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# PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

## STREET LIFE!

### Incidents of the Great Carnival

#### NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

#### The Conflicts of the People and the Fakirs.

#### AMUSING THINGS OF THE WEEK.

#### The Pea and Shell Racket and Its Victims—In the Wrong Box—The Dime Museum—The Show in an Alleyway—How Everybody Got the Worth of His Money.

There was much fun in the city this week not anticipated in the official programme. Every visitor had his own way of enjoying him or herself, and in following their own way very many of them afforded pleasure to others. The free, easy and unsuspecting rustic was the victim of a hundred innocent pranks. He was the special prey also of the "fakir" who was found on every street corner. The pickpocket met him at the railway station, or the river wharf, and tried to lighten his burden at the outset. If he was unsuccessful a score of his rascally brethren met him before he had passed a dozen blocks each with some new and ingenious "fake." The policeman had a bad time of it. They tried hard enough to protect their innocent charges but failed in hundreds of cases. Notwithstanding all this the percentage who got swindled was small, and the great majority enjoyed themselves thoroughly and went home more than satisfied that St. John is a great town, growing every day in population and business, and they are willing and ready to take up her cudgel. The incidents of carnival life were many and amusing. Progress has a few of them below and they are worth reading.

#### WORKING THE PEA RACKET.

#### Fakirs and Their Methods—Countrymen Patronize Them and are Left.

The shell and pea men have been out in force all week. One of them, called "Smithy," did a thriving business outside the gate at the A. A. grounds, Monday afternoon, and his calls to put up \$1 and win \$2 were taken up quickly, but few "made" the two. His victims were mostly farmers, and a red-faced individual with a straw hat was the only person capable of finding the pea. But "Smithy" didn't care; he took his chances, so he said. His "here you are, gentlemen—watch the pea—I don't care, dang it—put up \$1, find the pea and you get \$2," caught the crowd and he made it up.

An old farmer, with a whisker an inch in width running from ear to ear, watched the pea for about five minutes, during which time he edged his way close up to the stand. He got excited, and suddenly startled the crowd and the operator, with, "By darned, I take you—I see it—hold on!" at the top of his voice. "All right, sir," said Smithy, "put up your dollar and show me the pea." The old man fished his pocket-book from a very deep pocket, and took out one bright dollar bill, the only one the pocket-book contained, and passed it over. Then he eagerly pointed out the pea. The fakir lifted the shell. The pea wasn't there, and the farmer's knees fell outward as he slunk back in the crowd, and never spoke again. "You old fool," said a fellow with a long, red face, and any amount of gab, who always knew where the pea was, but never made use of his knowledge; "you put your hand right over it."

Mr. Wesley Seymour, chiropodist, skater, sprinter, long distance walker and general fakir, had a stand in an alleyway off Brussels street. He had the thing done fine, and warbled off something in this style: "Here you are, gentlemen, watch the pea—some people think it's under one shell—some think it's under another—watch the pea and put up a dollar—if you find it I'll give you two—you fool me, or I fool you—that's the way it goes—does any gentleman know what shell it's under—get away children"—as the youngsters began to crowd around the stand—"this is a game for men; anybody want to bet?" The professor never looked at the stand. His eyes looked anxiously over the heads of his audience; first up the street and then down, and the crowd was somewhat surprised to see him suddenly fold up the apparatus and walk briskly up the alley with it under his arm. He had sighted a policeman.

There was a fakir doing the shell and pea game with a very green crowd, off Charlotte street, Tuesday afternoon, until the police came along, when he took to his heels, forgetting to take his apparatus with him. While the policeman was chasing the fakir, the small boys took charge of the stand and began working it on a small

scale. The officer out of sight, the fakir returned, wearing an injured air, and in a tone that one would expect to be addressed by the most verdant farmer, said: "That gol darned fakir skinned me out of \$10, and as I can't get anything else I might as well take his stand."

