

PROGRESS.

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PRICE THREE CENTS.

"PROGRESS" IS ON HAND.

THE EXHIBITION DAILY AKE ITS BOW TO THE PUBLIC.

What it means to move the Equipment of a Newspaper Office—Press and Printers will make an Attractive Show in Machinery Hall.

PROGRESS is on hand and ready for work. It will not do to say it is "on deck," for the situation is more like being in the hold. The office is in machinery hall, and there will be found a newspaper establishment in full running order.

It is no light job to pack up and transport a ton or more of type in cases and move it from a regular printing office to an exhibition building. Besides that are all the frames, imposing stones, and a hundred odds and ends of tools and furniture in daily use. Yet PROGRESS has done this, and the printers are working as calmly and steadily as they have worked in the office on Germain street.

The Cranston press, of the same pattern of PROGRESS', but of a smaller size, prints this issue, while the paper is pasted, trimmed and folded by the folder which is in use at the regular office every week. Everybody will admire the neatness, speed and precision with which it does its work. To many it will be one of the most wonderful sights of the exhibition.

The compositors entered upon their work, amid such novel surroundings, cheerfully, but with some misgivings. They anticipated a good many more difficulties than there are likely to be. The first afternoon did not tend to reassure them, for the day was dark and cold and the building was noisy in the extreme. Besides, the composing room is close to the railway track which runs into machinery hall, and every few minutes a freight train would roll in alongside of the printers.

It is something new to have a train of cars running into a printing office.

This morning, however, the boys went to work with a will, and they have been working ever since. The result is the first complete daily paper ever issued at an exhibition in the Maritime Provinces, and possibly in the Dominion of Canada.

For PROGRESS is not an exhibition sheet or an advertising scheme got up for the occasion. It is a paper which in the two and a half years of its existence has made itself known wherever the city of St. John is known and has attained a circulation never equalled in the history of the Canadian press east of Montreal. In its normal state it is a weekly, but when the exhibition was decided upon, the determination was taken to issue a daily.

It is here, and it will stay as long as the exhibition lasts. Then it will resume the even tenor of its way. There will be two editions each day—one at 3 and one at 8 in the evening. Each issue will be a full eight-page paper. It will not have any long dry reports about the exhibition, but it will give the latest notes and news about everything relating to the show.

Besides that, it will have special despatches from all parts of the world sent by private wire of the Canadian Pacific Telegraph Company to an operator located in the office. It expects to have more genuine special despatches than any paper in the Maritime Provinces. The people who want the latest news will look in PROGRESS to find it.

The editorial room is unpretentious but amply sufficient for working purposes. It has its special telegraph, and the night work will be done with the aid of the incandescent light. A staff of trained newspaper workers will satisfy the cravings of the busy compositors.

All that has been done and will be done means a large outlay. Whether it will pay directly or not is a question which many people ask. That is a matter which chiefly concerns the proprietor, but in the meantime it may be stated that there were other objects in view in making this exhibit.

In the first place, as PROGRESS enjoys the reputation of being a live paper, it was intended to show that it had enterprise enough to come to the front on an occasion of this kind. In the next place, the hundreds of people who have visited the regular press room during the past year showed that the public take a deep interest in all that relates to the making of a newspaper. The splendid press and automatic folding attachment were thought sufficiently attractive to be worthy of a place in machinery hall, and with them came the complete outfit of a live daily paper. Thousands who have had but hazy ideas on the subject of printing can now see for themselves how, piece by piece, the types become words, sentences, columns, and finally pages of a big newspaper. Then they can see how that paper is printed on a press worthy of this age of steam, and how it is sent to the newsboys, and thence to the public.

PROGRESS is modestly proud of its exhibit. It has an idea that the display will interest the public as much as anything in

the building. If it does not, the class of visitors will be the most extraordinary known in the history of exhibitions anywhere.

There is no such fear. The people know a good thing when they see it. They will appreciate PROGRESS, its printers and its big, busy press.

PROGRESS made its first appearance as an exhibition daily Wednesday night. It did not get out at 3 o'clock, as intended, nor even at 8 o'clock, as expected. There was barely time enough to circulate a few hundred copies through the building before the place was in darkness.

Where was PROGRESS when the light went out?

It was being turned off with funeral slowness from the Cranston press, passing through the folder without having the edges trimmed, and being carried off by eager newsboys. There was not much satisfaction in issuing a paper under such circumstances, but PROGRESS got there, even though at the last hour.

It is not part of the "office style" to be late, but there were good and sufficient reasons for it this time.

