

VISITING A COAL MINE.

A YOUNG LADY DESCRIBES HER DESCENT INTO A MINE.

And What She Saw There—A Part of the Summer School of Science Excursion to the Joggins Mines—A Summer Outing Party Discovers a Grand Niece of Burns.

If there is a place where one feels, in a few minutes, perfectly at home with 60 or 70 people, a place where one can spend a couple of weeks enjoyably, and feel that time is not wasted, it is at the meeting of the Maritime Summer School of Science. I have just returned from such at Parrsboro, and, thinking of the benefit it has been to me, mentally and physically, I am tempted to while away an idle hour jotting down a word or two about the trip.

The village, as I saw it the first evening, looked its best. There it nestled in the valley, with the spires of the little churches dancing in the setting sun. In the background rose the wooded, sombre hills, while stretching off, as far as the eye could see, was the silvery blue of the Basin of Minas. Here and there fishing smacks, with sails flopping in the dying breeze, were making for the evening haven, like tired birds fluttering to rest. To the right old Blomidon reared his majestic, leafy-crowned head; to the left, Clark's Point ran far out among the roaring breakers.

Every morning the school met at 9 o'clock, the various classes lasting till six, with the exception of such days as were set aside for excursions. In passing, I might say that the work done by lecturers and hearers was good. The professors are all born enthusiasts, and their enthusiasm, acting on themselves collectively, and reacting on the students, kindled a flame which will long burn in some cases, smoulder in others, in the lives of their hearers.

Friday we started for the Joggins, and that was the day of days. Forty-two of us gathered at a corner of the town with lunch baskets at three o'clock, where eight teams were waiting for us. Our party, a little one forming part of the greater, consisted of three young ladies, four gentlemen and a chaperone, a little, lively, witty, good natured lady, ever ready to be dragged off to some point of interest by her indefatigable tormentors. When I add that one of the young ladies was decidedly an Irish wit, while the other two were bent upon knocking all the fun and novelty they could get out of the given time, I think you may picture a very jolly crowd.

Leaving the Basin of Minas to the south east of us we pointed north westerly for the south west of Cumberland Basin. The Joggins, as you know, is about 30 miles from Parrsboro, situated on Cumberland Basin, and is a point of much interest to geologists. Our plan was to drive out Friday afternoon, sleep at either River Hebert (a place three miles distant from the Joggins) or at the Joggins, then next day to go down to the beach to study the carboniferous formation of rock, then to go down the coal mines, driving home afterwards.

The dust, when we started, was blinding, but a heavy shower caught us just before we came to the Boar's Back, a most extraordinary geological formation of the glacial period. For three miles you drive along a high ridge, I should judge from 30 to 80 feet high and only wide enough for a roadway. It is exactly like a railway embankment. On either side the forest extends away to the hills. In other places you look down on wildernesses of ferns, some looking from two to three feet high. Plants are seen which can be gathered nowhere else south of northern climes, proving that at some time in past ages they must have been carried down by ice and left. The scenery all along was beautiful. I cannot begin to describe the winding streams, the variety of foliage; the peaceful valleys; and the rugged hills lit up here and there by flashes from the sinking sun. Let me hurry on.

We got to Hebert about 10 a. m., and put up at the oldest, quaintest, homeliest house I am sure in all Nova Scotia. A low verandah running across the front of the house was paved with immense flag stones. From the hall you entered into a large reception room, out of which eleven doors opened. One into the dining room, a long, low room, lighted by three windows, which in their turn were completely covered with English honey suckle and clematis. At the lower end you went into the kitchen where a huge stove stood shedding a warm glow. Welcome sight after the long, dampish drive.

The hostess so took my fancy with her Scotch tongue and motherly ways that I ventured on a few questions which brought to light the fact that she was a grand niece of Robbie Burns. A tea pot was produced which belonged to the poet's mother, and sleeping on the hearth, with one eye open, I spied a pure collier whose mother came from the land of heather. Altogether, an hour was well spent in looking at curiosities brought from the old world, also some from the West Indies. Next morning we drove down to the Joggins, arriving at the beach about 10, where we remained till 3, hunting for specimens of fossils. Nothing of value was found, except, perhaps, a fine fern, in beautiful preservation.

