

WHERE VISITORS CAN GO

SOMETHING TO GUIDE THEM ON THEIR ROUNDS.

From the hour they arrive at the International Station until they reach the Exhibition Building—Some Puzzling Things Explained.

During the coming week thousands of people from all parts of the country will come to St. John. Many of them have probably visited the city before, and are well acquainted with its streets and people, while others will have come among us for the first time.

It is principally for the benefit of the latter that this article is written, but, without doubt, all classes of people who come here to attend the exhibition will find much in it, the knowledge of which will be of use to them during their stay in the city.

There are a score of ways by which St. John can be reached, and people will come by every one of them. The majority of the visitors will be set down at the I. C. R. depot. Their first impressions will no doubt have a great deal to do with the opinion they will form of St. John and its people when they are back at home, and are quietly considering all they saw, heard and did. It is perhaps well that some of the things that will strike the stranger as extraordinary and curious should be explained beforehand, so that he will have fully made up his mind as to what should be done when brought face to face with the peculiarities of St. John and its citizens.

The stranger arriving at the depot will probably look upon us as a very hospitable people. He will find that the first persons he comes in contact with are ready to receive him with open arms. Their manner of entreating him "to come" may be boisterous and somewhat restrained to the limits of an iron railing, but if the stranger has been accustomed to hearing the Salvation Army, this will not strike him as extraordinary. If, on the other hand, the army is unknown to him, he should not get frightened and run away. All these hospitable gentlemen want to know is whether you wish to drive to your hotel or not. If you prefer to walk it is all right, but do you decide to drive and go amongst them for the purpose of getting a coach, you are liable to be torn to pieces, unless you choose your coachman and stick to him like glue before going around the railing. They are a reliable lot, however, and will take you any reasonable distance within the limits of the city for 30 cents. If the stranger wants to go to Indiantown, Haymarket Square, or Lower Cove, a cheaper way of reaching his destination, is to take a horse car. If one does not happen to be in sight, wait a while. They are supposed to pass every five minutes. The ride will cost only five cents, no matter where you want to go to along the route. It would be well, however, to enquire which way the car is going. Some people forget to do this until after they are well under way in an opposite direction, and get very much mixed up. Don't get excited when anything like this happens. If you don't want to show that you have made a mistake, ask a small boy and he will give all the pointers wanted, just for the sake of impressing you with the vastness of his information; and the average St. John youngster generally knows considerable. Don't ask too small boys, or you will get mixed up worse than ever.

To return to the depot. Large numbers of strangers will prefer to walk to their destinations. They will all have bundles of some sort or other. The best thing of visitor who is only here for the day can do is to leave whatever luggage he does not want to carry, in the news room. The company will give a check and charge five cents when you return for it.

When the visitor reaches the street he will find more people waiting to receive him with open arms. Young ladies should not be suspicious or frightened. The men are perfectly harmless and only address you in a business way; being restaurant keepers having establishments near the depot. If you want a good dinner at the lowest possible price, go with them, and they will treat you well. Of course visitors who have lots of money and want the best they can get must steer clear of the solicitors, for they will probably promise anything. Do not be annoyed at their persistency. If you stay here long enough you will get used to it. They have been known to ask prominent men, who have lived here all their lives, the same question they will ask you—"Do you want your dinner, sir?"

Look Before You Leap.

The best thing a person contemplating a visit to St. John during the exhibition can do, is to make arrangements for board in advance. This can be done by writing to Mr. Ira Cornwall, the secretary of the Exhibition Association. If you have not thought of this, take a street car at the depot, going to the left, keep a sharp look out along Prince William street until you see a large transparency with "Exhibition Association Rooms" on it, then get off the car and "enquire within."

Large numbers of people will come by the American boat. Many of these will be St. John people who have made their homes in the United States, and it is impossible to give them a pointer. What they do not know is not worth knowing

This is one of the peculiarities of those of us who have lived in the hub of the universe. To them the town will seem smaller, but otherwise unchanged. They will find the same crowd leaning over the railings of the floats that was there years ago, and has been on hand regularly ever since to welcome all who are fortunate enough to come to the city by the International line. But strangers should not be surprised. The fact that there is a crowd waiting to welcome them does not necessarily indicate that there is a brass band on board the boat, or that they have unknowingly come amongst us in an ark like Noah's, and that the people are waiting to see the animals coming out. Oh, no! the crowd is there, and always has been, for no particular purpose whatever, except with the idea of impressing upon the unsuspecting stranger the fact that we are a very numerous people with a great many friends on the wing whom we are always expecting home.

