

ON MOOSEPATH'S TURN, WHERE THE LIVE STOCK WILL BE SHOWN.

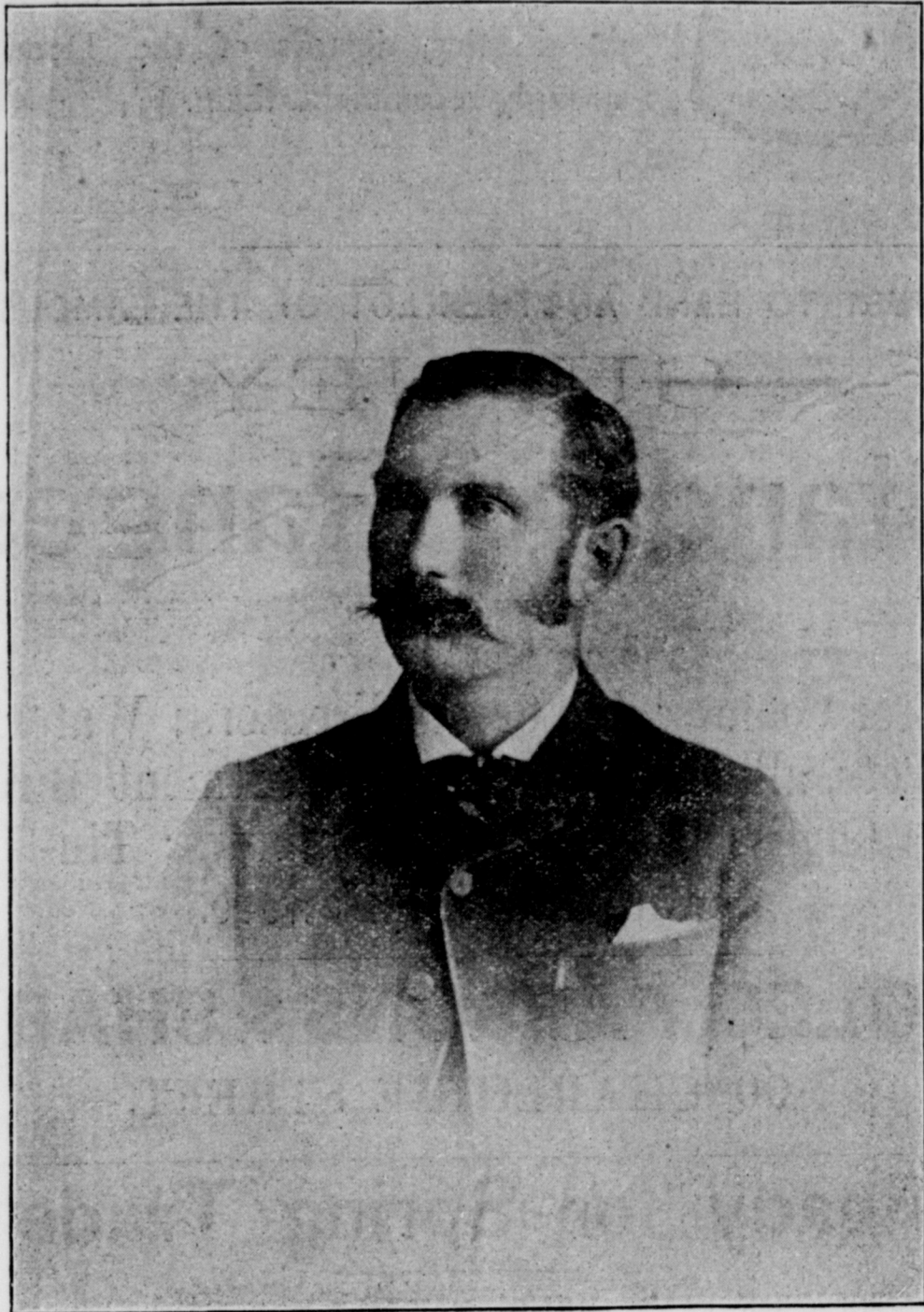
How the Arrangement was Discussed and the Show was Divided—Chairman John M. Johnson at the Head of Affairs—The Erection of New Buildings.

When the exhibition association and the agricultural society resolved to join forces and make as good a show as they could with their combined strength and efforts, the pertinent question of location arose. The association had grounds and buildings on the barrack square and were inclined to

path as well as any other place. They presented the advantages of the railway connection between the exhibition buildings and Moosepath, and in the end persuaded the association to agree with their views, and divide the show—the live stock at Moosepath and the manufacturers at the Barrack square.

This course has been criticised freely, but as the exhibition draws near people are more and more inclined to view it with favor.

President John M. Johnson of the Agricultural Society, is chairman of the live stock committee, and has pretty complete



CHAIRMAN J. M. JOHNSON.

the view that the entire exhibition should be held there. The agricultural society on the other hand presented their view of the case that with grounds under lease at Moosepath they were in a far better position to make an attractive live stock show there than the association could on the barrack square. They argued from the standpoint of their society that they were bound to popularize their grounds as far as it was possible, and that with a splendid track for horse racing and showing the animals to advantage they could discount the facilities offered by the association in the city.

