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VOL III., NO. 114.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1890.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

IT WAS A GREAT BIG DAY

HOW ST. JOHN PEOPLE ENJOYED CANADA'S BIRTHDAY.

How the Boys Did Themselves Proud and Shouted their Throats Sore and the Circus Parrot followed their Example—God Save the Queen on the Shamrock Grounds.

Celebrate Dominion Day! Plough! Nobody thought what day it was, but went in for enjoyment. And it was a glorious day! The man who controls the weather made great preparation for it and acquitted himself nobly. A good thunder storm was just what was needed to clear the air, and the heavy fall of rain was an admirable purifier, and did more in an hour than Connell's sprinklers could do in a thousand years.

The morning, bright, clear, cool, was irresistible, and the men who believe they were sold into confederation forgot their slavery, gave up all notion they had of working on principle and celebrated for all they were worth. Even the staid old *Telegraph* forgot to come out, and evidently felt ashamed of itself, for its editorial next morning had a very apologetic tone.

It was a morning when one forgot to rub his eyes, but awoke as fresh as the air itself, and was on the street in a jiffy. Everybody was moving, not in first of May style, but slowly, quietly, sauntering along, drinking in the morning. A man from the clouds would know it was a holiday; the closed shutters, the drawn blinds,—the Sunday clothes and the clean linen; the very air was evidence enough. Then the bands; they sprung up everywhere; and when did music ever sound sweeter than on a clear, cool morning, with not enough dust to soil the bandsmen's shoes; why, even the fife and drum on its way to Indian town was a treat!

With the music the town threw off its quiet, listless air, and the people became active. They thronged the horse cars and hurried along the streets; for the bay, for the river, for the country, anywhere, seemed the only object in view, as if a cloud of Mr. Wiggins' cholera had suddenly appeared overhead and everyone was trying to get from under. And away went hundreds; across the bay, up the river, and every place where steamboat or railway could take them, till it seemed that there would be nobody left in town but Mr. Robbins, his twenty beautiful young ladies, and wild, ferocious menagerie of stuffed animals.

But it seems impossible to give St. John a deserted look on a holiday. Let the steamboats carry all they can, and the railway trains be as long as they may, the person who attends a city attraction has plenty of company, and one cannot help wondering where the great multitude keeps itself on the 300 days that are not holidays. For as the sun rose higher and got uncomfortably warmer, it seemed to arouse another crowd of people, much in the same way as it brings flies to life; and long streams of humanity flowed eastward, without ever stopping to look at the dancing bear or the street piano. It was a different crowd from that which the music brought to life. It wanted excitement and bustle, not the quiet rest of the country. And it got it.

Never was base ball more exciting; never before did the crowd know so much more than the umpires, and have such telescopic eyes; never before were good plays so applauded, and never again will an umpire get such a razzle dazzle; and when did two clubs ever work harder to win; and a crowd ever get better base ball for the money, with a wild west show thrown in! Never. There was excitement enough surely, and both the happy and disappointed ones got what they wanted.

The crowd now surged westward, warm, tired, and restless; looking for the circus parade, which had sneaked back to its hole again before too many saw it.

The streets were quiet; the people, tired and hungry, were cooling up for another run; and again poured forth in the scorching sun, in greater throngs than ever. More excitement, applauding, cheering; and a weary crowd longed for evening.

And when the evening came, hundreds poured forth again, and walked round and round the Shamrock's grounds or basked in the electric light in the grand stand, while the band wove St. Patrick's Day and the British Grenadiers into God Save the Queen, in a way that was more than charming.

And others—went to the circus. The circus, bless you—they jumped the creek and saw the circus. There was the silvery tongue orator who promised everything under Heaven for the small sum of one dime; and there was the gentleman who would sell you a ticket for 50 cents and not promise you anything; simply because the orator had pictures to prove what he said and the fifty cent man's pictures were up town on the bill boards and he was too honest to promise anything without having the proof of his assertions on the spot. Yet for the small sum of fifty cents any lady or gentleman could just step inside the tent and see the great double men-

agerie, which was nearly equal to Taxidermist Carnell's show window—and only fifty cents. And for the one ticket, ladies and gentlemen, could be seen the ring performance, if you sat on a lath, and bought peanuts to keep the vendor away; the ring performance, gentlemen, including the twenty beautiful young ladies, who were very old for their age, and beautiful enough to make the St. John girls present all grow wings and soar up through the canvass to higher regions, where harps are worn—beautiful, well developed young ladies with so much development that they could hardly walk. Such smiling ladies! How the hearts of the crowd trying to balance itself on the cheap seats beat like a drum corps when they looked in that direction and smiled. And the clown on the living half of the menagerie; wasn't he amusing? Yes, he was. But did anyone ever see such a trapeze performance before! Well, not if he lived in Iceland. Then the juggler! Gracious! could anybody else but a school boy throw up three balls or twist a ribbon round his neck! Surely not. Wasn't it a great show; was there any wonder that everybody talked about it! But the hippodrome performance, remember that. Who would ever imagine that the lady would have won; or that the man could run faster than the horse. But there was so much, that one forgets half he saw, without referring to the programme, and when he refers to the programme he can't find anything.

