

REMINDERS.

MONDAY.
OLIVE Branch Entertainment at the City Hall.
TUESDAY.
ADJOURNED meeting of the Reform Association at 8 p.m.

DIED.

EVANS—In Kingston, Feb. 17th, William Evans, second son of James Evans, aged 22 years.
Funeral from his father's residence, corner of King and Beverly streets, to-morrow (Tuesday) afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Friends and acquaintances respectfully invited to attend.

LOST.

ON THE MARKET SQUARE, ON SATURDAY, A PURSE CONTAINING A SUM OF MONEY. The finder will be liberally rewarded on returning the same to MRS. W.M. CHRISTMAS, 118 Ontario Street.

WANTED.

NURSE. Apply to MRS. NOEL KENT, King street, between 10 and 12 a.m. and 7 and 9 p.m.

AT ONCE, A FIRST-CLASS GENERAL SERVANT; must be well recommended. Apply to 113 Earl Street.

A GOOD GENERAL SERVANT. Apply at once to MRS. T. R. DUPUIS, corner of Montreal and Brock Streets. References required.

SALESMEN—We wish a few to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. No close target stamp. Wages \$3 per day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. CENTENNIAL MAN'G CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FOR SALE.

THE STEAM BARGE FIREMASON AND INSURERS, Minnie Francis and City of Kingston. Total carrying capacity 380 M Pile Lumber, or 400 tons coal at 5 feet draught. For further particulars apply to DAVIDSON, DORAN & CO.

THAT DESIRABLE BRICK RESIDENCE, situated on the corner of Sydenham and Bay Streets, containing twelve rooms. It is at present occupied by Captain John A. Connolly, the owner, to whom application should be made for further information.

TO LET.

HOUSE IN VAUGHN TERRACE. Possession May 1st. Apply at WHIG OFFICE.

STORE AND WAREHOUSE ON ONTARIO STREET. Apply to J. B. CARROLL, THESE.

OFFICE, large, central, well fitted. Terms reasonable. Possession immediately. Apply "BOX," WHIG.

FROM 1st MAY, that good, substantial house on Ontario Street, near Union, at present occupied by Mrs. Deacon. Apply to E. T. STACY, Walsh & Stacy.

THE RESIDENCE on Simcoe Street, lately occupied by Rev. A. W. Cooke; double house, of nine rooms; two cellars; good yard and stable. Apply next door, or to B. ROBINSON, at King & Co's Drug Store.

HOUSE with eight rooms and extension kitchen hard and soft water, with good stable; convenient to Queen's College; immediate possession. Apply on the premises, 1281, or at No. 14 Union Street, between Gordon and Alfred Sts.

SPECIAL MENTION.

GET YOUR WINTER GLOVES at W. REEVES', King Street, 300 Sample pairs to be sold at wholesale prices.

ALL KINDS OF BANK and Office Rubber Stamps, Dates, Seals, Etc., supplied by BRENNAN & KILCAULEY, manufacturers, Bagot St., Kingston, Ont.

PLANO REPAIRS of all kinds on Uprights and Squares executed at the Weber Factory, corner of Princess and Gordon streets, Kingston. No more durable or well-toned instrument in Canada than the G. M. WEBER UPRIGHT. Moderate in price and unexcelled by any Canadian instrument.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

A FINE FARM OF 75 ACRES, East Part of Lot No. 15, 1st Concession Township of Kingston, beautifully situated on the Lake Shore, one mile from the Penitentiary. Good large house, outbuildings, orchard, &c., suitable for a farmer or gardener. Apply on the premises to JOHN GRAHAM, P.O. address, Portmouth.

TIMELY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

TO CONTRACTORS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to the EVENING OF SATURDAY, the 23rd inst., for the several trades works required in the erection and completion of a Brick Residence on the corner of Barrie and Union Streets for J. B. McIVER, Esq.
Plans and specifications to be seen at my office, Anchor Building, over Canadian Express Office.

J. B. BRID, Architect.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

KINGSTON REFORM ASSOCIATION.

THE ADJOURNED MEETING OF THE REFORMERS for the election of officers and general business will be held on TUESDAY EVENING, 19th, at 8 o'clock, in the Reform Hall, Golden Lion Block. All Reformers in the city are cordially invited to be present. H. M. MOWAT and JOHN BAKER, Joint Secretaries.

YOUR ROOFS.

ANY PARTIES WISHING ROOFS CLEANED OFF should apply to W.M. NEWMAN, Barrie Street, between Earl and Young Streets.

