

RACING IN THE HARBOR.

AQUATIC SPORTS OF THE SEASON FAIRLY INAUGURATED.

The Longshoremen Leading Off in a Tournéy for Prizes—A Hot Race Between Two of the Contestants—The Harbour Front Lined With Spectators.

The longshoremen's boat race last evening proved a great attraction. Over one thousand people watched its progress from the harbour front and from skiffs, sail boats and steam yachts. A few minutes before 7 o'clock the steam yacht "Spark" (Mr. Campbell's), backed out from the ferry wharf. In her were the pressmen, Mr. R. J. Eilbeck, the referee, and Messrs. Campbell and T. Driver.

Opposite the ferry wharf was anchored the judge's boat. The oarsmen were to have been James Rushford, Alexander Felix, John Ryan and Daniel Campbell, and they were to have started at 7 o'clock. At this hour Dan Campbell had not put in an appearance, and the start was delayed until 7:30 thinking that he might yet turn up. He did not come, however, being detained by a business engagement. "Doc" Nugent was chosen starter, and at about 7:40 the oarsmen go. The water was lumpy, and it made the rowing heavy work. Two of the racers seemed to be exhausted before the race was half over. The course was about two miles and a half in length. It lay between Point Frederick and the ferry wharf from a buoy near the tower to buoys located a short distance apart on the south side of the point, back to the starting point, and repeat.

The start was an excellent one, and the men were satisfied with it. They went to work as energetically as if the distance to be traversed was but a hundred yards. Ryan, pulling a steady strong stroke, went to the front. People in boats cheered him heartily. Rushford followed and Felix was last. Many thought that Rushford would be the hero of the hour. But after he had rounded the third buoy, on the first trip, his speed decreased, and it was quite evident that he had no staying power. He managed, however, to keep Felix behind him. Felix seemed to be fresh, but his long strokes did not enable him to pass Rushford. Ryan led by a long way. The others were no match for him. He finished the race, the winner by 100 yards, and was lustily cheered.

The contest between Rushford and Felix was exciting towards the end. On passing the buoy off Point Frederick for the last time Felix got the nose of his skiff very close to the stern of his opponent's, and some shouted, "Go it, Felix!" This excitement put new life into Rushford, and he stealthily gained upon Felix. He tried hard to catch him, but could not and came in third. He says that owing to the sliding of his footboard during the race he was unable to propel his boat as fast as if it had been firm.

The awarding of the prizes, which was as follows, then took place: 1st prize, \$5; 2nd, \$3; 3rd, \$2. Another race will occur in a few days.

Some After Thoughts.

J. O'Shea will wager \$10 to \$5 that J. Ryan can beat D. Campbell in a skiff race.

J. Rushford says he could have beaten A. Felix last evening a greater distance had he desired to do so.

It is likely that a race between D. Campbell and J. Ryan will occur in a few days.

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Whose Movements, Sayings and Doings Attract Attention.

Wilfred Reeves left for Montreal last night.

A. Moreland is steward of the steamer Algerian.

Henry Herman and Samuel Kelly left yesterday for St. Paul, Minn.

John Morley will become political director of the London News.

On dit that Rev. Mr. Sibbald, of Christ church, Belleville, will resign.

J. F. Bain, barrister, of Winnipeg, is in the city visiting his parents.

Mr. E. Chown and his daughter, next week leave for a trip to British Columbia.

R. Campbell, M.P., of Eganville, is very ill. Dr. Orapt has been summoned from Ottawa.

Miss Beach has gone to Kemptonville to take part in a musical festival now in progress there.

Dr. Bowen, of Seely's Bay, will, during the camp, be attached to the Gananouque field battery.

Williamson, who is foreman of a large boot and shoe factory in St. Paul, Minn., is visiting friends in the city.

John Wilson, late clerk of Loughboro township, left the city on Tuesday for his new home at Hamilton.

J. Judge, K. & P.R. conductor, who has been spending a short vacation at Bedford, resumed his duties to-day.

F. H. Moody, traveller for J. F. Austin, is representing Kingston at the annual conference of the Congregational union.

W. Wells has purchased the property on Wellington street, on which is situated the Bowling alley, formerly the property of Mrs. Sullivan.

