

LEFT TO GO TO RUIN.

NEGLECTED, DESERTED, ABANDONED HAYMARKET SQUARE.

The Polymorphian Club spent time and money on it, but the authorities, after taking charge of it, calmly shut their eyes to its needs.

The St. John aldermen, or more properly the public squares committee of the common council, richly deserve the censure of the people of St. John, particularly those living in the vicinity of Haymarket square, for the way they have treated the Polymorphian club. No organization of the kind has done more for the city. Their splendid parade of five years ago will long be remembered; but that was nothing compared with the great efforts that have been put forth by the club to beautify that part of the city known as the Haymarket square.

After three years of hard work on the part of nearly every member, and the drawing of considerable money out of their own pockets, they presented to the city a beautiful square, a drinking fountain that far surpasses anything of its kind in the city, or perhaps province, and a bandstand which should make the aldermen blush every time they look at it and think of the unsightly pile of boards that adorns King square.

And how did the council show their appreciation of the work of the club?

Some fine speeches were made when the fountain was presented to the city, and that was all the members of the club got for their labor.

They did not ask any favors of the aldermen, but expected that when the fountain and square passed out of the hands of the club the city would look after them. In this they were disappointed.

Beyond cutting a few walks in the square the city has done nothing, and if the present indifference on the part of the square committee continues the place bids fair to become even more unsightly than it was when piles of cordwood covered every part of it. And a week's work of a few men is all that is needed to make it one of the pleasantest spots in St. John.

The fence has been torn down in places and the grass will soon be as long on the walks as it is in the rest of the square, and that is saying a good deal. Members of the club and others who planted trees in the square, find them broken and pulled out by the roots. Should the chief of police see a little child pulling a leaf off a tree on King square he would frighten the youngster nearly to death; but no one asks who pulls up the young trees on Haymarket square. They don't need protection, it appears. Only the trees on King square that have been there for 40 years need that.

The police seem to think they are not called upon to look after the trees or fences on Haymarket square. They never received any instructions, and in fact some of them do not know that the city owns it.

Street Superintendent Martin looks after the city's interests like all the rest of them. When the city bought the seats that are now to be seen on all the squares, six were set apart for Haymarket square. They were put out and would probably have remained there till doomsday if some members of the Polymorphian club had not put them under cover when winter came. This summer Mr. Martin was requested to have the seats placed on the square again; and of course he said he would. They were carried to the square by members of the club and remain there still, all on one walk where they were left, but no men ever appeared to place them about the square.

How about the drinking fountain? Well, it's in good order; but at night one would have to take a lantern to find it, although a fine globe and gas jet is on top of it. But there is no gas.

It is indeed a pity that this neglectfulness should go on. Anyone taking a walk through the square, as it is at present, would be surprised to find what a fine place it is, and would see at once how much prettier it would be did it receive the attention it should.

When the band plays on Haymarket square, members of the club who are not yet completely disgusted with the indifference shown by the council, have to provide lights for them. An electric light could be placed on the band stand at very small expense, and, besides being a benefit to the band, the hundreds who walk along the sidewalks and stumble over railway tracks could make use of the walks in the square, which are numerous enough and long enough to accommodate all. As it is at present, one cannot walk comfortably in the square without a torch.

The Polymorphian club has nearly 200 members, the majority of whom are pretty indignant at the way they have been treated by the city council. The club has always been a great power in certain wards when the civic elections come round, and it is hinted that if things continue as they are at present, some persons are likely to be disagreeably surprised next April.

The Big Raft.

Mr. Henry Gaskin's verses describing the model, builders and launching of the Robertson raft have been published in neat style, and may be ordered by mail, for 10 cents a copy, from T. O'Brien & Co.

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

EXCITEMENT OFF THE FIELD.

What People Did While Waiting for the Results of the National-St. Stephen Game.

Was the town excited? Well, perhaps. The great boat race in which the renowned Renforth lost his life, nearly lost its hold as the most exciting sporting event in the history of St. John.

St. John vs. Boston, and St. John won. The excitement on the cricket grounds can well be imagined, but how was it around town, with those who were unable to see the game?

Deforest & March did a grand thing in giving the results to the excited crowds on King street.

