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PROGRESS.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1890.

SOME PEOPLE OF NOTE.

AND OUT OF IT.

Other Countries-The Exhibition Was One to Miss.

tribute to his popularity. He has been in which he bears his misfortune. poor health for several years, but he called Professor Smith, of the Sackville educaname inscribed on the register.

sources of civilization," as he would say.

professionally, for the last twelve years. He says Trinidad is as healthy as any place in the world, if people will be temperate and take care of themselves.

Henry A. Whitney, mechanical superin- Mrs. Evans. tendent of the I. C. R., was around early, and saw the show before the crowd came. He is a thorough mechanic, and no wonder. He began at the foot of the ladder, and by

of Digby, who has been visiting the Ex-VISITORS PROMINENT IN THE SHOW hibition, in company with Father Daven- SOME OF THE SIGHTS THAT THE

port, recalls to his friends the many afflictions, which Mr. Ambrose has suffered, They Represented All Parts of Canada and although his cheerful face, and cordial of the Sights Which They Could Not Afford manner, show little sign of the trouble he has been called upon to endure. It is not One of the best known men of West- quite a month since his home was burned morland is William Hickman of Dorches- with all its contents, even his library, the a lively spot every afternoon and evening. ter. What ever is worth knowing of the collection of years, his furniture,-every- The sideshows and fakirs are all in full people, the business and the politics of the thing he possessed was consumed, In blast. Mackay's tent is the big outside county, he knows. When the electors ab- addition to this he has had serious illness attraction, and when the band begins to breviated his Christian name to "Bill," it in his family, and his friends cannot but Ipay it is for all the world like a circus. was out of no disrespect, but is rather a admire the patience, and fortitude with One can almost imagine he sees the horses

op PROGRESS, the other day, and had his tion institutions, has been a faithful attend- log cabin moose and bear show," where

man since the show opened. Dressed in exhibit, of which he is one of the judges. spruce boards, with a hole in the roof tull uniform, the rural visitors gaze at him Professor Smith returns to Sackville to-day. in wonder and admiration. He called on One genial face which is missed from the evening the show is lighted by a soli-PROGRESS yesterday.and brought Attorney among the I. C. R. officials who are seen tary torch, and resembles the stable of the General Blair with him. They saw the at the exhibition is that of Arthur Busby, press laboring to turn out the thousands of general passenger agent. He is still so ill the regular Saturday edition, and Mr. as to be unable to attend to office duties, sides the torch, the cabin contains a moose Blair had a new object lesson in "the re- and is but little better after a rest of two making a meal off a leafless tree; a black weeks in Nova Scotia. What Mr. Busby bear that stands on its hind legs and growls Edgar Tripp, the commissioner from needs is a rest of six months in some Trinidad, has lived on that island nineteen country where the railways have not fierce tiger cat on a high shelt, and an years, and has been ill but once in that reached. If long and faithful service entime. He has not had a doctor near him, titles a man to a holiday, he should have the animals with a long piece of Strait one.

T. E. Evans, I. C. R. chief clerk in Superintendent Pottinger's office, has been constantly employed in stirring up the visiting the exhibition, accompanied by animals so that the visitors will not be led

tant schools, Quebec, has been at the exhibiseemed specially interested in Machinery tion, greeting many old provincial Hall, and was viewing the printing office friends in his usual cordial manner. Dr. when PROGRESS met him. Mr. Whitney Harper is visiting his daughter. Mrs. reefer and a box of cigars, who wants every-Thomas E. Evans, of Moncton.

his merits alone has risen to the responsible the morning train on Monday, accom- self-only five cents for three shots, and panied by Mrs. Harris, and children. Mr. Harris displays the keen interest in an industrial exhibition, natural to a man of his commercial ability, and expressed to PROGRESS his unqualified approval of the display which he considered a credit to Canadians.

The sight of the Rev. John Ambrose, OUTSIDE OF THE SHOW.

CURIOUS MAY SEE.

Mackay's Miniature Circus- The Man Who Stirs up the Wild Beasts with a Lath through the tyranny of managers and the Edging-Other Things to be Seen, and all for Five Cents.

