

PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

WHO ARE IN THE FIELD.

SEVERAL CANDIDATES ARE AFTER THE MAYORALTY.

And Alderman Rogers—Some of the Men who Will Likely be Chosen to Represent the People at the Council Board Next Year—The Names of Candidates.

Just now the topic that engrosses the public mind is that of the civic election and who will be the candidates for aldermen and mayor and what will they represent. It is a little early yet, but the would-be civic fathers are sowing their wheat or tares early this season and thus the talk of fight and local carnage are fully on.

Of course all eyes are on the mayoralty. It has been said by certain of the daily press without the slightest foundation whatever that the mayors of important towns will after Her Majesty's diamond jubilee be known as a Knight. Mr. T. H. Hall, bookseller, a stationer, has his eye placed directly on that office, and there are quite a number who think he is worthy, for some three or four hundred names are on his nomination papers. Mr. Hall is in the field, blow high or blow low, win or lose.

Mr. Charles McLaughlan is also out for the title and he has a big support. It was thought that he was ejected out of the office last year and his friends here decided not to allow that this year. Doctor Daniel and Doctor Berryman were spoken of as candidates but they have decided to fool issues with Mr. McLaughlan.

Mr. Edward Sears is also being requested by a number of friends to place himself in nomination.

Mayor Robertson would not it is said object to another term, but it is believed the people decidedly object to it, not that they have any ill will against him, but the very logical idea that a man can arrive at a conclusion that he owns an office, and the office without him would be a delusion or a snare.

Mr. Henry H. Flewelling was in the field or rather the market for alderman, but he finds now that his property qualification is not sufficient and he is thus deterred. To add to his dismay also, the Balingier Club have withdrawn their promise of a banquet.

Hiram T. Giggery is in the field to win or lose. It is not said whether he is after McGoldrick's scalp or not but when the genial John is approached on this question he winks his eye, a very expressive way he has of saying nothing.

Mr. Isaiah Holder will come again. He is better known this year than last, and may be sufficiently known to secure a seat. Alderman McGoldrick is in the contest and there to make a stiff fight. Mr. Arthur, the indomitable Douglas, is out on the canvas and his friends are stronger than ever. He will be ticketed with D. J. Purdy for alderman at large.

Then P. McCarthy is counting his fingers and toes to see how many votes he can call his own and if he finally consents to come it will not be for roving alderman.

Strange as it may seem Mr. J. B. M. Baxter is coming again. He no doubt considers that the man who framed the expropriation law so that each lawyer in the city could read it in a different way is fully qualified to sit as alderman.

Messrs. Stackhouse, Smith, McMullin, Dr. Christie and Waring will all come to the scratch and the fight all along the line promises to be warm.

Alderman Wilson will not face the music unless he is brought out by a strong requisition. He is a busy man and does not care about taking too much time away from his business. Should he retire James F. Dunlop grocer will come into the lists, T. J. McPherson will be in the swim again as he is determined to fight the new market byelaw to the bitter end. Mr. William Whittaker, north end, is spoken of as a substitute for Alderman McMullin, should the latter decline to run.

The ship laborers and others laborers, are taking a determined part against those who opposed them and they will give no votes to any but Mr. McGoldrick and Mr. Waring. It is said to be the aim of the labor societies to work together and meetings are being held and house to house visits made to secure votes against the return of any of the present aldermanic board.

This is already causing talk of a union of capital and it might be a labor ticket and an anti labor ticket will be in the field.

There is sure to be a landslide at Sand Point in the near future and there are some aldermen who desire to be away from the board when this occurs.

THIS MAGISTRATE GETS GAY.

A North Shore Official who Terrorizes His Fellow Citizens.

As a general thing the ideal stipendiary magistrate is quite as dignified as any other official, on whom to a certain extent, depends the law and order of a community. When one of the fraternity departs from the beaten track and indulges in any of the little follies to which human nature is prone it naturally occasions considerable surprise, and comment. So far a North Shore town has the gayest of gay magistrates, who certainly doesn't believe in ordering his life by rule, and who has a profound contempt for all ordinary grooves, or the dignified pleasures of a well regulated official.

The magistrate in question has held the office for eight years and during that time his conduct has not been very edifying to say the least. In any other citizen it would have been quite disgraceful, but in a stipendiary magistrate—well there are hardly words strong enough to express the indignation of the peace-loving, law-abiding citizens of the town referred to.

