POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

AROUND THE TOWN.

Friends of a well-known housewife are telling with great gusto a story of her experience with a patent iron which she purchased from a travelling agent a few days ago. The lady in question has a deep and abiding affection for travelling salesmen or, rather, for their wares. Every pedlar who calls at her door, no matter if he sells fly paper or coffins, finds her a willing customer. So a few days ago when a dapper individual called and exhibited what he said was the most marvellous invention of this or any other age—a patent iron, she at once evinced a desire to see how it worked. The particular feature of this iron was a portable charcoal heating attachment, the advantage of which was that the iron was by it kept always hot, there being on ironing day no necessity to keep on a hot fire. After the agent had enlarged on the numerous virtues of his iron and demonstrated how it would smooth anything from a crimped boiler plate to an asphalt sidewalk or one of St. John's front streets, the lady was charmed, paid $3.50 for the iron and put it away until she had occasion to use it. The occasion came yesterday and the iron was taken down, polished off, filled with charcoal and put into commission. But strange to relate it wouldn't work. The charcoal refused to light, although the persuasive influence of kerosene was added to the paper and lucifers.

Just as she was about to give the job up in disgust the charcoal caught fire and burned so fiercely that in a very short time the house was filled with smoke and the odor of kerosene. So far so good, but when she started to iron with it she met another difficulty. Either the clothes were scorched to pieces or no impression at all was made upon them. In despair she placed the iron on the back step and did the rest of her work with one of the old-fashioned kind. An hour afterwards she found the kids from the next yard boiling water over the iron, while the yard was filled with smoke in such quantity that a visit from the fire department was continually expected. The iron now reposes at the bottom of the ash bin and any agent who calls at that house in future has the assurance of a warm reception.

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Greetings and partings, farewell and welcome, suave introductions, brisk salutations, languid recognitions—they all flourish at Union depot. It wants a quarter to train time. A few strollers idly saunter up and down the car shed patient but expectant. Sometimes they make a seat on a baggage truck, but to the majority such a support seems to lend an uneasy or "I—know—I'll—be—ordered—off—this—" sort of a sensation. They appear to watch and wait for the advent of a man in shirt sleeves, with hard hands and an official looking hat upon his head. Ten minutes to train time. There's the roll of a coach now and then outside, and one cannot help observing considerable activity at the gate. Big, little, young, old, comely, homely, prosperous and poor men emerge from its portals after the forcible observance of the mediaeval custom in vogue there, which leaves them regarding their tickets with a kind of "I—wonder—why" expression but which as soon vanishes in the look that hints of the mental yielding to an impossible problem. Women come too, also children, indeed about all ages in both sexes pass through this unique but grand old rite.

Five minutes to train time. Passengers, baggage, officials—all have increased, and the noises multiply. Then over it all and away in the distance one hears a faint, prolonged, despairing kind of half whistle and half wail while, as if in obedience to its entreaty, trucks are wheeled to the track side and a general air of expectancy comes over the throng.

A few more moments slip by, then somebody steps to the side of the track and gazes up the rigid length that seems to disappear with startling abruptness into the stately front of that sombre monster which, as we look, increases in bulk with phenomenal speed and persists in swallowing the track with an apparently unappeasible appetite. Then, with a triumphant roar, as if conscious of its voracity and power, wreathed in steam and smoke, it plunges into the car shed but as if suddenly exhausted slows up, finally stops and with much sweating, panting, puffing and sighing proceeds to recover its second wind. Then the crowd—which has just arrived and those which have been waiting—but why continue recounting in this idle manner a scene that we are all so familiar with.

* * *

Occasionally one hears a feeble voice raised in protest against those places of business on the leading streets which leave their window washing until the whole town is astir, and cause much inconvenience and annoyance to pedestrians thereby. The protest is all right and its a vast pity that it is not more effective, for there is no doubt that the thing has become a decided nuisance. There is no earthly reason why the streets should be put in an almost impassable condition at the hour usually selected for the window washing performance when it can just as well be done an hour or two earlier. Frequent comments have been made by out-of-town visitors, and a Halifax man might well remark the other morning as he ruefully gazed at a pair of shoes which, when he left his hotel on King street, were spotlessly white, but which in his progress down our principal thoroughfare had become soiled, almost ruined: Well, by jingo, that's the limit of slovenness, leaving shop windows till the streets are full of people. You folks usually accord the palm in that fine to Halifax, but it strikes me it's up to you now for we simply wouldn't tolerate anything of that sort."

