

### THE NEW CITY FATHERS.

#### ALL KINDS OF MEN IN THE HALIFAX COUNCIL.

A Newspaper Man Among Them—Some of the Aldermen are Methodist Tax-Payers—Attorney-General Longley on Mayor McPherson's Election.

HALIFAX, May 2.—Progress has been made acquainted with the result and the general features of the mayoralty and aldermanic campaign, which culminated on Wednesday of last week in the election of David McPherson to the chief magistracy of the city of Halifax. It was a remarkable campaign apart from the vigor with which the contest was waged. The political parties were to some extent broken up. Leading liberals like George Mitchell, George E. Boak, William Muir, William Robertson, Hon. William Ross, and A. M. Bell supported J. C. Mackintosh, who is a conservative; while David McPherson, a strong liberal, had among his leading supporters conservatives like Alderman Hamilton, Alderman Mitchell, J. A. Leamas, John Meldane, W. Y. Kennedy, M. H. Suggles and P. J. Griffin. Yet the great bulk of the liberal party voted for David McPherson, and at a jollification of the leading supporters of the victorious candidate, which came off at one of the principal hotels election night, Attorney-General Longley is said to have described McPherson's triumph as a "great liberal victory, a fitting sequel to Antigonish." The election has caused some bitterness among men of both political parties, who cut each other's throats at the usual moorings, for Halifax people carry politics into nearly everything. There is a good deal of political feeling in Halifax and Nova Scotia as a whole, to every square foot of territory.

A pen picture of the Halifax city council published in Progress a year ago proved somewhat interesting reading. Now that the personnel of the city fathers has undergone the annual change, another such glance within the council rail is worth taking.

Ward 1 loses Alderman Morrow, who it must be admitted has been a disappointment to his friends and the public as they watched his aldermanic career. He is replaced by George Musgrave, a new man who gives promise of having more stamina, and who will not stand in with cliques. Alderman Musgrave is a young business man who is making a success of it and who will do well if he fulfils in civic life the high expectations entertained of him.

Ald. John M. Geldert, Jr., is the second member for ward 1, a man who had a lot to learn when he entered the council a year ago, and who has made pretty good use of his time, though he does not yet know it all. He ought to be a pretty good alderman before he is two years older, when his term expires.

Ald. W. J. Stewart, the senior alderman for Ward 1, is a man who to-day stands the alderman with most ability of all the eight-een. He is heart and soul a tax reformer, a cause in which he has waged an honorable, and, looking at the remedial legislation at the last session at the house, a successful fight. Ald. Stewart is a tax-reformer on principle as compared with some city fathers who were that merely from expediency.

In Ward 2 the new alderman is W. J. Butler, a rising young business man of wealth and much promise, who has shown himself to be an electioneer of skill and success. He is an excellent speaker. Aided by his wealth, his oratorical ability, and the prestige of his recent victory, he will prove a formidable rival to Ex-Mayor Keete and Ex-Ald. Wallace in the race for the candidacy for the seat in the local legislature to be left vacant when William Roche, M. P. P., resigns to run for the Dominion commons. Alderman W. J. Butler is undoubtedly a good acquisition to the city council. Ald. Butler was opposed by T. J. Barry, a working-man's candidate who made a splendid fight against heavy odds, but who received only 60 per cent. of the votes promised him.

Ald. Redden has put in one year as a representative for Ward 2. He is a hard fighter in any cause he espouses, is full of ingenious and successful devices to accomplish his aims, and if he is not a fluent speaker he more than makes up for that in his cleverness as a manipulator behind the scenes.

Ald. Dennis, the senior representative for Ward 2, is a well known newspaper man, who in his five years' service in the city council has obtained a thorough mastery of civic matters, which makes him a dangerous antagonist if he opposes any scheme good or bad that may be on the tapis.

Ward 3 returned C. S. Lane on election day by 288 votes over his rival, the largest majority of the day. Ald. Lane was in the council three years ago, replacing Wm. Duggan, who voluntarily retired. He is a well-known business man, and his defeat of W. B. Mahoney is a well merited rebuke to one who insisted on urging his claims on the ward after being decisively rejected a year ago.