As everybody knows, everything was behind time at the exhibition. In the vital matter of steam there was a woeful want. The big boiler, which should have been in place days ago, did not arrive in the building until yesterday, and will not be in place before tomorrow night. It had been ordered from an Ontario firm in plenty of time, but had been delayed on the Grand Trunk or some other road. A compound engine, ordered at the same date, was not sent because it could not be got ready in time. Under these circumstances steam was a scarce commodity on the opening day. There might have been some in the afternoon, but there was a lack of belts, and so there was no possibility of the machinery being in motion before night.

That settled the question of any attempt to issue a 3 o'clock edition. When night came, another difficulty came with it. The engine which was to drive the machinery was also required to drive the dynamo which supplied the electric light. There was not power enough for both purposes, and as it was necessary that the building should be lighted, the machinery had to yield the right of way.

In the meantime fresh copy kept coming in for PROGRESS and the compositors were busy setting it. The light was not good, and this of itself was no trifle when men were in a hurry. Add to this the noise, confusion and excitement in the vicinity and it must be admitted that the men worked against heavy odds.

A curious crowd gathered around the composing room, waiting for the paper to come out. Eight o'clock came, and then nine. The first side was locked up, the press made ready and then the printing began. It was slow work, compared with the way in which PROGRESS is usually worked off, but it was the best that could be done, and there was cause to be thankful even for that slow power.

Meantime foremen and compositors were rushing to and fro in their efforts to complete and make up the last and most important form, by the aid of the feeble light in which it was next to impossible to read the lines of type. But finally the last stick of matter was emptied into the forms, and they were locked up.

Nearly, but not quite so. In the hurry to get to press the quoins were not driven home on one side, and the result was the partial "pi" of one of the columns. Several lines dropped out, leaving some unintelligible paragraphs in the account of the opening. There was no time to reset. A piece of selected matter was shoved in to justify the column and the form was ready.

But the press was not, for just then the engine stopped in order to get up more steam. Fifteen minutes or so later it started, and then began the slow process of printing the paper, with deficient power which gradually grew weaker.

In order to have the cutting attachment of the folder work, a good speed is necessary. There was not enough, and so the paper came out, folded and pasted, but not trimmed.

The papers sold readily, but it was after 10 o'clock and people were going home. Besides, the steam having been required to run both the press and the dynamo began to fail very rapidly. The lights burned dim, and the press moved as though it were very tired indeed. Slower and slower it ran, and dimmer and dimmer grew the lights, until at last the closing hour arrived, and there was an end to light as well as motion.

It was not the fault of the man who controlled the steam that things were not in better shape. That man is Mr. Thomas C. Everett, whose long mechanical experience admirably fits him for his position. He did all that mortal could do to supply PROGRESS with the power it needed, and had it not been for his efforts matters would have been very much worse than they were.

PROGRESS is a live paper, so far as hard work and steam can make it one.

AN UNTRUTHFUL EDITOR

THE FARMER'S ATTACK UPON THE SCHOOL EXHIBIT.

Plenty of Space for all the Exhibits Offered—And Room on the Walls for More—Should Confine Himself to Articles on "Milking Stools" and the Like.

Editor Macnutt, of the *Farmer*, has every reason to be at peace with the world. In appearance he is a model of good nature and well-fed prosperity.

But the genial farmer editor appears to have had a bilious attack this week. Something has lit down upon his esteemed epigastrium with a dull thud.

The editor's fine Roman nose was utilized this week in scenting out a rat of mammoth size in connection with the Saint John exhibition. He accuses the management of "petty jealousy" and of "shabby treatment" with regard to the Provincial exhibit; says that only one of the five stalls originally set apart for the school exhibit was left for the schools outside St. John; that St. John in fact had gobbled the space as the whale gobbled Jonah, but unlike the whale, refused to disgorge. The sleek and comely frame of the editor fairly shakes with wrath at the "rapacity and malignity" of Saint John.

Now, this would be a valuable discovery if it were true. But unfortunately for the agricultural inventor it is not true. If there is anyone who ought to know about this it is Mr. W. S. Carter. He is in charge of the Provincial exhibit, having been placed there by Superintendent Crockett, who, by the way, expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the arrangement of the section while he was here.

What are the facts? Mr. Carter says that there is abundant room in the section for all the Provincial exhibits that have been received; that, in fact, he had to bring up several large wall-maps to cover one of the walls.

Naturally the proximity of Saint John leads to its having a fuller representation than other localities would have. For one thing the schools here are showing large cabinets full of their work which, of course, would not have displayed had the exhibition been elsewhere. Many of the drawings of the Saint John schools are plastered over a wide space on the walls, while the Provincial designs are neatly enclosed in covers.

