

Grand Illustrated Edition.
Whether you see the Electrical Exhibition or not
you cannot afford to miss
NEXT WEEK'S PROGRESS.
It will be worth keeping.

PROGRESS.

MONEY AND EXPERIENCE
Will be gained and nothing lost by the boys
who enter
"PROGRESS" PRIZE COMPETITION.
Tell your young friends about it.

VOL. II., NO. 64.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1889.

PRICE THREE CENTS

TAKING IN THE SIGHTS.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY AND HIS VISITING FRIENDS.

His Description of the Jail, Lunatic Asylum and Custom House - The Fire Alarm and Brigade - Many Points of Interest Included in His Walk.

They're cum. All hands is cum. Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, from Boston, Mrs. Smith and the two gurls (they're awful large) and the squire from queens county and the young Mr. Darby and sister from Nover Scoosher. They're all old school chums of ma's and pa's 'cept the Darbys, and their parents was. Pa and ma says they wishes they never went to school. The Greenbrows couldn't cum 'cause the childrens all got the measles or sumthing, and my parents wishes what the measles was thick jest now. I'm boardin' with Bill 'cause our house is full, and the old fellar in the next house to his says he's going to get perlice perfection 'cause we crawled over on his roof and left two cats in his room when he's sleepin'.

Pa says he's goin' ter make the best of it and treat everybody like he'd like to be treated. So he took 'em all out this week to show 'em the city, 'cause he says there'll be no chance once the carnival begins.

You'd die to hear pa tellin' about everything, 'cause he swells out when he does, and waves his hand. He took me along so's to jog his memory on some things, but I guess I ain't much of a jogger 'cause he always tries to have an interview with me when we get home.

Pa took all the crowd up ter see the perlice office, just 'cause Mr. Ruggles was blowin' about the fishiness of the Bosting force. We didn't go inside the jale, but they all said it's a horrid place, and Mrs. Ruggles asked me if I ever saw inside, and I said "I guess so."

"What was you doin' in there?" said she, and I said, "Oh, I'se in there with pa's dinner." Oh, dear, how pa did get red and call me a lyin' little cuss, jest as if he didn't. Pa was more mortified than when he showed them the graveyard fence, and Mr. Ruggles said it's a shame to have anybody's ancesters inside of.

They must be awful slow in Nover Scoosher, 'cause young Mr. Darby wouldn't believe it when pa told him how quick our hookin ladder cart and firemen could get out, and 'cause I wenter strike the alarm jest to prove it, you'd think they'd wild beasts the way they went after me.

They wanted ter know what that thing was at the head of King street, and pa blusht 'cause he's ashamed to tell 'em what it's a drinkin' fountain, so he nudged me to say sumthin', and I said it's a monument what was erected to a very popler man what the people didn't like very much.

Mrs. Ruggles askt pa if the coaches always stood in the middle of the street, and Mr. Ruggles waved his hand and said, "We don't want no coaches; we're goin' to see the town ain't we, Mr. Mulcahey?" And 'cause I said praps he might want a coach if he went out to see the town with pa, gracious how they all looked, and pa said I'se a little devil, and was always thinkin' things what was foreign to the truth.

Pa showed 'em all the hotels on King street and said what they wasn't much to look at but you order see the tables they set, and Miss Smith from queens county wanted to know if they'd mahogany legs. Pa said there wasn't no finer dressed widders nowheres nor there was on King street any day in the week, but I guess the other Miss Smith thort he said widers, 'cause she said all the wimmis she saw dress fine she didn't think they'd all seemed. I guess she's sarkastic 'cause a dood didn't smile at her when she smiled and then scratched his neck on his collar when some other girls cum along.

I guess them Smiths is orful green anyhow, 'cause when we showed 'em the buildin' what the Maritime bank busted up in they wanted to know if it made much of a noise, and I said no but it got there, and they said oh! the slang of that boy.

Pa said all them buildins on Prince William street was jest filled with lawyers and 'surance agents and what one's as bad as another. All the Smiths thort the clock in the post office a grate thing. I guess they thort it was a watch 'cause it wasn't sittin' on a shelf or standin' in a corner, 'cause they said they'd a granfathers clock home and it had orful long waits hangin' down from it and ours hadn't, and pa said he guessed they're nothin to the waits he had afore he could git his mail outer that post office sometimes. I guess pa thort that's a pun.