Across the street from the building is running themselves dizzy in a small ring. "Right this way gentlemen is the great ant at the international show, and express- you can walk inside for the small sum of Chief of Police Clark has been a busy ed himself greatly pleased with the school five cents. The log cabin is made of covered with cotton to let daylight in. In ordinary corner grocery man, when the horse is being put up for the night. Bewhen poked in the face with a stick; a old gentleman with long hair, who stirs up Shore coal. The long haired gentlemen is

the greatest curiosity of the lot. He is to believe that they have been borrowed Dr. John Harper, Inspector of Protes- from the British Columbia stuffed exhibit for the occasion. All for the small sum of five cents.

Then comes the young man with a large body to knock over any one of the red-head-Mr. C. P. Harris, of Moneton, came by ed McGinty family, or old McGinty him-

THE BANKER WAS PARALYZED. His Experience of the Ways of the Jocund

Native Ploughman. He was a banker of lineage old, and

block of mazerine blue, and he was forced awing lack of recognition of true merit, for which the average bank manager is so justly noted, to settle down in an obscure e, where he was the bright particular stat around which all the lesser constellations moved.

Once upon a time there was an agricultural fair in the village, and as usual, the country folk crowded into town and brought their families and likewise the first fatlings of their various flocks in the way of hens and ducks, geese and turkeys, and eke the fatted calf in the shape of pigs and squashes, and turnips and potatoes.

Now, our aristocratic triend honored the best and only hotel in the village with his presence, and daily decorated the table d' hote with his magnificent personality; and one awful day during the fair, behold there was seated by his side, a farmer-a coarse, rough, brutal, common farmer-who "ate with his knife, don't cher know by jove. and was just like one of his own blooming hogs."

Now, there happened to be fish for dinner and our bucolic friend partook of it liberally, and shovelled it into his capacious mouth with his knife.

In the fullness of time the horny handed son of toil wanted some butter, and so he licked his knife nice and clean, and plunged it to the hilt in the butter cooler, helped himself liberally and went on with his meal. And the banker glared at him an awful glare, and choked with silent fury. The butter disappeared like snow before the ardent rays of the spring sun, and the farmer reached for more.

But the banker reached too. Gently but firmly he laid his hand on

BY THE INCANDESCENT.

THE PRINTERS OF "PROGRESS" ARE HAPPY NOW.

An Outline of the Work Required to Get Any Idle Time-How Willing Workers Have Helped Matters Along,

Thousands of those who stop at PRO-GRESS office, fn machinery hall, wonder whether it is much work to get out two editions a day, or whether it is a good deal easier than it looks. They see the printers steadily at work amid what is at times almost a deafening uproar. They watch copy going in and proofs coming out, the making of the forms, and finally the issue of the paper itself. They naturally think it is a busy place, but only a few realize, just how busy it is.

The work begins at 7 o'clock in the morning, when the printers arrive, and is continued until the building is ready for closing at night. Nobody has much leisare in the meantime. The mechanical staff is put to its best efforts in order to come to time, afternoon and evening, while in the editorial room the preparation of copy goes on, even after the last form for the day has gone to press. There must be something for the compositors to start on in the morning.

Then, too, PROGRESS has a ,'style" of make-up which demands a certain number of display heads. These must be provided and, so far as possible the subject of the story must be of sufficient importance to warrant them. In the meantime exhibitors who have been promised notices are clamoring for them, telegrams are coming in and the table is littered with enough manuscript te fill every issue for a week. Out of all this a choice must be made, and some things have to be sacrificed. Hundreds of words of special telegrams are thrown away every day. For this issue at least 500 words are lying on the table and cannot be used. They are not important, and PROGRESS does not have the idea that because a despatch comes by wire it must be used, whether in

JUST HOW THE ENGINE JUMPED.

12 PAGES.

PRICE THREE CENTS

Mayor Sumner, of Moncton, Tells About His Personal Experience.

