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HOW THE SHOW STARTED

OPENING THE BEST EXHIBITION EVER HELD HERE.

Some of the Features of the Opening Day—The Wait for Governor Fraser and the Welcome when He Came—Things which Have Made the Affair a Success.

It was the biggest chestnut of the season. Not the exhibition, by any means, but the universal and never varying phrase of what splendid weather for the event. The sound was not unwelcome for a while, because there are apt to be storms anywhere in the northern hemisphere during the latter days of September, and there were those who predicted rain, wind, and possibly fog as a salute for the opening days of Canada's International exhibition of the year of Grace, 1895.

This was all right among ourselves, but it gave strangers the impression that we are in the habit of having bad weather here, rain, wind, and possibly fog. We are, in truth, reasonably free from all of them in our glorious summer climate, and especially in the fog. People had almost forgotten there was such a thing, until a little came in, last Saturday, just to cool the air, and with a few smart showers, just to lay the dust. That was all it did, and Sunday was such a glorious day that everybody said it must be a storm breeder. It was nothing of the kind, nor was Monday, and Tuesday found the opening day of the show as bright, warm and pleasant as if the unhappy Wiggins lived but to prophecy storms that passed in the night and left no trace of their passing.

Sunday was a busy day with some of the exhibitors, and it was well for them that progress and the board of safety had discouraged Chief Clark in his crusade against people who did servile labor on the Lord's day. For all that, a good many of them were not ready with their exhibits on Tuesday, nor would they have been the following Tuesday had the opening been postponed to that date. Nothing can make some people believe there is to be an exhibition until they see the crowd on hand at the opening, and then they begin to hustle as though the end of all things was at hand, and they had waked up suddenly to get up and get.

Tuesday night came before the people who paid to get in a sight of some of the exhibits, but this is always the case, and as the management could not be blamed, nobody went away dissatisfied. They all seemed to think they got the worth of their money.

So they did, especially those who were at the opening ceremonies. This crowd was not large, but it was select, and while the ladies were not especially prevalent, there were enough good looking men to more than atone for this deficiency.

Ten o'clock Tuesday morning was the time announced for the opening of the exhibition by Governor Fraser, but the hour arrived about twenty minutes before his Honor did. In the meantime, the visitors wandered through the halls and expressed their satisfaction with everything they saw. It was evident to the most unpractised eye that the show was going to be a success.

Among the sights for the rural visitor were the officers in uniform who attended to lend eclat to the occasion. The Charlotte county man who wanted to know if Major Markham was the governor fell into a pardonable error, as the commandant of the Bisle team looked really resplendent in his uniform of the Princess Louise Hussars, and might have been mistaken for the Prince of Wales himself. Most of the artillery officers were there in full regimentals, though Captain Baxter appeared in multi as warden of the municipality, with black clothes and a plug hat of corresponding hue.

Then there was a guard of honor of sixty or seventy men from the 62nd Fusiliers, with Captain Churchill in front of them and the band behind them. They were ranged in two files, which prompted somebody to ask if they belonged to the hardware exhibit, and led somebody else to get a pointless pun on hard-wear, at which nobody laughed and the joker slunk off. The two files were ranged at right angles to the building, between the front steps and the gate, where they had the advantage of seeing everybody who came in, and could themselves be seen to the best advantage. Between the two files there was an avenue six or seven feet wide. This may not be the term used in the manual of infantry instruction, but it conveys the idea to readers at a distance, and the governor really did use it for an avenue after he arrived, as will be presently explained.

One of the papers remarks that the men in their red uniforms contrasted very pleasantly with the green background of the lawn. They did more than that, they contrasted with each other. The Fusiliers boast of some pretty tall men and some very short ones, and both classes were well represented in the guard of honor, and they were arranged so as to show the comparison to great advantage. They would have looked prettier had the tall men been placed in the middle and the

line graded down until the little fellows were at the ends. Perhaps this is not allowable under the rules of war, but it would be more aesthetic, to say the least.

The soldiers had a long time to wait and they stood at ease. This is the correct military term, but in point of fact when a man has to stand in one place for the better part of an hour, and rest himself by bending his knee joint and holding his own hands there doesn't seem to be a great deal of ease about it, even though it is nothing to what might happen in case there was war.

A big red ensign floated triumphantly over the main building, while the stars and stripes moved over the annex, as evidence that the exhibition was international in its character. The city hotel men, who have been charged with seeking the Yankee dollar by flying the gridiron from their flagstaves, felt much encouraged when they saw this.

