

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.



This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, adulterated powders. SOLD ONLY IN CASES, ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 Wall Street, New York.

XMAS ATTRACTIONS

Silk Handkerchiefs 25c.
Fancy Handkerchiefs 2, 3, 5c and up.
Kid Gloves, in great variety, from 25c to \$1.25.
Satin, in Leading Light Shades, 25c yard.
Lined Kid Mitts and Gloves, all prices.
Gents' Silk Neck Scarfs at 15, 20, 25c.
Ladies' Collars and Cuffs in Great Variety.
Wool Shawls, Clouds, Fascinators, &c., Cheap.
Satin Prints, Dark Colors, 10c. worth 15c.

ALSO

DRESS GOODS

—AND—

TRIMMINGS

At Genuine Clearing Sale Prices.

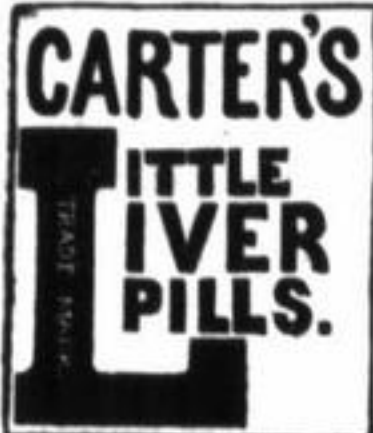
Everything as Represented.

Prices Always the Lowest

—AT—

Murray & Taylor's,

176 PRINCESS STREET.



CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

ACHES

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHES

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ISAAC DAVID, LOCKSMITH, SAW-FILER and GENERAL JOBBER. Keys fitted and locks repaired. Thousands of different kinds of keys to choose from New and second-hand goods bought and sold at Princess Street, near King

Tamarac

Jas. H. Gilmour, of T. Gilmour & Co. Wholesale Grocers, Brockville, says: I have used "Tamarac Elixir" for a severe Cold and Cough, which it immediately relieved and cured. Eiram Baker, Lumber and Cheese Dealer, North Augusta, Ont., says: "Tamarac Elixir" is a wonderful medicine for Coughs and Colds, Throat and Lung Complaints. It is without doubt the best medicine I ever used, and never fails to give immediate relief. We consider it a household necessity.

BOB BURDETTE'S DOGS.

SOME GOOD DOG-STORIES AS TOLD BY THE HUMORIST.

Bob's Startling Collection of Unpedigreed Dogs—They Fought Everything That Wore Hair—One Long-Lived Career and Death—The Story of a Wonderful Canine—A Dog That Was a Red-Handed Anarchist.

(Copyrighted, 1887.)

"I never had a sweet gazelle." This is not inserted merely as a quotation from a well-known poem of rather sceptical tendencies; it is an honest statement of plain truth. And the truth, some of it, must not be suppressed. When I can tell the truth without committing myself or incriminating any of my neighbors, I am going to tell it, even if there is no one around to hear it. Sometimes it is the wisest and safest course to select just that sort of an audience before unburdening one's self of a hold-full of truth and a deck-load of mitigating circumstances. But in this case, as no one has complained of having lost any sweet gazelles, either by stampeding or by the change of brand, I deem it my duty to assert once more that I never had a sweet gazelle to glad me with its soft black eye.

I did own, during the years of my boyhood, at various times, a startling collection of unpedigreed dogs, that would gladly have given a black eye to any sweet gazelle that might have wandered into our section of the wilderness, but dogs don't count in the sum of human wealth, save among boys. And yet I believe that my dogs were my only successful ventures. They never cost me anything, beyond the natural impulses of a warm, loving heart, that went out to every homeless or unloved dog that somebody wanted to get rid of and nobody else would have. I have no doubt that if ever I had had a sweet gazelle, it would have got up and died in the fourth line of the first stanza in the most approved and gazelle-like fashion. My sister Mary had a little lamb once, and it died, with some professional assistance from the emeritus professor of ethical butchery and psychical sausage handling in our town, and mighty good chops we got out of it, too. You never half appreciate a lamb until it is dead. But I wander.

