

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

IN DARKEST MONCTON.

WHERE IT IS NOT BEST FOR WOMEN TO BE ALONE.

Cowards Who Insult Ladies—One Plucky Woman Uses Her Umbrella with Good Effect—Dangers that Moncton's Men Meet in Moncton's Masses.

MONCTON, Sept. 12.—Moncton is rapidly becoming such an unsafe place to live in that if something is not done very soon to make the conditions of life easier, no accident company will insure a man who hails from Moncton, against danger to life and limb. True we are still free from one source of danger, because the electric railway of which we heard so much a few months ago, is not here yet, but it is confidently expected, and may add its terrors any day to the already hard conditions under which the Moncton citizen contrives to exist. Of course if he is to the manner born, and has lived in Moncton all his life, he won't mind these trying circumstances, familiarity having bred a certain hardihood as it could scarcely help doing, and made him almost as stoical in the face of danger as an Apache warrior.

I suppose it is only natural that a man who has been brought up in a city whose most important streets are all intersected by unguarded railway crossings, and whose railway station stands in the very centre of a busy railway yard, like a small and ill favored oasis in a desert of steel rails, should be nearly as indifferent about it as his own life, as that of his next door neighbor, but it is upon strangers that the system presses so hard. The unsuspecting traveller who alights at Moncton station in the evening, filled with hope, vigor and a consuming desire to see the far famed Bore, which he has read about and fondly imagines to be at least 30 feet high, little dreams of all that he will pass through ere he bids good bye to the city.

If he possesses an independent spirit, dodges the cabman and decides to hunt up a hotel for himself, he will probably wish, long before he finds one, that he had confided himself to the care of some responsible Jehu, and reached his destination without seeing where he was going, for turn which way he will he can see nothing but rails, up and down which trains of cars seem to be perpetually shunted, and when he makes a bold dive for liberty, and dashes in front of a puffing and snorting engine, in search of something that looks like a city, he is just as likely to plunge off the wrong side of the platform, and end his journey at one of the I. C. R. shops, as he is to wander up the road and treacherously inviting plank walk at the other side and climb the steps of what he takes to be a large and handsome hotel, only to discover too late, that he has entered the back door of the I. C. R. general offices, and is more out of his way than ever. It is a novel experience for most people, to find that when they arrive in a city of some pretensions they have to dodge engines, skip nimbly out of the way of shunting cars, and cross at least six tracks, before they can see any sign of a town. I used to wonder often, what the travelling people thought of our Moncton station, and the approach to the city, but I don't now. I have heard several opinions on the subject and I know.

But this is quite a long standing source of annoyance, and from appearances, it is likely to continue standing for many years to come. True, the approach of each general election brings the threat of a new station for Moncton, as a sort of "avant courier," but it never amounts to anything, and is soon forgotten, once the election is over.

But there have been new sources of apprehension added lately to the burden which the Monctonian has to carry on his mind, and one is the bicycle fiend, who takes charge of main street after eight o'clock in the evening, and runs mad races with all the other bicycles in town, till he effectually clears the street of all pedestrians who do not want to commit suicide. There are just two things about an electric car which make it a less dangerous enemy to encounter than a bicycle! One is that it stops at the crossings, and the other that its approach is heralded by the ringing of a bell, otherwise there is little to choose between them. The Moncton cyclist either hasn't a bell, or else it is too much trouble to use it, and he never feels equal to the exertion of shouting "Look out there!" until he is right upon his victim, and terror less his valued "machine" may be injured in the encounter gives him sufficient energy to call out. His approach is swift and silent as that of death itself, and it was equally unexpected, so far as the authorities were concerned, until two or three accidents occurred. Two people, one a little child, were knocked down and severely injured before the police woke up to the fact that pedestrians had rights as well as wheelmen, and now an edict which is enforced on Main street, I believe, has been issued requiring all bicyclists to carry bells and use them. So it is

now comparatively safe to cross the street of an evening, if you are young and active and your hearing is good.

