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SLOW-GOING OLD-TIMERS

AND THE POINTERS THEY GATHER FROM "PROGRESS."

A Well-known Boston Journalist Tells His Brethren Over the Border About the Newspapers That He Found in the Maritime Provinces.

(Thomas F. Anderson, in The Journalist.)

BOSTON, Aug. 29.—Not of Boston newspapers and their makers will I write this week. Let us change the subject for a moment, and talk of another class of pencil wielders who do not often have their virtues extolled in the columns of *The Journalist*. A vacation trip through the maritime provinces is always bound to be enjoyable, under ordinary conditions, but the pleasure of such a journey is redoubled when you happen to be a newspaper man, and fall in with your provincial brethren of the quill. It has just been my pleasure to spend two restful weeks in Nova Scotia, and it is of its attractions and its journalism that I now feel tempted to speak. On my way to that delightful mecca of vacationists I tarried in St. John, New Brunswick, long enough to take a good sniff of Bay of Fundy fog and a glance at my esteemed and progressive friends of the St. John Progress, Messrs. Walter L. Sawyer and Edward S. Carter. If *PROGRESS* was typical of provincial journalism at large, I would tremble for the laurels of New England newspaperdom, but alas! it is not. This scintillating creation of those two bright writers for the St. John *Telegraph* is rather lonesome in its brilliancy. I am afraid, but perhaps it will be the means of making itself some better company. It is to be hoped so, at any rate, for journalism over that part of the border might be on a great deal higher plane than it is at present. In its brief career—for it has yet to see its first anniversary—*PROGRESS* has progressed with wonderful strides for a provincial weekly, and its proprietors are giving the slow-going old-timers thereabouts some valuable pointers in the way of newspaper enterprise. Some of them need a few, too. These two wide-awake young men have made of their paper the entering wedge of a new journalistic era, and they can be safely depended on to do what they can to make it split up some of the fossilism that has dominated the newspaper business in that part of the world ever since a paper was first printed there. *PROGRESS*, in short, is the shining newspaper light of the provinces, and may the day be not far distant when it will resolve itself into a daily, and thus increase its opportunity to work reform.

St. John has three or four dailies, of which the *Telegraph* is, perhaps, the most notable example. Some very bright men have traced paper in its office, more than one of whom are now making a mark for themselves in Uncle Samuel's domains. The *Telegraph* issues a very creditable weekly edition, which is extensively read in New Brunswick and the neighboring province of Nova Scotia. The daily *Sun* has a tendency to brighten up its surroundings with rays of enterprise, and publishes many interesting news specials, a feature that has almost always been neglected by provincial papers. The journalistic field is a somewhat circumscribed one in St. John, but the city has the advantage of being the nearest one to the United States in the maritime provinces. This gives it an inspiration that its sister and rival city in the other province, Halifax, does not enjoy. The newspapers of this latter city have improved somewhat of late years, in some respects, but there is yet a yawning gulf between them and perfection. The people of Nova Scotia, although generally as intelligent as any others, are naturally a slow-going and conservative class, until they come to "the States," and their newspaper men don't often contract brain fever in their efforts to make things boom a little more. I happen to know a little about the Halifax papers, and something about the gentlemen who help to get them out. I am sorry for the Halifax dailies, and weep great tears of anguish every time I reflect upon the grand opportunities they are missing. News, to the Halifax journalist is, of course, something not wholly unappreciated, when it happens to float around within easy hailing distance; but news is only secondary importance to the opportunity to indulge in political mud-slinging. As dispensers of political slime, the editorial writers on the Nova Scotia papers in general, and those of Halifax in particular, are away in advance of the most experienced and versatile of our American frontier type jugglers. The people of the province are always ready to stop taking in hay or delay shingling their roof, in order to embrace the opportunity of indulging in an election or a political discussion. They fairly live on politics, and their newspapers give them a surfeit of political food of the rank and most nauseating kind. It is a wonder we don't hear of more duels in Nova Scotia, and if the natives were all Frenchmen, the population would soon be decimated. Every prominent politician in the province is a confirmed liar, a horse-thief, the grandson of a pirate, and served the Lord only

knows how many terms in the penitentiary. That is, according to what the papers opposed to them allege. Just at present the editors are having a fine little scrimmage over the annexation question, and the controversy has resulted in the discovery by the Conservative papers of an astonishingly large number of journalistic traitors to the crown.