The coachmen are at the International wharf, as well as at the depot, and visitors will no doubt be struck with the great foresight of the authorities in having them fenced in. Let them shout for all they are worth. They cannot get outside the railing unless you call them.

Then there are other ways of reaching the city, such as by the bay steamer, the river boats, the Marsh bridge, the Shore Line railway and the St. Martins stage. The impressions received at the landing places of all these lines will not be so favorable as they would be at the depot or International wharf, but before the visitor leaves town he will be convinced that we are a live people, and a fast people—so fast, indeed, that many of the streets were built on an incline so as to break the speed of some of our business men.

There are Many Places to Go.

St. John covers a large amount of territory, but is so laid out that there is little danger of a stranger being lost. Any one wanting to have this experience should have come here before the names of the streets were placed on the corner buildings. For all this, however, there have been people, who, on their first visit, have walked around for an hour and brought up just where they started. As most persons are timid about asking questions, a good plan for the visitor would be to select the Market Square as a starting point. It is in the very heart of the city and a place that all can remember. The horse cars pass there, going to the North End and Indiantown and to the Exhibition buildings; it is handy to the ferry, and by going up King street, you can take the street cars for the Haymarket Square, or the St. John Athletic club's grounds, in case there should be an attraction there you would like to take in. The Shamrock grounds can be reached by taking a North End car at the Market Square, and not getting off it until the grounds are reached. If there is a ball game you will have no trouble in learning when you have reached your destination. Nearly everybody will get off the car.

The shortest and easiest way for a stranger to reach the Exhibition buildings is to start from King Square, opposite the court house. Do not mistake the Old Burial ground for a part of the King Square. There used to be a fence around the burying ground which made a mistake of this kind impossible. Within the fence lie the founders of St. John, who, if they were alive today, would think the city much larger and livelier than the Americanized provincialist will who comes here during the week. St. John people think a great deal of their forefathers, but not half as much as the city fathers do of the \$100 they receive for governing the city to death. If we did not respect the memory of the loyalists, visitors to the exhibition would have seen a fence surrounding the burying ground that would make those from the rural districts think of the architecture around the cow yard at home. But by the united efforts of the press of the city, "Pro Bono Publico," "Tax Payer," "Citizen," "Constant Reader," "Son of a Loyalist," and other writers of lesser note, the fence has been removed, and those coming here for the first time will have missed one of the greatest sights ever seen in this or any other city.

This is by the way. Sydney street runs between King square and the Old Burial ground. Starting from there, take a straight course, and after a pretty long walk you will come to the Exhibition buildings.

To reach the West End ferry from Market Square go along Water street, and you cannot miss it.

The Walks About the City.

Visitors coming to the city will probably not have a chance to see all that is to be seen outside of the exhibition, unless they stay over Sunday, when the city will have quieted down somewhat. Even then it would be hard to take in everything without a horse and carriage. There are a score of pleasant walks which St. John people take every Sunday, and on every one of them the visitor would find much to interest him. If it is possible to visit the falls, do so, and you will see one of the grandest sights imaginable. Don't be led to believe that you are going to see a Niagara, or the most wonderful bridge in the world. If you do you will probably be disappointed; but be prepared to view a scene which, for grandeur and beauty is worth walking all the distance to see.

HE HAS DONE HIS SHARE.

MR. JAMES REYNOLDS IN THE DAILY WORK OF THE SHOW.

Looking After the Buildings and the Location of Exhibits as Well as the Funds of the Association—Careful Work Everywhere.

No person has been more active in the daily work of forwarding the interest of the exhibition than Mr. James Reynolds, chairman of the grounds, buildings and police committee and treasurer of the association. It has been fortunate for the association that Mr. Reynolds has had so much time



TREASURER JAMES REYNOLDS.

to devote to the work. His judgment is always good and his experience has been such that his suggestions are of great value and are accordingly listened to with attention and generally adopted.

