RAILWAYS.

nore Line Ry.

rtest, Quickest and Cheapest
Route to St. Stephen,
Hours, 15 Minutes.

NEW PASSENGER CARS.
Charge for Commercial Travellers' excess-
ge.

SATURDAY TRAINS,
FARE—GOOD TO RETURN MONDAY.
road has lately been placed in fine condition,
bridges replaced by new ones.

AKE EFFECT MONDAY, SEPT. 7th :
INS LEAVE ST. JOHN :
ACCOMMODATION (per ferry), 7.14 a. m.
EXPRESS (per ferry) 4.24 p. m.
VE ST. STEPHEN :
EXPRESS, 7.45 a. m.
ACCOMMODATION, 1.30 p. m.
IVE ST. JOHN :
EXPRESS 11 a. m.
ACCOMMODATION, 6.15 p. m.
Eastern Standard Time.
No. 3 Pugsley Building. Telephone No. 18.
t Agents—Geo. Philps, 97 Prince William
St. John; J. T. Whitlock, Windsor Hotel,
hen.
FRANK J. McPEAKE,
Superintendent.

TORONTO'S
dustrial Fair
AND
RICULTURAL EXPOSITION.
THE
ADIAN PACIFIC R'Y.
WILL SELL
xcursion Tickets
TO
RONTO AND RETURN
AT $20.00 EACH.
EPT. 13th to 18th INCLUSIVE; AND
AT $16.50 EACH.
PT. 13th and 14th ONLY. All good for return
passage UNTIL SEPT. 23rd, 1891.
her particulars enquire of Canadian Pacific
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cNICOLL,
'l Pass. Agent,
MONTREAL.
C. E. McPHERSON,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

ercolonial Railway.
—Summer Arrangement—1891
nd after MONDAY, 22nd JUNE, 1891,
e trains of this Railway will run (daily
excepted) as follows:—
AINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN
press for Halifax and Campbellton..... 7.00
modation for Point du Chene..... 11.00
press for Halifax..... 14.00
xpress for Quebec, Montreal, and
ago,..... 16.35
xpress for Halifax..... 22.30
lor Car runs each way on Express train
St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax
'clock. Passengers from St. John for Que-
ntreal and Chicago leave St. John at 16.35
and take Sleeping Car at Moncton.
ng Cars are attached to Through Night Ex-
ins between St. John and Halifax.
NS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
xpress from Halifax (Monday excepted) 6.10
press from Chicago, Montreal and
bec..... 8.30
modation from Point du Chene..... 12.55
press from Halifax..... 18.30
press from Halifax..... 22.30
rain due to arrive at St. John from Halifax
'clock, will not arrive on Sunday morning
0 o'clock, along with the train from Chicago,
l and Quebec.
rains of the Intercolonial Railway to and
ntreal and Quebec are lighted by electricity
eo by steam from the locomotive.
ins are run by Eastern Standard time.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
Y OFFICE,
cton, N.B., 17th June, 1891.

HE EXHIBITION
n be on hand, and everybody wants to have
Photo taken. Now the best place is at
ERB'S.
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SAAC ERB,
ARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN.

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—THE FINEST EFFECTS OF—
TISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY
ever appeared in St. John was seen at the
xhibition, and those were produced by
CLIMO.
the verdict by all who saw these skilfully
wrought portraits.
S, GROUPS, AND LARGE PANELS
AT VERY LOW RATES.
GERMAN STREET,
AINT JOHN, N. B.
ARLETON STREET, ST. JOHN.
VANN & WELLDON,
Artists,
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es of every kind copied and finished
in EVERY style.

Board of Works 8May92

PROGRESS.

VOL. IV., NO. 178. ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

OPEN AGAIN.

St. John's Second Annual Exhibition.

GREAT CROWD IN TOWN.

A Graphic Description of the Scenes

OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS AND BUILDING.

How Two Governors Were Received—The Appearance of the Buildings on the Opening Day—Under the Electric Light—The Attraction Outside the Gates, All for a Dime—Games for Bad Cigars.

The big show is opened.

The little ones have also been put in motion, and today sees the city in the midst of all the excitement and bustle of a great international exhibition.

