

HATS.
& CO.
Felt Hats, #
MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.
ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

& DALY,
Felt Hats, #
MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc.
ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

Government Notice.
SALE OF IMPORTED STOCK.
FILLIES and SHEEP.

BOOKS.
BOOK STORE, 171 Union Street.
School Books have a chance of
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

On FRIDAY,
5th day of October next,
the grounds of the FREDERICTON PARK
SOCIETY, the following Pure Bred Stock,
sorted by the Government of New Brunswick:

ASAL CREAM.
A CURATIVE BALM FOR
Catarrah Deafness
and Headache.
Only 25 Cents a Bottle.

R. D. McARTHUR,
MEDICAL HALL,
No. 59 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.
"MANITOBA."
New Brand of "MANITOBA" Flour
is Unexcelled in Quality.

UNION
BAPTIST SEMINARY,
St. Martins, N. B.,
will be opened on September 20.
J. A. GORDON,
Principal.

PROGRESS.

VOL. I., NO. 21.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

ECHOES OF THE EXODUS.

ON CHARLEY WAS A DARLING, THE
BOLD CHEVALIER.

No more conditions who are willing to
own the car—how George Crawford got
the bill of sale from Richards and how
Richards got his furniture from Brophy.

There is a general impression that
"Charles L. Richards, gentleman, one,
etc.," has gone to a warmer climate.

That climate is said to be Lower Cali-
fornia. There is a place there known as
Los Angeles.

Which, being interpreted means "the
angels."

Charley is "a little lower than the
angels," but he gets there just the
same.

Other members of his family have fol-
lowed him. He will re-establish his house-
hold in a sunny climate. He will sit be-
neath his own vine and fig tree.

The public of St. John has been his oys-
ter, and he has swallowed it. Not much of
an oyster for him.

Meanwhile, no more creditors have come
forward. If no more file their claims, the
assets will perhaps be enough to go
around.

This depends very much on the interpre-
tation of George Crawford's bill of sale. He
claims that it covers everything. The credi-
tors think that it covers only the household
furniture, and that the proceeds of nine
cases of other goods should go to them.

Mr. Crawford is not a myth, as some
people supposed. He is a veritable piece of
flesh and blood and his bill of sale is
founded on a valuable consideration.

When Mr. Richards sold his furniture
last spring, went to board for a short time
and then began housekeeping again, he was
apparently carrying out a plan well worth
excepting something out of what he had sold.

This was assets in cash, enough for current
expenses, but not sufficient to provide for
his future movements. He must raise the
wind. And he had nothing to offer as col-
lateral.

An ordinary man, with no collateral and
no capital but cash, would find it difficult
to get money in such a crisis. Mr. Rich-
ards was not an ordinary man, and he
calmly proceeded to provide himself with the
collateral required. His method was of
the most simple kind. He furnished his
house on credit, and gave a bill of sale on
the furniture.

Mr. Richards was the close friend of at
least one well-known usurer, who has no
scruples when the "collat." is all right, but
on this occasion the pair did not work to-
gether. Mr. Richards made an excursion
to the land of his birth, up the river, and
descended upon Mr. George Crawford.

Mr. Crawford is an eminently respect-
able man, who delights in doing good to
his neighbors. When the grass gets win-
ter-killed, or the rot blights the potatoes,
the up-river gangsters find in him a friend
at the rate of 2 percent a month. He
lends in small amounts, by which
system his business cares are multiplied.
It is much easier to worry about one net
sum of \$500 than about ten sums of \$50
each.

This profound truth struck Mr. Richards
with so much force that he, lost no time in
impressing it on Mr. Crawford. The latter
became convinced and called in a lot of
small loans in order to get a tolerably fair-
sized pile for his friend Richards. Charley
told him that he had a dead straight tip on
a speculation, by which the money would
be doubled. He got \$852. As security,
he gave Mr. Crawford a bill of sale on his
household furniture. The benevolent Craw-
ford was so well satisfied with the prospects
and the security that he charged Mr. Rich-
ards only 12 percent interest.

It is understood that the creditors admit
the claim of Mr. Crawford to the furniture
in the house. Over the rest of the stuff
Mr. Crawford and the creditors are likely
to emulate the monkey and parrot of an
ancient history. The bill of sale has a sche-
dule annexed.

It was the boast of A. T. Stewart, of New
York, that nobody could steal as much as
a handkerchief from his big store without
his knowledge. As soon as he died some
one actually stole his body. In the same
way Mr. Brophy, junior of the Pugsley
building, believes that nothing unusual can
go on in that structure day or night and
escape his eye or ear. He was intensely sur-
prised, however, to find that all of Mr.
Richards' office furniture, law library, etc.,
had taken wings unto itself and disappeared.
He does not believe it could have happened
while he slept, and thinks it must have
happened while he was at dinner. Hereafter,
when lawyers are in arrears for rent he
should take his meals with the dining room
door wide open, or have his banquet in the
lower hall.

There is every reason to believe that Mr.
Richards will do well in his adopted land.
This country was too small for him. With
all his industry the largest haul he ever
made at one time was a trade sheet of \$4,
000. This was the proceeds of a cargo of

PICKERING THE PIRATE.

ALLEGED DESCENDANT OF THE
GALLANT CAPT. KIDD.

His Hopes, Fears, Successes, Trials and
Triumphs, as They Might Have Been
stated by Himself in a Letter to the
"Pro-Progress"—Why He Has Succeeded.

HALIFAX, Sept. 20.—The Police Gazette
having requested my portrait and an ac-
count of my career I gladly seize the oppor-
tunity to oblige a paper which has been the
object of my admiration from my youth up.

The only stipulation I make is that my pic-
ture shall be printed on the first page,
ahead of the other criminals. I don't take
a back seat for anybody but Jesse James.

I am a native of this city and a lineal de-
scendant of the late lamented Capt. Kidd.
People say that I resemble him very much.
I never concealed any treasure, however,
with the exception of about \$300 that had
belonged to one Robinson. I hid that in
my trousers pocket. Nor did I ever mur-
der anyone named Moore. If any such man
had come in my way, a year ago, I might
have killed him. He didn't, and my private
graveyard has been full for a long time
—so full that, last Tuesday, the corpses
laid out on the ground without any cover.

Speaking about Capt. Kidd, everybody
knows that he contracted a disease of the
throat at one time and finally died of
strangulation, leaving a good many enemies
behind him. If he had had the sense to
reside in Halifax, he would have been a
prominent citizen, and when he was full of
years and honors he would have come to his
end with delirium tremens or enlargement
of the gall or some such nice, quiet, aristoc-
ratic Halifax disease.

After he was dead and unable to defend
himself, some of these enemies of Capt.
Kidd started the story that the devil came
after him in person. It was an atrocious
slander. The devil has always been mighty
careful not to have anything to do with our
family. He seems to be afraid that if any
of us got into his territory it would turn the
tide of immigration the other way.

I have often thought that I could have
given Capt. Kidd some points.
His style was to rob people and then
sneak away.

Dead men tell no tales, or, as it is
said, do it in a Halifax paper to call
them liars.

I draw the line at people who say,
"What's that?" When a man asks me
this insulting question, I usually say his
head off and put him in pickle.

Capt. Kidd was not an economical man.
I am. The Socials paid me \$6 for playing
a game of ball, last Tuesday, and I saved
\$200 of it. To make money seems to
come natural to me. In any other city I
probably wouldn't attract anything but
flies; but here in Halifax I draw the dollars
like a magnet. I don't brag of that,
though, so much as I do of the fact that I
save 'em. I can economize anything, even
the truth.

After what I have said above, you will,
of course, conclude that I am a modest
man. Last Tuesday was the greatest day
of my life, but after I had finished the work
I was engaged to do, I went right away
and hid myself.

A professor of phrenology, who examined
me last spring, said that I had a great
head. I give you this for what it is worth.
Your young readers might better imitate
me than Capt. Kidd. Somehow, I think
there is more "get-there" about me than
there was in him. When I make up my
mind to do a thing I always carry it
through. That is the one feature in Mr.
Annanis' character that I admire and ven-
erate; obstacles that he couldn't get over
or climb around he lied a hole through.

You ask me to give you some rules for
success in life. These are mine:
Never put off till tomorrow a man you
can "do" today.

Let me make the decisions of a base ball
game, and I care not who makes the play-
ing rules.

Policy is the best honesty.
Over the fence is out.
Yours fraternally,
WILLIAM KIDD PICKERING.

The Latest in Base Ball.
The last great games of the season will
be those of next Tuesday and Wednesday,
when the Nationals will meet the Augu-
stas on the C. and A. club grounds. The visit-
ing clubs holds the championship of Maine,
and the boys will meet looms worthy of
their steel.

Robinson and Whitehead will have their
benefit at the Tuesday game, and there
should be a great turnout. They have
done some hard and effective work this
season, and the lovers of the great game
should all be on hand to show their appre-
ciation of it.

A Chance for Trained Men.
The special illustrated edition of Pro-
gress which will be printed next Saturday
affords a grand opportunity to enterprising
merchants to secure valuable advertising
space at regular rates. The edition will
be 8,000 copies and the circulation is among
the people who buy goods and pay for them.

HELD IN BONDAGE.

St. John People Who Have Contracted a
Disease That Won't Let Go.

A long, lean, yellow-faced individual
passed Progress and a medical friend as
they stood talking on a street-corner, Wed-
nesday.

"Do you see that man?" asked the phy-
sician. "Well, he's an opium fiend."

"Do you mean to tell me that you can
detect an opium-eater as you would an ic-
chthiote?" was asked.

"Certainly. One of my patients, who
contracted the habit, found that out long
ago. I desired to cure her, but at first she
wouldn't be cured. I went in there one
day, when she had evidently been taking
morphine, and asked her about it, and she
denied it. 'Don't take the trouble to
talk that way,' I said; 'I know you
have had it; I'm just as sure as though I
had seen you taking it.' After that sort
of thing he happened two or three times, she
became so thoroughly ashamed that she
stopped."

"Do many St. John people use opium?"
"In one or other of its forms, opium,
morphine or laudanum, quite a number of
persons are under the spell of the drug.
Injudicious physicians are chiefly respon-
sible for the beginning of the habit. I can
administer morphine with perfect safety,
and in such a manner that the patient will
not know what the medicine is, but all are
not so careful. Then, you know, given
to kill pain, it produces such a
pleasurable elation that the patient's
thoughts naturally turn to the favorite
prescription whenever a period of depression
comes. The drug is taken a second or a
third time and then continuously employed.
While in use, the victim is in elysium.
If it is discontinued, he becomes a flaccid,
nervous, trembling wreck. Very few
people have the resolution to break off the
habit, after it is once firmly fixed."

"Are hypodermic injections in favor here
as they are with users of the drug else-
where?"

"No. Very few have found out this idea.
The worst case I know in St. John was
created by a physician and it is the same
physician who has treated many of our
patients every day and gives her a hypodermic
injection. Her skin must be pretty
well punctured by this time."

"I blame the druggists for this state of
things, almost as much as I do the careless
physicians. Most of them will sell a nar-
cotic as quickly without a prescription as
they will with it, and they show no judg-
ment, whatever, in the matter of
refilling prescriptions. For example, if a
physician gives a sedative remedy,
such as this, the patient, at the next real
or fancied need, goes and gets his bottle
filled. It is within my own knowledge,
that a prescription of this sort has been
filled a dozen times."

"That man I showed you a moment
ago," the physician concluded, "is prob-
ably unable to swear off." He is the only
St. John man I know who is in that fix,
though there are not a few women who
could run him hard for the palm of superi-
ority. When he was first treated by
a medical man, it is doubtful if
he was given more than half a
grain of morphine. Now he will take any-
where between ten and 20 grains. If he
should ever try to stop it he will realize for
the first time what a fearful load his system
has had to carry."

"If I should see a friend contracting such
a habit as this, I would take him down to
North wharf, as a friend, and push him off."

Last Year's Moths and This Year's Furs.
We have been selling furs for a month
past," said a prominent fur dealer in an-
swer to Progress' inquiry as to whether
people were beginning to invest in winter
clothing. "Beaver will be the favorite this
year as it was last, although we are making
up other as well, principally in tippets and
collars."

"How do you keep your furs free from moths
in summer?" was asked.

"We are never bothered with moths at
all. If you want to banish them switch out
your furs and put them in a dark room. Furs
can be kept in a private house by simply
switching them and tying them up tightly in
a paper bag. Moths will never bother them
then."

A New Glass and Crochery Store.
Mr. Chas. Masters' friends, and they are
legion, will be glad to learn that he will
open a new glass and crochery store at
94 King street next week. Mr. Masters
has a thorough acquaintance with the wants
and tastes of St. John people; he knows
where he can buy the best goods at the best
rates and he is an energetic business man.
Progress speaks for him that success
which these qualities command.

Looking up for the Doctor.
Mrs. Glasbrook, who resides at No. 14
Gray's lane, gave birth to her nineteenth
child last night—a boy weighing 13 pounds.
Mrs. Glasbrook is the wife of Charles
Glasbrook, the pilot. Neither Mr. or
Mrs. Glasbrook has yet reached the age
of 80 years.—Halifax Mail.

OUR SPECIAL EDITION.

AN ILLUSTRATED ISSUE DESCRIBING
THE PROGRESS OF FREDERICTON.

To Give Some Idea of the Growth of Progress
—Portraits of Public Buildings and Places
and Some Prominent Men—Something of
Interest Should Be Found of.

Progress, next Saturday, will, every-
body willing, be a 12-page illustrated
paper—the first of its kind that will have
been published in the maritime provinces.

Some description of the issue and its ob-
ject will be of interest to the thousands who
look for this paper every Saturday.

The four extra pages will be devoted to
illustrating the progress made by Frederic-
ton in the past few years, and this will be
done not so much by lengthy and uninter-
esting descriptive writing as by illustra-
tions.

Fredericton is the beauty-spot and the
capital of the province. The oldest and
some of the finest structures in the country
are within its confines. The two largest
and, save the Suspension bridges, the
greatest structures of their kind span the
St. John river at this point.

Beginning with the business portion of
the city, Phoenix square and Queen street,
there will be two illustrations of the local-
ity—one from a picture taken 50 years ago,
and the other from a photograph of today.
To attempt to describe the difference would
be too difficult a task.

The old parliament buildings are con-
trasted with the new and magnificent struc-
ture.

Government house and the beautiful
gardens and scenery in front will be given.
The City hall, the post-office and the
normal school, three of the handsomest
buildings in the city, will be presented.

The first hotel in the city will be included
among the handsome buildings.

The university and campus will be given
with a descriptive article.

The new iron railway bridge and the pas-
senger bridge were photographed and elec-
trotyped for the edition.

In addition to these public illustrations
the portraits of Messrs. Temple, M. E., Geo.
E. Fenwick, Esq., Mayor J. D. Hansen and
others, will be printed with interesting bio-
graphical sketches.

No paper has ever printed an edition of
this kind in the provinces. While it is the
first it is not the intention of Progress
that it shall be the last. There are scores
of places in New Brunswick that will stand
booming and will not be behind in getting
it.

PROGRESS was not born to die. It
skipped the infantile period and all the ills
incident thereto and is willing to use its
rapid growth of strength and muscle to
support the toddlers, encourage the rusters,
aid the feeble and cheer the despondent.

THE "FORTY THIEVES."
And Some of Their Transactions in Halifax
Years Ago.

