

THE BEST YET! Canada's International Exhibition FOR 1900

Attractions Unsurpassed.

Marsh, the Wonderful, Dives 70 ft. from a Flying Bicycle.

He performs the greatest feat of the century and is sought after by all exhibitors. This will be his only appearance in the Maritime Provinces this season. He dives seventy feet from a flying bicycle into a shallow tank. This feat is in plain view of all on the grounds.

Baden Powell's

Armored Train.

as it circled in the defence of Mafeking, will be another free-for-all.

Funniest Coach Ride,

ever seen is another out-door attraction.

Magnificent Fireworks.

IN AMUSEMENT HALL.

Powers Bros.

Recently returned from a European tour where they delighted the most critical audiences in the world.

Rossi Bros.

Knockabout Artists, perform one of the most laughable acts ever staged.

Kelly and Ashby.

Comedy Acrobats, have a magnificent billiard table and play a most extraordinary game upon it.

Auguste Dewell.

is the prince of equilibrist and is a scholar and a gentleman.

Novelty Trio.

Don't say what they will do till they appear. Then—Look out!!!

La Sartonia Sisters

Fencers and Boxers.

Moving War Pictures.

In Agricultural Building Hall.

The Eikon Warograph Moving Pictures will be the sensation of the Exhibition. Here will be thrown upon a canvas of 300 square feet, wonderfully life-like and life size scenes of the British Boer War.

Is now an assured success and the people who do not see it will live to regret that fact.

STILL FOUR DAYS.

Saturday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Every day will have its Great Special Features. The Warships CRESCENT, QUAIL and PSYCHE will be in the Harbor and open to visitors.

A feature of the Exhibition will be the presence of Admiral Bedford and Staff, with his jolly Jock Tars. Hundreds of them in attendance every day.

Everyone Can Come.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

From Sept. 8th to 18th, tickets will be sold at all stations in New Brunswick, good to return up to Sept. 22nd, at single first-class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added.

Tickets will be sold at this rate in Nova Scotia on the 8th, 11th, and 13th and in Quebec from Quebec City, Levis and east, on the 8th and 13th.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS.

From Sussex to Coldbrook and Stations inclusive, tickets will be sold from Sept. 10th to 19th at single second class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added, good to return same day. From P. nobisqua to Moncton inclusive, same dates, same fare and good to return day following date of issue.

From points east of Moncton to Point du Chene and Amherst, same dates, same fare, and good to return two days from date of issue.

From points north of Moncton to Campbellton, at single second class fare, with 25 cents admission to the Exhibition added, on the 10th Sept., limit for return 13th; on 12th, limit 15th; on 13th, limit 17th; on 14th, limit 18th; on 15th, limit 19th; on 17th, limit 20th.

SPECIAL DAYS.

On Tuesday, 11th and Tuesday, 13th.	On Monday, 10th, and Monday 17th.
Amherst.....\$2.00	Campbellton to Eel River.....\$3.25
Belledune and PetiteRoche..... 2.85	Charlo, New Mills and Laughlins..... 3.10
Nash's Creek and Jacquet River..... 3.00	Bathurst to Red Pine..... 2.75
Bartibogue to Baraboy River..... 2.50	Rogersville and Kent Jct..... 2.25
Harcourt to Coal Branch..... 2.00	Canaan..... 1.75
Berry's Mills..... 1.60	Good to return two days from date of issue.

ON SEPTEMBER 11TH AND 17TH.

Halifax to Shubenacadie.....\$4.75	On September 12 and 17th. from farthest parts of P. E. Island..... \$3.75
Stewiacke to Truro..... 4.25	Summerside..... 2.75
Londonderry to Oxford Jc..... 3.75	
Springhill Jc..... 3.25	

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

From Sept. 8th to 18th, good to return till 22nd, at single first-class fare from all stations to St. John. \$4.50 is the rate from Halifax.

SHORE LINE RAILWAY.

St. Stephen, from 10th to 18th, good to return 22nd, \$1.00 (without admission to Exhibition.)