The opening ceremony on Wednesday morning was much the same as that of last year, except that it was not so elaborate. The grand march of directors, city fathers, and the lieutenant governor and party was accomplished without any remarkable military display, although there were a number of officers in uniform. There were no privates. Consequently there will be no grumbling about obtaining admission tickets for services performed, like there was last year.

The party walked through what looked more like a great manufacturing house than anything else, on their way to the band stand. Nothing seemed to be in place, and the sound of hammer and saw was heard everywhere. Large consignments of goods lay on the floor promiscuously, while busy hands were at work placing them in position, so as make the best display possible. In machinery hall there was hardly anything going on, and a visit there was discouraging. But it is the same old story, which has become familiar to all, and grates up the ears of the directors l unstr e music from the blind man's street p does on the world in general. "I thing left to the last minute." This year the exhibitors seem to have outdone themselves in this respect, for when the governor arrived it was hard to find an exhibit that was all placed in position and fit to be seen. This applied to every department, with the possible exception of the art gallery where everything was in order. Visitors soon found it out and flocked there by the score.

But the bandstand was the centre of attraction. The lieutenant governor and party had taken up a position there and were taking a bird's-eye view of the chaos on the ground floor, while the directors hunted up prominent citizens to invite them to a place on the platform. Then President Everett viewed the situation calmly through his spectales, and respectfully requested the workers in all parts of the building to give their hammers a rest while the exhibition was being opened, but neglected to inform them that at that period in the proceedings one hammer should have done for all the exhibitors.

The president raised his voice above the general din of industry, and compared the present exhibition to that of last year; told visitors what they would find in the building, and what the directors would liked to have had there if they had money enough to offer a suitable prize list.

The band played, and Governor Tilley was introduced. His address held the attention of the 50 or 60 people on the floor below, and was full of encouragement for those who are prone to worry over the cent shourns. He spoke of the advantages of annual exhibitions; gave a glowing description of the Toronto fair; expressed his opinion that cash prizes were not necessary to induce the people to make a display; and gave an historical sketch of the days of shipbuilding in 1871, and the evolution to a manufacturing community in 1891, which there was nothing to discourage anybody. The governor's address was quite lengthy, and he spoke as earnestly and with as much force to that handful of people as he would to a large political gathering where his audience ran up into the thousands. But if only a few people heard him then, thousands would know all he had said, before the day was over. For the newspapers were all represented, and the reporters appeared to be busy, which generally has something to do with the length of an address. However, Sir Leonard was in excellent voice, and, before he had finished speaking, quite a number of exhibitors had stopped work to listen to him, and seemed annoyed when disturbed with questions from others engaged in preparing their particular exhibits.

The governor declared the exhibition opened, and the band played "God Save the Queen," whereupon an adjournment was made to the barrack green to witness what the official programme was pleased to call the "grand horse parade," for the special benefit of a representative of the "Horse Guards." Whether the representative found much to interest him is a question. Compared to the parades with which the Barnum and Forepaugh shows are usually opened, that of Wednesday was nowhere. A few horses extravagantly decorated with all kinds of ribbons, showed that the circus idea had broken out in spots, but taken all in all the show was a very ordinary affair, and about the only redeeming features were the Dominion Express Company's pair of blacks in their attractive wagon and a few other turnouts. The whole show made a circle around the the green above the drill shed, without compelling the teams to keep too near the fence, or cause any anxiety in regard to any of the horses making a meal off anything in the wagon ahead of it. There was no crowding, and it cannot be said that the city teamsters exhibited any great desire to secure free tickets to the show. Had the attendance been large the parade would have been a great advertisement for Mr. Ungar, whose three laundry wagons, numbered one, two and three respectively, made an imposing appearance and gave some idea of the extent of his delivery system. There were all kinds of turnouts in the parade, from heavy cart horses in heavier carts to trotters in light wagons, but the display was hardly worth coming across from Carleton to see, and the representative might get a better idea of what provincial horses are like, by standing on the Market square, any day of the week.

The proceedings Wednesday morning were not what would be looked upon as a grand opening by any means. It was very commonplace indeed, and it is perhaps just as well that the attendance was not large.

In the evening a walk down Sydney street toward the buildings gave a different impression from that to be had from the morning's proceedings. In the vicinity of the exhibition grounds everything was lively. The big building with its myriad lights presented an imposing appearance, and gave promise of activity within, while the tents along the side of the street, all brilliantly illuminated, the shouting fakirs, the band in the oriental tent, and the musicians for the big show marching down the hill, made a very lively scene.