* * *

"It's funny, but do you know there is no place better than a barber shop in which to study human nature?" said a well-known barber to Chatterer the other day as he gleefully rammed a lather brush into the ear of the prostrate victim in the chair. "Now I often notice things here that I'll bet would surprise you if you saw or knew of them," continued the tonsor, giving a finishing wipe to a dangerous looking razor and starting for his customer. "I have no doubt of it," replied Chatterer as he inwardly marvelled at the dexterity with which the barber got round the customer's jaw without slicing his ear off. "Yes," continued the knight of the razor, making for the other jaw while his victim murmured a prayer and thought of the dear ones he had left at home, "I see a lot of things"—this last remark accompanied with a glance around the shop to see who was listening to him or if any of his hearers were preparing to throw something. Seeing no signs of danger he continued: "There's one customer who comes in here who goes on a spree every once in a while and I can always tell when he's about to get on it. He has a fine moustache, of which he is very proud and which he carefully trains when he is sober. Whenever he enters my shop and asks me to shave the moustache off, then I know there is something doing. This happens about every six months and then I didn't get him again for a month." By this time the victim in the chair had had the hair removed from his face, the surplus lather dug out of his ears and eyes and the barber was dumping about a pint of witch hazel down his neck and mopping it up with a towel. "When he shows up after his spree," the barber continued—but here an unlookedefor interruption occurred. The man in the chair jumped to his feet, threw the barber a dime and ran for the door muttering something in passing about being shaved with a mowing machine with a phonographic attachment. And the barber murmured—Next!

* * *

Just now the atmosphere around City Hall is not as serene as it might be. More than one of the aldermen has been running around with a "chip on his shoulder" because of recent official events. The festive excursion in honor of Lord and Lady Minto served to ruffle the feathers of one or two city fathers in the first place. Following this Mayor Daniel deputed Ald. Macrae to represent the city at the dominion municipal convention at Toronto. This was displeasing to Deputy Mayor Colwell, who is said to have his hatchet out after the city's chief magistrate. What the real dissatisfaction was in connection with the Scionda excursion it is difficult to ascertain, only that the committee in charge found it impossible to please all of the aldermen.

* * *

Generosity is its own reward. That was the thought that came to Chatterer one day this week. He met a couple of dirty faced urchins on North street, and on a request for "a penny, mister," fished out a couple of coppers—the remnant of last week's stipend. The unexpected yield was gladly grabbed by the youngsters with more warmth than politeness. Passing on, Chatterer heard the following comment on his action: "Say, Tim, isn't he easy, guess he must be one of those bank dudes who make money." Naw," was the rejoinder, "he's an easy mark that wants to blow himself." And Chatterer jingled the keys in an otherwise empty pocket and philosophized on "man's inhumanity to man."

CHATTERER.

PEOPLE WE KNOW.

A new type has appeared amongst us in recent years, or perhaps it would be more correct to say has been recently labelled, for though recognized from earliest ages as a destroyer of human peace it is only recently he has been favored with a distinctive name and placed in a class by himself. I refer to the Knocker. A Knocker is of course one who knocks, and the name has been given to those of us who knock or rub the rough edges of their neighbors for the very joy of irritation. I have even been accused of being a Knocker myself, but that is an accusation which carries with it its own refutation. There are many early indications of this species. In fact some have rashly asserted that Father Adam was a Knocker because he attempted to blame the orchard robbery on Mrs. Adam. I am inclined, however, to the belief that the first specimen of the type was one Jeremiah, who handed down to posterity The Knockers' Diary as his contribution to contemporaneous literature. The Knocker and the newspaper editor must not be confounded for the true Knocker meddles in everybody's business but his own, while the newspaper editor's business is everybody else's and therefore he can never be said to meddle. No, the Knocker is a type distinct by himself. He is as apt to be a member of the city council as of the fourth estate, as apt to form the oracle of the Evangelical Alliance as to seek the dark seclusion of the retired by-ways of private life. Where he is, there peace is not, and contentment flies at his approach.

