

Retsgab's Notes by the Way.

PORT ARTHUR TO PORT MOODY.

LEFT Port Arthur at 15.10, July 16, and arrived at the C. P. R.'s western terminus at noon on the 20th, thus making that portion of the trip in about 100 hours. The first half of the journey was somewhat monotonous, and would have been almost devoid of interest but for the talk over it our little company of through passengers managed to stow away into life. The buffalo scenes of the prairies (of the old time) were dug up, and illustrated by cords of cranial and vertebrae piled up (for grinding) along the track, and the desolation of the treeless expanse threw over them both the glory and the gloom of their past and present value to man. The imagination traveled back to the time when herds of buffalo roamed wildly at their will over their limitless feeding grounds, then to the reckless expenditure of life by sportsmen and robe hunters and insatiate Indians, and then, resting on their collected and piled remains, saw them reduced to powder to fatten the land and feed their enemies. Securing a fine pair of horns, and a single molar that must once have belonged to some champion bovine, and the last prairie incident rehearsed, we passed from the plains of bleaching bones to scenes of awe and wonder, that no language can describe. On longitude 114 1/2 west of Greenwich lie the ranch interests of Calgary. It was 22.50 when we reached that promising town; but the dim light of that hour gave us but little opportunity to fully estimate its progress. From there to Canmore the interest increased, but after reaching the Rockies, the majesty of mountain scenery made itself felt by the natural grandeur that came under observation. It was thereafter one continuous surprise. We swept by elevations of all heights, from one thousand to eleven thousand feet high; over streams so serpentine that the crossings were repeated over and over again, in one case twelve times; past innumerable waterfalls; saw real snowbanks without number seemingly in the clouds; traversed cunningly devised bridges and trestled heights built over gorges, and round curves, that made one dizzy to examine—and as we were seated close while in our driving room (and a \$30,000 one at that); pulmonary our meals in luxurious ease or enjoying the calmest of peace, surrounded on three sides with plate glass, in oriental ease and refinement. These are scenes in CANADA and the conquest of travel is Canadian; it is the fruit that the traveller eats along the route served up by the Canadian Pacific Railway and worth a journey from the antipodes to realize. It is something "alone in its glory." The question naturally arises in view of this continental transit, what is the cost of it? Whether the outlay necessary is a judicious one or not wholly depends on the owner's pocket-book. It is well worth the money it costs, when it is estimated on its own merits; but if any one has (in making his finances meet the case) to "rob Peter so as to pay Paul," he had better forego the glory and luxury of the trip, postpone his ambitions for cheaper times, and wait till he can afford the outlay without feeling pinched by the price. My expenses were laid out to cover the fullest premium of pleasure, ease and comfort attainable for the whole journey from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island to Victoria, British Columbia. Half the money however would have sufficed to "rough it," and put up with second-class accommodation. Here is a statement of the writer's outlay:—

Table listing travel expenses from Charlottetown to Montreal, including fares, meals, and other costs, totaling \$148.00.

Retsgab's Notes by the Way, number four, will be on the burnt district, Port Moody to Vancouver.

British Politics and Politicians

LORD SALISBURY'S OBJECT.

Those English country gentlemen are sportsmen first and politicians afterwards. Lord Salisbury's game, however, is well calculated. He not only wants to avoid formulating an Irish policy as long as possible, but he wishes to have a free hand for foreign affairs, out of which ticklish situations and pregnant possibilities may any moment arise. If all goes as he hopes, Parliament, after it has met next week and adjourned for the re-election of ministers, will ratify through the estimates within a fortnight and will then adjourn until spring. This would give him five months of freedom from Parliamentary interference, during which he might do as he liked with a foreign policy, and the hope of Lord Salisbury is strong that something will turn up abroad that will furnish him with a chance to distinguish himself and give the British public something to think of besides Ireland. With Parliament to be faced in an autumn session this fine prospect would be spoiled; for while he can depend upon the Liberal-Unionists to back him up in delaying the disclosure of his legislation for Ireland, they would not hold themselves bound to follow him in his adventures in search of a foreign policy.

Anticosti Boomed!

An "Anticosti company" has, it appears, been put on a legal footing in England, presumably with the intention of floating stock upon the money market there, or of inducing persons unacquainted with the capabilities of the place to purchase its uncultivated acres. Stories are set afloat as to the fitness of the climate, tempered by the ocean currents, the abundance of game and fish, and the possible mineral resources that may yet be developed. One notice we have seen concludes with the statement that "before long we shall probably hear a good deal more of this rich little island, with its extraordinary capabilities." English people will do well to see their "rich little island" before emigrating thither.

The girl who makes good bread usually marries a poor man, and yet poor men, as a rule, grumble at their lot. There is a good deal of perversity in human nature.

