

SOCIETIES.

Masonic Regular Meetings. Minden, No. 253, on Monday, June 3rd, at 7:30 p.m.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASONRY, ENGLAND, meet every Friday in the Sons of England Room, Princess Street.

Sons of England.

LEICESTER LODGE, No. 33, of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, meet in their new Lodge Room, corner Montreal and Princess Sts., over Strachan's Hardware Store, the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month.

Canadian Order Foresters.

COURT STANLEY, No. 190, C.O.F., meets on TUESDAY, May 28th, in the "Prentice Boys' Hall, King Street. T.T. RENTON, Rec. Sec.

Independent Order of Foresters.

COURT FRONTENAC, No. 59, REGULAR MEETING, Thursday evening, June 6th. J. S. R. McCANN, Secretary.

THE CITY DIRECTORY.

Hotels and Restaurants.

ALBION HOTEL, corner Queen and Montreal Streets, well situated, with yard and stabling. NELSON SWITZER, Proprietor.

Livery Establishments.

F. A. BIRBY, 129 Brock Street, the leading hack and livery stable in the city. Telephone No. 157.

T. C. WILSON, 130 Clarence Street, the largest and longest established livery in the city. Telephone No. 179. Vehicles ready at a moment's notice.

KILDER 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.

H. P. WELLS' LIVERY, foot of Princess St., is the most thoroughly equipped one in the city, having every style of rig kept in a first-class livery. Special rates to opera and commercial men. Telephone No. 10.

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F. W. SPANGENBURG, manufacturer and importer of fine jewellery, 34 King Street.

J. A. LEHEUP, watchmaker, Jeweller, 68 Brock St., dealer in watches, clocks and diamonds. SMITH BROS., 345 King St., headquarters for watches, ranging in price from \$3 to \$300. Silverware and Jewellery.

A. M. BROOK, watchmaker, Jeweller and engraver, has every facility for manufacturing and repairing all kinds of watches in all its branches. Golden Diamond Watch Sign, 90 Princess St.

Photographic.

J. W. POWELL, Copies and Enlarges small pictures, all kinds, and finishes in any style. Our crayon portraits are entirely free-hand drawing, and we can make any change required. Our bromide enlargements are finished in crayon or monochrome, and are second to none for fine finish. J. W. POWELL, 165 Princess Street.

Financial.

MONEY TO LOAN in large or small sums at low rates of interest, on City and Farm Property. Loans granted on City and County Debentures. Apply to THOMAS BRIGGS, Manager, Frontenac Loan and Investment Society. OFFICE—Opposite the Post Office.

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ADAM M'ARTHUR, ACCOUNTANT, AUDITOR, &c., Office, Clarence Street, near King St.

POWER AND SON, ARCHITECTS and Building Surveyors. Office Wellington Street Kingston

DR. MARION LIVINGSTONE, OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, 23 BAGOT STREET, two doors from Brock.

MOWAT & SKINNER, BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS, Ford's Block Brock Street, Kingston.

H. M. MOWAT, LL.B. | J. S. SKINNER, B.A.

L. CLEMENTS, L.D.S., DENTIST, directly opposite the Post Office Wellington Street, established in Kingston, 1857. Telephone No. 337.

J. B. REID, ARCHITECT, Office: Ford's block, over Nisbet's bookstore. Entrance from Brock street.

C. H. OTTO, BOOK BINDER, BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER, No. 11 Montreal Street, Next to Dr. Dupuis.

JOHN STRANGE, LL.B., SOLICITOR &c. Office—Clarence Street, opposite the Post Office. MONEY TO LOAN at lowest current rates.

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DR. ALICE MCGILLIVRAY, Diseases of Women and Children a specialty. Office—230 PRINCESS STREET, at Dr. Sparks' old stand. Telephone No. 346 A

A. F. McVETRY, M.D., C.M., M.R.C.S.E. OFFICE—203 Wellington Street, two doors north of Princess St., lately occupied by Dr. Garrett Telephone No. 218.

WM. NEWLANDS, ARCHITECT AND APPRAISER, corner of Brock and King Sts., over Wade's Drug Store. Entrance on King Street, next to the White Office.