At three we all started for the mine. Not everyone can say that they have been at the bottom of a coal mine, therefore I

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think it will bear description. You enter a building pyramidal in shape, but instead of the floor being level you stepped onto an inclined plane, rising fifteen feet. At the top stood the cars, each holding four persons. Mind we had to sit right down on the black floor, two gentlemen and two ladies, the former carrying little lamps. There we were looking down, down the long shaft, which was a gradual descent at an angle of 45°. The roof of the shaft (solid rock or slate) was about nine feet high. Just to look ahead into the dark gave me the shivers, but we were all bound to go. Away we went 1950 feet down; vertically about 600. At the bottom were gentlemen who took us along the galleries, one 600 feet long, another about half that, which was all we had time to explore. The lease for mining extends over two square miles. The air was much better than I expected, and, save for the powder from the blasts, suited me fairly. It was very cool and when you looked along at a few black figures with tiny lights vanishing into darkness, it made you think of the spirit world. The seam is from four to six feet deep. I can't say I was sorry when we got back to daylight, which looked exactly like electric light. The sensation of going down was like a long toboggan slide, only it was pleasanter, as you had not to climb up.

The drive home was all that could be wished, although it did rain in torrents as we were nearing our home. I could give you a laughable description of figures crouching under umbrellas. A young lady completely covered by one held by a manly arm greatly benefitted the party by catching four cups of water off one spoke, thus preventing that much at least from running down the neck of her neighbor in distress who sat directly in front.

Notwithstanding any little drawback such as rain in an open carriage, any wanting to thoroughly enjoy themselves had better join us next year. PORTIA.

DORCHESTER EXCITED.

A Worthy Citizen Discovers Some Bones Which are Subject to Examination.

Dorchester is not a stirring place in summer time. The sunshine, the bumble-bee and the August zephyr have it pretty much all their own way this fine bracing weather. But Dorchester was in a ferment of excitement on Friday last over the ghastly discovery of the body of an infant—said infant having been found on the marsh—said marsh at that place being the property of one of our most reputable citizens, Mr. William T. Wilbur.

Mr. Wilbur is not a man to conceal a mystery of this kind on his premises. He reported the matter at once, as any right-living citizen should—to the authorities. He went to the office of Dr. Church.

"Are you one of those things—that looks after things—that is?" he asked cautiously.

Our worthy sawbones for once in his life failed to connect.

"Well," said Mr. Wilbur, "I thought you were—in one sense—one of those things that looks after dead bodies—that is."

Our esteemed corpse-viewer assured Mr. Wilbur that he was not the coroner—that office being held by our equally esteemed citizen, Dr. Alexander Robb, late of the Australian navy.

"Well," said Mr. Wilbur, "my land—that is—goes down there and butts onto Tower's marsh, I was down there and saw a salt-sack lying in Tower's ditch that looked as if it had something in it. I pulled the bag out—that is—and cut it open. There was a stone tied in one end and a lot of bones—so to speak—in the other. I think the bones—that is—in one sense—I took the bones to be those of a child. I think one of those things—an inquest, that is—should be held."

Whereupon our worthy sculptist inquired: "Don't you think the bones were those of a cat, Mr. Wilbur?"

"No," said Mr. W.—"that is to say—the skull-bones are too long-featured for a cat. I think it is a baby."

And so the inquest, with all the awe-inspiring details that attend such matters in Dorchester, was duly entered upon.

"We'll hunt the murderer down," declared Coroner Robb.

In addition to Dr. Church and Coroner Robb, Silas Cole was present; and so was Elijah Ayers, constable of the peace, as well as Mr. Frank Tait, deputy registrar of deeds.

Our worthy medico gently stirred the bag. "Hello!" he exclaimed, dropping the final vowel in his excitement; "it's a cat! Look at the hair. And look at the teeth. If that is a youngster, he must have cut 'em devilish young."

"Yes," said Mr. Wilbur, "it's a cat, sure enough. But I thought it was a child, because—that is—in one sense—the bones of the skull are a little long-featured!"

So the cat that was let out of the bag proved to be—in one sense—the cat—that is to say—that was in the bag.

And Dorchester has been looking a little long-featured—that is to say—since the incident occurred. BILDAD.

Hurt His Feelings.
"What's the matter with papa's boy?" asked Mr. Smithers of his little boy.

"Mither Brown thaid I looked like you,"—Harpers' Young People.

BILDAD ON DRAW POKER

THE CHANCES FOR A POOR MAN IN THE GAME.

Some Advice on the Different Points of the Game—How to be "Shy" and Yet be in the Pool—To "Draw" or Not to Draw, That is the Question.

There is no occupation for the poor man like draw poker. It affords him a chance to earn an honest dollar after hours. If the poor man was wealthy he might lose something, but being poor he is like an indignant plaintiff who is bound to stick the defendant for costs whether he wins or not. He has nothing but his reputation to lose, which cost him nothing and is valuable to nobody else. It would be rash, however, for the poor man to play poker without some instruction. Here are a few rules which conduce to economy and harmony.

When it is your turn to deal, Ezekiel, don't be mean about your gastric juice. Spread a little over each card as you deal. This will keep the cards nicely together and prevent the hands being mixed.

