SAUCY REV. SAM. JONES.

HE DOES NOT CARE A PIN FOR ANY-BODY OR ANYTHING.

When he Has Anything to Say he Says it. and Those Who Don't Like it Can Dislike it-He is Not Bidding for Popular Favor-Hls Scattering Shots.

"That's the first lecture I have ever heard that I haven't had to have a dictionary along with me," said a citizen, as he grasped Sam Jones' hand last night, and thanked him for his address. "Do you know why I liked it ?" he continued, "No ! Well, because you didn't hit me." The thousand persons in the hall went home with something to think about and something to do, and if they'll only do it great reformations will follow Mr. Jones' effort. "How did you like him?" is a question

now heard everywhere.

And everybody answers "splendidly." "And why ?"

Few people can really tell. Sam, it has been well said, is not an orator, in fact, he is not even a public speaker of any ability. His language is plain, his ideas commonplace, his illustrations are not particularly vivid, he shouts when he raises his voice above conversational tone, and it would be hard to imagine an audience being thrilled by his eloquence. There were clergymen on the platform who could talk all around Jones, who, given the same subject to lecture upon, could have acquitted themselves infinitely better than he. Where lies the secret of his power? First, in the earnestness of the man; second, in his naturalness; third, in his don't-care-a-continental style : fourth, the defiant, uncompromising opposition he gives to evil things, and fifth, his withering denunciations of the namby-panbyness of this church-going age. OPENING OF THE MEETING.

Hon. G. A. Kirkpatrick occupied the chair and pleasantly introduced the lecturer. Rev. Mr. Jones is tall and spare, and the Whic's portrait of him is a capital one. He languidly pulled off his coat and stepping forward began to speak in a drawling fashion. "It gives me great pleasure," said he, "to meet a Canadian audience, for I find the people everywhere warm-hearted and noble. After each trip to Canada, I carry back with me the consciousness that you are a warm-hearted, intelligent, appreciative people. And I can say this much-you've got more pretty women and ugly men than perhaps any other dominion in the world. (Laughter.) When God wants to make a grand woman he makes her' beautiful and symmetrical. When God wants to make a grand man, he makes him as ugly as a mud fence. Of course, there are few exceptions to that rule and perhaps I'm one of them. (Laughter.)

He said he was not a lecturer; that he had never made one in his life. He would rather be a humble, earnest follower and preacher of the Christ than the best lecturer on earth. His subject had been chosen for him, but he didn't know whether he would follow it. In fact, he thought he would rather speak on "character and characters." (Cheers.) Just now he was resting, going from place to place, though "they say" ne is after money. Of course "they say" never lied. "They say" always knew. Then he spoke of the many orphan boys he had on his hands, and of the idea the brethren had in bringing him to Kingston. It was for a charitable purpose, and in that case people generally expected to throw in forty-five cents, the other five cents going for the lecture. He guessed he could come up to the general average. Well, he would talk of character, and this he styled the

IMMORTAL PART OF MAN.

There was good and bad character. The first outlived the stars, and fitted one for heaven, and heaven would shut itself against anything but character; while bad character would shut the doors in man's face at last and allow him to associate for ever and ever with the wicked. If man is wise he will use the best means to cultivate character. Character is the result of harmonyharmony with good, harmony with truth, harmony with right. True character is the result of a life lived in perfect harmony with God and with the right. On what basis shall it rest? Not on the will, not on the conscience, but on the affections. What a man loves and hates determines his character. "If you tell me," said Sam, "what you love and what you hate I'll tell what your character is." Then he proceeded to get things in a row. He wanted character and theology in a row, as the husbandman sows his seeds in rows. He did not go much on the promiscuous idea. The first row was the law of God Supreme, with all its enlightened forces of right; and right under the law will be conscience, and under conscience the will, and under the will the affections. Thus the law of God shined upon the conscience, and conscience got a firm grip upon the will, and the will grasped the affections and subjugated them to the point that the man loves everything that God loves and hates everything that God hates. This was the groundwork of character, and upon it could be built a structure which would outlast the stars. There was too much theology sown broadcast, and so with character. When a man gets more religion than sense he is a fool, and when he gets more sense than religion he is a rascal. He would prefer the rascal, for there was some hope of reforming him, but he could never reform the fool. He wanted his theology like a telescope, so that he could bring God down to him and see his smile, and count the spires of the golden city. He wanted as much of heaven as possible down here, so that when he did reach the golden city it would not be a strange place to him. Why men could so live that heaven could be brought right down to one's doors. He advocated kindness in every place, in the church, the house, the street. Said he : There is a store-keeper here now, who, if he were to shake hands with his clerks, they would get in a corner and say, 'Boys, the old man is going to die. He's a-mellowing for the grave," Then he attacked those who had pride, and claimed that it was only by good luck that they were richer than other people. Following this he gave faith