"I was not surprised," said an old sport
to Progress, commenting upon the recent
Halifax steal. "Years ago I was one of
the boys who went to Halifax to back our
boys at the car. Everyone knows the
story: how the Halifax boys bought the race
and then put up their cash. Yes, when
they had a dead sure thing there was not
enough money in St. John to stop their
mouths. As a betting man nothing is more
dastardly than to bet upon a certainty, and
when that certainty has been negotiated for
and purchased, then words cannot express
the nature of the transaction. The sports
of Halifax have been called the 'forty
thieves,' and any man who has ever placed
a dollar against them upon a game upon
their field has had reason to regret it. I
have referred to the boating days. Go ask
the horsemen what they know of the turf
there in years gone by."

"Apart from the steal and how it came
about what a regrettable occurrence this is:
that the two best ball clubs in the maritime
provinces should have such a breach be-
tween them! The bridge which crosses it
will be a long time building and St. John
will not lay the first plank."

"I am told that our 'boys' confidence in
Pickering was of the blind kind, which ex-
pects square treatment from any man. A
little close inquiry would have informed
them that Pickering is one of those who is
always ready for anything that turns up. I
have no doubt that now he can board at the
Halifax or Queen all winter and have a bank
account in the spring."

The Nationals' Nocturne.
Anyone of an observant turn of mind
must have noticed that each of the Nation-
als appeared in a brand new necktie Thurs-
day afternoon. Hunter, Hamilton & Mc-
Kay did the honors after the breakfast in
the morning by inviting the boys into their
establishment and yielding possession for a
time.

They Are Proposed to Die.
Rural Nova Scotia must be a fine field
for the life-insurance agent. A St. John
man who has been at work there for the
last few weeks, tells Progress that during
his stay he has written insurance amount-
ing to about \$75,000.

So Stop the Medical Man.
The Arctic soda fountain is now on the
decline, but the Arctic overcoat will soon
be on its feet.

TENNIS IN THE CAPITAL.

Some of the Ladies and Gentlemen Who
Handle the Racket.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 19.—I saw the fi-
nish of the lawn tennis tournament which has
been on the tapis here for some days and
exciting considerable attention. Every
player's friends were on the spot and ap-
plauded the play with great gusto and
results of good luck and good play.

I do not think as a rule that ladies or
gentlemen of this city are equal in skill to
St. John players of the court—probably
because they have not the same practice
courts as well fitted for the game.

Miss Laura Wetmore, who won the la-
dies' singles, plays with great dash and en-
ergy, but some unevenness. Her service is
swift, severe and difficult and she returns
fast and low with some tendency to drive
into the net. Miss Wetmore is the strong-
est of the lady players on the court.

Miss Jennie Winslow plays with more
unevenness than Miss Wetmore—not cov-
ering as much ground. While not as ath-
letic in her movements she handles the
racket with great skill and retains at all times
control of it.

It was a surprise to the daily frequen-
ters of the court to see the Misses Powys win
the ladies' doubles. They played a cool,
steady and deliberate game.

Another lady player and at times a bril-
liant one is Miss Maggie Allen. She is a
new player and frequently is at anything
but her best, which is always the case with
beginners; she gives promise of being one
of the best players at the court.

Of the gentlemen, Mr. Forester is no-
ticeable for the great advance made in his
play, being, I think, the best single player
on the field this year. His game, which is
entirely back, is sure and accurate. He
volleys, and his worst defect is a rather
gentle service, which can be handled
severely and effectively.

If I have to name a second best, Lieut.
Ward has it. It is sometimes a toss
whether he or Mr. Forester can be called
champion. Lieut. Ward plays an easy,
graceful and pretty game, though not an
expert.

Prof. Roberts, though a member of this
club, is a Windsor player. The feature
of his game is a swift and severe service,
with an accurate return. He frequently
plays unsteadily, but at times brilliantly.

I see more life and skill in Jack Wet-
more's playing than many others, and a
little more care would, in my opinion, give
him the first place without a doubt. He
places his balls with great judgment—but
too frequently overplaces. He volleys
sharply and well, keeping his position
about the middle line, where, by his ac-
tivity and long reach, he covers a deal of
ground, and returns very difficult balls.
He commands a swift and effective over-
hand and a fast and very much cut under-
hand service. His play is too much influ-
enced by his moods.

Col. Mammel, who usually plays a rapid
and severe game, giving chances for few
prolonged rallies, is not up to his standard
this summer, having given his back a
severe wrench.

Of the Messrs. Skinner, who were here
from St. John for the tournament, Sherwood
plays the swift and accurate game with con-
tinual volleying from the middle line. He
has a tendency to return balls coming on
his left with both hands, a play which, if I
mistake not, is not usual in some clubs.
His service is swift and effective.

Charles Skinner is not so sure as his
brother. He doesn't make his first ball so
often, but his game is severe and active.
He plays back with little volleying.

Lieut. Benn possesses a brilliant game,
but one less sure than he might from lack
of steadiness. He works hard, covers much
ground and makes some difficult returns.

Mr. Inglis is an active and untiring
player, making an excellent all-around
game.

F. A. Hilyard's double plays are admir-
able. He plays a very sharp and effective
net game, has great reach, a quick eye and
places with skill. His service is easy.

Messrs. Harris, Fenwick, Goodrich, Rob-
erts and Arthur Akerley are new members
who cannot well be criticised. They all
give promise of becoming players in the
first rank. Fenwick has a difficult service
and plays an excellent back game, Roberts
is alive at the net and Akerley is an all-
around man.

CHAS. W. HARRIS.

Visit to See Him.
George Kennan, whose articles in the
Century, on Russian prison life, have at-
tracted so much attention, was at the Vic-
torias on Thursday. He was on his way to
Camp Breton and was accompanied by Mrs.
Kennan. He has been spending the summer
at Denysville, Me., securing his health.
Mr. Kennan is an old newspaper man,
and his copy is so plain that his composi-
tion is a joy to read.

So Stop the Medical Man.
The Arctic soda fountain is now on the
decline, but the Arctic overcoat will soon
be on its feet.

SOME STORIES OF SPOOKS.

CHERRY TREES BAKED HOT FROM THE COALS OF CHIMNEY CORNERS.

Notes and News from the Invisible World—Things Seen and Unseen with a Local Habitation but Without a Name—Old and Respectable Family Ghosts.

Two of the most remarkable women I have ever met were Esther Cox and Annie Parker. Both of them have to do with the unexplainable, and both of them furnish arguments for and against the existence of ghosts and spooks.

The story of the Amherst mystery has never been properly written, nor do I intend now to write what I know of it. It is true that several books purporting to give the story have been published, and met with extraordinary sales. Not one that I have seen has been more or less than a mass of trash, aiming only at sensation without any regard for accuracy of details. The Amherst mystery is yet unsolved.

One night, ten years ago, I saw Esther Cox for the first time at her home in Amherst, N. S. The late Dr. T. W. Carrite was with me. I saw and heard that night what I have never yet been able to account for, and what only one man has ever attempted to explain. That man was the late Rev. Dr. Edwin Clay. His explanation I consider vague and unsatisfactory. He attributed the phenomena to electricity or animal magnetism. Perhaps he was right, but he never proved that he was. So far as any known laws of animal magnetism act, that force could not have done the things that were done at the scene of the Amherst mystery.

Esther Cox worked in a shoe factory. She was an ignorant girl and her mind was not a strong one. One day she accompanied a young man for a drive, during the course of which he threatened her life and used the most violent language. Immediately after this, while she was suffering from the effects of the fright she had received, the strange manifestations began.

Knocks were heard in the partitions of the house, much like the knocking of human knuckles. Pieces of plaster flew from the walls and shot across the room with great force. A cradle in the middle of the floor would rock violently without the aid of visible hands. The water in a pail would swirl like a whirlpool when no person was near it. Baskets of vegetables would move across the cellar as if pulled by an invisible cord. Fire would start in all kinds of places. Chairs would rock, and bed clothing would be pulled violently from a person lying in bed. These things would happen at all hours of the day and night.

Other manifestations, more violent in their nature, occurred only at night. Esther went into the cellar one evening, while we sat in the kitchen. A moment later she gave a piercing scream.

"Oh, it's coming! It's coming!" she shouted as she rushed up the stairs with every appearance of extreme terror. In the meantime, blow after blow shook the floor beneath our feet, as though a giant with a ponderous maul were trying to overturn the building.

Another night, when the house had been unusually still, a succession of heavy blows came, apparently, on the outside of the roof. They were so loud that they were heard by people who were a block away. It was a bright moonlight night and every part of the roof was visible from the street. Had there been any mechanical trick it would have been detected. I am satisfied there was not.

Esther was unable to read or write, yet a pencil in her hands would trace sentences, of the meaning of which she was ignorant. Nearly all of these were most obscene and blasphemous. The language was of the kind habitual to the fellow who had given her the fright, and the handwriting was like his, as well.

The knockings in the wall would keep time to music. They also did the much more remarkable feat of accurately following a sentence which I rapped on the table in the Morse telegraphic characters. The "dashes" of course could not be given, but the rapid repetition of the dots and spaces was as if a sounder were connected with a relay. No ordinary trick would have stood this test.

I have heard of many other strange happenings in regard to Esther Cox. The manifestations ceased after a time, but she, ambitious to sustain her reputation, resorted to tricks, which were very easily detected.

And now about Annie Parker. She came to the front not far from the time when the star of Esther Cox rose on the horizon. She was connected with the most mysterious tragedy that ever occurred in New Brunswick. On the night of the 12th of October, 1877, Timothy McCarthy went to the hotel kept by John Osborne, at Shediac; and was never seen alive again.

Annie Parker, a servant at the house, afterwards made a confession that McCarthy had been drugged, robbed and murdered by the Osbornes. The body, she said, had been put in the river. The Osbornes were arrested. In the following spring McCarthy's body was found in the Seadon, and his money, some \$257, was safe on his person.

The Osbornes were tried twice, but it was impossible to convict them. Annie Parker proved utterly unreliable as a witness, and was subsequently indicted for perjury, but she was acquitted.

who killed Tim McCarthy. The whole affair was not only the most mysterious on the criminal annals of this country, but it was the most expensive and by all odds the worst managed.

What has all this ancient history to do with the subject of ghosts?

Not much, except to negative the assumption that there are any such things. I believe that if the foully murdered could revisit the earth to see that justice should be done, Tim McCarthy would have returned. I am reasonably certain that he did not.

Circumstances compelled me to spend one night in an unoccupied building in which were the clothes that were on McCarthy's body when he was fished out of the river. I slept in the room in which the horrible relics lay. If there was any place where the spirit of the murdered man would have been likely to linger it was there. But no uneasy phantom disturbed my rest. That shook my faith in ghosts.

Some of my friends have been more fortunate. A man, in whose word I have the most unbounded confidence, has reluctantly consented that I should tell of a most remarkable experience which he had. It happened years ago, but he has never told the story to more than three persons. It is a subject which impresses him painfully, and he has preferred to keep it to himself rather than have his story laughed at or his word doubted.

In one of the best known cities of the United States, is a mansion, built many years ago. It was a stately house for its time, and would be no mean abode for wealth and fashion today. For years it had been tenanted. No one who attempted to occupy it remained more than a week. Some fled after an experience of one night. It was a veritable haunted house.

Three men in that city did not believe in ghosts. They decided to spend a night in the house. The key was obtained, and as a preliminary step they visited the premises by daylight.

The house sat about fifteen feet back from the line of the street. The intervening space was a lawn. Within the building a wide stairway led from the ground to the first floor landing. At the head of the stairs was a small room, from the door of which a full view of the street door could be had. This room was chosen as the one in which to spend the night. The party then made a close examination of the house from cellar to attic.

The dust lying thick on everything showed that months had passed since a human being had disturbed the solitude of the building. Every place which could possibly conceal machinery for trickery was closely examined, but nothing which could lead to suspicion was found. The doors and windows, front and rear, were securely fastened. It was evident that no one had been there for a long time, nor could any one easily effect an entrance without being heard.

About 8 o'clock that evening the three ghost hunters entered the house, locked the front door after them, took the key with them and went to the chamber at the head of the stairs. They had with them a lantern, their pipes and a pack of cards. They had no liquor with them, nor had any one of them taken a drink that day. They were in the full possession of their senses.

An hour or two passed pleasantly with the aid of the pipes and cards. About 11 o'clock, while they had almost forgotten that they were in a haunted house, they heard a sound which instantly hushed them into silence.

It was the opening of the front door. They had locked it and the key was in one of their pockets, yet somebody or something had opened it and was apparently entering the house.

They distinctly heard the door creak. A moment later steps were heard ascending the stairs.

They were not the steps of a man or a number of men. As near as the sound can be described, it was such as a horse would make, should it attempt the feat. It was the hard metallic tread of some heavy and unwieldy body.

The three men looked down the stairway and saw nothing. The heavy, horrible steps were drawing nearer. The party determined to descend.

The one who carried the lantern went first, while the others followed in close order.

What happened is difficult to describe. "It was," says my friend, "simply a shock as if a blow had instantly deprived me of all sensation." Such was the experience of all three. There was no pain, no realization of being struck in any particular place, but that instant deprivation of consciousness which must accompany a swift and sudden death.

When consciousness returned the three were lying on the lawn in front of the house. The door was still locked and the key was in the pocket where it had been put when they entered the building. Every article which they had carried was with them. The extinguished lantern lay on the grass beside them.

They never returned to the house. I do not attempt to explain the story. I believe every word of it, though I am neither credulous nor a believer in ghosts.

Some ghost stories belong to the realm of mythology. Knowing as we do how one

can be put upon the distance over which this subtle telegraphy can be worked?

Years ago a lad belonging to St. John went to sea. He was the only son of his mother and she a widow. Months later, for news travelled slowly in those days, a letter reached the owners of the vessel telling of the lad's death. He had been lost overboard on a stormy night. It was the duty of a near relative of mine to break the news to the widow. He called on her and while making some commonplace remarks before approaching the subject, she exclaimed: "Oh, sir, I know why you have come. My boy is lost. I have felt that it was so for a long time." Finding that her fears were indeed confirmed, she told him on a certain night she had been wakened from her sleep by hearing the cry of "Mother!" repeated twice or thrice in the voice of her son. It was the night that he was drowned.

Many instances of this kind could be given, to show that in the supreme moment of a death struggle, words have been uttered which have passed over land and sea, to be heard by those in sympathy with the dying man. A much more singular case seems to be that of what may be called the double presence of a living person.

A well-known lawyer of this province was sleeping in the house of a relative in a village more than 100 miles from St. John. His sister-in-law, temporarily insane, was an inmate of the lunatic asylum. The house in which the lawyer slept had, years before been the scene of a tragedy. A suicide by hanging had been committed. The lawyer slept in a room adjoining that in which the deed had been done. Shortly after he retired, and while he was about dropping asleep, he heard a strange noise in the suicide's room. It resembled the coiling of a line on the bare floor, and it continued for some time. Presently it ceased, and the lawyer felt a distinct twitch of the coverings of his bed, as though some one was attempting to pull them from him. A few moments later came a second twitch, and this time it was so pronounced that he seized the quilts and pulled them up to his neck, where he held them with a firm grasp. While he so held them there was a third twitch, but, though he lay awake long after that he felt nothing more.

Some weeks after, his sister-in-law was sufficiently restored to reason to return home. She would talk strangely at times, however, of places to which she had been and persons she had seen while out of her mind. "I saw you, too, one night," she said to the lawyer. "You were in bed at ———'s house, and I tried several times to attract your attention, but could not make you notice me." She went so far as to locate the particular night on which this had happened. It was the night that the lawyer had been disturbed in his rest. Up to the time of her story he had mentioned the circumstance to no one.

