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PRICE FIVE CENTS

INCIDENTS OF THE FIGHT.

THE ELECTIONS ARE OVER AND LIBERALS ARE CROSS.

Some of the interesting things that happened during the day—the bets that were made and how they were made—some of them amusing.

Domination elections come but once in five years but when polling day does arrive it leaves behind it many amusing incidents and stories, the majority of which are well worth repeating. The funny events which happened during the campaign have been very nearly all made public by the opposing press, but in the excitement of victory and defeat the same journals overlooked the petty guerres carried on in this ward and the lively tilt which happened in that district. The polling booths were much livelier this year inasmuch as the voters for three parties were engaged, instead of the usual dual partisanship. Hastening for votes was therefore of the warmest nature. The clerk of the weather was most benign and even invalid clerks were enabled to cast their ballots pro and con so pleasant was the day. At five o'clock when the casting of votes was suspended a grand rush was made by the followers of the respective parties to the Opera house, Institute and Sutherland's hall and gradually as the returns came in from the city and suburban districts they showed their approval of the figures placed on the boards with enthusiasm ranging from the zero point to boiling heat almost. The crowd that surged into the opera house was a victorious and consequently hilarious one. The successful candidates addressed the men, everybody smoked and a dozen or more stray conservatives were smitten down over the eyes and ears of their owners. Speeches were on draught, so to speak; any ambitious youth could have distinguished himself by facing the vast audience for the recitation of even "Mary's Lamb" would have brought forth loud applause. It was quantity, the crowd was looking for, not quality; and they got it. When the meetings broke up the principal streets were flooded with citizens. Each train brought more and between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock p. m., King street appeared indeed a miniature Broadway. Groups of excited electors and heeled on with their followings stood at every few paces relating the day's experiences, and ever and anon three cheers and a tiger would be heard given for a successful candidate as he passed along the street.

The new representative from Kings who with his political lieutenants arrived in town from the scene of action on an early evening train, rejoiced with St. John and got a handsome and uproarious reception. Mr. Douglas Hazen the rejected government candidate sought the congratulations of his lammy friends, and the very affecting meeting at Vassie's corner was one of the saddest sights of the fight. This "circular" gathering contained a full attendance of its Browne-like compositions [and the different reasons and causes] to which defeat was attributed were really amusing to listen to. The fallen idol laid the whole "disaster" to Remedial legislation but one of his ablest backers claimed the Independents supplied the wedge.

With a good eye on the \$12,000 subsidy purse the "Telegraph" newspaper was receiving visitors in a manner ridiculously hospitable while its "vested contemporary" was seemingly struggling to swallow the gall, smile and endeavor at any risk, to look pleasant. At the close of the election day the clergymen swelled the throng and more than once were the surprised voters seen wrangling most decidedly over the all-absorbing question of the hour.

During the day Col. Tucker the Liberal county candidate with his handsome equipage, footman and hackneys drove around town to the heavy heart-throbs of sentimental opposition. Mr. Ellis also rode but in his own conveyance. Dr. Fugley was seated in a stylish turnout with his wife and lady friends, while Messrs Hazen and (ib) crowded into a single-seated light carriage and guided the heavily burdened horse-womanly about the city.

In Dukes ward a well-known militia man and a gentleman sport were opposing one another at one of the booths. The contest was so keen between these gentlemen that the least straw of provocation would plunge them into dire conflict of words at least. The occasion soon came when the militia man hoodwinked a theretofore good Conservative and persuaded him materially to change his political ideas. The man voted Liberal whereupon the athletic organization opened up a volley of heated disapproval, claiming foul play, etc. The friends of the verbal antagonists seeing that the vocabularies of the heeled were fast diminishing put a stop to their wordy war by separating the principals.

Finance Minister Foster tried his best to have Col. Donville defeated in Kings county and with a hope of accomplishing that end it is said he divided election day between his own battle ground and Judge Morton's constituency. He even went further; to different prominent farmers along the river who had changed their political ideas this election he had the audacity to write personally, very impressive letters calling them to terms for this little grant or another once made through his alleged efforts.