The general make-up and tone of the papers takes on rather a hay-seed sort of style, and there are really but few bright papers in the province. There is no money in journalism here, and the only newspaper men who have any chance of acquiring wealth, are those whose sheets are in editorial accord with the ruling party. That always means more or less governmental "soap" to them, in the shape of stray advertising contracts. The proprietor of a weekly paper in the country districts feels quite well off when he has attained a circulation of 2000. When the figure reaches 8000 he becomes arrogant, and has "Hon." written before his name. Some of the weeklies ought to be called weaklys, so precarious is their existence, and it is often the case that an editor has to be his own and only printer, besides.

The oldest daily in Nova Scotia is the *Acadian Recorder*, of Halifax, published by the Blackadders. The leading government organ in that city is the *Morning Herald*, which publishes an evening edition called the *Mail*. Editor Dennis, of the *Herald*, is a very genial and hospitable fellow, as most Nova Scotian journalists are, and he is well known to many Boston and New York members of the guild.

Halifax hasn't got any press club at the present writing, and the chances are that it never will, so long as the present journalistic warfare is kept up. Oil and water would fraternize about as well as its editors would. Notwithstanding the somewhat peculiar conditions that surround Halifax journalism, not a few of Nova Scotia's prominent statesmen have graduated from the editorial departments of some of the papers, so that there are some good fruits to show.

There is not much to be said regarding the weekly papers that are scattered through the province. Few of them will ever become New York *Heralds* or *Tribunes*. They are all gotten up in the same cast-iron style, with very little in the way of enterprise or originality to mark them. If it were not for their exchanges from Boston and New York they would be in a bad way, indeed. I have frequently seen matter two weeks old, that had been clipped from some belated American paper, masquerading as fresh telegraphic news. And not a subscriber ever threatened to have his paper stopped on that account.

A Well-Founded Complaint.

An American lady who has been sojourning many weeks in our pleasant city came to *PROGRESS* with an actual grievance, a few days ago.

"I went to church, yesterday," she said, "and was disappointed. I am not a regular attendant at any one church, but go every Sunday to some place of worship, choosing to hear what minister or choir I please. For this information I am in a great measure dependent upon the Saturday morning dailies, which pretend to publish the Sunday services. As a matter of fact, they are incorrect every Sunday. I know that one clergyman was away for weeks upon a vacation and yet he was announced to preach the same as usual! Yesterday I wanted to hear Rev. Mr. — and went to his church. He was away—had been away for some time. Now isn't this too much. Who is to blame? Somebody wake up. If the newspaper for its own reputation does not aim at correctness, it would be far better were the minister to stop the announcements until he has leisure to attend to them himself."

Rent Free, Ghost Included.

A stylish and comfortable house, on one of the most pleasant streets of the city, has had "To Let" in the window for many months. A well-known citizen is now about to occupy it, and it is said that he will get it free of rent until the first of May. The cause of this unusual generosity on the part of the owner is that the house is said to be possessed of a ghost which has shown a pernicious activity in the past. If the ghost will permit, the new tenant will try to give the place a good name in lieu of paying rent, for a time. The neighbors are preparing to watch for the result of the experiment.

Getting Ready for Moncton.

The city lodges of Knights of Pythias are making active preparations for their demonstration at Moncton on the 27th inst., during the Grand Lodge session. Besides Brunswick and Union lodges of this city, Frontier lodge of St. Stephen, Fredericton lodge and Cumberland lodge of Springhill, will take part. Calais and Eastport knights have also been invited to unite in the celebration. Fully 100 uniformed and equipped knights from the two city lodges are expected to be in line. The 62nd Fusiliers band will accompany the excursionists.

WESTFIELD'S VISITORS.

WHO THEY ARE—FACTS AND FANCIES OF THEM.

