

THE GIRL OF QUESTIONS. HOW A MAN'S LIFE CAN BE MADE MISERABLE.

She Did Not Understand the Game and Began to Make Remarks—The Agency of the Ordinal—Ignorance of the Umpire Settles Her Work.

It is surprising how much amusement one woman, with a well defined talent for asking questions, is capable of affording to a good sized audience, while she herself remains blissfully unconscious of the benefit she is conferring on her fellow creatures in rescuing them from the demon of ennui.

I had a delightful instance of this about three weeks ago, an instance which I truly think casts the celebrated small boy to whom poor Mark Twain tried to relate the story of George Washington and his apocryphal little hatchet utterly, and forever, into the shade.

It was during the last match between the Shamrocks and the Monctons, and though the base ball season has passed away like a tale that is told, and with it the bright beings who flashed athwart our horizon the meteors of a single day; yet somehow, the spot where once they lived, played, and had their being, seems surrounded by sacred memories, which as the scent of the roses is supposed to hang round the fragments of a broken pot-pourri jar—make hallowed ground of the base ball field.

A charm from the past seems to hallow all there, which seek where you will is never met with elsewhere.

I had reached the scene of action early, and shortly after I took my seat on the grand stand. A party of three arrived and settled themselves directly in front of me; they consisted of a very pretty young lady, a fair young man, and another young lady with dark hair. The two former were evidently husband and wife, and the latter, very evidently a "lady from the provinces" who had never seen a base ball match.

The young couple placed her between them; the ladies unfurled their fans, and then the fun began; the players were engaged in the usual practice before the game, and the lady from the provinces watched them for an instant with interest and then burst forth.

"What a lovely game, which is going to beat, do you think? Oh look! see that one throwing the ball at the other man; he nearly hit him."

The fair young man explained that the game had not yet begun, and that it was for throwing the ball at the other man that the pitcher was paid, as the catcher was paid for not being hit, it could help it.

"Well you don't mean to say he is paid for playing ball do you? I thought they all did it for fun."

The young matron stepped into the chasm this time, and informed her friend that they were all professionals and paid like all other honest toilers. At that moment the umpire called time in the language of the ring, and the players started out into the field to begin their work.

"Oh look!" shrieked our friend. "See what he is putting over his head? It's a muzzle, and what a funny apron all striped across! What is he doing that for?"

"That is his base ball mask to prevent the balls from striking his head, and the chest pad is to protect his chest."

"Oh yes. I might have known that if I had only stopped to think. What are all those ragged bags for, out on the field?"

"Those are the bases; and the home plate is—"

Is it so they wont get spoiled if they fall down?"

"That is the color of their club; the Shamrocks."

"Oh no, it isn't; I can see their clubs plainly, and they are all bright yellow. You are trying to make fun of me all the time, Fred; just because I don't understand the game as well as you and Edith."

Silence, for a brief space—a silence that could be felt, and fell upon our wearied spirits like the gentle dew from heaven, then—

"What does that man mean by standing right behind the one who is using the bat, he gets in the way all the time and he will be getting killed if he does not take care?"

"But he is the catcher," groaned the martyr beside her. "It is his place."

"And who is the man who talks so much and dances around all the time?"

"That is the umpire."

"What is an umpire?"

"Great Caesar's ghost Mary, don't you know." His voice died away. His head sunk slowly forward and in another moment he fell heavily against the rail, and he could bear a great deal, but when it came to associating with a girl who did not know a base ball umpire when she saw one, the strong man forgot his manhood and fainted like the weakest girl beneath the storm of emotions which racked his frame, and the last words I heard as he was carried away were, "Why Edith what can be the matter with Fred? What made him ill? What?" and I heard no more.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

His Ma Indignant Because She is Neglected by "Progress."