All other Railways and Steamers leading into St. John and many connecting lines give return tickets at single first-class fare.

Read the Excursion Rates.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip from Sept. 10th to 18th, good to return till Sept. 22nd, plus 25c. admission to Exhibition. There will be low rates for special days as follows—including admission to Exhibition:

MONDAY, SEPT. 17th.	Return rate.	MONDAY, SEPT. 17th.	Return rate.
Lowelltown.....\$5.70	Jackman..... 4.20	Freque Isle..... 3.25	Caribou..... 3.25
Greenville Jc..... 4.40	Brownville..... 3.75	Fort Fairfield..... 3.25	Good to return Sept. 20th.
Lake View..... 3.55	Mattawamkeag..... 2.85	MONDAY, SEPT. 17th.	Return rate.
Danforth..... 2.30	Vancouver..... 1.75	Houlton.....\$2.25	Good to return Sept. 19th.
Good to return Sept. 19th.	TUESDAY, SEPT. 18th.	MONDAY, Sept. 17th.	Return rate.
Fredericton.....\$1.75	Fredericton Jc..... 1.35	Havelock.....\$2.25	Millville..... 2.25
Hoyt..... 1.20	Welsford..... .95	Cardigan..... 2.25	Keewick..... 2.15
Westfield Beach..... .80	Good to return Sept. 15th and 20th respectively.	St. Marys..... 1.85	Good to return Sept. 20th.

St. Andrews and St. Stephen from 10th to 18th, good to return 22nd, \$1.00 (without admission to Exhibition.)
Special Trains will leave Aroostook Jc. 7 a. m. Sept. 13th and one from Woodstock, 7.45 a. m., Sept. 14th.
A special train will leave St. John at 10 p. m., Tuesday, 13th, for Fredericton and intermediate points.

COME AND SEE

WHO GET THE PRIZES

In the Live Stock Lists.

D. J. McLAUGHLIN, President.

CHAS. A. EVERETT, Manager and Secretary.

Shot and Earned His Pay.

Marshal Taylor Made a Record in the Days When to be a Sheriff Was a Mode of Suicide.

'Talkin' about Marshals of tough towns, I often think of Taylor, who was at Baxter Springs, Kan., in the early days,' said an old timer as he shifted his chair and began his story. 'In those days Baxter Springs was the jumpin'-off place. It lay close to the Indian territory line, beyond which was nothin' but cattle and cowboys and hell as far as the Rio Grande. Twice a year the cattle were driven from that vast region to the railroad at Baxter Springs for shipment to market. Twice a year this gave the cowboys an opportunity to touch civilization, drink up its whiskey, go against faro and monte, and shoot the town full of holes.

The class of citizens necessary for the entertainment of these visitors was no small part of the population of Baxter Springs, in spite of the fact that many of them in the course of a year were killed off, chewed up and used to decorate lone trees on the prairie. The push got so strong some times that it was necessary to do these things. I remember once a mass meetin' was called on matters of importance. Among a few it was known that a vigilance committee was to be organized. Seven prominent citizens had been marked. These men came to the meetin' and were

doin' more talkin' than anybody when suddenly they were seized, hauled to the edge of the town and swung up in a row on the limb of a big cotton tree. It was sudden, but had its effect.

'Baxter Springs was built of low, shacklin' frame houses, with a saloon every other door; glittering with red lights at night that were an invitation to danger as well as dissipation. It always seemed to me that any man who asked to be marshal of Baxter Springs had grown tired of living but shrank from killing himself with his own hand. In nine cases out of ten, it was about the same as suicide to get the place. The marshal was a mark for every bad man that came up the trail. It was a cowboy's ambition to shoot a town marshal. Many times the marshal was tough himself, but this only added to the excitement of the fights. He was regarded as the representative of that element of society which the tough citizens corned and which he had gone into uninhabited regions to escape.

