

BABIES AND DOCTORS.

MONCTON HAS AN ABUNDANCE OF BOTH.

Pugilistic Babies and Unmarried Doctors—An Attraction Not to be Despised in the Bore-Brush Fires and Their Warm Results.

MONCTON, Sept. 4.—Moncton has more children to the square yard than any town of its size in the maritime provinces, with a wider range, as to color and texture, than I have ever seen before, from the tow-headed atom of three years old, to the outwardly demure school girl of fourteen. I am fully satisfied that they begin to walk at the age of six months, for long habit has accustomed the denizen of our town to look with calm indifference at infants about twelve inches high strolling about, either alone or in couples. Occasionally a stranger, who is not up to our little ways, thinks he has found a lost child, and interviews the young voyager: "Little boy, I'm afraid you're lost. Hadn't you better let me take you home?" The "lost heir" eyes him for a moment, with a cold, haven't-been-introduced-to-you air, steadies itself on its warped and wobbly legs, and responds indignantly: "Ain't a boy; I'm a girl! You go 'long!" And the crestfallen philanthropist pursues his way. It may be imagined that among such a large number of vivacious young souls, there are frequent differences of opinion so radical that they can only be settled by blows; and I was fortunate enough to witness a hand-to-hand action, the other day, between—I blush to write it—a lady and gentleman, neither of whom had passed their third year. A lady of four had accepted the post of referee, and stood close to the combatants, to see that Marquis of Queensbury rules were observed. Neither of the contesting parties were sufficiently steady on their legs to make "first fall" a very difficult matter, but wrestling was not part of their code. Their mode of proceeding was for one to rush forward and deliver a rapid slap at the other's face; both the assaulting party, the besieged and the referee immediately ran away as fast as they could, breathed hard, and silently came up to time for another round, when the performance was repeated. Alas! that prize fighting should be against both domestic as well as municipal laws. The brother of one of the disturbers of the peace suddenly appeared at the door, and caused an abrupt stay of proceedings by carrying the embryo Britomart shrieking into the house, while her adversary and his second disappeared in a cloud of dust, kicked up by their retreating heels.

Aprons of this subject, Rev. Mr. Crisp once delivered a lecture here entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?" during the course of which he said that, anyone standing at the corner of Church street of a Sunday afternoon, when the Sunday schools were disbanded, would be thoroughly convinced that marriage was not a failure—at least in Moncton. And anyone who makes a pilgrimage to our town during the approaching gay season will agree with him.

Moncton, also, has ten doctors, exclusive of her far-famed clairvoyant, who acts as a sort of counter irritant to the others. And of all these medicos, but four are married. Picture it, young ladies: five charming young doctors—all bachelors. What a field for speculation, and, also, for conquest. What an ennobling task—to teach these dear young knights of the scalpel and the lancet that the heart has other uses besides pumping up sufficient blood, during the twenty-four hours, to keep the body in a state of good circulation, and the lips—but I refrain. The subject is too profound for any but experienced hands to touch, but the doctors themselves are a tangible collection of facts. There are tall doctors, and short doctors, and doctors with every variety of complexion, from almost Egyptian darkness to the brilliant fairness of the sun god.

Moncton has among other attractions a copyright of the famous Petioediac bore, whose semi-daily appearance is regarded with wonder by strangers and the most profound indifference by natives. We are secretly very proud of our bore, but we don't make a parade of the feeling before outsiders, and constant familiarity will produce a certain calm acceptance of our choicest blessings that would speedily disappear did those blessings show any sign of taking flight. Therefore, if the channel of the river ever fills up, as it shows signs of doing, and the bore dies of inanition, there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst our dear four hundred; but we are thinking of having a hayrake attached to the *Arbutus*, which we hope will act as a sort of steam dredge, and avert the danger of any such calamity. Our national bulwarks must be strengthened in some way, and our cherished institutions protected.