Ald. Hamilton stands between the junior and the senior members for Ward 3. He was at one time spoken of as a candidate for the mayoralty, but when Mackintosh and McPherson appeared, he and his supporters disappeared. Ald. Hamilton is old-blooded and calculating,

but in many respects the most intelligent man in the council. He is discriminating in his likes, and biting in his hate, a man whom it is better to have as a friend than as a foe. Naturally a priest or reformer in civic affairs, yet it makes a big difference with him whether a friend is interested, or whether some hobby is concerned.

The senior alderman for Ward 3 is Thomas Mitchell. His enthusiasm on behalf of the public gardens, and his to yet more beautiful them, make Mr. Mitchell one of the most useful aldermen in the council.

Ald. Andrew Hubley was re-elected in ward 4. Various efforts were made to get a candidate to oppose him. First, Mr. Fenton was urged to enter the lists; then "Putty" Taylor was coaxed to try it; J. B. Neily's turn came next, a man not known to Progress readers in connection with the Memorandum "gold mine." Last of all Dr. N. E. Mc Kay was beguiled into accepting the nomination as an opponent of Hubley. It would have been difficult to get a more unpopular medical man as a candidate, so that when the ballots were counted the doctor was 49 behind. Ald. Hubley is the temperance man of the council, and Dr. Mc Kay started his canvass with the promise of every liquor vote in the ward and every vote that that interest could control. Hubley is not a "popularity" seeker and it was thought he had offended the catholic vote, but despite all these factors in the contest Mc Kay came out a long way behind.

Ald. John F. Ryan is the second representative for Ward 4. He is best known in civic matters as the chairman of the board of firewardens, and as one of the fathers of the new Halifax fire department. He came in for some rough handling by the critics of the management of the Grain Elevator fire, and, by the way, that investigation was never held.

Ald. O'Donnell, the senior member for Ward 4, is the quaint man of the council. It all his sayings at the council or out of it were written down the book would be fearfully and wonderfully fascinating.

Ward 5 re-elected Ald. Frank Eden, who is called by his admirers "the philosopher" and "the G. O. M." by turns. Ald. Eden voted against Mackassey, the old license dealer, and he was opposed by the alderman, who determined at all hazards to defeat him. John Mullane, a boss in the ward, bought out G. C. Hartlen, and undertook to give a majority of 250 to McPherson, and figures of the same size to Hartlen. A large amount of money was wagered on the result. When the ballots were counted Mullane discovered that his supposed mortgage on Ward 5 could not be foreclosed, for McPherson's 250 was changed into a majority of 8 for Mackintosh, and his aldermanic candidate was some 100 votes behind. Ward 5 does not want that kind of a boss.

Ald. McFatridge, of Ward 5 is the kind-hearted friend of the erring civic employe, whether he be policeman, official or laborer. He is always ready to plead for "another chance." Ald. McFatridge knows a great deal about civic business, and on the whole he is a good alderman.

Ald. M. T. Foster is an alderman of whom Ward 5 has reason to be proud, and he appears proud of his majority of eight for Mackintosh. Ald. Foster had made a success of his business; he is an admirable representative and one of the most useful men in the council.

Ald. Saul Mosher is again in the council, where he is now a veteran. James Adams was brought out to worry him and prevent the election by acclamation, which Ald. Mosher would have liked. He had been trying to satisfy both the majority candidates and succeeded in pleasing neither, hence the character of his opposition. Adams, an ex-alderman, was brought out by friends of McPherson, and he says he received personal promises of support from two-thirds of the electors, but the vote showed he got only one-third.

Ald. Oughtin is the second representative of Ward 6, a man who cannot be accused of consuming much of his time in civic business, or of expending any vast amount of energy or ability in the conduct of public affairs within the council.

Ald. Creighton is an elder of the Presbyterian church, a portman in politics, and a temperance man of a different type from that presented in Ald. Hubley.

This then, is the city council which for the next twelve months will govern Halifax. In connection with the civic contests one fact is very evident which is doubtless as apparent elsewhere. It is that election promises are often of little worth. People promise the canvassers of both sides. Then there is the class of canvasser who no sooner finds that a promise has been made than they make a dead set upon the voter to secure its violation—a rather contemptible business both on the part of voter and worker.

A Government Apple Orchard.