Including Lawyers, Merchants, Shippers, Gentlemen of Leisure and Others—A Happy Careless Group Who Seek Quiet and Rest from the Stirring City.

"Who's behind?"
"I'll bet a dollar it's Gerow."
"Leave him, conductor, make him wait," shouted one.

"Don't let him on," cried another, but the rusticated auctioneer gained the platform of the moving train and in a second was among his bantering, chaffing companions of the summer.

They are a gay, happy and careless lot—these Westfield sojourners. A little community all by themselves, conventionalism and new clothes are thrown aside, and each sets out for as much enjoyment as he can get for himself and from his neighbor. And that they succeed no one doubts for an instant.

Who are they, who thus cheat the fog and bask in the sunshine, who prefer and enjoy the cool and balmy air of the country suburb to the damp and chilly evening atmosphere of the city by the sea? Let me see.

A familiar figure and a Westfield landowner is "Ned" Sears, who, with his family, seek their sunny and pleasant country residence in June and return with the changing of the maple. They have a good time, and turn out every fine evening to greet the coming train which bears the household's master.

Blithe and careless are the shippers who roll out of town in this direction every evening. Messrs. McLaughlin and Sayre are never late, for crossing the river after dark is anything but pleasant.

President McDonald of the Baptist seminary board is another who has no choice in summer. He enjoys the morning papers equally as well during his half-hour morning ride as he would at his town breakfast table, and he arrives at his office before legal hours.

R. D. Wilson is the genial representative of wealth among the gang—for he is the quick and accurate teller in the British North America bank. When on time, and that is always, the train shoots into St. John station at 8.55, and R. D. enters the bank's doors as Trinity strikes nine.

Frank Hatheway alights at Brandy Point—I beg his pardon, Ingleside. This pleasant conversationalist rids himself of the bread-making fever each evening, and finds leisure and comfort at "Ingleside." I am confident that hadn't the railway company yielded to his vagary and changed the name of this charming retreat, Hatheway wouldn't have arranged to spend his summers there. But the brakeman shouts "Ingleside!" and everybody smiles and says "Brandy Point."

Then there's T. Nisbet Robertson, the business end of the *Globe*. The cares of the counting-room trouble him not, and every afternoon he catches the first half-dozen sheets from the press and hies to the train, glad to greet the country breezes and his family after the day's toil. T. Nisbet doesn't forget his neighbors, and *Globe*'s "free gratis," are plentiful in the river village. Some of his friends accuse him of displaying American bunting upon his country flagstaff—no crime, to be sure, but awkward to explain.

Then there's that bustling Beverly. You always look to see if he has a clothes-ringer or a rag doll under his arm, but he hasn't; he leaves them at Germain street. He is the soul of joviality, and would have fun universal if everybody would only chip in.

Another gentleman, G. U. Hay, always climbs on board with a bundle of papers clenched in his hand—reviews, exchanges, or examination problems. Whatever they are, they are precious, and occupy the student mind early and late.

Perfect contentment looks out from O. H. Warwick's countenance, as, after a leisurely breakfast, he walks the platform and sights the train. There are two others like him, Messrs. Crothers and Cassidy, and with them my list ends. If any fortunate is omitted, let him congratulate himself in silence.

They Are Always on Deck.

The New Brunswick railway management is always ready to give the public cheap rates to cities where anything is going on. The cheap fares to Bangor drew many New Brunswickers to the great fair and now Lewiston is on their card. St. John will draw a crowd next week—at least of horsemen—and all this month the N. B. R. will find plenty of patronage on its line between the circuit points, St. John, St. Stephen, Woodstock, Houlton and Fredericton.

The "Progress" Boom Edition:
Space in the Fredericton boom edition, which will be issued by *PROGRESS* the latter part of this month, is being taken rapidly, and the indications at present point to a very complete and full number in a very few days.

OPENING OF THE CIRCUIT.

Next Wednesday and Thursday Will be Great Days at Moosepath.

The New Brunswick Trotting circuit opens at Moosepath next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. That it will be successful goes without saying. No such list of entries has been offered to a St. John public for a long time and every lover of good honest sport will be sure to go and enjoy himself.

