

SOUVENIRS.

The largest assortment to select from in town.

Sterling silver tea and coffee spoons, shells, pins, paper, napkin rings, boats, match-safes, pen-holders, shell spoons, ink-wells, salts and peppers, cold cream jars, etc.

Prices on souvenirs to suit all tastes, from

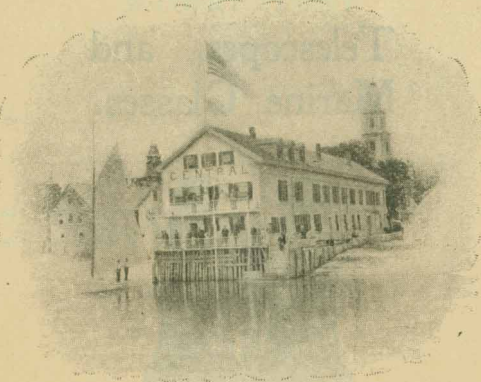
10c. to \$2.50.

WIPPICH, the Jeweller,

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Watch, clock, and jewelry repairing done in a prompt and superior manner.

CENTRAL HOUSE, Provincetown, Mass.



Hotel can be seen from the boat as she nears the wharf.
Good boating and bathing.

Dinner for excursionists will be served on arrival of the boat.

JAMES A. REED, Manager.



LONG POINT LIGHT, PROVINCETOWN.

Provincetown, the tip of the Cape, consecrated as the landing-place of the Pilgrim Fathers, the birthplace of the American republic, within whose land-locked harbor was formed the first real democratic government which the world ever knew! What inspirations, what associations there are in the very name, and what an object-lesson is contained in every landmark of the quaint old town! Every school-boy knows what is meant when allusion is made to the Cape. Instantly his mind reverts to that one point of land which in the school geography is designated as Cape Cod. It is this low-lying stretch of yellow sand, with its green-tipped dunes, its light-houses, and life-saving station, that the immigrant first descries upon approaching the port of Boston.

The basin thus formed by the long, overreaching arm of Cape Cod is the pleasant harbor of Provincetown,—a harbor so deep and wide as to afford safe anchorage for a fleet of ships greater than could be possibly accommodated in any other New England port.

It is fifty-two miles from Boston to Provincetown. Let us, taking advantage of the excellent opportunity afforded by the Boston, Plymouth & Provincetown Steamboat Company for a day's outing, make the trip from Boston, the Hub of the universe, to Provincetown, the tip of the Cape. In so doing, we shall find ourselves first of all at the wharf of the Bay Line, 410 Atlantic Avenue, Boston. It is 9.30 A.M. as we cross the gang-plank, and gain the deck of the magnificent new propeller, "Cape Cod." The stentorian voice of Captain A. E. Harding, formerly of the "Plymouth," now of this fleet excursion steamer "Cape Cod," is heard shouting for the last time the warning, "All ashore that are going ashore!" "All aboard for Provincetown!"

The vessel on which we have set sail well deserves the encomiums which have been showered upon it; for no steamboat leaving Boston Harbor is more substantial in construction, more modern, commodious, and luxurious in its appointments.