My DERE SIS: Wich hopin' you are the same, and leavin' us as uzule and takin' my pen in hand, hopin' you will excuse bad ritin' and many happy returns uv the same. We've been away so long now, sis, that you must aben havin' some heviny cortin' I gess. I think cortin without kisses is ony an agrawashun, don't you think so, sister. It's like diggin' worms and not bein' allowed to fish. It's like the cake wich ma puts on the table fer show and not fer eatin'.

Good land, sister, but mebbe our muchual ma ain't mad! And all becoz the Moncton sassity reporter uv that ogeous paper, PROGRESS, forgot to menshun our impozin' arrival here. Ain't we good enuff fer Muncton, sez she, to be sot on this way? Ain't we took in all the seaside and summer resorts, I'd like to know? Ain't we in a delikit state of helth, sez ma? We certainly hev'n't been vigorous, sez pa, edgin' over to the gin bottle.

Ain't I ben hangin' up them bathin' duds of ourn all along the line of root, sez she? Ain't we ben admirin' the scenery mornin', noon and nite, and freezin' in the water, and campin' out with flies and bugs and antmires over us, sez ma.

And fleas, sez pa, in solemn tones; don't forget the fleas.

Ain't we peeled our nose enuff, sez she? Wots the use of heviny ansisters, Hiram, tell me that, you bloomin' nose monyment, you? Did we cum over with Willum the Cornkiller or did we not? Are we to be sot on in Muncton, sez she, wich is mostly French and the rest of 'em dubrous and mongrel, sez she? A place wich the Hindoos has sent a mishunary to, sez she, in scornful accents.

Mebbe it was the edditer, sez pa. Mebbe he knows we've ben dammin' his paper. Mebbe he struck us out.

Not a bit of it, sez ma. her ebnerzeer risin' on her stummick. It was that corrispondint that done it. "There is litery nobuddy now no enny account 'ceptin' Misses Pottipher left in the hull city," is wot the paper sez. Wot do you think of that, Hiram, sez ma,—litery nobuddy! Is that us, sez she? Wot's the use of keepin' a Zulu footman and drivin' a horse with a shaved tale all these yersez, sez she. Wot's the use of leavin' the Hardshells and jinin' the Piscopels as we did, and bein' elected wardens and vestries I'd like to know? Wot's the use of jinin' the Fossed lymment? Wot's the use of sendin' Madge (acorse that's your, sister) to the Boston confeshunary to have her voice deviledup, sez ma? Are you dum, Hiram, or are you simply a phool?

Mebbe the corrispondint didn't know we woz here, sez pa in soothing tones. Didn't know it! Ain't he paid fer knowin' it, sez ma? Ain't we been out on the piazzer of this miserable hotel every blessed minit exposin' our profiles to view? Didn't we zibit them bathin' duds in the winder? Ain't we ben galavantin up and down the streets of the town with sater hats and cat-tales on, admirin' the bildins and scenery, sez she?

We hev, sez pa. Why didn't you vote fer Donovan or Pusher, sez I, then you'd got your name in. O, sister, I've ben orful tired where I sit down ever since I sed that.

My land, sister, the way she did take on. If she don't get in the papers somehow she'll be doin' somthin' desparit, sister. I wudnt be surprized to see Ma elopin' in low life, sis, if somthin' aint done soon wareby me kin hold our end up as it orter be.

But I'm tired senter. Mr. Hawk is supportin' the government agin. He's a troo friend of Mr. Blare now I gess. He's been solid fer morin a week. So good bye now, wich hopin it finds you the same I remane Your livin' bruber JIMMY SMITH.

THE HUSTLING DEALER. DOUGLAS McARTHUR WINS THE \$20 IN GOLD.

Offered by "Progress" to the City Newsdealer Selling the Greatest Number of "Progress" in Three Months—He Sold 4,689.

Ever since PROGRESS made its appearance over three years ago, it has had a steady growth in circulation, and at times a very rapid growth, but substantial withal. No paper ever published in the province has been received with more favor at the hands of the public, and wherever introduced it "always went to stay."