SMYTHE, SMITH & LYON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c., 192 Ontario Street.

HOMEOPATHY. C. L. CURTIS, M.D., successor to Dr. Jarvis, Physician, Surgeon, &c. Office and Residence nearly opposite the Post Office, Wellington Street. Calls in the city or country promptly attended to.

J. H. CLARK, M.D., D.D.S., L.D.S., DENTIST, Graduate of New York College of Dentistry. Office—Wellington Street, between Princess and Brock Streets. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth.

REMOVAL. WM. MUNDELL, BARRISTER, has removed his Office to 139 Princess Street, adjoining the City Hotel

NEW SPRINGS OF JOY.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE, ON SUNDAY, MAY 19.

As Caleb, the Father, Gave Achan a Delectable Land to Live in, So God Has Given Man This World, a Goodly Home in Which to Dwell.

BROOKLYN, May 19.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached today on "New Springs of Joy." The text was: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."—Joshua xv, 19.

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achanah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do; and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood—bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors.

The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart; for however faint hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achanah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay; and Achanah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achanah wants an abode of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

GOD HAS GIVEN US THE WORLD. What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achanah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achanah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees, and flowers, and grass, and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery sorrows; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows." Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painter he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II. cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpet out of my presence." Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph, says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery of the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I used to go no further than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

WORLDBUILDING ARE NOT REALLY HAPPY. Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care does their steps; and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed everywhither. How has it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worry since you won that fifty thousand dollars than you did before? The poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only a hundred thousand dollars left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favorite man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh! my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achanah made to her father Caleb, we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs, and the nether springs."

Blessed be God. We have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

THE PURE JOY OF RELIGION. Where shall I find words enough floured with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so

happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan, there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his body guard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cup bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the king's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn out coat;" the angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps;" the doorkeepers of heaven cry: "Come, you blessed of my Father; inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

IT MAKES A MAN "ALL RIGHT." I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, "cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, summed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Ages! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

HAPPY IN LIFE AND GLAD IN DEATH. I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with drops, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man to leap as a hart and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a joyless and joyless religion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN. It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay. And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world, if once we got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and clasps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks forth from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." Oh, Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! To see our vision those fountains of God, rained over with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache, or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgia. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us, and say: "Poor things, away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurried into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good, he is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we would only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And

WALSH & STEACY WILL MAKE A SPECIAL DISPLAY OF Wash Dress Goods this Week. PONCHERAN CLOTH, in all the new shades, at 23c, 25c and 27 1-2c. FRENCH STRIPE LAWNS from 18c to 25c. CHAMBRAYS in plain and stripe. THE NEW CHALLIES, MUSLINS AND LAWNS. 1,000 pieces NEW PRINTS, BEERSUCKERS and GINGHAMS. WALSH AND STEACY.

SATURDAY BARGAINS, Ladies' Merino Vests, 15c. Ladies' Fine Cashmere Hose 25c. Ladies' Black Lisle Mitts, 15c. Ladies' Colored Lisle Mitts, 15c. Ladies' Collars, 2 for 5c. MINNES & BURNS', Reliable and Close-Priced Dry Goods Store, Corner of Princess and Bagot Streets.

Hats and Bonnets RICHMOND, ORR & CO. ARE CONSTANTLY OPENING UP THE NEW SHAPES IN HATS AND BONNETS AS THE STYLES COME OUT. Ladies will find one of the largest stocks of FASHIONABLE MILLINERY in the Dominion to select from. New Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Laces, Ornaments, Veiling, &c., just received. Remember the Carpet House of Richmond, Orr & Co.

ALL THE LEADING STYLES IN SPRING AND SUMMER SHOES AT THE HEADQUARTERS SHOE STORE, D. F. ARMSTRONG, 141 Princess Street.

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ROBINSON'S WALL PAPER DEPOT 277 BAGOT STREET. \$7,000 WORTH OF WALL PAPER Must be disposed of before 1st of July, as the present proprietor is going to California. WALL PAPER, DECORATIONS, ART SHADES, SHADE FIXTURES, FRINGES, etc., at cost for the next two months. ROBINSON'S WALL PAPER DEPOT, 277 Bagot Street.

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