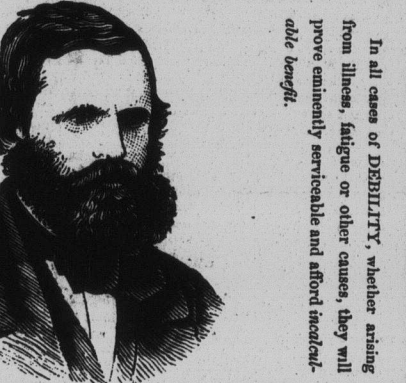


Carpet Warerooms,  
NG STREET.  
want of Handsome Carpets,  
oleums, or House Furnish-  
n select from the Largest  
ime Provinces.

HE PRICES!  
om - - 30c. per yard.  
" - \$1.00  
A. O. SKINNER.

lish Tonic Bitters!  
BITTERS have been long found to be the most  
NDIGESTION, DISEASE OF THE LIVER  
AND IRRITABILITY OF THE BOWELS.



In all cases of DEBILITY, whether arising  
from illness, fatigue or other causes, they will  
prove eminently serviceable and afford immedi-  
ate benefit.

170 City Road, St. John, N. B.  
T. B. BAKER & SONS, Wholesale Agents.

Mr. Fred Ferguson left on Monday for a week's  
vacation.  
Mr. Robert Phinney and Misses Doty and Anna  
Phinney left, a few days ago, for Moncton.  
Mr. Alfred Fayle arrived last Thursday from  
Michigan, and is visiting his home, after an absence  
of ten years.

Among the guests at the "Beaches" are Mr. S. L.  
Storer and son, of New York; Mr. H. and Mr.  
Phair, Miss Phair, Mrs. D. Hart and family, Fred-  
erickson; Mr. and Mrs. Polkenhorn, Moncton; and  
Mr. and Mrs. P. Archibald and family, Montreal.  
REUNION.

What was your doin' in there?" said  
she, and I said, "Oh, I'm in there with pa's  
dinner." "Oh, dear, how pa did get red  
and all that 'n' a linn' little case, just as if he  
didn't." Pa was more mortified than when  
he showed them the graveyard fence, and  
Mr. Ruggles said it's a shame to have any-  
body's ancestors inside of it.

They wanted to know what that thing  
was at the head of King street, and pa  
blushed 'cause he's ashamed to tell 'em what  
it's a drinkin' fountain, so he nudged me to  
say sumthin', and I said it's a monument  
what was erected to a very poplar man  
what the people didn't like very much.  
Mrs. Ruggles asked pa if the coaches al-  
ways stood in the middle of the street, and  
Mr. Ruggles waved his hand and said,  
"We don't want no coaches; we're goin'  
to see the town ain't he, Mr. Mulcahey?"  
And 'cause I said praps he might want a  
coach if he went out to see the town with  
pa, gracious how they all looked, and pa  
said 'I'm a little divil, and was always  
thinkin' things what was foreign to the  
truth.

Pa showed 'em all the hotels on King  
street and said what they wasn't much to  
look at but you orter see the tables they  
set, and Miss Smith from queens county  
wanted to know if they'd mahogany legs.  
Pa said there wasn't no finer dressed win-  
diers nowhere nor there was on King street  
any day in the week, but I guess the other  
Miss Smith thort she saw dressin' fine  
she didn't think they 'e all seemed. I  
guess she's sarkistic 'e all she didn't  
smile at her when she smiled and then  
scratched his neck on his collar when some  
other girls cum along.

I guess them Smiths is orful green any-  
how, 'cause when we showed 'em the buildin'  
what the Maritime bank busted up in they  
wanted to know if it made much of a noise,  
and I said no but it got there, and they  
said oh the slang of that boy.

Pa said all them buildins on Prince  
William street was jest filled with lawyers  
and yuranc agents and what one's as bad  
as another. All the Smiths thort the clock  
in the post office a grate thing. I guess  
they thort it was a watch 'cause it wasn't  
sittin' on a shelf or standin' in a corner,  
'cause they said they'd granfather's clock  
home and it had orful long waits hangin'  
down from it and ours hadn't, and pa said  
he guessed they're nothin' to the waits he  
had afore he could git his mail outer that  
post office sometimes. I guess pa thort  
that's a pun.