I place no reliance in the thousand-and-one horrible tales told by midnight seekers for buried money. These stories are either the outcome of a vivid imagination, the result of practical jokes or downright lies. I know one man on the shores of the Bay of Fundy whose whole life was changed by what he saw, or thought he saw, in searching for treasure. The story of Caffrey's chest is, however, not only too long, but belongs rather to the tale of pirates' gold.

Speaking of pirates, there is a singular phenomenon to be seen on the shore of the Baie Chaleur by those who are lucky enough to be there at the right time. On or near the surface of the water, at varying distances, may be seen a light moving here and there, sometimes rapidly and at times almost stationary. I have been told by respectable residents in that locality that the light has looked to them to be as large as a flour barrel, and that they have seen it repeatedly, not only in summer, but when the ice covered that part of the bay in winter. Many attempts have been made to approach it, but no one has ever succeeded in getting within a reasonable distance of it. It is said to have appeared at intervals for the last century or two, and it is believed to be the memorial of a foul wholesale murder by pirates who soon after perished miserably near the scene of their crime.

Eighteen miles from St. John, the Grand Southern railway passes over a bog known as Ghost Lake. I have never been able to learn just why this miserable spot should be haunted, but I have heard some remarkable tales of what has been seen there. A resident of Mace's Bay used to tell how he was driving along the highway one winter night when something, which was neither a man nor a beast, ran nimbly from the bushes and leaped on the rear of his sled. Recognizing that the uninvited passenger was not of flesh and blood, the terrified driver clambered from his seat to the horse's back and galloped furiously for Lepreau. At times he would cast a timid glance behind, to find the fearful object still sitting on the sled, but making no effort to touch him. At last the team reached a bridge, beneath which was running water. Johnny had heard that unclean spirits dared not cross such a place, and as his horse's hoofs struck the bridge he again cast a glance behind. As he looked the ghost "made itself—air, into which it vanished."

Not many miles from this, on the Little Lepreau road, is a rocky elevation, which, to this day, has a most unwelcome reputation. So much has been seen here that a chapter might be written of it alone. Even walking on the road, apparently ordinary human beings. In an instant they have utterly disappeared from view, at a part of the road where there were no bushes to hide the view, and where it was physically impossible for an ordinary man to conceal himself. Objects have rushed past teams travelling the road in the dark hours of the night, shaking the ground with their heavy tread and terrifying horses beyond measure. A man who encountered one of these has assured me that it was not a man or a beast. Beyond that he could give no description. It was "monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens."

The strangest thing I ever knew to happen at this spot was the death of one who may here be called William Bond. One night, in the fall of 1873, Bond started from a tavern on the St. John road to walk to his home at Little Lepreau. He had to pass the haunted rocks; but as he had done so time and again, he gave the matter no thought. He was not under the influence of liquor. Two hours later he returned to the tavern. He had reached the rocks, he said, but beyond that he could not go. As often as he tried to pass, something stepped in front of him and barred his way. What that "something" was he could not tell. It was formless, and had not attempted to injure him. It had simply blocked his path, and after repeated attempts to keep on his way he had returned.

"I have fought in the American war," he said, "and I am not a coward, but I have been frightened in earnest tonight. I believe that if I ever die in these parts, I will meet my death at that place."

New Year's eve was bitterly cold. Bond spent the evening at the tavern, and when he started to go home had taken much more liquor than usual. On the following day his frozen body was found at the haunted rocks, where, months before, he had predicted he would meet his fate.

Some attractively horrible houses were swept away by the great fire. There was one, not far from the old grammar school, where visible spooks were a part of the family. In broad daylight a strange woman would be seen sitting on the stairs or passing through the rooms. Locked doors were no bar to her progress. She came and went when she chose. Everybody gave her a clear passage, and no one ever saw her face. A boy from the country, who had heard none of these stories, slept in the house. In the morning he told of waking in the night and seeing a queer looking little old man sitting in his room, reading by the light of a candle. The little old man was one of the spooks. These ghostly visitors made no noise, and save by their appearance at unexpected times, did not at all interfere with the arrangements of the household.

There was another house within the city limits which was burned down years ago by terrified neighbors. The tales told of it were really horrible. There is living today a woman who spent one night within its walls, and never could be persuaded to spend another there. The rustling of silk dresses and the tread of invisible feet were among the least of the things heard. Much worse were the noises which startled even the neighbors at times. Lights would flash, dishes would crash to the floor, and there were times when the horses in the stables kicked and actually screamed in their terror. All this time the house was uninhabited. The owner did not seem to mind the noises which frightened everybody else, and he obstinately stuck to his post. The night he died was a fearful one. To this day the story of it is told with bated breath. No one has ever said just what occurred. The man who knew most about it was a minister who was called to attend the dying man. He admitted that something too dreadful to be told happened at the death bed. No persuasion could induce him to disclose more. It was said that, at the moment of death, something exactly like the departed man in appearance was met rushing through one of the halls.

Though the house was abandoned immediately after this event, there was no cessation of activity on the part of the spooks. The windows of certain rooms glowed at night with supernatural lights. Noises of the most uncanny kind disturbed the quiet of the neighborhood and the locality was avoided by young and old. When the house was burned, there was great and general joy.

It is not long since a house in the centre of the city was suddenly abandoned by its inmates. The story of a woman who died there under circumstances which have never been explained is well known to the public. It is asserted that the tenants in question were visited by the shade of the dead woman, and that locks and bolts availed not to prevent her ingress, egress and regress. The house is still vacant, but it will be occupied soon. The experience of the new tenants will be watched with interest.

Personally, I should like to see a ghost. It would fill a long-felt want.

It Will Pay to Deal With Him.

Since Mr. S. H. Spiller opened the boot and shoe store at 167 Union street, his business has steadily increased. Being a practical man in the trade he is able to guarantee the quality of his goods, and always sells at the lowest possible price. Mr. Spiller makes a specialty of best quality fine silks, and has a great stock of the best material in

REFLECTED ON TIN.

The Unfortunate Picture Taken by the Photographer's Assistant.

I had my picture taken, yesterday. The boss was away when it was done, but the boy told me he was the operator when everybody else was out, and I let him practice on me. He needs practice, only he should not charge so much for it. He showed me his collection of pictures which had been taken at two for 40 cents. There were pictures of, apparently, young ladies suffering from rheumatism or tight lacing; and of other girls, taken while in the act of climbing a rustic fence, while they kept their eyes fixed on something miles away. It was a sad collection to present to any prospective victim. The number of children with sad, forsaken looks and the air of an orphan asylum clinging to their clothes, was large. Most all the victims were females and the operator informed me they were very numerous. I hope he will not put my picture in the collection. He will lose all his customers if he does.

I have shown my tinsyties to my friends and they all want to know why I took them? Why I didn't make him take some more and see if he couldn't make something like me. But the operator had me sit twice, and the other picture was worse than this one. The face on the first spread all over the tin and was rather open. The operator told me this was because I shook my foot, which, he says, shakes the whole body. The dreamy expression of the eyes was due to gazing too long at a nail hole on the window sash on which I was requested to rest my eyes. They rested and got tired; very tired. Then, the day was dark and to take a good picture, the operator said, I would have to sit longer than usual. My head was placed in position with the chin elevated and my eyes fixed on the nail hole. The operator then took the cap off the machine and went to sleep, leaving me exposed. I couldn't speak or make a noise without spoiling the picture, although I was told I could wink as much as I liked. The picture I now hold clearly shows that they don't care very much whether the eyes are full of winks or not. He awoke at last and turned off the machine. I breathed a long breath and took my eyes off the nail hole. I think I would recognize that hole again anywhere.

The operator disappeared, and returning in about 10 minutes, asked me if he had kept me waiting long. I was asked to look at a picture of a sickly-looking fellow in the last stages of consumption, and state my opinion upon it. I told him I didn't want to see any more samples. Then he said the picture was mine. I took it in my hand to see if there was any resemblance at short range. When I put my hand on the picture it came off, and the operator told me I had spoiled it. I went through that terrible ordeal again, and became further acquainted with the nail hole, while the operator dozed.

At last it was finished, and enclosed in a paper arrangement with a fly leaf, with the photographer's name printed on it with a rubber stamp.

My friends are indignant, and some have desired me to mob the operator. A near and dear one says the picture makes me look like a big calf. The cruel man with dyspepsia says I look like a Sunday school scholar who would take the first prize for good conduct. Only the day before, he said I looked as wicked as a Halifax umpire. The operator has been the only one, so far, who said the picture looked like me. He did his best to make me a healthy-looking creature, after having in his first attempt produced a consumptive. He daubed my cheeks with red, rosy paint, and my hair has the appearance of being stuck on with watered paste. My right ear was increased in size twofold for the occasion, and a sorrowful smile was placed on my mouth that had never been there before nor since.

But enough has been said. I have sent both pictures to publishers of Sunday-school books, and if they are ancient-looking enough they will probably appear in their next publication.

Go From Home to Learn the News.

(Letter to New York Clipper.)

The Mexican Wild West is something new to the people of Canada, and has proven a valuable acquisition. The show, when starting out, had but few cars, and today it has fourteen cars in all, owned by Hoge, Griffin & Co. Besides they have added many horses, wagons, etc. The season will close about Oct. 1, and the show will probably winter in Ottawa, Can. The show is visible every Wednesday, and the boys are all happy, especially when they get a *Clippie*. The show has only had one accident, which occurred at St. John, N. B., and that was a case of "shake down," as a boy who somewhat hurt while loading up the train. He was one of the flat cars, and a wagon ran over his ankle. The boy's father brought out the accident, the matter by paying \$200, although the boy had no right to the cars; but it was all law and no justice. The trouble at River du Leon, P. Q., where a gang of French and half-breeds endeavored to "do up the show," was somewhat mistaken, as the yell, "Hey, Rube!" razzled dazled the off colored people in good style, although the Associated Press reported several killed, which was erroneous. Otherwise we have been very successful.

NASAL CREAM.

A CURATIVE BALM FOR

Gold in the Head; Catarrh, Catarrh Deafness and Headache.

Price, Only 25 Cents a Bottle.

Prepared from original receipt by

R. D. McARTHUR,

MEDICAL HALL,

No. 59 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

TO TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

AND OTHERS INTERESTED IN

CHEAP TELEPHONES.

THE ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY are about opening a Telephone Exchange in this city, and are making arrangements, which will be completed in a very short time, for giving the public telephones at much less rates than have heretofore obtained in this city.

A Company also propose starting a Factory in this city for the manufacture of telephones and other electrical apparatus, thus starting a new industry. The ST. JOHN TELEPHONE COMPANY ask the public to wait until a representative of their company shall call upon them. This company is purely a local one, and we cordially solicit your support in our endeavor to introduce a new, better and cheaper Telephone than any yet offered the public.

ST. JOHN TELEPHONE CO.

A representative of this Company will be at the office of The Provincial Oil Co., Robertson Place, where those wishing to subscribe may sign subscribers' list.

For the School Children

An Elegant Card Given Away

WITH EVERY SCHOOL BOOK.

A CHROMO GIVEN AWAY

With Every Dollar Worth Purchased.

Call while it is yet time at

MORTON L. HARRISON'S,

90 King Street.

Beef, Mutton,

Spring Lamb, Veal,

Lettuce, Radishes, Celery and Squash.

SUGAR CURED HAMS.

Bacon, Lard.

THOS. DEAN,

13 and 14 City Market.

"MANITOBA."

Our New Brand of "MANITOBA" Flour

Is Unexcelled in Quality.

It is made from selected Manitoba Spring Wheat.

It makes a big loaf and a good many of them to the barrel.

GILBERT BENT & SONS,

South Market Wharf.

TWEED

WATERPROOF COATS

With Sewed and Taped Seams.

We are now showing the Latest London Styles in

Gents' Tweed Rubber Coats,

Made with above great improvements.

ALSO—A Full Line of LADIES' LONDON CLOAKS in newest styles.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO.,

65 Prince Wm. Street.

CHOICE

ENGLISH CHEESE.

1 Case **STILTON Cheese;**

1 " **WILTSHIRE Cheese;**

1 " **Round DUTCH Cheese;**

1 " **CHEDDAR Cheese.**

N. B.—Rhubarb, Jersey Sweet Potatoes, Pineapples, Bananas, Oranges, Lemons, Etc., Etc.

P. S.—COCA JELLY—the Queen of Table Jellies.

FOR SALE AT

GEORGE ROBERTSON & CO.'S

Up-Town Store, 50 King Street.

BUSINESS MEN,

CRUIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best

AND THE CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

The best and most attractive always on hand.

P. A. CRUIKSHANK, 65 North Market Street, Opposite Market Buildings.

NASAL CREAM.

A CURATIVE BALM FOR

Rhinorrhoea, Catarrh, Catarrh Deafness

and Headache.

Price, Only 25 Cents a Bottle.

R. D. McARTHUR,

MEDICAL HALL,

No. 26 Charlotte street, opp. King Square.

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BUSINESS MEN

TRIKSHANK'S DINNERS

Are the Best

AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.

The best market offers at any time.

F. A. CRITCHFIELD,

26 Germain Street.

WINDS THE STORM

Dear Robinson, the grand report

Of our weather is in this.

Rest on. The Arab comes and goes,

But he has been holding the reins.

More sacred in his sterner Christian hold

Than England's hooped-up iron house of gold.

The story will be Heaven's gift;

Oh, that art fair, and very fair,

Then holy, holy Robinson!

The very dust more dear than dust of gold

Against my glowing sunset robes.

And how did you know the lowly (that)

Here stood her grandeur, here and fair,

Stood forth in all his kingly youth,

And tore the ravens' hoarse-bell!

Hear Rachel weep; here David, thinking, cried

For just one drop from yonder trickling tide.

—Joseph Miller.

LIB.

The first time I ever saw Elizabeth Dill,

she was hanging to the boot of a stage-

coach on the Rocky Mountains. I was

climbing up a narrow, rocky pass and the

coach was coming down. As it passed me,

I caught sight of a pale-faced, scrawny

little figure, in a dirty calico dress, holding

to the straps of the boot behind. Her tangled

yellow hair was flying out in the breeze,

and her feet just escaped the rocks in the

road.

I sat down on a rock, and watched the

clumsy coach until it went rolling and

swaying around a curve in the pass. Here

the girl dropped lightly to the ground, and

climbed toward me, kicking up the dust as

she quickly advanced.

A hundred yards or more ahead of me

she stood a rough log-cabin, to the door

of which, before the girl reached me, there

came a slatternly woman, with a dirty baby

in her arms, and called, in a sharp, rasping

voice:

"Lib! You, Lib Dill! Whar on air's

air?"

The child was within ten feet of the

woman called. In reply she cried out,

in an injured and irritated tone:

"Here I be!"

"What yer been doin'?" Oh, I know!

hangin' on to the stage, like the tom-boy

air! Want another lickin', eh?"

"I don't keer fer yer lickin'," cried the

child, tossing her unkempt head defiantly,

while a frown came over her thin face.

"Well, you better care, miss!" cried the

woman, angrily.

The girl stood directly in front of me

now, fearless and unabashed. With one

swift, angry movement of her right hand,

she stripped her thin white arm of the loose

calico sleeve that covered it, and held it out

before me.

"Look there, and there, and there!" she

cried, pointing her finger at three long, dis-

colored marks on the upper part of her arm.

"Do you think I keer fer yer lickin' or

after that?" she asked, with an expression

pitiful to see in the face of a girl of fourteen

years.

"What yer doin', Lib Dill?" screamed

the woman. "I see ye, and ye'd better look

out!"

"I said I was going to show them marks

to everybody I could long as they was

there," said Lib to me. "She give 'em to

me fer breakin' an old cracked teacup. It

ain't fair fer to lick me like that for an old

teacup, is it mister?"

