

THE EXHIBITION



We invite the attention of visitors to our carefully selected stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods:

- Cashmeres, Serges, Cloths, Flannels, Silk Velvet, Velveteen, Plush, Silks, Satins, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Underwear

IN QUALITY UNEQUALLED.

Our Prices most Reasonable.

MUSIC.

We are giving each of our customers during Exhibition Week a sheet of Music containing a beautiful

SONG.

97 King Street.

EVERY LADY

who desires to have a GOOD COMPLEXION and NICE SOFT WHITE HANDS, should

Use Estey's Fragrant Philoderma.

It positively removes TAN, SUNBURN and FRECKLES. Sold by all Druggists.

No business man wants a CLERK who writes a poor hand, or writes slow, now, if he can help it. A hint may not be out of place.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. WINDSOR, N. S.

MRS. L. B. CARROLL

149 Union Street, and 123 Main Street, Indiantown. Grand Millinery Opening, September 24th.

Ladies are respectfully invited to attend the opening. Having selected, while in London and Paris, the latest novelties in Millinery. Will also hold a Cheap Sale of Millinery at the Branch Store, Indiantown, during the exhibition.

RUBBER GOODS.

Gent's Tweed and Rubber Coats; also, Ladies' Cloaks in great variety. Sewed Seams a speciality



Belting, Packing, Hose, Horse Covers, Wagon Aprons, Knee Rugs; in fact everything made of Rubber. See Illustrated catalogue mailed. ESTEY & CO., PRINCE WM. STREET, Agents Standard Rubber Co.

Settled Nowhere.

Blobson—I hear that Dumpsey has left town. Do you know where he has settled? Popinjay—No; so far as I can find out, he has left all his bills unpaid.—Burlington Free Press.

The Warning.

Algy (after the tiff)—I don't see why you should call me Mr. Baboony; I was "Algy" two months ago. His Wife (stiffly)—But I was not Mrs. Baboony then!

Mr. Joseph McQueen, of Point de Bute, was in own last week.

Miss Duncan left on Saturday for home in St. John.

The funeral of the late Mrs. A. A. Chapman took place from Christ church on Monday at 3 p.m. The office for the burial of the dead was said by the Rev. V. E. Harris. The altar and chancel were beautifully decorated with flowers and vines. The floral offerings on the casket were exquisite; among them were two beautiful crosses and wreaths. Mr. David Chapman and Mr. Allan Chapman, of Dorchester, father-in-law and brother-in-law of the deceased, were present. It is only about one year and a half since Mr. A. Chapman died so suddenly. One child, a little boy not quite two years old, is thus left an orphan.

Miss Tillie Ross and Miss Maggie Ross, of Truro, are visiting their relatives, the Mayor and Mrs. T. Dunlap.

Mrs. Clippman, of Kentville, has been in town spending a few days with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Dunlap.

Mrs. Otis DeWolfe, of Liverpool, N. S., is visiting friends in town.

MILLTOWN.

SEPT. 24.—Mr. B. A. Ripley entertained a few of her friends Tuesday evening.

Miss Gordie Jones, spent a few days last week with her parents, at St. Andrews.

Miss May Spring, of Calais, Me., was in town Sunday, the guest of Miss Maud McAllister.

Miss Minnie Turner have returned from her visit to Boston.

Mrs. George Murchie spent last Thursday, with her mother, Mrs. Haley.

Mrs. Horace Whitney is in Boston for a few weeks.

Miss Nan, and Miss Bessie Bixby, of St. Stephen, left this morning for St. John, where they will spend a few weeks.

Mr. Charles H. Eaton, of Lexington, Mass., has been visiting friends here.

Mrs. C. J. McAllister will return to New York to-morrow.

Mr. James E. Osborne was home for a few days last week. MAC.

RICHIBUCTO.

SEPT. 24.—Mr. Wilmot Brown has returned from an extended visit to St. Stephen.

Mr. Geo. McLeod, of St. John, Mr. Tom Quilty, of Bathurst and Mr. Warren McDermott, of Wolford, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. J. M. Robinson, St. John, was in town last week.

Mr. J. Hamilton, of Moncton, is in town, the guest of Mr. Martin and Mrs. Flanagan. REGINA.

Their Petitions.

When several persons combine in an effort to obtain desired privileges they are usually successful. There lies great virtue in numbers. Elsie, a little New England girl, was delighted with the prospect of a trip to California, and it never occurred to her that all her twelve dolls were not to go also.

"Tell me where they're to be packed, mamma," she said, "and I'll put them in. They mustn't be rumpled and tumbled."

"Elsie, dear," said mamma, regretfully, "but I really can't allow you to take all that set of dolls. You may have two, any two you like, but there I draw the line. Twelve dolls are quite unnecessary."

Elsie made no reply, but went quietly on, altering a skirt for Lady Ethelinda, the prettiest one of the waxen and china-faced family.

