

PROGRESS.

VOL. III., NO. 126.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

"PROGRESS" IS ON HAND.

THE EXHIBITION DAILY TAKE ITS ROW TO THE PUBLIC.

What it means to move the Equipment of a Newspaper Office—Press and Printers will make an Attractive Show in Machinery Hall.

PROGRESS is on hand and ready for work. It will not do to say it is "on deck," for the situation is more like being in the hold. The office is in machinery hall, and there will be found a newspaper establishment in full running order.

It is no light job to pack up and transport a ton or more of type in cases and move it from a regular printing office to an exhibition building. Besides that are all the frames, imposing stones, and a hundred odds and ends of tools and furniture in daily use. Yet PROGRESS has done this, and the printers are working as calmly and steadily as they have worked in the office on Germain street.

The Cranston press, of the same pattern of PROGRESS, but of a smaller size, prints this issue, while the paper is pasted, trimmed and folded by the folder which is in use at the regular office every week. Everybody will admire the neatness, speed and precision with which it does its work. To many it will be one of the most wonderful sights of the exhibition.

The compositors entered upon their work, amid such novel surroundings, cheerfully, but with some misgivings. They anticipated a good many more difficulties than there are likely to be. The first afternoon did not tend to reassure them, for the day was dark and cold and the building was noisy in the extreme. Besides, the composing room is close to the railway track which runs into machinery hall, and every few minutes a freight train would roll alongside of the printers.

It is something new to have a train of cars running into a printing office. This morning, however, the boys went to work with a will, and they have been working ever since. The result is the first complete daily paper ever issued at an exhibition in the Maritime Provinces, and possibly in the Dominion of Canada.

For PROGRESS is not an exhibition sheet or an advertising scheme got up for the occasion. It is a paper which in the two and a half years of its existence has made itself known wherever the city of St. John is known and has attained a circulation never equalled in the history of the Canadian press east of Montreal. In its normal state it is a weekly, but when the exhibition was decided upon, the determination was taken to issue a daily.

It is here, and it will stay as long as the exhibition lasts. Then it will resume the even tenor of its way. There will be two editions each day—one at 3 and one at 8 in the evening. Each issue will be a full eight-page paper. It will not have any long dry reports about the exhibition, but it will give the latest notes and news about everything relating to the show.

Besides that, it will have special despatches from all parts of the world sent by private wire of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company to an operator located in the office. It expects to have more genuine special despatches than any paper in the Maritime Provinces. The people who want the latest news will look in PROGRESS to find it.

The editorial room is unpretentious but amply sufficient for working purposes. It has its special telegraph, and the night work will be done with the aid of the incandescent light. A staff of trained newspaper workers will satisfy the cravings of the busy compositors.

All that has been done and will be done means a large outlay. Whether it will pay directly or not is a question which many people ask. That is a matter which chiefly concerns the proprietor, but in the meantime it may be stated that there were other objects in view in making this exhibit.

In the first place, as PROGRESS enjoys the reputation of being a live paper, it was intended to show that it had enterprise enough to come to the front on an occasion of this kind. In the next place, the hundreds of people who have visited the regular press room during the past year showed that the public take a deep interest in all that relates to the making of a newspaper. The splendid press and automatic folding attachment were thought sufficiently attractive to be worthy of a place in machinery hall, and with them came the complete outfit of a live daily paper. Thousands who have had but hazy ideas on the subject of printing can now see for themselves how, piece by piece, the types become words, sentences, columns, and finally pages of a big newspaper. Then they can see how that paper is printed on a press worthy of this age of steam, and how it is sent to the newsboys, and thence to the public.

PROGRESS is modestly proud of its exhibit. It has an idea that the display will interest the public as much as anything in

the building. If it does not, the class of visitors will be the most extraordinary known in the history of exhibitions anywhere.

There is no such fear. The people know a good thing when they see it. They will appreciate PROGRESS, its printers and its big, busy press.

PROGRESS made its first appearance as an exhibition daily Wednesday night. It did not get out at 3 o'clock, as intended, nor even at 8 o'clock, as expected. There was barely time enough to circulate a few hundred copies through the building before the place was in darkness.

Where was PROGRESS when the light went out? It was being turned off with funeral slowness from the Cranston press, passing through the folder without having the edges trimmed, and being carried off by eager newsboys. There was not much satisfaction in issuing a paper under such circumstances, but PROGRESS got there, even though at the last hour.

It is not part of the "office style" to be late, but there were good and sufficient reasons for it this time.

As everybody knows, everything was behind time at the exhibition. In the vital matter of steam there was a woeful want. The big boiler, which should have been in place days ago, did not arrive in the building until yesterday, and will not be in place before tomorrow night. It had been ordered from an Ontario firm in plenty of time, but had been delayed on the Grand Trunk or some other road. A compound engine, ordered at the same date, was not sent because it could not be got ready in time. Under these circumstances steam was a scarce commodity on the opening day. There might have been some in the afternoon, but there was a lack of belts, and so there was no possibility of the machinery being in motion before night. That settled the question of any attempt to issue a 3 o'clock edition.

When night came, another difficulty came with it. The engine which was to drive the machinery was also required to drive the dynamo which supplied the electric light. There was not power enough for both purposes, and as it was necessary that the building should be lighted, the machinery had to yield the right way.

In the meantime fresh copy kept coming in for PROGRESS and the compositors were busy setting it. The light was not good, and that of itself was no trifle when men were in a hurry. Add to this the noise, confusion and excitement in the vicinity and it must be admitted that the men worked against heavy odds.

A curious crowd gathered around the composing room, waiting for the paper to come out. Eight o'clock came, and then nine. The first side was locked up, the press made ready and then the printing began.

It was slow work, compared with the way in which PROGRESS is usually worked off, but it was the best that could be done, and there was cause to be thankful even for that slow power.

Meantime foremen and compositors were rushing to and fro in their efforts to complete and make up the last and most important form, by the aid of the feeble light in which it was next to impossible to read the lines of type. But finally the last stick of matter was emptied into the forms, and they were locked up.

Nearly, but not quite so. In the hurry to get to press the quoin were not driven home on one side, and the result was the partial "pi" of one of the columns. Several lines dropped out, leaving some unintelligible paragraphs in the account of the opening. There was no time to reset. A piece of selected matter was shoved in to justify the column and the form was ready.

But the press was not, for just then the engine stopped in order to get up more steam. Fifteen minutes or so later it started, and then began the slow process of printing the paper, with deficient power which gradually grew weaker.

In order to have the cutting attachment of the folder work, a good speed is necessary. There was not enough, and so the paper came out, folded and pasted, but not trimmed.

The papers sold readily, but it was after 10 o'clock and people were going home. Besides, the steam having been required to run both the press and the dynamo began to fail very rapidly. The lights burned dim, and the press moved as though it were very tired indeed. Slower and slower it ran, and dimmer and dimmer grew the lights, until at last the closing hour arrived, and there was an end to light as well as motion.

It was not the fault of the man who controlled the steam that things were not in better shape. That man is Mr. Thomas C. Everett, whose long mechanical experience admirably fits him for his position. He did all that mortal could do to supply PROGRESS with the power it needed, and had it not been for his efforts matters would have been very much worse than they were.

PROGRESS is a live paper, so far as hard work and steam can make it one.

AN UNTRUTHFUL EDITOR.

THE FARMER'S ATTACK UPON THE SCHOOL EXHIBIT.

Plenty of Space for all the Exhibits Offered—And Room on the Walls for More—Should Confine Himself to Articles on "Milking Stools" and the Like.

Editor Macnutt, of the Farmer, has every reason to be at peace with the world. In appearance he is a model of good nature and well-fed prosperity.

But the genial farmer editor appears to have had a bilious attack this week. Something has lit down upon his esteemed epigastrium with a dull thud.

The editor's fine Roman nose was utilized this week in scenting out a rat of mammoth size in connection with the Saint John exhibition. He accuses the management of "petty jealousy" and of "shabby treatment" with regard to the Provincial exhibit; says that only one of the five stalls originally set apart for the school exhibit was left for the schools outside St. John; that St. John in fact gobbled the space as the whale gobbled Jonah, but unlike the whale, refused to disgorge. The sleek and comely frame of the editor fairly shakes with wrath at the "rapacity and malignity" of Saint John.

Now, this would be a valuable discovery if it were true. But unfortunately for the agricultural inventor it is not true. If there is anyone who ought to know about this it is Mr. W. S. Carter. He is in charge of the Provincial exhibit, having been placed there by Superintendent Crockett, who, by the way, expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the arrangement of the section while he was here.

What are the facts? Mr. Carter says that there is abundant room in the section for all the Provincial exhibits that have been received; that, in fact, he had to bring up several large wall-maps to cover one of the walls. Naturally the proximity of Saint John leads to its having a fuller representation than other localities would have. For one thing the schools here are showing large cabinets full of their work, which, of course, could not have displayed had the exhibition been elsewhere. Many of the drawings of the Saint John schools are plastered over a wide space on the walls, while the Provincial designs are neatly enclosed in covers.

In every way the Provincial exhibit is a success—the wonder and admiration of all who have seen it. There is nothing finer in the whole exhibition than the drawings of Frederick model school. Moncton too has an excellent exhibit. And the neat and tasty way in which the articles are displayed is remarked upon by all.

The Farmer man does not do justice to the massive intellect which he controls in discussing the school exhibit. His articles in the same issue on "Plucking and Shearing Geese" and "The Milking Stool" are much more laudable.

Bandmaster Jones Explains.

Mr. Jones, bandmaster of the Fusiliers, desires PROGRESS to publish his version of the story which appeared last week. He says that when a young printer applied to him for a position in the band, he told him something to this effect: "We can't have you because your's is a business that must go ahead, and your work may require you just at the time we need you." When the lad was going away Mr. Jones noticed that he had lost some of his front teeth, and laughingly exclaimed: "That clinches the matter." He positively denies saying that printers were always "full" when wanted, or any words to that effect. On the contrary, he says, such printers as he has had any experience with have been steady men. He also objects to the adjective "flashy" being applied to him, but it may be explained that the word was not used in the objectionable sense which Englishmen attach to it, but rather as a playful designation.

The Ball Game on Barrack Square.

The Exhibition nine and the St. Johns played eight innings on the Barrack square Thursday afternoon, the score being 16, 6 in favor of the Exhibition club. Robinson and Kennedy were the battery for the St. Johns and Thomson and Jones for the winners. Clare Ferguson called balls and strikes in a long ulster, with the collar turned up, and a hat drawn well down, revealing little more than his mustache. Secretary Barker watched the bases in a spring overcoat, while his teeth chattered an unusual number of times as could be seen from the home plate. The Exhibition boys played all around the St. Johns, and the dozen or so spectators who saw the last inning gave a shivering exhibition that was never equalled in the days when the old Nationals and Shamrocks crossed bats on the square.

In Every Sense of the Word.

PROGRESS issued a paper on Saturday that was a credit to the enterprising proprietor in every sense of the word.—St. John Sun.

It Was a Close Shave.

A party of Americans visited Terminal City, Strait of Canso, last week and took carriages in order to see the country. One double seated carriage, drawn by a single horse, was going slowly along a road which skirts the top of an almost perpendicular bluff, sixty feet high, when the horse deliberately walked over. He did not shy or bolt, he simply walked, says Elliott, the driver. The driver and two of the occupants of the carriage jumped for their lives, but Mrs. Kellaher, a young married woman, failed to do so, and horse, carriage and woman turned over and over in a fearful tumble to the bottom of the bluff. Mrs. Kellaher was terribly bruised and it was feared that her spine was injured. How she escaped death is a marvel. The horse apparently escaped uninjured, and was at work the next day. The injured lady was taken on a litter to the Seaside Hotel, Port Mulgrave, for medical treatment.

Honor and Twenty-five Cents.

A large detachment from the guard of honor called on PROGRESS last evening about the time the steam ran down. They were very indignant at the officers for the way they had been treated in regard to passes for the exhibition. It was understood by them that season tickets were to be given to each man of the guard, but they received a single admission ticket only—worth 25 cents. Hence their indignation. One of them thought it was a pretty small piece of business, and said he didn't know he was going to lose a day's work for a 25 cent ticket, when he could have seen the show in the evening without losing any time.

PROGRESS understood Tuesday that the men were to receive single admission tickets only, for being in attendance in uniform, but it seems that those who composed the guard of honor didn't see it that way. If the officers of the Fusiliers want the men to respond promptly and willingly to duty's call, they will have to do better than 25 cents a head.

One Kind of an Omelette.

A French gentleman went to an hotel in New Glasgow, N. S., some time ago, and ordered an omelette for breakfast. The girl to whom he gave the order did not know what he meant, and so the landlady was called. She was equally ignorant, but a ray of light dawned upon her when the Frenchman explained: "Why, an omelette is made of eggs beaten together." Smiling pleasantly, the landlady made her exit, and presently the girl returned with a goblet containing three raw eggs well beaten together. The Frenchman finished his tea and toast, and then finished his breakfast at another house.

Salem Cadet Band.

The lower parlors at Willard's were crowded last evening to hear a concert by the Salem Cadet Band. The music furnished was one of the finest treats Washingtonians have ever heard. The band is one of the best in the country, and their selections were presented in a very novel manner. The ladies of the hotel gave the band a very large basket of Jacquemot and La France roses, and the audience applauded vigorously.—Washington (D. C.) Chronicle.

Concerts by above band under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor will be given at the Palace Rink on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday nights, and Monday and Tuesday afternoons.

An Example to be Followed.

The renovation of the Boy monument in the Old Burial ground, and the raising and sodding of the ground in its vicinity, shows what a beautiful spot the ground might be made with a little care. If every body who had an ancestor buried there would make some effort, no matter how small, to improve their particular lots, a very great change would be seen. As for the rest of the lots, the city might do something, now that it is not likely to be called on to provide a \$5,000 fence.

They Recognized It.

Two gentlemen from Bacowabac entered Machinery Hall yesterday and stood gazing in astonishment at the I. C. R. freight cars which were standing on the track. They appeared to be puzzled for a time but finally one of them brightened up and turning to his friend exclaimed, "I say, John, that must be electric railway we've heard so much about."

Who Stole Them.

Three five-pound boxes of candy were taken from Ganong Bros' section between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning. It was supposed that the building was protected against such risks, but the fact remains that the candy disappeared.

It Is Yellow and Garnet.

The Sun speaks of the colors of the canopy in Ganong Bros' section as old gold and turkey red. Mr. Ganong supposed they were yellow and garnet when he put them there, and thinks so yet. The Sun man should study up on colors.

New Books, all the latest, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

SO THE SHOW IS OPENED.

THE FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS IS SEEN BY "PROGRESS."

