

THEY TORE UP THE TRACK

THE VARIOUS RAILWAYS HAVE A LITTLE TROUBLE.

The I. C. R. Management Take out the Diamond Crossing to Avoid Trouble—A Dark Night's Work—A Financial Loss to Both Sides.

MONCTON, Aug. 20.—There is trouble over the electric street railway, and the beautiful toy in which we took much innocent delight lies broken under our feet! At least the circuit is broken if the railway is not, and that is just the same, as far as the upper part of the city is concerned; because the cars can no longer cross the I. C. R. tracks, and as Moncton is chiefly composed of railway tracks, the West end no longer rejoices in the merry clang of the gong nor watches spell-bound for the flashing lights as the car rushes past.

The cause of the trouble is the very arbitrary action of the I. C. R. track department, who, acting under instructions from the management of the road, sent men out during the wee small hours of Thursday night, to pry up the Diamond crossings on Main and St. George streets, and thus cut off communication between the upper, and lower ends of the town.

The reason given, for this singularly high handed proceeding is that the I. C. R. authorities do not consider that as the street railway company have provided adequate protection against accidents and collisions, considerable blame would be attached to the railway employees; there is some reason for their contention especially as there was a very narrow escape one day last week, when the incoming C. P. R. train just escaped by a hair's breadth the rear of the street car. Of course as long as everything goes smoothly and there is no accident all is well, but if a train should happen to demolish a street car with all its passengers then the management of the I. C. R. would be compelled to take the consequences and the government would have a suit for heavy damages to settle.

It is asserted that the street railway company were to put in "D" rails at the crossings and so far having failed to do so the I. C. R. authorities took this rather drastic method of compelling them to keep their word in the interests of public safety.

It would seem to the disinterested on-looker that the magnates of the people's railway might have taken some other, and less offensive method of enforcing their orders, rather than turning on a force of some fifteen men to spend the hours of darkness like so many highwaymen in destroying valuable property, and if they had any vestige of right on their side they could easily have obtained an injunction to stop the street cars from running, and then taken out the crossings in broad daylight, if they considered such a very radical remedy necessary.

It is perfectly right and fitting that the safety of the public should be properly looked after, but when one considers that there is not one solitary I. C. R. crossing protected in any way, though the track runs literally through the city, and that the lives of the citizens are endangered every time a train comes in or goes out, it looks very much as if the exaggerated solicitude on the part of the powers that be, for the safety of Moncton's citizens, was a case of "Do as I say, but not as I do."

For years past the pressing necessity of gates at the crossings has been urged, and the extreme danger to the public of their unprotected condition has been the theme of many a newspaper article, but so far the I. C. R. management has been of too economical a turn of mind to pay any attention to them. On the side of the company it is only fair to say that the very night the crossings were torn up, the president of the company, Mr. J. L. Harris called on Mr. Pottinger general manager of the I. C. R. and after assuring him that the wishes of the government should be respected, requested a few days time in which to make arrangements, pledging himself meanwhile that the cars should not cross the track in future until some definite settlement had been arrived at. But the deputy minister of railways on being informed of the request, refused to grant it, and the same night the crossings were torn up. Considering that these expensive crossings were put in by the I. C. R. itself at a cost to the street railway company of more than three hundred dollars and as their removal required nearly a whole night's work on the part of quite a large gang of men, and must have cost quite a sum of money; it is the more inexplicable.

The company have taken every precaution possible to ensure the safety of their patrons the conductor having written orders to stop on arriving at a crossing leave his car and assure himself that the I. C. R. track was clear, before proceeding further, and they assert that these orders have been rigidly carried out during the past few days. Today acting under orders from the Minister of Railways, men are at work replacing the crossings, and the circuit will probably be restored to-morrow, but meanwhile the street railway company are out of pocket to the extent of more than half the earnings of the road for four days, and the public have suffered the annoyance of doing without a convenience to which they had already become accustomed, and which they thoroughly appreciated,

while the government would seem to have gone to considerable needless expense first, in tearing out the crossings, and then in replacing them, and all, apparently, for the purpose of showing their authority. It is to be hoped that since the public safety of Moncton people has been shown to be so near to the hearts of those high in authority in the government that august body will now see its way under the new management to protect the lives of our citizens by placing gates at the crossings, and some adequate protection at the approaches to the I. C. R. station which have long been a disgrace to civilization. It is scarcely fair to expect the Street Railway Company to bear all the expense, when, for one life risked by the street cars, a dozen are placed in jeopardy every day by the trains on the I. C. R.

