THE CITY DIRECTORY.

Hotels and Restaurants.

At regular hours. W. DOYLE, Market Square. BURNETT HOUSE, Ontario St., nearest first class hotel to G. T. R. and K. & P. Stations, T.

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

COSS Streets. First class accommodation; yard and stabling. JAMES NORRIS, Proprietor. Satisfaction guaranteed. Fine liquors and ci-

gars. Good yard and stabling. A. SIMPSON. ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL, most convenient and popular hotel in city, opposite to G.T.R. sta-QUEEN'S HOTEL, 125 Brock St. Stabling for 100 horses; yard for 200 vehicles; rooms for 100 meals at all hours; best cigars and l : 3 liveries in connection ; conveyances to and from trains. A. VANALSTINE, Prop.

Livery Establishments.

IF. A. BIBBY, 129 Brock Street, the leading hack and livery stable in the city. Telephone

C. Wilson, 120 Clarence Street, the largest longest established livery in the city Telephone No. 179. Vehicles ready at a mo-ELDER BROS., New Livery in connection

with St. Lawrence Hotel on King Street. First class rigs will always be on hand on the shortest 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 mode-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 nen. Telephone No. 10.

Watches and Jewellery.

F. W. SPANGENBURG, manufacturer and importer of fine jewellery, 347 King Street. J. A. LEHEUP, watch maker, jeweller, 68 Brock St., dealer in watches, clocks and diamonds. SMITH BROS., 345 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. 11. Johns.

TIERNEY BROS, have removed to their new premises, Brock Street, Market Square, where they show the largest and finest stock of Imported and Domestic Liquors, Teas, 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 Debentures. 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. Hiscock, Masonic Build-

ings, Market Square. W. C. HORTON, dealer in fresh fish, oysters, fruit, etc., 62 Brock Street.

Cigars and Billiards.

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.) dealers in choice cigars and tobaccos. Pool and billiard room-inconnection. 239 Bagot St., near Princess

Photographic.

J. W. Powell has a large stock of Picture Frames and Room Moulding constantly on hand, which will be sold as cheap as it is possible to handle it, being imported direct from the manufacturer. No middle man to have a profit, I can give lower rates than ever. Call and get prices.

H. HENDERSON, Photographer. Enlarged Portraits and Views. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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.

Areated 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 areated waters. Prompt attention paid to pic-nic parties. AT Telephone

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 connec-

Plumbing and Gas Fitting. J.G. Bastow, practical sanitarian. Plumb-ng gas and steam fitting, 349 King St. Tele phone, No. 62.

Boots and Shoes. W. ADAMS, mnfr. Men's work a specialty. Factory work on hand. Brock St., near Market.

THE LARDER.

PEACHES. PEACHES.

CRAWFORD PEACHES for Preserving. Large quantities arriving daily at the BAZ-AAR. ANNow is the time to buy.

REES BROS.

Man. Confectioners. JUST THE THING FOR PIC-NICS.

Ginger Ale, Lemon Soda, Birch Beer and Cream Soda-the finest in the city. Davies, Gold Medal Ale in pints and quarts. Also a fine stock of choice Wines and

Liquors. JAMES THOMPSON, 331 and 333 King St

FLOUR STORE.

CHOICE FAMILY & BAKERS' FLOUR SEED GRAIN, PRESSED HAY, CLO-VER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

C. D. FRANKLIN, MARKET SQUARE.

THE TOILET.

DYEING WORKS,

PRINCESS ST., - KINGSTON. All kinds of goods cleaned and dyed and well

I put up and have for sale the "Jem Package Dyes," warranted to be the best in the market, Try them. Agents wanted. R. MONTGOMERY, Practical Dyer. March 4.

CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS Hot and Cold Baths at all Hours at

JUNES' TONSORIAL PARLOR British American Hotel Block, Clarence St

N.B.—These are the only Baths in the city heated by steam thereby securing at all hours hot water

THE DIVINE PLUMB LINE

Continued from page two.

rial of early habit had lain quiet nearly forty years, and that one spark ignited the conflagration. Remember that the wall may be 100 feet high, and yet a deflection one foot from the foundation affects the entire structure. And if you live 100 years and do right the last eighty years, you may nevertheless do something at 20 years of age that will damage all your earthly existence. All you who have built houses for yourselves or for others, am I not right in saying to these young men, you cannot build a wall so high as to be independent of the character of its foundations! A may before 30 years of age may commit enough sin to dast him a lifetime. A cat that has killed one pigeon cannot be cured. Keep it from killing the first pigeon. Now, John, or George, or Charles, or William, or Alexander, or Andrew, or Henry, or whatever be your Christian name or surname, say here and now: "No wild oats for me, no cigars or cigarettes for me, no wine or beer for me, no nasty stories for me, no Sunday sprees for me. am going to start right and keep on right. God help me, for I am very weak. From the throne of eternal righteousness let down to me the principles by which I can be guided in building everything from foundation to capstone. Lord God, by the wounded hand of Christ, throw me a plumb line!"

Lord Nelson's general direction when going into naval battle was, no man can do wrongthat places his ship close alongside that of the enemy. My friend, you will never do wrong if you keep your life close alongside the Ten Commandments. Do right and you can be as brave as Maria Theresa, who rode up the hill of Defiance and shook her sword at the

four corners of the earth. "But," you say, "you shut us young folks out from all fun." Oh, no! I like fun. I believe in fun. I have had lots of it in my time. But I have not had to go into paths of sin to'find it. 'No credit to me, but because an extraordinary parental example and influence I was kept from outward trangressions, though my heart was bad enough and desperately wicked. I have had fun illimitable, though I never swore one oath, and never gambled for so much as the value of a pin, and never saw the inside of a haunt of sin save as when ten years ago, with commissioner of police and a detective and two elders of my church, I explored these cities by midnight, not out of curiosity, but that I might in pulpit discourse set before the people the poverty and the horrors of underground city life. Yet though I never was intoxicated for an instant, and never committed one act of dissoluteness, restrained only by the grace of God, without which restraint I would have gone headlong to the bottom of infamy, I have had so much fun that I don't believe there is a man on the planet in the present time who has had more. Hear it, men and boys, women and girls, all the fun is on the side of right. Sin may seem attractive, but it is deathful, and like the manchineel, a tree whose dews are poisonous. The only genuine happiness is in an honest Christian life. The Chippewa, wanting to see God, blackens his face with charcoal and fasts till he has a vision of what he calls God. My God I can see best when I take my hat off and let the sunshine blaze in my face, and after a reasonable breakfast. He is not a God of blackness and starvation, but of light and plentitude, and the glory of the noonday sun is Egyptian midnight compared to it. There they go-two brothers. The one was converted a year ago in church, one Sunday morning, during prayer, or sermon, or hymn. No one knew it at the time. The persons on either side of him suspected nothing, but in that young man's soul this process went on: "Lord, here I am, a young man amid the temptations of city life, and I am afraid to risk them alone; come and be my pardon and my help; save me from making the mistake that some of my comrades are making, and save me now." And quicker than a flash God rolled beaven into his soul. He is just as jolly as he used to be, is just as brilliant as he used to be. He can strike a ball or catch one as easily as before he was converted. With gun or fishing rod in this summer vacation he was just as skillful as before. The world is brighter to him than ever. He appreciates pictures, music, innocent hilarity, social life, good jokes, and has plenty of fun, first class fun, glorious fun. But his brother is going down hill. In the morning his head aches from the champagne debauch. Everybody sees he is in rapid descent. What cares he for right, or decency, or the honor of his family name? Turned out of employment, depleted in health, cast down in spirits, the typhoid fever strikes him in the smallest room on the fourth story of a fifth rate boarding house, cursing God, and calling for his mother, and fighting back demons from his dying pillow, which is besweated and torn to rags. He plunges out of this world with the shrick of a destroyed spirit. Alas for that kind of fun! It is remorse. It is despair. It is blackness