Employers and employed seemed all alike, and the "last boy" of nearly every firm in town nearly ran his legs off going to look at the blackboard every fifteen minutes, and returning with the results to the men in the shops.

The Nationals two ahead. The boys bounded away like deers to give the news to their friends. Everybody who had 25 cents to spare had it up on the club he thought would win, and was anxious to hear the latest news. Then the score was 8 to 5 in favor of Boston. The crowd looked glum.

Another bulletin: St. Stephen, 8; Nationals, 7. That looked better. A ray of hope swept over the faces of the crowd. But it is the 8th inning. Can the Nationals do it? Everybody asked the question, and all hoped they could. The telephone in the store is ringing, and at every window a crowd of boys stand with their faces close against the glass, breathlessly trying to hear the latest. They rush to the front of the store, shouting, "8, 8." But the crowd can't believe it. The bulletin is put out, and the crowd sends up a cheer.

"Who is pitching?"

A man coming out of the store says, "They have put Robinson in the box and the visitors can't bat him."

Tenth inning: 0, 0.

The crowd tried to talk, but every man had a lump in his throat and was afraid of making a fool of himself. The old and young were alike. The old man tried to explain the game to his friend, all the time keeping him informed that the St. John boys were playing Boston and that St. John was likely to win. The boys couldn't keep still. The apprentice sent out on an errand, went three blocks out of his way to see the bulletin board and "the boss" never asked what kept him. Then he explained just how it was to the excited crowd that gathered round him in the shop and everybody was happy.

People who could not leave their stores stood in the doorways and anxiously asked for the latest, from everybody who passed. Men and boys working on second stories, made the score on their fingers to people on the street, and those passing—it did not matter who he was—stuck up 8 fingers twice and then stuck up 10 fingers, which signified 10 innings.

"Who is batting?" The crowd didn't know. Word passed around that the Nationals had made a score. Is it true? The board is not out yet. The visitors are batting. Oh! Robinson, blaze them in.

The crowd of boys rushed to the front of the store. The Nationals blanked them. The man came out with the board and hung it up: "Nationals win, 11th inning—9, 8."

Hurrah! The crowd could not help it. Everybody looked at the board to make sure, then bounded away, smiling away down in his boots. Everybody told everybody else, whether everybody else knew or not. Some lost money by betting on the Boston club, but they were not sorry. Six o'clock did not come too soon, and it is altogether probable that as much work was done after six as before.

Was everybody happy? All but a few, but that few would never be pleased—so all St. John was delighted.

Something About Money Orders.

The money order office in the St. John post-office handles all the money orders sent from the maritime provinces to the United States, and a good round sum they amount to each week.

The average range is from \$4,000 to \$10,000. Very often the latter figure is exceeded by several thousands, but seldom does the amount fall below \$4,000. This does not include the hundreds of orders sent from one office to another in Canada, but simply to the United States, and will give some idea of the business done in small things between the two countries. Money orders seldom exceed \$50, but a notable exception to this was the transmission of \$600 to British Columbia, a few days ago, in this way, at a cost of something over \$3, the cheapest and as safe a way as could be had.

Buy Your Coal Now.

Long before cold weather comes, coal will probably be selling for \$5.75 a ton.

"We have filled one contract, this summer, for \$4.80," said a prominent dealer, this week, "but, at that time, \$5 was the ruling price. The last of July, an advance of 25 cents was made on that figure, and 50 cents more is likely to be added by October. The reason is to be found in two facts: the strikes last summer exhausted the reserve stocks at the collieries, and coal rates have advanced because of the demand for vessels in the oil-carrying trade. Sensible people will buy their coal now."

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

MONCTON SOCIETY.

Just at present the all absorbing topic with us is the water supply, and we are all mildly excited about its purity—or rather to be correct, about its impurity. I say mildly excited, advisedly, for it takes a great deal to convince a true Monctonian that Moncton water is not good. If contentment be a virtue, then we are a truly virtuous people, for our distinguishing characteristic is a cheerful satisfaction with things as they are. We really like the water; we hold it lovingly up to the light, and gloat over it, as a *bon vivant* gloats over his old port, and we say, "the color is rather dark, but no darker than lager beer, and there's nothing insipid about it, it has some *taste*," and as each man thinks his watch keeps the only correct time, so we are quite sure that the water from our own kitchen tap is just a shade better than any other in town; and, after all, to give the water supply its due, there is a strong vigorous individuality about Moncton water that can never fail to assert itself under any circumstances. I verily believe that if I were to encounter in some far off tropical clime a bottle of Moncton water, which had been preserved as a natural curiosity, I should recognize it, at the first glance, and while tears of joy coursed down my homesick face, stretching out my arms to clasp it to my heart, I would murmur, in a voice choked by emotion, "Moncton! dear Moncton! home of my youth, when shall I again behold thee!!!"