'Baxter Springs had tried all kinds of marshals, big and little sluggers and shooters, but practically all of them had shown defects. The last marshal had just been killed when Taylor was first heard of. Where he came from no one ever knew.

He drifted into town from somewhere out West. He was never known by any other name than just plain Taylor. He was a quiet, inoffensive looking chap, with light dusty-colored hair and a thin flaxen mustache that barely covered his lip. He was slenderly built, but nearly 6 feet tall. He had cold blue eyes, without a glint or sparkle to soften their expression. Taylor was so quiet and boyish in appearance that at first his request for the appointment was laughed at as a joke, as the place was one of more responsibility than that of mayor. The only recommendation he offered was that he had had some experience in Arizona. In some way which I never understood Taylor got the place.

'By the very nature of life at Baxter Springs Taylor was compelled to begin making a record the moment he put on his star. Every bully in town primed himself to take Taylor down the line. Taylor had only two trustworthy friends—his pistol and his physical strength. His strength was remarkable. He was not muscular, but his sinews were like steel. He could take a man by the collar and flounce him all over the street.

'The bully of bullies was a farmer named Dave Ramsey, a giant in both size and strength. Dave always wore a red flannel shirt, opened at the neck and showing his hairy chest; a big, slouching sombrero, and his trousers, without suspenders, stuffed into his high heeled boots. His face was covered with a thicket of black whiskers. Foscotel when sober, he was a Chéyenne with a scalping knife in each hand when tanked up with booze. It was

his custom to go on the warpath once a week. He had fought over every foot of ground in Baxter Springs. No martial had ever been able to take him single-handed or make him knock under with a bluff gun ply.

'Dave showed up on schedule time a few days after Taylor went into the office, and came down the street spoutin' brimstone. Everybody was on hand to see the fun. Taylor walked up to Ramsey just as easy as buyin' chips in faro, and told him to stop his war dance and go home. Ramsey leered at Taylor a moment and then roared with laughter, wantin' to know, 'where that tow-headed kid blew in from.' Ramsey made a few side steps and bantered Taylor to fight. Taylor jumped him like a streak of lightning, and down they went, with Taylor on top. Baxter Springs has seen lots of fights, but nothin' like that one. Taylor just slugged Ramsey until Ramsey couldn't talk and then threw him into his wagon bodily and told him to sail for home and he went. His defeat and the guyin' of friends worried Ramsey. He decided to try it again, and came to town and began tankin'. Taylor didn't wait for any invitation this time, but just mauled the life out of him, dragged him down the street and threw him into the calaboose. Friends passed whiskey and wedges into the calaboose and Dave steamed up and broke open the door. Taylor heard of it, and as Dave stepped into the street, predictin' that he would destroy the world, Taylor walked up and said meekly as a lamb:

'See here, Ramsey, I'm tired of you,

now you've got just ten seconds to get back in there or I'll kill you.'

'Dave looked at Taylor's gun and then at his eyes, and began to wilt. He saw death starin' him in the face. Suddenly he turned and walked in. That was the last of the town bully of Baxter Springs. He out the worst of his map when he went spreein'.

'This gave Taylor standin' among the fighters and his reputation spread. Gentlemen handy with their guns began to show up for a whirl with the new marshal of Baxter Springs. Taylor killed 'em right and left and at the drop of the hat, coolly, calmly as if drivin' nails in a board, never betrayin' the least excitement and goin' about the streets and into dives as if he was the only man in town. He walked into saloons filled with drunken cowboys and always brought out his man. He seemed to bear a charmed life. He didn't talk about law and order of bein' respectable and all that; he simply said that he was drawin' his salary for keepin' the peace, and he intended to do it if every coyote on the trail from Baxter Springs to Texas came to town in a bunch.

'Did any of you cow punchers ever know Can Rector of Texas? You don't know much about the cow business if you didn't. Can Rector counted his money in piles them days. He used to drive a train load of steers into Baxter Springs, sell 'em and see how fast he could spend the money. Can was the meanest ones when drunk that ever layed in a dance-hall. He always

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)