

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1896.

## THE OLD AND THE YOUNG

**LIBERALS OF HALIFAX CANNOT AGREE POLITICALLY.**

And the Young Men Form a Combination to Down the Hon. A. G. Jones' Candidature, They Succeed in Doing So and Nominating Mr. Russell.

HALIFAX, MAR. 26.—The liberal party of Halifax has a nice family quarrel on its hands just now. That party is divided into two factions, the adherents of Hon. A. G. Jones, the old champion of the party, and those who went out to seek a new leader in the person of William Roche, M. P. P. but who found an unwilling one in the person of Professor Russell, Q. C. To a certain extent it is fight between the old men and the young, between the men who for 25 years have fought the battles of their party and the younger generation of comparatively untried liberals who are first entering upon the strife, and who think they know it all.

The trouble began more than a year ago when the log-rolling set in, in opposition to Hon. Mr. Jones which resulted in that gentleman's announcing that he withdrew from political life in Halifax. The old man at that time wrote a letter to the convention, where his withdrawal was announced, so pathetic and touching that it drew tears to the eyes of some of the hardest fighters in the party. This withdrawal was accepted and the candidates named to succeed Jones and Farrell were Roche and Dwyer. Both gentlemen, who knew most of the inside history of the nomination and the circumstances which led up to it, asked for time to consider. Mr. Dwyer's name was early taken off the ticket on account of ill-health. Up to within a day or so of the re-assembling of the convention, which took place last week, it was generally believed that William Roche would run.

The followers of Hon. Mr. Jones however, were loyal to the old man who has done more for their party, in Nova Scotia than any other half dozen, and they stood by their guns for him. Such men as Alderman Butler, H. H. Fuller, William Coisholm, H. D. Blackader and John H. Barnstead, representing a good numerical half of the party, and by far the most influential half, were true to Mr. Jones, and this in the face of his letter retiring from politics. On the other hand the youthful liberals, who thought they knew far more of practical politics than their seniors had ever learned, boomed William Roche, M. P. P. They said he was personally more popular than Jones; he was rich, worth three-quarters of a million dollars, and they thought they could bleed him freely for campaign expenses. Then it would be good politics to get William Roche to resign his seat in the local house and allow a Catholic to be nominated for the vacancy, thus restoring the old denominational arrangement which was broken at the last local election when Hon. M. J. Power was defeated. In reply to the arguments of the Jones party the young men had to admit that the ex-minister of militia is a man whose name is a household word over the province, that he has a standing on account of his knowledge, his ability and his force of character, which places him in the forefront of Canadian politicians, and that he has some money too. He is rated as worth at least \$100,000 and has a very large amount of paid-up life insurance. But they always urged the statement that "Jones is too old and is not popular."

The convention which twelve months ago nominated Roche and Dwyer did not break up; it merely adjourned to receive their answer. The meeting was summoned again for last Thursday. As has been stated the Jones and the Roche factions have been busy. Both got in good work. Two days before the convention Roche was still in the fight, when he suddenly withdrew. The Jones men are said to have frightened him with stories that he could not be elected and that a dead-set would be made on all his time and much of his money. But Mr. Roche did not like this opposition to him and the Joneses are that he also saw the danger of a division in the party, a division which could best be prevented by union under Mr. Jones' standard. Accordingly he sent in a letter absolutely declining the nomination given him a year ago. This was a good chance for the anti-Jones men and the followers of the old leader to come together with good grace. True Mr. Jones' withdrawal was yet before the party, but it was quietly understood that if a nomination were unanimously tendered him he would run.

But the "young liberals" were not built that way. Alderman Redden, F. H. Bell, Walter Boak, and others, pulling the strings which worked such men as C. B. Burns, made a new move. Jones they would not have at any cost. Such a man as George Mitchell they could not get, so they made a stampede for Professor Russell, Q. C. The afternoon of the convention he was waited on, and with tears in their eyes those young liberals asked

Russell to step into the breach by consenting to become a candidate. No delegation could have been more unwelcome to mortal man, but the pleadings were so earnest that a half hearted promise to accept if nominated was forthcoming from Russell.