We have, at the present time of writing, the most extensive and dangerous collection of brush fires that any town could pos-

sibly have, or want to have. Indeed we are shivering on the brink of sharing the distinction forced upon ancient Rome by a careless emperor, who preferred, so tradition says, lying on the sofa and playing his violin, to looking after his kitchen maids, who lighted the torches with paraffine oil instead of using Christian slaves, soaked in pitch, as their master had directed, and so the entire town was reduced to ashes. I don't know how the Moncton fires originated, but they certainly are in a most unpleasantly flourishing condition. The town is enveloped in smoke, the townspeople are breathing cinders and calcined brushwood with uncomplaining cheerfulness, except a few, whose lungs being delicate, prefer their oxygen strained, and have adopted protective measures in the shape of base ball masks and milk strainers worn over the mouth. The fire department have no time to breathe, so they don't seem to mind but the fire engine requires all the water in the west end of the town to keep her going, so the residents are reduced to taking the advice Marie Antoinette gave to the poor of Paris when they could not get bread, to "eat cake." They can't get any water, so they have to drink tea and coffee or wine.

MORALITY IN BUSINESS.

AN UNEXPECTED FAILURE AND WHAT FOLLOWED IT.

Goods Received Almost to the Hour of Assignment—Resumption of Business by the Same Man Under Another Firm Name—His Employees' Demands Complicated With. The recent sudden failure of a city manufacturer, who was supposed to be doing an excellent paying business, his assignment and absurd offer of settlement with his creditors, and his subsequent resumption of business under another style of firm name, have caused a more than ordinary amount of talk among business people generally. There is a strong prejudice against such methods in St. John, methods that would bring the good business name of any community into disrepute. Too much of it has been done in the past, but of late there was a cessation of such business squirming, which everyone hoped the last had been seen of.

It has broken out again, and some foreign manufacturers rue the day they had anything to do with the St. John man who gave them no sign of his intentions, received goods from the railways almost to within the hour of his assignment, and made them over to his trustees. There is no excuse for such methods as these.

A CAT'S CHARGE.

Always With the Baby and Defending It Against All Foes.

MONCTON, Sept. 4.—Some people who don't know very much about the matter assert that the cat is an animal destitute of affection and lacking in intelligence. There is a cat in my neighborhood who has voluntarily taken upon his shoulders the office of nursery maid to a baby of two years old. Child and cat are rarely seen apart, and the companionship seems chiefly of the cat's seeking. He walks patiently after the baby wherever he goes, leaving his personal affairs to arrange themselves as they will. If the baby, who is usually alone, sits down in the middle of the sidewalk to play, the cat lies down beside him and dozes peacefully in the sun, always with one eye open.

This morning as I was chewing the end of my pen, seeking inspiration. It came, when I least expected it, in the shape of the child and cat, who were, for the time being, separated. The cat was investigating the contents of a neighbor's back yard, with especial reference to the swill pail, and the child was trotting along the sidewalk, some twenty yards away. Suddenly he tripped and fell, and, as a natural consequence, howled lustily. His devoted nurse heard, and the way he kicked over the swill pail and dashed out of that back yard, threw the charge of the Light Brigade forever into the background. Every hair on his body was erect, his tail resembled a hearth-brush, and he was prepared to rend whatever enemy had attacked his charge, limb from limb. When he reached the scene of the catastrophe and found the baby picking himself up, he rubbed against the child and did his best to comfort him. Strange to say, he never remembered to return to his *moutons*. This is an actual occurrence. G. C. S.

Two Events in One Week.

There has been two pleasant events in Messrs. Barnes & Murray's establishment this week of a personal and business character. Mr. J. Pope Barnes was married on Tuesday, and today the firm complete its first business year. It has been one of singular and deserving success. "The Pretty Store" has gained a secure place in the affections of every lady who has patronized it. Looking back upon the year, PROGRESS can recall many instances of original enterprise which must have proved highly attractive to the people at large and given them something to talk about, which is always a good and effective advertisement. It is by such bright thoughts, by careful selection of nice goods and by strict attention to business, that this young firm has become so popular. That they may continue to deserve and increase this popularity is the wish of all their friends.

Attractive Fall Excursions.