As 10 o'clock approached all but the people who were at work in the building got outside and stood on the steps to see the governor arrive. In the meantime others kept arriving, including a number who had been specially invited to be present. These could be detected by the fact that they wore their best clothes and plug hats, as a rule, and came in at the gate where there was no turnstile. Exhibitors and reporters also came in at that gate, but they did not wear the same kind of clothes.

Finally the last of the late people came and joined the crowd in looking to see the barouches of the governor's party in the distance. Meanwhile they continued to greet their friends with the remark that there was very fine weather for the exhibition, to which the reply was "hope that it might last."

Finally the eagle eye of one of the artillery officers detected the distant approach of the distinguished reinforcement, and there was a lively hustle. Secretary Everett went around among the exhibition committee and told them they should march down to meet the governor, as soon as he got in the grounds, and somebody must have given the uniformed colonels, majors and the like, the same kind of a tip, for they all got close together with an expectant look on their faces.

The big gates flew open and the carriages with the distinguished guests rolled in. A shout was heard from the captain of the guard of honor and the men who had been standing at ease held their guns in front of them in the regulation fashion, while the exhibition officials walked after them in a march of their own design where each man suited his steps to the length of his legs. Then the governor and party alighted and there was a general hand shaking as though they were all glad to see each other, as doubtless they were.

The governor is commander in chief of the forces and has probably a right to bedeck and bedizen himself as much as any of the brightly arrayed colonels who were there, but he did nothing of the sort. He appeared as a plain citizen, and did not even wear a parti-colored bit of ribbon in his hat-band to show that he belonged to the militia. For all that, he brought some glory with him in the way of Colonel Gordon and Major Montgomery Moore, who looked very imposing indeed. Sir Leonard Tilley accompanied the party, but left his Windsor uniform at home.

If the governor could have had his own way, he would probably have hurried into the building to make up for being late, but rulers in all countries are victims of ceremony and he was no exception. He had to review the troops, but this was such a simple matter that it is doubtful if he knew he was doing it. Colonel Gordon led the way, walking along in front of the first file with a graceful step, a genial smile, and a recognition of salute which was itself a work of art. The governor followed, but the people who were with him kept him so busy talking—probably about the fine weather—that he didn't seem to see the soldiers at all. When the party reached the end of the front file, they turned the corner and walked down the avenue between it and the hind file, after which they got into the building in the regular and ordinary way, while such of the crowd as had not gone in ahead fell in behind.

There was a salute, of course, when the governor reached the grounds, by a detachment of artillery at the big guns back of the building. The powder must have been good, for it made a great noise. A surgeon of the artillery was on hand, in case anybody should get hurt, but nobody did.

The opening ceremonies took place on the poly-angular structure where the band plays at other times, and about fifty distinguished people and others sat in places of honor behind the speakers. All the men

HIGH MORAL STANDARD.

THE EXHIBITION PEOPLE DRAW A LINE IN LOTTERIES.

Mr. A. H. Hanington Makes a Strong Objection to the Welcome Soap Idea and is Sustained.—The Financial loss Will fall on the Park Association.

The park association cannot count upon the receipts of the Welcome Soap company booth in the exhibition. Some of the members had made up their minds that the fund would be swelled to some extent, at least, in this way by the activity of Mr. A. H. Hanington in the board of exhibition directors defeated that laudable scheme.

Mr. Hanington doubtless proceeded from conscientious scruples to suppress the idea of the Welcome Soap people; if there was any other motive it did not appear upon the surface though the evidence of the action of the committee was very plain. The Welcome Soap company has displayed a huge sign in many exhibitions in the United States and Canada, upon which is painted their trade mark, two clasped hands. On the wrist of each hand there is a small cross and the soap company offered two handsome prizes—a ladies' gold watch and a pair of opera glasses—to the lady and gentleman guessing the correct distance between the crosses. This was not an easy matter since the huge sign was hung near the roof of the building and one had to twist his neck backward to get a decent view of it from the ground floor. It was higher even than the gallery but by far the best view could be had from there.

The plan of the Welcome people was to charge five cents for each guess and whatever amount was taken in from the guesses to present to the horticultural association. It is no harm—or it has never been considered harmful to do this in church fairs and it did not occur to them for an instant that there would be any objection to it in the exhibition. Similar ideas had been carried out at former fairs and this was certainly not any worse than them.

The guessing started the first day and the interest in the novel idea was increasing with every hour when the president, Mr. Carrite, received intimation in an informal way that some one had objected to the contest. He could not understand the reason, but making certain that the objection had been raised, he wrote the president of the association the following letter:

Dear Sir:—This afternoon we learned unofficially that it was the intention of your Board to prevent the "Welcome Soap Co." from carrying out their scheme of holding a Bazaar in the Exhibition Building, the proceeds therefrom to be given to the Saint John Public Park Fund.

