

**CITY DIRECTORY.**

**Hotels and Restaurants.**

**ISLAND HOUSE**—Best cigars and liquors. Meals at regular hours. W. DOYLE, Market Square.  
**BURNETT HOTEL**, Ontario St., nearest first-class hotel to G. T. R. and K. & P. Stations. T. WILSON, Proprietor.  
**ALANSON HOTEL**, corner Queen and Montreal Streets, well situated, with yard and stabling. NELSON SWITZER, Proprietor.  
**OTTAWA HOTEL**, corner of Ontario and Princess Streets. First-class accommodation; yard and stabling. JAMES NORRIS, Proprietor.  
**SCOTT'S HOTEL**, cor. Queen and Ontario Sts. Satisfaction guaranteed. Fine liquors and cigars. Good yard and stabling. A. SIMPSON.  
**ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL**, most convenient and popular hotel in city, opposite to G. T. R. station and steamboat landings. Miss. SHANAHAN.  
**QUEEN'S HOTEL**, 125 Brock St. Stabling for 100 horses; yard for 200 vehicles; rooms for 100 guests; meals at all hours; best cigars and liquors; 3 livery in connection; conveyances to and from trains. A. VANALSTINE, Prop.

**Livery Establishments.**

**F. A. BINNY**, 129 Brock Street, the leading hack and livery stable in the city. Telephone No. 157.  
**T. C. WILSON**, 129 Clarence Street, the largest and longest established livery in the city. Telephone No. 178. Vehicles ready at a moment's notice.  
**ELDER BROS.**, New Livery in connection with St. Lawrence Hotel on King Street. First class rigs will always be on hand on the shortest notice.  
**MCCAMMON BROS.**, Kingston Horse Exchange, Livery and Boarding Stables, corner of Brock and Bagot Streets. A new and stylish outfit of vehicles and excellent horses. Charges moderate.

**Watches and Jewellery.**

**F. W. SPANENBURG**, manufacturer and importer of fine jewellery, 347 King Street.  
**J. A. LEHNER**, watch maker, jeweller, 68 Brock St., dealer in watches, clocks and diamonds.  
**SMITH BROS.**, 315 King St., headquarters for watches, ranging in price from \$3 to \$200; Silverware and Jewellery.  
**A. M. BROCK**, watchmaker, jeweller and engraver, has every facility for manufacturing and repairing jewellery in all its branches. Golden Diamond Watch Sign, 90 Princess St.

**Groceries and Liquors.**

**J. HALLIGAN & Co.**, 53 Brock Street, Family groceries, imported wines, liquors and cigars.  
**VICTORIA WAREHOUSE**, admitted to be the best place in the city to buy groceries, crockery, china, etc. THOS. H. JOHNS.  
**TIERNY BROS.** have removed to their new premises, Brock Street, Market Square, where they show the largest and finest stock of imported and Domestic Liquors, Tons, Cigars, &c., in the city.

**Financial.**

**CARRUTHERS BROS.**, Financial Agents, King Street. Money to loan on real estate and other securities.  
**MONEY TO LOAN** in large or small sums at low rates of interest, on City and Farm Property. Loans granted on City and County Deeds, Mortgages, Apply to THOMAS BRIGGS, Manager, Frontenac Loan and Investment Society. Office—Opposite the Post Office.

**Fruit, Confectionery, &c.**

**R. H. TOYE**,—Try the Milk Rolls and Bath Buns manufactured at the King Street Bakery, R. H. TOYE, Market Square.  
**THE BEEHIVE**—Fine groceries, fine and domestic fruits. Jos. HIRCOCK, Masonic Buildings, Market Square.  
**W. C. HORTON**, dealer in fresh fish, oysters, fruit, etc., 62 Brock Street.

**Cigars and Billiards.**

**ROBT. BAKER**, tobacconist, Windsor Block, pool and billiard room adjoining.  
**R. NEWLANDS**, Princess Street, dealer in cigars, tobaccos, pipes, fishing tackle and pocket books. Finest assortment in the city.  
**HOLDER BROS.**, J. B. and F. W. J. dealers in choice cigars and tobaccos. Pool and billiard rooms in connection. 239 Bagot St., near Princess

**Photographic.**

**FOUR FOR FIFTY**, 50 cents will buy four Tintypes or 2 Cabinet Tintypes at J. W. POWELL'S. Picture Frames as cheap as any in the city.  
**INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS** of the Jubilee Celebration. Leave your orders for copies. H. HENDERSON.

