

OUR CELEBRATION

A Great Success from the First to the Last.

A WEEK'S FINE WEATHER

Fifteen Thousand Visitors See St. John at Her Best.

FOUR GREAT PROCESSIONS AND OTHER EVENTS.

The Electrical Exhibition is Visited by Thousands—Excursions from All Over the Country—Hotels and Houses Full—Complete Enjoyment for Everyone.

When did the fun begin, Sunday or Monday? It was hard to tell. Hundreds of people who usually leave town Saturday evening neglected to do so last week, and remained to greet their friends and see the carnival begin.

There was carnival in the air. Everybody was possessed of it. The dignified aristocrat and the effervescent small boy joined hands and heart to welcome the event. Anticipation of a good time shone in every face. Happiness was abroad, stalking through every street. Care disappeared for a week, and the burden of sorrow, wherever it was, was lightened.

Our first summer carnival! What a opening it had. Silken weather, beautiful bracing breezes greeted every visitor. The parboiled, seasick Bostonians who stepped on Reed's point, Sunday evening, were content to think only good of the city of St. John—the city they had heard so much good and so much evil of. They could not find any trace of the terrors, and they were happy. So were the thousands that followed them Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The throngs began to thicken Monday, and by Tuesday at noon every street and sidewalk, house and store, window and house-top had its own eager, jostling, pushing, excited crowd.

Nothing that has been in St. John quite equalled the sight when the decorations were completed. From the head to the foot of King street, from Market square to the city building the views were simply magnificent beyond description. Every merchant had a friendly rival in his neighbor, and tried to make his building the finest on the street. Of course the dry goods houses did themselves and their town justice from the foot of Coburg street to the foot of King. Wholesale and retail alike joined in the Carnival of color and a prettier sight would have been hard to realize.

All day and the best part of the night the people haunted the streets. They were all doing something. They found plenty to see and much to talk about. There was no lack of enjoyment. The programme gave them plenty to choose from and no person was to blame if the enjoyment was not theirs. Monday morning the "cold water soldiers" formed and marched. In justice to themselves PROGRESS will not say that their turnout was representative. But it was a good opening. The good natured and amiable spectators were well pleased, knowing that as the days passed the events would grow in interest and attractiveness. The music of the four brass bands, Fusiliers, City Cornet, Artillery and Kingsville, and Cushing's fifes and drums was as good as anybody wished for. They were beginning a week of work and they knew better than to rush the first day. Fifty dollars a day won't supply a band with wind, though it is good money. A good idea of the parade can be obtained from the following list of the organizations that marched:

- Police.
Ald. Blackadar and G. E. Blake, of Carnival Parade Committee (in carriage).
Double Phatton.
Containing R. J. Wilkins, J. C. Miles, A. O. Skinner, Ald. Peters and Thos. Crockett, secretary of parade committee.
Squad Mounted Police.
Grand Marshal H. J. Thorne, (Driven in an open carriage).
Kingsville Brass Band.
Alexandra Section Cadets of Temperance, with banner.
Victoria Section Cadets of Temperance, with banner.
Victoria Junior Templars, with banner.
N. B. B. G. A. Band.
Barouche.
Containing D. Thomson, G. S.; A. Y. Paterson, G. W. A.; A. W. Patterson, P. G. W. P.; John D. Robertson, P. G. W. P.
Sons of Temperance.
62nd Fusiliers Band.
Father Mathew Association with banner.
St. Malachi's T. A. R. Society, with banner.
City Cornet Band.
Drum Major Black in advance.
Alexandra Temple of Honor and Temperance.
Victoria Temple of Honor and Temperance.
Andre Cushing on horseback.
Cushing Lodge Band.
Cushing Lodge, L. O. G. T.
No Surrender Lodge, of Fairville.
Almon Lodge, of Millidgeville.
Thanksgiving Lodge.
Sirion Lodge.
Goldbrook Lodge, of Goldbrook.
Barouche.
Containing Ald. W. D. Baskin, G. C.; C. Powers, G. S. of Juvenile Templars; John Meehan, P. G. C. T.; W. L. Waring, D.C.C.T.; Ald. Samuel Tufts, G. W. S. Mounted Policemen.

At the same time there was "gore on the moon" on the Shamrock grounds, where the champion Lower Cove ball clubs, the Thistles and Franklins, fought for victory. Feeling ran high. Kicking was vigorous and the playing was good. The umpire's time but life wasn't worth a dime several times, but cool counsel prevailed and peace was the order of the day though the Franklins went under and the Thistles won.

