

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1894.

FOR MAYOR OF HALIFAX.

SEVERAL WHO WOULD NOT OBJECT TO HOLD THE OFFICE.

Mayor Keeffe Has Had Two Terms and Might Get a Third—Others Who Have Chances, and Some Who Are Not in It by Present Indications.

HALIFAX, Dec. 28.—Aspirants for civic honors are casting their glances around and are spying out the land as it were. They are also watching each other. There are already many would-be candidates for the mayoralty of Halifax, the election for which takes place at the end of April next. This city has several men willing to sacrifice themselves in the city's interests. They are anxious to become the "chief magistrate" of Halifax to act as the great figure-head of the city, in the mayor's chair. Combined with that patriotic wish, of course, is the very human readiness to pocket the salary of \$1,000, which is the neat little perquisite which goes to his worship each year.

Mayor Keeffe has had two terms, and when a man gets that far it is customary to allow him to take a third year. There are several who are hoping Mr. Keeffe will not run again. They would all like to beat Keeffe; they would be glad to get some one else in his place, especially would each aspirant like to see himself there, but none of them likes to tackle him. There is no doubt about it, Mayor Keeffe would make a hard fight against any of the field, and the chances are he cannot be beaten, if he goes in for a third term. The local provincial elections will take place next spring or early summer, and there is every probability that Keeffe will be nominated as the catholic member of the liberal ticket. He is the most popular man they could name and "a good one." In that case he would not likely also desire to retain the mayor's chair. That is what the other aspirants are counting on.

The man with the best chance, in case of Keeffe's retirement, is ex-alderman George E. Boak. He is a successful young merchant. In civic affairs though he is a man who kept an eye open for No. 1 in various questions that came up, yet was honest. Mr. Boak was in favor of economy, and though they all are, when bidding for the mayoralty, Boak was not an extravagant man in the city council. Take him all round he would be a good man for the office, though not the ideal mayor for the city of Halifax. Mr. Boak is a liberal.

Another man who would dearly love to be a candidate, if he thought he had any chance of success, is ex-alderman W. F. Pickering. He is popular with certain classes in the city, and is "one of the boys." But Pickering is one of the men who, above all others, have run the city into debt at a rapid rate the past five years. His lavish expenditures have probably made him more enemies than friends, after all, and "Pick" has not much hope of "getting there." He is on the fence in politics, and is said to talk grit, sometimes, and vote Tory generally.

Ex-Alderman Alexander Stephen is a name that would look well with the words "Mayor of Halifax" after it, and no one thinks so more decidedly than Mr. Stephen himself. That is natural. No one blames Mr. Stephen for his belief. At the same time the chances are against him. He may be honest and well meaning but other elements are necessary to success. Till the last Dominion general election he was liberal in politics, when he came over to the conservative camp. That lost him many of his old political friends and does not win for him an enthusiastic following in his adopted party. It takes time to become at home with the new crowd.

There is another who thinks himself of the highest gift in the hands of his fellow-citizens, and that is alderman Saul Mosher of Ward VI. If the alderman can win by much speaking; by long talks on the sidewalk, by debates in the corner groceries; by verbose and loud professions of "devotion to the law," (which, after all, he respects no more than the average city father)—if these things can make up for lack of any real ability, and for standing in the community beyond a mere reputation for honesty (which has enabled him to make \$60,000,) then he may get a majority of the votes, but not otherwise. Alderman Mosher is a temperance man which is one good thing about him perhaps, and he, like Mr. Stephen, was once a grit by now a tory.

There is yet one more prospective candidate—the last being no other than Alderman Miner, T. Foster, of Ward V. Mr. Foster should succeed in reaching the top of the civic ladder if the man of "policy" pure and simple succeeds; if the adherent to what will look and sound best no matter whether it is right or wrong succeeds; if the public man who watches the weather code of sentiment to decide how he will go, and then drifts with the current succeeds. Alderman Foster does all these things to perfection. Besides that, if he has a friend who wants office he will stick to him "like a brick." He is a conservative in politics, and is a power in Ward V., whose electors would likely give Foster a good vote.

