

SUCCESS WON BY MERIT.

THE HISTORY OF A PROSPEROUS MANUFACTORY.

Stewart's "Maple Leaf" Soap, How It Is Made and Where It Goes—An Important Industry Built Up on the Basis of Thirty-Five Years Experience.

Being of a somewhat reflective turn of mind, the thought has often come to me that I should like to see how soap was made, and satisfy my curiosity concerning the various processes of manufacture of that article of daily "consumption"; but I could not at first make up my mind to carry my thought into execution, for I imagined a soap factory must be a very dirty place, littered with the refuse fast gathered about the city. At length, however, I summoned courage and, having seen some cakes of "Maple Leaf" soap about the house, determined to pay a visit to the works of Messrs. A. Stewart & Co., where this popular brand is produced. The thought was father to the deed, and one afternoon last week, wending my way up Germain street, I entered the soap works of Messrs. Stewart, and was courteously received by Mr. W. A. Stewart, one of the members of the firm and by him shown through the premises.

The building occupied by this firm being removed from the street, has an entrance from Germain street by an alley way, and is solidly built of brick and wood. When first occupied by the Messrs. Stewart, the building was small, its dimensions being only 40 feet long by 30 feet wide, but since then extensive additions have been made, and it now has an area of twice the original size, being 80 feet by 45 feet. The founder of the business, Mr. Alexander Stewart, had an experience of some 35 years in the manufacture of soap, and the reputation gained by the firm under his management has since his death been sustained and greatly increased under the management of his two sons, W. A. and A. J. Stewart. Since removing to the premises occupied by the firm for the last 13 years, the output has largely increased, the capacity at that time being only 50 boxes a week, whereas now the average weekly output is 250 boxes.

Such has been the remarkable progress of the firm. Now for some description of the mode of manufacture. The raw stock, by which is meant the grease, soda and resins which comprise the body of the soap, is imported from the United States and England. This is first put into the boiler plate kettles, of which there are two, and a little lye being introduced to "saponify" the material, the mixture is boiled for about a week, when it is allowed to cool for two or three days. After cooling the mass is put into the mixer (into which are also put the perfume and the chemicals) to be turned over and over, and after about half an hour's stirring it is run out of the bottom of the machine into frames, each of which holds from 1200 to 1400 lbs. After remaining in these frames for four or five days the soap is taken into another room for cutting. It is first cut with a "slabber" (a moving frame fitted with long horizontal wires) into the thickness of the bar and then put on a table fitted to different lengths, and after passing through perpendicular wires the proper distance apart, comes out on racks. The soap is then laid away to dry and after two or three days drying is put through the steam soap press and after passing through this is put on racks again to dry. This last drying completes the manufacture and the soap is then wrapped up by boys and packed into boxes for shipment.

The kettles into which the raw stock is first put have each a capacity of 8 tons and these can both be taken out each week, giving the factory a capacity of 16 tons a week. The boiling is done by means of steam, which is conducted in pipes through the mass. The mixer is a rather ingenious machine, the work being done by steam, which revolves a big screw through the mass which is to be mixed, and the revolutions of this screw throw the soap up and into an outside vessel, whence it is again sucked up into the mixer, to be again churned and thrown out. The mixer used by the firm is of the latest patent, and this as well as the boiler-plate kettles and steam press were first used in this city by this firm; previous to their introduction, wooden kettles and foot presses were used, some of the soap-makers indeed using them yet.

This is the process for the wrapped soap, the long bars not being put through the press, which is the only difference in the method.

The upper flat of the building is used as a factory, the lower flat being used as a storehouse for the raw and manufactured stock, and here the firm have their engine and boiler. Besides making the soap the firm also make their own boxes.

