

PROGRESS.

W. K. REYNOLDS, Editor. Printed every afternoon and evening (Sunday excepted), in the Machinery Hall of the Exhibition Building.

This Paper is printed on a Cranston Two-Roller Book and News Press, furnished for the Exhibition by the manufacturer, J. H. Cranston, of Norwich, Conn.

THURSDAY, OCT. 2.

O'CLOCK EDITION.

LORD STANLEY ARRIVES.

His Name is Inscrubed on the Register of Visitors to "Progress."

His Excellency, Lord Stanley, governor-general of Canada, accompanied by Lady Stanley and his suite, reached St. John by special train shortly after noon today.

WILL SEE US AS WE ARE.

The visit of LORD STANLEY to the maritime provinces cannot fail to be productive of good. It is only on rare occasions that our people have an opportunity to see the men who are sent from England to govern Canada, and some of them have very erroneous impressions as to the divinity that doth hedge a governor general.

His Excellency's visit will do much to dispense some of these impressions. LORD STANLEY is believed to be, as some others in his position have been, a man who takes more than a superficial interest in the duties of his office. He is likely to leave a favorable impression on all classes of the people.

He has come to a beautiful country, which he cannot fail to appreciate. From the Restigouche to the harbor of Sydney, Cape Breton, he will find an ever varying panorama of some of the finest scenery in America. When he goes over the Cape Breton railway he will find the panorama growing brighter and more beautiful, and he may wonder why thousands instead of hundreds of pilgrims do not make the Bras d'Or their Mecca in the summer holidays. But he will see more than a fine country with ever charming scenery.

He will find a live, industrious people, who have built towns and cities which are growing and will grow with a rapidity unknown across the ocean. He will find in the city of St. John an example of what faith and industry have succeeded in accomplishing in the face of heavy trials. He will learn that our people ask no more than a fair field to hold their own, commercially or otherwise, with the people of any rival city. He will see in the exhibition, to a partial extent, what our industrial classes can produce; and if he desires he can learn how one of the finest sea-ports in America has been maintained and ignored through mere envy, malice and ignorance.

His Excellency is believed to be a good observer and he cannot fail to have new and favorable impressions of this city, its resources and its people. It is well for us and for him that he has come. He has a hearty welcome.

A Fortunate Firm.

Mr. James Clark, who represents John Bertram & Sons, of Dundas, Ontario, has good reason to be satisfied with hits and the firms good fortune at this fair, for every machine in their extensive collection of iron working machinery, on view in machinery hall has been sold. Mr. Clark is more fortunate than his fellows. Two of the most valuable machines in his exhibit go to a new iron working firm in Woodstock and some others have been purchased by Messrs. Robb & Son, of Amherst. It will be remembered that Robb & Sons were burned out recently. At that time Bertram's machines were their favorites and it is not strange that when refitting they should return and get duplicates of them. Such well known shops as Harris' and Fleming's have there-liable Bertram machines.

The exhibit it has been a most attractive one. Gentlemen interested in machinery have not failed to pause and inquire into the workings of the massive machine that played with iron as easily as a wood working machine does with wood.

This reminds the writer that the firm also manufacture wood working machinery. Mr. James Clark represents this firm and is always ready to give information, even to newspaper men, though he was hardly used by one of them, who placed his capable attendant in charge of the exhibit instead of himself. The customers were mystified at first, but they have found the right man in the end.

More Lost Articles.

A lady's jacket and a shoulder cape, found in the building, await owners at the secretary's office.

WEDNESDAY'S 8 O'CLOCK EDITION.

OUTSIDE OF THE SHOW.

SOME OF THE SIGHTS THAT THE CURIOUS MAY SEE.

Mackay's Miniature Circus. The Man Who Stirs up the Wild Bees 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 sideshows and fakirs are all in full blast. Mackay's tent is the big outside attraction, and when the band begins to play it is for all the world like a circus. One can almost imagine he sees the horses running themselves dizzy in a small ring.

