VOL III., NO. 127.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS

SOME PEOPLE OF NOTE.

They Represented All Parts of Canada and Other Countries—The Exhibition Was One of the Sights Which They Could Not Afford

tribute to his popularity. He has been in which he bears his misfortune poor health for several years, but he called Professor Smith, of the Sackville educaname inscribed on the register.

tull uniform, the rural visitors gaze at him Professor Smith returns to Sackville to-day. in wonder and admiration. He called on PROGRESS vesterday and brought Attorney sources of civilization," as he would say.

Edgar Tripp, the commissioner from Trinidad, has lived on that island nineteen time. He has not had a doctor near him, professionally, for the last twelve years. He says Trinidad is as healthy as any

Henry A. Whitney, mechanical superin- Mrs. Evans. tendent of the I. C. R., was around early, and saw the show before the crowd came. He seemed specially interested in Machinery Hall, and was viewing the printing office when Progress met him. Mr. Whitney is a thorough mechanic, and no wonder. He began at the foot of the ladder, and by his merits alone has risen to the responsible

telephone and elsewhere Friday, un which names of James Reynolds, treasurer of the exhibition and W. K. mixed. More than that a prominent mer-chant in rushing a cheque for 8500 to the Rev. W

amongst the singers at Friday evening's concert the genial face and stalwart form of Mr. J. H. Wetmore, leader of the was taki long breath and responded in his best baritone, "It's immense." Mr. Wetmore re-

turned to Moncton on Saturday evening.

Mr. Ifons, principal of the Central school
at Moncton, took advantage of the holiday on Friday to visit the exhibition. Mr. Irons is justly proud of Moneton's school exhibit and returns home nerved for greater exertions in training the youthful mind.

Mr. B. Eaton Paterson, of the Sackville Post is taking in the exhibition. He made an exhaustive survey of all interesting features on Friday morning, dividing his attention with true chivalry between exhibition notes and the charms of many fair maidens present. Mr. Paterson showed great interest in the printing office and

Mr. W. Cowling, of the firm of W. Cowling & Co., Moncton, was also en-countered in machinery hall on Friday, ment of Moncton's young merchants, and is at the head of a large business at an age when most youths are junior clerks.

The Rev. John Ambrose, of Digby, was

taking an interested view of the exhibition on Saturday afternoon, under the guid-

Another prominent stranger of the cleri-cal profession whom Progress had the Hon. George honor of shaking hands with, was the Rev. B. W. Roger Taylor, of Southern Calitornia, who has been spending a long holiday in Canada, and is at present in

Mr. John Campbell, of the 1. C. R. car-mileage department, was strolling through the exhibition Saturday afternoon, accompanied by two stalwart scions of the house of Campbell. He said half of Monc house of Campbell. He said half of Mone ton had intended coming down that day but it poured rain, and so they didn't; and then Progress chuckled to think that Moneton people could no longer poke fun at St. John, when they have rain and we

over his city's school exhibit, around which thoroughly satisfied with the Moncton people cluster even as flies around a honey jar. Mr. Palmer was accompanied by two charming young members of his staff of teachers, and looked chool exhibit, yesterday afternoon.

This native city.

Chief Superintendent of Education of Henderson, Potts & Cand not their agents.

Paper and Envelopes for the Additional Control of the Control of

of Digby, who has been visiting the Exhibition, in company with Father Davenport, recalls to his triends the many afflictions, which Mr. Ambrose has suffered, although his cheerful face, and cordial manner, show little sign of the trouble he

has been called upon to endure. It is not One of the best known men of West- quite a month since his home was burned was out of no disrespect, but is rather a admire the patience, and fortitude with

oor health for several years, but he canced by the content of the several years, but he cancel and health of the several years, but he cancel and the content of the several years, but he cancel years of the cancel and the cancel an ame inscribed on the register.

Chief of Police Clark has been a busy ed himself greatly pleased with the school man since the show opened. Dressed in exhibit, of which he is one of the judges.

One genial face which is missed from among the I. C. R. officials who are seen General Blair with him. They saw the at the exhibition is that of Arthur Busby, press laboring to turn out the thousands of general passenger agent. He is still so ill horse is being put up for the night. Better regular Saturday edition, and Mr. as to be unable to attend to office duties, sides the torch, the cabin contains a moose the regular Saturday edition, and Mr. as to be unable to attend to office duties, Blair had a new object lesson in "the re- and is but little better after a rest of two weeks in Nova Scotia. What Mr. Busby needs is a rest of six months in some country where the railways have not years, and has been ill but once in that reached. If long and faithful service entitles a man to a holiday, he should have the animals with a long piece of Strait

place in the world, if people will be temperate and take care of themselves.