The following are the brands manufactured in the works: Magnet, Maple Leaf, Signal, Imperial, Triumph Royal, Star, Extra Pale, No. 1 Pale, Daisy and Stewart's Cold Water soap. These are all laundry soaps, although some of them make a very good article for the toilet, being perfumed and purified, the only objection being that they are not whitened. Of these the best is Magnet, but Maple Leaf is cheaper and sells better, the sales from the latter in the two years which it has been manufactured having more than doubled, and the firm having large orders at present for it from Halifax and other towns in the provinces waiting to be filled. All the soaps made in the works command a ready sale and the hands employed by the firm are kept busy winter and summer to supply their ever-increasing trade.

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Quite an amusing incident occurred at the "Gothams" ball, the other evening. Among the others present was a genuine dandy, who, arrayed in full dress suit and fine linen, to all appearances thought himself a little the most important personage in America. During the march he strutted around with one of the lady guests, inwardly happy in the thought that his fine bearing attracted so much attention. At his next appearance, in a quadrille with one of Boston's fair daughters, while discoursing upon the excellence of the music he was interrupted by a messenger saying that Mr. Henry, the cornetist, would like to speak with him. Proceeding to the piano, where Mr. Henry was seated, that gentleman whispered to him very confidentially: "It is raining in London; but don't you think it is dry enough here so that you could turn your trousers down?" The fact that it was rainy and muddy without will make it clear why the trousers were turned up, but will hardly explain why he forgot to turn them down.—*Boston Times*.

The above anecdote calls to mind another amusing incident (though agony to the gentleman involved) which occurred not so very long ago, at the Institute. It was a concert, and a well-known amateur (not at all a dandy, but a capital singer and a perfect gentleman), having walked from his house, and not taken a coach, naturally turned up his trousers, the streets being terribly muddy. Through some oversight on his arrival, he overlooked the fact of his be-shortened pants, and in the dusk of the wings the matter was not noticed, and he marched on to the stage to sing his part without having turned the unfortunate trousers down. His friends at the wings felt very uncomfortable for him, but nothing was to be done. Luckily, for his own sake, he was oblivious of the fact until he had retired. Turned up trousers are a sore subject with him ever since.

Positive information as to the appointment of an organist for Trinity church is hard to obtain, but I have heard that there are quite a large number of applications from the States and Canada, but few, if any, from England. The munificent sum of \$400 per annum offered in the *Guardian* advertisement for an organist to fill the position of the city, as I believe it has been called, does not seem to meet with a ready response from English musical men. It seems funny that rich Trinity church should offer less salary for their organist than the little, struggling, Mission church of St. John Baptist. It may be the position of the city, but Trinity certainly has not the best choir.

An interesting addition to the Mendelssohn literature has just been published by the firm of Duncker & Humboldt of Leipzig, entitled *Ferdinand David und die Familie Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*. The author is Herr Julius Eckardt.

Out-door sports are now on the wane and it is time the Amateur Minstrels began to get together again if they mean to please the St. John public this fall. With the experience of the first entertainments, performances of real merit and excellence should be given with much less labor and trouble than the initial ones. Mr. Secretary, call a meeting and get your men together, do a little weeding out and make some additions and I guarantee you a full house each performance, for whatever reasonable purpose the proceeds are to be given.

Joachim, the king of violinists, is reported to have hopelessly injured one of his fingers in an endeavor to increase his technical skill. Schumann, the great composer, met with a somewhat similar catastrophe, having been permanently disabled as a piano player by severing some of the cords of his right hand in order to shorten the time of practice.—*The Indicator*.

Singing well is a brain-art, and not a throat-gymnastic exercise. When the brain understands, the will controls the breath and voice-production. No scales of consecutive notes should be allowed till the tone produced is good, and firmly fixed in the mind. To sing exercises of several notes before the breath control is understood, is to foster a bad method and keep the pupil from progressing. The breath control requires the most assiduous attention of eye and ear on the part of the teacher, as well as an entire sympathy with the pupil.—*Mme. Brinkerhoff in the Voice*.

