

roared whenever the bell of the telephone told that another return was coming. Every polling place sent news to swell the enthusiasm. Even those which gave the government a majority caused rejoicing, because the majority was less than the opposition canvassers had allowed. Kings and Sydney wards did nothing like what had been expected, and they were cheered almost as heartily as Queens, Stanley and other wards, in which yeomen's service had been done by the voters and workers.

Everybody cheered every announcement. Mel. McLeod undertook to announce the returns as they came in, and several dozen in the audience undertook to mark them down with pencil and paper. They succeeded very fairly at first, but after a time they abandoned it in despair. They could not get the figures. The crowd was too excited to let Mr. McLeod give them in full. The moment he would appear a mighty roar would arise, hushing for an instant until it was clear which way the general result was, and then roaring louder than ever. It was impossible to keep a



H. A. McKEOWN.

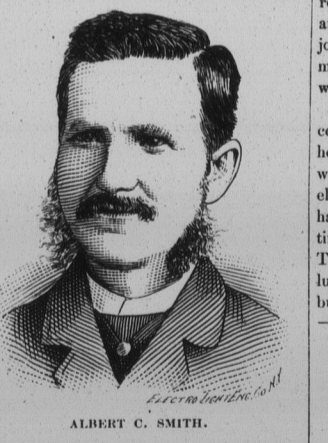
had done justice to the man, or the sentiment, before them at that particular moment, and then they took breath for a minute or two until something occurred to call them up again.

When the "boy candidate" modestly stepped to the front, the roar was like that of a mighty and jubilant army. James Kelly rushed forward, seized McKeown by the waist and helped to boost him on top of the table. Then there was more cheering, and indeed the hurrah was so constant that the speaker did not have to say much. The crowd did not want speeches. They were bent on a jubilation.

And so in the case of the other candidates. They cheered Stockton because he had come out so well when every effort had been used to defeat him. They cheered Alward because he led the city ticket, and Smith because Carleton had stood by him, despite of the "million-dollar" cry. Shaw got an ovation because he had fought the fight faithfully and well, while Rourke, had been present, would have been doubly cheered for the good work done in St. Martins.

Chairman John A. Chesley did not look like the disappointed man that some of the government papers had asserted that he was at the outset. He was as happy as if he had been a candidate himself, and when rousing cheers were given him for his zeal and devotion from first to last, every body joined with a will. He had been the right man in the right place, and had done his work well.

When all had cheered to their hearts' content, and most of them until they were weary, and needed a rest. Perhaps the election had not made them as tired as it had made their opponents, but they were tired enough for all practical purposes. They began to feel it as the excitement lulled. It had been a great day for them, but it was over. Nobody was sorry for it.



ALBERT C. SMITH.

newspapers stood on the sidewalk imploring everybody to buy the Evening Gazoo. Nobody wanted it. "Come along Danny," said one of the urchins, you'll never sell a Gazo to that crowd." And he didn't. The crowd had no further use for it.

UNTIL THEY WERE HOARSE.

How the Victors Celebrated Their Victory in the Institute Hall.

The non-appreciative gentlemen who attended the first opposition rally at the Institute, when they sat in the gallery and hissed, had pressing engagements elsewhere Monday evening. They were visiting their sick and burying their dead. It was not their night for trying to hiss louder than the people of St. John could cheer. Somebody said they were looking for McGinty, and that they knew where he was to be found. They had mistaken his identity until the votes were counted.

There was no room in the Institute for any but opposition voters, and not near room enough for them. The building filled with marvellous rapidity, and even standing room was at a premium long before 8 o'clock came. Every man in the crowd was loaded with enthusiasm, and for an hour or so everybody did his best to express it. Mere applause was out of the

question. Three cheers and a tiger was about the smallest thing permissible, but as a rule nobody kept any count of how many cheers were given. They just stood up and hurrahed until they thought they



H. A. McKEOWN.

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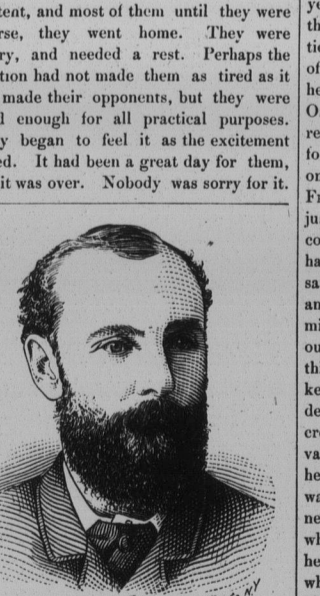
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A. A. STOCKTON.