One of his many forms of breaking the monotony of life in a country town is the destruction of property, varied by an assault upon inoffensive citizens, and though many attempts have been made to bring him under the influence of the law, they have failed. Even the majesty of the government has been invoked but no notice has been taken of the peoples' prayers and entreaties, and the man has been continued in office.

On Tuesday, however, the last straw was added, and if the erring magistrate is not retired, it will not be the fault of the County council, of that particular section, who at a meeting a day or two ago passed a resolution asking the government to remove him.

It was on Tuesday of this week that the Stipendiary broke all previous records—and twenty-two panes of glass from the windows of a certain residence, as a wind up to a particularly hilarious day. A regular day of terror it must have been if all reports from the section in question are to be believed. The magistrate owned the town for the day and there was nothing slow in the way he proposed to run it. Many citizens were afraid to venture on the street and everywhere the children fled panic stricken at his approach. It was the most exciting day the town had experienced for a long time, but that the people are not hankering after any such degrading pastimes is evidenced by their determination to have the offender punished. It is to be hoped their present effort to have him removed from office will be more successful than have those of the past.

DOESN'T CONSIDER MR. HALL

As a Foreman Worthy of his Steel in the Coming Contest.

A few days ago after one of the meetings held in the city hall his worship Mayor Robertson was conversing with several members of the council and some other gentlemen. The conversation turned on the election and one of the gentlemen asked the mayor if he would again be a candidate. Turning to the questioner his worship said that if no stronger candidate appeared than Mr. T. H. Hall, who is already in the field he would certainly be a candidate. He modified his statement however by saying that should a man of means offer he would not perhaps stand in his road.

This statement coming as it did from the mayor himself certainly looks as if he considers, from present appearances, that he has somewhat of a mortgage on the position for another year.

In the meanwhile Mr. Hall is circulating his nomination paper which has already been largely signed.

Sollicitous of His Welfare.

A few days ago a daily paper had an item calling attention to the fact that Hon. A. G. Blair's horse had been sent to Ottawa in a "special" car. Of course the animal couldn't very well go any other way unless he walked or snow-shoed because it is seldom that horses go from here to Ottawa and a horse must consequently have a car to himself. A day or two later Mr. A. G. Blair met the manager of the paper in question and after the usual greetings Mr. Blair remarked: "That horse is all right; he was shipped all right, and if I hear anything

concerning him en route, I will hasten to inform you because you appear so solicitous about him." His listener was struck dumb so to speak and has not fully recovered from the cold touch yet.

THEIR AWFUL MISTAKE.

A Couple Who Wanted Mr. Blair to Tie the Nuptial Knot.

About fifteen miles to the east of Sudbury Junction, Ontario, there is a small C. P. R. station which bears the characteristic name of Hagar. There one day in the late autumn of last year a small crowd had gathered, to see and give a reception to the Hon. A. G. Blair, whose car was expected that day, on the way to Rosland.

But there was one couple at Hagar who did not think of the car nor the liberal representative; their thoughts were turned to Sudbury Junction, and the clergyman, who as soon as the train could take them there, would make them man and wife. They stood apart from the crowd and were doing considerable debating. What was it about?

As subsequent events showed the cowboy did not care to face the little crowd in the station and secure tickets for himself and the blooming prairie flower so soon to become his wife. He hesitated and she came to the rescue. She decided to buy the tickets.

As she entered the office she heard someone in the crowd exclaim, "the minister will be on this train—a dispatch has been received, and we will not be disappointed after all."

The bride elect, halted, considered for a moment, and then retraced her step: to where the impatient lover was standing. "Tom," she said: "the minister is coming on the train, and we can save the price of our tickets and expenses to Sudbury?"

Tom acquiesced and they waited for the train.

In a few moments it came into the yard, and before the occupants of the private car could get out the young woman was on the platform and into the car.

Going directly up to Hon. Mr. Blair, who was astonished at seeing a young lady as his first visitor, she said: "I know your time is short here, can you marry Tom and me before this train hauls-out? It will save us going to Sudbury, and she blushed like a peony.