The fall excursions of the New Brunswick railway are attracting many persons away for a vacation who had almost, if not quite, given up the idea. The Eastern Maine state fair, at Bangor, has already attracted many excursionists, and will continue to do so this week, while the Lewiston fair is just as inviting and comes later. The Toronto exhibition affords a splendid chance for those who would take a longer and a purely Canadian trip, while for those who have not yet seen the Algonquin and the St. Andrews of to-day—Canada's summer resort—have an opportunity to spend a short or a long time there, all travelling expenses being paid by the one ticket issued by the New Brunswick railway. For particulars, any station agent or A. J. Heath the passenger agent, will answer inquiries with their usual promptness and willingness.

A MODEL OLD MAID.

The Happiest Condition of Life—Admired and Loved by Everybody.

I once knew a clever young lady who said, that as long as she had to be a woman, she would rather be a young widow than anything else under the sun. It was the only real state of freedom for the downtrodden sex. If you were a young girl you were under the rule of your father, if you were married you were ruled by your husband, and if you were an old maid everybody jeered at you. So, she had elected to be a widow—an abstract widow, of course—skipping over all the unpleasant details of getting married and her husband's subsequent illness and death.

Now, it seems to me, that if I had to be a woman, there is no one in the world I would rather be than an old maid: provided, of course, that I was not a destitute one, who had to live with my brother's wife. But one who was not repulsively ill-looking and had enough of this world's goods to place her above want.

Some witty person—belonging to the opposite sex, I fear—has defined an old bachelor as "a man who has neglected his opportunity of making some woman miserable." But how about the old maid? Is she a person who has entrenched herself behind green goggles and poked her black bombazine umbrella at every advancing biped of the male persuasion crying out "scat," as the lepers of old cried out "unclean"? No; by any means! At least if she is the type of old maid I have in my mind's eye, she is a fine-looking woman, not less than 35, who dresses handsomely, takes the deepest interest in her personal appearance, and loves fun of all kinds. She is pretty certain to have a grave in her heart, either of a dead love or a shattered idol, but she keeps the tomb covered with flowers, so that no one suspects its existence. So far from making war upon the opposite sex, she professes the greatest pleasure in their society, and invariably advises her girl friends—of whom she is sure to have a number—to get married. She has a delightful time wherever she goes and is in great demand at picnics and parties of all kinds. Sometimes she keeps house, but usually she prefers boarding, as it leaves her free to accept her numerous invitations, and if anybody is ill and sends for her she can pack up and depart at a moment's notice. She is an immense favorite among her nephews and nieces, to whom she is a sort of visible providence, and she is a favorite repository for love affairs. She has even been consulted by callow young lovers as to the advisability of an elopement. She has a sort of individuality of her own that seems to draw her nearer to the girls than if she was a matron, and then she possesses the inestimable advantage of not having a husband to share other people's secrets with. She has also a delightful fondness for ice cream and caramels, and better still the means of gratifying her taste and treating her friends. How many delightful hours have she and a chosen few of "the girls" spent in the cool seclusion of the ice cream saloon on a baking July afternoon as an agreeable finale to making a round of calls. The mere thought makes one thirsty.

But her life is not all spent in pleasure. Somehow she has managed to pick up a wonderful knowledge of sickness and she is a capital nurse. Having no home ties she is to a great extent at the service of those who have and she is never found wanting when called upon. Oh! she is a wonderful creature! And for freedom her life certainly ranks next to that of a man, and for usefulness and unselfishness far before that of most men. G. C. S.

Should a man of this stamp, a man with so little regard for the good name of his employes, be allowed to have charge of a factory where female labor is employed? One of the avowed objects of the labor commission was to investigate the relations between such employers and their employes, and if possible protect them, not only from actual injury, but from any suspicion of it. If PROGRESS' facts are correct, and they have been collected with a good deal of care, there is considerable room for investigation in this quarter. It is against the best interests of any community that a man should be permitted to live with women who are not bound to him by any legal or moral obligation.

Postponed for a Time. Mr. McDade, the enterprising special agent of PROGRESS in Moncton, writes us that leading merchants of Moncton have stated that in their opinion an edition of PROGRESS illustrative of their city would be better appreciated at a later date when there was no exhibition to detract from its interest. Just now there is a strong feeling to place the exhibition to the front, which is only right. All that we can say is that when the business people are ready we are, and when the edition is published it will be as representative as possible. May the exhibition be such a pronounced success that the illustrated edition will come as a matter of course.