"Right this way gentlemen is the great log cabin moose and bear show," where you can walk inside for the small sum of five cents. The log cabin is made of spruce boards, with a hole in the roof covered with cotton to let daylight in. In the evening the show is lighted by a solitary torch, and resembles the stable of the ordinary corner grocery man, when the horse is being put up for the night. Besides the torch, the cabin contains a moose 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 shelf, and an old gentleman with long hair, who stirs up the animals with a long piece of Strait Shore coal. The long haired gentlemen is the greatest curiosity of the lot. He is constantly employed in stirring up the animals so that the visitors will not be led to believe that they have been borrowed from the British Columbia stuffed exhibit for the occasion. All for the small sum of five cents.

Then comes the young man with a large reefer 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. The wind got a lap on all competitors, yesterday afternoons 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 blowing yesterday.

An old gentleman with one leg, a plug hat and a display of medals across his breast, 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 America, and has lost a leg in the service. He has a small pawn shop displayed to the view of his audience, with numbers on all the articles, which probably correspond to those held by the unfortunates who hung them up. It is evidently a branch of a first-class institution, for the stock comprises watches, lockets, revolvers, and other articles "too numerous to mention."

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 affair, 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 majesty, Queen Victoria.

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. At first the hole in the canvas was large enough, and when the public was accommodated in this respect, it was found that the nigger was a little nervous and drew his head away too quick, and business was dull. This morning the great American dodger was on hand again, with a base ball mask on, but people seemed to think that there was no satisfaction in throwing at a "coon" when there was no chance of killing him, and the crowd was slow to take advantage of the great inducements offered by the short "shouter" with a handful of tickets for the side show.

Then there are a dozen minor attractions such as throwing rings on a board full of pins, foreign boothbacks of a chocolate telling birds, all running to the tune of "Johnny, get your gun," by the blind man on the street piano.

Visitors are Plenty.

The list of visitors who have recorded their names on the register at PROGRESS office has grown to unexpected proportions. Hundreds of them still await the printers, and it will be impossible to publish anything like all of them. A special edition might be published, containing nothing but names, and if the signers are anxious to see their names they might chip in and defray the expense of publication. Don't all speak at once.

Souvenir of Machinery Hall.

Isaac Erb, the photographer, has had the enterprise to take an 8x10 inch photo of machinery hall, from the east end, and anybody who has 50 cents can obtain one at the studio, Charlotte street.

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. They see the printers 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 in 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 clamoring for them, telegrams are coming in and the table is littered with enough manuscript to fill every issue for a week. Out 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 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 beautiful 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 be satisfied with it would be very hard to suit—in fact, he could not be suited this side of the sun itself.

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 suited for all purposes 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. Good Short Stories. When several persons combine in an effort to obtain desired privileges they are usually successful. There lies great virtue in numbers. Elsie, a little New England girl, was delighted with the prospect of a trip to California, and it never occurred to her that all her twelve dolls were not to go also.

"Tell me where they're to be packed, mamma," she said, "and I'll put them in. They mustn't be rumpled and tumbled." "Elsie, dear," said mamma, regretfully, but firmly, "I really can't allow you to take all that set of dolls. You may have two, any two you like, but there I draw the line. Twelve dolls are quite unnecessary." "Elsie made no reply, but went quietly on, altering a skirt for Lady Ethelinda, the prettiest one of the waxen and china-faced family.

Later in the day, when her mother entered the room devoted to packing, she saw a curious sight. Supported against a trunk sat a row of dolls, in travelling costume, as far as they could manage such an! above their heads was pinned a large placard, bearing the words, "We are waiting to be packed."

What mother could resist the united appeal of a dozen dolls? Not this one, and to California the twelve went.—Ez. When one recalls the fact that millions upon millions of dollars in gold annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of the import trade, the question of how gold is shipped to Europe becomes an interesting one. The Bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold from New York, and indeed from the United States. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very much like the ordinary beer keg. Every one contains \$50,000 in coin or bar gold. The latter is the favorite for the shipment, since the government has permitted the sub treasury to exchange coin for bar gold, as coin in a single million dollar shipment is liable to loss by abrasion of from eight to twenty ounces or from \$128 to \$320; while the bars only lose about three-fourths of that value. From them is sent double "excelsior." Four are put in stout canvas bags, each one containing 125 ounce eagles, \$5,000; and ten bags fill each keg. About the only precaution taken against tampering with a keg, is a treatment of keg ends technically known as "excelsioring." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves about the

head. Red tape is run through these crossing on the keg's head, the ends meeting at the center, where they are sealed to the head by the hardest of wax, and stamped with the consignor's name. The average insurance is about \$1,500 per \$1,000,000. Then there is an expense of about \$2 per keg for packing and cartage aboard ship, or \$200 for the same sum and the inevitable loss by abrasion, whatever it may prove to be. There are great Wall street firms shipping from \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000 annually.—Ez.

