

## POLITICS IN HALIFAX.

## HOW THEY DIFFER FROM THOSE OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

Political and Personal Feelings Entirely Different—New Brunswickers Who Are Doing Well in Halifax—Some Fast Horses and Their Owners.

HALIFAX, N. S., Nov. 11.—Two things worthy of note in connection with Nova Scotia politics are: First, the number of outside constituencies that are represented by men who live in Halifax, or who have their homes here; and secondly, the good social feeling that exists among nearly all the politicians, local government or opposition, conservative or liberal. At least four of the outside counties are represented in the local legislature by Halifaxians. Mr. Cahan, the leader of the opposition, represents Shelburne; Attorney General Longley, Annapolis; Hon. Mr. Church, minister of mines and public works, Lunenburg; and Mr. Drysdale, Hants county. In fact the whole machine so far as provincial politics are concerned seems to be run from Halifax. Without seeking to lessen the influence of the gentlemen named in the counties they represent one cannot but wonder why these constituencies do not elect home men instead of selecting Halifaxians. Just imagine St. John attempting to say to Westmorland, York, Northumberland, Kent and one or two other New Brunswick counties: "You must select as your candidates men living in St. John." What a howl would be raised. "No outside interference" would be the battle cry, and the St. John men would be told to stay at home. But as I have no designs on the political scalps of any of the parties named I will continue this branch of the subject no further. In Dominion politics, too, Halifax often comes to the assistance of outside constituencies—Sir John Thompson, Hon. Charles H. Tupper and Mr. Forbes representing Antigonish, Pictou and Queens counties respectively. Mr. Forbes is a member of the law firm of Pearson, Forbes & Covert, the senior of which is one of the most successful promoters of enterprises in the lower provinces. He is well and favorably known in New Brunswick.

More than a few politicians belonging to our own province might, with profit, make a visit here. They would be able to discover that it is possible for men to fight each other for all they are worth politically and yet be the very best of friends personally. Politically, Hon. A. G. Jones and Mr. T. E. Kenny would cut each other's throats. It is scarcely necessary to say that the former is a liberal and the other a conservative. In the heat of an election, when they are running as candidates against each other, their methods of attack are very vigorous. When the contest is over they resume their relations of friendship, and it is doubtful if any two brothers are on more friendly terms than are Messrs. Jones and Kenny. Dr. Farrell, who ran with Mr. Jones against Mr. Kenny and Mr. Stairs in the last Dominion contest, goes hand and glove personally with the latter two gentlemen; and the families of all are on the most intimate relationship socially. The same might also be said about those active in provincial politics, with one or two exceptions. I might name at least a score of prominent New Brunswick politicians who carry their politics into their every-day life, and who personally hate those with whom they differ politically. The Nova Scotia method of not mixing one's political and personal feelings is certainly very commendable.

New Brunswickers who have come here to make their homes are all doing well. In addition to those mentioned last week reference should be made to Mr. J. L. Olive, formerly of St. John, who is now to be found as a prominent builder here; to Mr. Nathaniel Little, for a long time with Mr. A. O. Skinner, of St. John, now employed in Messrs. A. Stephen & Son's extensive furniture rooms; to Mr. Wm. McDonald, for nine years with Mr. A. B. Sheraton in the house furnishing business in St. John, now holding a position in Messrs. Gordon & Keith's establishment—claimed to be the largest carpet warehouses in the Dominion; to Mr. Joseph Gleeson who is working up quite a general agency business here; to Mr. F. M. Murray, a Queens Co., N. B., boy who is running quite an extensive tea store on Barrington street; to Mr. M. Rooney, formerly with Lee & Logan, St. John, now in the tea business on his own account; to Mr. Wilson, formerly with Daniel & Boyd, St. John, now with the Kennys.

Capt. Brenner who went to the North West after leaving Fredericton has been visiting friends here for some time past. He is the same manly Brenner that he was when in Fredericton, and often speaks of the good old times he had while there.