Every Monctonian in town in the afternoon hastened with willing feet, glad heart and smiling face to the grounds of the A. A. club, where the St. Johns and their own favorites were to meet. It was a walk over from the St. Johns and the visiting excursionist from the "smoky city" felt that the day had been an uneventful and joyless one to him.

At the other end of the city—the extreme end—at the exhibition buildings, a number of gentlemen in the presence of hundreds of people were exchanging greetings and swapping congratulations with the president of the Canadian Pacific railway and the mayor of Vancouver, that other flourishing city on another coast.

There were addresses by Chairman Henry J. Thorne and Governor S. L. Tilley, both of them in a peculiarly happy vein; there was a note from that timely historian J. W. Lawrence, who had discovered a descendant of the first rector of Trinity on the platform in the captain of the good war ship *Tourmaline*; there were the booms of cannon, one of which was fired by an electric current by President Van Horne at Montreal and another by the mayor of Vancouver, another by Chairman Thorne, another by Sir Leonard and the last by Lady Tilley—the three latter simply touching a button on the table to discharge the primer into the cannon's touch-hole. These primers, by the way, came from the government of the United States, the only place they could be obtained, and that one discharged by the mayor of the city on the Pacific slope is now in the possession of the lady of the governor.

Can the evening's scene be described? Can any pen do justice to the stream of busy humanity that spread through every part of St. John. Can any person not present imagine the throngs of aimless promenaders who had nothing to do but listen and look. Hundreds hastened to the exhibition, and despite the fact King square was black with those who listened to the Artillery band, and Queen square had a splendid crowd to enjoy the sweet strains of the City Cornet. The Lansdowne theatre and the Mechanics' Institute found plenty to crowd their houses, while 50 cents admission failed to keep many away from the electric exhibition. PROGRESS was there.

When one entered the ground floor of the building, he was at a loss to know whether by mistake he had not wandered into a rolling mill or the press-room of a daily paper. The assuring notice, "Keep to the Right," however, relieved his anxiety, and he ascended the stairs. What a sight there met his vision! No pen could do it justice. A thousand lights of as many colors, a thousand lights of every shape and size cast a rich effulgence over everything. Here it was a tropical garden, amid which they flashed like "fireflies crossing the darkness of night," then from the edge of a large Japanese umbrella they seemed to say, "Within this cooling shade you will find comfort and pleasure." Again it glistened from the tips of a bandmaster's baton, like of old it crowned the tip of a fairy's wand. Wherever the eye turned, it met new wonders, from the lighted bust of the Master Electrician to the green and gold spelled names of inventor and manufacturer. Everywhere one looked he beheld new wonders; now detected them amid the tricolored trimmings of the rafters; behind some verdant foliage they vainly tried to hide their little heads, or stared at one from their nestling places among the spruce and moss decorations. In the distance a fountain sent forth a silver spray that arose until it blended itself into the hum of voices was faintly heard the far off sound of falling water, while softly and sweetly music that breathed of home and loved ones stole o'er the scene. Now it was a gleam of yellow and a flash of red, again it was a touch of purple and a fringe of emerald, here it was a flower and leaflet, there it was tapestry and ornament, forming altogether a picture of color, form, light and beauty that fascinated the eye and captivated the senses. Astonished and bewildered one gazed upon it until he felt that he had at last discovered Aladdin's enchanted palace, and wondered how long it would be before total darkness would come upon it again. Or had one trespassed the *demesne* of some fabled siren whose charms would lust him to destruction? No! Then it must be the spot Claude Melnotte pictured when

The perfumed light stole through the mists of alabaster lamps, and every air was heavy with the sighs of orange groves and music from sweet lutes. And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth in the midst of roses!

But it was neither. It was simply electricity—the child of a master mind and the offspring of a weary toiler. With all its charms and usefulness it does not quench the desire for a greater knowledge and richer results in the breast of Thomas Edison though it more than fills the wildest

dreams that Benjamin Franklin ever had when with Kite, Key, and Silken thread he summoned from the arsenal of nature the dread power of the heavens.

Every train, every boat, every carriage that came to St. John Monday night and Tuesday morning brought its quota of visitors. The hotels were overcrowded long ago, every available room in private houses was occupied and the doubling up process began. St. John is hospitable if nothing else, and no matter who it was he got a bed and something to eat.

An azure blue sky and scorching sun greeted the town Tuesday.

And yet it was not warm. The breeze came along at a spanking pace and tempered "old Sol's" taste to everybody's satisfaction.