The Smiths is awful ones to talk and said  
what the Bank of New Brunswick didn't  
look as if its goin' to bust from the outside  
but goodness knows what kinder a boiler  
they had in the cellar. Ohmy! but they're  
rustic and pa says so too. All our crowd  
thort the Globe office was a awful thin  
buildin' and what if it got so many hits as  
the editor it would go sure, but the editor  
didn't bologize anyhow.

Pa says there isn't no finer custom house  
Ladies, if you want excellent ice cream,  
go to Washington's, Charlotte street.

Grand Illustrated Edition.  
Whether you see the Electrical Exhibition or not  
you cannot afford to miss  
NEXT WEEK'S PROGRESS.

# PROGRESS.

MONEY AND EXPERIENCE  
Will be gained and nothing lost by the boys  
who enter  
"PROGRESS" PRIZE COMPETITION.  
Tell your young friends about it.

VOL. II., NO. 64

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## TAKING IN THE SIGHTS.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY AND HIS VISIT-  
ING FRIENDS.

His Description of the Jail, Lunatic Asylum  
and Customs House; The City, Moncton and  
Fredericton; Many Points of Interest In-  
cluded in His Walk.

They're cum. All hands is cum. Mr.  
and Mrs. Ruggles, from Bostin, Mrs. Smith  
and the progess (they're awful boys) and  
the squire from queens county and the  
young Mr. Darby and sister from New  
Scotlan. They're all old school class of  
me and pa's 'e the Darby's, and their  
parents was. Pa and ma says they wash  
they never went to school. The Greenhows  
couldn't cum 'cause the children all got  
the measles or sumthin', and my parents  
wishes what the measles was thick jest now.  
I'm boardin' with Bill 'cause our house is  
full, and the old fellow in the next house to  
his says he's going to git 'peride perfection  
'cause he crawled over on his roof and left  
two cats in his room when he's sleepin'.

Pa says he's goin' to make the best of it  
and treat everybody like he'd like to be  
treated. So he took 'em all out this week  
to show 'em the city, 'cause he says there'll  
be no changes on the festival begins.

You'd die to hear pa tellin' about every-  
thin', 'cause he swells out when he does,  
and waves his hand. He took me along  
to jog his memory on some things, but  
I guess I ain't much of a jogger, 'cause he  
always tries to have an interview with me  
when he's thort.

Pa took all the crowd up ter see the per-  
lice office, just 'cause Mr. Ruggles was  
blowin' about the fishery of the Bostin  
force. We didn't go to see the fish, but  
they all said it's a sartin' place, and Mrs.  
Ruggles asked me I ever saw inside, and  
I said I guess so.

What was your doin' in there?" said  
she, and I said, "Oh, I'm in there with pa's  
dinner." "Oh, dear, how pa did get red  
and all that 'n' a linn' little case, just as if he  
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what the Maritime bank busted up in they  
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and I said no but it got there, and they  
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## THE G. P. A. OF THE I. C. R.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL PASSEN-  
GER AGENT BUSBY.

Liked by Those in the Office and Outside  
of It—The Parable of the Olf in a Field  
of Clover—Assisted by Mr. Postinger—The  
Length of the Rope.

Next on my list of railway celebrities  
comes Mr. Arthur Busby, general passen-  
ger agent of the I. C. R., less easy to  
describe than either of his predecessors,  
having, perhaps, fewer marked character-  
istics. He is essentially an easy going man,  
one who prefers the sunny side of life and  
who from this very inherent trait has won  
without the slightest effort on his part, a  
reputation for being the kindest, the most  
sympathetic and the best hearted man on  
the I. C. R.; and oh! such a ladies' man!  
so polite, so charming!

