

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1895.

HALIFAX IS NOT IN IT.

OUTSIDE CONTRACTORS WHO GET MANY GOOD JOBS.

Sample Instances Where Men From Other Places Have Secured Big Contracts—The Reason Why—Want of Capital is One of the Obstacles With the Citizens.

HALIFAX, July 11.—During the past few years contractors outside of Halifax have been taking away most of the big building jobs. Builders throughout this province and elsewhere, have been coming into the city and snatching what should have been city plums of contracts, just within the grasp of the local men. The Dalhousie college edifice was built by a Moncton firm, the city hall was erected by an Amherst company; two of the finest buildings on Barrington street have been completed within a couple of years by Amherst people. The foundation works of the immense freight shed at the new I. C. R. terminus is in the hands of a Moncton firm, and the drill shed goes to an Ottawa contractor. The school-board, the day, gave an important job to a Bridgetown building firm. Hwelling houses, right and left, are being taken by outside tenderers lower than the Halifax men.

A feeling bordering on panic has taken hold of some of our builders. There is an outcry against the builder from abroad who is thus able to "carry the war into Africa."

The question is asked: "Why is it possible for outsiders to come to Halifax and capture what should be the fattest jobs?"

There are two sets of answers. One class of people hold up their hands and cry: "We can't compete against the countryman who comes to Halifax to take a job, because while we are heavily taxed he escapes scot free. Our men work nine hours a day while his work ten. Our hands are tied by the trades unions while his are free. Mechanics will work for the outsider harder and for less wages than they will for us. Such contractors in Halifax say there is only one remedy, or it is a sort of double remedy—the unions must be suppressed or at least must be deprived of the mastery over the employer, and the men induced to work honestly ten hours per day, and secondly citizens and public corporations must have civic patriotism enough to keep Halifax work for Halifax men who pay the taxes, even though it does look like paying out a dollar or two more in the meantime. Pay that dollar or two out now, and keep it in the city, and by and by it will come back to you."

This is a nut-shell is the piazeta that would be used by some of our contractors who look on at the builder from abroad taking his choice of many of the best jobs to be had in this city.

There is a set of men who preach another case, and their doctrine does seem more rational. One of them speaking to the correspondent of PROGRESS the other day said:

"The trouble with many Halifax contractors is that they do not realize the changed conditions that prevail nowadays compared with the state of affairs in the days of their fathers. They expect the same old prices or something near them. While good solid men, they are handicapped by the trade traditions of the past. Those are the men who breach against the trades union and the nine hour system, the non-tax paying outsider and all that sort of thing. I don't like the 'non-tax paying outsider' any better than you do, perhaps, but I am not in mortal dread of him. We have advantages here which should enable us to beat him every time."

"Why don't you do it then?"

"Because the most of us younger business men have not the capital; but we will have it some day. Several of the older and wealthier contracting firms should be able to come out on top every time. There is one exception to this. They should not come out on top when the country tenderer offers to do the work far below cost for a workman-like job. Half the time that is what the countryman does. I would rather a countryman should get a job than that I should take it at his losing figures and come out \$500 behind or perhaps more. That is what many of these country contractors who come to the city do—drop a lot of money, or they work for nothing, and they never come back again."

"You say the countryman has some advantages over the city builder whom he wishes to supplant."

"Yes, he has. He works hard himself. His material is prepared cheaply and his men work hard. But we have advantages in being on the spot, compared with which the taxes we pay are only a flea-bite. If a contractor pays large taxes on his stock and plant there is something wrong with himself or his methods if he does not do a correspondingly large business. We in this city have an advantage in freights which handicaps the country builder. We know our people and we know what they want. The carpenters' union can not hurt anybody in Halifax. It is practically dead. I know a building firm in this city employ

ing forty hands, not one of whom belongs to the union. That employer takes no stock in the union. It two men equally good, came to him asking for work, and if one is a member of the union, and the other is not, and he needs only one man, he will promptly take the non-union hand. He has no trouble with the union; it is to all intents and purposes dead. Yet that employer is in favor of the nine-hour-system, believing that a man who toils industriously at the bench for nine hours has given his employers all that the employer can profitably take from him.

But the fact remains that the contractor from Amherst and Truro and other country towns capture many of the best fish in Halifax.

