

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1897.

## WHO WILL BE MAYOR.

SEVERAL CANDIDATES WILL PUT IN AN APPEARANCE.

Neddy O'Donnell will be one for sure—He is Already Canvassing—Proposed Legislation may Possibly Affect Aspiring Aspirants—Other Matters.

HALIFAX, Jan. 7.—Who is to be the next mayor of Halifax? There are many aspirants. One thing is sure—that if Mayor McPherson offers for re-election he will be returned and with only one opponent—Ald. O'Donnell. It is not known whether Mr. McPherson will again offer, or what effect the candidature of O'Donnell will have upon him. It may make him take off his coat and fight for a third term, or it may so fill him with disgust that he shall retire, no one yet knows what the mayor will do, whether he will stick to the chair or abandon it.

If he retire, there will be a big field of candidates should "Neddy" not be knocked out by proposed legislation, making it compulsory to resign an aldermanic seat before running for the mayoralty, he will be in the race for one.

Then there will be also James F. Hamilton, the iconoclastic reformer, the man who knows more of civic matters than any other in the council. He will carry the "solid south" and make big inroads into the north.

Ald. Foster has his eye on the chair. He never comes out squarely on a question unless there are special reasons for doing so. Like St. Paul he is apt to be "all things to all men" if by any means he may win some. Ald. Foster's hope lies in the north end. His chances are second to those of Ald. Hamilton's, and if "Neddy" runs Ald. Foster will have but slim chances, for the pugnacious alderman from ward 4. will take more from Ald. Foster's natural followers than from those who would vote for Hamilton.

With these giants in the field Ald. Mosher would not likely make the attempt for the position he so much covets, but he might try it after all.

There is one other man who says he will seek the suffrages of the people to place him in the Mayor's chair. This is none other than Alexander Stephen, ex-chairman of the board of works. His candidature would complicate matters to some extent for Ald. Hamilton in the south. But with them all in the field, the real fight would be between Ald. Hamilton and Ald. Foster, with odds on the former.

## ALDERMANIC SKELETONS SHOWN.

Halifax Civic Representatives Have trouble of Their Own.

HALIFAX, Jan. 7.—Ald. Redden at the last meeting of the city council got in some of his fine work on Ald. O'Donnell and Ald. Hubley. Both gentlemen were accused of using their aldermanic position for the advancement of their own interests. Ald. Hubley was accused of securing city teams to cart away material from excavations he was making, but the alderman has ample justification for anything he may have done, and he will take the first opportunity to present it.

Whether "Neddy" can show that the charge that he availed himself of City Engineer Doane's absence to prevail upon Superintendent of streets McDonald to remove material that has been declined by the city, remains to be seen. O'Donnell says he can do so. We shall see, but in the meantime people are watching him very closely.

By the way, a story is being whispered round that an alderman now in the council was able to induce the city, not only to cart away material from a cellar, but that he was influential enough to have city workmen dig his cellar for him as well as haul away the material that otherwise would have had to be trucked off at considerable expense to him. There is a skeleton in almost every aldermanic as well as other closets.

## THE MODERATOR HELD A LEVEE.

It is an Innovation That Meets With Much Approval in Halifax.

HALIFAX, Jan. 7.—The governor, the general, the archbishop and the bishop, all held official levees on New Year's day in this city. There was one other—the levee held by Rev. Dr. Gordon, moderator of the Presbyterian general assembly. It is an innovation for the moderator to thus receive callers, though the example was set years ago by the late Rev. Dr. Burns.

It is strange that, while a certain set of people seem to think it all right for the

other state and church dignitaries to hold these levees, they object to the moderator falling into line. They admit that he is head of a church co-extensive with the bonds of the dominion, but they seem to think that because he is elected only for a year, or because of some other reason that he should not presume to lift up his head as an official dignified enough to announce a New Year's levee. There are a few of these kickers who think the moderator should be above such trivialities of society. The objectors are unreasonable, at least this is what the vast majority of Presbyterians and the public generally who talk about it say. One thing is sure Moderator Gordon's levee was as pleasant and as well carried out as any of the others, and the head of the Presbyterian church has in this matter the support of ninety and nine out of the hundred.

## AS TO BEDSTEADS.

Nickel Frames Unpopular—Erase a Favorite Material for Beds.

There was a time when the bedstead was a simple framework. Not so now. Since the medical fraternity has declared that it is essential for man to spend one-third of his time sleeping the bedstead has come to be one of the complexities of modern life. It has developed from a skeleton of plain wood or iron into a magnificent piece of furniture, and people choose their bedsteads with care and thought. Nickel bedsteads are the newest. They are seen at places where large assortments of metal bed frames are kept. The nickel bedstead has proved a poor seller, for it is too cold in appearance to help to furnish a room. The average purchaser looks at a bedstead from two view-points before buying, the utilitarian and the ornamental, and really the latter is often considered first. Since the bedstead is the largest piece of furniture in a room, it naturally has important work to do in giving the room a furnished appearance. The nickel bed frame almost chills one to the marrow to enter a room on a cold day and see a great silver bedstead staring one in the face.