I tried to buy a copy of *PROGRESS*, last week, but there was not one left, so, like *Oliver Twist*, we still ask for more.

CECIL GWYNNE.

LIFE AT THE BEACHES.

RICHMOND, Aug. 7.—Will you kindly allow me space in the columns of your valuable paper to tell my less fortunate friends some of the ways in which the favored ones who are lucky enough to be sojourning under Mr. Phair's hospitable roof make life happy?

You must be told at once (in case you are not posted) that "The Beaches" is situated in one of the most charming spots in New Brunswick. Let me draw a pen picture for the benefit of your readers. The hotel is a three-story building only, but occupies a great deal of ground room. Galleries, upper and lower, run around the sides. All the windows command delightful views of the harbor. Directly opposite the hotel and connected by a long bridge, is "The Island"—the flirtation ground of "The Beaches." The bathing houses are here, as is also a very pretty pagoda summer house, which, if it did speak, most marvelous tales would tell.

We are an awfully lazy, happy lot; sleeping, eating, bathing, flirting, are the four important duties of the 24 hours. Then there are the extras, dancing, billiards, tennis, boating, a little fishing, and on Sunday a little (a very little) religion. I am sure you will agree with me, that life at "The Beaches" is a charming summer dream. Alas! the awaking comes all too soon.

Among the guests here at present are Mr. and Mrs. Howard Troop of St. John. Their party comprises the Misses Troop, and Mr. and Mrs. Miss Parker of New York. Miss Troop and Miss Parker are considered the belles, or perhaps I should more truthfully say, they share the honor with Miss Dora Brown of Quebec.

Would you like me to tell you all about the tableau we had last week? Mrs. Brown was the leading spirit, and the energy that worthy lady displayed was perfectly wonderful. Even now I despairingly ask, How did she do it? Well, the evening arrived, and after paying my 10 cents (the proceeds went for the benefit of the poor, I believe), I entered the crowded ball-room. The villagers turned out in full force (by the way, they have some wonderfully good-looking girls in Richmond); and Mrs. Brown and the actors have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with the whole affair. One very taking tableau, was Mrs. Phair as the Duchess of Devonshire. The get-up suited Mrs. Phair's style, and it was really good. Mrs. Archibald, as Joan of Arc, made a decided hit, and she was almost lost to view under a shower of bouquets of buttercups and daisies, her many admirers displaying their appreciation in this way. Dr. Botsford, as "Blue Beard," was perfectly ideal; but to my mind the gem of the evening was one portraying "Old Age and Youth." In it little Gretchen Phair was a perfect vision of infantile loveliness.

Among other amusements, we have had a drive whist party. There were eight tables. The evening was almost too glorious to spend around a card table. However, we played till eleven, and the prizes were well given. The ladies' prize (an elegant little affair for the back of a chair) was won by Miss Botsford, of Fredericton, her partner being Mr. Harris, of Moncton, who received the gentlemen's prize, a dainty article for holding matches. Mrs. Archibald, of Moncton, and Mr. Hatt, of Fredericton, were the delighted recipients of the booty prizes.

Yes, there is no doubt "The Beaches" is a most desirable place to spend a few days. Even a rainy day loses its terrors there, for one can play billiards and bagatelle, flirt and dance, while the older married ladies can do their crochet work (Mrs. Brown's *dele noir*) and gossip.

How we will all miss Mr. Storer; he is the life of the hotel. He leaves Mr. Will Storer, I believe, and that young gentleman has awakened up, to a large extent, since the arrival of beloved countrywoman. Still we'll miss "Pop."