I say I never lost anything on my dogs. They were not sweet like a gazelle. An *anarchist*, there were quite a number of other, especially on rainy days. But they were brave, and fought everything in Peoria country that wore hair, and had a ear long enough to catch on to. They were vigilant, and not only so, but they kept everybody else in the neighborhood vigilant. I had one long-necked, imported Dutch dog. I didn't import him myself; I only coaxed him away from the wagon of the man who did. He was one of those long, low, rakish dogs, drawing about fourteen inches forward and eight; and a half aft, so that he always steered unasily. He was about four feet long, I should judge, and when he was standing still he looked like a stick of cordwood on stove legs. When he stood up on his hind legs he could easily look in at a second story window, when he got down on all fours, he could just as easily walk under a board sidewalk. He used to stick his head around the corner of the street, and growl, and make faces, and provoke some strange dog from Radnor or Kickapoo to anger. Then he would run himself out on the Y, back down on the siding, and switch himself on the main line all ready for a collision, but by that time, unless the strange dog become utterly paralyzed with fright and amazement, he either got his orders by signal and run wild till he dropped dead, or else lay down in the dust, confessed everything, and threw himself on the mercy of the court. He dug a hole under the fence, so that he could lie quietly and peacefully in our yard, and bark under our neighbor's windows. This led to many misunderstandings. He was so long that when you spoke kindly to him, his broad honest face would light up with grateful joy nearly two minutes before the emotion got far enough aft to wag his tail. I don't think the other members of my father's family appreciated the Dutch dog's many personal traits as I did. He took up so much of their time. You see if you glance up just as he was passing a window, and only his body was in your line of sight, you had to wait until one end or the other came in view, before you knew whether the dog was standing out to sea, or backing into the dock. A traveller, who once came to Peoria from far-away Boston, said he was a dock sused. So we called him "Doc"; it was a good name for him, because he was fond of giving us a bark and whine, and always carried a great deal of canine about with him. This is not very imperuvian reading, but it is a great deal better than some very much worse things I have written.

He was a long-lived dog. Death came very near to him several times, but didn't know at which end to begin. But at last the poor dog died one morning like a snake, head first, and his tail ceased to wag when the sun went down. We snaked him out to a cornfield and buried him lengthwise in a land-furrow. He was a strange-tempered dog, that seemed always to take a morbid, but solemn pleasure in his own elongation, and he impressed you with the conviction that in a former sphere of existence, he had been an eminently respectable footman in a wealthy family. One dog, with whom I was in business for nearly two years was a red-hand anarchist. He had a short, haughty upper lip, and a withering expression. He used to go out on the sidewalk, when the skies were faint in the west with opaline tints, and the soft gray shadows of the gloaming announced the vesper hour, and there he would stand, wrapped in thought, and smile to see the villagers wade across the broad and dusty street to the farther shore, when they made him out. As long as he and I were partners I never knew him to bite a human being, excepting myself, but he always looked as though he was thinking about it, and had just made up his mind to tear the vital organism out of the next living creature that came along, and this kept our pleasant little community on a tension of anxiety and vague uncertain fear that was terrible. His colors were mixed goods of black and brown, arranged in irregular tigerish stripes, and he had a good place for a tail, but that was all. I think he travelled largely on his shape. He came to me—the gift of a colored man, a deck hand on the Sam Grady, who brought him from St. Louis—shortly before the long, narrow-gauge Dutch dog died. In fact, one of the last acts of the Dutch dog was to reach the anarchist some sense. The anarchist came suddenly upon the rear guard of Dutch dog one day, and, relaxing his haughty demeanour for the nonce, fell upon it, and began to destroy it, when the long dog, becoming aware of a disturbance somewhere down the line, counter-marched, and coming rapidly down his own flank fell upon the anarchist with furious energy and smote him hip and thigh. It is but justice to the anarchist to say that he was sadly hampered from the outset, thinking that he was fighting two dogs, and was thus unable to concentrate his forces. But he was a badly whipped dog, and ever afterwards he sought to inspire terror rather by presenting a strong front, hideous with suggestions of masked batteries, a splendid reserve line,

and flanks heavily curtained with cavalry. It was magnificent, but it was not war. It was better. It was bloodless, triumphant and honorable peace. There wasn't a man or dog in Peoria but feared him. He was on good terms with the boys, but they always treated him with profound respect, never took any liberties with him, and always seemed more at ease at our house when the anarchist was out making calls. He made a great many calls, and he always got what he called for. He never called twice also, and he never tipped the waiter, too. He didn't have to.