'Nickel bedsteads,' said a dealer, 'are fit only for one thing—that is, to furnish summer houses. About a year ago Italy sent an importation of bed frames made of German silver to this country, and American manufacturers got the idea of finishing metal beds in nickel. Silver is the coldest metal we have; so naturally the German silver beds were hard stock, and so, too, those of nickel have proved. While they are made on the models of the brass bedstead, they have an unfinished appearance, and no amount of twists, curves, and carvings can do away with this. A bedroom used only in summer, hung in pale blue or gray paper, with matting on the floor, looks very inviting on a hot day with a nickel bedstead, but actually it almost makes one shiver to show one now. These frames vary in price from \$16 to \$60, but they will never come much into vogue.'

Brass is the thing to get if one is buying a metal bed. It is rich and warm in appearance, and one does not tire of it. The pattern differs little from year to year, but each season finds the finish more perfect.

'Twin beds in metal or wood are the popular things nowadays. The frames are as alike as two peas in a pod, and appear to be one bed when pushed together. If one of two people occupying the same bed happens to be restless the twin bed is a cinch, for the kicker can be shoved over to the other side of the room. Women who have snoring husbands pronounce the twin frame a godsend. The best brass bedsteads are not made of solid brass, as is commonly supposed. They have iron supports running through each separate rod, and this gives the frame rigidity, which is an essential point, and also stability. Solid brass frames give with every movement, and are easily bent.

'An odd design has a low foot, though high ones are most used, now, and a high head. Of course it, like all others, is made by hand and has a great deal of scroll work. Another rather new one is the balcony bed. The rods at the foot curve out and remind one of the iron bars before bank windows. This is a favorite with very tall men, for it gives them ten or twelve extra inches in length. The price is \$100 and we have some as high as \$500. A brass frame seldom costs more than that.