Now hear the charges which the Jones people make regarding the convention which re-assembled in the evening. They openly state that the meeting was packed in the interest of Russell, or in opposition to Jones, that instead of it being the same body which adjourned a few months before there were forty or more there who had no business to be present, little more right to pass a ballot than had the rankiest tory in Halifax. Prominent Jones men "make no bones" of alleging that C. B. Burns at the instigation of the wire-pullers, went round talking to delegates trying to find out if they would vote for Russell. If so they were given tickets of admission to the convention. If not they were put off on one excuse or another, and others alleged to represent the same sections or districts were found who would pledge themselves for Russell. These were ticketed and furnished with ballots. In this and in other ways, it is charged the unscrupulous young men picked the convention.

In due time J. B. McLean called the meeting to order. Hon. A. G. Jones and Professor Russell were nominated as the protestant members for the ticket. The ballot was taken, and Russell came out half a dozen votes ahead. It was a great triumph for "the young men" who wanted "a change," and for their peculiar methods. The ticket which the Jones party wanted was Jones and Wallace, combination of old and young, but when Russell was nominated the catholic lawyer had to be dropped. Alderman Butler, a prominent merchant, was named, but he was hot for Jones and would not accept. There was nothing to do, then, but nominate M. E. Keefe as running mate with Russell. A public meeting was held after the convention, when Russell formally accepted the nomination, and Jones and Butler gave the meeting some clear ideas of the discontent and anger which found a place in many breasts that night. For fifteen long minutes the gathering was kept idly waiting for Mr. Keefe to enter the hall. But that gentleman came not. He was as much a disgusted man as any of them. His ambition was to get the seat in the local house vacated by Roche and not to run what he feared would be a losing race for Ottawa with Russell as a mate. He had his team near the lye where the meeting took place, and when he heard the result he drove off, leaving the waiting crowd to aimlessly wander "where is Keefe?" On Monday afternoon a delegation waited on him when he declined the nomination. If he ran he wanted a man with more money, at least than Professor Russell could spare.

What will come next? The prediction is confidently made by liberals and conservatives alike that Russell will not face the electors.

"A convention of the liberal party will be called," said a prominent liberal delegate, "when two candidates will be openly and honestly chosen; candidates who will worthily represent the liberal party, and not men of whom the party feels anything but proud. The meeting that selected Russell and Keefe was not a convention," he continued, "it was a packed gathering of unrepresentative partisans."

Thus matters stand at present in this interesting family quarrel in the liberal parties of Halifax.

**Steamboat and Sawmill Combined.**  
Possibly the greatest business craft ever constructed around the Ohio River is the Old Hickory, a new and commodious sawmill boat, now being completed at the foot of Seventh street. In many particulars this vessel is a wonder.

For instance, the ponderous, powerful machinery that occupies the entire space on her lower deck, and the entire equipment are entirely modern, with every convenience necessary to a first-class sawmill and steamboat combined. There is a carriage slide that works off the rear end in such a way that it passes under a floating log, lifts it aboard, and in a twinkling has it in front of the massive double circular saws; then, three minutes later, a fine stack of lumber passes over the boat's bow, and is loaded on a barge that has been placed in front. The mill capacity is 15,000 feet every ten hours, but it is not intended to cut ordinarily more than 10,000 feet an hour. The entire boiler deck is a fine home for the crew of ten men that will man the boat, and is divided off into kitchen, pantry, dining hall, bedrooms, and office. The boat is a sidewheeler, built to make five miles an hour up stream, ordinarily, and eight under a rush. She is 125 feet long and 80 feet wide, and her hull was built at Leavenworth, Ind., out of the finest kind of selected oak for it. Louisville Post.

The hottest mines in the world are the Comstock. On the lower levels the heat is so great that the men cannot work over ten or fifteen minutes at a time. Every known means of mitigating the heat has been tried in vain. Ice melts before it reaches the bottom of the shafts.

## VERY LIVELY MEETING.

**THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE GARRISON ARTILLERY.**

Have Some Plain Talk About the Recent Discipline and the Men Stand by Their Comrades—A Serious Charge Against the Officers About the Competitor.

