

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1893.

NOEL PILGRIM IS THERE.

"PROGRESS" REPRESENTATIVE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Introductory of the Special Commissioner—The Journey to Chicago, and How It Impresses a Canadian—Big Contrasts in a Country of Big Ideas.

CHICAGO, April 29.—The traveller, urging westward from his quiet Canadian home expects greater wonders and interests with each stage of his journey. His imagination does not travel, and centre upon his arrival in New York or Philadelphia, or in the classic completeness of the city of the Capitol. The further, illimitable vistas where the magnificent sweep of distance and the swarming line of emigration meet in one vanishing point, promise him new revelations and pleasures. Seated in the parlor car of the "Flying Yankee" he sweeps along the lovely Kennebec valley, unable, if he have a soul for such things, to take his eyes from that exquisite kaleidoscopic panorama, idealizing and concentrating, and grouping all that is so noble, vigorous and pure in the landscape of the northern land that gave him birth.

From Boston the "El Dorado" of the "down easter," he glides up the—let us hope not too billowy—reaches of Long Island Sound, a sense of the higher atmosphere of a more generous civilization warming him, as on the palatial "Parian" or "Pilgrim" he listens to the delicious music of the entrancing orchestra, and "all for nothing."

With a general sense of self distrust and insecurity, and a particular sensation of the propinquity of pickpockets he climbs the Manhattan Railroad stairways, and is hustled upon his first trip upon the elevated line, one of the most startling experiences of the uninitiated bluenose.

He gets an idea of the agricultural perfection of States like New Jersey and Delaware in his two hours run on the spinning "limited" express between Jersey City and Philadelphia. Fain is he to linger in the charming Quaker City, with its splendid parks, fine streets, and genial, cultured people. But on he presses through the lonely Valley of Bryn Mawr, up among the winding defiles of the Alleghenies, more beautiful in their wilder grandeur than the passages of the Trossachs, till the fiery pillars of Oil City, and Pittsburg, bewilder his sleepy eyes. Next morning he looks out eagerly for fresh delights of vision. But a lugubrious cloud settles over his features, as he finds a change has come over the landscape. He almost believes he has dreamt of the glorious pictures of the past day. Let him get out his novel—or if he be pious—let him procure Talmage's sermons or Sam Jones' from the ubiquitous news agent, for the world within must furnish him with solace and entertainment now.

West of the great eastern belt of civilization the traveller must be prepared for this. Hitherto the forces of refining growth have, like the earthworms in old soil, mellowed and readjusted the elements of general things; but now the urban retires, and wild nature reveals her place of flight and sanctuary.

Of all depressing and uninteresting districts, that between the mountains and Chicago is the most consummate. I should prefer the Dantean black trunks and distorted stumps of Canaan, Berry's Mills, or Weldford to this. Martin Chuzzlewit's journey to "Eden" must have been over this route. One unbroken flat full of lurid, chamed marshes, slimy creeks, great withered stalks of grass and tufts of stunted mean trees is the order of things. The towns are seas of mud. Let no ambitious "Canuck" seek a home in or about Fort Wayne, unless he be as unenthusiastic as Tallyrand and as jolly as Puck.

Matters grow worse as Chicago is neared. One cannot believe that he is approaching a great city, as he winds along those sullen lagoons and desolate marshes. But suddenly, as a curve is rounded, against the misty afternoon sky, appears an exquisite pearly mass, and then another, and another. At first the watcher thinks it is a cloud, such as one sees swell up quickly with its satellites, in delicate, opalescent domes, from the dull low-lying cloud rack, on some sultry summer afternoon.

But no cloud was ever so gracious and regal. A stir of excitement passes through the car, as the voyagers know they are having their first glimpse of the Columbian exposition, and receiving—in most cases, their earliest impression of that grandest feature of architectural grace and grandeur, the "vaulted dome."

The final stage of our journey, around the curves of the Chicago river, is something to be forgotten. Such chaos, such silt, such slums, one might be thankful to avoid the sight of.

It is not till we have emerged from the small and unimposing depot, and arrived after a few minutes, in La Salle and Washington streets, that we begin to understand the strength, and greatness of Chicago, in her place of empire as a queen of commerce and enterprise. Vast Babel-like structures tower about the darkening sky, and everywhere a roar, and rush, and activity,

no where else to be found, makes the newcomers dazzled and bewildered. Of course the Masonic temple is pointed to, as the chief d'œuvre of architectural achievements and it is as imposing in its attitude and ugliness as a building possibly could be. The chambers of commerce are worth attention, for their wonderful size, and adaptation to the swarm of busy tenants standing on the central mosaic floor, one looks up, up, to the fourteen or fifteen tiers of railings, hanging like swallows nests to the sides of the building, while in and out from the four elevator shafts rushes the varying crowd. Your feminine readers may be interested to know that the finest by all odds of the buildings I saw was that of the W. C. T. U. on La Salle street. It converges from both sides of the middle entrance in two huge bays, thus breaking the usual monotony of square masses, and grim unvarying lines.

