

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1894.

ASPIRANTS IN HALIFAX.

CANDIDATES WHO WILL CONTEST FOR LOCAL SEATS.

There are six of them and all are good enough men in their way—Personal Peculiarities of the Candidates on Each of the Tickets.

HALIFAX, March 1.—Nova Scotia is fast approaching the fever heat of election excitement. The battle for the control of provincial affairs will be fought out for two weeks more and the final attack and defence will be made in a fortnight from today, when the ballot boxes will give their verdicts.

Newspaper men are the leaders of the two great parties. Hon. W. S. Fielding at the head of the liberal hosts, defending the government, and Charles H. Cahan, with the conservatives at his back, determined, it is possible, to capture the administration. Journalists have for more than fifty years of Nova Scotia's history, been the people's political leaders. (Hon. Joseph Howe, whom Nova Scotians love to speak of as their own "Joe Howe," began life as a printer's boy, and it was as Editor of The Nova Scotian, no less than as an orator and parliamentarian, that he wrought such great things for his native province. William Annand was another journalist who not merely moulded public opinion through his paper, The Chronicle, but led his party in many a hard-fought campaign on the hustings and at the ballot box. William Garvie was another newspaper man who achieved distinction as a party leader, and whose early death cut short what had already become a brilliant political career. Now come W. S. Fielding and C. H. Cahan, each a journalist, at the head of serried ranks of electors, battling for the supremacy.

There are few in this province who know not W. S. Fielding, the leader of the local government. He is a man rather under medium stature, so that like Sir Oliver Mowat he might be called "the little premier." He is about 45 years of age. As a boy he early had to earn his own living and he started as messenger in The Chronicle. He swept out the office and ran errands as conscientiously as if he had more attractive work to perform. Step by step he rose on all the rungs to be mounted in a newspaper office, till at last he became editor-in-chief. He was a powerful and clever writer, and "one of Fielding's articles" on any great subject was sure to be talked about. In 1882 the liberal party cast about for a candidate to oppose the conservative government which had been in power in the local house for four years. The choice fell on Mr. Fielding. He was elected, and his majorities then and since have been large. Soon after his election in 1882 he was made provincial secretary and premier. Mr. Fielding is a man in whom tact, plausibility, adroitness and the faculty of making friends and popularizing oneself are as prominent characteristics as is his possession of talent. He has both "tact and talent," and as a political opponent is a hard man to beat.

C. H. Cahan, the leader of the opposition, who hopes on March 15th to have a majority of the constituencies of Nova Scotia at his back, is a man of altogether different stamp. He is quite ten years younger than Mr. Fielding. His native county is Yarmouth, and he came of old conservative stock. Unlike his opponent he was spared the toil and slow journey up the professional ladder, for he seemed to reach the top at the very start. But he sat in the editorial chair of the Herald from two causes; first because he was a lucky man, and secondly, because he was a pushing man, with plenty of brains and well qualified for the position he took. He was fortunate in a university course, and graduated from Dalhousie in arts; later he took the degree of L. L. B. In this college training he has advantage over his rival, whose education was confined to the newspaper office. Shelbourne county returned Mr. Cahan and Recorder MacCoy to the legislature by less than a dozen votes. The opposition numbered only ten, against 25 on the government benches, so that when Cahan was appointed leader he had an uphill fight. But he led his little band for four years without a break. Mr. Cahan is a fighter from start to finish. He asks and he grants no quarter. In his hands the opposition have lost no chance of hitting "their friends the enemy." Against great odds Mr. Cahan has made an energetic fight from the conservative standpoint and if victory comes on the 15th it will be largely owing to the dogged perseverance and hard-fighting of the opposition leader. Mr. Cahan's enemies hate him most heartily. The odds against him in the house yet face him in the country and it would not be safe to bet heavily on the chances of a change of administration at the forthcoming election.

This county elects three members to the local house, and the candidates on both sides have been nominated. They are: Liberal: W. S. Fielding, Wm. Roche, M. J. Power; Conservative: W. A. Black, James Morrow, T. W. Walsh, M. D.