GEORGE CUTHBERT STRANGE.

BEAUTIFUL NOVA SCOTIA.

What a Tourist Says of His Trip Through That Beautiful Land.

TUSKET, August 19.—During the past two or three years many of the good people of the city of Troy, N. Y., in which I reside have become considerably exercised in their minds as to the advisability of a change from the ordinary routine in regard to methods of avoiding the intense heat of our city during the summer months. We had 'done' about all of the watering places along the seaboard of our own country, and had no especial desire to go over that ground again. Many of them have grown to such an extent that they are but little different from the noisy whirling bustle of the city; and besides we had an intense longing for that ever blessed variety, which is the spice of this road over which the seeker for rest and happiness passes but once. It was while we were in this frame of mind, and gradually becoming more alarmed as the hot weather approached and no prospect of our longing being satisfied, that I accidentally came across a copy of the Yarmouth steamship company's folder issued for the present year. I don't know exactly why it was, but the little pamphlet caught my eye and chained my fancy from the very first. I hastily summoned a council of my friends and laid the matter before them. Now just let me take poetical or female licence right here and inform the public that this council consisted of four ladies and two gentlemen. I succeeded in impressing my lady friends with some of my enthusiasm regarding a visit to Nova Scotia but the gentlemen were disposed to be cynical, sceptical, and also made a feeble attempt to impress us with a little of that male superiority which their grandfathers were deluded into the belief that they actually possessed. They kindly hinted at Labrador or Greenland as a substitute for Nova Scotia. This was throwing ice water upon our proposed trip with a vengeance, but we persevered and carried our point as sensible women should always do, though not without some grumbling from our fancied 'lords of creation.' Following the instructions, of the folder I next sent for their book, entitled 'Beautiful Nova Scotia.' That book swept away the last remaining doubt from the minds of the female portion of our party and even exercised a softening influence upon the somewhat dense craniums of the sterner element that two of the ladies of our band had pledged themselves to 'until death do us part.' Well, to make a long story short, we started.

We lingered on deck during the sail down the beautiful harbor of Boston, until the light was passed, and we were out on the blue waters of Massachusetts Bay. In response to the threats, tears and entreaties of the male charges of our party, we descended to the dining saloon. Whether it was the change, the sea air or the tempting viands spread before us I cannot tell, but it seemed to me that never had food tasted so delicious before.

The table was in every respect up to date. Just permit me to inform the traveller right here that for cleanliness, politeness, good fare and kind attention these Yarmouth boats are unsurpassed. Questions are cheerfully answered, too. The officers of those ships do not look at the traveller who ventures a question with an expression of profound contempt, and then turn majestically away. Everybody seems to be fully imbued with the determination to make your trip on their ships a pleasant one. We eat on deck until ten o'clock drinking in the cool bracing air of old ocean and experiencing a sense of rest, quiet and contentment not to be found in the bustle and worry of the life that one must lead at home in order to keep pace with the age in which we live. Then we retired and slept so soundly that nothing but the hoarse notes of the steamer's whistle blowing "good morning" to the light keeper on Yarmouth Cape could have awakened us. In a surprisingly short space of time we were on deck, endeavoring to realize that we were in a foreign country, and amongst a strange people whom we have since found to be the kindest and most hospitable in the world. Yarmouth is an exceedingly pretty little town. We had heard but very little about it; in fact "Beautiful Nova Scotia" is strangely reticent about the headquarters of the Yarmouth steamship company and the gateway of Nova Scotia. After landing and having