Some days ago we conceived the idea that it would be beneficial to ourselves and also for the Park Fund, and having it in view we called on Mr. Joseph F. Allison and other leading promoters of the Park, who seemed pleased with the idea and promised to do all they could to forward the scheme. We also later interviewed his worship the Mayor and obtained his permission to hold the same.

We have expended considerable money and gone to a great deal of trouble in order to make it a success, and feel it a hardship, at this late hour, that we should be prevented from carrying out our scheme. It certainly will do no harm to any one and will be a benefit to all classes and denominations.

We noticed that during the last Exhibition a similar scheme was carried out, for the public benefit, but for the benefit of the private individual and no objections were made whatever. We therefore respectfully ask your Board to re-consider this matter and give it their serious consideration.

We frankly admit that we hope to derive benefit from it, as an advertising medium, yet, at the same time, it will be a benefit to the citizens of St. John and all interested in obtaining a public park.

The Welcome Soap Co., de B. Carrite, Pres't.

Then the matter came up for consideration and the objection raised by Mr. Hanington was so vigorously sustained in the board of directors that the Welcome Soap Company was notified that it could not be permitted to carry out its plan.

This was not only a great disappointment to President Carrite of the company but he also felt that it was an injustice. He represented this to the officials but the executive was powerless since the board of directors had taken action. It looked then as if permission was withdrawn from the company from even giving away their guessing coupons but that has continued and has not been objected to. So after all the public park fund will be the only loser in the transaction.

Of course in such an exhibition there are bound to be many ideas and some schemes and the management has often had work in separating them. They want to encourage ideas and discourage schemes as a general thing. Much of the trouble and expense the soap company went to was lost on account of the director's action and the indirect result was the retirement of one of the most interesting features in one section of the building, viz, the glass blowers. Their booth was surrounded at all times by an interested crowd many of whom invested ten or fifteen cents in a ticket and got such article as it called for. Sometimes the article was valuable to the extent of three or four dollars, and sometimes it was worth ten cents, but it was always of some value. When they were notified that there was an "element of

chance" in their plan of selling their goods, they stopped business, and after failing to convince the management that theirs was a legitimate plan they withdrew from the show and went to Portland Maine. The executive committee feel that it was a hardship for these exhibitors as well as the soap people but the actions of the directors was what they had to go by and they cannot be blamed.

The idea of the Welcome Soap company was certainly a novel one. The booth was one blaze of yellow and the fair attendants were costumed with material of that color. On each side of the booth samples of the soap were tastefully arranged in glass cases. The whole idea was a departure from the usual soap display and was very striking and attractive.

MADE HASTE TO GET RICH.

How the Ambition of Mr. Smith of Halifax Brought him to Grief.

HALIFAX, SEPT. 26.—The career of A. J. Smith in this city, which has just come to an end is an instance of making haste to get rich. He held a responsible position in the clerical staff of the wholesale dry goods firm of Burns & Murray, and took an active interest in athletics being prominently identified with the Crescent A. A. A. But they did not satisfy this young man's ambition. He thought he saw the prospect of wealth and luxurious living in running a liquor saloon. So Mr. Smith obtained a license in the name of a friend and the saloon business went on in that name while he continued to hold his dry goods job.

Mr. Adam Burns soon found out the dual capacity of his clerk and that ended their business connection with considerable abruptness. Thenceforward the saloon occupied Smith's whole attention. It was not long till the police devoted themselves with some pertinacity to watching "the Windsor hotel" as Smith called his resort, and they made it warm for proprietor and customers on more than one occasion.

Smith found that he could not after all successfully run a saloon, and went from bad to worse, till at last the announcement comes that the young man has gone, vanished, "leaving many mourning creditors behind," as the young reporters generally phrase such flittings. Liquor and cigar supply people were up early with their capises to try and catch the youth. The Nova Scotia Cigar Company may be taken as a sample of these creditors, for they, with many others, armed policemen with capises, for \$50 or \$60, only to find they were up just a little too late. Smith was off for Boston, though he did not leave by North street station. His route, was by wagon, down the Margaret's Bay road, and thence by a roundabout way, via Lunenburg, to the W. A. R. and via Yarmouth to the security from capises that "the Hub" affords.

Such is the end of A. J. Smith in Halifax, and the case may well serve as a warning to others who may think of taking a like questionable course in their "haste to make rich."

Divorce Suits in Halifax.