After reading the above I carefully looked through *Advice to Singers* and was rather surprised to find that the author of this handy little book has omitted to give any very precise instructions as to breathing. Surely a grave omission on this very important point. I know I shall be accused of inconsistency after praising this little work, as I did sometime since, but the matter escaped me at the time and the above quotation of Mme. Brinkerhoff certainly appeals strongly to anyone who has tried to attain a perfect breath-control, knowing what benefits in tone accrue from its acquisition.

Sig. G. B. Ronconi, who has passed a delightful summer in St. John, N. B., returns to Boston Sept. 29, and will resume his teaching Oct. 1. The fact that several of his pupils in St. John will spend the winter in Boston in order to continue their lessons with him speaks well of Sig. Ronconi's summer work.—*Boston Times*.

The signor seems to be happy in the way in which his pupils follow him about. When he came here the *Boston Times* announced that several pupils would accompany him to St. John. Certainly one did come. I hope he will not rob us of many of our amateur singers this winter, or we shall be

hard up for our local concert. Is he a second Buntorne?

Mr. Gladstone is said to be very fond of singing, and an event that happened the other day goes to prove it. A picnic party went from Ormskirk to Hawarden, bent on being the G. O. M., if possible, though not knowing how to do so. In the park they met an old keeper, and told him what they wanted. He asked them if they were "a choir," and on learning they were not, asked if they could sing. "Yes," was the reply, and the old man recommended them to sing one of his master's favorite hymns. "Try 'Ain't I the Power of Jesus' Name,'" he said, "to the old tune; that will fetch him out, or nothing will." They were, however, spared this trouble, as a party from Bury had already acted on a similar hint, and managed to "fetch him out" for both parties, to which he gave a hearty welcome. Mrs. Gladstone gave each visitor a flower, her illustrious husband supplied flowers of oratory, and everybody went away delighted.—*Musical Standard*.

I meant to have made a few remarks last week about Brooks' article on church choirs in the issue of the 15th but it is rather late to do so now. However I may just say that the disadvantages of having the choir behind the minister in several of the churches of the city are certainly greater than the advantages. It is not an edifying sight to see laughing and talking going on behind the minister's back, which is frequently the case. In fact members of choirs seem to think that they have special privileges as to bad behavior—why, I cannot think. A row of English cathedral boys are well behaved compared to some of our adult choirs and any one who has seen the choristers in a large cathedral knows that their manners, might, to put it mildly, be improved.

The services at the cathedral in Fredericton last Sunday were of a special nature as regards music, the choir having had extra practices with the view to welcome their beloved Bishop with the choicest music and the best service in their power. At the morning service the Te Deum and Jubilate were by Tours in F., introit, Praise the Lord, by Crotch and the Kyrie by Arnold. The evening service was fully choral, Cooke's Magnificat, Deus Misericordia by the Metropolitan and anthem, Gounod's Send out Thy Light. Professor Bristowe naturally presided at the organ and played an Elevation by Guilman during the offertory and for the concluding voluntary the Coronation anthem from *Zadok the Priest*. I am assured by my correspondent that the services all through were exceptionally fine and Professor Bristowe is to be congratulated on the state of efficiency to which he has brought the cathedral choir and also upon his own brilliant playing.

FELIX.

TALK OF THE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer has changed the time-honored name of Wallack's Theatre to "Palmer's." This may please Mr. Palmer and his friends, but, to the old time theatre goer it seems like rather bad taste.

The latest achievement of Frank Mayo, an old St. John favorite, was the felling of an apple tree. He succeeded in getting the tree down, but encountered a poison ivy and was laid up for the next two weeks.

Yellow fever is cancelling Southern dates.

Dixey's latest idea is a burlesque of *Faust*, to be brought out in London next season.