#### "IN THE WRONG BOX."

#### A Montreal Man Who Found Himself in The Wrong Hotel.

A Montreal man arrived in town Monday to take part in the Electrical Exhibit. He lost no time reaching a hotel, registering, securing a room and then looking up the Exhibition building. The next few hours he worked with wires and dynamos, and hadn't a word for anybody. Then he went to dinner. He went to a room, plunged his face and hands into cold water, and went to dinner. The menu was excellent, his appetite was good and his feelings were improved when he went to his room again. He had left his overcoat when he went to the exhibition building, but he couldn't find it anywhere on his return. Here was a pretty racket—not in town half a day and a valuable coat gone. The clerk was summoned and the matter explained. After considerable hot talk from all sides the clerk remarked, "Are you sure you registered here?" With a peculiar laugh the traveler flung the register open and tracing his hand down the page—couldn't find his name. "Isn't this the Royal?" he enquired. "No, the Victoria."

He had made a mistake; returned to the wrong hotel, entered a room and taken dinner, and hadn't he wanted his coat would have remained there through the week.

#### SLATER AND HIS FAKES.

#### The "Dime Museum" on Charlotte Street and "Jim's" Tactics.

The great "Jim" Slater, prince of detectives and expert fakir, will have a sore throat when the carnival is over. He stood in front of the alleged dime museum, opposite the Dufferin hotel, and endeavored to block the sidewalk with people, while, in the evening, the police tried equally hard to make the crowd stand in the middle of the street or "move on." James invited everybody, at 200 words a minute, to see the smallest family in the world, a small, ordinary looking goat and an unfortunate sheep that somebody cut the fourth leg off of, to say nothing of two large birds in a big box, with sticks of all shapes and sizes nailed across it to make it resemble a cage, all for ten cents or one dime. The great attraction was a hard looking individual, with a very round, red face and a plug hat, who came out occasionally and assisted the "detective" in announcing that he was about to begin the show. People who saw him talking at the door could not see a greater curiosity by going inside. The red faced gentleman was a ventriloquist of the very worst kind, and his "dummies" looked as though they were old family heirlooms. He was very sorry, Tuesday night, that he could not get here from Boston any sooner, from which everybody inferred that the walking must have been very bad. He expected his Punch and Judy show the next day, and wanted everybody to believe him—did he imagine anybody would doubt his word?—because he had a hole made all ready for it in the bum looking curtain back of the stage. The audience couldn't see a better Punch and Judy show anywhere, and were invited to drop in next evening, which, of course, nobody did. The sawdust on the floor was the best feature of the show.

Business was unusually brisk Tuesday night. So much so that Slater thought he could afford to enjoy himself and go to sleep behind the stuffed moose. A Yankee—from Indiantown—lectured on all the curiosities, while a red headed boy from Lower Cove, coatless, vestless and hatless, reduced his weight by turning the hurdy gurdy. All the boys used the alligators cage for a cuspidor, and one young fellow endeavored to find the bottom of an alligator's throat with his cane; they examined the three legged sheep, and hauled the goat into the audience and altogether got the worth of their ten cents.

#### Fifty Songs for Five Cents.

A seedy looking creature with an armload of song sheets as large as good sized bill posters, stood in the gutter on Charlotte street and shouted himself hoarse. His was about the cheapest business of all the fakirs in town, and showed to what straits a man will go to make money when there are lots of gullible people around. His yarn was short, merely consisting of "Fifty songs—five cents." Yet, he found people to buy them.

#### A Blackleg, Sure.

"There's a blackleg, sure," said a wag, on King street, the other day. "Look out for him." "Where?" asked an excited countryman, as he placed his hands over his pocket-book, handkerchief and soda biscuits. "There, don't you see him?" said the wag, pointing to an innocent-looking colored gentleman, who was taking in the sights.

