

THE HALIFAX CITY HALL.

IT OCCUPIES AN HISTORIC SITE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

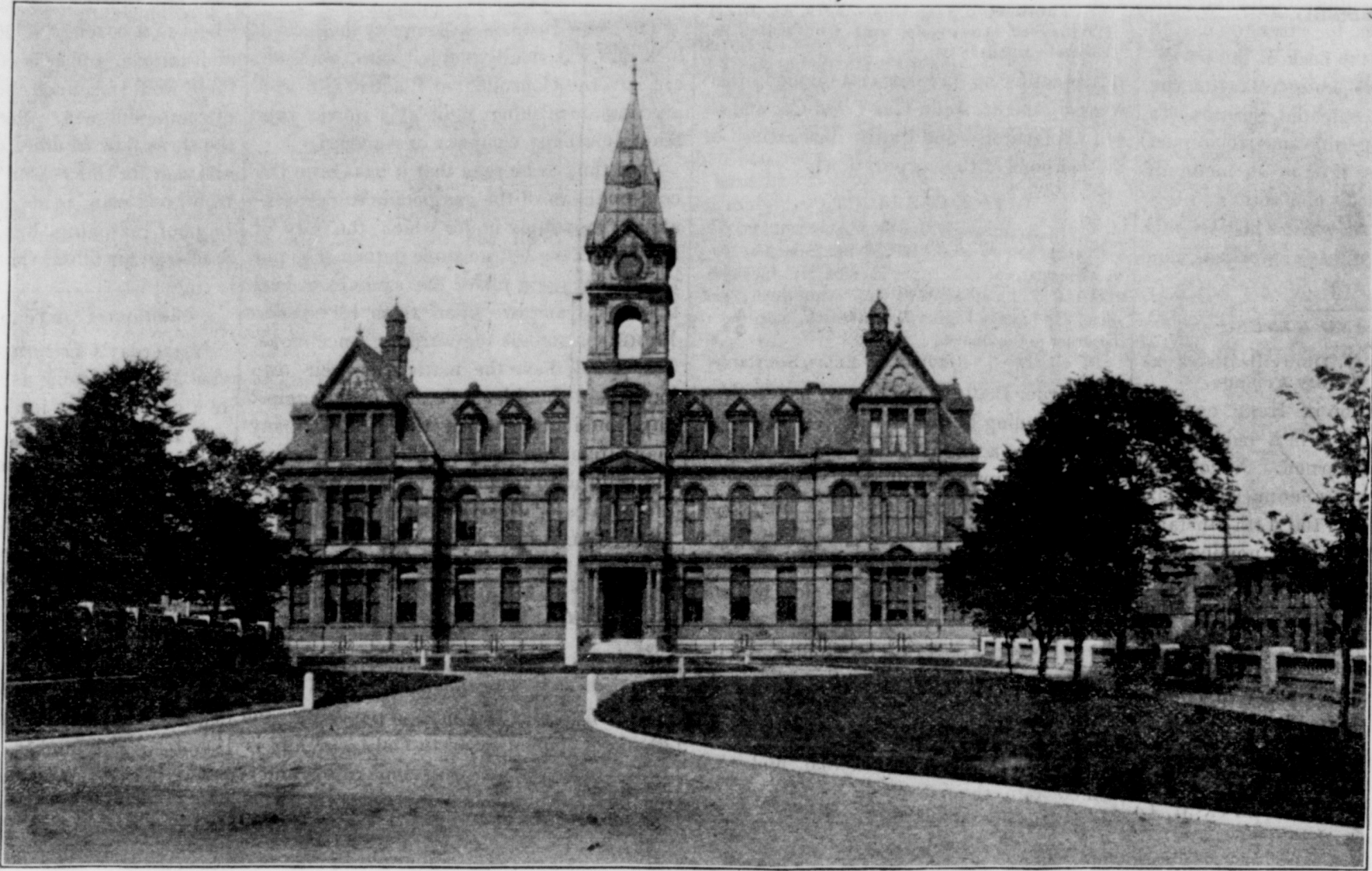
It is said to be the Handsomest Civic Building in the Maritime Provinces—All the Offices are Grouped Under one Roof—The Home of the Citizens' Free Library.

The City hall in Halifax has a commanding position on a site which may be called the very best centre of the city. The building stands on the northern end of the

Grand Parade, and though comparatively the slope of the hill, though the city hall fronts upon the level of the parade, the lowest story opens upon Duke and Barrington streets. This, however, is an advantage in one respect, as the police court, the accommodations for the police force, and also for prisoners or unfortunate kept over night, are all in the basement, and are thus, in a manner, detached from the business offices in the upper flats.

ing the whole width of the building, for the meetings of the city council, and at the west end a room of corresponding dimensions, specially designed for the accommodation of the Citizens' Free Library. The intervening space on this floor is occupied by committee room and offices for the city recorder, the city assessors, the city medical officer, the electrician, the inspector of licenses and the health inspector. The third flat, immediately under the high mansard roof, contains comfortable quarters for the janitor and his family but leaves an immense space unfinished

firms, chiefly Messrs. Gordon Keith and A. Stephen & Son, and the heating apparatus by Messrs. Tower & Co. The building, all but the lowest story, is constructed of N. S. free stone, and the basement of N. S. granite, the whole edifice having a solid and substantial appearance which harmonizes well with the massive granite wall and heavy iron railing which enclose the parade. The parade itself, since the completion of the hall, has been tastefully laid off in grass plots and gravelled walks and surrounded with shade trees, so that nothing is wanting to make



plain in architectural details, is well-proportioned and quite imposing in appearance. It is without doubt the handsomest building for purely civic purposes in the lower provinces.