Halifax can claim the credit of being the only city in the lower provinces which has an all running turf meeting. It takes place on the city's natal day, and usually embraces seven races, four of which are for horses and three for ponies. One of the horse races is for maritime province bred, to encourage breeding in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and P. E. Island. The pony races depend for entries upon the Polo club. The chief man in racing circles is Mr. William Duffus. Although he had no horse at the meeting this year, he is recognized as the chief turf devotee of Halifax. This year he purchased from the Hugh McMonagle estate at Sussex, N. B., the pony Mignonette. He has owned the Tramp, the Wasp, Electrician, and Plaisir. Mr. Jeffrey Morrow is a great jockey, and his friends claim that he is a better rider than our own Mr. E. LeRoi Willis, of St. John. He has always ridden for Duffus and has always had successful mounts at Boston at the country club. He is a member of Stairs, Son & Morrow. Of late years he has not owned anything of note in the shape of horse flesh, but he has been the owner of such good ones as Mic-mac, Viking and Dina. Lieut. McGowan, of the Royal Artillery, is the present owner of the Tramp and Muffin, both by Wand-crer.

Mr. McGowan lost considerable last season in backing the Tramp against Mignonette. He is very sporting, and has the reputation of backing his fancy heavily. He rode at Moosepath some few years ago, and during the race there narrowly escaped serious injury. Mr. Barry, agent for the C. P. R. express company, is the owner of a some-

what celebrated pony, Boodler, imported from South America. Mr. Walter Jones was at one time owner of the pony Honest Injun, afterwards owned by Mr. Forester, when the latter was connected with the British Bank at Fredericton. Admirers of the pony will be delighted to hear that Honest Injun is riding to victory in Boston, having won a race there the other day. Mr. Jones is a good rider, and has had many a hard finish with Morrow, the most notable being between Tramp and Muffin in 1889 for the pony cup, which resulted in a dead heat, Muffin subsequently winning. Doctor Carleton Jones has been riding for the past two or three years. He has recently bought a pony which is expected to turn out well. Dr. Jones rides for Lieut. McGowan, and is one of the most active and enthusiastic of gentlemen jockeys here. Mr. Clifford Jack, the present owner of Mignonette, made his first appearance as a jockey this year. He did remarkably well, winning two races in the one day. Mr. Barnabee is the owner of the imported mare, Emiline, which ran second to Yorktown this year. Dr. Jones riding the mare. Alderman McFartridge is quite a turf devotee, and is the owner of Emiline, imported from the United States. With the exception of Colonel Lee, owner of the pony Traveller, Lieut. McGowan is about the only military man who shows great interest in the turf. Some 15 or 20 years ago the officers here were noted for their great interest in the turf and they owned more than a few fast horses. The races take place on a half-mile track, the centre of which is used as polo grounds. Barry Woods is the only professional jockey in Halifax. He is the owner of Strabismus, by Alarm. Lt. Governor Daly takes great interest in the turf matters, and so well up in he is in such matters that he is generally one of the judges.

Although PROGRESS has already described the methods of teaching at the Halifax School for the Blind in an article more interesting than I could write, I cannot refrain from saying something about that noble institution which for years past has been doing so much good.

The school opened in 1871. It now has 39 pupils, thirteen being from New Brunswick, and is in all respects a school for the blind of the maritime provinces. Each province contributes to its support by making a per capita grant for their respective pupils, and this is supplemented by the interest upon bequests, etc. Here by combining the greater numbers which the more extended field affords, the school is thoroughly graded; and, as a matter of course, results are more satisfactory. Its great aim is to fit its graduates to be self-supporting, and the records show that about 70 per cent. of those earn their livelihoods as music teachers or pianists. Here are to be found boys or girls who come from Placentia Bay, Harbor Grace, St. John's or St. George's, Newfoundland; from different parts of Prince Edward Island; from Campbellton, Newcastle, Moncton, Sussex, Hillsboro, St. John, Forrester and other parts of New Brunswick; as well as from all parts of Nova Scotia. According to an act of the legislature the education of the blind from N. S. is free to all young persons deprived of sight just as the public schools are free to their brothers and sisters.