once burned down in sin can never again be made to blossom. Oh, this plumb line of the everlasting right! God will throw it over all our lives to show us our moral deflections. God will throw it over all churches to show whether they are doing useful work or are standing instances of idleness and pretense. He will throw that plumb line over all nations to demonstrate whether their laws are just or cruel, their ruler's good or bad, their ambitions holy or infamous. He threw that plumb line over the Spanish monarchy of other days, and what became of her? Ask the splintered hulks of her overthrown armada. He threw that plumb line over French imperialism, and what was the result? Ask the ruins of her Tuileries, and the fallen column of the Place Vendome, and the grave trenches of Sedan, and the blood of revolutions of different times rolling through the Champs Elysees. He threw that plumb line over ancient Rome, and what became of the realm of the Cæsars? Ask her war eagles, with beak dulled and wings broken, flung helpless into the Tiber. He threw it over the Assyrian empire of a thousand years, the thrones of Semirau is, and Sardanapalus, and Shalmaneser, of twenty seven victorious expeditions, the cities of Phœnicia kneeling to the scepter, and all the world blanched in the presence. What became of all the grandeur? Ask the fallen palaces of Khorsabad and the corpses of her 185,000 soldiery slain by the angel of the Lord in one night, and the Assyrian sculptures of the world's museums, all that now remains of that splendor before which nations staggered and crouched. God is now throwing that plumb line over this American republic, and it is a solemn time with this

nation, and whether we keep his Sabbaths or

dishonor them, whether righteousness or in-

iquity dominate, whether we are Christian

or infidel, whether we fulfill our mission or

of darkness. It is woe unending and long

reverberating, and crushing as though all the

mountains of all continents rolled on him in

one avalanche. My soul, stand back from

such fun. Young man, there is no fun in

shipwrecking your character, no fun in dis-

gracing your father's name. There is no fun

in breaking your mother's heart. There is

no fun in the physical pangs of the dissolute.

There is no fun in the profligate's death bed.

There is no fun in an undone eternity.

Paracelsus, out of the ashes of a burnt rose,

said he could recreate the rose, but he failed

in the alchemic undertaking, and roseate life

refuse it, whether we are for God or against him, we'll decide whether we shall as a nation go on in higher and higher career or go down in the same grave where Babylon, and Nineveb, and Thebes, and Assyria are sepulchered.

"But," say you, "if there be nothing but a

plumb line what can any of us do, for there is an old proverb which truthfully declares: 'If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.' What shall we do when, according to Isaiah, God shall lay judgment to the line and righteousness to the plummet?" Ah, here is where the Gospel comes in with a Saviour's righteousness to make up for our deficits. And while I see hanging on the wall a plumb line, I see also hanging there a cross. And while the one condemns us the other saves us, if only we will hold to it. And here and now you may be set free with a more glorious liberty than Hampden, or Sidney, or a Kosciusko ever fought for. Not out yonder, or down there, or up here, but just where you are you may get it. The invalid proprietress of a wealthy estate in Scotland visited the continent of Europe to get rid of her maladies, and she went to Baden-Baden and tried those waters, and went to Carlsbad and tried those waters, and went to Homburg and tried those waters, and instead of getting better she got worse, and in despair she said to a physician: "What shall I do?" His reply was: "Medicine can do nothing for you. You have one chance in the waters of Pit Keathly, Scotland." "Is it possible?" she replied. 'Why, those waters are on my own estate!" She returned, and drank of the fountain, and in a few months completely recovered. Oh sick, and diseased, and sinning, and dying hearer, why go trudging all the world over, and seeking here and there relief for your discouraged spirit, when close by, and at your very feet, and at the door of your heart, aye, within the very estate of your own consciousness, the healing waters of eternal life may be had, and had this very hour, this very minute, this very Sabbath! Blessed be God that over against the plumb line that Amos saw is the cross, through the emancipating power of which you and I may live and live

Pictures in Sermons.

Throughout the country in the various schools and colleges photography is used in teaching geology, botany, etc., and is found to be a great aid to the instructor. The ministers, many of whom are quick to take advantage of all legitimate means to fill their churches, have not been slow to see that there was "something in it." It was not a very long time ago that the Rev. C. H. Seaver, of Jefferson, Ills., was preaching to a comparafively small congregation. The same faces were always seen before him in the pews, but the attendants were the brothers and sisters who, everybody knew, were followers of the Lord, and for whom the blandishments of the world had no delight. The young and wayward did not come within the sound of his voice, and Mr. Seaver felt that he ought to leave his flock of ninety and nine and look for the lamb that was lost.