* * *

There is the joiner. In Canada he is usually of the male sex, although there are terrible exceptions even in this happy land where home is paramount and female "spheres of influence" are more restricted than where reform has more completely reformed the home out of its important place in the nation's reverence. The female joiner is, from a man's point of view, even more objectionable than the male type, for her habit necessitates the unfortunates who comprise the household over which she ought to preside sighing for the realities of that home sweet home of which the poet so feelingly sings. But thank goodness the female joiner is a product of twentieth century civilization which has not reached this wayside hamlet to a distressing extent. St. John, however, holds plenty of male joiners. Of course you all know what a joiner is. No? Well, a joiner is one who joins—everything there is to join. He is usually a member of half a dozen societies and an office holder in all to which he belongs. His name figures in secret and other societies to such an extent that one is prone to wonder if his life is one maze of mysterious inductions, initiations, rites and ceremonies. Sometimes his mania leads him to the crowning act of the joiners career and the one to which his proclivities are aimed, the city council. The joiner is then merged in the public man. But don't let me mislead you. All joiners are not aldermen any more than are all aldermen joiners. The joiner is like the drunkard or the gambler, he is the unfortunate victim of a disease or a habit, which ever it be. But whereas the drunkard may be cured of his habit by the Keeley cure, the joiner is afflicted with an incurable disease. The next move in woman's emancipation will be making joining a sufficient cause for a legal separation.

LOAFER.

THE WISE EDITORS.

Or Detractor by a Subtractor.

Speaking of census compilation, Ontario has been stung by an adder.—Hamilton Spectator.

Or Travelling on Sleepers.

The sleeping man who was run over by a locomotive might have been taking a nap on the road bed.—Toronto News.

Truth from a Dubious Source.

Concerning no other country of the civilized world is there half so much ignorance as of Canada.—New York Sun.

A Youthful Kleptomaniac.

The Halifax boy who has stolen over a hundred letters is evidently unable to control his literary tastes.—Montreal Herald.

That's Our Own Feeling.

So Andrew Carnegie has offered Montreal $150,000 for a library. Well, we hate to take the money—but we need the library.—Montreal Herald.

Uncle Sam's Bad Fix.

Uncle Sam has only to lose a few more cups to Canada and he will be reduced to the necessity of drinking out of the bottle.—Toronto Telegram.

Pleasures in Store.

When the isthmian canal is completed passengers can sit on the deck of ships in transit and enjoy a revolution on either side.—New York World.

The Wrong Throat.

A butcher in Omaha cut his throat because his mother-in-law talked too much. We fail to see how that is going to stop her.—Montreal Herald.

May Be a Christian Scientist.

A woman is really seriously ill when the bargain counter advertisements in a paper fail to interest her, says the Westmount philosopher.—Montreal Herald.

Without Half Trying.

The man who isn't capable of winning the love of at least one woman made a mistake in getting born, says the Westmount philosopher.—Montreal Herald.

The British Craze to Be Thin.

It is melancholy to be obliged to say that the craze for being thin leads many English women to sacrifice both their complexions and their health.—London Lady.

Or His Liquor Stopped.

The intelligent compositor of a Hamilton newspaper, who made the linotype say that the "locomotive cut the cow in calves," should have his horns cut off.—Galt Reformer.

Probably Short Sighted.

If Major Maude cannot find a residence at Niagara Falls fit for the Duke of York to sleep in for one night—well, Major Maude's eyeglasses need wiping.—Toronto Star.

Scribe or Pharisee.

Mr. Richardson says Premier Laurier miscalled him when he applied to the editor the term "modern pharisee." Anyway, Mr. Richardson is a pretty able scribe.—Montreal Star.

How About the Other Sweet Things?

The recent experience of two Canadian clergymen in Syracuse shows that it is the highest folly to eat candy in a wicked city, assuming, of course, that the deponents are quite candid.—Toronto Mail.

The Preachers' Chance.

The Canadian Press association being away at the sea side, the goody-goody pastors might now with some degree of correctness, pile up the agony about the press of this unfortunate country being in the hands of "the devil."—Bobcaygeon Independent.

Intended for Bigots.

Bah, the talk about Quebec designs or schemes in the census-taking is guff intended for bigot consumption. Outside of one city, the census shows no greater increase in Quebec than in Ontario. Montreal alone shows nearly two-thirds of the entire increase in Quebec province.—Ottawa Journal (Ind.)

NEW JERSEY TO ACT.

State Will Prepare a Law Which Will Allow Prosecution of Conspiracy Participants.

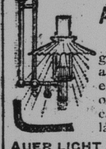
New York, Sept. 7.—The World tomorrow will print a statement from Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, in which he says:

"A law is being prepared and will be enacted by the legislature that will allow us to prosecute participants in any conspiracy in New Jersey resulting directly or indirectly in the assassination of any ruler the world over, or the murder of any person in or out of New Jersey. If convicted they will suffer just the same punishment as if they were convicted of aiding or abetting in any ordinary case of murder."

Poles Denounce Czolgosz.