Mayor Sumner, of Moncton, was on the C. P. R. express when the engine was Out Two Editions a Day-Nobody Has wrecked at Anagance, Monday night. He told PROGRESS all about it yesterday.

"We were going along all right enough" he said, "when suddenly we felt a jar. I did not think anything of it, till the car I was in, which was a second class one, began to cant over to one side, when I made a rapid mental calculation as to the best way of getting out with the least delay. A man who was sitting beside me sprang towards a window, and I had enough presence of mind to grasp his arm and say : "' 'Look here, I think you're doing very well where you are !'

"The moment the car righted a little, I rushed out, and was just in time to see the engine and tender part, literally flinging the driver and firemen out into the soft mud. As they crawled out I went up to one of them, not knowing which was which. and said. 'Where is the driver ?' 'I don't know,' he answered in a dazed manner.

"I found out afterwards that he was the driver himself, but he was so thoroughly shaken up and confused that he did not know it.

"The stories about the marvellous manner in which the driver and fireman affected their escape by crawling from under the wrecked engine, are all untrue. If their escape had depended upon their own exertions, they would be lying stiff and cold under that engine now, for the suddenness of the smash prevented anyone from having time to think.

"Why, there were people in the rear cars, and they were full, that never knew there had been an accident, but I tell you it was enough to give a man a chill to look back, up that track and see the engine lying there, on its side and think what we had escaped and where we might have been."

position he holds to-day.

There was a kind of a "cross" on the telephone and elsewhere Friday, un which the names of James Reynolds, treasurer of the exhibition and W. K. Reynolds, of PROGRESS, got very much mixed. More than that a prominent merchant in rushing a cheque for \$500 to the exhibition man made it payable to the newspaper man. The latter tailed to secure the sanctum.

amongst the singers at Friday evening's concert the genial face and stalwart form of Mr. J. H. Wetmore, leader of the Methodist choir. Mr. Wetmore shook hands with PROGRESS, and when asked what he thought of the exhibition drew a long breath and responded in his best baritone, "It's immense." Mr. Wetmore returned to Moncton on Saturday evening.

at Moncton, took advantage of the holiday on Friday to visit the exhibition. Mr. Irons is justly proud of Moneton's school not people. exhibit and returns home nerved for greater exertions in training the youthful mind.

Mr. B. Eaton Paterson, of the Sackville Post is taking in the exhibition. He made an exhaustive survey of all interesting features on Friday morning, dividing his attention with true chivalry between exhibition notes and the charms of many fair maidens present. Mr. Paterson showed great interest in the printing office and press.

Mr. W. Cowling, of the firm of W. Cowling & Co., Moncton, was also encountered in machinery hall on Friday, leaning gracefully over the red, white and blue balcony surrounding the Cranston press, and watching the folder with interest. Mr. Cowling is one of the most. promment of Moncton's young merchants, and is at the head of a large business at an age when most youths are junior clerks.

taking an interested view of the exhibition on Saturday afternoon, under the guidance of Rev. J. M. Davenport.

Another prominent stranger of the clerihonor of shaking hands with, was the Rev. B. W. Roger Taylor, of Southern Cali-

