DRY GOODS.

45c.

Cream - Cashmeres!

Another Lot just to hand at

Murray & Taylor's

LOW PRICE STORE.

LADIES

Requiring these goods will find it to their advantage to examine this New Lot, as they are a Special Bargain.

Also Remember the Big Job Lot ALL WOOL DRESS GOODS at 15 cents, worth 30c.

Call early as they are going fast.

Remember that it is no trouble to show goods at

Murray & Taylor's,

176 PRINCESS STREET.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

GALLOWAY'S GREETING

Peace on earth, good will towards men,
Is the theme of our earthly song;
Peace on earth, good will towards men
Should mould our actions all day long.

It should lead us think how best to bring
The happy smile, the cheerful ring
Of laughter to the cheerless hearth,
And thus make glad this dreary earth.

The way is plain: see GALLOWAY'S Furs,
There neither cats skin, sheep, nor curs,
But just the thing to keep your warm;
To keep you free from cold and storm,
Which must bring peace in this cold clime,
And make your Christmas a happy time.

84 PRINCESS ST.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The subscriber is now prepared to show complete assortment of the LATEST FALL and WINTER GOODS in Suitings, Overcoatings and Trouserings, which he will make up in first-class style at reasonable prices.

JOS. B. SMITH
MERCHANT TAILOR. - 259 KING STREET.

THE PALACE FURNISHING STORE

Has the best assortment of Balbriggan Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Scarfs, Umbrellas, Collars, Handkerchiefs, &c., for men, at Cash Prices, imported direct for our own trade.

Gentlemen can depend on getting Reliable Goods from

ASHLEY

The Popular Shirt Maker,
124½ PRINCESS STREET.

EDUCATIONAL.

MUSICAL TUITION, INSTRUMENTAL,

FOR BEGINNERS, also advanced pupils, Sight Reading, Touch Phrasing, Plaidy's Mechanism, Czerney's Velocity, Cramer's Etudes, Beethoven's and Mozart's Sonates, together with other celebrated works and compositions of the great masters. First-class testimonials. MISS ADDIE JOHNSTON, No. 185 Earl St.

VOCAL CULTURE.

MISS KATE MORRISON, Pupil of John O'Neil, New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, will receive pupils for voice production and cultivation. Italian method. Private lessons or classes of 4 or more. Children instructed with great care. For terms apply at 189 Earl Street. Pianoforte pupils received.

MUSICAL ART.

MR. HORACE REYNER'S Students resumed studies Jan. 9th. There are a few vacancies, for which early application is necessary. For terms apply at the store of Messrs. Reyner & Carey, Golden Lion Block.

KINGSTON ACADEMY
212 BARRIE STREET.

First-Class Elementary Education in English, Mathematics, Classics and Book-Keeping.
E. RYAN, B.A., Principal.

MISS ANNIE FRALICK,

Of Boston Conservatory of Music, is prepared to receive pupils for Vocal Culture. Special attention given to Junior Class Saturday afternoon. 186 Gordon Street.

D. RILEY, VIOLINIST
159 BROCK ST., (Mr. Chance's.)

NASAL BALM

Mr. E. H. McCrea, of the Hudson Bay Co., West Lynne, Manitoba, says: "I suffered from Catarrh for a number of years, and expended upwards of $200 employing physicians and catarrh specialists, buying different remedies, inhalants, douches, etc., without obtaining relief. Your advertisement in Toronto Mail induced me to invest fifty cents in Nasal Balm. I sent for a package, and must say it was the best investment I ever made. It gave me immediate relief, and in less than two weeks the droppings from the nasal passages into my throat entirely ceased. I would urgently advise all afflicted with catarrh to use Nasal Balm.

BOB BURDETTE'S HUMOR.

SOME BRIGHT BITS OF WIT AND NUGGETS OF FUN.

The Knights of Labor—Resisting Under the Cloud of a Misleading Title—"Sir Walker," of Kansas—Room for the Woman and Give Her a Chance—Fate of a Tragic Writer.

(Copyrighted, 1888.)

There Shall Be No More Knights.