But what I am trying to get at is to illustrate my subject by narrating a spiritualist story, which will tend to show the prejudices of some of our forefathers in their political leanings and social observances. Of later years, as we all know, very plain people in their bringing up, have through their abilities and merits, managed to fill the first offices in the Government and have been held in the highest respect by the country. On the occasion to which I am about to refer, a very respectable gentleman, about forty years ago, occupied a dwelling which once belonged to one of the grandees of Fredericton. Said gentleman one night just after supper was reclining upon his couch in the drawing room, half asleep and half awake when he saw or imagined he saw a blue vapour arise just in front of him, and the shadow of a human form in the midst of it. He thought at first of singing out, but the ghost, having found voice by this time, threatened him that if he didn't keep quiet and be still, he would be the death of him. Our friend, always a discreet man, considered it the better part of valor to pretend to be dead already. But he could not put off his ghostship in that way; especially as he had come upon business. He wanted to know in the first place what right he had in that house—a house he (the ghost) had built for its own use when in the flesh; and in which he passed his happiest days, and what right had such a plebeian to trespass within its hallowed precincts?



JAMES ROURKE.

The gentleman, by this time pretty well scared, answered that he had hired the house and been living there for several years, and besides he paid his rent regularly. Humph! said the ghost, with an awful sigh. Tell me, who fills the office of Surveyor General now?

Reply—Mr. Fitzdoodle.

Ghost—What! Fitzdoodle that farmed in Westmorland? Good gracious—you don't mean that miserable fellow?

Reply—The same, O ghost!

Ghost—Who's Attorney General—the situation once filled by my friend Charles I. Peters?

Reply—Hon. Mr. Snodgrass to be sure

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

How Elections were Run in the Olden Time—The Days of the Family Compact—A Ghost that Was Interested in the Political Situation, and Vanished in Disgust.

XI.

Under the old dispensation a general election occupied fourteen days. This was afterwards changed to seven days. It was all open voting. The "free and independent electors" went to the polls in *man fashion*, "none daring to make them afraid." Theory and practice, however, seldom went together. The candidates in the respective counties understood the first principles of elections in those days. Each party kept what was called open houses, i. e., as many as he could afford—where the bibulous could imbibe and the hungry find "refreshments" to his heart's content—all for nothing. This open house was open from the opening to the closing of the poll—and the landlord, always a great pot-house politician, did a thriving business—at the expense of his patron, who mostly stood the scorching—for there were then no party issues—it was a conglomerate party, known as the "Family Compact" party, although there were diversities of opinions among the disappointed and zealous adherents, who might have been overlooked in the dispensation of the patronage. But storm as much as they liked, return whom the constituents pleased, the old folks held on in spite of all comers. Their salaries were in proportion to their privileges—all powerful to rule and to spend. There were no temperance societies in those days. The "Washingtonians" had just launched their skiff. The father of the late Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Lyman Beecher, was one of the first adventurers to man the teetotal life-boat, and he plied his oars with considerable dexterity in stemming the current and facing the gales of opposition, then more formidable than now, and yet he contended bravely. The liquor flowed from a thousand taps in every part of the province, and the readers of PROGRESS may imagine what was the condition of things where everybody had only to open his mouth, and have it filled over and over again, costing nothing to himself—the rows and the broken heads (there was no police force then), and the demoralization generally. And yet whatever we may think now of those times, there were persons of influence high in office to denounce all who attempted to bring about a reformation—for was it not after the English practice, and perform every thing that was English must be strictly perfect? Then, as regards the public offices, were they not inherent in the descendants of the Loyalists (I mean the lucky Loyalists) by divine right, and by decree of his anointed the good King George the Third! Of course we all thought alike, or some of us tried to think alike in those days, rather than incur the displeasure of our superiors. However, Responsible Government finally put an end to all that state of things. Now, to use a vulgarism, every political tub stands upon its own bottom—and I have seen some pretty curious-looking tubs trying to stand, and barely managing to preserve their equilibrium.

