

SOME PEOPLE OF NOTE.

VISITORS PROMINENT IN THE SHOW AND OUT OF IT.

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

One of the best known men of Westmorland is William Hickman of Dorchester. What ever is worth knowing of the people, the business and the politics of the county, he knows.

Chief of Police Clark has been a busy man since the show opened. Dressed in full uniform, the rural visitors gaze at him in wonder and admiration.

Edgar Tripp, the commissioner from Trinidad, has lived on that island nineteen years, and has been ill but once in that time.

Henry A. Whitney, mechanical superintendent of the I. C. R., was around early, and saw the show before the crowd came.

There was a kind of a "cross" on the telephone and elsewhere Friday, in which the names of James Reynolds, treasurer of the exhibition and W. K. Reynolds, of Progress, got very much mixed.

Moncton people felt proud to recognize amongst the singers at Friday evening's concert the genial face and stalwart form of Mr. J. H. Wetmore, leader of the Methodist choir.

Mr. W. Cowling, of the firm of W. Cowling & Co., Moncton, was also encountered in machinery hall on Friday.

Another prominent stranger of the clerical profession whom Progress had the honor of shaking hands with, was the Rev. B. W. Roger Taylor, of Southern California.

Mr. John Campbell, of the I. C. R. car-mileage department, was strolling through the exhibition Saturday afternoon.

C. A. Palmer, Secretary of the Moncton School Board, was encountered by Progress on Tuesday, casting a loving eye over his city's school exhibit.

The sight of the Rev. John Ambrose, of Digby, who has been visiting the Exhibition, in company with Father Davenport, recalls to his friends the many afflictions, which Mr. Ambrose has suffered.

Professor Smith, of the Sackville education institutions, has been a faithful attendant at the international show, and expressed himself greatly pleased with the school exhibit, of which he is one of the judges.

Dr. John Harper, Inspector of Protestant schools, Quebec, has been at the exhibition, greeting many old provincial friends in his usual cordial manner.

OUTSIDE OF THE SHOW.

SOME OF THE SIGHTS THAT THE CURIOUS MAY SEE.

Mackay's Miniature Circus—The Man Who Stirs up the Wild Beasts with a Lath Edging—Other Things to be Seen, and all for Five Cents.

Across the street from the building is a lively spot every afternoon and evening. The sidewalks and fairs are all in full blast.

Once upon a time there was an agricultural fair in the village, and as usual, the country folk crowded into town and brought their families and likewise the first fattings of their various flocks.

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

In the fullness of time the horny handed son of toil wanted some butter, and so he licked his knife nice and clean, and plunged it to the hilt in the butter cooler.

But the banker glared at him an awful glare, and choked with silent fury. The butter disappeared like snow before the ardent rays of the spring sun.

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 him.

A stranger does it—In Cornwall's Weight and C. H. Smith's Height. A mysterious stranger from the United States, stepped on the Howe scale.

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 3 1/2 inches.

There was a "nigger with his head in a hole in the canvas" show in operation the other day, but it wasn't much of a success.

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.

Among the newspaper men who were around Progress office, Monday night, were Stewart, of the Chatham World; Owen, Charlotte Examiner; Brennan, Summerside Journal, and Woodworth, of the Parrsboro Leader.

Errors and omissions sometimes occur in newspapers which are misleading to say the least. In Progress' plan of the interior of the building with the list of exhibitors, W. H. Thorne & Co. figured as the agents of Henderson, Potts & Co., of Halifax.

THE BANKER WAS PARALYZED.

His Experience of the Ways of the Jocular Native Ploughman.

He was a banker of lineage old, and blood of mazerine blue, and he was forced through the tyranny of managers and the awful lack of recognition of true merit, for which the average bank manager is so justly noted.

Now, our aristocratic friend honored the best and only hotel in the village with his presence, and daily decorated the table d'hote with his magnificent personality.

And the banker glared at him an awful glare, and choked with silent fury. The butter disappeared like snow before the ardent rays of the spring sun.

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They were Perfectly Happy. One of those touches of nature which go far towards bringing the human family together and making the whole world kin, was witnessed last evening at tea time.

They Saw the Elephant. About 8,800 people visited the show, Tuesday, and many of them returned home by the night trains.

They are Respectable Thieves. Three canes had disappeared from the Trinidad exhibit, and other exhibitors complain of petty losses.

Appreciate the Go Ahead Style. The St. John Bicycle Club, in uniform, visited Progress office Wednesday evening.

BY THE INCANDESCENT.

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 Progress office, in machinery hall, wonder whether it is much work to get out two editions a day, or whether it is a good deal easier than it looks.

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.

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.

The compositor 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.

Electrician Dennis, and all the men connected with the Calkin company have been very busy since the show opened.

Yesterday a lady sat down to rest on one of the chairs near the art gallery. While she was resting, two other "ladies" came and seated themselves, one on each side of her.

Just then a dignified lady member of the W. C. T. U. came along and was appealed to in regard to the beverage.

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

Rev. S. Gibbons, of Parrsboro, conducted the service in the Episcopal church, Truro, a Sunday or two ago, and after evensong a representative of Progress had the pleasure of supping with him at one of the hospitable mansions of that town.

Three canes had disappeared from the Trinidad exhibit, and other exhibitors complain of petty losses. It is believed the thieves are not roughs or boys, but alleged respectable people.

The St. John Bicycle Club, in uniform, visited Progress office Wednesday evening, and gave the establishment three rousing cheers and a tiger.

New Books, all the latest, at McArthur's, 89 King street.

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 was wrecked at Anagnone, Monday night.

"We were going along all right enough" he said, "when suddenly we felt a jar. I did not think anything of it, till the car I was in, which was a second class one, began to cant over to one side.

"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.

"The stories about the marvellous manner in which the driver and fireman effected their escape by crawling from under the wrecked engine, are all untrue.

"Why, there were people in the rear cars, and they were full, that never knew there had been an accident, but I tell you 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 had escaped and where we might have been."

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.

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.

"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."

"It isn't fruit wine, is it?" asked another with a look of alarm.

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Vertical text on the left margin containing various advertisements and notices.

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