

### FIVE RICHARDS IN THE FIELD !

SINCE our leading article was in type, the names of several other gentlemen, who are anxious to represent Alberta in the House of Commons, have come before the public. The names of those mentioned, who are either certain to run, or are given as probable candidates, are Messrs. D. W. Davis, J. Reilly, Dr. Brett, Dr. Wilson, and Mr. F. Oliver, the two last named hailing from Edmonton. All are Conservatives, with the exception of Mr. Oliver, who is an out-and-out Grit, whatever garb he may assume at the present time for party purposes. We can see no other course open to Drs. Brett and Wilson and Mr. Reilly, as good Conservatives, but to retire in favor of Mr. D. W. Davis, the government and also the Conservative Association's nominee. Is it not common-sense to presume that the man whose election the government favor will be able to accomplish more for his district, than a man, however good a Conservative he may be, who runs in opposition to the government's wishes. Another view to take of the matter is, that if several Conservatives run, the vote will certainly be split, as each man naturally has some personal following. Nothing can be more serious, in such a contest, than internal dissension, and we sincerely trust that such a *contretemps* will not be allowed to take place. We leave it to the good sense of Mr. Reilly, Drs. Brett and Wilson to leave the Conservative interests in the hands of Mr. Davis, by long odds the strongest man in the quartette, and having the support of the Government at his back. By all means let Mr. Oliver come out, and run the good fight on purely party lines—Conservative vs. Grit. Let the Edmonton Jackdaw try to adorn his sombre plumes with Independent peacock feathers, and everyone acquainted with this fable will be able to supply the sequel for themselves. Such a conflict will send Mr. Davis to Ottawa with a swinging majority; and all those having the interest of this country at heart, will put their shoulders to the wheel and bring about this much desired result.

At a meeting of the Calgary Conservative Association, last evening, Mr. D. W. Davis was unanimously chosen as the Conservative candidate for Alberta, in the forth-coming Dominion election.



"Heavens! what a long horse!"

### Nursery Rhymes up to Date.

(By Our Private Idiot)

How doth each eager candidate  
Improve the shining hour,  
And importune electors dear,  
For Parliamentary power.

How glibly then does Jimmy speak,  
While Bobbie mashes ladies,  
And Frankie O., on business bent,  
Embraces all the babies.

How eloquent is Daniel, then,  
How noble, brave and true,  
He promises milleniums,  
To self, and me, and you.

Sing a song of dollars, a tumbler full of rye,  
Four anxious candidates  
Yearning to climb high.

The Doc. was in his surgery  
Mixing drugs and pills,  
Oliver, from Edmonton,  
Discussed Alberta's ills ;  
Reilly, at Criterion,  
Bewailed Alberta's woes,  
When Davis, laughing, passed him by  
And—tweaked off his nose.

Hey diddle, diddle, oh solve me this riddle,  
Reilly jumps over the moon,  
While Brett and Oliver gnash their teeth,  
But Davis gets off with the *st* jon.

Four little candidates, before electors free,  
Oliver wilted, and then there were three.

Three little candidates, vowing to be true.  
Brett said he'd had enough, then there were two.

Two little candidates struggling for the bun,  
Reilly soon lost his hold, then there was one.

One little candidate, having won the fights,  
Trotted off to Ottawa, to guard Alberta's rights.

DAVIS (loq.) TO ALBERTA—

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going to Ottawa, sir," she said ;  
"What is your business, my pretty maid?"  
"Alberta's interests, sir," she said ;  
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
"Why, yes, Mr. Davis," she promptly said.

The Edmonton *Bulletin* sat on the wall,  
The Edmonton *Bulletin* had a great fall.  
It would take Alberta and all her men  
To set poor Oliver up again.