

SOME GOOD ALDERMEN.

WHY HALIFAX CIVIC OFFICERS ARE LIKED.

Mayor McPherson will have no opposition this year—How he has won the Peoples Confidence—Alderman "Neddy" O'Donnell is After Votes.

HALIFAX, Feb. 13.—The time for the election of our new civic rulers is now within measurable distance, and people are forming rather accurate opinions who the coming city fathers will be. The Halifax city council consists of eighteen aldermen and the mayor, six of the aldermen retiring each year.

There is no doubt that Mayor McPherson will again be a candidate. Though he says he does not want the position it seems the citizens do want him, and there is no escape for David. And what is equally certain as the fact that he will be mayor for another year is the other fact there will be no opposition. He will hold the office without the trouble and the expense of an election campaign. It costs money to run an election in Halifax as both candidates found last year to their sorrow.

David McPherson by the way, is a more popular man, from the civic point of view, than he was a year ago, and he is a better man than he was when some years ago, he held the mayoralty for three years. He is not so opposed to reform and improvement. The reform section of the council does not find now that to accomplish any improvement they must fight not only a strong minority among the aldermen but the mayor as well, as once was too often the case. This applies to other mayors in time, past as well as to the record of the present chief magistrate.

The Halifax city council is not an easy body in which to secure reform. The fact is the council only too well represents the citizens,—a majority of them,—who think that anything that is must be pretty nearly right, and who have an instinctive antipathy to change, especially if it is likely to cost money, or to make ever so light a change in the burden-bearing shoulders. They cannot be made to see the other side of the question and will persist, like Lord Nelson looking at such questions with their blind eye. This numerically influential section of the people are backed up by a portion of the press and by most of the anonymous writers in all our papers. Such being the case Mayor McPherson deserves much credit when it is seen that to a certain extent he is breaking away from the stand-still element. He will have part of his reward in an unopposed election next April.

It looks at this distance as if in only two of the six wards will there be aldermanic contests. Alderman W. J. Stewart retires from ward 1. No representative of that ward, which has long been well represented, has been the equal in usefulness of Alderman Stewart, and it is with regret that it is heard that he will not be likely to reënter the city council. He has been in the forefront of every movement for bettering our civic laws and administration, and when his seat within the council rail becomes vacant there will be a decided loss in the forces that tend in the right direction. It is understood that the increasing demands of his business upon Alderman Stewart render it necessary that he should step out of the arena of active civic affairs; who his successor will be in case Mr. Stewart persists in retiring, no one knows. Several names have been mentioned. This is one of the two wards where some of the new aspirants for civic fame may make a contest.

Alderman Dennis is the retiring representative of ward 2. The chance are that he will be called upon to serve another three years. The novelty of the office has worn off somewhat with Alderman Dennis, but he is not yet by any means thoroughly tired of the position. He rather likes it yet, but not so well as to induce him to run a bond election to hold his seat. There is not much probability that Alderman Dennis will be seriously opposed. The feeling against him on account of last year's mayoralty contest, has to a large extent disappeared, and many of his enemies in that campaign would be his supporters now, if he had to face the electorate. Thomas J. Barry is canvassing ward 2, but he is not one of the men whom Alderman Dennis would count as serious opponent. "Taking one consideration with another," it may be safely depended upon that Mr. Dennis will for three years more retain the title of "Alderman." He is as "sharp as a steel trap," and the scheme or the man that gets far ahead of him must be under way very early in the morning. Because Alderman Dennis appears to be sleeping is no reason why an opponent who wants to succeed should not feel bound to work all the harder, for this civic father sees about as much with his eyes shut as some others do with their optics wide open.

Alderman Mitchell talks of backing out from the performance of aldermanic duties in ward 3. It is to be hoped he will not do that, for he, like the two already spoken of, is a good man. If for nothing else, his love of the public gardens, and his grand work as chairman of the gardens committee, should induce him to remain in the council, that he may successfully continue his praiseworthy labors. Some people in the ward talk of another candidate for the re-

presentation, but it Alderman Mitchell will only say the word he can either be elected without opposition or he can have such an easy walk over that it will be little more than child's play for him.

Alderman "Neddy" O'Donnell is the man who will have to fight for his civic life in ward four. "Neddy" is unique in the municipal life of any city, and he is a "wonder" in the Halifax city council. Everybody is saying there should be a "change" in this ward, but who is the man to bring about the change. The alderman is already hard at work canvassing, entrenching himself wherever he can, and he never allows an opportunity to slip. How O'Donnell does hate the governor of the city prison! To what lengths he would go to revenge himself on poor Murray! Much can be done in this direction from the coigne of vantage furnished by a seat in the city council. What else has "Neddy" done than show his feelings in this direction? This is one thing the alderman's enemies are saying while they are busily scanning the horizon of the ward to pounce upon the best candidate to run against him. Sometimes it is more difficult to find a man who can successfully run against a poor aldermanic specimen than against a good one.