#### WHAT A LITTLE BIRD TOLD THEM.

#### Country Girls and Their Fortunes, Told by the Swarthy Italians.

The swarthy son of Italy with the street piano and green colored birds reaped a harvest with the country girls and their beaus. He smiled broadly as his assistant turned off "I've fifteen dollars in my inside pocket, d'ye mind," so as to give the impression that he was just out to amuse the people. Of course all the country girls wanted their fortunes told, but they didn't like to when there was such a crowd around, for the people might laugh if it was foretold that they were to remain in single blessedness, when "everybody around their place knew that was a lie." They picked out a five cent piece though, heard the man chirp and saw the bird pick out the precious little envelope, and took the consequences.

Two country maidens with bright blue eyes and cream colored cotton dresses were interested spectators while the birds hopped in their cage and the count cast beseeching glances at those near him and invited all to see how clever the birds were. The girls nudged each other. They were anxious to invest but were too bashful.

"You try," said one.  
"No, you."  
"Ah! I don't like to."  
"Well, will you if I do?"  
"Er-ah, no."  
"Well, will you get one for me."  
"No, I don't like to."

"Don you want to try, leddies," chimed in the count, catching on to the conversation. "One of the girls nodded, and the bird picked out her fortune. She bashfully put the unopened envelope in her pocket, while the assistant struck up "In the Sweet By and Bye."

#### "STEP RIGHT THIS WAY, LADIES."

#### Learn to Thread the Needle for Yourself—It'll Show You How.

A stout gentleman, with a lame leg, perched on a chair on top of a soap box, drew quite a crowd on Market street, near Charlotte. He had a remarkably glib tongue and invited the attention of the ladies especially and any gentlemen who had blind relations at home. He was selling needles that could be threaded quicker than one could snap his fingers. This is what he said: "Step right up this way, ladies—thread the needle for yourself—if you can't do it I'll show you how—you'll be able to do it ever afterwar'—it's a great improvement on the old style—no wetting the thread, straightening it out and getting angry every time you want to put in a new thread! Oh! no!—put it over your finger like this—see?—bring along the needle, and the it's threaded—simplest thing in the world—keep away, boys, and don't knock over the box—I'm lame now and don't want to be any lammer—all right, sir—here's a package, only five cents—anybody else take one?—here you are, gentlemen, take a package home and make your lady friends happy. Watch me thread one—see how simple it is—now, misses, see if you can pull it out." He seemed to make the crowd pull out their pocket books very well.

#### A Place For Pickpockets.

In an alleyway opposite the Dufferin hotel, a light complected fellow with a white hard hat, called the attention of the public to the greatest curiosities ever known—an alligator boy, and the only mermaid in existence. The lecture was soon to begin and anybody can step inside—the alleyway—for the small sum of five cents. It was a great show. Two second-hand circus sheets, showing the great curiosities in their native elements, were hung on the brick buildings on each side of the alleyway, and criss-crossed screens and star spangled banners in great profusion, together with a couple of gasoline lamps added to the attractions of the scene, but at night failed to make it anything but a place where only a brave man or countryman who had lost his head would venture in.

The show had shifted its quarters by Wednesday, the proceeding night being more than the proprietors of the "school for intelligent people" could stand. The boys saw an excellent chance for fun and taking up positions in the alley way in the rear of the show, began to shower stones on the only mermaid in the world and the alligator boy, and make it generally unpleasant for the proprietors of the great school. They were too much for him and he moved.

#### He Was Quite Verdant.

Ding! Dong! Ding! Ding! Ding!!! 'Twas the country market bell, early Wednesday morning, with a burly countryman at the end of the rope. Such an unusual occurrence paralyzed everybody and Clerk Lynam couldn't get to the offender quick enough. He was about to have him arrested when someone explained that a butcher to whom the culprit had gone to borrow a cleaver to cut up two carcasses of lamb, had told him to "ring that bell three times and a man would come and give him anything he asked for."

Don't read Hunter, Hamilton & McKay's Advertisement, first column, last page.