James Davidson, formerly an employee of the K. & P.R. company, and for the last year and a half living near Tacoma, D.C., is visiting friends here.

President Cleveland is not now indifferent to newspaper reporters. When he went to Saranac lake the other day he took with him the correspondents of two of his New York journals.

Capt. H. S. Casey, formerly of Col. Boulton's cavalry, and very popular with Kingston volunteer corps, is now stationed at Fort Edmonton, N.W.T., as inspector in command of the mounted police.

Mrs. William Lake and her brother, Mr. Timothy Lawrence, Sydenham, have left the city to visit their sister at Scottsburg, N.Y. Mrs. John McMillan, who has been an invalid for over a year.

Mr. Wilson, of Cork, is the chief leader writer of the London Times, and the writer of all the anti-Irish articles. An Irishman, Mr. Guimel, occupies the same position on the Globe, and Mr. Fitzgibbon, another Irishman, sub-edits the Standard. The Daily Telegraph, too, has an Irishman in the same position, Mr. O'Halloran, and the Morning Post has for chief a gentleman of the same nationality, Mr. Dunphy.

R. J. Burdette has been elected a deacon in his Baptist church at Lower Merion, Pa. When Mr. Burdette was summing in the Adirondacks last year he was hunted up by the trustees of a little Baptist church, who insisted that he should fill the pulpit. With his customary good nature he complied, and preached not only a full but a free salvation in every sense, for he charged the good brethren nothing for his services.

OUR QUERY CORNER.

Building of the Mayflower.

When was the yacht Mayflower built?

YACHTSMAN.

The Mayflower was built and launched at George Lawler & Son's yard, City Point, South Boston, May 6th, 1886, and hauled to the stream May 29th, 1886.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Henry George's Admirers.

KINGSTON, June 7.—(To the Editor): I was pleased to notice in your issue of Monday a brief but fair statement of Henry George's land doctrine. Such a statement is peculiarly timely. Within the last few months an active and successful propaganda has been carried on all over the breadth of the United States, and a great new party is forming for the purpose of bringing the land doctrine to a practical issue at the polls. The conflict with the church, precipitated by Archbishop Corrigan's interference with the priest, Dr. McGlynn, has introduced into the agitation a strong religious element. The cross of a new crusade has been raised by Dr. McGlynn, and he is rallying to his side hosts of profoundly religious men of all denominations. Said he: "We are laboring for the doing of justice, and chiefly because we are all aflame with the spirit of true religion. It is because we are convinced that no cause is worthy of enthusiasm that is not full of religion, that is not all ablaze with it, that is not transformed and transfused by it. It is because of the religion that is in the cause that we are in it, and the moment you take religion out of it you take us out of it."

The tremendous moral earnestness thus infused into the movement has lifted it far above mere sneers and gibes. The land-monetizing Duke of Argyll may speak, if he please, frantically of the "gigantic fraud," "immoral doctrines," "profligate conclusions," "the desolating dishonor of this teaching," "The world has never seen such a preacher of unrighteousness as Mr. Henry George," "consequences which abolish the decalogue;" or Professor Goldwin Smith may sneer about "the apostles of agrarian plunder." Such sneers and gibes are answered by the outspoken advocacy of earnest, large-brained, and noble-hearted men. The enlistment of priests and pastors of the people goes on apace, and with their enlistment the character of the movement changes. In view of what has already been accomplished the Toronto Globe thought fit, in a carefully prepared editorial, to warn the protestant clergy of Canada of the opportunity, in their indifference, they were letting slip. "What Mazzini said is more and more seen to be true—that the economic question is a social question, and the social question a question of religion."

It is uncomfortable but true nevertheless that in this movement we have something that can no longer be ignored by any intelligent and responsible citizen. It has ceased to be a question merely of abstract ethics or of theoretical economics, which the working man and business man may safely relegate to logic-chopping professors or to dreamy enthusiasts. It is a concern which intimately affects commercial life, and which, before many years, will become a live and all-important issue of our municipal and national politics. Apart, then, altogether from its interest at present as a great extra-national phenomenon, this movement has a claim for immediate and serious attention as a coming factor in our own national life. Our citizens, I trust, will give the question calm and critical study while yet party agitation of the question, with all its heat and unfairness, is away amongst us.—GUY.