Ward 5 has confidence in Alderman William McFatridge. His term ends in April, but the Alderman would like to retain his seat, and there is no doubt he will be able to do so. All opposition to him in the past has been futile, and ten chances to one, if there is opposition in view that it will again be unavailing. Alderman McFatridge, like everyone else, has his good and his bad points, and both are very prominent in the eyes of different classes in the ward. He is a kind-hearted man, too much so sometimes for the city's interests, but he has thus made many friends he would otherwise have lost. The alderman has a good deal of time to spare in the city, and if he could only be often found on the side of the progressives and reformers in the council he would be a rather satisfactory representative. Whether satisfactory or not, he will almost certainly retain his seat for another three years term.

Alderman Isaac Creighton comes from the far north and will have to seek the endorsement of the electors of ward 6 if he continues longer to hold his seat in the council. Not that he will have to run an election, for the chances are strongly that there will be no opposition to him. Alderman Creighton is strong with the church, strong with the temperance people, and there is little doubt that he is strong just now with the civic voters of ward 6, at least stronger than any prospective candidate in opposition to him.

DISCORD AND HARMONY.

The Case of Two Church Organists in Halifax and in Dartmouth.

DARTMOUTH, Feb. 13.—The Dartmouth correspondent of PROGRESS two weeks ago gave the news regarding the organist at Christ church, in this town, and a story that came from Halifax touching the trouble between the organist of St. Paul's and the rector. There is no change here, but there are new developments in St. Paul's.

Edwin Halsey, who for two or three years has presided at the organ in Christ church, much to his regret was called upon by the churchwardens to resign and he will have to step out at Easter. There is no reconsideration of that ultimatum, for the churchwardens are determined. A year ago Mr. Halsey, who was always what is known as an adherent of the high church party in the church of England, decided that he could find peace of conscience only in the Roman Catholic church. Accordingly after a period of instruction, he was admitted to the communion of that body and became a catholic. His wife, who had been a presbyterian, followed him.

The wardens of Christ church, while they had not the slightest fault to find with their organist's playing, intimated to him that his change of faith was by no means acceptable to them, and that he must resign and give place to another whose religious tenets would not be at variance with the teaching regularly promulgated from Christ church pulpit. So Mr. Halsey will have to give up the organ at Easter, relinquishing with it a salary of \$200 a year, which to a young man just beginning family life on his own account is no inconsiderable sacrifice.

In St. Paul's church, on the other hand it is the organist who comes out on top, if such an expression is permissible. The cause of the trouble was that Mr. W. J. Hutchins left the organ bench one Sunday, during the sermon, ostensibly to find some music. He stayed away ten minutes or more. The rector, Rev. Dyson Hague, at the close of the service, called him to task about it, and intimated with some asperity, that such conduct would not be tolerated in future. Mr. Hutchins then promptly tendered his resignation. The church wardens held several meetings and the matter was thoroughly threshed out. Finally a conference was arranged between organist Hutchins and Rector Hague. And they had to meet more than once, the vestry meanwhile anxiously awaiting the result, for while Mr. Hague is dearly loved by his people, Mr. Hutchins is much admired on account of his musical abilities. Last week the good news came that the breach had been healed, the chasm so difficultly spanned. Mr. Hutchins intimated to the vestry that in view of a "satisfactory conversation" held with Mr. Hague he had decided to withdraw his resignation and to continue his duties. The vestry were glad to hear such good news, and were glad to learn that an incident which threatened serious trouble had been so effectually disposed of. The contrast between Christ church, in this town, and St. Paul's church, Halifax, in matters "organic" is thus presented for the edification of the public.

HE FOUND HIS FORTUNE.

IT CAME IN WITH THE TIDE WHEN THERE WAS A GALE.

Jerry Haven's Voyage to California and his Remarkable Luck When on his Way Home Dead Broke—The Story of How a Maine Man Made His Fortune.

It requires a diplomatic use of language and a vast power of persuasion to introduce old Jerry Haven of Sullivan Ferry to disclose how he went to California in 1850, failed to earn money, borrowed cash to take himself home, and then made a fortune when within two days' journey of New York. This is not because Jerry loves money overmuch—for he spent nearly all he made before he steamed down—but for the better reason that he fears the original owners of his wealth may yet tarry this side of the grave and come down east to claim their own. Therefore Jerry's wary when approached on the subject, and liable to flush and fly away long before any truth seeker gets within range.