Queer ideas we nineteenth-century people have about names and titles. Take this great organization of workingmen, the hard-working, industrious toilers of our land—the knights of labor. Could inspiration suggest a name more misleading and inappropriate? If there was anything in the world that the plumed knight didn't do it was work. If there was one thing that he considered degrading it was honest toil. If there was a creature in all the world for which he had a profound contempt, it was a workingman. He called the honest laborer a hind, a churl, base born, ignoble, a clown. He believed that the workingman was made of coarser clay than the knight of gentle blood. I think he even doubted if the laborer had a soul. A cowardly, quarrelsome, hard-drinking, bragging thieving, "high-born" knave, who barricaded himself and his horse in a ton of armour plating, and with a lance twenty feet long rode into a mob of half-naked wretches armed with bows and arrows, and called it war. Why, the honest, brave, toiling workers of to-day, free-born men, should want to call themselves "knights," rather than yoemen, I don't know. Ah! brethren, the Englishman isn't the only man who "dearly loves a lord." We seem to love even the faded reminiscence of one.

Why, out in Emporia, Kan., while I was waiting for a "thunderbolt train" that was six hours late, a voice called into the waiting-room, "Sir Walter!" and "Sir Walter" said "Hey?" and got up. I observed "Sir Walter." The grim old knight wore a sword-belt three sizes too small for him, and his rapier hung down between his legs. His boots wore the ruddy hue of boots that shuddered at the scent of blacking; large, roomy, many-wrinkled boots they were, and the soil of the Kansas corn-field clung to them in gouts and patches. His black pantaloons, scant in the lean pattern of a bygone day, bagged fearfully at the bunched and bony knees, and his black frock-coat was a nightmare. But Sir Walter's hat was the hat of a plumed knight, and it lent to his grizzled face and bony figure the genial aspect of a scarecrow that had gone through a millinery store. "Sir Walter" looked a moment for a convenient corner, but finding none, turned his face toward the stove, projected his underlip a scant half-inch, and with one sibilant, well-directed shot put out the fire, tossed his now useless quid in after it, and without pausing to gaze upon the ruin, followed "Sir George" out of the door. They were knights of something—omniscient providence only knows what—but they were Knights. And, possibly, Barons. They looked barren.

Room For The Woman!

"Give the woman a chance!" shouts the *Woman's Journal*. All right, woman, here's the saw; there's a piece of bacon-rind on the chopping-block right by the sawbuck; two cuts to a stick makes it exactly kitchen-stove length; rest your knee on the middle of the stick, and be careful that you don't catch the saw in your skirts. You can have a chance at it from now till dinner-time, while the men go down to the grocery and talk politics or listen to old Sammy Stammerwheezle try to read last week's paper.

It Was A Tragedy.

"Have you read my seven-act tragedy I left with you last week?" asked young George Aristophanes, the leading American humorist, uncovering his head before the manager. "I have," replied the great man, "but I don't see why you call it a tragedy. It reads more like a farce." Ah! yes, but it is a tragedy, and a fearful one. You see, the idea is, we lock the doors, and the audience dies about the middle of the third act." "Not if I can save them!" howled the indignant manager, who wanted to save his audiences to buy a steam-yacht with them, and with one vicious stab he thrust a $10 bill into the humorist's hand. The unhappy man gave one horrified glance at it, and fell dead upon the floor. The manager calmly withdrew the fatal bill and sold the body to a neighboring medical college for $40. Everything always favors the manager that truly loves his audiences.

In Tabulated Form.

A fashion paper says "the latest form of a dining-table is square." Ha! to correspond with the metal, probably.

Unconsidered Trifles.

"Copyright?" exclaimed the honorable member from Bitter Creek, "Copyright? Reckon it ain't a-goin' to come up this session. I ain't noways interested in it anyhow; they ain't a orthur in my district. I'm leggin' to git the tax off'n tobacker. A statesman that looks after the interests of his constituents ain't got no time to fool around with side issues."

But a Governor Needs an Organ.

Lieutenant-Governor Riddle, of Kansas, has been offered $500 a week to sing tenor, and he refuses. Ha! we've known some base politicians who had to sing small for nothing.