KILLED ON THE TRACK.

James Perkins Loses his Life Near Collinsby Station—The Facts in Brief.

Yesterday Ald. Drennan sent an ambulance to Collinsby and brought the remains of the unknown man, killed on Tuesday morning by an express train, to the city. They were placed in the Drennan morgue until this morning, and then buried. The body was recognized as that of James Perkins. He resided near Deseronto, and years ago worked for P. McLaughlin, who then was in the employ of the Rathbun company. Perkins bought a ticket at Hanley's office on Monday night for Deseronto, where he intended getting some clothes. He came to Kingston from the Ottawa Valley, and took supper at the Windsor hotel. He was intoxicated when he left the city for the west, and it is presumed, got off at Collinsby and wandered up the track. He had evidently lain down, gone to sleep, and been killed by the express. His forehead was crushed in. His coat, rolled up for a pillow, was found near the place of his death. His hands were also folded across his breast. The fireman on the express train thought he saw an object on the track, but as the train was on the down grade it was impossible to stop. The Collinsby authorities were notified, and a section man brought the body to the station. Perkins was employed by the Collinsby Rafting company some time ago. His body was identified to-day by E. McLaughlin.

MARINE PARAGRAPHS.

Interesting Items Gathered Along the Harbour—Vessel Movements.

The steamer Anglin is loading ties for Cape Vincent.

The schr. B. W. Folger is on her way from Charlotte to the city with coal.

Captain Mulligan has sold the str. Water Lily for a handsome sum to Capt. Scott, Kingston.

Called at Swift's—Strs. Spartan, Toronto; Algerian, Montreal; Persia, St. Catharines.

Clearances: Prop. Tilley and consorts, Asthabula, light; schr. Wave Crest and Hannah Butler, Fair Haven, light.

Seely & Moffatt are building a steamer at Perth which will be used for excursion purposes. The boat will replace the steamer Peerless, owned by the same firm. It is likely that the engines and boiler for the new craft will be built in Kingston.

Arrivals: Schr. A. M. Foster, Oswego, 154 tons coal; schr. H. Dudley, Toronto, 15,100 bush. wheat; prop. Alma Munro, Duluth, 10,010 bush. wheat; prop. Acadia, Duluth, 4,000 bush. wheat; prop. Lincoln, Chicago, 17,400 bush. corn; schr. Gleniffer, Chicago, 21,291 bush. corn; schr. Liagar, Chicago, 22,791 bush. corn.

RETURNED FROM OTTAWA.

The Proposed Smelting Works Scheme Feasible—Of For New York.

Hon. D. L. Gibbons and Mr. M. H. Folger visited Ottawa yesterday, and had interviews with members of the cabinet and of parliament in regard to the proposed smelting works at Kingston. Great interest was manifested in the scheme, and the government will do all in its power to help along the venture. Mr. Gibbons left for New York to-day. He said before leaving: "When I return I will probably be able to talk with some definiteness. I am greatly interested in the matter. I think with the present duty on iron, and the present prices of that commodity, it can be made at a good profit. I am anxious that the government should take some interest in the work so that we would have substantial guarantees against sweeping changes in the duty, at least such changes as would imperil the capital that may be invested." Mr. Gibbons thinks that about \$250,000 would have to be spent in the enterprise at first, but that to make the company take a leading position in the country several millions would be ultimately invested. "That would make things boom in Kingston, and the population of the place would be greatly increased."

QUEEN'S CORONATION.

AN OLD IMMIGRANT INDULGES IN HAPPY REMINISCENCES.

The Events of a Half Century Ago in an Old Town in Devon—Festivities That Were Indeed Memorable—Honoring the Best Queen That Ever Reigned.

We have a maiden queen. Her age is just eighteen. Beloved and respected I am certain I am. From London, it is true. It will reach to Waterloo. What a flare-up all my eye and Betty Martin O! —Old Song.

