

DR. TRIGLANN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has removed to the corner of Queen and Baggot streets. OFFICE—Health & Gunn's Drug Store.

DR. H. W. DAY, DENTIST—Office and residence, Dr. Willis in an office, corner of King and William streets, opposite Dr. Yarnall.

POWER & SON, Accountants and Consulting Surveyors. Office—145 Queen Street, Kingston, John Power, Jas. A. Power.

WALKER & WALKER, Auctioneers, Solicitors, &c., 116 King Street, Kingston, James B. Walker, Richard B. Walker, Joseph B. Walker.

BRYLES & DICKSON, Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law, 116 King Street, Kingston, Ontario, Telephone 10.

THE HONEYES, CITY LIGHTS RESTAURANT, Princess Street, Kingston, Ontario, under the City Hotel. Any style of Catering on hand.

D. PHIPPS, M.D., M.B.C.P., (Canada and England), Member of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario and of Quebec, Physician, Surgeon, Accouchier, 118 St. George Street, near Stuart's Drug Store.

HOMOEOPATHY, C. J. FORTIN, D.D., M.D., Dr. Jarvis, 118 St. George Street, near Stuart's Drug Store, and 118 St. George Street, near Stuart's Drug Store.

HARRIS, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor, &c., OFFICE—Princess Street, opposite Dr. Skilmer's Drug Store, 40 Murray Street, on Real Estate.

H. J. SAUNDERS, M.D., MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE of Surgeons, England, OFFICE and RESIDENCE—Wellington Street, half way between William and Earl Streets.

R. E. SPARKS, D.D.S., D.D.S., DENTIST—Office and Residence, Princess Street, between Montreal and Sydney Streets, opposite the corner of the street of the building of the teeth.

J. H. CLARK, M.D., D.D.S., D.D.S., DENTIST, Graduate of New York College of Dentistry, 118 St. George Street, near Stuart's Drug Store, and 118 St. George Street, near Stuart's Drug Store.

FRASER & MOWAT'S, YOU CAN BUY Cutlery, Plated Ware, Sligh Belts, Cut Nails, Iron and Steel &c., &c.

134 Princess St. Nov. 4th.

ONTARIO Building & Savings' Society, KINGSTON, ONTARIO.

WM. FORD, President, Vice President, John Fraser, Secy, Charles G. V. Fries, Treas, Howard J. St. John, Wm. McKeown, & Samuel Woods, MANAGER.

PORTRAITS AND VIEWS, Enlarged Copies of old Pictures, RESIDENCES—EXTERIOR & INTERIOR GROUPS IN THE OPEN AIR.

MACHINERY, &c., PHOTOGRAPHED, A Boston agent of France, Paris and Philadelphia, France, and London, England, views of Kingston always on Stock.

H. HENDERSON, PRINCESS STREET, Great Sensation about the N.P. DRY GOODS, GROCERIES and EVEN HATS are being sold at low prices.

BELL'S PHOTOS! Will remain at the SAME PRICE until further notice. (SWAY), PHOTOS copied and enlarged when required.

W. P. BELL, CORNER PRINCESS AND MONTREAL STREETS, DYING TO LIVE.

The Oldest Renovating & Dyeing Establishment in Kingston. (London-made) Feb., 1887.

THINK WANTED LACE CURTAINS, This is a very old establishment, where they used to be made in 18th, 17th, 16th, 15th, 14th, 13th, 12th, 11th, 10th, 9th, 8th, 7th, 6th, 5th, 4th, 3rd, 2nd, 1st, before the best style and at the shortest notice. Ladies will please take notice that I am the only one in the city.

R. MONTGOMERY, 134 Princess St., Dyer.

AT THE ART STUDIO OF Messrs. Sheldon & Davis, KING STREET.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITURE, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

COPYING AND ENLARGING BY SOLAR CAMERA, FINISHING IN OIL, WATER COLOURS, THE ANDERSONS.

FIRE, MARINE, LIFE, ACCIDENT, GUARANTEE, EXPLOSION, TWELVE OF THE WEALTHIEST ENGLISH ASSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.

Assets, Ninety Millions of Dollars, Lowest current rates for all classes of Insurance.

J. P. GILDERSLLEEVE, AGENT, 44 CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON, Ont., next to the British American Hotel, Kingston, March 14th 1879.

The British Whig.

OPENED THIS WEEK!

SOLD EVERYWHERE! MORSE'S

A. ROSS'S PRINCESS STREET.

New Embroideries, New Neck Frillings, New Real Laces, New Fancy Neck Trimmings.

New Straps and Checked Summer Silks, New Dress Goods in all the newest shades and materials, New Prints from 6c per yard.