Through some fortunate circumstance he was induced to get a camera, and then followed hours of study and experiment. Before long he purchased a magic lantern, and one Sunday evening the good people were astonished to hear a sermon on Jonah and the whale, or some other equally interesting subject, with large pictures thrown upon a sheet illustrating the address. During the following week the illustrated sermon by Mr. Seaver became generally known, and the next Sunday evening, when the sexton took up the collection, he saw many new faces and the hat grew much heavier than the good brothers were wont to make it.

So the weeks went by and the congregation continued to increase. Then a scarcity of hymn books was complained of, and Mr. Seaver's next move was to use his lantern and cast the hymn upon a sheet where all could see. The singing improved and few books are now used, while the interest in Mr. Seaver's sermons floes not wane and the church is crowded. - Chicago Times.

Disappointed Nimrods.

Some days ago a number of sportsmen went across the lake on a hunting and fishing excursion. The party was composed of a well known engraver, one of the artists employed on a popular magazine, a printer, a young literary man and others of lesser note. The programme, as laid down on the start, was, that deer, bears, elk and other game should be shot by the hunters, sketched and engraved by the artist and engraver, and that a full account of the trip should be written by the literary man, set up by the printer, published after the party came back and sold in monthly numbers, forty-eight in a set, at twenty-five cents each. The nimrods took ammunition enough with them to kill all the game from New Brunswick to Manitoba. After a week of tramping they succeeded in bagging a hedgehog and a crow, and in capturing two bass, "a great many of which would weigh a pound." It is unnecessary to add that the apparatus for sketching, engraving and type setting, which formed no inconsiderable portion of the baggage, was not unpacked.-Rochester Post-Express.

Compressed Air on Tap.

A downtown merchant who had read the story of "How the Elevator Works," a short time ago, called the attention of a reporter to the fact that in England compressed air is considered much better under some circumstances for operating the elevator than water. In Liverpool, London and other large ports, he said, the elevators in the big warehouses were operated almost exclusively by compressed air, which, when exhausted into various rooms of the buildings, serves to ventilate and purify them. Another advantage claimed for compressed air is its great elasticity. The elevators run more smoothly and stop and start less abruptly, and are less liable to breakages when a quick stop is made than when water is used. - New York Sun.

A Little Too Much Powder.

A Washington territory farmer owned a Holstein bull worth \$500, which was a little inclined to be cross. It got into the yard one day last week, and the farmer, intending to frighten the animal, loaded up his shotgun with an extra charge of powder and a large wad of paper. Then, planting himself squarely in front of his bullship, he let drive at short range. When the smoke of battle cleared away the bull was lying on the ground as dead as Julius Cæsar. - Nev York

Statues for Paris.

The American colony in Paris are talking about raising a fund by subscriptions among themselves and their fellow citizens at home for the erection in the French capital of colossal statues of Washington and Lafayette, by way of return for the magnificent gift of Bartholdi's "Liberty."-Frank Leslie's.

American Visitors in England. The London Life estimates the number of American visitors to England this year at 90,000. It places the average expenditure of each American tourist there at £100, result

ing in benefits to English tradespeople of over

Secure one of those silver tea pots Hen-dry & Thompson are giving with tea tickets.

\$4,000,000.

WALSH & STEACY

Will offer This Week choice of

900 Pieces New Dress Goods

'AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER.

Melton Cloths 8, 10, 11, 12 I-2c. Cheviot Checks 9, 10, 11, 12 1-2c. Plaid and Stripe Dress Goods 12 I-2 to 40c. French All-Wool 15, 17, 19, 20, 25 to 35c. Double Fold Dress Goods 25, 35, 50c to \$1. Materials for Tailor-Made Dresses. Materials for Combination Dress Goods.

WALSH & STEACY.

& BISONETE

Will offer Special Bargains in Men's Wool Underwear from 25c up.

Also Men's Canadian Tweed Suits \$4.50, \$5.50 and \$6. Job Line Men's Pants at \$1.50, worth \$2.50. Men's Overcoats \$4.50, \$6.00 and \$7.00. 2,000 Gents' Silk Ties from 5c each.

THE CHEAPSIDE,

OPPOSITE THE WINDSOR HOTEL

THE RIGHT PLACE.

GOOD GOODS CHEAP.

This week we have sold a large quantity of Dress Materials, Hosiery and Kid Gloves. and we can safely say that for Quality and Price we are SECOND TO NONE.