HALIFAX, March 26.—As predicted last week the meeting of company No. 3 association of the H. J. G. was a lively one. It was hot and long, lasting from 8 in the evening to 10 o'clock in the morning. No report of its proceedings has been published beyond a few lines in one of the morning papers, so that an idea of what took place will not be uninteresting, and besides the details of a general sensation which the men intend to furnish at the expense of the officers is also in possession of PROGRESS. When "new business" was reached at this meeting Major Maxwell, evidently seeing what was coming, raised the point of order that no business regarding No. 3 Co. could there be transacted, as the association and the company proper were two distinct organizations. Hereafter he said he would be obliged to call meetings of the company at the drill shed.

This brought Gunner Fader to his feet, who said: "If you call meetings at the drill shed the men will have to appear in uniform."

Major Maxwell "Very likely that will be the case." Gunner Fader—"If so, then my mouth will be closed, and the other gunners can never speak." This remark had reference to a recent order from the officers that henceforth no gunner should communicate with the officers on any subject whatever, while in uniform except through the senior sergeant of the company. So Gunner Fader continued: "This is the place to ventilate our grievances, and I and my comrades have real grievances."

Major Maxwell assented to this, and suggested that everything be said now and the whole trouble wiped out. Then Gunner Fader told the story of that funeral parade and the punishment which followed for breach of discipline as outlined in last week's PROGRESS. Sergeants Cunningham, Weatherbe, Matheson, Bamhardier, Currie, added their testimony regarding the alleged enormity of the grievance that existed.

Then Major Maxwell and Captain Flowers, for Colonel Curwen was not present, replied, in as pointed language as they could command, that as regarded their conduct as officers they were prepared to justify all that had been done. Captain Flowers said that so long as he was Captain No. 3 nothing but the most rigid discipline would be tolerated. The officers then prepared to retire, Major Maxwell as he did so remarking:

"This is the last time I will darken the doors of this association room. The money I have in the funds of the association I wish returned as soon as possible." This, one of the gunners informs PROGRESS is \$38. Captain Flowers has \$18, and Lieutenant Halls \$18. The outfit of the association cost \$300, and gunner Fader says they can probably stand the loss of the officers \$64.

Just as Major Maxwell and his brother officers reached the door to go out, Sergeant Cunningham asked them: "Supposing that bye-gones are considered bye-gones in this matter, and old scores are forgiven, would gunner Fader be allowed to re-enroll?"

As the officers went down stairs and into the street, Sergeant Matheson made this demand of the meeting:

"All members of No. 3 company, H. G. A. who are in sympathy with gunner Fader in this matter, will stand up!"

Every man in the room, with the exception of Gunner Morton, and perhaps one other, rose to their feet. This makes it look as if the question of the re-enrollment of the entire company would not be a difficult matter for the officers to settle. They may if the men are as good as their word, find themselves with no one but themselves to command. There are open threats that the men of No. 3 will enroll in a body in the 63rd rifles under Colonel Egan, and form a new company for that battalion.

But before taking that course the officer will be called upon to explain a little matter, and here comes the sensation referred to in the early part of this letter. The charge that gunner Fader and other members of No. 3 company intend to bring is this:

At the inspection last autumn before Commandant Montizambert, Nos. 1 and 4 companies were put through their manoeuvres on one night and received the voting as to efficiency which Colonel Montizambert deemed they deserved. There was a prize of \$50 at stake which made the rivalry somewhat keen, but greater than the cash, as an inducement to excel, was the honor of being first in efficiency. The night following the inspection of Nos. 1 and 4 Nos. 2 and 3 were put to the test. The companies were divided into right and left half companies, each half company be-

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ing inspected separately. The right half of No. 2 was called first, and they were marched, full strength, from the drill yard into the drill shed where they manned the guns, and went through all the manoeuvres and examinations demanded of them. Then they were marched out into the yard again, preparatory to the left half of the same company being marched in for their examination. At this point the alleged crooked work took place, upon which the non-coms and men of No. 3 are about to bring a charge against their officers. These men allege that men who had worked with the right half company of No. 2 at least twenty of them—were clandestinely sandwiched in among the men of the left half company in order to swell the ranks of that detachment up to full strength. Twenty of the same men were thus made to do double duty, and it the allegation made is true a gross fraud upon their fellow competitors in other companies, as well as upon the militia department, was perpetrated. This little scheme added ten points to the total score made by No. 2 company, and put No. 3 and all the other companies hopelessly out of the race for efficiency honors and the prize of \$50. No. 3 came in five points behind No. 2, instead of five ahead, as they allege they would have been, had it not been for the fraud.