William Roche is a remarkable man. He is worth a quarter of a million dollars, and he lives in a house and style which \$6000 a year would amply maintain. Yet he is not mean or close in money matters. It is his cash which largely defrays the campaign expenses. Mr. Roche is a wharf owner and coal dealer and does a large business as steamship agent. He loves his work so well that he cannot drag himself away from it day or night, and his residence stands at the head of his wharf, the old family homestead. When the dominion government recently bought his wharf for railway extension purposes he purchased another property further down Water street and moved the old house along. Happiness with Mr. Roche is bound up in life—business and domestic—on Water street. But while he works hard and successfully to make money, Mr. Roche finds time to read good literature and his scholarly speeches are brimful of poetic figures of speech. Such is one of Mr. Fielding's colleagues in this country.

The second is Speaker M. J. Power. He is an old-time grocer and liquor dealer, and before that was a printer. He also made some money as army contractor at Halifax. Mr. Power is by far the oldest man on either team. He is a good-hearted, plain, honest Irishman, who has been elected before, and if that is not sufficient certificate to give him, nothing more can be said. He is in very poor health, and a couple of months ago it was seriously doubted whether he would be able to run this election. He cannot take an active part in it.

The opposition ticket begins with William A. Black, of the steamship firm of Pickford & Black. He is the junior member of the firm, but to him rather than to Mr. Pickford is due its great success. He is a brother of M. G. Black, a man who died worth a million. Mr. Black's father intended him for a farmer, and possibly in that capacity he might also have made a success of life, but one can hardly imagine the busy steamship man following the plow, or even superintending a big northwest ranche. He is yet a young man, and has not had the experience of his opponents in political speaking and in public life. If Mr. Black makes the success of this contest that he has done so far of his business career,—for he is largely self-made—he will come out on top on election day. His shrewdness, energy and promptness will serve him in good stead.

James Morrow, who runs with Mr. Black and Dr. Walsh, is a member of the old Halifax firm of S. Cunard & Co., a firm founded by the pioneer owner of the famous Cunard line of steamships. Mr. Morrow is a thorough gentleman, the son of the late J. B. Morrow, a prominent member of the methodist church. He is a good business man, which is attested by the fact that the old firm so well maintains itself in the face of severe competition in the same line by both Pickford and Black and William Roche. Mr. Morrow married a daughter of the late Senator Macdonald, the dry goods king of Toronto, and leader in the methodist church of Toronto. Both Mr. and Mrs. Morrow connected themselves with the episcopals. While Mr. Morrow, after business hours is primarily a "Society man," he is none the less popular with a large class outside the charmed circle, and by the very large numbers of employees of his firm he is deservedly well liked, so that he will be a strong member of the conservative ticket.

Dr. T. W. Walsh is a young man, not more than 25. His father was a druggist for many years in this city and Dr. Walsh is very well-known in the north end. In Ward 5 he will poll a heavy vote. He is a pleasant-spoken, affable young man, with no great ability, but with qualities which, perhaps, even more than talent, commend a man to the public at election times.

Do Not Get in Debt.

I would rather be a convict, a slave, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no young man misjudge himself unfortunate, or truly poor, so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than all. And, if it had pleased God to spare either or all of my sons to be the support and solace of my declining years, the lesson which I should have most earnestly sought to impress upon them is: Never run in debt! Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but sixpence, and can get no more for a week, buy some corn, parch it and live on it, rather than owe any man money.—Horace Greeley.

Let it Drop at That.

Replying to a contemporary which has taken occasion to sneer at his eulogy of Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Henry Watterson takes occasion to say that if the newspaper in question had been born a bird it would have been a buzzard; if a beast, a panther; if a fish, a mudcat; if a reptile, a lizard; if an insect, a bedbug. With these few remarks Mr. Watterson deems it best to let the matter drop.—Boston Herald.

BARRETT ON THE DRAMA.

HE HOPES FOR SOMETHING BEYOND THE MELODRAMA.

Definition of that Class of Play—The Drawing Room Tragedy—Sound Objections to Some of the Suggestive Modern Society Plays.

Melodrama is a much misapplied title, says Wilson Barrett, particularly so in its application to the class of plays of the present day known as "melodrama." The term "melodrama" in its original sense signified a play rather of the pastoral order, in which appropriate music was the most important feature. Little attention was paid to the plot. Gradually, however, these plays became more elaborate in plot, the musical features became subservient and the plays were impregnated with more of human interest. The development resulted in a play like "The Silver King," which is accepted on both sides of the Atlantic as the model melodrama.

