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the board of trade and the stock together with Blackstone, shall be unhelpfully interfered with. The Dominion, and indeed all the more the theme of literature says of Halliburton, Howe, and since Longfellow and Whit-er, etc., commenced to celebrate Carman, Duvar, and others, utifully familiar scenes we have and known. The journals of States are rife with the same. Companion has lately given an old French Port Royal, and a story by Roberts, heard and told the heaving boom of Fundy in press.

us your summer literature for ble contrast. Must we never Bound" in July, for the sake of a glow? The colors of our glower so bewitchingly as on dullness of November. Sweet are June remembrances. A bird or bee were noticeable in bowers. . . . We had a mentally through us by the val. Yesterday it was rained; take to see all white, from the under slope to the river-margin, all the farther reaches. The es to the east wet brushes, and so gleam through silken willow. The black-knotted plum-trees the path to our door show their bearded. A few feathery shimmer in the air with wavering e. . . . No more favorite mus-me than when the shades of evenings are falling. Then to the window, to tramp over or loiter by the river-pleasant things to do. No ke the past stir my spirit; they neutral pages for fancy's paint-ers. Roberts' sonnet on the "Old gs one's youth back, and Lamp-arts fall as softly on the ear as the eings of, does upon the earth. Western Trip, Will Yosemite, e, Niagara, exeed what we of them. I ponder as I read the Century, "Fireside Travels" es I mostly enjoy. To travel I must carry leisure and quiet Let me loiter when at Stratford nster. Large excursion parties undesirable. I would need to go nary, to make regulation trips That is well of Miss have her near in spirit and good say truly "She always seems that is better than to have her in it would seem far away—as she d." A friendship is the better poetic or platonic tint, her thin, if all platonic. I read the verse of Richard Seal, The Poet's Death Song"? PASTOR FELIX.

Inclosure. v. Peter Swunn (rubbing his Well, my dear, I have made arts beat happily to-night; I ed five couples. —Eleven? How can that ples? Mr. Swunn.—Oh, you nted me in: I received ten n each bridegroom.—Pick.

he Truth About Horace. rgrating to hear the solemn prating who are stating that old Horace was a low that with the ladies he was always Haden. —Pick.

ny not much harm in a large number of mths, and find alarm in a few records of his eulech the muse color, and to Students moric ment as metaphoric what old Horace for facts.

ays thought 'em lazy; now we adudge any! ce was a delay that was very much eest of us know him as his Lydia verese him.—Pick. —It is No. 25.

ery owl, str, and starting out to growl, made Rome howl! str, until he filled his ead-laden ditty and a classic maiden up the city, and Maecenas paid the —Bugsen Field.

16 Pages.

PROGRESS.

16 Pages.

VOL. III., NO. 147.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

PREMIER BLAIR TALKS

ABOUT THE WESTMORLAND ELECTION, TO PROGRESS.

It was a Desperate Struggle—Some of the Canvasses Resorted To—The Mysterious Telegram to the Honorable David—Incidents of the Campaign.

The result of the election in Westmorland was somewhat of a surprise in Saint John. It may not have been a great surprise to Hon. David McLellan, for the gentleman had received on Friday a mysterious telegram from a great admirer of horse flesh then in Moncton to this effect: "Think both colts will suit but am sure one will." But it was undoubtedly a great surprise to Messrs. Alward and Stockton, who came down the line on Saturday and stated that Powell and Stevens would be elected by 600 or 700 majority.

The victory which the government gained was, when all the circumstances are considered, a notable one. It was a tribute to the magnificent fighting power and election strategy of Premier Blair, without doubt. The chieftain of the government host passed through St. John on Monday, and when interviewed by PROGRESS, stated his views freely and frankly.

"I suppose you feel much gratified at the result of the election in Westmorland?" "I do indeed," said Mr. Blair. "Up to the time that the dissolution of the Dominion Parliament took place, I felt every confidence that both of the Government candidates would be returned by a large majority. Just what the effect of the dissolution upon the contest was I could not say with any degree of accuracy, though I am satisfied it must have weakened our position. We could not hope to take any number of the straight conservatives in support of our candidates and the party organization, of course, I knew would then be complete."

"Then you think it probable that but for the impending Dominion contest you would have carried both seats?" "I think there is not a doubt of it—probably by 300 majority."