FIRST ESSENTIAL IN CHARACTER,

and spoke of infidelity, of those who believed nothing that they could not see. "Did you ever see your backbone !" he asked. (Laughter.) "Some of you haven't any; you have only got a poor little cotton string running through you." He talked of the science that some said was about to prove that there was no hell, but a two hours' old haby knew as much about that matter as the most brilliant scientist that ever lived. Science was a good thing, but it was no good in the field of sorals. He characterized infidelity as a great big old mouth that talked a greal deal and didn't say much. "Do past ten Sunday morning. My wife has you remember, when Barnum's circus was been busy, has got our four children dressed around, seeing on the fence a picture of an and off to Sunday school. I say, 'Ready to

a tail like a tadpole's, and not much else ! Well, that's what infidelity is-nothing but a great big old mouth talking. Mash its mouth, and it's gone forever! That's the truth. Isn't Christianity a big mouth? Yes. But what do you see about it? Christian mothers, noble institutions, the church itself. What do you see about infidelity? Nothing. And what is it good for? Fighting Christianity. Go back, you sneak devil you, to where you came from," he shouted amidst applause. "When I catch a little infidel, I don't carry him home with me. I put him in a bucket and use him for bait to catch others-and he makes the best bait in the world." (Cheers.)

Courage was the rock Sam Jones placed upon faith. He urged the people to dare to do right. He hadn't a cheerful thought for the pusillanimous preachers of the day. He wanted them to attack sin vigorously, to go about the work as they would do in the skinning of a rabbit, i.e. cut a hole in the skin and pull them through it. Then he described the pew, and the feeble unfaithful action of those who occupied it who were horrified at a preacher attacking sin, and thought he would destroy the church, if he didn't use more tact. Yet next Sunday they will be heard to sing : "Sumely the Captain will Depend on Me." If the devil was to burst a cap they'd fly for their lives. (Cheers.) There never was an age where more muscle, more sinew, or more power was required than now. "And what are the preachers doing;" he inquired, "They must lead or the pew will drag them down to its level. There's a Methodist minister who wastes his time preaching about infant baptism; he's got a beautiful sermon on infant baptism and all the babies in town are fast asleep and half the men going to hell. There's an Episcopal minister who talks of apostolic succession and traces their descent away back so the apostles. He tells them where they come from, but he had better tell them where they are going to. The Presbyterian minister lectures on final perservance, while half his crowd have nothing to persevere in. The Baptist struggles with water ! water ! and more than half his crowd are going where they can't get a drop of it. I am disgusted with the whole business. We want a gospel of power to demand that right be done and wrong condemned. The greatest blessing you can have is a game preacher; one afraid of neither man nor devil; one that will talk against the evils in the place, that will