New Scotch, English and Canadian Tweeds, 20c for WHITE COTTONS at 10c and 12c per yard.

All wanting a pair of the 50 cent KIDS should call at once. A. ROSS, Opposite the City Hotel, March 15th.

For ordinary use, is the BEST, but for white Clothes and Woollens, use only the QUEEN CITY LAUNDRY SOAP. Name stamped on every Bar.

INSURANCE. Assets - - - - - \$25,000,000.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF ENGLAND.

Commercial Union Assurance Company OF ENGLAND.

THE NEW BATHS, NEW ICE HOUSE.

THE UNDERMINDED ANNOUNCES to the citizens of Kingston the opening of his NEW BATHS, in the apartments.

Under the British American Hotel, ATTACHED TO HIS BARBER SHOP.

HOT AND COLD BATHS, AT ALL TIMES, BY J. M. JONES, Proprietor.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS PREPARED to supply during the coming season.

LOWEST LIVING RATES.

REMOVAL OF BUSINESS.

Mr. H. Dumble's Confectionery, Where they find a good supply of SAUSAGES, LARD, PORK, HAM, BACON, &c., &c., always on hand.

FOR SALE, Three Residences and Lots, WILL BE SOLD on reasonable terms.

SALEMAN WANTED, To sell Nursery Stock from our extensive Nurseries.

WANTED, A DAY LABOURER, for a full time Address P. O'VICKEY, Augusta, Maine.

WANTED, A MAN, for a full time Address P. O'VICKEY, Augusta, Maine.

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THE HOLMAN PAD!

Without Medicines—simply by absorption.

The true Treatment Endorsed BY THOUSANDS.

THE HOLMAN LIVER PAD IS Honest, Effective, Harmless.

THOUSANDS SAY, We have tried the Holman Pad with most successful results.

W. D. GORDON, Sole Agent for Kingston, Ont. 118 St. George Street, near Stuart's Drug Store.

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CATARRH

A PHYSICIAN'S TESTIMONY.

30 Years a Physician. 12 Years a Sufferer. Tried Regular Remedies. Permanently cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

MRS. WHEAT & POTTER, Sufferers. I have been suffering from Catarrh for twenty years.

THE VALUE OF THIS REMEDY CANNOT BE OVERSTATED.

SYMPATHETIC DISEASES, Affecting the Eye, Ear, Throat, Lungs and other Organs.

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Daily British Whig.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, 1879.

Which?

Daunt and damp, I and white, A hand with a beauty rare,

I felt for a moment as she smiled, And with the radiant gleam bright, Glimmering softly in my

But its beauty was not to be, For I knew that it was not to last, That in living child, it was not free, That as a mortal I should part, The high fashion of the face to stand,

Winkled and bent as I bent, And I thought that I might not live, And I thought that I might not live, And I thought that I might not live,

But as I thought, I thought, 'Twas inevitable, 'Twas grand, 'Twas a beautiful thing to see, 'Twas a beautiful thing to see, 'Twas a beautiful thing to see,

Which? I did it for you, A question of preference here, Which would you prefer, should you need a And I thought that I might not live,

For we seek a more power, In love of beauty's power, Worth was the soul, while charms but were Transient is beauty, but worth will endure For worth is lasting—do you?

A WINNER'S TALE, The winter day was drawing to a close, and the thick shadows of a snowy night were setting in.

In the silent recesses of a dark room, a young man, who had just returned from a long journey, sat at his desk, looking out at the falling snow with a wistful and thoughtful gaze.

It had been a long day, and he felt weary, but he could not close his eyes. He thought of the people he had met, of the scenes he had seen, and of the future that lay ahead of him.

The snow fell thick and fast, covering the rooftops and the ground in a soft, white blanket. The wind howled through the trees, sending shivers down the young man's spine.

He had been away for three years, and he felt as if he had been a stranger in his own land. He had seen so much, and he had learned so much, but he felt that he had lost something.

He had been successful in many ways, but he had lost touch with his old friends and his old life. He had become a man of the world, and he had learned to value money and power.

But now, as he sat there, looking out at the snow, he felt a sense of longing and a sense of loss. He wanted to go home, to see his friends and his family, and to be a man of simple life again.

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the face of the strange woman, rigid in death, in her shroud of snow.

MORNING dawned, with a blue sky, and a general sun, and a snow-dusted country. Farmer Granite and his wife were at their breakfast table. The farmer's face was a strange look, and his wife was puzzled.

'What, said he, after eating his breakfast and pushing back his chair, 'do you know what I'm going to do to-day?'

'No.' 'Well then, I'm going to write to New York and bring our Alice and her husband home.'