"It has been stated that the large Government vote in Shediac and Botsford was due to the promise of a railway from Shediac to Cape Tormentine. Have you anything to say on that subject?" "That statement is not correct as I made no promise of a railway except in a very qualified way. What actually occurred was, that while I was in the county, some of our opponents in the parishes of Shediac and Botsford, started an agitation on the subject of this railway. They knew that the government had taken the position that the time was not opportune for embarking in any extensive scheme of railway subsidizing, and they thought to corner me and weaken the government cause in that section. They organized meetings to discuss the railway question, and in proof that the movement did not emanate from the friends of the government, it may be mentioned that the announcement of the meetings was first made simultaneously in the Moncton Times and Saint John Sun. Our friends who were managing the Westmorland campaign thus learned for the first time, as I did, of the calling of the Shediac-Botsford meetings. At those meetings resolutions were passed, including one which demanded that I should give a written pledge that this railway should be subsidized within three years. Delegates were appointed to wait upon me at Port Elgin and present the ultimatum. Mr. Melanson accompanied the delegates, and we had a pleasant interview. I pointed out to these gentlemen how impossible it was for me to give any pledge whatever, much less a written pledge that the government would subsidize this road within the time limited, or within any period named, but that I felt free to say that in the event of another general railway scheme being entered upon by the government, we would be disposed to listen as favorably as possible to any recommendation emanating from members with whom the government could advise on such a subject. Of course this statement was not satisfactory to the opponents of the government and they made what capital they could out of it. But the Shediac-Botsford vote was not such a sweeping vote by any means as would have been taken if I had been able to give them more satisfactory and definite assurances as to this railway project."

"Have you anything to say as to Mr. Melanson's course in the election?" "I regretted very much that Mr. Melanson had been led into the line of action which culminated on nomination day. I assume that his course was due to the influence of a very eminent and influential person in the county not now in political life. The most strenuous effort was made to convince Mr. Melanson, as I am given to understand, that not only were the interests of the conservative party in Westmorland involved in his ceasing to maintain an attitude of neutrality, but that in some way the national interests of his race were involved. I know a most

desperate attempt was made from that time forward by the opposition leader and press, and their active friends, to revive among the French people the recollection of the old free school campaign, and I am not sure but that in the Parish of Dorchester, more particularly, and in the vicinity of Memramcook village, quite an impression was made against the government through such means. Throughout the rest of the French parishes and districts, however, I am happy to say the French proved indifferent to all such influences and stood by us as loyally and as firmly as did the English-speaking portions of the county. Personally, I had come to regard Mr. Melanson very highly, and I am sorry he has been placed in such a position by the indiscreet advice of his friends. I think he has by this time discovered that as long as the government was willing that he should remain out of the fight they were not his true friends who forced him into it."

"Do you think the Opposition party succeeded in bringing out their full force in the contest?" "O, yes, beyond a doubt. They expended their very last effort. The election was very hotly contested, old campaigners in Westmorland stating that they had not known even in Sir Albert Smith's day of a more desperate struggle. The organization on both sides, so far as I could judge, was very complete and every man went in to win. Any party which has not the sympathy of the dominion government of the day in Westmorland is fighting against fearful odds. The dominion government influence ramifies in all directions and to a degree which people in the other counties of the province can scarcely realize. This influence is more concentrated, of course, in Moncton, and the railway workshops which contain hundreds of voters are, in a local contest, particularly, where the open ballot is used, very much subject to the influence and control of the Conservative party. Not only are the employees themselves voting under a consciousness of supervision, but their family connections throughout the county are worked upon through fears that the position of the employee may be jeopardized."

"Must there not necessarily have been a very considerable change in public opinion since the general elections?" "That is undoubtedly the case. The misrepresentations resorted to by the opposition press for the last two or three years had perceptibly affected the public mind in January a year ago. There are of course comparatively few people well enough informed about the details to answer these statements. I was able, by the opportunity which the meetings throughout the county afforded me, to completely answer such charges against the local government. Notwithstanding that there has been this continued misrepresentation going on for so long a time, and which had not been thoroughly met and answered, we were able at these meetings to bring back our former friends to their allegiance, so that almost the entire body of the opposition to the government emanated from the conservatives, and upon conservative grounds alone. There is no sentiment of opposition in the county of Westmorland which does not proceed from the idea that it is the duty of conservatives, at all events in that county, to oppose this government in view of dominion interests."