The other danger which menaces Moncton people is essentially a new one, but it is growing so rapidly that unless prompt and rigorous measures are taken to stamp it out every woman in the place will not only have to carry a small revolver in her pocket whenever she goes out alone after dusk, but she will have to cultivate both the skill and the courage necessary to use it.

It was only last summer that complaints began to be made of ladies being followed and spoken to by men, when either business or their daily occupations compelled them to be out alone after dark. Last winter and spring the reports of men occurrences became more frequent, and the daily papers took the matter up, and said something should be done about it, but somehow the offenders proved hard to identify, and nothing was ever heard of them till they committed another offence.

Ladies who were returning from church on Monday evenings were followed, and sometimes chased by young ruffians who lurked in ambush till they came up and then sprang out upon them. A friend of my own, who had ventured out at ten o'clock in the evening to post an important letter, was accosted by a young hound dressed like a gentleman, followed almost to her own door, and most grossly insulted. But for her dauntless courage, and the valiant use she made of her umbrella, in warding him off, there is little doubt but that he would have laid violent hands on her.

Another friend whose husband had been detained late in his office, started to meet him with an umbrella as a heavy rain had come on, and before she had traversed half the distance, she was accosted and followed by a young ruffian who insisted on forcing his society upon her, and knowing where she was going. As she was a very nervous little woman, her terror knew no bounds, and if she had not seen her husband in the distance, she would probably have fainted from fright. The man of course fled when he saw that she was not without a protector.

These are but two instances, and there are at least half a score of others which might be cited.

Now that the evenings are closing in early, fresh complaints are being made, and again the local papers have drawn attention to the fact.

Of course the argument may be advanced that unprotected women have no business on the streets after ten o'clock at night, but how does that alter the fact that the city is rapidly growing unsafe for ladies to move about the streets alone, once the shades of night have fallen, and it should be borne in mind that all girls have not fathers, mothers, or escorts to look after them, and that there are many occasions when it is absolutely necessary for them to go out in the evening, there are letters to post, errands to be done, perhaps medicine to be called for at the druggist's, or even the doctor to be sent for, not to speak of church and prayer meeting to be attended, or even the little visit to a friend's house after tea, so dear to every girl's heart, and it is a disgrace to any city under police protection if its women are afraid to venture alone upon its streets after nightfall.

I hope most devoutly that it will not be long before this reproach is removed from the railway town, and though its station should be beset with dangers which make the bravest heart quail, and the bicyclist wade up to their knees in human gore without let or hindrance, the scoundrels who insult helpless women may be caught and treated to a good solid coat of tar and feathers.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

THE TELEPHONE NUISANCE.

How a Man Got Rid of Neighbors Who Wanted to Use His Phone.

A business man finally succeeded in ridding himself of a great nuisance. His office happens to be on a floor in a building where there are a large number of tenants, but no other telephones besides his own. The result is he has been for months bored to death by telephone deadbeats, many of whom have used his telephone a great deal more than he has. The nuisance got so bad at last that it was quite usual to have visitors waiting for each other at the phone. He tried various devices for a long time, but finally took the company into his confidence and got them to give him a new number, but not to change the plate on the phone. He especially notified central on no account to connect anyone who called up the old number. The scheme worked like a charm. For a day or two the nuisance was increased by the importunities of patrons of his telephone and their indignant protests when they failed to secure connection. It did not take long, however, for them to realize that the telephone was no further use to them, and the way my friend echoed their protestations and lamentations was most interesting. He has the telephone all to himself now, and is not troubled in any way.

"Daisy Bell" in Another Tongue.

It was M. Zola's belief when in London—declares Mr. Grain—that "Daisy" was the English National Anthem, and on leaving England he is reported to have expressed his feelings toward a country which had fished him and imprisoned his publishers, in a song which ends:—

Monsieur Marguerite,
L'amour me met à toi,
Montes à pied, Montes à pied,
Ser un bicyciste pour deux!

FRESHGEG FLOURISHES.

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE TALE OF MEDICINE

Formerly Published in "Progress"—The Agony Agonomum Continues—A Tempest in a Gallipot—Doctors Disagree—Sub Rosa—Gorgeous Latinity.