But what is meant by "melodrama"? It characterizes vigor of action, swift changes from scene to scene, then "Macbeth" is certainly a melodrama, and who can imagine a play with greater briskness of action than is "Hamlet" from the duel scene to the conclusion, when the stage is fairly strewn with corpses? I think the proper application of the term is made to that class of plays, which are a happy medium between the ultra "melodrama," so called, and the society drama, and it was in this style of melodrama that I achieved my earlier London success. When I first started in as manager of the Princess Theatre, the Kendals, Henry Irving, Hare and Bancroft had won their laurels in their respective lines. Melodrama had not flourished since the earlier days of the theatre in England, when it was permitted at the "transport" theatres—those which were outside the pale of the regularly chartered houses. I gathered around me such men as George R. Sims, Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy and Henry Herman, whose works are now familiar to the world.

After the great success of "The Lights of London," "The Silver King," "Romany Rye" and "Hoodman Blind," these writers had hordes of would-be imitators, and the entire kingdom became sufficed with alleged melodramas. The people tired of this style of plays and there was a great clamor for a change, resulting in still another form of the drama, which, for want of a better title, I must term "drawing-room melodrama," or "drawing-room tragedy." Of this type were "Jim, the Penman," "Captain Swift" and other plays of their style.

I think the American public want something in the dramatic line of a better class than the average English melodrama that is now being hawked around the country, and that I am right in my surmise is evidenced by the fact that your people are relegating such plays to the dime museums, or at least to the very cheapest of your theaters. The coming American drama, to be genuinely successful, must treat of the American people, and naturally the men who write such dramas are American authors, who are best fitted for the task. The prevalent desire of the masses is to see vivid drawings of men and women about them; the people are interested in the portrayal of characters they understand, in whose joys, struggles and sorrows they can feel fraternal sympathy. The general taste is for that which is good, clean, and wholesome. The actor can always get a laugh with a jest that is coarse or a speech that is double-entendre, but that does not win a lasting success. There is, also, always a class of playgoers that will attend classical performances, but such playgoers are in a minority. There are more readers of the daily newspapers than of Carlyle, but that does not lessen the value of Carlyle from a literary standpoint. A picture that is well painted and that is vivid in color and bold in outline will always win more admirers than the work of the impressionist.

As to plays of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" order, it is difficult to give an opinion in brief. In point of dramatic construction and in the conciseness and perfection of dialogue I think Pinero's play the finest I have seen in twenty years. There is not a line or a word which is not absolutely appropos; in fact, the characters could not consistently say or do anything else than the things Mr. Pinero has made them say or do. I do think, though, that the tendency of the play may be to do harm. A young lady attending a performance in the company of a young gentleman cannot but feel embarrassment in listening to the dialogue, which, nevertheless, teaches a strong moral lesson. It is a trite saying that "to the pure all things are pure," but I think it equally true that innocence arising from ignorance is in constant peril and is almost certain to fall sooner or later. The knowledge of certain things should be instilled into the minds of all young people in a proper manner, but the stage is not the proper educator in this channel. There are things of which all men know, yet which are not suitable for public discussion. In the drama such themes are best avoided.

If the social position of the old-time actors was precarious and the prejudices against them are strong, their descendants today have the pleasure in many instances of seeing the theatre-going public take a decidedly warmer interest in the career of their stage favorites and the characters they depict before the footlights. That public of very recent years has been watching the process of erasing from the drama

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of the day that curious phenomena of human inclinations known as the stage villain. Many evidences could be exhibited to prove that the more scurrilous and skulking of "villain" types are being eradicated by the dramatists through the demands of the manager, and the latter asks that the villain be excluded through the ever-changing taste of the public. Many excellent plays are today being written without even a villain in them.

For several years past there has been nothing absolutely novel in the line of villain characterization, and it may be somewhat due to the continued conventional type of this character presented on the stage that is finally leading to his dramatic exile. But, without doubt, the stage villain in the years that have passed has made good use of the materials in the way of scenes and dialogues offered him by the dramatist, however trite these in truth may be.