In every way the Provincial exhibit is a success—the wonder and admiration of all who have seen it. There is nothing finer in the whole exhibition than the drawings of Fredericton model school. Moncton too has an excellent exhibit. And the neat and tasty way in which the articles are displayed is remarked upon by all.

The *Farmer* man does not do justice to the massive intellect which he controls in discussing the school exhibit. His articles in the same issue on "Plucking and Shearing Geese" and "The Milking Stool" are much more laudable.

Bandmaster Jones Explains.

Mr. Jones, bandmaster of the Fusiliers, desires PROGRESS to publish his version of the story which appeared last week. He says that when a young printer applied to him for a position in the band, he told him something to this effect: "We can't have you because your's is a business that must go ahead, and your work may require you just at the time we need you." When the lad was going away Mr. Jones noticed that he had lost some of his front teeth, and laughingly exclaimed: "That clinches the matter." He positively denies saying that printers were always "full" when wanted, or any words to that effect. On the contrary, he says, such printers as he has had any experience with have been steady men. He also objects to the adjective "flashy" being applied to him, but it may be explained that the word was not used in the objectionable sense which Englishmen attach to it, but rather as a playful designation.

The Ball Game on Barrack Square.

The Exhibition nine and the St. Johns played eight innings on the Barrack square Thursday afternoon, the score being 16, 6 in favor of the Exhibition club. Robinson and Kennedy were the battery for the St. Johns and Thomson and Jones for the winners. Clare Ferguson called balls and strikes in a long ulster, with the collar turned up, and a hat drawn well down, revealing little more than his mustache. Ex-Secretary Barker watched the bases in a spring overcoat, while his teeth chattered an unusual number of times as could be seen from the home plate. The Exhibition boys played all around the St. Johns, and the dozen or so spectators who saw the last inning gave a shivering exhibition that was never equalled in the days when the old Nationals and Shamrocks crossed bats on the square.

In Every Sense of the Word.

PROGRESS issued a paper on Saturday that was a credit to the enterprising proprietor in every sense of the word.—*St. John Sun*.

It Was a Close Shave.

A party of Americans visited Terminal City, Strait of Canso, last week and took carriages in order to see the country. One double seated carriage, drawn by a single horse, was going slowly along a road which skirts the top of an almost perpendicular bluff, sixty feet high, when the horse deliberately walked over. He did not shy or bolt, he simply walked, says Elliott, the driver. The driver and two of the occupants of the carriage jumped for their lives, but Mrs. Kellaher, a young married woman, failed to do so, and horse, carriage and woman turned over and over in a fearful tumble to the bottom of the bluff. Mrs. Kellaher was terribly bruised and it was feared that her spine was injured. How she escaped death is a marvel. The horse apparently escaped uninjured, and was at work the next day. The injured lady was taken on a litter to the Seaside Hotel, Port Mulgrave, for medical treatment.

Honor and Twenty-five Cents.

A large detachment from the guard of honor called on PROGRESS last evening about the time the steam ran down. They were very indignant at the officers for the way they had been treated in regard to passes for the exhibition. It was understood by them that season tickets were to be given to each man of the guard, but they received a single admission ticket only—worth 25 cents. Hence their indignation. One of them thought it was a pretty small piece of business, and said he didn't know he was going to lose a day's work for a 25 cent ticket, when he could have seen the show in the evening without losing any time.

PROGRESS understood Tuesday that the men were to receive single admission tickets only, for being in attendance in uniform, but it seems that those who composed the guard of honor didn't see it that way. If the officers of the Fusiliers want the men to respond promptly and willingly to duty's call, they will have to do better than 25 cents a head.

One Kind of an Omelette.

A French gentleman went to an hotel in New Glasgow, N. S., some time ago, and ordered an omelette for breakfast. The girl to whom he gave the order did not know what he meant, and so the landlady was called. She was equally ignorant, but a ray of light dawned upon her when the Frenchman explained: "Why, an omelette is made of eggs beaten together." Smiling pleasantly, the landlady made her exit, and presently the girl returned with a goblet containing three raw eggs well beaten together. The Frenchman finished his tea and toast, and then finished his breakfast at another house.

Salem Cadet Band.

The lower parlors at Willard's were crowded last evening to hear a concert by the Salem Cadet Band. The music furnished was one of the finest treats Washingtonians have ever heard. The band is one of the best in the country, and their selections were presented in a very novel manner. The ladies of the hotel gave the band a very large basket of Jacquemot and La France roses, and the audience applauded vigorously.—*Washington (D. C.) Chronicle*.