Superintendent Pottinger's office, has been visiting the exhibition, accompanied by animals so that the visitors will not be led

Dr. John Harper, Inspector of Protestant schools, Quebec, has been at the exhibition, greeting many old provincial friends in his usual cordial manner. Dr. Harper is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Thomas E. Evans, of Moncton.

Mr. C. P. Harris, of Moncton, came by the morning train on Monday, accompanied by Mrs. Harris, and children. Mr.

There was a kind of a "cross" on the Harris displays the keen interest in an industrial exhibition, natural to a man of his commercial ability, and expressed to Progress his unqualified approval of the Reynolds, of Progress, got very much display which he considered a credit to

Rev. W. W. Brewer, now of Charlotteexhibition man made it payable to the newspaper man. The latter failed to secure about 2 o'clock Monday, but he met so many it, and so Saturday was not a holiday in friends who wanted to shake hands and talk with him, that it was a good deal Moncton people felt proud to recognize later than that when he reached the

Detective Skeffington, of the I. C. R. was taking a look around on Tuesday Methodist choir. Mr. Wetmore shook and if he saw half as much as he usually hands with PROGRESS, and when asked what he thought of the exhibition drew a that escaped his eves.

John McKenzie, Secretary of the Moncton Sugar Refining Co., was in the Exhibition building on Tuesday, taking his time to see everything. Mr. McKenzie finds that the morning is the best time to visit the show if one wishes to see things and not people.

Rev. J. R. Narraway sauntered through

the building Tuesday.

J. L. Black, of Sackville, was in the exhibition building on Saturday. Mr. Black was returning from the Toronto exhibition, and while he could not quite say that St. John was ahead of that enterprising city, he thought we compared very favorably with Toronto in many features of our "World's Fair."

Hon. W. S. Fielding, provincial secretary of Nova Scotia, looked over the extinct of the secretary of the sec

hibits Tuesday morning. Hon. J. W. Long-jesty, Queen Victoria.

Mr. Cowling is one of the most a survivor of the "Old Guard" of the Saint John newspaper men of a quarter of a Tuesday and spoke in warms terms of

R. E. Gosnell, of the British Columbia exhibit is a newspaper man, and was for-merly connected with the News-Advertiser,

Hon. George E. Foster, minister of finance, visited the building Tuesday.

Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand

Trunk Railway, in company with William Wainwright, assistant manager, was at the exhibition Monday night. Both gentlemen stopped at Progress office and recorded their names in the register of visitors.

Among the newspaper men who were around Progress office, Monday night, were Stewart, of the Chatham World;

C. A. Palmer, Secretary of the Moneton School Board, was encountered by Progress on Tuesday, casting a loving ave

The sight of the Rev. John Ambrose, OUTSIDE OF THE SHOW. SOME OF THE SIGHTS THAT THE CURIOUS MAY SEE.

Across the street from the building is morland is William Hickman of Dorches- with all its contents, even his library, the a lively spot every afternoon and evening ter. What ever is worth knowing of the people, the business and the politics of the county, he knows. When the electors abbreviated his Christian name to "Bill," it in his family, and his friends cannot but Ipay it is for all the world like a circus. running themselves dizzy in a small ring.

Right this way gentlemen is the great spruce boards, with a hole in the roof the evening the show is lighted by a solitary torch, and resembles the stable of the ordinary corner grocery man, when the making a meal off a leafless tree; a black bear that stands on its hind legs and growls when poked in the face with a stick; a fierce tiger cat on a high shelt, and an old gentleman with long hair, who stirs up Shore coal. The long haired gentlemen is T. E. Evans, I. C. R. chief clerk in the greatest curiosity of the lot. He is to believe that they have been borrowed from the British Columbia stuffed exhibit

Then comes the young man with a large recter and a box of cigars, who wants everybody to knock over any one of the red-headed McGinty family, or old McGinty himself-only five cents for three shots, and every time you knock 'em down you get a good cigar-a good three hours puffing. Tuesday afternoon, and blew the whole family down, rack and all. The wind should have been given a cigar, and after three hours puffing at it, there would have been no danger of another blow down. The cigar would have knocked all the force out of a much stronger wind than was blow-

