

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

THE WEEKLY SUMMARY OF EVENTS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Scandal in a German Colony—The Politicians Sickened of Display—A Prince of Political Healers Lies Dying—Another Financial Man Gone Wrong.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, March 8.—The Corsican and Sicilian vendettas are matters of history, running through countless generations and frequently not stopping till one side or the other had no material to vendetta upon. Kentucky in times past has furnished us with some excellent specimens. Tennessee and West Virginia have put in some very fine work in the way of roadside assassinations, but we would hardly look for a first class sensation of that kind in the staid city of Brooklyn. Yet, so it is. On the outskirts of the town lived two well-to-do German families who had almost grown up together, and were familia, and happy as happy could be. They drank the same bock beer, munched the same bologna sausage, seasoned the repast with Schweitzer Kase and saur kraut, and frequently wound up the evening with copious libations of schnapps straight from the Zuyder Zee. In short, it was impossible for any two families to be on more familiar terms than the Shultzes and the Schluchners; nor were these people young and foolish, for Mrs. Shultz had been married twenty-five years, and Mrs. Schluchner over thirty. Both had families grown up, and some of their children were married. Business had prospered with the Shultzes, and fortune had not been unkind to the Schluchners. Each lived in his own home and had a nice little sum laid away in a stocking for a rainy day. But there is no such thing as a perfect bliss in this miserable world of ours, and that these two families soon found out. Schluchner was a gay old boy, verging towards sixty, it is true, but as lively as a two year old colt. Mrs. Schluchner was not uncomely to look upon, but old Schluchner found something very much more attractive over at Shultz's mansion than he found at his own pretty little cottage. It was not very long before Shultz began to smell an exceedingly large sized nice, and Mrs. Schluchner's eyes would snap like a first class dynamo every time her handsome neighbour came in sight.

In a very short time war was declared, and Mrs. Schluchner made exceedingly warm for Mr. Schluchner and Mrs. Shultz. Mr. Shultz, scandalized by his wife's behavior, left her and set up a separate establishment for himself, and Mr. Schluchner left Mrs. Schluchner all alone in her glory. The war waged hot, and one day last week Shultz went home. He had been some time getting his courage up to the sticking point, but he got it up at last, and on Mrs. Shultz remonstrating with him for his conduct he made a rush for her and gave her a terrible beating. She fled to the barn for safety and Shultz went to bed. The next morning Mrs. Shultz got up, went to her bureau and taking out a small Smith & Wesson revolver, blew her brains out. The news flew like wildfire through the neighbourhood, and one of the first to hear the joyful intelligence was Mrs. Schluchner. When the messenger told her that her enemy was dead she fairly danced with joy. She sent down to the dry goods store and got a lot of crape, and getting a large American flag, she embroidered it all around with black, and when the job was finished she flung it to the breeze out of her front window. She took no pains to conceal from her neighbours the fact that she was celebrating the death of Mrs. Shultz. Then the neighbours became indignant and vowed vengeance on the Schluchners. Her sons kept a grocery store and they backed their mother up in what she had done, but they soon began to find that nobody would buy anything of them, so, as financial ruin was staring them in the face, at the end of three days Mrs. Schluchner hauled down her flag.

The week has been an exceedingly lively one among the republican politicians who were preparing to take a hand in the inauguration. It is marvelous where all the money comes from, but it comes. The claus turned out by hundreds, and a sweller looking lot it would be hard to find. The uniforms were unique, and there were high white hats and white top coats, patent-leather shoes, and buttonhole bouquets. There were dark Prince Albert coats, and fawn-coloured pants, white chokers and high collars that almost cut off their heads. Some wore ulsters with massive capes, while others displayed their manly forms in swallow-tailed coats and low cut vests. It was a very democratic crowd; while every one was as well as well could be there was no putting on airs. The five hundred heeleders from Johnny O'Brien's eight assembly district cracked jokes with the silk stocking brigade led by Colonel Cruger, and made themselves entirely comfortable and happy as happy could be; and the Mike Dady legion from Brooklyn, flanked by the John Y. McKane battalion, shared the glory of the day, especially as it was known that it was John Y. McKane who pulled down the majority of Kings county, and by doing so rendered the election of Mr. Harrison possible.