How the Governor came to a Scene of Confusion—What Chairman Everett said to Him and what he said to Chairman Everett—Costumes of Some Celebrities.

So the big show is opened. Up to Tuesday, to the man who does not understand how they do these things in St. John, it did not look as though the curtain would rise at the hour named in the bills. On Monday there did not appear to be much of anything in the building, and though the exhibits began to come in on that day, no one imagined they could be put in shape in time for the opening on Wednesday.

Car after car rolled into machinery hall with big boxes, bigger crates and all kinds of queer looking mechanism. Off it was all bundled, and there it lay scattered around the floor. Huge and clumsy looking combinations of iron and steel lay side by side with glassware and other fragile things, and there seemed to be a tangle which could be unravelled only by a week of work.

By Tuesday things were a little better, but still the prospect was such that strangers sneered, and expressed the opinion that the first of next week would be about the right time to see the exhibition in working order.

Which remark, of course, was prompted by ignorance or envy. The last day having arrived, the exhibitors began to wake up, just as a man pays no attention to a three months' note until the day it is due. Then, a little before noon, he begins to hustle—and gets there.

The exhibitors hustled at the last moment, and they too got there, in a measure.

Pianos, printers, pictures, pottery, paints and putty, came tumbling in all day Tuesday, some of them in a rain which came down with such vigor that the roof of the building began to leak, and only prompt action saved one of the most handsome exhibits from irreparable damage. It was in the midst of this rain that some of the pianos arrived, and were yanked around in a way that ought to break a piano's heart. But they were there, and that was enough.

There was hammering, and sawing and running around all night long, and when morning came things looked a great deal better than they had looked the day before.

Which is not saying much by any means. All hands worked hard in the morning. If they had begun about a week ago and used half as much energy, the governor and the ladies, to say nothing of the bedecked and bedizened officers of the staff, would have had a clean and quieter place in which to pose at the opening ceremonies.

The main hall, it is true, had been tidied up a little, but there was enough rubbish in the wings and around machinery hall to more than make up the average of a dirty and disorderly house.

The committeemen were afoot early dressed like McGinty in their best Sunday suits, and they walked around the grounds enjoying the glorious panorama of city, bay and harbor in the bright September sunshine. The morning was cold and some of them looked chilly. They might have enjoyed the glorious panorama more by staying in the building and looking out of the window, but for one reason.

Nobody had thought it worth while to have the windows washed, and it was pretty hard to see through them.

It was decidedly "fallish" as the hour of opening approached. The pure air and cool breezes so much sought after by American tourists were there in abundance. The guard of honor from the Fusiliers arrived about 9.30, under command of Lieuts. Sterling and McAvity. They were accompanied by a relief band of drums six and about an equal number of fifes. The soldiers were drawn up at line and stood at ease, awaiting the arrival of the governor. They had not brought their overcoats, and they looked cold. Some of them appeared to think they had made a mistake in losing half a day for the sake of getting a free admission to the show.

Then more people began to arrive. Some of them who had good looking fall overcoats wore them, while those whose summer clothes looked better than their overcoats, buttoned up their garments and walked around to keep themselves warm. Some of them put their hands in their pockets and tried to appear happy. But they all looked cold, and they were cold.

The members of the council appeared to good advantage. The beaus of the occasion were Ald. Blizard, Peters and Allen. Ald. Blizard wore a fall overcoat with old gold kid gloves and a Prince Albert coat. The latter was buttoned close, so that it could not be determined whether the white waistcoat was underneath or not. The presumption was that it was discarded, out of regard to the autumn equinox, but later in the day it was found that it was still summer in that aldermanic calendar. Ald. Peters wore light grey clothes,

spring overcoat to match, and newly ironed plug hat. Ornaments, gold and diamonds.

Ald. Allen wore a light spring overcoat. Prince Albert coat, light trousers. Ornaments, gold.

The governor's clock was a little slow, for it was a few minutes after ten when he and his gorgeously apparelled staff arrived. His Honor and party did not come in through the turnstile, but the big gates were thrown open so that the staff would have plenty of room to enter without hurting their pretty clothes.

His Honor Past Grand Worthy Patriarch Tilley, was escorted by the plank walk from the gate by Chairman Everett, Past Worthy Patriarch, followed by Grand Worthy Patriarch H. J. Thorne. Somebody asked if this was a turnout of Albion division, but the appearance of some well-known citizens a little later in the procession at once rebutted the presumption. The guard of honor presented arms, and did it well, the band played a lively jig, and the governor, followed by a dazzling galaxy of colonels, majors and captains in full uniform, entered the building. "Who are these in bright array?" was not played, but it should have been.

Then a trumpet was sounded, just as it is before Richard the Third rushes on the stage, sword in hand. His Honor did not rush however. He leisurely ascended the band stand, and stood there bare headed. The gentlemen who followed did likewise, with the exception of the military, who can wear their hats anywhere, even in bed if they wish.

The cool wind blew threw the open door and a good many civilians wished that they were officers and could wear hats until the speeches were over.

The people on the floor had an advantage in this respect, but the ladies had an advantage over all, for they could wrap up as they pleased, and had chairs into the bargain.

The carpenters were still hammering and sawing, and workmen were running around the floors and in the gallery when Chairman Everett stepped to the front, where the governor was already standing. Mr. Everett wore a Prince Albert coat and light trousers, no ornaments. The governor wore a similar costume, but his trousers were worn more in the "highwater" style. Probably he had an idea that the grounds and approaches were muddy.

Mr. Everett stepped to the front with a number of sheets of paper, from which he proceeded to read an address of welcome. He stood very straight, and his style gave the impression that he had gone over the speech very carefully beforehand; in the solitude of his chamber. The governor stood with one hand in the breast of his coat and a look of resignation on his face, while Mr. Everett hurled at him the well rounded sentences with which the address abounded. It was an exhaustive, not to say exhausting document. It traced the pedigree of the St. John exhibition back to the time of King Alfred, 886, and brought it down by the way of the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851, and the first local exhibition, to 10 a. m. on Wednesday, 24th September, 1890. It also dealt with the statistics of British commerce in the years 1700, 1786 and 1886. It talked in millions, but the governor's strong point is figures and he did not change a muscle despite of all that Mr. Everett fired at him. Then the document dealt with some of the attractions which, as it frequently remarked were "within these grounds," and after a reference to the public life of Sir Leonard and the honor the committee felt in having him present, it came to an end.

Then the governor took his hand out of his bosom, chased the look of resignation from his face and began a reply. Mr. Everett put one finger into the breast of his coat, struck an attitude and listened. The governor, first of all, got even with the address by declaring that instead of the exhibition being honored by his presence he felt honored by being there. Then he went back to the time of the London Great Exhibition, and dwelt on Prince Albert's interest in the masses. After that he proceeded to business and referred to the school exhibits, holding out to the youth of the land the fact that good designers of patterns for cottons and carpets got from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. Then he referred to the Trinidad exhibit, and this led to a consideration of the McKinley bill and our need for an extension of our markets. Passing to agricultural matters, he initiated, the governor's grasp of such things was simply appalling. He told us that an egg, viewed simply as an egg, was worth a cent. Well, that is cheap—very cheap. We have been paying 20 cents a dozen for them for some time past, but this fact would naturally come more under Lady Tilley's observation than under his. That egg, he went on to state, if hatched out into a chicken, would bring at least 25 cents, exported to the mother country, provided it had been well fed in the chicken stable.

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(Continued on Page 4.)

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

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

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

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

The passengers were held a long while (over an hour,) at Annapolis in consequence of the incoming train being over an hour late. It is a matter of just complaint and much annoyance that such delay should occur and I understand it does occur quite often, which grievance should be rectified in the interest of all travellers over the line.

The stops were many on the route to Windsor, but they served to break the monotony of the drive. The stations and houses along the route give evidence of wealth and thrift, and instead of sleepy Nova Scotia towns, I found evidence of push and vigor everywhere.

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

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

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

The town was settled about the middle of the seventeenth century by the French, and upon their expulsion it was granted to a number of British officers.

A very large amount of shipping is owned in the town, and there are a large number of very wealthy families. It is said there are over fifteen worth \$300,000 each, some more than that, and many whose fortunes range over \$100,000.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Epstein—For convenience. How so?

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

K. D. C. is Guaranteed If your Druggist

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

WHERE WEARY TRAVELLERS GO!

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

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

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

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

When the Charlottetown people form a joint stock company, build a new hotel and import a landlord to run it, there will be less grumbling among the travelling public.

Billy Ganong is doing a good business at the Lamy, Amherst, and that too despite the fact that the rigors of the law compel him to put the sign "Bar Closed" on the door opposite the office.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE LANDLORD WANTED TO KNOW He Was Anxious About the Comfort of His Guest and Asked a Question.

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

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

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

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

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HE CANNOT GET RID OF IT.

Th Horr ibl Haunting Thought that will Prelet in Assuring!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Does it begin to haunt you too, gentle reader?

It Didn't Take Long.

A big man who looked like he might be a Senator or a rich merchant, a walked down the street a few evenings ago, and stopping under a lamp post looked intently upward. A policeman saw him and stepped over to that side of the walk to see what it meant. The next man who happened along also stopped, and after catching what he thought was the proper remark, began to look.

"Another man came up and did the same thing. Pretty soon a young fellow and his girl caught sight of the stargazer and they began to see what there was to be seen. Presently some one in the rapidly increasing party spoke up:

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

"Git along wid yet," responded the official.

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

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

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

"About what?"

"I was wondering how long it would take me to block the sidewalk by saying nothing."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Gladstone's Long Sentence.

Lord Hartington's humorous allusion to the length of the sentence he quoted from Mr. Gladstone's speech to the Wesleyan Home Rulers was not without reason. Mr. Gladstone's verbosity is incurable. It is constantly breaking forth in long-winded sentences not only in speeches but in writing. Last session, for example, he handed in a question which contained one hundred and twenty words. Also last session, in one of his speeches in the House, he delivered a sentence which lasted five minutes by the reporter's watch, and would have filled over a quarter of a column of space had it been written out in full. Seeing that this sentence contained about six hundred words the sentence of 183 words which Lord Hartington quoted was comparatively moderate.—Court Journal.

N Local Application.

"Coffee is strong," remarked McWatty at the breakfast table.

"Is it?" replied Mrs. Small, pleased.

"Let me put some hot water in your cup."

"Thanks, no! I referred to the market."

—N. Y. Sun.

The Minister's Grievous Blunder.

First Minneapolis Man—Well, did your church elect that preacher you had on from the East?

Second Minneapolis Man—No, indeed! Why, he preached his trial sermon from a text found in one of St. Paul's epistles!

—N. Y. Sun.

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

THIS EXHIBITION IS FREE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fit for a King.

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

Woman's Way.

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

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

The Queen Pays All Expenses.

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

A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and the handsome Silas and United States, or boy (delivered free in Canada and United States) sending the largest list. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the Queen. Address, The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Canada.

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NEW BRUNSWICK TROTTING CIRCUIT, 1890.

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

\$8,750 IN PURSES.

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

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

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

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

First Day. Foals of 1888, .. . Purses, \$100 3 Minute Class, .. . " 150 2.37 Class, .. . " 200

Second Day. 2.45 Class, .. . Purses, \$150 Free for all Class, .. . " 300 Reserved for Special, .. . " 100

Stake Race for foals (Added) \$ 50 of 1888. En. closed (money) \$ 150 3 Minute Class, .. . Purses, \$150 2.37 Class, .. . " 200

2.45 Class, .. . Purses, \$150 Free for all Class, .. . " 300 Reserved for Special, .. . " 100

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

Entries close 8th September. Address all communications to W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary, Fredericton, N. B.

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

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

By The New Brunswick Ry. From St. Stephen to Fredericton is 94 miles. Fredericton to St. John is 97 miles. St. John to St. Stephen is 117 miles.

The N. B. Brunswick Railway will give the following reduced freight rates, to horsemen attending any of these meetings: ON RICE, SULKY AND GROOM. St. Stephen to Fredericton, .. . \$5.00 Fredericton to St. John, .. . " 3.00 St. John to St. Stephen, .. . " 3.00 Woodstock to Fredericton, via McAdam, 5.00 Woodstock to St. Mary's opp. Fredericton, 3.00

These are good tracks and all members of the N. B. R., and the different managements will use every effort to have these races conducted strictly according to rule.

GENERAL CONDITIONS. ALL Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association, of which Association each Track here represented is a member.

Five horses required to enter and three to start. A horse distancing the field will only be entitled to first money.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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JUST RECEIVED: A NEW LOT OF Flower Stands and Vases, in very pretty designs and colors. Just the thing for CRYSTAL WEDDING PRESENTS. Prices low as usual. C. MASTERS.

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

CITY MARKET CLOTHING HALL, 51 Charlotte Street. T. YOUNGCLAUS, Proprietor.

A PASSING

Twas but a moment. Long The grateful presence of her And at her beauty's shrine a To mark the sweetness of her

To catch a glance from out her A fleeting light of vision, m Than all the colors of the sun That but a moment lingered

A moment. Then she vanished Within my memory as some Of smile, fading slowly, dies But lingers yet when all is

Or as a dream that fits and When care is bound by all Too soon will vanish, but yet A gentle sweetness that the

If fate had been but kinder. Our paths have been the hand, Together we had wandered o' And crossed the border of

We met to meet no more. U Of life we pass like ships. A signal shown, a shout, then Then darkness waves and

tween.

A WINTER ON P

The Terrors of the Lon Service Men—A Str

I had been in the sign over a year when I was which is considered by the most disagreeable st country. In summer it

there are numerous visit from Colorado Springs comparatively pleasant middle of October until

of April it is very dif almost impossible to g mountain, and the or with the outside world man takes charge of the

and two in winter. M begin with the winter s the station the first day

I found my companion f ing me. His name was was a good-looking, br from somewhere down i

fully six feet tall, wit seemed to bid defiance posture. If any one had

he would be the first rigors of that terrible w laughed at the idea, for by no means robust an hardships of any kind.

The station is located the extreme top of the one-story log building a Around it on three sides season, almost a high t the supply of wood for

keep the roof from bein are laid upon it in di two immense chains are

A PASSING FACE.

Was but a moment. Long enough to feel The grateful presence of her quiet grace, And at her beauty's shrine a moment kneel, To mark the sweetness of her gentle face.

To catch a glance from out her downcast eyes, A fleeting light of violet, more rare Than all the colors of the summer skies, That but a moment lingered fluttering there.

A moment. Then she vanished; yet to stay Within my memory as some distant strain Of music, rising slowly, dies away, But lingers yet when all is still again.

Or as a dream that fits across the mind When care is bound by all-forgetting sleep, Too soon will vanish, but yet leave behind A gentle sweetness that the senses keep.