ATTACK SIN IN ANY FORM and you can bet that where the fur is flying there the crowd is sure to be, D'ye know what things are damning this town? Well I'll tell you-whiskey, gambling, Sabbath breaking and lewdness. How often have you heard these things at tacked in the pulpit? Let them call you a crank, a fanatic, a mountebank, a fool, but go it, and you preachers will have enough work mapped out to occupy your attention for six months. Take whiskey first. Why up in Hamilton they have enough work for two years on that subject without saying

one word about heaven. "When you take the whiskey question in hand in earnest here, all the saloon keepers will cry out, 'Oh, don't be too rough on us poor fellows!' Yes, they'll butcher your husbands and sons, and damn them to hell, but when you come to touch them you have to be afraid how you hurt their dear feelings! Don't they remind you of the farmer boy that was going along a road when a bull-dog sprang out at him from behind a fence, and the boy had a pitchfork in his hand, and pinned the dog right down to the ground, so he couldn't bite him. The owner of the dog came rushing out, shouting :

'Say, what d'you do that to my dog for " 'What did your dog run at me for, then ?' answered the boy. 'Well, why didn't you hit him with the

other end of the fork ? 'Why didn't the dog come at me with his other end?' (Laughter.) Yes, they are coming at us with death and destruction, and let us fight back with all our might,

and everywhere. He urged his hearers to take a stand on moral issues and die inch by inch rathe. than retreat from it. There wasn't much hope for the people now on many questions; they were too wishy washy; but he prayed God they would train up their children to be of some account.

THE GREATEST CULTURE.

Knowledge was the next rock Mr. Jones would place upon courage. He didn't mean the culture that the Boston people spelt with a big "C," while they spelt God with a little "g." He would rather die a dunce than have that kind of knowledge. Then he ran his hand down into his vest pocket, and drew forth a little testament and claim ed that it was the source of all true enjoy ment and knowledge, quoting :

"This little book I would rather own Than all the golden gems That e'er in monarch's coffers store.

Or all their diadems. Knowledge was the handmaid of religion to dress her charms and make her more lovely. He spoke of grammatical exactness with which some preachers talked, and said that if nice preaching could have saved a city all in Kingston would have been in glory long ago. (Cheers.) He went in for the naked truth, and if people didn't like it they could do the other thing. "Go in and fight," said he, "everything that God disapproves of. Make a habit of it, and here is an illustration of the force of habit. A young fellow in Georgia-a poor, ignorant man-got married to a woman just as poor and ignorant as himself. They had for their home a one-room log house, with one chair, one skillet, one dipper, one table and one bed. By and by it pleased God to bless them with six children, but still there was but the one bed for them all. So the old man occupied the back and the wife the front, with the row of children between. Naturally, there was but little room to spare and all had to lie in one direction. When one of the little fellows got restless and wanted to turn over, he shouted "Turn !" and they all turned. So accustomed to this did they become that even if "turn" was shouted in their sleep they would all turn over at once. (Roars of laughter.) One day the old man was out fishing and lay down on a log by the side of the creek, where he fell sound asleep. One of his boys coming along spied the old man, and shouted, "Turn," which the old man did and rolled into the creek, where he'd like to have been drowned before they got him out. Just shows the force of habit.

PATIENCE A GREAT GIFT.

Patience was piled on top of knowledge and honesty. "How I do pity a man," he remarked, "with an impatient, scolding wife." A preacher once said, "If I'd been lectured as much as some of you I would run away from a lecturer." And an old fellow shouted out, "Amen !" It hit him right between the eyes. These two pictures, drawn from Sam's own home, he commended to the attention of the audience. "It's half animal with a mouth about tenfeet wide, and | go to church wife ?' 'Not quite, dear.' Then | Crawford.

I wait for a minute: 'Aren't you ready yet? I don't want to be going in when church is about over.' She is not quite ready yet, so I wait for half a minute, and off I start for church. I walk about a hundred yards, then stop and say, 'Jones, you're a dog,' and I feel like one; and as I turn to go home I feel like two dogs. When I re-enter the house I see my wife sitting in tears, and I go straight up to her, and kiss her, and say, Wife, if you'll forgive me I'll sit down and sit for forty eight hours and never say a word.' And by and bye she gets ready, and we get to church before the meeting begins. Now all you fellows, said Mr. Jones, who haven't treated your wives in that way, stand up." And there was a roar of laughter. No one arose, not even a bachelor. And how innocent the ladies were. Why they looked so sublimely happy that, as Jones remarked, if they only had had a pair of wings they'd have soared away to eternal bliss. "I'm not sticking much to my subject, am I?" he inquired, "but I am sticking to my crowd." (Laughter.)

