the plodding perseverance, but his mind was well stored with memories of events happening in his earlier days, particularly that portion of them devoted to business and activity. Friendly without ostentation in his own home, and as became a Scot, he was also quick and in his things and duties; with a large share of principle and honorable dealing, which made him popular with his friends and neighbors, and deeply regretted when the sun proper passed into the better life.

OTHERS REGULAR.

There are but a few which just now occur to me, but there is neither time nor space to encompass or look for more; others may remember where I have forgotten or failed; not the names of more than one of these occur to me which I should have liked to make mention of but cannot. One, really my guide, philosopher and friend; a man to remember with grateful memory on my part, true as the Percy whom he loves, and in his large heartedness, a true friend to humanity. Another with heart as warm as the hearts of his countrymen usually are, and with head to match, as we all knew and still know, could we name him in this connection. Aye, and still another, brilliant as a diamond, young, promising, and of great talent with which to serve mankind; he too, although a member of the early days of the modern table round, shall be nameless for "he has slept his last sleep, he has fought his last battle" with the world, and passed away as many another brilliant mind has passed—into the life beyond—before his time, and his portrait which should does not grace the City Hall.

THE PAPER'S CHARACTERISTICS.

It is needless for me to say that the Whig in its earliest years was specially noted for its sharpness of attack and quickness of repartee, its fun and frolic, devil-may-care expression, not always strictly orthodox, ready wit, and rebukes that cut to the marrow, and the not astonishing fact that nearly every body took it. It wasn't safe to leave it on the door steps. The yearly visits of the carriers too were anxiously looked for, and New Years addresses cherished and put by from year to year, as something to refer to on a rainy day when the weather or any of its subscribers had the blues. In those days there was nothing to remind one of Pharoha's lean kind in the city or county, the Whig's array of readers were fatter and pleasanter faces than other people, and it is affirmed by more than one reliable legend of the time that when any of them shuffled off this mortal coil, as they sometimes did, they went straight to what in these days of advanced ideas is called the spirit world, without question or parley by St. Peter at the golden gate, although in those times the drum ecclesiastic made a greater noise and exclamation kept a much bigger devil and a much hotter reception parlor than it does now, to hold refractory spirits in awe, while the obedient company of well doers had the open sesame to a man, and didn't need the Countersign. The enemy of that period had no chance with Black Jack, and he ventured to live in hope that the best way to punish the General of the Whig Order was by catching him asleep, but it was not to be done, apparently he never went to sleep, or if he did he, weasel like slept with one eye open, and that his weather eye. In late years as time wore on, threatening all sorts of mishaps, as it usually does, he held his own in the most provoking manner, still cock o the walk, with brave men at his back and ready to do or die, and with a circle of jolly good fellows to cheer him on and keep his royal heart up, he continued to bid defiance to the enemy—men whose names have come down to us with flying colors, and who have helped to make the Athenaeum, the Whig and Black Jack, a part of the city and the time wherein all these flourished like a green bay tree. This, however, was not in my day, or rather I was too much prone to favorably to know or care much about it, in a general way, or to make a note of such things for the benefit of posterity. A few of the more modern of the body guard or valiant men-at-arms are all I have time to deal with, and these sparingly. For many of them we have to breathe a sigh, with a prayer for their repose as is the fashion of the time, but that is unnecessary, for they rest in peace where the sound of the rattle of the biggest drum ecclesiastic on record cannot wake them or disturb their dreams of Paradise.

Nor is it necessary for me to hint that Dr Parker was a decided success as an Editor. It was not alone his editorials, nor as a writer of smart and spicy items, but as a letter writer as well that he succeeded so thoroughly his descriptions of the various routes over which he travelled annually were always in high favor, not only with the constant readers of the Whig but with the general public as well. At an early period of his career, the St Lawrence, the Saguenay, and the Upper and Lower Ottawa, were greatly indebted to his pen and ink sketches, in directing special attention to these various routes of travel and places which the tourist should not fail to visit, during the summer season, when their various and diversified attractions were in full leaf. The country owes him no small debt of gratitude for this service at least. It is many years since he published his first series of letters on the Upper Ottawa, which at that time was a much neglected country, known chiefly to the lumberman, although perhaps the most picturesque route in Canada. Previously it had been rarely visited save by a few stray Americans and old country folks, tired of scenes already too familiar, and in search of fresh fields and pastures new, wherein to bestow their surplus admiration. The same may be said of the watering places of the Lower St. Lawrence. Time after time since then he has repeatedly returned to the subject, and the country has reaped the benefit of his persistency, until now he has the gratification of knowing that his efforts have been so completely crowned with success that all those places are taken in their turn, seen, admired and praised annually by hosts of travellers from all countries under the sun.