**Tailoring.**

**SUITS TRIMMED** and made to order, in latest fashions, at JOHN SHANAHAN'S, Market Square.  
**FOR LATEST AMERICAN STYLES**, guaranteed to fit, go to A. O'BRIEN'S, 269 Princess St., above Sydenham

**Aerated Waters, Etc.**

**ACKNOWLEDGED** by everybody that the finest line of soft drinks manufactured in the city can be found at HINDS BROS., Market Square. They consist of all aerated waters. Prompt attention paid to pic-nic parties. Telephone No. 163.

**Crockery, Glassware, Etc.**

**E. JONES**, 280 Princess Street, has always an excellent stock of express waggons, crockery, glassware, baskets and fancy goods to choose from. Registry office for servants in connection.

**Stoves and Tinsmithing.**

**THOS. LEMMON**, 331 King Street, has the best line of Stoves in the market on hand, including the Grand Universal. Call and see them.

**Plumbing and Gas Fitting.**

**J. G. BASTOW**, practical sanitarian, Plumbing, gas and steam fitting, 349 King St. Telephone, No. 62.

**Boots and Shoes.**

**W. ADAMS**, mfr. Men's work a specialty. Factory work on hand. Brock St., near Market.

**THE TOILET.**

**TAKE A LOOK!**  
 We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our Fine Line of

**NEW GOODS.**

Consisting of BRUSH COMB, MONICURE SHAVING JEWEL and ODOUR CASES in Plush and Leather, FINE PERFUMES CUT AND FANCY BOTTLES, &c.  
**A. P. CHOWN**  
 124 PRINCESS STREET.

**DYEING WORKS,**

**PRINCESS ST., - KINGSTON.**  
 All kinds of goods cleaned and dyed and we finished.  
 I put up and have for sale the "Jem Packag Dyes," warranted to be the best in the market. Try them. Agents wanted.  
**R. MONTGOMERY**,  
 March 4, Practical Dyer.

**CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS**

Hot and Cold Baths at all Hours at  
**JONES' TONSORIAL PARLOR**  
 British American Hotel Block, Clarence St

**NEW GOODS**

N.B.—These are the only Baths in the city heated by steam thereby securing at all hours water.  
**NEW GOODS**  
 —AT—  
**HORSEY'S HARDWARE HOUSE.**  
 Refrigerator, Ice Cream Freezers, Lawn Mowers, Hose Reels, Garden Hose, Iron Beds, Door Mats, Agate Hoes and Brass Bir Cages.  
 Ready Mixed Paint \$1.25 a gallon.  
**R. M. HORSEY & CO.**  
 May 8.

**WANTING EDITOR'S GORE.**

**A MAN WHO FORCES HIS GRIEF INTO BILL NYE'S EAR.**

**Nothing Would at First Satisfy Him But Blood—Days Spent in Ventilating a Grievance And Then There Was no Foundation For It—Experience in a Newspaper Office.**

On board a day coach on the great trunk line running from the Battery via Sixth Avenue to Harlem I fell in the other day with a highly cultivated old gentleman who now resides in Brooklyn. Together we enjoyed the delightful stretch of dark red scenery and advertisements which greets the enraptured eye along this great scenic route. Together we inhaled the thousand odors of hot, sour alleys and damp cellars, and together we looked into the second story rooms where poverty lay panting in the awful heat that had accumulated all day and now shut down with the night like a stifling garment. In our conversation he said:

"I generally aim to let the papers alone if they'll let me alone, but when I first came here a friend of mine brought me a slip that he had cut out of a prominent morning paper in which my name was used in a way that made me mad; and so I went right down to the office of the paper. Before I went I told my wife about the piece and that I was going to see about it. She saw that I was excited and she became alarmed. She lunged on to me quite a while and said she wished I wouldn't go. We had always got along so well, and since we had been married I had never killed anybody, and she wished I would take her advice and not go, but I was thoroughly indignant and mad. So I went down, and at the counter I asked to see the editor."

"The young man at the window where I went was counting the words in a 'Want' advertisement, and it was a long time before I could get his eye. Then he said in a brief, cold way that the editorial rooms were on the fifth floor. I did not like his way, and I would have been glad to lick him if I could have got over into his cage, but I couldn't. Then I went to the elevator. I was going to get in, but the elevator boy, who weighed about nineteen pounds, put his hand against my person and gently pushed me out."

"You can't go upstairs without stating your name and your business and who you want to see. Here is a card that you can fill out."

"He said I would have to be explicit. If I wanted the city editor, or the marine editor, or the literary editor, or the polo editor, or the birth and death editor, or the scrapping editor, I would find them in; but the managing editor and the telegraph editor and the night editor and the mirth editor and the bathing editor were all out."

"Finally I went in and found a small, good natured man that I could have handled without any trouble, but when I stated my business he said that it was not in his line at all, but that I ought to go to the city editor. By that time the city editor had gone to lunch. I waited for him till I got so hungry myself that I thought I would fall apart."