"Now a second picture. I am sitting in my study-letters piled up, fingers aching, and nerves unstrung. My little four-yearold boy Bob-precious little Bob-comes into the room, touches my arm, and drives my pen in a great scrawl over the paper. With an angry exclamation I send him from the room. Then I say to myself, "Jones, you're a brute ;" and I go out and find the little boy sitting sobbing on the porch, and I take him up and say : "Bob, I didn't mean what I said just now; put your arms round my neck and kiss papa and forgive him." And I feel his heart beating faster as he says: "I shouldn't have gone in there, papa; mother told me not to!" You see my wife knew there was an old bear in there. Patience! patience ! patience with wife, with children, with loved ones. When your wife will grow pale and die you will never want then to be troubled with the memory of unkind words spoken. When my brother's wife died I telegraphed to him, putting all the sympathy I could into the wire, and when I saw him and put my arm round his neck, he said "My greatest trouble is I had not been so kind to my wife as I should have been. Let kindness be the capstone of the edifice, and when the time shall come for God to call you He will either come down from on high, and, by placing one hand under you and another on your head. He will take you up to Himself, or if He don't do that He will extend the streets of the New Jerusalem down to you until He incorporates you into the bright world above.

NOW AS TO CHARACTERS. He thought very little of the dignified doctors of divinity. "I am going to be a D.D. some time," he went on. "Not that I am going to get any better, but things are coming down. Some people complain that Sam Jones is not dignified enough, and therefore brings the pulpit into disrepute. But I tell you, brother, when Jones dies he'll be as dignified as any of you. Did you ever see a dead man ? Why, he's most dignified, and usually the more dignified a fellow has the nearer dead he is. Did you ever see Rev. Jeremiah Jones, D.D. ? Many never have for he is so distant that a member in the front pew cannot see him. He has one tone for the pulpit another for street, another for pastoral visitations, and another for his wife and family. When he prays he begins : "Oh Thou Great Being, universal, eternal. O-o-o-h !" Now fancy a man going into a dry goods store, and saying : Oh thou greatest of all merchants ! I come unto thy place to see a pair of divinely colored hose What would you think of him? Wouldn't you break your your yard stick over him ." Mr. Jones went in for naturalness and any man with only dig-

nity to sustain him was a mountebank. "Now there's the stingy men. We've got them in the church. Did you ever see a stingy man? Did you ever look in the look. ing glass? What do you rich fellows want with all the money you have got ? You say : 'I am laying it up for Sallie and the children. If you could come back to this life twelve months after you were buried, and saw Sallie with her new teeth and the boys making away your rigidly hoarded wealth, you would be astonished to find how well they got along without you.

"What do you old fellows want with more money? A man who has got nothing but money is the poorest man on earth. The devil will say to your children as you are placed in the grave, 'There goes your old dad, but he was so stingy he would skin a flea for its tallow and hide. I fight stinginess with generosity." The old curmudgeons, who were committing moral highway robbery, thought they were escaping from God, but they were not. And some said he was lecturing and preaching for money ! "Well," he said, "You can take the biggest man you have got, the man who gives the greatest amount to the church, and I'll bet I will give ten dollars for his one or else I'll eat him up raw. (Laughter.) You can't love God and money at the same time, and you had better settle the question between now and your dying day or else it will be settled for you. You poor fellows get it every Sunday, but I am giving it to the rich for once in their life, aint I (Laughter.) And now here's generosity. The little fount on the hill leaves its home, and as it passes along, the stagnant pond says, "Whither are you going ?" It tell the pond it is going to the river with its cup of water. "What folly," says the pond, "you'll be dried up by the sun before you get there. I'll stay where I am and keep every drop I've got." And the little stream passed on, and when the sun shone the trees by the side of the stream spread out their boughs and covered it, and the birds, sang joyfully among the branches. And what of the pond ? Why, the weeping willows held back to give the sun a fair chance, and the sun poured down, and gradually the pond became a stagnant mass from which vapors noxious to man and beast arose, and then even the frogs cast their venom on it, till God in kindness sent a fierce blast that dried it up forever from the face of the earth. And the little stream joined the river, which carried it to the ocean, and the sun raised it to the sky into a cloud, and God sent His wind to carry the cloud back to the mountain side, and there emptied the cup of water back into the streamlet, and the