He was a born hater of law and government. He never wanted what you gave him. If I brought him boiled rice and beef, he sneered at it so terribly I was frightened. If I gave him a bone next day, he growled for rice and boiled beef. If I offered him both, he wanted only brown bread and gravy. He never ate just what you gave him. When first he came to board with us, I built him a kennel on that very spot, and ever after he slept in the wood-shed. Once let him know what you wanted him to do and he wouldn't do it. One day, just to see how much pluck he had, I set him on a peddler. He turned around, bit me twice in the same jag—and I had only two at that time—smiled on the peddler reassuringly, wagged the place where the tail should have been, and went away to make a few calls, leaving me to the tender mercies of the indignant peddler.

I have no doubt this perversity prolonged the anarchist's life. He was not popular in the neighborhood—few of my dogs were, in fact—and sometimes, when morning dawned, we would find in the yard, near by the anarchist's sleeping place, a nice inviting piece of meat that had not been ordered, but had evidently been left as a present by some kindly disposed friend. But "Friend- Offerings" had no gross, earthly charms for the anarchist. He accepted the homage and the tribute, but he wasn't a god of human clay to come down from his pedestal and eat the offerings on the altar. He used to smell the offerings suspiciously, and turn away disdainfully. Then during the day, some neighbor's dog would come sneaking into the yard, grab up the meat with guilty haste, bolt it on the run, and in half an hour, by that mysterious telegraphy in use among wild Indians and boys, the word would be passed around that "Soanso's dog's a-dyin'—pisened!" And the growing cluster of excited boys, perched in safe places on fence and wood-shed would indicate the place of the tragedy.

I was very fond of the anarchist, but Fate wrote his doom in glowing letters of yellow and crimson and blue upon the barn doors and fences. The circus pictures pronounced separation between us. Four boys he passed into the circus, and when he came out I cast a guilty, heavy-hearted look around, and saw the anarchist chained to the forward wheel of the red ticket wagon, a robler, fiercer, looking brute than the oak-tanned lion in the cage. He saw me, and his reproachful glance haunted me for many days. But I comforted myself thinking how happy I would be with a circus, and surely the anarchist's lot would be a happy one.

I always like to see a boy with a dog—a good, honest faithful, loving dog. They are natural companions; they understand each other. A good boy who knows how to take care of a dog, should have one if he wants one. But a boy who will make a harness for a dog, and compel the honest brute to haul him around in a wagon deserves to be put on the treadmill for six weeks. A dog, this side of Esquimau land, isn't a beast of burden.

So all my dogs have passed away, and every dog has had his day. With eager, questioning, thumping tail like muffled blows of threshing flail, no more they thump upon my floor their tatus as in days of yore. My daily walks are more their cheer, with yelping voices sharp and clear; no more for me, from morn till night, they scratch for rats or join the fight; no more, when pausing in the chase, we stop to eat and rest a pace, do they, when we sit down to dine, eat all their own, and most of mine; a golden eye and rosy dawn, I miss them—all my dogs are gone. —ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

LINES ON THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

For the Whig.

Wave on, ye British standard
O'er every port and town,
Where loyal hearts are beating
To England's Queen and crown.

Send on each breeze that flutters,
And spreads her colours dear,
The thoughts her subjects cherish,
To their sovereign this year.

Waft o'er our land the story
Of fifty years well reigned,
Of England's greatness, glory,
Her victories well gained.

Tell of her wealth and progress,
In sciences and art;
How in all things great and noble,
She has more than borne her part.

Of our gracious Queen and lady,
In her reign, her court, her life,
One glorious long example
Of a good and noble life.

Shall we not rise and bless her,
And cry "God Save the Queen,"
For what in England's history
She is, shall be, has been!