If fate had been but kinder. Who can tell Our paths have been the same, and hand in hand, Together we had wandered o'er the fall And crossed the border of the unknown land?

We met to meet no more. Upon the sea Of life we pass like ships. A moment seen, A signal shown, a shout, thrown cheerily, Then darkness wares and distance stretch between.

—Somerset's Journal.

A WINTER ON PIKE'S PEAK.

The Terrors of the Lonely Vigil of Signal Service Men—A Strange Rescue.

I had been in the signal service but little over a year when I was sent to Pike's Peak, which is considered by men in the service the most disagreeable station in the whole country. In summer it is not so bad, when there are numerous visitors up every day from Colorado Springs and the weather is comparatively pleasant. But from the middle of October until about the middle of April it is very different. Then it is almost impossible to get up or down the mountain, and the only communication with the outside world is by wire. One man takes charge of the station in summer and two in winter. My duties were to begin with the winter season. I reached the station the first day of October, where I found my companion for the winter awaiting me. His name was Harry Sands. He was a good-looking, bright, jovial fellow from somewhere down in Maine. He was fully six feet tall, with a physique that seemed to bid defiance to fatigue and exposure. If any one had told me then that he would be the first to succumb to the rigors of that terrible winter, I should have laughed at the idea, for I was at that time by no means robust and unaccustomed to hardships of any kind.

The station is located just a little below the extreme top of the peak. It is a low, one-story log building about 20 feet square. Around it on three sides is stacked at that season, almost a high as the cabin itself, the supply of wood for the winter. To keep the roof from being blown off, rocks are laid upon it in different places, and two immense chains are strung across and fastened to the ground at either side. The interior is divided into two rooms by a rough board partition. In the larger one the men eat, and do their work. The other is used as a store room.

The weather did not begin to get very cold that year until about December 1. It kept getting colder and colder until one morning between Christmas and New Years the thermometer registered 60 degrees below zero—a spirit thermometer, of course. It was so cold that in spite of all we could do the water would freeze an inch or more in the cabin every night. So high was the wind and blinding the snow storms that often for a week at a time we were unable to go outside to take observations.

One morning in the latter part of January, Harry got up looking very pale. He would not eat any breakfast, and before dinner time he was back in bed again, complaining of a terrible headache. By evening he was in a raging fever. So delirious did he soon become that at times it was as much I could do to hold him in bed. I gave him such medicine as I thought he needed; and many an hour I spent poring over the book of instructions accompanying the chest in search of a proper remedy. But nothing I gave him seemed to do him any good. One day early in February I went outside to remove some sticks of wood the wind had blown against the door. I left Harry sleeping soundly, and I thought, more naturally than at any time during his sickness. Returning a few minutes later, I found him sitting in front of the telegraph instrument with his hand upon the key. But the effort had evidently been too much for him; his head lay upon his chest, and he was trembling all over with weakness. I had hardly gotten him back to bed when he began to sink rapidly, and in less than half an hour he was dead. As soon as I had recovered a little from the shock I started to telegraph the news to Colorado Springs. I gave the customary signal upon the key, but received no answer; I repeated it, still no answer, I thought it very strange. I knew the operator at Colorado Springs was in his office at that hour. Again and again I tried, but with no better success. I made a careful examination of the instrument, the batteries, and all connected with it, but could find nothing wrong. Then came the awful thought, "the wire was down or broken somewhere on the mountains." It was not long before I was compelled to admit that such must be the case. Burying my face in my hands, I wept like a child. The prospect certainly was a terrible one. The prob-

It is a great misfortune for the young and middle aged to be gray. To overcome this and appear young, use Hall's Hair Renewer, a reliable panacea. —Advt.

Mantle Department.

We have recently opened a very large assortment of

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Many so-called fashionable garments are neither becoming nor genteel. We have taken great care to select, out of hundreds of styles shown, only those which, besides being fashionable, have the merit of being well modeled, and so feel confident that among our very large variety of cloaks and jackets ladies will not find one ugly or ill-fitting garment.

NEW MANTLE CLOTHS.

Our assortment of Cloths is even more varied

than that of last season, which is saying much. We have all leading colors and designs, and the pieces cover a range wide enough to suit all purchasers.

We cannot here particularize but will instead ask those in need of cloaks, jackets, cloths, etc., to visit our mantle room and inspect the new goods there displayed.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

ability was I should be cut off from all communication with the world for two full months or more.

The next morning I wrapped up Harry's body in a couple of blankets and buried it a few yards from the cabin, among the rocks in a protected part of the peak. My loneliness then began in earnest. Such days and nights as I put in! My only diversion was reading and taking observations. Every day at the customary hour I would try the telegraph instrument, hoping that communication might possibly have been re-established. Every day the same disappointment. My great fear was that I should lose my reason.

One night about three weeks after Harry's death. I was awakened up by what sounded like the distant howling of some wild animals. For a moment or two the sound was lost. Then it returned louder than ever. The next minute I remembered one of the men in the service telling me, when he heard I was going to Pike's Peak, to look out for the coyotes. Coyotes are somewhat smaller than the ordinary wolf, and are called by many people barking wolves, owing to the peculiar nature of their cries. I had never heard them before. My opinion was that the keen-nosed brutes had scented Harry's body and had come to devour it. Instead of stopping at the place where Harry was buried, they made a beeline for the cabin. A series of most diabolical yells announced their arrival. Then I heard something thump, thump against the cabin door. The door was a strong oak one and I felt confident would resist any effort they could make. However, to make it doubly secure I pushed two great heavy Government chests against it. Suddenly their howls ceased. Breathlessly I awaited developments. So long did the silence continue that I began to think that they had taken their departure. But I was mistaken. I soon heard them upon the roof. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment at this change in their tactics, I heard one of the rocks that held down the roof roll off to the ground. Terror-stricken, I jumped to my feet, believing nothing now would keep them out. If they could roll off one of those rocks, the boards of roof would be nothing to them. I picked up a gun that hung upon the wall, and raised it towards the roof. Soon I saw one of the boards begin to move; but a little at first, then more and more until the starlight was plainly visible through the crack. Then it was suddenly wrenched from its place, and a dark object appeared in the aperture. I fired. The same moment I was dashed violently to the floor by something heavy coming from the direction of the roof. The next thing I remembered was finding myself lying upon the bed. To my surprise I saw the cabin door was open and the sunlight streaming in. I started to get up, but fell back exhausted. Wondering what could be the matter, I made another attempt. As I did so my heart almost stood still at the sight of a man standing in the doorway. Could I be dreaming? I rubbed my eyes tremblingly with my hands. The man apparently divining my thoughts, said:

"Don't be afraid; it hasn't no ghost, but it might have been if you'd shot me that night, as you tried to."

"Shot you?" I gasped.

"Yes, shot me," repeated the man, "and if I hadn't throw'd you to the floor when I did you'd shot at me the second time."

"But the coyotes?" I asked.

"Coyotes," repeated the man in amazement. "What do you mean?"

I told him my story. He laughed heartily.

"It wasn't no 'coyotes or nothin' as you heard. It war me and the other fellows."

Just now an alternative medicine cleanses the system in an open question; but that Ayer's Sarsaparilla does produce a radical change in the blood is well attested on all sides. It is everywhere considered the best remedy for blood disorders. —Advt.

a-bollerin'. You see, we busted both our lamps, and we were a-bollerin' for you to make some light so we could see where the cabin war. You see, you war clean out of your head with the fever and you 'magine'd all them things." He then told me that I had been lying ill with a fever ever since that night, some three weeks in all, and that I had been delirious the whole time. While he was still talking, two other men came into the cabin.

"That's a nice way to be a treatin' people as is sent to your rescue," spoke up one of them. "And after bein' nearly frozen to death on the way," added the other one.

"My rescue? What do you mean?" I inquired, not a little puzzled.

"Ain't your name Harry?" asked the first speaker.

"No," I said, "it isn't."

They all looked at one another strangely. Then the same man said: "Why, on the 5th day of February, a telegram came from a man up here a-sayin' that the fellow as war a stayin' with him had got lost, and he hisself war a-dyin'."

"February fifth," I thought, "it was the day Harry died." In a moment I saw through it all. Harry's business at the telegraph instrument that morning was explained. Getting awake while I was out taking away the wood from the door, and not seeing me, he had thought in his delirium I was lost; hence his message to Colorado Springs. It is still a matter of wonder to the people out there how the rescuing party ever got up the mountain. It was a feat never attempted, much less accomplished, at that season of the year.

Some time afterward I met the man who had told me about the coyotes. He laughed heartily when I related my experience. He said that he had meant by coyotes were the fleas that fairly swarmed up there at certain seasons of the year. They were so big and bit so hard that the men in the service nicknamed them "coyotes." —N. Y. Sun.

Cooling Off.

A Detroit physician during the recent warm weather in that city, so says a newspaper of Detroit, taught two of his friends a practical lesson in the way to keep cool. The three gentlemen were walking along the street in the hot sun, when they passed a saloon.

"I must have a glass of beer to cool off on," remarked one whom we will call Tom.

"Will you have some, friends?"

"I think I will," replied Henry. "Excuse me," said the doctor, "I never cool off that way. Let me show you something, Tom, let me feel your pulse. Now you, Henry. Now then, Tom, get your beer."

While Tom was drinking his beer the doctor seated Henry in a chair and gave him a gun. At the end of five minutes Tom joined the saying, "Ah-h, but that goes to the right spot! I feel cooler!"

"Do you?" asked the doctor. "Your pulse has increased just eight beats to the minute, while Henry's has decreased six, making a difference of fourteen in his favor. Wait a bit, don't let me start you quite yet."

It was not more than three minutes before Henry laid down the gun, feeling cool enough, while Tom pulled out his handkerchief and said, "For heaven's sake, let's get out of this place, or I shall roast!"

"There's the case I want to make out," said the doctor. "You are warmer than before, and will be for an hour to come. Our friend here has lost his thirst, and is cool enough for a foot-race."

Two Interpretations.

A great deal has been said of late about Marie Bashkirtseff, a Russian girl, who, at her early death, was an artist of recognized ability, but who is chiefly to be remembered for her great love and admiration of self. Among her other gifts, she had a strong sense of humor, and one absurd occurrence in her mother's drawing-room is said to have delighted her beyond measure.

One day a man of some pretension was calling upon Madame Bashkirtseff, and his hostess wondered within herself whether the day's bill of fare would justify her inviting him to dinner. She called a servant, and gave him a whispered direction to find out what the cook had for them. The man departed on his errand, and the visitor began telling an entertaining but rather extravagant anecdote.

Just as he reached the most incredible part, the butler threw open the door and announced distinctly, "Madame, cest un lapin!" (Madame, it is a duck.)

The company burst into irrepressible laughter, for the term "canard" is applied by the French to any wildly improbable story. —Ez.

Mrs. Bill Hill Bill Hill's Postmistress. Mrs. K. N. Hill has been appointed postmistress at Bill Hill, Conn. Her husband, William Hill, commonly known as Bill Hill of Bill Hill, died recently. —From the Berkshire County Eagle.

HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the FOSTER Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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City of Saint John, N.B. TAXES, 1890. FIVE PER CENT. REDUCTION.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that a deduction of Five Per Cent. will be allowed on all taxes assessed in the present year under "The Saint John City Assessment Law of 1889," and paid in at the office of the Receiver of Taxes, City Hall, Prince William Street, on or before Wednesday, the first day of October next. By resolution of the Common Council. FRED. SANDALL, Chamberlain.

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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.

News and opinions on any subject are always welcome, but all communications should be signed. Manuscripts unsolicited to our purpose will be returned if stamps are sent.

EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher and Proprietor, Office: Masonic Building, Germain Street.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPT. 27.

CIRCULATION, 20,000.

THIS PAPER GOES TO PRESS EVERY FRIDAY AT TWELVE O'CLOCK.

FAIRLY INAUGURATED.

Thursday was practically the first day of the exhibition. Wednesday can hardly be said to count, despite the fact that the formal opening took place. Comparatively few of the exhibitors were really ready to receive callers, and some of them might well have asked for three days grace.

The failure to supply the necessary power has been a serious drawback, but from all that can be learned is no blame is to be attached to the committee. The fault seems to be somewhere between the boiler maker and the lines of transportation.

Considering that the majority of the citizens were aware of the incomplete state of things, the attendance of more than 1,500 Wednesday speaks well for the prospects of the remaining days. The indications are that a large number will be present this afternoon, and evening, while the figures will grow larger each day until the latter part of next week.

Despite all the drawbacks at the outset, there's every reason to believe that the exhibition will have a success of which the promoters may well be proud.

REMARKABLE MIND READING.

A few years ago, when WASHINGTON IRVING BISHOP was astonishing everybody by his feats of alleged mind reading, a good many had doubts as to the means he employed. A young Boston newspaper man, the late CHARLES H. MONTAGE, investigated the matter and came to the conclusion that the whole secret lay in what is known as "muscle reading."

It would now seem, however, that a very remarkable mind reader has come to the front in the matter-of-fact city of Chicago. His name is JOHNSTONE (with an "e") and his prefix is PAUL ALEXANDER.

Before Mr. JOHNSTONE undertook the task he put on a pair of thick gloves, bandaged his eyes, plugged his ears and nose with wool and destroyed the sense of taste by smoking a cigar.

The exhibition number of that popular and well conducted weekly journal, St. John PROGRESS, is a brilliant issue. It is rich in portraits of the prominent men who are conducting the great show, and equally well engraved pictures of St. John, and the plan of the exposition embellish the paper.

The lock of this safe consisted of four double numbers, and a strong steel air plate. The combination was divided between Mr. GAGE, the hotel cashier, Mr. HILTON, the manager, and a Mr. TAYLOR. What followed is best told in the words of the despatch:

A prior arrangement had been made among the three men, all of whom Johnstone had tested, that Gage should take the first number of the combination, Taylor the second, and Manager Hilton the third, Gage again taking the fourth and it was in this order the mind reader arranged them when he reached the safe.

"Click, click," went the knob again as he turned it round and round. But he was still unsuccessful. Big drops of perspiration showed on his face between the bandages, and he exclaimed in an agonized voice: "I can't stand this strain much longer."

"Did you think I had the combination?" The two murmured in the affirmative. Johnstone declared that he could only read what was in their minds, and he warned them not to lead him astray, as the strain on his nervous system was terrific.

"Click, click, click," sang the knob as it yielded to the gloved hand of the psychologist. The first number was passed in a canter, the second required a little more time. At the end of each combination the psychologist asked the trio whether he was right, and received the answer "Yes," the three men could think only of the safe before them.