An old gentleman with one leg, a plug hat and a display of medals across his oreast, that bears a striking resemblance to the tin plate department of a hardware store, occupies the next stand. From the number of medals he wears, one would judge that he is the champion fakir of Am-He has a small pawn shop displayed to the view of his audience, with numbers on all those held by the unfortunates who bung them up. It is evidently a branch of a first-class institution, for the stock comprises watches, lockets, revolvers, and All anybody who wants any of these articles has to do is to lean over a covered pole-in which he has the assistance of a curious crowd-and cover one of a number of circulars, by pitching round pieces of tin upon them. There is a charge for this privilege. This show is an elaborate atfair, with the picture of the Battle of the Alma in the background, in which the soldiers are all going at a 2.40 gait, and keeping wonderful step, while the front is decorated with quotations from her ma-

Cowling & Co., Moneton, was also encountered in machinery hall on Friday, leaving gracefully over the red, white and blue balcony surrounding the Cranston blue balcony surrounding the Cranston.

Gordon Livingston, of Weldford, Kent, Gordon Livingston, of Weldford, Kent, At first the hole in the canvas was'nt large At first the hole in the canvas was'nt large. enough, and when the public was accomdated in this respect, it was found that the nigger was a little nervous and drew his ead away too quick, and business was dull. Wednesday the great American at a "coon" when there was no chance of by the short "shouter" with a handful of

tickets for the side show. such as throwing rings on a board full of pins, foreign bootblacks of a chocolate color nd the Italian with his vera nica fortune telling birds, all running to the tune of "Johnny, get your gun," by the blind man

Not Their Agents.

Errors and omissions sometimes occur in newspapers which are misleading to say the least. In Progress' plan of the interover his city's school exhibit, around which coughly satisfied with the exhibit from Messrs. Thorne & Co.'s space. This firm of Henderson, Potts & Co. in St. John,

Paper and Envelopes for 5c. per quire, at McArthur's, 80 King street,

THE BANKER WAS PARALYZED.

His Experience of the Ways of the Jocund

He was a banker of lineage old, and blood of mazerine blue, and he was forced Mackay's Miniature Circus. The Man Who Sirs up the Wild Beasts with a Lath Edging-Other Things to be Seen, and all for Five Cents. which the average bank manager is so justly noted, to settle down in an obscure e, where he was the bright particular star around which all the lesser constel-

Once upon a time there was an agricultural fair in the village, and as usual, brought their families and likewise the first fatlings of their various flocks in the way of hens and ducks, geese and turkeys, and eke the fatted calf in the shape of pigs and squashes, and turnips and potatoes.

Now, our aristocratic friend honored the eovered with cotton to let daylight in. In best and only hotel in the village with his presence, and daily decorated the table d' hote with his magnificent personality; and one awful day during the fair, behold there was seated by his side, a farmer-a coarse, rough, brutal, common farmer-who "ate and was just like one of his own blooming

Now, there happened to be fish for dinner and our bucolic friend partook of it liberally, and shovelled it into his capacius mouth with his knife.

In the fullness of time the horny handed

on of toil wanted some butter, and so he licked his knife nice and clean, and plunged it to the hilt in the butter cooler, helped imself liberally and went on with his meal. And the banker glared at him an awful

glare, and choked with silent fury. The ardent rays of the spring sun, and the farmer reached for more. But the banker reached too.

Gently but firmly he laid his hand on clear incisive tones.
"My friend, there is a butter knife

The farmer turned round slowly, looked the banker calmly over for an instant, and

inquired solemnly. "Be you a eatin' this ere butter, or

It took two pounds of burnt feathers and a pint of aromatic ammonia to restore the banker to consciousness; and then he had to be helped down to the office, and the office boy spent half the morning fanning

HEAVY-WEIGHT RECORD BEATEN

A mysterious stranger from the United States, stepped on the Howe scale, in W. the articles, which probably correspond to those held by the unfortunates who hung beat the record with a weight of 2941/2 pounds. He did not give his name, and Perkins could not find it out.

Ira Cornwall has run a good deal of flesh off of himself by his average walking gait of six miles an hour since the Exhibition was decided upon, so it is only a wonder

that he registers 139 to-day.