There came a wistful expression to the

child's face, a wistful and pathetic quaver

LIB.

in her thin voice, as she pointed with her

bare arm toward the stage coach, which had

appeared again on a distant part of the

pass.

"Do you know, mister," she went on,

"that if I could only do it I'd hang on to

that old coach some time till it had carried

me clean away from these parts?"

"And leave your parents?" I asked.

"Parents?" she sneered. "Them ain't

my parents—wouldn't own 'em if they was.

She ain't no kin at all, an' her man's only

some forty-fifth cousin or other of my des-

cent—gone mother. But they're just as much

kin as I want 'em to be."

The words were uttered with scorn, and

on Lib's face was a malignant look that no

young girl's face should wear.

Unmindful of the woman's command to

"Come right straight here!" Lib sat down

on a rock near me, rested her chin on one of

her thin hands and asked:

"Where you from?"

"From Ontario," I said.

"Pretty country, ain't it?"

"Very pretty indeed, at this time of the

year." It was then October. "Have you

ever been East?" I asked.

"Me?" Lib laughed that unpleasant

laugh again. "She stood on a bowlder, and

pointed far away to the west, to where a

long line of mountain peaks rose dark and

unbroken in the distance. "Mister," she

said, "I ain't never been beyond them

mountains in all the days of my life. Cryst-

al City lays at the foot of that range, an' I

was born here. That stage coach goin'

down this pass'll be further east by noon

than I ever was. From this rock I can see

further north an' south than I ever was.

Me been East? Better ask if I ain't been

ter college, too?"

"I don't suppose you have a school here,"

I said, as gently as I could.

"Mister, I'm the only boy or girl of

school age or size in ten mile o' here.

Have you any children, mister?"

"I have three," I said.

"Got a little girl, mebbe?"

"Yes," I said. "A little girl," thankful

she was not as thick as I was.

"Mebbe she's 'bout my size, mister?"

"She is," I said.

"Well, now, mister," said Lib, slowly

and deliberately, "how would you like fer

her to be licked fer nothin', like I am?"

I chuckled at the mere suggestion of

such a dread contingency. Lib went on—

"You wouldn't like it, hey? I reckon

not. Well, I do hope that little girl of

yourn'll never be like I am, nor what I'm

likely to be when I grow up."

The pathos and hopefulness in her voice

brought tears to my eyes.

"And, mister, do you know I'd walk, I'd

crawl, away from this place this day, if it

wasn't fer—fer—"

Her ragged sleeve went up to her eyes;

her head held high in defiance until now,

dropped low; her voice faltered as she went

LIB.

on. "If it was fer me, I'd walk, I'd

crawl, away from this place this day, if it

wasn't fer—fer—"

Her ragged sleeve went up to her eyes;

her head held high in defiance until now,

dropped low; her voice faltered as she went

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PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Editor. WALTER L. SAWYER, Editor.

Subscription rates: \$1 a year, in advance; 50 cents for 6 months; 25 cents for three months; free by carrier 12 months. Papers will be stopped promptly at the expiration of time paid for.

Advertisements: \$10 an inch a year, net. The edition of PROGRESS is now so large that it is necessary to put the inside pages to press on Thursday, and no changes of advertisements will be received later than 10 a. m. of that day.

Every article appearing in this paper is written specially for it, unless otherwise credited. News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited or for our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

The composition and presswork of this paper are done by union men. EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher. Office: No. 27 Canterbury St. (Telegraph Building).

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 22.

Circulation, Over 4,000.

WANTED—SOME INSPECTORS.

When the big fire swept St. John, it spared the Marine hospital. It was the most worthless of the public buildings, and was run on the worst system.

That system appears to be no better to-day than it was then.

Recent developments suggest that the fire would have atoned for some of the evil it did had the building and the system been blotted out of existence.

It would have been a great day for the sick sailor.

Two men, discharged from the hospital, have come forward this week with complaints of the food furnished by keeper BARNES, and of the manners of Surgeon CHRISTIE. They bring samples of the former, and leave those who know Dr. CHRISTIE's style to judge of the latter.

The government undertakes to provide for sick and disabled sailors. It does not do so as a charity. A tax is levied on vessels entering the port and there are ample means to furnish the unfortunate men with every comfort.

These comforts are left to the discretion of the keeper, who gets \$3 a week for each inmate. If he can run his institution on the same principle that Mr. SMOOKE ran his school, so much the better for Mr. BARNES.

But it is very rough on poor Jack.

There is a commissioner, who appears to be out of commission. There is probably an inspector who does not inspect.

The disabled sailor is entitled to as good food as the convict, but he does not appear to get it when hard luck finds him stranded in St. John. He has no vote as a rule, and as he ships as soon as he is able to go to sea, he is a pretty safe man to ill-use.

There seems to be nothing charged against Dr. CHRISTIE further than that he lacks courtesy in the treatment of his government patients. That is quite enough. He is paid to do his work, and well paid for what he does. He has no business to be uncivil to the sailors. Some of them are probably quite his equals in everything save a medical education.

Every employee of a public institution is a servant of the people. Some such employees act as though they owned the institution. They should be taught better.

With the keeper of the Marine hospital trying to make money by close dieting the patients, and the warden of the penitentiary charging an admission fee to the prison, there appears to be a need of more rigid inspection.

Inspectors who will inspect will fill a long felt want.

ANNEXATION.

Wherever there is growth there must be change in the relations of bodies to one another and of each to its environment. Readjustment thus becomes a continual necessity and an endless series of problems present themselves for solution. It is not only that the original elements have to be readjusted in their changed relations, but a new element, the increment of evolution, must be taken into account, for it is owing to the presence of this increment that the old balance is disturbed and readjustments made necessary. A tree in the forest extends its branches. It finds itself subject to a stronger pressure from storms. It must take deeper root-hold of the ground. Its internal fibre must become less elastic, more compact and firm and those spreading boughs must adapt themselves to their new relations. In nothing is the truth of this principle more distinctly manifest than in the growth of contiguous nations.

Where these nations have been overcrowded in their population and overburdened with taxation, the friction has usually produced chafing and irritation and the suffering peoples, like oxen with galled shoulders, have been stung to sullen madness under the unendurable load and have quarrelled with one another.

With limitless room for growth, with bread enough and to spare, with native wealth waiting to reward the toil of countless millions, the question of the relationship of the two peoples who divide between the North American continent should not be a difficult one to decide—and yet it is evident that there is opportunity for different views of the question and opportunity for a considerable amount of ardor

in the advocacy of each. It is no sign of anything to be regretted that this should be so. It is the inevitable result of freedom. It is a good proof of our perfect liberty that opinions so diverse can spring up and thrive side by side in the same soil. May we not cheerfully conclude with the philosopher of old that truth is great and that it will prevail? Or, according to the maxim of evolution, that among the warring elements of opinion the ultimately dominant will be the best?

It is, however, a striking illustration of the native unrest of human nature that Alexander and the captive in chains among the impedimenta of his army are both in tears. Too much room or too little for tears. Too much room or too little for tears. Too much room or too little for tears. Too much room or too little for tears.

It is my intention, however, to discuss only one of the theories advanced concerning the future of Canada. Whether continued dependence, independence, imperial federation or a natural development of the present relationship or some other method shall be found best, I shall not now attempt to decide. My purpose is to say a few words upon the proposal of annexation to the United States, as a solution of the question of international development.

The proposal contained in this suggestion is briefly that the question of the adjustment of the relations between the two organized bodies existing side by side on the continent, shall be settled by one of them ceasing to be, going out of existence. It is not essential to the question to note that this is to be brought about by its absorption into the other. We are dealing now with the method of simplifying a complex and increasingly important relationship. Let us also keep in mind what it is that it is proposed to annihilate, simply the national existence as a distinct entity, and that it is proposed to deal fairly and well with the persons and property of the people which compose that nation in their present condition, that it is represented that the peculiar anxieties and troubles arising from their belonging to one of two nations which may have separate or even rival and conflicting interests, will all disappear so soon as there is only one nation. This is certainly a plain and easily understood proposition. It is further alleged that there would certainly be an improvement in the condition of the individuals, by their becoming a part of the rival nation, that the trouble of maintaining a separate existence, nationally, being removed, they would have peace and prosperity.

We are moreover assured that the national life is only a matter of fancy, and not worth bearing any trouble for. Again we can say that these statements are quite plain and easily understood, and perhaps they might be established to the satisfaction of many. And I say this in all fairness and good faith, believing that any question should be looked at calmly, and with an honest desire to see the truth contained in the opposite or rather in the different views. Having admitted, then, what it seems fair to grant, we are the more free to deal with certain remaining objections; and I shall try to be equally plain in speaking of them.

And in the first place it can be no fair argument in such a case to appeal to the relative size and strength of the two nations; to speak of the ratio of 5 to 60 whether it be of individuals or of millions. Principles of ethics are not settled in that way, even apart from Christianity. There is no moral quality in the measurement of the biceps of a prize-fighter, and even the relative weight of purses, such as we think of them, does not involve the principle of an argument as between the owners.—It may seem scarcely necessary to say this, but we sometimes forget self-evident principles in a complex argument. And we do hear references at times which are suspiciously suggestive of something akin to this style of reasoning.

Another remark I desire to make is that while admitting the liberty to any who may think and feel so, to hold that a separate national existence is only a thing of sentiment and not worth being at any trouble about, it is to be remembered that others holding an opposite view are not to be ridiculed or condemned. It may be that the longer what they once were, in the eyes of many, in the eyes of men who are typical of this practical, utilitarian age; but others may hold different views and believe that the struggles for liberty, for the enfranchisement of the people, which have always taken definite form along national lines, that these are more to be valued than national wealth; who believe that the privilege of belonging to a nation through which the principles of freedom and what-over will elevate mankind, can be carried out with unhampered energy, is worth valuing and worth enduring some inconvenience and loss, if need be, to retain. There is such a thing as national pride. Even today men like to feel that they have taken part in a successful enterprise, and the founding and developing of a nation is one of the enterprises in which many men take an honest pride, and they do not like to think of their conceptions and labors being swept away as a failure. No more pertinent illustration can be given in modern days than that of the nation to which it is proposed to attach us. The most colossal war of our age, or of any age, was carried to a termination, with fabulous expenditure of men and means for the preservation of

the national life in its integrity, and we must remember that there are those in Canada who cherish a similar spirit towards the land of their birth or their adoption. But why must we be annexed? In other words, why must our national existence be merged in another? In order that we may trade with one another. But this has nothing to do necessarily with the essential principle at the root of annexation. Only self-interest and false statecraft, or rather political exigencies, need hinder the most free interchange of material and mental productions. The native instinct of the people will do all that; only let governments not interfere; but why, in order to this, must one government, one nationality, be blotted out? This is a confession of helplessness on the part of any one making it—a confession that a people cannot consciously, and of their own deliberate motion, do that which is right and for their own best interests; that as a nation they must cease to exist, must be taken out of the way in order that that which is right may be accomplished.

But let me briefly speak of another view of this question. The proposal to annex or to hand over for political amalgamation is made with a very imperfect conception of what is involved, it seems to me. It is not to annex 5,000,000 of people to 60,000,000, but a country which is actually of greater extent than that to which it is proposed to annex it—that is to say, Canada controls and possesses more than one-half of the North American continent. From the most recent available statistics, the area under each government is as follows, including water stretches:

Canada.....4,108,842 square miles United States.....3,557,000 "

Of course, a very great deduction must be made in each case, and in the case of Canada a special deduction for the inhospitable and uninhabitable North. At the same time, it is well to remember that Alaska is counted in to the United States, an area of over 500,000 square miles; and also to remember that the conception that all of the continent lying to the north of the 47th parallel, is a barren and uninhabitable wilderness, was the conception of profound ignorance and prejudice. Every year is adding to our knowledge of the fertility and resources of the regions farther to the north. Not only cereals, but tender vines can be raised on the rich soil as far north as the 60th parallel; and in many ways evidence is being furnished of the immensity of the region, capable of affording comfort and prosperity to an industrious people.

And when we talk of such questions, involving the country not for our own brief day, but for the future, let us remember that what is now 5,000,000 will be perhaps 150,000,000 at no very distant day. And, with an equal or larger population in the United States, is it not better to contemplate two self-respecting nations—one in race, language and civilization, one in mutual help and sympathy, one in an untrammelled intercourse, one united power in the furtherance of the best and highest destiny of the world, rather than a political union of an unwieldy immensity, liable to fall to pieces by its own weight? Even the United States contain at least three well defined regions, with distinct affinities, owing to their geographical position and climatic conditions: the New England states on the Atlantic seaboard, the Southern states not quite amalgamated, after all, and the Western states; if, indeed, we may not now add to these a fourth, the North-Western states and territories. History shows how difficult it is to hold together in political oneness regions so diverse in their natural affinities and interests, and the progress of government today is towards the recognition of *regime autonomy*, if I may coin an expression. Unity in the vital and commercial interests, liberty and elasticity in political management and control.

THEY NEGLECT THEIR DUTIES.

Those of the city policemen who make a practice of toadying to the chief are spending a very pleasant and profitable summer. For example, one sergeant has been doing all the special work, while the paid detective has done just what he pleased. The sergeant has performed very little night duty during the summer, and men have been borrowed from other divisions to fill his—though the force is surely small enough as it is.

Give all your men a chance, Chief MARSHALL! Let somebody else besides your flunkies have an opportunity to make an extra dollar.

Do you know, chief, that "the sergeant" was at Moosehead, last week, paid for his services there, and that he allowed his division to look after itself at night?

Do you know, chief, that some of your officers are not at their posts half the time? If you do not know these things, you should; and so should the police committee.

"BOILER-PLATE."

We have received the following communication: TO THE EDITORS OF PROGRESS: In your own paper and others I see occasional allusion to "boiler-plate," used in newspapers. Will you please tell me what "boiler-plate" is, who uses it and why it is used?

A SCRIBER. Moncton, Sept. 19. We reply with pleasure. "Boiler-plate" is a term indiscriminately

applied to electotype, stereotype and colloid reproductions of reading matter selected by New York and Chicago editors and put in type by their compositors.

To give the list of the provincial papers which use "boiler-plate" would take too much space. It will answer every purpose to say that PROGRESS does not use it.

"Boiler-plate" is used because it costs less than it would cost to have the same amount of matter put into type by compositors. The publishers who employ it are apparently willing to yield up the control of their columns, so long as these can be cheaply filled. From their point of view, this may be justifiable; from ours, it would not be. PROGRESS is of and for the people; therefore it is edited and printed in St. John, instead of in the United States.

The noteworthy event of the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, recently held in Minneapolis, was the reception of a message from President CLEVELAND. The local committee having invited him to attend the encampment, he sent a courteous declination, alleging the usual excuses. The reading of this, say the press dispatches, was followed by hisses and groans, and for 15 minutes the encampment was in an uproar—the committee which had been so injudicious as to tender an invitation to a Democrat spending, of course, a bad quarter of an hour. All of this inspires the reflection that the founders of the G. A. R. made a mistake at the christening. They should have named it the Grand Army of a Republican Republic.

United States congressman OATES, of Alabama, showed eminent forethought in applying to "aliens" alone his new bill forbidding naturalization to polygamists, anarchists, socialists and communists. If the terms of the act embraced native polygamists, the honorable gentleman and many of his associates might find themselves suddenly disfranchised.

Has it ever occurred to the ladies that even United States politicians compliment the sex by making house-cleaning a national issue? To be sure, it is the White House they think of, but the principle remains the same. The one thing that weakens the comparison is that, with the politicians, the "soap" comes in the wrong place.