It seems that the French Government has an apple orchard of its own. In the Garden of the Luxemburg, in a snug corner between the Rue Auguste-Comte and the Rue d'Assas, well raised in, the city cultivates 250 varieties of apples. Hither comes all the pomologists of France for graftings. When the fruit is ripe it is divided into four lots. The finest fourth is sent to the President of the Republic, and figures as the official dinner of the season. The second is for

ing, but in many respects the most intelligent man in the council. He is discriminating in his likes, and biting in his hate, a man whom it is better to have as a friend than as a foe. Naturally a priest or reformer in civic affairs, yet it makes a big difference with him whether a friend is interested, or whether some hobby is concerned.

The senior alderman for Ward 3 is Thomas Mitchell. His enthusiasm on behalf of the public gardens, and his to yet more beautiful them, make Mr. Mitchell one of the most useful aldermen in the council.

Ald. Andrew Hubley was re-elected in ward 4. Various efforts were made to get a candidate to oppose him. First, Mr. Fenton was urged to enter the lists; then "Putty" Taylor was coaxed to try it; J. B. Neily's turn came next, a man not known to Progress readers in connection with the Memorandum "gold mine." Last of all Dr. N. E. Mc Kay was beguiled into accepting the nomination as an opponent of Hubley. It would have been difficult to get a more unpopular medical man as a candidate, so that when the ballots were counted the doctor was 49 behind. Ald. Hubley is the temperance man of the council, and Dr. Mc Kay started his canvass with the promise of every liquor vote in the ward and every vote that that interest could control. Hubley is not a "popularity" seeker and it was thought he had offended the catholic vote, but despite all these factors in the contest Mc Kay came out a long way behind.

Ald. John F. Ryan is the second representative for Ward 4. He is best known in civic matters as the chairman of the board of firewardens, and as one of the fathers of the new Halifax fire department. He came in for some rough handling by the critics of the management of the Grain Elevator fire, and, by the way, that investigation was never held.

Ald. O'Donnell, the senior member for Ward 4, is the quaint man of the council. It all his sayings at the council or out of it were written down the book would be fearfully and wonderfully fascinating.

Ward 5 re-elected Ald. Frank Eden, who is called by his admirers "the philosopher" and "the G. O. M." by turns. Ald. Eden voted against Mackassey, the old license dealer, and he was opposed by the alderman, who determined at all hazards to defeat him. John Mullane, a boss in the ward, bought out G. C. Hartlen, and undertook to give a majority of 250 to McPherson, and figures of the same size to Hartlen. A large amount of money was wagered on the result. When the ballots were counted Mullane discovered that his supposed mortgage on Ward 5 could not be foreclosed, for McPherson's 250 was changed into a majority of 8 for Mackintosh, and his aldermanic candidate was some 100 votes behind. Ward 5 does not want that kind of a boss.

Ald. McFatridge, of Ward 5 is the kind-hearted friend of the erring civic employe, whether he be policeman, official or laborer. He is always ready to plead for "another chance." Ald. McFatridge knows a great deal about civic business, and on the whole he is a good alderman.

Ald. M. T. Foster is an alderman of whom Ward 5 has reason to be proud, and he appears proud of his majority of eight for Mackintosh. Ald. Foster had made a success of his business; he is an admirable representative and one of the most useful men in the council.

Ald. Saul Mosher is again in the council, where he is now a veteran. James Adams was brought out to worry him and prevent the election by acclamation, which Ald. Mosher would have liked. He had been trying to satisfy both the majority candidates and succeeded in pleasing neither, hence the character of his opposition. Adams, an ex-alderman, was brought out by friends of McPherson, and he says he received personal promises of support from two-thirds of the electors, but the vote showed he got only one-third.

Ald. Oughtin is the second representative of Ward 6, a man who cannot be accused of consuming much of his time in civic business, or of expending any vast amount of energy or ability in the conduct of public affairs within the council.

Ald. Creighton is an elder of the Presbyterian church, a portman in politics, and a temperance man of a different type from that presented in Ald. Hubley.

This then, is the city council which for the next twelve months will govern Halifax. In connection with the civic contests one fact is very evident which is doubtless as apparent elsewhere. It is that election promises are often of little worth. People promise the canvassers of both sides. Then there is the class of canvasser who no sooner finds that a promise has been made than they make a dead set upon the voter to secure its violation—a rather contemptible business both on the part of voter and worker.

A Government Apple Orchard.