SHORT'S "DYSPEPTICURE" acts like magic in all stomach troubles, cures chronic dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, sleeplessness, bilious disorders, etc. 35c. and \$1.00 at all drug stores.

~~~~~OUR GREAT ANNUAL SALE~~~~~

OF

## Household Linens, Sheets, Pillow Cases, &c.

Will commence on MONDAY, the 11th inst.

When we will offer one of the largest and best assorted stocks of these goods ever placed before our customers, and at prices decidedly in the purchasers' favor.

During this sale HEMMING will be done in the best manner, as usual, free of charge.

*Manchester Robertson & Allison. St. John*

It's queer how dealers learn to read people's character by the pedsteads they buy. People of refinement and good taste get perfectly plain brass frames, while the new rich go in for the bedsteads of most fancy design. Then we never fail to find out whether a person has an artistic temperament or not. Nickel bed frames will never out those made of brass even if the latter are hard to keep clean in one sense.

No metal bedstead can be made so handsome as some wooden ones. Neither can it give such an air of comfort to a room.

'There is nothing like a mahogany bedstead to give an air of solid comfort to a sleeping apartment,' declares an authority on this subject. 'It cannot be said that one wood is more popular than another, for that is a matter of taste; but many immensely wealthy people who are furnishing new homes these days are partial to this bedstead. It is Louis XV. style, and made of solid mahogany. What could be more graceful than those curved lines? It has Vernis-Martin panels, ornamented with Cupids painted in gold at head and foot, and the carving could hardly be surpassed. The price is \$500. The next Louis changed the style of bedsteads during his reign, many prefer his fancy. It is very effective in light wood, with a canopy to match, lined with some pale-colored brocade. Here is one birdseye maple ornamented with hand-carved garlands that look almost as if one could take each flower of separately. While the birdseye maple is beautiful, it does not compare with the white mahogany. This pair of twin beds is made of the latter, and is inlaid with mother of pearl, copper, silver, and brass. The carving is in the style of the Italian Renaissance, and the price is \$1,000 though this style can be made to cost several thousands. Frames made of sa inwood, and inlaid in the same way, are much used by swell people.

'When made of wood twin beds are often joined at the head and foot, and yet are distinct. This bedstead is made in that style. It has been here many years, and every rich man who furnishes a new house looks and looks at it as it fascinated, but buys something else. It is made of mahogany, and the carving on it is wonderful. Figures support the head, and the panels are alive with carved Cupids. This frame looks as if it might have a history, but it hasn't, and any one who is willing to put up \$1,200 for it can have it. That's the reason we've had it for a long while? Nonsense! Some people think nothing of paying \$3,000 for a bedstead. I'll show you one at that price now, and there is not a handsomer one in this city. It is a Louis XV. frame, made of cherry wood enameled. The panel at the head is painted with a Cupid design, and the one at the foot represents Venus and Vulcan. The headboard underneath the panel is upholstered and tufted in pink brocade damask, which harmonizes with the painting above. The price is \$3,000.

'America excels in making magnificent bedsteads. Many people who have an idea that everything can be made better and more beautiful on the other side than at home can hardly believe it when they learn that all of these bed frames are made right in this city. Hundreds of men are kept busy doing the carving, painting and inlaid work that are now predominating features.'—N. Y. Sun.

## LORD WOLSELEY AS POSTMASTER.

His Method of Invading a Native Post Office and Getting the Mail.

Any one who has known what it is to wait day after day in some out-of-the-world nook for letters which were all the time safely reposing in some neglected corner of a sleepy post-office, can appreciate the story that is told of Lord Wolseley by Mr. Nourse, who was with her majesty's forces through the Soudan campaign.

At Korti, Nourse went into the post-office to look for some letters. The postmaster was a native and not much used to

handwriting. He made a superficial examination of a big pile of letters and while he was looking them over a man with nothing to designate his rank came into the office. He took in the situation at a glance.

'Let's clear this thing out,' he said. They jumped on the counter and proceeded to 'clear it out' by first bundling out the postmaster. Then they began a careful examination of the post-office, and found it congested with mail for the army.

They searched every nook and cranny, throwing the letters for each regiment into a different pile, and heaping up all the newspapers in the centre of the room. Then they went through each pile and separated it into companies. Before night every letter was in camp and distributed, and the next day the papers were out.

Nourse did not know the name of his companion in the benevolent deed, and when he asked, the answer was, 'They call me Charlie.'

Some time after Nourse found it necessary to see the commandant, and sitting near the tent to which he had been directed he saw his companion of the post-office.

'Hallo, Charlie!' he said. 'I'm looking for the commandant. Where shall I find him?'

'Well,' said Charlie, 'you won't have to look far. I'm the commandant. Come inside and have a bit to eat and drink.'

It was Lord Wolseley.

## MACEO IN ENGLISH EYES.

Greater than Toussaint l'Ouverture—A Proof of the Ability of Half-Caste Races.

The career of Maceo, the Cuban insurgent, the report of whose death, whether by an accidental bullet or by a treacherous assassination, seems at last to be established, has an interest other than the political one. He was probably the greatest, certainly most successful, mulatto or quadroon who ever lived. For eighteen months, with a force which has never exceeded 20,000 men all told, with inadequate artillery, and supplies which were at best intermittent, he has held at bay an army of 200,000 Spanish soldiers, commanded by a specially picked General, and supported by the resources in the way of supplies of a great European State. He inspired his followers, half-cast peasants most of them, with a zeal like that of Hitler's Bavarians, a zeal which enabled him to fight a perpetually retreating battle without ever risking the demoralization of his men, or any grand defeat such as might have fatally impaired their numbers. He organized a system of espionage which the Spaniards met in vain by executing every suspected spy, he manoeuvred half-drilled men with a rapidity which bewildered his scientifically trained

opponents, and at the moment when he was shot, or stabbed, he had drawn the great force opposed to him over a line of fortifications constructed by them with immense expense and labor, had got behind Gen. Weyler, and was in full march upon the capital, where he is believed, on Spanish testimony, to have thousands of adherents. These are the feats of a great guerrilla Captain, and a great guerrilla Captain is at least an undeveloped General; but there was in Maceo something beyond military ability. He must have had impressiveness of character of a very unusual kind. Nothing can exceed the prejudice of the true Spaniard, the man who has trained at home, against the half-caste, unless it be the prejudice of a north American or the Englishman, yet there can be no doubt that Maceo was followed and revered by thousands of Spaniards and hundreds of Americans, and that had he lived to see the independence of his country, he would have been the first President of the Cuban republic. Of the impression which he made upon his enemies we need no other proof than the exultant congratulations of all Spain when the news of his death was officially confirmed. City after proclaimed a festival, and from every municipal and other corporate body in Spain there went up telegrams of congratulation to the Queen Regent. To overcome the prejudice of color so completely that white Americans are mourning almost with sobs over the fall of a quadroon, and to make so deep an impression upon a hostile European people, Maceo must have been a great man, at least as great as, or probably greater than, Toussaint l'Ouverture, the hero of San Domingo.—London Spectator.

## American Brevity.

A rich American, according to the following anecdote related in Good Words by the Rev. Donald MacLeod, D. D., presented himself one day at the studio of Sir John Millais, and without preamble began at once to speak.

'Sir,' he said, 'I wish to take a present back to my wife. She says she would like to have my portrait painted by the very best artist in the country. I have been told that you are the man. When can I have a sitting?'

'I am at present very busy,' said Millais.

'So am I,' was the reply.

'But I am a very expensive artist.'

'How much do you charge?'

A large price was named.

'Shall I give you a check now?'

'Not at all,' said Millais, 'I merely mentioned it to prevent misunderstandings.'

'How many sittings do you require?'

'Five or six, at least.'

'If you can do it in fewer so much the better, for I am a very busy man and my time is valuable.'

Millais enjoyed the manner in which his plea of being busy had been met, and agreed to paint him.

## Scoff and Cough.

The man who scoffs at friendly advice to "take something for that cough," will keep on coughing, until he changes his mind or changes his earthly residence. Singular, isn't it, how many stubborn people persist in gambling, with health as the stake, when they might be effectually cured of cough, cold, or lung trouble, by a few doses of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

\* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.