What a day of rejoicing it was in old England fifty years ago, when the coronation of her most gracious majesty Queen Victoria was duly celebrated. City and country, town and hamlet, seemed to vie with each other in the spirit in which all were anxious to do honor to the occasion. Everybody joined in—tinkers and tailors, soldiers and sailors, farmers and plowmen, gentle and simple, parsons and preachers. All were ready to do their part on the occasion. I was a boy then, and resided in a quaint old town in the south of Devon. It was not a large town, but was pleasantly situated. There was no railway at that time within about twenty miles of it. It was some two or three miles from the old coach or turnpike road leading from Exeter to London. But if it was not a large town it had a great number of streets, the windings of which were rather intricate; and if, according to one of the first principles laid down in drawing, curved lines are more beautiful than straight ones, most of the streets were laid out with an eye to the beautiful, for nearly all were laid out in curved lines. The old town could boast of a noble old parish church, dedicated to St. Andrew. It was really a venerable and ancient pile, and had one of the sweetest sounding peals of bells and the best set of ringers in Devon. It had also many old and noted residences, with beautiful lawns, gardens, and groves, among which was "Sampson's Grove," then the residence of Capt. Liddon, R.N., father of the present Canon Liddon. Capt. Liddon was with Capt. Parry on his exploring voyage to the Arctic Sea, and the Canon bears his name, (H. Parry Liddon.) He was then a boy about my age. There were many quaint old buildings in the town. There was the old Foffee schoolhouse, endowed by a former resident of the place, who left it when a boy, went to London and "made money," and died leaving it for the benefit of the rising and succeeding generations of the place of his youth. The master of the school at the time of which I write was D. McNece Stirling, a gentleman who enjoyed considerable literary fame as an antiquarian in Devon, and who, I have been informed, (whether correctly or not) was a distant relative of our late respected townsman, Jas. McNece, Esq. Then there was a shop and dwelling known as the old bird-cage house, on High street, a curious old structure, where it is said during the troubles in Cromwell's time a fugitive was concealed for many days behind the wainscoting near the chimney corner in one of the rooms and then made good his escape. There was also the old conduit at the head of the street. But to see the old town and enjoy its pictures generally you had to take a walk up Hill Head street for about a quarter of a mile, and then look down over it.

Casting your eye over the town, and beyond it to the distance of five miles was the historic town of Axminster, celebrated for its ancient church or minster, founded by King Athelstan, and also as once a noted place for the manufacture of carpets. Near it was Ford Abbey, a beautiful place. A part of the ancient structure still remains. On the hill stretching away to our left is seen the fine domains of Shute Park, in which is situated Shute House, a fine baronial pile, the residence of Sir William Pole, the representative of the ancient family of that name, a name well known to the student of English history. Nearer to us is the remains of Colcombe Castle, the glory of which has long ago departed. It was once a residence of the Poles and Courtenays, who, it is said, had the honor of entertaining royalty here. Now all that remains of it is an ancient gateway of great interest to the antiquarian, and part of the walls of the chapel, now used to shelter the cows that belong to the farm house that has been built on or near the site of the old castle. But between us and Axminster is the beautiful valley of the river Axe, which is the delight of anglers, being one of the best trout streams in Devon. The Colley and Umborne, and a hundred other tributary streams, flow into the Axe, which, after passing Stedcombe Park, the residence of Squire Huddlestone, empties into the English channel near the romantic village of Axmouth, between Haven Cliff and Seaton beach. The valley traversed by the Axe is full of historic interest. On its banks, about a mile from our old town, is the village of Whitford, once the White-Friar's Ford. At the west end of the village a farm house has been built on what is supposed to be a part of the foundation of their ancient chapel, and nearer still, crossing a stream, is Ninford bridge. It was once Nunsford, but the old buildings are all gone except a part of a wall used in connection with the outbuildings of Mounthill farm house, now built on the spot once sacred to a religious order. To the left, as we look toward the mouth of the river, is Haven Cliff. At some distance is the parish of Roosdown, and farther on still is the old town of Lyme, Regis, celebrated for its cob or breakwater, and for its cliff where the geologist Conybere and his associates discovered so many fossil remains of extinct animals with jaw-breaking names. To the right of Axmouth is the village of Seaton, with its beautiful beach about a mile in length, which even in that day was a favourite resort for summer visitors. Then came the cliffs or downs, and next the fishing village of Beer, nearly all the property in which was owned by Lord Rolle. Beer and Roosdown in old times were strongholds of the smuggling trade, and many runs of French cognac had been made and stowed away in the caves of the cliffs herabouts, oftentimes in the teeth of a strong preventive force, and many a combat has the "smuggler bold" had with the force on and near Seaton beach. But the reader will ask what has all this to do with the coronation festival of fifty years ago. Not much truly, but I wished the reader to enjoy with me in fancy the romantic spots that I enjoyed so many years ago, for "There is no place like home."

