

CHESLEY CAN CROW NOW.

THE MUGWUMPS KEPT THEIR WORD AND GOT THERE.

But the Liberals have the big boost that upset the machine. The Party Combination Failed to Work and Mr. Robertson Retires from the Arena.

There have been numbers of funerals in St. John that have been away above the election last Tuesday as lively, inspiring and exciting events. Less than half of the people who had voted polled them, and half of those who did vote acted as though they were not particular whether their ballots counted or not. The only enthusiasm shown was after the close of the polls, and then it was all among Mr. Chesley and his friends.

It Mr. Robertson had lived in ancient times, and the man who invented the expression of "mad as a hatter" could have seen his face as it appeared Tuesday night, the phrase would have been changed to "mad as a grocer." He looked very much cut up, and there is every reason to believe that he felt very much as he looked. He had been slain by his friends and was a modern martyr to the principle that the office should seek the man, and the man should expect his friends to elect him without the expenditure of divers deats.

There was not much enthusiasm in the crowd at the Foster's Corner headquarters. Those who knew anything about elections saw very early that Mr. Robertson was out of the fight, and after that the chief interest was as to Mr. Chesley's majority. The figures scored on the blackboard were scanned in solemn silence, and even when a Robertson majority was marked against a district, there was only a spasmodic attempt at a cheer. The greater portion of the sad assembly seemed to be composed of members of the Junior Liberal Conservative Club. It was a member of this organization who was pitying Chesley last week on the prospect of not getting enough votes to redeem his deposit. The Junior Lib. Cons. undertook to do a good deal in this election, but they are not proud of the result.

Mr. Robertson's word, commercially, is safe to be taken and relied upon, but when he told the mourners that he "cheerfully bowed to the result there were some who almost doubted the depth of his hilarity. He took his defeat like a man, however, and gave them to understand that he would not forsake St. John as Mr. Blair has forsaken York. While defeated, he would still continue in his capacity as a business man and a business man to do all in his power to advance the city's interests. He would still be a fellow citizen," but he "would now step out of the political arena and attend to his business."

A man with a keen eye might here and there have found a conservative among the cheerful crowd at the Chesley headquarters in the Old Wigwag at Berryman's hall, but it was a straight grit crowd on the face of it. The kid glove liberals were not there, but Mr. Chesley had not made a bid for kid glove votes from either party. He threw in his record as a mechanic of thirty years' standing against Mr. Robertson's experience in carrying an axe on his shoulder to the lumber woods when he was a lad. But this did not have anything to do with electing him. He got in because a good many liberals voted, and a good many straight conservatives did not wake up until after the polls were closed.

Monday's indications were in favor of Robertson, because Chesley had declined to shell out as liberally as was expected. Had the Robertson workers had \$600 they could have won the battle. But there was a little shelling out on one side or the other. It is understood that about 1,500 "purchasable" votes were not polled, and at some of the booths men ready to sell their franchise for a beggarly dollar apiece, hung around in vain waiting to be bought. It was the "purest" election that has been run in St. John for many a day. That was not because the moral standard is higher than it was, but because the pure strings were drawn tight from motives of economy.

Then, too, the Chesley workers did work, while it would seem that a good many of the Robertson hustlers took things very easy. Chairman Forbes threw the blame on defective organization, and there was a good deal in what he said.

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The hustling on Tuesday was all in the North End, by Chesley men. It was a slow enough procession in the city. "How are you going to vote?" asked one conservative of another. "Well, if I vote at all I think I will go for Robertson," was the reply. "Oh, you had better vote for Chesley. He is as good a party man and is opposed to the ring." "Well, I am not particular, I don't care much for either of them, and if it's any favor to you I would just as lief help Chesley as the other man."

SAYS HE IS NOT AFRAID.

BUCK IS NOT WEAKENING AS HIS HOUR DRAWS NEAR.

He Has No Hope that His Sentence Will be Commuted.—The Special Correspondent of "Progress" Describes the Ways of the Doomed Man.

DORCHESTER, Nov. 24.—As the first of December approaches the interest manifested in the fate of the unfortunate man Robert Olson, the "Buck" of the Steadman tragedy, increases. The petition prepared by Mr. Grant, his counsel, has been circulated throughout the province and has been very largely signed, but the prisoner puts little confidence in the result, and is preparing himself for death with more submission and resignation than he has previously shown.