People flocked to the buildings, and although the crowd was not as large as that which beseiged the ticket offices on the night of the concert last year, there was small chance for lonesomeness. The attractions outside the fence are far ahead of anything St. John has ever seen in the way of side shows. The street is lined with tents and all kinds of attractions are in full blast, from Mackay's aggregation which occupies two large tents and the transparent affair conducted by the long haired gentleman, who first became known to St. John people by losing his valise. The competition in the "McGinty family," and "kill the coon" line is keener than ever, and every available piece of ground seems to have been taken possession of by a show of some kind or other, so that one who wants to take them all in or have an experience with the fakirs, will have to make another visit to see the exhibition.

Within the gates, Linus has a tent all to himself, and finds numerous admirers, while the swings and merry-go-rounds did not seem to be appreciated to any great extent. This, however, applies to the opening day, and evening.

Inside the buildings things presented a different appearance from what they did in the morning. The exhibits showed that a great deal of work had been going on during the day, and under the electric light appeared to good advantage. Many of them are far ahead of anything seen last year, but as was to be expected, there were many departments that looked very familiar. A number of the exhibits are found in a different part of the buildings, and the change around in most cases has been for the better, giving a new interest to what has been seen before.

Those who found much to interest them in machinery hall last year, must have been sadly disappointed Wednesday. Instead of the noise and bustle of all kinds of machinery, there was a stillness that was discouraging. Only a few machines were in position, of which the printing press, on which the *Exhibition Daily* is being printed, seemed to attract most attention. The daily is well printed on an extra fine quality of paper, and being characteristic of the exhibition, was eagerly sought after as a souvenir.

Although the attendance was not too large, the different departments seemed well filled with people; and, after the conclusion of the show in the drill shed, hundreds more flowed in. The special attractions seemed to give general satisfaction, and were well patronized. Young and old were delighted with the dog circus and the rooster orchestra, and a number of the directors seemed to find great consolation in this fact.

But the opening day was not the great success that all hoped for. The reason for it is hard to explain, although anyone who saw the way the arrangements for the reception of two lieutenant governors were carried out might be able to form an opinion. The fact is that there did not appear to have any arrangements made at all, unless the hustling done by the directors when the barouches were seen coming down Sydney street can come under this head. The proceedings on the band stand a few minutes afterwards might also give a faint idea of the why and wherefore of this lack of enthusiasm, and those who are inclined to accept the views of the speakers on the subject need speculate no longer. On one point all will agree; it it were possible for one man to do all the work of a great International exhibition unaided, it would have been much more successful on the opening day.

AMONG THE SIDE SHOWS.

The Attractions Shown Under Canvas Outside the Gate.

All the side shows in the country seem to have made a bee line for St. John this year, and as a result Sydney street presents the greatest array of impossible pictures that has been seen here in a long time. And with the exception of Mackay's oriental tents, where there is undoubtedly the best ten-cent show that has ever been given here, and the wild animal collection further up the street, they are all fakes. The most remarkable thing about them is the smallness of the tents inside compared to the display made on the street. It is the most successful optical delusion that St. John has ever seen. Besides inducing the people to squander a dime, the array of pictures serve another purpose—to hide the place where tents are supposed to be.

But the show inside the tent with the amateur looking sign, announcing the presence of "a collection of animals of the forest" within, is not a fake. The "hand-painted" transparency is a good crest for the whole company. They are all amateurs, fresh from the wilds of Queens county, and this is their first venture in the show business. The long-haired gentleman was here on a smaller scale last year, but he and his friends have been busy since then and now have a big collection in cages painted blue. The most remarkable thing about this attraction is the old gentleman himself, with the long grey hair, high woodsman's boots, and homespun trousers. He is a curious character, but will never make a showman. He is too honest, and seems in constant dread of the long whiskered shouter outside the tent giving an exaggerated description of what is to be seen within. He has no cause for worry, however. The shouter's vocabulary seems limited, and beyond inviting everyone to see "this great collection of wild animals of the forest," very little information is given to the wondering crowds. The old man says that if he can't make a little out of an honest show he will go back to the woods again. If he doesn't "puff up" the curiosities more he will bring up there, sure. His favorite animal is a moose, one year old, which has grown to such proportions that his owner is afraid to hazard an opinion as to how tall he will be ten years from now. If he keeps on growing, however, they will have to make a hole in the top of the tent. Some anxiety was caused among the Queens county showmen Thursday evening, when it was learned that some mischievous youths were feeding the animals on smoked herring.