We all regretted the departure of Mrs. Hayward of St. John, who was such a general favorite, and Mrs. Hatt of Fredericton. That is the worst of a summer hotel. One is always losing one's new-found friends.

I have been told that one element is wanting at the hotel this summer: An engaged couple were there the last season, and they, I understand, inaugurated what is styled "the wharf act," viz., viewing the moon in the most sentimental manner possible from the wharf on the island. A young lady showed me how it was done. It was wonderfully pleasant! I am sure if you know of a pair of lovers who would like to spend a few days at the seaside, you could not do the pair a better turn than to advise the lady's mamma to take her to "The

Beaches," and the intended, if he takes my advice, will soon follow—for of all delightful spots in this lovely country of ours let me single out a moonlight evening, spent with a pleasant companion, in the summer house on the "Idylwild."

CELEBRITIES AT INCH-ARRAN.

RICHMOND, N. B., Aug. 7.—Arrivals are still numerous, and the guests are settling down to amusements of various descriptions. The gentlemen guests chartered the steamer *Admiral*, and issued invitations to the lady guests for an excursion to Carleton, having lunch on board, and a very pleasant day was enjoyed. Other picnics have been held, as also numerous 5 o'clock teas. The children had a ball, last evening, which was attended by all the little ones who were able to trip the light fantastic, and all hearts were as "merrie as a marriage bell."

The first ball will be held in course of a few days.

On Sunday evening, service was held in the parlors, and a handsome collection realized for the benefit of repairs to the church in Dalhousie.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald are still here enjoying the sea breezes. Many guests are yet expected and it is anticipated that this will prove the most successful season yet for this famous summer resort.

The following are among the arrivals since the 1st of August:

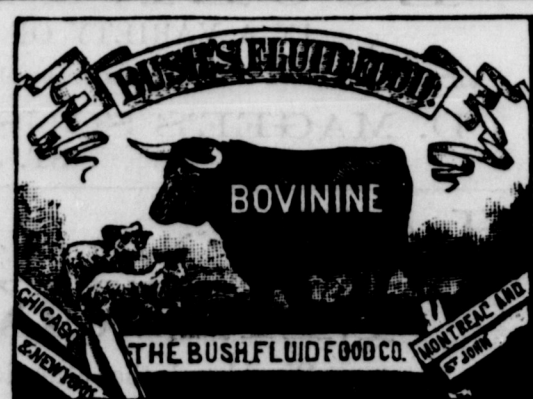
Dr. and Mrs. Harrison, Fredericton;
Mr. and Mrs. J. Armstrong, Sorel;
Dr. Bergeon, M. P., Cornwall;
Mrs. Warrington, Montreal;
Mr. and Mrs. Auguste Tellur, Rimouski;
Mr. Chas. Langshir, Quebec;
Mr. L. Tache, Quebec;
Madame Caron, Quebec;
Mr. Edward Caron, Quebec;
Mr. Paul Caron, Quebec;
Sanford Fleming, M. G., Halifax;
J. Worthington, Toronto;
Owen Jones, New Zealand;
Mr. John A. Lyons and children, Moncton;
John Sivewright, Bathurst;
Dr. Ferguson, M. P., wife and children, Niagara Falls;

Miss Jamieson, Montreal;
Dr. Grasset and wife, Toronto;
Mr. F. C. Skilton, Montreal;
H. A. Goyette, Ottawa;
Mr. and Mrs. Hugh H. McLean, St. John;
Master McLean, St. John;
James Robinson, Derby;
W. A. Park, Newcastle;
T. E. Hodgson, Montreal;
C. N. Armstrong, Montreal;
Dr. Thorburn, Toronto;
Daniel A. Rose, Toronto;
John L. Harris, Moncton;
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Price, Moncton;
Dr. and Mrs. Bourque, Moncton;
Mrs. LaVash, Moncton;
Miss Mercier, Montreal;
Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Hatten, Montreal;
Selkirk Cross, Montreal;
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Simonton, Pennsylvania;
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Simonton, Pennsylvania;
Misses Annie and Helen Simonton, Pennsylvania;
Franklin Carter, Williamstown, Mass.;
Miss Carter, Williamstown, Mass.;
Master F. Carter, Williamstown, Mass.;
Mr. and Mrs. H. Denison, Williamstown, Mass.;
Mr. J. Hopkins Denison, Williamstown, Mass.;
R. C. Lyman, Montreal;
H. H. Lyman, Montreal;
E. E. Phair, The Beaches;
H. J. Phair, The Beaches;
Miss L. Stevens, Newton Centre;
Charles Hillson, Amherst;
Ernest Paquod, Quebec;
Jesse Joseph, Montreal;
G. B. Cramp, Montreal;
Miss Cramp, Montreal;
Miss Annie Loggie, Fredericton;
Miss Jennie Barclay, Bale Side, Jacquet River;
Miss Sadie Barclay, Bale Side, Jacquet River.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

