

ALL IS QUIET.

The Big Show Ends This Morning.

AN AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.

The Fakirs and Their Catch Pennies.

THE EXPERIENCE OF TWO REAL COUNTRYMEN.

One of Them Charges Through the Gate and the Other Spent His Time and His Cash At the Barrack Green—The Balloonists and Their Fate.

While there have been no 10,000 or 7,000 days attendance at the exhibition this year, the patronage has been regular, and there have been more four and five thousand days than the previous record showed.

The grumblers are about as usual, and it may be that they have some straws to snatch at this year, but they are like the men who think they can run newspapers better than the editor. They would like to try their hand at exhibitions; they know how it should be done, and how they would do it, but the minute there is a chance that they will be called upon for some assistance in the shape of committee work, they have nothing to say and are hard to find.

No doubt there can be improvements made in the management of the show. The directors themselves are conscious of that and it will be in order later to point out where some changes can be made with advantage to the exhibition and the people, but this is not the time. For the present, instead of being too critical, there should be an unanimous agreement upon the fact that the second annual exhibition of the association has been a success so far as it went. It only lacked the agricultural department to make that success overwhelming.

The displays made by the city merchants were grand, and although the same goods can be seen in their stores day after day, the arrangement of them in their spaces in the exhibition building was for effect. The several spaces occupied by large city firms gave a splendid idea of their business and must have proved a good advertisement, for thousands stood around them looking at and admiring the goods.

There has been a good deal of discussion about the special attractions, and opinion seems divided whether it is the correct thing to have a number of small shows, to which there is an admission fee, within the grounds of the association. The directors think, of course, that it is, or they would not have done it. They say that there is money in the "special" for them, and that the people do not mind paying an extra ten cents to see such an attraction as "Linns," or the rooster and the dog and minstrel show. Mr. Cornwall assures PROGRESS that he heard no complaint, and that the association only followed the usual practice is asking an extra admission fee.

That is true beyond a doubt, but it would be much better in PROGRESS' opinion either to make the general show so excellent that "specials" would not be necessary or to obtain the specials and let the people see the whole show for the first admission charge. Mr. Cornwall laughed when this suggestion was made, and said that the association could not be so generous, and that much of their income came from the special attractions.

While there has not been the same enthusiasm as there was a year ago it could not be expected. A new show always takes better than one that has played before in the same town. But there have been enough people in town to make the exhibition a success. Business has been turned around to some extent, and a slackness in certain quarters can be attributed to the fair; on the other hand among the pleasure seekers there have been buyers and many merchants have made gratifying additional sales.

The provincial people have had an opportunity to come to the commercial centre of the province for small cost and very many of them have combined pleasure with business. In PROGRESS own case scores of its friends and patrons have called, some on business, others in a social way. If they were as glad to come as they were welcome the meeting was pleasant and profitable.

The chances are that the exhibition will prove a financial success. That will be desirable for the sake of the future.

A BAD YEAR FOR BALLOONS.

Why One Part of the Exhibition Programme Was Not Carried Out.

About the only feature of the exhibition that was not carried out as advertised was the balloon ascension. Nevertheless the directors got enough information about

balloons, parachutes and sky sailors generally to write a book. This has been a great year for balloonists. The directors of the exhibition had 25 or 30 of them on a string, and got enough pointers to know just how business in the balloon line is. It has been remarkable for furnishing employment for doctors and undertakers, and as a large number of the sky sailors had passed into the hands of these gentlemen before the dates advertised for the St. John exhibition, it was with difficulty that the directors were enabled to give visitors to the show a chance to even gaze upon a balloon and see what one looked like. However, this was accomplished and everyone who visited the exhibition was enabled to have a close inspection of the big gas bags. They were on exhibition for three days, and found as many admirers as any other exhibit inside the fence or buildings.

Although the directors were in correspondence with over 25 balloon men, they received very little more encouragement than a heap of letters containing graphic descriptions of accidents of all kinds could give. One man who promised to be here to make an ascent was killed, another had a number of bones broken, and the others to whom inducements were offered wrote back saying that they were in a somewhat similar condition, and couldn't come. So the directors abandoned that part of the programme. The Claymore people, however, had decided to make ascensions on their own account, and when they learned that there were to be no other balloons on the ground, made arrangements for parachute drops. But the fog and wind had something to say about the matter, and Prof. Spencer did not get a chance to look down upon the people of St. John.