From the outside the next attraction looks like a mammoth circus, but in reality it is the biggest fake in town. The best part of the performance is on the street, where by far the best men in the company give their imaginations full play, and illustrate their remarks by the numorous pictures behind them. People who pay their dime look in vain when inside for something resembling the pictures. Two horses are led in and out of the tent at short intervals, while two hard looking tickets in blue and black tights seem to have a wonderful amount of business to transact on the street. And when those fellows and the horses are outside there is hardly anything to be seen in the tent, except an alligator in a large box, with his back decorated with tobacco juice, and a miscellaneous collection of bones. In another apartment which the boys have already named "the parlor" the attractions are a number of magnifying glasses such as most people have to amuse themselves at home, by looking at views. When the men in tights find it convenient to stay in the tent there is a acrobatic performance something like the newsboys give when waiting for the evening papers. The horses are on hand for the express purpose of trying to "pull a man down," and they would probably accomplish this feat if they had not to contend with some stakes driven firmly in the ground. The whole show is accompanied by airs from the *Mikado*, and St. Patrick's Day, on the most mounrful and delapidated hand organ that has been seen for some time. The one owned by the blind man is a high toned instrument in comparison with it.

The spouter for Mackay's oriental show is a Frenchman with good lungs and lots to talk about. Here, ladies and gentlemen is the great show—a man eating bottles, lamp chimneys and other articles that are generally supposed to be indigestible to all creation with the possible exception of billy goats. And he washes it all down with carosene oil! Then there is Chinquilla, the fire eater, and a number of other side show attractions, after seeing which, the crowd flocks into the big tent, where a continuous performance is going on to crowded houses.

Down the street further, crowded in between the new buildings of Waring's foundry, is an elaborate display of painted canvas, all of which is interpreted by a silvery tongued orator, who sells tickets for only one dime. Here, good people, we find the only phsyco, a little wooden man who knows more than half the people in the United States. He is a lightening calculator, ladies and gentlemen, and can do any sum in arithmetic while most people would be getting out a pencil. Phsyco as viewed by those who pay a dime, is an idiotic looking dummy perched on a pedestal who turns around and lifts his hand at the command of the lecturer. The entertainment in this tent is of an illusive character—very much so—and the people belonging to the company seem strangers to soap and water. Half of a woman is shown on a swing arranged in a hole in the wall in such a manner that there is no danger of seeing anything in particular. Statues are brought to life, the "half woman" being the statue. When in the flesh she is quite good looking and seems to have paid more attention to her personal appearance than the rest of the company. She is finally transformed into a wooden skeleton that gives every appearance of being the work of an amateur carpenter. This illusion, however, is very well done. One of the attractions in this tent is a clown with enough flour and paint on his face for a three ring circus.

There is no lack of attractions outside the building. All the fakirs in the country seem to have come to the front. Babies on the block, McGinty families, wheel of fortunes, "put the ring on the cane, gentlemen, and it is yours," "kill the coon," and a number of other games offer plenty of opportunities to win a bad cigar. In the evenings when the fires and torches are burning which illuminate the work of the fakirs, the scene is an attractive one, and amusement is furnished for hundreds of people.

AN IDEA OF THE SHOW.

The Carriage and Some Foreign Exhibits Spoken Of.

Whether the exhibition of today equals or excels that of a year ago, is a question many people have tried to answer, and PROGRESS thinks, thus far, unsuccessfully. Perhaps the reason up to Thursday night was that all that will be seen was not to be seen; that is to say the exhibits were not complete. This is not a fault that can be charged to the management, because in spite of directors and managers and secretaries, applicants for space will take their own time about filling it. But for this same reason PROGRESS can give no adequate idea of individual exhibits in this issue. Many of them were not ready to be viewed even Thursday evening, and the hours between that time and early to press Friday were too few for satisfactory description.