Concerts by above band under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor will be given at the Palace Rink on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday nights, and Monday and Tuesday afternoons.

An Example to be Followed.

The renovation of the Boyl monument in the Old Burial ground, and the raising and sodding of the ground in its vicinity, shows what a beautiful spot the ground might be made with a little care. If everybody who had an ancestor buried there would make some effort, no matter how small, to improve their particular lots, a very great change would be seen. As for the rest of the lots, the city might do something, now that it is not likely to be called on to provide a \$5,000 fence.

They Recognized It.

Two gentlemen from Bacowabac entered Machinery Hall yesterday and stood gazing in astonishment at the I. C. R. freight cars which were standing on the track. They appeared to be puzzled for a time but finally one of them brightened up and turning to his friend exclaimed, "I say, John, that must be electric railway we've heard so much about."

Who Stole Them.

Three five-pound boxes of candy were taken from Ganong Bros' section between Tuesday night and Wednesday morning. It was supposed that the building was protected against such risks, but the fact remains that the candy disappeared.

It Is Yellow and Garnet.

The *Sun* speaks of the colors of the canopy in Ganong Bros. section as old gold and turkey red. Mr. Ganong supposed they were yellow and garnet when he put them there, and thinks so yet. The *Sun* man should study up on colors.

New Books, all the latest, at McArthur's, 80 King street.

SO THE SHOW IS OPENED.

THE FIRST DAY'S PROCEEDINGS IS SEEN BY "PROGRESS."

How the Governor came to a Scene of Confusion—What Chairman Everett said to Him and what he said to Chairman Everett—Costumes of Some Celebrities.

So the big show is opened. Up to Tuesday, to the man who does not understand how they do these things in St. John, it did not look as though the curtain would rise at the hour named in the bills. On Monday there did not appear to be much of anything in the building, and though the exhibits began to come in on that day, no one imagined they could be put in shape in time for the opening on Wednesday. Car after car rolled into machinery hall with big boxes, bigger crates and all kinds of queer looking mechanism. Off it was all bundled, and there it lay scattered around the floor. Huge and clumsy looking combinations of iron and steel lay side by side with glassware and other fragile things, and there seemed to be a tangle which could be unravelled only by a week of work.

By Tuesday things were a little better, but still the prospect was such that strangers sneered, and expressed the opinion that the first of next week would be about the right time to see the exhibition in working order.

Which remark, of course, was prompted by ignorance or envy.

The last day having arrived, the exhibitors began to wake up, just as a man pays no attention to a three months' note until the day it is due. Then, a little before noon, he begins to hustle—and gets there.

The exhibitors hustled at the last moment, and they too got there, in a measure.

Pianos, printers, pictures, pottery, paints and putty, came tumbling in all day Tuesday, some of them in a rain which came down with such vigor that the roof of the building began to leak, and only prompt action saved one of the most handsome exhibits from irreparable damage. It was in the midst of this rain that some of the pianos arrived, and were yanked around in a way that ought to break a piano's heart. But they were there, and that was enough.

There was hammering, and sawing and running around all night long, and when morning came things looked a great deal better than they had looked the day before.

Which is not saying much by any means.

All hands worked hard in the morning. If they had begun about a week ago and used half as much energy, the governor and the ladies, to say nothing of the bedecked and bedizened officers of the staff, would have had a clean and quieter place in which to pose at the opening ceremonies.

The main hall, it is true, had been tidied up a little, but there was enough rubbish in the wings and around machinery hall to more than make up the average of a dirty and disorderly house.

The committeemen were afoot early dressed like McGinty in their best Sunday suits, and they walked around the grounds enjoying the glorious panorama of city, bay and harbor in the bright September sunshine. The morning was cold and some of them looked chilly. They might have enjoyed the glorious panorama more by staying in the building and looking out of the window, but for one reason.

Nobody had thought it worth while to have the windows washed, and it was pretty hard to see through them.

It was decidedly "fallish" as the hour of opening approached. The pure air and cool breezes so much sought after by American tourists were there in abundance. The guard of honor from the Fusiliers arrived about 9.30, under command of Lieuts. Sterling and McAvity. They were accompanied by a relief band of drums six and about an equal number of fifes. The soldiers were drawn up at line and stood at ease, awaiting the arrival of the governor. They had not brought their overcoats, and they looked cold. Some of them appeared to think they had made a mistake in losing half a day for the sake of getting a free admission to the show.

