

IS A CORRUPT OFFICIAL.

A HALIFAX MAN WHO GETS MORE THAN HIS SALARY.

Many men contribute to swell his income and a sensation is expected—some one spotted as a co-between the briber and the bribed—A serious charge.

HALIFAX May 21.—How many people believe there is hoodling among the aldermen of Halifax? There are some who vaguely talk of the possibility of aldermen making money out of their services to the city, but there are none whose suspicions are well founded. Not one such case in Halifax was ever proved, and it is safe to say that not one ever existed to any considerable extent.

What of the officials of the city in this respect? They are most of them fairly hard working, some of them hardworking, and they are honest, upright men. If common report and rumor is to be believed, however, there is one exception—one official whose hands are not clean; one who cannot say he does not know what a bribe is. This is a serious statement to make, and it is not given as an actual proven fact, but it is what 99 out of every 100 who speak of this man say. Everything seems to indicate that what common report holds to be the case is true enough.

The salary connected with the position is not large but it is comfortable. It is not large enough to enable a man who, when he assumed the office, was in impecunious circumstances, to have straightened up his finances so well, and to have laid by a considerable store for a rainy day as he is said to have done. Living in Halifax is too expensive to allow such a margin of profit as is shown in this case.

The story is that many men contribute to swell the income of this official, and that their united offering, aggregating a sum yearly in the thousands. One man speaking on this subject said the other day: "Why, Mr. So and So's little fee has to be paid as regularly as any other account." He alluded to the bonus given to this civic official.

This kind of thing must be a dangerous business, and if it is carried on at all it must be carried on with great precaution to secure immunity from discovery. One of these precautions is that there is a go-between to keep up the connection between the briber and the bribed. Here again, rumor steps in, and locates the "go-between" in the person of a down-town business man. It is through this citizen's hands that the "filthy lucre" is said to find its way from the pockets of men interested into those of the official benefited.

But with all the safeguards that have been taken there are threatenings of exposure. Men who have thus paid bribes, and others who perhaps have not, are said to be on the verge of making revelations. If they do speak, as they threaten to do, there will be the greatest sensation in this city that has been experienced for many a long day.

There is nothing more certain than the fact that, if this system of hoodling and bribery does really exist, it will soon be "declared on the housetop." It is a thing that cannot go on forever, and the denouement may come sooner than is expected.

It is the duty of the men who know of these things, if they are not personally implicated, to speak out and cause the abuse to cease. But interested or not, some one will soon let the public know what are the actual facts, and whether or not this official is the hoodler he is represented to be.

EVILS THAT NEED A REMEDY.

Members of the Halifax Fire Company Who Gamble.

HALIFAX, May 21.—Captain Connolly, of the Halifax fire department is getting his men ready to start work as paid firemen—that is, they are running the gauntlet of city medical officer Trenaman's searching eye. There are several returns of the new management will have to make sure of carrying out if they want to avoid trouble, and there are several evils which will have to be corrected. One of the latter is the evil of gambling over cards in the engine houses.

This vice is not by any means unknown in some of the engine houses.

It might not be so wrong were it the firemen alone who thus gamble, but outsiders come in and join in the games. Boys have been known to spend more than half the night in the engine houses over the card table, some of these places occasionally assuming the appearance of a miniature Monte Carlo. It is not in one of the engine houses that all night long is thus sometimes consumed in card playing for money, but in several of them. An instance is known where recently a north end mechanic lost \$8 in one night at an engine house of the fire department, as much as he would earn in a week almost, and he is a married man whose family needs every cent he can obtain. Some members of St. Mary's young men's total abstinence and benevolent society have thus gone wrong via engine house card playing.

It is all right, perhaps, for the men, when off duty or when they have plenty leisure on their hands, to spend an hour or two card playing in the engine houses. But when it comes to bringing in outsiders to play, especially boys, when comparatively large sums of money are lost and won, and when the whole night is spent

gambling, then it is time to "call a halt." Captain Connolly will have to see to it that this practice ceases when he assumes control of his paid men, which will be in a few days now. Another matter which he should look into on the first opportunity at his disposal is the means of communication between the rear of some engine houses, or at least of one, and a neighboring liquor saloon. Suppliers of the ardent have thus been known to make an underhand passage as it were, between the bar-keeper and the thirsty fire-men.