There were many causes which account for the rapid growth of PROGRESS' circulation and the methods adopted to push it have met with the approval of the people. Last May, when its circulation was about 7,000 a prize of \$20 was offered to the city newsdealer selling the largest number of papers between the thirty-first of that month and the thirtieth of August, both inclusive.

Three months was a long time to run such a contest, but, as the paper only appeared once a week, it would have been difficult to arrange one of shorter duration. A number of newsdealers increased their orders directly the announcement was made. They make a good profit off PROGRESS, and in increasing their orders they were increasing their profits, besides having the prize in view. But the gold piece was the smallest part of it. There was a big advertisement besides for the successful agent, and perhaps never has the newsdealer business in St. John come to the front to a greater extent than during the last few weeks. All the principal dealers were talked about, and thus benefitted in a business sense.

The average buyer will patronize the store kept by a live business man, or one with a reputation as a hustler, and a number of dealers were quick to recognise this fact. During the last few weeks of the contest the competition was very warm on King street. Both D. McArthur and Morton L. Harrison were "in it," and they worked hard. Both men accomplished wonderful results, but Mr. McArthur either had more time to hustle or worked more successfully while at it, for when he handed his last order in, he had disposed of 4,689 copies of PROGRESS during the three months. Morton L. Harrison came next with 3,390; W. G. Brown, Indian town, sold 2,002, and D. J. Jennings 1,825. The four dealers ran up a grand total of 11,906 copies.

FAST MATCH MAKING.

A Machine that Cuts Out Ten Millions of Them Every Day.

The operation of making matches from a pine log may be divided into four heads, namely:

Preparing the splints, dipping the matches, box making, and filling. When the timber is brought into the cutting room of the factory it is seized upon by a gang of men, who place it before a circular saw, where it is cut into blocks fifteen inches long, which is the length of seven matches. It is then freed of its bark and taken to the turning lathe, where, by means of a special form of fixed cutting band running its entire length, a continuous too, the thickness of the match is cut off.

As the block revolves and decreases in diameter, the knife advances and a band of veneer of uniform thickness is obtained. As the veneer rolls off the knife it is met by eight small knives, which cut it into seven lengths, a continuous too, the size of a match. By this one operation seven long ribbons of wood, each the length and thickness of a match, are obtained. These are then broken into pieces six feet long, the knotty parts removed, and they are then led into a machine which looks and acts like a straw chopper, which cuts them into single matches. The machine eats 150 bands at the same time, and a mechanical device pushes them forward the thickness of a match at each stroke of the cutter. This little machine, with its one sharp knife, can cut over 10,000,000 matches a day.

From the cutting room the splints are taken to the dry room, where they are placed in revolving drums, which absorb all the moisture the splints may contain. They are then prepared for the dipping process, which is a very important operation, as each splint must have sufficient glue to be fully coated, and yet not placed so close to the others as to cause the mixture to clot the heads of the other splints. To do this they are placed under an ingeniously constructed machine, which seems to work with human intelligence, and are caught up and placed closely, but at regular intervals, in a dipping frame. These frames contain 44 moveable laths, and between each lath the machine places, with clockwork regularity, 50 splints, making over 2,000 in each frame.

The heads of the splints are all on the same level, and a single attendant at each machine can place over 1,000,000 splints in the frame per day. The dipping vat is a stove of masonry which contains three square pans. The first pan is for heating the splints, so they will absorb the mixture; the second contains molten paraffine, in which the points are dipped, and in the third they are coated with igniting composition. Over 8,000,000 matches can be dipped by a skilful workman in one day. After the dipping process the matches are dried while still in the frames, and are then taken to the packing room, where they are put into the boxes by hand.—The Woodworker.

Naturally, "Well, what do you want?" asked the aeronaut of his assistant, who had begun to whimper.

