

PROGRESS.

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BIG CROWDS ON FINE DAYS.

What is Going on at the Exhibition Grounds—Scenes in Fakerdom and Elsewhere.

The exhibition is now in full swing crowds starting from the head of King street, where the stream of people is first noticed, swarm down Charlotte street through the Queen Square and there the first interest in the show is manifested at the sight of the buildings, where in the evening the electrical lighting effect is very attractive. On arriving in the building everyone takes two or three turns around the main floor and balconies until the first boom of the fireworks causes a rush for the grounds. Then comes the relief of Mat-king and the wonderful dive of Marsh off a wheel after riding pell mell down an inclined plane 140 feet.

Some then make for the agricultural Hall or poultry show, but the majority flow into the Amusement Hall where a programme of acrobatic feats is carried out by Kelly and Ashby on their mysterious billiard board, the Powers brothers in their many clever bicycle tricks. The man who gives the trapeze exhibition performs some wonderfully clever feats but the women fencers and boxers do not meet the general favor. The show closes about ten o'clock just giving the people time enough to hear a couple of selections from the different piano exhibits, and perhaps one piece by the band before the "all out" in the form of the national anthem is played.

It is not often St. John is privileged to hear a pianist of such note as John Francis Gilder who is holding crowds of people near the exhibit of C. Flood & Sons by his wonderful playing. Mr. Gilder is not only an able interpreter of celebrated writers but is in himself a composer of considerable renown, having in the last twelve years written sixty-seven piano pieces, a lot of which have met with popular favor. Boston is now Mr. Gilder's home but he was formerly in New York where he is very well known in musical circles, and is on the best of terms with all the leading composers, bandmasters etc., such a one as might greet Sousa with "Good morning Phil" or quaff a friendly soda with de Pachmann.

Personally Mr Gilder is very affable and courteous having a manner entirely his own. Many who are acquainted with his writings have been greatly enlightened by hearing the eminent composer play his pieces as he intended them to be interpreted.

The warograph pictures have created considerable interest, and there is also a good deal of fun for the less impressionable ones, when those who are deeply interested begin to take an active part, as though they were going with the pictures. There was a general laugh the other night when as the machine was carrying the audience on a locomotive just about to pass under a foot bridge, one old man in the room ducked his head, evidently thinking he had made a narrow escape. At another time when the charge of the lancers was being shown there was a general stampede and confusion in the front rows.

Mr. E. F. Peel, the lightning artist has a much larger display of his rapid painting this year than last. He gives two exhibitions of his work daily. Crowds of people gather around the artist while he is working and go away gratified at having seen a very good picture painted in less than four minutes, carrying with them perhaps, one of the prettily painted souvenirs which are being sold at the exhibit.

There are four piano exhibits, Flood's main one, at the western end of the second gallery, the big Heintzman display near the entrance, the W. H. Johnson & Co. pianos on the first floor, and the Beebe pianos near the art room in the first gallery. At all times of the day someone is playing in one or perhaps all of these exhibits, and as they are pretty well distributed throughout the building there is no discord, but rather they make a continuous flood of harmonious sounds making everything gay and relieving that dreary lack that is so evident when the band is not in attendance.

An accident which might have cast a gloom over the exhibition was providentially averted last Monday when marvellous Marsh made the first dive off his rapidly

moving wheel. It appears the inclined plane down which the bicycle shoots was about 5 feet too long and when Marsh made that wonderful dive of seventy five feet, into the water, he came within twelve inches of striking his head on the edge of the tank. The canvas too that is intended to catch the bicycle as the diver leaves it failed to do its duty and the silent steed followed its master into the water.

Master Leonard Hay of Orange street is indeed an enthusiast in sweet pea culture as is well shown by his display of twenty six varieties of that favorite blossom. Master Hay has paid great attention to sweet pea raising for several years, and the exhibit shows the result of his persistent work in that particular branch of floriculture.