HALIFAX, SEPT. 26.—Halifax has a surplus of divorce suits to gossip over just now. They are promised and going on. The ball was set rolling by the proceedings instituted by the sergeant-major of a militia regiment here against his wife, naming a cornet player as co-respondent. Then came the papers in another case. This time it is the wife of a well-known barrister who asks for divorce or failing that legal separation from her husband on the ground of cruelty to herself and child, for she was a widow before her marriage to the defendant. The details of the case, should they come out in court, as they have been talked about in private, would make sensational reading. The marriage had existed less than a year when the grievances complained of by the wife manifested themselves. Last of all, a north-end man is accused by his wife of attentions to others.

Took His Dinner with Him

One of the rural visitors of the exhibition Tuesday, was a man who had come to see all that was to be seen in an all day session. When he started out he had a whole roast chicken in his coat tail pocket, and from time to time during the day he was seen to pull out the parcel, take the wrapper off and slice a leg, wing or such other parts as appetite and fancy suggested. When night came he had seen the show and enjoyed a square meal in the bargain.

Note Change of Time.

The steamer Clifton has discontinued her summer time-table, and returned to her fall programme, making three round trips a week, leaving Indiantown at 3 p. m.

Mr. D. McArthur, bookseller, 90 King Street, is having a great clearing up sale of books, stationery, toys, dolls, and fancy goods. He is giving great bargains in bibles, prayer books, albums, fancy goods and wall paper.

"PITCHER'S IN THE BOX."

SO THINKS JAMES BRENNAN IN REGARD TO CHIEF CLARK.

Mr. Brennan got Fooled out of a Job because He was Said to be Against the Police—His Interesting Version of how it Happened—He goes to Law for Satisfaction.

Chief Clark has had a busy week like everybody else of importance in St. John. It began last Saturday, when a colored porter stole \$50 from a passenger in a Pullman car, and was arrested as he was the most likely person to have done the job. He at once confessed his guilt and said he had mailed two letters containing the money to his own address in Halifax. The chief at once telegraphed to that city to have the letters held, and then sent Detective Ring to Halifax to get the letters. Just why it was necessary to send Ring on a journey for such a purpose is not very clear. If it was a moral impossibility to have the money sent back here by mail, somebody else—an honest boy, for instance—could have performed the mission, and Detective Ring could have remained in the city where, in contemplation of law, he is supposed to be on duty like any other policeman.

While Ring was away, the chief had to act as a detective himself, assisted by Sergeant-captain Jenkins. Early Monday morning the safe in the office of A. C. Smith & Co., Carleton, was found blown open. The burglars had been there about one o'clock in the morning. The hour is pretty definitely fixed, because policeman Amos, who was not on duty, happened to be out and heard the explosion. As he did not hear a second explosion he appears to have considered the matter of minor importance, despite the fact that Carleton is not subject to explosions of gunpowder at that hour of the morning. So he quietly went home without bothering his head about the matter. Policeman McLaren was on duty, however, but where he was when he was most needed does not appear. His general function is supposed to be to stand at the head of Rodney wharf where he can capture anybody who comes up from the ferry a little the worse of liquor. After the boat stops running, he apparently goes somewhere else.

Mr. Lockhart, one of the firm, was early on the scene and permitted nothing to be disturbed. Later in the morning, the chief and Jenkins arrived in hot haste, and the chief, brushing aside the knot of spectators, including Mr. Lockhart, wanted to know what in Gebeuna they were doing there, though he used the translation instead of the Hebrew word. Mr. Lockhart said he did not think they were doing any harm, whereupon the chief wanted to know if Mr. Lockhart was running the affair or whether he was. The investigation then proceeded.

The news of the advent of the burglars brought several thief-chasers from town including Pete Carrol of Pictou, Skeffington of the I. C. R. and a deputy sheriff from Rimouski. The latter told a remarkable story of how he had pursued the supposed burglars over a field up in Rimouski, and how they had fired thirty shots at him from their revolvers, without hitting him. As the bearers of this yarn did not want to consider the Rimouski man a liar, they accepted his statement and felt they were pretty safe in chasing men who couldn't take any better aim than that.

They did not catch the burglars, who were next heard from at St. George. The chief says he knew they were going that way and if he had had the money he would have sent some of the force to head them off. It is just as well he had not the funds to send men away from the city at a time when he was asking for extra men to aid his force here. Besides, the record of some of his past experience in going gunning for crooks is rather against his theories just now.

The chief has had more than the crooks to bother him, for he has got three gentlemen from the rural districts into trouble by appointing them on the special force during the exhibition. The case was to come up in court yesterday, too late for this issue of PROGRESS, but the circumstances make interesting reading whatever may be the result.