streamlet sang : Old ponds may come and ponds may go, But I flow on forever! There was hearty applause at the close of the lecture. Mr. Jones had given them more than "the general average." Rev. J. W. Sparling moved a vote of thanks and Rev. R. Whiting seconded it. The audience applauded and Rev. Sam Jones gracefully acknowledged the compliment

"Is there no Balm in Gilead? In there no Physician there?" Thanks to Pomeroy's Petroline Plasters. there is a balm for the cure of vheumatism kidney trouble and lung disease. Of drug; gists and J. G. King, Kingston.

Russet apples, Spy apples; oranges and lemons, 20c doz.; fresh eggs; roll butter, 22c; tub butter, 18; foll bacon, 10c. Jan.

INCIDENTS OF THE DAY.

PARAGRAPHS PICKED UP BY OUR BUSY REPORTERS.

The Spice of Every Day Life-What the Public are Talking About-Nothing Escapes the Attention of Those Who are Taking Notes.

The best kid gloves, cheap, at Hardy's. Horse races at Bath on Saturday. Clayton is going to purchase a Silsby fire

A matched race, \$10 a side, occurs at the roller rink on the 25th inst. Patrick Moore and T. King, guilty of

drunkenness, were remanded. Clergymen from all parts of this district attended Sam Jones' lecture last night. Green was the predominating color on the streets to-day. It made one long for spring. Remember the sale on Saturday of Francis McDonald's house and lot on Charles

A concert, under the auspices of the Presbyterian church, will be held to morrow evening. The schrs. W. R. Taylor and O. Mowat

street.

have been released from the ice surrounding J. C. Hardy left for Renfrew to day. He intends having an addition put to his store

at that place. Robinson, ship builder, sent two yachts to Carleton Place to day. They will receive coal oil engines there.

Hurrah for the Royal to-night. Ice splendid; may be last night. Band to morrow night if ice is good.

H. Stratford received a pair of white partridges to-day. They are rare birds in this

"Sometimes I think I will and sometimes I think I won't," is the position of many people as stated by Rev. Sam Jones. This evening members of "Harmony Division," S.O.T., Garden Island, will attend

the meeting of St. Lawrence division. Every farmer, every business man, every clerk should procure the new Business col lege work on book-keeping, precis-writing. commercial law, etc.

Apples, lemons and oranges, 20c doz. fresh roll butter, 22c; tub butter, 18c; roll bacon, 10c fb.; 6 fbs. Spanish onions, 25c. Jas. Crawford.

The authorities at the Kingston penitentiary, it is said, are arranging to have all the convicts photographed on entering and leaving the prison. Instead of taking in the Thousand Islands

next summer Dr. Talmage states that his annual excursion will be to Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket and Newport. A Belleville merchant is in this city look.

ing for a man named Herstein, whom he employed to sell goods for him throughout the country. The peddler has not reported for six weeks. Z. Prevost, at the New York clothing

store, has received a case of spring importations, consisting of fine worsted for suitings. They are without doubt the finest designs ever imported in the city. His prices are \$20, \$22 and \$24 a suit, made to order, and an A l fit guaranteed.

The new text book, 250 pages, of the Dominion Business college, may safely be claimed as the neatest work of its class yet issued in Canada or the states. It was issued from the Whig rooms, and demonstrates Kingston's ability to hold its own in letter press work against the larger cities. See the enormous range of collars, fril-

lings and laces at Hardy's.