Wherever the live stock show was held buildings would of necessity have to be erected, and why not have them at Moose-

control of all the arrangements at Moosepath. To find a better man for the position in St. John would be difficult. Mr. Johnson is an enthusiast on stock matters and the most wide awake importer of pure bred cattle in the city.

His committee has had plenty to do, plenty to arrange and look after. The erection of the buildings has been a rapid work which required much careful supervision and suggestion. Chairman Johnson is just the man for the task, because above all he is practical. Besides his interest in pure bred cattle Mr. Johnson has also a keen appreciation of thorough bred horses. He is owner of some fast ones and gives all the help he can to good honest racing.

OBEDIENCE TO THE DEATH.

A Delectable Anecdote of Napoleon, the Czar, and the Prussian King.

The editor of *Gil Blas*, in his last issue, vouches for the truth of this story: Napoleon I. was entertaining the Czar Alexander and the Prussian King at breakfast in Tilsit, when the conversation turned on loyalty.

"My soldiers obey me blindly," said the Czar.

"And mine are anxious to die for me," added Napoleon.

At the suggestion of the Prussian King a test of devotion was agreed upon. The royal party were breakfasting in the fifth story of a building that faced a paved street. Each member was to call in one of his soldiers and command him to jump from the window. Napoleon made his first test.

"Call the 'Gardiste Marceau,' he commanded, and Marceau appeared.

"Will you obey any order I give you?" asked Napoleon.

"Yes, sire."

"Blindly, whatever it is?"

"Blindly, sire."

"Then jump out of the window."

"But I have a wife and two children, sire."

"I will care for them. Forward!" And the Gardiste Marceau, with a military salute walked to the window and leaped out.

"Call a private of the body guard," ordered the Czar, whose turn came next. The soldier came.

"What's your name?"

"Ivan Ivanovitch."

"Well, Ivan, just throw yourself out of that window."

"Yes, father," answered the guardsman, and he did it.

"Command the bravest of my soldiers to come here," said the Prussian king to his servant. A six-foot ulan, with a row of orders across his breast and a scar on his forehead, entered.

"My friend," explained the king, "to show their loyalty a French and a Russian guardsman have jumped at command from that window. Have you the pluck to do the same?"

"Is it for the Fatherland?"

"No."

"Then I refuse to do it."

Gil Blas thinks this anecdote contains a fine lesson for German army officers of the present.

He Was Through with Fanny.

At a provincial theatre, where Fanny was playing a tragic part, a very drunken man staggered down the aisle to a front seat in the orchestra. He watched the actress attentively, so much so that she caught his eye several times, and as she pronounced these words: "I can love you no longer," the man rose, put on his hat, bowed profoundly to Miss Danvenport, said with much drunken gravity: "That settles it," and left the theatre.—*Life*.

In Another Light.

Fond Young Mother—What a pity that babies can't talk!

Husband—I think it's a great blessing!

Fond Young Mother—Why, Harry, how can you talk so?

Husband—Well, if babies could talk they'd do a lot of swearing when half a dozen women got at them and teased them for hours at a time.—*Lawrence American*.

Not a Good Sign.

Laura—Mamma, Mr. Jinxley said last night that I reminded him of his first wife. I wonder if that is any indication that he intends to propose?

Mrs. Figg—I think not, my dear. When she was living, I do not think they passed a day without a fight.—*Terre Haute Express*.

Embarrassing.

Mr. Bellows—You know those prayer book looking things that hold a pack of cards?

Miss Slowboy—Yes. Did you take one to church by mistake?

Mr. Bellows—No; took a prayer book to the poker club.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Many Years Ago.