The chief recently asked the council to allow him a special force of ten or fifteen men during the exhibition, and suggested that a man from Boston be secured as a detective to spot any crooks who might be here. The latter suggestion provoked a good deal of humorous comment, but on Saturday the board of safety gave its consent to the employment of ten special men.

So soon as the chief's project was known he began to get applications from men who were anxious to do good and make \$1.50 a day for ten or twelve days. Among the applicants was Mr. James Brennan, a well known resident and rate-payer of the city. The chief is well acquainted with Mr. Brennan, and when the latter presented himself last Friday, the chief said, "How are you Jimmy," as he would to any old friend. Brennan had a letter of recom-

mendation from a prominent citizen, and when the chief read this, he said, "That will be all right, Jimmy. I don't know what the council will do about allowing me the men I asked for, but if they give them it will be all right with you." Three times, says Brennan, the chief assured him that it would be all right, and he went away feeling that he almost had the baton in his hand and the badge on his breast.

Mr. Brennan is not only a man of infinite jest but a man who speaks his mind when there is occasion. Some weeks ago there was a baseball match between a team from the police and one from the fireman. Brennan was present and his sympathies were with the firemen. Toward the close of the game the firemen needed to make four to tie and five to win. Brennan, full of enthusiasm, shouted out encouragingly, "Now, boys, remember, you have four to tie and five to win."

There was nothing remarkable in this assertion, but Chief Clark was annoyed that Brennan should not favor the police. Approaching him he said:

"Jimmy, if you only had the ears you would make an excellent donkey."

"Well, chief," said Brennan, "since you've got those ribs on your pant legs and a gold band on your cap, you put on so many lugs that you are the biggest ass on the grounds."

The chief looked indignant and walked away, but the next time he met Brennan he was as pleasant as ever.

Not long after this, Brennan was standing on the street talking with a policeman whom he knew, when Sergeant Baxter came along. The conversation turned on the ball matches, and Brennan said he heard there was to be another one, adding humorously that he would be there and be against the police. He said this as a joke, being, as has been said, a fellow of infinite jest, and thought no more about the matter.

Sergeant Baxter did, apparently, and it would seem that he subsequently reported the contumely of Mr. Brennan to the chief. The incident at the base ball match and the conversation with Baxter was not in Mr. Brennan's mind when he applied for a position, nor did the chief appear to have it in his mind when he assured him as to his appointment.

After the chief got permission to employ ten extra men, Brennan felt that his job was secure. On Monday a friend met him and advised him to secure his place, to which he replied that it was already secured and there was no need of going to see about it. Finally, however, he did call on the chief, and was more than astonished when that official informed him that he did not want him as he had already appointed all the men required.

Later in the day, Brennan called again and asked if there was any answer to be taken to the letter of recommendation he had previously brought.

"I will take the answer myself," was the reply. "You have a good deal of gall to come here anyway, after the way you have been standing on the streets talking against the police."

This brought the scene at the ball grounds and the conversation with Baxter to Brennan's mind, and as he retired he muttered to himself, "the pitcher's in the box."

Chief Clark subsequently told an alderman that Brennan had not been appointed because he was against the police.

Brennan had an idea that his place had been wanted by somebody with a pull. The conversation with Sergeant Baxter was still further brought to his mind when he learned that among the men appointed were two other Baxters, near relatives of the sergeant. They were from the country and were neither residents nor rate-payers in the city. He also found another non resident, in the person of Henry D. Rankine, lately of Chatham, but formerly a St. John policeman who had left the force in somewhat of a hurry.

Brennan bethought himself of the city by law in regard to non-residents, and accordingly made complaint at the police court against Rankine and the two Baxters for doing business without license. The men appeared in court on Wednesday and pleaded not guilty, and the case was put over until Friday in order that the parties could be prepared for a formal hearing, as up to that time no sworn information had been laid.

Whatever may be the merits of Brennan's contention, the history of the case, is full of interest.

They Don't Find this Place.

Mrs. Donovan continues to be reported with due diligence for selling liquor without license, and Patsey Cotter was reported too this week. In the meantime there is a good deal happens that is not reported, the Lower Cove bar-rooms for instance. Last Sunday, a person living near one of them counted no less than 36 persons going in to get their drinks, between the hours of 11 and 12 in the forenoon. That shop did a bigger business on Sunday than Mrs. Donovan or Patsey Cotter would do in months.

Remember McArthur's clearing sale of books, albums and fancy goods, 90 King Street.