

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1897.

THEY ARE IN GOOD TIME.

ASPIRANTS FOR THE MAYORALTY WORKING IN HALIFAX.

Four Months Before the Election—Some of the Canvassers That are Being Used—Alderman Mosher may be in the Field—His Claims for Public Support.

HALIFAX, Jan. 14.—It seem there is another candidate for mayoralty honors in certain contingencies in this city. He is not a new aspirant for the chair. He has been talked of before and, of course, he has talked of it himself. The new alderman claimant for the chief magistracy is Ald. Mosher from ward 6, an expert in city government especially as it was managed under the old board of works regime. Ald. Mosher has, in addition to his stock of knowledge of city affairs, the qualification of considerable leisure, a snug bank account, and enthusiasm in civic matters. He dearly loves his work on behalf of the toiling thousands in this city whose commerce Ald. Musgrave says is, if not declining is at least stagnant. Like the other candidates, whose name is legion Ald. Mosher would give his eye teeth to get ahead in the race for the mayoralty.

That leads up to Ald. "Neddy" O'Donnell. If there is one of the six who intends to run Edward is the man. He has his bowery cap set firmly on his head; metaphorically speaking, his sleeves are rolled up and he has his sword buckled on for the fray, four months before the battle will actually be fought and won. The alderman is canvassing hard. He made a bold bid for the votes of 40 policemen when in the city council the other night, he moved that the cops each get an increase of \$50 salary, and this despite his reputed unfriendliness with Chief O'Sullivan and his open hostility to that other civic officer of the law, the faithful H. H. Banks, inspectors of licenses.

An instance of the private canvass made by Ald. O'Donnell in seeking mayoralty votes, is told by a well-known clerk who is a member of the famous Hispania club. He says that Ald. O'Donnell met him in front of the shop owned by a popular alderman when the aspirant for fame said:

"I want your vote, Mr. ———"

"Well, I'll think about it," was the cautious reply.

"Do. And don't you forget that what we want is to purify civic life. Look in that shop window. If you or I wanted flowers like those we would have to pay for them, but the alderman can get them without that trouble. Put me in the mayor's chair and such things will be stopped right smart."

Such is the story told by this clerk. It may be exactly true or it may be exaggerated; when the alderman in question hears of it he may carry out his oft repeated threat to make such an onslaught on the man who uses this yarn of using his position to get flowers free; that he will never dare repeat it. Those who know anything about the inside of civic matters know that the alderman never took a single plant from the public gardens to decorate his shop, or for any other purpose of that kind. The chances are that a sense of this fact will be brought home rather forcibly to the doughty candidate from south Brunswick street.

THE DOCTOR WAS HILARIOUS.

They were Having a Social, But It Ended in a Little Trouble.

HALIFAX, January 14.—The doctors of Halifax are as able a band of physicians as will be found in any city. Some of them make large salaries, but all are a self-sacrificing lot of men. No one who needs medical attendance is deprived of it because of poverty. The dispensary gives free aid to one in nine of the population of Halifax. Nearly 10,000 free prescriptions are given and a corresponding number of visits are paid to the homes of poor patients. As a rule they are a sober-living part of our population—these doctors. But many of them like a good time too, some of them like it too well. An instance of a little too much jollity was furnished at an early hour the other morning when a well-known physician with a good practice joined a party that were having a late social. The doctor was full of fun and noisy hilarity. He was too noisy in fact. There is but a step between weeping and laughter—a fact which was demonstrated on this occasion, for the doctor became entangled in some controversy with one of the convivialists and the laughter of one moment was

metamorphosed into angry looks and loud threats which if they did not make the principals weep must have made the angels sigh. No actual blows were struck—a good thing or this doctor and his assailant might both have sustained material injuries. Doctor, give it up!

TO TEACH THEM SELF-CONTROL.

A Method Adapted by Some Nurses to Stop Baby's Crying.

