THE GIRL OF QUESTIONS.

HOW A MAN'S LIFE CAN BE MADE MISERABLE.

She Did Not Understand the Game and Began to Make Remarks-The Agony of the Ordeal-Ignorance of the Umpire Settles Her Work.

It is surprising how much amusement one woman, with a well defined talent for asking questions, is capable of affording to a good sized audience, while she herself remains blissfully unconscious of the benefit she is conferring on her fellow creatures in rescuing them from the demon of enuni.

I had a delightful instance of this about three weeks ago, an instance which I truly think casts the celebrated small boy to whom poor Mark Twain tried to relate the story of George Washington and his apocryphal little hatchet utterly, and forever, into the

It was during the last match between the Shamrocks and the Monctons, and though the base ball season has passed away like a tale that is told, and with it the bright beings who flashed athwart our horizon the meteors of a single day; yet somehow, the spot where once they lived, played, and had their being, seems surrounded by sacred memories, which as the scent of the roses is supposed to hang round the fragments of a broken pot-pourri jar-make hallowed ground of the base ball field.

A charm from the past seems to hallow all there, Which seek where you will is ne'er met with else-

I had reached the scene of action early, and shortly after I took my seat on the grand stand. A party of three arrived and settled themselves directly in front of me; they consisted of a very pretty young lady, a fair young man, and another young lady with dark hair. The two former were evidently husband and wife, and the latter, very evidently a "lady from the provinces" who had never seen a base ball match. The young couple placed her between them; the ladies unfurled their fans, and then the fun began; the players were engaged in the usual practice before the and then burst forth

beat, do think? Oh look! see that one throwing the ball at the other man; he nearly hit him."

The fair young man explained that the game had not yet begun, and that it was for throwing the ball at the other man that the pitcher was paid, as the catcher was paid for not being hit, if he could help it.

"Well you don't mean to say he is paid for playing ball do you? I thought they all did it for fun."

The young matron stepped into the chasm this time, and informed her friend that they were all professionals and paid like all other honest toilers. At that moment the umpire called time in the language of the ring, and the players started out into the field to begin their work.

"Oh look!" shrieked our friend. "See what he is putting over his head? It's a muzzle, and what a tunny apron all striped across! What is he doing that for ?"

"That is his base ball mask to prevent the balls from striking his head, and the chest paid is to protect his chest."

"Oh yes. I might have known that if I had only stopped to think. What are all those ragged bags for, out on the field?" "Those are the bases; and the home

plate is-" "Where is the home plate?"

"Don't you see a little diamond shaped piece of marble near where the catcher is

"I don't know which is the catcher." "The catcher is the man with the mask on who is right behind the batsman."

"Yes, I see him, but I don't see any plate at all, and I believe you are just laughing at me."

The unhappy young man was getting impatient, evidently he was a devotee of base ball, and wanted to watch the game, so once more his wife came to the rescue.

"and see how well they play."

"Oh, yes, I just love to watch them, and I think I am beginning to understand the game nicely. What is that man running away from the others for? Look! do look! I believe he is trying to run away, and he is wiping his feet on one of those bags, why don't they stop him?"

A distinctly audible snicker broke the golden silence of the grand stand, and the young benedict blushed vividly, and looked as if he wished he had staved at home.

"That is what they call making a run" he explained, "and if the player succeeds in getting his foot on the base before the

ball is caught, he wont be put out." "Who was going to put him out?" "Nobody was," said the unhappy man;

"but it that ball had been caught before he reached the base, he would have been 'caught out' as it is called."

"Well then, why had he not sense enough to run after the other man and catch the ball himself? I would."

The fair young man glanced across at his wife and groaned, and I regret to say that his better half only laughed.

"Do watch them Mary," she repeated, "you are missing all the game." "Oh, no, I'm not; I know a lot about it

now. Why do they wear green stockings? K. D. C. is Guaranteed

If your Druggist

"That is the color of their club; the

Is it so they wont get spoiled if they fall

"Oh no, it isn't; I can see their clubs plainly, and they are all bright yellow. You are trying to make fun of me all the time, Fred; just because I don't understand the game as well as you and Edith."