"I want the earth," wailed the young man.—Terre Haute Express.

or money refunded, send to K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

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

Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John (West), N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McLELLAN.

Price 50c. per bottle; Six bottles for \$2.50. For sale by all Druggists.

Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John (West), N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McLELLAN.

A GALLON FOR A GILL.

It Was of Whiskey, and a High Old Time Followed.

Sergeant Major Martin of the Park Commission tells a story of an Irish captain of his, Captain Patrick O'Flaherty, that would have told well of Horace Greeley. The captain had risen from the ranks during the civil war; he was a devout catholic, a military martinet and a rigid temperance man, but he was weak in his spelling. Some drunkenness occurring in the regiment the captain ordered the grog stopped. Of course this created discontent among the men, and finally one of them appealed for permission to buy liquor on the ground of illness.

"Is it sick ye are?" said the captain suspiciously. "Sure, whiskey'll only make ye wor-r-r-se."

"No, captain," the applicant replied with all possible deference. "When I'm affected this way a little whiskey relieves me at once."

"Well, ye shall have a little, and he accordingly wrote this order: "Give Private Jones of Company A 1 gill of whiskey."

The sutler looked at the order and then at the soldier. "What have you got to hold you gallon?" said he. "Private Jones was quick witted. "That's so," said he, scratching his head reflectively. "Can't you lend me a demijohn?" "Not a john, my boy," said the sutler. "Hold on, then, till I borrow some canteens."

Back he came in a few minutes and got his gallon good measure in his own and his comrade's canteens. That evening the tents of Company A were the scene of wild hilarity, and next morning Captain O'Flaherty was in a great rage about additional cases of drunkenness. Furious he rushed to the sutler. "Who authorized you to furnish that liquor?" he demanded. "I obeyed your order," said the soldier, calmly, exhibiting the document. "My order?" repeated the Captain. "That was for a gill—g-i-l." "What's a gill?" asked the sutler, with supreme contempt. "I never heard of a gill of whiskey." The Captain overlooked the drunkenness and never wrote any more prescriptions.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Catchy Advertising Is not necessary once the public knows by practical experience the real merits of any article. The "Health" underwear just introduced, and for sale by every first class dry goods house, once worn or seen will speak for themselves; they are the acme of comfort and luxury, and a sure preventive against cold.—Advt.

Do You Eat Fruit? The season for Strawberries, Currants and Raspberries is now over and Peas, Plums, Rock Cranberries and Blueberries are at hand, and persons wanting to preserve any of the above fruits should leave their orders with J. S. Armstrong & Bro., Grocers, 32 Charlotte street, for what they want.

CARDINAL NEWMAN. "To the last I never recognized the hold I had over young men."—Apologia pro Vita Sua.

No more the sun may know the strength it bath; To stir the bark in spring with quickening blood; No more a storm controls its giant wrath; Or knows the measure of its scattered flood!

There is a quality of lasting youth That knoweth not the force that gave it birth; Some souls God points the subtler ways of truth, As highest tribute to their lasting worth.

He bath in souls like calm deposited A quenchless flame as calm and strong as dawn; Across the world thy potent fire is shed, Born of the "kindly light" that leads thee on!—Meredith Nicholson in the Catholic World.

For the Teeth! THE BEST

Tooth Brushes

Rowland's Odonto, Comman's Aerea Nut Tooth Paste, Oriental Tooth Paste, J. & B. Soxodont, Lowweiss, Rubiloam, Teaberry Powder, Dentists' Pride Powder, Rimmell's Tooth Soap, Tooth Powder, by the ounce.

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SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM! WILL OBTAIN IMMEDIATE RELIEF BY USING SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM!

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Prepared in Canada only by W. C. RUDMAN ALLAN, King Street, St. John (West), N. B. Wholesale by T. B. BARKER & SONS, and S. McLELLAN.

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.