I well recollect the departure of the clans to Washington four years ago. The county democracy was then on top and Tammany was only a remote contingent. The Mike Murphy legion filled sixteen cars, and the commissary department alone had provisions and drinks for an army twice the size. I saw them depart gallant and gay, and at the end of three days I saw the return of the shattered remnant, for one-half of them came back upon their uppers. The republicans got back in much better shape. Saturday and Sunday were eventful days for the railroad people. Train after train rolled out, but seemed to make very little impression on the crowd. At last they were all provided for and got off, they saw the great pageant and got back. All agreed that it was a great show, but they said they had had all the inauguration they wanted, and were well satisfied to get back home.

Harry Genet is slowly dying of a painful disease which only makes his death a question of a few weeks. Many who have entered on public life within the last ten years may ask who is Harry Genet? You would not have had to ask that question fourteen or fifteen years ago, when William M. Tweed was a power in the city and Prince Harry Genet wore the largest of the tiger badges on his coat and the costliest of diamonds glittered on his massive shirt front. The diamond ring on his finger proclaimed him a prince of the blood, and no one disputed his right to reign. Gay times were those for Prince Hal. If he wanted money he had only to draw his check on the city-treasurer and the money came just the same as it would for the autograph of a Vanderbilt or a Gould. With the collapse of the Tweed ring Harry Genet became a fugitive from justice, and, escaping the officers who arrested him, lay in hiding for many weeks. He might have escaped to Canada, as many other hoodlars have done, but life out of New York for him was only a living death, so at last he surrendered himself and stood his trial. He was convicted, but a merciful judge, instead of sending him to states prison, committed him to the penitentiary, where all the keepers and officers were his old-time friends. They cropped his head and shaved

off his luxuriant moustache and compelled him to don a convict's striped suit, and he marched in the lockstep with thieves and murderers. At last his time of imprisonment ended, and he had scarcely cast his convict's stripes when some indiscreet friends nominated him for the legislature. He failed of election and opened a saloon; there was a rush for a few days and then the saloon became bankrupt. Old friends whom he had assisted in the day of his power passed him by unnoticed in the street, and the ingratitude broke his heart. Unfortunate speculations and false friends swept away the bulk of his ill gotten gains and he felt the day of doom and retribution had come. The terrible disease, cancer in the mouth, attacked him, and now, in suffering indescribable, ends a life that twenty years ago promised in this gay and busy capital. His fate should be a warning to all young men. Nature did everything for him, fortune reached out her hand to aid him, but he bartered hope, fame and honor for the companionship of swindlers and thieves. He threw the chances of life upon a single cast for ill-gotten gold and lost.

Another sad sight is Henry S. Ives and his partner Stayner in Ludlow street gaol. A year ago Henry S. Ives had his town house, his country house, his yacht; retinues of servants who waited his bidding; his check was good for millions. Old men representing the wealth and honor of the city, stood uncovered in the presence of this stripling who in two short years had risen from a humble clerkship to the control of thousands of miles of railroad, till all Wall street looked upon this young Napoleon as the only man who could possibly down Jay Gould. He had already effected a combination that made the Little Wizard tremble, and the future seemed big with fate. Wall street had Ferdinand Ward fast in States' prison, and here was another case almost parallel to Ward's. Both had started on the same capital—check—and both had created millions out of the same capital—wind. And for wind and cheek Wall street, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis laid down nearly twenty millions in sold gold. Just think of it! Hard-fisted old curmudgeons who would pinch a silver dollar till they made the eagle squeal, unlocked their strong boxes to this windy financier and bade him help himself to all he wanted, and he did. In two years the bubble burst, and now Henry S. Ives and his partner Stayner are lodged in Ludlow street jail, with the almost certain prospect of states prison before them.