HOSIERY, FLANUELS.

An inspection is cordially invited. No pressing to buy, and Goods marked in Plain Figures at the Lowest Prices.

John Laidlaw & Son,

191 PRINCESS STREET.

JUST RECEIVED

M'MAHON'S

A Choice Lot of LADIES' CLOAKINGS and ULSTERINGS, a lot that we Cleared from a Manufacturer's Agent and are selling at Montreal Wholesale Prices. Also a Very Fine Lot Ladies' Kid Gloves (Plain and Heavy

Stitched Backs) very cheap.

A. J. McMAHON,

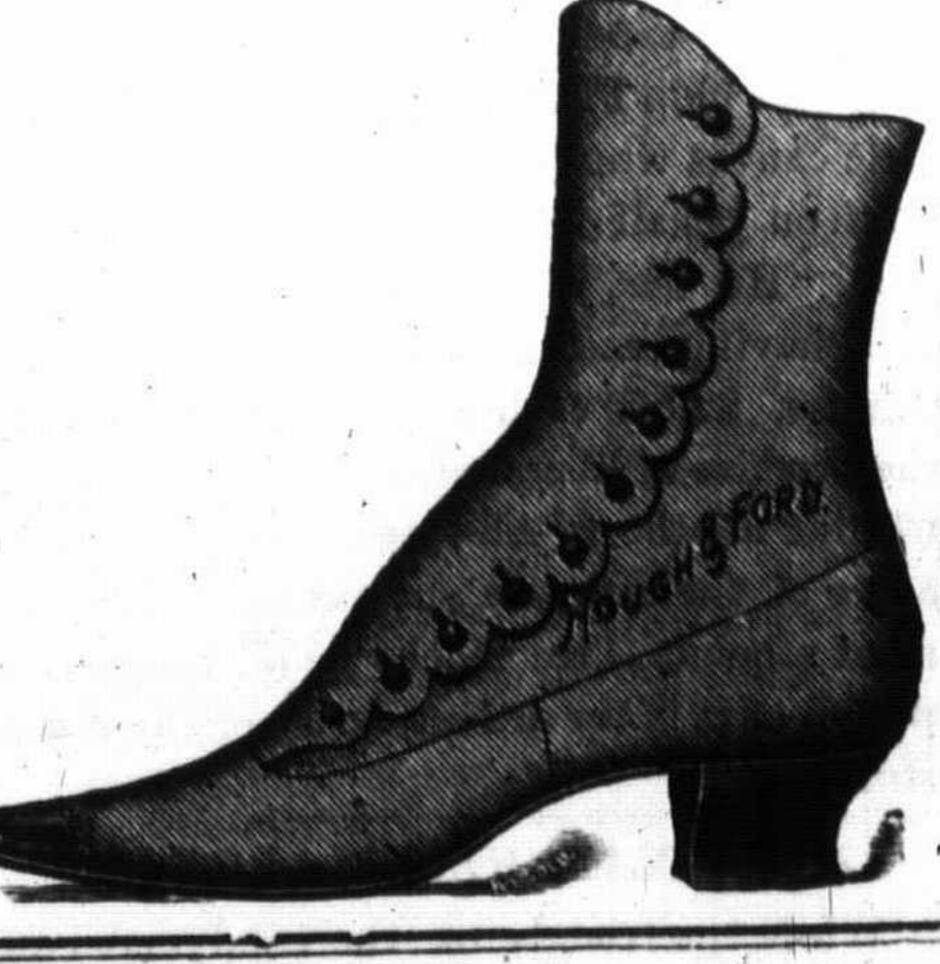
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HAINES & LOCKETT

Are well pleased with the steady growth of the trade in their Gents' Department.

Gentlemen who formerly left their measure now fit themselves with a Ready-Made Fine Boot or Evening Shoe, and express themselves as highly pleased both with style and price.

Some Very Fine Goods just received from Boston.



LADIES'FINE BOOTS

Have always been a main feature of our trade, and we are this season better prepared to meet the demand than ever. Our \$2.50 Ladies' French Kid Buttoned Boot is the finest Boot

in the city at the price.

D. F. ARMSTRONG, 141 PRINCESS ST.

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer,

JPEN - DAY - AND - NIGHT.

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R. REID, MANAGER.