To watch the repairs to the building and see that they were properly done has been a daily work with Mr. Reynolds, while the finances of the association have also had some of his care.

There will never be much danger of a check being forged on the exhibition asso-

ciation, or what is even more important an account passed that will not be subjected to the closest scrutiny. The chairman of finance, Mr. George Robertson, must have his autograph upon it, and the president of the association, Mr. C. A. Everett, also signs it, while Mr. Treasurer Reynolds gives it the finishing touch. In addition to his work on the finance and building committees, he has also in his department the location of exhibits which is done by Mr. General Superintendent Burditt and approved of by his committee. The importance of this work cannot be questioned, and probably the committee

and Mr. Burditt have realized this fact long before this. Complaints are apt to pour in by the score, and it will be impossible to give complete satisfaction to every person, yet no one will doubt that the superintendent and the committee act for what they consider are the best interests of all.

As treasurer of the association Mr. Reynolds will watch the funds as carefully as possible, and if he could see a good sized surplus in view there would be no doubt of his contentment.

There will, perhaps, be some difficulty in locating the falls, if you have come prepared to see the ordinary water-jumping-over-a-le-jige scene, such as is common to most grist mills. But they are there. Standing on one of the bridges, when the tide is low, you look down upon the roaring, plunging waters of the St. John river, dashing down a steep incline, over rocks and boulders, sending up spray and lashing itself furiously, and at last surging through a narrow gorge into the harbor. All this a hundred feet below. When the tide is high in the harbor, the falls run toward the river. This is a chestnut, as well as a fact, but there may be a few who have never heard of the wonderful working of the falls. They are worth all that was ever written about them, and would be exceedingly valuable to the people who are booming the "New South" and other portions of the United States. Reversible falls are not to be seen everywhere. But even were they not there you cannot fail to be impressed with the surroundings. Two long bridges, side by side, span the falls, the one, large, high, massive and cumbersome, balances itself on stone pillars on either side; while the other, light and slender, with its stone towers at each end hangs on its numerous cables. Then the country round about is beautiful. To the west, the extensive buildings and grounds of the provincial lunatic asylum, with its shade trees and hedges; and up the river the mills, with their tall chimneys and slides reaching into the water; and green fields, backed by hills covered with thick spruce and cedar, all lend to the attractiveness of the scene.

On the way out from the city there are many fine residences to be seen along the Douglas road; homes, the exterior of which tell of every comfort within, yet in a simple and quiet way; all with neat and well kept gardens, and shade trees that hang over the sidewalk. Near the Main street is St. Peter's church with its extensive grounds and buildings, which are always kept in the best of order.

Although it is quite a long walk from the Main street to the bridge, past the residences of the North End aristocracy, and out into a wooded district, it is not like travelling a country road. There is a good plank sidewalk all the way from the Main street to the bridges. On the west side another sidewalk runs from the bridge right up into Fairville, adding much to the pleasure of the walk. The direction usually taken by Sunday afternoon strol-

ers is around the asylum to Carleton Heights. This is a very pleasant walk. Here are the splendid homes of the Jewetts, Cushings, Scammells, and a number of other old families, well known in connection with the shipping and milling interests of St. John. From the Heights there are a number of ways of reaching the ferry to St. John.

Another walk, during which there is considerable to be seen, is by way of Mount Pleasant. Along the road there are a number of handsome residences and well kept grounds, and the scenery surrounding Lily Lake is attractive enough to gaze upon from the hill if you do not wish to engage a boat for a row.

One of the most beautiful places near St. John is the Rural Cemetery, and every Sunday hundreds of people stroll out in that direction. It is one of those places where a visitor can walk around for a whole day, and by wandering off into quiet and seemingly untrodden places will always see something new, that will interest and make him feel glad he went there. The grounds are delightful, and the majority of the lots show that those who lie beneath are not forgotten. The manner in which many of the graves are decorated will attract the attention of even the most listless and unobservant.

There is plenty to be seen, however, without going outside the city proper, and those who can only stay amongst us for a few days will probably confine their observations to what they see on the streets.

Such is the Law.