Tuesday everything was satisfactory except the fog. The balloon was all ready to go up at the expense of the exhibition association, and the professor signified his willingness to sail through the mist. The directors went to the building to have a meeting. When they reached the door they turned to look at the balloon, but it was out of sight. There was enough fog between it and the exhibition building to make it invisible, although President Everett had his spectacles on as usual. It was decided to let the balloon remain on exhibition, as it was thought that the people would be better pleased to gaze upon it until nightfall than to see it mysteriously disappear.

Wednesday there was no fog. His fogship had evidently been working hard, and put the wind "on" as a substitute. The Claymore people, not being able to carry out their contract with the association, decided to make an ascent on their own account, and had the balloon filled. It rolled around in good shape for some time for the amusement of a large number of people, until it struck a rock, was torn from bottom to top. Everybody in that large crowd on the green said something with an exclamation mark after it, and the amateur photographers who had everything in readiness to take a snap shot, bundled up their machines, while the people looked on and smiled. If the professor had made an ascent Wednesday, it is quite probable that the managers of the Halifax exhibition would have received a letter similar to some of those received by the directors of the St. John show, and St. John would have contributed one to the long list of disabled aeronauts.

A COUNTRY CHARGER.

His Grand Break Through the Gate, and the Way He Got Over Obstructions.

Three large-sized countrymen who came down on the excursion Wednesday did not fully agree with the I. C. R. management in regard to the necessity of a gate and brace of officers in the depot. Shortly before the western train went out, they wanted to get through, but the officers did not comply with their request. So they retreated about fifteen feet, and held a council of war, during which it was evidently decided to make a charge on the gate equalling that of the famous light brigade. The only difference was that there was nothing light about the charger on this occasion. He was a strapping big countryman, several sizes larger than officer Collins, and the latter is no relation to Tiny-mite whatever.

The charger stood some distance away from the gate so as to get a good start. Then he made a break, and went through the gate with the speed of a locomotive. Officer Stevens reached out to catch him, but it was no use. He only caught a handful of wind. The man was past him like a shot, but the officers saw that it was a well planned effort to defy the laws of the depot, and started in pursuit. The charger did not look back, but went like the wind down the train shed. A crowd of people who were showering a bridal party with rice fell back to allow him to pass. One young man, however, had his back turned towards the speedy countryman, and although he was directly in his way was unaware of his approach. The charger was going at a terrific rate. Nothing could stop him. To go around the young man would throw

him out of his course, and lose time; to run against him would give the officers a decided advantage. There was nothing for the countryman to do, but to jump over the obstruction. And this he did. He made a grand leap through the air with the intention of jumping clear over the young man's head. But he missed his mark, and landed on the victim's shoulders. Down went the two of them on the floor of the train shed, and the charger was on the bottom of the heap, pretty well bruised up. The young man was unhurt, although somewhat surprised and frightened. The countryman, however, lost no time, but picked himself up and started off again on his wild career. He ran the length of the train shed, and out into the yard. People who saw him disappear into the darkness say he was running at such a speed that he is probably going yet.

HE SAW ALL THE SHOW.

It Cost Him a Few Dimes, but the Countryman Was Satisfied.

"Afore I left home, Bill Watkins told me as how I'd better take a few dollars along for incidentals if I wanted to see all the show," said a countryman in the depot the other evening while waiting for the train to take him home again after seeing the sights of exhibition week.

"You know Bill, he's up to Teronter this fall," he continued, "and what Bill don't know ain't worth knowin', because he's travelled, you see. He said all them special attractions, as they calls them, was extras, and I guess he's about right. But by gosh a fellar do get the worth of his money, and what's the good of comin' down if a fellar ain't goin' to have a gude time. Gosh, I didn't stop at the expense."

"When I went down to the exhibition, first thing I seen was a crowd around a black fellar, with his head out through a hole in a canvass. And blamed if they wasn't pegin' base balls at his head, and the fellar wanted to pay anybody what would kill him. I offered to do it with a club, but the fellar said what I was too comical to live anywhere but in the backwoods, and commenced blowin' what I couldn't hit the nigger with one of them balls if I tried all night. Gosh darned, I can't never take a bluff like that, especially when a fellar's had as much practice as I've had firin' stones at cows and crows and such; so I took a shot, but the coon dodged just when the ball's goin' to hit him. I took some more, till I found I's have to break a quarter dollar or stop, so I stopped.