It seems that the French Government has an apple orchard of its own. In the Garden of the Luxemburg, in a snug corner between the Rue Auguste-Comte and the Rue d'Assas, well raised in, the city cultivates 250 varieties of apples. Hither comes all the pomologists of France for graftings. When the fruit is ripe it is divided into four lots. The finest fourth is sent to the President of the Republic, and figures as the official dinner of the season. The second is for

### SUNSHINE HAS RETURNED.

#### THE SHADOWS OVERHANGING A NIAGARA FALLS HOME HAVE VANISHED.

Little Mabel Dorey Cured of St. Vitus' Dance After Four Physicians Had Ineffectually Treated the Case.

From the Niagara Falls Review.

In speaking to a friend recently we were asked if we had heard that little Mabel Dorey, Ontario Avenue, had been miraculously cured of St. Vitus' dance. We replied in the negative but stated that we would investigate the case and ascertain the facts. Accordingly we visited the house of Mrs. Dorey, whom she related to us as follows:—"My little girl has had a miraculous experience. It is about two years and a half since Mabel was stricken with St. Vitus' dance caused by the weakening effects of the grippe and rheumatism. Three local physicians were called in as well as one doctor of considerable reputation from Niagara Falls, N. Y., but in the face of the prescriptions of these physicians and the best of care, Mabel grew rapidly worse. She could not be left alone an instant and was as helpless as an infant as she had no control of her limbs at all. She could neither walk without assistance nor take any food or drink. At this stage one of the attending physicians said, "Mrs. Dorey, there is no use in my coming here any more. There is nothing that I know of can be done for your little girl." Well, matters went on that way for a short while but one day I was cured of having seen accounts of St. Vitus' dance cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I determined to try them. I was skeptical as to the effect and only tried them as a last resort, but was soon agreeably surprised at the result. It was not long before they had a good effect and I then felt certain I had found a remedy that would cure my little girl if anything could. In less than three months she was so much better that the dread disease had almost disappeared, and the pills were discontinued. In a few months however she showed that the symptoms had not been entirely eradicated from her system, so I had her again commence the use of the Pink Pills. I feel certain that all traces of the awful malady will be swept away, for she goes to school now and we have not the slightest anxiety in leaving her alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a grand remedy and I would not be without them under any consideration. For I think they are worth their weight in gold, as in my little girl's case they have been true to all they advertise. I am only too glad to let others who may be unfortunate know of this miraculous cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When strong tributes as these can be had to the wonderful merits of Pink Pills, it is little wonder that their sales reach such enormous proportions, and they are the favorite remedy with all classes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Sold in boxes (never in loose form) by dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this country at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

### PRICKED A METEOR.

This is What a Topmast is Said to Have Done.

The report that the steamship Nessmore, at this port from London, had been struck by a meteor, briefly noted in the papers the day following her arrival, has attracted wide attention from those interested in ocean phenomena. On Saturday Capt. Richardson gave a very cheerful description of the incident, with the atmospheric conditions prevailing at the time.

March 29 the steamship was on the southern end of the Newfoundland banks. The day opened perfectly, and at noon a good opportunity was had. At 12.30 o'clock the weather changed; a dense fog suddenly set in, completely enveloping the steamer. At this moment, without any warning whatever, a terrific explosion was heard, coming from the direction of the foremost top pole mast. A vivid flash of lightning accompanied the explosion, and small particles of what appeared to be white ash matter were seen to fall to deck.

Of course all hands were greatly startled; and Captain Richardson, who was on the bridge, stopped the steamship. Explaining his astonishment, he said that first he thought that some man-of-war had fired a shell at him. Recovering his composure, and finding the vessel all right, he was started and headed again. An examination of the fore pole showed a splinter of wood protruding from it at right angles, and a splinter was sent aloft to investigate. He found the pole split across and downward for three feet. The paint was burned off the whole length of the pole.

Directly after the explosion a very heavy rain set in, lasting about twenty minutes. Then the rain ceased, the fog lifted, and the sun came out brilliantly for about thirty minutes, when the fog again surrounded the vessel. The meteor, or whatever it was, came from an easterly direction. At the time the wind was light breeze from the south. There was no lightning before or after the explosion.

Durability of Telegraph Wires.