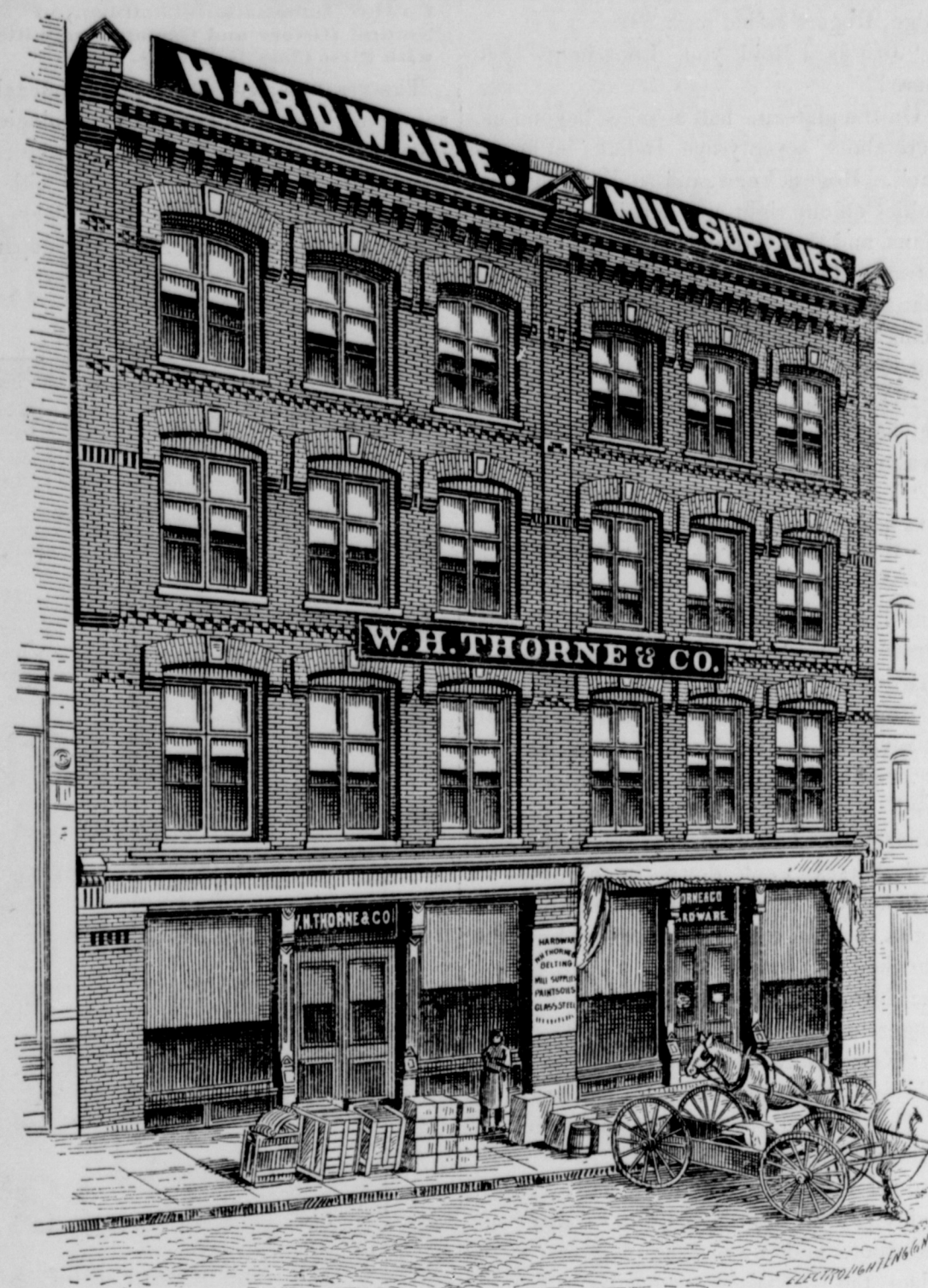
Woman—Why don't you go to work? Old Tramp—Electricity spoiled my trade. How was that?

I used to be a messenger boy.—*Detroit Free Press*.

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WHY HE WAS POPULAR.

A Clergyman Whose Congregation Never Deserted Him.

A clergyman was lamenting the fact that his congregation appeared to be restless during his sermons, and declared that many of the members of his flock would get up right at a time when he fancied himself most impressive and would leave the house.

"That's bad," answered a young preacher "but I must say that I do not experience any such annoyance. Not a single member of my congregation gets up and goes out during services."

"You don't say so!" the first speaker exclaimed. "How do you manage it?"

"I don't manage it at all—seems to manage itself."

"Don't they complain when you preach a long sermon?"

"No, I've never heard a word of complaint."

"That is indeed singular. Your people must have been exceptionally well brought up."

"No, I think not."

"Then you must be one of the most eloquent of men. What is the style of your preaching?"

"Oh, rather dry. I am compelled to admit. I do not possess the faculty of drawing an interesting illustration or of throwing out a bright idea."

"Well, well; I have never heard of anything so wonderful. And you tell me that no one ever gets up and goes out?"

"Yes, that's what I tell you."

"Well, I don't understand it at all."

"Oh, it's easy enough to explain. I am chaplain in the penitentiary."—*Ex.*

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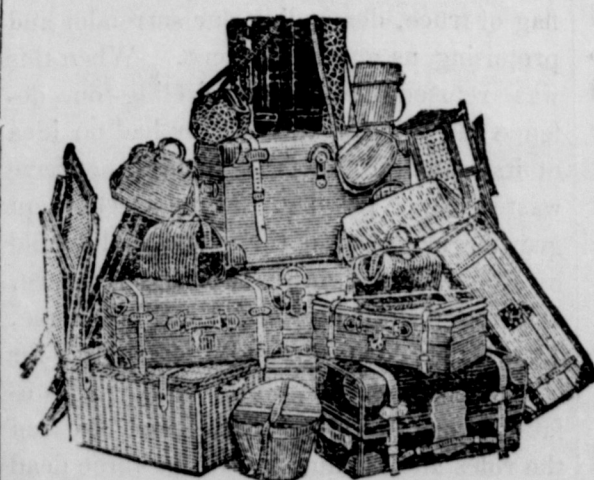
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