Mr. Blair smiled. Who could help it. He said—"In all my trip I have seen none who have come down to business as quickly as you have done—I have seen none whom I would rather favor, but I am sorry to tell you that though a minister, I am not the kind of a minister you are looking for. Stay on the train, your trip to Sudbury will cost you nothing."

The happy young husband would scalp anyone who had a hard word to say of Mr. Blair—and his wife, well if she cannot vote herself, she will see to it that there will be more than one vote in that family for the Minister of Railways.

THEY WANTED THE HORNSPIKE.

And the Obliging Mayor Gave It Despite All Protests.

There was a Burn's celebration at Fairville last week and it was held in the Presbyterian church hall.

The audience was a very enthusiastic one and showered bountiful applause upon all who took part, but it was only when Major Gordon danced the Highland Fling, as only Major Gordon can dance it, that their excitement rose to such a pitch that nothing less than the Fishers' Hornspike could quiet them.

Rev. Mr. Boyd the chairman and Rev. Mr. Ross were greatly shocked over what they considered the very bad taste and sinful desires of the audience. The protestations of the chairman had no effect and though Rev. Mr. Ross came forward and sustained Mr. Boyd in his objections, the "hornspike" was what the audience wanted, and finally got, in the mayor's best style, much to their delight and the chagrin of the clerical element present.

Does He Own the Sleigh?

Who owns the sleigh that Mr. Kerr, chief of the fire department uses? The monogram J. K. on the side in large gilt or enamel letters would lead a beholder to infer that the sleigh was his own. Why not put J. K. on the horse and harness? If he owns the sleigh he should not be thus imposed upon by the city, he should be provided with one. If the city owns it why does the J. K. appear on it. Will some one rise and explain.

Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Repaired. Dues 21, 17 Waterloo.

THAT MUSICAL STRIKE.

A SCENE IN THE VICTORIA TRAY WASTY OF THE BILLS.

The strikers waited for the music but it did not materialize—How and Why the Difficulty Arose—The Artillery Band May Furnish Music in Future.

One of the largest crowds of the season wended its way to the old Victoria rink on Thursday evening last to participate in one of those seasons of exhilarating exercise which especially the youth of the city look forward to each week with so much expectancy.

A large proportion of the rink visitors on this occasion were regular patrons, the others attending to witness the match between Dalton and Walsh, which event had received no little amount of advertising. The happy conglomeration of humanity circled round and round the ice; "bands" were numerously engaged; and sharp on time, eight o'clock, bandmaster Jones set the musical ball rolling. Number two on the programme followed in regular time and all present had settled down for a record-breaking good time. Ten minutes elapsed and no third "band", five more minutes were added and still the air remained unfractured by brazen notes. The crowd commenced to get tired and seats were soon at a premium.

Suddenly from the band loft, with fire flashing from his eyes, descended the portly and officious leader of the 62nd., music rack in one hand and a baton in the other. Stopping at the foot of the steps to marshal his men, Mr. Jones gave a few instructions, and a promenade to the exit followed. It was quite evident something of a strike nature was on. In the lobby of the rink and on the street Manager Armstrong and Bandmaster Jones engaged in a war of other than harmonious words. The bandmen wanted Thursday night to practice for their sports to have been held this Monday coming, but Mr. A. quite rightly squelched the idea. He was catering to the general public not the 62nd band, who was hired, and well-paid by him for their services. Not being allowed to manage the rink, the musicians departed and as far as can be learned they will not return. Congratulations are in order. The services of the Artillery band are being negotiated for and from this out the frequenters of the "Vic" may expect to hear music.

The bandmen claim arrears in wages and several other grievances among which is the refusal of the manager to allow a dog belonging to one of the musicians to enter the rink last Saturday afternoon. Manager Armstrong is bound to preserve order and system in the establishment under his care no matter who are or who are not displeased by it. The prestige of the Victoria must be preserved.

NO LOVE BETWEEN THEM.

Two Officials who are Usually Engaged in Warfare.