#### THE SUNDAY BEFORE.

#### How the Seaside Bostonians were Welcomed to St. John.

The crowds and excitement on Reed's point wharf, Sunday afternoon, was a great beginning for the gala week. It seemed as though the whole town arose from dinner and went to the wharves, for besides the throng at Reed's point, the crowds going and coming from the government pier made it impossible at times to get through the gate at the foot of Charlotte street. The Salvation army and members of the Queen square Methodist church held meetings on the wharf, but few seemed to know it. The boys seemed wild with excitement, and thronged the rigging of vessels lying at the wharf. Then H. M. S. *Tourmaline* sailed grandly up the harbor and got a warm reception, nobody failing to notice the way the trousers of the sailor in the rigging fluttered in the breeze. Reed's point never before held such a crowd as that which saw the passengers land from the steamer *Cumberland*. An old colored lady, who landed here for the first time, and received a particularly warm reception, explained the situation satisfactorily, when she remarked to her friends: "These is all down Easterns, so you needn't mind 'em."

#### He Was Contrary and Stayed There.

There was a Mr. Carney down on the A. A. grounds Monday afternoon, and he was slightly under the influence. He and some others were perched on a small platform on the western fence, when officers Boyle and Perry came along and ordered them down. Mr. Carney refused to descend and no amount of threatening or coaxing would bring him. He was intimately acquainted with every individual member of the association from the president down, and would take his orders from them. The officers used all the words at their command, but Mr. Carney was immovable. "Are you coming down?" asked officer Boyle as sternly as he could, yet with a hopeless look on his face. "No!" said Mr. Carney, as he leaned back against the fence, drew his knees up closer to his chin and clasped his hands across them. "Well! if you're going to be so contrary, stay there," said the officer, as he walked away in disgust, while the crowd laughed, and a stout gentleman with no vest on, presented Mr. Carney with cigars and matches to light them.

#### An Early Morning Band.

Early Tuesday morning there was a commotion on the street. Though the hour was 6.30 hundreds were on the streets enjoying the beautiful morning. The sky was like an Italy blue and the air was crisp and bracing. Suddenly the sweet strains of music floated through the streets. Where did it come from? Nobody could tell. The city bands were not out and no visiting band was expected. The strains grew louder and sweeter. It was coming from the railway station. Not until the band reached Market square did the crowd catch on. Then the word passed "Surprise soap with the St. Stephen band." They were bound for the trades procession.

#### St. Stephen Well Represented.

The trotting fraternity of the St. Croix River was very well represented on Wednesday's train from St. Stephen to St. John, to attend the races at Moosepath. Among those present were J. E. Osborne, secretary of St. Stephen driving track; J. G. Hamilton, proprietor of American house, Calais, owner of Valley Gat; also Mr. Fred Watterson, Edward Keys, R. L. Todd, Fred L. Butler, "St. Croix" of Progress, and others. All those gentlemen are horse fanciers, and all hold stock in the St. Stephen driving park.

#### There Were Worse Than Him.

A very small boy who was down to see the American boat come in Sunday carried a fine silk umbrella, and during the excitement it dropped overboard. He expected something when he got home, but was bound to make it as light as he could; so in telling his story he said: "Oh! there was an awful crush down there. One man lost his silver headed cane overboard and a woman dropped in a gold headed parasol, and our umbrella went down too, but I guess the others lost the most."

#### How They Work It.

"I wish I could get in the station, to get a drink," said one small boy to another last Sunday night.  
"Why don't you go in?"  
"Because he'll fire me out."  
"Naw, he wont," said the boy with the soft hat and a large quid of tobacco; "Here's an envelope; just show it to him." He got in.

#### He Wasn't Used to It.

The men on foot in the trades procession got frightened at the gait the leaders set, just after leaving King street east. It was pretty brisk marching, and would have been hard on the walkers had it been kept up. One young mechanic got particularly anxious, and exclaimed indignantly: "Blame it, if I'd known they were going to run I wouldn't have come." And the crowd roared.