Silence, for a brief space—a silence that could be felt, and fell upon our wearied spirits like the gentle dew from heaven, then-

"What does that man mean by standing right behind the one who is using the bat, he gets in the way all the time and he will be getting killed if he does not take care?" "But he is the catcher," groaned the

martyr beside her. "It is his place." "And who is the man who talks so much

and dances around all the time?"

"That is the umpire." "What is an umpire?"

"Great Cæsar's ghost Mary, don't you know." His voice died away. His head sunk slowly torward and in another moment he fell heavily against the rail, and was carried from the ground in a dead faint. He was young and strong, and he could bear a great deal, but when it came to associating with a girl who did not know a base ball umpire when she saw one, the strong man forgot his manhood and fainted like the weakest girl beneath the storm of emotions which racked his frame, and the last words I heard as he was carried away were, "Why Edith what can be the matter with Fred? What made him ill? What?" and I heard no more.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE. FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

His Ma Indignant Because She is Neglected by "crogress."

My DERE Sis: Wich hopin' you are the same, and leavin' us as uzule and takin' my pen in hand, hopin' you will excuse bad ritin' and many happy returns uv the same. We'se been away so long now, sis, fact. During the last few weeks of the that you must aben havin' some hevinly corting, I gess. I think corting without King street. Both D. McArthur and game, and the lady from the provinces kisses is ony an agrawashun, don't you Morton L. Harrison were "in it," and they watched them for an instant with interest think so, sister. It's like diggin' worms and not bein' allowed to fish. It's like the "What a lovely game, which is going to cake wich ma puts on the table fer show and not fer eatin'.

muchual ma ain't mad! And all becoz the | 4.689 copies of Progress during the three Moncton sassiety reporter uv that ogeous paper, Progress, forgut to menshun our impozin' arrival here. Ain't we good enuff fer Muncton, sez she, to be sot on The four dealers ran up a grand total of this way? Ain't we took in all the seaside and summer resorts, I'd like to know? Ain't we in a delikit state of helth, sez ma?

We certinly hevn't been wigorous, sez pa, edgin' over to the gin bottle. Ain't I ben hangin' up them bathin duds of ourn all along the line of root, sez she? Ain't we ben admirin' the scenery mornin', noon and nite, and freezin' in the

and antmires over us, sez ma. And fleas, sez pa, in solemn tones;

water, and campin' out with flies and bugs

don't forgit the fleas. Ain't we peeled our nose evuff, sez she? Wots the use of hevin' ansisters, Hiram, tell me that, you bloomin' nose monyment, you? Did we cum over with Willum the Cornkiller or did we not? Are we to be sot on in Muncton, sez she, wich is mostly French and the rest of 'em dubrous and mongrel, sez she? A place wich the Hinscornful akcents.

Mebbe it was the edditer, sez pa. Mebbe he knows we've been dammin' his paper. Mebbe he struck us out.

risin' on her stummick. It was that corispondint that done it. "There is literly nobuddy now no enny account 'ceptin' wot the paper sez. Wot do you think of that, Hiram, sez ma,-literly nobuddy! Is that us, sez she? Wot's the use of keepin' a Zulu footman and drivin' a horse with a shaved tale all these yeres, sez she. Wot's the use of leavin' the Hardshells and "Watch them now, Mary," she said, jinin' the Piscopels as we did, and bein' elected wardens and vestries I'd like to know? Wot's the use of jinin' the Fossel confecshunary to have her voice deviledup, sez ma? Are you dum, Hiram, or are you

simply a phool? Mebbe the corispondint didn't know we woz here, sez pa in soothin' tones. Didn't know it! Ain't he paid fer

knowin' it, sez ma? Ain't we been out on the piazzer of this miserable hotel every blessed minit exposin' our profiles to view? Didn't we 'zibit them bathin' duds in the winder? Ain't we been galawantin up and down the streets of the town with saler hats | machine can place over 1,000,000 splints scenery, sez she?

We hev, sez pa. Pusher, sez I, then you'd got your name in. ture; the second contains molten paraffine, O, sister, I've been orful tired where I sit | in which the points are dipped, and in the down ever since I sed that.