You want to deal in as furtive and suspicious a manner as possible. You will thus realize large dividends of respect by a very trifling investment of brains.

Don't forget to deal yourself an extra card or two, Ezekiel, on the last time round. This will save you the trouble of having to draw so many cards afterwards.

When you have finally drawn your cards don't discard until you have seen what they are. Otherwise you may discard the wrong cards which will make you feel mean. With eight or ten cards to choose your hand from your prospects, humanly speaking, ought to be good.

If you have not inspired sufficient respect already, Ezekiel, it would be well to ask as soon after the deal as possible, "What's trumps?" Any irritation which this may cause will only be temporary, and it will indicate that there are other games of which you know even more than you do of draw poker.

When it is your turn to ante, never do so until your attention is forcibly called to it. This rule is more in the interest of economy than harmony, but whatever harmony there is will be yours.

There is nothing more important, Ezekiel, in draw poker than to claim the deal as often as possible. Some other man will have to ante, and you will get credit for industry and close observation of the game.

The best time to bet is when it is not your turn to bet. You may thus frighten out better hands than your own, and if any one come in, you can withdraw your bet on the ground that it was made out of turn.

When you have openers for a jack-pot hang back as long as possible, in order to ascertain if anybody else can open it. This may save you from an unpleasant surprise later on. The golden rule of poker is: Do up the other man as he would that you should be done yourself.

When you are out of chips go shy in the pool until you get some. Somebody is almost sure to forget that you are shy, which means economy for you.

Just as soon as you are a few dollars in you should stop playing. This will enhance your reputation as a cautious player, and make you a general favorite with the boys.

When the deal is yours, Ezekiel, don't say that you will come in until you have discarded and drawn all your cards. If you draw a good hand, of course you are coming in; if you don't, it will be assumed that you took cards merely to see what you would have had if you had come in.

It is always well, Ezekiel, to be a little shy in the pool. Sometimes this will be discovered, but not always. If you can make some other man chip in twice, your chances for earning an honest dollar by the sweat of his brow are improved.

But there is a sad side to the festive game, Ezekiel, which I cannot better elucidate than by quoting the words of the poet:

To draw or not to draw, that is the question, Whether it is safer in a man to take The awful risk of skinning for a straight, Or standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit, And thus, by bluffing, scoop 'em. To draw—to skin, No more—and by that skin to get a null Or three alike, the fattest bouncing kings That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To draw—to skin; To skin: perchance to bust—aye, there's the rub; For in that draw of three what cards may come When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack, Must give us pause. There's the respect Which makes calamity of a bobtailed flush. For who would bear the overwhelming blind, The reckless straddle, the wait upon the edge, The insolence of pat hands, and the lifts That patient merit of the bluffer takes, When he himself might be much better off By simply passing? Who would trays uphold, And go out on a small progressive raise, But that the dread of something after call, The undiscovered ace—full, to whose strength Such hands must bow, puzzles the will And makes us rather keep the chips we have Than be inquisitive of hands we know not of? Thus bluffing doth make cowards of us all, And thus the native hue of a four-beating flush Is sicklied with some dark and ominous club, And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth, With this regard, their interest turn awry, And lose the right to open. —BILDAD.

In The Soup.
Watts—Did you not say that the Rev. Mr. Tillingshast, who used to preach here, had gone on the stage? Potts—No. I did hear, though, that he had gone as a missionary and that the cannibals had made a soup of him.—Terre Haute Express.

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THE THYCKKE FOGGE PAPERS.

The Senator Rides his Pet Hobby—Criticism of the Dramatic "Critics."

Those of Us who, despite the beauty of the evening, were faithful to the call of duty and appeared at the Sanctum on the usual night to answer to the call, found Our honorable friend in his customary place, and surrounded by the customary cut glass and appurtenances, which were duly admired and put where they could do the most good.

After We had exhausted all the stock quotations referring to the magnificence of the moonlight night, and also had so depleted the Senator's cecentars that the worthy gentleman feared for Our reason. We condescended to settle down and hear what he had to say.

