

### A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

#### WHAT A ST. JOHN MAN SAW IN THE ANnapolis VALLEY.

The Push and Enterprise of Nova Scotia Towns—A Country of Fruit and Beautiful Fields—Bad Connection at Annapolis a Source of Annoyance.

A trip across the Bay and through the Annapolis valley in the Autumn is full of interest. The country along the route is graphically described by a St. John man, who made the trip recently. After referring to pleasant experiences on board the Monticello, he writes:

The passengers were held a long while (over an hour,) at Annapolis in consequence of the incoming train being over an hour late. It is a matter of just complaint and much annoyance that such delay should occur and I understand it does occur quite often, which grievance should be rectified in the interest of all travellers over the line. The stops were many on the route to Windsor, but they served to break the monotony of the drive. The stations and houses along the route give evidence of wealth and thrift, and instead of sleepy Nova Scotia towns, I found evidence of push and vigor everywhere.

Along the valley of the Annapolis, stretching for miles, were immense orchards; a country of rare beauty. We passed Grand Pre about dusk, and therefore our view was limited. Arriving in Windsor about seven o'clock, we were struck with the push and evident enterprise here shown. The stores are all large, and carry full lines in the various branches, there being several large dry goods stores, six good hotels, three book stores, four furniture stores, three hardware stores, in fact every line of business is here represented to its fullest capacity.

On Saturday, Monday and Tuesday I saw much of the surrounding country, and in every direction for miles the fine farms, orchards, and neatly kept houses gave pleasure to eye and mind.

Of Windsor I don't know what to say—the whole town is enchanting. On every side, at every turn, you find fine orchards in which are every variety of apples, plums, cherries, grapes, pears, and all the kinds of vegetables. Some of the houses are quaint, but two-thirds of all are wooden, and many surpass in elegance and finish those of large and pretentious cities. The post office, custom house, court house, banks, and shipping office, as well as the hotels, are all large and well appointed. The population of Windsor is nearly 5,000. Situated as it is at the confluence of the rivers Avon and St. Croix, it holds a commanding situation for trade, steamers arriving up the Avon every day, and returning to the various points before the waters leave the river. They come with the tide and return with it, as the river empties itself twice a day, leaving nothing but mud. It was a great surprise to me, as I had never seen the like before, and to see large ships at the wharves and no water to float in needed explanation. It came when I saw the water come rolling up at a quick rate and covering the hollows and ridges of the river. The river with its beautiful surroundings is a sight of rare beauty and a lasting pleasure.

The town was settled about the middle of the seventeenth century by the French, and upon their expulsion it was granted to a number of British officers. A very large amount of shipping is owned in the town, and there are a large number of very wealthy families. It is said there are over fifteen worth \$300,000 each, some more than that, and many whose fortunes range over \$100,000.

There are numerous factories which give employment to a large number of men, the cotton factory paying in wages over \$700 per week, and several other large amounts.

King's college is the oldest institution of its kind in Canada. It was founded, 1789, and received royal charter from King George in 1803. It is beautifully located, as are also the collegiate school and gymnasium. Included in the grounds, which contain about 80 acres, are the houses of the Professors, the museum, and chapel, the two latter of antique design and built of stone.

Near by is Clifton, formerly the residence of Judge Halbertson. In Windsor also is the residence of Professor Hind. If some of the St. John florists had his magnificent collections of fine plants and flowers in St. John, they would be in a fair way of making fortunes.

I cannot help thinking that if our people who enjoy quiet and rest, as well as genuine pleasure, knew of the wonderful beauty and attractiveness of this place that they would come here in larger numbers to spend their vacation. In the hottest weather there are cooling breezes. The weather during the last few days was about 80 in the shade, and quite comfortable in view of the breezes always blowing.

For Convenience.

Mr. Epstein—Vot do you wear so many rings for, Rebecca? I heard a woman say dot so many rings vas bad taste.

Mrs. Epstein—I don't wear 'em for taste or good looks, Isaac; I wear 'em for convenience.

Mr. Epstein—For convenience. How so?

Mrs. Epstein—It don't take me so long to wash my hands.—America.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed If your Druggist

### WHERE WEARY TRAVELLERS GO!

#### Notes and News of All Sorts and Conditions of Hotels in the Province.

It is understood that a tenant for the new hotel at St. Stephen has been found in N. I. Cluff, formerly of the Exchange, Woodstock. It is said that he will have an eight years' lease, and the company is comparatively happy.