The World's Fair grounds are seven or eight miles from this part of the city, but inasmuch as the bounds of the city extend for over twenty miles, this distance is not much considered. Chicago is now intent on thoroughly solving the problem of rapid transit, but it will probably be years before the advantages possessed by New York, in this respect are reached. The Fair grounds, however, are reached by the cars of the Illinois Central Railway, which stop at the gates. The principal lines of horse cars, and trolleys, debouch near Washington street and so the way of travel is comparatively simple.

An elevated railroad has also been completed this year, which will wonderfully facilitate access to the Exposition from parts of the city hitherto isolated by the tremendous distances.

Next week I hope to give your readers a general glimpse of the grounds and buildings. NOEL PILGRIM.

ORIGIN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

G. Washington Borrowed the Design from the Family Coat of Arms.

BURGHILL, Hereford, April 21.—Well minded citizens of the United States have a love for old mother England—and many a one comes back and buys property and lives 'at home,' as many of them still habitually call England, e.g. Mr. W. Astor at Cliveden, on the Thames; but less often, I think, do they realize the fact that their very national banner was an English coat of arms originally.

I once lived in the county of Warwick—indeed I write now within 80 miles of the town and Castle of that name. I am proud to have lived there. Is it not the county of Earl Guy, and moreover of Shakespeare! But for the United States—Warwickshire has a closer claim. To that county she owes her Washington and her stars and stripes.

In the time of Henry VIII, Lawrence Washington of Wharton, in Lancashire, left home for London, where his uncle was a merchant and alderman. He afterwards became a wool stapler at Northampton. In 1532 he was Mayor of that town. At the dissolution of Monasteries he received the Manor of Sulgrave, taken from S. Andrews Monastery in his town. Thither he retired and there he died in the 26th year of Queen Elizabeth 1583—4, leaving two sons and seven daughters. Lawrence the younger became a lawyer, and on S. Matthias Day 1582—3, he bought land at Whitacre Inferior, in the county of Warwick. He resold this property six years after to George Villiers, father of 'Steenie' Duke of Buckingham, favorite of King James I and King Charles. More than one of Lawrence Washington's children were knighted through the good offices of 'Steenie,' and when the civil war broke out the Washingtons served under the Royal Standard. By this time however Lawrence had died, Dec. 13, 1616. His two sons were Sir Wm. and Sir John. The latter married Mary daughter of Sir Philip Curtis, and died Jan. 1624, leaving three sons, Mordaunt, John and Philip.

They were often at the old Hall of Wormleighton, Warwickshire, which yet remains. Here Prince Rupert slept the night before the battle of Edgehill. Here may be seen the relics of the Star Chamber, the Clock Tower and the Tudor Hall. In 1657 John and his brother, disgusted with the Commonwealth, left England for Virginia with at least one of his sons. When, a century later, his great-grandson George Washington, led the revolted colonists to found another Commonwealth, doubtless he seized his despatches with his family arms, as given by the Herald's College, and once displayed in a painted window at Sackington, Warwickshire: "Argent, two bars gules, on a chief of the first, three mullets of the second." For "bars" read "stripes," for "mullets" "stars," which they resemble—add a star and a stripe for each state in the union—and the Royalist Washington's arms, with his crest the eagle—above represent the greatest republic of the world.

Pax inter nos. D. C. M.

England has three State prisoners at St. Helena, viz., Dinizulu, son of the late King Cetewayo, and two other Zulu chiefs. Their sentences of banishment to the island prison, for rebelling against British authority, will expire in about five years.

A NEW INDUSTRY'S WORK

WHAT THE RECORD OF THE GRODER COMPANY HAS BEEN.

One of Uninterrupted Success—How It Helps Other Industries—Everything Made in Canada—The Business Men of New Brunswick In It.

St. John appears to be waking up with new ideas—ideas that are being put into practical shape to boom the city as an industrial centre. Young and energetic manufacturers are co-operating to this end with the heads of concerns that have existed and prospered in the city for more than a score of years, and each express their willingness to welcome the newcomers; to provide them, with the aid of the city council, with free land, and to further assist them by imposing no civic taxation, until they have time to get settled and in a prosperous condition.