A bright light has gone out with the death of William Warren. He was in many respects the most remarkable figure in American theatrical circles. Not only was he a true actor, but he was a man whom men could love and reverence. All men were his friends. No one could look upon his kindly face without respecting him, and none could know him save to hold him in the highest regard. It is not that the stage has lost an ornament by his death, for his active labors ceased several years ago, but it is that the country loses a good citizen and humanity is deprived of one whose life and example made men better. The world has not so many like him that it can afford to part with them without regret.

IT WAS A GREAT FIGHT.

A Story of a Remarkable Old Man and His Dog—How They Killed a Panther.

[Atlanta Constitution.]
VALDOSTA, Ga., Sept. 15.—Uncle Ben Yarborough had many remarkable adventures during a life of 40 years in and about the great Okefenokee swamp. He settled in that region among the Indians back in the thirties. He was one of Gen. Floyd's trusty scouts, although quite a boy then, and was in the decisive battle on Billy's Island, which forced Chief Billy Bowlegs to emigrate precipitately to Big Cypress, near the Everglades. Uncle Ben liked that kind of warfare, but when summoned to the front in '61 he soon became disgusted at the more civilized method of human butchery, and he shrank from it and sought the more congenial jungles of the Okefenokee. There he became the leader of a squad of deserters and was for three years monarch of the several islands which lay deep in that dark and dismal swamp.

One day, while out near his cabin, unarmed and unsuspecting, looking after some pigs, his dogs got on a hot trail, and, curious to see what they were after, he followed them with encouraging shouts. They led for the swamp a mile away, and without

hesitating Uncle Ben followed to the very edge. There was wild confusion in that jungle for a little while. Five dogs, with "open mouth" and good voices, started the water turkey from her perch, and sent the "poor jobs" flopping for other scenes of solitude and tadpoles. As the pack dashed around in mud and brush, making several circuits and tacks about, Uncle Ben sat on a log and ground his "yaller navy" the harder as his interest in the chase deepened.

He did not have long to wait. Down the swamp a little way, just round a "head" (point), about 100 yards in, they "treed." From the deeper baying, caused by the dogs elevating their noses as they scented up a tree, Uncle Ben understood it. The hunter does not like to leave his dogs at a "tree," or on a "stand," and thinking a fat possum or a nice young coon could be had for the climbing, he determined without much debate to go to his dogs. He penetrated the jungle and found the dogs circling angrily, but cautiously, a group of small trees, the tops of which made a dense mass of limbs and green leaves about 20 feet above the ground. As soon as he saw old Ring, a very large and muscular dog, being half bull, he knew from his actions, from the ruffled state of the hair down his spinal region, that there was something unusual up.

The dog looked at his master warningly, and then turned his blunt nose and fierce eye, with a succession of savage barks, toward the suspicious-looking cluster of limbs and leaves above. Uncle Ben's eagle eye quickly followed old Ring's, and he distinctly saw a sly and regular movement in the leaves, which seemed to be disturbed as if by the tail of a great cat as it oscillates, while the beast is crouched preparatory to spring upon unsuspecting prey. Uncle Ben was quick to take in his perilous situation, and being, as was said, unarmed, he did not pause to debate with himself and was turning to beat a hasty retreat, when a "tiger," as he called it, sprang out of the tree tops with great force and fury at him, but he was just a little too far off, and the panther struck the ground right at old Ring, and they grappled.

The other four dogs were no cowards, and, seeing their leader was into it, they sprang to the rescue. Uncle Ben knew that if he ran the panther would soon overtake and destroy him after she fought the dogs off, and having great confidence in the pluck of these devoted animals, he thought they would naturally fight the more desperately when he was in with them, and that it was the better plan for them (he and the dogs) to make a common fight of it on the spot. He would take a great risk himself to save his dogs. So, instead of wildly fleeing away, as the writer—and reader, too—would have done, Uncle Ben drew his pocket knife, and shouting to the dogs, advanced on the enemy.