The day has gone by when tired travellers have to lie awake to fight the rats in the bedrooms at Port Mulgrave, N. S. During the last season Peter A. Grant, a Pictou county boy who has seen service in British Columbia, has built and fitted up the Seaside hotel, a very comfortable and finely situated house, with accommodations for about 50.

Business has been so good this season that he is now adding a wing which will accommodate about 20 more, giving a hotel accommodation of 70 for next season. Other improvements are being made in the grounds in front of the house. Peter is one of the most obliging of landlords, and is likely to do a thriving business.

When the Charlottetown people form a joint stock company, build a new hotel and import a landlord to run it, there will be less grumbling among the travelling public. Billy Ganong is doing a good business at the Lamy, Amherst, and that too despite the fact that the rigors of the law compel him to put the sign "Bar Closed" on the door opposite the office.

The St. Lawrence Hall, Cacouna, did the best business this season that it has done for many years. Messrs. Shipman and Stocking are men of broad ideas as well as experience, while the name of John Brennan as manager is of itself a big guarantee that the elite of Canada will find everything to their taste at this famous summer resort.

The Inch Arran, Dalhousie, did not do a profitable business this season, but that was not the fault of Manager Hale, who returned to it after having filled other engagements for several years past. It is understood that the management is so well satisfied with him that he has been re-engaged for next season, when a big rush is expected.

The Inch Arran was closed to guests on Sept. 1st, but it was not until the following day that it was closed with any sort of ceremony. That happened when Sheriff Phillips, Tom Murphy, two sea captains, and two others, drove down and made the bowling alley echo with a farewell game. The Sheriff, as everybody knows, is an expert bowler and came out at the top of the score.

Murphy's hotel, Dalhousie, is a snug hostelry for the weary traveller, and proprietor "Tom" is always on hand when wanted, day or night.

The Keary House, Bathurst, is one of the places where the pilgrim is sure of being well treated. Keary not only keeps a good house, but attends to it, and to his patrons as well. Besides that he has a big, warm heart and would not know how to do a mean thing if he tried. The boys like the Keary, and they are always welcome there.

The Brunswick, Sackville, is one of the best lighted and ventilated houses on the road. The bedrooms have none of that closeness which drives away sleep, and the dining room is a very pleasant apartment, especially when dinner is on. Tom and Arthur Estabrooks do their best to oblige their guests, and the former has an especial respect for clergymen and editors.

Arthur Dixon who used to make all the town get out of the way when he drove the mail team to and from the station, is running the Intercolonial hotel, at Sackville. He reports an excellent business during the past season.

### THE LANDLORD WANTED TO KNOW

#### He Was Anxious About the Comfort of His Guest and Asked a Question.

It was in a rather unsettled part of Cape Breton, not long ago, that I looked around after a hard day's journey, for a place in which to spend the night. Only one place was available, and that was an establishment which was half hotel and half railway boarding house, kept by a very civil and kind hearted old Frenchman. I had a companion with me, and we were shown to the only vacant bedroom, in which were two beds. One of these my friend preempted, while I disrobed with a view to occupying the other.

Turning down the clothes, I became aware of two important facts. In the first place the sheets bore evidence of being slept in by a number of people, and in the next place they were dotted here and there with small spots of dried human blood. From these surface indications, I judged it prudent to sleep on the outside, so carefully replacing the clothes, I secured a spare quilt from the foot of the bed, wrapped the drapery of my couch around me and lay down—no, not "to pleasant dreams."

For they began to bite, early and often. I endured it as long as I could, then rose, placed a pillow on the floor, took a spare quilt from the other bed and lay down on the hard boards. This was an improvement, but not wholly a remedy. I still suffered, and long before daylight I was dressed and down stairs.

to Cure Dyspepsia and Indigestion, don't keep K. D. C.,

We had breakfast by lamplight, and our host was most attentive to our wants. Finally he asked:

"How did you sleep last night?"

"Pretty well," said my companion. I remained silent, and this evidently gave the landlord an idea. Gazing at me with a look of solicitude, he asked:

"Did ze bugs bite you much?"

This was a somewhat novel enquiry in my extended hotel experience. Politeness should have prompted me to give an evasive answer, but I bluntly told the whole truth. The landlord's face assumed a most compassionate look as he replied:

"Ah, zen, you did not sleep much. Some people have complained there are bugs in zat bed. I must put some powder in it."