New York, Sept. 8.—An indignation meeting attended by about 500 Poles, of which it is estimated there are 80,000 in New York, was held today and bitter words of denunciation of Czolgosz and his crime uttered. Doubts as to the nationality of the would-be assassin were expressed and it was decided to send a delegate to prove if possible that Czolgosz is not a Pole but a Russian by descent.

A FLOOD OF LIGHT



equal to 100 candle lights and comparable only to the light of noon day sun, yet soft and restful to sew or read by, such is the light of the

AUER GAS LAMP

It makes and burns its own gas—is cheaper than oil and as easy to manage—though eight times as bright. Gives out very little heat. Our free catalogue gives full particulars. Write for it.

AUER LIGHT CO., MAKERS, MONTREAL.

Some Nightmares.

The night I ate Welsh rarebit,
I saw McKinley smile,
And clasp the hand of Bryn,
And squeeze it for a while,
Then Bryan told McKinley,
As soon he could speak:
"I'll boom you in my paper,
With one full page next week."

The night I ate Welsh rarebit,
J. Pierpont Morgan came,
And sang in soulful accents
None else but Shaffer's name,
He called for Mr. Shaffer,
And said: "Oh, Shaffer, please
Take each cent of my fortune
And raise all salaries."

The night I ate Welsh rarebit
I saw Tom Lipton write:
"I would not win with Shamrock—
Not even if I might."
And all the New York Yacht Club
Sang: "We will never float
Another cup defender
Unless it's Lawson's boat."

The night I ate Welsh rarebit
I heard Maclay and Long
And Crowinshield and Sampson
All singing this glad song:
"At Santiago's battle
The greatest man was Schley"—
And then the old alarm clock
Set up its morning cry.

—Baltimore American.

Sunset.

The light fadeth fast o'er the ridge of the forest,
The late-setting sun is aflame in the west,
The merle on the thorn singeth loud to the silence,
The carolling lark droppeth low to his nest.

The sound of the stream cometh faint from the valley,
And faint is the tinkle of sheep-bells afar,
While softly the haze wears away into purple
And tenderly gleameth the light of a star.

No more 'mid the bloom of the yellow gorse lingers
Stray piping of linnet or murmur of bee,
And gone are the children that gather bright posies
From the woodland and meadow and daisy-decked lea.

There's a whisper of wind from the ridge of the forest,
And low sinks the sun in the fire-flaming west;
Night bringeth her balm for the spent and the weary,
The sleep of the just is the laborer's rest.

—[Geo. Bird.

Good-bye or Howdy-do.

Say good-bye er howdy-do—
What's the odds betwixt the two?
Comin'—goin'—every day—
Best friends first to go away—
Grasp of hands you'd ruther hold
Than your weight in cold gold,
Slips their grip while greetin' you—
Say good-bye er howdy-do?

Howdy-do and then good-bye—
Mixes just like laugh and cry;
Deaths and births and worst and best
Tangled their contrariest;
Ev'ry jinglin' weddin' bell
Skeerin' up some funeral knell—
Here's my song and there's your sigh;
Howdy-do and then good-bye!

Say good-bye and howdy-do—
Jest the same to me and you:
'Taint worth while to make no fuss,
'Cause the job's put up on us!
Someone's runnin' this concern
That's got nothin' else to learn—
If he's willin', we'll pull through,
Say good-bye er howdy-do!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

If Those We Love.

If those we love be true,
What matter if the days seem long?
Though your task is hard to do,
Within your heart will burst a song—
If those you love be true!

What matter if the day be black?
No sunbeams pierce the black cloud through?
Joy to your inmost soul will speak—
If those you love be true!

What if the world says things unkind,
And what it knows to be false of you!
Much happiness you still can find—
If those you love be true!

What if Dame Fortune, with a frown,
Seems even your footsteps to pursue?
Success your toil at last will crown—
If those you love be true!

What matter then what comes or goes?
If life be long, or days be few?
Life's pleasures far outrun life's woes—
If those you love be true!

Convict 25,231 in Auburn (N. Y.) Prison.

The Cautious Lover.

(A contemporary states that for a man to marry on a small income he must marry a wife who is a "stock size" at the dressmakers.)

Mary, I love your rosy lips,
Your ankle trim and neat,
I love your dainty foot that trips
Adown the village street.
Your hair I worship and admire
The color of your eyes,
(I've likened them to liquid fire)
But are you a stock size?