Mr. John L. Carleton from the Dufferin piazza on Wednesday evening last promised most assuredly that all government employees who have taken any part in the late campaign would be discharged and their places filled by the mighty host of life-long Liberals. This has set the employees who were appointed under conservative rule not only thinking but quaking. In the Custom house every man is now working, Oh! so hard, the same in the post office, I. C. R. sheds, roundhouse, etc. A portly official in the first-named institution is said to have been one of the best liberals in the Opera house on Tuesday and also on the Dufferin lawn the night following. The post office employee who worked so hard in Dukes ward may also fear with impunity. The liberals promise a big turnover in government positions but before the new government yeomanry receive their share of the dainties the front rank bosses, including the fast welding ring, young liberals etc., must get good jobs. Two leading hardware firms will change official patronage and for five years at least the one side will know what it is to be out of it while the others gorge themselves with government food.

Many amusing stories are told in connection with the bets made upon the result of the election. Several gentlemen are wearing new hats won by their sagacity. Among them being a young barrister who went home Tuesday night with only the brim of a hard hat shading his classic brow. This was not the result of a wager but of his own exuberant feelings. Early in the evening he took up his stand in a newspaper office and as victory after victory was announced for the liberal party his hilarity broke all bounds and every announcement was greeted with a wild cheer and a whack of his hat upon desks and chair backs; by ten o'clock the crowd had been secured by a lady acquaintance who was determined to secure one liberal scalp. The gentleman reached his boarding place early Wednesday morning hatless, but somewhat calmer than on Tuesday evening.

A lady whose husband was a most enthusiastic Independent rejoices in the possession of a brand new black silk dress as the result of a wager. Tuesday was the ninth anniversary of their marriage, and, mistled perhaps, by the enthusiastic meeting of Monday evening the man made all sorts of wild promises and wagers, but the silk dress matter was the only one his wife held him to and he accepted the inevitable with about the same degree of meekness that the majority of Conservatives accepted defeat.

Perhaps the state of mind in which a follower of Mr. Hazen found himself when he discovered that by his own written promise he was obliged to walk from the foot of King street to the fountain in the Square in his stocking feet was the most amusing of all. He no doubt would have conveniently forgotten the matter but was reminded of it many times on Wednesday and on the evening of that day several friends among whom were five ladies assembled to witness his humiliation. When Germain street was reached his triumphant tormentors kindly consented to let him off the rest of the walk and in consideration of this favor the victim treated the party to ice cream.

A young lady who is one of the most devoted adherents of the conservative party, has found life almost unbearable since the 23rd of June. Her faith in the party was unbounded. Although exceedingly nervous as the evening progressed and defeats thick and fast were announced, her admirable courage never flagged for an instant not even when it was almost certain that there was no hope whatever. Wednesday morning brought some unexpected developments and it is said that her hope was a grain of comfort. Wednesday morning brought defeat and several other things beside. The first of these was a telegram from her native county and contained the words "Cold conservative vote there isn't it." During the forenoon three memorial cards with appropriate sympathetic messages were received from city friends, and as the day wore on a pair of black cotton gloves, a mourning hat band and some black ribbon were placed among the souvenirs. The evening mail brought more condolences while to add to her agony came two more telegrams one of them from the successful liberal candidate who is also a personal friend with this message "Repentant in Pace."

Since Thursday last no suspicious looking letter or parcel has been opened personally by the lady in question who confidently expects to be able to return all the articles in 1901.

OBJECTED TO THE BAND.

AND THE FORRESTERS WENT TO THE TABERNACLE CHURCH.

The Newspapers Were a Trifle Premature in Their Announcements—The Forresters Have a Membership of 500 in Halifax—Splendid Demonstration.

HALIFAX, June 25.—The Independent order [of Forresters] paraded for divine service on Sunday, headed by a band of music. They attended the Tabernacle baptist church. How they came there, and why the Methodist lost the Forrester's silver collection, was rather peculiar. A prominent member of the Forresters is Mr. Dean who is also an attendant of Charles Street Methodist church. He told Rev. A. C. Borden, the pastor of that church, that the Forresters would be glad to have him preach to them on the occasion of their proposed parade. The Rev. gentleman consented. It was Dean's intention, however, to obtain permission from Brunswick street Methodist church, which is larger and grander, and more central, to have the parade there. One of the evening papers prematurely got wind of the proceedings and in an item announced that the parade would take place to Charles street headed by a band. This was the first the Charles street church people heard of the matter, and taking the newspaper paragraph as gospel truth, their authorities voted against allowing anything of the kind, the particular objection being to the Sunday band.