AMUSEMENTS AT THE PARK.

Cricket.

Our cricketers must wake up. In nearly all their matches with foreign teams they fall disastrously. They are, or seem to be, in poorer condition for playing than for some time past. Their batting is inferior, or else it is a case of nervous prostration known technically as a "funk." Their bowling is not up to the mark, and their run-getting is shamefully misjudged. It is too bad to see three out of ten run out. This is certainly due to the fact that our players but seldom practice with a full field and thus do not know what runs are safe and what are not. Of course there are circumstances which must be taken account of before condemning them utterly. They have only picked up cricket; their opponents have been taught. The contrast between Mr. Herbert's play on Saturday and that of any member of our club is the contrast between Sims Reeves and the precursor of a rural choir. If there be any stronger contrast it may be considered drawn. Mr. Herbert was absolute master of the bowling, and gave an exhibition of ease and power in batting, which our local players would do well to profit by. It was a lesson to them for which it may not have been too high a price to be defeated. We subjoin the record of our club against foreign teams during the last five years.

Table showing cricket scores for Park Club vs. Officers H. M. S. Northampton, Sept. 6, 1881.

Table showing cricket scores for Park Club vs. Wanderers of Halifax, July 23 and 24, 1883.

Only one inning was played, rain having fallen almost continuously during the game.

Table showing cricket scores for Park Club vs. Team from H. M. S. Griffon, Oct. 20, 1883.

Return match with same team.

Table showing cricket scores for Park Club vs. Officers H. M. S. Canada, June 18, 1884.

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"And They Took Him In."

A PRINCE EDWARD ISLANDER DAZZLED BY VISIONS OF WEALTH WALKS "INTO THE PARLOR" OF NEW YORK SHARPS—HE ASKS FOR MONEY AND THEY GIVE HIM A BUCK.

Last Thursday morning a stout built man about 40 years of age, with a red face and strawberry-colored whiskers, could be seen hanging about the Adams Express office on Court street, Boston. He looked unhappy. He also looked green, although the color of his face and beard reminded one of a summer sunset. Every once and a while he would run his fat, freckled hands down into the pockets of his bran new store clothes, heave a sigh and stare into vacancy. This movement was varied by another, which consisted of pulling his fiery beard until an additional shade of carmine was spread over his florid features. Tears came into his mild eyes, and he seemed in fit condition to attend his grandmother's funeral. It was evident that he felt mean, and it was no wonder. This man was M. M. Stewart, and he hailed from quiet little Caledonia, in Prince Edward Island. In his place he was considered a pretty clever sort of a man and one who had cut his eye teeth a long time ago. But it appears that they had not been cut long enough, if we may judge from his sad story poured into unsympathetic ears that morning. It appears that he had been the victim of one of the oldest kinds of swindling games. A short time ago Stewart received a circular letter from New York, which contained "strictly private" business, in effect that the writer was in a position where he could supply him with any amount of "green goods" at remarkably low rates. Stewart had wits enough to understand that "green goods" meant counterfeit money. The letter could not have arrived more timely. Stewart had engaged in several enterprises calculated to bring in money legitimately, but they had all failed and he was in a sadly embarrassed financial condition. Here was a chance, however, by which he could redeem his fortunes quite easily. The circular related in glowing terms how perfect were these "green goods," and how easily they could be disposed of without suspicion. He read the letter over and over, dreamed of it and carried it in his thoughts until he could not resist the temptation of increasing the Dominion currency and getting himself out of financial trouble. But he didn't have the money with which to purchase the "green goods." Nevertheless, he

DID NOT PROPOSE TO BE BALKED

by any such thing as that, so evenings he would drop into the home of his friends and relatives, get them into a quiet corner, and, with mysterious airs, whisper the facts of his great scheme, elaborating on the big money to be made with only the risk of a few dollars. Pretty soon he had quite a number of his townspeople interested in the scheme, and one night they had a secret meeting at which they pooled their spare cash and delegated Stewart to proceed to New York and negotiate for the purchase of \$700 worth of "green goods." It was stipulated in the circular that the money should be paid in gold. Not many days ago Stewart arrived in New York with a bag of gold, amounting to \$330, stowed away in his valise. He had been advised before leaving home to keep his eyes wide open and look out for sharpers. But Stewart took-pooled at the idea that he could be taken in by anybody in New York. It had been agreed that he should put up at the Sanford Hotel, Nos. 25 and 27 Third avenue, where he would meet the "green goods" merchants. He went to the hotel, registered, and had hardly got into his room before a card was sent up announcing that two visitors would like to see him. "Send the gentlemen up," said Stewart, and up they came. They were both very pleasant spoken and well dressed young men, and at once asked Stewart if he would not join them in a bottle of "fizz." Stewart said he didn't know what that was, but thought he could go it. So they cracked a bottle and became warm friends. They gave their names as Philip Kreiger, No. 391 East Tenth street, and Thomas Anderson. A little business talk was held, and it was agreed that next day Stewart was to meet them at 391 East Tenth Street and receive \$700 in United States and Dominion bills for \$330. They went down stairs and had some more "fizz." After the men had departed, the hotel clerk came up to Stewart and warned him to beware of the two strangers, as they were sharpers and were after his money. Stewart swelled up at this and remarked: "Those gentlemen are friends of mine. What do you mean, sir? Do you take me for a greenhorn?" Bright and early next morning, Stewart went to No. 391 East Tenth street. He had his gold-laden valise in his hand and was determined to keep his eyes wide open and not get swindled. He was greeted effusively, and invited to have a nice cigar. "What fine young men," thought Stewart, "they are just the men to do business with."