our trunks examined we started for the "Grand Hotel." Our gentlemen kindly volunteered us the information that we might possibly find the "Grand" equivalent to a third rate boarding house at home, but even that was doubtful. Well, you should have seen the look upon their faces when our car halted before the large handsome building in which we were to spend a few days. We dragged them up the steps in triumph and astonished the polite and gentlemanly manager, Mr. Ellis, by requesting him to allow them no other diet but a generous allowance of fish until they developed more brains and less conceit. The dining room, parlors and sleeping apartments of the Grand are perfect, and the service is the best that I have seen in any summer resort. Everything is clean as a new pin; everybody is polite and obliging. Surely this enterprise is deserving of success. Why Yarmouth has not a greater share of patronage by our people is a mystery that I am unable to solve. It is certainly one of the most tastefully laid out little towns, and has one of the most beautiful drives that we have seen even in our own beautiful country. Bay View park is one of the most enchanting spots that it has ever been my fortune to visit. It commands good a perfect view of the harbor and bay; while down at the entrance we see the grim outlines of Cape Forchu, on which stands Yarmouth light. The grounds are very tastefully laid out and the air is like a taste of paradise to the inhabitants of one of our hot dusty cities. The park is owned by Hon. L. E. Baker, and judging from the appearance of things we should say he does nothing by halves. We had some clam chowder over there, and straight way concluded that it beat anything that we had ever tasted. But I must reserve the rest of our visit along the shore and to the beautiful city of Halifax for another time, as this may be wearisome except to those who are as enthusiastic as ourselves over "beautiful Nova Scotia."—M. L. J. in Halifax Herald.

SLAVE SALES IN MOROCCO.

Why Auctions Take Place After Evening Shades Have Fallen Around.

There has just returned to London a gentleman, Mr. G. Herbert Phillips, who, in the course of ten months' wandering, spent nine or ten weeks in the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco. Adapting himself to the Arab life, he bade adieu to civilization at Tangier, and with his caravan penetrated about 1,200 miles into the interior. This expedition was undertaken with neither commercial, scientific, political, nor geographical object. Deciding to winter abroad, Mr. Phillips left England last October, and having completed a tour in Italy, the Riviera, and Spain, it occurred to him to run across to Tangier, where, his interest being excited, he determined to see what Moorish life was like in the districts where European influence is not strictly felt. He fitted out a caravan, and, passing with his interpreters and attendants from place to place, visited every town of importance in the northern half of Morocco, including Fez, Mekinez, and Morocco city. He even penetrated into some of the little-known S. country, and passed through the territory of the Beni Hasan tribe, one of the most dangerous in Morocco, or even in the continent of Africa.

The house in which Mr. Phillips stayed at Fez was the same as that which Sir Euan Smith occupied when he made his memorable visit there, some few years back.

"I asked my host," said Mr. Phillips whether there was a slave market at Fez, as I was curious, if such were the case, to visit it. He told me there was, and that he would inquire when there would be a sale. The result of the inquiry was that on the evening of Sunday, May 31 last, I was conducted to what had the appearance of an old-fashioned market place. There was an open square, and round was a kind of arcade, in which the people sat. The slaves, who were Soudanese negroes, brought up from the Soudan through the desert in caravans, were ranged in a recess in the corner. The slave sales are invariably held in the evening, the idea being that if there are any impreflections in face or figure they are less likely to be noticed in the twilight. Eight women and two girls were offered for sale, and before the actual bidding commenced the intending purchasers went up to the recess in which the slaves were waiting and examined them closely. The first woman brought out was one apparently about twenty-two years of age, although she might be less, as they age very quickly. She was dressed in a kind of calico covering with a girdle. There was bidding in the usual auction way, the dealers

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going round and shouting out the offers as they were made. The bidding was, of course, in Moorish money, and the first woman was bought for a sum equivalent in English money to nearly £10. Then a young girl of perhaps ten years was sold, the price in her case being about £11. During all this I was standing under the arcade, but, being dressed in an ordinary English tourist suit, I kept behind the Moors who accompanied me, and, so far had been unobserved. I was aware that the Moors object to any stranger being present at these sales, as they do not wish information about the traffic to get abroad. I had seen the two sold, and in the case of the girl the scene was heart-rending, as she cried bitterly and was greatly distressed. I could stand it no longer and walked out into the middle of the square, and the large attendance of Moors present then saw that a European was there. They gathered together in little groups, there was a hurried whispering among them the unsold slaves were formally marched off, and the moors dispersed, most of those present proceeding to the great mosque nearby."