Then the conversation at the table turned on bed bugs and their habits, with anecdotes of personal experience. I had thought I was hungry when I sat down, but I did not eat half as much as I expected. Perhaps the topic had something to do with it.

### HE CANNOT GET RID OF IT.

#### Th Horr'bl Hamster Thought that it Preled In Assuring!

It is queer how hard it is to efface some things from the memory. A word or a sentence oft-repeated, especially if it be humorous or grotesque, will linger, perhaps, for a life-time. It will constantly recur to your thoughts, often at inconvenient times.

Now, here are two lines from an obituary poem that have a special charm for me—

"I am going to the tanyard to fulfill his last request  
And plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave."

The sentiment in these lines is touching. The sinner cannot easily shake them off. They will continually work upon his conscience, and in the awful hush of night a voice will come to him saying:

I am going to the tanyard to fulfill his last request,  
And plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave!

Last week I attended the funeral of a dear friend and I will freely say that the display of grief made by me was equal to any exhibit of the kind I saw there. But in the midst of the impressive service at the grave, these mystic words came back to me and I could not shake them off—they seemed to have become engrafted upon my moral nature—

I am going to the tanyard to fulfill his last request,  
And plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave!

There is a certain sameness about a poem of a thousand lines that contains but one sentence. The soul's bill of fare is somewhat limited when it comprises for weeks at a time nothing but one bare sentiment.

But though the sky be bright or dull, the season night or day, still to my throbbing consciousness there comes, like the surf beat of the waves of Whence upon the shores of Now—

I am going to the tanyard to fulfill his last request,  
And plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave!

Does it begin to haunt you too, gentle reader?

BILDAD.

It Didn't Take Long.

A big man who looked like he might be a Senator or a rich merchant, a retired banker or something of that sort, walked down the street a few evenings ago, and stopping under a lamp post looked intently upward. A policeman saw him and stepped over to that side of the walk to see what it meant. The next man who happened along also stopped, and after catching what he thought was the proper remark, began to look up. Another man came up and did the same thing. Pretty soon a young fellow and his girl caught sight of the stargazer and they began to see what there was to be seen. Presently some one in the rapidly increasing party spoke up:

"What's all this mean?" he asked the policeman.

"Git along wid yet," responded the official.

Just then the big man turned around. "My goodness!" he exclaimed, "what on earth is this crowd here for?"

"What are you looking at?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Looking at," echoed the gentleman, "why, bless me, I was only absorbed in figures."

### THIS EXHIBITION IS FREE.

#### Three Planets which May be Seen by Those who Look Skyward.

Venus, the fairest of the stars, shines like a young moon on September evenings. She is visible almost as soon as the sun disappears, and may be seen at noonday by observers who know where to look. The time of her visibility is however lessened by her southern declination which shortens her stay above the horizon. She reaches her greatest eastern elongation on the twenty-third, when she is as far east of the sun as possible, and begins to retrace her steps toward him, becoming larger and brighter as she approaches the earth, until October 29th, when she reaches her greatest brilliancy.

Jupiter is evening star, and exceeds in radiant light every other star in the heavens excepting Venus, while he has the advantage of his visibility remaining much longer above the horizon, as well as in shining from the dark background of the midnight sky. Jupiter is not in the most favorable conditions for observation, for he is receding from the earth, and like Venus, is low down in the south.

Star-gazers are fortunate when Venus and Jupiter, the two most beautiful planets of the system, grace the sky at the same time. As Venus is an inferior planet, that is, its orbit is between the earth and the sun, and Jupiter is a superior planet, it is well to study the law that guide their course. Venus is forever chained to the sun, and is never seen much more than three hours before sunrise or three hours after sunset. Jupiter rises in the east, and makes the whole circuit of the heavens, being visible, when in opposition, the entire night. The reason for the varying movement is that planets are viewed from the earth, which is a moving observatory. The planets, seen from the sun, revolve in circular orbits.

Mars is evening star, but his glory is departing, and his ruddy light is growing dim. He was superb, when in opposition on May 27th, and nearer to us on June 5th than he has been in thirteen years. He was an imposing object during the summer, as he followed his capricious course among the bright stars of Scorpio, being in conjunction three times with his rival and namesake Antares. Ares is the Greek name of Mars, and anti means opposed to.

