

A HUMANE SUGGESTION.

A FOUNTAIN OR WATER TROUGH
NEEDED IN MONCTON.

The Town is rich in Religious Societies but none seem to take this matter up.—The trial trip of the electric cars uses much excitement in the Railway Town.

I think it is generally conceded that Moncton offers a good many advantages as a place of residence. In fact I have enumerated them in times past so often, that any circumstantial reference in that direction now, would partake of the nature of vain repetition, so I won't describe any more of the railway city's attractions in the shape of churches, clergymen, doctors, lawyers and undertakers, but merely touch lightly on the many improvements Moncton has adopted from time during the last few years. Block improvements, and asphalt sidewalks of such a quality that the tender soles of young trees force their way through them without difficulty, and grow into stately trees in which the birds of the air roost comfortably, one of the most expensive—for the consumer—water services in the Dominion, a police force utterly invisible to the naked eye, and not always discernable with a telescope, three different brass bands and an electric street railway in full running order.

It goes without saying that the free and independent elector enjoys the privilege of paying the most liberal taxes in return for all these advantages, but it is as public spirited as he should be; he will not complain but rather bless his good fortune for living in so well governed a city.

In fact Moncton is such an ambitious little place that there are few improvements it does not seem able to afford especially when they are of a showy nature; but there are some small matters nevertheless, which the civic rulers do not consider worthy of attention and yet in which this city is so scandalously behind the times, that not only its board of aldermen, but its citizens, individually and collectively have reason to blush for themselves and their city. One of these minor sins of omission is the fact that in this city of churches and benevolent societies where there is scarcely one evening in the week not set apart for prayer meeting, church, Christian Endeavor or some such religious assemblage, there is not a public drinking fountain of any kind or description! There is not even a hydrant with a cocoa-nut shell dipper tied to it, or a pump with a horse trough attached, where man and beast—especially the beast can get a drink when they are thirsty. True there is a rude imitation of St. Roman's well at the L. C. R. station, "where water clear as diamond sparks, in a stone basin falls"—only the basin is iron. A tin cup attached by a chain invites the weary traveler whose thirst has not been quenched by Mr. Sangster's excellent coffee, to partake without money and without price; but then the station is a long way from everywhere else, and the drinking fountain is quite inaccessible to horses, and all other animals, so it is more of a convenience to the travelling than the stationary public, and therefore scarcely counts; but apart from this there is not a spot in the city where a thirsty horse or dog can get a draught of water in the burning days of summer. Country men and farmers by the score drive from five to twenty miles to the market, and unless they water their horses somewhere by the roadside before entering the city they must go to a hotel in order to get them a drink.

The W. C. T. U. does good work, both by precept and example; the King's Daughters were once well known by their good deeds here; the Y. M. C. A. have felt able to build an edifice which would be an ornament to Montreal or Toronto, and the newly organized S. P. C. A. has done good and creditable work during its short life, but in spite of the existence of all these varieties the horses are still hanging their heads under the market building while their parched tongues loll from their mouths, and the dogs stand in constant danger of hydrophobia from the need of water, all a menace to public safety.

Probably it is the old story of what is everybody's business being nobody's business, and all these excellent societies are too busy to take any active steps in the matter. I know the subject was discussed at a meeting of the S. P. C. A., but the same distemper which paralyzes so many honest efforts, lack of funds, prevented anything from being done.

It remained for one individual, a lady who is well known in Moncton for her good works, to take the matter in hand and really try to work up some enthusiasm over it. She drew up a petition and spent some days taking it around for signatures. The petition set forth the crying need of some sort of public drinking fountain in the city of Moncton, and the sufferings of the horses, utterly deprived of any means of obtaining a drink of water while in the city. This lady succeeded in obtaining some 50 or more names, and the petition was duly presented to the city fathers who deliberated solemnly upon the subject and—did not see their way clear to incurring the expense, and therefore declined taking any action! Economy is an excellent thing in its way and there are numerous tax payers who, finding their taxes materially increased this year, are regretting that the city fathers did not practice more of that virtue last year, in-

PAST THE ALLOTTED TERM.

Mrs. Blizard of McDonald's Point celebrates her 104th birthday.

Mrs. Thomas Blizard of McDonald's Point, Queen's Co., will to-morrow the 16th of August celebrate her 104th birthday. Last year PROGRESS gave an interview with this old lady at 103 years and she told in a clear and comprehensive manner different phases of her life and also gave a complete account of her ten children living, with the date of birth and age.



MRS. BLIZARD, SURROUNDED BY HER FAMILY.

Since that date there has been no change in the family circle and all those mentioned last year are still well and hearty and will attend the anniversary to-morrow with friends and relatives. Mrs. Blizard's eldest son Oliver Blizard living at the Narrows, Washademoak lake, was born Feb. 25, 1815.

John Blizard residing in St. John North end, was born Sept. 17, 1817.

Thomas Blizard also living in St. John North End, was born May 21, 1834. Her eldest daughter Mary, now the widow Mead, St. John North End, was born Oct. 18, 1814.

Sarah, Mrs. Scribner of Houlton, Maine, was born Jan. 11, 1819.

F. Eric E. Mrs. Jam's Hamm, Narrows, Washademoak lake, was born May 12, 1823.

Margaret Jane, Mrs. Geo. Black, St. John North end, was born April 7, 1827.

was old enough to be the mother of them all. Mrs. Blizard was born in 1792 in the parish of Gagetown, Queens Co., N. B. Her father was Albert Akery of New York and her mother Lucy Ward of Cumberland. She has been a widow 28 years. She had sixteen children, ten of whom are now living.