There are various ways of coming to grief, when one attempts telling another person's stories. "Annie, tell that anecdote Cousin Olive told the other night, please," said a young lady to her sister, while they were making a call. When Annie had complied, her sister announced, sympathetically, to the company, "You can imagine how funny it was, because Olive tells a story so well!"

Another unfortunate relater of a borrowed tale was a gentleman who ventured to ask an intimate friend, "Why don't you wear a wig?" "I'd rather dye," was the answer, and though the pun was an old one it happened to be new to the hearer, and greatly amused him—not so much that he did not speedily forget the point.

That night, on returning home, he said to his wife, "Richardson said an awfully good thing this afternoon. I asked him why he didn't wear a wig, and he said he'd rather commit suicide than do such a thing. Why don't you laugh? But then, women haven't any sense of humor to speak of!" —Youth's Companion.

Two pedestrians suddenly halted and looked up at a fourth story window. The lower sash was raised, and the head and shoulders of a child about two years old could be seen. In three minutes there was a group of dozen men and women, and the child had got its breast on the lower sill and was reaching out to get hold of a string hanging from the cornice—a remainder of some disaster to a kite.

"Heavens! he'll fall!" gasped one. "Certain to smash down on to the pavement!" added a second. "Stop! stop! Go back!" shouted a third.

Everybody had something to say, and while they were saying it the child wriggled further and further over the sill. At length a woman with a basket on her arm cried out: "What fools you men are! Why don't you run and ring the bell and notify the mother?"

Three or four started, but they had not crossed the street when the child lost its balance and pitched out head first. There was a murmur of horror, but it was checked as the fall of the child was stopped two feet below the sill, and there he hung, squalling, with a leather strap buckled about the right ankle. His howls brought a woman to the window, and she pulled him up, deposited him inside, and then said to the gaping crowd below: "Thought I didn't know my business, eh? Well, I just do and you can move on!" —N. Y. Sun.

What are termed hollow cast iron bricks form the subject of a recent German patent described in the technical journals, the article being the invention of an Erfurt mechanic. As the name indicates, they are made of regular brick form and size, the walls being 0.12 inches thick, but no mortar or other binding material is intended to enter into their use, the method of fastening adopted being as follows: The upper and lower sides of the bricks are provided with grooves and protecting ribs, which fit into one another easily and perfectly, so as to make a uniform and complete union or combination.

There are in addition two large circular openings in the upper side of each brick, arranged to receive suitably formed projections on the lower side of the brick above, one of these projections being also hooked shape, thus securing a more secure hold; and in order that the joints be made and remain air and water tight, a fluid is applied to the surface of the bricks with a brush. The non-conducting air spaces in the bricks, and the ease with which they may be put together and taken apart without injuring them, are cited as special advantages in their favor as a substitute for ordinary bricks and brick construction. —Chicago Jour. of Commerce.

Purified wool cellulose is gradually introduced into a very cold mixture of one part of fuming nitric acid and two parts of concentrated sulphuric acid until a thick pulp is formed. After six hours contact, the pulp is washed, first with cold and then with warm and slightly ammoniacal water. The washed product is boiled in a concentrated solution of nitrate of baryta, gently compressed, and dried at 40° C. In order to granulate it (an operation that is not indispensable), machines devised for the purpose are necessary.

It is probable that this smokeless powder is the same that was offered two years ago, by an English house, to the Austrian and German governments, and refused after an examination. —French paper.

"I saw Mrs. Hopkins today, William, for the first time since she became a widow. She looked perfectly grand in her mourning suit, and seemed so happy there was no standing ber."

"I guess she was glad to be rid of Hopkins." "Perhaps. But what do you think she said? That if you had any taste you'd give me a chance to come out in mourning, too. That made me angry and I gave her a cutting; answer she won't soon forget."

"What did you say?" "I said I hoped that when it did happen I'd be happy a widow as she was."

"Oh, you did." —Philadelphia Times.