Later in the day, when her mother entered the room devoted to packing, she saw a curious sight. Supported against a trunk sat a row of dolls, in travelling costume, as far as they could manage such, and above their heads was pinned a large placard, bearing the words, "We are waiting to be packed."

What mother could resist the united appeal of a dozen dolls? Not this one, and to California the twelve went.—Ex.

A Pat Answer.

"I saw Mrs. Bodkins today, William, for the first time since she became a widow. She looked perfectly grand in her mourning suit, and seemed so happy there was no standing her."

"I guess she was glad to be rid of Bodkins."

"Perhaps. But what do you think she said? That if you had any taste you'd give me a chance to come out in mourning, too. That made me angry and I gave her a cutting answer she won't soon forget."

"What did you say?"

"I said I hoped that when it did happen I'd be as happy a widow as she was."

"Oh, you did."—Philadelphia Times.

A Doubtful Case.

He was in a sort of poetic frenzy. "Oh, how I would like to sip the nectar of those lips; to drain to the last drop the sweetness of those cheeks."

She was an agreeable girl, but a minute or so after she said:

"James, have you been drinking that you seem so thirsty?"—Philadelphia Times.

Paying Music.

"I suppose to educate your daughter in music cost a great deal of money?"

"Yes, but she's made it all back for me."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; I'd been trying to buy out my next neighbor at half price for years and could never bring him to terms until she came home and began playing."—New York Herald.

A Bad Blunder.

Housewife (testily)—"Go 'way from this door, you old tramp! What do you want, anyway?"

Seedy-looking man (starting off)—"I wanted to make you a call; I'm the new minister."—Drake's Magazine.

The Quirks of English.

Maddox—"Look here, Simeral, don't you know that it's dangerous going into the water after a hearty meal?"

Simeral—"I'm not going in after a meal. It's a bath I'm after."—Racket.

Ignorance is Bliss.

Gallant Customer—"This is very nice soda; won't you have a glass with me."

Soda Water Girl—"No, I thank you."

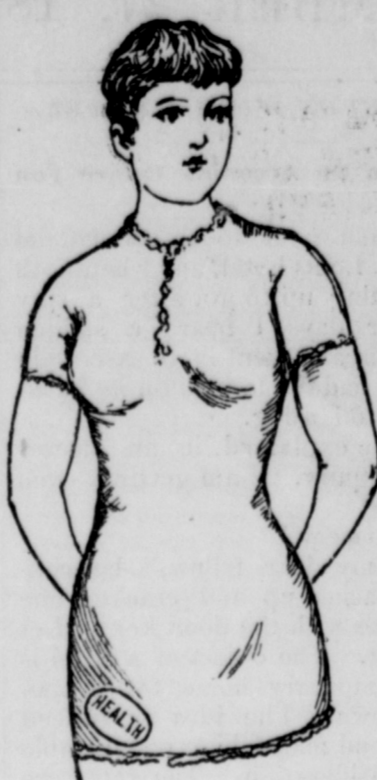
Gallant Customer—"Why not?"

Girl—"Well, you see, I see them make it."—Ex.

He Was a Kicker.

At Table—Hi, waiter, this bluefish is not quite as fresh as the one you brought me last week.

Waiter—Excuse me, sir, it's one of the very same lot.—Boston Commonwealth.



A TESTIMONIAL WORTH HAVING!

We are proud to be able to quote from a letter of one of Toronto's most eminent doctors, T. W. Strange, Esq., M. R. C. S.:

The Ladies' Undervests manufactured in Montreal by the Montreal Silk Mills Co. appear to be as near perfection as possible. They combine warmth, softness, lightness, porosity, meeting all the requirements of a delicate, sensitive skin, and are especially conducive to Health in a climate so variable as that of Canada. They well merit the name of "HEALTH UNDERVESTS," and are a credit to the skill of the manufacturers and a boon to the sex.

For sale by every first class dry goods house.

OUR NATIONAL SONG:

"My Own Canadian Home,"

FOR SALE AT

'Surprise Corner,'

EXHIBITION,

5cts. per Copy. Regular Price, 10cts.

Guess Weight of 'Surprise.'

\$75.00 ——— \$75.00

To person guessing right. Every person buying one copy

"My Own Canadian Home," entitled to one copy.

Come around and see the "Surprise."

\$2.25 for 5lb. box of STAR CHOP TEA.

How Gold is Shipped.