The Toronto cricketers had arrived the afternoon before, and their game with our boys was called 11.30 a. m. A finer lot of Canadians never visited St. John. Straight as arrows with strength and muscle and health they looked as they proved, true sportsmen and good fellows. One enthusiastic citizen expressed himself vigorously upon their turnout, the substance of which was that he had never seen a company of gentlemen equal to them.

While the Torontos showed St. John what great cricketers they were, Frederickton wrestled with the Shamrock ball club, and scored a second victory from them, to the great delight of the Celestials present.

All former events, however, paled before the trade procession of that afternoon. A half-holiday had been proclaimed by the mayor, and everybody threw care and business to the winds, and joined in the merriment. Twelve o'clock had hardly passed before the streets began to show unusual activity. 'Twas only the cool and wise people who took time for a quiet, comfortable dinner that day. Children and youths, women and men rushed forth, pell mell, to what they considered the best spots to watch the show. Mothers with their babies, fathers with their toddling sons and daughters joined the rushing throng, and were crushed and battered on every corner and curbstone.

A grand stand in a good place would have been a bonanza. But there was no grand stand, and the sidewalks weren't high enough to permit a comfortable lookout of any advantage. Yet, despite the misery of corns trodden upon and the presence of hundreds with more strength than manners, there was good humor everywhere. There was no quarrelling, little drinking, and even the trade of the fakirs halted for a time.

The procession was grand. The tradesmen made their part of the week's show a great success and the thousands upon thousands who basked all the afternoon in a hot sun watching their movements pronounced it "good." That word is the best praise a St. John man gives, and no higher approval could be asked.

From the time the Fusiliers band led the procession out of King street east, the enthusiasm was intense. Cheer upon cheer swelled into a thunderous shout as the different representations came within view of assembled multitudes. Nothing appeals more strongly to the people than a great trades procession. Everyone is interested in it, from the bootblack to the merchant prince, for nearly every one owes his bread to some industry. The show was not thoroughly a representative of St. John as an industrial centre, but many of the very important centres of manufacture came to the front in good style. When Harris and Foster, and Simms and McAvity, and Munroe and Fisher, and Isaacs and the Bolt and Nut works come to the front, nothing in this line can be a failure.

The trades procession proper included the following representatives:

- Grand Marshal George McAvity on horseback.
62nd Fusiliers' Band.
Tailors' banner, followed by procession of about 60 tailors, wearing black suits and silk hats.
Three barouches, containing the following merchants and clothes: Andrew Gilmore, John Sharkey, sr., Jas. S. May, John McInnis, Thos. Kelly, John K. Taylor, Andrew Johnston, Thos. L. Murphy, C. B. Pidgeon, E. E. Fraser, W. J. Fraser, W. Scovil, B. F. Goodere.
Messrs. Harris & Co's turnout—pattern department wagon—iron moulders' wagon—machinists' department—representation of old style of carpentering—carpenter's on foot—painters on foot.
Kingsville Cornet Band.
Messrs. James Harris & Co's parlor car, drawn by six horses.
Car containing samples of rolling mill stock.
Employees of the Rolling mill in procession.
Artillery Band.
W. H. Thorne & Co's hardware exhibit.
Maritime Saw and Lead Works wagon.
J. & J. Munroe's Trunk wagon.
Messrs. Thompson & Manchester's Agricultural wagon.
Atlantic Soap Works representation.
Samuel Tufts, peanut express.
Pony driven by Master Raymond.
T. S. Simms & Co's exhibit of brooms, brushes, etc.
T. McAvity & Co's carriage with banner—brass moulding shop—wagon containing nut supplies—brass works wagon—steam boiler and whistles—employees on foot.
Carleton's Serrano Band.
Kelly & Murphy's carriage, driven by Mr. Murphy.
Price & Shaw's carriage, driven by Mr. Shaw.
Mr. J. E. Cowan's turnout, consisting of four wagons, on which were shown the different goods in which he deals.
Troop's Vinegar exhibit.
Dominion Express Company's wagon.
G. & E. Blake's express—employees on foot—wagon on which was carried a Gurney Heater.

The Largest and Best Sheet of Sticky Fly Paper for 5 cents, at G. A. Moore's, Brunswick street.

C. W. Segee's carpenter wagon, with turning lathe in motion.
Mr. Levi Young, of the St. John Nut and Bolt works, in the carriage.
St. John Nut and Bolt works wagon—employees in procession.
Drum Major Black, City Cornet Band.

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, tableaux.
Messrs. G. S. Fisher & Sons' exhibit—roofing wagon—exhibition of asphaltum—manufacture of roofing felt.
Tait's express containing smoked fish.
Horncastle & Co.'s wagon.