A s'ennight ago, whilst we sat musing on the grassy mound called Greenbank, lulled to idleness by the soft murmur of Chibucto's wavelets lapping on the rocks below, a passing thought aroused us to the debt we owed our calling, and indignation rankled in our bosom, as we considered the covert methods of some of our craft to achieve distinction. The idea occurred to us to offer some outspoken admonition to the most prominent offenders; prominent because of their delatations from the code of ethics; but, as it is a heinous offence to be too candid, we sank our identity beneath a bushel, and thus veiled, characterized some of Hornblower's contemporaries with the freedom of security, writing as we listed; and, as anticipated, there has arisen a tempest in the Esculapian gallipot, a tempest of doubt, uncertainty and mutual criminations, and no man feels secure from the flying shafts of an outrageous criticism. The anxiety of the individual doctors of Spratborough, to avow their entire innocence of the Hornblower pasquinade, is sufficiently amusing; but, when we hear men who rarely wield the pen, except to send out their periodical bills or to correct a bogged string of expletives—yelped a letter—for one of the dailies, frantically disclaiming any participation in the emanations of the Freshgegg, we are moved to tears. Littlest is unexpressedly wrathful; and as he is within three inches of five feet and wears high-heels he cannot understand why that abhorrent cognomen should attach to him. He does not object to the initial appellation, for he considers it no mean title, since, in common with the old Grecian way of thinking, he glories in the fertility of his imagination, and conceives the public to blame for crediting his extravaganzas. Yet—*Quid clare vagis Littlest*? Is not because you recognize the justice of our allusions? For when your brethren read, they cried: "Habet" and the iron entered your soul. Poor little fellow, we begin to feel sorry for you. People say the vivacity of your disposition has become clouded and you *clowdy*, since the cruel exposure of your peccadilloes. We hear you are so dismayed at the enunciation of the verba Freshgegg, that you shun the finger-hood with an all-consuming dread; and to avoid the gibes of an unfeeling multitude, for a whole day, you retired to the sanctuary of your newly constructed atelier; where, solitary, you mingled the wine cup, the sweet inspirer of confidence, imbibing from goblets of happy dimensions, the while entwining your merits with wreaths woven out of the luxuriance of your fancies. We are also informed that you have purchased a lethal weapon of precision with which to wing us, should opportunity offer; but, since we possess about as much wing as a penguin, we feel tolerably safe, and look neither to the left nor the right, but apply ourselves with becoming gravity to our undertaking. Young man, we deprecate your presumption and the asperity you displayed in accusing the venerable Dr. Swallow—*et palam et sub rosa*—of the authorship of our pasquinade; but know you, he has been generally acquitted, on the ground of lacking the facility of expression necessary to the construction of such a masterpiece; though he may, ere long, tear you down from the eminence of that virtuous pedestal, to which you have climbed by aid of crooked *wiles* and a front of brass, to leave you floundering amidst the debris of his shattered fragments. We hope, we mean, the truthfulness of our observations will not kill you with vexation, or that you will not fall into the same untoward condition that Puffball did, in the story, though if you do, an effort will be made to save you—that is, provided, the maternal-in-law's slipper possesses any virtue. Remember your ultimate fate is decreed. We have said it; but take heart, for when you finally drit across the Styx, in your crystal vessel, Charon will not refuse you. Next week, we purpose to lay our tribute at the shrine of Puffball's vanity and to explain some little typographical inaccuracies, which crept into his portion of the pasquinade. The others in order of greatness, as the weeks go by and then we have done.—FLORENT FRESHGEG, ARS TE LAUDARE.

A FLORAL MYSTERY.

The Chinese, Japanese, and Siamese are particularly skilful at botanical feats. One of their wonderful achievements is known as the "changeable rose." This bloom is white in the shade, and red in the sunlight. After night or in a dark room the curiosity of the rose family is a pure white blossom. When transferred to the open air the transformation immediately steps in, the time of the entire change of the flower from white to the most sanguine of sanguine hues depending on the degree of sunlight and warmth. First the petals take on a kind of washed or faded blue color, and rapidly change to a faint blush of pink. The pink gradually deepens in tone, until you find your lily-white rose of an hour before as red as the reddest peony that ever bloomed.