The heaviest blow that has yet fallen upon Jacksonville is conveyed in the announcement that GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is going there to die. Generous gifts of chloroform, laudanum, opium and morphine will doubtless be included in the next consignment that the relief committee sends to the unhappy people of Florida.

The public would benefit and the delivery clerks at the post-office would be spared considerable annoyance and waste of breath if the authorities would provide printed placards announcing, "Fredericton Mail In and Distributed," etc., to be displayed at the proper times. Think of it, gentlemen.

Autumn begins today. It is our most delightful season here, in New Brunswick, and tourists who missed a summer vacation might do worse than to grant us the pleasure of their presence now. The latch-string is always open—except to men who want to talk about CLEVELAND and fish.

The constitution gives the president the right to adjourn congress in case of a disagreement, and there are indications that he may be obliged to exercise it. Considering the nature of the work they have done this session, we do not wonder that the congressmen are afraid to go home.

We sometimes wonder that the St. John liquor dealers, inspired as they must be by the success of the law in Prince Edward Island and Portland, do not raise a fund for the enactment of the Scott act in this city. They would have to pay no licenses and could sell at all hours, then.

Portland standard time is the latest astronomical fact. It is ascertained by deducting from 24 hours the nine hours when no member of the city government wants a drink.

Some of the country papers are unusually bright this week. This may or may not be due to the fact that the editors of most of them are away on a junket.

PERSONAL.

Mr. R. Murray Boyd, the obliging and capable accountant of the Daily Telegraph, is enjoying a few days' vacation in New York. The business staffs of the city dailies have no member more popular than Mr. Boyd.

Henry B. Rainsford brings no dignity to the clerkship of the house of assembly. People who know him are not through wondering how he got the appointment, and how long he will keep it. A few more such appointments will do the executive greater harm than good.

H. V. B. Bridges, the new school inspector, is the best available man the position could have found. His college course was brilliant and his teaching record has been most successful. He is a brother of Dr. H. S. Bridges, of the university, and the promotion which has come to him is well deserved.

Look For Our Sign: BARNES & MURRAY, 17 Charlotte Street.

NEW IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE New Goods - - - New Prices. GREY FLANNELS—Come and See. SCARLET FLANNELS—Away Down. GREY SHAKER—The Cheapest Yet. DRESS GOODS—From 8c. TOWELS—From 7c. pair. ULSTER CLOTHES—Very Low. KID GLOVES—Splendid Values. WOOL SHAWLS—All Prices. FELT SKIRTS—Three Qualities. BARGAINS FOR ALL.

BARNES & MURRAY. NEW BRUNSWICK HORSE AND CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR. THE FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION. Aided by the Government of New Brunswick Will Hold a HORSE and CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR on their Grounds in FREDERICTON, On WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, 3rd and 4th, October, 1888, At which over \$1,000 will be offered in Prizes, distributed as follows: PRIZE LIST.

Table with columns for HORSES and CATTLE, listing various divisions and prize amounts.

General Conditions: Entries close on SATURDAY, 29th September, 1888, and must be made to W. P. FLEWELLING, Fredericton, from whom blank forms for entry may be had on application. A fee of 50 cents must accompany each entry.

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary. A. A. STERLING, President Fredericton Park Association. FREDERICTON, N. B., 21st August, 1888.

THE TRIALS OF A SERVANT GIRL. PEN AND PRESS.

An Invalid Lady Says She Could Write a Book About Them. "I am never lonesome," said a bright but afflicted lady to PROGRESS, yesterday. "So long as I have my eyes and ears I find plenty to amuse me. Why, the domestic is a perfect fund in herself. I think I could write a book on the trials of the servant. This one in particular seems to be annoyed by the door bell."

Personal mention of three distinguished journalists is found in this week's exchanges. The notices are as follows: A Boston correspondent writes that Mr. C. Bruce McDougall is now editor-in-chief of the Boston Sun.—Moncton Times. Mr. B. H. Higgs, who had the literary management of the Pioneer for the past summer, left yesterday by the early train for Charlottetown on his way to Dalhousie college, Halifax, where he intends taking the second year course in journalism at that seat of learning.—Summerside Pioneer. The Chamberlain's Leader is now published at Parrabro. Mr. James Hanna is announced as the editor.—Moncton Times. We Prefer the Latest Craze. It is strange how a craze will take hold of people. This year the craze is without doubt base ball. Everybody plays it. This state of things is much better than that which existed, a few years ago, when every street in town had a life and drum band, with rattled drums and consumptive fifes. Every night these noisy crowds made their appearance on the streets and kept up the noise, or gathered in a room near the public streets and with the windows open tried to make all who passed put their fingers to their ears. This year every street has its base ball club; but thank goodness they make their noise outside the city limits, yet the discussions at street corners are noisy enough.

our Sign: MURRAY, te Street. TO PURCHASE - New Prices.

Very Low. Splendid Values. WOOL SHAWLS - All Prices. FELT SKIRTS - Three Qualities. FOR ALL. MURRAY. CATTLE SHOW AND FAIR.

ARK ASSOCIATION, t of New Brunswick W and FAIR on their Grounds in ICTION, /, 3rd and 4th, October, 1888, Prizes, distributed as follows: LIST.

Table with columns for CATTLE, DIVISION 12 - Shorthorns, DIVISION 13 - Ayrshires, DIVISION 14 - Jerseys, DIVISION 15 - Polled Norths, DIVISION 16 - Polled Angus, DIVISION 17 - Miscellaneous. Lists various breeds and their respective prize amounts.

Conditions: 1888, and must be made to W. P. FLEWELLING, on application. A fee of 50 cents must accompany...

W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary. Association.

Personal mention of three distinguished artists is found in this week's exchange. The notices are as follows:

Personal mention of three distinguished artists is found in this week's exchange. The notices are as follows: Boston correspondent writes that Mr. Bruce McDougall is now editor-in-chief of the Boston Sun...

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN CITY SOCIETY CIRCLES.

And a summary of the happenings elsewhere in New Brunswick - Colonial Talk - Mosaic - Society - Woodstock - Whippersnappers - Boisterous - Jottings, etc.

What to do with these long, cool evenings is the query that is now agitating the minds of many. Of course, we have innumerable parties and balls to look forward to, and not a very great while will elapse ere the skating, tobogganing, snowshoeing, etc., will claim a goodly portion of the time...

Mrs. Carleton Allen, Mrs. Wetmore and Miss Winslow are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Holden. The Misses Walker left Friday morning for a visit to the White mountains.

Miss Eaton treated a number of her friends to a most enjoyable picnic last Thursday. The party were driven to In-diantown, where they took the steamer Clifton for Hampton, where they spent a real jolly day.

Mr. Wetmore's Merrit and bride are expected home this evening. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Parks and family will board at the Duffin hotel this winter.

Miss Kenney and Miss Sellers who have been visiting friends in this city left last Monday for their home in Philadelphia.

Dr. Murray McLaren and bride arrived home Wednesday evening. Miss Kate Ferguson, from South Boston, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Travis.

Mrs. Grady says that two professional gentlemen figure among the weddings for week after next.

Mrs. C. Brady, of Somerville, Mass., is visiting her sister, the wife of Dr. McPherson, at Hampton.

Miss Sarah Peters and Miss Katie Gerow left for Detroit, Tuesday, where they will spend the winter with friends.

All the week the tennis ground has had an exceptionally gay appearance, but more interest and attention seemed given to the coming event than to the game.

The complete scores of the tennis tournament are as follows:

Table with columns for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Doubles, First Round, Second Round, Final.

W. Knowlton, of St. John C. and A. C., defeated C. Kinnear, of Sussex, 6, 4, 6, 2.

Mr. Brady defeated Mr. Bartlett, of Charlottetown, 6, 4, 6, 2.

Mr. E. H. Turnbull defeated Mr. Stewart, of Charlottetown, 6, 4, 6, 2.

H. G. Mills defeated Mr. Brecken, of Charlottetown, 6, 4, 6, 2.

F. G. Neale - a bye.

H. G. Mills defeated Mr. Brady, 6, 4, 6, 2. Mr. Knowlton defeated Mr. Turnbull, 6, 4, 6, 2. G. W. Jones defeated Mr. Neale, 6, 4, 6, 2.

Mr. Mills defeated Mr. Knowlton, 6, 4, 6, 2. Mr. Jones - a bye.

Mr. Mills defeated Mr. Jones, 6, 4, 6, 2.

G. W. Jones and H. G. Mills defeated C. and G. Kinnear, 6, 4, 6, 2.

Messrs. Brecken and Inge defeated Messrs. Knowlton and Culliv, 6, 4, 6, 2.

Messrs. Mills and Jones defeated Messrs. Brecken and Inge, 6, 4, 6, 2.

Messrs. Mills and Jones defeated Messrs. McLeod and Hartt, 6, 4, 6, 2.

Miss M. Smith and Miss E. McLaren defeated Miss Burpee and Miss A. Adams, 6, 4, 6, 2.

Miss M. Smith defeated Miss E. C. Almon, 6, 0, 7, 5.

Miss M. Smith defeated Miss E. C. Almon, 6, 0, 7, 5.

Miss M. Smith defeated Miss E. C. Almon, 6, 0, 7, 5.

CELESTIAL TALK.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 19. - The "At Home" at the barracks last Friday evening was quite a brilliant affair, and much enjoyed by all who were present.

Fredricton is very soon to lose two of her most pleasing young ladies for the winter - Miss Margaret Bailey and Miss Maggie Allen.

Mrs. George T. Dibble has moved from the "Queen" and is now very pleasantly situated at the Barker house.

Dr. Dyde and his bride arrived in this city Monday, from Kingston, Ont.

Mr. Harry Fenety will leave a week from Saturday for Harvard, where he will resume his studies in law.

Prof. Roberts and his family will return to Windsor Oct. 1. Mr. Goodridge Roberts will accompany them, and resume his studies at King's college.

The coadjutor bishop was expected home last evening, but did not arrive until today. He came over in the same steamer with the metropolitan.

Mr. Edward Jack has gone to Newfoundland. Mr. Morris Scovill and bride were registered at the Queen last Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Atherton left for their home, in Toronto, Saturday morning. Mr. George W. Allen is visiting his friends in Fredericton.

Mr. Ketchum, M. P. P. for Charlottetown, was in this city yesterday. Mr. Jack Harris, of Moncton, is visiting friends here.

Miss Harrison has returned from her visit at Sheffield. Judge and Mrs. James, of Halifax, were among the guests at the Barker house, last week.

Mr. A. S. Murray, manager of the Merchants' bank, is taking a fortnight's vacation. Mrs. Robert Peak, of St. John, is visiting at the residence of Mr. George Palmer, Northumberland street.

Messrs. James and Ernest Peak, of this city, leave next week for Boston. One will study dentistry, and the other will attend the school of technology.

The press excursion arrived here this afternoon, by the Northern and Western railway. Mr. A. M. Fraser, of Halifax, made one of the excursions.

Mr. Charles O'Connell, the talented reader and journalist, kept the conversational ball rolling. It is said that one of our most popular dry goods clerks is soon to launch his craft on matrimonial seas.

A stranger remarked the other day, says the Echo, "I think your Halifax girls are lovely, but they do not make enough of themselves." I just report this speech.

Whether the gentleman meant that the fair sex were not extravagant enough in dress or that they were wanting in dignity is to be imagined.

ON DUT IN CALAIS. CALAIS, Me., Sept. 19. - We are now rejoicing in the electric light, which shows off our pretty little city to its best advantage.

Miss Julia Kelley, one of our fairest daughters, will spend this week in St. John. Among the visitors of a week ago, I caught a glimpse of the sweet face of Miss Fannie King of St. John; she was accompanied by her friend Miss Bradford.

where they will probably spend the entire winter. They will be more missed than I can fully express, and we all feel that Fredericton is gaining largely by our loss.

Miss Maud Trice of Port Mulgrave is visiting Mrs. Tupper, of Moncton. Miss Willie of Fredericton, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Talbot, at the rectory.

Mrs. Donald Bliss, of Westmorland, is in town, visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. John McSweeney. Mr. Percy Chandler, of Moncton, and Mr. J. Y. Smith of Dorchester, returned this morning, from a short pleasure trip to St. John.

Mr. P. C. Elliot, formerly of the Bank of Nova Scotia in Moncton, but now of St. John, is taking Mr. Arnold's place, during his absence. Mr. Elliot made hosts of friends during his stay in Moncton, and they are all more than glad to welcome him back again.

Miss Chipman has thrown open her art studio to visitors, for three days of this week - Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, and the work exhibited is well worth inspection. It is almost entirely that of pupils, Miss Chipman showing very little of her own handwork.

Mrs. Edith Fenety leaves Fredericton tomorrow, with her children, for Cambridge, Mass., where she intends making her future home. The good wishes of her many friends will follow her.

Mrs. George T. Dibble has moved from the "Queen" and is now very pleasantly situated at the Barker house. Dr. Dyde and his bride arrived in this city Monday, from Kingston, Ont.

I hear that one of our leading lawyers is to be married next Tuesday, to one of Fredericton's fair daughters. Perhaps this will put others in the notion and, may yet have a number of these interesting events take place this autumn. I hear there are three other lawyers soon to follow suit.

Miss August of Quebec, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Capt. Mansuett, at Fern Hill. Rev. Walter Taylor and Mr. T. H. Currie leave soon for Harvard university.

Mr. Arthur Akerley will leave Fredericton Thursday for Toronto, where he will attend the exhibition, before going to McGill. He will be the guest of Rev. Mr. Pearson.

There are a number of Fredericton boys who will attend McGill college this year. Among those who were here last year are Mr. D. Harrison and Messrs. Duvernick and McManus.

Jack, son of Mr. McVillie Jack, Messrs. Dow and Andrew Coburn, Mr. William Scovill and Mr. Kincaid will be added to the number. They leave for Montreal next week.

Mr. Harry Fenety will leave a week from Saturday for Harvard, where he will resume his studies in law. Prof. Roberts and his family will return to Windsor Oct. 1.

Mr. Edward Jack has gone to Newfoundland. Mr. Morris Scovill and bride were registered at the Queen last Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Atherton left for their home, in Toronto, Saturday morning. Mr. George W. Allen is visiting his friends in Fredericton.

Mr. Ketchum, M. P. P. for Charlottetown, was in this city yesterday. Mr. Jack Harris, of Moncton, is visiting friends here.

Miss Harrison has returned from her visit at Sheffield. Judge and Mrs. James, of Halifax, were among the guests at the Barker house, last week.

Mr. A. S. Murray, manager of the Merchants' bank, is taking a fortnight's vacation. Mrs. Robert Peak, of St. John, is visiting at the residence of Mr. George Palmer, Northumberland street.

Messrs. James and Ernest Peak, of this city, leave next week for Boston. One will study dentistry, and the other will attend the school of technology.

The press excursion arrived here this afternoon, by the Northern and Western railway. Mr. A. M. Fraser, of Halifax, made one of the excursions.

Mr. Charles O'Connell, the talented reader and journalist, kept the conversational ball rolling. It is said that one of our most popular dry goods clerks is soon to launch his craft on matrimonial seas.

A stranger remarked the other day, says the Echo, "I think your Halifax girls are lovely, but they do not make enough of themselves." I just report this speech.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., 61 and 63 King Street.

FLANNEL DEPARTMENT. GREY FLANNELS of the Best Manufacture.

Warranted ALL PURE WOOL, in Clear Light, Medium and Dark Greys. Adulteration has become so general that Cotton forms a chief part of Many Grey Flannels instead of Wool.

THE PURE ALL-WOOL "ST. HYACINTHE" GREY FLANNELS at prices equal to inferior grades. WHITE FLANNELS, In REAL WELSH, SAXONY, LANCASHIRE, ENGLISH (domestic).