CHUCKLED AT HIS GOOD FORTUNE

in falling in with men who would give him \$2 for \$1. While he was examining the bills, one of the young fellows went out. Stewart then opened his valise and jingled the gold upon the desk upon which negotiations were being conducted. The money was counted and found to be all right, so the man quietly dropped the big bundle of bills into the valise, and set it on the desk against the wall. While it rested there he engaged Stewart in conversation, and spoke of the sights of the great city, offering to give him back \$25 so that he could go around a bit with it and "do" the town. Stewart was so overcome with the man's generosity and the visions of a good time, that he never thought to keep his eye on it, and that was the man who had left the room. He had taken up a position in the next room, and, at a signal, opened a panel, took the bag, which was resting in a shadow, and abstracting the roll of bills (which was good money) substituted another kind of a package made to represent it. After this had been done, the valise was returned, and Stewart ushered out. One of the men suggested that he at once deposit the bag in the Adams express office, and send it to Boston for safe keeping, as it might be stolen from him while he was seeing the sights. Stewart thought

this an excellent idea, and followed the suggestion. He stated to the express company that the contents of the valise were worth \$15. Then he went to work and spent all the \$25 the men had allowed him in going about the city, saving enough to take him to Boston. Stewart arrived in that city early next morning and at once went to the Adams express office for his valise, as he wanted to get some money to buy a breakfast with. He called for the valise, and as soon as it was handed to him he opened it, and made a dive for the package of money. Somehow or other the package had increased in weight. He opened it hurriedly, when lo! a full-grown brick was presented to his paralyzed gaze. His nervous hand dropped the brick and bag, and big beads of sweat stood out on his brow. For the first time he realized that he had been "taken in and done for," and that Caledonia wits did not compare with those grown and educated in New York. He had been victimized by the same game at which Tom Davis lost his life not long ago, when he tried to play it on a big Texan who carried a "gun," and knew how to use it. Stewart did not suspect his charming acquaintances in New York at first. He thought the valise

HAD BEEN ROBBED IN TRANSIT,

and so made a loud complaint to Dan Lovering. The genial Dan had met with just such cases before, and soon succeeded in opening his eyes for him. It was a laughable, and, at the same time, a pitiful sight to see this big man, with tears in his eyes and covered with perspiration besmear his experience. He never once thought that he intended committing a crime himself by disposing of counterfeit money. "I only wanted to pay my debts," said he. "After that I intended to tear up what was left. Oh, what will the folks say when I get home? They will be mad enough to kill me. I haven't a cent; not enough to buy anything to eat." He was a most unhappy man. "And to think what a big fool I was. I never thought until now that no man would be such a fool as to give me twice as much money as I gave him. I say (bringing up a little) the valise is marked 'worth \$15' can't you let me have \$15 for the valise; and—brick so I can get home!" This was too much for Lovering and the ends of his long, black, piratical-looking moustache shook in the wind as he laughed and roared at the proposition. At last to get rid of him, Lovering sent him to the police. A ray of light dawned upon Stewart. "The police! Oh, yes, they'll get it back for me," he said. He called upon the police and wanted them to write to the swindlers and ask them if they would not "kindly return his money." But the police didn't seem to think that they would do so simply upon request. Then Stewart wanted to know how he was to get home. Had he any friends in the city? Yes, but he didn't know where they were. The last seen of him he was walking toward Boston common on the lookout for a soft seat in the grass, or a bench on which to sleep.

Stewart is not the only victim of this little game. A short time ago two Prince Edward Island young men found a brick in their valise upon calling for it at the Adams express office. They had paid \$300 in bills and \$60 in gold for it.—St. John Sun.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites FOR WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

Where the digestive powers are feeble and the ordinary food does not seem to nourish the child, this acts both as food and medicine, giving flesh and strength at once, and is almost as palatable as milk. Take no other.

DEAD AS JULIUS CAESAR!