The old man is short, stout, and florid. His breath goes and comes in little gusts, like a fanning mill that has lost every other cog, and when excited his heart flutters inside his ribs like a wild bird in a cage; but in spite of these physical defects, and in spite of the seventy-one years that he has been born and buried, he works every day in the winter for \$10 a week and collects the rent for fourteen summer cottages which he put up since 1886. Residents who know him, and have known him for decades, say he is worth \$50,000, which sum is probably 50 per cent. larger than his actual assets and nearly 100 per cent. greater than the valuation Jerry can be induced to place on his real estate when the assessors are around. Rich or poor, he never ceases to lament the waste of the fortune he made coming home from Panama, and never divulges how much property he owns today, least he should be brought to account for the audacious speculation that first made him rich.

Though Jerry was not one of the 1849 "Argonauts," he went to the Pacific coast early in 1850, taking all the money he had in the world with him. First he went into the mines expecting to get in a week all the gold he could lug home, and failing in this he washed sand in the San Joaquin Valley until his money was all gone, when he tried to hire out so he might at least earn his grub. With four dollars a week a barrel, and sugar \$3 a pound he could find nobody willing to board him for what he could do so, borrowing enough money from an acquaintance to pay his fare home, he started back for the Isthmus with a poor opinion of California and a worse opinion of himself. Except that two or three failures like himself tried to rob him and were made sad when they learned he had nothing worth stealing, the homeward trip was as dull as a minority party's caucus, until the steamer drifted into a hurricane of Cape Hatteras. Jerry, who has been to sea considerably since then and has also acted as moderator in a meeting of two warring church factions—to say nothing of having once been chosen stakeholder in a sprinting match—Jerry says this was the most tangled and intricate wind storm he ever passed through. The first thing the sea did was to smash every boat on the steamer, and then it began to pound upon the hatches and companionway like the alarm at the inner gate in a Good Templar's lodge. By this time the returning gold hunters were thinking about the vanity of riches in general and the great weight of coin in particular, and began to unbuckle and throw away their wealth-laden belts.

While other passengers were dividing their time between profanity and prayer Jerry was recklessly collecting the treasures of this earth which his companions hurled at his feet, carrying them all to the engineer, who chanced to be a friend of his, and was willing to divide the net earnings of the venture. For thirty-six hours the sea danced to the fiddling of the winds, and the passengers repaired their morals as best they could, and then the sun came out just as they were off the Jersey coast, allowing the weary steamer to reach New York in safety.

Though nearly all the passengers were studying the chart of the hereafter, there were still a few who did not neglect the present, and among them were two or three who had seen Jerry collecting the belts, and who came to him when danger had passed demanding their wealth. The old man says that what he told the complainants was not a lie, but he admits that it had a similar effect, and in spite of his assurance that he did not have their gold, they treated him so rudely and watched him so closely that he was fain to send to the New York police for official escort through that city, a service they rendered for pay. In a little hotel down by Bowling Green, Jerry and the engineer divided their gains, and found that each one had just 182 pounds of gold. On the boat en route for Boston Jerry was assailed by claimants for his wealth, so he had to pay heavily for protection. From Boston he sailed for the Penobscot River on a coaster, thinking it safer than to go by steamboat, and on arriving opposite Bucksport he was bound to find two men waiting at the set ashore to find two men waiting at the hotel to kidnap him. But he dodged them all by hiring every horse and vigorous man in the village for an escort, and thus protected went on to Sullivan, where he buried 107 pounds of gold in a clump of bushes back from the shore. For five years he did not dare look at his treasure. Finally he dug it up for a little time, and put all he had into vessel property paying well at they time. After the war the shipping business declined so that he could not make by

property pay running expenses, and the panic of 1873 laid him with but a small fortune. If he had bought Bar Harbor real estate he would have been a millionaire now. As it was, he purchased shore property in Sullivan, and now owns a small village.

"I'll bet a plug of tobacco as good as you ever smoked," says Jerry, "that there ain't another man in the world who went to California and back in thirteen weeks and made \$29,000 while he was away." Those who hear the offer never dispute him, hoping to hear more about that perilous voyage from Hatteras to New York. It is needless to say that all strangers who indulge in such hopes are sure to go away disappointed. Jerry is modest as well as rich.—N. Y. Paper.

"77"

GRIP

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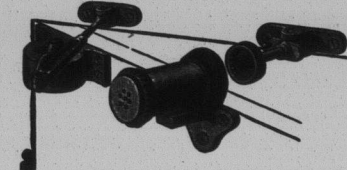
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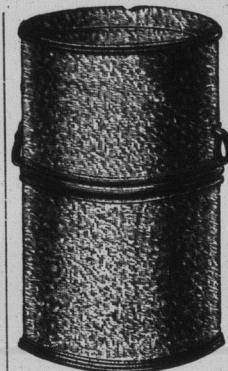
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