And as if this was not enough for one week, the town was startled with the intelligence that General Franz Sigel's son had swindled the pension office, of which he had charge, to the amount of thousands of dollars. While there is no sympathy felt for the swindler himself, the deepest and most profound sympathy is felt for his honoured father, who placed in him the utmost confidence. For the past two or three years it appears that he has systematically violated the law by extorting fees and forging names. Should he be convicted on the counts now against him he would not get out of prison for a hundred and fifty years. Yours truly,

BROADBRIM.

PERSONAL MENTION.

People Whose Movements, Sayings and Doings Attract Attention.

Miss Robinson, of Montreal, is visiting Mr. Devlin, Gordon street.

Robert Laidlaw once more occupies the editorial chair of the Brockville Times.

Manager Harry Spence, New Haven club, has signed D. J. Lally, of last season's Bellevilles.

Captain Hugh John Macdonald, Winnipeg, will shortly sever his connection with the 90th battalion.

W. J. Scanlan will sail for Europe on April 19, with an American company. He will be managed by Gus Pitou.

Mr. Rhea has just completed negotiations for a new play on a historical subject, which will be the chief feature of her repertoire next season.

Gov. Schultz offers one fourth of his land in Selkirk, Man., as a grant in aid of a hospital should the residents establish such an institution in the locality.

Fred Archer, the eminent organist, intends locating in Milwaukee. He said to an interviewer lately: "It is wonderful to what a point of development musical taste has advanced in the western country. They know a good deal more about music there than in the east, for they cultivate it seriously and intelligently. I went through Manitoba recently, and the ripe musical knowledge of the people with whom I came in contact was simply amazing."

CIRCLE OF THE CHURCHES.

Denominational Paragraphs That Will be Read With Much Interest.

Captain Dempster, Kingston, has been removed to Perth Salvation army corps.

Rev. R. Whiting will conduct the services in Queen street Methodist church to-morrow.

Rev. J. W. Sparling will preach at both services in the Sydenham street Methodist church to-morrow.

Charles Stevens has offered \$500 towards building a new barracks for the Salvation army in Napanee.

On Tuesday Rev. C. O'Dell Baylee, incumbent of Selby, was married to the eldest daughter of A. B. McGinness, Napanee.

The Bishop of Kingston recently consecrated a new Catholic church at Kemptonville and gave a contribution of \$200 towards its costs.

Evangelist Schiverea is stirring up the people of Picton. The church is crowded nightly. At a recent service at 5 a.m. 400 were present.

Rev. E. N. Baker, Napanee, delivers a temperance sermon in the Western church to-morrow. In the afternoon a temperance meeting occurs in the Eastern church.

Rev. Mr. McAuley, Presbyterian minister in Dalhousie and North Sherbrooke, lost his voice about a year ago, and, there being no appearance of its restoration, he has determined to resign.

He Deserved It All.

Last Wednesday James Rand, Picton, received the first dose of twenty lashes for indecent assault. It was the first time such punishment was inflicted in the county. Rand was stripped to the waist, his hands, legs and body pinioned to a triangle. The first cut left a red streak, but drew no blood. Rand winced under the blows, but uttered no appeal for mercy. The last stroke having been given the prisoner was released, showing signs of exhaustion. He quickly recovered and walked unaided to his cell. He will be similarly chastised on April 12th.

Saving \$1.50.

Prevost, at the New York clothing store, gives the choice of any pant pattern in his window for \$3.50, made to order. The goods are stripes and checks, in Scotch tweed and English worsted in stripes. Those goods are worth \$5 per pair. For one week only.

Novelties! Novelties!

