

WHO WILL BE LEADER.

THE HALIFAX FIRE DEPARTMENT WANTS A CHIEF.

An Old Quarrel Between Rival Factions Revived With Vigor—Some Remarkable Canvassing Going On—The Future Chief Will Receive a Salary.

HALIFAX, Feb. 20.—Who is to be chief of the new Halifax fire department, Alderman John Ryan, or Captain John Connolly? Alderman Ryan is chairman of the board of fire commissioners, while John Connolly is by vote of the city council, in command of the men comprising the Halifax fire department,—without salary. The fight for the chiefship has already begun in earnest, and it will continue for two months more with varying intensity.

The battle for the positions is not one merely between the rival candidates—it originated and continues largely to be a fight between factions. Nearly two years ago the quarrel began, or even further back, in the agitation for a paid fire department instead of the volunteer service which, since 1768, had protected the city. The Union engine company fell to quarreling among themselves, and that settled their fate. The party in opposition to the U. E. C. management, less than two years ago obtained a majority in the city council. They could not rule the U. E. C. and they determined to ruin it, with this ruinous policy in view. Quietly Alderman Ryan and the men at his back, organized a new fire department, and when all was ready the coup d'etat took place. The city council ordered the U. E. C. to accept as a member F. J. Horneman, whom the company had black-balled; they persisted in their refusal to receive him, and suddenly the city council dismissed the U. E. C., with the intimation that they had outlived their usefulness, and that other and better men were ready to do their work. That same night Alderman Ryan's men took charge, and they are still in control. The city council appointed John Connolly, captain; at this time Alderman Ryan was chairman of the board of fireworks, a position he still occupies.

At the recent session of the legislature the fire department of Halifax was changed from its present half volunteer half paid character into a paid department; the new order of things to go into effect on May 1st. The chief will be a salaried official, and the battle for the place is now fully on. Hence the breach between the erstwhile comrades in arms, John Ryan and Captain John Connolly, for both want the office.

The canvass has begun and as between the men it looks as though Ryan were ahead. Unless the proverbial "dark horse" looms up, which people say he will likely do, here is the way sixteen aldermen will likely vote.

For Ryan:—Ald. Stewart, Musgrave, Geldert, Dennis, Hamilton, Mitchell, Mosher, Creighton and Foster—9.

For Connolly:—Ald. Butler, Redden, McFadden, Eden, and Lane—5.

Alderman Outbit will be absent from the city when the vote is taken, for he is off on a prolonged trip for the benefit of his health. In order to run for the position Ald. Ryan will have to resign his seat. This is why the alderman voting strength will be sixteen instead of the full eighteen. The slate printed above however, only gives the names of fourteen aldermen. The reason for that is that aldermen O'Donnell and Hubley are doubtful. They may both go to Ryan and both may go to Connolly, but the chances are that they will divide and one go to each. In that case the vote would stand 10 to 6.

There are some remarkable canvasses going on and some peculiar appeals for votes are said to have been made to render possible such a state as that which is given. For instance a compact is said to have been entered into between a south-end alderman and one from the north-end for to both to support Ryan on condition that Caretaker Spelman is allowed undisturbed possession of his position, for it is generally acknowledged that, while Mr. Spelman is a useful man and his office by no means a sinecure, that a properly qualified chief of the fire department could perform the duties of both officers without injury to the public service. Ryan is willing if need be, to be more of a "call chief" than an officer devoting his whole time to the service. In case of the appointment of a "call chief" there would be the same work for the caretaker that now exists, while with a fully salaried chief, devoting his entire time to the city, there need be but little left for the caretaker to do. When therefore this south-end and north-end alderman came to this understanding it practically means that they favor Ryan as a "call chief." Advocates of this system cite the example furnished by Chief Kerr in St. John.

A canvass that is made for votes for Connolly and possibly also for Ryan, is the threat that aldermen will be opposed at the fourth-coming elections, and that this opposition will also be continued next year, if they do not vote for one candidate or the other, according as the canvasser wishes. This argument of electoral opposition is doubtless a legitimate one, but in the language of the street the chances are that it will not "cut much ice" with the alderman when the final blow is to be struck which

will make either Ryan or Connolly chief of the new Halifax fire department.

The members of the union engine company, who though relieved from duty as fireman, still maintain their corporate existence as a club, and who are comfortably and luxuriously housed in their rooms in the Hesselein building, are interested in the contest merely as watchful spectators. Both Ryan and Connolly were their enemies in the past. The U. E. C. owe neither of them anything beyond a desire to square off old scores and get even with them for deadly injuries. Yet as between Ryan and Connolly they would favor the former. Connolly was made the figure-head of the department when Captain Murphy and his trusty men were thrust out of the service, and the idea of Connolly's name as chief proves more of the red rag before the bull than does Ryan's. The alderman as chairman of the board of fireworks, has had an opportunity to make friends with some of his fallen foes and Ryan is an easy-going, kind-hearted liberal sort of a man anyway. Connolly has had no such chance to turn enemies into friends, and even if he had he is not just the kind of man naturally to take advantage of them. The U. E. C. have no love for either candidate, but they hate Ryan less than his rival. That is all they would favor the "dark horse" idea if it were possible.