They have got many of them lately, but frequently at losing figures, and truth to tell eventually at losing prices to the man or corporation they gave the work, too. As I have said, however, the chief reason for this is that the contractors with capital failed to get the work because they have not fully accommodated themselves to the times in which they live; because their methods are not sufficiently modern, because the men they employ are not of the night stamp to compete in those rushing days with more active opponents. The reason is not that the union is too powerful; the nine-hour system fatal, and the taxes too heavy. There is one thing about the out-of-town contractor who comes to Halifax—the work he does cannot compare in quality with that done by the Halifax mechanic—the good Halifax mechanic—for there are some poor ones.

When a job goes out of the city at low figures the proprietor generally finds, in the character of the work performed, that, after all, he paid high enough for the job. And it goes out a shade below the Halifax tenders and at a paying price, the reason is usually to be found in lack of adaptation to the conditions of today by the builder with capital. We are not afraid of our country rivals, for time will show that we can meet them on equal terms, taking one consideration with another. Prices for building work in Halifax, comparatively speaking, have been, and are yet high."

These then are the two sides to the story that Halifax is losing its hold on her own building work. Competition is keen, but our builders, and especially the younger firms, are still very much in evidence in enterprise, hope and success.

CYCLE SPORTS IN HALIFAX.

Some of our Reasons Why Class B. Men are Not in High Favor There.

HALIFAX, July 11th.—"Class B" bicyclists do not stand in high favor to-day in Halifax. Since the "Springs Sports" of the Wanderers A. A. C. held last Saturday, when this description of racing man was seen in Halifax for the first time, their stock has gone far below par. Their performances on the Wanderers track were hissed and hooted by the crowd and severely reprimanded by the officers of the day. And no wonder that they do not now stand well. Instead of racing Messrs. Laidlaw, Jost and Bailey spent their time trying to jockey each other, the only genuine racing being in the last 200 yards or so of the mile and half mile distances. Each tried to make the other take the lead during the first part of the race and thus do the pacing. The idea was that the pacer would become more exhausted and leave the other, or others, fresh enough to win on the final dash near the home stretch. To fall to the rear over three quarters of the course was the object of these wheelmen and to accomplish their design they had to slack off to a disgracefully slow pace.

The half-mile was just the same, the reference made the trio race twice, but both times they failed to earn the fringe, so that it was declared cancelled. Bailey lost most by this decision for he crossed the finish line first.

The two-mile brought little improvement. To Laidlaw's credit it should be said that he did most of the pacing in the two-mile and yet he succeeded in capturing the first prize.

But those semi-professionals were equal to their task and the jeers and hootings of 800 people were unavailing to accelerate their progress in the slightest degree. Dr. Cosgwell put a time limit on the mile, but the three rivals cared more for beating each other than for getting the prize, so they persevered in their pacer-forcing tactics and forfeited the prize in the mile, which would have come to Laidlaw for he crossed the line first.

The class B men will have to get over such tricks as those of Saturday unless they are willing to see the popularity of bicycle racing killed in quick time. Another such day's "racing" as the class B. men gave on Saturday and there will be no such thing as a big attendance again at bicycle trade races. The annual track sports of the Ramblers' cycle club are dated for August 24th. It behooves the committee to take the class B. matter sharply in hand and make such arrangements that there shall be no humbugging. Let close time limits be fixed for all the B. events, and let all other precautions be taken which it is possible to take. The public will want to understand that this has been done, too, or there may be a slim attendance on the 24th of next month.

Racing men are too apt to be pot-hunters. 'Twas ever thus.

MARTIN ON MATRIMONY.

FACTS AND PHILOSOPHY FROM THE PEGULAR EDITOR.

The July Journal is a Matrimonial Number—Martin Tells of His First Love and How He Finally Secured a Wife Whom He Hopes Will Suit Him.

The July issue of that highly entertaining periodical, Butler's Journal, is headed a "Matrimonial Number," and is replete with interesting essays on marriage as the editor finds and hopes to find it. The readers of PROGRESS will remember the valedictory of Martin Butler when the last number of the Journal appeared, a month ago, when he was about to embark on the sea of matrimony, and "hoped to get along quite well." This month the "Matrimonial Number" deals very fully with the question. Under the title of "In Hymen's Fetters" he gives a personal sketch of how he came to get married. Some extracts only are given:

The Motive of the Sketch.

For good or evil, for better or worse; I have recently emerged from my condition of bachelorhood, in which I have remained for nearly thirty-eight years, and following the Scriptural injunction and the advice of my friends have taken unto myself a wife; and as I have always taken the public into my confidence especially in any important undertaking I propose to make this no exception, and dropping the editorial we can come out and talk to them plainly and squarely as friend to friend about my condition and prospects.