Go to Bowes & Bissonette's for new frillings, veilings, ribbons, laces, corsets, hosiery, kid gloves, linen and silk handkerchiefs. Their prices are always the lowest.

THE FORCE OF BOBBIES.

TOMMY GREEN MAKES THEM SUBJECTS FOR A POEM.

The Class of Men Who Do Service For the Citizens—Tommy Points Out Their Foibles and Idiosyncrasies—He Hopes He Won't be Run In For His Indiscretion When the enterprising burglar's done a burglary And the cut-throat isn't occupied in crime. Fied in crime.

The "Bobby" likes to hear the little brook a gurgling. Brook a gurgling, And to listen to the merry village chime. Village chime. Pirates of Penance.

A band of gallant heroes, fearless heroes, brave and true, Are these gentlemen with batons, these Anaks dressed in blue, The guardians of our households, the pre-servers of the peace, They're a slap up set of "bobbies" is the Kingston town police.

They're proud but very pleasant, gay but never coarse, And they're oners at their duty in this energetic force. They'll run 'em in, and run 'em out, and turn 'em upside down, Move you on, and move you off, and paralyze you with a frown, Shadow you, and follow you, and ferret out your crime, Faith they're the boys to bag you sure and do it every time.

A burglar hasn't got a chance, a cut-throat's little better, They'll find the scent and nose it on like a bloodhound or a setter; From information they've received they go to such and such a place, And in the very shortest time work up a really charming case, Until a felon has been found, if not the right the wrong one, (It's easier to arrest, I think, a weak man than a strong one.)

And though the party taken up be innocent of sin, What matter if they think it right to run the fellow in, It's nasty for the man but then it shows the force's zeal, We should be grateful for the good these little traits reveal. And if a murder has been done, (I don't like murders much) They'll find the mutilated corpse, (it can't elude their clutch.)

They'll show it to the coroner, will tell him all they saw, And thus in full will vindicate the majesty of law. I couldn't tell of all the crimes to which they've found a clew And followed pertinaciously, till dropped for something new, But this I know, and knowing tell, "Oh blessings on their heads, But for these 'bobbies' none could snooze with pleasure in their beds," Their quantity is very small, their quality is great;

Read further on, you'll clearly see, the truth of what I state They're headed by commissioners, whose number comes to three, The colonel, mayor, and Priceless judge (I hope he won't judge me.) The judge attends to civil bills, the mayor controls the city, The colonel puts delinquents in the prison without pity.

The colonel when the business in the court is somewhat slack Leads on to the mounted troops of County Frontenac, And with him goes in "yellowed blue" his other blue fornaek, The constable who thirsts for blood, the constable named Aiken. It is a noble, warlike corps, this Frontenac brigade, And numbers twenty-two or three, when mustered on parade. The colonel makes the twenty fourth and Aiken twenty five, And they are all undoubtedly the finest troops alive.

I'm wandering from the "bobbies" though, or I am much mistaken, The colonel is the cause of this, and also Mr. Aiken. The "bobbies" chief is all that's good, yes that is what the force say, And every citizen respects the name of Mr. Horsey. The sergeants are the bully boys, on murder, theft or arson; Nesbitt is a shock to thieves and so is Sergeant Carson. Theology's tabooed by them (will always be I hope) They have no time to argue on King Billy or the Pope.

And now we have the rank and file, the constables gigantic On duty strict, but off relax to fun and things romantic. I'll take them as my memory serves, ("will save a deal of plodding.") The first is Ballantyne, with him there comes the name of Snodden, Two Irish lads, who have with fortune had a heavy "wrestle—" For many years they turned the keys in Mr. Corbett's castle. McCullough next, he's five feet six, tries heels to make him larger, Then Aiken who accompanies the colonel on a charger. There's Craig who's always on to time to take a bonzer up, And where Craig is you're jolly sure to find his spaniel pup.