The booth that has perhaps the most interested group around it at all hours is that in which Messrs Pelkey and Pascoe two of St. John's Paarderberg heroes are stationed. They have a show case well filled with war relics, articles that have really and truly been on the scene of strife, but these are not by any means the greatest attraction—it is the men themselves. Everyone wants to get a look at our two boys who have endured hardships and received wounds for our gracious sovereign. Mr. Pelkey arrayed in the same Kharki he wore at the Cronje capture is a model soldier in every particular. The "boys" are selling pictures of the Queen and Prince of Wales, giving the people a chance to tangibly express their interest and appreciation.

The venture of the Tabernacle Baptist church people in supplying the exhibition visitors with food is proving a very successful one. There is a corps of about forty-five ladies all of whom are members of the church and congregation, constantly at work. They have not only the large restaurant where a hundred and fifty can be fed at one seating but also three lunch counters, two on the first floor and one in Machinery hall. Mostly all the cooking for which they have splendid facilities, is done on the premises. The huge stove from the wrecked "Belgravia" is the one used in the kitchen. The restaurant and lunch booths are prettily decorated, the tables are neatly laid, and the bill of fare is a good one and well served. Everyone seems to be heart and hands in the work, from the genial and energetic head of the flock Mr. Stackhouse, to the youngest girl waiter. When the vastness of the undertaking is considered and compared with the small band of workers, none can fail to wish that they may make over and above enough to build their new house of worship.

Unlike Fairs in the States, very little is being given away in our show, even business cards, that so delight the boys and girls, are withheld and the poor sample seeking fiend who is still very much in evidence goes home disconsolate.

On the "Midway."

St. John's little Coney Island was fairly agog this week at the exhibition grounds. The genial fakirs plied their vocations in a manner that would make a Fifth Ward alderman at New York look green with envy. The man with "the cane you ring is the cane you win," the chap that handled the tin plates, "three for a quarter," where you stood to win a pure gold oreide watch, the fellow with the big nigger head adorned with the inscription "Be sure to hit me on the kisser," a quarter of a dollar a chance and a nice new dollar bill or a box of cigars for a prize, all came in for a share of our good Canadian coin. The striking machine men along with the Fitzsimmons punching bag all helped to win away some of our nickels. These and a hundred and one other devices were in evidence, to say nothing of the fetching girl in the annex who ran the rickel-in-the slot machines. She was full of business as she had no less than three machines under her care. One of them was a lung tester in which the fresh young man was told to "blow himself;" the other was a gilded electric battery; the last some "anti-electroscope," pictures all for half a dime.

These and the merry go-round, to say nothing of the three legged calf, all helped