The Smiths is awful ones to talk and said what the Bank of New Brunswick didn't look as if its goin' ter bust from the outside but goodness knows what kinder a boiler they had in the cellar. Oh my! but they're rustic and pa says so too. All our crowd thort the Globe office was a awful thin buildin' and what if it got as many hits as the editer it would go sure, but the editer didn't 'polagize anyhow.

Pa says there isn't no finer custom house

in the world nor ours, and jest to show me orf afore the company I guess, he askt me what's the principal feature of it, and I said what it was 'cause the people inside didn't pay no taxes. Mr. Ruggles thort they oughtinter vote then, but I guess the government couldn't get in if they didn't.

We showed them where all the marine sailers what's sick goes, and they said it's a nice place fer them to be taken care of, but I guess they wouldn't like ter board there long 'cordin' to what pa says about the biller fare. They said what Mr. Wiggins asylum was nice too, and 'cause pa askt me if it's a male instertution the Smiths said they thort we'd only one post office, and I hadter tell 'em the buildin' was fer male boys exclusively.

We went over to the depot in the cars and I tried to get the Smiths to go through the gate you pa heard me and warned 'em in time. Pa give a hole lecture when he got opperite the perlice station over in Portland, and said what its the most famous hot bed of eruption what ever was, ony it got cleaned out with paris green, I guess, 'cause that's what ma uses, but it must have took a awful lot. Pa says he's afraid what them what's been removed would spread their corruptin influence someplace else 'cause bad weeks spread quick, or sumthin', and he'd like to show 'em some specimens of aldermen what can't be found nowheres else on earth, but praps they'd be exhibited in the perade.

The next night we had 'em out pashowed 'em all the wharves and blowed about the harbor like fun. I told the Smiths when pa's not lookin' what all them ships out in the middle was man-a-wars, 'cause I thort I might as well afore they askt me. So they wanted ter know what the ferry bote was and pa went an told 'em, but they wasn't satisfied, they're so curious. I don't like peepie much whatts too curious, so I thort I might as well tell 'em what the people over'n Carleton was algerines, the principal characteristics of which was that they was always kickin' and mebbe descended from the mule, and what Mr. Ellis lived over there to keep 'em quite and get their votes.

We went over ter see the bridges in the afternoon and pa told 'em all about it, and Mr. Ruggles what's a yankee was goin' to say I can't leave-her, only I told him he'd be fined, and Squire Smith said he thort this was a free country, and his dorders wondered how they got them bridges up there anyhow, so I jest told 'em what they brought 'em on scows and hoisted em up. How'd they expect me ter know everything anyhow.

Mr. Ruggles said he didn't think there's enough lunatics in New Brunswick to fill that big buildin', but I told him there's more outside what didn't know enough to get in and was holdin' high perissions. A course they asked me if I'se ever inside to see it, so I told 'em I'se in to see my uncle what's pa's brother, and pa's almost mad enough to fire me down the falls, only I took a hop step and a lep afore he caught me.

JOHNNY MULCAHEY.

Oh, Ho! That's the Way to Do it.
A Kings county magistrate, well known for his acuteness, and somewhat famous for the court over which he presides, issued a warrant recently at the instance of a burly countryman, who had been assaulted. The arrest was made and the trial came off. The defendant was found guilty. "Oh ho!" said his honor, "are you prepared to pay the costs. If you are, I won't fine you, but if you can't, why, I'll have to send you up."

"Yes, I am," eagerly replied the prisoner, glad to escape so easily, and he produced a goodly number of "toadskins" from his pocket.
"Umm, yes! I see," said the wily magistrate. "I'll just include the fine in the costs. That will be the easier way, and oh, ho! suit me quite as well." The countryman was caught, and had to pay up, but the fine will remain in the magistrate's pocket.

Sunday Morning Drunks.

The City Road was the scene of some disgraceful proceedings last Sunday morning, said a well-known citizen to PROGRESS, Monday. "It seemed as though every man who had spent the night in a bar-room had drifted in that direction. Nearly every doorstep had a drunken man sitting on it, and their efforts to keep an upright position were frightful. I counted as many as ten of these characters, and they were all in a pretty bad condition." The policemen on that beat should take a walk in that locality tomorrow morning.

A Fool and His Notes.

To an observer of the crooks and quirks of men and women, as they appear before the public at way stations, popping in and out for short trips, there is abundant food for study in these parts (the provinces.) Lovers love and caress in public as if they were miles away from the human eye, and side glances or steady gaze of strangers molest them not, nor ruffle the even tenor.