The structure measures in length from east to west, 145 feet, with a mean breadth of about 70 feet, and is, practically, four stories in height, though but two stories are occupied as civic offices. Owing to

On the first or ground floor, opening upon the outside and also upon Argyle street are commodious and well-furnished offices for the mayor, the stipendiary magistrate, the collector of taxes, the city auditor, the foreman of the water department and suits of rooms for the boards of city works and the city engineer. On the next story above there is, at the east end, an apartment luxuriously furnished, extend-

which can be made available when required.

The city hall was begun in 1887 and first opened for public business in May 1890. The architect—a prize competitor—was Edward Elliot, of Dartmouth. The first contractors were E. A. Milligan & Co., but some difficulty having arisen with these parties, a new contract was made with Messrs. Rhodes & Curry, of Amherst, by whom the building was completed. The furniture was supplied by Halifax

the whole neighborhood attractive to strangers and creditable to the city. The cost of the building, first and last, including furniture and what has been spent in the various improvements upon the parade, may be set down in round figures at something approaching \$200,000. It should be mentioned that the city hall occupies the site of the historic Dalhousie college, a fine old free-stone pile to the loss of which, indeed, the citizens were only reconciled by seeming necessity.

BITS FROM "BUTLER'S JOURNAL."

The Editor's Musing on Himself and the World He Lives In.

The October number of Fredericton's bright monthly, *Butler's Journal*, has, as usual, a number of readable articles on live topics of the day, hot from the editorial pen. The great and commendable feature of this publication is that Martin Butler says just what he thinks and does not care who knows it. Since the last issue, the editor, with his faithful horse, old Democrat, has been on an excursion through Lincoln and Burton, Sunbury county, disposing of his pedlar sundries and securing subscribers for his paper. Here are his reflections on meeting a big, one armed French beggar:

Martin and the Mendicant.

He did not ask me for anything and I did not give him anything, and while it looks strange that a man although disabled, should not have ambition enough to try and do something to make a living without begging, we must not judge too harshly. I know myself, how hard it is to get along, that the business men both of Maine and my own province would never give me a situation even had I got down on my knees to beg it of them, and but for the hospitality and patronage of the farmers and laboring class, I must have been content to starve, or commit suicide, an expedient which I must say has presented itself to me often at the outset of my career. And now though only able to stand on my feet by the continued hospitality of my country friends and the patronage of advertisers and subscribers, I don't think that I would face the world with a begging petition. I would prefer to hide myself beneath the friendly waters of the St. John.

Martin in Luck.

I take the Democrat with two boxes down to the boom in the evening and receive a rousing reception from my many young friends assembled there besides making a sale of two dollars' worth.

His Busy Day.

I put in the greater part of the next day in peddling and canvassing for renewals to *The Journal*, at which I had very good success, and was very sorry that I could not take a passing glance at the beauties of the place.

His Opinion of Crown Officers.

As to judges and attorney generals, it is their business to convict. Like doctors, who will cut a man to pieces without the least compunction, they will sentence a man to the gallows without any more qualms of conscience than they would take a glass of water. But there is a vast difference whether the culprit belongs to a "good family" or is simply a poor tramp or outcast; whether he wears a Prince Albert coat and high collar, or a pair of overalls with but one suspender.

People Who Are Not Thin-Skinned.

The people of Sunbury county are not so thin-skinned but what they can take a joke, and are fair-minded enough to respect the opinions of others. We have not lost half a dozen subscribers in the country since the paper was started.

The Editor is Onto This Party.

If the party who threw a stone through our office window on Wednesday night last, does not mind what he is about he will be provided with a home for the winter. We are "on to him," and it is the best of his play to keep shady.

Why the "Journal" is Popular.

That our paper is popular is shown from the way its articles are copied by the papers all over the Maritime Provinces, especially *Progress* and the *Chatham World*, and they must be unusually good when they are given such prominence by such discriminating and severe critics. We have the ability we know to run a first-

class, breezy, fearless and interesting paper, and we thank our patrons that they have made it possible for us to do so.

Not Afraid of the Infantry School Men.
These brave English officers may tie the Sepoys to the mouth of the cannon; they may burn the Zulus alive in their huts; they may even terrify the women and children of the British Isles, but they cannot scare free-born Canadians who have had about enough of them and their flag.

MR. ROURKE HAS A GRIEVANCE.
And He Wants a Mayor and Council that Refrain from Tobacco and Liquor.