TO ADVERTISERS.

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay, we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.

GEO. F. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

M. MALLENS WOOD AND COAL YARD

IS ALWAYS STOCKED WITH THE Best Dry Hard Wood, Dry Block Wood, Dry Kindling Wood and the Best descriptions of Coal, CORNER OF BARRACK AND ONTARIO STS.

DRESS CUTTING TAUGHT.

NEW IMPROVED METHOD OF CUTTING LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES, COATS, &c., without patterns. Any lady can learn in one day.
Dresses, Coats, Mantles, etc., made in all the latest styles. All work warranted. APPRENTICES WANTED.

MISS W. M. SMITH, Wellington Street, Over Ohlke's Picture Store.

SMYTHE, SMITH & LYON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c., 152 Ontario Street. H. H. SMYTHE, G. C. L.L.B., R. V. LYON, B.A., G. F. SMITH.

THE THOUSAND ISLAND ROUTE BY

Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg R.R. To Utica, Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and all Points in Northern New York, via G.T.R. and N.Y.C. Rys. T. HANLEY, Gen. Ticket Agent.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY

Will make some reduction in the price of some of their lines of lumber and sash factory goods this season. We have one barn frame 30 feet, one 36 and one 40. Also good brick, which will be sold on reasonable terms for good approved notes.

THE RATHBUN COMPANY.

JAMES REID,

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER, PRINCESS STREET.

SECOND EDITION.

THE HARTFORD CATASTROPHE.

The Finding of Some of the Bodies—The Awful Experience of Some Guests.

HARTFORD, Feb. 18.—About 1 o'clock Landlord Ketchum and his wife were taken out alive and able to drink some hot coffee. They had been imprisoned in their night clothes in the cellar, with a flood of water pouring in on them. The extent of their injuries cannot be ascertained. Soon after Walter Gay, New York agent of the Higginson manufacturing company, was taken out alive and sent to the hospital. The dead body of J. C. Hill, a commercial traveller, has also been taken out. Daniel Morrison, a brakeman, and Fred Haines, flagman, on the New England railroad, are undoubtedly in the debris. No additional dead bodies have yet been recovered.

The force of the explosion shattered all the glass in the adjoining buildings, and broke single panes in buildings a block away. Its cause is still a mystery, and it will take some time to uncover the boiler.

Mrs. Frank Weason and her children are reported to be in the ruins, but nothing definite is known concerning them.

2:45 p.m.—The dead bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Bronson have just been taken from the ruins.

Thus far most of the bodies recovered have come from the tier of sleeping rooms on the south side. The persons rescued alive are naturally in a very exhausted condition, and the physicians refuse to allow them to be interviewed. They were all asleep when the disaster occurred.

The fires which have been raging under the wreck and causing a blinding smoke are now well under control. If the disaster was caused by the boiler it was probably brought about by the night engineer going away about midnight, drunk, leaving a heavy draught on the furnace and little water in the boiler. The engineer probably turned on the water, when he came back, and caused the explosion. He is dead, however, and nothing can be learned from him.

The hotel was built about fifteen years ago and cost, with furniture, \$120,000. The soil was soft and although the building was carefully built it soon settled badly. Insurance \$38,000. No fragment of the boiler has been found.

The shock of the explosion blew out every window in the south side of the Earl house just north of the Park Central hotel.

The catastrophe is generally supposed to have been caused by an explosion of the boiler, although some doubt has been expressed on this point, as the building was popularly supposed to be unsafe. It was built on "made" ground. The street department and the railroads have furnished their forces of labourers with jacks, etc., and the work of searching for bodies is now going forward in a systematic manner.

At 10 o'clock the military call was sounded on the fire bell calling on the military companies to assist in preserving order and assist in the work of rescue.

THE PITH OF THE NEWS.

The Spice of the Morning Papers And the Very Latest Telegrams.

John Bright has suffered another relapse.

De Freycinet has declined to join the new French cabinet.

List of insurances on Saturday's fire in Montreal have amounted to \$87,000.

The German government is disposed to suspend hostilities in Samoa during the Samoan conference.

The upper house of the Prussian diet has unanimously voted the addition to the emperor's civil list.

Edward Burns, during a quarrel in London, crushed his brother's skull with a baseball bat, killing him.

Jem Smith and Charlie Mitchell have signed articles to box ten rounds on April 1st, for £200 aside, in a sixteen foot ring.