Well, I am willing to grant all that.  
Perhaps if I were a lady myself I might  
possibly look at the general passenger  
agent through rose tinted lenses in the  
small end of an opera glass, which would  
fity illustrate the truth of the old proverb  
about distance lending enchantment to the  
view. But you see I am not a lady. I am  
a newspaper correspondent, and they are  
a class of people who have to use the scalpel  
as well as the pen. Naturally they get  
into a habit of going beneath the surface.  
Thus, in Mr. Busby's good nature I read  
merely the indolence which makes it easier  
to say "yes" than "no," the indolence for  
which the office of the passenger agent of  
the I. C. R. has become rather celebrated,  
and which seems to have communicated  
itself to the entire staff, for there is not one  
among them who does not present the ap-  
pearance of having been rudely awakened  
out of a sound sleep before "nature's sweet  
restorer" had performed her perfect work.  
No, by the way, let me be just while I am  
truthful! There used to be one bright  
looking clerk in the office who knew how  
to move quickly and who had snapping  
black eyes, but the last time I had the  
pleasure of calling to get my three months  
check renewed I missed him. I did not  
ask any questions, for I was in a hurry and  
it takes a long time to get a question  
answered in the passenger office, but I drew  
my own inferences and concluded that his  
energetic ways had wearied the rest of the  
staff to such an extent that he had been  
transferred to some spot where energy was  
at a higher premium. But let me not  
digress, as the novelists say.

Mr. Busby is a great favorite, not only  
with the community at large, but among  
his own classes. He is kind to them, and  
easy to get along with, but I have read  
that before the last eruption of Mount  
Vesuvius, the vines grew almost up to the  
summit, so the rash clerk who presumes  
upon the marvelous good nature of the  
passenger agent, frequently finds that he  
has been sitting in the mouth of a mitrail-  
leuse, which, contrary to his expectation,  
was loaded, and when a match is suddenly  
applied to the touch hole, this clerk finds  
himself dispersed into the upper air with  
more decision than ceremony, and—well,  
to say the very least—it isn't nice for the  
clerk. But the fact is, that the passenger  
agent has a very wholesome regard for  
the chief. No one is better aware of that  
amiable potentate's little eccentricities in  
the way of "poncing" than he is, so he  
occasionally takes the initiative, and en-  
gages in that exercise himself, just to keep  
his hand in.

Did you ever study natural history as  
exemplified in the person of the sportive  
and ever-skipful calf? No? Well, you  
have missed a great deal, lots of fun,  
and lots of instruction, too. I have frequently  
brought my soaring intellect down to study  
the manners and customs of that interest-  
ing little animal, and I think I admire him  
most in his moods of sudden surprise. He  
has been persuaded by tender hands to  
enter a field, filled with buttercups and  
daisies and all sorts of lovely things—  
including grasshoppers and bumble-bees—  
and there lovingly tethered by a very long  
rope to a stout fence stake. At first the  
novelty of the situation appeals him, he  
him jump three feet in the air, he is so  
frightened, but by and by he gets used to  
his surroundings and begins to enjoy him-  
self. He is out of the barn and free!  
"Hooray! let's have some fun!" so he low-  
ers his head, spreads out his shaggy little  
forelegs, and starts across the field at full  
gallop, but alas! in less time than it takes  
to tell it, he has come to the end of that  
totally unassupposed rope; he turns a fran-  
tic summersault and then lies still on the  
grass and expresses his feelings in gasps.  
Well, that is exactly the course Mr. Busby  
pursues with his clerks, just when he is lov-  
eliest he has been tying a new rope, and  
getting the chief to help him to drive the  
fence stake in a little further, and the next  
time the gay and festive clerk sneaks off  
on a fishing expedition, and forgets to let  
word at the office where he is going, and  
when he will return, he finds the end of the  
rope just when he was not looking for it.

And Mrs. Donnelly retired, leaving the  
meny in utter confusion.

Business Before Pleasure.  
Mr. Duff Brown of Macaulay Bros. &  
Co., won't see the carnival. Business be-  
fore pleasure with him. He started yester-  
day for England on a purchasing trip.

Have your Personal Notices Lengthened  
by Duvoit, 249 Union Street.

## READY FOR GALA WEEK.

THE ROUTES OF PROCESSIONS AND  
RACING PROGRAMME.

Everybody Rushing at the Last Moment—  
The Electrical Exhibition Will Be the  
Event of the Carnival—The Sporting and  
Other Programmes Found in "Progress."

Everything in preparation for the carnal-  
val opening is approaching completion.  
Every committee is a veritable beehive.  
St. John people are keeping up their reputa-  
tion for rushers at the last minute. Peo-  
ple who have looked on and smiled while  
the carnival was being talked about, are  
now into it to their armpits. They will  
rush it forward to a greater success than it  
would have been.