Navy Blue Flannels, Plain and Twilled, SCARLET FLANNELS, Plain and Twilled in Saxony, Lancashire and Canadian.

Elegant Patterns in Printed Flannels for Wrappers, Dressing Gowns and Dressing Jackets. New and Choice Patterns in FANCY SHIRTING FLANNELS in Fine Checks and Hair Line Stripes;

SMALL CHECKS and MIXTURES in Bright and Pale Colors, for Children, Warranted to Keep their Color in Washing; OPERA FLANNELS in All Shades with Embroidered Flannel Hamburgs to Match;

WHITE SKIRTING FLANNEL; WHITE SKIRTING FLANNELS EMBROIDERED; GREY SKIRTING FLANNELS Embroidered; FANCY STRIPE JERSEY FLANNELS for Children's Cloaks; GERMAN FLANNELS in Wide Stripes and Plaids, for Children's Wraps.

MACAULAY BROTHERS & CO. University of New Brunswick.

Michaelmas Term, 1888. The Entrance Examination, the Examinations for County Scholarships, and the Senior Matriculation Examination, will Begin on the First Day of October, 1888.

The Scholarships in the undermentioned Counties will be open to competition: Restigouche, Gloucester, Northumberland, Westmorland, Albert, Charlotte, Kings, Sunbury, Carleton, Victoria.

Copies of the new Calendar for the Academic year 1888-89 may be had from the Registrar of the University, J. D. HAZEN, B. A., Fredericton, N. B.

Guns, Rifles, Cartridges, Powder, SHOT, SHELLS, And AMMUNITION for Leading Makes of Fire Arms.

Game Bags, Gun Cases, Cartridge Belts, Loading Tools, Cleaners, Extractors, Duck Calls, Decoys, Flasks, Bullet Moulds, And Sporting Goods of all kinds.

T. McAVITY & SONS, St. John, N. B. GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS.

July 28th--Opening Today: 4 Cases Single and Double Guns, Flobert Rifles, Revolvers, Breech Loading Double Guns, Etc.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 and 62 Prince William Street.

NEW STOVE STORE. GURNEY'S STANDARD STOVES.

We handle a full line of GURNEY'S STOVES and Ranges. These Ranges take less fuel to run than any Range in the market, and cannot be excelled for baking qualities, and are finished in GURNEY'S well known style.

COLES & PARSONS, 90 Charlotte Street - A few doors south of Princess Street.

Great Cut on Parlor Suites.

Table with columns for HAIRCLOTH SUITES, PLUSH, and prices. Includes a note: In order to make room for Fall Stock, we have decided to cut prices on PARLOR SUITES, as follows:

C. E. BURNHAM & SONS. JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE. Cures Diphtheria, Group, Angina, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headache, the Lungs, Exanthemata, Erysipelas, Eczema, Scalding, Whooping Cough, Whooping Cough, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Asiatica, Cholera Sicca, Cholera Tropica, Cholera Miasmatica, Cholera Epidemica, Cholera Sporadica, Cholera Miasmatica, Cholera Epidemica, Cholera Sporadica, Cholera Miasmatica, Cholera Epidemica, Cholera Sporadica.

MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE. Cures Diphtheria, Group, Angina, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headache, the Lungs, Exanthemata, Erysipelas, Eczema, Scalding, Whooping Cough, Whooping Cough, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Asiatica, Cholera Sicca, Cholera Tropica, Cholera Miasmatica, Cholera Epidemica, Cholera Sporadica.

EQUITY SALE.

THEE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the Twentieth day of November next, at twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the twenty-fourth day of July, A. D. 1888, in a certain case therein pending, wherein James Walker is plaintiff, and Emma Small, Stephen S. DeForest and Robert B. Humphrey, Executors and Trustees of the last will and testament of Otis Small, deceased, the said Emma Small, James B. Thornton and Clara Jane, his wife, the said Stephen S. DeForest and Mary E., his wife, Eiram G. Betts and Frances C., his wife, and Sarah Elizabeth Small are defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises described in the plaintiff's bill of complaint, and in the said decreeal order, as follows, that is to say:

ALL THAT LOT, piece and parcel of land situated, lying and being in King's Ward, in the City of St. John, heretofore conveyed by Ward Chipman and others to the late Thomas Walker, by deed registered in the Registry of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book D, No. 2, page 70 and 71, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning on Wellington street, at the North Eastern corner of a lot heretofore sold by Ward Chipman to the late William H. Scovill, thence running northerly on Wellington street fifty feet; thence westerly on a line parallel to the north line of the said lot so sold to the said Scovill one hundred and seventy feet to the eastern line of Peel street; thence southerly on the line of Peel street fifty feet to the north-western corner of the said lot so sold to the said Scovill; thence easterly on the northern line of the said lot one hundred and seventy feet to the place of beginning. Together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging, or in anywise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof; and all the right, title, dower, right of dower, interest, property and demand whatsoever, both at law and in equity or otherwise, of them the said defendants or either of them, in, by, out of or upon the said lands and premises, and every or any part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee, at St. John this fourteenth day of August, A. D. 1888. E. H. McALPINE, Referee in Equity. E. G. KAYE, Solicitor. W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

SIG. GIO. B. RONCONI, TEACHER OF Vocal Culture and Throat Gymnastics.

Specialty of Voice Placing and Diaphragm Breathing, Address-Domville Building, first flat.

Flour and Feed Store.

Wheat, Flour, Buckwheat, RYE, CORN, OATS, BRAN, SHORTS, From the best mills. Always on hand.

R. & F. S. FINLEY, Sydney Street.

HORSE BLANKETS, For Fall and Winter.

Surcingles, Halters, Etc., ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, 244 Union Street.

THE LATEST SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO The New York Labor News Co., 25 EAST FORTY STREET, New York City.

W. WATSON ALLEN, CLARENCE H. FERGUSON ALLEN & FERGUSON, Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Etc.

Paggy's Building, Rooms 14, 15 and 16, Cor. Prince William and Princess streets.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

Important New Novels. Editor, By Edgar Saltus. New York and Chicago: Bellamy, Clark & Co.

These are a part of the cream of recent fiction, and the selection of them for notice means that they are eminently noteworthy.

Eden is another of those brief but almost flawless studies from New York life which Mr. Saltus has taught us to expect from his pen.

In Fortune's Foot this imagination shows best in his landscapes, and in his description of New-England forests, and in the picture he gives of the Sacramento Valley.

Notes and Announcements. Grass of Parnassus is the title of Andrew Lang's new volume.

Florence Warden's next story is to be a Yorkshire tale and published as a serial in Cassell's.

Mr. Oscar Browning is to write a monograph on George Eliot, with whom he was long on friendly terms, for the "Famous Women" series.

The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble is the title given by Sir Morell Mackenzie to his forthcoming work on the Emperor.

Mr. Francis Parkman has written the preface to the forthcoming serial by Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood for the Century.

Mr. Edmund Collins, who has been so favorably known as assistant editor of the Epoch, has been made the American agent of the "Editors' Literary Syndicate."

Hawthorne, a work equally distinguished for fine perception, delicate analysis and mastery of combination—a powerful novel, destined to be ranked as a classic.

My friend of the St. John Progress sometimes refers to Halifax as a "bad 'show' town. He thinks we do not patronize some of the entertainments offered as well as we should.

English papers announce that as soon as Arthur Sullivan next opens out of the way he will write entirely new incidental music for Macbeth for Irving's revival of the play.

The Clara Louise Kellogg English Opera Company will not, after all, contain Minnie Hank, who is said to be ill of nervous prostration, in London.

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore.

This incident, told by James Favn, suggests a new and novel definition of a gentleman: "A lady singer, a little passed as to years, and whose voice was not so good as it used to be, failed to please the pitiless throng; they groaned and hissed, whereupon a person in the gallery called out reproachfully: 'Let the bloomin'-old cow have fair play!'"

A short vacation was the cause of my usual notes not appearing last week, and also for their paucity this week; but I hope to have settled down to work before the next issue.

Regarding the prices paid for story papers for serial stories, Mr. Thomas C. Glynn, of the New York Weekly, writes: "A story of 120,000 words would make a serial of seventeen instalments, of about 7,000 words each."

The Fashions in Dances. It is definitely settled that the round dancing of the coming winter, as done by the swiftest girls of New York, will be quietly graceful, with enough action in it to avoid all resemblance to the performers of the comical dolls' quadrille, and yet quiet enough to be unlike the motions of the ballet.

Minister—"Did the deceased have any favorite song that you think he would like to have sung at his funeral?"

MUSIC, ART HOME AND ABROAD.

A famous pianist was talking the other night about young Hoffman and the various sizes of hands which one finds among the great pianists.

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Minister—"Did the deceased have any favorite song that you think he would like to have sung at his funeral?"

GRABBER.

A New Way of Robbing Bedrooms Invented in San Francisco. William Smith was charged with burglary before Judge Lawler yesterday.

William was arrested at 145 Third street as he was keeping the chill night air from entering through a broken window in the shoe store of Louis Blumenthal.

He was searched, and in his pockets were found books so tied that they formed very good grapelines. He said he had been out fishing for crabs, but could not prove it.

Smith denied having used the hooks for any other purpose than that of catching fish, but was held in \$1,000 bonds.—San Francisco Chronicle.

How to Hold the Boys. A good horse will go further toward keeping a boy on a farm than almost any other influence that can be brought to bear upon him.

Two teachers of languages were discussing matters and things relative to their profession. "Do your pupils pay up regularly on the first of each month?" asked one of them.

A King in Authorship. King Kalakaua has acquired several various reputations during his reign, but never that of an author.

On the Way to the Caledonian Games. Officer O'Grady (recently appointed)—Sibtop, ye devil! Where's yer pants?

Nearly Exhausted. Young Man (to editor)—Did you receive a poem from me, sir?

His Favorite Song. Minister—"Did the deceased have any favorite song that you think he would like to have sung at his funeral?"

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors. SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals" will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 26th day of September next.

A map of each of the localities, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen and after TUESDAY, the 19th day of September next, at this office, for all the works, and the respective works at the following mentioned places:

For the works at Galope, at the Lock-keeper's House, Galope, for deepening the summit level of the Cornwall Canal, at Dickerson Landing; and for the new locks, etc., at Lock-stations Nos. 15, 19 and 20, at the Town of Cornwall. Printed forms of tender can be obtained for the respective works at the places mentioned.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 8th August, 1888.

Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal" will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 26th day of October next.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

JUST OPENED:

A Beautiful Assortment of GENTLEMEN'S POCKET BOOKS Letter Cases.

J. & A. McMillan, Booksellers and Stationers, 98 and 100 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.

Ice Cream Soda

Crockett's Drug Store, 162 Princess, Cor. Sydney Street.

COME TO BELL'S, 87-25 KING STREET-25

TO THE Medical Profession.

HEALTH FOR ALL. Choice Table Butter and Finest Quality Cream

DAVID CONNELL, Livory and Boarding Stables, Sydney St

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Passenger Trains will leave INTER-COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at 10:40 a.m.—Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Moncton, Woodstock, Fredericton, Grand Falls and Edmundston.

Express for Fredericton and intermediate stations. 10:50 a.m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for St. Stephen, Moncton, Woodstock, Fredericton and Grand Falls.

Express for St. John. 10:50 a.m.—Express for St. John. 10:50 a.m.—Express for St. John.

Intercolonial Railway. 1888-Summer Arrangement-1888

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, June 4th, 1888, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Day Express..... 7 00 Accommodation..... 11 00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Halifax and Quebec..... 5 30 Express from St. John (Indianapolis) for Fredericton, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at 10:00 a.m.

UNION LINE. Daily Trips To and From Fredericton.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamers DAVID WESTON and ACADIA, alternately, will leave St. John (Indianapolis) for Fredericton, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at 10:00 a.m.

Connecting with New Brunswick Railway for Woodstock, Grand Falls, etc.; with Northern and Western Railway for Doaktown, Chatham, etc.; and with steamer Florenceville for Bel. River, Wood stock, etc.

On TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS Excursion Tickets issued to Brown's, Williams', Oak Point and Palmer's wharves good to return on day of issue, for 40 cents, or to Hamstead and return for 50 cents.

SATURDAY EVENING and MORNING MORNING TRIP—For accommodation of business men and others, STEAMER ACADIA will leave Indianopolis every Saturday evening, at six o'clock, for Hamstead, calling at intermediate stops. Returning, will leave Hamstead at six o'clock, Monday morning, to arrive at Indianopolis at nine, thus affording an opportunity to spend a day of rest and change in the country without encroaching on business hours.

For more particulars, apply to the undersigned, or to the Agents, Messrs. J. B. HUMPHREYS, Managers, Chatham, etc.; Indianopolis. St. John City Agency at H. CURTIS & Co.'s, Prince Wm. street.

HINDS' HONEY and ALMOND CREAM, Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, and all Inflamed or Irritated conditions of the Skin.

FOR SALE BY C. P. CLARKE.....King Street.

Cherry Blossom, The Fashionable English Perfume.

FOR SALE BY C. P. CLARKE.....King Street.

Lillie Langtry, Mary W. Brown, Mrs Simon Smith, Eva Leonard, Mrs M. S. Simmons.

GO TO Page, Smalley & Ferguson's, Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc.

43 King Street.

FRIDAY IN THE WEEK in so short been done stalls are the words "nothing Judging in tion expect much large think they some do, doubt they Everything for the full, more great love there are Edw J. A. Edw Thompson, ciling and One of the a fine and night. Can followed by A good place the for the do not doubt the fact as com By-the-way had a splen the governi tion shed long for the but we can when it will much as Jack complimen Charley M more recent fore as the and others His recent quite satis friends. I fanciers are something of the c vided a poss one of the good horse give him cr And now fine weather "Pickers score of T cord to the situatio All that term and a glar. A more petted than the o Halifax. Se to and end If, after the 4ing men, had joined case would whole city cause of the ing dirt w those few forces me given Sodo points. The less to do with ter off we such a gang series with I extend John men, I blame the take revol the highway "One ba 7-year-old sent the ba the plate. "One ba "sure that "curves." I wish to many that on the man sports, Sat every season As a gen and raw on one used to the long i There was day. The readiness, in rapid suc Another had a chas management and the cro dominion. I am sor not run in Frank Wk easily and I think t ing were They pl and they pl a fine val the pole we Hall did us usual, by an excell any of the People v imagine, Frank W Watson are till glad to that the rol ing larger. I think t to induce pany them make all-d one know bearing gun leggers up

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY

Passenger trains will leave... 1840 a.m. - Fast Express for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points west; also for Fredericton, St. John, Woodstock, Truro, and Grand Falls.

Intercolonial Railway.

1888-Summer Arrangement-1888

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UNION LINE.

Daily Trips to and from Fredericton. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, the splendid Steamers DAVID WESTON and ACADIA, alternately, will leave St. John (Indiantown) for Fredericton, EVERY MORNING (Sundays excepted), at 7 o'clock, local time, calling at intermediate points.

HINDS' HONEY and ALMOND CREAM.

Cherry Blossom, The Fashionable English Perfume. C. P. CLARKE, King Street.

LOKERE

Little Langtry, Mary N. Brown, Mrs. Simon Smith, Ora Leonard, Mrs. M. S. Simmons.

GO TO

Age, Smalley & Ferguson's, Gold and Silver Watches, Fine Gold Jewelry, Silver and Plated Goods, CLOCKS and BRONZES, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Etc., 83 King Street.

REPORTS OF THE SEASON.