The British ship Anglo-India from Shanghai for the Philippine Islands, has been wrecked at Formosa. Part of the crew was lost.

Jas. Elliston quarrelled with C. S. Baldy, at Topeka, Kansas, and Baldy shot Elliston, killing him. Baldy is in danger of being lynched.

The thirty-six lady students attending the university of Toronto have formed a Young women's association for religious fellowship.

The London Post dwells upon the necessity of keeping Gibraltar and Malta inexpressible and hints at the sending of heavier and better guns to those strongholds.

At the coming session of the British parliament the government will propose a defence loan of one million pounds. The proceeds will be devoted to construction of twenty men-of-war and fifty cruisers and to increasing the number of torpedo boats.

Lord Alibury has begun in London suit for divorce from his wife, who, before her marriage, was known as Dolly Tester. The marquis, it is stated, named as co-respondents a book-maker named Riley and Mr. Abington, who owns a racing stable. Startling financial revelations are expected when the case comes up.

ROW IN A TRAIN.

Thumping a Pair of Mormon Elders—One of Them Narrowly Risked Hanging.

CHEYENNE, Wyoming, Feb. 18.—Twenty women converts, secured in Norway and Sweden under promise of free farms and transportation, abandoned the faith here on Saturday. Before they left the train, which had brought Elders Marvin and Greeley and sixty immigrants from New York, they thumped the Mormon missionaries, and were only prevented from hanging Marvin by the intervention of the train hands. The trouble was caused by Marvin, who induced two sisters named Jensen to promise to marry him. On confiding the matter to her brother he rebelled and the row followed.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

THE OCCASIONS ON WHICH SOCIETY BECOMES MIXED.

Some of the Recent Balls and the Features of Them—New York Set by the Example—The Two Great Social Events of the Metropolis—The French Cooks Outdo Every Class in the Layouts in Which They Indulge.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 15.—Every year, as we approach the season of fasting and prayer, society seems to let itself loose as if to make amends for their prospective spiritual castigation. American balls, German balls, Irish balls, French balls, Russian balls, balls by Jews, Christians, Turks, and Chinese, and by the way let me not forget that large and intelligent constituency represented by my coloured brother and sister who, during the past week, have treated us to that delightful entertainment known as the "Cake walk." Now there may be some distance between a cake walk led by Biquiter Augustus Thompson, an artist in kalsomine and lime, and Miss Jerusha Simmons, artistic laundress of Sullivan street, and the fancy dress ball for the society of decorative art, where Henry Clews led the "Sir Roger de Coverly," and the Vanderbilts and Astors were in the German, but when it comes down to hard, square, solid enjoyment, where you get your dollar's worth for a dollar, give me the cake walk every time. It has been a busy week for the dancers and revellers. It is considerable of a tumble from boned turkey covered with jelly, *pate de fois gras*, quail on toast, ices, creams, port punch, sherry and champagne, to red herrings, soup maigre, weak tea, and cold water, and this is what Lent means to many of the fasters.

Society had come down from its high horse at the charity ball, but society did not go to the charity ball for enjoyment. They went there exclusively for charity. Then society did not wear its best clothes when it did go. Oh, no. Mr. Klopstein, from the Bowery, and Paddy Divver, from the sixth ward, might possibly touch elbows with Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt in the crowd. But Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt, as I said before, had taken in that possibility, and although very well dressed had not put on their best toggery. But it was quite another thing when the elite four hundred met en famille last week. There no outsiders got a peep within the sacred portals. They tried to keep out the wicked reporter, but the wicked reporter got in all the same, and now Ward McAllister and Arthur O'Leary are cudgelling their brains to find out who the wicked reporter is. Broadbrim knows, but he won't tell. Only I can say this much without betraying confidence, that the reporter did not wear pants.

I believe there is a barbaric strain in our blood coming down from the dusty centuries, which neither time nor circumstances has been able to purify, a strain which delights in gaudy colours and semi-barbaric bedeckment, where the wire ring in the nose and the iron bracelet on the ankle, is exchanged for the golden hoop upon the finger and the jewelled asp upon the arm. On the floor there were grand old bankers, erudite professors, great lawyers' stuffed full of Blackstone and Story, rigged out as kings and dukes and clowns, and apparently as happy as school boys after the first snow. In the throng were old dowagers covered with pomade and diamonds, who have attended every society reception since—since—no, I won't tell you how long, but a very long time ago. There were many very beautiful women there, and many more who only made their ugliness more conspicuous by their lavish adornment. The display of diamonds and jewels was wonderful. Mrs. Astor wore a dress that for costliness and beauty is matched by that of no crowned head in Europe, and it was estimated that her diamonds worn on that occasion were worth not less than a round million dollars.