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Whose Movements, Sayings and Doings Attract Attention.

Mr. J. G. Curell, of Hamilton, has joined the staff of the New York Sun. Mr. John Rockwell becomes a traveller for the clothing house of John Calder,

Frank C. Druper, late chief of police at Toronto, is now in the real estate business at Los Angelos, California.

Mr. George M. Yerex, late of Belleville, has been appointed secretary of Y.M.C.A. at Brisbane, Australia.

Mr. W. J. and Mrs. Boyd are in the city Mr. Boyd was married yesterday in Prescott, and they are en route to Winnipeg. Prof. W. K. Burr, the phrenologist, has returned to the city. He felt three hundred

heads in Belleville in a few weeks. G. C. Miln, the 'ragedian, has decided to give up the stage, where he has won considerable distinction, and become a lawyer. Mr. W. J. Gerald, deputy commissioner of the inland revenue department, is in the city. He is being congratulated upon his promotion.

Mr. C. M. Asselstine, of Hamilton, Mich. is visiting friends at Portland. He has been for several years a resident of the west, and now owns a splendid farm.

Mr. Hennessy, brother of Staff-Sergeant Hennessy, of the Royal Military college, arrived from England yesterday. He intends settling in Canada.

Mr. Trickey, lately an agent in the employ of the K. & P. R. company, started for British Columbia to-day. He will work in future for the C.P.R. Co.

..... ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

An Event of Interest to the Patriotic Sons of Ireland-Religious Services.

At 6 o'clock this morning mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. McGrath in St. Mary's cathedral. It was largely attended. The pupils of the Brothers' school sang several hymns in sweet and vigorous style. The members of the men's branch of the archconfraternity of the Holy Family and I.C. B.U. society partook of holy communion. The altars were beautifully decorated with gold and natural flowers, especially the altar of St. Joseph, which was brilliantly illuminated. The handsome banners of the various Irish societies were suspended from the ceiling of the cathedral. At 10:30 o'clock the church was again crowded. Rev. Fr. Kelly officiated, assisted by Revs. Frs. Mc-Rae and McGrath. Rev. Fr. Twomey delivered an interesting sermon on the life of Ireland's patron saint. The musical portion of the service was excellently carried out, and the organist, Miss Brannigan, deserves praise for the manner in which she conducted it. Kyrie, Concone : Gloria, Farmer : Credo, Gregorian : Benedictus, Mercadante ; Sanctus, Lambillotte ; Agnus Die, Farmer. A duet by Messrs. Kane and Bajus was very fine. The concert in the opera house this evening promises to be largely attended.

Got Their Red Hats.

ROME, March 17. - At the consistory today the new cardinals were hatted. The pope also precenised the new archbishops and bishops in Canada, United States, India and Australia.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

For Making Pie. Russet apples, Northern Spy apples; fine

lemons, 20c doz.; 2 cans pumpkin, 25c; new dried blackberries, 15c. Jas. Crawford.

Y. W. C. A. A social meeting will be held on Friday (to-morrow) evening, at the Y. W. C. A. rooms, to which all young women are cordially invited.

B. Laurance's Spectacles.

The only sure aids to perfect vision, at J. G. King's drug store. Buy none other. See every pair is stamped "B.L." Imitations abound. The frame may sometimes be closely imitated, the lens never.

Oh, He Enjoyed Himself.

One old gentleman got fifty cents' worth of enjoyment at Sam Jones' lecture. He broke up the meeting with his vigorous laughter. The more his wife poked him in the ribs the louder he shouted. Sam Jones stopped several times just to see the old gentleman laugh.

Muster of a Company.

The members of No.6 Co. 14th P.W.O.R., Capt. Murray, mustered thirty strong at the drill shed last evening. Six recruits were enrolled. After being put through several exercises the volunteers were dismissed. They will drill regularly until they complete their annual drill.

A Fine Publication.