Do you want an attractive advertisement reproduced? Write to PROGRESS and you will get prices at once. Send the "copy" and the engraving will be made at once. The work is better and the price lower than that of any other engravings in the country. Write for samples and prices.—Advt.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, externally, and CUTICURA REMEDIES, the new, internally, and CUTICURA REMEDIES, the new, Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.50; SOAP, 50c. Prepared by the FOSTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

22 Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin. — 22 Skin diseases cured by CUTICURA SOAP. — 22 Dull Aches, Pains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster, 50c.

\$100 WELL INVESTED

In Stocks, Grain or Petroleum will bring splendid profits. The stock markets offer unusual opportunities just now to the conservative investor and speculator. Buy and sell stocks as you would do any other business, with intelligence and discrimination, and you will make money. Buy used as margin controls 100 shares. You can buy and sell (equal to \$1 per share) margin, or as much more marginal percentage as you desire. We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest information, and give customers the benefit of private wires to New York and Chicago.

Write or telegraph your orders for any of the leading active New York stocks, grain or oil. If you are not posted on speculation, write for our explanatory pamphlet (free by mail). References to the best business houses in this city.

C. S. WILLIAMS & CO.,
28 CONGRESS STREET,
26 Congress Sq., 66 Devonshire Street, and Quincy House.
BOSTON, Mass., U. S. A.

WRINGERS
Best American Make.
WARRANTED SOLID SOFT RUBBER ROLLS. For sale on Easy Weekly Payments.
F. A. JONES, 34 Dock street.

a young man who rose from the ranks and holds more law in his head than all the old folks from the landing of the loyalists rolled into one.

Ghost—Thunder! What! that young monkey was a boy once, and studied with Phipps, and couldn't tell his right hand from his left—and now you say he's Attorney General?

Reply—Precisely—and there is no better lawyer in the Dominion for arguing that black is white, or white is black, according so circumstances, or which side he's on.

Ghost—Answer me one question more, for it's getting late and I must be off. Tell me who is now Provincial Secretary?

Reply—Why young Esculapius, that bright young fellow brought up in St. John, always pleasant and agreeable, and who never misses the main chance—

Ghost—Enough—say no more. He Provincial Secretary—for Heavens sake let me go.

And so his vapourship vanished through the floor as suddenly as he appeared.

Our friend was so overcome that he did not eat any breakfast for a month afterwards.

That ghost will never come back, for since his corporeal essence Responsible Government has been established and old things have been swept away, and we now live in another political world.

AN OLD TIMER.

How She Identified It.

A young lady friend of mine, who has been reared in the lap of affluence, and being the youngest of the youngest of the family, has never known what housekeeping cares were, was paying a visit not long ago in a family where all the girls were thorough housekeepers. One morning the little guest was starting off for an early walk into the village when one of the young hostesses called after her, "By the way Mollie, would you mind calling at the butcher's as you go past, and asking him to send up a nice quarter of lamb in time for dinner?" Mollie promised, and arriving at the butcher's, she delivered her message *verbatim*, "A nice quarter of lamb in time for dinner, please."

"Yes'm, was it a fore or hind quarter you wanted?"

Alas for Mollie! this was a pitfall she had never anticipated. She gazed helplessly around the shop in search of inspiration, but found none.

"I—I—really don't know," she stammered. "They didn't say which." At this moment her eye lighted on a solitary leg of mutton dangling from one of the hooks, and it sent a ray of light into her puzzled soul. "Oh, yes, of course," she cried brightly, "the quarter that has the leg on it, please! Good morning," and with a smile of modest triumph at her own skill in selecting a joint, the able tactician sailed out of the shop.

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\$100 WELL INVESTED

In Stocks, Grain or Petroleum will bring splendid profits. The stock markets offer unusual opportunities just now to the conservative investor and speculator. Buy and sell stocks as you would do any other business, with intelligence and discrimination, and you will make money. Buy used as margin controls 100 shares. You can buy and sell (equal to \$1 per share) margin, or as much more marginal percentage as you desire. We charge no interest, make immediate settlements, furnish latest information, and give customers the benefit of private wires to New York and Chicago.