A Kingston, N. Y., man left by will a life interest to his widow in a little estate valued at \$2,000, the property after her death to be divided among twelve heirs. There being a small mortgage on this property, foreclosure proceedings followed, and the costs of court, lawyers' fees, etc., made the judgement foot up \$1,999. During her life the widow will be entitled to the interest of the remaining dollar, and at her death two of the heirs will receive 20 cents each, five of them will be given 4 cents each, four of them will be given 5 cents each and one of them will receive the annual interest on 25 cents during his life.—Ex.

Ambiguous.

Young Whipper—I would like to have your daughter for my wife.

Old Snapper—Indeed; and what does your wife want of her?—Puck.

FROM ANOTHER POINT.

THE VISITOR STARTS THIS TIME TO SEE THE TOWN.

He Takes in Prince William Street and the City Hall, Where Many Things are Done—The Custom House and the Handsome Residences.

Start from the Market Square and go along Prince William street. Up to a few years ago this was the only street in the city that boasted of a pavement, but at the present time people who pass along Mill street get all the pavement they want, and more too; but are more willing to put up with blockaded sidewalks, dug up streets, and a number of other nuisances incidental to the work, than the tax bills with which every citizen has been presented this year. Prince William street has more than a pavement. It has enough lawyers on it for a city twice the size of St. John, and every insurance company of note in the world is represented there. No other street in the city has a Chubb's corner, and this alone is enough to keep it well to the front. There the business men of the city congregate, and the auctioneer sets out his flag. But it is not to sell bishop pippins and the "works of art." Nothing like that for Chubb's corner. When the bell rings there it means real estate, bonds, stock, or something in that line.

The post office is on the opposite corner, and anybody who doesn't "go to the post office" is a back number.

Across the street is the City Hall. This is where the aldermen spend their time, although the council does not meet there, but they are constantly holding committee meetings. For what purpose is not known, as they talk just as much when the council meets as it the matter was not considered in committee at all. On the top story are the men who fix the taxes, and to the left on the lower floor are the men who collect them. The two departments have different opinions of the taxpayers. The people up above imagine that everybody is "rolling in riches" except themselves, and those below think differently when they try to collect the money. The mayor's office is on the second floor, and in the room adjoining, chromos are sold at \$1 a piece to persons wishing to keep a dog. These chromos are not the same as those sold in the mayor's auction room. The auction business is conducted in an entirely different building, and only "works of art" are sold there.

Down the street further the Custom House looms up in all its grandeur. It is a great institution and it is much easier to stand on the outside and view all its beauties of architecture, than to get anything out of it. The Custom House is built in the shape of the letter "E." That is to say, if the building could stand on its end and was looked at sideways it would be a perfect representation of that letter. Some people say that "E" stands for England, but free traders stoutly affirm that it means "Evaporate," as that is what is going to become of it when they start in to run the country.

There is much of interest in the workings of the Custom House. The best way, however, to be fully convinced of the immensity of this great institution, is to get some friend in the United States to make you a present of a second-hand article, of any sort, and then try to get it out of the Custom House at its real value to you. This will be a very interesting experience, and one that will do more to make you vote for the other party than all the eloquence of Messrs. Weldon, Ellis, Alward, Stockton and the rest could accomplish did they talk forever. As you will probably notice by their manner, the men employed in the Custom House are paid by the government. In some respects they look and act like ordinary citizens, and indeed have all the privileges of such, but for some reason or other, which nobody could ever find out, they do not pay taxes to the city. They vote for the government every time.

Having reached the "Three lamps," the visitor turns into St. James street. "The Three lamps" are one of the old landmarks of the city, and have a warm place in the hearts of our older citizens. They throw a red light toward the harbor, while people on Prince William street have to put up with the ordinary color. Red is generally known to be a signal of danger, and it is said that the light is intended to warn mariners, and not have them sailing their vessels clean up to St. James street, and using the large square for a dry dock, before Mr. Leary gets his built. Visitors will perhaps notice during their stay that the aldermen are very careful that Mr. Leary's interests are well looked after. For the benefit of a few who have probably never heard of Mr. Leary, it might be said that he is one of our most prominent men, and a large property holder. Besides owning a large portion of the St. John common council, he has a mortgage on the local government, and occupies his spare time in shipping as much of the province to the state of New York as he possibly can without blocking up the bay and stopping operations altogether.