"When he came he had about nineteen men to talk to all at once for an hour or so; then he let me in and I told him what the trouble was. He didn't remember any such story in the paper as I spoke about, but would find out about it and see what reporter handed it in. Meantime he would advise me to write out a statement of my side of the case and leave it there. He would investigate the matter when the reporters got in in the evening."



"I went to a long table and wrote most all the afternoon on a piece which was not so scathing when I got through with it as I thought it was going to be, so I tore it up. Then I wrote another one. It was quite bitter, but not so bitter as I wished it had been. It had tame places in it where it seemed to all flatten out and fail to get there. I never suffered mentally so much in my life, and now and then when I wiped my brow on the tail of my linen coat I could see that the city editor seemed to enjoy it. By dusk I had completed an article that was carefully written, and yet I did not expect that it would be copied very much. It was inclined to be ornate in its style, and still there were words in it like 'egregious,' for instance, that I didn't feel sure I had spelled right. It was now night, and I went home, leaving my article for the morning paper and feeling proud that I was getting mixed up with literature."

"My wife was anxious to find out if I had anybody's gore on my hands before I went into dinner, but I convinced her that my heart was still pure and guileless, but that I had written a piece for the paper that would stir up the town in the morning."

"I looked it through hurriedly, but didn't find my piece. Most everything else was there but that, however. It was crowded out! Probably the mush and milk sociable editor had a piece that he wanted to run in place of it, and owing to his influence he had succeeded. I was greatly irritated. I had lost one day from my business, but I decided to go down to the office again and see what the matter was."

"This time I got to the city editor at once, and he said if I would write another statement he would promise that it should not be overlooked, and said that as I was cooler now I would no doubt write a better piece. So I was fool enough to write another flapdoodle card for the paper. It took me till 12:30, and as near as I can remember simply proved over my own signature that I was an ice cream man who aspired to be a large, straw colored jackass. When I took it in to the city editor he asked me if I had the slip cut from the paper to which I referred. I produced it. He looked it over a moment, and then he said:

"I am sorry that you have been here for two days and sprained your Thinker over this matter, and absorbed your time preparing an exhaustive article for our paper in your defense, for this slip is cut out of some other paper. I don't know what paper it is, but we haven't got any such type as that in our office."  
 "He then stated that he would not detain me any longer, and I don't believe he could if he had wanted to. I went down the stairs rather than meet the elevator boy again, and soon found myself on the street. I bought my wife a new dress on the way home, and told her I had thought better of my assassination scheme on her account."  
 "That was ten years ago," said the old man, as he arose to go, "and although I have not always done right, I can truly say that the gore of no newspaper man is on my hands."  
 —New York World

**LITTLE LAUGHS.**

**Ice** is very popular just now, but we can remember a time not six months ago when almost every one was down on it.—New York Mercury.

They say that Queen Victoria's "front" blew off while at the Wild West exhibition last week, and that Red Dog now mentions her with awe as the great "Chief-with-froscals."—Exchange.

**Society Woman**—I understand Miss K. is a perfect bud—never came out at all. Second ditto—Yes, poor little innocent! She never smelled powder—was never even in an engagement.—Burlington Free Press.

"Was a six dollar tile—to be brief—But a fat party brought it to grief—For she sat on it flat. What he said after that We'd repeat—but we've turned a new leaf.—Exchange.

A Portland man swallowed a large dose of starch which a suspicious druggist prepared for him in place of the strychnine he asked for. The miserable man swooned and was soon stretched upon his bed cold and stiff. No one but must sympathize with the unhappy wretch's despair when he shortly awoke to find himself still in Portland, and, as the dispatch cruelly puts it, "with his wife bending over him."—New York Mercury.

It is said a dollar goes further now than it used to. Have the financiers selected a more distant colony than Canada?—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"How silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night."—Lemme be, Gawge Washington Custis, you're mussin' my new bang."—New York Morning Journal.

O. C. Cabot, a brother of Sebastian Cabot, spelled his name backward in order to find an appellation for an Indian smokeweed—to-bacco.—The Earth.

According to an eminent English authority a goose lives fifty years. Provided, of course, he refrains from blowing out the gas when he retires.—Chicago Herald.

There is not a girl who makes her own bustle but is backed by some of the most influential papers of the times.—St. Paul Herald.

The good people inhabiting the shores of Buzzard's bay desire to change the name. They might call it Dollar-of-our-fathers bay.—Providence Journal.

A bright Somerville boy, whose sister was attending the Harvard class day exercises, told a caller that she "had gone to the circus." "I never went to the circus but once myself," he added, gravely, "and that was a ben show."—Somerville Journal.

**He Made a Neat Hit.**

"Is there any one living here under 21 years of age?" inquired a man who rang the door bell to a Lake street residence the other day. "No, there is not," rather sharply replied a spinster of eight and thirty summers who answered the ring.