Two things that were prominent above everything else in the main building in 1890 are lacking this season—the West India exhibit and the agricultural and horticultural show. Of course, the West India show cannot be called upon at all times to add variety and novelty to an exhibition here, but the products of the farm and field are always ready to be arrayed and gazed at. Without questioning the wisdom of the directors or the nearer management of the affair, it is all too evident that the absence of the farm products detracts in some measure from the success of the exhibition. The greatest effort has been made to bring the country to the town—and yet the country is not represented. People are naturally most interested in the exhibits in their own business. They have a chance there to compare and criticize. The farmer who gets an opportunity to glance at the product of another farmer's field, and the farmer's wife who can look at two or three hundred samples of butter are very much more at home than looking at pyramids of brushes, soap, candy, and whisky which occupy the space alloted to them last season.

One does not have to travel far to note that the citizens have taken a greater interest in the display than on former occasions. The very choicest goods of the largest establishments in the city, are on view. It need not be said that they are handsomely arranged—that goes without saying—and it is quite evident that much money and labor have been expended upon each booth.

Those who used to linger about the model of the ship railway in 1890, will be interested to learn that a remarkable collection of furs occupies that location today. Where the finer goods of the furniture dealers were located, is taken up with the carriage exhibit. Much against the will of the manufacturers, the space allotted to the carriage show is much reduced this year. Almost any of them could have shown double the number of turnouts had they the space to do so. Messrs. Edgecombe, of Fredericton, had prepared three times the number they have on exhibit before they knew the space was contracted. This did not prevent them, however, from making a very handsome showing, which attracts the attention of all who pass around their corner. Carriages and sleighs are both there, both so bright and polished that they serve as a mirror to all who pass. Mr. Edgecombe told PROGRESS that he no longer had any doubt that this paper was read by everyone who moved about, for since he came to the city hundreds had spoken to him of the physician's phaeton of which PROGRESS has spoken. The phaeton in question is on the grounds all ready to start. The handsome white charger that always stands harnessed and attached to a carriage in their showroom at Fredericton is in the shafts and the phaeton is there to speak for itself. It is shown on another page of PROGRESS today by two illustrations which leave no room for questions.

Horsemen grouped around another carriage—a light, airy looking affair, but with so little wood about the axles and wheels that one comes to the conclusion it was more for ornament than use. On the contrary, though delicate looking and exquisitely made, it was strong as steel.

Without doubt the handsomest carriage in the building was the Gladstone phaeton in Egecombe's exhibit. It was as pretty as a picture and as useful as a carriage could well be. Elegantly upholstered and beautifully finished, it attracted attention from all who passed. Then there were sleighs and double and single carriages, which PROGRESS has described before and are familiar to everybody.

Among other of the friends and patrons of PROGRESS who have come to St. John can be included the Wilmot Spa Spring Co., whose representative Mr. George Smith is kept busy attending to the wants of those who pause at his counter. Mr. Smith can be eloquent when his subject is any of the product of the Wilmot Springs.

Mr. Romans' representative Mr. M. F. Eagar of Halifax has arranged for free cups of Bendorf's cocoa. Of course it is an advertisement but if all "ads" came in as pleasant and agreeable a form no one would object to them. Then there is Mr. E. M. Estey of Moncton and the K. D. C. company of New Glasgow. Both of these preparations are widely advertised and well known.

The writer found more than 1000 people wandering about among the spaces, and at that hour it was said that as many more were in the drill hall listening to the concert. "Mr. Hall has made a success of it this time," was the remark of a musical gentleman. Up to the hour of writing Friday morning more than 3000 people had paid their quarters, and the poorest days of the show are over.

THEY MAKE A BUSINESS OF IT.

St. John Newsboys Who Handle Boston Papers, and Where They Find Customers.

The St. John newsboys are hustlers. Those who attended the grand opening of the opera house had this fact forced upon them. It was near midnight when the curtain dropped, and as the crowd reached the street the first thing that met the ear was, "Boston *Globe* and *Herald!* This morning's edition! Today's Boston *Globe* or *Herald?*"

To sell Boston papers here on the day of publication is a remarkable piece of enterprise, but it is due more to the fact that St. John has a number of wide-awake newsboys, than to any effort on the part of the publishers of those great newspapers. They are sold in this city every night, but it is only on such occasions as that of Monday night that this fact becomes known generally. The newsboys who handle the papers make very good wages, although they have long hours and hard work. Every evening they are at the depot awaiting the arrival of the late train from the west. By the time it gets here most people are in bed and asleep, but there are many who are not, and the newsboys know where to find them. A week or so ago, a newsboy who was patiently awaiting the arrival of the late train, was questioned, with the following result:

"Why can't you wait and get the papers in the morning? You cannot sell them tonight."