New Dominion Paper Bag Co's express.
S. R. Foster & Sons' exhibit—Messrs. E. C. Foster and Olive in carriage—banner and Cushing lodge band—steam nail making machine in operation—employees on wagon—express containing manufactured nail kegs—more employees on wagon.

Representation of a cooper shop, with coopers at work.
Sixty mounted cartmen, members of the Cartmen's Protective Union.

Surprise soap corset band—wagon containing a number of boxes of soap arranged in a pyramidal form.

A. Isaacs' carriage—wagon with employees at work.

Comet stove polish wagon.

Messrs. T. McCready and Phillip Grannan in carriage.

Exhibit of Messrs. T. McCready & Sons, occupying two wagons.

Colored file and drum band.

John White's display.

Marshal George McAvity and Assistant Marshals W. W. Clarke, D. C. Clinch and A. M. Magee did their work well. There was no confusion. Every man knew his place and kept it. Some idea of the length of the procession can be had when it is known that it completely encircled that part of the city enclosed in the streets leading from King square to Queen street, from Queen to Prince William, from Prince William to the foot of King street and from the foot of King to Charlotte street.

Then as the weary and sweltering sight-seers and paraders wandered toward their homes for rest and refreshment, the fog floated over the town. A mist, delightfully cooling, as welcome as the showers of April or the flowers of May. The crowds that breathed and revelled in it exceeded any that were about at any time during the week. "And is this what you call fog?" cried a New York man; "why, it is the pleasantest part of the day."

And so the people must have thought for the "oldest inhabitant" has declared that never in his recollection was there such a crowd on King and Prince William streets. The soldiers and sailors were out, the one with their rifles, the others with their cannon, and King street and the Market square were the scene of their operations. The merchants of the Market square and wharves had done their part. The illuminations and decorations were complete and the flickering of the torch lights of the red coats and the black crowd between made a scene for a poet or a painter.

The Fusiliers had a hard fight with a stubborn enemy—the crowd that would not budge, not because it wouldn't, but because it couldn't. The row upon row of other sight seers behind and pressing forward from a rear that was at the head of King street were sufficient to lessen any space reserved for the operations of the military. The trooping of the color, that splendid military movement, was well done, the sailors performed their part, and the general declaration was that it was a magnificent show, well worth coming a hundred miles to see.

The dusty streets wanted sprinkling, and rain came about midnight, remained a few hours and prepared the town for another day of uninterrupted pleasure and jollification. The strong and bracing breeze of Wednesday cleared away the flying clouds, and in the middle of the forenoon the rays of the sun came direct to earth. If there was any one event more attractive than any other Wednesday, the first league game between Fredericton and St. John had the preference. There were hundreds of Celestials in town, who would have gone without their summer's vacation to see that game, and who wouldn't have feared to bet a little something that their pet club would down the crack team of the maritime provinces. And it must be remembered that two victories over the Shamrocks had given them courage and bushels of hope. There was nothing impossible, and Burns and Coll might lead the nine of the Forest city to victory and glory. But Small and Rogers and the in and outfields played ball, and 25 to 4 was the score in favor of St. John. It was rough to treat visitors in that style, but business is business.

The Indian lacrosse team found a victory over the home club on the Shamrock grounds at the same time. It was a new game for the sightseers, and when it was over the verdict was, "I'd rather look on than play."

The Fusiliers' band took the knights to the cemetery in the afternoon. The parade was good and the floral offerings made a beautiful show.

The horse races were well patronized and taken as a whole were very exciting. The judges were Ed. Burnham, of Houlton, starter; Walter Jewett, of St. John, time-keeper, and John Leeman, Halifax. In the three minute race there were eight starters: Lady Sim, driven by the president of the track, J. M. Johnson, winning the first, fourth and fifth heats and race, John McCoy's Lillie winning the second and third heats. The best time was 2.46 1/4 in the second heat, Telegraph third, South (Continued on Third Page.)

Ladies' and Children's Dresses, Satens, Neans veiling of Cotton cleaned at Ungar's, Neans Laundry.