Housewife (teetily)—"Go 'way from this door, you old tramp! What do you want, anyway?"

Steady-looking man (starting off)—"I wanted to make you a call; I'm the new minister." —Drake's Magazine.

Maddox—"Look here, Simeral, don't you know that it's dangerous going into the water after a hearty meal?" Simeral—"I'm not going in after a meal. It's a bath I'm after." —Racket.

At Table—III, waiter, this bluetish is not quite as fresh as the one you brought me last week.

Waiter—Excuse me, sir, it's one of the very same lot.—Boston Commonwealth.



This is a form—a dress form. It is known as Hall's Bazaar Form. Hall's Bazaar Forms are the best. This is called a complete form. You can get the skirt separate. You can get the skirt with wool post. You can get the skirt with iron post. The prices are the same here as in New York. What are the prices in New York? Skirt, \$3.00 and \$3.50; Bust, \$3.00; complete, \$6.50.

These forms may be seen in the southwest corner of the building at the head of the stairs, second floor. McKay, of Charlotte street, he who sells Dry Goods so cheap and Butterick's Patterns so many, is the agent.

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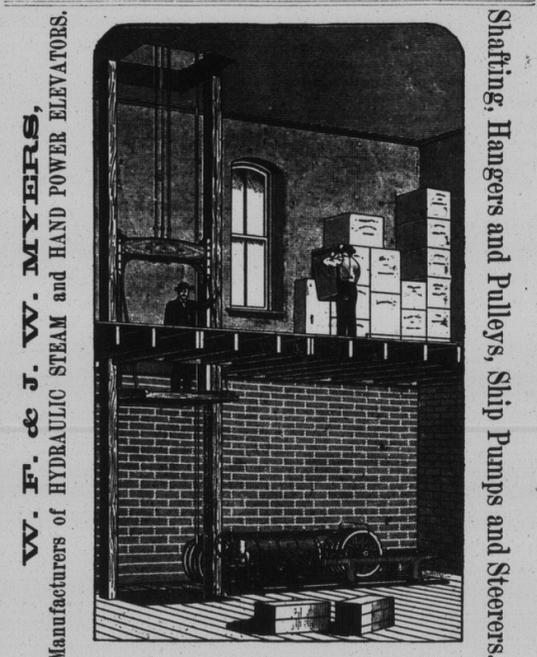
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The Unartistic Nude.

The leaders of the great movement against undraped statuary would have received a terrible shock to their sensitive feelings could they have rambled about the exhibition building on Wednesday afternoon and viewed the la crosse players in their war paint, or rather lack of it. It was bad enough as long as they remained out of doors, but when one or two of those bold, bad men came into the sacred precincts of the building itself, and openly displayed their undressed calves, there was a general feeling amongst the ladies of a certain age, that however much to be admired undressed kids were, undressed call was not to be tolerated for a moment. One lady was heard to exclaim rapturously, "Oh! how neat they look, and such pretty stockings, pale pink, how lovely. Good gracious the horrid man is in his bare legs."

Tableau; with accompaniment of smelting salts and burnt feathers!

Advertisement for 'FREE powder' and 'EXHIBITION FROM THE FOUNTAIN'. Includes text: 'The Public is in', 'EXHIBITION FROM THE FOUNTAIN', 'Pleases the palate, increases gives strength to the system quenches the thirst SOMETHING Only 5 Cents a glass and sold at the Medical Hall, No. 59 Chatham Street, OPP. KING SQUARE, R. D. McARTHUR, FOR SALE', 'A LARGE number of Receipts from One to One Thousand ing staple articles.', 'Receipt for making ex Leather Preserver Receipt for making Blasting Receipt for making superior Blacking Receipt for making fine Blacking To anyone outside of the Dominion will send the receipt for making the Non-Corrosive National Pol FOR \$1,000 (Metal and Diploma at the Exhibition 1886.) F. H. FE INTERNATIONAL S Autumn Excursion To BOSTON and PORTLAND \$5.-ROUND TRIP TICKETS will be issued for the Sept. 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, October 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, to be valid only at the office of the Point Wharf. C. E. LA THOSE REQUIRING SP Consult D. H. ENGLISH OPTICIAN 53 Chatham St., St. JOHN, N. B. NEAR MARKET.