But now for the coronation festival of thirty-seven in the dear old home of my boyhood. For weeks before it took place had been the talk of the town. Meetings were held, committees appointed, and subscription lists circulated and signed, and it was decided to decorate the town gaily, and have a public dinner, for which all could get tickets or badges, and for which tables were to be laid in the principal street. A helmet and uniform was to be made for the herald who was to make the proclamation, and during the day or two which immediately preceded the 28th trees and evergreens were cut down and brought in to decorate the fronts of the houses and places of business. Flowers were gathered for garlands and wreaths, flags were got ready, and every preparation made to give the town a holiday appearance. At last the day came. It was

ushered by the discharge of fowling pieces, as the town was not possessed of any heavier pieces of ordnance, and soon after daylight the herald rode through the principal streets of the town and proclaimed her majesty Victoria the first Queen of the realm, and demanded true allegiance to her rule from all her dutiful and loving subjects. As soon as the inhabitants were astir it was discovered that some wag or practical joker (there were many of those harmless and funny people in the old town) had suspended a certain article of lady's underwear (usually termed a petticoat), across High street, near the conduit, to demonstrate to those who passed under it that a queen was now at the head of state, and held the reins of government. But as the joke was rather too pointed for some of the townsmen, who knew how it was, it was soon taken down and replaced by a Union Jack. At 6 o'clock the old church bells rang out a merry peal, and the music of their chimes seem to be again ringing in my ears. Then there was music from "Worams" band, who paraded the streets. Their instruments had received an extra polish and they had some new music for the occasion. Traffic was stopped on High street and the committee was busy with the erection of a long line of dinner tables. The dinner went off lively. There was lots of England's roast beef, plenty of vegetables and plum pudding, and good Devonshire cider and home brewed ale to wash it down. After dinner was over large crowds of people wended their way down past the church and over Chantry bridge, to a large meadow known as "Park Field," to enjoy the sports and games which were to take place there during the afternoon, and for which a large number of prizes were to be awarded to the townsmen and rustics who were to take part in them. The necessary preparations had been made: several tall poles about the size and height of telegraph poles were erected, jumping bars were put up, and everything was in order and the sports soon commenced. They consisted of foot races, high jump, long jump, jumping over hurdles, climbing the greasy poles, grinning through horses collars, bobbing for treacle rolls, trundling the wheelbarrow blindfolded, etc. The sports were brought to a close by a chase after a greased pig; it was a fine wind up for a jolly afternoon's sport. A fair-sized porker was produced, and well greased from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, and then started off on a run. After he got a few yards away his pursuers were permitted to start after him. It was great fun to see the pig dodging between them, causing many a tumble to some that were chasing him. Several caught hold of him but he was too slippery for them and often he got away from them until at last a sturdy fellow, with a rougher hand or a stronger grip than the rest, got hold of him and held on to him long enough to put him into a bag and then marched off with the pig in a bag over his shoulder. Then up in the town "Smith's" plumber shop was decorated and got ready for a tea party, to which a number of the hard-working women of the town, over a certain age, were invited. Plum cake was plentiful, and the tea was made good and strong, and the one who drank the greatest number of cups was to receive as a prize a bladder of snuff, the recipient of which was an elderly maiden named Maria Downs, who drank over a dozen cups.

The festivities of the day were ended by a grand ball in the assembly room of the Dolphin hotel. And so ended "Coronation day."

Since that time fifty years have passed and gone, and how few there are remaining of those who took an active part in the getting up and the management of the coronation festival.