Johnstone seized one of the spectators and clung to him with the grip of a drowning man. His frame shook with nervous excitement and his right hand dangled violently to and fro. The crowd shouted and clapped their hands at the successful issue of the feat and watched the psychologist as he was half led, half carried to a bathroom on the second floor. It took half an hour to perform the feat.

To the legal mind, it is true, there is nothing to show that the matter had not been prearranged, but it is probable that the standing of the persons who assisted will rebut any such presumption. If it were all as described, it looks very much like mind reading, and if a mind reader can accomplish this much who can predict the possibilities?

Another clergyman has distinguished himself by tracing a calamity to the direct judgment of the Almighty. This time it is the pastor of the Chalmers street church, Halifax, who claims that the presence of diphtheria in that city is "a chastisement from the Almighty for that very sin of permitting the running of the cars on the Sabbath, and for other forms of Sabbath desecration."

HITS AND HINTS.

The line gale did not pan out for much in this latitude this year. Perhaps there has been blowing enough without it.

What about the electric lights that were to replace the street lamps before exhibition time?

The counterfeiting of ancient coins has long been a profitable business in eastern countries, the purchasers being glibly travellers. Recent developments show that a vigorous effort is being made to introduce the industry on American and Canadian soil.

The gate receipts at the Toronto exhibition were within a trifle of \$70,000. This sounds big, but wait until we see what St. John will do.

In the Blue Pencil's Path.

Society correspondents will note with surprise, and possibly wrath, that the blue pencil has been let loose upon their manuscript this week. In the labor of moving the office plant, the subsequent publication of daily editions and the lack of facilities on the exhibition premises, it was impossible to handle the usual amount of social and personal news.

The exhibition number of that popular and well conducted weekly journal, St. John PROGRESS, is a brilliant issue. It is rich in portraits of the prominent men who are conducting the great show, and equally well engraved pictures of St. John, and the plan of the exposition embellish the paper.

"Oh, yes, I remember now. I haven't seen you in years," said General Sherman. "How have you been, Major? Glad to see you."

SO THE SHOW IS OPENED.

(Continued from first page.)

Those who don't keep hens, and never have kept them, arose when the proceedings were over and went out and sought some to set for winter chickens to export for Christmas.

The Governor also told the crowd that it was a fact that Canadian cheese brought more in the English market than American. He added that what the Canadian farmer wanted to do was to find out how he could get the most profit out of a given amount of hay, say a pound.

It was a well known fact that American cattle had frequently to be slaughtered on arriving at English ports on account of disease, while Canadian cattle were received in every port safe and in health.

He told us that so well were all our industries known far and near that he had himself seen red granite monuments in Victoria, B. C., which had been manufactured in New Brunswick. Of course it would not be much of a satisfaction to even the most public spirited and patriotic of us to know that even in the event of our dying in the far, far West we might reasonably hope to be kept under ground by a New Brunswick monument.

Butter was another subject especially dwelt upon by His Honor, who most certainly has the welfare of the farmer very near his heart. He told them to make 25 cent butter and not 14 cent and then they would get 25 cents for it. The Governor has evidently travelled considerably in the rural districts of New Brunswick, and stayed at hotels where "choicest dairy extra" was a feature of the bill of fare.

His Honor remarked that every province in the Dominion was represented at this exhibition. In referring to the school exhibit, as previously mentioned, he said there was no earthly reason why Canadian children should not compete successfully in designing with those of other countries, once there were proper institutions for instructing them.

His love of Canada and the Canadians seems to permeate every thought, and his strong, clear views for the welfare of both country and people cannot fail to strike his hearers.

The governor's most fervid sentences were punctuated by the sound of the axe and the hammer, the chu chu of the train of cars which now and then rolled into machinery hall, and the music of the many footfalls. Each boom of the big guns during the firing of the salute was followed by the clang, not of the "wooden spoon," but of some circular saw, or ponderous piece of machinery, not yet securely fastened in its temporary home, which came to the floor unexpectedly, and served as a sort of loyal echo.

Lady Tilley occupied a seat on the platform, and was accompanied by her aunt, Mrs. DeWolfe, of Liverpool.

Lady Tilley's costume was the perfection of quiet elegance. A dress of black moire silk and black lace, with little wrap of silk and lace trimmed with jet.

Black lace bonnet, with fall trimming of cardinal velvet, which set off her still charming brunette face admirably.

Mrs. DeWolfe was dressed in mourning and was noticeable from her wealth of beautiful silver white hair, wavy and abundant enough to arouse envy in the hearts of many maidens whose chignons hang on their dressing table when not in use.

After his address His Honor and suite descended from the platform and mingled with the surging crowd, visiting all objects of interest, and taking kindly notice of what must to them have been a very old story.

The opening was a success as far as it could be under the circumstances. The governor did not put the machinery in motion, because it was not ready. As His Honor remarked, there is always a good deal of delay in getting things in order at St. John exhibitions. And as he also remarked, the place will look very much better later.

But the big show is opened, and that at least is one point gained.

Old But Good.

Here is a rick old chestnut, which the New York Press publishes as a fresh story. Years and years ago it was told of General Jackson and "Major Breeches," but as it may be new to the younger generation it is worth giving in Shermanized form: An amusing story is told about General Sherman. A few weeks ago the general gave an order to a well known gentlemen's furnisher in Washington for a dozen shirts. In due time the shirts were delivered, and a check for the amount was received by the shirtmaker. A few days later General Sherman was walking arm and arm with a gentleman down Pennsylvania avenue. Presently the shirt man bowed. The general remembered having seen the man before, but being at a loss to place him, said: "Ah, sir, you have the advantage of me."

"How have you been, Major? Glad to see you." Then turning to his friend his arm, he said: "Colonel Wood, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Major Schurtz. Major Schurtz, Colonel Wood."

POEMS WRITTEN FOR "PROGRESS."

My Friend. I have a friend; I love him too, And doubt not he loves me; And yet 'tis seldom we can do The one thing, and agree.

All farrest things my friend would take From that which makes them so; Would pull and bunch grass, flower and brake; But I would see them grow.

He lifts his ear and brings his bird To earth with broken wing; Hushes the song a moment heard; I soar with mine and sing.

I fish for thoughts and he for trout, And both may fish in vain; But when I draw my prizes out No creature suffers pain.

Autumn.

Brisk blows the autumn chilly breeze, The trees are waving fast, Foreboding signs, of storms to come, And winter's frosty blast.

'Tis now the hour-frost's winding sheet, Is seen at early morn, Covering the fields, now bleached and dead, While late are bright with corn,

"The andsere yellow leaf" combines, With maple's brilliant shade And foliage green on mossy bank, To make a bright parade.

The fruits of garden, field and tree, Are being gathered in, Filling with the abundant yield, The cellar, barn and bin.

To God whose bounteous love has blest, The time and patience spent, Be rendered thanks and heart felt praise For these His mercies sent.

A Modern Eclogue.

Sun talks about their dignity, an' grays an' solemns Wich I'll allow is all quite well—but don't amount to shocks, If a fellow can't look pleasant like, an' smile away the gloom

'At's boom' to cum 'long, soon er late, an' darken ev'ry home, An' so, I say, that chap has won the battle mo're'n he!'

You kin trudge along life's turnpike 'ith a face 'at's ten miled long, An' a head 'at's high es enny es wot moves on with the throng

An' wot's stuffed chock-full o' wisdom, an' high 'ar'nin', an' all that, (Wot sennates makes you wish 'at you hed on a looser hat)

But you'll be the Sea o' Sorrer 'ith a ten-foot 'deeper draft', Than him wot takes 'is craft' 'long with the strong breeze of a lall!

O' course, us chaps hes got to keep our day-books bright an' clean, So's we kin jine the toonful land when Prov'dence shifts the scene,

An' floats us o'er the Sea o' Peace onto the pearly side, Fer God kin see right through us all, an' into ev'ry smile

'At's fate, an' sez: 'Look here, my frien', I guess You'll sort o' haf To step aside fer Pilgrim Jenks, 'at's got a honest laff'

So, boys, I say, look gum an' sad when standin 'side the grave, An' mother Earth takes from the wot', wot to the wot' she gave;

But when yer grief hes softened, don't you be afeared to smile Away the thorns 'at cross life's path fer many a weary mile;

An' together let us make a toast, an' in sof' cider quaff A bumper to the man wot weeps, an' ain't afeared to laff!

His Fault.

Inventors and explorers are often troublesome to lesser individuals. "How proud you must be of your husband's invention," said some one to the wife of a talented mechanic.

"Yes, I suppose I am," was the grudging reply, "but just now I am only relieved at having the thing completed. For the last year I have been occupied in picking up wheels and screws, scattered all over the house, and rubbing out drawings of cogs and cranks on the fly-leaves of books."

Not long ago a mother looked over the shoulder of her little girl who was groaning about a difficult lesson. The book was open at the map of Africa, and the mother exclaimed: "Why, how that map has changed since I was a child! Then it had only a few towns about the coast, and all the middle was a blank. We didn't have to learn much about the map of Africa in those days."

"I know it," cried the little girl, almost in tears, "and it's the fault of that dreadful Mr. Stanley!"—Ex.

Western Intellectual Impulses.

One of the results of the Chautauque assemblies, which have a tendency to awaken unnatural activity of the brain and an abnormal thirst for knowledge, was shown yesterday. The 4-year-old son of one of the officers of the Long Pine Assembly burned his father's barn in order to see what sort of a bonfire it would make. He also wished to see whether a setting hen would preserve her presence of mind when surrounded by flames, and his observations would doubtless be a valuable contribution to science, although the experiment was necessarily expensive to the parent of the young Chautauquean. The setting hen deserted her prospective family and saved her life, a fact which proves that in the disposition of the hen the instinct of self-preservation overbalances maternal devotion. There is no doubt Chautauque assemblies have given a great intellectual impulse to the rising generation.—Omaha Sunday World-Herald.

The Rise in the Price of Cigars.

In one respect only is there any unanimity of opinion, and that is, that the three-for-a-quarter clear Havana will be retailed for ten cents straight; and the greater portion of the imported cigars now sold for ten cents or under must go. The average raise on the former will be about \$12 per 1,000, and on the imported cigars from \$20 to \$30, according to the weight. No material reduction of size can be made that will offset this advance and thereby equalize prices, for in many instances the cigars are now made too loose and "spongy."—Tobacco.

NOTHING BUT RHEUMATICS.

The Victim Thought it was Seasickness, but the Captain Knew Better.

We hadn't been out of the bay ten minutes, and had just got fairly to bobbing and bobbing on the ground swell, when I was seized with a suspicion. The captain of the fish boat had assured me by all that he held sacred that I wouldn't be sea sick—couldn't possibly be if I tried my hardest. It now occurred to me that he had made a sad mistake. My stomach began to roll, my head to swim, and as I hastened to stretch out at full length on my back he queried: "Chill coming on?"

"Chill! I'm seasick—sick from head to heel!" "Can't be—can't possibly be," he calmly replied. "I noticed you had a bilious look when you came down this morning. Ought to look out for your liver."

"But I tell you I'm in an awful way! I can't wait another minute. Here I go * * *"

"Haven't the first symptoms of seasickness," he said, as he bit off an inch of plug tobacco. "Why, you ought to have seen the man I had—"

"Say! How much will you take to go ashore?" "Now, hear him! This shows what imagination can do."

"Would a thousand dollars be any object to you?" "Now, then, get out those fishlines, and open a clam for bait. We'll be among 'em in less than five minutes."

"Great Jupiter, man! but my head whirls like a top!" "Can't possibly whirl!—couldn't do it for money. There isn't sea enough on here to spill a glass of water."

"My stomach! Lands * * *"

"Got those clams?" "Clams! Clams! I wouldn't look at a clam for ten thousand dollars! Take me home! Take me into a swamp—up a tree—under water—anywhere to get out of this! Shall I make it fifteen hundred—two thousand?"

"What's the matter now?" "Matter? I'm dying!" "Can't be—can't possibly be. Not the slightest symptom of even being sick. A little bilious, and the glare of the sun does the rest. I'd try a pint of salt water."

"Lands! But do you want to see my boots go overboard. Say, I'll give you * * *"

"Oh, well, if your head aches you might lie down for a while, but don't get any foolish ideas into your brain. Ocean a perfect millpond—not the slightest heave—booms to be spiced to a rock. T'ry a sandwich. No? Have a chew? No? Like a raw clam to sort o' settle things? No? Well, lay down and keep quiet. I forgot my nursing bottle. Did you bring a rattle box?"

"Say, Captain."

"I—I feel better."

"Certainly."

"And I'll get up."

"Of course. Now, then, over with that line; keep your eyes on the water half a mile away, pucker your lips into a whistle, and the rheumatism will go off. That's what it is. Can't possibly be anything else. I'll give you some 'shark file' to rub your joints when we get ashore. There you are—you've got a whopper—pull—whoopee!"—N. Y. Sun.

Why Platinum is Growing Dear.

Platinum jewelry is in danger of becoming a thing of the past. The amount manufactured this year is just about one-half of that of last year. For the last six months the price of the precious metal has been rapidly advancing, until now it has made an advance of over sixty per cent. of the original price. The demand is greater than the supply, and in a short time the price will be out of the reach of every jewelry manufacturer. The advance is attributed to the large number of electrical works now in operation throughout the United States. The platinum used in the manufacture of electrical apparatus is enormous. Each electric light contains about six inches of platinum wire, and if the metal is not pure it will not stand the great heat. As the electric light grows more in favor the demand for platinum is greater, and, unless some substitute can be procured, the chances are that platinum will be indeed a precious metal. Platinum at present is worth \$14 an ounce; gold \$20.70, and silver \$1.18. The manufacture of platinum jewelry is more expensive than that of any metal. The ordinary heat of the blowpipe is not sufficient to melt it, and it is to go through a process which is very expensive, and about 15 per cent. of the platinum is lost in the working.—Baltimore American.

Province Men Should Not Go There.

Dead towns are one of the curiosities of Colorado, writes a correspondent of The Youth's Companion. I do not mean dead in the sense that business is dull, but dead in the sense that the towns are given over to utter desolation and decay. It is a startling experience in following some old trail in the mountains to come suddenly on an empty town. Once, while climbing a high mountain, I was passing through the last strip of woods before coming to timber line, at an altitude of about eleven thousand feet, when I came upon an abandoned mining camp. There was a long street of houses, all empty but one, from whose chimney the smoke was lazily rising.

The lone prospector, or stranded family, was holding the fort all alone, living on the memory of former days and on the hope of still "striking it rich." A few years ago every house was crowded, saloons and dance-houses were in full blast; the streets were filled with a surging tide of excited men; town lots were sold at high prices; everything boomed. But suddenly everything collapsed; the tide receded, and the deserted houses were left to rot in summer rains or be crushed by wintry snows.