ST. ANDREWS, Aug. 8.—The following are the recent arrivals at the Hotel Argyle:

Mrs. A. W. Sawyer, Calais;
Miss Millie Sawyer, Calais;
F. T. Proctor, Boston;
F. Todd, Calais;
Robt. S. Gardiner and wife, Newton, Mass.;
Miss Franc Gardiner, Newton, Mass.;
Miss Alice Gardiner, Newton, Mass.;
Miss Dora G. Gardiner, Newton, Mass.;
J. C. Kittredge, Newton, Mass.;
Eugene F. Fay, Brookline, Mass.;
Moses L. Stevens, Newton Centre;
Charles J. Parsons, Brighton;
Mrs. E. F. Botterell, Montreal;
Miss Botterell, Montreal;
J. McIntire and wife, Houlton, Me.;
H. T. Frisbee and wife, Houlton, Me.;
W. Mansur and wife, Houlton, Me.;
Mr. H. F. Harmon, Houlton, Me.;
Mrs. F. A. Powers, Houlton, Me.;
W. H. Bowker and wife, Boston;
John E. Weld, Savannah, Ga.;
W. A. Simonds and wife, St. John;
H. F. Todd and wife, St. Stephen;
Miss Margaret Todd, St. Stephen;
H. C. Copeland, Calais;
Mrs. E. G. King, Calais;
Mrs. E. B. Lee, Calais;
Mrs. A. E. Taylor, Calais;
Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Cobb, Brookline, Mass.;
Dr. G. L. S. Jameson, Philadelphia, Penn.;
Rev. C. W. Knauff and wife, Bordenstown, N. J.;
Master Grant Knauff, Bordenstown, N. J.;
Miss M. W. Grant, Bordenstown, N. J.;
Mrs. J. N. Clark, St. Stephen;
Miss Mollie Clark, St. Stephen;
J. M. Murchie and wife, St. Stephen;
Miss Nettie Murchie, St. Stephen;
Miss Tucker, St. Stephen;
F. J. Smith, St. Stephen;
Miss Bertie Smith, St. Stephen;
E. G. Lee and wife, Calais;
G. D. MacNicol, Calais;
F. L. Sheppardson and wife, Worcester, Mass.;
Mrs. John Grant, St. Stephen;
Jas. G. Stevens, St. Stephen;
J. M. Stevens, St. Stephen;
A. Stevens, Decatur, Ill.;
A. A. Cullinan, Calais;
Miss Kelly, Calais;
Miss Washburn, Calais;
J. L. Thomas, Calais;
Miss Maggie McKean, St. John;
Miss Peters, Moncton;
C. Fred Stuart, St. Stephen;
G. H. Paine, Eastport;
G. W. Ganong, St. Stephen;
Mrs. G. W. Ganong, St. Stephen;
Miss Robinson, St. Stephen;
Walter Mansur, Houlton;
H. F. Frisby, Houlton;
A. E. Vell, Calais;
Mrs. J. D. Chipman, St. Stephen;
Miss Cullinan, Calais;
Miss A. Cullinan, Calais;
P. C. and Mrs. Todd, St. Stephen;
Miss Bolton, St. Stephen;
J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen.



NEW YORK, May 22nd, 1888.

GENTLEMEN:—I have found BOVINE of great value in my family, especially with the baby, who was unable to retain any food until we began the use of your preparation. I think it saved her life.

Very respectfully,
C. H. PINKHAM,
President Bank of Harlem.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 3rd, 1887.