If she don't get in the papers somehow she'll be doin' somthin' desparit, sister. I wudnt be serprized to see Ma elopin' in dried while still in the trames, and are then low life, sis, if somthin' aint done soon wareby me kin hold our end up as it orter put into the boxes by hand.—The Wood-

But I'm tired sister. Mr. Hawk is supportin' the government agin. He's a troo friend of Mr. Blare now I gess. He's been solid fer morin a week. So good bye now, wich hopin it finds you the same I remane to whimper. Your livin' bruther

JIMMY SMITH. to Cure Dyspepsia and Indigeston, don't keep K. D. C.,

THE HUSTLING DEALER.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR WINS THE \$20 IN GOLD

Offered by "Progress" to the City Newsdealer Selling the Greatest Number of "Progress" in Three Months-He Sold

Ever since Progress made its appearance over three years ago, it has had a steady growth in circulation, and at times a very rapid growth, but substantial withal. No paper ever published in the province has been received with more favor at the hands of the public, and wherever introduced it "always went to stay."

There were many causes which account for the rapid growth of PROGRESS' circulation and the methods adopted to push it have met with the approval of the people. Last May, when its circulation was about 7,000 a prize of \$20 was offered to the city newsdealer selling the largest number of papers between the thirty-first of that month and the thirtieth of August, both

Three months was a long time to run such a contest, but, as the paper only appeared once a week, it would have been difficult to arrange one of shorter duration. A number of newsdealers increased their orders directly the announcement was made. They make a good profit off Progress, and in increasing their orders they were increasing their profits, besides having the prize in view. But the gold piece was the smallest part of it. There was a big advertisement besides for the successful agent, and perhaps never has the newsdealer business in St. John come to the front to a greater extent than during the last few weeks. All the principal dealers were talked about, and thus benefitted in a business sense.

The average buyer will patronize the store kept by a live business man, or one with a reputation as a hustler, and a number of dealers were quick to recognise this contest the competition was very warm on worked hard. Both men accomplished wonderful results, but Mr. McArthur either had more time to hustle or worked more successfully while at it, for when he Good land, sister, but mebbe our handed his last order in, he had disposed of months. Morton L. Harrison came next with 3,390; W. G. Brown, Indiantown, sold 2,002, and D. J. Jennings 1,825. 11,906 copies.

FAST MATCH MAKING.

A Machine that Cuts Out Ten Millions of Them Every Day.

The operation of making matches from a pine log may be divided into four heads,

Preparing the splints, dipping the matches, box making, and filling. the timber is brought into the cutting room of the factory it is seized upon by a gang of men, who place it before a circular saw, where it is cut into blocks fifteen inches long, which is the length of seven matches. It is then freed of its bark and taken to the turning lathe, where, by means of a special form of fixed cutting band running its entire length, a continuous tool, the thick-

ness of the match is cut off. As the block revolves and decreases in diameter, the knife advances and a band of veneer of uniform thickness is obtained. As the veneer rolls off the knife it is met doos has sent a mishunary to, sez she, in by eight small knives, which cut it into seven separate bands, each the size of a match. By this one operation seven long ribons of wood, each the length and thickness of a match, are obtained. These are then broken into pieces six feet long, the Not a bit of it, sez ma, her ebernezer knotty parts removed, and they are then fed into a machine which looks and acts like a straw chopper, which cuts them into single matches. The machine eats 150 bands at the same time, and a mechanical Misses Pottipher left in the hull city," is device pushes them forward the thickness of a match at each stroke of the cutter. This little machine, with its one sharp knife, can cut over 10,000,000 matches a

From the cutting room the splints are taken to the dry room, where they are placed in revolving drums, which absorb all the moisture the splints may contain. They are then prepared for the dipping process, which is a very important operation, as each splint must have sufficient club and rubbin' ourselves with Anecdote space to be fully coated, and yet not placed linyment? Wot's the use of sendin' Madge | so close to the others as to cause the mix-(acorse that's you, sister) to the Boston | ture to clot the heads of the other splints. To do this they are placed under an ingeniously constructed machine, which seems to work with human intelligence, and are caught up and placed closely, but at regular intervals, in a dipping frame. These frames contain 44 moveable laths, and between each lath the machine places, with clockwork regularity, 50 splints,

making over 2,000 in each frame. The heads of the splints are all on the same level, and a single attendant at each and cat-tales on, admirin' the bildins and in the frame per day. The dipping vat is scenery, sez she? square pans. The first pan is for heating Why didn't you vote fer Donoven or the splints, so they will absorb the mixthird they are coated with igniting composi-My land, sister, the way she did take on. tion. Over 8,000,000 matches can be taken to the packing room, where they are

Naturally.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the aeronaut of his assistant, who had begun "I want the earth," wailed the young

man .- Terre Haute Express.