It was a great show to end the day with.

A "GREAT MORAL SHOW," Patronized by the Cream of Society, the Clergy and Officer Boyle.

There was a great and wonderful monstrosity on King square, this week, with the usual amount of gasoline, wind and sawdust, and the additional attraction of managers of African extraction. The frog boy, according to the posters, "is accompanied by his parents, and on account of his morals his patronage is derived from ladies and gentlemen of society. Even the clergy uphold and patronize this wonderful and gigantic work of the Deity." The only reason why many people have never heard of this wonderful gentleman before, is because his parents refuse to hire out to any circus or side show for less than \$100 a week.

The frog boy is quite a card, and wears a very pretty suit of brown satin, which matches his chocolate complexion remarkably well. A stout colored lady tells the open-eyed spectators all about him, while his father looks after the cinnamon bear, the three legged dog and other monstrosities. Everyone who pays ten cents, to the music of the hand organ at the entrance, is requested to step up front where the colored lady says in a I'm-tired-telling-it-but-I-suppose-I-must-sort-of-way, that "this is the Frog boy, now standing in his 22nd year—been on exhibition 10 years—has never grown any since he was four years old—can't bend his legs or arms—moves and walks like a frog—see! his big toe is shaped like a frog's head—used to croak and talk like a frog, but since he got over that he don't do it so much as he used to—that's his father over there," pointing to that gentleman, who appears prouder of his young son than he probably did 22 years ago.

The frog boy's morals are not all the show bills say they are, for Monday night he told Officer Boyle to go to a place which he firmly believes does not exist, and added insult upon injury by telling him he had been drinking.

Then there is a possum, something which "most people have heard about but never seen." A remarkable characteristic of the possum is that he opens his mouth and shuts his eyes when he bites. This information was given for the special benefit of the small boys who were watching for a good opportunity to expectorate in the possum's eye.

The three legged colt is stuffed, and wears a set of mouldy harness, while the three legged dog is alive and is not decorated at all. The cinnamon bear is "very clever—brought up in the house." The lecturer claims that he resembles man inasmuch as he likes to sleep when he is tired, and gave that as a reason for the bear's decided objection to being pulled out from under the counter by the countryman who was willing to risk his trousers in the attempt.

They Say it is a Tame Mouse.

Some of the estimable aldermen who are on the ferry committee feel annoyed because PROGRESS called attention to the way in which they recently awarded the coal contract. They claim that, allowing the highest figure for freight, the city will still be a gainer because of the superior adaptability of the Caledonia coal for steamboat purposes. They are quite pronounced in their statement that there is no boodle in it for anybody. Nobody said there was, but what is the reason that there is always a chance for comment when the city awards a coal contract. Coal appears to be as sensitive a thing as mercury is.

For sale, Chair Case, long selected, skein or bunch. Duval, 422 Union street.

WORK FOR ITS SUCCESS.

HOW THE GREAT EXHIBITION IS COMING ON.

Electrical Companies Wish to Run the Printing Press by Electric Power—The Incandescent Light to be Introduced in Some Parts of the Building.

Some advance sheets of the official prize list of the exhibition found their way to PROGRESS office this week. They contain a great deal of information in a condensed form, and should be very interesting to the people, all of whom should, and do, no doubt, look forward to the exhibition this fall as the event of the year for the city of St. John.

There are a good many things wanted and applied for, such, for example, as the Old Burial Ground fence and the Leary docks. Some of them can't be had now, and are in the dim and distant future, but the dates are fixed for the great exhibition, the buildings are ready for it, the advertising matter is distributed, and all the committees are working in hearty co-operation. All that is desired is the good will and efforts of the people, who make and mar exhibitions and everything else.

Every man who has anything worth showing should show it; he won't lose anything by the act, and may gain a great deal. He is sure to get some free advertising, for tens of thousands of people will pass and re-pass his show, which, if attractive enough, may be the centre of the sight-seers—and, further than this, all the notices he can beg or buy from the newspapers. It should, therefore, be the main idea of every exhibitor to be as original as possible, and surprise his city friends as well as delight the country visitors.