Everybody knows that C. H. Smith, who sells Progress to St. Stephen people, is a pretty tall man. The standard puts his height at just 6 feet 35% inches. and he weighs 149½ pounds. W. H. Rourke relieves St. Martins of a

weight of 156 pounds, every time he comes The woman's record was distanced.

Wednesday, by a St. John lady, who showed an avoirdupois of 269½ pounds.
W. G. Colville, who says Spooner's weighs 212 pounds.

They Were Perfectly Happy.

One of those touches of nature which together and making the whole world kin, was witnessed last evening at tea time mask on, but people seemed to think when a picnic party of six settled down that there was no satisfaction in throwing in a sheltered and retired spot on one of the main stair cases, took out their lunch killing him, and the crowd was slow to take baskets and tea cups and proceeded to adsantage of the great inducements offered enjoy a picnic with as much gusto as if they were resting beneath the shade of the forest primeval. There is not the slightest doubt that they were enjoying all Bohesurrounds an al fresco entertainment, and PROGRESS doubts if they missed any of the usual discomforts connected with a genuine picnic. Calm. in the midst of strife, they ate their wittles, and laughed and chatted with a cheerful abandon delightful to witness. Bless you my children! May you

They Saw the Elephant.

About 8,800 people visited the show, Tuesday, and many of them returned home by the night trains. Some of them brough luncheons and stayed in the building all day. A few of the rural residents had to get fresh luncheons on the way to the train of the kind that go in flasks.

Pictures, Fancy Goods, Novels, Room Paper and Stationery. Very Cheap at Port land News Depot, Main street.

THE PRINTERS OF "PROGRESS"
ARE HAPPY NOW.

An Outline of the Work Required to Get
Out Two Editions a Day-Nobody Has
Any Idle Time-How Willing Workers
Have Helped Matters Along,

Thousands of those who stop at Pro-RESS office, in machinery hall, wonder whether it is much work to get out two editions a day, or whether it is a good deal ers steadily at work amid what is at times almost a deafening uproar. They watch copy going in and proofs coming out, the making of the forms, and finally the issue of the paper itself. They naturally think it is a busy place, but only a few realize, just how busy it is.

The work begins at 7 o'clock in the morning, when the printers arrive, and is continued until the building is ready for closing at night. Nobody has much leisure in the meantime. The mechanical staff is put to its best efforts in order to come to time, afternoon and evening, while the editorial room the preparation of copy goes on, even after the last form for the day has gone to press. There must be something for the compositors to

start on in the morning.

Then, too, PROGRESS has a , 'style" of make-up which demands a certain number of display heads. These must be provided and, so far as possible the subject of the story must be of sufficient importance to warrant them. In the meantime exhibitors who have been promised notices are clamor ing for them, telegrams are coming in and the table is littered with enough manuglare, and choked with silent fury. The script to fill every issue for a week. Out butter disappeared like snow before the of all this a choice must be made, and some things have to be sacrificed. Hundreds of words of special telegrams are thrown away every day. For this issue at least 500 words are that agriculturist's arm, and remarked in lying on the table and cannot be used. They are not important, and Progress does not have the idea that because a despatch comes by wire it must be used, whether it is of any value or not.

The compositors will be glad when the show is over. They have worked faithfully day and night, and at times under conditions that were enough to make them more than physically tired.

The great difficulty in doing the night work on Progress last week was the want of a good light. The arc lamp provided was not always steady and was quite insufficient for fast work by the printers This week the Calkin company has fitted out the establishment, including the editorial room, with the clear, soft and beautifu incandescent light. All who have had any experience with it need not be told that it is as near perfection as any artificial illumination can be. The man who would not he satisfied with it would be very hard to those who could appreciate a good thing suit-in fact, he could not be suited this

Electrician Dennis, and all the men connected with the Calkin company have been very busy since the show opened. They had some difficulties to overcome at the outset and they succeeded in their efforts. While the arc light may not be just the thing for a printing office, nothing better could be desired for the big halls of the building. It has been amply sufficient for all purpose of the exhibition, and it has been run without a serious "hitch" from

the opening day to the present time.

But the incandescent is the indoor light of the future.

How They Worked the Game.

Yesterday a lady sat down to rest on While she was resting, two other "ladies" came and seated themselves, one on each side of her, entering into conversation in the most affable manner. Suddenly one drew her attention to something at her right, and at the same moment the other showed her some most interesting object on her left. A short time afterwards the victim arose, and, after walking a few found her purse gone. It contained \$10.
She at once retraced her steps and found her two chance acquaintances had disappeared. The matter was then placed in the hands of Detective Ring, who thinks he is on the right scent, and will make it decidedly unpleasant for the ladies in ques-

They are Respectable Thieves.