A GALLON FOR A GILL.

It Was of Whiskey, and a High Old Time Followed.

Sergeant Major Martin of the Park Commission tells a story of an Irish captain of his, Captain Patrick O'Flaherty, that would have told well of Horace Greeley. The captain had risen from the ranks during the civil war; he was a devout catholic, a military martinet and a rigid temperance man, but he was weak in his spelling. Some drunkenness occurring in the regiment the captain ordered the grog stopped. Of course this created discontent among the men, and finally one of them appealed for permission to buy liquor on the ground of illness.

"Is it sick ye are?" said the captain suspiciously. "Sure, whusky'll only make

ye wor-r-rse. "No, captain," the applicant replied with all possible deference. "When I'm affected this way a little whiskey relieves me

"A little, is it?" said the captain. Well, ye shall have a little, and he accordingly wrote this order:

"Give Private Jones of Company A gil of whisky.

The sutler looked at the order and then at the soldier. "What have you got to hold you gallon?" said he. "Private Jones was quick witted. "That's so," said he, scratching his head reflectively. "Can't you lend me a demijohn?" "Not a john, my boy," said the sutler. "Hold on, then, till I borrow some canteens." Back he came in a few minutes and got his gallon good measure in his own and his comrade's canteens. That evening the tents of Company A were the scene of wild hilarity, and next morning Captain O'Flaherty was in a great rage about additional cases of drunkenness. Furiously he rushed to the sutler. "Who anthorized you to furnish that liquor?" he demanded. "I obeyed your order," said the sutler, calmly, exhibiting the document. "My order?" repeated the Captain. "That was for a gill-g-1-l." "What's a gill?" asked the sutler, with supreme contempt. "I never heard of a gill of whisky." The Captain overlooked the drunkenness and never wrote any more prescriptions.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Catchy Advertising

Is not necessary once the public knows by practical experience the real merits of any article. The "Health" undervest just introduced, and for sale by every first class dry goods house, once worn or seen will speak for themselves; they are the acme of comfort and luxury, and a sure preventitive against cold.—Advt.

Do You Eat Fruit?

The season for Strawberries, Currants and Raspberries is now over and Peas, Plums, Rock Cranberries and Blueberries are at hand, and persons wanting to preserve any of the above fruits should leave their orders with J. S. Armstrong & Bro., Grocers, 32 Charlotte street, for what they

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

"To the last I never recognized the hold I had over young men."—Apologia pro Vita Sua. No more the sun may know the strength it hath To stir the bark in spring with quickening blood; No more a storm controls its giant wrath, Or knows the measure of its scattered flood!

There is a quality of lasting youth That knoweth not the force that gave it birth; Some souls God points the subtler ways of truth, As highest tribute to their lasting worth.

He hath in souls like thine deposited A quenchless flame as calm and strong as dawn; Across the world thy potent fire is shed, Born of the "kindly light" that leads thee on! -Meredith Nicholson in the Catholic Worl 1.

For the Teeth!

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\$8,750 IN PURSES.

ST. STEPHEN, 10th & 11th Sept. | ST. JOHN, 24th & 25th Sept. ST. JOHN, 29th & 30th Sept. FREDERICTON, 17th & 18th

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, .. 2.37 Class, Second Day.

Reserved for Special, Entries close 3rd September.

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veniently situated for horsemen who may desire to attend these races

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17th and 18th September. 2.45 Class, Purse, \$150 Free for all Class, 300 Reserved for Specials, 200 First Day. Stake Race for foals (Added) \$ 50 of 1888. En. closed | money 3 Minute Class,.. .. Purse, \$150 Foals of 1887 or younger, .. \$100 2.40 Class, Second Day.

Entries close 8th September. Address all communications to W. P. FLEWELLING, Secretary. Fredericton, N. B.

races.

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. Magee, Sec'y., St. John, N. B.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

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MONDAY, 29th SEPT.

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