FREDERICTON, Sept. 18.—I don't think I ever saw quite such perfect arrangements in the way of grounds and sheds completed in so short a time for an exhibition as has been done in Fredericton. The horse box stalls are models in their way and to use the words of a member of the committee, "nothing Woodstockian" about them.

The Halifax Mail's funny story about Mayor Thorne's ordering a man who cheered for the Socials to be removed from our grand stand resolves itself, on inquiry, into this: A party named Smith, who had money up on the game, cursed most emphatically all the time, when his men lost, notwithstanding there were ladies all around him; and the order to remove him was not given until after he had been politely requested to desist. The straight fact is, that the foul-mouthed blackguard should have been kicked in the nearest horsepond, and every Halifax gentleman who was near enough to hear his blasphemies will admit it.

The fakirs with the pea and thimble game did well at Moosepath during the races. I have heard so much about them during the week that I feel like giving them a notice. I hear that a stableman dropped \$65 into the fakir's hands, because he thought he knew which thimble the pea was under. A well known city merchant gambled \$16 on the racket and lost—and there were many more.

"Picking 4, Nationals 1." was the score of Tuesday's game at Halifax, according to the Telegraph—and that sums up the situation perfectly. All that picking needs is a dark lantern and a jimmy to make a first-class burglar. A more bare-faced theft was never perpetrated—not even in the old racing days—than the outrage which gave that game to Halifax. Search the annals of sport from end to end and you will find no blacker picture. If, after the umpire had been bought by betting men, the honest friends of the game had joined in reproaching his conduct, the case would be different. Unhappily, the whole city seems to have espoused the cause of the sharps and its papers are flinging dirt with all their strength against those few who venture to condemn. It forces me to think that Halifax might have given Sodom and Gomorrah some valuable points.

The less that St. John ball-players have to do with Halifax men, after this, the better off we shall be. Rather than play with such a gang, we might wiser get up a series with a convict nine from Dorchester.

I extend my sincere sympathy to the St. John men who were robbed of their money. I blame them, however, for they did not take revolvers to protect themselves against the highwaymen who held them up.

"One ball," shouted the umpire, as the 7-year-old pitcher of the Young Eagles sent the ball about two feet to the right of the plate. "One ball!" echoed the juvenile pitcher, "sure that's one of Robbie Davison's curves."

I wish to add my congratulations to the many that have already been showered on the management of the C. and A. club sports, Saturday. They were a success, in every sense of the word.

As a general thing, the weather is cold and raw on the day the sports are held, and one used to feel very uncomfortable during the long intervals between the events. There was no trouble of this nature, Saturday. The day was fine, everything was in readiness, and one event followed the other in rapid succession.

Another good point was that everybody had a chance to see the sports. The arrangements of the grounds were excellent, and the crowd had to keep in its own domain.

I am sorry that Henry of Halifax could not run in the 100 yards dash. However, Frank White defeated his old opponent easily and wears his gold medal well. I think the bicycle races and pole vaulting were the favorite events, Saturday. They were both interesting and exciting and they pleased the people. Harrison is a fine vaulter. He is graceful and throws the pole well.

will tip the scales at 300 pounds, if I mistake not. Has any one noticed the competent, impassive, middle-aged gentleman who fills the corner of the grand stand next the corner's bench, and never loses the ball? Well, he's the mascot—fishery inspector Venning.

Wags has so richly earned the handsome individual which was presented to him, Saturday, that but one feeling—satisfaction—prevails with regard to it. The gentleman who organized the movement deserve the hearty thanks of all of us who like to see good work done by a gentleman.

The New York World frankly admits that good fortune as well as good play put the New York club where it is today, when it says: "It cannot be denied, however, that many things outside of their own fine work have contributed to the success of the Giants. Chicago has suffered from a dearth of first-class twirlers, Detroit has been overmanned. Boston has been cursed with internal dissensions, while Philadelphia lost its hopes of success through the death of Ferguson. Had all the evils never existed the Giants would have had a very dubious time in getting to the front. All the same, they are there, and they will be in the van at the finish."

Ed Morris, of the Pittsburg club, favored the introducing of trick pitching, as it existed several years ago, when he was the greatest of the ball-handlers. He thinks that the rule compelling the pitcher to hold the ball momentarily in full view of the batter should be done away with, and that the twirler should be allowed to start the ball from any position. As to moving the pitcher's box back five feet he is totally indifferent. Galvin holds nearly the same views in regard to the proposed changes, but does not care a great deal which way the rules are fixed for 1889.

Capt. Anson told a reporter, the other day: "Only last week a wealthy English gentleman approached me and offered me large inducements to accompany him to England and take under training, for two years, fifteen men in the pastime. I have as yet made no decisive answer. In my opinion it would be profitable to organize a team in each of the six principal cities of England and form them into a league similar to ours. So confident am I of its ultimate success that I would not hesitate to put capital into the venture. It might not pay for the first season, but would do so enormously in the end. As a result of such a step, we could have a series of international games, which would attract immense crowds and universal attention."

The Chicago Times contributes its mite to the batting question as follows: "Put a coat of rubber on the ball; paint it red; hang a bell on it; give it a lantern; put a mousetrap on it; scatter it; remove the infield; build the centre field fence in the rear of the pitcher's box. This ought to increase the batting."

What is a thoroughbred Arab horse? is a question that has often been asked, and a number of different answers have been given to it. The latest, however, is from the Melbourne Sportsman, which says: "Not every horse imported as an Arab is a thoroughbred. Many are what the Arabs call sons or daughters of a horse. What then is a thoroughbred Arab? A well-known English writer on the Arab, and an acknowledged authority on the subject, defines a thoroughbred Arab to be one belonging to the Khamsa. There is a tradition among the Arabs that the Khamsa is descended from one of the five mares of King Solomon. We read in Holy Writ that 'King Solomon brought horses out of Egypt.' It is assumed that the wise king procured the best horses available in Egypt. The Eastern tradition, therefore, is that one of the Egyptian mares produced five fillies of surprising beauty, and from these five mares the five great breeds of Arab horses are descended. According to the writer referred to—well known by his initials 'E. F. D.'—all true Arab trace to one or other of these five fillies of King Solomon. Some of the Arab tribes preserve the pedigrees of their horses, with as much care as a Scotch laird preserve the charter of his estate; and when a chief sells his horse he usually gives a written pedigree or guarantee that the horse is pure. This guarantee is generally preceded by the remark, 'Praise be to Allah, this is a good horse.' It then recounts how the family came into possession of the tribe, and how it had been handed down unalloyed from generation to generation, and that the present is a pure lineal descendant of one of King Solomon's mares.

The "Hurray" family is considerably numerous in the trotting and racing world. There are 25 horses of that name in the 2nd division, the only distinguishing attachment being an initial. This name being applied in a greater or less extent to other popular names. It gives excellent chance to get things mixed, and shows a want of lack of interest on the part of the name-givers. (Chicago Horseman.)

Old gentleman (to boy behind the bar)—"Have you got a mackintosh, boy?" Boy—"Yes, sir." Old gentleman—"Why don't you wear it?" Boy—"My big sister wears it today."—Reed.

Duncan Ross, the well-known Scotch athlete going to spend the winter in America, his chief object being a series of contests with Donald Dinnie, the Scotch champion. Ross says that before going he will introduce a few new games in which skill and strength are required. He thinks the interest in Colossian games is dying out.

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

A novel race took place the other day between horse and bicycle from Silver City, N. M., to Deming, Tex., 60 miles. The course was over a long mountain road and long stretches of sand. The wager was \$200 and 50 best of cattle a side, the cattle valued at \$10 a head. Kennedy, a professional bicyclist from Denver, who holds the all-round championship of the State of Colorado, rode the bicycle. The course was decidedly in favor of the horse, as the bicycle could not make any time in the sand. They started from Silver City at 6 o'clock, a. m. The time was 3 hours, 3 minutes, and 40 seconds. The bicycle's time was 4 hours and 40 minutes. About \$10,000 changed hands in the city. The bicycle was the favorite. Horsemen claim that this is the best time on record for the distance.

A Chicago paper says: "John Tener, Chicago's new pitcher, is not a pessimist. He was not a wonder. He is merely a very tall man with an armful of curves, a pocketful of confidence and a headful of sense. These go to make up a good pitcher. They were what John Clark-son possessed. One of these days Tener will sit in the box of star pitchers and play a very large instrument—a slide trombone, perhaps."

The patriotic resident of the United States, Mr. J. A. St. John, who has come forward to back John Tener against Wm. O'Connor to prevent the sale leaving that country, is a Canadian hailing from Nova Scotia. Patriotic, like charity, usually begins at home.—Toronto.

Miss Ethel (of Boston)—I understand, Clara, that young Mr. Mason, who was very attentive to you last night, is coming to the city. He is a very nice fellow, and I should like to see him. (Clara)—Yes, I released Mr. Mason on Thursday, and do you know it wasn't two days before he had signed with the Philadelphia girl.

Hotel Dufferin,

St. John, N. B.

FRED. A. JONES, Proprietor.

Hawarden Hotel, Cor. Prince Wm. and Duke Sts., ST. JOHN, N. B. WM. CONWAY, Proprietor. Terms, \$1 Per Day.

BELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. SIMS, Proprietor.

PARK HOTEL, Having lately been REFITTED and FURNISHED, is now open to the public for permanent and transient boarders, where they will find a home with every attention paid to their comfort. Terms—\$1.00 and \$2. E. H. WHITE, Proprietor, King Square, St. John, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B. J. A. EDWARDS - Proprietor. FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION. Also, a First Class Livery Stable. Cooches at trains and boats.

ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 Germain Street, St. John, N. B. MODERN IMPROVEMENTS. Terms - \$1.00 Per Day. Tea, Bot and Breakfast, 75 Cents. E. W. ELLIOTT - Proprietor.

ROYAL HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B. T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor.

VICTORIA HOTEL, (FORMERLY Waverly), 81 to 87 King Street ST. JOHN, N. B. D. W. MCCORMICK - Proprietor.

CAFÉ ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection. WILLIAM OLARK.

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated 1851

Security to Policy Holders \$1,775,317.81. E. L. PHILPS, Sub-Agent, St. John. R. W. W. FRINK, St. John, Representative for New Brunswick. OTHER SUB-AGENTS IN ALL CITIES AND TOWNS THROUGHOUT THE PROVINCE.

NEW BRUNSWICK CIRCUIT FOR 1888.

A Series of Trotting Events Never Before Equalled in the Provinces. Purses \$3,800.

Saint John, N. B., 12th and 13th September, 1888. Saint Stephen, N. B., 19th and 20th September, 1888. Houlton, Maine, 25th September, 1888. Woodstock, N. B., 29th September, 1888. Fredericton, N. B., 3rd and 4th October, 1888.

Table with columns for location and date, listing purse amounts for various classes of races. Locations include Moosepath Park, St. Stephen Park, Houlton Park, Woodstock Park, and Fredericton Park Association.

General Conditions. All Races will be to harness, mile heats, best three in five, and be governed strictly by the rules of the National Trotting Association. Entrance money will be Ten per cent. of the purse, payable 5 per cent. with nomination and 5 per cent. the evening before the race. Entries to be made with the secretaries of the respective tracks for the races thereon. Five to enter and three to start.

THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY ADVERTISES FACTS.

When we import 10 Bales of Tobacco we do not advertise "68 Bales." When we make 5 CENT CIGAR we don't advertise it as "clear Havana"—but neither do we all with sweepings. A few weeks ago, we issued an invitation to the public to visit our factory and obtain proof of every statement we have ever made in print. Do our competitors dare to do the same? Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making better Cigars than any other factory in the maritime provinces.

BELL & HIGGINS,

"Cleanliness Is Next To Godliness." The American Steam Laundry, Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street, LOCATED AT HAS THE Latest Improved Machinery, the Most Competent Help, the Most Efficient Supervision, and, therefore, Everybody says, DOES THE BEST WORK. Fredericton Agency: C. L. RICHARDS, Queen Street. GIVE US A TRIAL ORDER.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

You Will Save Money BY CALLING AT 167 Union Street FOR YOUR Boots and Shoes. PUBLIC NOTICE. You can get your Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry Repaired IN FIRST CLASS ORDER AT MARTIN'S JEWELRY STORE, 167 Union Street.

NEW FALL GOODS.

Just Received, a Large Stock of FALL GOODS For Overcoats, Pants, Suits, Etc., IN ALL THE NEWEST PATTERNS. Call and see our Cloths. JAMES KELLY, CUSTOM TAILOR, 34 Dock Street.

Trunks Retailed at Wholesale Prices

R. O'SHAUGHNESSY & CO., Manufacturers of and Dealers in Trunks, Bags & Valises, Fishing Tackle. 83 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Take Care OF YOUR FACE AND HEAD

McINTYRE, ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SALOON, HERE'S THE BEST Face and Hair Washes IN THE CITY. Sample bottles upon application. Don't fail to give them a trial. D. J. McINTYRE - 34 Dock Street.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY,

115 Sydney Street, opp. Theatre Royal, MRS. H. M. LIXON, 115 Sydney Street, opp. Theatre Royal.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

WOODSTOCK WHISPERS.

WOODSTOCK, Sept. 19.—Mrs. John H. Watt left this morning for Fredericton, where she will remain a week or two visiting friends.

Miss L. Smith of Richibucto visited Woodstock last week. Miss Mammie Allan, youngest daughter of Mr. J. T. Allan left this noon for a month's visit in Charlottetown P. E. I.

Mrs. John B. Robinson and Mrs. Genevieve of St. Stephen visited here last week. Dr. Bruce of St. John paid us a flying visit last week.

Mrs. T. O. Morris, Indianapolis, is the guest of Mrs. John Stewart. Mrs. J. F. Atkinson, Kouchibouguac visited her sister, Mrs. Charles D. Jordan, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Todd, Calais, spent a few days in town last week. Dr. Hugh Hay, of Digby, delighted his many friends with a short visit among them.

Mrs. Zebulon Currie left Thursday evening for Chicago where she will remain for some time visiting friends.

Miss Holly of St. John is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. David Tapley, D. Chisholm, Summerside, P. E. I., registered at the Exchange last week.

Mr. Frank Gallagher, our genial and warm-hearted custom house official, is enjoying a vacation with friends in St. John. Mr. Samuel Alexander has accepted the principalship of the Milltown schools. Mr. Alexander has very many friends here who wish him every success.

Mr. William Kennedy, who has been in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island for some time, returned on Friday last. Mr. Harry Smith has gone to Philadelphia for a few weeks.

Mrs. J. W. McDonough is at present visiting in Augusta, Me. Dr. C. P. Connell's friends will regret to hear of him being confined to his room for a week on account of receiving a sprain in his knee.

One evening last week Mrs. Benjamin Smith opened her spacious parlors to her many friends and a very enjoyable time was spent in the mazy dance and other amusements.

Mr. Melbourne Macdonald talks to the St. Stephen Bank. The "liquor traders" of St. Stephen have never been wholly happy since the Scott act was passed upon in Charlotte county.

They feel that they are an oppressed and persecuted race. In every other place whiskey may be had for the asking, but in St. Stephen a partial effort has been made to prevent its sale.

The publicans have kicked at this state of affairs, and have fought it at every point. To further their objects, they have hired Mr. Melbourne Macdonald, a lawyer, the growth and product of Kings county.

Mr. Macdonald appears to have a great head. He does not confine himself to the ordinary modes of procedure, but threatens to enforce a retaliation act of a most novel kind. The nature of this will appear by the following letter:

St. Stephen, N. B., Sept. 17, 1888. To the President and Directors of The Saint Stephen's Bank. Gentlemen—I am instructed by my clients, as follows: That there emanates from the servant of "The Saint Stephen's Bank," instructions and directions to prosecute supposed liquor traders in the Town of Saint Stephen.