pins, foreign bootblacks of a chocolate color surrounds an al fresco entertainment, and after it. car-mileage department, was strolling their names in the register of visitors. decidedly unpleasant for the ladies in quesand the Italian with his vera nica fortune | PROGRESS doubts if they missed any of the He Enjoyed the Joke Himself. Among the newspaper men who were tion through the exhibition Saturday afternoon, telling birds, all running to the tune of usual discomforts connected with a genuine Rev. S. Gibbons, of Parrsboro, conducted around PROGRESS office, Monday night, accompanied by two stalwart scions of the They are Respectable Thieves. "Johnny, get your gun," by the blind man picnic. Calm. in the midst of strife, they the service in the Episcopal church, Truro, were Stewart, of the Chatham World; house of Campbell. He said half of Mone Three canes have disappeared from the ate their wittles, and laughed and chatted on the street piano. a Sunday or two ago, and after evensong ton had intended coming down that day Owen, Charlottetown Examiner; Brennan, Trinidad exhibit, and other exhibitors with a cheerful abandon delightful to witbut it poured rain, and so they didn't; Summerside Journal, and Woodworth, of a representative of PROGRESS had the Not Their Agent complain of petty losses. It is believed ness. Bless you my children! May you pleasure of supping with him at one of the Errors and omissions sometimes occur and then PROGRESS chuckled to think that the Parrsboro Leader. the thieves are not roughs or boys, but in newspapers which are misleading to say be happy ! hospitable mansions of that town. Mr. F. S. Thompson, M. P., of Fredericton, Moncton people could no longer poke fun alleged respectable people, who think it no at St. John, when they have rain and we was rambling about on Monday evening, the least. In PROGRESS' plan of the inter-Gibbons related with much gusto that he They Saw the Elephant. harm to carry away a souvenir, even if doing the exhibition thoroughly, and show- ior of the building with the list of exhibihad come out of the church wearing his About 8,800 people visited the show, have fine weather. they have to steal it. C. A. Palmer, Secretary of the Moneton ing a practical thirst for information anent tors, W. H. Thorne & Co. figured as the cassock, just as two Truro girls were passing Tuesday, and many of them returned home Appreciate the Go Ahead Style. by. "Oh, what a guy !" exclaimed one. School Board, was encountered by PRO- all he saw. When PROGRESS saw him he agents of Henderson, Potts & Co., of by the night trains. Some of them brought The St. John Bicycle Club, in uniform, GRESS on Tuesday, casting a loving eye was inspecting the carriages and feeling Halifax, who have their exhibit adjoining "Shoot him!" replied the other. The luncheons and stayed in the building all visited PROGRESS office Wednesday evening, clergyman got a new impression of the over his city's school exhibit, around which | thoroughly satisfied with the exhibit from | Messrs. Thorne & Co.'s space. This firm day. A few of the rural residents had to get and gave the establishment three rousing rising generation of girls, but his sense of is, but one of many, the good customers fresh luncheons on the way to the trainthe Moncton people cluster even as flies his native city. cheers and a tiger. They are a go-ahead humor prevented him from deriving any-Chief Superintendent of Education of Henderson, Potts & Co. in St. John, around a honey jar. Mr. Palmer was acof the kind that go in flasks. thing but enjoyment from the comments on crowd themselves and can appreciate a paper that gets along in the same style. Crocket, took a comprehensive view of the and not their agents. companied by two charming young memhis appearance. Pictures, Fancy Goods, Novels, Room bers of his staff of teachers, and looked school exhibit, yesterday afternoon. New Books, all the latest, at McArthur's, Paper and Stationery. Very Cheap at Port Box Paper from 10 to 50 cents a box, at Paper and Envelopes for 5c. per quire, land News Depot, Main street. (Continued on Lage 4.) 80 King street. McArthur's 80 King street. at McArthur's, 80 King street, perfectly happy.

Rev. W. W. Brewer, now of Charlottetown, started for the exhibition grounds about 2 o'clock Monday, but he met so many it, and so Saturday was not a holiday in friends who wanted to shake hands and talk with him, that it was a good deal Moncton people felt proud to recognize later than that when he reached the grounds.

> Detective Skeffington, of the I. C. R., was taking a look around on Tuesday and if he saw half as much as he usually sees on an excursion, there was not much that escaped his eyes.

John McKenzie, Secretary of the Moncton Sugar Refining Co., was in the Exhibition building on Tuesday, taking his time Mr. Irons, principal of the Central school to see everything. Mr. McKenzie finds that the morning is the best time to visit the show if one wishes to see things and

Rev. J. R. Narraway sauntered through the building Tuesday.

J. L. Black, of Sackville, was in the exhibition building on Saturday. Mr. Black was returning from the Toronto exhibition, and while he could not quite say that St. John was ahead of that enterprising city, he thought we compared very favorably with Toronto in many features of our "World's Fair."

Hon. W. S. Fielding, provincial secretary of Nova Scotia, looked over the exhibits Tuesday morning. Hon. J. W. Longley was also present.