Still there are some few remaining Who remind us of the past. But most of them are far, far away.

Yes, far away, but their places are filled by their children's children, who are now vieing with each other in honoring the jubilee. But what of one who was honored in the times I have written about. The prayer of a people as sung in the national anthem have been fully granted by Him to whom rulers and subjects must all give an account. He has saved the Queen. And the maiden queen of thirty-seven is now in eighty-seven truly the mother of the nation, for she reigns in the hearts of her subjects, and her name is honored and respected by every people of every clime, and the world to-day unites in doing honor to Victoria, and in singing with heart and voice, "God Save the Queen." —AN OLD EMIGRANT.

WEDDING BELLS.

R. Easton Burns—Miss Elizabeth Charlotte Rothwell.

A large number of persons assembled in St. George's cathedral yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock to witness the marriage of R. Easton Burns, of Macnee & Minnes' wholesale establishment, son of Rev. R. T. Burns, of the post office department, to Miss Elizabeth Charlotte Rothwell, second daughter of Capt. Hugh C. Rothwell. Punctual to the hour the organ pealed forth the wedding march when the bridal party entered, the bride leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her away. The bridesmaids were four in number, Misses Mary Rothwell, Wilfred Burns, Mary Burns and Edith Shibley. Mr. Victor C. Burns assisted his brother. The bride was dressed in ivory satin with Valenciennes lace and orange blossoms. She wore a handsome gold and pearl brooch, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids wore Oriental lace over blue and pink, and elegant brooches, the gift of the bride, each carrying a pretty basket of flowers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Buxton B. Smith. The party adjourned to the residence of Capt. Rothwell. Here many congratulations were offered and good things enjoyed. The bride received many handsome presents. The staff of Messrs. Macnee & Minnes waited on Mr. Burns on Monday evening and presented him with a very handsome easy chair and slipper stool. The happy couple left for the west amid showers of rice and good wishes. They will visit Toronto, Hamilton and other places.

Arch. Medley—Miss Amelia Hamilton.

Last Wednesday morning St. Mark's church, Barriefield, was the scene of an interesting event, the marriage of Mr. Archibald Medley to Miss Amelia Hamilton. The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers. As the bridal procession entered the church, the choir sang "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden." The groom was attended by Mr. Wm. Medley and the bride by her sister, Miss Hamilton. The bride, who wore a navy blue travelling dress and hat to match, looked charming. The ceremony was performed by the rector, the Rev. Prof. Jones, at the conclusion of which the bride and groom, amid showers of rice and good wishes, left for a wedding tour down the river.

Spectacles.

Mr. Kay, optician, of the firm of B. Lawrence & Co., is now at the drug store of the agents, J. Geo. King & Co. All wishing to be accurately fitted with glasses should call and see him.

A. Sutherland has purchased the bankrupt stock of D. Harmer. Look out for bargains in boots and shoes in a day or two. Down the river on the champion fast boat to-morrow!

The sale at Byrnes' old stand will be continued this week.

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.

To the 'Burg to-morrow!

Boys' shirts and drawers 12½c, worth 35c, at Byrnes' old stand.

For stylish, serviceable, and cheap dress stuffs go to Hardy's.

Last night there were fifty-four patients in the general hospital.

The steamer Hero brought an excursion party from Belleville to the city to-day.

Another small lot (travellers' samples) ladies' parasols at McMahon's, selling at wholesale prices.

Good business is being done on the Rideau canal. The lockages are very numerous at Kingston Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. James O. Blaine, and their daughter, and William O'Brien, sailed for Europe to-day.

Judgment of good judges—Labatt's London ale and stout is the finest in Canada.—James Crawford, agent.

P. Mackian, of Newboro, has bought a handsome phonon from James Dier, of Westport; price \$165.

The Peterboro people want to detain the military forces that come to camp here in that town over jubilee day.

The Bank of Montreal has declared a dividend of 10 per cent., with 2 per cent. bonus to its stockholders.

The Kingston, Smith Falls and Ottawa railway bill, as amended, has passed the house of commons.

At the military camp the Y.M.C.A. will erect a tent in which they will conduct religious services.