The finely illustrated and graphic description of Beecher's funeral, the best published, is in the WEEKLY WHIG of to-day; also Broadbrim's letter, Sam Jones' portrait and life, Talmage's sermon, the refutation of Grant Allen's slanders, and reports of the last railway catastrophe, attempt on the Czar's life, etc.

The Races at Sydenham,

After the matched race a free for-all took Five horses started, viz: "J. A. Al "Tom Mathews," "Rose Allen," "Ethan Allen," and Huffman's brown mare. The race was well contested and proved very interesting. "J. A. Allen" won first money. "Tom Mathews" second, and "Rose Allen"

Stealing Lecture Tickets.

The box containing tickets for Wendling's lecture, stolen from the Y. M. C. A. rooms, was found last evening on the premises at the rear of Sullivan's bowling alley, Wellington street. Warrants have been issued for the arrest of several small boys who is thought were connected with the robbery.

Arrange for It at Once,

Rev. Sam Jones says he will be in London in October, and if the people desire it he may come here for a week if the people desire it. They said so by their applause last night. What is wanted is an energetic committee, to secure the largest building in the city, and to bind the proposition with all possible haste.

University Council.

The election of seven members for the council of Queen's university took place yesterday. The following gentlemen were elected : Rev. James Cumberland, M.A., Stella : Rev. G. M. Milligan, B. A., Toronto; Messrs. R. W. Shannon, J. S. Muckleston, Dr. Herald, Dr. Anglin, Kingston; and J. J. Bell, editor of the Brockville Recorder.

A Tea Meeting and Concert,

A tea meeting and concert, in aid of the funds of the Presbyterian mission and Sabbath school in connection therewith, will be held in the Orange hall, Portsmouth, tomorrow evening at 7:30. The Sixtette and Glee clubs, of Queen's 'college, as well as several ladies and gentlemen from Kingston, will be present on this occasion and contribute to the entertainment. An enjoyable time is anticipated.

Bridge Company vs. K. & P. R. Co.

A meeting of the wharves and harbours committee was called for yesterday after noon. No business was done, a quorum of members not being present. The meeting was to consider whether the K. & P. R. Co., in extending its spile dock, was encroaching upon navigable waters. The bridge company object to its construction, and sent its case to the council in the form of a resolution. The committee will meet again on Saturday afternoon.

Setting up in Business.

Another son of Kingston has commenced business on his own account. We speak of Mr. A. J. McMahon, who has entered upon his career as a merchant in dry goods. His store is 110 Princess street, that lately occupied by Miss McTaggart. Mr. McMahon has had twelve years' experience, most of which time he spent with James Richmond & Co. Latterly he has been in Texas, gain ing in experience, and he opens out his stock in the sure and certain hope that he will receive the generous support of the people. We hope his highest anticipations will be realized.

Returned From Ireland.

Mr. John Strachan and his son James have returned from their visit to Ireland. which the first named had not seen in twenty-five years. His native place, Ballymena, Antrim, was found to be much changed, and the people also. Few knew him, but when they recalled him they were very hospitable. The visitors took in several cities, including Belfast and Dublin. They were in the capital of Ireland when Dillon was on his trial, and they say the acquittal of Dillon was expected. Home rule is regarded as certain in the near future. The sentiment of the people gener ally is that the landlords and the middle men must go.

THE PEOPLE THE BRUTES.

They Fight the Bulls Because the Bulls Wouldn't Fight Each Other.

SAN RAFAEL, Mexico, March 17.-There was a bull fight here in the presence of 50, 000 people, none of whom paid less than \$8 admission. The bulls refused to fight, and finally the spectators burst into the ring and made an indiscriminate attack upon the bulls and fighters with chairs and other convenient missiles. The troops were called upon several times and compelled to charge the crowd with drawn sabres before the maddened people would desist. The people resisted the soldiers, and a large number of the former, more or less injured, were ar-



Weather Probabilities West and north-west winds, mostly fair weather, stationary or slightly higher tem-