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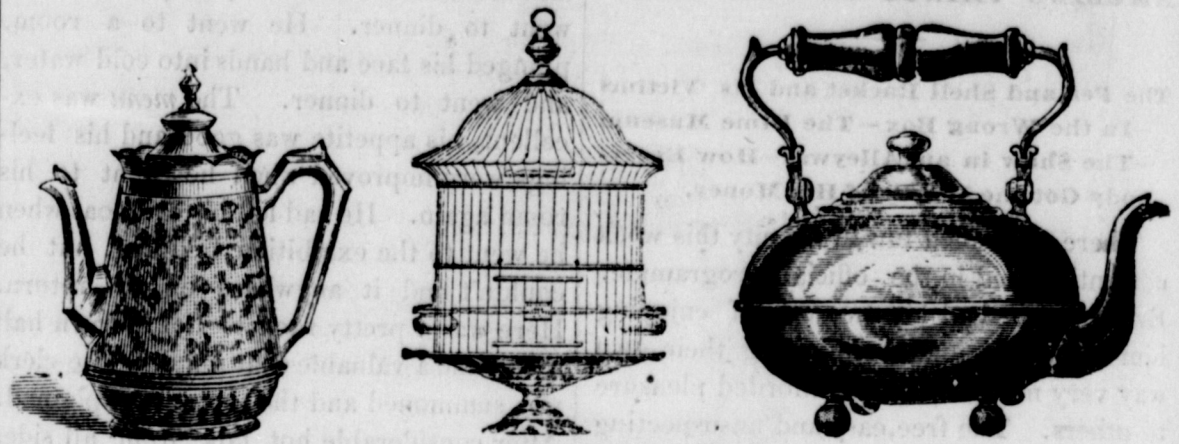
THE "COMMON SENSE" WOVEN CORSET, in White and Drab, 18 to 36 inch., prices from the lowest to finest grades. Special styles suitable for all figures—short, medium or tall, and slender or stout ladies. We sell these as being the VERY BEST WOVEN CORSET manufactured.

THE "C. P. A-LA-SERENE" CORSET, made in Paris from best French Satteen, perfect in fit and style, and the most comfortable Corset that can be worn by any lady. A genuine C. P. Corset is a most satisfactory purchase. Two qualities—Bon-ton and Perfection—in White and Pearl, 18 to 30 inches.

THE FERRIS' "GOOD SENSE" CORSET WAIST for Infants, Girls, Boys, Young Ladies and Ladies, in all sizes according to age—colors White or Drab. This Corset Waist, for it is a combination of the Corset and Corset Waist, constructed on Health principles, is an American production, and is made to fill the requirements of the finer class of American trade. The Ferris' "Good Sense" Waist costs more than other makes, but it is well worth any difference there may be, as an examination will prove. We keep a full assortment of styles always on hand.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

Household Hardware.



To give a list of what we have, or the various lines we carry would be impossible in so limited a space as we have at command. We can, however, truly claim to have the LARGEST STOCK of

STOVES of every description; TINWARE, HOUSEHOLD and KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS, and similar goods to be found in the Maritime Provinces, and at the Right Prices.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 PRINCE WILLIAM and 18 to 20 WATER STREETS.

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Keeps all the Latest Styles. Is the Cheapest. Never Overcharges. Keeps the Largest Stock in the City. Has all Styles in Gent's Furnishings. Makes a Specialty of Men's Suits. Makes Clothing to Order on Short Notice.

ALWAYS GO TO Scovil, Fraser & CO., Oak Hall Clothing House, CORNER KING and GERMAIN STREETS. LOOK FOR RED LIGHT.

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Pot Pourri and Pot-Pourri Jars.

I have just received a very pretty assortment of above goods. ALSO: A VERY FULL LINE OF CUT GLASS TUMBLERS AND GOBLETs. Prices Lower than Ever. C. MASTERS.



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HAVE YOU MOVED, and do any of your living rooms look dull? If they do, forget not to ask Mr. A. G. STAPLES, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET, to PAINT and DECORATE them for you. All orders get the promptest attention at his hands. You will want your House looking well outside as well as inside this summer. Visitors will be here by the thousands. Get A. G. STAPLES to paint them, and have them looking bright and attractive. But, people who move, do not forget the address, 175 CHARLOTTE STREET.

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PLAIN and SPOTTED VEILINGS, ORIENTAL LACES; LADIES' and GENTS' COLLARS and GLOVES, GENTS' NECKTIES; Black and Colored Lisle, Taffeta and SILK CUFFS, BUCKETS; FANCY HANDKERCHIEFS, Hem-stitched Handkerchiefs; CORSETS, HAMBURGs, Cotton and Cashmere HOSIERY; Ivory and Metal DRESS BUTTONS, CASHMERE SEISERS; WHITE and COLORED SKIRTS, PRINTS, GINGHAMs; TOWELS and TOWELLINGS, DRESS LININGS, etc., etc. All marked at LOWEST CASH PRICES, at

PITTS' Dry Goods Store, 179 Union St. NOVELTIES throughout the season will be added every few days.