"Why, is it possible?" was the reply of the apparently astonished man. "Don't you live here?"

It was a neat hit, and after a little simpering and a brief chat about the weather the maiden purchased two copies of a work entitled "Hints for the Young."—Buffalo Courier.

**Justice at Last.**

Visitor—What has become of your old friend Clara?  
 Omaha Dame—The wife of that Chicago bank cashier?

"Yes."  
 "She is living in retirement in Canada with her disgraced husband."  
 "Poor thing! I did her great injustice in my thoughts."  
 "You did?"

"Yes; I always supposed those big diamonds of hers were paste, but it seems they were real after all."—Omaha World.

**The Only Way.**

Omaha Man—That is a beautiful piece of country up your way.  
 Stranger—Yes, we expect it to be a great favorite with summer visitors. We have named our place Verdure Glen.

"My gracious! That will ruin it."  
 "Ruin it?"

"Yes, siree. You must give it an unpronounceable Indian name, six syllables long, if you want it to become a summer resort."—Omaha World.

**He Had Learned a Lesson.**

Backwoodsman (in Ohio town)—I hear you've struck a well of natural gas here lately.  
 Hotel Keeper—Yes, sir; got one in our back yard.

Backwoodsman—I wish you'd tell the clerk to turn it off when he shuts up for the night.  
 For heaven's sake warn him against blowing it out! I had an experience once myself, mister.—Judge.

**In the Country.**

Jimmy—I was walking in the woods, when all at once I came upon the biggest kind of a rattlesnake.

Pa—How do you know it was a rattlesnake, Jimmy?  
 "By the way my teeth rattled as soon as I saw him."—Texas Siftings.

**He Played Second Fiddle at Home.**



**Strong Minded Woman** (to a relative who has called on her)—My husband has now got a position in the orchestra. He plays first fiddle.

Relative—Not at home, does he?  
 "You bet he doesn't play first fiddle at home."  
 "That's what I thought."—Texas Siftings.

**Mother Goose for Hotels.**

This is the cook so jolly and gay  
 That roasted the beef in a careless way,  
 In the hostelry down in Texas.

This is the waiter with greasy tray  
 That "roasted" the cook so jolly and gay  
 That roasted the beef in a careless way  
 In a hostelry down in Texas.

This is the landlord, grim and gray  
 That "roasted" the waiter with greasy tray  
 That "roasted" the cook so jolly and gay  
 That roasted the beef in a careless way  
 In a hostelry down in Texas.

This is the drummer who chanced that way  
 That "roasted" the landlord grim and gray  
 That "roasted" the waiter with greasy tray  
 That "roasted" the cook so jolly and gay  
 That roasted the beef in a careless way  
 In the hostelry down in Texas.  
 —Merchant Traveler.

**THE**

**-EXCITEMENT INCREASING-**

And the people continue to come in  
 Crowds to our

**GRAND CLEARING SALE.**

**TO-DAY and TO-MORROW**

**ARE**

**SPECIAL - BARGAIN - DAYS!**

**BE SURE AND ATTEND!**

**F. X. COUSINEAU & CO.**

**ALL ADMIT**



**THAT YOU CAN SAVE MONEY IF YOU**

- Go to LAIDLAW'S for HOSIERY.
- Go to LAIDLAW'S for SILK AND THREAD GLOVES.
- Go to LAIDLAW'S for CORSETS.
- Go to LAIDLAW'S for DRESS GOODS.
- Go to LAIDLAW'S for LACES.
- Go to LAIDLAW'S for RIBBONS.

And in fact Every Department is a  
**SPECIALTY.**

July 21.

**WALSH & STEACY**

**ARE SELLING**

**THE - BEST - VALUE - IN - KINGSTON**

**IN THE FOLLOWING.**

- PARASOLS of all kinds.
- GLOVES, Silk and Lisle.
- HOSIERY, for Ladies and Children.

Big Reductions on all Summer Goods.

**WALSH & STEACY.**

July 20.

**SELLING OFF!**

Clearing Sale of Boots and Shoe

**NOW GOING ON AT**

**W. J. DICK & SON'S**

Wellington Street, first door from Princess Street, (Allen's old stand).

Call soon and get some of the Bargains.

May 3.

**LARDINE MACHINE OIL**

**McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto,**

Still lead in MACHINE OILS. Our Oils have stood the test for years, and are now used by all Leading Manufacturers in the Dominion. GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS have been awarded our Oils wherever exhibited. Manufacturers and Steamboat owners will Save Money by using our HIGH FIRE TEST CYLINDER OILS and Machine Oils. All Oils guaranteed.

**McCull Bros. & Co., Toronto.**  
 April 8.