Telegraph wires last longest where there are no factories or injurious gases given off from the chimneys, and where as in the Isle of Anglesey, they are exposed to nothing worse than the winds from the sea. There are wires in the Anglesey district which have been in use for telegraph purposes for upwards of forty years. Telegraph wires last the shortest time when erected in the neighborhood of chemical works, the fumes from which are very destructive, and their terms of existence under

such unfavorable circumstances only range from one to three years. Between the two extremes of one and forty years, the life of telegraph wires ranges for various periods, increasing in length as they traverse the open country, and decreasing as they pass through manufacturing or mining districts where the atmosphere is affected by smoke and injurious gases.

A Troublesome Guest.

The poet Clement Marot, being in very straitened circumstances, went to the king and said:—"I have come to lay before your Majesty a complaint against one of my creditors whose claims I have satisfied over and over again, and yet he persists in dunning and harassing me at every opportunity."

"Who is the scoundrel?" the king inquired.

"My stomach, sire. Though I have satisfied its wants times without number, it never ceases to torment, and I am utterly incapable of meeting its demands."

The king was pleased with the joke, and allowed the poet a pension on the spot.

Another Woman at Waterloo.

There has just died in Whitechapel Infirmary, at the age of ninety, Mrs. Todd, whose father was killed at the Battle of Waterloo, and who herself was there at the time. Not very long ago Mrs. Todd was asked if she remembered the battle.

"Remember it? Indeed, I do," was the reply. "I see the Duke now, when I think of it; and I hear the drum—the horrible drum—that called the men to battle. I was only a child of ten, and many things I was told afterwards I never knew at the time. But the music and the drums, and the noise of the guns, and the soldiers dashing past—all this is as if I saw and heard it now."

The Biggest Plough in the World.

The biggest plough in the world is one now lying unused in California. It was made fifteen years ago by a ranch foreman, and was suspended between two 8 ft. wheels. The first day ten horses were harnessed to it, but it would not move. More horses were brought, until their number reached fifty, and then the ponderous contraption began to move very slowly. Next day eighty oxen were substituted. Of course, under those conditions, the thing was a failure, and has never been used since.

A Remarkable Train.

One of the most remarkable trains that ever travelled over the rails of an American continent is Philadelphia recently, destined for Boston. It was composed of 23 cars, all handbuilt, and every car of them was first to last load, with "Hires' Rootbeer." There is no question but that it was the largest passenger train ever made at one time in America. The value of the shipment was nearly \$100,000, and it attracted great attention among the trade and railroad men who gave the train the appropriate name of "Hires' Rootbeer Special." It carried 2,000 cases in all, 4,000 gross, or 80,000 bottles of Hires' Rootbeer, sufficient to make 2,000,000 gallons of rootbeer, or over 10 times as much as the whole of New England. They also contained 2,400 cases, holding 50,000 bottles of rootbeer, ready to drink.

The above figures represent only about one-third of the total amount of this popular beverage consumed in New England during the season, but they give some idea of the wonderful popularity throughout the entire country of this greatest of all temperance drinks. It is the most healthful, most delicious beverage. Composed entirely of roots and herbs without the slightest trace of intoxicants, it is a worthy name. Not only is it a delicious thirst-quenching drink, but it is a widely recognized value as a tonic, strengthening the system and enriching the blood.

### TAKE SHORTHAND AGAIN.

The charm of writing as fast as one speaks; for clergymen in writing sermons; students taking notes. See the convenience of learning a new, simple system by mail.

SNELL'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, TRURO, N.S.

### CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

POTTING SOIL. A GOOD MIXTURE for general use. Full description and prices on request. Send for new price list of plants. Address: HARRIS, Seedman, No. 4 Dock St. (4/27/95)

WANTED. A JOURNEYMAN PHOTOGRAPHER who is a good general workman. Must be neat and of good character. Steady position for the right man. Apply, stating salary, to J. J. MERRILL, Photographer, Chatham, N. B. (4/29/95)

PHOTO. Outfits and materials, Kodak and Cameras from \$5 to \$100. Practical information sent on request. Free catalogue and money by counter. ROBERTSON PHOTO SUPPLY CO., Mac out. Building, St. John, N. B. (4/29/95)

STAMPS. For Hand Printing, Brackets, Banks, Railways, Manufacturers and Merchants supplied. In London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Hull, Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, N. B. (4/29/95)

WANTED. BY a young lady a situation as Companion, or to wait on an invalid. Can furnish references. Address: F. O. P. Office, St. John, N. B. (4/27/95)