Ring, as was said above, was a powerful dog, and although he had tasted his own blood on many a hard fought battle field he had never been whipped, and therefore he faced the music with grim and dogged determination. The panther fought him off from her throat until the other dogs began to get in their work on the rear, but when her attention became somewhat divided, Ring succeeded in fastening his immense teeth into the brute's throat. To use Uncle Ben's own words, "he locked his jaws and threw the key away." Uncle Ben kept shouting to the dogs and inching up with due caution, looking for a chance to get in a blow. With Ring's death-like grip on a vital part, and with the weight of the other dogs on her nether parts, the great cat could not handle herself to the best advantage, but she was far from being whipped or dead.

The panther rolled over and over and beat the bushes in a terrible struggle. She would throw herself on her back and endeavor to bring her great hind claws to her throat to tear Ring away, but the resistance of the weight of the other dogs would, in part, defeat her efforts, but she would succeed in clawing the sides of the dog, and at every pass would bring hide and blood. Uncle Ben noticed that when the brute would make this effort her tail would flash full length out from her at an elevation of four or five feet, and fearing that Ring would soon perish, or fall powerless at the next thrust, he decided that if he was to take an active hand in the fight the time had come for bold and resolute action, for if Ring fell the game was up with them all.

Putting his knife in his teeth so that he could use both hands and in an instant use both hands if necessary, he advanced nearer, and, picking his opportunity seized the brute's tail at the moment she made another thrust with her hind claws to clear her throat. Uncle Ben threw all his might and power, and thus with the aid of the four dogs he would pull back the hind parts of the animal and prevent further damage to old Ring from that quarter. Each effort of the brute in this direction was met with counter effort, and the see-saw process was kept up some time. The dogs took fresh courage when they saw their master's hand was in the fight, and the "tiger" doubled, if possible, her efforts.

It was a desperate struggle for life, Ring at the throat inflexible, insensible to pain, or what not, Uncle Ben, who was a powerful man, swinging like grim death to the "tail hold," and the four dogs getting in their work as best they could, presented a scene perhaps never witnessed before or since. In the struggle Uncle Ben was once jerked down and the brute's claws made a wound on his thigh, the signs of which are to be seen today. This happened when he let one hand loose to use his knife. Although he suffered this infliction, it proved to be the successful crisis in the struggle, for he made his lick and sent the cold steel with unerring force to the hilt in the beast's side, not far from the region of the heart.

He evidently struck an artery, for the blood gushed out, and the animal weakened steadily until he was able to repeat the blow several times with comparative safety, and at last the great cat lay before him dead.

Uncle Ben was faint and sick and sat down to rest. When he rose to go three of his dogs were unable to follow him, and old Ring was one of the number. In response to sympathetic coaxing the faithful dog looked pleadingly at his master, gave a low, faint howl and then fell dead.

Uncle Ben sat down again and wept.

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

ALL THAT LOT, piece and parcel of land situated, lying and being in King's Ward, in the City of St. John, heretofore conveyed by Ward Chipman and others to the late Thomas Walker, by deed registered in the Registry of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John, in Book D, No. 3, pages 70 and 71, and bounded and described as follows, that is to say: Beginning on Wellington street, at the North Eastern corner of a lot heretofore sold by Ward Chipman to the late William H. Scoville, thence running northerly on Wellington street fifty feet; thence westerly on a line parallel to the north line of the said lot so sold to the said Scoville one hundred and seventy feet to the eastern line of Peel street; thence southerly on the line of Peel street fifty feet to the north-western corner of the said lot so sold to the said Scoville; thence easterly on the northern line of the said lot one hundred and seventy feet to the place of beginning. Together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging, or in anywise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof; and all the right, title, dower, right of dower, interest, property and demand whatsoever, both at law and in equity or otherwise, of them the said defendants or either of them, in, to, out of or upon the said lands and premises, and every or any part thereof.

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor, or the undersigned Referee. Dated at St. John this fourteenth day of August, A. D. 1888.

E. G. KAYE, Plaintiff's Solicitor.
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