"I didn't get out of the crowd afore a fellar asked me if I didn't want to see all the wild animals of the forest for ten cents; and as I'm very much interested in wild animals, I went in. They had a moose in there what was as much overgrown as Deacon Smith's younger son, and blamed if he ain't a regular whopper for his age. They had a lot more animals what I intended to remember, but blamed if I ain't seen so much since I come down what I can't remember nothin'.

"I never seen sitch a number of fellars wantin' to show me things afore. Why, I didn't get out the tent till a fellar shouted out what he give any man a cigar what would knock down one of the McGinty family, and as I can smoke a cigar with the next one, and there didn't seem to be any chance for the McGinty family to dodge, blamed if I didn't take three shots for five cents. But I didn't hit any 'em, though, and the fellar wanted me to try my hand again, but the deacon told me onct that the deeper a fellar gets inter a thing of this kind the harder it is to get out, so I just shied off.

"I didn't turn round before I saw a fellar in a white coat, shouting at the top of his voice, and pulling a bell what was on the box where he was standin'. I suppose you've seen all them pictures they had, well he was a lecturin' on all them and two fellars in skin tight and ordinary lookin' hosses. Gosh! I thort that show must knock Barnum all holler, so I went in, but there was nothin' there as I could see, except a alligator in a box what all the boys was spittin' on, and as I don't chew tobacco I dropped a stone on him, and blamed if he didn't give the box a thump that made me shiver. One of the show fellars said he'd fire me out if I didn't keep quiet and leave the animals alone, and bein' as I am a stranger in these parts I said nothin', but as we two may meet again some day, and I'll know him by his red face.

"There wasn't nothin' in that show but a lot of spy glasses such as the minister has on his parlor table, and a six-legged sheep what was lyn' down all the time so's you couldn't see how many legs it had. Then the two fellars in skin tight come in and did some tricks, but gosh! them fellars orter see my young brothers doin' acts in the back garden. I didn't think much of that show because there wasn't anything to think much about, so I and went out, and thought I'd go straight to the exhibition. But blessed if I got out of the tent before I heard a fellar callin' at me to come and kill another coon. I steered clear of him, but

there's another McGinty family, as they calls them, next to him, and as they seemed more numerous than the last one I tried. I thort I might as well win a cigar. I knocked one down the first shot, and the fellar give me a cigar, but I didn't have any more.

"I went away, and as the ticket office was right handy bought a ticket for the exhibition. Just as I left the winder I seen another McGinty family, but I steered clear of them, because they looked pretty much like the other ones. I guess the McGintys must be away ahead of the Smiths down here in St. John, but up our way the Smiths is in the majority.

"There's another fellar with a lot of canes on a board, and anybody what threw a ring over one of them for five cents got it. I had a throw, but the rings didn't do nothin' but fall down between the canes and I didn't get one. While I was doin' this I heard the band play and a fellar lecturin' about the things inside the two big tents what was behind him. He said it was all for ten cents, so I went in. It was a bang up show too. There was a fellar with the greatest stumnick what ever I saw, for he eat glass and tin and drunk oil or anything they gave him; then there was a woman eatin' fire, and a lot of other things which the fellar told all about, before we went into the other tent. It was a great big one filled with chairs and people, and there was a performance on the stage what knocked spots off everything. Blamed if I didn't stay in there till dark, and then I went back to the boardin' house, because I thought they might get anxious about me, and besides I left my valise there.

"After tea I went down again, but I took the other side of the street, and there was a fellar blowin' away at a tin whistle with a bird onto the end of it, so I thought I'd buy a couple of them for the young kids at home. Anyhow I was bound to get to the exhibition, so I steered straight for it, and went in through the gate, and there was the picture of Linus what I seen in the advertisements. I thought I'd go in to see him, but the man said ticket please, and I had to go out and buy one. I seen him, and he's no bob tail nag I can tell you.

"Then I went into the buildin'. There's a crowd stand around a machine with rubber things stuck in all their ears, and a man what I asked said I could do it too if I paid five cents. So I did, and the machine played a tune what knocked our brass band all out of time.