A. E. Killam, of Moncton, attends the exhibition in company with Mrs. Killam. Gordon Livingston, of Weldford, Kent, a survivor of the "Old Guard" of the Saint John newspaper men of a quarter of a century ago, called on PROGRESS last Tuesday and spoke in warms terms of The Rev. John Ambrose, of Digby, was the future of the maritime provinces. R. E. Gosnell, of the British Columbia exhibit is a newspaper man, and was formerly connected with the News-Advertiser, of Vancouver.

at a "coon" when there was no chance of the main stair cases, took out their lunch paces, put her hand in her pocket and cal profession whom PROGRESS had the Hon. George E. Foster, minister of killing him, and the crowd was slow to take baskets and tea cups and proceeded to in clear, cold tones. found her purse gone. It contained \$10. finance, visited the building Tuesday. advantage of the great inducements offered enjoy a picnic with as much gusto as in "It is rum-Jamaica rum-that's what: Sir Henry Tyler, president of the Grand She at once retraced her steps and found by the short "shouter" with a handful of they were resting beneath the shade of the it is.' her two chance acquaintances had disaptornia, who has been spending a long Trunk Railway, in company with William tickets for the side show. forest primeval. There is not the slightest There was a chorus of "oh, oh, oh !" as Wainwright, assistant manager, was at the peared. The matter was then placed in holiday in Canada, and is at present in Then there are a dozen minor attractions doubt that they were enjoying all Bohethe lady stalked away. But the glass was exhibition Monday night. Both gentlemen the hands of Detective Ring, who thinks St. John. such as throwing rings on a board full of mian freedom from conventionality that empty when Mr. Tripp returned to look Mr. John Campbell, of the 1. C. R. stopped at PROGRESS office and recorded he is on the right scent, and will make it

every time you knock 'em down you get a "good cigar-a good three hours puffing. The wind got a lap on all competitors, Tuesday afternoon, and blew the whole family down, rack and all. The wind should have been given a cigar, and after three hours puffing at it, there would have been no danger of another blow down. The cigar would have knocked all the force out of a much stronger wind than was blow-

ing Tuesday. An old gentleman with one leg, a plug hat and a display of medals across his breast, that bears a striking resemblance to the tin plate department of a hardware store, occupies the next stand. From the number of medals he wears, one would judge that he is the champion fakir of America, and has lost a leg in the service. He has a small pawn shop displayed to the view of his audience, with numbers on all the articles, which probably correspond to those held by the unfortunates who bung them up. It is evidently a branch of a first-class institution, for the stock comprises watches, lockets, revolvers, and other articles "too numerous to mention." All anybody who wants any of these articles has to do is to lean over a covered pole-in which he has the assistance of a curious crowd-and cover one of a number of circulars, by pitching round pieces of tin upon them. There is a charge for this privilege. This show is an elaborate atfair, with the picture of the Battle of the Alma in the background, in which the soldiers are all going at a 2.40 gait, and keeping wonderful step, while the front is decorated with quotations from her majesty, Queen Victoria.

There was a "nigger with his head in hole in the canvas" show in operation the other day, but it wasn't much of a success. At first the hole in the canvas was'nt large enough, and when the public was accomo dated in this respect, it was found that the nigger was a little nervous and drew his head away too quick, and business was

dodger was on hand again, with a base ball

that agriculturist's arm, and remarked in clear incisive tones.

"My friend, there is a butter knife there, you had better use it."

The farmer turned round slowly, looked the banker calmly over for an instant, and inquired solemnly.

"Be you a eatin' this ere butter, or be I?'

It took two pounds of burnt feathers and a pint of aromatic ammonia to restore the panker to consciousness; and then he had to be helped down to the office, and the office boy spent halt the morning fanning

HEAVY-WEIGHT RECORD BEATEN

Stranger Does It-Ira Cornwall's Weight and C. H. Smith's Height.