Mr. Phillips proceeded to point out that it would have been useless for him to purchase any of the slaves and set them free. Besides giving an encouragement to slave dealing, it would be mistaken philanthropy. About two years ago a European, acting from the best motives, purchased through a Moor at this same slave market one of these Soudanese girls and gave her her liberty, but as she could not provide for her permanently, and she could not go back to her own country, the result was deplorable.

Mr. Phillips has a profound belief in the resources of Morocco, but a very poor opinion of the people. Its mineral wealth is absolutely unbounded, gold, silver, antimony, coals, marble, slate, salt—all available for our needs—almost within a fortnight of London. Enough grain could be grown in Morocco to feed Great Britain, and there are enormous numbers of bullocks and sheep. As to the Moors, this matter of slavery is not the only reproach which is to be laid against them. However, slavery is recognized by the law of Morocco. The sale of a slave is accompanied by the exchange of a legal document, and these slave markets—although that at Fez was in a secluded place, being reached through narrow lanes and private paths—are regularly maintained as such, and are so called. Mr. Phillips saw much of Sheriff Mulaiel Hadj, a relative of the present Sultan, and the most influential man in southern Morocco, who is a British subject. He, as the title Sheriff implies, is a direct descendant of Mohammed. When the present Sultan, a young man of about 19, was placed upon the throne the Sheriff was probably regarded as a dangerous person, and, as there were plots against him, he came down to Tangier and put himself under British protection.—London Daily Telegraph.

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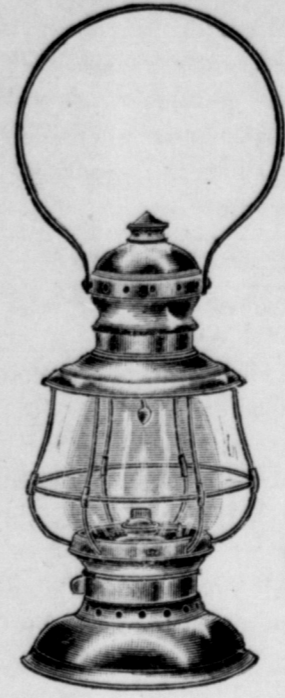
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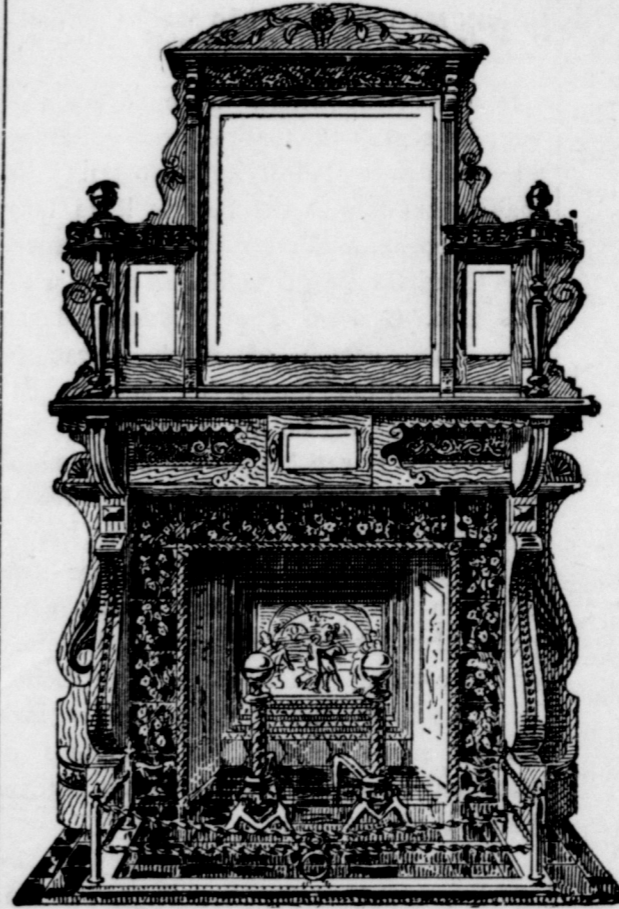
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