The ball of the Circle Francaise always sets New York by the ears. It generally starts in with a great flourish of trumpets, and invariably winds up in disappointment and growls. Young men about town who expect a reproduction of the Mahille or the Chateau Rouge, pay five or ten dollars for the privilege and are mad as hops because the ball is not as bad as they expected. It is safe to say that the only reason any Americans attend at all is that they expect to be shocked. This has got to be so well understood that the police are always out in full force, and they generally have their long night locusts within reach. The average Frenchman who delights in the ball of the Circle Francaise is a red hot republican. I mean French republican, and he does not like his liberty to be curtailed at his favorite ball, either in high kicking and champagne. Now all sales of whiskey, or anything else that a man could get respectably drunk on, stops at one o'clock a.m., and until one o'clock nobody expects to see much fun at the French ball. Very pretty, magnificently dressed, but very naughty are some of the syrens that gild this festive occasion. They are of a class that does not usually attend social balls in New York, but at the Circle Francaise there is no unpleasant hunting for pedigrees. At one o'clock the police shut down on the wine room, then there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Though the floors and reception rooms swarmed with police and detectives, there was some very high kicking as it approached the wee hours, and no man or woman went to bed thirsty if they only had the money to pay.

The Leidekrads and the Arion are the two great society balls of our German population, and are among the jolliest and most popular balls given here during the season. Nothing delights the German heart more than a masquerade, and on certain occasions as high as \$1,000 have been paid by ambitious individuals for the privilege of being king of the festival. Though the company attending these balls are always large, and ample latitude is allowed for mirth and enjoyment, and all classes of respectable people are admitted, a close scrutiny is kept upon all who attend, so that while they have lots of roaring fun and a good time generally, it is that kind of a good time where the most respectable and circumspect German feels perfectly safe in taking his wife and daughters. In speaking of balls let me not forget the ball of the French cooks, who every year have an *gran jollification*. The great feature of this ball is the menu, which a Texas editor liberally interprets as the lay out. For no such supper is served at any ball given in New York. Whatever swims in this sea, or flies in the air, or crawls on the ground, or grows in the earth, is made to contribute to the French cooks' supper. Their circle of acquaintance is very large, and their patrons are all rich people, and the association being mainly charitable and so-

cial the proceeds are always satisfactory. The Hibernians have had one great ball, but the St. Patrick's ball is yet to come, the ball of the season for our friends from the Green Isle. To see the sons and daughters of St. Patrick out in force at the ball on St. Patrick's night, you would never imagine for a moment that distress was ever heard of by the children of the Emerald Isle. The flash of diamonds meets you at every turn, the ladies are gay in the rarest and costliest of silks, and the gentlemen radiant in wonderful rosettes and sashes, heavy with gold bullion, and flashing with lace and bright spangles. The cocked hats, all trimmed with gold lace and green feathers, is an imposing feature of their rich costume, the only difficulty being that they look like an army where they were all officers and no privates.

Speaking of St. Patrick's day reminds me that the two factions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians have not yet shaken hands over the bloody chasm. The association is about evenly divided, and is several thousand strong, so that if they should give us a regular old Irish fight it is safe to say that nothing like it has been seen since the battle of the Boyne or Vinegar Hill. We timed the matter over last year and the year before by getting the different factions to parade at different hours of the day, and in districts of the city several miles apart. The same thing will be done this year, though I can't fail to remember the exclamation of a big Irish carman, when the ultimatum was submitted to them by the chief of police, "Never moind, Tim, never moind; we'll take it out ov um yet, an' don't ye forgit it."

New York has no more worthy charity than that which opened last week in Mott street, right where it was most needed, in the midst of the slums, where poverty, sin and crime do much abound. It is a monument erected by John Jacob Astor to the memory of his beloved wife, and is one of the most amply provided for industrial schools in the world. It is all very well to teach the children of the poor to read, write and cipher, but back all of this comes the difficult problem of life, and the question of how to get bread and shelter and clothes, and right here is where this charity comes in. The children are taken in hand as soon as they can get them, and they are put in a practical way to make a living. They are taught to sew, to embroider, to use all kinds of sewing machines, to keep house, to cook, wash, iron, make dresses, and in short to do everything, which, in after life will make them accomplished wives and mothers. During her life I had occasion to speak of Mrs. Astor's charities, for while her charity was universal she was known for many years past as the newboys' friend. On Christmas and Thanksgiving she always provided them with a feast, and now she still reaches out from the shadow of the tomb to bless the children of the poor.