An Irish Cure for Snoring.

A Kilkenny gentleman writes as follows to the Westminster Gazette: "I cannot believe with your correspondent, 'V.' that the happiness of nations may be affected by the discovery of a remedy for snoring, but I do know that a remedy, and a very simple one, is within the reach of all. The late Dr. O'Dowd of Kilkenny discovered a most effective one, viz., olive oil and mustard—six drops of the former to one of the latter—taken just before getting into bed, the function of the oil being that of a lubricant, and so acting on the larynx, while the mustard, acted, and that imperceptibly, as a sort of counter-irritant. So universally was this remedy adopted, and so effectual did it prove, that I don't believe that there is a snore left in Kilkenny."

UNDERGROUND WIRES.

The Anxiety of the First Man Who Ever Laid Them.

Several years ago Prof. John P. Barrett, of Chicago, undertook to bury the wires. This is the way he came to think of the plan.

"We had a district in Chicago," said he, "that called for fire protection. We couldn't reach it with fire alarm wires without passing through the most stylish residence section of the city, and there was a howl at the idea of stringing wires along the streets. To prevent any injunction proceedings we got out one Sunday morning while the people were at church and rushed up the poles. The next morning the section was up in arms. I said that the only way out of the difficulty was to put the wires underground.

"How much will it cost?" the spokesman asked.

"I said, 'about \$1300.'"

"The next morning the coin was placed on my desk. I put the wires underground, and every electrician laughed at what they called my foolish project."

"Wait until the first good thunderstorm comes along," said they, "and there won't be enough of Barrett's wire left to dig out of the ground."

"But you knew different, didn't you, Mr. Barrett?" was asked.

"No, I didn't. They had made badly scared, to tell the truth about it, that I waited for the first thunderstorm with a great deal of anxiety. I kept two men waiting with a reel of wire to supplant the one which would be burnt out with the first lightning that struck it. But that wire remained, and is doing just as good service to day as it did the day it was put down. Since then all the fire, police and telegraph wires, as well as the electric light wires, have been removed from the streets of Chicago and other cities. You won't find a wire in Chicago to day, except an occasional house wire, which is necessary in telephone communication."

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He then retired to a private room with the young doctor in charge.

"It is a case of so-and-so," he said, as the door was closed; "you shouldn't have given brandy on any account."

"But," said the practitioner, in amazement, I thought, Sir William, you just told the nurse to give him another spoonful."

"So I did," said the great man, "because, we mustn't destroy his confidence in you, or he'll never feel comfortable or believe anything you tell him again."

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A hero of the forest fires of the northwest, whom all Americans must honor as a type of American manhood, is Engineer William Best, of the original rescuing train that plunged with headlight lit at midday into the dense smoke of the burning pine-lands. A cowardly engineer in the cab, suddenly confronted by a roaring crackling sea of flame rushing in tempestuous billows upon his train, would have turned and fled. Deaf to the pleadings of timid and selfish passengers, Best displayed a wonderful nerve and coolness. Hitching his train to a number of extra freight cars, he waited until the aged fugitives and the helpless mothers and children had packed all the cars. Then opening the throttle in the nick of time he ran a race for life past blazing telegraph poles and ties with the rumbling demon of fire behind in mad chase. This same hero was the engineer who blocked up his road at the order of Debs.

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FALL 1894. Cloak Department. FALL 1894.

It is with much pleasure we announce to the Ladies that we have now received a very large proportion (over 2500 garments) of our importation of Foreign Fashions already made cloth jackets, Capes, Paletots and Cape Ulsters, and can assure them of finding the most correct styles and newest materials to be seen anywhere in the Maritime Provinces.