Pleasant all Round.

Senator: "Yes, we are going to report unanimously against confirmation; that is to please our constituents." Interviewer: "Yes?" Senator: "Yes; and then we are going to unanimously confirm; that's to please the nominee."

We Will Take Two.

An Indianapolis man has invented and patented a "band carrier." If it can carry a band of thirteen pieces out into the woods and dump it into a swamp a mile deep, with the alto horn at the bottom, the inventor can get an order for a job lot of his machines right in this town.

Too Heavy For the Mails.

The post-office department charges eight cents a pound for carrying printed matter. This makes it about twenty-five times cheaper to send a speech on the tariff by telegraph, full rates, than to send it by mail.

Somyer Hide 'em.

In this transitory world, my son, there is one thing that never changes; that is the yellow-backed railway guide which the trainboy sells you. The changing seasons come and go, moons wax and wane, the stars may fade and the sun grow cold, but the railway guide that is sold on the trains goes calmly on with its ready set manner, placidly sending out long-abandoned trains to "lv," long-forgotten stations, and "arr." at termini buried long since in oblivion and drifting sands, and connecting at various unknown junctions with roads that have in years gone by crumbled away into a streak of rust and a forfeited charter.

The People Are Safe.

"I understand," said the able and honest editor of the *Anti-Monopolist*, handing in his annual for 1887, "that the railway commission has effectually stopped the issue of annual passes." "It has, indeed," replied the superintendent of the Grind, Gouge and Barabbas county air line, "but it has multiplied exceedingly the number of railway employes. Here is your employe's trip ticket for 1888. Write your name on the back, please, for which you will render the same service as last year." And bowing low, honest Tom Benbolt, better known as "The People's Friend," put his trip ticket in a large pocketbook which he carried for that purpose, and went home to write a corker on the blood-sucking corporations that, like hideous vampires, are drinking the blood of a sleeping nation, a nation lulled into fatal slumber by open intimidation and secret bribes. And it's dollars to doughnuts that Honest Tom, the Old Watch-dog of Liberty, is going to work himself into congress on the anti-monopoly racket long before he wears out his trip ticket.

What It Is Coming To.

"Juliet," said Romeo, looking up with a troubled voice on his brow, "I see here among my bills one for $63 for those Christmas presents your mother sent you, one for $85 for the one your father sent you, another for $110 for the gold watch your Uncle George gave you, and sundry smaller bills for various presents sent you by other relatives. May I ask, in the name of sweet Saint Gall, why these bills are sent to me? How is it, my soul? "Oh, Romeo," she exclaimed impatiently, "it's all right, only you can't understand these things. Our family is so large, you known, that we just organized a Christmas trust this year. See?" And Romeo said he thought he could, dimly.

We Believe Him.

Dr. Elliott Coues says he has an "astral form," and can easily be in two places six thousand miles apart at the same time. We always knew that all these Theosophists had incomplete forms of this kind. That is, they are astral forms—and brains—with the "tral" left out. Still, if their bodies are not double, their language is.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

RUSSIAN OPPRESSION.

The Attack of the Students—Tyranny Practiced as it Was Never Before.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—Owing to the most absolute official censure it has been impossible to transmit news of a political character across the Russian frontier.

The first of a series of letters that lifts the mask of autocratic Russian despotism has arrived from the hands of a prominent Russian refugee.

It says that "disturbances" took place at the university, followed by a general closing of the universities of all the principal cities. With one stroke of the autocrat's pen every chair of our universities has been vacated temporarily.

The latest persecution began in Moscow in Katkoff's last month. Some 1,600 students had, in common with their brethren all over the country, been subjected to the galling espionage of a creature installed by the government as inspector at the Katkoff university.

It was resolved to brand the miserable cur in so effectual a manner that his mean profession would be known wherever he went. An intrepid and noble-hearted youth drew the lot and started at once to execute our common vengeance. He had the design of a Russian 100 rouble bill, with its seven rainbow colors, chemically impregnated on the palm of his hand, and equipped with a solution with which he at the proper moment could moisten the drawing and thus make it transferable. Syniawsky entered the lecture hall, taking a position near to the hated government spy, Brezgaloff. At a given signal the student dealt him a powerful blow with the open hand on his cheek, branding him with the 100 rouble stamp, the composition of which had been made so that it remains impregnated in the skin as well as if the fellow had been tatooed by a Polynesian islander.