Taking a drink, like card playing, is all right enough in its place, but there should be no means of clandestinely conveying supplies of the ardent from a liquor saloon to a fire department engine house for the use of the men on duty. Keep your eyes open, Captain Connolly. You are the man now to stop abuses as well as to get your department in good shape and keep it thus.

"NEDDY" MAYBE THE NEXT MAYOR

Alderman O'Donnell Does Not Like His Committee Appointments.

HALIFAX, May 21.—Alderman Edward O'Donnell's spirits have not yet subsided from the pitch of elation to which they rose after his great victory over W. E. Bremner in ward 4. Referring to Mayor McPherson's civic committees the alderman is reported to have said: "Mr. McPherson has put me on 'the dead committees,' but he has made me mayor of Halifax."

He alluded doubtless to the fancied fact that the action of the mayor in putting him upon unimportant committees had excited sympathy which would make a run by him for the mayoralty next year a success. It would be interesting to see Mr. O'Donnell a candidate for the chief magistracy next April, particularly if Mr. McPherson were to offer for a third term. Edward is a strong man.

He was particularly strong, on election day during the voting, so it is said, in the person of a brother of W. E. Bremner. This brother stood at the booth all day handing out ballots to voters. They naturally thought these were for W. E. Bremner but it seems their existed no fraternal feeling and that the brother was a quiet yet hard worker for O'Donnell against his own flesh and blood. The unsuspecting voters thought that of course, a brother's ballots would be for a brother but they were not and they voted the wrong ticket. Hence one reason for the result.

POLICEMAN MURPHY'S DEFENCE.

He Was Showing Tricks to the Other Cops and There Was no Poker Game.

Five patrolmen and a doorman were up before Commissioner Welles of the Brooklyn police lately charged with gambling in the First Precinct station house, on Adams street, near Myrtle avenue. Capt. Miles O'Reilly happening to walk into the place unexpectedly one evening recently found the six seated around a table on which were some cards and chips. From the amount of interest evinced in the proceedings the captain concluded that a game of draw poker was going on, so he raked in the chips, seized the cards, and departed, leaving a very uncomfited crowd to face the prospect of a formal trial.

No confession of poker could be obtained from the six yesterday when they were arraigned. All stuck to the story told by Doorman Frederick Bleigh, who declared that they had been merely watching a few innocuous tricks with the pasteboards.

"Who was doing these tricks?" asked Commissioner Welles.

"Patrolman Murphy," said the other five in chorus, "and he's a corker," added Bleigh, emphatically.

"I'd like to see a specimen of your skill, Murphy," remarked the Commissioner. With ready acquiescence the policeman stepped forward, took the pack of cards there as evidence, and threw three-card monte until the Commissioner got strabismus trying to follow his movements. Then he did tricks with four knaves, and blew the ace through the pack, and formed inexplicable mathematical combinations, and finished up by requesting the Commissioner to select a card and replace it in the pack after looking at it. This was done, Murphy shuffled the cards, gave them to the Commissioner to shuffle, took them back, and in so doing dropped them on the table as it by accident. One of them flopped up and turned face upward. It was the four of spades.

"Is that the card?" asked Murphy.

"Well, if it isn't it's one just like it," replied Commissioner Welles, looking from the card to Murphy and from Murphy to the card. "Have you seen him do these things before?" he asked, turning to the others.

They replied unanimously in the affirmative.

"Then if you did play poker with a man that can do that sort of thing you ought to be in an asylum instead of on the force. I should say the presumptive evidence was in favor of your not having played. I reserve decision."

The others are preparing to set it up largely to Murphy if they get off free.

Colorado's Woman Farmer.

Mrs. Anna D. Clemmer, Dairy Commissioner of Colorado, is a remarkable woman. Born in a Connecticut town, she grew up with plenty of money and no hardships. Now she gives her personal attention to a hay ranch of 160 acres and 1000 chickens, and with her own hands makes 200 pounds of butter a month. Her unusual labor yields her a profit that makes it worth her while.

Eccentric.

Brown—Smith has peculiar ideas about the weather. Jones—What are they? Brown—He's satisfied if it's cold in winter and hot in summer.

DID THE CAT COME BACK.

It Gets an Awful Surprise When treated to A Bit of Meat.

If the charitably disposed people of St. John, or the members of the S. P. C. A. are anxious to find an outlet for their philanthropy, there is work ready to their hand in the ladies waiting room of the I. C. R. station, in this christian city of ours. In this apartment there either resides, or at least is frequently seen—something which nature evidently intended for a cat, but which, through the inhumanity of man is merely a frame work of tones held together by a covering of very grimy gray and white fur.