What blame attaches to Major Maxwell and Captain Flowers, even if this charge is true, which is yet to be proved? Just this, answer Gunner Fader and the malcontents—that on the very evening when this fraud was committed they had made it their special business to call the attention of these officers to what was going on, and that they had refused to interfere to prevent it. Not only that but the night after the inspection a committee of the men of No. 3 held a meeting with Major Maxwell in his office and had urged him to take some action in the matter, but the men were put off with the excuse that it was too late now to do anything about it, and that an agitation would only make a scandal which would injure the whole H. G. A. In fact honesty and the interest of No. 3 company were made to suffer rather than that these officers should speak the word which would have kept everything flat and square because the speaking of that word might be a little unpleasant.

What is the proof of this?—Gunner Fader says it is simple. He says the officers and men of No. 3 knew it. More than that, he says that affidavits can and will be produced from some of those sandwiched twenty from no. 2 company itself, in which they will swear that they were clandestinely taken from the right half and sent in to the inspector again with the left half company. This matter is now to be pushed to the last resort, and a rigorous investigation demanded. The demand from the men must go to headquarters through Major Maxwell, which will be attempted at once. If Major Maxwell refuses, a duplicate of the charge will be sent to headquarters direct by the men, the right to do which they possess under the law.

So runs the story as told by the non-coms and men of No. 3. All that the officers say is: "Discipline must be maintained," and "if there are charges, let them be proved."

**Keep Kicking.**

An unfortunate person who said he was formerly a newspaper man, called at our office the other day for assistance. Under all the circumstances we thought him deserving and helped him, and then we told him the story about the milkman who accidentally emptied into one of his cans two live frogs. One frog said it was no use to do anything and sank to the bottom and was drowned; the other frog kept kicking until he kicked up a lump of butter and roosted on it, and came out alive.

There is a good moral in this story to many people: "Keep kicking."—Ex.

### MALVERN'S ERUDITE HOG.

Perhaps the Most Cultured Creature in the Whole State of Arkansas.

"Speaking of pork," said Wilson, district passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, inserting a conversational jimmie into a discussion between two Board of Trade men.

"Speaking of pork, did you ever meet that educated pig at Malvern? No? Well, there's one joy and delight coming to you. That pig is beyond all cavil and argument the most accomplished animal in the state or Arkansas. You may tell your stories of intelligent dogs and wise mules, but this brown hog of Malvern has the general information of a university post graduate. I met him in a casual way myself, though I've heard of men who traveled all the way from Memphis to see him. What is his speciality? Telling time."

"Malvern, you know, is where the Hot Springs Short Line meets the Iron Mountain Road. I stood on the platform one morning waiting for the Springs train. I saw this hard-looking pig projecting around the right of way in a desultory manner, and while I was idly watching him he surprised me by sitting down, lifting his nose toward heaven, and howling in the most frightful manner. I never heard such a horrible, piercing song, and he wouldn't let up. He kept it going as steadily as if he were doing piece work."

"Why don't you unload your Winchester into the critter?" I asked of a hunter—a native—who was standing on the platform.

"Because I'm not ripe for the hereafter," he replied. "The citizens would surely lynch any one who tried to bushwack that hog. I remember one stranger, eight or ten years ago, started in to chuck him with pieces of coal. The townfolk run the tourist clear yonder to that bend in the track. He may be on the run yet. He had hit a good gait when last seen."

"Why do the natives set such a store by a nuisance?" I pursued.