A short distance from the "three lamps" is the Sailor's Home, a building erected and conducted by a philanthropic lady, Miss Hutchinson. The sailors boarding house keepers who run the business to suit themselves before Miss Hutchinson started in on behalf of the sailor, do not look with

much favor on the Home method, and claim that it is detrimental to the sailor, and more especially to themselves. Seamen, as a rule, have a hard time of it both on land and sea, and the object of the Home is to protect them as far as possible from those who abound in every seaport town and are always ready to take advantage of the sailor when he has been paid off. Although it has only been in existence a short time, the Home has been very successful. It is quite different from the ordinary sailor's boarding house, and although the rules are perhaps rather strict for the average tar, there have been plenty ready to take advantage of its privileges and they have lost nothing by doing so.

Along St. James street to Carmarthen and you come to the gas works. These are the only gas works in the city, and no persons are better aware of the fact than the directors. The gas company is noted for its big dividends. There is also an electric light plant in connection with the works; but Mr. Calkin has a plant also, and the gas company's does not amount to as much as it probably would, were it run on the same principles as the gas works. The gas house chimney is one of the points of interest in the city. It is a pretty tall structure, but not high enough to suit the people living in that vicinity.

Other places of interest in Lower Cove are the Marine Hospital, the Wiggins' Orphan Asylum and the Old Ladies' Home. They are all within a short distance of each other and have fine buildings.

Start from the Market Square again, and go up King street. Continue through the square past the fountain—if you want to see water standing on its end, look at it—until you reach the court house. Before you is a plain looking building, built for plain purposes, and fully equal to all requirements.

The county jail and police building are around the corner on King street east. Both can easily be recognized and are worth a visit. The best way, however, to get a good idea of the workings of the St. John police force, and the internal arrangements of the different police buildings, would be to get over-loaded with North End syrup. By this means you will have an opportunity of studying the interior of the Portland station, and while waiting for the magistrate to arrive a pretty good idea of the ground floor of the central station can be had. You will also see how the police court is run, and if the experience is agreeable and you prefer to see further into the system by which justice is meted out, refuse to pay the fine, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded of exploring the interior of the jail.

All the fine residences owned and occupied by St. John people are not situated in the suburbs. During a walk around town, or while taking in the sights mentioned above, the visitor will run across many handsome residences. Germain street is fast coming to the front in this respect, although there are many eyesores yet to be removed, and vacant lots which when built upon will add greatly to its appearance. But there are many fine homes along the street which will attract the attention of the stranger. Here lives the governor of the province, Dr. William Bayard and many prominent business men, and on the corner of Princess street is the new Union club building.

In the vicinity of Queen square there are many others, noticeably the residences of Hon. John Boyd, Mr. Simeon Jones, Mr. Robert Thomson, and the Nicholson property. That of Mr. Jones' on the corner of Mecklenburg street is a very imposing structure, and has beautiful surroundings that never fail to attract the passer by.

Electricity is the power of the future for all purposes, and St. John must keep abreast of the times. Electricity must be transferred all over the city, and there are a number of companies ready and anxious to do it. Every company must have its own poles and wires, and the result is far from satisfactory to the people who prefer the beautiful simplicity of olden times to the unsightly structures which blockade the streets, in compliance with the demands of science. And circumstances justify the protest. Telegraph poles, telephone poles, fire alarm poles, electric light poles, street car poles. It's poles everywhere; and the probabilities for the future are that householders will be compelled to cut windows in them in order to see across the street.

At the Market Square, again. Where do you want to go? To Carleton? All right, the ferry is but a short distance away and the fare is only one cent, excursion rates, good to return the next trip are given all the time, and are taken advantage of to a large extent. There is little to be seen in Carleton, unless you go to the Bay Shore, and September is hardly the month for that. Yet, if the day is fine it is a delightful spot for sea bathing, and a popular resort on Sunday afternoon. Every day during the summer holidays picnic parties find their way there, and spend the time on the beach and green hills above it. While there take a walk along the breakwater to the light. It is quite an experience after the end of the leading over huge boulders piled up promiscuously, until the light is arrived at. Everybody who ever gets that far cuts his name on the light house, so do not forget to register.

But one must make a long visit here in order to take in all that is to be seen about St. John. During the exhibition is no time to do it, as there will be so much going on about town, that only the event of the hour will be considered.