The rapid changes in fashion from one season to another are again exemplified this year. The Butterfly or frilled collar so much used on the jackets last season is entirely "passed," likewise the wrap or braided waist jackets. The great demand will certainly be for the TAILORED-MADE EFFECT in both medium and full length garments, which are very plain, double-breasted, tight and three-quarter fitting with large revers, extremely large sleeves, collars which either turn down or stand, full armholes back and very many finished with strapped seams and stitched or bound edges.

Any Lady wishing a fur trimmed Jacket can have it either with edge only of fur or whole revers and collar of any kind of fur preferred.

A MARKED NOVELTY is the new material FRIEZE used for Jackets and Paletots and is well adapted to our cold climate, being thick and warm and not affected by snow or rain. FRIEZE comes mostly in mixed dark Blue Grey shades.

The value of our garments this season is exceptional. Being made without trimming the price is put into the cloth and the JACKETS which we are offering at \$7.00, \$9.00, \$12.00, and \$14.00 also PALETOIS and ULSTERS at \$11.50, \$14.25, \$17.75 and \$21.00, is really wonderful.

Have a look through our stock before purchasing if you wish to see the correct Fashions for the Coming Season.

All sizes in Children's Garments 4 to 15 years of age. All sizes in Ladies' Garments 30 to 44 inch bust.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

was against the etiquette. At last Marquis de Pöts appeared, and the king ordered him to dump the fire; but he excused himself, alleging that he was forbidden by the etiquette to perform such a function, for which Duke d'Asseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke went out, the fire burned fiercer, and the king endured it rather than derogate from his dignity; but his blood was heated to such a degree that erysipelas broke out in his head the next day, which, being succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off.

A BICYCLIST'S REVENGE.

A Police man Charges Him with Knocking Him Down with a "Bike."

HALIFAX, Sept. 13.—Some months ago Policeman Robert Pace, a doughty member of the Halifax force, reported the wholesale grocery firm of Billman & Chisholm for obstructing the sidewalk in allowing goods to remain outside the shop. The firm said the fine imposed by the police was not, and that seemed the end of it. But was not.

Several days ago Pace was standing on Barrington street, patrolling that thoroughfare in the discharge of his duty. John Chisholm, of Billman & Chisholm, is a bicyclist by repute. He is a fairly careful rider, and above all things would not run down a policeman. This time, however, he did run down Pace. A concurrence of circumstances led to the mixing up on the public highway of Pace, Chisholm, bicycle and man, in an indistinguishable mass. And by the tangle was undone. The policeman and merchant exchanged compliments, while the baton and the bicycle said nothing. Pace ran up to the police station. He was filled with anger, not alone because Chisholm had run him down, but because he allowed himself to believe that the motive in so violently colliding with him was revenge for the officer's obstruction report months before. He ran to the station for a purpose no less awful than to secure a summons for Chisholm, charging him with wilfully knocking him down by a bicycle. Pace's idea was absurd, but he thought himself able to furnish the proofs.

Mr. Chisholm in the meantime, had time to decide that the easiest way out of the trouble would be to arrange it with Pace. So he, too, some time after, came to the police station. But it was too late, for the summons had been issued and could not be withdrawn. Chisholm had nothing to fear from the trial; all he dreaded was publicity. The matter was talked over with the chief, but though both men would have liked only too well to have returned to the status quo before the collision, they could not do it. A day had been fixed for the trial.

The case is to come up today (Thursday). There is no doubt that all will happen then when plaintiff and defendant are called, will be a mutual explanation, a figurative handshaking, and the dismissal of the case by consent of both parties. A hasty policeman is as bad as an uncontrollable bicycle on a down grade.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Dr. Lachapelle, the eminent French specialist on Diseases of Children, states in his work, "Mother and Child," that with the exception of

Dawson's Chocolate Creams

I never subscribed or recommended any of the many worm remedies offered; as most of them contain mercury. From analysis, Dawson's Chocolate Creams Contain No Mercury. I have no hesitation in recommending them to my readers; they are effective, and being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, very palatable, and require no after medicine.

Dawson's Chocolate Creams.

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25c. a Box of all Druggists, or from Wallace Dawson, Chemist, - Montreal.

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