—A Correspondent in the Boston Transcript.

Have your Parasol Handles Lengthened by Duval, 247 Union street.

THE G. P. A. OF THE I. C. R.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT BUSBY.

Liked by Those in the Office and Outside of It—The Parable of the Calf in a Field of Clover—Assisted by Mr. Pottinger—The Length of the Rope.

Next on my list of railway celebrities comes Mr. Arthur Busby, general passenger agent of the I. C. R., less easy to describe than either of his predecessors, having, perhaps, fewer marked characteristics. He is essentially an easy going man, one who prefers the sunny side of life and who from this very inherent trait has won without the slightest effort on his part, a reputation for being the kindest, the most sympathetic and the best hearted man on the I. C. R.; and oh! such a ladies' man! so polite, so charming!

Well, I am willing to grant all that. Perhaps if I were a lady myself I might possibly look at the general passenger agent through rose tinted lenses in the small end of an opera glass, which would fitly illustrate the truth of the old proverb about distance lending enchantment to the view. But you see I am not a lady. I am a newspaper correspondent, and they are a class of people who have to use the scalpel as well as the pen. Naturally they get into a habit of going beneath the surface. Thus in Mr. Busby's good nature I read merely the indolence which makes it easier to say "yes" than "no," the indolence for which the office of the passenger office of the I. C. R. has become rather celebrated, and which seems to have communicated itself to the entire staff, for there is not one among them who does not present the appearance of having been rudely awakened out of a sound sleep before "nature's sweet restorer" had performed her perfect work.

No, by the way, let me be just while I am truthful! There used to be one bright looking clerk in the office who knew how to move quickly and who had snapping black eyes, but the last time I had the pleasure of calling to get my three months ticket renewed I missed him. I did not ask any questions, for I was in a hurry and it takes a long time to get a question answered in the passenger office, but I drew my own inferences and concluded that his energetic ways had wearied the rest of the staff to such an extent that he had been transferred to some spot where energy was at a higher premium. But let me not digress, as the novelists say.

Mr. Busby is a great favorite, not only with the community at large, but among his own classes. He is kind to them, and easy to get along with, but I have read that before the last eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the vines grew almost up to the summit, so the rash clerk who presumes upon the marvelous good nature of the passenger agent, frequently finds that he has been sitting in the mouth of a mitrail-leuse, which, contrary to his expectation, was loaded, and when a match is suddenly applied to the touch hole, this clerk finds himself dispersed into the upper air with more decision than ceremony, and—well, to say the very least—it isn't nice for the clerk. But the fact is, that the passenger agent has a very wholesome regard for the chief. No one is better aware of that amiable potentate's little eccentricities in the way of "pouncing" than he is, so he occasionally takes the initiative, and engages in that exercise himself, just to keep his hand in.

Did you ever study natural history as exemplified in the person of the sportive and ever-skipful calf? No? Well, you have missed a great deal, lots of fun, and lots of instruction, too. I have frequently brought my soaring intellect down to study the manners and customs of that interesting little animal, and I think I admire him most in his moods of sudden surprise. He has been persuaded by tender hands to enter a field, filled with buttercups and daisies and all sorts of lovely things—including grasshoppers and bumble-bees—and there lovingly tethered by a very long rope to a stout fence stake. At first the novelty of the situation appals him, and the first butterfly that flutters near him makes him jump three feet in the air, he is so frightened, but by and by he gets used to his surroundings and begins to enjoy himself. He is out of the barn and free!

"Hooray! let's have some fun!" so he lowers his head, spreads out his shaly little forelegs, and starts across the field at full gallop, but alas! in less time than it takes to tell it, he has come to the end of that totally unsuspected rope; he turns a frantic summersault and then lies still on the grass and expresses his feelings in gasps. Well, that is exactly the course Mr. Busby pursues with his clerks, just when he is loveliest he has been buying a new rope, and getting the chief to help him to drive the fence stake in a little further, and the next time the gay and festive clerk sneaks off on a fishing expedition, and forgets to leave word at the office where he is going, and when he will return, he finds the end of the rope just when he was not looking for it

and did not want it. And he, too, lies gasping on the grass. Sic transit gloria mundi.

—A Correspondent in the Boston Transcript.

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

READY FOR GALA WEEK.

THE ROUTES OF PROCESSIONS AND RACING PROGRAMME.

Everybody Rushing at the Last Moment—The Electrical Exhibition Will Be the Event of the Carnival—The Sporting and Other Programmes Found in "Progress."