And it is by no means unlikely that there may be a "dark horse." What about Spelman himself for chief? or what about the captain of the union protection company as a "call chief." He is equally capable with the candidates who are prevalent in the field, but if merit is to prevail Thomas Spelman will be elected, dark horse though he be; in the words of an astute member of the city council, then, "let the battle proceed!"

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The worst of overwork is that it exaggerates the evils of any kidney ailment however slight.

If the kidneys are not in perfect filtering order, more poison is injected through them to all parts of the body than is usual and then work, to say nothing of overwork, is harmful.

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And set them in good working order at once by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

As soon as your kidneys commence doing good work there is less and less poison in the blood every minute.

This explains why Dodd's Kidney Pills cure so promptly and effectively.

The kidneys do all the purifying as soon as they are helped by the greatest of kidney helpers—Dodd's Kidney Pills.

It was an outgoing Atlantic steamer, and the questioner was fresh from the Midlands. "What is the ship stopping for?" he demanded of the first officer. "To let the pilot off." "Let the pilot off!" in shrill incredulity. "Do you mean that he doesn't cross the Atlantic ocean and direct the course?" "I mean precisely that." The other pondered a while, and then, smiling with satisfaction, as the bright idea struck him. "I suppose he sets the rudder pointing in the right direction before he leaves."

These are a few of the men that make Helena the richest city in the world according to its population, and take them as a whole better men cannot be found in all the world; men who do not trouble much about christianity but who are chock full of good old fashioned humanity and who if they want to pound a man or praise a man do not wait till he is six feet under ground to do so. There is more horse sense in the west to day, with all its crudeness, than there ever was in the east. If anything is dreaded here it is the name of being conceited, and perhaps on that account the westerner goes a little to the other extreme, but of two evils the old saw says choose the least.

I wrote PROGRESS some time ago about Old Pike Landusky and his pass over the Divide. Last week the sequel to that tragedy was enacted, and one of the Curry boys who shot Old Pike got his quietus. He went into the house of a rancher called Winters and told Winters he'd give him ten days to leave the country. Winters knew the customer he had to deal with and shot him on the spot and then gave himself up. There is no doubt that he will be

SOLID MEN IN MONTANA.

HELENA THE RICHEST CITY OF ITS SIZE ON EARTH.

Some of the Men who Have Struck It Rich—The Country a Hard One for the Pilgrim Until He Gets Experience—Sound Advice to Those who are in the East.

HARLEM, Mont., Feb. 20.—Away down in the corner of a late edition of PROGRESS was a note stating that Helena, Montana, claimed to be the richest city in the world according to its population. Helena is the richest city in the world according to its population and there is less dog put on there than there is in some little one horse towns in the east that is not worth enough to make one good blow in for one of the moneyed men of Helena. The pilgrim in coming to Montana generally falls into the hands of some gambler or bar tender and thinks he is amongst the bloods, for these are the classes in Montana that put on frills. To see one of our moneyed men in the east, he would be taken for a navy or a dock hand and to see one of our five men he'd pass for the secretary of the g vernor.

Tommy Cruise, perhaps the richest man in Helena was for years so hard up that he did not know at times how to rustle a sack of flour. He made his pile by his staying qualities. He struck the Drum Lummond in the old placer days and held her down till the Northern was built and the English dude started to this country in search of a show. Tommy sold half of the Drum Lummond to an English company and is now taking things easy in his old age. After making his pile he got married and people say he gave the weight of his wife in gold for her. She was only 16 years old whilst Tommy is getting away into the sere and yellow. His wife died a year ago and the old man has a hard show keeping from getting married again. He is also aide de camp to the governor of Montana now, and in fact Tommy is a good part of Montana himself.

Granville Steward, another of the old timers, is the Montana cattle king. Born in Scotland he is as canny as any of his ilk, and is, I think, the best hated man that has ever in Montana. Having a good education his money has paved the way to political honors and at present he represents Uncle Sam at one of the South American republics, but if he's made king it will not wash innocent blood off of his hands. The poorest miner in Helena is better off today than the who has been the cause of more lynchings than any man in the west. Seventy five in three weeks is Granville Steward's record, all hung on the musselshell of his lieutenant, Flopping Bill. No doubt some of them needed hanging, but there were a lot of innocent men among them.

Charlie and Billy Conrad, two more of the moneyed men of Helena, did business for years and made their stake in Fort Benton under the firm name of J. G. Baker & Co. They are about the most popular men in Montana. Southerners by birth, they are gentlemen and no political honors are beyond their reach if they would but choose. They came to Montana first with what is called the left wing of Price's army. A lot came to Montana at that time. It is said that the left wing of Price's army came here in a body after the war. Charlie Conrad is married to a Nova Scotia lady and his wife is as popular in Montana as he is himself.

Joe Hirschberg, another of Helena's moneyed men is a Jew. He is the biggest sheep owner in all Montana, and will do more for a cent today than any man in the state. He started life at Benton with a grab bag and by the grab process, with and without the bag, is today a many time millionaire.