Pray God her days be lengthened,
Who in her power and might
Has by her whole life strenghened
The cause of good and right.

Long may she wield the sceptre,
With dignity and grace,
For in history's future pages
Shall none e'er fill her place.

Queen of a loyal people,
Empress of India far,
Of England's vast possessions,
The one-soul guiding star.

From land of wretched maple,
Far o'er dividing sea
We thy Canadian people
Pain would remember thee.

In every cot and homestead
This would our tribute be,
Thy name enshrined within each heart
In trust jubilee!

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to the taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

To Avoid Baldness or Grey Hair.

Use Dr. Dorenwald's Great German Hair Magic. It keeps the scalp clean and free from dandruff, and promotes the growth of the hair. It prevents premature greyness and stops all falling out of the hair. On bald heads, where the roots have not perished, it will invigorate them and force a new growth of hair. Ask for Hair Magic. It is the only reliable. For sale by J. G. King, A. P. Chown, and all druggists.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose. Dressing cases in plush and leather at Wade's drug store.

CROWDS! CROWDS!

Of Customers are coming to see our Magnificent Stock of Rich and Handsome

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Ten Cases more just added to the stock, making in all one of the Most Complete Assortments of Goods, suitable for Holiday Presents, to be found in the city.

Fine Plush Goods, Photo Albums, Frames, Odor Boxes, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Portrait Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Child's Toilet Cases, and other Rare Novelties in Plush Finished Goods.

Glass Ornaments, Purses, Satchels, Portfolios, Scrap Albums, Etc., Etc.

TOYS! TOYS!! DOLLS! DOLLS!!

Of every description and price for the Children.

A Beautiful Lot of Fine Silverware, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Pepper and Salt Boxes, Napkin Rings, Etc.

Christmas Cards in Great Variety!

You can save 50 PER CENT. in buying from us.

COME TO-NIGHT and make your selections.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

HELP! HELP!! HELP!!!

Our Immense Stock of Seasonable & Fashionable Dry Goods

Must be sold. We need Buyers. Somebody must move it, and those who lend their assistance first will reap the Benefit of our Choice Bargains.

Our Grand Sacrificing Sale is Now Going On!

Your time will be well and profitably spent in looking over our Goods and Prices. Startling Reductions.

SEE US. TRY US. BELIEVE US.

MINNES & BURNS'

RELIABLE AND CLOSE-PRICED DRY GOODS HOUSE.

Cor. Princess and Bagot Sts., Kingston.

LADIES' TWO-BUTTONED WHITE KID GLOVES

15 Cents Per Pair at

SPENCE & CRUMLEY'S

Ladies' Lined Gloves only 7c per pair at SPENCE & CRUMLEY'S.

Children's Lined Gloves only 6c per pair at SPENCE & CRUMLEY'S.

Another Lot New Feather Fans at SPENCE & CRUMLEY'S.

Every Lady and Gentleman should attend the Cheap Sale.

SPENCE & CRUMLEY, 132 and 134 Princess Street, The Leading Millinery Store.

RED LETTER SALE.

THIS WILL BE THE SALE OF SALES. 8,000.

Eight Thousand Dollars must be realized by us between now and January 1st. Goods will be sacrificed at such prices for CASH ONLY as will create a Sensation in Business Circles and Collisions among the Buyers.

Sale to begin SATURDAY, DEC. 10th.

R. M'FAUL.

THOSE 35 CENT RUBBERS.

We are selling the Best Make of Ladies' Canadian Rubbers at Thirty Five Cents. One pair of these Rubbers will outwear two pairs of the Trashy American Goods with no maker's name stamped on them, which are being offered by some dealers at the same price.

HAINES & LOCKETT.

SUCCESS and BOOMING.

OUR GRAND GIFT SALE NOW GOING ON.

Our store crowded daily with anxious and cheerful buyers. Hundreds of Choice Gifts given away last week. Thousands of Beautiful Gifts to be distributed before Xmas. Immense Reductions on all Classes of Winter Dry Goods.

BOWES & BISONETTE,

Opposite Windsor Hotel