PROGRESS promised to keep the people informed about its own exhibit, and how it got along between now and exhibition time. One of the apparent results of last week's announcement of the exhibition of a printing press and folder is the joint application of Messrs. Robb & Sons and the Amherst Electric Light company for permission to run the printing press by an electric motor, and at the same time to illuminate that part of the building with electricity. Could anything be more attractive than this?

An electrical exhibition, in addition to the many attractions of the general fair!

If the idea of the electrical companies is carried out—and there is no good reason why it should not be—the people of St. John will see a large printing press run by electricity for the first time. At the Electrical Exhibition last year a pony press was run by a dynamo but electricity has not been introduced into any of the newspaper offices and a newspaper run by that power. During the ten days the fair will be open the two daily editions of PROGRESS will be run by power from an electric dynamo. The printing office will be lighted by the incandescent light and the indications are at present are that morning, afternoon and evening will see that part of the building in the soft, full light of the incandescent system.

It is thought, also, by those in authority at Exhibition headquarters that the Electrical Exhibition and the printing press will not be in the machinery hall—there will be more than enough to fill that space—but in that portion of the building devoted to the showing of horticultural and agricultural exhibits. This is the more probable since the effect of the electrical display is much heightened by the surrounding exhibits. In what part of the building this will be has not yet been determined.

Some of the greater attractions are mentioned in the official prize list. After enlarging on the fact that nearly \$12,000 are offered in premiums, the secretary mentions among others, the following leading features of the fair:

A large and comprehensive display of the products of the West India Islands, the first ever shown in Canada. Made under the auspices of the various Governments of those Islands, as well as by individual exhibitors.

A large display of the products of the sea fisheries of the maritime provinces, also an opportunity of testing the various products of the sea, fresh from their native element.

A large display of exhibits from Great Britain, the United States, and elsewhere, including some fine exhibits that were shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1889.

A large array of special attractions, both on the grounds and throughout the city, including an extensive programme of racing competition, for which prizes of about \$2,000 are offered by the Moosepath Driving Park Association.

The great Maritime Butter Competition, for which prizes amounting to about \$800 will be offered.

Attractive Poultry and Bench Show Competition, including about \$1,200 in prizes.

A great Carriage Competition, including the McCaskill va-nish prizes of \$200 and medals.

A large and comprehensive School exhibit, under the auspices of the educational department of the province of New Brunswick.

A large collection of Machinery in motion, including some attractive novelties in the processes of manufacturing.

An attractive Electrical Illumination. Additional novelties are being added daily, particulars of which will be announced later.

There cannot be much doubt but that the advertising given the show will do much in making St. John better known. One evidence of this is the letters received daily by

the secretary asking for information about St. John and its situation. One great concern, the Shepard Hardware company of Buffalo, N. Y., ask for printed matter stating advantages of St. John as a manufacturing location.

A note from the Manitoba commissioner of emigration asking for information about this exhibition, suggests the probability of that province being represented in the department of agricultural products.

The unanimous consent of the railway and steamboat companies to return exhibits free of charge will do much to encourage foreign exhibitors and increase the chances that every important manufactory will be represented on the floors of the building.

A RECORD FOR A CLERK

Who Halls From Hampton, N. B., and Had 21,978 Votes.

The Boston Record recently closed a contest to determine which thirteen clerks in the Hub should go on their vacation at the expense of the newspaper. Among the thirteen was F. E. Freeze, who stood fifth on the list, with 21,978 votes. Mr. Freeze is described by the Record as "a pronounced blonde of the strawberry type, of medium height, and presides at a desk in A. McArthur & Co's store." Mr. Freeze says: "I came from Hampton, New Brunswick, about 10 years ago, and have been at work in this store ever since. Twenty-seven years old now, keep house in Everett, and am the corresponding clerk for the house."

Mr. McCloud of the firm was as pleased to learn of Mr. Freeze's good fortune as if he had won himself. "He is a man of good standing, good character, faithful and intelligent. He started in here 10 years ago at the bottom. Today he is in charge of the purchase ledger and a good salesman as well. He attends to our mail orders exclusively." Mr. Luce, one of his fellow employees, described the growth of the effort. "Three of us sent in about 20 votes at first. Then the boys took a hand and votes began to come in from his customers all over New England. An old lady away down in Maine sent in some, and they chipped in from as far off as the tip end of New Hampshire. We were determined to win."

That was the Circus.