I remember a railroad town from which all the people had moved away except a few discouraged ones who were haunted by the thought of how wealthy they might have become if they had only put their money into Denver lots. The grass was growing in the streets; the church was deserted; there was no day school; the stores and saloons were nailed up. I stood in the streets of that dead town and did what I have often done on the great plains and on the mountains above timber line—listened to the silence.

I passed through another town, in the very heart of the Rockies, that had been abandoned by all but one man. He was postmaster, held all the town and city offices, and was perfectly independent in that town of independence. Houses and lots can hardly be given away in such places.

I have often smiled as I saw from the swift train the name—Cleora—of another dead town. The name, the site and the cemetery are absolutely all that is left of a once busy, thriving town of great expectations. The railroad started another town two miles away, and the buildings were all moved to it.

Another town, that had been the county seat and the Territorial capital, was not entirely abandoned; but it was sinking lower and lower, and was already a miserable wreck of a village, when one day a big railroad came along and built its shops there. Presto! What a change! A lot that had been bought for three dollars and a half was sold for nine hundred and fifty dollars. I should be a rich man today if I had bought a lot with the change in my pocket every time I passed through that town.

The Fatal Ring.

I was told a singular tale of a ring which on a recent visit to the Paris Morgue, nearly 100 years a certain family of working people in Paris have ended their lives by suicide. From father to son, from mother to daughter, has been handed a plain gold ring, and on the finger of each of these suicides has been found this trinket. It has been called the fatal ring, and only last year it made its appearance on the finger of a young man—the last of the race. The ring was buried with the corpse. The cupidity of not even the most grasping body-finder could not be tempted to the possession of this ominous golden circlet.—Vanity Fair.

Queer Stairs.

Mrs. Kelley, the Irish washerwoman, came for the soiled clothes just after the Doones had moved into their new flat, which was reached by an elevator. "Phwar's the stairs?" she asked of the hall boy. "There," he answered, pointing to the door of the elevator. "Phwat floor's the Doones on?" "I'll show you," said the obliging boy, stepping into the elevator after her and pulling the rope as he closed the door. When the car began to move, Mrs. Kelley was frightened and began to scream, "Lick me out o' lift me out!" "In a minute," the boy replied, and soon slid the door back, and she stepped out into a narrow hall. "The Doones live there," the boy remarked pointing to a door on the right. "If that isn't a queer stairs!" the washerwoman observed, gazing back at the elevator in astonishment. "List one of 'em, an' you're up. But it moost cost a lot o' money to live in a house phwat has jompin' stairs!"—Epoch.

Why Electricity is Expensive.

Mr. W. H. Freese says that one reason of the retarding of electrical progress in England has been that the use of the electrical light have been paying heavily for the education and experience of amateur tradesmen and inexperienced contractors, and have neglected to avail themselves of the professional services of the experienced electrical engineer. "People who would not build houses without the architect, nor construct bridges without the engineer, nor make their wills without the lawyer, rush wildly into the use of electricity without any professional assistance, where, above all things, experience and knowledge are essential to prevent disaster and disappointment. Large installations have been completed without specifications to guide the contractor, and without inspection to see that the work has been properly done. The user has paid violently for his tenacity, and fires and accidents have been the result."—Ex.

Boy's English.

A yachtman has recently returned from a trip along the Maine coast, during which, it is his proud boast, he took a bath by plunging every morning into the sea, no matter what the weather. One day he had the misfortune to get a water-bubble in his ear. As he stood on the deck of the yacht trying all sorts of devices for getting rid of the uncomfortable visitor, he noticed a small boy, who had paddled near in an old dory, and was occupying himself in catching cunners. The uncle watched closely the proceedings of the bather, his face expressive of the deepest interest, and at last, unable to hold his peace any longer, he called out: "Say, mister, why don't yer hop on the foot that yer ear's got the water in?" The directions were not expressed in a way to please the formalist, but they conveyed the idea so well that by following the boy's suggestion and laughing at the same time the yachtman soon got rid of his trouble.—Ex.

Making Peace.

Simple words are best, though a very busy man cannot always stop to pick-one. At a hotel a waiter came out of the coffee-room and informed the manager that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table. "Go in again," said the manager, "and propitiate him in some way."

Back went the waiter, and said, "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."—Lloyd's Weekly.

He Satisfied Her.

"Professor," said a pretty woman, "do you dare look me in the face and tell me I originally sprang from a monkey?" "Well, really," stammered the professor, "it must have been a very charming monkey."—Ex.

The Dear Girls.

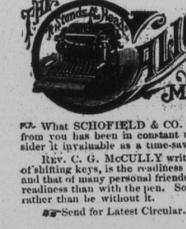
Flossie—I made a large collection of beautiful stones while I was at the seaside. Maud—So did I, but mine were all set in engagement rings when I got them.—Mansie's Weekly.

His Business.

"What is your occupation?" asked the judge of the sandbagger. "I am a dealer in undertakers' supplies," was the answer of the prisoner.—Tere's Haute Express.



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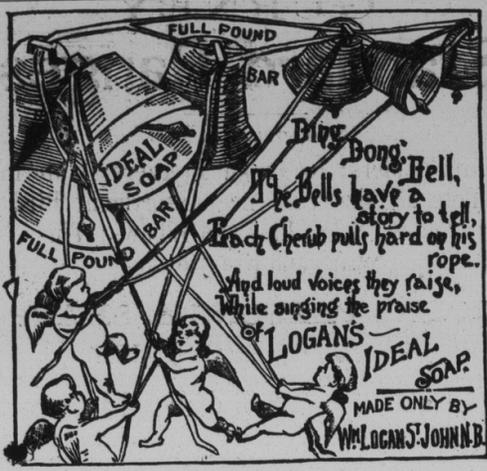
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

And the Happenings in Social Circles of Fredericton, Moncton, Woodstock, Dorchester, St. Stephen, Sussex, Amherst, Calais, Etc.

Mr. Charles Laird, of the customs department, left Monday for Philadelphia and other American cities. He was accompanied by his youngest daughter.

On Tuesday last a tennis party had been arranged by Miss Burpee to be given at the spacious grounds Mount Pleasant, but after the guests, numbering about 20, arrived in torrents and the visitors were entertained at 5 o'clock tea in the house instead, which proved a very pleasant, sociable affair.

Mr. Robert C. Coster, who has not been in St. John for a number of years, arrived from New York the first of the week, and is the guest of his brother, Mr. G. E. Coster, Union street.

Dr. McLaren, sr., who, with Mrs. McLaren, is visiting his daughter at Toronto, has been seriously ill at that place for the last week. Dr. Murray MacLaren left for there last Sunday night.

Miss Sargent (Bangor), is the guest of Mrs. W. L. Busby, St. James street.

Mr. Charles Patton, who was seriously ill last week, is convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fairweather have removed from Railway to their town residence, Orange street, for the winter months.

Mr. James DeWolfe, of Liverpool, Eng., passed through the city this week, and was the guest of Lucy Tilley.

Mrs. William Berton met with a serious accident last week, dislocating her shoulder from a fall on the street.

Mr. John V. Ellis and Mr. Frank B. Ellis of the Globe left last week for a trip to the Pacific coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Scammell, of Tacoma, who have been visiting Mrs. Joseph Scammell, at Fern Terrace, Lancaster Heights, intend making their home in St. John for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Lippinoot, of St. Louis, who were the guests of Mr. Barnaby Titton on Lancaster Heights, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Scammell, of Tacoma, who have been visiting Mrs. Joseph Scammell, at Fern Terrace, Lancaster Heights, intend making their home in St. John for a while.

Mr. and Mrs. Lippinoot, of St. Louis, who were the guests of Mr. Barnaby Titton on Lancaster Heights, have returned home.

Mr. W. B. Wallace returned home on Saturday, after a three weeks visit to Grand Lake.

Mr. Harry Nase has gone to Ann Harbor, Michigan, to study dentistry.

Mrs. S. Holly and family have returned from Westfield, where they spent the summer.

Miss Gerie gives a party to a number of her friends on Friday evening.

Mr. Allan Courtney, who was the guest of Mrs. McKean, of St. Stephen, returned home on Monday.

Miss Bertie Courtney who has been seriously ill is getting better.

A delightful picnic was held on Mr. Hanson's grounds at Randolph on Monday afternoon, under the management of Miss Armstrong and Miss Patterson.

Miss Anna Colly eldest daughter of Mr. Michael Coll, died on Wednesday last, and was buried on Friday. Miss Coll had been ill for some time, although death came rather unexpectedly.

Miss Hamilton and Miss Plant left today for a short visit to St. John.

Mrs. Albert Hickman went to St. John on Tuesday, accompanying Mrs. Scamman.

The congregation of Trinity church were gathered on Sunday last by an announcement from the rector that His Honor Judge Fraser had sent him a cheque for \$100 in aid of the church restoration fund.

Mr. Charles B. Godfrey went to Moncton yesterday to spend a few days with friends there.

Mr. J. H. Hickman is attending the exhibition in St. John, where he has three of his thoroughbred horses on exhibition.

Mr. Fred Dobson, who has been spending a short vacation at his home in Dorchester, returned on Tuesday to Boston.

Master Henry Masters, only son of Mr. Hans W. Masters, is very dangerously ill with inflammation of the lungs.

Mr. Fulton Cole, of Moncton, has been spending a day or two in Dorchester visiting his father, who is very ill at the Dorchester House.

Mr. Frank Anderson returned yesterday to Boston, after a month's vacation home.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Palmer and Miss Nellie Palmer, together with Mrs. M. B. Palmer, left today to visit the exhibition.

Mr. T. S. Kirkpatrick spent Sunday in Halifax. Miss Fannie Bliss spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. A. T. Parson, Mrs. Horace Fawcett, and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Milner went to Amherst on Monday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. A. A. Chapman.

Mr. Herbert Crosskill returned to his home in Halifax on Wednesday.

Mr. A. Purdy, of Amherst, spent Sunday at Acadia Grove.

The Misses Black entertained their young friends on Friday evening.

Mrs. Christopher Milner and Miss Milner returned from their visit to St. John on Monday.

Mr. H. B. Allison and Miss Allison returned from Halifax last week. Mr. Walter Allison spent Sunday in town.

Miss Pauline Bell has returned from Sheliae. Miss Outton, of St. John, who has been visiting Mrs. Clarence Knapp, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Fawcett and family spent Sunday in Amherst.

Mr. R. P. Foster has taken the position of cashier in the Merchants Bank here.

Mr. Alex. Gibson returned home from England Sunday morning last.

Miss Fannie Merritt, of St. John, who has been spending a few weeks with Miss Mary Gibson returned home on Friday last.

The Misses Scammon, of St. John, spent Sunday here with her friend, Miss May Rowley.

The Misses Stevens, of St. John, are here the guests of Mrs. James Gibson.

The Misses McCallum, who have been visiting Miss Fannie Gibson, went to St. John on Saturday last on special for two weeks.

Mr. P. C. Harris, of Halifax, spent a few days here last week the guest of Mrs. John T. Gibson.

Mrs. Murray, of St. John, North End, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. James Murray, jr., returned home on Thursday.

Grand Exhibition of our Fall and Winter Stock OF DRY GOODS.

Visitors to the city during Exhibition week are cordially invited to inspect our stock of HIGH-CLASS DRESS GOODS, STANDARD MAKES OF BLACK SILKS, COLORED DRESS SILKS, All the Novelties in Colors and Makes for the Season.

Latest London and Paris Styles of Jackets, Wraps, and Long Cloaks. Novelties in Jackets and Mantle Cloths.

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We are now showing a most complete Stock of SILK VELVETS, PLUSHES, VELVETEENS, SURAH SILKS, BROCADED VELVETS. We keep all colors in Lister's Silk Plushes—the very best made.

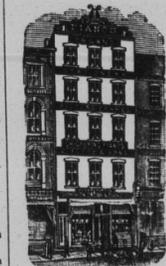
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VISITORS TO THE EXHIBITION

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Exhibition Building. ALSO, OUR LARGE STOCK OF PIANOS, ORGANS, STATIONERY, FANCY GOODS, SOLID SILVER, ENGRAVINGS, PIANO LAMPS, CHINA, ETC.,

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MACKINTOSHES, LADIES', MISSES', AND GENTLEMEN'S.

EVERY GARMENT WARRANTED. We solicit your inspection; shall be pleased to show you our Goods whether you wish to purchase or not.

We are Headquarters for all kinds of Rubber Goods, at Lowest Prices. American Rubber Store 65 CHARLOTTE STREET.

198 UNION ST. Mme. KANE,

Having returned from the Millinery Openings of New York and other cities, is now prepared to meet Customers and give them the benefit thereof.

Tourists and Strangers in this city would do well to call on Mme. KANE, for with her they can rely on correct and stylish Millinery.



TURNER & FINLAY, 12 KING STREET.



TABLE TALK: THE FASHION OF THE DAY—FRENCH AND GERMAN GOODS.

While the Scotch Plaids with their predominating blue and green combinations figure very extensively among the imported Plaids. We are also displaying a rich collection of French and German Plaids, in some of the most beautiful blendings.

French Serges, 24 inches, 20 cents; 42 inches, 45 cents. In all the beautiful fall and winter colorings.

Kindly name this paper (Progress) in sending for patterns.

returned home on Thursday. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Hugh Alexander, who has gone down for the exhibition.

AMHERST. Sept. 24.—Mrs. Main gave a party on Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tupper, of Winnipeg, were in town on Thursday.

Mrs. Johnstone, of Pugwash, was in town last week.

Mrs. A. J. Hickman, of Dorchester, was the guest of Mrs. Douglas last week.

Mr. and Mrs. David Chapman, of Dorchester, were in town last week, the guests of their son, Mr. D. T. Chapman.

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SEEN IN EARLY AUTUMN.

FASHIONS WHICH MAY DELIGHT THE FEMINE HEART.

The Sailor Hat has come to stay, and Black is the favorite color—jackets that are both cheap and charming—Other Novelties in Women's Wear.

The early Autumn fashions are beginning to announce themselves, and as usual the jackets and hats seem to arrive first. Very sensible of them too, considering that they are the first things we shall want.

To begin at the very beginning, the sailor hat shows every indication of having come to stay, for it has made its appearance in a very decided majority, amongst the early importations of millinery. Black seems the most popular color, and I saw a charming black felt sailor hat last week, which was designed for a lady, who has gone abroad. It was much more trimmed than we are accustomed to see sailor hats, the crown being nearly covered with loops of thick lustrous black ribbon, while just to one side, there was a blackbird nestled among the loops. A novelty in black sailor hats, of which I cannot quite see the raison d'être is to have the crown of felt, and the brim of straw, a sort of combination for all seasons, I suppose. Winter lingering in the lap of spring, etc.