Then look at Tuttle who, I think, continues growing still; He won't leave off until he grows as tall as Tuttle's hill. And here is one whose parents have inflicted with a wrong By calling Small a man who is unusually long. Just see Megarry, Dude Megarry, Megarry spick and span, I'm positive I never saw a nicer ladies' man.

Burnett's a problem that I haven't quite clearly solved as yet, It takes some time to fathom all in such a bobbish set. "Diz vun vot cooms along juz now, he smile as him I zean, Vy blez ma zole dot is ma fren, ze gootz Nich Timmeiman." These are the members of the force as it at present stands; There are others who I'll mention here, some ex-officio hands, Giving honour to the good and brave who nobly did their duty In days gone by, and did it well for Kingston, home and beauty.

There's Mr. Quinn, the watchful one, who wanders round at nights With arms enough to battle in a hundred thousand fights; For luminating Mikey Quinn bears on his chest or stomach A lantern that throws light upon all those he has to flummick. Timmy Lane was once a "cop," and Bennett, puzzling riddle, For, musicless, he plays upon a corporation fiddle. Detective Denny's occupation, like Othello's one, is gone;

He didn't like, so I am told, to put blue livery on. And now detective work is done by each in week about. That is why all wickedness is traced so quickly out. I like to study criminals in all their various phases, And find out which they look upon as safest hiding places. It seems to me, the opera house they consider most secure, For if a company is there, you're always very sure Among its patrons to behold, in mufti smart and neat, Detectives one, or two, ensconced in a really pleasant seat. Prepared at once to clear the house of noisy men or drunken, Or to arrest the bad Macbeth for killing good King Duncan.

Without our "bobbies" we would be in direful, woeful plight; We'd surely have no peace by day and little sleep by night. These gentlemen in indigo are angels un-awares, To protect us from the "old boy," and the "old boy's" wicked snares. Dry nurses for our baby men, fond lovers for our cooks, The finders of our truant goods, lost bills and pocket books; The men that do their duty in the way that they think best. But they do it, that's the rub, so never heed the rest.

To these gallant heroes, fearless heroes, to brave and true, These bobbies with their batons, those Anaks dressed in blue, These guardians of our households, the pre-servers of the peace, This slap up lot of "coppers," the Kingston town police, I wish every kind of happiness, the world has ever seen, And trust they won't put bracelets on the wrists of

TOMMY GREEN.

Dear Sir: I had intended to write an eloquent eulogium on the comfortable and magnificent quarters supplied by an ever indulgent council for the comfort and use of the officers, and on the fine airy cells for prisoners, but this was before I had seen them. Having made a closer inspection I find the eulogium would be principally made up of such words as "Disgraceful, pigsty, pestilence, black hole of Calcutta, etc.," so I think I'd better let up on eulogy. I couldn't figure much as a eulogizer with such a stock in trade.

T. G.

Working a Gold Mine.

All preparations are made for working the Guinea gold mine in the township of Kaladar. Some time ago a practical test was made of seventeen tons of the ore from this mine when it showed up rich. The mine is two miles from the village of Kaladar, and is owned by Dennis Guinea, John Guinea, and A. P. Wickware, of Kaladar; Rev. Father O'Donoghue, Erinville; F. Burrows, H. M. Peroche, and J. H. Downey, Napanee, and R. A. Helliwell, of Chicago. A crusher has been completed, a large quantity of ore hauled out ready for use, and active operations begun. Thirty tons of ore will be crushed per day, and it is expected the yield will be from \$7 to \$10 per ton, or even \$15 per ton. The proprietors have a bonanza.

Rideau Canal Overflow.

A petition before parliament from the townships of Kingston, Storrington and Pittsburg complains that their lands, bordering on the Rideau canal on the level between Kingston Mills and Brewer's Mills have for several years past suffered damage by flooding, caused by the water being raised above the proper level for which the canal was constructed, and was not adopted until recent years. The water has been raised from five feet six inches on the sill of the upper lock at Kingston Mills to 7 feet 7 inches. They contend that flooding large quantities of the most valuable land in the country is entirely unnecessary, inasmuch as the level could be lowered and the cost defrayed out of the lands reclaimed.