I have been many times asked the question, when single: "Why did I not get married?" and since, "Why did I?" and it shall be my endeavor in this article to answer these questions in a concise, straightforward and truthful manner, and to the entire satisfaction of my interrogators.

Martin's Calf Love.

My first experience of the tender passion was in the fall of 1857, when I was a boy of nineteen living at my father's house at Grand Lake Stream, Maine. A girl came one morning from Baileyville in search of employment and my mother hired her. She was not handsome to look at but was young and toilsome like myself and it was a case of "love at first sight." My father, who had inherited the ideas of a bygone age, did not encourage me in my attentions to her, and we accordingly had to be very careful in conducting our courtship for, whenever he would catch me sitting up with her he would pack me off to bed in a hurry, in no gentle tone and sometimes at the buckle end of a big belt he would around his waist. But in such instances I would generally manage to outwit the old gentleman by waiting until he snugly tucked up in the blankets alongside of the old lady, when I would steal quietly down stairs and resume my pleasant employment with redoubled vigor. Alas plain sailing then, as the old man was a sound sleeper and we kept it up night after night until we were both so sleepy that we could not hold our heads up, when we would go to our beds, and the consequence was that when I was called at five o'clock in the morning to get ready in the tannery I was very slow to respond and would often get a severe reprimand from my boss for being late, while she would not get up until eight or nine and mother would have to get the breakfast alone.

Cut Out by His Brother.

But all things come out to an end, and my dream of bliss was brought to a very abrupt termination. My brother, who had been working for the past two years at Jacksonville, Carleton Co., returned home and began at once to pay assiduous attention to her and by descending at length on his greater age, experience and superior abilities, together with his "castles in Spain," and "the farm he owned in Carleton Co. all but paying for won her away from me. Disgusted and discouraged, with my first dream of happiness "knocked into a cocked hat" I determined to leave the place, and receiving an offer from a farmer in Springfield, Penobscot Co., of a chance to work for my board and go to school. I closed with him.

The Philosophy of his Loss.

That following summer was a very disappointing and trying one for me. I drifted back and forward, working in different towns throughout the county and finally came back home in the fall when the misfortune of my life befell me in the loss of my right arm. But on looking back and taking everything into consideration, I could never quite satisfy myself as to which was the worst of the two misfortunes; the one that overtook me, viz., the loss of my arm or the one I had so narrowly escaped—marrying the girl.

Advertising for a Wife.

It is needless to state, that during all these years I was in no position to get married had I been able to have found a woman fool enough to have taken me; although had I been endowed with the "cheek" and the ability to deceive of some young men I have known, I might have got both a wife and a fortune.

Some few years ago, when my prospects began to wear a somewhat brighter aspect, I began to seriously think of entering into the marriage relation, but this time resolved that I would not any more run after the girls, and if anyone was willing she would have to come to me; so I accordingly inserted a small advertisement in The Gleaner for some weeks asking for tenders for my affections. The replies at first came thick and fast from far and near, which shows the value of advertising in a live local paper, and had I preserved them they would make interesting reading. Many of them however were written in fun, and some were put up by the boys, while a few of them were in dead earnest. I finally narrowed them down to one, and was getting ready to bring things to a crisis, when

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by the wholesale if they can find them, and I have seen them devour potato bugs in great numbers when deprived of more palatable food.

But we have also friends among insects, and it is well to bear in mind that they can do much good for us. The so-called lace-eating insects are nearly all friendly to us. They live on other insects, and do not eat any of the plants. If a few can be turned loose in a greenhouse they will destroy all insects other than those of their own class. In this class are included the ant-lions, aphids and dragon flies. For every one of these we kill we must expect a dozen enemies to spring into active existence that must be destroyed by spraying.

The tiger-beetles and the lady beetles, as well as the long legged ground beetles, are all insect eaters, and they go around the garden in search of their prey continually. They will attack large grubs and other insects, as well as the very small plant lice that hide behind the leaves. These beetles must be distinguished from others that destroy the plants. The large rubber flies are also great friends in the garden, and they will attack all kinds of grubs and insects to devour. They are particularly eager to destroy aphids, and in this respect their presence should be encouraged.—Germantown Telegraph.

WHY PEOPLE SNEEZE.

Simple Methods by Which the Annoyance May be Avoided.

Sneezing is a reflex act caused by an irritation of some portion of the large nerve supplying sensation to the face. Excessive sneezing may be the result of some irritant, usually of vegetable origin, coming in contact with the mucous membrane lining the nose, or it may be associated with some general disorder.