FOR SALE CHEAP. Desirable business property on the Grand Trunk Railway, splendid opportunity to invest small capital and realize big profits. Now is the time to investigate. Address: HARRIS, F. O. Box 35, Richfield, N. B. (4/29/95)

WANTED. OLD FURNACE Stoves of New Brunswick, Newfoundland, British Columbia and the possessions of Canada. Address: HARRIS, F. O. Box 35, Richfield, N. B. (4/29/95)

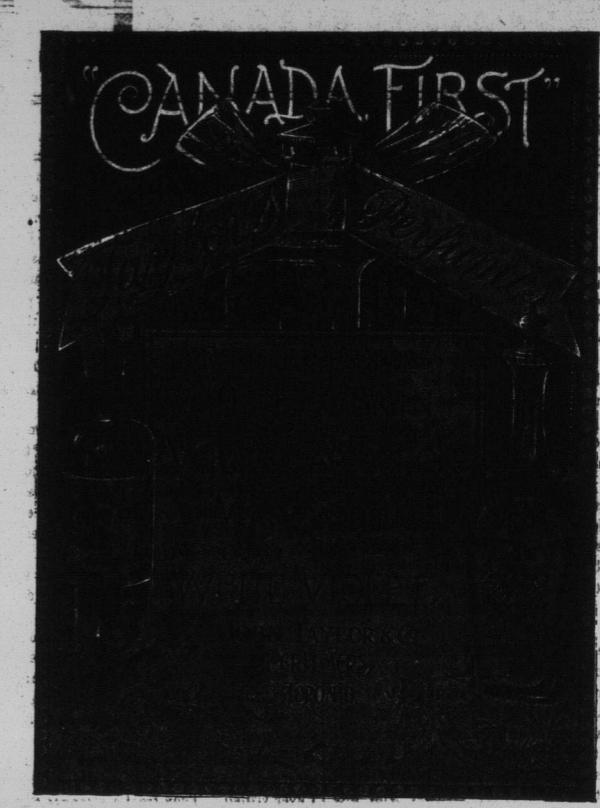
ONE MILLION CUSTOMERS wanted for beautiful soil parcel. We will send you post free for only 25 cents, a 2 1/2 inch imported, standard cloth soil. Address: GORBEL'S ART STORE, 307 Union Street, St. John, N. B. (4/27/95)

\$3 A DAY Sure. Send me your address and I will send you a copy of my new book, which shows you how to make \$3 a day, and how to multiply it. It is the only book of the kind ever published. Write for particulars and price. Address: HARRIS, F. O. Box 35, Richfield, N. B. (4/29/95)

RUBBER GOODS. Do you want anything in Rubber Goods? If so send to us, as we supply the largest stock of the trade. Please ask for quotations and you will save money. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. Address: HARRIS, F. O. Box 35, Richfield, N. B. (4/29/95)

RESIDENCE. At Bathurst for sale or to rent. A large and comfortable residence, with 10 rooms, situated about one and a half miles from Bathurst. The property is well wooded and the view is magnificent. Price reasonable. Apply to H. G. FOSTER, Bathurst, N. B. (4/29/95)

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS. Printing and mounting of photographs. Address: HARRIS, F. O. Box 35, Richfield, N. B. (4/29/95)



**American Perfection Hammocks.**

Price: \$1.00 - \$1.40 - \$2.00 - \$2.30

Can be sent by mail or express.

W. H. THORNE & Co., LIMITED, Market Square, St. John.

**THE ROYAL DIAMOND.**

A Favorite Wood Cook. A Quick Baker. An Economist on Fuel. Easy in Operation. Modern in Style. Perfect in Finish.

EMERSON & FISHER.

**Mend Your Own Hose.**

with HUDSON'S GARDEN HOSE MENDER.

Price 75c per box.

**T. M'AVITY & SONS, - ST. JOHN, N. B.**

It is impossible for a

**Boiler Explosion**

to occur where a

**Babcock and Wilcox Boiler**

is used.

I have FOR SALE one of these celebrated boilers, Second hand 99 H. P., in first-class condition. Main features are Safety, Durability and Economy. WILL SELL FOR LESS THAN HALF THE ORIGINAL COST.

**J. S. CURRIE,**  
67 WATER STREET - SAINT JOHN, N. B.