THIS is what they generally say about trade during the month of August, and in order to make a change in the natural order of things, we have inaugurated a bona fide

REDUCTION SALE.

We can only mention a few of the bargains:— Black Worsted Men's Suits, former price \$7, now \$5.88. Men's Fine Black Worsted Suits, former price \$12, now \$9.50. Men's Navy Blue Suits, former price \$5, now \$4. Men's All-wool Tweed Coats, former price \$9, now \$7. Men's Very Heavy All-wool Tweed Pants, formerly \$2.50, now \$1.75. Child's Tweed Suits at about half price to CLEAR. Youth's Tweed Coats, former price \$3.75, now \$3. Youth's Black Worsted Coats, formerly \$5.50, now \$4. Men's White Shirts, formerly 60cts, now 50cts. Men's Fingert Shirts, now 50cts, formerly \$1. Men's Cotton Underwear, formerly 50cts, now 35cts.

Fearful Slaughter in our Tailoring Department.

Union Druggists, formerly 35cts, now 25cts. Ladies' Gossamer, formerly \$1.10, now \$1. Men's Straw Hats about half price. Men's Felt Hats at cost. Tryon Tweeds at 50cts, 45cts, and up. Scotch Tweeds 90cts, worth \$1.10.

REID BROS., CAMERON BLOCK.

Ch'town, August 2, 1886—3mos

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-Partnership heretofore existing under the style and firm of NORTON BROS., has this day been dissolved by lapse of time and mutual consent. Mr. E. H. Norton retires from the business, which will be carried on by R. B. Norton and Robert Fennell, under the style and firm of NORTON & FENNEL. All persons indebted to the late firm are requested to pay their respective accounts to Norton & Fennell, who will continue the business at the City Hardware Store, and discharge all debts of the late firm. R. B. NORTON, E. H. NORTON, August 2, 1886.

Notice of Co-Partnership.

This certifies that we have this day entered into Co-Partnership, under the style and firm of NORTON & FENNEL, and will continue the business of the late firm of Norton Bros., at the City Hardware Store. R. B. NORTON, ROBERT FENNEL, August 2, 1886—41 wy 31

Real Estate Sale.

THREE valuable LOTS on Douglas Street, 50x100 feet each, or thereabouts. Apply at Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island. June 28, 1886.

AUGUST.

DURING AUGUST,

J. B. MACDONALD

will sell off the balance of stock of STRAW HATS, balance of stock of SUMMER PRINTS and MUSLINS, balance of stock of SUMMER DRESS GOODS, 50 BOYS SUITS (to fit boys three to ten years), MENS' and YOUTHS' SUITS (Tweed and Worsted).

All Summer Goods must be cleared, regardless of price. You can depend upon getting BARGAINS in every department at

J. B. MACDONALD'S, QUEEN STREET.

Ch'town, July 29—dy wy

Boston Steamers.

The Managers of the Boston, Halifax and Prince Edward Island Steamship Line have to-day wired that, "Owing to the accident to the Gate City, it will become necessary to withdraw the Merrimack from the Eastern line to fill her place for a short time. In consequence of this the Carroll and Worcester will sail once a week on the same schedule as formerly."

"The management regret exceedingly being compelled to make this change, at this time, as it is their intention to increase and improve the facilities of the Eastern line."

The Merrimack will, therefore, leave here at 6 o'clock to-morrow (Thursday) Evening, and will not return until further notice, after this week. The Carroll or Worcester will leave Charlottetown at 6 o'clock on THURSDAY EVENINGS, and Boston at NOON on SATURDAY, as formerly.

CARVELL BROTHERS, Agents.

Ch'town, July 28, '86—2wks jour her pat

BRITISH WAREHOUSE, 83 QUEEN STREET.

Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Curtain Nets and Fancy Serims, Cretonnes, Light Prints and Dress Muslins, Ladies' Mantles, Summer Mantle Cloths, Straw Hats and Bonnets.

Gents' Merino Underclothing.

" American White Dress Shirts.

" Linen Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Socks.

Carriage Wraps.

ALL SELLING AT A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO CLEAR.

A. L. BROWN.

Ch'town, July 15—wky

A GREAT SUMMER RESORT.

THE SEASIDE HOTEL, RUSTICO BEACH, P. E. I.

HAS been much improved this season, and will be open for Guests and Visitors on or before JULY 10th. ESTERMS:—Moderate. The Proprietors will spare no pains to make this the finest summer resort in the Province.

JOHN NEWSON & CO.

Ch'town, June 15, 1886

NEW HAT & FUR STORE, Newson Block.

A NEW DEPARTMENT

HATS, of the latest Styles, at the very LOWEST PRICES.

FURS, of all kinds. Cleaned, Dyed, altered and Repaired. HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for Raw Furs.

E. STUART.

Ch'town, May 4, 1886