The government and legislature of N. B. have always dealt most liberally in providing for the education of the blind and practically the N. B. blind have enjoyed all the privileges of a free education, the legislature of N. B. having cheerfully made annual appropriation for this purpose. Mr. C. F. Fraser is the superintendent of the institution, a position which he holds more because of his love for the work than for any money there is in it for him, his other business connections giving him a good income. Mrs. Fraser (nee Miss Hunter of Fredericton) ably assists her husband in the good work he has so much at heart and is a great favorite with teachers and pupils. Mr. Fletcher of Truro has charge of the mathematics; Miss Roberts of Fredericton, does the literary teaching; Miss Bowman imparts the mechanical portion of the education; Mr. Chisholm is the music teacher and Mr. D. A. Baird has charge of the work shop. The person who visits the school and who does not feel interested in the great work in which Mr. Fraser and his assistants are engaged must indeed be very hard hearted.

Here is what may be a pointer for some newspapers in Halifax and St. John. A prominent Halifax business man said to the writer the other evening: "The feeling between St. John and Halifax is much better now than it was 15 or 20 years ago. In the old days of boat racing between representatives of the two cities it was next to impossible for St. John men to do business with our merchants, and I know it was about as difficult for a Halifax man to sell to a St. John merchant. That was almost entirely due to the jealousy over the boat racing. That little feeling would have long ago disappeared entirely but for the paragraphs that occasionally appear in St. John and Halifax papers, reflecting on the respective cities, paragraphs no doubt innocently written and in no sense intended to be taken seriously. But in many cases they are taken seriously and interfere at least to some extent in the trade between the two cities."

I was surprised and of course delighted to find what an immense sale PROGRESS has in Halifax. The paper is on sale here as early every Saturday morning as it is in St. John. News agents tell me that they are never afraid of getting "stuck" with PROGRESS as there is a good demand for it every day in the week. Halifax newspaper men who have talked to me about the paper speak of it as the greatest success in Canadian journalism. M. McDADE.

**Fair and Yet Unfair.**  
Belle all other girls transcended,  
Loveliest creature of her genus,  
Never charms more nicely blended  
To suggest a perfect Venus.

Winningest of love's sweet teachers!  
Eyes she had with depths entrancing.  
Exquisitely she had chiselled features,  
Lips her syren spell enhancing.

Fascination's rapt enchanter!  
Every glance of hers enthused me.  
Yet was never woman plainer  
Than was Belle when she refused me.

**The Priceless Badge.**  
When the soldier saves the battle,  
Wraps the flag around his heart,  
Who shall decorate his honor  
With the values of the mart?  
From his guns of bronze he hew a piece  
And carve it as a cross;  
For the gain he gave was priceless,  
As unpriced would be the loss.

## STORIES OF GREAT MEN.

One Each About Napoleon Bonaparte, Horace Greeley and Bob Ingersoll.

Napoleon Bonaparte had no more devoted and disinterested friend than Gaspard Monge, the illustrious academician and founder of L'Ecole Polytechnique. On one occasion he demonstrated his regard by giving the great general some unbecoming advice. Napoleon announced his intentions of reading a paper to the French institute. Monge frankly expressed his disapproval of the plan.

"You have not time to write a good paper, and you cannot afford to write a poor one. The eyes of the world are upon you. Whatever you write will be severely criticised." Napoleon was astounded and indignant at this plain speaking, but he never wrote the paper.

On the voyage in a frigate from Alexandria to France, Napoleon said to those who were in his confidence: "I am taking two very different chances. If this vessel is captured by the English and I am thrown into an English prison, I shall be in the eyes of France a common deserter, a general who left his army without authority to do so. But if I reach France in safety, subdue the functions, take command of the army, and carry out my plans for the nation's good I shall win the blessings of our fellow-countrymen. I will not be taken by an English vessel. If we encounter one we will fight as long as possible, and when the enemy begins to board us we must sink the ship."

This desperate plan was received in silence, and with evident disapproval, except by Monge, who said, when it appeared that no one else was going to speak: "Yes, general, you have stated the situation exactly. If what you suggest happens we must sink the ship."

"I was waiting for this proof of friendship, and I charge you with executing the plan," replied Napoleon.

Not long afterward an alarm was given, and every one hastened to his post to defend the frigate against an approaching English vessel. It was soon discovered, however, that the vessel was not English nor unfriendly.

"Where is Monge?" inquired Napoleon. "Find him and tell him that the danger is past."

Monge was found at his post by the powder-magazine with a lighted lantern in his hand.