Moosepath has been greatly improved since last year and the best people in the city do not hesitate to show themselves in the grand stand.

It is very proper that St. John should have the successful opening of a successful circuit. The following list of entries speaks for itself:

FOUR YEAR-OLD CLASS—PURSE \$120.
George Carvill, St. John, g f Lady Max, by Sir Charles.
W W Dunbrack, St. John, r g Willy Wally, by Sir William Wallace.
C W Bell, St. John, b s John A, by Rampart.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, b l k, s, Frank Nelson, by Flying Dutchman.
John McCoy, Fredericton, —.
W Gammon, Pictou, g r Wildflower.
A L Slipp, Truro, N S, b m Lucy Derrick, by All-right.

THREE-MINUTE CLASS—PURSE \$150.
Geo Carvill, St. John, b c Speculation.
H B Gordon, Portland, ch g H B Gordon.
J N Freeze, Sussex, br m Sussex Lass.
C W Bell, St. John, br s Ben D, by Ben Moral.
C G Andrews, Bangor, g g Whitewash.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, b k g Edward All Right.
E Cameron, Pictou, b k in Blackbird.
C W Bell, St. John, b m Lady Simm, by Uncle Simm.
A L Slipp, Truro, N S, ch s Melbourne King, by Mambrino King.
C E Walker, Bangor, b g Disappointment.

2.40 CLASS—PURSE \$200.
W S McKie, Charlottetown, r g, Telephone, by Abdallah, jr.
G G Andrews, Bangor, b s, Naumkeag.
C G Andrews, Bangor, g g Whitewash.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, b k g Albert D.
John McCoy, Fredericton, —.
A L Slipp, Truro, b m Mand r, by Allright.
J D Bonnes, St. Stephen, b g Joe Hooker.
John McCoy, St. Marys, b k g Jack Mack.
C E Walker, Bangor, ch m, Mistake.

2 YEAR OLD CLASS—PURSE \$80.
A B Etter, Amherst, Chateaufort, by Sir Walkill.
John McCoy, Fredericton, —.
W H Fowler, St. John, ch f, Governor, by Olympus.
J M Kinnear, Sussex, ch f, Sagitta.
Harry C Lydrard, Steam Mill Village, N.S., mare Cleon, by Confidence.

2.50 CLASS—PURSE \$150.
W S McKie, Charlottetown, r g, Telephone, by Abdallah, jr.
Geo Carvill, St. John, g f Lady Max, by Sir Charles.
H B Gordon, Portland, ch g H B Gordon, by Dean Swift.
J N Freeze, Sussex, br m Sussex Lass.
C W Bell, St. John, br s Ben D, by Ben Moral.
C W Bell, St. John, b m Lady Simm, by Uncle Simm.
C G Andrews, Bangor, g g Whitewash.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, b k g Edward All Right.
E Cameron, Pictou, b k in Blackbird.
A L Slipp, Truro, N S, ch s Melbourne King, by Mambrino King.
C E Walker, Bangor, ch m Mistake and b g Disappointment.

FREE-FOR-ALL CLASS—PURSE \$300.
Wm Jacobs, Bangor, gr s Rattler.
Geo Sullivan, Bangor, b g Orator Henley.
C G Andrews, Bangor, b s Naumkeag.
D J Stockford, Fredericton, ch s Sandy Morris.
W H Bowen, St. John, br m Helena.
C E Walker, Bangor, br s Elmo.

The Latest in Base Ball.

Wagg covered himself with glory at Halifax. The Haligonians have good reason to think he is a daisy on the ball field.

The Maine State College boys arrive here this morning and play the first game on the C. and A. grounds this afternoon. The M. S. C.'s are favorites in this town and will draw a great crowd.

"Wonder," says a base ball crank, "if any other club than the Nationals was winning if the *Globe* would be so down on the base ball craze."

Fall of Good Things.

The September *Gripsack*, enlarged and improved in many ways, has just been issued. It has for a frontispiece a portrait of Fred Birks, of Montreal, which is printed on plate paper and looks very well indeed. A large amount of notes and news of travel and travellers of every class is given, and the time tables are corrected up to date. On the whole *The Gripsack* appears to be a very useful as well as a very readable publication.