Friends and relatives have been attending her anniversaries for the past five years, coming from different parts of the States and Canada. These anniversaries

are generally in the shape of garden parties, concerts, etc., all of which the aged lady attends and enjoys as well apparently as the youngest and sprightliest of the guests.

PROGRESS congratulates Mrs. Blizard on the near approach of her birthday. May she live to enjoy many more of them in the same good health she now possesses.

stead of employing an accountant at six dollars a day to audit the city books, and keeping him between two and three months at the task. I suppose the accounts had to be audited; goodness knows they needed it, as the result showed, but apart from the satisfaction of knowing that they were in rather a mixed state the citizens did not get very much for their money, and I think in the long run they would have been just as well pleased if a less high priced expert had been employed and a little of the surplus cash expended on removing the reproach which the absence of a drinking fountain casts upon Moncton. Why I know numbers of expert book-keepers who would consider themselves well paid with four dollars a day, and others quite as good who think themselves lucky if they can secure a good steady job at five hundred dollars a year.

At any rate the lack of a drinking fountain, but, though, for that would be better than nothing—is simply a disgrace to Moncton, and when one considers the small sum it would take to procure one it does seem very extraordinary that the many benevolent societies should show such apathy on the subject, instead of clubbing together, if none of them feel equal to undertaking the work alone, and building some sort of compromise between a trough and a fountain, on the co-operative plan.

Shortly before the witching hour of midnight on Monday, the peaceful and law abiding residents of the quieter suburbs of Moncton who are accustomed to be in their beds before ten o'clock, were aroused from their first sleep by the most unearthly and blood curdling sounds at their very doors. A strange rumbling followed by the frantic clanging of a gong at first led them to suppose that it was the fire engine rushing in wild haste to some fire, but the next moment a succession of will yells shouts and war whoops, exceeding in horror and volume any sounds which had ever disturbed those quiet bye-ways before, brought the awful thought that perhaps the Derivishes had abandoned their position near Donagela, and turned their attention towards the railway hub. Derivishes are always supposed to express their feelings by howling, and nothing but a band of Comanche warriors could have out yelled the mob who seemed to be taking possession of the city.

Some of the more timid of the female citizens shrieked and fainted, while others crept rapidly under the bed, and the more courageous rushed trembling to the windows. Strong men felt round in the dark for their trousers, and ran into the street bareheaded, barefooted, pale, but resolute; while those who were not very strong, and whose nervous systems were unequal to a sudden shock, sat up in bed and advised their wives not to lose any time in finding out what the matter was; and little children aroused from the cosy slumber of innocence and good digestion, sobbed aloud in terror and added to the general confusion. Suddenly a glare of light flashed along the newly laid rails of the electric railway, there was a whirr and a rush and a brightly lighted object all cream color and red crowded from platform to platform with shouting, hollering men tore up the street to the music of a clanging gong! Then the startled natives suddenly remembered that Monday was the night appointed for the ceremony of

opening the new electric street railway and that during the trial trip the car was free to all comers who cared to avail themselves of the company's hospitality. Then they all went back to bed, and resumed their sleep at the point where it was broken off.

I don't know whether the first car to start out over the road was christened with champagne, as I do not think members of the press were invited to the evening ceremony, but the one grand fact remains that the trial trip was made in safety, and except for the trifling mishap of the car running off the track once—without accident, and the long talked of electric street railway is an accomplished fact! The formal opening took place on Tuesday morning. GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

NEST-BUILDING FISHES.

They Are From Japan and Can be Seen Building Homes Under Water.

There are fishes that build nests just as birds do. Not long ago some of them were brought to America from Japan, and you can buy a pair of them for a small price at any fancier's now. If he does not have them in stock he will get them.

The purchase is sure to be profitable, because the habits of these creatures are so remarkably interesting, and, unlike gold fish, they will breed in an aquarium or even in a glass globe. They produce three or four broods of young annually, so that the owner is likely to be able to make money disposing of the increase. In the land of the Mikado, to which they are native, they are called paradise fish.

The nests they make are very odd, indeed, being composed entirely of air bubbles. When the time for mating arrives the male fish undergoes a striking change in appearance. Ordinarily he is of a dull, silvery color, but now he exhibits stripes of red, blue and green, with streaks of brighter orange on the ventral fins. Such is the costume in which he goes a wooing. Later on the female proceeds to construct a family nest at the surface of the water. Swallowing air, she ejects it in the shape of bubbles which are held and made permanent by glutinous capsules from a secretion in her mouth. Having got together in this way a sufficient mass of bubbles she proceeds to lay.

At this stage the female paradise fish seems always to be seized with a strange desire to gobble her own eggs. This she would inevitably do but for the watchfulness of the male, who prevents her, taking the eggs in his mouth and ejecting them beneath the mass of bubbles, to which they arise and find a resting place among them. Sometimes he will conduct his mate under the nest so that the eggs as they are laid may ascend to it. When laying is finished he keeps guard over the nest, attacking the female if she comes near. Meanwhile he busies himself in the making of fresh bubbles to take the place of those which chance to burst.

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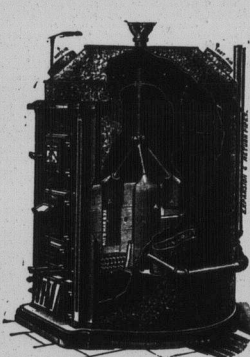


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