Whooping cough and asthma are often accompanied by violent fits of sneezing. Persons of a "gouty" tendency are often afflicted with frequent sneezing, and the same is true of persons who possess a somewhat hysterical or exceedingly nervous temperament.

A sneeze and a cough exert much the same effect over different portions of the respiratory tract. In sneezing an effort is made to get rid of some substance irritating the mucous membrane of the nose; in coughing the same thing is attempted for the throat.

Sneezing is in some instances produced by looking at a strong light or vivid color. Inflammation may be increased, if not actually produced by excessive sneezing, as well as by violent coughing. In this way either of these acts may be harmful.

Sneezing is often indicative of some "catarrhal" condition of the mucous membrane, and if much indulged in, it tends to make this condition worse by congesting the mucous membrane of the nose and pharynx, and in severe paroxysms, that of the eyes and ears.

The inhalation of dust or of irritating vapors tends to "stop up the head" chiefly because sneezing is thereby induced.

We often hear it said, when one sneezes, "You are taking cold"—an expression in which there may be some truth; for a chilling of the body drives the blood away from the surface, and causes it to flow unduly to any part of the body already weakened by inflammation. That point in many cases is the mucous membrane of the nose.

Some of the most severe colds however are accompanied by no sneezing. It is not to be wondered at that the practice of "taking snuff" is becoming obsolete. It is no more reasonable to employ measures to induce sneezing than it would be to inhale the fumes of sulphur, or other irritating vapors, to induce a cold.

Pressure upon the upper lip or above the bridge of the nose will usually cut short even a severe fit of sneezing. This failing a mustard plaster applied to the back of the neck, or the administration of an emetic, will be found useful.—Youth's Companion.

Summer Occupation.

A good many people have more leisure to do fancy work in summer than at any other time. Linen dollies, traycloths, bureau and buffet covers, are always useful and nice for pick-up work. Besides these there are tablecovers, sofa cushions, and chair cushions.

Pretty tablecovers for outline work in light shades of Kensington cloth are new, and for pillows and chair cushions there are silk mail cloth, and plantation cloth, both of which are in harmonizing colors, and are stamped in large conventional figures, which may be worked in the long and short stitches or in simple outline. A pillow was soon made of cinnamon

brown plant-tion-cloth; the design was worked with two tints of rose in the long and short stitch. A ruffle of wide old rose ribbon completed this handsome cushion.

The Cause of Insanity.

In a recent article on Brain and Nerve Exhaustion Dr. Wm. M. Baird of New York says - It is within the memory of the present generation that insanity was thought to be not a disease, but an abnormal physical condition, a vicious temper or emotion that needed only strong will to control. To-day we are quite safe in saying that insanity is indeed only another, and in some respects more serious form of nervous exhaustion. How important then that the nervous system should be kept in a state of health. The victim of nervous disease will find in Hawker's nerve and stomach tonic a remedy peculiarly adapted to his or her condition. It restores the nervous system to a state of health by improving the digestion and enriching the blood, enabling it to rebuild the wasted tissues. Its effect is stimulating and strengthening. It restores the lost energy and health is fully regained. This great remedy is sold by all druggists and dealers at 50cts. per bottle or six bottles for \$2.50, and is manufactured only by the Hawker Medicine Co. (Ltd) St. John N. B. and New York City.

Parson and Prize-fighter.

When the notorious Tom Sayers was at the very zenith of his fame as a prize-fighter, he was once driving to town alone in a smart dog-cart, and passing a public-house in the suburbs, the landlord of which was an old acquaintance, he stayed for a few moments to get something to drink. Having emptied his glass, he was standing outside the inn talking with his friend, when a neighbouring rector came hurrying up and asked Boniface if the omnibus had passed.

"About five minutes since," was the reply.

The clergyman thereupon expressed his regret, saying that he had an important appointment in town, and greatly regretted that he should miss it.

"Well, I'm driving to town," remarked Sayers, "and shall be pleased to give you a lift."

The rector readily accepted the offer, and the strangely-assorted pair started off together. On the road the clergyman's attention was drawn to the fact that his companion was constantly greeted by passers-by, who undoubtedly knew him well. At last he said—

"A great many people seem to know you about here, and yet I can't say that your face is familiar to me."

"Very likely. I'm Tom Sayers, the prize-fighter," was the unexpected response.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the clergyman, with unmistakable chagrin. "Then I must really request you to be good enough to permit me to get down."

"On, no! you won't do anything of the sort," returned Sayers. "I said I would drive you to town, and I'm going to keep my promise."

The rector found that all his entreaties were of no avail whatever, and Tom was as good as his word.

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