Robbins' circus struck the town Tuesday, and hit it in a happy time. The holiday had brought a large number of visitors from the country, and they were glad to be taken in, as they were. It is probable that a good many of the citizens would have gone to see the show, had not the street parade "given away" the business in advance. The spectacle of a few dirty wagons, drawn by a mean looking lot of horses was not as inspiring as it was advertised to be. The only part of the parade which carried out the idea of the advertisement was a lonely and unhappy live bear which paced back and forth in his cage, as if the show made him as tired as it did the spectators. There was no banner at the rear bearing the word "fake," but there should have been. Robbins had better stick to the country and leave the cities alone. There is more money in it for him.

For Picnics and Excursions.

There is not much money, as a rule, in picnics and excursions, and yet to draw a crowd they have to advertise. One dollar an inch has up to this been the charge in all newspapers for one insertion of amusement or any other advertisements. Amusement advertisements will be inserted in PROGRESS from this date for fifty cent per inch every insertion. This low rate will give picnics and excursions, as well as concerts, etc., etc., a chance to advertise in PROGRESS for one issue at half the rate hitherto charged. The change, however, does not extend to financial notices, etc. Transient business advertisements are always inserted at fifty cents per inch every insertion.

In a Hurry for the Cash.

One of the city banks has adopted a new system in regard to cheques on other banks deposited with it. Formerly the custom was to send such cheques to be cashed sometime before the closing hour, but now they are sent out as soon as they arrive. A man may make such a deposit, and if he stops five minutes to chat with a friend his cheque will have been sent out and the money returned to the bank before he leaves the building. Some people think the bank is at least sharp enough.

A Bootblack's Troubles.

The colored boot black who "gives you a shine, New York style, costs but a dime," added to his outfit this week. He now carries a chair. It had wishes will send the boot black to undesirable regions, he will go there, sure, and the chair will be the cause. An old gentleman, on crutches, from across Courtney Bay, took possession of the chair, on Dock street one day this week, and as he showed no disposition to pay for the privilege the boot black took it from under him. Then the air was blue.

Long, Selected Chair Case is Used in all Chair Seating by Duval, 422 Union street.

NOT ON A GRAND SCALE.

THE NEW HOTEL THAT IS IN COURSE OF ERECTION.

A Contractor Rather Surprised at the Plans—Not on the Supposed Grand Scale—A Dining Room 28x40 Feet—Entrances on Princess and Canterbury Streets.

There is a good deal of quiet speculation about the work being done at the corner of Canterbury and Princess streets, the well known Wiggins property, which has recently passed into the hands of the Messrs. Pugsley.

Citizens who pass that way stop and look at the workmen beneath them, wonder what they are doing, and with a perplexed smile proceed on their way.

There are masons at work there and the report is current that they are laying the foundation of a large hotel—the like of which St. John people have dreamed of. Such news was almost too good to be true, and PROGRESS sought what it could learn concerning the report.

One contractor who had seen the plans and looked them over carefully, got a big surprise. He said he was prepared to figure on some such hotel as larger cities boasted of and which it was said St. John needs, but when he looked over the parchment and the specifications he was in doubt whether the building was to be devoted to lawyers' offices upstairs and a restaurant in the basement, or whether a new kind of a hotel was being put up.

The exterior of the structure he describes as fairly finished with red and gray granite, which will make a handsome appearance.

The main entrance will be just above the present entrance to the Pugsley law building on Princess street. This is rather attractive and would lead a guest to expect good things inside. The ladies' entrance is on Canterbury street, where the hotel will be but two stories high.

A rather surprising feature of the building is the dining room which is about 28 x 40 feet in dimensions with a ceiling 10 feet high. This room is located in the basement, and the culinary department can be reached by ascending two or three steps to the basement fronting on Canterbury street.

For a large hotel the dining room appears small, and the ceiling low, while it must be artificially lighted, located where it is.

The really elegant part of the structure is the bar, which is truly modern in every respect. The bath rooms and closets are all splendidly fitted up.

The bed-rooms are in some cases smaller than one would expect, and remind one of a huge dormitory—a long hall, with small rooms opening on each side.

There are many other things that might be criticised, it occasion called for it. It does not, however. The gentlemen who are putting their cash into the building have a perfect right to do as they please, and erect a hotel to their own satisfaction. Its success will, of course, depend upon how the public like it after it is finished, and perhaps some regard for that opinion might well be sought now. The city needs another hotel, and, no doubt, the gentlemen will adapt the present plans to meet the views of an experienced manager.

Retaliation is in Order.

That curious fact that people who live in glass houses will throw stones is now being verified on the Marsh road just beyond the city line and in the Scott act parish of Simonds. The authorities or the temperance men either are not very active in that direction, but that does not say that the law violators will always be left in peace and quietness. In fact everybody has been minding his own business for so long in that neighborhood that certain turbulent spirits, weary of the monotony, have raised an odor and called in the board of health. They are probably sorry by this time for their interference. A reputable gentleman who employs much labor and has gone to large expense to carry on his business there will hardly submit quietly to such persecution when he has it in his power to enforce the law and drive the disreputable haunts to the wall.