"It has been stated in the Sun that yourself and Mr. Tweedie and Mr. McLellan, and other members of the government, were working in Westmorland, and that Mr. Powell was left to fight the battle alone?" "Well, that is quite a mistake. Mr. McLellan and Mr. Tweedie passed through Moncton during the contest, but addressed no meetings and took no part in the campaign at all. Mr. Wilson, who spoke once at Moncton, and Mr. LeBlanc, were the only outsiders present in the government interest, while in addition to home talent, consisting of Messrs. Hanington, Wells, Melanson, Robideau, Richard, Stevens, Powell and Russell, the opposition had the oratorical aid of Messrs. Stockton, Alward, McKeown and Senator Poirier."

"On the whole, then, you hardly expect to hand over the reins of power to your opposition friends at present?" "A smile that was benignant and full of meaning wreathed the countenance of the premier, as he shook hands with PROGRESS and closed the interview."

A Beautiful and Brilliant Light.

The usual quiet of PROGRESS composing room was broken Monday afternoon, at twilight, by the printers' cordial greeting to the incandescent light. If there are two things the printer loves they are plain, "fat" copy and good light. No more kerosene lamps for PROGRESS. The incandescent lights the composing room, as it soon will every other part of the office, and a beautiful light it is. Perfectly steady, it is also dazzlingly brilliant. Mr. Calkin and his company, the New Brunswick Electric Light Co., have certainly good reason to be congratulated.

PLENTY OF CASH GOING.

INCIDENTS OF THE PRESENT ELECTION CONTEST.

Conservative Candidates Who are Not in Touch With Some Electors—A Model Speech Delivered at Genville—The Situation in Fredericton.

Political news and rumors fly thick and fast these days. Candidates are elected and defeated in the same hour—on paper. Reports from this ward or that parish are all that are needed to encourage, or discourage the workers, all of whom are on a wire edge. Both parties are working like beavers, and the victory will not be won or lost, until the last ballot is cast March 5.

Talk is cheap this week. There is plenty of it and it is only a wonder that the lenient crowds do not object to blistering their hands every night or so.

PROGRESS is sorry that Friday night did not come a day or two earlier because it was weak enough to want a report of the Stockton, Alward, McKeown meeting. Those gentlemen have been quite a long time making up their minds on the propriety of public speaking but no doubt they will bob up serenely from this out. This is written and being printed while they are talking but the prophecy may be hazarded that they will go "the whole hog." That is the understanding. They will get off the pickets and come down on solid earth and there won't be any hole in the fence either. Meanwhile the managers are getting in the fine work. Orators have a certain part to do but managers have something to do and from all accounts there is more than usual to look after on this occasion.

Money is no object—at least one gentleman on his way to Queens, the other day, seemed to think so, for at a half-way house well known to all travellers he had the hardihood to pull out \$2,000 of the "funds."

"And there is more coming," was his emphatic remark. It is well that the days of Henry More Smith have passed. Henry preferred to make the acquaintance of such personal property as a good horse or a watch, but if cash had floated about as freely as in this month of February, his methods would no doubt have been changed.

This, however, is not the opinion of a certain host on the Loch Lomond road where the county conservative candidates stopped a few days ago, for a warning up. The day was cold and the candidates departed from their usual habit and took something warm. The onlookers looked pleasant and would have moved forward had they been invited. But the candidates were not treating; to put it in the words of one present "they never asked them if they had a mouth on them." Mine host could not change the crisp new ten dollar note handed him, but rather than hand it back he hunted up the exact change and handed it over.

This is a new way to canvass the people of Loch Lomond. They have not been used to it. McLellan, Rourke, Weldon and others have perhaps spoiled them for candidates who are less in touch with old time customs. It is quite probable that a judicious disposition of that ten dollar bank note would have saved ten times the amount before March 6.

Talking about judicious expenditure there is some doubt as to the exact location of the colored vote. Not as to where it is now, but where it will be a week from next Thursday. Colored votes cost \$4.75 at the last local contests, the quarter being deducted for the usual commission of five per cent., but quotations are somewhat advanced at the present date. The appreciation of Bugtown and the Back shore and Loch Lomond for a nice clean portrait of the Princess Louise is just as lively as ever. The frames are all ready, the picture is what is wanted. A prominent representative of the race told PROGRESS distinctly that his vote was not for sale, but his "influence ought to be worth something."