This action knocked Dean's calculations and arrangements completely out. Charles Street was put out of the question and he could not go to a sister congregation in the face of Charles Street's adverse vote on the Sunday band. With the refusal of the churches Mr. Borden, too, was out of the business. So the committee of arrangements betook themselves with neatness and despatch to the pastor of the Tabernacle baptist church, and an agreement was readily come to, for the Sunday parade to that place of worship.

The demonstration that took place was highly creditable to the order and was admired by all who saw it. Nine years ago the Forresters obtained a foothold in Halifax and today there are 800 names on the membership roll; pretty good progress. **MADE TO OBEY THE LAW.**

A Halifax Civic Obedience is Ordered to Promptly Obey on.

HALIFAX, June 25.—What privileges has a civic official regarding the observance of city ordinances not possessed by the ordinary, humble citizen? Chief O'Sullivan and Policeman Tim Sullivan think such an official has no law-breaking prerogatives not possessed by the civic servant master, the tax-payer. This was made manifest the other evening. It seems that a rather prominent civic official and a group of companions were standing in a shop entrance on Barrington street, watching passers by on that great promenade. The policeman's sharp eye and quick ear caught sight and sound of the gay company, and not being a "respector of persons" he told them to "move on!" This would have been a reasonable order to most people, but to this civic servant in question it was taken as a slight if not as an insult. Chief O'Sullivan happened along just as the first change of views took place, and he hesitated not to thrust in his opinion. It came in the form of a second order to "move on!" Even in the august presence of the chief the civic servant felt like arguing the point. Naturally this slightly riled the grand head of the police force, and he plainly let his man see this. He was told that one man was as good as another and that if he did not "move on" he would be served with a summons to appear before Stipendiary Fielding at the earliest possible moment and explain why. This excothedra utterance had the desired effect and the group, official and all, quickly disappeared in the darkness. The youth has now a more accurate idea of what a city ordinance may compel than ever he had before, which is well.

DID THEY DIE OF FRIGID.

Two Curious Cases of Death in The North End Talked About.

Two deaths occurred in the North End within the past week under such extraordinary circumstances that much has been said by the neighbors, especially with regard to the one of them, which is said a seven year old child was in a measure, responsible for.

On Sunday evening last, it will be remembered, this section of the universe was visited by a severe thunder storm accompanied by a deluge of rain. One section of the city felt the storm as much as the other yet no fatalities were reported in any place except Pleasant Point opposite Indiantown. When on the evening in question the lightning flashed most vividly and the rain fell the heaviest, one peal or clap of thunder more loud than any of those occurring previously crashed with such a deafening sound to the ear and such vibrating powers that the houses of Pleasant Point were

shook to their very foundation. It was this peal of thunder that took the life of Mrs. James McMinniman of that place. Mrs. McMinniman who was in delicate health was sitting near the window in her humble home, when the thunder clap came, she had the youngest of her two children beside her and when the loud bang and shock that followed had died away, it was found that Mrs. McMinniman was in terrible hysteria from the fright. In a few hours death followed as a result.

The death of Mrs. Randolph J. Drillon of 64 Kennedy street, north end, is perhaps the most extraordinary of the two. Mrs. Drillon and her sister Mrs. Garvin with their husbands and families occupy the upper and lower flats of the house No 64 Kennedy street.

Mr. Drillon's husband is a millwright and worked across the river, consequently he was absent all day from his home. Mrs. Drillon was but 21 years of age and was very delicate. About ten days ago while Mrs. Drillon was washing windows in her house one of the children playing in the yard procured a hideous falseface or mask, and peered straight in the window at Mrs. Drillon. The nervous lady uttered a scream and fell backward.

Mrs. Garvin and others went to the lady's rescue and Dr. Gilchrist was called. The nervousness and hysteria did not leave the woman and after some days of suffering Mrs. Drillon passed away. There has been much said about the young woman's death by her relatives and friends and neighbors, but while the medical men who were called in say that the fright had nothing to do with the woman's death the mourning friends feel that it had.