The Men Tired Of It.

The Fusiliers' club-room on Charlotte street has been closed. When it was first opened it seemed to be appreciated, but lately the men have ceased to go to it and it was finally decided to close it. The officers of the corps have secured rooms in the Davison building, on the corner of Germain and Duke streets, which will be fitted up as club rooms and will be used to hold meetings in.

They Open Today.

Barnes & Murray open their new store, at 17 Charlotte street, today, and every lady who can spare the time should call upon them, and glance at the really neat and handsome establishment. The wood-work is all cherry-stained, and is very rich-looking. No brief description would do it justice. Those who will can see for themselves, this afternoon.

FARMING OUT BABIES.

THE STORY OF AN ALMS HOUSE COMMISSIONER.

Several "Farming Out" Establishments in the City—How Children are Got Into the Alms House—Strange Stories of the "Respectable" Women.

"Another baby on another doorstep and another recruit for the Alms house nursery!"

The commissioner was mad and this exclamation but feebly expressed his feelings. When that enlightened and duty loving body, the Alms house commission, can gain any information upon certain points concerning additions to the family of the county they receive them, though not exactly with open arms, care for and educate them as best they can.

But they hate the doorstep youngster who is borne into its future company perchance by the unfortunate policeman who found it. It somehow occupies a lower position in the home of the paupers than those who knew no other abode, for, strange as it may seem, aristocracy exists even in an Alms house!

Next to the doorstep burden is the "farming out" baby which is often successfully palmed off upon the refuge. Quite recently the commission has become fearful of the size of this infant industry and began to make careful inquiry about the new arrivals, only to learn that they came from places in this city called "farming out" houses, where for \$20 the keeper engages to separate the little one from its unnatural mother and palm it off upon the county.

"Yes," said a commissioner to *PROGRESS*, "there are several such places in our city—places that are of quite recent origin, and month by month are becoming more and more known. The result has been that unfortunate women, both in the city and outside of it, choose the keepers of these places—generally middle-aged, sharp women—to take care of their children until such time as they find it convenient to turn it over to the almshouse. For their services, the sum of \$20 is the usual payment. They are in a bad fix, however, if their plan to foist the infant upon the public fails. I know of one in the heart of the city who today has four young children with her, left on her hands to dispose of in this way; but she failed, and I expect the little things will lead a hard time of it.

"What we want, and I think must ask for, is some legislation to enable the authorities to seek out these 'farmers' and arrest them. That is our only protection. "In addition to this, what a life a young child must lead if left in such a place! How will it live? And what will the end be? The sooner the abominable practice is stopped the better for the morals of the community and for the almshouse.

"Only a short time ago we had a curious instance of the prevailing idea that the almshouse can go to any lengths of accommodation. A certain doctor in town inquired if he could get a baby into the institution without revealing the name of either of its parents. The child would be taken there in about a week.

"Our answer was 'No.' "Well, in a very short time a baby was left on a doorstep in a certain locality—the police cared for it in the usual manner, and it went to the almshouse. One thing quite peculiar about this infant was the handsome wrap around it, but it afforded no clue to the parent.

"A few weeks later a lady inquired at the institution for a child to adopt. She wanted it at a certain age—the exact time since the arrival of the latest and richly apparelled little stranger—and he was brought her. She made careful inquiries about the child, where it had been found and discovered, beside all the authorities knew about it. Then apparently satisfied she decided to take the child and as she rose to go she said, 'Where is the quilted wrap that was around it?'

"You can picture the matron's astonishment and the confusion of the woman when she saw her fatal error, but it was too late to remedy it; the wrap was given her and the mother and her reclaimed infant departed.

"Another woman wished to adopt a child and secured one at the institution. It was but a few days old and served her purpose admirably for a time, many of her friends thinking what she wished them to believe, that the infant was her own offspring. Her husband was away at the time and when he returned after an absence of some months, it is presumed he was not pleased, for he remained from home until the commission was asked to take the child back. We did so and the peace of that family was restored.

"Now what we want to do is put a stop to all the 'farming out' business and for our own protection it must be done.