Fine weather is all that is wanted. Let  
the sunshine and cool days of the past  
week continue, and the city will lack  
nothing to charm strangers. A little touch  
of completion fog now and again may show  
up, but no person will mind that. Better  
fog than 90 in the shade.

No one can form any idea of the pre-  
parations in the exhibition building until  
he goes there. Progress can promise  
every one a dollar's worth for half the  
money. The chances are that crowds of  
people will throng the building every after-  
noon and evening. The features of the  
exhibition will be all new, original and  
attractive. The work of several competent  
electricians does not count for nothing, and  
from 7 a. m. until 6 p. m. they can be  
found there. Progress will give a splen-  
did idea of the exhibition by illustrations in  
the next issue. No visitor should fail to  
get one.

Hundreds of persons are anxious to know  
what route the procession will take. Here  
it is. The Temperance, Trades and Torch-  
light processions will follow one route,  
starting from King street east. It will be  
as follows: King street east to Sidney  
street, to South side King square, to Char-  
lotte street, to Queen street, to Prince  
William street, to King street, to Charlotte  
street, to Union street, to Brussels street,  
to City road, to Pond street, to Mill street,  
to Main street, to St. Peter's church, to  
Douglas road, to Main street, to Mill  
street, to Dock street, to Market square,  
where it will disband.

The carnival parade will start from the  
Haymarket square, come through Brussels  
to Union, thence to Sidney to the south  
side of King square, and then follow the  
same route as the Temperance and Trades  
processions.

Those who wish to secure a condensed  
programme of the events of next week can  
find it on page two of Progress today.

Most of the entries for the carnival races  
are in and they make a splendid showing.  
The entries received up to Thursday evening  
were as follows:

## GOOD ADVICE TO FOLLOW.

Patronize the Man Who Takes the bad Times  
with the Good.

Several wholesale jewelry houses in Mon-  
treal have taken considerable pains to as-  
sure their St. John customers that they  
have nothing to do with the concern called  
C. & J. Allen, who are running a large  
auction of jewelry &c., on the Market  
square at the present time in opposition to  
the legitimate trade. They write further  
that the same firm has injured business by  
such methods in Montreal and Toronto,  
and that they regret that St. John is made  
the scene of their present operations.

The people of St. John have been bitten  
very frequently by flash concerns. They  
have bought jewelry and silver(?) ware  
from visiting strangers and have had cause  
afterward to rue the day they were enticed  
within the sound of the auctioneer's voice.  
One would almost think that they had  
learned a lesson by this time. They should  
remember that good silverware, good jew-  
elry will command its price at any time and  
at any place, that it is harder to cut prices  
in this than in almost any other branch of  
trade. They should ask their next door  
neighbor how their last auction purchase  
turned out, whether the silver was double,  
triple or quadruple plated, or if it was  
plated at all.

Progress believes in St. John people  
giving their trade to St. John merchants—  
the men who pay heavy taxes, who take the  
bitter with the sweet, the hard with the  
good times. It is poor satisfaction to them  
to get around a long turn and find a broad  
gully in their path. The people have the  
remedy in their own hands. If they want  
the city to prosper they must see to it that  
their money goes to St. John merchants,  
to the men who remain here and spend  
their profit in living and among the people  
who patronize them.

You will lose nothing by following this  
advice.

MR. SLADEN'S VISIT TO ST. JOHN.  
His Impressions of the City—To Frederic-  
ton and Thence to Quebec.

Among Wednesday evening's passengers on  
the Monticello were Mr. and Mrs.  
Douglas Sladen and their little boy and  
Miss Lorrimer. Mr. Sladen is already  
quite well known in the principal American  
and upper Canadian cities as one of the  
brightest of literary men. He came to  
Boston last winter and since then has tried,  
and not in vain, to get a correct idea of  
American and Canadian life. He has met  
with much attention from the literary peo-  
ple on this side, Halifax and Windsor  
have been his latest points of interest, and  
he doubtless found something in both places  
that may be of use in the future. Mr.  
Fraser, the entertaining and companionable  
editor of the Critic, was to him in Halifax  
what Prof. Roberts was in Windsor, where  
he spent three weeks. Annapolis was too  
historic a spot not to claim his attention  
and a pleasant day and a half were passed  
there.