Mars is found in the southwest, and is of little account until his opposition in 1892, when he will be as near the earth as he was in 1877, an epoch made famous by the discovery of his two moons.—*Youth's Companion.*

#### Fit for a King.

Hot baked beans is just the thing you want, and when you can get the genuine Boston baked brown bread with them it is a dish fit for a king. J. S. Armstrong & Bro., 32 Charlotte street, sells both.

#### Woman's Way.

She—Isn't that the woman who worried the life out of her husband and killed him by inches?

He—Yes, and now she goes and sobs on his grave till you can hear her over the fence.—*Life.*

#### The Queen Pays All Expenses.

The Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded.

A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and the handsome Simons or United States boy (delivered free in Canada and United States) to the gentleman, who sends the most list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the Queen.

Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

### NEW BRUNSWICK TROTTING CIRCUIT, 1890.

Including the Tracks at St. Stephen, Fredericton, and St. John, Province of New Brunswick.

### \$8,750 IN PURSES.

ST. STEPHEN, 10th & 11th Sept. ST. JOHN, 24th & 25th Sept. FREDERICTON, 17th & 18th " ST. JOHN, 29th & 30th Sept.

ST. STEPHEN PARK, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. PURSES, \$1,000. WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, 10th and 11th September.

First Day.  
Foals of 1888, .. . Purses, \$100  
3 Minute Class, .. . " 150  
2.37 Class, .. . " 200  
Second Day.  
2.45 Class, .. . Purses, \$150  
Free for all Class, .. . " 300  
Reserved for Special, .. . " 100

Entries close 3rd September. Address all communications to JAMES E. OSBURN, Secretary, St. Stephen, N. B.

FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, FREDERICTON, N. B. PURSES, \$1,000. WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, 17th and 18th September.

First Day.  
Stake Race for foals (Added) of \$300 of 1888, En. closed (money) \$150  
3 Minute Class, .. . Purses, \$150  
2.37 Class, .. . " 200  
Second Day.  
2.45 Class, .. . Purses, \$150  
Free for all Class, .. . " 300  
Reserved for Special, .. . " 100

Entries close 3rd September. Address all communications to W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary, Fredericton, N. B.

MOOSEPATH PARK, ST. JOHN, N. B. PURSES, \$1,750. WEDNESDAY, 24th SEPT. 3 Minute Class, .. . Purses, \$150 2.37 Class, .. . " 200 THURSDAY, 25th SEPT. 2.45 Class, .. . Purses, \$150 Free for all Class, .. . " 300 Reserved for Special, .. . " 200 MONDAY, 29th SEPT. Foals of 1887 or younger, .. \$100 2.40 Class, .. . " 200 TUESDAY, 30th SEPT. 2.50 Class, .. . Purses, \$150 Free for all Stallions, .. . " 100

Entries close on the 15th Sept. for the first two days, and on the 22nd Sept. for the last two days. Address all communications to A. M. MAREE, Secretary, St. John, N. B.

### GENERAL REMARKS.

ALL Races herein mentioned, are conventionally situated for horsemen who may desire to attend these races.

By the New Brunswick Trotting Association each Track here represented is a member. Five horses required to enter and three to start. A horse distancing the field will only be entitled to first money.

Horses starting in the circuit will be eligible in the same class throughout the circuit.

Entrances for will be Ten per cent. of the purses, payable Five per cent. with nomination and Five per cent. the evening before the races.

Purses will be divided: Sixty per cent. to first, Thirty per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third.

Arrangements will be made to have United States horses admitted in bond to attend the races.

W. F. TODD, W. P. FLEWELLING, President, Secretary, St. Stephen, N. B. Fredericton, N. B.

### TWO STRONG POINTS WHEN COMBINED!

VIZ: EXCELLENCE IN QUALITY, AND LOW PRICE.



We think we have them both in the Goods we are offering for this Fall's trade, and solicit a careful inspection from those who require any goods in our various lines, whether a Cooking or Heating Stove, a Mantel Piece and Grate, or something in the line of Tinware and Household Hardware, of which we have an immense stock, in great variety. A careful inspection of our stock will pay all buyers who are interested in securing the Best Goods at the Lowest Possible Prices.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. Street.

### The MEDAL Brand

OF Asphalt Roofing

—IS SOLD ONLY BY— T. McAVITY & SONS, - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

MADE of felt Piles, treated with natural asphalt, or solid bitumen, with layers of waterproof mineral composition, practically unchangeable in the atmosphere, and uninjured by the greatest alterations of heat, frost, and thaw. IT MAKES A CHEAP ROOF. IT MAKES A MOST DURABLE ROOF. IT MAKES A SPARK-PROOF ROOF. IT MAKES A BETTER ROOF THAN TIN.