Mr. W. P. Rourke called at the chamberlain's office on Saturday, the last day on which a reduction of five per cent. on the taxes was allowed. He had not the full sum needed to pay his bill, but tendered two-thirds of it, which the chamberlain declined to receive. By Monday, he had raised the full amount, but neither the chamberlain nor mayor would allow him the five per cent. off, and this is what he says of it:

TO THE EDITOR OF *PROGRESS*:—I think the chamberlain or mayor of the city might grant a day's grace to the working man. I called on Monday morning to pay my taxes and because I could not pay on Saturday, the 1st of October, they would not receive it and allow the discount. Now I think there is not a firm in this city or store or bank, that would not grant a day's grace to the working man if they knew him to be honest. Why then should the chamberlain or mayor or common council give the same privilege? I contend the mayor has the discretionary power if he would use it to grant the privilege under the circumstances, but he was afraid to use it; he says he cannot go against the law. Now I would like to ask if our city is to follow after the custom and laws of the heathen nations, the Medes and Persians.

The grand master of the universe gave the law, "Thou shalt not kill." What did Solomon do when the child was brought before him, claimed by two mothers? He took the sword to cut the child in two, knowing it was against the law. What was said of him? That he was a wise man.

I mentioned this to show that every man in power, whether he be king, president, governor, mayor or chief magistrate, master, etc., has this discretionary power more or less he can use it aright, even if it looks against the law on the surface; but by diving deep below it he would see that he is maintaining the law. It is good to keep to the letter of the law, but it is far better to rule in its spirit. His worship the mayor, in the above case, acted to the letter, and not in the spirit of the law, therefore if he was wanting in one point he may also be wanting in others. At election times our good people of this city should remember that it is called after a saint—not after a sinner. It is called St. John. Why? Because the idea was to let saints rule, and not sinners.

Give us men if possible to rule over us that don't use tobacco in any form, or drink liquor or have any other vile habit of the age.

"Thou shalt provide out of all the people, able men such as fear God, men of truth, hating covetousness, and place them to be rulers of thousands, and rulers over hundreds, and rulers over tens." Part of Exodus xviii., verse 21.

Thanking you for the space you have allowed me, I remain, W. P. ROURKE.

Still in the Ring.

The Plum season is nearly over, but Crab Apples, Cranberries, Pears, Peaches, Grapes, Quinces, Canned Goods, Potatoes and good Butter are needed and on trade. For these go to J. S. ARMSTRONG & BRO., 32 Charlotte street, next Y. M. C. A.

A SUCCESSFUL SCHOOL.

Nearly Fifty Boys Attending the Rothersey Collegiate School.

There are 47 boys attending regularly at the Rothersey Collegiate school. Thirty-eight of these are residents in the Collegiate buildings, and the remainder living along the line of the railway, find it convenient to go to and from home to school every morning and evening.

When the age of the school is considered as well as other circumstances surrounding it, this attendance is very remarkable, and can only be accounted for by the energetic manner in which it has been managed for the past year. The head master, Rev. G. E. Lloyd and the gentlemen on the committee of management, seem to have gone about the matter in a popular way. In the first place they secured grounds second to none in the province—beautiful residences which fortunately for them, happened to adjoin each other and to be for sale. Having obtained them they spared no expense in the publication of a school calendar, the appearance of which, both as regards engravings and letter-press has not been equalled by that of any institution in Canada. The distribution of a large number of these calendars and much personal work of Mr. Lloyd's, accounts for the very encouraging attendance of the present year. One feature of it is that the boys come from almost every quarter of the Maritime Provinces. There are quite a number from Halifax, from Truro, from Charlottetown, and Digby and Annapolis are also represented. Besides these Nova Scotian towns, there are boys there whose homes are in St. Stephen, St. Andrews and Gagetown. Of course St. John sends a good representation, and the attendance from the towns and villages along the line of the Intercolonial, such places as Sussex and Hampton, is quite as large as expected. There are four resident masters at the school, and one resident music teacher. The other masters and instructors call at the institution whenever their hours for lectures arrive.

The success of the school is not only a matter for congratulation with those who have studied its interests and given financial support, but it seems to *Progress* to mark a new step in the history of Rothersey, a suburb which is eminently well adapted for an institution of this kind. If the present success of the Boys Collegiate school continues, and there is no reason to doubt that it will continue, and very much increase, the establishment of a girl's school is among the probabilities in the near future.

Improving It Weekly.

The clock contest at the 20th Century Kandy store ended last week, and the time piece fell to the lot of Mr. George McBriarty. Almost every week sees some new attraction at this popular centre for candy buyers. Quite recently the windows have been decorated so as to give the front an entirely different yet novel appearance from the street. The effect is very pleasing when the electric lights are on, and in daylight much of the bareness of the open front is taken from the store.

A Handsome Wagon.

Handsomely painted delivery wagons appear to be the latest fad among the manufacturers of soap and candy in the province. One of the most attractive *Progress* has seen is that of Messrs. White, Colwell & Co., the manufacturers and proprietors of the Daisy chocolate. The design on the cover of the wagon is very appropriate and well worked out. The colors harmonize and the whole effect is very striking.



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