"It's no use of me tellin' you all I seen at the exhibition," said the countryman, as he gave his valise a push under the seat. "You have probably been there, but blamed if I didn't see everything, and come to think it must have cost somethin', but I guess I got my money's worth. Let us just figure up for the fun of the thing," and he pulled out a memorandum book decorated with advertisements and a cigar lead pencil. This is what he wrote down:

Kill the coon.....	05
Wild animals of the forest.....	05
McGinty family.....	05
Tent with all the pictures.....	10
McGinty family.....	05
The fellow with the canes.....	05
The big tent show.....	10
Linus.....	10
Photograph.....	05
Rooster Orchestra.....	05
Minstrel.....	10
Wild animals (in the yard).....	10
The show with the clown (across the street).....	10
Ticket for exhibition.....	25
	\$1.35

"There you are," said the sight seer, "it took that much to see the show without spending anything up town. But it was worth it, and I don't grumble. I had a good time while I was here, except one night when I thort I was going to die."

"What was the matter with you?"

"Oh! I just smoked the cigar I got for knockin' down one of the McGinty family."

THE MAYOR AND MR. CORNWALL.

His Worship Accused Mr. Cornwall of Shirk and Rouses his Indignation.

Mr. Ira Cornwall is a busy man but just now and for the past two weeks "busy" does not express his mental and physical activity. Half past six in the morning finds him with a broom in his hand in the exhibition building setting a good example to his workers in preparing the place for the day. He usually has a quick two hours of it before breakfast. A few mornings ago he was busier than ever, and had failed to find time even to eat before he saw the newspapers to distribute the paragraphs and announcements for the day.

He was not in the best humor, therefore, when passing Chubb's corner, Mayor Peters chided him with idling up town while President Everett did the work in the building. Cornwall's breath vanished for a minute but when it came again he sailed for his worship in great style, and there was a lively war of words. Mayor Peters reiterated that Mr. Everett was doing the work that Mr. Cornwall was paid to do.

The humor of T. A. Peters accusing him of loafing did not seem to impress itself upon Mr. Cornwall so much as the injustice. He reminded Mr. Peters that he was the only man who had raised his voice in opposition when the question of salary came up. Considerable amusement was afforded the crowd and much satisfaction, for the truth was laid out without varnish by the indignant secretary.

Mayor Peters made a mistake, a fact he appreciates by this time no doubt.

TALKED DOWN A DRUM.

The Oratory of a Colored Shouter for "a Kill the Coon" Show.

An amusing incident occurred down at the side shows one day this week, that proved the voice more powerful than a bass drum. A colored fakir who does the shouting for a "kill the coon" show owned the voice, and Weston's great dime delusion, the drum. The colored man was more than eloquent on that particular day, and had one of the largest crowds around his lot than any of the fakirs had been favored with. The Weston show people on the contrary had to confine their remarks about the wonders to be seen within to a few small boys who gazed admiringly at the pictures. The Weston shouters looked at the colored man's crowd with envy, and at last decided to make an attack upon it and endeavor to draw it to the pictures further down the street. So the chief shouter and the clown with the base drum advanced upon the mob, and when in the middle of it, the orator began to talk, and the clown gave a selection on the base drum. The colored shouter looked on for a moment with a little surprise, then he got to work to astonish the Weston representatives. He proceeded to talk down the opposition orator, base drum and all, and he was a howling success. All the wit, humor and gall of the African race was introduced into his oration, and it was delivered in a tone of voice that would have made the Partridge Island orator blush. But he got there in good style. He talked the Weston people out of sight; for after many attempts to renew the attack against the colored man's oratory the Weston orator stole away, followed by the clown with the base drum, while the crowd applauded the African, and "another man took a shot."

BENEVOLENT MR. RILEY.

He Thinks That His Charitable Efforts Are Not Appreciated.

Among the callers at PROGRESS office this week was Mr. Riley of City road. Mr. Riley deals in coal, and his christian name is Edward.

He figured in PROGRESS last week as a hand organ proprietor. That and some other remarks made in the paragraph in question did not agree with Mr. Riley's sentiments, and he called upon the editor for right and justice and everything else he could get.

Before he left the office he told his story. One would be inclined, according to his version, to think that Mr. Riley was the benevolent friend of a group of ingrates, who were now trying to damage his spotless reputation.

Mr. Riley first demanded the name of the debtor who had so maligned him. Not succeeding in that, he began to tell how this was the second hand organ man he had set up in business, and he had got nothing but abuse for his benevolence. The name of his first charity was Campbell, according to him. Mr. Campbell was blind, and when the church and others had assisted him to the best of their means, Mr. Riley stepped in. "It would have been an easy matter to have sent the man to the poor house," said Mr. Riley, "but I did not do that. I bought a hand organ and asked him if he did not want a job. His hand organ would cost him nothing, and he would be in a position to earn his living. Campbell accepted Riley's benevolence and made a success of it. "He earned \$130 in three months, and now he says I robbed him."