A mysterious stranger from the United States, stepped on the Howe scale, in W H. Thorne's exhibit, Tuesday night, and beat the record with a weight of 2941 bounds. He did not give his name, and Perkins could not find it out.

Ira Cornwall has run a good deal of flesh off of himself by his average walking gait of six miles an hour since the Exhibition was decided upon, so it is only a wonder that he registers 139 to-day.

Everybody knows that C. H. Smith who sells PROGRESS to St. Stephen people, s a pretty tall man. The standard puts his height at just 6 feet 35% inches. and he weighs 1491/2 pounds.

W. H. Rourke relieves St. Martins of a weight of 156 pounds, every time he comes to St. John.

The woman's record was distanced. Wednesday, by a St. John lady. who howed an avoirdupois of 2691% pounds. W. G. Colville, who says Spooner's copperine is the best lubricant on earth, weighs 212 pounds.

They Were Perfectly Happy.

One of those touches of nature which go far towards bringing the human family dull. Wednesday the great American together and making the whole world kin, was witnessed last evening at tea time, mask on, but people seemed to think when a picnic party of six settled down that there was no satisfaction in throwing in a sheltered and retired spot on one of

is of any value or not. The compositors will be glad when the show is over. They have worked faithfully day and night, and at times under conditions that were enough to make them more than physically tired.

The great difficulty in doing the night work on PROGRESS last week was the want was not always steady and was quite insufficient for fast work by the printers. out the establishment, including the editorial room, with the clear, soft and beautiful incandescent light. All who have had any experience with it need not be told that it is as near perfection as any artificial illumibe satisfied with it would be very hard to suit-in fact, he could not be suited this

side of the sun itself.

Electrician Dennis, and all the men connected with the Calkin company have been very busy since the show opened. They had some difficulties to overcome at the outset and they succeeded in their efforts. While the arc light may not be just the thing for a printing office, nothing better could be desired for the big halls of for all purpose of the exhibition, and it has been run without a serious "hitch" from the opening day to the present time. But the incandescent is the indoor light

How They Worked the Game.

Yesterday a lady sat down to rest on one of the chairs near the art gallery. While she was resting, two other "ladies" came and seated themselves, one on each side of her, entering into conversation in the most affable manner. Suddenly one drew her attention to something at her right, and at the same moment the fother showed her some most interesting object on her left. A short time afterwards the victim arose, and, after walking a few

And his worship took out his delicate cream colored silk handkerchief and wiped his brow at the mere thought of it.

SHE RECOGNIZED THE SMELL.

But the Other Ladies Had Thought it Was A Very Nice Cordial.

Commissioner Tripp, of the Trinidad exhibit, took a great deal of trouble while he was here, to explain the resources of a good light. The arc lamp provided of the island to visitors. Mel. McLeod, who has been assisting him, has been equally energetic, but between times has called This week the Calkin company has fitted attention to the purity of his own domestic truit syrups. In the Trinidad section are specimens of a beverage known as Siegart's Bouquet." which PROGRESS is informed. is a very genial cordial indeed. Mr. Tripp had one or two sample bottles of this, from nation can be. The man who would not which an occasional wine glass was offered those who could appreciate a good thing when they found it.

During one of the nights when there was a crush a number of ladies tasted of the fruit syrups, sought their friends and brought them back to sample it. During one of the intervals, Mr. Tripp had poured out a wineglassful of the "Bouquet," for a visitor, but being called away for a mo ment, left it standing on the shelf. In the meantime the ladies returned, and seeing the building. It has been amply sufficient the glass, supposed it had been left for thent.

"What kind of syrup is that?" asked

"I am not quite sure," replied another. "It smells queer, but"-and she took a sip-"it is very nice. Try it."

"Well, that is nice," said another, "but don't you think it is a little strong? I wonder if they use molasses. It tastes like

"It isn't fruit wine, is it ?" asked another with a look of alarm.

Just then a dignified lady member of the W. C. T. U. came along and was appealed to in regard to the beverage. She lifted the glass, took a smell, then a taste. Then she straightened up to her full height, cast a severe look on the party, and exclaimed

of the future.