Though the sound of a baby's crying is never agreeable music, even to the most devoted mother, it has been held for centuries that this was an affliction from which there was no escape. It has remained for the trained nurse to discover a method by which babies are induced to hold their peace: As soon as a child begins to cry the nurse catches it up, holds it gently, and places her hand over its nose and mouth so that it cannot breathe. The crying ceases directly and the child is allowed to breathe freely again. Should it a second time attempt to scream the same simple and effectual method is applied. This is repeated till the baby imagines that the painful stoppages of the breath are caused by its own efforts to scream, and so is careful to keep quiet. It is claimed that this plan works to a charm, and that the self-control exhibited by infants three months old, even when in actual pain and distress, is something remarkable.

"Providence!" said Sammy Craddock in "That Lass o' Lowrie's" when some well meaning neighbor tried to comfort him for the loss of his property by calling his misfortune a dispensation of Providence—"Well if them's the ways of Providence, the less notice He takes of us the better, I'm thinkin'." To paraphrase the eccentric Sammy, if that's the ways of trained nurses the less we have to do with them the better! I have long cherished the opinion that the trained nurse was addicted to taking too much upon herself, and I think the above paragraph fully justifies my estimate of her. The idea of anything calling itself a woman openly confessing to having experimented upon helpless babies until the discovery was made that by "placing the hand over its nose and mouth, so that it cannot breathe"—in other words choking it into silence—the child may be taught even at the early age of three months, a salutary lesson in self control, even in actual pain and distress.

It would be interesting to know just what the luckless infant gains by the self control which is taught to it in such a heroic manner; up to the present time a lusty cry has been the baby's only means of communicating its troubles to the world, when it was well and happy, it cried, or laughed, and when things were not going well with it, a wail of indignation or pain announced the fact to its relatives and attendants. But of the humane system "discovered" by the trained nurse mentioned above, should be generally adopted, there will be no way left for the infant to express its feelings, and after it has thoroughly learned the cruel lesson of self control its parents and nurses will have no way of discovering its physical condition until it is beyond the reach of help, and the baby that escapes being choked to death, during its lesson, is very likely to die of the self control it has been at such pains to learn.

It is really sickening to hear self control, and three months' old infants mentioned in the same breath, and the mother or nurse who would purchase ease and freedom from the annoyance of a child's crying by any such means, should be accommodated with a roomy cell in some nice cool jail, where the walls are so thick that no disturbing sounds from the outer world can penetrate them, and where healthful occupation in the shape of oakum picking, could take the place of the more congenial work of teaching babies to control their feelings. This sounds like strong language I know, but I really think this trained nurse's discovery is about as barbarous a performance as any of Fairy Camp's or Betsy Prig's little customs with their victims, and that such a woman should not be at large, since Heaven only knows what experiments she might be tempted to try upon her adult patients.

ASTRA.

The Best Data he Could Give.

I have a friend who is connected with one of the large shoe stores of the city. A day or two ago he was called to attend to the wants of a customer, and his first question brought out the fact that the man wanted a pair of shoes. Of course my friend next inquired the size, and thereby hangs this tale. The customer looked dumfounded for a minute, but he was not to be fazed by such a simple question, and finally he blurted out:

"Wa'al I don't know exactly, but I wear a fifteen and a half collar."

He did his best, but my friend was not sufficiently posted in the relative proportions of one's neck and feet, and so had to make a guess at the size required, and try different pairs until he had found the proper fit.—Springfield Union.

• • OUR GREAT JANUARY SALE OF • • Ladies' and Children's White Underwear

HUNDREDS of our Lady Patrons have been waiting for this opportunity, and to such we can assure the largest selection of garments has been prepared for their approval. The goods are now ready for inspection in the "LADIES' ROOM," Second Floor. All NEW and FRESH from the makers' hands.

The success of our annual sale of FINE UNDERWEAR in former seasons is well known. This sale—in the variety of styles, in the quality of materials, in the perfection of cut and fashioning, in the excellence of workmanship—excels any sale we have ever held.

Actual Facts Worth Remembering

VALUE, STYLE, CORRECTNESS OF SHAPE, QUALITY FOR PRICE, AND VARIETY OF DISPLAY, are not excelled in Canada.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

INCIDENT IN A STEAM-CAR.

A Great Man's Kindly Acts Are Spoken of Years Afterwards.