Removal to New Premises.

Among our advertisements to-day is T. W. Milo's, who for the past ten years has carried on business as a painter and paper-hanger. He comes of old painter stock, his father and grandfather being in the line before him, the latter establishing the business more than half a century ago. Mr. Milo has removed his establishment to Montreal street, between Princess and Queen streets, and has fitted up a neat shop for room paper with full lines of wall, ceiling, and border papers. The stock is all new and the patterns well selected. Give him a call, he is attentive to business, does good work, and will sell at bottom prices.

Medical Y. M. C. A.

At the business meeting of the Medical Y. M. C. A., Thursday afternoon, the following officers were elected for next session: President, Guss Gardner; vice-president, J. T. Kennedy; recording secretary, E. B. Echlin; corresponding secretary, W. A. Cook; treasurer, J. N. Patterson; librarian, S. Wilson. The association this year has done good work, number of members increased, interest in the weekly prayer meetings grown, and altogether the Medical Y. M. C. A. is in such better condition than at the close of last session. The coming year, under the present efficient officers, promises to be equally as successful.

A Writ Issued.

A writ has been issued at the instance of Malcolm McIntyre, reeve of Gananoque, against Rev. J. M. Hagar for libel contained in a letter appearing in the Gananoque Reporter. On receipt of the writ Mr. Hagar forwarded it to E. M. Britton, Q.C., with instructions to conduct the defence. No amount was mentioned in the writ as being claimed for damages. It simply avers a charge of libel upon the plaintiff and from which he desired to be freed. The case, if not delayed, will be tried at Brockville on April 9th.

The Hotel Arrivals.

Arrivals at the British American Hotel—J. Phynisher, H. M. Patterson, W. J. Murphy, A. J. Mason, H. A. Barnard, W. Anderson, Montreal; H. Kraus, E. M. Jennings, New York; J. V. L. Pruyn, Albany; J. F. Hunter, N. Washington, M.D., W. E. Austin, A. M. Jarvis, G. Stewart, Toronto; J. F. Norris, Wheeling, W. Va.; W. R. Hasley, Brantford; J. B. Davis, H. T. Hopkins, Cape Vincent; J. L. Stonny, Hamilton; W. B. Fraser, Wolfe Island.

Look At This.

In order to dispose of the large stock of wood I have on hand I will supply the public with the best of hardwood at \$4.00 per cord, delivered. I also have on hand the best scranon coal at the cheapest price. J. Parsons, coal and wood yard, foot of Princess street.

Saturday and Saturday Night.

Grand opening of new spring dry goods by Bowes & Bissonette. Immense display and prices lower than ever.

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.

There is no ice in the lake about Charlotte, N. Y.

Corsets in great variety at Minnes and Burns'. New goods arriving daily for Bowes & Bissonette.

New frillings opened to-day at Minnes and Burns'. For genuine Scranon No. 4 coal go to the Gas Works yard.

The great centre of attraction for bargains is at Bowes & Bissonette's. Bowes & Bissonette are offering great bargains in gents' furnishings.

New carpets and lace curtains received by Bowes & Bissonette to-day.

Big ranges of nobby jacket and ulster cloths at Bowes & Bissonette's.

Bowes & Bissonette have already opened out 65 cases of new spring goods.

For white and grey cottons at wholesale prices go to Bowes & Bissonette's.

New white and coloured muslins only 5c, seersuckers, 5c, at Bowes & Bissonette's.

George Cliff has sold the Macalister property, King street west, to H. A. Calvin, Esq.

The handsomest jacket materials in the city in black, light colors, and checks at R. McPaul's.

Children's sale of work, cake, candies, etc., in the city hall next Friday afternoon. Five o'clock tea.