An Unhealthy Odor. The Board of Health should have taken an outing Monday or Tuesday evening. The air was warm and still, but the stench that arose from some source was well nigh unbearable. It was stated that the objectionable and certainly unhealthy odor came from the market and other slips, where the schoormen and others are too careless of what they throw over the wharf. But whatever was the cause the board should ascertain it and take measures to prevent its recurrence.

Is It Economy? It is said that the Mechanics' Institute has found a purchaser in the Board of School trustees. One would almost think that it would take more to repair "the old trap" than it would to erect a new building. Ladies, Washington's Ice Cream Parlors are elegant and his ice cream par excellence. Try it. Cool and refreshing drinks at the "National," 22 Charlotte street.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street. Children's hoods done up equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry. Ladies, if you want excellent ice cream go to Washington's, Charlotte street.

Smokers will not fail to try the "National" Havana Cigars, and Virginia Tobaccos. The best in town.

WILL HE BE EXPELLED?

THE FEELING AGAINST MCCOY AND "STANLEY."

It is said that steps will be taken to have both horse and owner expelled from the Association Tracks—Our Association Will Try and Regain Its Money. Progress' expose of the horse Earle ringing in this province under the name of "Stanley," created a sensation in sporting circles last week. Much indignation was expressed against McCoy and Gibson, and the chances are that if they are dealt with as they should be, some one will be expelled from the track. The driver of Earle has hastened to deny any knowledge of him as a ringer, and McCoy and Gibson will have to bear the entire blame. The general opinion seems to be that McCoy should have treated the St. John track squarely and not brought any horse here under such false pretences.

Letters from Fredericton and St. Stephen, from Moncton and Halifax speak in strong terms of condemnation of McCoy's conduct, and it will be a curious thing if he ever succeeds in palming off a grand circuit performer again in this section. The officers of the St. John association are not saying a great deal, but they are thinking much.

Progress was told by one who should know that steps would be taken to have McCoy refund the money, and him and the horse expelled from the National association tracks.

This is what should be done. If sport can't be square and honest, it is better that there should be no sport. What satisfaction is it for any man to find an old ringer with a record of 2,20½ sided up against him.

Time It Was Started.

There is a chance that something will be done at last toward building an opera house. The new scheme to dismantle the old institute and convert it into something modern (save the mark) has awakened the other scheme, and contractors are figuring again. It occurs to us that a little actual work and less figuring would be more satisfactory to those people who have subscribed stock and paid up part of their calls. The directors cannot call the stockholders impatient, but they would like some evidence that the work will be pushed forward within a reasonable period. We have no doubt that the projectors of the Union street opera house will meet with far greater response when the building is once under way and all of them will admit that the time has arrived for bricks and mortar to take the place of talk.

Pleasant Sails.

A great many people have been taking advantage of the fine weather lately to make excursions to Hampton on the steamer *Clifton*. There is certainly a no more beautiful sail than up the Kennebecasis at this time of year, and what makes it still more pleasant is the fact, that a person does not have to leave before nine in the morning and arrives home before dark. The steamer leaves Hampton now at 3 o'clock in the afternoon on her return trip. The *David Weston*, of the Union line, leaves Fredericton at 10.30 Saturday morning, instead of her usual hour, to accommodate people who patronize the Saturday excursions.

Ornamental and Useful. Three beautiful panels, forming an elegant parlor screen, will be shown in Mr. Harold Gilbert's front to-day. The artist, Miss Bessie Bowman, is already very well known to very many in this city in an artistic as well as a social way. This floral screen is well worth seeing.

With Great Regret.

The death of that estimable lady, Mrs. Fred Snow, was heard with painful regret by very many in this city, where her acquaintanceship was much thought of. Mr. Snow's friends will not fail to think of him with much sympathy in his sudden and severe loss.

A New Stage Beauty.

Burr McIntosh's benefit will take place next Thursday at the Fourteenth Street theatre. Over one hundred people have volunteered for it, among them Lillian Russell and a new stage beauty, May Hampton, who will appear as Parthenia.—N. Y. World.

Gone Back on Him.

Those who enjoyed the theatrical performances here, this season, will regret to hear that another troupe, signed for a few weeks' engagement, has failed to come to time and broken its engagement.