The professor was attacked and a squad of police dashed against the students and a furious fight took place.

Next morning proclamations were scattered broadcast requesting all students to assemble in front of the 'Strastnoi Monastir,' a cloister situated on a hollow square. The circulars bore no signature, nor did it appear clearly for what purpose the meeting was to be held, but no one suspected foul play in the general excitement. The students accordingly approached unarmed, in the belief that the affair was meant to be a simple demonstration of rallying strength. Their illusion, however, was quickly dispelled. As a thunderbolt from a clear sky came the clattering of iron roofs; and an overwhelming force of Cossacks, with police in the rear, swept down upon the awe-stricken youths. Now they realized that the circular had been formed to entrap them.

With sabres and daggers, a frightful slaughter was inaugurated. With savage oaths the Cossacks cut off the noses, feet and hands of the students. One poor youth had his tongue torn out by the root. The janitors from the neighboring houses cried like children with pity as they came out to help the wounded.

Two students were killed on the square. Three died within an hour after the onslaught. The Moscow students sought the governor-general, asking him for permission to bury their dead.

Young Syniawsky, who branded the hireling spy with the trade mark for which he sold his honour as a man, has received a three years' sentence in the disciplinarian battalion of the army, a body made up entirely of criminals. Twenty four students, including five Hebrews, were expelled from the university; the Hebrews, according to a decree of March, 1882, with the provision that they can never be admitted to another university in Russia, and about 175 of the flower of Russian youth are to be punished with banishment or imprisonment as soon as they are sufficiently recovered to leave the hospital and stand trial for "insurrection."

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.

The Moon's Influence

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

One hundred different styles of single and double trusses at Wade's drug store.

WE WILL HAVE THE CROWD

TO-NIGHT! TO-NIGHT!

For we will offer everything in our

FANCY GOODS DEPARTMENT

—AT—

50 Cents on the Dollar.

Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Embroideries, Laces, Ribbons, Ties, Collars and Cuffs, Silk Handkerchiefs, Linen, Lawn and Fancy Handkerchiefs, Etc.

Everything Goes at the Above Sweeping Reduction.

Don't miss such a change for Bargains.

COME TO-NIGHT. COME TO-NIGHT.

F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.

A USEFUL EMBROIDERY,

2, 3, 4 CENTS.

A FINE EMBROIDERY 5, 6, 7c.

A WIDE EMBROIDERY 10 12 1-2, 15c.

SOME SPLENDID VALUES.

FINE WHITE COTTONS.
HEAVY WHITE COTTONS.
TWILLED WHITE COTTONS.

SHEETINGS, PILLOW CASINGS, TICKINGS,

At Lowest Possible Prices.

John Laidlaw & Son.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!!

We have just received a Consignment of

--LINEN HEM - STITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS,--

For Ladies and Gentlemen. Initials Embroidered in Hand Work.

These Handkerchiefs were bought for the Xmas trade, but arrived too late. To close them out before Stock-Taking we will offer them Very Much Below the Regular Price.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs worth 25c, for 15c.
Ladies' Handkerchiefs worth 30c, for 20c.
Gents' Handkerchiefs worth 50c, for 30c.
Gents' Handkerchiefs worth 75c, for 50c

Call and secure your initial before they are all picked over.

MINNES & BURNS'

RELIABLE AND CLOSE-PRICED DRY GOODS HOUSE.

Cor. Princess and Bagot Sts., Kingston.

COTTONS AND LINENS

—ALL REDUCED BY—

RICHMOND, ORR & CO.

White Cottons, splendid value. Grey Cottons at Mill Prices. Grey or White Sheetings, plain or twilled, all widths Reduced. Feather Ticking, very cheap. Linen Towels, able Linen, Table Napkins, Towellings of all kinds, all reduced in price.

☞The Carpet and Curtain Sale still continued by

RICHMOND ORR & CO.