Everything in preparation for the carnival opening is approaching completion. Every committee is a veritable bee-hive. St. John people are keeping up their reputation for rushers at the last minute. People who have looked on and smiled while the carnival was being talked about, are now into it to their armpits. They will rush it forward to a greater success than it would have been.

Fine weather is all that is wanted. Let the sunshine and cool days of the past week continue, and the city will lack nothing to charm strangers. A little touch of completion fog now and again may show up, but no person will mind that. Better fog than 90 in the shade.

No one can form any idea of the preparations in the exhibition building until he goes there. PROGRESS can promise every one a dollar's worth for half the money. The chances are that crowds of people will throng the building every afternoon and evening. The features of the exhibition will be all new, original and attractive. The work of several competent electricians does not count for nothing, and from 7 a. m. until 6 p. m. they can be found there. PROGRESS will give a splendid idea of the exhibition by illustrations in the next issue. No visitor should fail to get one.

Hundreds of persons are anxious to know what route the procession will take. Here it is. The Temperance, Trades and Torch-light processions will follow one route, starting from King street east. It will be as follows: King street east to Sidney street, to South side King square, to Charlotte street, to Queen street, to Prince William street, to King street, to Charlotte street, to Union street, to Brussels street, to City road, to Pond street, to Mill street, to Dock street, to Market square, where it will disband.

The carnival parade will start from the Haymarket square, come through Brussels to Union, thence to Sidney to the south side of King square, and then follow the same route as the Temperance and Trades processions.

Those who wish to secure a condensed programme of the events of next week can find it on page two of PROGRESS today.

Most of the entries for the carnival races are in and they make a splendid showing. The entries received up to Thursday evening were as follows:

July 24, First Day.
[Three minute class, purse \$150.]
Owner, St. John, r g Willy Wally.
Thos Clark, St. John, ch s Mambrino Charta.
Jas Gregory, St. John, ch m Lady G.
A C Jones, Moncton, g g Silver Spray.
Geo Carvill, St. John, br m Little Jenny.
Fred Monahan, St. John, b m Lady Sim.
Jas Bond, St. John, br m South Wind.
John McCoy, Fredericton, b m Lillie.
W S McKea, Charlottetown, ch g Telegraph.

Owner, Sussex, r s Ilderrin.

[2.40 class, purse of \$200.]
Thos Clark, St. John, b m Maud C.
Geo Carvill, St. John, g m Lady Max.
W C Hamilton, St. John, b m Duchess.
J P Dilahunt, Moncton, br g Tamberline.

Jas Egan, St. Stephen, b g Joe Hooker.
John McCoy, Fredericton, ch g Stanley.

Second Day—July 25.
[2.45 class, for a purse of \$150.]
Owner, St. John, r g Willy Wally.
Thos Clark, do, ch s Mambrino Charter.
W C Hamilton, do, b m Duchess.

Jas Gregory, do, ch m Lady G.
Geo Carvill, do, g s Speculation.
Fred Monahan, do, b m Lady Sim.
Jas Bond, do, br m South Wind.

A C Jones, Moncton, g g Silver Spray.
John McCoy, Fredericton, b m Maggie T.

[Free for all class for a purse of \$250.]
Thos Clark, St. John, b m Maud C.
Geo Carvill, St. John, g m Lady Max.
John McCoy, Fredericton, ch g Stanley.
John McCoy, " blk g Albert D.

[Race for maiden ponies for a purse of \$40.]
C W Henderson, St. John, b g Charlie.

There will be running races on the 25th and 27th for the citizens' cup. The conditions are that five must enter and three must start. The entries received are:

J P Dilahunt, Moncton, ch g Hopeful.
Walter McMonagle, Sussex, g g Stag.
Hugh McMonagle, Sussex, b m Ida Gray.

Third Day—July 27.
[Running race, for St. John stakes, \$150.]
R Wilson, St. John, b g Yorktown.
Major Wrench, Halifax, b g Eelipse.
Hugh McMonagle, Sussex, b m Ida Gray.

[Handicap pony flat, purse \$70.]
John T Lithgow, Halifax, b m Tramp.
Owner, Halifax, b m Muffin.

Owner, Halifax, ch m Why Not.
Owner, Halifax, br m Crummet.
James Watters, St. John, blk g Kerry Gow.