Mr. Leary Accepts \$5,000 a Year.

Mr. Leary came to town Wednesday ostensibly to look after his lumber interests, but really to accept the proposition of the council to give him \$100,000 in aid of his wharves. Mr. Leary does not do this seemingly with an exultation of spirit, but in fear and trembling. Mr. Leary should trust to his unfeeling luck. It has not deserted him yet, nor is it apt to. In the meantime PROGRESS is glad the question is settled, and will watch the deep water wharves built with great satisfaction.

The Objection of One Lady.

Concerning the answer to the conundrum recently published in PROGRESS, a lady correspondent writes that an acquaintance of her's, who is opposed to conundrums, declared that the accepted answer, "The Whale" was not a good one, as the whale Adam named could not live long enough to swallow Jonah.

WHO WILL LIGHT THE WEST END?

The Corporation Want To Do It and Say So Plainly.

There seems to be some doubt as to who shall run the Carleton lights after this month—the Board of Works having advised the present contractors that, according to the option in the agreement, the city has decided to take over their plant at a price to be fixed by arbitration, and naming Mr. James Fleming as their arbiter.

There is no doubt of the city's right to do this, the question rests on the advisability of doing it. The contractors, Messrs. Clark, have been unfortunate, having met heavy losses by fire, and it seems, on the face of it hard, that just as they got on their feet again the corporation should seek to put them out of business. So far as PROGRESS understands it the taking over of the plant means the surrendering of every thing at present in their hands, for a sum to be determined upon, to the city, except a certain portion of the property which is secured to William Bruckoff. One part of the plant is not much good without the other, and the action of the city, regarded from one standpoint, is hard. It would be satisfactory to many taxpayers if the board or works could see their way clear to continue the contracts and allow the contractors another chance to get square with what they have undertaken. If the cost to the city will not admit of this regret will be sincere with many, but if the difference is not great and the service is satisfactory the unfriendliness of one or two officials or the opposition of this or that influential alderman should not sway the council against such hard workers as the Messrs. Clark.

More Business Means More Help. The business of PROGRESS is growing, the circulation and advertising are marching to the front, and the engraving bureau takes the attention of one man. All these things mean more work and more men to do it. To meet the demand, PROGRESS has secured the service of Harold V. Moran, who has quite recently made St. John his home. Mr. Moran is a native of St. Stephen, and his business has brought him in connection with many St. John merchants, who will know more about him when he has been on PROGRESS a little while. He assumes his duties Monday, which will be mainly in connection with the business of the paper, the advertising, circulation and engraving departments.

What's the Matter with Sackville.

It sounds curious to read that, according to the report of Rev. C. F. Wiggins to the Diocesan society that matrimonial matters have been "stagnant" in Sackville during the year. There are some eligible young ladies connected with the Episcopal congregation there, and it is only fair to assume that the fault lies with the young men. What is the matter with Sackville, anyway?

Promotion of Mr. E. L. Philips.

Mr. E. L. Philips' friends will all be glad to hear of his good fortune in getting the appointment of inspector for the British American Insurance Company for the maritime provinces. Though a young man, Mr. Philips is old in insurance, and knows the business thoroughly. The company could not have secured a more competent inspector in this section.

It is On the Roof.

The chief of police is believed to, have struck genuine terror to the unlicensed sellers of liquor, by his recent successful seizures. One resort, the exact neighborhood of which is not material, is said to keep its wet goods secreted on the roof. Probably the chief or some of his men will find out before long where that roof is located.

Left for Private Devotion.

In one of the city churches, last Sunday, the worthy clergyman who was supplying the pulpit startled the congregation by this announcement: "I couldn't find the prayer prescribed for the Synod, which meets this week, so you will have to remember it in private devotions." There was a hush, and that was all.

She Did Not Love the School.

As a train was leaving Sussex, the other day, a little girl who had got aboard with her mother, evidently for a holiday trip, was seen waving her hand as if in farewell to somebody. And this was the farewell: "Good-bye, school house, dirty old school house. You won't see me any more today. Good bye."

A Scene in the Harbor.

The *Winthrop* presented a very pretty sight, sailing up the harbor Monday evening. The night was dark, the tide high, and the water as smooth as glass. The steamer has a very large number of windows, and through every one of them the incandescent light shone brilliantly.

Umbrellas Repaired; Duval, 242 Union street.