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

MOOSEPATH PARK, ST. JOHN, N. B. PURSES, \$1,750. WEDNESDAY, 24th SEPT. THURSDAY, 25th SEPT. MONDAY, 29th SEPT. TUESDAY, 30th SEPT.

GENERAL REMARKS. The Three Tracks herein mentioned, are conveniently situated for horsemen who may desire to attend these races.

GENERAL CONDITIONS. All Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association, of which 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.

Entrance fee will be Ten per cent of the purse, 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 races.

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

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, We invite you to come and see what we have to offer in the line of SLATE and WOOD MANTEL PIECES, TILES, GRATES, ANDIRONS, FENDERS, ARTISTIC OPEN Fire Place Fixtures.

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THE MEDAL BRAND OF ASPHALT ROOFING.—IS SOLD ONLY BY— T. McAVITY & SONS, - - - ST. 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. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

WHERE SERVED

With heavy orders overhauled... And down a sunny hollow... The winding fence I follow... By rose, and thorn, and frag... In search of something new... The orchard gap, where she... And I go down to meet her... The sunlight slants across... Where lichen gray it creeps... And sits a hundred dreamers... From fern, and fern, and fern... Though the air is sweet... I know of something new... That she can only come there... And I am sure to meet her... And so, while chipmunks run... To tell the wren who's coo... And all across the brier path... There sounds a drowsy hum... The hum of honey seeking... I seek for something new... A gap, among the apple tree... Where I am going to meet...—Charles B. Gotta, in Sep.

A MOTHER OF Sweet Springs is a town for genre painters or real "attractions."

"They would make money blue from the sky and out of the blue, which mainly consist of net dropping of the final nounced provincialisms.

We who live in such Springs know very well "aesthetic attractions."

Now are the times and of Northern magazines that place for picturesque li doesn't seem to go. It comes back. I think the fact that a writer must

people call a "perspective that the picture I shall at lack perspective, but I me black and white the rec and even the thought of u to thrill me.

I am no scholar, but magazine, and I have phase of life that has its own environment, its is not without value to the I live in a rigid prohibi course, on Saturday n platform is piled up with whiskey sent in from, oth all know that prohibi prohibit. But still, pug against it—I mean again the arm of the law is at moderation and temperanc taking.

You have all seen such track and an unpainted station building, set like still life in a man's old iron scraps. These washed by frequent rains, gullies, and crowning this and frame stores. The corner, and the dry good ware stores come next, a between these are the fru fruit store of Dager's Pet bananas, the lawyer's office newspaper office, while n lorn little excuse for a m

They had sent for in court house, and at a sticky, clayey yard I said be just my luck to be se jaunt into the country.

"John," said Judge B ready and go out to the to Molasses Hill and stop You're to fire him out of whiskey selling. Do the don't come home till he Judge Bulwer's wife leader, and the judge hin on whiskey sellers and so I knew I had to obey, the intention of succeed taking.

It was about four o'cloc when I crossed the flat Hill. It had ceased rain haze lay all along the low blue bluish trembled in The cotton fields had a d and there a few ho minded me of so many roses going to pieces ur Just at the edge of th log house. There was an open porchway bet chimney at each end. gled all around the bot of it had evidently been of shop for the sale of s ers, and salt meat and s little flag of blue smoke of the chimneys. I hito rail fence, crossed the y the porch and rapped at the thing was dead quiet. It whined justice per even overtaking cr even I felt sorry for the turn out of his home.

My pounding brought pushed open the cabin d It was like any other c chinks in the logs lett and the starlight. A b shelf on which set an i a mug with "Remember picture of St. Davis fr A bed stood in the c table, a dresser with s and before the fire a h rockers, and in it lay dest, forlorn little I thought a merciful God suffer. It had a prett cate mouth bending li crescent moon cut ou its little yellow curls l of a love vine around it were wide open and se

Sallow and leaden-hue place to the loveliest pink- of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is per entirely abandoned. Nobl rosy glow of perfect heal, use this medicine.—Advt.