WOULD YOU READ THE RIOT ACT.

Truro is Having Some Very Exciting Times—Politics in the Shade.

TRURO, June 22.—Just now Truro is very much excited over the color question, and nightly, crowds assemble on Railway Esplanade and Igloo street, to watch and participate in the scenes occasioned by it. The colored population of Truro, amounting to at least one-third of the entire population, live in the West end of the town on what is known as "Nigger Island." In the extreme East end live another class of people, whose reputation is somewhat unsavoury; but also whose color is white. The East end people live in that locality known as the "Devil's Half Acre."

Some days ago a colored man insulted a lady while walking down Igloo St., and this gave rise to the scenes which for the last two or three nights have amused, alarmed and disgusted our citizens. On Saturday night the police were called out but the mob was so great that nothing could be done. On Sunday the same was repeated and the police, mayor and town council were obliged to be on hand. On Railway Esplanade groups of about fifty whites would surround a negro, then chase him all about the block. Many were arrested and lodged in jail, but still the feud goes on and from all appearances is likely to until the Riot act is read and the whites and blacks both made to keep their places.

Among the colored population are many quiet law abiding people, some of whom are well educated, but for the past three or four years the female portion have given no end of offence to the white people by walking in groups, throes and four tier deep down the sidewalk; when people going in an opposite direction would approach them there was one thing to do—get off the sidewalk, or have themselves made the target for all sorts of impudence.

The rebel whites are supposed to be headed now by a fellow who prowls about the esplanade with a blood thirsty twinkle in his eye. So far only one man has been seriously injured a Mr. Cameron who is an upholsterer for Gordon and Keith who has had a knife stab in the throat which nearly proved fatal and was dressed by one of the town physicians on Sunday night. One colored woman received what she is pleased to describe as "a slap across the gob." Today a report went abroad that no less than thirty-five revolvers were sold to colored people, but fortunately the report came from no authentic source so it is now hoped the wrangle is at an end. About fourteen years ago just such another feud arose, and it is claimed by those who are supposed to know that the colored population behaved much better because of the treatment they then received.

A Pleasant Excursion.

All seekers of a pleasant day outing on the 1st of July should bear in mind that the Steamer "Clifton" makes that popular and well known excursion to Hampton, leaving Indiantown at 9 a. m., stopping at Moss Glen, Clifton and Beeds Point, enroute. Return will leave Hampton at 3.30 p. m.

Well paper, and window shade. You will find the largest assortment—but unless you get goods in well paper at Mr. Arthur's book store, 50 King street.

SIR LEONARD'S DEATH.

HE PASSED AWAY WEDNESDAY AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS.

A Familiar Figure on The Street—An Estimate of Him as Writer and Publisher by One Who Knew Him Well—His Funeral Takes Place This Afternoon.

All that is mortal of Sir Leonard Tilley will be laid away this afternoon. He died at an early hour Wednesday morning of blood poisoning caused by a slight scratch upon the foot, after but a few days illness.

His was a familiar figure upon the streets and especially upon Canterbury where, in the Walker building, are the offices of the Imperial Trusts Company, of which he was president, as well as those of his two sons who are engaged in insurance and legal business.

Sir Leonard was not a buy man in the



SIR LEONARD TILLEY.

usual acceptance of the term. He always had time to talk to his friends and delighted to dwell upon the familiar times of years ago with some old friend who could remind him of the incidents of those earlier days. The writer has seen him frequently in the Board of Trade reading room lay aside the paper he was engaged upon and reminded by some paragraphs therein begin to talk of the events of a score of years ago. He had a good memory and was a most interesting conversationalist.