At cooking and the kindred arts
You yield to none the palm;
Full oft have I consumed your tarts
And never felt a qualm.
And as a housewife, dear, of late
I've learnt your sterling worth;
But is your height proportionate,
My Mary, to your girth?

Love is indeed, as poets say,
Of happiness the fount,
But love, alas, omits to pay
The dressmaker's account.
Unwedded, then, we twain will die
(For Fate must be obeyed)
Unless, my Mary, you can buy
Your dresses ready made.

—[London Globe.

——less.

The coatless man puts a careless arm
Round the waist of the hatless girl,
As over the dustless and mudless roads
In a horseless carriage they whirl.
Like a heedless bullet from a hammerless gun,
By smokeless powder driven,
They fly to taste the speechless joy
By endless union given.
Though the only lunch his coinless purse
Affords to them the means
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod
With a side of stringless beans,
He puffs a tobaccoless cigaret,
And laughs a mirthless laugh
When pap tries to coax her back
By wireless telegraph.

—[Boston Herald.

CURRENT OPINION.

What the Trusts Are Doing.

Will anyone say, after noting the operation of the salt trust and the advance of 300 per cent in the prices of salt effected by its greed, why the protective duty on salt should not be abolished? These trusts are making free traders on the one hand and Socialists on the other with a rapidity never witnessed before.—Portland Oregonian.

The Coming Labor Woman.

This city never before has seen so many feminine unionists in a parade. In some respects this was the most significant feature of the day. The increasing tendency of women to organize may indicate increased efficiency on their part and a better opportunity to command as good pay as men for an equal amount of work. It is to be hoped its promise in both respects will be fulfilled.—Chicago Tribune.

Cup Racing Getting to Be an Exact Science.

The closeness of the races between our cup defender of 1899 and the cup defender constructed this year, and the great similarity of construction between the Lipton yacht and our own, may be taken as proof that the ultimate of perfection has been reached in the build of these racing machines. The strife for the possession of the cup must now largely depend upon seamanship, handicapped by that element of chance or luck which is inherent in the inconstancy of wind and wave and weather.—Philadelphia Record.

A Sample of Political Logic.

The mugwump is an outcast in politics. I can tolerate an independent, but a mugwump is intolerable. The independent is a man with a party, while the mugwump has nowhere to lay his head. I like a man with a party. The independent is a man with a party that he calls his own and to which he says he belongs, while he is independent in his voting to such an extent, that when he thinks that principle calls upon him to do so, he votes against his own party.—Lecture by Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews.

Wherein Canada Can Take Satisfaction.

The Canadians are getting a kind of dolorous comfort out of the showing that seven of the United States are increasing in population at an even slower rate than the Canadian provinces. The fact is that too much stress has been laid upon the forward or backward movement of population. Men and women go and come with lawless freedom and indirection; but the rapid increase in the wealth and in the industrial development of Canada remains an indisputable fact. The per capita distribution of resources and prosperity is most satisfying.—Philadelphia Record.

The Utmost Limit of Courtesy.

There is a limit even to courtesy which some people fail to understand. At a dinner tendered to Sir Thomas Lipton at Asbury Park last week, the mayor, who was the host of the occasion, proposed a toast, "Good luck to the Shamrock." It was drunk, but in silence. The next speaker, the president of the board of education, administered a gentle rebuke and proposed as the better toast the sentiment that had been expressed already by Sir Thomas: "May the best boat win," and it was greeted with great applause, none of which was more vigorous than that which came from Sir Thomas and his friends. The true sporting man of the type of Sir Thomas could appreciate the fact that the latter sentiment was the utmost limit of courtesy.—Haverhill Gazette.

Distinction for a Library.

An appreciative account of a public library in a New Jersey city, published in a literary periodical, says that "an interesting feature in regard to the Orange library also lies in the fact that it was not founded by Andrew Carnegie." It needs no very astute prophet to foresee the time when cities will be glad to claim that honor, and to enjoy the satisfaction of having founded and cared for their libraries themselves. Mr. Carnegie has done a vastly beneficent work in his generous gifts to establish libraries, and his memory will be held in honor so long as one of these libraries remains. But there will be an undoubted distinction, as well as "an interesting feature," in the fact that any given library was not founded by Andrew Carnegie.—New Bedford Standard.

Too Much Empty Talk.

Ontario is not to be won for Mr. J. P. Whitney by "hurrah-boys" speeches to the effect that the Conservatives never failed to carry Ontario when they were united.

Such talk is historically inaccurate and has the mischievous effect of stimulating that evil spirit of "yellow dog" partisanship which imagines that the party is bigger than the country.