"Young gentleman," said the Sage, and as he spoke he held aloft a sheet of cardboard upon which were pasted a number of newspaper clippings, "before you came in and proceeded to make Yourself intolerable nuisances I was amusing myself by reading over and mentally commenting on these extracts, which, I may inform You, are the criticisms in the daily papers upon the plays lately presented to us by Mr. Harkins and his company. Now Mr. Harkins usually brings a good company with him, and this last one was no exception to his general rule; the plays as a whole have been fairly well played and very well mounted, in fact in one or two instances were put on in a manner that rather surprised veteran theatre goers like myself, who knew exactly what there was to work with behind the dirty green rag that closes in the opening of the Institute stage, but, and here is where I am surprised, in no one case was a piece so well performed that it deserved the lavish praise poured out in heaping measure as happened on so many occasions. I can understand the action of one of the papers, for when a member of a newspaper staff happens also to be a local manager, he would be very foolish indeed did he not use the columns, over which he has more or less control, to their fullest extent, but I am slow to believe that the influence of the counting room is so strong among the other papers that the fear of losing a few dollars induces the reporters to indiscriminately praise every performance no matter how bad it may be. I have in my mind a gentleman who does the dramatic work on a city journal, one who has said that he was determined to make this department a feature of his paper and who has avowed that he would treat every performance on its merits no matter at what cost, and that if an actor did not do as he should that he would be shown his mistakes and put in the right way. But what have we seen? Why, the reports of the recent theatrical season in this paper were as full of praise and as mistakenly commendatory as those of the journal over whose columns the reporter-manager swings his ungrammatical blue pencil. In fact not one paper in this city, in whose columns appeared the advertisement of the plays performed lately, gave a fair, impartial, and unbiassed criticism of any one performance, and the conclusion that one naturally arrives at is, that unless the show is written up for all it is worth, out comes the 'ad.' What I object to in the newspaper report is this, that every sort and kind of entertainment is well spoken of, and the result is, that the patrons of the theatre get so that they simply will not believe what the papers say, and this I think one reason why there are not better houses. No matter what kind of a company comes along, straightway the papers bristle with effusive advance notices; the performance takes place, and let it be as poor as you like, the next day the papers with one accord join in fulsome praise of it. This is not right, it is not journalism, it is not fair to the theatre goers of the place, it is not justice to people who come here and give a good entertainment; and furthermore, it does not pay, for as I have said I am satisfied numbers of people stay away from a play, or an opera, simply because they have been sold so often by believing newspaper reports that they have made up their minds not to be caught again. A low murmur of commendation greeted the Senator when he closed his remarks, and after a few moments conversation on the chance of the Institute ever being improved upon, We hid Us homewards.

GENERAL REMARKS.
The Three Tracks herein mentioned, are conveniently situated for horsemen who may desire to attend these races.
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" Fredericton to St. John is 97 miles.
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ON HORSE, SULKY AND GROOM,
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These are good tracks and all members of the N. T. A., and the different managers will use very effort to have these races conducted strictly according to rule.
W. F. TODD, President,
St. Stephen, N. B.
W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary,
Fredericton, N. B.

GENERAL CONDITIONS.
ALL Races will be governed by the Rules of the National Trotting Association, of which Association each Track here represented is a member.
Five horses required to enter and three to start. A horse distancing the field will only be entitled to first money.
Horses starting in the circuit will be eligible in the same class throughout the circuit.
Entrance fee will be Ten per cent. of the purses, payable, Five per cent. with nomination and Five per cent. the evening before the races.
Purses will be divided: Sixty per cent. to first, Thirty per cent. to second, and 10 per cent. to third.
Arrangements will be made to have United States horses admitted in bond to attend these races.

ST. STEPHEN PARK, ST. STEPHEN, N. B. PURSES, \$1,000.
WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, 10th and 11th September.
First Day.
Foals of 1888, Purse, \$100
3 Minute Class, " 150
2.37 Class, " 200
Second Day.
2.45 Class, Purse, \$150
Free for all Class, " 300
Reserved for Special, " 100
Entries close 3rd September. Address all communications to JAMES E. OSBURG, Secretary, St. Stephen, N. B.

FREDERICTON PARK ASSOCIATION. PURSES, \$1,000.
WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, 17th and 18th September.
First Day.
Stake Race for foals (Added) of 1888, En. closed / money 3 Minute Class, Purse, \$150
2.37 Class, " 200
Second Day.
2.45 Class, " \$150
Free for all Class, " 300
Reserved for Specials, 150
Entries close 8th September. Address all communications to W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary, Fredericton, N. B.

MOOSEPATH PARK, ST. JOHN, N. B. PURSES, \$1,750.
WEDNESDAY, 24th SEPT.
3 Minute Class, Purse, \$150
2.37 Class, " 200
THURSDAY, 25th SEPT.
2.45 Class, Purse, \$150
Free for all Class, " 300
Reserved for Specials, 200
MONDAY, 29th SEPT.
Foals of 1887 or younger, .. \$100
2.40 Class, " 200
TUESDAY, 30th SEPT.
2.50 Class, Purse, \$150
Free for all Stallions, 300
Entries close on the 15th Sept. for the first two days, and on the 22nd Sept. for the last two days. Address all communications to A. M. MAGIE, Secy., St. John, N. B.

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