"Ah, go'way, boy, acorse I kin. Sure I made a dollerin quarter tonight already, and I'll make as much more afore I go to bed—Say, Tim, how many ye got?" as another newsboy hove in sight; "didn't yer serve the fellow with the light suit? There's another fellar wants one."

"But there are no people on the streets to sell papers to, when yout get them."

"Acorse there's no people on the streets, but the hotels and barrooms is jest full a people, and them's the ones what reads the Boston papers to. I guess I know where to go."

This a type of newsboy that the public has become acquainted with through the papers. He is not the boy who brings your paper to the door every morning, and collects his money at the end of the week. Such boys go to school and make a little money after hours by selling papers. But the boys who handle the Boston papers are "in the business." They devote all their time to it and make very good wages. There are not many of them, but they are always around. They do not pay much attention to the St. John daily papers; in fact they do not push them at all, but merely take a few to sell while going their rounds. They have a large profit on the Boston papers, and use all their energy in disposing of them.

HE IS PAID BY THE DAY.

Ryder, the Organist, and His Employer, Riley, the Coal Merchant.

A new organist made his debut on Charlotte street this week. He is a member of the salvation army and his name is Ryder. Although Ryder is very well known in St. John he has up to the present time kept his musical talents under a bushel, and had it not been for the enterprise of that very energetic fakir, Mr. Riley, they might have remained there for an indefinite period. Riley has invented innumerable schemes for "gulling" the people, and his present venture shows that he is as clear headed in this respect as ever.

The fact that "the blind man" who has become a familiar figure in St. John, manages to make a living out of a hand organ, probably gave Riley the idea that there was money in the business, properly worked. Unfortunately, Mr. Riley was not blind and was too well known in St. John to work a green goggles racket, or any other infirmity. With a hand organ in his possession, however, Mr. Riley did not remain inactive. He recognized the musical genuis of Mr. Ryder at a glance, and instantly engaged him to turn the crank at $1 a day.

Charlotte street merchants have had all the music they want, ever since. They do not seem to appreciate Mr. Ryder's efforts but have given him a great deal of attention. The organ had evidently seen considerable service before coming into Riley's possession, and as it has probably never seen a tuner since it was first constructed, it has a decided weakness for "skipping" a few notes now and again. Mr. Ryder turns the crank according to the spirits he is in. If he is feeling pretty good, the crank goes round with startling rapidity, and if he is tired he will take a rest in the middle of a choice selection, no matter how large his audience may be. The people doing business on Charlotte street did not take kindly to the new but erratic concern, and were seriously thinking of superanuating the organist, when the exhibition opened a new field of labor for him.

Wednesday morning he deserted Charlotte street, north, and took up a position on Sydney street, near the exhibition building, where all who are willing to contribute to the coal merchant's support can have an opportunity of dropping anything from a copper to a dollar into a new tin mug. Ryder says that he is now getting $1.50 for conducting the recitals. Mr. Riley's generosity is probably due to his anticipations in regard to the attendance at the exhibition.

He Doesn't Know the Town.

A Princess street business man was somewhat surprised a few days ago to see a policeman enter his store, but was amazed when he enquired where the savings bank was. He was not one block away from it. After getting the information wanted, the officer directed a lady whom he left standing in the street, until he found out for himself. One of the duties of a policeman is to direct strangers, and to do this he should be thoroughly acquainted with the town. The officer who did not know where the savings bank was located has evidently not been in town very long, and will probably have a number of enquiries to make during the next ten days.

Great Horse Races.

This is the season for horsemen and their flyers. Moosepath has been one of the attractions this week, and a genuine one at that. At the hour of PROGRESS going to press some races have been completed, but others half-finished, and today (Saturday) will probably find as extensive a programme as any day in the week. Fredericton people have made up a splendid purse for their track, which can be seen in another column—some $1,100 in purses. It is an undoubted advantage to have another meeting after St. John's meeting while the horses are in shape for good work. The entries will no doubt be large.