Mrs. Nelson, Barriefield, has a small hen which laid an egg measuring 7½ x 6½ inches, and another 6½ x 6½ inches.

The St. Lawrence's excursion to Ogdensburg to-morrow is most attractive. Two bands, brass and quadrille.

A. Sutherland has purchased the bankrupt stock of D. Harmer. Look out for bargains in boots and shoes in a day or two.

Buckets that will hold half a ton of coal, and two cars to be used in connection with Swift's automatic railway, have arrived.

Poison is again being distributed on the streets at the head of Johnson street. Many dogs are dying from having eaten it.

Collector Hamilton's new steam yacht sailed about the harbour last evening. It is very pretty and at the same time fast.

A. Sutherland has purchased the bankrupt stock of D. Harmer. Look out for bargains in boots and shoes in a day or two.

The Bay of Quinte Methodist conference has passed temperance resolutions just as strong as those adopted by the Montreal conference.

A deputation of military gentlemen waited upon the Montreal city council and asked that it entertain the 14th P.W.Q. rifles on jubilee day.

For the best quality of Scranton stove coal, also for English (Newcastle) blacksmith's, coal at lowest rates go to gas works coal yard.

Merchants were notified to-day that there has been a heavy advance in the price of canned meats manufactured by Chicago houses.

Take in the excursion to-morrow. A fine boat, on a fine river, with a fine table, to a fine city and a fine base ball match to witness.

The letter lost by Mr. Scantlion on Brock street this morning contained \$100. A little girl was seen to pick it up just after it was dropped.

Mr. Campbell, manager of the Electric Light company, has purchased four or five topmasts from Calvin & Son; they will be used as electric light poles.

Dry edgings, \$2.50 per cord; dry slabs, \$3 per cord; dry soft wood, dry hard wood, always on hand at Crawford's wood and coal yard; office foot of Queen street.

Three watering carts stood for nearly an hour at the corner of Sydenham and Princess streets. The drivers were waiting for the water works to steam up.

The steamer St. Lawrence called here this morning with a large excursion party bound from Alexandria Bay and Clayton to the Lake on the Mountain. A few passengers were taken on here.

The chairman on parks, Alderman Redden, deserves great credit, along with the city engineer, for the handsome King street entrance. One of the Russian cannon is to be placed in the central plot.

The press delegation to Ottawa—Messrs. Cameron, of the Globe; Pense, of the Whig; and Traves, of the Port Hope Times—will interview the minister of Justice at Ottawa on Thursday.

This morning Samuel Stortz, son-in-law of J. M. Jackson, of the City Hotel, died after six weeks of intense suffering. He was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, which developed into dropsy.

Fine picnic grounds have been prepared at Marysville, on Wolfe Island. The place is fenced in, and a baseball diamond, race track and dancing platform have been constructed.

Because she knew that our fresh butter at 18c, and fresh eggs, 12½c per dozen, was cheaper than she could buy them on the market, and that is why she got them of James Crawford.

At the Kingston & Pembroke RR. picnic, to be held at Sharbot Lake next week, a base-ball match will occur. A nine composed of employees of the K. & P. RR. will play against the Sharbot Lake club.

To-morrow will be the feast of Corpus Christi. A special mass will be celebrated in St. Mary's cathedral, but the festival proper will not be observed until Sunday, when a number of young people will partake of their first communion.

The Valleyfield cotton mill hands are trying to get the advance the Kingston operators struck for and obtained. Mr. Wilson, the manager, son of the superintendent here, refused to give more than ten per cent. The operatives want fifteen per cent.

The stirring jubilee song and chorus, "Awake, O, Happy Nation," so popular now in England, has been republished in Canada by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publisher's association (limited), Toronto. Under such a formidable looking sponsorship it ought to capture the whole dominion.

He Is Worth Hearing.

Rev. J. G. Brick, of the North-West Territories, speaks at the meeting of the Women's Auxiliary reception this evening. He is a man of much energy, and wherever he has appeared has inspired the people with missionary zeal.

See McMahon's new stock of boating shawls, all colors, just received.

For a nice, cool summer dress buy black nuns' veiling, 12½c, at Hardy's.

Weather