I have been prescribing Bovinine in hospital and private practice for the past two or three years, in cases of mal-nutrition, wasting, produced by typhoid fever, tuberculosis and allied conditions, and find it of marked benefit in sustaining the strength of the patient. I usually combine it with milk.

D. A. K. STEELE, M.D.,
President of the Chicago Medical Society and Professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

Lunch and Fancy Baskets, Express Wagons, Wheelbarrows, Fishing Poles, Hooks, Lines,

Accordeons, Concertinas,
School Bags, Slates, Pencils, Books, Ink, Mucilage, Blank and Memo. Books
Dolls, Toys, Balls, Bats, Etc., Etc., at

WATSON & CO.'S, Cor. Charlotte and Union Streets.

Branch Store Corner Charlotte and Princess Streets.

McCAFFERTY & DALY,

King Street.

MIDSUMMER SALE.

Clearing Out all our Spring and Summer Goods.

DRESS GOODS from 10 cents per yard;
MEN'S SHIRTS AND DRAWERS from 25 cents;
MEN'S AND BOYS' TWEEDS from 12 cents;
PARASOLS AND SUNSHADES at half price;
TRIMMING SILKS, SATINS, BROCADES, WATERED SILKS, PLUSHES, VELVETENS, reduced 25 per cent.;
DRESS GIMPS, New Styles, 60c., for 45c.; do. do. \$1.00 for 75c.;
LISLE GLOVES, TAFFATA GLOVES, PURE SILK GLOVES, at greatly reduced prices;
ALI-WOOL GREY FLANNELS, 21 cents;
100 PAIRS BLANKETS at special low prices to clear.

All Our Stock Proportionately Low.

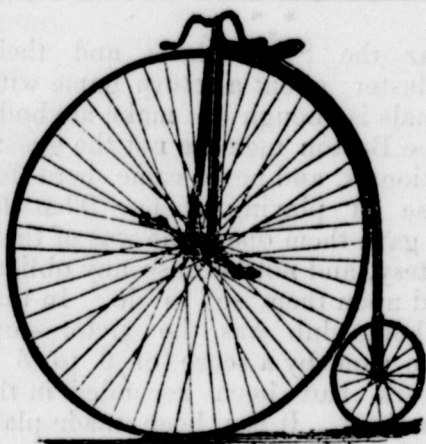
McCAFFERTY & DALY.

Rudge Bicycles,

Nos. 1, 2 and 3,

\$55, \$75 and \$115.

We have just received another supply of these World-Renowned Machines.



The St. John track record for one mile in 3-17/32, was made on an ordinary Rudge, No. 1, roadster.
T. H. HALL - - - 46 and 48 King Street,
Sole Agent for New Brunswick.

CHILDREN'S Spring Heel A. H. MARTIN, SHOES Watch Maker

JUST RECEIVED.
Also a Full Stock of
Ladies and Gents Fine Shoes
For Summer.
Best place in town to get Shoes.
S. H. SPILLER,
167 Union Street.

167---Union Street---167

167 Union Street.

Progress Is No Stranger

TO THE BELL CIGAR FACTORY.

Established April 21, 1884, we have doubled our production every year, and today we are making more and better Cigars than any other two factories in the maritime provinces.

We never misrepresented the filler of the BELL Cigar to the public. We don't pretend to give the public a clear Havana Cigar for 5 cents; but if smokers will cut the BELL Cigar open and compare it with other advertised cigars, they will find that THE BELL is made of WHOLE LEAF while others are filled with sweepings.

BELL & HIGGINS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

American Steam Laundry.

The Subscribers beg leave to inform the Public that they have opened

A STEAM LAUNDRY

—AT—

Nos. 52 and 54 Canterbury Street,
Fully equipped with the LATEST MACHINERY and EXPERIENCED HELP to turn out FIRST CLASS WORK.

We would respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the public.

GODSOE BROS. - Proprietors.

HALL STANDS, In Great Variety,

At Special Low Prices, from \$6 each upwards.

HARDWOOD BEDROOM SETS,

For variety and special value cannot be equalled in this city.

Walnut Sets, Parlor Suites, Side Boards, Mantle Mirrors,
SPRING BEDS, MATTRESSES.

We can meet any competition. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

C. E. BURNHAM & SONS.

N. B.—More Baby Carriages arrived this week.