A look at the man would by no means lead you to believe you were in the presence of one who in a week from this date will be ushered into eternity by an ignominious and horrible death. His conversation and appearance would almost make a person doubt that he realized his approaching doom. He has gained considerably in weight since his incarceration, his appearance has undergone a decidedly favorable change, and he laughs and jokes with his attendants in a manner that shows not the slightest tinge of affectation or bravado. On being asked if he ever thought of what was coming, he answered that he tried not to do so, that it would be hard enough to meet it when the moment arrived, and he endeavored not to brood over it now.

The condemned man sleeps well and eats heartily, spending part of the day in reading, though he says his eyes will not permit him to do so for any length of time. He uses tobacco, and seems very much to enjoy a good cigar when given him. He speaks in the highest terms of the kindness of his attendants and of the good officials, Mr. Wilson the deputy sheriff especially coming in for his praise. The sheriff and goaler on their part, say that Buck is a good prisoner and gives them no trouble, and that since he was put in jail he has never used a rough word to any of them. He has a particular horror of newspaper men and will not allow any of them to see him. He claims some of the papers did not give a fair show and says he wants them to let him alone altogether.

Father Cormier is Buck's spiritual adviser, and comes to see him every day. Buck says his parents were Roman Catholics and that he himself was baptized in that faith, but that his religious experience stopped at that. All the clergymen of Dorchester have visited him, and he has spoken sensibly and in a courteous manner to each of them. Mrs. Atkinson of the W. C. T. U. of Moncton has also visited him several times and interested herself greatly on his behalf, and the condemned man seems very grateful to her.

He says that he will die like a man, and that no one will see him tremble; and any one who saw him in the dock when the judge was delivering the sentence will not doubt but he has the firmness to do as he says. His extraordinary coolness on that occasion can best be illustrated by his remark to Jim when brought back to his cell, that he didn't think they would "take in the world's fair." He has manifested the same nerve throughout, and the only indication of the strife that is within is the changing of his hair to gray, and that he maintains was caused by the pounding he got when arrested.

The interest in the approaching execution grows deeper day by day, and the case is giving rise to much more outside discussion now than at the time of the trial. There are many who think the law should be carried out; that Buck is a desperate character, a cold blooded murderer, and that something must be done to stop the increase of crime. Others fail to recognize the cold blooded determination the Judge and Jury saw in the case, and maintain that the ends of justice would be as well served and society as effectually protected, if the punishment for manslaughter alone were imposed.

The petition for commutation of Buck's sentence went to Ottawa Wednesday night and is said to bear between three and four thousand signatures. Should it be dismissed the execution will take place on Thursday next. An annex to the goal will be built, in which the hanging will take place, as there is no way of carrying out the sentence inside the main building. The execution will be strictly private.

The number of gentlemen who volunteered to cut the rope will have to give place to higher talent, as the Canadian common hangman, Radcliffe, will officiate.

Where He Made a Mistake.

The best friends of Mr. Chesley think he made a mistake in crowing too offensively over his detested opponents. In the face of such a victory, he should have seen his way clear to be more generous, as well as more just. His speech at Berryman's Hall was possibly excusable in the excitement of the occasion, but apart from his abuse of the machine and its adherents,

THE BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

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Mr. Rev. Hollingworth Tully Kingdon, the successor of the Most Reverend John Macleay in the diocese of Fredericton, was enthroned in the cathedral at Fredericton on Wednesday last, St. Clement's day. The excellent portrait of Bishop Kingdon

given herewith will be of special interest to the readers of PROGRESS at this time. His Lordship enters upon his high office at an age when in the full vigor of life, he has the years which have brought valuable experience. His position as coadjutor in the past has made him familiar with the diocese, its people and its needs. Under his guidance it is believed, the Church of England in New Brunswick will long continue to advance with the steady and healthful progress it has made in the

past.

For Secretary Wetmore's Attention.

It has been suggested that the attention of the S. P. C. A. be called to the recent instance of cruelty to animals, when an old and supposedly tough horse was virtually ridden to death. The animal in question is known as the Protestant Horse, and has been successively ridden in St. John, York and Queens until it is in a condition to be of no further service. The names of the men who have been concerned in the affair are well known, and the parties should receive their deserts.

Ald. Davis Was Absent Minded.

Ald. Davis has not been a conservative so long that he can trust himself to talk in a hurry, without showing evidences of his former afflictions. In one of his recent addresses he referred to Mr. Robertson as "a good man as any liberal conservative could be," whereupon there were cries of "put him out." The alderman subsequently explained that he was apt to forget which side he was on when he got excited.