A trace of the old trickey spirit still clung to the Whig so long as it remained in the hands of Dr Barker. At length tired of the monotony of journalism he handed it over to his successor. Under the influence of the new blood infused into it, it should live another half century at least. It has struck out into new paths, with new ideas in accord with the demands and temper of the times, an altogether different style of editing and catering to the altered public taste. The few old stagers who remain no doubt miss the play and fancy of the old regime and the Conjurer who played the trick, but they are quietly falling into the new traces, and, accepting the inevitable, are taking kindly to the change. But we cannot blame them if they sometimes enquire. Where are now the first of April jokes and fool's errands that for so many years past were as sure to follow the thirty-first of March? Gone forever gone! And the quips and cobbism that were 'wont to set the table in a roar?' No more cakes and ale; no jolly laughter holding both his sides sufficiently resonant to bring down the crack o doom an hour or so before its time; no happy winding up of some perfected joke at Carder's, which did nobody any harm, but rankled many a happy circle of friends to bear the ills they had rather than fly to others they had not of, while contemplating the most dismal kind of suicide with an old flint musket, Brown Bess the while lamenting the vile uses to which we may come at last, Horatio! Where the ruddy hues and the fat men's club delicate to mirth, health, and killing of dull care? Gone like last year's snow, or the comet that left us yester-night—whither? And the Sun and Light of the old days, he too is fast sailing towards the ruddy West—sailing towards the sunset—soon saying to Minnehaw Hiawatha and pass into the silence of a new and brighter dawn, where the reverberations of the human joy and gladness of the olden times have gone before—dying, dying, dying, until their whisperings have become more voiceless memories—falling into eternal quiet as all things human fade and merge and are lost in the silences ever waiting to receive them.

Third two lines which look so solemn
Were put in to fill this column.

CHEAP SALE
—OF—
Black Gros Grain Silks

POUSSON & CO. AND BONNET & CO., MANUFACTURERS. THE BEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

See our Black Gros Grain Silk at 75c, regular price, $1 00
" " " " " " " 90c, " 1 25
" " " " " " " $1.25, " 1 65
" " " " " " " 1.50, " 2 00
" " " Grey and Striped at 40, " 60
" " " Light Checked Surah 45, " 65

Dress Goods, Jackets, Ulsters, Millinery and all Heavy Woolen Goods at Cost Price at

SPENCE & CRUMLEY'S

THE DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY STORE.

Dec. 31st. Opposite City Hotel.

COME TO-NIGHT

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS

WILL BE OFFERED TO-NIGHT IN FANCY GOODS

—SUITABLE FOR—

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO'S.

Dec. 31st.

CHRISTMAS BEING OVER!

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

A NICE NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

—AT—

Richmond & Boyden's Great Clearing Sale

Dec. 28th.

FOR SALE BYRNES BROS., CONFECTIONERS, PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON

Dec. 13th.

A Novelty in Book-Binding

Particular attention is called to

Golden Florals

A HOLIDAY BOOK AND CHRISTMAS CARD COMBINED.

THE SERIES COMPRISES:

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.
Was the Calm and Silent Night.
The Lord is My Shepherd.
Come Into the Garden, Maud.
Do Ye Hear the Children Weeping.
That Glorious Song of Old.
Nearer, My God, to Thee.
Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud.
Abide With Me.
Book of Ages.
Home, Sweet Home.
The Drinking Water Dashed High.
He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.
Home, Old Mills.
Rock Me to Sleep Mother.
Song of the Bell.
Song of the Bell.
Grace Days.

The illustrations in all the Varieties of this series designed and engraved expressly for them. No old cuts or designs used. The covers are rich and elegant. The fringe, tassel and cord of the best.

The Prettiest Card made. Price, $1.75 each

JNO. HENDERSON & CO.

PRINCESS ST., KINGSTON.

Dec. 19th.

RECEIVED TO-DAY

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH

MARMALADE

From John Nott & Son, London, England,

ORANGE MARMALADE in 1 lb. pots
Orange Marmalade in 4 lb. jars.
Orange Marmalade in 7 lb. Tins.
Lemon Marmalade in 1 lb. pots.

Black Currant Jam in 4 lb. Jars.
Raspberry Jam in 4 lb. jars.
Strawberry Jam in 4 lb. jars.

AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT FOR THE CHRISTMAS TRADE.

JAMES REDDEN'S,

Ferguson's Block, Princess Street.

Nov. 28th.

ONTARIO BUILDING AND SAVINGS' SOCIETY

A DIVIDEND has been declared of Three per cent upon the Capital Stock of this Society for the current half year, and the same will be payable at their office, Clarence Street, Kingston, on and after Thursday, the 3rd day of January next.

JAS. HARTHUR, Manager.

Kingston, Dec. 20th, 1883.

GRAND CASH SALE
—OF—
BOOTS
—AND—
SHOES
—AT—

Sutherland's Low Price Boot and Shoe House

103 PRINCESS STREET.

Nov. 30th. Next to Shaw

CORPORATION ACCOUNTS

MERCHANTS AND OTHERS having accounts against the Corporation of the City of Kingston are requested to render the same without delay that its financial affairs for 1883 may be promptly closed.

By order of the Chairman of Finance.

M. FLANAGAN, City Clerk.

Kingston, Dec. 20th, 1883.

GENUINE BARGAINS

LAMBERT & WALSH

ARE CLEARING OUT THE BALANCE OF their winter stock at a great discount off their usual low prices.

Buyers should take this opportunity of getting a good article at a very low price.

Fit guaranteed. Note the address—

LAMBERT & WALSH,

Dec. 21 Old Pilkington St., near Opera House.