Mr. Ryder, was also set up in business by Mr. Riley, and the facts were told by PROGRESS. The free advertisement was not appreciated by Mr. Riley who also objects to being called a "fakir." This is only natural, and PROGRESS makes a note of it.

Back From Halifax.

"Manager Tom" Crockett has his new title on account of his trip to Halifax with the Y. M. C. A.'s. They had a good time. The attendance was not so good as the Halifaxians would have liked for. They dropped about \$50 on the visit. Mr. Crockett spoke about the exhibition, and said the absence of any side shows made it appear dull. The fact that he and a number of the boys came to the conclusion that a certain section of the town along the water front would be the better for a fire need not be regarded as evidence of any incendiary origin but they speak of it now as a curious coincidence.

RESULTS ARE SATISFACTORY.

The Directors of the Opera House Are Not Grumbling.

The opera house has been open two weeks today, and PROGRESS has been at some pains to ascertain how the directors are satisfied with the results so far. There are some people who imagine that the house cannot be run on the patronage it has had, but according to the directors the receipts of the house could fall considerably below those of this week before there would fail to be something in it for the opera house and the lessee. Of course the profits of the latter will always depend upon his expenses. At some seasons of the year it costs a good deal of money to secure but an average company, while at other seasons the same amount would bring a stellar attraction.

PROGRESS suggested to one director that a mistake was being made in making all the seats in the orchestra, back to the doors, seventy-five cents. He was inclined to agree with this view, but said there were arguments on both sides. At any rate it was quite evident that the directors were inclined to discuss the matter. Some of them have always favored the general and popular prices of fifty cents and a quarter, while others hold that the present prices are not too large for such a house.

"When we consider the counter attractions in town we are well satisfied with the attendance," was the answer to PROGRESS' query. "The exhibition and half dozen other shows each has its crowd, and all tell to a certain extent upon the patronage of the opera house. The building has, however, given general satisfaction, and there is not much doubt that it will pay to always have something going on in it. That is our intention at least, and we think it can be done."

While as much was not said, this would seem to point to a regular stock company.

A Case for Investigation.

The attention of the board of health is directed to the new school building recently opened on the Bridge road. PROGRESS has had something to say about this structure before, something about the way it was built and what it cost the school board. If all reports are true, and they could not come from more reliable sources the present condition of the place is likely to cost the people something that they hold dearer than money—the health, perhaps the lives of their children.

When the building was opened some of the talkers said they were proceeding upon the economical system, and could not build a sewer from the building this year. Economy did not seem to trouble them a great deal when they were rebuilding the old house for, according to the reports of carpenters then, they went about it in the most expensive fashion. But that is neither here or there at present. The facts are enough to warrant a visit from the inspector of the board of health, and the sooner he gets there and his report is acted upon, the better it will be for the health of the children. There is no wish to alarm the people unnecessarily, but it is the right of any parent to make an inspection himself. Already one or two of the children are ill with fever, and it can be traced to no other cause.

A Young Mesmerist.

Mr. Skinner, the mesmerist, who has been drawing crowds to St. Andrews rink, is a young man of 23. He looks no older, and says that is just half the number of winters and summers that have passed over him. His first visit to St. John was with Forepaugh's circus, and later he appeared in the Mechanics' institute. He has only three people with him, but their performance attracts hundreds every night. Mr. Skinner concludes next week with a Frederickton engagement, and then returns for a season to Lynn.

Stranded in Town.

The members of the Zigzag company, which gave such a dizzy performance in the Institute are stranded in town. Their reception here, and the consequent desertion of their manager had a bad effect upon the company. They were billed for Frederickton and Moncton, but of course failed to come to time, no doubt to the satisfaction of the local managers and the people.

The Reason Why.

Some editors will never make an announcement until they have the copy in hand, and they are never "in the soup." PROGRESS does not contain the interview announced last week, because the writer who had the notes was interviewing his physician this week.

Away From His Haunts.

The presence of Frank Robinson in St. John during exhibition would seem to indicate that there was more to especially interest him here than in Halifax. Is this a compliment to St. John or Halifax?