The jackets are certainly charming. One can buy such lovely ones all ready to put on, for such a reasonable price, that it seems waste of time and money to get the cloth and have your jacket made, besides there is no denying—'tis there girls—that there is a style about a good ready made jacket, a "snap" as it were, which is rarely seen in one made either at home, or to order.

Some of those I saw were of thick, rough blue serge in very dark navy, with rolling collars; high, loose sleeves which were a perfect luxury to put on, after the agony of body and vexation of spirit we are accustomed to in trying to force our unwilling arms in the tight jacket sleeves of last season. Lapels which turned back all the way down, and either blew open or hooked invisibly as the wearer chose; loose fronts, neatly fitting backs and tiny pockets at the sides, covered with jaunty little flaps. Others were of cadet blue cloth, with hair stripes of white, just a tiny silk thread, about a quarter of an inch apart. The fronts were loose, and just a little longer than the back. They buttoned just over the bust, lapping well over, and were open the rest of the way down, and you have not the least idea how delightfully stylish and "smart" you look in one till you try it on.

A novelty for brightening up an evening toilet of black Spanish lace, which is more of a dinner dress than a ball costume, is to have a mousetraps collar, girle and deep cuffs of goldlace—very good gold lace, of course, else it would have a tawdry look.

The popular foot trimming for the fashionable, plain skirts, this winter, will be a wide band of passamenterie velvet, or galloon, and in order to furnish the needed support for so heavy a trimming French dressmakers are padding or wadding the skirts about half a yard up, from the lower edge, and this device also prevents the awkward falling in of the skirt between the feet in walking, which spoils the look of so many dresses. Indeed dressmakers are already predicting a return to crinoline in the not far distant future, because trimming at the foot of the skirt is undoubtedly "coming in." The best dressmakers are putting ruffles and fan pleated insertions, which are let in to the dress, at the foot of many dresses. Others are cut in tabs or "battemented" around the bottom and have full pleatings underneath.

The reign of the ultra high sleeve is also nearly over. I believe the Princess of Wales recently appeared in public in a gown, whose sleeves were to a level with her shoulders. This alone would be sufficient to depose the high sleeve; with the English leaders of fashion who invariably follow the lead of Her Royal Highness, some of the newest dress goods are of embroidered or braided homespun. They come in costumes all ready to be made up, and in all the newest shades.

Of course we are so accustomed to look upon homespun as something to be made up as plainly as possible, in fact, to be rigidly tailored made, that it will take us some time to get used to the idea of seeing rich silk embroidery in panels, medallions, and scrolls, lavished upon its rough face; but when fashion issues a decree her verdict is seldom questioned, and, no doubt, before the winter is fairly here we shall be thinking the embroidered homespun perfectly lovely, and in the best of taste.

ASTRA.

The Ethics and Profits of Law. Lawyer—"Well, you have looked over that claim of a dollar and a quarter you gave me to collect and I find it is perfectly good, and I shall go right ahead on it." Client—"How much will it cost?" Lawyer—"Well, you can give me five dollars now, and if I get the money there will of course be a slight commission."

A Roundabout Rejection. "When will you become my wife, Ethel?" "On the 29th day of February, 1891." "But there's no such day." "That's the size of it."—Ez.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

[FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS SEE FIFTH AND SEVENTH PAGES.]

MONCTON. [PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the book-stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]

Sept. 24.—The Rev. Canon Maynard, of Windsor, N. S., has been visiting his son, Rev. George A. Maynard, rector of this parish. Canon Maynard occupied the pulpit of St. Mary's chapel in the village at both services on Sunday. He left for Ottawa on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. J. G. Knowlton, of St. John, spent Sunday among Mrs. Knowlton's relatives here. Captain Webber, of New Bedford, Mass., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Whitaker.

Mr. W. M. Jarvis, of St. John; Mr. John Fraser, of Robesey; and Mr. Fred. M. Sprout, of St. Martins, were among the visitors in town on Saturday.

Mrs. Otty and Mrs. Percy Warnford paid a visit to the city on Monday.

Miss Ione Fairweather, who was visiting her brother in Brooklyn, N. Y., has returned home.

Mr. J. G. Colter White has gone to Newton college, Mass., and intends, I hear, to enter the Baptist ministry.

Miss Katie Paterson, of St. John, West End, is visiting her friends the Misses Humphrey, near the station.

Mr. and Mrs. George Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. Noah M. Barnes, and Miss Barnes, went to Barnevillie to-day to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Henry F. Barnes.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Chapman, of Moncton, who were en route to Boston, spent themselves at Ash-wood, the guests of Mrs. H. D. McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Best have returned from their trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Langtroth, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Wilson left for St. John this morning to attend the exhibition.

Mrs. Northrup and Miss Northrup, of St. John, are visiting friends at the village.

Miss Agnes A. Lyon, who has been visiting her sister here for several weeks, left for her home in Boston on Saturday.

Mr. I. W. Mack and Miss Mack, of Liverpool, N. S., were in town last week.

Rev. Mr. Marr, of St. Martin's, in the absence of Rev. Mr. Paisley, preached in the Methodist church here both morning and evening on Sunday.

PARROBORO. Sept. 24.—Rev. S. Gibbons returned from Truro Monday.

Mrs. N. A. Coster, who has been staying in Parraboro a few weeks, left on Tuesday for Digby.

Miss Florie Townsend returned Saturday from a week's visit at Spring Hill.

Mr. George Lile, of Halifax, is relieving Mr. Fairbanks, of the Halifax Banking Company, who is away on his vacation.

Mrs. Brags returned from Wolfville on Thursday.

Mr. S. W. Smith left for a trip to Boston and New York on Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. Beane of New York, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gibbons at the rectory.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Allen and family, who have been here a few weeks, returned to Truro on Tuesday.

Rev. P. Eagen has arrived from his visit to Archdeacon and Mrs. Kaulback left to drive back to Truro on Monday.

Mr. H. H. Archibald, agent of the Halifax Banking Co., Spring Hill, is spending his vacation in Parraboro.

Rev. G. Grant, of Trinidad, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. George McKeen, of St. John, was in town last week.

MONCTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Moncton at the book-stores of W. W. Black and W. H. Murray, Main street.]

Sept. 24.—Mr. Will Cook left last week for Springfield, where he has accepted a position in the engineers office of the Springhill Mining Company.

On Monday night Dr. Bridges departed for Sheffield where he intends practicing his profession.

Mr. H. G. Marr was married last Wednesday evening to Miss Bessie Duffy, daughter of Mr. J. D. Duffy, of Moncton. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents, and was performed by the Rev. W. B. Hinson, assisted by the Rev. W. W. Quicke, of St. Paul's R. E. church.

The bride wore a very beautiful costume of white corded silk, trimmed with pearl embroidery, a veil and orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white roses and orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister, Miss Maude Duffy and Miss Clara Marr, sister of the groom. Miss Marr wore a dress of cream colored lace, over silk of the same shade.

Miss Duffy wore pink silk with overdress of white fabric net. Each carried a bouquet of roses and carnations, and it is needless to say looked charming. The groom was Mr. Percy Crandall, of Washington, D. C.

Amongst the many beautiful presents received by the bride, were a French clock, some choice oil paintings, and a diamond brooch, the latter the bridegroom's gift. Mr. and Mrs. Marr left for New York, and will visit other points of interest, returning by way of Montreal.

Miss Cooke returned on Wednesday from her trip to St. John.

Mr. and Mrs. Busby returned on Monday morning from their trip to Cape Breton. I am glad to say that Mr. Busby's health is greatly improved.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Marr, of Halifax, spent some days in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Thorne, of St. John, were in town last week, visiting their daughter, Mrs. J. S. Marrie.

Mrs. Andrew Morrison is spending some weeks in Portland, Maine, visiting relatives.

Mrs. Maeger, of St. Andrew, is in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams.

Mr. W. F. Proctor is once more in our midst, having returned as one who has been lost, and is found.

Miss Ward, of Moncton, and Miss Mabel Smith, of Shediac, left Moncton on Wednesday for Boston to visit friends.

Mrs. John Mcweeney's many friends were delighted to see her again last Saturday, even for a short time. She returned to Westmorland on Monday.

Miss Milliken returned on Saturday from Westmorland, where she has been spending some weeks with her friend, Miss Bliss.

Mrs. Milner and Miss Milner, of Sackville, spent last Sunday in town, the guests of Mrs. A. H. Jacobs.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. James McAllister were grieved to hear last week of the death of their son, Dr. McAllister, which took place last month in Melbourne, Australia.

Mrs. Payne, formerly of Moncton, but now of Dartmouth, has been spending a fortnight in Moncton.

ST. STEPHEN. [PROGRESS is for sale in St. Stephen at the book-stores of C. H. Smith & Co., and G. S. Wall and H. M. Webber.]

Sept. 24.—Mrs. Cameron's At Home on Thursday afternoon was a most enjoyable affair. There were several strangers present. Among them were: Mrs. Hugh McLean and Miss Bessie Cameron, who assisted Mrs. Cameron in receiving her guests.

The other ladies present were Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. C. H. Clarke, Mrs. John D. Chipman, Mrs. Frank Todd, Mrs. P. Cullen, Mrs. J. N. Clarke, Mrs. Pinder, Mrs. George J. Clarke, Miss Hazen Grimmer, Mrs. Howard McAllister, Mrs. Walter Brainer, Mrs. John E. Algar, Mrs. E. J. Yroom, Miss Morrison, Hamilton, Ont., Miss Nellie Webber, Miss Mary Abbot, Miss Plaisted, Bangor, Miss George Markie, Miss McAdam, Mrs. Wetmore, Miss Annie Harvey, Mrs. James Murray, Miss Kate Stevens, Mrs. Walter Inches, Miss Emma Harris, and Miss New Clark.

Rev. Canon Ketchum, of St. Andrew's, is the guest of Rev. O. S. Newham at Christ church rectory.

Mrs. J. L. Thompson returned to Calais on Thursday, after a visit to Boston and New York.

Mr. M. K. Kallish, of San Francisco, is visiting his home in Calais.

There were no less than five weddings in Milltown last week. Tonight in the Methodist church Miss Maud Boyd, eldest daughter of Mr. T. W. Boyd, is to be married to Mr. Charles E. Gilman, of St. John. Miss Bessie Boyd, who has been in New York for some time, returned this afternoon.

Miss Alice Keating left yesterday morning for Boston.

Mrs. Plaisted, of Bangor, is in Calais, the guest of Miss Annie Harvey.

DON'T GIVE UP

The use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One bottle may not cure "right off" a complaint of years; persist until a cure is effected. As a general rule, improvement follows shortly after beginning the use of this medicine. With many people, the effect is immediately noticeable; but some constitutions are less susceptible to medicinal influences than others, and the curative process may, therefore, in such cases, be less prompt. Perseverance in using this remedy is sure of its reward at last. Sooner or later, the most stubborn blood diseases yield to

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. "For several years, in the spring months, I used to be troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk. The least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Frequently, boils and rashes would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of friends and my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla and continued it till the poison in my blood was thoroughly eradicated."—L. W. English, Monticromery City, Mo. "My system was all run down; my skin rough and of yellowish hue. I tried various remedies, and while some of them gave me temporary relief, none of them did any permanent good. At last I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, continuing it exclusively for a considerable time, and am pleased to say that it completely

Cured Me. I presume my liver was very much out of order, and the blood impure in consequence. I feel that I cannot too highly recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to any one afflicted as I was."—Mrs. N. A. Smith, Glover, Vt. "For years I suffered from her fulia and blood diseases. The doctors' prescriptions and several so-called blood-purifiers being of no avail, I was at last advised by a friend to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and now feel like a new man, being fully restored to good health."—C. N. Frink, Decatur, Iowa.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. \$1, six \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

CATARRH AND GOLD IN HEAD HOW CURED. NASAL BALM. A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its forms. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called cures are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you are in need of a certain and speedy cure. It is procured in a few minutes, and is sold in all the drug stores. It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its forms. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

The OBJECT of this ADVERTISEMENT is to IMPRESS on YOUR mind the FACT that

Estey's Cod Liver Oil Cream!

is the best medicine you can take, if you are troubled with a Cough or Cold. For Whooping Cough it is almost an infallible remedy. It is pleasant as milk, and for Consumption, Throat Affections, Wasting Diseases it is far more efficacious than the plain Cod Liver Oil.

THE UP JOHN PILLS!

By examining the physical condition of these Pills it will be observed that most of them can readily be crushed and reduced to a powder by pressure under the thumb, showing a pliable condition, not found in Pills of other make. Made RECIPE, BY PRESSURE, the process employed leaves the Pills in a dry powder and porous condition, which does not harden by age. A full assortment of different kinds full particulars given by

R. D. McARTHUR, Medical Hall, 40 Charlotte Street, opp. King Square

FLORENCE KNITTING SILK. This is now much used for fringe and for tassels, as its "soft finish" renders it superior to other silk for this purpose. It will not untwist and become frayed in wear.

These elegant costumes seen in the show rooms of our leading merchants are of beautifully "Feather-stitched" hand. Examination shows that the work is done with No. 300 Florence Knitting Silk, thus securing beauty, durability and economy.

Every enterprising dealer sells it, but if your dealer does not have it in stock, send the price five, per ounce—\$6, per ball) in postage stamps to Corwith & Co., 81, St. Johns, Que., and you will receive it by return post.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS

JUST TO HAND ANOTHER LOT OF THE FAMOUS GURNEY Standard Ranges.

WE ALSO HAVE IN STOCK Water Coolers; Ice Cream Freezers; Watering Pots, all sizes; A nice Assortment Bird Cages; Stove Pipe and Elbows; Tin-ware and Graniteware.

COLES, PARSONS & SHARP, 90 CHARLOTTE STREET.

TO PAINTERS. TRANSFER GRADING PAPERS, a perfect imitation of the natural woods, OAK, WALNUT, MAHOGANY, CHERRY, etc. F. E. HOLMAN, 48 KING STREET.

SCHOOL BOYS and GIRLS, ATTENTION! D. J. JENNINGS, THE BOOKSELLER, UNION STREET.

WILL give to every boy or girl buying \$2.00 worth of School Books, a PARLOR PISTOL, worth 50 cents, and to persons making smaller purchases, Coupons will be given, until the purchases have reached two dollars. Buyers of 50 cents worth of School Books can take a ball bat or coupon.

D. J. JENNINGS, 167 UNION STREET.

WEDDING INVITATIONS AND WEDDING CARDS.

I HAVE in stock a splendid assortment of the latest and most fashionable designs in Wedding Invitations and Wedding Cards, with Envelopes to match. Special care is taken in printing the above class of work, in a neat and artistic manner. Orders from all parts of the Provinces will receive immediate attention.