"He ain't regarded in that light, stranger. So far from being regarded as objectionable, that swine is the object around which civic pride swings and rattles. We set our watches by the hog, and town clocks in Malvern are a useless luxury with Rodney—that's his name—on earth. You see, it's like this. Twelve years ago Rodney, then a common ordinary-looking pig, with no indication of his brain power, walked down the right of way just as the train stopped. The porter in the buffet car dumped his refuse food out beyond the water tank, just as he had for months before. Rodney happened down there and got a square meal. Next day he came again. At first he got but one feed per day. Then he began to consider and lay for the trains. It took him two months to differentiate between the local and through trains, but at last he got 'em all fixed, and you couldn't drive him there now before the regular train time. Three times a day—in the morning, at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and then again at 6—he's 'Johnny on the spot,' as these travelling men say. Once a porter fooled him—he threw the stuff out the wrong side of the train, and Rodney run him up a telegraph pole. It took the whole train crew to keep the pig at bay until the porter could get into the train. Since then they haven't tried any tricks on him."

"But why does he make such an infernal noise about it?" I asked.

"That's where his value as a time-telling institution comes in. If the train is on time he ain't saying a word, but if it's a minute overdue he raises his voice and he keeps it up till he hears the engine. So Malvern people know the time whether the trains are on schedule time or not. Of course, it's monotonous sometimes, when they are three or four hours of their time, but the town has to stand it until the delayed train comes or another one is due from the other way."

"But," I objected, "when time is changed in the spring and fall, it must throw the pig off his reckoning."

"Don't believe it, stranger. The critter can do anything but talk, and he gets his tip on the changes bearing the station men discussing the new time card. Rodney is never wrong."—Chicago Herald.

### FACTS ABOUT CATS.

Are Nearly as Perfect as Human Brings in Anatomy and Brain Structure.

Its anatomical structure considered, the cat is more decidedly specialized and more finely differentiated than man, and is in some respects a finer creature. It is as nearly perfect as an animal can be in anatomical structure. The muscles are more delicate, they are prettier, and in some cases they are more complex. The eye is protected in a way ours is not, there being a third lid. The shape of the cat is beautiful. It uses all its force to advantage, and never wastes any. When it makes a leap it will light in just the right place. It can turn in the air in a very small space, and it always alights on its feet. If Adam and Eve had been cats they would have alighted upon their feet in their fall!

The cat has extreme keenness of apprehension. It recognizes its friends and its foes. A single spunk will alienate the dearest pet of a cat for at least a month.

It cleanliness is next to godliness, the cat is the most religious of animals. Their homing faculty is extraordinary.

In Germany thirty-seven cats were carried in sacks twenty-four miles in various directions, and all of them were home within twenty-four hours.

How a cat purrs nobody knows, and nobody is likely to find out, because the cat purrs only when it is happy, and it is not likely to be happy when an investigation is going on to discover how it purrs.

The larger part of human anatomy can be learned from the cat. Cut off the tail and the anatomy is almost the same as that of a man's hand, bone for bone and nerve for nerve, and the brains are very similar.

### Danger in Old Furniture.

To become the possessor of old family relics, to step into the shoes of one's ancestors, to inherit the family mansion with all its old associations, its antique furniture, its ancient tapestry, is usually regarded as an enviable lot. Some coolheaded, calculating, severely matter-of-fact bacteriologist has actually had the audacity to examine into the bacteriology of some old, beautiful, and otherwise priceless tapestries in an old country mansion. This bacteriologist found that the tapestries were teeming with micro-organic life, and that they were nothing less than hotbeds for the culture of tubercle bacilli. Will the mural adornment of the "tapestried chambers" throughout the world survive this terrible indictment? It may be that they will. But who after this will be able to look upon the "tapestried" presentations of, say, the lively "Adventures of Dionysius," the wonderful career of "Medea," or the patriotic marceuvre of "Meticus Curtius," without some feeling of repulsion which such a revelation could not fail to create.

—Medical Press.

## Why

do we experience hard times at different seasons of the year? It is quite natural for each occupation to have a bright and dull season, and the latter is generally made harder to put through than necessary. When the bright season comes on everything has got to go and you never look ahead for the future. If you were to study economy at all seasons, how much better off you would be.

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