Mr. Pitts Was Sober.

*** We could tell at any time of the day or night just where we were, and any one who travels can appreciate this luxury. —Fredericton Reporter.

Umbrellas Repaired.

Duval, 242 Union street.

Children's hoods done up equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

Ladies, if you want excellent ice cream go to Washington's, Charlotte street.

THEY ALL GO THERE.

Read the Scores, Enjoy Themselves and Purchase Elsewhere.

No place in the city has done quite so much in a quiet way to foster good, square sport in St. John this summer as the National club room. Hundreds of people associate every club room with drinking and gambling. The National does not belong to this class. It is not a Y. M. C. A. parlor, neither is it a barroom. The air of quiet decency about it is more attractive to hundreds than either of the other resorts.

What PROGRESS set out to say was that Proprietor Wilkins has spent much money and time in bringing the National to the front, and proving that a quiet resort could be made popular. It is popular—so much so that it is always thronged with people who go to see what the scores are, no matter whether they are interested in Boston or New York contests, or in Moncton or Fredericton, or Bangor or St. John, or the Halifax and Shamrock clubs. They find the scores there away in the back room posted on the board. They stop and chat, lounge about, in the full knowledge that they are welcome; then when they want a cigar or any tobacco, or anything in the refreshment line, they pass out and patronize some outsider. They do not think—though they should know it ere this—that there are good cigars and tobacco in the National, and, also, as refreshing light drinks as can be had anywhere.

These are some plain facts, and the boys who would see the National continue and remain as good as heretofore should bear them in mind. They would be the first to regret its close.

PEN AND PRESS.

Weary of performing a "maximum of work for a minimum of pay," manager and editor Wells of the *Harvey Observer* has thrown up the sponge. We congratulate Mr. Wells and the people of Albert. The *Observer* should never have existed. Thomas F. Anderson, a provincialist, is doing good work for the *Boston Globe*. When maritime Canadians in and about Boston run up into the tens of thousands, a newspaper man with an intimate knowledge of maritime affairs must be very useful on the staff. In the last Sunday *Globe*, Mr. Anderson had a good illustrated article on the Canadians in Boston.

The Insurance Company Has It.

The representatives of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, in their advertisement of to-day, claim that the company is the largest insurance company in the world; and assert that the receipts of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, for 1888, were \$32,206,932.52, exceeding the whole taxation receipts of Canada, from customs and excise, by \$4,029,519.34 for the like period,—customs and excise receipts for 1888 being \$28,177,413.18. General Agency Office Walker Building, 99 Prince William street.—Advt.

Returning from New York.

Mrs. L. B. Carroll expects to return from New York on the 7th inst. and will have her opening on the 16th.—Advt.

The Social's Private Code.

The Socials used a private telegraph code as follows, after the games here:

Grahm
O'Brien
SmiTh
DopLe
White
Flynn
McCarThy

Committee's reply:

Farquhar
DAvison
FullTz
Scott.

THE WRECK OF THE DESPERATES.

"Oh, father, I hear the church-bells ring. Oh, say what may it be?
Why is the cannon's deep-mouthed roar borne thund'ring out to sea?
And whence the brilliant lights that gleam from Fort Howe's em'rald crest,
That put to blush old Sol's gay hues when diving in the west?"

"Why do the men stand hand-in-hand and shed great tears of joy?
And tell me why our famed fair maids with rose-twined chaplets toy?
And why do songs of glee and mirth soar up from far and near?
And why is it the wine's blithe "pop" is wafted to my ear?"

"And, father, why does Navy Isle its rockets sky-ward scoot?
And why is heard the bang of drums, and eke the cornet's toot?
And why does St. John town to-night lay out famed Broddinag?"

"My son, Tom Bell and his staunch men have colored Spaulding's rag!" —CASEY TAP.

The "National" Dining rooms are the best in town.

Dinners from 12 to 2. Choice uncles at all hours.

If you want a situation, invest 10 cents in a "Progress" want.

Ladies, and Children's Dresses, Satens, News cutting or Cotton cleaned at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

Children's hoods done up equal to new, at Ungar's Steam Laundry.

Cool and refreshing drinks at the "National," 22 Charlotte street.

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