Don't forget to call and see the handsome prints that Bowes & Bissonette are offering at 7c, 8c, and 10c.

Grand missionary entertainment in the city hall Friday next at 8 o'clock. Professor Marshall in the chair.

Chair backs, splashers, sideboard covers, D'Oyley's toilet covers, tray covers, etc., very cheap, at R. McPaul's.

The work of constructing the new water tower will be finished to-day. It will be painted and tarred next week.

Don't forget it. Striped tweeds and worsteds, \$3 to \$4 for trousers, at Lambert & Walsh's, 110 Princess street.

For dry oak and soft maple, soft wood and hard wood at lowest prices, go to Crawford's, foot of Queen street.

Breck & Booth have the best slabs, hard wood and dry blocks. You can get just what you want in the fuel line at their yard.

The St. Paul's school cricket club, Concord, N.H., wants a match with the Kingston club in July. It can be accommodated.

Unless J. P. Northey has the waterworks for Napanee completed by August 1st he will have to pay \$5 per day until the work is done.

The best and handsomest 10c. cretonne ever shown in Kingston. New patterns in muslins, new curtain materials at R. McPaul's.

There has just arrived at J. Campbell's wood yard, Ontario street, the best stock of sawed or unsawed maple, also the best of dry slab wood.

Turkish bath towels, one and a quarter yards in length, only 40c.; bleached linen towels, one and one eighth yards long, only 15c. at R. McPaul's.

The police expect to arrest in a few days the parties who entered three grocery stores on Princess street and stole goods within the last couple of weeks.

If Hubbard is captured in Watertown, N.Y., Christopher Moore, whom he robbed in Kingston, will prosecute him for taking stolen goods into the state.

A True Blue lodge will be organized in Portsmouth and named Robinson lodge after the late Thomas Robinson W. Robinson will present it with a banner.

In Yarker, men who were formerly constantly before the judge on citation summons, are now earning honest livings for their families. The Scott act has done a great deal for Yarker.

Michael O'Rourke, of Amherst Island, has been declared guilty of a fourth offence against the Scott act and a warrant issued. He has already served a term in gaol for violations of the law.

Last evening a very pleasant time was spent at Mr. Hunter's hotel, market square, by about fifty friends, whom he invited to dine with him. Oysters and other edibles were served and appreciated.

Ladies' half, whole and quarter wigs, bangs, switches, hair chains, rings, made to order. Dress and mantle making. Cannif corset, best ever made, over Walsh & Steacy's, 105 Princess street, Kingston.

Said catastrophes, remarkable incidents, wonderful transactions occur every day, but it is only once in a while that you can get such extraordinary good value in clothing as now offered by Lambert & Walsh, 110 Princess street.

Avoid appearances.—A worthy gentleman, having an unusually red nose, was long suspected of being a tippler on the sly, by those not well acquainted with his strictly temperate habits. His unfortunate disfigurement was readily cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A horse race occurred on the new fair grounds track, yesterday afternoon, between horses owned by Mr. J. H. Metcalf, M.P.P., and Joseph McConnell. The purse was \$50. Metcalf's horse won the race by taking the first, second, and fourth heats. Time 3:02 1/2 mins. Messrs. S. Barnes, W. M. Murray, and W. Carson were judges.

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

Table with columns for Montreal Stock Markets, Montreal, March 9, 12 noon. Includes sub-sections for Stocks and Exchange, and a list of various banks and companies with their respective values.

JOSEPH FRANKLIN, Windsor Hotel Block, Princess Street, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. PRODUCE COMMISSION DEALER.

Headquarters for Glover, Timothy, Field and Gordon Seeds. Choice Family Flour. Strong Bakers' Flour a specialty.

Table with columns for Weather Probabilities, showing conditions for Wind, Snow, and Cold.

Weather Probabilities. West to northwest winds, partly cloudy with snow furthest, stationary or a little lower temperature.