—I have every facility for doing— PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, And keep in stock a large assortment of Papers for the various grades of printing.

E. J. ARMSTRONG, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTER, 85 Germain Street, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Union City Hotel, NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B. Is now open to the Public.

No better location in the city, only 4 minutes' walk from the I. C. B. Depot and International Steamboat Landing, Facing Market Square. Remember this building is on the corner of King and Prince William Streets. NO BIG PRICES— but good fare at moderate prices. Call on us and satisfy yourself that we will try to make you feel at home. Don't forget No. 10, "Blue Sign."

Permanent and Transient Boarders accommodated at low rates. A. L. SPENCER, Manager.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY OF PURELY VEGETABLE INGREDIENTS AND WITHOUT MERCURY, USED BY THE ENGLISH PEOPLE FOR OVER 120 YEARS, IS

Cockles Pills. COMPOUND ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. These Pills consist of a careful and peculiar admixture of the best and mildest vegetable aperients and the pure extract of Flowers of Chamomile. They will be found a most efficacious remedy for derangements of the digestive organs, and for obstructions and torpid action of the liver and bowels which produce indigestion and the several varieties of bilious and liver complaints. Sold by all Chemists.

WOLESALE AGENTS: EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL. JAMES S. MAY, W. ROBERT MAY, JAMES S. MAY & SON, Merchant Tailors, DOMVILLE BUILDING, F. O. Box 308, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Stock always complete in the latest designs suitable for first-class trade. Prices subject to 10 per cent. discount or cash.

Plao's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. K. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

50 CENTS A WEEK! CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, LACE CURTAINS, Mirrors, Pictures, Lounges, Hanging Lamps, CLOCKS AND WATCHES. F. A. JONES, 34 Dock Street.

ADVERTISE IN PROGRESS.

Autumn, 1890

MILLINERY OPEN TUESDAY, SEPT. 23

French pattern Hats

Bonnets, and Lace

MILLINERY NOVELTIES

SMITH BROS. Granville and Duke Streets HALIFAX,

Shortbread

LADIES and GENTLEMEN desiring a thorough knowledge of Type-writing and an acquaintance with a business amanuensis, should enter our course—in session every evening (excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to J. H. HARRIS, P. O. Box 100, St. John, Business College and Shortbread.

FERGUSON & Co. Have a large and Well Assorted of all Goods pertaining to Jewelry Business, and in prices of intending parties as low as good goods bought. Do not forget this.

43 KING STREET

A GREAT BARGAIN.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE

ELIPSE DYE

A NEW IMPROVEMENT FOR HOME DYEING. Only Water required. 10c per package. For full particulars, send direct to the manufacturer, J. S. ROBERTSON, St. John, N.B.

DAVID MITCHELL, OYSTER RESTAURANT, 47 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.

Opposite the Country Market, and has fitted up a First-class, respectable Restaurant, where any one can get a good HOT DINNER from 12 to 2 o'clock, and OYSTERS, FRUIT, PASTRY and ICE CREAM at all hours.

CAFE ROYAL, Domville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets

MFALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. Pool Room in Connection.

WILLIAM CLARK, SAINT JOHN

Oyster House, 5 NORTH SIDE KING SQUARE.

—STRANGERS— Will do well to call at our Oyster Chowder. Clam Chowder, served daily at 10 CENTS A BOWL. Fresh Oysters served at all hours up to 12 p. m., and in all styles.

C. H. JACKSON, UNION LINE.

DAILY TRIPS TO AND FROM FREDERICTON. FARE ONE DOLLAR.

UNTIL further notice the steamers "DAVID WESTON" and "ACADIA" alternately will leave St. John for Fredericton and intermediate stops, every morning (Sunday excepted) at seven o'clock local time. And will leave Fredericton for St. John, etc., every morning (Sunday excepted) at seven o'clock.

Our usual popular Excursions out and back same day. To Hamstead and return 50c, an intermediate point, 60c. Tickets to Fredericton, etc., and from Fredericton to St. John, etc., issued on Saturdays at one fare. To return free on Monday following.

Steamer "DAVID WESTON" will leave St. John, North End, every SATURDAY EVENING at six o'clock, for Hamstead and intermediate stops.

Returning will leave Hamstead on MONDAY MORNING at 4.30 to arrive at St. John at 8.30. FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP, 50 CENTS.

R. E. HUMPHREY, Manager, Office at Wharf, North End, near Street Railway Terminal. H. CHEUBB & CO., Special Agents, Prince William Street.

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SAINT JOHN Academy. The aim of the school is to give good training. PUPILS can commence a month, or by PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. ASSISTANT—FRED H. Send for circular.

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48 KING STREET.

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School Books, a PARLOR
urchases, Coupons will
ayers of 50 cents worth

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INGTON has fitted up his
arriors in elegant style, and is now
his lady customers with the
best and cheapest goods
going will find this an excellent
the Lunch, or an Oyster Stew.
made to order in any quantities.
class.

LOTTE STREET.
ELL'S CAFE!

DAVID MITCHELL,
(successor to Mrs.
Whitman), has removed
hall either in city or country, needing comfortable
seats. For further information apply to
TAYLOR & DICKERILL,
St. John, N. B.

and has fitted up a First-
class, respectable Restau-
rant from 12 to 3 o'clock, and
PASTRY and ICE CREAM

Opposite the Country
Market,
and has fitted up a First-
class, respectable Restau-
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PASTRY and ICE CREAM

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ville Building,
and Prince Wm. Streets

AT ALL HOURS.
DINNER A SPECIALTY.

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er House,
SIDE KING SQUARE.

RANGERS—
at our place for Oyster Chowder,
served daily at 10 CENTS
A BOWL.

at all hours up to 12 p. m., and
in all styles.

JACKSON.
ON LINE.

Excursions up and back
and return 50c, any intermediate
etc., and from Fredericton
on Saturdays at one fare,
on Monday following.

ST. JOHN
Academy of Art.

STUDIO BUILDING: 74 GERMAIN ST.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

The aim of the school is to give pupils a
good training in
DRAWING and PAINTING.
Pupils can commence at any time—week,
month, or by the year.

PRINCIPAL—JOHN C. MILES, A.R.C.A.
ASSISTANT—FRED H. C. MILES.
Send for circular.

Autumn, 1890.

MILLINERY OPENING
TUESDAY, SEPT. 23rd.

French pattern Hats and
Bonnets, and Latest
MILLINERY NOVELTIES

SMITH BROS.
Granville and Duke Streets,
HALIFAX, N. S.

Shorthans
LADIES and GENTLEMEN desiring of obtain-
ing a thorough knowledge of Shorthand and
Type-writing and an acquaintance with the
of a business manager, should enter our evening
course—in session every evening (Saturdays
excepted), 7 to 9. Apply to
J. HARVEY PEPPER,
Conductor of Shorthand Department,
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FERGUSON & PAGE
Have a large and Well Assorted Stock
of all Goods pertaining to the Legal
Jewelry Business, and invite the in-
spection of intending purchasers.
Prices as low as good Goods can be
bought. Do not forget the place.

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A
GREAT
BARGAIN.
THE WONDER OF THE AGE!

ECLIPSE
DYES
A NEW IMPROVED DYE
FOR HOME DYEING.
Only Water required in Using.
10c a package. For sale everywhere. If
your dealer does not keep them,
send direct to the manufacturers,
J. S. ROBERTSON & CO.,
MONTREAL.

DELICATE
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GROCERS.
W. ALEX. PORTER,
Grocer and Fruit Dealer.

Family trade a specialty.
LARGEST STOCK, BEST ASSORTMENT and
cheapest all-round grocery for first-class goods.

BONNELL & COWAN,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Fine Groceries
AND FRUITS.
Teas and Sugars a specialty.
200 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

R. & F. S. FINLEY,
12 & 16 SYDNEY STREET,
Flour and Grain Store.
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES
AND PROVISIONS.

OYSTERS
—FOR THE—
SUMMER SEASON.
HAYING Bedded 600 Bbls. of selected P. E. I.
Oysters, will furnish daily fresh Raked Oysters,
wholesale or retail, at No. 19, N. S. King Square.

PADDOCK'S
Essence White Rose;
Jockey Club Bouquet;
Rondeletia;
Essence Bouquet;
Heliotrope, Patchouly.

ICE CREAM SODA!
DELICIOUS AND COOL.
THE DRINK OF THE SEASON.
—ALWAYS THE BEST AT—
CROCKETT'S Drug Store,
Corner Princess and Sydney streets.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE
Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Color.
They are the ONLY DYES that
WILL NOT WASH OUT!
WILL NOT FADE OUT!
There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring
or Fastness.
ONE Package EQUALS TWO of any other dye in the market.
If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be re-
funded if you are not satisfied after a trial. FIFTY
four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing
all new shades, and others are added as soon as they
become fashionable. They are warranted to dye
wool goods and do it better than any other Dye.

MOORE'S
Almond and Cucumber Cream,
—FOR—
SOFTENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN.
It will cure Chapped Hands, Face and Lips.
It cools the skin when hot, dry or painful from
exposure to sun or wind, or heated by exercise.
It removes Tan, Fungus, Scaly Eruptions and
Blackheads, and keeps the complexion clear and
brilliant.
An excellent application after shaving.
PRICE 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sample bottles, 10 cents.
Prepared by G. A. MOORE,
DRUGGIST,
100 BRUSSELS ST. cor. Richmond.

NEURALGIA.
Cronier's Neuralgia Pills.
A never-failing remedy for Neuralgia and
Headache.
For sale by
A. CHIPMAN SMITH & CO.,
Charlotte Street.

Wax Flower Materials!
Sheet Wax,
Flower Cutters,
White and Green Wire,
Leaf Moulds,
A New Supply just received by
PARKER BROS.
MARKET SQUARE.

POCKET MONEY FOR WIVES.

Some Timely Suggestions on a Subject of
Interest to Women.
One of the crying evils of the time, Mrs.
Alice E. Ives tells us in the *Forum*, is the
lack of pocket money, or pin money, for
married women, with its consequence of
their slavish pecuniary dependence on their
husbands.

She specifies her arguments with illustra-
tions drawn from actual life, where wives
of rich men maintaining luxurious pen-
sioners are kept practically penniless
themselves. Their husbands, with more or
less grumbling, pay their millinery bills, and
haberdashery bills, but leave them unpro-
vided with a private purse from which they
can draw at pleasure their little wants and
charities. If the wives need money, no
matter how little, they must beg it from
their lords, and give an exact account of
what they propose to do with it. They are
looked upon by their neighbors as rich and
enviable, but in truth they are poorer than
their poor servants, and with less liberty.
They are treated as if they were children
not to be trusted with money, and as of no
financial discretion.

Accordingly, after the manner of the en-
slaved, the wives are deceit and trickery to
obtain the few dollars they want to expend
on their own way. They "get their milliners
to send in a bill for forty dollars instead of
thirty, the real price, in order to take the
extra ten for themselves." Others of these
miserable creatures are too conscientious
in their attempts to escape from their
pecuniary bondage by secretly work-
ing for the pittance of the sewing girl,
whose independence they envy.

Of course she speaks with knowledge
and reveals the secrets of her sisters, as so
saying. Her testimony, and probably by
general observation, women who read these
words. It may be that the husbands are
not so penurious, but merely thoughtless,
not so selfish. They want pocket
money themselves, but they may forget
that their wives are themselves, but they
like freedom for themselves, but they
like freedom for their wives matrimony
imagine that with women matrimony
they prevent the development of business
sagacity in their wives by never allow-
ing them to cultivate it; and yet, as exam-
ples know from France and from the partners
in our own country, women are capable of
great shrewdness in affairs. A man's prop-
erty, as we all know, is oftentimes due to
the practical wisdom of his wife, and his
adversity comes from her folly and vanity.
Frequently the better head in the partner-
ship is the woman's. In general, if a woman
is worth anything, she is worthy of pecuniary
trust; she can be allowed to manage her
own money. Inasmuch as so many men
do not recognize this truth, self-reliant
women, who have learned how to support
themselves, Mrs. Ives further tells us
"shrink from marrying because they cannot
bear to be so dependent, thus leaving the
way open to weaker girls, who want most
of all to be cared for, with the consequence
of moral deterioration in the species.

That is a pretty large generalization, but
there is something in it. Very many wives
are fools when it comes to selecting a partner,
and mothers of fools, and the de-
velopment of the capacity for self-support
in girls undoubtedly tends to cultivate their
spirit of independence. Women who are
accustomed to earn money do not want to
beg it from husbands, and if matrimony
means a loss of independence in the household,
they prefer the partnership of mar-
riage to the partnership of matrimony. The
establishment should be held in com-
mon. They come in not as dependents,
but as equals; not as subordinates, but as
principals. They think that their moral
and sentimental value is the equivalent of
the cash capital put in by the men, who,
by asking the women to come into the
partnership, acknowledge that they cannot
get along without them.

That is an argument which has a great
deal in it, and if women generally saw its
force and acted accordingly, they would
unquestionably hold the whip hand in
matrimony. They could make the terms
to suit themselves, the more especially
when they were capable of self-mainten-
ance. But the trouble is that they fall in
love, and love is desperately illogical. It
is unconditioned, and only thinks about
parley for terms, and only thinks about
when its fever begins to cool. The terms
must be made by the sanity of parents,
and they should be so made.
Every girl who marries ought to be
assured of support that does not bring her
humiliation. She ought to have a purse of
her own, no matter how small. She
ought not to be made a beggar in the
household, a beggar, as so often happens,
according to Mrs. Ives, in the midst of
plenty.

The French custom of accumulating a
dowry for every daughter of a family, no
matter how humble, is altogether
sound. From the day the child is born
the money for the purpose is laid aside,
and as she grows she earns money for her-
self, she herself contributes to it. Then
when she marries she has a little money
capital of her own, with all the accruing
moral and material advantages. That is
the proper way, and as civilization and
population increase it will be the custom
here.—N. Y. Sun.

The Editor's Advice.
Young humorist (to the editor)—
"Have you looked over the comic sketches
I left with you?"
Editor—"I have."
Y. H.—"They ain't as good as I might
do if I hadn't so many other irons in the
fire."
Editor (handing back the manuscript)—
"Here they are, and I advise you—"
Y. H.—"Put them with the other irons."
—Texas Siftings.

Gloomy Times Ahead.
"Maria," said the capitalist, hoarsely,
"do you think you could give up
your beautiful home and go to live in a cheap
flat?"
"Why, John," exclaimed his wife, trem-
bling with apprehension, "what is the
matter?"
The broken man laid a document before
her, bowed his head, and groaned aloud.
It was the bill for the children's new
school books.—Chicago Tribune.