So much has been written about his work and his life that PROGRESS can add nothing new but in the Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe the author Mr. G. E. Fenety who enjoyed the warm friendship of Sir Leonard writes of him and his times as follows:—

Sir Leonard Tilley came into politics among the new school of liberals, just about the time that responsible government was won by the old liberal party and recognized by all parties in New Brunswick, in 1855. Mr. Tilley, perhaps, was the most successful and lucky politician that this province has yet produced—it success can be measured by his lengthened tenure of office, for with the exception of a couple of years perhaps, he continued to occupy an official position, of one kind and another, almost from the day he was first elected for St. John, until his final retirement from the Dominion Government, extending over a period of probably thirty years. It must have been luck or abilities to account for this favourable showing, but no doubt it was both combined with a suave and kindly bearing. Mr. Tilley became the first provincial secretary in the first responsible party government of New Brunswick, on its formation in 1855—an office which was looked upon at the time so difficult to fill on account of its financial duties, that nobody thought Mr. Tilley—then quite a young man—was capable; but his first budget speech settled that doubt, for he succeeded in its delivery; and the marshalling of his figures far beyond expectation, and was pronounced from that moment to be "a very clever man"—according to a colloquial expression. He was among the young reformers who gave to this province all the great changes the people enjoy this day—such measures as vote by ballot, enlarging the franchise, quadrennial parliaments, reduced expenditures in all the departments, etc., etc. As a liberal he was ever consistent and firm and strictly honest as a politician. Such a thing as "hoodling" and jobbing with contractors and other such acts of spoliation, no liberal of that day would countenance for a moment. It remained to a later period for this Upas tree to be planted by designing hands and take root in our soil to the destruction of every interest, life and property perhaps included. When consideration was proposed in

1865, Mr. Tilley threw himself into the struggle, as an ardent supporter, and when the measure was finally carried, he became a member of the Dominion government. From that moment old party lines throughout the Dominion became obliterated—it was then a fusion of parties—old Tories and even old Liberals as well as young clipped hinds like brothers, and performed what might be called a pilgrimage to Mecca (Quebec) to worship at the new shrine set up by our (Upper Canadian) former Mahomets,—and so they went, a strange mixture as I thought at the time, for in my opinion it is as natural for a man to be born a Tory or a Liberal as it is to be born a poet—the blood and the spirit go together, whence the inspiration comes. But then it must be allowed that in order to carry out the new project the best men of the province were required, and they had

to ignore their old differences and throw themselves into the new work; besides there could be no dividing issues—it was like the building of a new house—the partitions had not yet been set up—no tenants had yet got in to wrangle with one another and call names and make a great noise generally. So that the fusion of parties in 1866 was quite natural and right, in the construction of this new Dominion. We are told that the chameleon takes its color from the bark of the tree from which it feeds. We have been in business as a Dominion, nearly thirty years, but the party complexion of the government, with a short interregnum, has continued Tory to the present day. The big red has swallowed up the little red—the laws of gravitation have not failed to draw the smaller bodies to the larger; while the former liberals in their own provinces have long since become so absorbed that they are all alike pronounced to be Tory,—and on the other hand, what is now called the Liberal party, embraces some of the old provincial Tories—so that the goose and the gander plied with the same sauce cannot at this time of day say one to the other "you're another," for both parties have been scratched alike and overcome by the genius of the time.

A Showman's Grand "Ad."

Rufus Somerby spent a few days in this city this week and was joined by Mrs. Somerby and two children while here. The latter intend to enjoy the bracing air of St. John, at least until Mr. Somerby reaches here with his Monkey Theatre which appears in the opera house June 13.

Somerby is an enthusiastic manager. He goes among the people and his characteristic figure is always known. Last Tuesday evening when every inch of space was crowded by excited electors in the Opera house, Mr. Somerby had occasion to seek one of the managers of the house upon the stage. When the crowd caught sight of his flowing grey hair and broad sombrero there was a unanimous call for "Somerby" "Somerby" and Mr. Somerby was equal to the occasion. He did not talk about election returns but he told the crowd about his Monkey Theatre, "the greatest show on earth." It was a good advertisement. Mr. Somerby shows in Joggins lines tonight, in Sackville Monday afternoon and evening, and spends the week between Dorchester, Shediac and Moncton.

Mr. Stockton Was Not Engaged.

The statement that Mr. C. A. Stockton was engaged in the suit brought by Miss Ferris was an error. Perhaps it was because the despatch from St. Andrews appearing in the daily press gave his name as the plaintiff's attorney, that the mistake arose and later appeared in PROGRESS.