Again and again the Conservatives united under Sir John Macdonald to beat Oliver Mowat. They were routed horse, foot and artillery. They carried the province in federal contests with the help of a gerrymander.

The political history of Ontario indicates that this province is not the chattel of any party. The Conservatives must get votes outside their own party if they hope to defeat the Ross government, and the empty glorification of party for the sake of party gives the judicious cause to grieve.—Toronto Telegram (Con.)

The Ship Subsidy Bill.

It is said that already there is a split in the ranks of the subsidy advocates, and that in all probability a new bill carrying an annual appropriation of $6,000,000 and excluding all foreign-built vessels from any benefit under the proposed act, as well as making cargo carriers the greater beneficiaries, will be introduced in the new congress. The Frye-Grosvenor bill, with possibly some new amendments and appropriating $9,000,000, will also be pushed for passage. Each of these classes of advocates for the bill—the one owning cargo carriers, the other the fast passenger steamships—claims to be justly entitled to the greater proportionate amount of subsidy, on the ground that each excels the other in carrying the object of the bill into effect. Out of this clash of greedy interests it is possible that safety for the long-suffering public may be snatched. The ship subsidy job is no better this year than it was last year, when not even Hanna and all the administration forces could crowd it through congress. It is essentially bad. It has been beaten so far; it must be beaten again, and decisively.—Boston Post.

MARKET REPORTS.

Saint John Wholesale Market.