Write or telegraph your orders for any of the leading active New York stocks, grain or oil. If you are not posted on speculation, write for our explanatory pamphlet (free by mail). References to the best business houses in this city.

C. S. WILLIAMS & CO.,
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WRINGERS
Best American Make.
WARRANTED SOLID SOFT RUBBER ROLLS. For sale on Easy Weekly Payments.
F. A. JONES, 34 Dock street.

Notice to the Public.
JUST THROUGH STOCK-TAKING.

My immense stock of WINTER CLOTHING at a great sacrifice sale, consisting of ULSTERS, OVERCOATS, REEFERS, SUITS, COATS, PANTS, VESTS, etc.

500 pairs All-Wool SCOTCH TWEED PANTS, worth \$4.00, will be sold at \$2.25 to clear.

The balance of WINTER UNDERWEAR at greatly reduced price. A fine line of OVERCOATINGS, SUITINGS and PANTINGS, which we will make up in First-class style; low for Cash.

SALE FOR 30 DAYS ONLY.

T. YOUNG-CLAUS,
Wholesale and Retail - 51 CHARLOTTE STREET
THIS OUT REPRESENTS OUR

New Hard Coal Charter Oak Range.



THE most perfect Cooking Stove we have ever offered. We invite all who think of making a change in their cooking apparatus in the near future, to inspect it carefully, as we feel satisfied that it is

NEARER PERFECTION than any Stove in the market. It is chaste in design; fine in finish, and as an operator has no equal.

We fit it either with or without Warming Closet, Top Shelf, Water Front, etc; also, with extra large Fire Box for wood burning, and, last but not least, in common with all CHARTER OAKS it is fitted with the

WONDERFUL WIRE GAUZE DOOR, the advantages of which for Roasting and Baking are now so well and favorably known. We guarantee every one we sell to be all we claim for it in every respect, and commend it to those who appreciate Home industry, as a production of which we are justly proud.

EMERSON & FISHER, 75 to 79 Prince Wm. St.
P. S.—We can furnish references from many parties using above range.

THE NEW CROCKERY STORE,
94 KING STREET.

China Tea Sets.

I have just received and am now showing the FINEST assortment of CHINA TEA SETS ever offered in this City.

Prices as Low as ever. **C. MASTERS.**

KERR'S Confectionery.

New and Specially Fine CHOCOLATES, CREAMS & CARAMELS CARNIVAL MIXTURE.

Cream Chips, over 7,000 packages sold within the last few months.

ASSORTED FRUIT AND LIME FRUIT TABLETS.

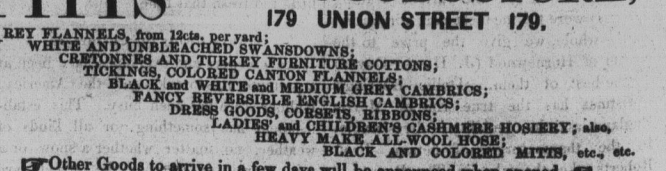
70 KING STREET, 28 DOCK STREET,
Opposite VICTORIA HOTEL. Opposite BARRY & McLAUGHLAN'S.

CLARKE, KERR & THORNE,
60 Prince William Street.

Kindly remember us when you are selecting your purchases. We have a very varied stock, at prices to suit all, of FANCY GOODS, CUTLERY, PLATED WARE.

We invite you to call and see our stock. 60 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

THE HARMLESS PISTOL.



THE VACUUM TIPPED ARROW GUN and PISTOL, just patented in the United States, Canada, France, England and Germany. Retail price of Pistol, with Vacuum Tipped Arrow and Target, 50c; retail price of Nickel-plated Pistol, with Tipped Arrow and Target, 75c. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 75 cents.

For sale by all dealers in Toys, Fancy Goods and Notions throughout the country. If any one desires to purchase this novelty, and your local dealer does not have it, address the Sole Agent.

D. J. JENNINGS, Wholesale and Retail, 167 Union Street, St. John, N. B.

Granby Rubbers! Granby Overshoes!

Sure to give perfect satisfaction, in style, finish and durability. Warm, Comfortable, Durable, Perfect in Fit!