When one recalls the fact that millions upon millions of dollars in gold annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of the import trade, the question of how gold is shipped to Europe becomes an interesting one. The Bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold from New York, and indeed from the United States. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very much like the ordinary beer keg. Every one contains \$50,000 in coin or bar gold. The latter is the favorite for these shipments, since the government has permitted the sub treasury to exchange coin for bar gold, as coin in a single million

dollars shipment is liable to loss by abrasion of from eight to twenty ounces or from \$128 to \$320; while the bars only lose about three-fourths of that value. Where coin is sent double eagles are preferred. They are put in stout canvas bags, each one containing 125 double eagles, \$5,000; and ten bags fill each keg. About the only precaution taken against tampering with a keg, is a treatment of keg ends technically known as "red-taping." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves about the head. Red tape is run through these crossings on the keg's head, the ends meeting at the center, where they are sealed to

STRANGERS Visiting the City DURING THE EXHIBITION

are cordially invited to visit

A. O. SKINNER'S Carpet Warerooms, 58 KING STREET.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE, 60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

IT WILL PAY YOU TO GET YOUR PICTURES FRAMED AT GORBELL'S ART STORE, : 124 Union Street. A large lot of Easels cheap. Come and see them.

And They Moved. Two pedestrians suddenly halted and looked up at a fourth story window. The lower sash was raised, and the head and shoulders of a child about two years old could be seen. In three minutes there was a group of dozen men and women, and the child had got its breast on the lower sill and was reaching out to get hold of a string hanging from the cornice—a remainder of some disaster to a kite.

No Sense of Humor. There are various ways of coming to grief, when one attempts telling another person's stories.

"Annie, tell that anecdote Cousin Olive told, the other night, please," said a young lady to her sister, while they were making a call. When Annie, had complied, her sister announced, sympathetically, to the company, "You can imagine how funny it was, because Olive tells a story so well!"

Another unfortunate relater of a borrowed tale was a gentleman who ventured to ask an intimate friend, "Why don't you wear a wig?"

"I'd rather dye," was the answer, and though the pun was an old one it happened to be new to the hearer, and greatly amused him—not so much that he did not speedily forget the point.

That night, on returning home, he said to his wife, "Richardson said an awfully good thing this afternoon. I asked him why he didn't wear a wig, and he said he'd rather commit suicide than do such a thing. Why don't you laugh? But then, women haven't any sense of humor to speak of!"

Cast Iron Bricks. What are termed hollow cast iron bricks form the subject of a recent German patent described in the technical journals, the article being the invention of an Effurt mechanic. As the name indicates, they are made of regular brick form and size, the walls being 0.12 inches thick, but no mortar or other binding material is intended to enter into their use, the method of fastening adopted being as follows: The upper and lower sides of the bricks are provided with grooves and protecting ribs, which fit into one another easily and perfectly, so as to make a uniform and complete union or combination.

Excursionist (to the captain of a cheap excursion steamer)—Any danger of the boat blowing up, captain?

Captain—Not in the least. We can't afford to blow people up at these low rates. —Texas Siftings.



Good morning HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.—PEARS' obtained the only GOLD MEDAL awarded solely for Toilet Soap in competition with all the world. Highest possible distinction.

Everybody had something to say, and while they were saying it the child wriggled further and further over the sill. At length a woman with a basket on her arm cried out: "What fools you men are! Why don't you run and ring the bell and notify the mother?"

Three or four started, but they had not crossed the street when the child lost its balance and pitched out head first. There was a murmur of horror, but it was checked as the fall of the child was stopped two feet below the sill, and there he hung, squalling, with a leather strap buckled about the right ankle. His bowls brought a woman to the window, and she pulled him up, deposited him inside, and then said to the gaping crowd below:

"Thought I didn't know my business, eh? Well, I just do and you can move on!"—N. Y. Sun.

A More Expensive Attraction. Excursionist (to the captain of a cheap excursion steamer)—Any danger of the boat blowing up, captain?

Captain—Not in the least. We can't afford to blow people up at these low rates. —Texas Siftings.

The Fashion in Hair Dyeing. Fashion in hair dyeing has, it seems, declared at last against the auburn and bright gold tresses. With which we have been lately familiar. These tints, as well as the pale "bleached" straw hue, are no longer to be worn, and a much darker shade, called in the secret circles of the trade itself by the unpoetical term "mahogany," is the latest decree. It is produced by a subtle mixture in which henna plays a leading part; but the dyeing process is long and tedious. However, that cannot much matter to the ladies who once embark upon hair dyeing since they have continued to submit themselves to its repetition as fresh hair grows. The prophets of these mysteries assure us that the time is coming when a "natural brown" will be the favorite tone. If it be true, therefore, the real blond hair, is becoming extinct, this will insure fashion to every one.—London Graphic.

How Smokeless Powder is Made. Purified wool cellulose is gradually introduced into a very cold mixture of one part of fuming nitric acid and two parts of concentrated sulphuric acid until a thick pulp is formed. After six hours' contact, the pulp is washed, first with cold and then with warm and slightly ammoniacal water. The washed product is boiled in a concentrated solution of nitrate of baryta, gently compressed, and dried at 40° C. In order to granulate it (an operation that is not indispensable), machines devised for the purpose are necessary.

It is probable that this smokeless powder is the same that was offered two years ago, by an English house, to the Austrian and German governments, and refused after an examination.—French paper.

Pictures, Fancy Goods, Novels, Room Paper and Stationery. Very Cheap at Post-land News Depot, Main street.