Where the Money Went.

There was some vigorous language used by some of Mr. Robertson's supporters after the election. They alleged that enough money had been subscribed to ensure the election, but that it had been sent to Queens to defeat Mr. Blair. A Fredericton authority says that \$2,000 was sent, but not used. It is quite evident, from the returns, that it was used the votes Mr. Neales received cost high.

Was It a Deep, Dark Plot?

The story goes that wires were pulled by the Robertson party to aid and abet the candidature of E. H. McAlpine as a liberal candidate, under the impression that his being in the field would take enough votes from Mr. Chesley to ensure Mr. Robertson's election. Mr. Blair had need of Mr. McAlpine in Queens, however, and the machine stock took a drop from which it has not yet recovered.

Undertakes and Parcels Repaired; Dressed, Union Street.

EVENINGS IN HALIFAX.

DICKENS ENTERTAINMENTS ARE CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

Dickens Furnishes the Subjects and Clever Society People Make Some of His Famous Characters a Reality—A Very Enjoyable Novelty.

HALIFAX, Nov. 24.—Not since the last appearance of the celebrated Mrs. Jarley on the Halifax boards have we had an amateur entertainment so drawing as the "Evening with Dickens," on Wednesday at the Masonic Hall. Curiosity brought everyone; long before the hour fixed for the performance the hall was full; and the C. W. M. A. must have done well financially, to judge by the audience.

The sketches from the programme which formed the piece de resistance on the programme were sandwiched with selections by the band of the Leicestershire regiment, which had been rather cleverly placed in the gallery, so that it was not at all too loud for the hall. Mr. Hill opened the hall by giving a little rhyming prologue, written I hear, by himself, which described the characters who were to appear during the evening, and then the curtain parted on the immortal Sairy Gamp and her friend Betsy Prig, in ordinary life Captain Duffus and Mrs. Reader. It is impossible to describe the dress of these ladies, their caps, their shawls or the patchwork quilt which decked Betsy Prig; Mrs. Reader was especially good as this latter, Captain Duffus being a little handicapped by his voice. This little scene was regularly acted, and could not be called a tableau, and all the best things of the evening were of the same description. For the tableaux proper, Mr. W. Hill read the scene represented before the curtain went up.

"Mrs. Squere administering brimstone and treacle to the boys at Dotheboys Hall," was a tableau pure and simple. Where the boys had been gathered for this scene I do not know, but Mr. C. Slayter was quite the star among them. Miss Lawson enacted Mrs. Squere in the most life-like possible manner; her wooden spoon would have struck awe into any number of boys.

"Nicholas Nickleby mending the pen for Miss Squere's" came next, and was a very pretty picture indeed. Miss May Ross as Miss Squere looked charming with her curly fair wig, and Mr. Babington made a capital Nicholas.

The next scene on the programme was Mr. Pecksniff, discovered in the bosom of his family, talking with his two fair daughters, who were represented by Miss Roberts and Miss B. Stubbing. Captain Boileau as Mr. Pecksniff, was inimitable; he gave a little piece of finished acting which could not have been bettered. The Misses Pecksniff managed to look very well, the younger particularly, in spite of their wonderful grooming and the terrific style of their hair dressing. Mr. Finch, who made a brief appearance on the scene, and was extremely good, was Mr. Edwards of the Eastern Insurance Company. The audience would gladly have had a larger allowance of Mr. Pecksniff and his home.

"Dolly Varden and Emma Haredale" were charming. Mr. Hill read their dialogue, and then Miss Norton-Taylor was discovered as Dolly Varden looking at herself in the glass while Miss Lyde as Emma Haredale sat and talked of sweethearts. Both these ladies looked very pretty indeed and their attitudes were so natural and graceful that it was no wonder they were well encored.

"The apparition" where Mr. Pickwick is obliged to appear before a lady in his nightcap had a rather painful prologue for the stage manager. The stage being very tiny "two steps and overboard," the audience were surprised by the manager suddenly tumbling through the curtain and into the "front" with a responding thud, which was almost drowned by applause. As Mr. Pickwick looking through the curtain Captain Boileau was splendid, and Miss Rawnesley as the offended lady was equally so.

"The Shadow on the Wall" from Dombey and Son quite paled from being between two such excellent scenes as the apparition and "Sally Brass and the Marchioness." Miss Ross, daughter of Sir John Ross was Florence Dombey, Mr. W. B. Ferris, a very ferocious Cap'n Cuttle.