The villain's role is frequently not only a hard one to portray by the actor but one that leaves the impersonator quite exhausted at the conclusion of the performance. Types of this sort are those of Balwer's Tarquin and Mathias in "The Bells." There is so much agony, so many conflicting emotions to portray in these characters by the use of the facial muscles, and such a scene as "the dream scene" in "The Bells" in particular calls into use such a tension of the mind and the nervous force as to exhaust the actor. Oddly enough, it seems that it is the practice among managers to have the quietest and most orderly and congenial man in a company cast for the villain. Jerome K. Jerome in his clever satire on "Stage Land," among other things, has this to say regarding this wretch of the drama, "I will be a villain!" he cries. "I will at great inconvenience to myself, murder the good old man, get the hero accused of crime, and make love to his wife while he is in prison. It will be a risky and laborious business for me from the beginning to the end, and can bring me no practical advantage whatever. The girl will call me insulting names when I pay her a visit, and will push me violently in the chest when I get near her; her gold-haired infant will say I am a bad man, and even refuse to kiss me. The comic man will cover me with humorous opprobrium, and the villagers will get a day off and hang about the village pub and hoot me. Everybody will see through my villainy, and I shall be nabbed in the end. I always am. But, no matter, I will be a villain. Ha! ha!"

A typical old-style villain of the drama recently said: "I have noticed the tendency to do away with stage villains, and I think it will be advantageous to the health of the actors that are usually cast for such parts. Think of having to grit your teeth, frequently and hard, for two or three hours each evening; inhale cigarette smoke between times and finally get thrown over a cliff, run over by an express train, or done into insensibility by the hero, and turned over to the officers of the law, before each performance is over."

David Belasco, the author, has made the claim that the villain is an absolute necessity in every drama. He once said that what he puts into all his plays, and what he believes the audiences demand, is a plot hanging upon woman's downfall. He holds that a playwright cannot afford to ignore that phase, and when he does ignore it his plots and efforts are wasted. He further is described as saying that woman and her sorrows naturally command an origin, which is to be found in the villain, and the villain, in Belasco's opinion, creates two-thirds of the interest in every play. He is the setting element and must be constructed by the playwright with great tact. Those usually given the part of villain roles to act often find it difficult to agree to this conception of villainy, and that is one reason why the public is always looking for something new in the villain line.

Horses Really do Cry.

Did you ever see a horse cry? Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have had much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow, in the most heartbreaking manner. In the West, where the hardness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero, and while its owner is transacting business. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze onto the cheeks like icicles. When a horse falls in the street and gets injured the shock generally numbs its senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember

a favorite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sigh was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed.

THEY FOOLED THE FARMER.

One of the Little Incidents of Life in the Wild and Woolly West.

OMAHA, N. B., Feb. 24.—I heard a good, yet costly joke that happened to one of our wealthy farmers, (this state has good farms, you know.) This farmer was coming into the city on business, and had considerable money on his person, consequently he was a little careful about picking up acquaintances on the train, and had hardly spoken to any one for 50 miles.

He was seated in the rear seat of the smoker and a rather gentlemanly looking fellow occupied the seat directly opposite. He did not seem to notice anyone but was busily engaged reading a paper. Presently a gentleman came in from one of the other cars and stepping up to the gentleman reading the paper, said, loud enough to be heard across the aisle, "I beg pardon for disturbing you, but I have a little deal on hand and to close it I must have \$100 in gold. Could you manage to change these bills for me?" The gentleman assured the stranger he would be happy to oblige him, but he had not that much money, especially in gold. The stranger appeared disappointed and was about to leave the car when an idea seemed to strike him that possibly the farmer might have it, so addressing himself to the latter, he said:

"I don't suppose you have \$100 in gold have you?"

"Oh yes," he had it and would willingly oblige the stranger, so pulling ten bright ten dollar gold pieces out of his pocket, he handed them to the stranger, for which he received in return, one fifty, four tens, and two five dollar bills; rolling these up he put them in his vest pocket. The stranger thanked him and departed.

In about ten minutes he returned and assured the farmer he was ever so sorry but the deal had fallen through, and would he, the farmer, be so kind as to exchange again as he did not care to carry so much gold, the farmer readily assented, as he was becoming nervous about the bills, so the exchange was made again. The stranger thanked him as before and went into the other car.

The farmer remained undisturbed for nearly an hour. Then Mr. Stranger came in again and said he was really ashamed to bother him so much, but the parties had finally come to terms and the deal would be complete. Could he have the gold once more. The farmer fished out the ten shiners, and the stranger took out the roll and handed it to the farmer without going through the ceremony of counting it. The farmer handed over the gold, took the roll and put it in his vest pocket. Again the stranger thanked him and departed.