These are some of the inducements that are being considered to persuade men with money, brains and energy, to cast their lot in with us, to help build up a greater city, a greater centre and a more prosperous town. But there are some industries that have started here within the past year without any such inducements, and it is one of these—the Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd.—that PROGRESS proposes to give some facts about in this article. They will be interesting, since they show how a new company was formed to manufacture an article unknown in these provinces, and how it has succeeded since it began to do business. They will be instructive because they will show how ready the people—the capitalists—are to take hold of anything, when they are once convinced that there is a fair percentage in it.

As its name implies, the Groder Dyspepsia Cure Company manufactures a proprietary medicine, the right to do so having been acquired by purchase from the original owners in the United States. The company however, is purely a local one, composed wholly of business men and capitalists in the Maritime provinces who have backed their faith in its success by the purchase of stock.

The medicine is manufactured in this city and everything that enters into its composition is made in these Maritime provinces. It is one thing to simply bottle an American preparation for the Canadian market, it is another thing to buy out the right to manufacture that preparation, and, to not only make it in Canada, but to buy everything that is necessary to place it on the market in this country. To illustrate:—

Messrs. White, Colwell & Co., have put in a special filterer solely for the purpose of filtering the rock candy syrup that enters largely into the manufacture of the medicine.

The newspapers and printing offices print hundreds of thousands, yes, millions of circulars, etc., to advertise the goods;

The bottles which contain it are made in New Glasgow;

The boxes in which it is packed are made by a local factory, while the cartons which enclose the bottles are completed in this city.

This then is a new local industry that has given work, and plenty of it, to other local manufacturers. That its interests are the interests of the city and country is clearly proved by the following list of the company's officers and directors:

R. C. Elkin.....President
Geo. W. Jones.....Vice President
Chas. T. Bailey.....Secretary
A. H. Chipman.....Treasurer
G. Wetmore Merritt.....Director
Wm. Wheeler.....Director
F. A. Jones.....Director

These gentlemen, with the scores of others who compose the company, bought their stock and paid for it, and one glance at their names will soon convince any one acquainted with them, that they are not likely either to place their capital without careful investigation or to permit a lack of energy to interfere with the success of the company. Thirteen additional stockholders are St. John men, while the other holders of stock can be found in Fredericton, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Moncton and other provincial cities. PROGRESS is informed that the gentlemen interested represent more than two millions of capital.

But it is one thing to form a company and another thing to place the goods on the market and sell them. It is one thing to get rid of a 25 or a 50 cent article, and another thing to dispose of a \$1 preparation. This the Groder Company set out to accomplish, and, if the following record of sales is a proper indication, there is no doubt of their success. That record, in brief, is as follows:—
First quarter.....1,200 bottles.
Second quarter.....1,843 "
Third quarter.....2,856 "

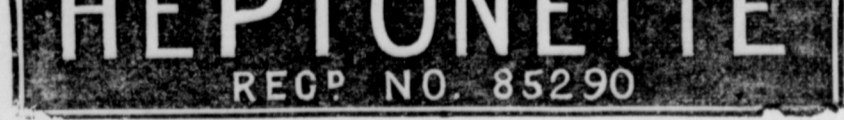
A steady and remarkable increase, which will be still more marked if the present work of the six representatives the Company has on the road, continues. Three of these men are working in the cities and three of them have teams and go from house to house in the country.

But, after all, no company—no matter

RAIN CLOAKS.

Ladies will please bear in mind that we are the only firm who sell "HEPTONETTE" GUARANTEED RAIN CLOAKS. We hold the sole control and sale of these garments for the Maritime Provinces.

Every GENUINE "Heptonette" garment bears the following trade-mark—a woven label of white letters on a black ground, attached to the waist band.



Why We Consider Heptonette Garments Best!

They are better cut and shaped than any other. They are much better sewn and finished. They are doubly proofed and fast colors. No rubber—and yet thoroughly rain-repellant. Free from odor. Porous, admitting of ventilation. They are unrivalled in DURABILITY, STYLE and RAIN-RESISTING PROPERTIES. When you ask for "Heptonette" look for the trade mark.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON.

The Trade supplied at Lowest Wholesale Prices.

how solid and business-like the men are who compose it—can place a preparation on the market and secure a steady sale for it unless there is the one mainspring of success in the article itself—merit. If Groder's Dyspepsia Cure did not possess what its owners claim for it, all the advertising, all the booming and pushing, would not secure for it the steady increasing sale that it has enjoyed.

Without telling any fairy tales or producing sworn affidavits, PROGRESS proposes to give one or two incidents that will convince any person who is open to persuasion.