In 1877 two Harvard professors were in Baltimore together at the Johns Hopkins University, says a writer in the November Atlantic. One of them, Professor James Russell Lowell, was giving a course of lectures on poetry, and the other, Professor Francis J. Child, was giving a course of readings from Chaucer. Lowell was full of enthusiasm at his colleague's success. "Child goes on winning all hearts and ears," he wrote to his friend, Professor Norton. "I am rejoiced to have this chance of seeing so much of him, for though I loved him before, I did not know how lovable he was till this intimacy."

This testimony which was lately reprinted on the occasion of Professor Child's death, is most happily supplemented by an anonymous writer in the November Atlantic. She was on her way to Washington twenty years ago, having with her a three-year-old child. It was midwinter, and the train was stalled in the night by a terrible blizzard. Hours were spent in digging away the snow, and when a start was again made, it was at a slow pace.

"We were still two hundred miles from Washington," the lady says, "when the church clock struck eight in a village where we halted. Men jumped up to see if there was time to get a cup of coffee; nervous and anxious women clamored for tea, and I cried with the rest, 'Oh, if only I could get a glass of milk for my little girl!'"

"Impossible," said the brakeman, passing through the car; "we sha'n't be here but a minute."

"Paying no heed to his words, a gentleman of striking appearance, whose fine face and head I had been silently studying, hurriedly left the car and disappeared upon the snowy platform."

"He'll get left," sneered the brakeman.

"The train moved on, feeling its way through the huge white banks. The gentlemen had evidently been travelling alone, for no one seemed anxious because he did not come back. The cars were hardly in full swing, however, when he jumped aboard a little out of breath, dusted with snow, but self possessed and calm, holding carefully a tall glass of milk, which he gave to the wee girl beside me."

"My stammered thanks for such unexpected kindness from an unknown traveller he brushed away with a wave of his hand."

"But the glass?" I insisted, knowing it could not be returned, as we were now thundering onward. "Is yours, madam," he replied, settling himself into his seat and paying no more attention to us.

"Later in the course of the dreary forenoon he motioned to the little lass to come to him, which she willingly did. He lifted her to his side, and with his arm around her she cuddled up against him, and for two hours he whispered stories into her ear, so low that no one else could hear, but the delight of which was reflected in her dancing eyes and smiling lips."

"At Baltimore the stranger disappeared and a gentleman across the passage from us leaned over and said:

"Do you know who has been entertaining your child so charmingly, as indeed he only could?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Prof. Francis J. Child."

"So many years have flown since then that the little lass herself writes stories now—perhaps far away echoes of those she heard that wintry day when Professor Child made summer in her heart; but

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES—2 quart, in wood box, with 4 pipes (including vaginal irrigator) \$1.00 Postpaid to any part of Canada \$1.10. C. K. SHOWN, Druggist, St. John, N. B.

the tall, thick depot tumbler still stands on the high shelf of the cupboard, too sacred for use, save as a memento of the kindly chivalry of a great man to a little child.

THE FAST PONY EXPRESS.

How the Mail was Carried Thirty Five Years ago Across the Prairie.

The 3d of April, 1860, was a great day in St. Joseph, Missouri. On that day the fast pony express between that point and Sacramento, California, began business, after two years of preparation. The distance to be covered was two thousand miles, and the country was of itself almost the most difficult imaginable, while the natural dangers were heightened indefinitely, by the presence of hostile Indians. Relay stations had been established, riders engaged, and the promoters of the enterprise were full of confidence, though people in general had been slow to believe that the scheme was practicable. The New York Sun recently printed a long and interesting account of the inception and progress of the work, and from the account we borrow part of a statement made by Gen. David Peck, one of the founders of the express, who is now living in San Bernardino.

"The most remarkable rider we had on our express line was Billy Cody, since famous as Buffalo Bill. He was a young strip of a fellow when he worked for us, and did not weigh over one hundred and five pounds. He was known all over the plains even then as the toughest rough rider in the West. His regular ride was one hundred and twelve miles every other day through Nebraska."

One day, when he had dashed over his stretch, he found that the relay station had been attacked by Cheyennes, and the two men at the station were dead in their tracks. Bill saw indications that the Indians were some forty miles ahead, but that did not deter him for a moment. He mounted a fresh bronco, and rode on for another night and part of the day.