Just then the train pulled into South Omaha and the farmer had finished his journey, so he alighted. He seemed to be worried about those bills, for stepping into the waiting room, he took the roll out and proceeded to count. One glance was enough to show him he had been robbed, instead of having one hundred dollars he had ten one dollar bills. With a hair raising yell he sprang for the telephone and rang up Omaha, told the "hello girl" to give him the police station, then he proceeded to explain to the officer at the other end of the phone, what had occurred. He gave a description of the smooth stranger, but the stranger and his pal failed to put in an appearance when the train arrived, and up to this they have not shown up, so the trusting farmer has \$90 worth of experience.

Such is life, everything socially is dead. Lent you know, but I have heard that several "quiet dances" would come off next week. Of course the ministers do not know anything about them, see!

I met a Fredericton boy one evening last week. He is coming to the front as a

boxer and they tell me he is a good one, of course in an amateur way. You can't keep good Canadian stock down, "Progress" seems to be their motto.

A CANUCK.

OFFICIAL INSIGNIA IN CHINA.

Quaint Heraldic Emblems and Customs Prevail—Civic and Military.

Nothing is more complicated than Chinese etiquette, said Dr. Edward Bedloe, ex-consul to Amoy. A master of Debreit and Burke is a novice beside a Celestial master of ceremonies. Nevertheless the latter's system is definite, it elaborate, and he has many official landmarks whereby to shape his course. One of the most important of these is the button which is worn by every mandarin on the top of his hat. Each of the nine ranks of Chinese has its particular button, and the second degree of the first and second ranks are also marked by separate buttons. The official list is as follows:

First rank—First degree, light coral red button; second degree, deep coral red button. Second rank—First degree, light crimson button; second degree, dark crimson button. Third rank—Both, light clear blue. Fourth rank—Dark Prussian blue. Fifth—Quartz, glass or crystal. Sixth—Opaque white. Seventh and eighth—Gilded, yellow or gold. Ninth—Silver or silver white.

It will be seen that a red button indicates high rank. The rank in general is personal rather than official. Thus, for example, a boatsmanship is an officer of the third rank, and its button is a light, clear blue. Yet many taotais, if not a majority of the class, are decorated with red buttons. It even happens that a person of the second rank, through misfortune or political vicissitudes, will hold an office of the fifth or sixth rank. In such a case he would still wear his red button, and in many official events would be preceded by an official of the dark blue or crystal button. For this reason it is often very difficult to tell the official rank of mandarins by their buttons. Nor is the difficulty lessened by the embroidered insignia upon the wearing apparel. This is more elaborate than the buttons, but, like the latter, does not discriminate between rank and position.

To overcome the difficulty the Chinese resort to several expedients. One is the card on which is written a full statement of the owners' rank, degree and position. Another consists of having the same facts painted upon the lanterns with which all chairs are provided. These can be read with equal ease day or night. The third is used for the information of the public and consists in having the name and all titles carved in large, bold characters on long red boards, which are carried by coolies. Mandarins who have received many honors will frequently have as many as twenty of these red boards. Where an official has retired from service he is still entitled to place these boards at the entrance of his residence. A fourth mode resembles the preceding and applies to junk or vessels in which a mandarin travels. The characters are written upon flags, which are fastened to the mast and are elsewhere in lieu of ordinary bunting. When the present governor of Formosa left Shanghai on the steamer Smith no less than thirty banners of this class were flung to the breeze from the masts and other parts of the boats. The embroidered insignias of rank and position are placed upon the front and back of official robes. They must be of the finest workmanship and so well executed as to show the design clearly and accurately. The general design for a civil officer is a bird and for a military official a quadruped animal. The civil list is as follows, ranks and not degrees being discriminated:

First, a manchuian crane; second, a golden pheasant; third, a peacock; fourth, a wild goose; fifth, a silver pheasant; sixth, a young egret; seventh, a quail; eighth, a long-tailed jay; ninth an oriole. The military list runs: First, a unicorn; second, a lion; third, a leopard; fourth, a tiger; fifth, a black bear; sixth, a tiger cat; seventh, a mottled bear; eighth, a seal; ninth, a rhinoceros.

These insignias have been used from time immemorial, while the buttons are a creation of the Manchu conquerors of China. It is a singular fact that both the lion and rhinoceros are strangers to the latter country. The limit of their habitation seems to be the Ganges and to have been so since the tertiary period. The knowledge of these animals by the Chinese was acquired long before the Christian era, when large fleets of junk, naval, pirate or commercial, went from Canton to nearly every port in Hindoostan and often brought back these and other wild beasts alive. Of late years etiquette has relaxed considerably in regard to both buttons and insignia.