PROVISIONS	ex bar		ex stm
Am clear pork, per bbl	20 50	to	20 75
Pork, mess	20 50	to	21 00
P E I prime mess, "	00 00	to	00 00
Plate beef, "	14 25	to	14 50
Extra plate beef, "	14 50	to	14 75
Cheese, factory, new, lb	00 11	to	00 11½
Butter, dairy, lb	00 18	to	00 19
Butter, creamery,	22	to	24
Lard, tubs, pure, lb	0 11	to	0 11½
Lard, compound,	0 09	to	0 09½
Eggs, per doz, fresh,	0 12	to	0 13
Beans, white,	2 45	to	2 65
Beans, Y. E.	2 65	to	2 75
Onions, American, per bbl	4 25	to	4 50
FISH.			
Codfish, medium, 100 lb	3 70	to	3 80
" larger, "	3 85	to	3 90
Pollock, 100 lbs,	1 75	to	1 85
Herring, bay, hf-bbl,	0 00	to	0 00
Herring, rippling,	0 00	to	0 00
Herring, Canso, fat, hf-bbl	3 00	to	3 00
Herring, Shelburne, No 1,	0 00	to	0 00
" " No 2,	0 00	to	0 00
Shad hf-	6 75	to	7 00
GRAIN.			
Oats, Ontario,	0 48		0 49
" Provincial,	0 47	to	0 48
Split Peas,	4 10	to	4 10
Pot Barley,	4 10	to	4 20
Hay, pressed,	13 00	to	13 50
TOBACCO.			
Black, 16's,	0 62	to	0 62
Black, 12's, short stock	0 00	to	0 00
Black, Solace,	0 64	to	0 64
Bright,	0 60	to	0 60
Canadian 12's,	0 38	to	0 38
RICE.			
Arracan, cwt	3 30	to	3 50
Patna,	0 04½	to	0 05
Seeta,	0 05½	to	0 06
SUGAR.			
Granulated, bbl.	4 45	to	4 55
Granulated Dutch	4 25	to	4 35
White ex C, bbl.	3 90	to	4 00
Ex C. bbl.	3 75	to	3 90
Paris lumps, boxes	0 05⅞	to	0 06
Pulverized,	0 06	to	0 06½
OILS			
American Water White, lect A, gal.	0 17½	to	0 18
Canadian Water White, Arclight,	0 16½	to	0 17
Canadian prime white Silver Star,	0 15½	to	0 16½
Linseed oil, boiled,	0 85	to	0 88
do do, raw,	0 82	to	0 85
Turpentine,	0 65	to	0 70
Castor oil, com. lb.	0 00	to	0 00
Olive oil, gal.	0 85	to	0 95
Extra lard oil,	0 55	to	0 65
No. 1 lard oil,	0 50	to	0 60
Seal oil, steam refined,	0 57	to	0 62
do. pale,	0 54	to	0 55
Cod oil,	0 27	to	0 29
RAISINS.			
London Layers, new,	0 00	to	0 00
Black Baskets,	2 00	to	2 80
Loose Muscatel,	0 08½	to	0 09½
Valencia layer, new	0 08	to	0 08½
Valencia,	0 07	to	0 08
Sultana,	0 12	to	0 12
Currants, bbl.	0 09	to	0 09½
Currants, boxes,	0 10	to	11
Currants, cleaned	0 11	to	0 12
APPLES.			
Apples, bbl. new	4 00	to	4 50
Dried apples,	0 06	to	0 06½
Evaporated Apples.	0 08	to	0 08½
Evaporated Apricots,	0 12	to	0 12
Evaporated Peaches,	0 09	to	0 10
Prunes,	0 05	to	0 10
Lemons, box	5 00	to	6 00
Figs,	0 10	to	0 12
Dates, bxs	0 04½	to	0 05½
Grapes, Cal	0 00	to	0 00
Pears, Amn	0 00	to	0 00
Valencia Oranges	0 00	to	0 00
Bananas	1 75	to	2 25
Oranges Messina per box	3 00	to	3 50
Oranges Jamacia per bbl.	0 00	to	0 00
Pineapples per doz.	1 75	to	2 25
American Onions, per bbl.	4 25	to	4 50
MOLASSES.			
Barbados, new	0 28	to	0 29
Demerara	0 00	to	0 00
New Orleans	0 29	to	0 35
Porto Rico, new	0 33	to	0 35
FLOUR AND MEAL.			
Cornmeal,	2 90	to	3 00
Middlings, bags free	23 00	to	23 50
Manitoba Patents	4 65	to	4 75
Canadian High Grade Family	3 95	to	4 00
Medium Patents	3 75	to	3 85
Oatmeal Roller	4 15	to	4 25
Oatmeal Standard	4 15	to	4 25
SALT.			
Liverpool, sack ex store	0 54	to	0 56
Butter salt, cask factory filled	1 00	to	1 00
SPICES.			
Nutmegs,	0 55	to	0 75
Cassia per lb. ground	0 15	to	0 22
Cloves whole	0 20	to	0 22
Cloves ground	0 22	to	0 28
Ginger, ground	0 18	to	0 22
Pepper, ground	0 18	to	0 22
COFFEE.			
Condensed, 1 lb cans, per doz.			
Oak Brand	3 00	to	3 00
Condensed 1 lb. cans, per doz.			
Shamrock	2 50	to	2 50
Java, per lb. green	0 30	to	0 34
Jamacia, "	0 24	to	0 28
MATCHES.			
Gross.	0 37	to	0 40
CANDLES.			
Mould per lb.	0 11	to	0 11
TEAS.			
Ceylon	0 18	to	0 26
Congou, per lb common	0 14	to	0 18
Congou " good	0 20	to	0 26
Congou, finest	0 28	to	0 30
Souchong,	0 25	to	0 35
Colong,	0 30	to	0 45
NAILS.			
Cut, 50 dz, & 60 dz, per 100 lb	35	to	2 6
Wire nails, 10 dz	2 85	to	3 1
Ship spikes,	3 35	to	4 35
OAKUM			
English Navy er b.	0 6½	to	0 06½
American Navy per lb,	0 06	to	0 06½
English hand-picked.	0 06	to	0 06
PAINTS.			
White lead, Brandram's No. 1 B. B. per 100 lbs.	6 87	to	7 10
Yellow paint	6 50	to	7 75
Black	7 50	to	8 00
Putty, per lb.	0 2½	to	0 03
IRON, ETC.			
Anchors, per lb.	0 5	to	0 06½
Chain cables, per lb.	0 4½	to	0 05
Rigging chains, per lb.	0 4½	to	0 09
Yellow metals, per lb.	0 15	to	0 15
Refined, 100 lb or ordinary size	1 90	to	2 00
LIME.			
Casks,	0 95	to	1 00
Bbls.	0 55	to	0 60
TAR AND PITCH.			
Domestic coal tar	4 25	to	4 50
Coal tar pitch	2 75	to	2 00
Wilmington pitch	2 75	to	3 00
" tar	3 25	to	3 50
COALS.	ex ship,		delv'd
Old Mines Sydney per chald	7 50	to	7 50
Springhill round do	8 50	to	8 50
Springhill Nut do	8 50	to	8 50
Reserve Mine do	7 50	to	7 50
Caledonia do	7 50	to	7 50
Acadia	0 00	to	0 00
Pictou	7 00	to	7 00
Joggins	6 25	to	7 00
Joggins Nut	6 00	to	0 00
Foundry,	5 25	to	5 50
Broken, per ton	4 80	to	5 10
Egg	5 00	to	5 35
Stove	5 25	to	5 50
Chestnut	5 25	to	5 50
LUMBER			
Spruce deals Bay Fundy	10 00	to	10 50
City Mills	11 50	to	12 00
Aroostook P B Nos 1 &	40 00	to	45 00
No. 3	30 00	to	35 00
No. 4	20 00	to	25 00
Aroostook shipping	15 00	to	16 00
Common	12 00	to	13 00
Spruce boards	08 50	to	09 00
Spruce scantling (unst'd)	08 50	to	09 00
Spruce dimensions	10 00	to	12 00
Pine Clapboards, extra	32 00	to	40 00
No. 1	30 00	to	32 00
No. 2	20 00	to	20 00
No. 3	11 00	to	12 00
Laths, spruce	00 90	to	1 00
Laths, pine	00 90	to	1 00
Palings, spruce	4 00	to	8 00
LUMBER.			
New York	1 75	to	2 25
New York laths	0 40	to	0 45
Boston	00	to	2 00
Sound ports, calling V H to	2 00	to	2 00
Barbados market (50c x) no	6 00	to	6 00
North side Cuba (gid)	5 00	to	5 00
New York piling per foot	0 00	to	0 02½
New York lime, nom	0 00	to	0 25
Canary Islands	6 50	to	6 50
Boston lime nominal	0 00	to	0 18