He rode two hundred and eighty-four miles without stopping to rest for more than the regulation two minutes at a change of horses. He averaged sixteen miles an hour from first to last, so you can see how he travelled. We gave Bill a good watch for that work. I have never heard the equal of that for hard and fast riding. Not one rider in a thousand could endure such a strain.

The most exciting experience we had in the pony express days was in the fall of 1861 when the Pute Indians went on the war-path for some grievance against the government Indian agents, and were out for the blood of every white man they could murder.

Half of our experienced bronco-riders in Nevada and Utah quit work immediately after the men at one of the relay stations had been killed and scalped. We raised the pay of the men along that route to \$160 a month, but even that was no inducement for many good rough riders to go to work in the hostile region.

You can be sure that no rider who did stay with the company ever permitted himself to nod in travelling in the Pute country, and every man took an extra armament along with him. Once when a rider had quit work, it was absolutely necessary to get a rider out on the line that day. I happened to be at the Basin Canon station in Nevada when the rider quit.

"Bob, the express must go through today, Indians or no Indians," said I, addressing Bob Ellison, a brave fellow

twenty-one years of age, who had never seemed to know what fear was in the express service. "I'll give you fifty dollars extra to ride the two stretches to Camp Fuller."

Now Camp Fuller was two hundred and eighteen miles to the east, and the rider had to pass through a locality where he might run into six or seven hundred war-painted Putes, just waiting for a man like a pony express rider.

"Well," said Bob, quick as a flash, although knowing as well as I the chances he was taking, "I'll go you fifty dollars."

In a moment he was up, and having armed himself with extra care, slung himself into the saddle, and with the express pouch across his back, was off. He rode thirty miles and then changed horses, and then on twenty-two miles more. It was a moonlight night, and when he reached the second relay station, it was vacant and no one about.

Out in the stage-brush he found the boy who had lived there with his father, dead, with his scalp taken from his head. Bob pushed on thirty miles farther, and there found all well at the third relay station. The father had gone there for help, and while he was away the Putes, who had evidently been watching the station, had killed the boy and ransacked the building.

In that ride Bob Ellison covered two hundred and eighteen miles with six horses. One of them carried him seventy odd miles on a run. Those beasts had wonderful endurance.

ST. LOUIS HOSPITALITY.

A Queer Chicago Yarn About A Hostess, Her Guest, and a Seal-skin Sack.

Last year a Chicago girl visiting friends in St. Louis attended a reception in that city. There was a big crush of St. Louis social lights, and when the fair Chicagoan prepared to depart she was unable to find her valuable seal-skin sacque anywhere. In its place was an old seal-skin worn and dilapidated.

The hostess regretted the mistake exceedingly. It seemed certain that some thoughtless guest had worn away the missing garment by mistake. She felt sure that the sacque would be returned the next day with an apology. In the mean time she suggested that the Chicago girl wear the old garment that had been in its place, and this was done.

But the seal-skin was not forthcoming the next day or the next week. The hostess was annoyed almost to the verge of distraction, and offered to pay for the missing sacque, but of course this proposition was declined.

At length the Chicagoan's visit was terminated and she returned home. One day she stepped into a big store on State street where she had purchased the lost seal-skin to inquire if the firm could suggest any way by which to identify the garment positively if her St. Louis friends should chance to see it again.

"It would be pretty difficult to identify it by a casual inspection," said the furrier, "but every garment which we make is marked on the inside of the skin with our firm name, the name of the purchaser and the date. By removing the lining this can be seen."

"Do all furriers mark their garments in that way?" asked the caller.

"I don't know; I presume they do," was the reply.

"Then I wish you would examine this sacque," she said, removing the old one that had been left upon her hands, "and see if you can find out who made it."

It was the work of a minute to rip a seam in the lining. Upon the back of one of the skins was the name of a St. Louis furrier and the name of the purchaser of the garment—it was that of the hostess herself.

The Chicago girl made another flying visit to St. Louis. When she returned she ordered a new seal-skin from the State street firm and paid for it with a St. Louis check.