Three canes have disappeared from the Trinidad exhibit, and other exhibitors complain of petty losses. It is believed alleged respectable people, who think it no harm to carry away a souvenir, even if

Appreciate the Go Ahead Style. The St. John Bicycle Club, in uniform, visited Progress office Wednesday evening, and gave the establishment three rousing cheers and a tiger. They are a go-ahead crowd themselves and can appreciate a paper that gets along in the same style. New Books, all the latest, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

BY THE INCANDESCENT, JUST HOW THE ENGINE JUMPED.

Mayor Sumner, of Moncton, Tells About His Personal Experience.

Mayor Sumner, of Moncton, was on the C. P. R. express when the engine wa wrecked at Anagance, Monday night. He told Progress all about it yesterday.

"We were going along all right enough" he said, "when suddenly we felt a jar. did not think anything of it, till the car I was in, which was a second class one, beeasier than it looks. They see the printa rapid mental calculation as to the best way of getting out with the least delay. A towards a window, and I had enough presence of mind to grasp his arm and say "'Look here, I think you're doing very

well where you are!' "The moment the car righted a little, I rushed out, and was just in time to see the engine and tender part, literally flinging the driver and firemen out into the soft mud. As they crawled out I went up to one of them, not knowing which was which, and said. 'Where is the driver ?' 'I don't know,' he answered in a dazed manner

"I found out afterwards that he was the driver himsell, but he was so thoroughly shaken up and confused that he did not know it

"The stories about the marvellous manner in which the driver and fireman affected their escape by crawling from under the wrecked engine, are all untrue. If their tions, they would be lying stiff and cold under that engine now, for the suddenness of the smash prevented anyone from having time to think.

"Why, there were people in the rear cars, and they were full, that never knew there had been an accident, but I tell von it was enough to give a man a chill to look back, up that track and see the engine lying there, on its side and think what we had escaped and where we might have

cream colored silk handkerchief and wiped his brow at the mere thought of it.

SHE RECOGNIZED THE SMELL.

But the Other Ladies Had Thought it Was A Very Nice Cordial.

Commissioner Tripp, of the Trinidad exhibit, took a great deal of trouble while he was here, to explain the resources of the island to visitors. Mel. McLeod, who has been assisting him, has been equally energetic, but between times has called attention to the purity of his own domestic truit syrups. In the Trinidad section are specimens of a beverage known as Siegart's Bouquet." which PROGRESS is info is a very genial cordial indeed. Mr. Tripp which an occasional wine glass was offered when they found it.

During one of the nights when there was a crush a number of ladies tasted of the fruit syrups; sought their friends and brought them back to sample it. During one of the intervals, Mr. Tripp had poured out a wineglassful of the "Bouquet," tor a visitor, but being called away for a m ment, left it standing on the shelf. In the meantime the ladies returned, and seeing the glass, supposed it had been left for

"What kind of syrup is that?" asked

"I am not quite sure," replied another. "It smells queer, but"-and she took a sip—"it is very nice. Try it."
"Well, that is nice," said another, "but
don't you think it is a little strong? I
wonder if they use molasses. It tastes like

"It isn't fruit wine, is it ?" asked another

Just then a dignified lady member of the

W. C. T. U. came along and was appealed the glass, took a smell, then a taste. Then she straightened up to her full height, cast in clear, cold tones. "It is rum-Jamaica rum-that's what

There was a chorus of "oh, oh, oh!" as the lady stalked away. But the glass was empty when Mr. Tripp returned to look

He Enjoyed the Joke Himself.

Rev. S. Gibbons, of Parrsboro, conducted the service in the Episcopal church, Truro, a Sunday or two ago, and after evense a representative of Progress had the pleasure of supping with him at one of the hospitable mansions of that town. Mr. Gibbons related with much gusto that he had come out of the church wearing his cassock, just as two Truro girls were pa

cassock, just as two Truro girls were passing by. "Oh, what a guy!" exclaimed one. "Shoot him!" replied the other. The clergyman got a new impression of the rising generation of girls, but his sense of humor prevented him from deriving anything but enjoyment from the comments on his appearance.