Here then is the list so far, as counted by PROGRESS, and the voters of Halifax, who pay their money, may take their choice:

Mayor Keeffe, G. E. Boak, W. F. Pickering, Alex. Stephen, Saul Mosher, M. T. Foster.

Another name that is mentioned in certain quarters for the mayoralty is James C. Mackintosh. He has already served three terms and is not known to be anxious to re-enter civic politics. But there are citizens who think him, with his great financial experience, and clear-headed determination, the best man in the present emergency. Probably he would allow himself to be nominated if he thought he would go in unopposed, but not otherwise. Mr. Mackintosh would not fancy a contest. His fighting days, of that kind, are over. He is not personally a popular man, and if he were elected again, it would only be because people think him the best man for the place, and not at all because they like him or have any desire to honor him. It is not, likely, however, that J. C. Mackintosh will offer.

The next mayor of Halifax is sure to be one of the men mentioned in this list.

A FAVORITE MEDAL.

Bismarck's Chosen Hever-I to Those Saving Human Life.

One June morning in 1842, while his regiment was stationed for the summer manoeuvres at Liphelue. Bismarck and several officers were walking near the river. As they started across the bridge Bismarck saw his hostler, Hildebrand, enter the water from one side on his horse. The river was swift, and to the dismay of the officers the horse lost his footing and threw his rider. The man began to sink at once. Bismarck seeing his peril, quickly doffed his coat, sword and cap, and jumped into the water, grasping his servant. The man, however, insane from fright, caught hold of the future prince, and prevented him moving his arms. A struggle followed. Bismarck, finding it impossible to loose the death-grip while the man was above water, finally dived with him, and thus forced him to give up his hold upon his arms. The officers on the bridge were certain that both men were drowned, when Bismarck again rose to the surface of the water, with his hostler unconscious in his arms. Being a good swimmer, and possessing in those days the strength of Hercules, he soon carried his burden to the shore.

His brave deed was rewarded with the medal for saving life. For years and years after Bismarck had become the most powerful statesman in Europe, with the title of prince, with decorations and orders from nearly every sovereign on the continent, he wore the medal alone on his breast upon all state occasions.

THE DEAD MUST NOT TALK.

And People Should Not Sing over a Death Bed, So they Say.

An old cobbler in the Quartier Latin, who was largely patronized by the students, once boasted that nothing was capable of frightening him. Two young men once determined to put his courage to the test. One of them pretended to be dead, while the other went to the cobbler and asked him to sit up all night with the corpse.

The old man, who had some pressing work in hand which had to be delivered next morning, took his leather and his tools with him, sat down near the supposed dead body, and set about his task. At midnight they brought him a cup of cate noir, to keep him awake, which he gratefully partook of, and then immediately resumed his work. The coffee, however, put him into such a happy frame of mind, that entirely forgetting the presence of the corpse, he struck up a lively song, beating time all the while with his hammer on his lap-stone.

Suddenly the imaginary corpse raised itself into a sitting posture and exclaimed, in a hollow voice:—"People ought not to sing when watching over a death-bed!"

The cobbler shook his head, gave the young man a smart rap, and said:—"People shouldn't talk when they are dead!"

This was the last time anybody tried to frighten the old cobbler.

Zola's Early Struggles.

"Writing is second nature to me," said M. Zola recently—"an absolute necessity."

The great Parisian realist works regularly every day from nine o'clock till one.

On being asked to give some details of his early career in Paris, he replied:—"Always at the bottom of my purse. Very often I had not a sou left, and not knowing, either, where to get one. I rose generally at four in the morning, and began to study after a breakfast consisting of one raw egg."

"But no matter; those were good times! After taking a long walk along the quays, I entered my garret and, joyfully partaking of three apples, I sat down to work. I wrote, and was happy. In winter I could allow myself no fire—wood was too expensive—only on *fete* days I was able to afford it; but I had several pipes of tobacco and a candle for three sou's."