That the chairman (your servant) of the Police committee of said Town, is largely responsible for a great deal of mischief in that behalf. Therefore it has been RESOLVED that should any more prosecutions be instituted, emanating from or inspired by the majority member of said Police committee at least ten merchants in said Town, will placard on their shop windows, to the effect: That after full investigation it has been DECIDED that the proprietors of said shops, will not receive Saint Stephen Bank bills, save at a discount of 60 cents on a dollar.

MR. CLARK AND THE CANARY.

A Story That Held Good Until a Different One Was Told.

A colored gentleman named John Clark from the east end of Duke street, called at Progress office, Tuesday morning, and told a tale of woe. On the previous Friday, Mr. Clark was walking along Charlotte street, he said, when he saw a canary bird on the sidewalk. He ran after it and it flew on to the window of the Charlotte street school, whereupon Mr. Clark put his hat over the bird and captured it. He claimed that he afterwards inquired at nearly every house in the neighborhood for the owner of the bird and being unable to find one took it home.

The next day he took the bird "down to the wharf" and showed it to about 50 or 60 people. But he was not quite satisfied with what he had done and inserted the following advertisement in Monday's Telegraph:

FOUND—On Charlotte street, on Friday, 11th inst., a bird. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses—John Clark, east end Duke street.

Monday morning, John continued, two big policemen took him and locked him in the central station because somebody had claimed the bird and wouldn't pay for the cage which he (Clark) had bought for it. He was thinking of bringing an action for false imprisonment, but wished Progress would show the matter up.

Progress was told at the central police station that John Clark found the bird as before described, and went to a house that he was pretty sure the bird didn't come out of and inquired if the residents owned the bird. They did not, so John took the canary home. The owner of the bird called on Clark Saturday, three times, and asked for the bird, but could not get it without buying a cage worth \$1.90. Mr. Clark put the advertisement in the Telegraph after he had found the owner of the bird, and Monday morning was arrested and made to give up the canary.

RETTALIATION AT HOME.

Mr. Melbourne Macdonald talks to the St. Stephen Bank. The "liquor traders" of St. Stephen have never been wholly happy since the Scott act was passed upon in Charlotte county. They feel that they are an oppressed and persecuted race. In every other place whiskey may be had for the asking, but in St. Stephen a partial effort has been made to prevent its sale.

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Any further institution of prosecutions as aforesaid, will involve severe retribution by action that no compromise can be effecting in detail. That GOLD will be demanded for all Saint Stephen Bank bills immediately on receipt of such bills, to the extent at least of retaliatory punishment. respectfully, M. Macdonald.

CHANGED HIS COUNTRY.

Mr. F. E. Scammell becomes a Citizen of the United States. [New York Times.] Among the prominent shipowners and members of the Maritime and Produce Exchanges are Scammell Brothers, who came to this country from St. John about twelve years ago, and who have continued here ever since.

They were large owners of vessels flying the British flag, and as the American Navigation laws prohibit the registry of foreign-built vessels, in effect prohibiting any American citizen from owning property in foreign vessels, they have until recently continued their nominal allegiance to the Queen of England.

Now, one of them, Mr. F. E. Scammell, has allowed his love for his adopted country to so far supplant his business interests that he has given up his interest in the foreign ships owned by his firm, has renounced his allegiance to the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and has become a citizen of the United States. His first business transaction after he became a citizen was to purchase an American ship for which he paid \$25,000.

Mr. Scammell says he is a Democrat, and will vote for Cleveland and Thurman.

Fun on the Border.

The authorities at Washington have waked up to the fact that there is corruption around the custom houses on the border. Several officials have been removed at Calais, and General Leavitt has resigned his position as collector at Eastport. There appears to be a cat of abnormally large growth in the meat tub. It is asserted that nearly every tradesman in the vicinity has "stood in with the officials" and that New Brunswick clothes and liquors could be obtained by customers at figures which left no margin for duty.

INTERNAL DISSENSIONS.

The Remedy for Them Said to be Found at Last—A Miserable Man's Joy at the Triumph of Lattre-Day Science.

I am dyspeptic. It is a hard thing to admit, and as a matter of fact I do not admit it, to my friends. People are apt to pity and avoid the victims of dyspepsia. So I conceal my indigestion and retain my sad secret within my own breast. Let me say, rather, within my own stomach.

In other words I try to be a living lie. I do not know how far I succeed in this. If people are deceived as to my ailment, they are not deceived as to its effects on them. They know that I am at times ill-natured and rude. I often make uncalculated criticisms on matters which are none of my business, and I meet many a sally of humor with most ill-natured retorts.

As I have said, people are apt to pity and avoid a dyspeptic. They avoid, but do not pity me. I have tried all kinds of cures. I have followed out the ideas of all kinds of cranks. And still I am not happy.

I read once that dyspepsia, being caused by a sluggish liver, all that was required was to make that liver work by treating it as a sponge. In other words, frequent kneading of and pressure on that organ would spur it out of a state of innocuous desuetude and make life worth living.

I tried it. Perhaps I did not know where my liver was, but I thought I did. I kneaded and pressed and squeezed and worked until, as I now believe, I seriously discouraged my whole internal economy. I have never been as well since that time.

Then I tried the hot water cure. The water was literally hot—so hot that I scalded my whole interior. This prevented me from eating any solid food for a day or so. This course, kept up long enough, would no doubt cure dyspepsia, but I did not like it.

Then I tried luke-warm water. It acted as an emetic. I have no doubt that enough of this would cure, but I object to an emetic after every meal. So I abandoned the warm water.

Since then I have done nothing but make life a burden to myself and my friends. And now, at this day, I have stumbled across something entirely new in the way of a cure. Shall I try it or not?

The true theory is that there is no specific cure for dyspepsia. Every man has his idiosyncrasies, and every stomach must rest on its own diagnosis.

The new treatment involves the use of a stomach pump with a glass funnel, and presumably a basin or a pail, according to the size of a patient's stomach. The chair is for the victim to sit on. The doctor amuses himself by practising on the victim with the rest of the apparatus.

There is a breakfast test and a dinner test. I have no doubt that a man anxious to get his money's worth could have a supper test at a very slight increase of expense.

The first part of the process is very pleasant. For breakfast the victim eats half a pound of beefsteak, some boiled rice and a roll. There the pleasures end. About the time that the victim should be in a happy and contented state of mind the doctor appears with his instruments of inquisition.

The pump is not a pump such as is used aboard a ship or in a well. Nor is it like an ale pump. It is not a pump at all, so far as looks go. It is a rubber tube a yard and a half long, with what is called a "velvet eye" on one end and a glass funnel on the other. The victim puts the "velvet eye" in his mouth and swallows it as he would an oyster. Not with as much gusto, perhaps, but still he swallows it. The tube follows it. If it does not the doctor pushes it down.

The trembling victim is now seated on a chair with his mouth open, half a pound of beefsteak, some boiled rice, a roll and a velvet eye in his stomach. The tube nestles gently in his esophagus. The doctor is now ready to get in his fine work.

A quart of anti-fermentative fluid is poured through the funnel and down the tube to keep company with the beefsteak, the rice, the roll and the velvet eye. The fluid is also full of the fluid. By suddenly bringing down the funnel below the level of the stomach the apparatus becomes a syphon and works like it, thereby bringing the contents of the stomach through the tube and ready for analysis. This analysis shows in what way the accessory organs of the stomach are affected, whether the secretion of hydrochloric acid is too abundant or insufficient, or whether it has ceased altogether; whether the action of the pepsin glands is defective; whether there is too much secretion of mucus.

This process repeated at frequent intervals ought to give any reasonable man an idea of what his stomach is like. I think I shall try it. I suggest that the anti-fermentative fluid be lutey blend Scotch whiskey, and that the tube be not made into a syphon with any undue haste.

INFELIX.

They Eat the Record. PROGRESS' prize-winning newsboys sold 1,117 papers, last Saturday! McCarthy led, with Irvine second and Laskey third. Patrons who like to keep posted as to the circulation of the paper may estimate it by the fact that it was handled by 40 boys, besides these, and many of them reached or passed the 100 mark.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

Fifty More Stock Subscribers Who Have Faith in the Plan.

The list of subscribers is continued with the following names: 251—John Macdonald, 178—F. Lynch, 158—William McLennan, 174—John Fairbank, 158—Peter C. Sharkey, 174—Richard Knight, 154—John F. Zehley, 174—W. A. Cashner, 154—Henry J. Thorne, 177—Robert Clark, 154—Thomas H. Wilson, 178—B. H. Gray, 157—J. Kestor, 174—Henry Frederickson, 158—J. F. Robertson, 181—Peter Quinn, 158—A. F. Sutherland, 181—P. W. Jobe, Bathurst, 182—William Watson, 160—William Martin, 182—Richard Martin, 161—W. Humphrey, 184—T. J. McHarg (Macquah), 162—Jedore Smith, 184—E. Walsh, 162—H. Barton Payne, 184—Robert F. Young, 164—E. M. Goodwin, 187—Thomas H. Barker, 165—John Coughlan, 188—Samuel E. Daly, 166—P. J. Quinn, 190—James Johnson, 167—T. Partelow Mott, 190—L. Jaffery, 168—Thomas Fanjoy, 191—John W. Jago, 169—Sam L. Daly, 192—B. Power, 170—W. G. Salmon, 193—A. D. G. Vanwart, 171—George Kingston, 193—A. D. G. Vanwart.

A Merchant's Trip.

Mr. Harold Gilbert has returned from his upper Canadian trip. While away, Mr. Gilbert spent some days at the Toronto industrial exhibition, and saw the best goods of the Canadian manufacturers. He purchased some new and elegant goods, which will be on exhibition in a few days, and made some handsome additions to his stock for the holiday trade. Mr. Gilbert combined pleasure with business, spending a day at Niagara and another at the White Mountains.

Sewing machines of all kinds repaired by experienced mechanics, at Bell's, 25 King street.

BOVININE

Is in use by the United States Army and Navy Hospitals, by order of Surgeon General, after thorough trial at Washington, D.C.

BOVININE

Is one of the best preservatives of health and strength, and is a great restorative for weak men and delicate women.

BOVININE

Is a reviving and invigorating food for the sick and those that have impaired digestion, nervousness, wakeful and restless nights, tired feeling and poor appetite.

BOVININE

Nourishes the system and makes new blood. New blood is better than to try and cleanse the old.

BOVININE

Is the only true cure for nervous exhaustion, weakness and prostration, as it is free from all acids, minerals and salts.

BOVININE

Causes a gain in weight in two weeks, and increases the blood corpuscles over 20 per cent. in that time.

BOVININE

Is used by mothers who are weak and need new strength. AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Base Ball

LAST

Great Games

Of the Season.

THE FAMOUS

Augusta Nine,

Present Champions of Maine,

---VS---

NATIONALS,

Of St. John.

The above Clubs will play on the FINE GROUNDS OF THE MARSH BRIDGE, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, September 25th and 26th.

Game called at 3 p. m. each day. Admission 25 cents. Ladies free. Grand Stand 10c. extra.

A. O. SKINNER, President C. and A. Club.

HATS. HATS.

MANKS & CO.

Would ask the attention of buyers to their Stock of Men's Fine Felt Hats, of Latest Styles.

BOYS' SCHOOL AND DRESS HATS, in Straw, Cloth and Felt—all grades; CHILDREN'S Fine and Low Grades of STRAW SAILOR HATS, MIDDY CAPS, Etc., Etc., and a Full Assortment of ALL GOODS IN THEIR LINE.

57 - - - KING STREET. - - - 57.

McCAFFERTY & DALY,

King Street. MIDSUMMER SALE.

Clearing Out all our Spring and Summer Goods. DRESS GOODS from 10 cents per yard; MEN'S SHIRTS AND DRAWERS from 25 cents; MEN'S AND BOYS' TWEEDS, from 12 cents; PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES at half price; TRIMMING SILKS, SATINS, BROCADES, WATERED SILKS, FLUSHES, VELVETEENS, reduced 25 per cent.; DRESS GIMPS, New Styles, 60c., for 40c.; do. do., \$1.00 for 75c.; LISLE GLOVES, TAFFATA GLOVES, PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced prices; ALL-WOOL GREY FLANNELS, 21 cents; 100 PAIRS BLANKETS at special low prices to clear.

All Our Stock Proportionately Low. McCAFFERTY & DALY.

Rudge Bicycles,

Nos. 1, 2 and 3, \$55, \$75 and \$115. We have just received another supply of these World-Renowned Machines.

T. H. HALL - - - 46 and 48 King Street, Sole Agent for New Brunswick.

JAMES ROBERTSON,

Maritime Saw, Lead and Varnish Works, and Iron, Steel and Metal Warehouse.

Manufacturer of LEAD PIPE, LEAD SHOT, WHITE LEAD, PUTTY, COLORED PAINTS, LIQUID COLORS, VARNISHES and JAPANS, and SAWS of every description. JUBILEE CHISEL TOOTH, MILL GANG, CIRCULAR, SHINGLE, MULAY, CROSS CUT and BILLET WEBS.

All my Goods guaranteed equal to any made in the World. FACTORY—CORNER OF SHEFFIELD AND CHARLOTTE STREETS. Office and Warehouses: ROBERTSON'S New Building, Corner Union and Hill Streets. St. John, N. B. WILLIAM GREIG, Manager.

Eccentric - HATS - Eccentric

We have the Original and only ECCENTRIC HATS, IN A VARIETY OF QUALITIES AND COLORS. A SOFF HAT that keeps its shape almost as well as a Stiff Hat, and far more comfortable.

D. MAGEE'S SONS, 7 and 9 Market Square, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Lace, Nun's Veiling,

—AND— SATEEN DRESSES

Cleaned Equal to New Without Being Taken Apart. UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY - - - 32 Waterloo Street.

ALFRED ISAACS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Choice HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS. A full assortment of CASE BRIAR and MEERSCHAUM PIPES constantly in stock at very low prices. Smoke MUNGO CIGARS. ALFRED ISAACS.

FOR THE LADIES.

We are Showing a Fine Line of POCKET BOOKS, PURSES, PERFUME, DRESSING CASES, ODOR SETS, WATCH CASES, Etc. All Marked Low.

FOR THE GENTLEMEN: We have a Large Variety of CUFF and COLLAR BUTTONS, SCARF PINS, WALLETTS, POCKET KNIVES, Etc. At JENNINGS' Book Store, 171 Union Street.

Government Notice.

AUCTION SALE OF IMPROVED STOCK. FILLIES and SHEEP. THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION AT FREDERICTON, On FRIDAY, 6th day of October next, on the Grounds of the FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION, the following Pure Bred Stock, imported by the Government of New Brunswick: 1 Clydesdale Filly, three years old; 15 Clydesdale Fillies, two years old; 4 Shire Fillies, two years old; 2 Percheron Fillies, two years old; 63 Rams, including Southdowns, Shropshire Downs and Leicesters; 15 Shropshire Down Ewes.

Conditions of Sale and additional particulars will be announced hereafter. The Stock will be shown on the grounds of the Fredericton Park Association during the Fair on the 3rd and 4th days of October, and can be seen as any time at Fredericton. Reduced rates of transportation to the sale over all railway and steamboat lines. CHAS. H. LUGNIN, Secretary for Auctioneers. Fredericton, Sept. 4, 1888.

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Granulated and Soft Grades. FOR SALE BY GILBERT BENT & SONS.

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An Excursion to Bonaventure. The New Brunswick Excursion to Bonaventure, before the month, before the month, before the month. The prices will be no doubt many flock to the Hub exact dates of the fixed yet.