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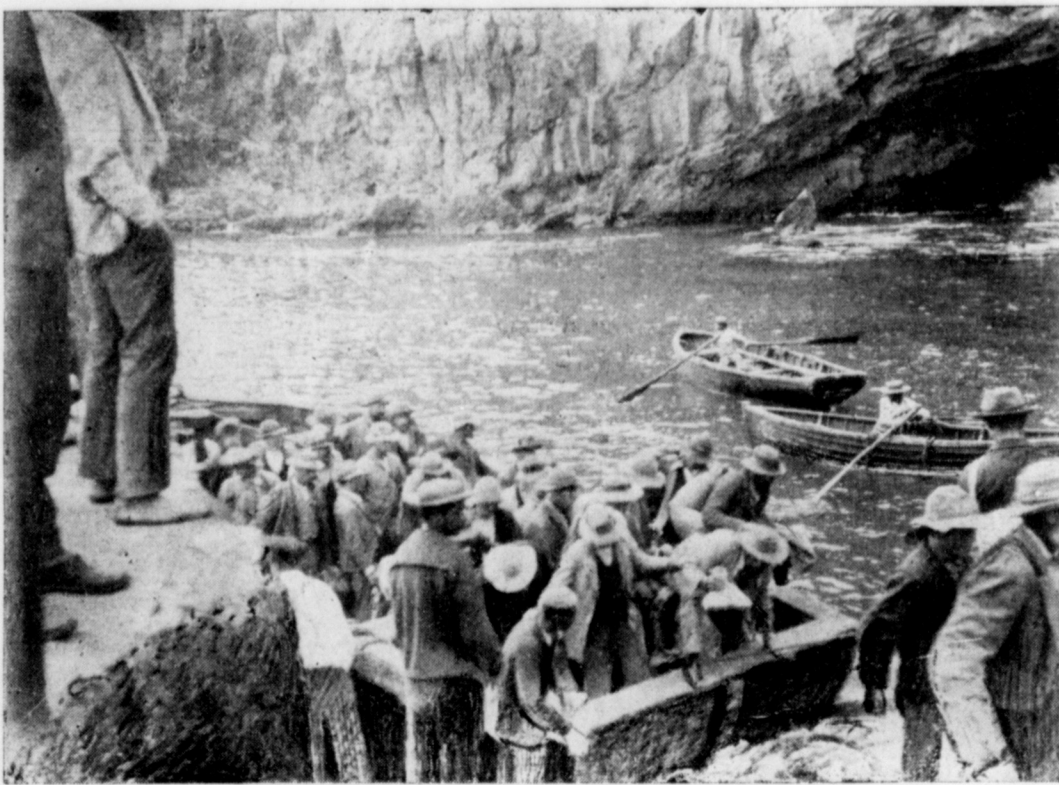
FROM PRICE TO RAINNIE.

Conductor Rainnie gets a Letter From St. Helena From L. H. Price.

Conductor Rainnie has kindly handed PROGRESS a letter and picture he received from his friend L. H. Price at St. Helena and both are printed here. The letter follows:

St. Helena, July 26th 1900.

DEAR SIR:—I cannot tell you how delighted I was to receive the bundle of papers you sent me, there is nothing one appreciates more than papers when so far away. Will send you a souvenir of St Helena the first time I go to town in shape



BOERS AT ST. HELENA. Prisoners Lading in a Barge from the "Milwaukee."

of postal cards with pictures of the landing of the prisoners, also of the landing of the Gloucester Regiment with their mascot "Bill" a large goat marching at their head. There is no great pleasure in going to Jamestown as there is nothing to do or see or buy when you get there and it is a terrible walk, not so bad going down as coming back, the ascent is nearly 2000 ft. and as you know, the thermometer isn't below zero here.

I suppose you would like to know something about our prisoners, we'll the most you heard or read about them, is not half as bad as they are; they are more filthy than any decent dog, and you can smell them a mile, and they are the dirtiest liars ever made. The foreigners, Scandinavians, Hollanders, French, etc. are not a bad lot, but Lord, how they hate the hogs and the hogs hate them.

I haven't seen Cronje for weeks, he is a very sullen person, and don't speak English. I suppose you have heard that I have one of his molars as a souvenir, will show it to you when I return. Kind regards to D. McQuarrie.

L. H. PRICE.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page is right before you, read it.
- PAGE 2.—A fascinating story of life in a Western city.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and Dramatic news of the week.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial Joys and Woes of Other Places, poetry and other interesting reading.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7 and 8.—Personal items from all over the Maritime provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Town Tales including: He's a regular "cop" now. That missing boy. Where is the Hermit's moose. Liberty on the instalment plan. That girl and the apple stand. An exceptional summer. A Sunday Lubricant.
- PAGES 10 and 11.—Last instalment of that interesting story "From the Hand of Her Enemy."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading and a lot of bright miscellany.
- PAGE 12.—A famous meeting of by-gone days recalled.
- PAGE 13.—Fashions and other matters pertaining to women.
- PAGE 14.—Another letter on the Great Indian Famine.
- PAGE 16.—A typical Western story entitled MY Fight with Paintlegs. His, deaths and marriages from all over the provinces.