"A three-sous candle, only think of it; it meant a whole night of literature to me."

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure.

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and insures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist first.

AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON.

The Water Froze, and Two Halifax Citizens Boiled Over.

HALIFAX, Jan. 2.—The row between Dr. Mader, ex-house surgeon of the Victoria general hospital, and doctor for the street railway employees, and Mr. Green, Halifax agent of the Confederate Life association, has caused quite a lot of amusement for medical and insurance men of this city.

It appears the doctor has an office in the same building as the agent for the Confederate Life and it is claimed that the doctor abused Mr. Green for allowing the water in the bath-room to get frozen, the result being a pugilistic encounter and a clinch in which, it is alleged by those present, the doctor came out on top. However, only for the book-keeper holding one of the clerks the doctor might have been very badly handled. After the pugilists had been separated and peace restored, the doctor consulted his lawyer to find out whether he should apologize to the insurance agent, and Mr. Green consults his lawyer to ascertain whether he should apologize to the doctor. It is understood the matter is not yet settled, and that the doctor may have to give up his office and secure quarters elsewhere.

The doctor is very religious and takes a prominent part in all the meetings of his church and is afraid the affair will come to the notice of the church dignitaries. In an endeavor to avoid this he offered the lady in the office two oranges in consideration that she would not tell anything about the row. The doctor was also greatly exercised for fear PROGRESS might get hold of the facts. It is said that after the row was over the doctor put his cap in his pocket and kept the insurance agent and his clerks looking for it for fifteen or twenty minutes, before he told them where it was. There are those who say the doctor wanted to make the agent pay for a new cap.

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

The Quality Rather than the Quantity of Clothing is Important.

Too much attention is bestowed on the clothing, and too little on the condition of the body which wears it, says a recent writer. The man whose general health is good feels the cold much less than the man in poor health. If every care is taken on the approach of winter to bring the health to a high standard, and then to keep it at that by constant attention, no fear need be felt or discomfort experienced, let frost and snow do their worst. Plenty of good nourishing food is necessary to maintain the internal heat of the body, which is the main point, for when the system is out of order and the appetite consequently poor, the bodily heat cannot be kept up.

It is of great importance to be thoroughly warm before going out into the open air on a cold day. Much nonsense is talked about this point, as if it were in accordance with common sense that to be cold on going out into the cold is likely to afford any protection against feeling or taking cold. It is certainly possible to make too much use of the fire in wintry weather, but a comfortable heat may be attained without too near an approach to it. Warming the hands at the fire is a bad practice, being a fruitful cause of chapped hands and chilblains. The circulation should be restored by rubbing, clapping, swinging, or shaking them rapidly from the wrist. Gloves afford very little protection from cold, as they impede the circulation, and once the hands get painfully cold, which they quickly do even in thickly lined gloves, it is almost impossible to warm them. To keep the feet warm the boots should be large and roomy, so that they may not hinder the circulation.

In fact, as long as the blood courses freely through the body the intensest cold may be defied, as it carries a supply of internal heat to all parts, and inaction of any part or pressure of the clothing reduces the quantity of blood flowing to that part and diminishes the supply of heat. The severity of the cold in the morning during dressing, even though the ice may have to be broken before water can be got for ablution, may be counteracted and a healthy glow made to pervade the system, which will be helpful all day, by a little active exertion, say five or ten minutes, with dumb-bells or Indian clubs, or other suitable exercise, and it would be much better to resort to this occasionally during the day than to huddle shivering over the fire, producing an artificial surface-heat which rapidly disappears on exposure to cold.

A valuable hint to those with weak lungs and susceptible throat is to keep the mouth shut and breathe through the nose only, and avoid speaking in the open air as much as possible. This precaution will avail more than muffling the throat or wearing chest protectors, as it permits no open air to reach the lungs until it has been warmed by passing through the extensive nasal passages. Care must also be taken to keep in motion, and not to stand any length of time in the open air during cold weather. With those precautions, which are perfectly simple and easy of application, the coldest weather likely to be experienced in these islands may be braved with impunity.