Mr. Sladen found much to interest him  
in St. John. The appearance of the city,  
its life and business activity delighted him,  
while the scenery from Reed's castle to the  
Falls and harbor will be pleasant remem-  
brances. During his too short sojourn,  
Mayor I. Allen Jack and Mr. Bliss Car-  
man, of Fredericton, spent some time with  
him and his bright and observant ladies.  
Mr. Carman boarded the Acadia with him  
yesterday to point out the hundred points  
of historic interest and beautiful scenery  
between here and Fredericton. On  
Monday he will continue his journey to  
Quebec, via the New Brunswick and Tem-  
scoota railways.

The collection of material for a loyalist  
pen is one of the principal objects of Mr.  
Sladen's visit to New Brunswick. To this  
end, he chatted for a while Thursday with  
Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence.

## THE MERCHANTS OF THE ACTIVE BORDER TOWN.

Doing splendidly. The edition will be  
excellent.

This is the brief but expressive despatch  
from Mr. M. McDade, now in St. Stephen,  
to the publisher of Progress, Mr. Mc-  
Dade's visit and its object was announced  
last week. The paper was hardly read  
when that gentleman was in St. Stephen  
and at work. The result has been sur-  
prising. Fredericton caught on to the  
idea of a boom quickly, and St. John was  
even better, but St. Stephen! the mer-  
chants are simply showing that their record  
for enterprise is founded on fact.

Mr. McDade's first task was to select  
some of the most beautiful scenes about  
the town and put the photographer at work  
getting material for the engraver. He  
writes that he can get several views that  
will give a splendid idea of the border city  
and also states that many of the business  
houses will have their premises represented  
in the edition. To give some idea how  
St. Stephen merchants are taken with the  
boom idea it is only necessary to state that  
two firms have taken one page to describe  
and illustrate their business, and that  
another gentleman is making arrangements  
for one page of illustrations and letter-  
press. There is no doubt of the success of  
the boom edition. Mr. McDade will fur-  
nish interesting articles on the town and  
business career and prospects, and thus  
give outsiders as much information as is  
possible of the law industry by the St. Cris-  
tian.

No time will be lost in giving the edition  
to the public, and in the meantime the  
features and progress of the illustrated  
number will reach the people through these  
columns.

MRS. DONNELLY ON WEARING.  
Lawyers and Cheating—The Effect of a Court  
on Rishbutoe Street.

A certain legal friend of mine numbers  
among his many clients an old lady of  
Celtic extraction and deeply superstitious  
nature. A few days ago she honored him  
with a complimentary call, and the follow-  
ing dialogue ensued:

Mr. Donnelly—"Ah, then, sir, sure they're tellin'  
me you lawyers is a terrible bad set of men. The  
wickedness that's in the like of ye is just awful, so  
is it!"

Mr. Blackstone—"Well, Mrs. Donnelly, I don't  
know what you mean; you're talking my character  
from me. How do you know we are wicked; I never  
sneaked you, did I?"

"The blessed saints forbid! but they're tellin'  
me you take people and make them swear, and some of  
them do say that you lawyers make decent people  
swear on the holy book. There's a man up by our  
place, a decent God fearin' man, too, an' he  
wasn't in he lived up north once by Richibucto.  
An' when the court they called it, was sittin', the  
lawyers drove honest, good Catholics up into the  
tower like sheep, and put them in a pen with bars  
like beasts, and swore them, they called it, they  
said 'An' they had big, holy books, with red  
marks round the beginnin', that was done with the  
blood of the blessed martyrs they'd had cooked up  
in bottles since the reign of the world, and they  
made God-fearin' people swear on them. An' I be-  
lieve it's all true; for don't I know myself that  
whenever the courts sittin' up there, there's big  
clouds and big storms, an' great damage to the  
crops, an' sure, don't I know it's all the swearin'  
that's it? It's holy truth I'm tellin' ye. Lord, save  
the man! is it a St. Jev's havin'?' It's not a safe  
place for a lone widdy to be somin' to, where a man  
thinks with the wickedness that's in him till he's  
a saint!"

And Mrs. Donnelly retired, leaving the  
meny in utter confusion.