Long, Selected Their Case is Used in all
Chair Seating by Duval, 245 Union street.

GETTING EVEN WITH A HOTEL.

How to Square Up Accounts Before You
Leave.
I had a room next to a commercial
traveller in a St. Louis hotel, and when both
of us were packing up to go, after a stay
of three or four days, I heard a sudden
crash in his room and went in to ascertain
the cause. He had the lounge on its back,
and had broken off a leg.

"You see," he explained, in an answer
to my look of inquiry, "I am getting even
with the house."
"How do you mean?"
"Sit down, my dear fellow," he con-
tinued, as he reached up and cracked one
of the gas globes with the door key. "Let
us theorize a bit. The object of a hotel is
to furnish a temporary home for a man
away from his own. The idea is to feed
and lodge him and make him comfortable
for a money consideration. The rate here
is \$4 per day. Did you fee the porter for
bringing up your trunk?"
"Yes."
"So did I. That was sheer blackmail.
Did you fee your waiter?"
"So did I. We had to, or one wouldn't
be half waited on. That's more black-
mail. How was the gas in your room?"
"Very poor."
"Exactly. It is turned off so that no
one can get half a light. That's a fraud
on the guests. Did you drink at the bar?"
"I got a glass of beer."
"And they charged you ten cents, and
the glass was only a pony. They made
fully 700 per cent. profit on that beer.
That is extortion. Did you have ice water
at night?"
"Yes, two or three times."
"And you gave the bell boy a dime each
time. You felt that you had to. He felt
that you ought to, and stood waiting for it.
That was more extortion. Did the mos-
quitoes bother you any?"
"Yes, nearly ate me up."
"And why not? There's not a screen
of any sort at any window in the whole
house. In other words, the landlord
hasn't the slightest care for your comfort.
He won't go to the least cost or trouble to
give you a good night's sleep. Buy any
cigars in the hotel?"
"Yes."
"Well, they made from 150 to 200 per
cent. on them. Have any laundry?"
"Yes."
"Well, they charged you from 75 to 100
per cent. above outside prices. Perhaps
you had a coupe?"
"Yes."
"Ordered it through the office, prob-
ably?"
"Yes."
"Well, you paid from 25 to 50 per cent.
above regular outside rates. A man took
your hat at the dining-room door. He is
stationed there to bleed the public, and he
bled you. If you got shaved, you paid 25
per cent. over outside rates. Same if you
got a shine on your shoes. As a matter
of fact, you have been blackmailed and
robbed from basement to top story. Now,
then, how are you going to get even?"
"I don't know."

"Then listen," I have broken a leg off
that lounge. The fact won't be discovered
for a week or two. No one can say I broke
this globe. I take this bottle of ink and
pour it on the carpet and move the bureau
up to it. If you get a shine on your shoes,
I'll take a month. I take this paper and
crowd it into the overflow pipe of the wash-
and three or four days hence they
will have to call a plumber. Now, with
my knife I crack two of the upper panes
of this window. The pieces will work loose
before snow flies. I crack these bureau
drawers so and so, and shut them up, so
that I will give the carpenter a job. That's
all, I guess, and I'll leave it to any fair-
minded man if I have more than eleven
pounds.—N. Y. Sun.

Force of Habit.
Harry—"Dearest, I love you better than
any one on earth. If you will consent to
be mine I will be your humble slave until
death calls me hence. My heart is wholly
yours. I love you distractedly. If this
does not satisfy you of my devotion, what
will?"
Dearest—"Cash!"
She was a saleslady, and the word came
to her lips by force of habit. But it
came like a cruel blow, and Harry with a
great gulp of sorrow turned away and
went out into the silent night to tell his grief
to the cold unfeeling stars in the ebon vault
above.—Boston Transcript.

Poor Little Cub.
"Poor little fellow," said the sympathetic
lady to the urchin who was trudging along
with books and slats under his arm, "aren't
you sorry to have to go back to school?"
Still, I suppose you manage to have a great
many good times."
"Yes," was the reply, "I do. I put
a lizard in the teacher's desk, and musliage
in her ink and dropped my slate on Johnny
Flynn's sore toe, and put limberger cheese
in the pump, and school ain't really opened
yet, either."—Washington Post.

JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE LINIMENT
ESTABLISHED 1810
UNLIKE ANY OTHER.
As much
INTERNAL AS EXTERNAL USE.
Originated by an Old Family Physician in 1810.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION
HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.
THINK OF IT!
In use over 70 years. It is sixty years since I first
used it. It is the best remedy for the common
headache, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, and
all the pains of the body. It is also a good
remedy for the common cold, cough, croup, and
sore throat. It is also a good remedy for the
common skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis,
and itching. It is also a good remedy for the
common eye diseases, such as conjunctivitis,
catarrh, and inflammation. It is also a good
remedy for the common ear diseases, such as
otitis media, and inflammation. It is also a
good remedy for the common nose diseases,
such as rhinitis, and inflammation. It is also
a good remedy for the common throat diseases,
such as pharyngitis, and inflammation. It is
also a good remedy for the common chest
diseases, such as bronchitis, and inflammation.
It is also a good remedy for the common
stomach diseases, such as indigestion, and
inflammation. It is also a good remedy for
the common liver diseases, such as hepatitis,
and inflammation. It is also a good remedy
for the common kidney diseases, such as
nephritis, and inflammation. It is also a
good remedy for the common bladder
diseases, such as cystitis, and inflammation.
It is also a good remedy for the common
prostate diseases, such as prostaticitis, and
inflammation. It is also a good remedy for
the common urethra diseases, such as ureth-
ritis, and inflammation. It is also a good
remedy for the common genital diseases,
such as gonorrhea, and inflammation. It is
also a good remedy for the common venereal
diseases, such as syphilis, and inflammation.
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STEAMERS.

STMR. "BELLISLE"
FOR HATFIELD'S POINT, and Intermediate
Stops, for about 30 miles on St. JOHN RIVER
and 12 miles on BELLEFLEUR BAY.
Leaving INDIAN TOWN TUESDAY, THURSDAY and
SATURDAY at 12.30. Returns alternate days, start-
ing at 7 a. m. Tickets SATURDAY, good to return
MONDAY, at ONE FARE.

EXCURSIONS!
Hampton and St. John.
STEAMER "CLIFTON"
WILL, in addition to regular trips on Mondays,
Wednesdays and Saturdays, make an Excursion
Trip every THURSDAY, leaving Indian town
at 9 o'clock, a. m., and Hampton at 3 p. m. same
day—calling at Clifton both ways. Fare for round
trip, FIFTY CENTS. No Excursion on rainy days.
R. G. EARLE, Manager.

NEW YORK, MAINE & NEW BRUNSWICK
S. S. COMPANY.
Steamer "Winthrop,"
H. H. HOMER, COMMANDER.

WILL sail from Pier 15, East River, New York,
every SATURDAY at 5 p. m., for BAR HARBOR,
Eastport, and St. John, TUESDAYS
at 3 p. m., local.
For further information, apply to
H. D. McLEOD, Agents,
General Freight and Passenger Agent,
Or at the Office in the Company's Warehouse, on
the New York Pier, North Side.

WEYMOUTH S. S. COMPANY
Limited.
S. S. "WEYMOUTH,"
Capt. J. D. PAYSON.

STEAMER "Weymouth" leaves WEYMOUTH
every Tuesday for St. John, returning, leaves
New York S. S. Co.'s Wharf, every Wednesday,
at 9 p. m. Leaves Weymouth every Friday for
Yarmouth. Returning leaves Yarmouth, every
Saturday, at 2 p. m.
Will call at Westport, Freeport, Metheun, and
Sandy Cove, and also at Cape Cove when passengers
or freight offer.
Freight taken on through Bills of Lading to and
from New York, via New York S. S. Co.'s steamers.
For further particulars as to hours of leaving
Weymouth, see time tables.

1890 SEASON. 1890
St. John, GRAND LAKE
—AND—
St. John, SALMON RIVER.
And all Intermediate Stopping Places.

THE reliable steamer "MAY QUEEN," C. W.
BLANKEN, Master, having been put in thorough
repair, will start on her regular route, leaving
New York, via New York S. S. Co.'s steamers,
SATURDAY morning, at 8 o'clock, local time.
Returning will leave Salmon River on MONDAY
and TUESDAY mornings, touching at Glasgow
Wharf each way. Will run on West Side of Long
Island.

FARE—St. John and Salmon River or Range—\$1.25
Or Return Tickets good for 30 days, continuous
passage—\$2.00.
This "Old Favorite" Excursion Steamer can be
chartered on reasonable terms on Tuesday and
Friday of each week.
All Freight must be prepaid, unless when accom-
panied by owner, in which case it can be settled for
on board.
All Freight at owner's risk after being discharged
from steamer.
Freight received Tuesdays and Fridays.
W. M. McMULLEN,
C. BABBIT,
Manager.

NEW YORK
Steamship Co.
THE REGULAR LINE.
THE IRON STEAMSHIP
VALENCIA!

(1600 tons, CAPT. F. C. MILLER), leaves
ST. JOHN FOR NEW YORK,
via Eastport, Me., Rockland, Me., and Cottage City,
Mass., every
FRIDAY, AT 4 P. M.,
(Eastern Standard Time). Returning, steamer
will leave
Pier 40, East River, Foot of Pike Street,
New York, every Tuesday, at 5 p. m.,
for ROCKLAND, ME., EASTPORT, ME., and
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Freight on through bills of lading to and from
all points south and west of New York, and
from New York to all points in the Maritime
Provinces. Cheapest Rates and Lowest Rates.
Shippers and Importers save TIME AND
MONEY by ordering goods to be forwarded by the
New York Steamship Company.
Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on the
International Railway. For further information,
call on or address,
N. L. NEWCOOMB, General Manager,
25 Broadway, New York,
or FRANK ROWAN, Agent,
N. Y. S. S. Co.'s Wharf, rear of Custom House,
Saint John, N. B.

International Steamship Co.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
Three Trips a Week for Boston.

ON and after MAY 5, the
Steamers of this Com-
pany will leave St. John for
Eastport, Portland and
Boston, every MONDAY, WED-
NESDAY and FRIDAY
mornings, at 1.25, standard.
Returning, will leave Boston
same days at 8.30 a. m.,
standard, and Portland at 1.00
p. m. for Eastport and Saint
John.

Connections at Eastport with steamer "Rose
Standish" for Saint Andrews, Calais and Saint
Stephen.
Freight received daily up to 5 p. m.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—On and after
SATURDAY, AUGUST 10th, and up to and in-
cluding SEPTEMBER 10th, a steamer will
leave St. John for Boston direct every SATURDAY
EVENING, at 6.35 standard time.
C. E. LARLER,
Agent.

RAILWAYS

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
(New Brunswick Division).
"ALL RAIL LINE" TO BOSTON, &c.
"THE SHORT LINE" TO MONTREAL, &c.

Commencing Aug. 10, 1890.
PASSENGER TRAINS WILL LEAVE INTER
COLONIAL RAILWAY Station, St. John, at
16.35 a. m.—Flying Yankee for Bangor, Portland,
Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews,
Houlton, Woodstock and points North.
BUFFET PARLOR CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
18.45 a. m.—Accommodation for Bangor, Portland,
Boston, etc.; Fredericton, St. Stephen, Houlton and
Woodstock.
14.45 p. m.—Express for Fredericton and inter-
mediate points.
8.45 p. m.—Night Express for Bangor, Portland,
Boston and points west; (for Houlton, Woodstock,
St. Stephen, Presque Isle, etc.)
FULLMAN SLEEPING CAR ST. JOHN TO BANGOR.
10.45 p. m.—Fast Express, via "Short Line," for
Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and St. Montreal.
CANADIAN PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR ON MONDAY
RETURNING TO ST. JOHN FROM
Montreal, 17.45 p. m. Can. Pac. Sleeping Car at
Bangor at 15.45 a. m., 13.20 p. m. Parlor Car at
Bangor at 17.35 p. m. of this Railway attached.
Vanboro at 1.00, 10.30 a. m.; 11.00 p. m.
Woodstock at 11.25, 11.00 a. m.; 11.30, 8.15 p. m.
Houlton at 11.25, 11.00, 11.45 a. m.; 8.20 p. m.
St. Stephen at 11.50, 11.25 a. m.; 10.30 p. m.
Fredericton at 12.00, 10.30 a. m.; 13.15 p. m.
Arriving in St. John at 8.40, 18.30 a. m.; 11.15,
17.00, 10.30 p. m.

LEAVE CARLTON FOR FAIRVILLE.
17.55 a. m. for Fairville and West.
14.30 p. m.—Connecting with 4.45 p. m. train from
St. John.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME.
Trains marked * run daily; except Sunday.
† Daily except Saturday. ‡ Daily except Monday.
H. D. TIMMERMAN, Gen. Supt.
C. E. McPHERSON, Dist. Pass. Agent.

Intercolonial Railway.
1890—Summer Arrangement—1890
ON and after MONDAY, 9th JUNE, 1890,
the trains of this Railway will run daily
(Sunday excepted) as follows—
TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton—7.00
Accommodation for Point du Cheval—11.00
Fast Express for Halifax—11.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal—12.30
Express for Halifax—12.30
A Parlor Car runs each way daily on Express
trains leaving Halifax at 6.30 o'clock and St. John
at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Que-
bec and Montreal leave St. John at 18.35 and take
Sleeping Car at Montreal.
Sleeping Cars are attached to through night Ex-
press trains between St. John and Halifax.
TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Halifax (Monday excepted)—6.10
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec
(Monday excepted)—6.35
Accommodation from Point du Cheval—12.30
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton—12.45
Day Express from Quebec and Montreal—12.50
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi—12.50
The 6.30 train from Halifax will arrive at St. John
at 5.30 Sunday, along with the express from Mon-
trécal and Quebec, but neither of these trains run
Monday. A train will start from St. John at 8.30
a. m., arriving at St. George, 4.30, St. Stephen,
6.30 p. m. Leave St. Stephen, 7 a. m., arriving St.
John, 11.30 a. m. Baggage and Freight received at
St. John at 11.30 a. m. and at Montreal at 11.30 a. m.
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and
from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated
by steam from the locomotive.
All trains run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Shore Line Railway.
COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, June 18th,
Trains will leave St. John daily (Sundays ex-
cepted) East Side (Ferry) at 1.40 p. m., West Side
at 2.00 p. m., arriving at St. George, 4.30, St. Stephen,
6.30 p. m. Leave St. Stephen, 7 a. m., arriving St.
John, 11.30 a. m. Baggage and Freight received at
St. John at 11.30 a. m. and at Montreal at 11.30 a. m.
FRANK