We have had quite a sharp streak of winter, and the streets are full of ruined strikers out of a job.—Truly yours,
BROADBRIM.

REASON FOR THE PARADE.

The Irish Must Show Their Strength—Their Flag Must be Seen Again.

CHICAGO, Feb. 14.—The council of the Irish-American societies in Chicago decided yesterday, after a hot debate, to have a St. Patrick's day parade this year. The custom fell into disuse years ago, the money which the parades cost being forwarded to Parnell. A delegate in advocating the old-fashioned procession, stated that since the Irish-Americans had ceased waving the green flag in the public thoroughfares British-Americans had taken to marching and flying aloft the hated English jack. Therefore the Irish must show their strength by parading.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—A mass meeting of Irish-Americans was held here last night to raise money to aid Parnell. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, presided, and speeches were made by him and Representatives Foran and McAdoo, ex-Governor Price, of New Jersey, and ex Representative Richieu Robinson, of New York. Resolutions were adopted, denouncing the testimony against Parnell as that of perjurers and felons. About \$800 was raised.

GOOD STROKE OF POLICY.

Reduction in the Spanish Army Estimates Proposed—A Very Shrewd Man.

MADRID, Feb. 18.—In congress on Saturday Prime Minister Sagasta created a sensation by proposing a large reduction in the army estimates in order to permit a reduction of taxation without reversing the free trade policy. He declared that the time had arrived when Spain must devote her whole attention to economical matters in preference to the military and naval affairs, and that for a nation that harboured no warlike designs armaments were not needed. The speech is considered a good stroke of policy.

MADRID, Feb. 18.—The American minister and other foreign representatives here are trying to persuade the government to allow greater facilities to foreigners desiring to invest capital in the land in the Philippine Islands and other Spanish possessions on the Pacific. The newspapers oppose this and approve the government's measures, excluding foreigners, which they say enables Spain to avoid diplomatic conflicts.

ISSUE OF A MANIFESTO.

It is Taken Up Principally With the Denunciation of Gen. Boulanger.

PARIS, Feb. 18.—A radical manifesto has been issued. It is mainly devoted to denouncing Boulanger, who it says, did not hesitate to oppose his own programme of revision in order to overthrow the ministry. Boulangerists are not afraid to paralyze business, and menace the success of the exhibition by placing their hatred of the republic and their personal ambition above the highest interests of the country.

PARIS, Feb. 18.—The only positive adhesions which Meline has received are those of Rouviers, for the ministry of the interior, Berrier, ministry of education, and Dautremere, ministry of public works or commerce.—It is hoped that Gen. Billot will take the war portfolio, and Ribot some other, but both opportunists and radicals are refusing to join, anticipating a short life for the new cabinet.

A Sensation in New York.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—A sensation has been caused in Mount Vernon by the arrest of Pascal I. Barquet, a prominent bookseller and stationer, on a charge of burglary. He denies the charge.

Herbert Gladstone has written a letter defending the eviction of his father's estates at Hawarden. He says the evictions were perfectly compatible with all reasonable upholding of the cause of the Irish tenants.

A GREAT CATASTROPHE.

A HOTEL IN HARTFORD IS BLOWN TO FLINDERS.

The Loss of Life by It is Tremendous—Sad Scenes at the Wreck—People Seen to Perish in the Flames, and Aid Cannot be Given Them—A Terrible Reckoning.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 18.—The main portion of the Park Central hotel, facing on High and Allen streets, fell down this morning a few moments before 5 o'clock, burying in the debris at least fifty people. The cause of the accident is not known, but it is supposed to have resulted from the explosion of the boilers in the basement, and from the havoc in adjoining buildings. The explosion theory seems the most probable. Every window in the Earl house, right across Allen street, was broken, and the walls were smashed in many places. The noise of the fall aroused the whole city, and in a very few minutes a large crowd surrounded the scene.—It was a sight of horror, and one that will never be forgotten by the spectators. Flames completely enveloped the ruins, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying rose high above the hoarse notes of the firemen and police, who had been summoned by an alarm from the fire department. At 9 a.m. it is almost impossible to give a detailed account, as the people who escaped from an annex are too frightened to be able to talk intelligently.