Gaze Upon It.

Any one who has been pestering his friends for information about the new opera house should buy *PROGRESS* today and gaze upon the second page, where the main portion of the interior is portrayed.

OUR OWN SNAKE-CHARMER.

A St. John Boy, William McIntosh, Who Makes Pets of the Reptiles.

There is nothing about the personal appearance of William McIntosh to indicate that he has more controlling force than any ordinary person. He is a young man, rather light complexioned, quiet of voice and speaks in a deliberative manner that shows his careful good sense.

Mr. McIntosh is a successful snake charmer.

At his father's flower store on Charlotte street he has at present a common black snake, about two feet long, which he treats much the same as anybody else would treat a piece of rope that long, only more affectionately, perhaps. The snake is poisonous and shows his metal with everybody but Mr. McIntosh, who can coil him round his neck, rub the snake's tongue on his face, and, in fact, handle this reptile in any way and carry him around in his pocket. The snake was found by its present owner while strolling near Lily Lake a few weeks ago. He placed it in his pocket and carried it home, and since that time the snake has been his pet. Mr. McIntosh generally has the snake at the Charlotte street store, and shows it to all his friends and numerous inquisitive schoolboys.

Considerable fun is extracted through the medium of this dangerous reptile. Some intimate friends were in the store, the other day, when Mr. McIntosh took the snake out of his coat pocket and rubbed its tongue against his face. Although it is not the tongue that "stings," as most people imagine, yet it is a very disagreeable thing to do. One of his friends nearly fainted and could hardly be prevented from seeking a doctor to undo the deadly work he imagined the snake had done. A young lady was suddenly taken by surprise to see the snake appear out of its owner's pocket, and left the store in a hurry. She has not been back since.

Mr. McIntosh had a visitor the other day, in the shape of a boy who was very much interested and finally announced that he could furnish all the snakes wanted at so much per snake, although he would not go within six feet of the one at the store. He was told to go ahead, but to not hurt the snakes and above all, not kill them. The boy appeared next day with a lobster can on the end of a stick and said the snake was inside. Mr. McIntosh put his hand over the top of the can, expecting the reptile to raise up, but for a snake he was uncommonly quiet. He was dumped out on the counter as dead as a door nail. The boy looked surprised and protested, "He was live enough when I put him in," and thought it must have been the juggling of the cart in which he was brought to town that killed him. But the snake's back was broken.

Mr. McIntosh is unable to account for his control over snakes, except from the fact that he never had any fear for a reptile of any kind. He feels that once he gets a snake to look him in the eyes he has complete control of it and it will stay with him.

His first knowledge of this power he received ten years ago. Walking through the woods, one day, he accidentally stepped on a snake. Finding what he had done he stooped down and stroked it gently on the back. Then he picked it up, put it in his pocket and carried it home. Here he met great opposition to his new pet, as nobody had any desire to see a snake crawling round the house. He kept it, however. From that time he has always been greatly interested in all kinds of reptiles.

During the centennial exhibition of 1883 everybody will remember that there was a kind of side show to a circus running on the grounds at the rear of the large building. The attractions were a performing goat, a few other things and a collection of snakes. Mr. McIntosh visited this show and being interested in snakes drew the attention of the regular snake charmer, who suggested, with a sarcastic grin, that he pick up one of the snakes. Mr. McIntosh picked up one about six feet in length, and wound it about him to the astonishment of the regular charmer and the audience.

Before leaving the city for upper Canada, about three years ago, Mr. McIntosh had seven snakes, many of them of good size. He made them his pets, much the same as a boy would rabbits, or a woman a pug dog, and kept them in his room. The snakes, however, had a habit of crawling out of their box and exploring the house, where one of them was found under a mat by the lady of the house. There was a scene, and the snakes were ever after consigned to more appropriate quarters.

Mr. McIntosh intends taking a vacation in the country in a few weeks. If his plans succeed, he will bring back a finer collection of snakes than ever met the appreciative eye of a man in the clutches of delirium tremens.

Best makes of pianos and organs for sale or to hire, at BELL'S, 25 King street.

Smoke "Crescent" Cigars.