A gentleman from Quebec secured a bottle of Groder's Syrup more than a year ago from a friend in Maine, who, knowing his state of health and the remedies that he had tried in vain, sent him this bottle with the hope that it might give him relief. Perhaps, the best indication of its work is that the gentleman himself, so soon as he had used it, ordered half a dozen more for his own use, and still later procured three gross for his neighbors and friends who were similarly affected. And now a score of men and women in that one locality are willing to place their faith in Groder's, aye, more than that, are willing to hand over their photographs and their experience for



TWO BIG STORES. OAK HALL.

Tennis Pants—when you want them.
Neglige Shirts—proper styles, fast color, linen goods.
Windsor Ties—hem stitched ends.
English and German Collars—latest shapes.
New York Ties and Bows.

Scovil, Fraser & Co., King St., St. John, N. B.

Advertisement for Groder's Syrup. Includes text: MAN! WOMAN! CHILD! Are you a "Dyspeptic Crank"? Can You Keep a Cook? Does Your Mother Pill You? Groder's Syrup After Meals, Before Retiring. Groder's A Modern Digestive Aid. Groder's A Pleasant Laxative.

the use of the company. He must be a skeptic, indeed, who could refuse to believe after such evidence!

But there is further evidence all around us, to the right and to the left, and to emphasize the one great fact that Groder's has merit, that it is "the kind that cures," the more expressive portions of a few of those testimonials are given below.

The Groder Co. Gentlemen:—I suffered from heartburn, sour stomach, distress after eating. Your remedy has removed each of above troubles. Thanking you for "Groder's." I am yours truly, NELSON MERRILL. Moncton, Apr. 24, 1893.

The Groder Co. Gentlemen:—I recommend your syrup as the best cure for dyspepsia that I know of. I have taken it and find it all it is advertised to be. Any person suffering from indigestion or chronic dyspepsia will derive great benefit from its use. Yours truly, Mrs. W. J. Cook, 34 Queen St. Halifax, Apr. 28, 1893.

Mrs. Mary M. Little, of Woodstock, writes the Groder Company the following facts: She was troubled with Dyspepsia in its worst form for ten years. Sometimes could not eat anything which would cause intense pain in her stomach, back, and shoulders. Sick headache and dizziness were frequently a source of pain and distress, and sleeplessness naturally followed. Numerous patent medicines and three physicians did not help her. Last September she was prevailed upon to

try Groder's syrup. She has taken no medicine since that time. Her appetite is good; no food disturbs her; headache, dizziness, and sleeplessness are gone. In her long letter, only an abstract of which is referred to, she thanks the company for this remedy which has apparently worked a permanent cure in her case. Naturally she advises her friends to follow her example.

Strange to say, and contrary to the usual order of things there are some things that Groder's will not cure, that it does not pretend to cure. The company have therefore looked around to acquire some known and effective remedy for such ills as are present every day in every community. In the country, especially, it is not possible for people to seek a doctor for every ailment, more than that, it is not profitable. Coughs, colds, burns, cuts, sprains and all such are present daily, and to meet the demand for something good, that would please the people and do what it was represented, has been the aim of the Groder company. When a few days ago they purchased the right to manufacture the "Dr." Perkins remedies, they succeeded in getting what they sought.

"Dr." Perkins is an old gentleman residing in this city who has manufactured Perkins' Indian Herb Ointment, Dr. Wilson's British Cough Balsam, and Perkins' Pain Alleviator for the past 35 years. So long ago as that he obtained the recipe for the Indian Herb Ointment from a squaw skilled in the decoction of herbs, who for a long time lived in Sussex. The Cough Balsam formula was

obtained from a British physician by a resident of St. Martins, and the Pain Alleviator from a prescription of an English physician.

These remedies have been personally advertised and sold by the owner of them. The demand for them has always been sufficient for the wholesale dealers to keep a stock on hand, and the section of country through which they are known is so wide, that it should not take much advertising to bring them to the front, so that they will command a ready and large sale.

It Tells a Heroic Story. On the night of Sept. 6, 1838, Grace Darling, a young girl living with her father, a light-house keeper on one of the most exposed of the Farnes Islands, put out in a wild sea and practically unaided, reached the crew of a shipwrecked steamer. Hers was one of the cases where heroism met with ready recognition. A purse was raised by public subscription and presented to Miss Darling, and her brave deed for fifty years has been celebrated in song and story. In 1842 Grace Darling died, but the frail boat in which she dared the tempest has always been sacredly preserved. It is today owned by Mrs. Joicey, a wealthy woman living near Newcastle, England. Mrs. Joicey has loaned the boat for exhibition at the Exposition and it is now on its way to Jackson Park. It will tell more vividly than words the heroic story of the young English girl whose brave life went out half a century ago.