Chairs Re-seated On St. John's, Perj. rat. ed, Duval, 17 Waterloc.

CARRIED THEIR POINT.

The Roman Catholics Succeed in Having the Fourth Book Withdrawn From the School Series.

When Lord Macaulay wrote his famous poem "The Battle of Naseby" he had no idea that in St. John New Brunswick in the years to come there would be trouble over the fact that it appeared in one of the readers in the public schools.

Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight to the last.

So out Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath given ground;

Hark! Hark! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear?

Whose banner do I see boys?—'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys!

Bear up another minute, Brave Oliver is here!

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,

Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,

Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Ac-cursed,

And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some nook to hide

Their coward hands, predestined to rot on Temple Bar.

And he—he turns, he flies!—shame to those cruel eyes

That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho! comrades, scour the plain; and ere ye stop the slain,

First give another stab to make your guests secure

Tuanshake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,

The tokens of the war-torn, the plunder of the poor.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,

When you kissed, our lily hands to your lemans today,

And tomorrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,

Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey—

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,

Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,

Your stage plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, forever down, with the mitre and the crown,

With the Bell of the Court and the Mammon of the Pope!

There is war in Oxford Halls; there is war in Durham's Stalls;

The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ill,

And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;

And he kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear

Wail the hand of God has wrought for the Houses and the Word.

—LORD MACAULAY.

Not Engaged by Any Railway.

PROGRESS was under the impression last week that Mr Harry McLellan was engaged by the C. P. R. to persuade the people of this city by circular petitions and so forth that their position in regard to the freight question between the Intercolonial and C. P. R. was the correct one. Mr. McLellan says that PROGRESS was not correct in this and we are thoroughly satisfied with his statement. A gentleman who seems to know what he is talking about says that Mr. McLellan is regarding his own promoting interests in this matter and has no connection whatever with any railway. PROGRESS is glad to hear it. If we cannot agree with him in his ideas about freight arrangements we can at least wish him success in his promotion undertaking.

Church Choir and Record.

A scene in a city church lately has caused considerable talk among those who sing in choirs and those who lead them. It seems that a competent organist was quite particular in making the choir perfect in one passage and practiced it again and again. The clergyman was in another room and came out much annoyed. There was a quick exchange of words then an adjournment to the school room, a lecture on the duties of the choir, a resignation from the organist, an accusation that he had been drinking which was indignantly denied both by him and the ladies and gentlemen of the choir then a hasty adjournment of the practice and the end is not yet.

Death of Mr. A. G. Bowes.

The death of Mr. A. G. Bowes removes a familiar figure from Canterbury street. He was the father of Editor Bowes of the Gazette, and for years has taken a lively interest in the publication. He had many friends among the older people of the city and was always a staunch presbyterian. His illness was brief and his death somewhat unexpected.

Elected President and Manager.

A meeting of PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Company was held on Monday and Mr E. S. Carter was elected President and Managing Director.

It is understood that the book is not prescribed now. What is to be done about it is hard to say. Oh! wherefore comes ye forth in triumph from the North, With your hands and your feet and your raiment all red? And whither doth your rout send forth a joyous shout? And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread? Oh, evil was thy root and bitter was the fruit And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we tread; For we tramped on the throng of the haughty and the strong, Who sat in the high places and slew the saints of God. It was about the noon of a glorious day in June, That we saw the banners dance and their cuirasses shine; And the man of Blood was there, with his long encased hair, And Astley and Sir Maudsluke and Rupert of the Rhine! L'et a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword, The General rode along us to form us for the fight, When a murmuring sound broke out and swelled into a shout Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right. And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore, The cry of battle rises along their charging line! For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws! For Charles King of England and Rupert of the Rhine! The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums, His braves of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall, They are bursting on our flank;—rasp your pikes:—close your ranks;— For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall. They are here! they rush on! We are broken—we are gone! Our left is borne before them like the stubble on the blast, O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord defend the right!