ASK FOR 1899 GOODS.

The Following Goods Just Opened are offered at the very Lowest Prices for Cash only, at **PITTS' DRY GOODS STORE,** 179 UNION STREET 179.

GREY FLANNELS, from 12c. to 25c. per yard; WHITE AND UNBLEACHED SWANSDOWNS; CRETONNES AND TURKEY FURNITURE COTTONS; TICKINGS, COLORED CANTON FLANNELS; BLACK AND WHITE and MEDIUM GREY CAMBRICS; FANCY REVERSIBLE ENGLISH CAMBRICS; DRESS GOODS, COSETS, HIBBONS; LADIES' and CHILDREN'S CASHMERE HOSIERY; also, HEAVY MAKE ALL-WOOL ROSE; BLACK AND COLORED MITTS, etc., etc.

Other Goods to arrive in a few days will be announced when opened.

Slowly on all attainment or... The day dies out far in the... Leaving the earth, its golden... To miss an hour away, the... Dark earth—the heavens ye... Brightness above, and ju... below.

Hushed is the world of toil... A wealth of healing ailments... Or sounds more still than silk... Beneath that far "fidelity of... And softly abides the evening... Whose day lies spent, a chry... Even regret, in this calm air... Bears little of its wretched... One long drawn breath of so... Precludes a sad, sweet sigh... Then peace. Night registers... But what was I that I should

A FIVE DOLLAR

[The reason for the p... lowing unpretending sto... the letter which accompan... It is hard for a "good-... resist such a plea.—Ed.]

To the Editor of Proce... whether you will think this... or not. The incident of... It happened to a little girl, a... She was telling me of it, and... story about it. My friend wa... idea, so I commenced the... I embellished it a little, and... wished, we consulted about... and we both decided on Pro... cause she said the editor wa... because I always thought P... new writers.

The week before Christm... rather severe cold, but not... hended. On Friday I had be... was recovering rapidly; so I... the story until she was thro... following day, Saturday, I... shocked to hear that she ha... and unexpectedly. She was... just completed her sixteenth... of her death so shocked me... not bear to look at the sto... friend had her heart so set on... as if it were almost a duty

Olivia Greville was has... one wet, muddy mornin... It had rained all night and... was a little pool of water... not take time to pick h... Miss Atkins expected he... o'clock sharp, and the chi... sounded the quarter past... sighed, as she hastened al... hard to be poor—dressma... some work, and Miss A... steadily, and the pay is so... shall get scolded for bei... Miss Atkins' dressmakin... was reached by three sigh... these Olly ran hastily; r... waterproof and entered... Her timid "Good Mornin... was met with a frigid stare

"So you have come, M... did not think you were com... twenty-two minutes past e... Olivia faltered out som... Miss Atkins did not deign... "You will please bear... Greville," she went on in... greecable voice, "that if... you will be dismissed."

Olivia forced back the i... that were to her lips, for p... ton was, the trifle she go... her mother, and it would... obtain another situation... The morning passed slo... Atkins constantly fault-f... especially hard on Olivia... every piece of work she did

It was nearly dinner h... Atkins discovered that she... silk of a peculiar colour m... can get it on your way bac... Miss Greville," she said, "... smaller than a five dollar... of it and do not lose... Olivia took the money and... deep pocket of her water... the dinner hour came she... large store of Brown & Co... silk and placed her hand i... The money was gone!

Yes, gone! In vain did... pocket inside out, and look... In vain did Mr. Brown, and... the family, join in the search... thing off the counter. The... not be found; Olivia was... could never face Miss A... the money, and she knew th... could not give her enough to... loss.

"I must have dropped it on... she gasped, as she left the s... to retrace her steps, looki... her.

Her agitation had attracte... of a young man who had be... another part of the store. A... went up to Mr. Brown and... had happened. "Poor littl... exclaimed, commiseratingly... Brown had told him. Pray... introduction and I will hel... He followed Mr. Brown... store and they were soon sta... "Olivia, my dear, let... Mr. Eugene Sherwood. He... your accident, and wishes to... Eugene this is Miss Greville.

Poor Olivia could only bow... she seemed so agitated and... seemed impossible that she c... money in that busy street. S... hastily. "Oh, what shall I do