Looked Like an Easter Egg.

One of the most eccentric characters that ever occupied a pulpit was Rev. Henry Dean, of Missouri, minister in the Methodist Episcopal church of America. He was a man of genius, gifted with great oratorical powers, and was once chaplain to the United States senate; but his peculiarities are his first claim to remembrance. Once, when riding his circuit, clad in a white linen suit, he became drenched by a

GIGANTIC SALE. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON are now making preparations for the most gigantic sale of COTTONS AND LINENS ever held in this part of the Dominion.

Immense purchases have been made from the principal mills throughout Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

The goods are now arriving by Rail and Steamships, and will be opened and prepared for the sale with as little delay as possible, considering the immense proportions of this purchase. The sale will begin early next week, of which due notice will be given.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

heavy summer shower, and on reaching a farmhouse, tired and wet, he begged permission to go to bed for an hour's rest. Without removing his clothes he lay down between two new quilts that were gaudy with red figures. Not being warranted to wash, they left a vivid imprint on his wet garments, and when he left the bed the reverend gentleman was the counterleit presentment of a circus clown.

No sooner did the hostess behold his rotund form brilliantly figured with red poppies and pink hollyhocks than she lifted her hands in astonishment and literally screamed out:—"For goodness' sake, Mr. Dean, what is the matter? Why, you look just like an Easter egg!"

WHO MAY USE COCKADES.

There is a Rule on the Subject in Good English Society.

One of the officials of the College of Arms lately estimated that upwards of 75 per cent. of those using the cockade on the hats of their servants did so without an atom of right; and he branded this assumption, like all other assumptions, as alike unmeaning, ridiculous, and contemptible in the highest degree.

The following may lead many to discriminate between those who rightly and those who wrongly use such distinction:—"The cockade is the symbol of immediate service to the crown, and, in the hats of servants, actually means this: 'I serve one, who now serves the Queen.'"

All naval and military officers, therefore, while in or holding commission, all holding offices by patent, Her Majesty's lieutenants of counties, the county sheriffs while exercising their offices, government ministers, judges, Queen's counsel and others holding distinct offices under the Sovereign, or in the great public departments of the state, are entitled to use it.

Claims have often been made that deputy lieutenants, justices of the peace, officers of the militia and volunteers, had also the right of the cockade; but this has been shown to be groundless. It has also been laid down that officers and others on their retirement from immediate crown service should cease cockade use.

Variety in Sermons.

A certain bishop of the English Church has recently, in the course of an address, thus described the various styles of preaching at the present day:—"The anecdotal: teeming with stories, some of them good enough once upon a time, but gone bad with age."

The sesquipedalian: big words hiding very little thoughts.

The wishy-washy: no further explanation required.

The pyrotechnic: blazing away with brilliant metaphors and illustrations, but finishing up like an extinct Catherine-wheel with a faint odour of gunpowder.

The flowery: in which rhyme is of more importance than reason.

The mellifluous: with its calm and unbroken flow; and

The pargoric: against which the powers of wakefulness fail—like a roll of ribbon, so much alike that a yard can be cut off anywhere.

They Also Gamble.

An extraordinary event took place a short time ago at Kasan, Russia. The ladies of that town held a public demonstration in order to compel their husbands and other male relatives to grant them admission to their clubs where gambling is carried on. These ladies had firmly resolved not to stay at home alone any longer while their husbands were paying their respects to the queen of spades. The demonstration turned out a complete success, for the ladies of Kasan are now admitted to the clubs which their husbands attend. This innovation must be highly gratifying to the male frequenters of the said clubs.

Her Well Laid Plot.

Wife: "Have you any secrets you keep from me, dearest?" Husband: "None, darling." Wife: "Then I am determined I will have none from you, either." Husband: "You have secrets, then?" Wife: "Only one, and I am resolved to make a clean breast of it." Husband (hoarsely): "Go on!" Wife: "For several days I have had a secret—a secret longing for a new dress with hat to match for Christmas." That fetched him.