Miss Rawnesley was Sally Brass and Miss Kenny as the Marchioness, were wonderfully good, their dialogue as well as their appearance. But Dick Swiveller—it is impossible to do justice to his get up, his red hair, his manner; one can only say that he and the Marchioness would be very valuable indeed to the manager of a comedy company. Miss Kenny was a prettier Marchioness, perhaps than one has imagined; but Mr. March was a veritable Dick Swiveller.

Captain Duffus had his innings as The Friendly Waiter who disposes of David Copperfield's beer. Master Oswald Wyldie did David with just the proper self possession and his debut was most successful.

"Dora's Dinner Party" had Miss G. Uniacke as Dora, Mr. Whitehead and Mr. ...

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THOMPSON AS DAVID AND TRADDLES AND "MR. PICKWICK'S RECEPTION" COMPRISED THE WHOLE OF THE COMPANY.

Taken altogether the performance was quite novel and very good. The band played very pretty waltzes and selections between each tableau, and the audience went away well pleased. There was a light supper given for the performers behind the scenes, I believe by the committee, who has every reason to be pleased with their entertainment.

MORRIS GRANVILLE.

MONCTON'S MISSING MAYOR.

The Theory that Mr. Snow Has Been The Victim of Foul Play.

Now that Mr. J. McC. Snow, mayor of Moncton, has been missing for four months, in which time not a trace of him has appeared, some of his fellow citizens begin to think it is time some effort was made to find him, or at least to get some idea of what has become of him. Opinions differ as to his fate, but the prevailing belief is that he is dead. The citizens talk freely when they are questioned.

"I believe that Snow is alive," said one man who knew him particularly well. "He may be in the West or he may be somewhere else, but I do not think he is dead. I cannot give any reason for my belief. It is simply an impression which is fixed in my mind. I cannot understand a good many things about the affair. Before Snow went away he paid money that he need not have paid until the next week, and I don't know why he should have done so. He had no business at Hampton, and I don't know why he should have gone there; and there are a number of other things which nobody can quite understand."

Quite different from this was the opinion of a very prominent citizen, who was also an intimate friend of the missing mayor. He is "as firmly convinced that Snow is dead as he is that he himself is alive. More than that, he has a theory about it. It is that Snow was murdered."

"I haven't fully worked out my theory," he said to PROGRESS, "but I cannot come to any other conclusion than that J. McC. Snow was murdered. There is no other way in which he could have disappeared."

"But who would murder him, and what motive would there be?"

"I have this idea: There was a gang of thieves and murderers going through Canada, like that fellow Buck who will be hanged; as he ought to be, and they were capable of any crime. I believe that some of them killed Snow. He was the kind of a man whom they would suppose was in the habit of carrying a good deal of money about him and they either followed him or laid a trap and decoyed him to some out of the way place and killed him. How, or where this was done, I do not pretend to say. That is one of the things I have not figured out."

"Why," he continued, "I knew Snow for years as intimately as any man in Moncton, and had a great many transactions with him, and he was a man I could not think of doubting. I would have been willing to go on his paper for any amount my business would permit, for I could not doubt his integrity. Everybody had confidence in him. He could have gone around Moncton and raised any money he wanted. When anybody tells me that Snow could be alive and not write to me, I say that it cannot be true. If I could believe, as it is utterly impossible for me to believe, that he could act in that way after all that has passed between us, I could not have confidence in any man on the face of this earth. No, I could not even have confidence in my wife. The more I think of it, the more I am sure Snow was murdered."

"You do not believe he could have killed himself?"

"No, there is no possibility of that, and there is not the slightest reason to believe that he became insane. I tell you he was murdered, and it is a dreadful thing that nothing has been done about the matter. He was, for the time, our leading citizen and there should be an investigation of the mystery. I will be one of a number to subscribe to a fund for the purpose and I am willing to give a liberal amount. Why, the more I think of it, the more dreadful it appears to be, this easy way of taking the affair. Any citizen might be murdered, and people would conclude that he had simply left the country. If I were to disappear they might say I ran away, or they might say the same about John Harris or anybody else. Something ought to be done. I have been intending to write something about it for publication, and the only reason I haven't is that I have not been well and have been so cussed lazy. There ought to be an inquiry started, and every means should be taken to find out what has become of Snow, but my mind is made up that he has been murdered."

An Injunction in Order.

If people will continue to vote the names of judges of the supreme court, the only remedy suggested is an injunction to stop it.



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