The following is a partial list of those who occupied rooms in the hotel, and who are believed to be in the ruins: Louis H. Bronson and wife, of Hartford; M. Galody, editor of the *German Herald*; Andrew P. Whiting and wife; Dwight H. Buell, jeweler, this city; Wellington Ketchum, proprietor of the hotel, and his wife and son Eddie.

It is the most horrible catastrophe that has ever been known in Hartford. The loss of life is believed not to be less than fifty, but it cannot be stated definitely, as the night clerk is among the missing. The books are destroyed.

Among the missing are George Engler, a drug clerk of Hartford; George S. Ketchum, brother of the proprietor of the hotel; Rev. Dr. Perrin and wife, secretary of the Congregational tract society; W. Tiltonson, commercial traveller; Mr. Stiffles, safe agent.

Nearly all the help employed in the hotel were saved. They occupied the sleeping apartments in the annex, which was only partially wrecked by the explosion. The entire main section of the hotel is gone. Only a pile of brick and timbers remaining.

The scenes about the ruins were horrible. In the centre of the spot where the building had stood were a man, his wife and little girl. No help could get to them and they finally fell back into the flames and perished in plain sight of the spectators. The child cried for help, but the man and woman uttered no word, embraced in each other's arms, and met death bravely.

The shrieks of another woman caused the blood of the spectators to turn cold, as they saw a young lady lying with her body half across a beam of agony on her face. Finally the support fell and she dropped out of sight.

William Seymour and William Skinner were employed in the boiler room. Neither of them could be found this morning, and probably perished.

Eddie Boyle was last seen in the hotel. He is probably dead.

Charles M. Webster, insurance agent of this city, is missing. Mr. Pond, of Indiana, the democratic speaker, was a guest at the hotel, and is supposed to be among the killed. Amos Risley and Alexander Thayer were in charge of the boiler. It was reported at first that they were both killed, but there are parties who say they have seen both men since the disaster.

Some of the Latest Details.

HARTFORD, Conn., Feb. 18.—By 9 o'clock the flames were so far subdued that the rescuers were enabled to get at some of the victims. Some were pinned beneath heavy timbers upon which rested masses of masonry, rendering the work of rescue extremely hazardous. The members of the Hoodman Blind theatrical company are all safe. The dead body of Dwight H. Buell, of this city, was taken out at 10 o'clock. The bodies of Louis H. Bronson, stove dealer, Hartford, wife and child, were discovered at about the same time. Harry Stiffles, a commercial traveller, Philadelphia, who roomed on the third floor, was taken from the ruins considerably bruised, but he remarked that he was "all right." The house had accommodations for about 100 guests and was a favourite over-Sunday stopping place for commercial travellers.

An intending guest, who applied for a room late Saturday night, was informed they were full, so it seems probable that at least 80 persons were in the house at the time of the explosion, of which perhaps 20 escaped uninjured. These were mostly employees, who occupied an annex or wing of the house extending to the east and which has not yet fallen although in a shaky condition. Among those known to be buried in the ruins are: Rev. Dr. L. Perrin and wife, of New Britain, and R. W. F. Whiting, actuary of the Hartford life and annuity insurance company, and wife; and Wellington Ketchum, proprietor of the hotel, wife and son. About six persons have been sent to the hospital. Owing to the destruction of the register of the hotel the names of many of the guests cannot be ascertained.

The Very Latest.

Among those buried in the ruins are Max Galody, editor of the *Hartford Herald*; George J. Engler, drug clerk; and Harry Perry, night clerk of the hotel. It is understood now that the bodies of Mr. Bronson, wife and child, have not been recovered. George Ketchum, brother of the proprietor, is also in the ruins. Mr. Rendleton, of Indiana, who was soliciting subscriptions to complete a monument to Thomas A. Hendricks, is among the missing. Mr. James, an agent of the White Star line, was taken out at noon alive, and apparently not very badly injured, although he is not able to stand. He said Landlord Ketchum and his wife were under where he lay, and were still alive. John M. Houston, of the Revere rubber company, Boston; George W. Rott, traveller for Walte, Williams & Co., Boston; Mr. Hall, A. F. Tiltonson, traveller for Merrill chemical company of Chicago, are also missing.

Taken out dead—George M. Grimes, night porter. At hospital—Jacob Turpin, coloured waiter; Helen Lapointe, guest; Jennie Decker, Unionville, badly bruised, and both legs broken; Michael Herrigan, Unionville, badly bruised.