Then more people began to arrive, come of them who had good looking fall overcoats wore them, while those whose summer clothes looked better than their overcoats, buttoned up their garments and walked around to keep themselves warm. Some of them put their hands in their pockets and tried to appear happy. But they all looked cold, and they were cold.

The members of the council appeared to good advantage. The beaux of the occasion were Aids. Blizard, Peters and Allen. Aid. Blizard wore a fall overcoat with old gold kid gloves and a Prince Albert coat. The latter was buttoned close, so that it could not be determined whether the white waistcoat was underneath or not. The presumption was that it was discarded, out of regard to the autumn equinox, but later in the day it was found that it was still summer in that aldermanic calendar.

Ald. Peters wore light grey clothes,

spring overcoat to match, and newly ironed plug hat. Ornaments, gold and diamonds.

Ald. Allen wore a light spring overcoat. Prince Albert coat, light trousers. Ornaments, gold.

The governor's clock was a little slow, for it was a few minutes after ten when he and his gorgeously apparelled staff arrived. His Honor and party did not come in through the turnstile, but the big gates were thrown open so that the staff would have plenty of room to enter without hurting their pretty clothes.

His Honor Past Grand Worthy Patriarch Tilley, was escorted by the plank walk from the gate by Chairman Everett, Past Worthy Patriarch, followed by Grand Worthy Patriarch H. J. Thorne. Somebody asked if this was a turnout of Albion division, but the appearance of some well-known citizens a little later in the procession at once rebutted the presumption. The guard of honor presented arms, and did it well, the band played a lively jig, and the governor, followed by a dazzling galaxy of colonels, majors and captains in full uniform, entered the building. "Who are these in bright array?" was not played, but it should have been.

Then a trumpet was sounded, just as it is before Richard the Third rushes on the stage, sword in hand. His Honor did not rush however. He leisurely ascended the band stand, and stood there bare headed. The gentlemen who followed did likewise, with the exception of the military, who can wear their hats anywhere, even in bed if they wish.

The cool wind blew threw the open door and a good many civilians wished that they were officers and could wear hats until the speeches were over.

The people on the floor had an advantage in this respect, but the ladies had an advantage over all, for they could wrap up as they pleased, and had chairs into the bargain.

The carpenters were still hammering and sawing, and workmen were running around the floors and in the gallery when Chairman Everett stepped to the front, where the governor was already standing. Mr. Everett wore a Prince Albert coat and light trousers, no ornaments. The governor wore a similar costume, but his trousers were worn more in the "highwater" style. Probably he had an idea that the grounds and approaches were muddy.

Mr. Everett stepped to the front with a number of sheets of paper, from which he proceeded to read an address of welcome. He stood very straight, and his style gave the impression that he had gone over the speech very carefully beforehand, in the solitude of his chamber. The governor stood with one hand in the breast of his coat and a look of resignation on his face, while Mr. Everett hurled at him the well rounded sentences with which the address abounded. It was an exhaustive, not to say exhausting document. It traced the pedigree of the St. John exhibition back to the time of King Alfred, 886, and brought it down by the way of the Great Exhibition in London, in 1851, and the first local exhibition, to 10 a. m. on Wednesday, 24th September, 1890. It also dealt with the statistics of British commerce in the years 1700, 1786 and 1886. It talked in millions, but the governor's strong point is figures and he did not change a muscle despite of all that Mr. Everett fired at him. Then the document dealt with some of the attractions which, as it frequently remarked were "within these grounds," and after a reference to the public life of Sir Leonard and the honor the committee felt in having him present, it came to an end.

Then the governor took his hand out of his bosom, chased the look of resignation from his face and began a reply. Mr. Everett put one finger into the breast of his coat, struck an attitude and listened.

The governor, first of all, got even with the address by declaring that instead of the exhibition being honored by his presence he felt honored by being there. Then he went back to the time of the London Great Exhibition, and dwelt on Prince Albert's interest in the masses. After that he proceeded to business and referred to the school exhibits, holding out to the youth of the land the fact that good designers of patterns for cottons and carpets got from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. Then he referred to the Trinidad exhibit, and this led to a consideration of the McKinley bill and our need for an extension of our markets. Passing to agricultural matters. To the uninitiated, the governor's grasp of such things was simply appalling. He told us that an egg, viewed simply as an egg, was worth a cent. Well, that is cheap—very cheap. We have been paying 20 cents a dozen for them for some time past, but this fact would naturally come more under Lady Tilley's observation than under his. That egg, he went on to state, if hatched out into a chicken, would bring at least 25 cents, exported to the mother country, provided it had been well fed in the chicken stage.

(Continued on Page 4.)