Then there is ex-New Brunswicker, Geo. Hammond, who rumor says is the Northern railway king and every one knows he is the greatest lumber king in the West, owning mills from Missoula to the Pacific coast. He is an old timer in Montana and has an old smell powder. Then comes the brewer Kentuckian, Frank Kelston, who owns the largest mining interest in Marysville a suburb of Helena, and who is also a cattle and sheep king, a regular old Southerner with a heart in him like a mountain.

These are a few of the men that make Helena the richest city in the world according to its population, and take them as a whole better men cannot be found in all the world; men who do not trouble much about christianity but who are chock full of good old fashioned humanity and who if they want to pound a man or praise a man do not wait till he is six feet under ground to do so. There is more horse sense in the west to day, with all its crudeness, than there ever was in the east. If anything is dreaded here it is the name of being conceited, and perhaps on that account the westerner goes a little to the other extreme, but of two evils the old saw says choose the least.

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turned loose, as he should be, for Curry would surely have killed him if he had not acted in self defence, and if the law won't protect a man he must do it himself.

This has been one of the best winters I ever saw. All the stock is fat and losses nil. I only fed five tons of hay to fifteen hundred sheep this winter, and if the Dingley Bill passes as it most likely will, every town from Chinook to Helena will be painted red next hearing and old Montana will be as gay as she was six years ago.

I would like to add, as I have had letters from several young chaps in New Brunswick wanting to come to Montana, that it would be a very bad thing to do so, unless they have no prospects whatever in the east. The life here is entirely different from what the North Shore herring friends are used to, and they will have to pack their blankets many the weary mile to get experience enough to know they have no experience in stock raising at all, and then they must settle down for four or five years hard work to fit them to run their own stock on the range. There is nothing like experience now in the good old fashioned way and there is nothing in life half so pleasing when the rustle is over as a tough time. It does a fellow good in eating a square meal to think of the times he had none to eat, which has been and is the fate of many the young chap who has come west before the conceit has been taken out of him. As for myself I have had my share, more than the pilgrim gets now days, but it makes a fellow salt the dollars when he does make a pile and teaches a man who his friends are, and I can say from experience that if poverty makes strange bed-fellows it also teaches a man how to size up his kind. A man never knows his friends if he can rattle a lot of silver dollars in his overalls, but sometimes the old wheel turns backwards and gives another chap a show which the intending pilgrim to the west should bear in mind and not lose his nip. If you must come, come prepared to take things as they are, and if you have the staying qualities all will in time be well. There is plenty of work here at \$30 per month, but it is lonesome and pretty tough on the pilgrim, and only very extraordinary circumstances should induce any young fellow to come west. FRANK S. BLISS.

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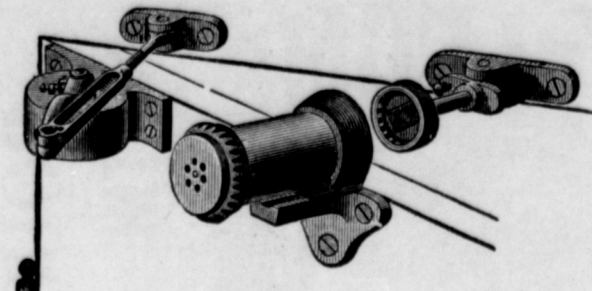
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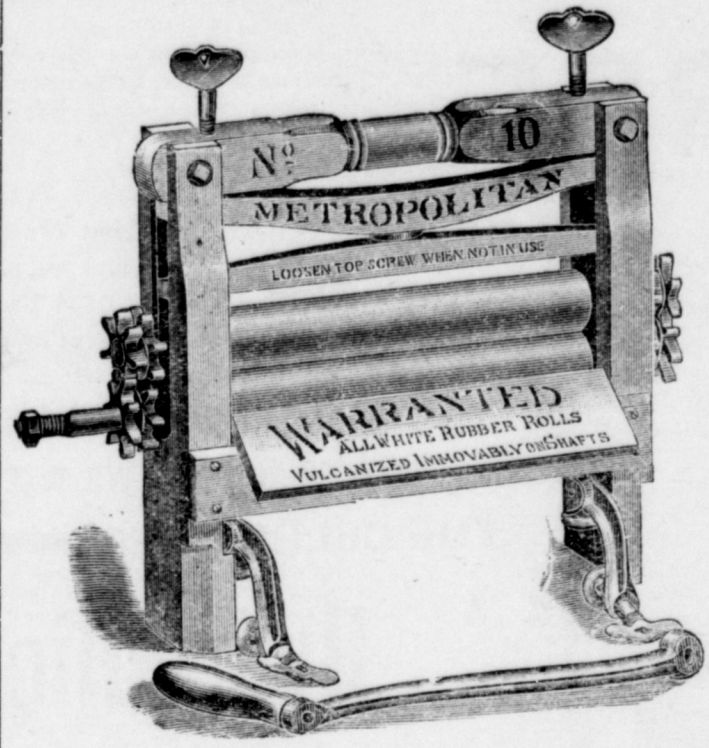
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