I strolled into the waiting-room the other morning to while away the few minutes before the train I had come to meet was due, and being fond of animals made friends with what I supposed was a very dirty little kitten lying asleep in the sun, on one of the window sills: The creature seemed perfectly at home, and proceeded with more courtesy than some of his near neighbors showed, to do the honors of his abode. He arose at once and rubbed his poor head against my hand and then I saw to my amazement that he was a full grown cat, but in such a state of emaciation that to call him a living skeleton would be flattering. He would have been a bonanza to any articulator of bones, since there would have been no trouble in setting up his skeleton; no boiling and scraping, nothing to do but remove his skin, once he had closed his eyes on the world which had been so unkind to him, and mount the dry bones at once.

Of course the first thing anyone possessed of gastric organs of their own would think of, was something for that cat to eat; so I hid me away to the railway lunch room in pursuit of food. I first thought of milk but reflecting that something more solid would probably last longer, I preferred a mild request to the smiling Juno who presided over the ambrosia at the lunch counter for a small piece of meat but met with the chilling reply "None cooked."

I explained that as the lunch was for a cat uncooked meat would be preferred, and that I would like a piece of raw meat. After a few minutes delay I received half an ounce of cold corned beef sprinkled over the surface of a plate, for which I paid three cents. Not a large sum certainly, but still sixteen ounces of beef at that price would cost 96 cents, and yet farmers complain that there is no money in raising cattle for the market! Why it takes one's breath away to think how much solid cash one ox would bring; hundreds and hundreds of dollars I should think!

I had left the skeleton choking himself in his efforts to swallow a piece of soda biscuit I found on one of the tables in the waiting room, and when I returned with his second course he had finished it, and was feebly washing his face. His amazement at sight of the corned beef caused him to stagger for a moment, but he soon recovered himself and devoured it as only a starved animal can devour food.

It was only a very light lunch for him, but I saw no prospect of getting anything else, so I left him reluctantly. Perhaps I did not save him a big slice of juicy beef from my dinner though, and perhaps the pretty, smiling girl at Washington's restaurant did not bring me a thick paper bag to wrap it up in, and a piece of string to tie it with, and seemed as much interested as I was myself, in the hungry cat it was going to! I hope she will always be as pretty if she lives for the next fifty years, and that her smile will be as bright.

Alas for the gory slice of meat I carried round all the afternoon! When I got back to the waiting room he was gone, so I could only tuck the meat behind a shutter near his window sill, in the hope that he would find it next day. Perhaps he died either of surprise or indigestion, the sudden introduction of food into a system unaccustomed to such experiments having proved too much for him. If so, he is beyond the reach of benevolence, but in any case, it seems to me a harsh comment on our christianity that any creature, even a cat, should be allowed to starve in the midst of plenty without anyone caring. I have seen cats in hardware shops, and shoe shops far removed from food but fat and sleek, and well-cared for, because someone was enough of a christian to feed them, but here, within a few yards of a restaurant where quantities of food must be thrown away every day, this poor creature was starving when a few scraps each day would have afforded him luxurious living.

I noticed that the ladies of the W. C. T. U. had not neglected to place their little box of tracts in a conspicuous position, but I don't imagine any of them had time to notice the cat, they were so anxious about the spread of temperance, and the gospel, and after all a cat has no soul to be saved, and if it should die because its stomach was empty, it is only an animal, so it does not count. Perhaps some of us may be a good deal surprised one of these days when we discover how much God's little beasts do count in one City which is noted for its surprisingly beautiful gates—but that is not St. John.

ASTRA.

On the Ragged Edge. Attorney for Plaintiff—Madam, what is your age? Fair Defendant (on the stand)—I decline to answer. Attorney—On what grounds?

Fair Defendant—On the ground that it would tend to criminate myself.

His Honor—Explain yourself, madam, or you will have to answer the question.

Fair Defendant—I hold, your honor, that it would tend to damage my reputation for truth and veracity.

His Honor—The point is well taken. The witness need not answer.—Up-to-Date.

Theodore Tilton

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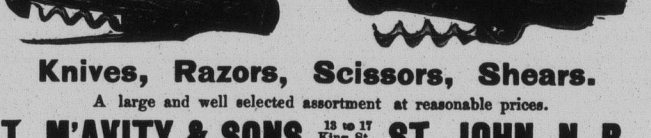
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