#### NEARING THE END.

#### The Closing Events of a Week of Enjoyment.

The story of the carnival to the end of the parade, Thursday morning, is published in that part of Progress which goes to press Thursday night. Another event of the morning was the ball game between the Shamrocks and Monctons. The former won by the closest score and best game of the week. Parsons played with the Shamrocks, in the box. In the evening the parade of the morning was repeated, with torchlight addition. The effect was very brilliant, and the crowds just as large as ever. Indeed, it seemed as though the crowd had increased every day until Friday, when the outgoing trains and steamers began to feel the pressure of returning travel. Some fireworks were also set off Thursday evening. If there was any portion of the show that was not up to the standard it was the fireworks. People were generally dissatisfied with the display, it not being up to what it should have been or, indeed, anything like what was expected.

The second days trotting was fully as interesting as the first. The 2.45 class was won by Speculation, driven and owned by Geo. Carvill, of St. John, and the victory was a very popular one. The colt trotted a remarkable race, taking into consideration that he has had no fast work to speak of. Mr. Carvill is very proud of his horse, and says he will match him against School Marm, to trot on any track during the maritime circuit, for any reasonable amount from \$100 to \$1,000 a side. Mr. Carvill has authorized Geo. W. McLain to make the match with the St. Stephen track given the preference. Lady Sim won second money and Maggie T., John McCoy's little mare, the third; best time 2.45½. The free-for-all race was won by Stanley in straight heats, although Maud H. finished ahead in the first heat, the old man cut Stanley off on the time and was set back last. Maud won second money and Lady Max third; best time 2.37½, and was done easily in a long jog. Ida Gray won the running race easily, Stag second, Hopeful third.

Crowds continue to flock to the Electric exhibition, where, after the scene is taken in, the electric welder attracts the greatest amount of attention.

Yesterday morning Moncton and Fredericton played a league game, which was not finished when Progress went to press. There was another game between the same clubs, and today St. John and Moncton try conclusions again.

The most startling sights of the whole week were the illuminated buildings Thursday evening. It was simply wonderful in those parts of the city through which the procession passed. The wholesale dry goods houses looked especially brilliant. The scene opposite Progress office on Canterbury street will not be forgotten soon. W. C. Pitfield & Co's. establishment was literally covered with Chinese lanterns, while within, the brightest effects of gas were produced. With the gay bunting with which the building was hung the picture was pretty and striking.

Today the regatta takes place in the harbor when sloop races, single sculls, four oared races and many others will be started. Plaisted, Hosmer, Conley & McKay are here for the event. A West crew will be pitted against them. This evening band concerts on the squares and the electrical exhibition will conclude the week. The electrical exhibition will continue for some time.

#### TWO UNFORTUNATE OCCURRENCES.

#### An Unfounded Report—The Treatment of the Maine Pressmen.

One or two unfortunate things happened this week, one of which was the circulation of a report in outside cities that a grab game was in progress in St. John, that the hotels were charging double their usual rates, and everybody else who served the public was indulging in the same dodge. Fredericton and Moncton people who arrived Thursday brought the report back again, and surprised the hotel keepers and others with it. Progress heard the same talk, and inquired at the leading hotels if there was any truth in it. The denial was prompt and decisive. "Not one cent more than our regular rates," said the Royal, and the same at the Victoria and Dufferin.

Who started such an untruthful and totally unfounded report could not be learned, but they evidently have no love for St. John. The restaurants, though rushed from early morning until midnight, charged their usual prices. Progress heard of no cab extortions, but it anything of that kind happened, the lessee of the cab was as much to blame as the coachman. No one should engage a coach for any time without inquiring the price.