A lady who was a great admirer of Horace Greeley went one evening to hear him lecture. She had never seen her hero, but was a constant reader of his paper, and had her own ideas as to how he would look and act.

The chairman of the meeting desired to air his Latin, and introduced the speaker in the following rather vague and indefinite manner:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you came very near being disappointed this evening, as Mr. Greeley has been very ill, and I trust that a slight change of programme will be excused on this account."

"As I know that you are all anxious for the lecture to begin, I will only detain you to say that I have the pleasure and honor of introducing to you the *facile princeps* of journalism."

The lady waited to hear no more, but went home in disgust.

"Well, my dear," asked the husband, who was taking care of the baby during his wife's absence, "how did you like the lecture?"

"I didn't stop to hear it," was the reply. "Greeley was sick, and they got another man to take his place who was such a queer-looking old guy that I wouldn't waste my time listening to him, so I came back."

"Who was the man?"

"I don't know," she answered, still indignant at her disappointment. "Somebody I never heard of before. His name was Facile Princeps."

The lady was still more disappointed the next day when she discovered in the paper a long account of Greeley's lecture, which the great editor, although feeling quite ill, had delivered in a forcible and impressive manner.

The paper remarked that the chairman stated the truth when he called Greeley easily the first of journalists. It then dawned upon the lady that her "Facile Princeps" was really the editor of the *Tribune*.

The writer once asked Col. Ingersoll what was the greatest compliment he ever received. He thought a moment and said: "I will tell you. I was strolling about the lobby of the Grand Pacific hotel in Chicago one evening after supper, smoking a cigar and waiting for some friends with whom I was going to spend the evening. I saw a vacant chair and sat down in it. Presently I was accosted by a man sitting near who was trying to smoke."

"I noticed that he was crying. He said: 'Stranger, did you ever read that?' pointing to a poster six feet long and three and one-half wide hanging against the wall of the Grand Pacific office, giving the 'dream' or vision portion of my speech at the soldiers' reunion at Indianapolis only a short time before."

"Yes," I replied, "I have read it." "The fellow sobbed away for a few moments longer, and continued: 'Stranger, do you know what I think?'"

"No; what do you think?" "Well, sir, I have a copy of that bill hanging in my store at Tuscola, Ill., and I watch every man that comes in read it, and I tell you, any man that can read that through and not cry is blanketed, blank, blank, and I would not trust him any further than I could throw a male bovine by the tail. I tell you his heart is not in the right place."

"Now," said Col. Ingersoll, "if that man did not know who I was, and I have no idea that he did, that is the greatest compliment I ever had paid me."—*Indianapolis News*.

**Plowing With Dynamite.**  
Sub-soil plowing with dynamite is one of the new methods in the south, and it is said to be equal to the process of trenching used by market gardeners to loosen the earth to a depth of two or three feet and allow the absorption of a good deal of water for sustaining vegetation during a drought. The inventor drills holes two or three feet deep and five feet apart, making 1,600 to the acre. In each he puts an explosive, and after tamping, discharges it, the whole number being connected with a wire leading to a battery.

## Tennyson in the Printing Office.

Mr. W. H. Harper, "a corrector of the press," in an article on "Proof Reading" in the *Printers' Register*, gives a specimen of how the reading-boy deals with the productions of the Poet Laureate in the way of business:

Double quotes You smallcaps mus' wake an' call me hurlycum call me hurlycum mother dearsen (sniff).

Tolpyhenmorrer possil be the 'appiest time of all the glad Newcaplyphen yearsem (gasp).

Of cap all the glad Newcaplyphen year com mother com the maddest, merriest daysem (sniff).

Forcap Hipposm to be Queen cap opos the Maycap commothercom, Hipposm to be Queencap opos the Maycap full close double rule Tennysonitallfull.

This apparent jargon is the result of reading by "caps and points," so as to insure absolute accuracy in the minutest details of punctuation, capitalization, etc. "Com," is the reader's contraction for "comma;" "sem," for "semicolon;" "pos," for "apostrophe;" and so on.—*Publishers' Circular*.

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"Nicely. Thank You."  
"Thank Who?"

"Why the inventor of

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12 Whites, too Profuse Periods. . . . . 25

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