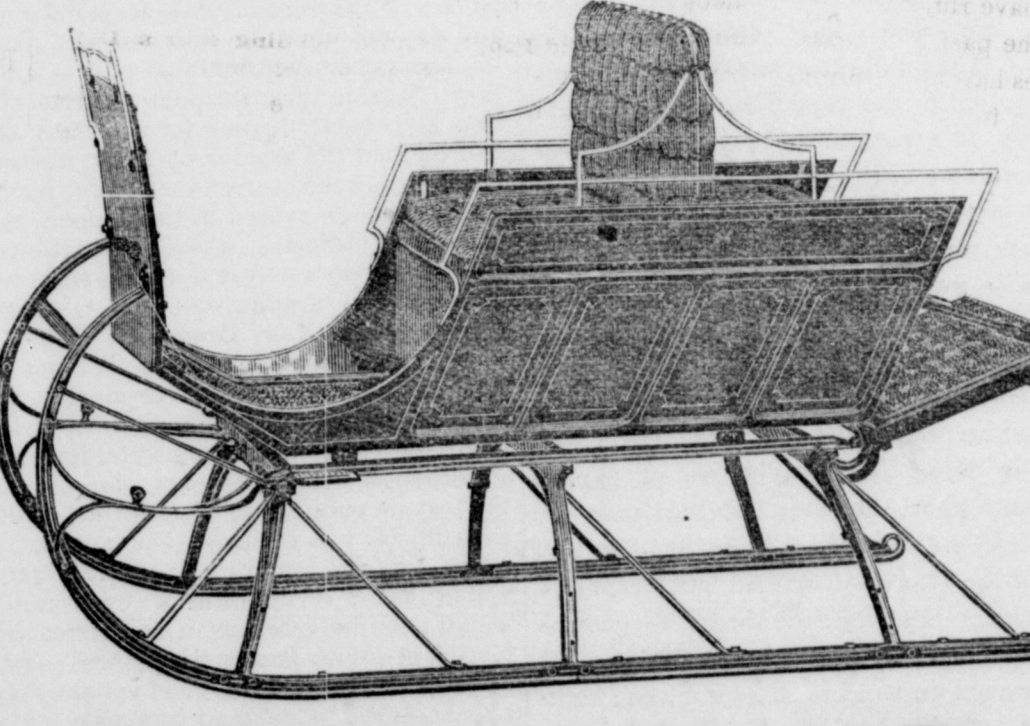
Mourning as a Fine Art.

"The death of her husband must have been a dreadful blow to Mrs. Muscald." "It was, indeed." "I suppose she has given up her piano playing entirely?" "No, she still plays; but only on the black keys."

If nothing happens to prevent by Friday, (that is yesterday) and the time of writing is Tuesday last; everything in the store will be marked down. Mens' and boys' clothing and furnishings all reduced in price. Marked in red figures.

OAK HALL, King St., The Corner Germain, Big Shop. St. John. SCOVIL, FRASER & CO., St. John.

The Gladstone Sleigh.



If You Want a Nice Comfortable and Stylish Family Sleigh this Winter do not get any other than a Gladstone. For prices and particulars write to JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS, Fredericton

BARCAINS IN HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

Messrs. Edgcombe & Sons, of Fredericton, announce that they have the following horses and carriages for sale.

3 Shetland ponies with harness, etc., complete; one Sir Charl's colt, 4 years old, bay, hind and good; 8 ock of 78 brand new carriages to be sold at 25 per cent less than usual prices, phaetons, Gladstones, Concordes, Piano boxes, Coraing top buggies. A 1000 rest styles of open and closed carriages at 25 per cent less than usual prices.

Irish Frieze Ulsters, light grey and brown—all sizes, large stock. Reefers and Overcoats, Custom and Ready made; will suit the most fastidious taste. The most desirable Gents' Furnishings that can be procured. The high class custom work that we turn out tells its own tale. Without any exaggeration there is no finer Cloth, Cut, or Workmanship anywhere than is to be found at

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