But a more serious charge—that of discourtsey—came from another quarter. The usually correct *Courier*, of St. Stephen, Moore's *Almond and Cucumber Cream*, *Removes Sunburn, leaving the Skin cool smooth and soft.* See advt.

comments upon St. John's selfishness in its treatment of the Maine press association, remarking that this body of gentlemen, having assisted in advertising the carnival and being expected to add to this favor further good words concerning the city and its people, were invited to participate in the entertainment offered. Just as they were about to start, however, they were curtly informed that the rooms engaged for them had been taken by other parties and that there was no accommodation for them in the city. One-half the party were therefore obliged to give up their visit, while the remainder, resolved to make the trip at all hazards, went, and were compelled to seek shelter on the International boat. From this incident they will doubtless form a poor idea of New Brunswick hospitality, but must remember that St. John is not New Brunswick. The hotel keeper who violated his contract and disposed of their pre-engaged rooms was probably paid an increased price for them, and there was no one else sufficiently interested to obtain another abiding place for the association. Innate selfishness was at the bottom of it all. The ill-treated journalists will probably keep the matter in mind, however, and it will be sometime before they again render assistance to make a success of any St. John undertaking.

Much of this is of news to Progress. Unfortunately the Maine party arrived behind time when the local press committee appointed to look after the welfare of the visitors were en route to Fredericton entertaining the Ontario press association. Nothing would have given the city newspaper men greater pleasure than to have done what they could to make it pleasant for their brethren from Maine, but as it was there was no person at the station to meet them and no accommodation for them. What could be done to remedy this was done. The kindness of passenger agent Waldron of the International helped them out of one difficulty, shelter for the night, for he placed their steamer's berths at their disposal. New Brunswick pressmen are treated too well abroad to desire to return anything but courtesy and hospitality at home.

#### MULCAHEY AND THE SHOW.

#### What Fun There Was for Johnny and His Chum.

Why don't they have a carnival every day, for its bully fun, only it makes a fellow tired havin' people walkin' on yer feet; but I guess everybody wish they didn't step on mine and Bills after we kicked their shins and got our big darnin' needles with corks on 'em again'.

I guess pa and Mr. Ruggles got bigger heads now nor the fellars what had the raisers in the carnival procession, and after pa tellin' all the visitors what he didn't go in the temperance procession 'cause he wanted to show 'em round, too. I see in the temperance procession, 'cause pa sed our famerly orter be represented. The big fellar what's a officer in our lodge wouldn't let me carry one of 'em big sticks, but I guess he was sorry after I walk on his heels all along the row.

I guess I'd sooner git somethin' for dinner, though, for ma said she wasn't goin' ter stay in ter cook some when everything's goin' on, and we hadter eat cold vittals. The old fellar next ter Bill's is in a awful state, 'cause we climbed on his house and put a pin-wheel on his winder sash when he's goin' ter sleep, and he thort he seen snakes and everything, and shouted out what the house was afire.

The old maids what lives across from us says what nobody could enjoy anything while I see around, just 'cause I went down to the station and got a hole lot of country fellars to come up and board with them, 'cause I knew they thort themselves above takin' boarders.

All our visitors is jest crazy, 'cause they think it a great town, and sitch excitement. I see in the boys' procession, but they wouldn't let me be a captain, 'cause they said I might do somethin' what would break up the thing, and our teacher told 'em what they'd better put me in a different company from Bill. It's a awful thing for a fellar ter git everybody thinkin' yer a banshee, 'cause pa says I'm worse nor one. All the companies got a drink a beer in Portland, but I guess it pa and Mr. Ruggles hadter been there, they'd a been in every company, and Bill and me was ony in two each when they're drinkin', 'cause the fellar at the door said he guessed he'd know us purty soon. I don't feel like sayin' nothin', 'cause they're all comin in now, and they'll all go fur me like wild beasts if they see me writin'.

#### JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

#### Why Kelly Was Released.

The release of Kelly, the pitcher of the Shamrocks was given him Monday. "Release" is a courteous term meaning "bounced." Kelly has been hitting the bottle too hard to suit the Shamrocks. He cared for nothing and nobody and drank hard. It was impossible to put up certain good ball with such a man in the box, and the Shamrocks were wise in bouncing the "lusher."