And the large repeat orders lately received prove that it is giving the best of satisfaction. Send for samples and prices. T. McAVITY & SONS, - - SAINT JOHN, N. B.

### THE NEW CROCKERY STORE,

94 KING STREET. JUST RECEIVED: A NEW LOT OF Flower Stands and Vases.

in very pretty designs and colors. Just the thing for CRYSTAL WEDDING PRESENTS. Prices low as usual. C. MASTERS.

JUST RECEIVED

—A FURTHER SUPPLY OF—

### READY-MADE SUITS and SUMMER OVERCOATS,

Men's, Youths', and Boys' Sizes, In new and fashionable designs. Which will be sold at our usual low prices.

1000 Pairs of Pants, at cost; Great Reduction in Gent's fine Summer Underwear.

SPECIAL BARGAINS in TRUNKS and VALISES. Clothing made to order in our usual first-class style.

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, :: :: 51 Charlotte Street. T. YOUNGLAUS, Proprietor.

A PASSING  
Twas but a moment. Long  
The grateful presence of her  
And at her beauty's shine  
To mark the sweetness of her  
To catch a glance from her  
A fleeting light of vision,  
Than all the colors of the sun  
That but a moment lingered  
A moment. Then she vanished  
Within my memory so soon  
Of smile, fading slowly, dies  
But lingers yet when all is  
Or as a dream that fits across  
When care is bound by all  
Too soon will vanish, but yet  
A gentle sweetness that the  
If fate had been but kinder.  
Our paths have been the  
hand,  
Together we had wandered off  
And crossed the border of  
We met to meet no more.  
U  
Of life we pass like ships.  
A signal shown, a shout, but yet  
Then darkness waves and  
tween.  
A WINTER ON P  
The Terrors of the Lon  
Service Men—A Str  
I had been in the sign  
over a year when I was  
which is considered by  
the most disagreeable st  
country. In summer it  
there are numerous visit  
from Colorado Springs  
comparatively pleasant  
middle of October until  
of April it is very diff  
almost impossible to gy  
mountain, and the or  
with the outside world  
man takes charge of the  
and two in winter. M  
begin with the winter s  
the station the first day  
I found my companion f  
ing me. His name was  
was a good-looking, br  
from somewhere down i  
fully six feet tall, wid  
seemed to bid defiance  
posture. If any one ha  
he would be the first  
rigors of that terrible w  
laughed at the idea, for  
by no means robust an  
hardships of any kind.  
The station is located  
the extreme top of the  
one-story log building a  
Around it on three sides  
season, almost a high  
the supply of wood for  
keep the roof from bein  
are laid upon it in di  
two immense chains are  
fastened to the ground a  
interior is divided into  
rough board partition.  
The men eat, and do the  
is used as a store room.  
The weather did not  
cold that year until abo  
kept getting colder an  
morning between Ch  
Years the thermometer  
grees below zero—a sp  
course. It was so cold  
we could do the water v  
or more in the cabin ev  
was the wind and blin  
that often for a week at  
able to go outside to ta  
One morning in the la  
Harry got up looking v  
not eat any breakfast,  
time he was back in bo  
ing of a terrible headac  
was in a raging fever.  
soon became that at ti  
I could do to hold him  
such medicine as I thou  
many an hour I spent p  
of instructions accom  
search of a proper rem  
gave him seemed to  
One day early in Febr  
to remove some stick  
had blown against the  
of sleeping soundly, an  
naturally than at any ti  
ness. Returning a fe  
found him sitting in fr  
instrument with his h  
But the effort had evid  
for him; his head lay  
he was trembling all o  
I had hardly given him  
he began to sink rapid  
half an hour he was de  
had recovered a litt  
started to telegraph th  
Springs. I gave the  
upon the key, but res  
repeated it, still no an  
very strange. I knew  
orado Springs was in t  
Again and again I tri  
succeed. "I made a car  
the instrument, the bat  
netted with it, but  
wrong. Then came  
"the wire was down or  
on the mountains." It  
fore I was compelled  
must be the case. Bu  
hands, I wept like a ch  
certainly was a terrible  
It is a great misfortu  
young to be gray. To o  
young, see Hall's Hair R  
—Adt.