[Provincial race—Purse \$80.]
J P Dilahunt, Moncton, ch g Hopeful.
Walter McMonagle, Sussex, g g Stag.
Walter McMonagle, Sussex, b g Tippoo.
Hugh McMonagle, Sussex, b m Ida Gray.

[Handicap pony hurdle—Purse \$5.]
Same entries as pony flat.

Winning Honors at School.
Among the few "special certificate" names found in the Glasgow academy honor list is that of a St. John boy, William C. Turner, the son of Mr. Robert Turner, who secured the certificate in two subjects.

I have lately engaged the services of a most practical and reliable watch, French clock and chronometer repairer and adjuster, to assist me in this branch of my business, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction. Orders from out of town solicited. W. Tremaine Ward, Goldsmith and Jeweller, 41 King St.

GOOD ADVICE TO FOLLOW.

Patronize the Men Who Take the bad Times with the Good.

Several wholesale jewelry houses in Montreal have taken considerable pains to assure their St. John customers that they have nothing to do with the concern called C. & J. Allen, who are running a large auction of jewelry &c., on the Market square at the present time in opposition to the legitimate trade. They write further that the same firm has injured business by such methods in Montreal and Toronto, and that they regret that St. John is made the scene of their present operations.

The people of St. John have been bitten very frequently by flash concerns. They have bought jewelry and silver(?) ware from visiting strangers and have had cause afterward to rue the day they were enticed within the sound of the auctioneer's voice. One would almost think that they had learned a lesson by this time. They should remember that good silverware, good jewelry will command its price at any time and at any place, that it is harder to cut prices in this than in almost any other branch of trade. They should ask their next door neighbor how their last auction purchase turned out, whether the silver was double, triple or quadruple plated, or if it was plated at all.

PROGRESS believes in St. John people giving their trade to St. John merchants—the men who pay heavy taxes, who take the bitter with the sweet, the hard with the good times. It is poor satisfaction to them to get around a long turn and find a broad gully in their path. The people have the remedy in their own hands. If they want the city to prosper they must see to it that their money goes to St. John merchants, to the men who remain here and spend their profit in living and among the people who patronize them.

You will lose nothing by following this advice.

MR. SLADEN'S VISIT TO ST. JOHN.
His Impressions of the City—To Fredericton and Thence to Quebec.

Among Wednesday evening's passengers on the Monticello were Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Sladen and their little boy and Miss Lorrimer. Mr. Sladen is already quite well known in the principal American and upper Canadian cities as one of the brightest of literary men. He came to Boston last winter and since then has tried, and not in vain, to get a correct idea of American and Canadian life. He has met with much attention from the literary people on this side, Halifax and Windsor have been his latest points of interest, and he doubtless found something in both places that may be of use in the future. Mr. Fraser, the entertaining and companionable editor of the Critic, was to him in Halifax what Prof. Roberts was in Windsor, where he spent three weeks. Annapolis was too historic a spot not to claim his attention and a pleasant day and a half were passed there.

Mr. Sladen found much to interest him in St. John. The appearance of the city, its life and business activity delighted him, while the scenery from Reed's castle to the Falls and harbor will be pleasant remembrances. During his too short sojourn, Mayor I. Allen Jack and Mr. Bliss Carman, of Fredericton, spent some time with him and his bright and observant ladies. Mr. Carman boarded the Acadia with him yesterday to point out the hundred points of historic interest and beautiful scenery between here and Fredericton. On Monday he will continue his journey to Quebec, via the New Brunswick and Temiscoula railways.

The collection of material for a loyalist poem is one of the principal objects of Mr. Sladen's visit to New Brunswick. To this end, he chatted for a while Thursday with Mr. Joseph W. Lawrence.

He Had Sufficient Proof.
"But yer very familer wid the bon-ton," said one of the crowd that lounges near the laborers' bell, to another, a few days ago, as a "leading citizen" passed.

"Didn't he spake to you, too?"
"No, he did not."
"Well, ye can't have a vote thin."
"Ye don't tell me he's comin' out fur mayor?"
"I haven't heard, but phat more proof do ye want than jist now?"

We Cannot Spare Them.
Two of the finest trees on King square are in danger of being ruined by the coils of wire about them. The proper authorities should give the matter their attention, as the city cannot afford to lose any of those trees.

To Return to St. John.
Miss Jennie Hitchens writes that she will return to St. John about September 1 and open classes in musical instruction, further particulars of which she will announce in PROGRESS.

Next Week's "Progress."
Next week's PROGRESS will be a great number. Look out for it.