DEALS. C. D.

	s. d.
Liverpoool intake meas.	
London	
Bristol Channel	
Clyde	
West Coast Ireland	37 6 steamer
Dublin	40 0 sailing vessel
Warrenport	
Belfast	
Cork Quay	

Country Wholesale Market.

Beef (butchers) per carcass..	0.07	to	0.09
Beef (country) per qr	0.06	"	0.08
Bacon (smoked) breakfast	0.16	"	0.18
Bacon (Smoked) roll..	0.14	"	0.16
Butter (tubs)..	0.15	"	0.16
Butter (lump)..	0.16	"	0.20
Butter (rolls)..	0.21	"	0.23
Buckwheat meal, per cwt	1.25	"	1.50
Chickens, per pair	0.40	"	0.60
Calf skins	0.00	"	0.09
Carrots, per doz..	0.20	"	0.00
Cabbage, per doz..	0.35	"	0.60
Fowl, per pair	0.40	"	0.80
Hams (smoked)	0.14	"	0.16
Hides, per lb	0.05	"	0.06
Lamb, per lb	0.06½	"	0.07½
Eggs	0.11	"	0.12
Lard	0.14	"	0.16
Lamb skins	0.25	"	0.00
Mutton, per carcass	0.05	"	0.06
Pork, per bbl	20.00	"	21.00
Lettuce, per doz	0.30	"	0.40
Shoulder (smoked)	0.08	"	0.10
Socks, per doz	1.75	"	2.00
Potatoes, per bbl	1.50	"	1.75
Veal, per carcase	0.05	"	0.07
Radish, per doz	0.00	"	0.25
Turnips, per bush	0.40	"	0.40
Celery, per doz..	0.40	"	0.40
Parsley, per doz..	0.00	"	0.20
Mint, per doz..	0.00	"	0.20
Rhubarb, per cwt	0.00	"	0.00½
Cucumbers, per doz	0.15	"	0.20

BRADSTREETS ON TRATE.

New York, Sept. 6.—Bradstreet's tomorrow will say:

Trade advices are as a rule very good. Fall demand, now in full swing at the east, west and northwest, compares well with last year and business continues to expand at the south.

All measures of trade demand point to the maintenance of general business on a scale not heretofore equalled for this time of year, while failures, though more numerous than last year are less hurtful than one or two months ago. Industrial disturbances are not cutting the figure they did earlier. Despite the steel strike the trades affected are doing a large business.

Crop advices are in the main favorable. For the week business failures number 169 as against 188 last week and 154 in this week a year ago.

Canadian trade is expanding and buyers are more numerous at leading markets. Prices of staples are firm and "jobbing" sales are few. Collections are good and railway earnings are larger than ever before.

DUN'S REVIEW OF TRADE.

New York, Sept. 6.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade tomorrow will say:

A holiday reduced the volume of legitimate business this week. Actual sales of many iron and steel products are recorded at material advances and the tone throughout is hardened by vigorous demand. Placing of sample orders for spring footwear is of such character as to indicate a healthy market for cotton goods, and placing of government contracts, the staple shows no great strength.

New Canadian Pulp M