HALIFAX, Feb. 11.—There is no love lost between Chairman Mosher, of the board of health, and Dr. McKay, one of its members. This was known for some time, especially since Ald. Mosher succeeded in being appointed chairman of the board while Dr. McKay was left an ordinary private in the ranks. The fact obtained a new exemplification on Monday afternoon in the city hall. While the committee which was investigating Chief O'Sullivan's execution case was in session Dr. McKay and chairman Mosher met in one of the halls. The house of assembly committee had been engaged in the forenoon hearing reasons from citizens for and against a bill for the abolition of the board of health, at which Mr. Mosher was not present. Dr. McKay was on hand and made some remarks. One of the spectators came away from the meeting and told Ald. Mosher that Dr. McKay had said that he (Mosher) was opposed to the new plumbing rules. Now Ald. Mosher prides himself on favoring those rules, opposing only one clause and wishing in its place another clause which he claims would strengthen them. So when Ald. Mosher and Dr. McKay met in the city hall the alderman promptly called the doctor to task for having misrepresented him before the committee of the house. Dr. McKay heatedly replied and Ald. Mosher, who ordinarily is a most long suffering and urbane man told his antagonist that his only motives at all times were purely patriotic and his actions calculated to be for the good of

the community, whose servant he was proud to be. He pointed to none in point of public disinterestedness, in this comparison relegating even the doctor himself to a second place. Dr. McKay used language of a different kind in reply, in which were such strong words as "liar", etc. Ald. Mosher was in the right, however, and he has the consolation of being on top too, for he remains chairman of a board on which the doctor serves with willingness as a private.

THEY WILL HAVE THE SCHOOL.

And the Local Government Will Give it a Good Grant.

HALIFAX, Feb. 11.—The board of school commissioners have settled the much-discussed cookery school question, by deciding on a practical vote of nine to three to give the Halifax local council of Women \$500 to start the enterprise. The money is to be paid in monthly instalments of \$50 and the school must be north of Proctor's lane. This last provision is a sop thrown to the north-end, for it was sought by agitators against the school to show that its establishment was something forced rather in the interests of the rich south-end than for the good of the poor hard-working north-end. Whether such was the intention or not the insertion of the proviso that the school must be north of Proctor's lane does not seem to seriously jar the friends of the cookery school, for they express themselves as perfectly delighted with the victory that has been won by them and in their behalf. On the otherhand the "anti-faddists," as the opponents of the cookery school describe themselves, take their defeat with fairly good grace, though there is some talk of their taking still further steps to prevent the consummation of the scheme. Newspaper war failed to prevent the school board from voting for the new idea and there is very little hope for any other kind of war succeeding where that failed. All ominous talk of further opposition may therefore be regarded lightly and Halifax may be looked to to show what it can do for the good of our children with its cookery school for the 300 girls in grade VII. Let the experiment quickly proceed!

THEY ARE NOT NARROW MINDED.

The Principal of a Theological College Patronizes an Hotel.

HALIFAX, Feb. 11.—After all, there is not so much difference between the ways of the church and the world in many things. At least there is not so much to distinguish them as once there was, say a quarter of a century ago even. What induces this remark was a banquet given at the Halifax hotel the other evening by Rev. Principal Pollok, of Pige Hill Theological college, to the presbyterian ministers of this city and the graduating class of the college. A better place than the Halifax could not have been chosen, for the Messrs. Hearnline, the hospitable proprietors of the hotel, set the best public dinners in this city. The cuisine and the service, in their hands, are sure to be about perfect. Still, a banquet at the Halifax hotel, does seem a kind of worldly enjoyment which at first thought one would hardly think a company of exclusively presbyterian ministers and young men just entering on the ministry would hardly care to indulge in. Such, however, does not seem to be the case, for it is understood that the clerics had a thoroughly good time. The bill of fare was not published, but it goes without saying that there were no wines included in it. If this dinner was so pleasant then, without wine, Dr. Pollok and his co-professors and ministers, will be able in future the more readily to excuse late hours in young men they may hear about who stay at late dinners whose menu is perhaps supplemented by a wine list. Whether their charity may thus be rightly gauged or not, however, is a question, but one thing is sure and this is that Dr. Pollok's entertainment of the ministers and students at the Halifax could not have been more pleasant.

They Want a New Floor.

At one of the council meetings held some weeks ago a sum of money was voted for repairs on the floor of No. 3 Hook and Ladder company in the North end. So far, nothing has been done on the repairs and if the work is kept back much longer another sum of money will have to be voted for a new horse judging by the present condition of the floor one would wonder how it is that no accident has happened to the animals before this.