Everything is being run on a systematic kind of a basis in the Conservative wigwam. Nothing is got without an order, and the order must be properly signed and countersigned, and attached to the account when it is sent in.

These are bonanza days for the circulation of the Conservative papers, for 300 of each morning and evening issues are sent up to the committee rooms for distribution.

MR. THOMPSON'S NOMINATION.

The Fraternal Meeting of The Fredericton Liberals.

FREDERICTON Feb. 20.—York is a County where there is sure to be music at election times. No candidate is ever allowed to be returned in York without a contest. And, within modern times, no candidate has ever been elected in York without boodle. There is no lack of patriotism in the County, but it is patriotism that needs lubricating. It is safe to say that Father Time, in his exciting career, has seldom beheld such a gathering as the Liberal convention in the capital city last week. Mr. Gregory, the self-selected standard bearer of former fights, officiated in his fatherly fashion. The

furrowed brow and wayward locks of brother Wilson lent an air of portentous import to the event. The cranium of brother Hall, of Mosaic renown, was bowed in thought. Flitting about the room in his cheerful, sunny way was brother Lagrin. And when it is known that there were also present brother Everitt, brother James Crockett, brother William Crockett, brother Albert Gregory, brother Duffy, brother Moore, brother Ned Allen and brother Will Allen, it will be conceded that the gathering was not only a fraternal one, but was rich in scenic effects of a high order.

Those who looked for a general shedding of claret and harvesting of hair at the convention were greatly mistaken. It is true that brother Moses White, after a slight altercation with brother Lagrin, was ejected from the building as being of a dubious stripe, politically. It is true that brother Peter Duffy expressed his views of brother Thompson rather freely, and that brother William Crockett displayed a marked degree of eloquence in the immediate presence of brother Barry. It is also true that brother James Crockett declared his undying antipathy to Frederick Pemberton. Lastly, it is a fact that brother Gregory, when brother Thompson was chosen, expressed some reluctance to signing his nomination paper, though he subsequently did so, and thus rose greatly in the esteem of his former opponents.

There was a breezy fight in the committee room between the two factions as to whether the colors should be carried by brother Thompson or brother Allen. But in the end the right wing won the day. In the end there was amity, and hands which a few short months ago were locked in the deadly grip of civil war, now clasped each other in friendship and in fealty to the common cause.

It would not be correct to say that the old feud in the Liberal party of York has been entirely healed; but the sundered ranks have closed together and are now presenting a bold front to the enemy.

Old campaigners predict a very close and exciting contest between Mr. Temple and Mr. Thompson. As against the transfer of the Gibson interest to Mr. Temple must be set the important fact that Premier Blair will throw all his eloquence and powerful influence into the scale for his relative. While to outsiders the success of Mr. Temple would seem probable in view of past elections, the feeling of the farmers of York in favor of unrestricted trade is running very strong.

ORATORY IN GUMVILLE.

Speech of Hon. Teapot Tempest to the Electors.

Without exception the greatest political event that ever transpired in Genville came off in the District school-house on Wednesday evening last. The Honorable Teapot Tempest was the orator and oracle of the evening. At a moderate estimate there was fully twelve grown people present and not less than twenty of the youth of our land. Money being so scarce in Genville the election will be a great blessing to the people. It is regarded by the leadin' pillars of the tabernacle as an answer to prayer.

It was about four o'clock when the Honorable Teapot drove up the Rue de Cowpath and landed in Genville. Within twenty minutes the honorable gentleman had chipped in \$2 for foreign missions, shelled out \$3 for the Sons of Temperance, kissed seven babies and a widdler, and took all hands down to Moses Jenkins, to irrigate. When he canvassed old Jed Whalen he mentioned in confidence that Blair was a d—d autocrat. When he tackled Squire Dunsbury he said that him and Blair was brothers. When he was edgin' up to parson Hooper he said that, while he was Episcopal by adoption, his regular, natural instincts was Freewill. And when he called on Father Slavin he raised his hat and give three cheers for bleedin' Ireland. We have seldom seen a man in which brotherly love was so indigenous as the Honorable Teapot.

Our genial friend, Hezekiah Slocomb, being the only man present with store clothes on, was inducted to the chair by the unanimous silence of the audience. He said it was four years since we had seen or heard of the honorable gentleman before and we order to be grateful, sinners that we was, for the privilege of gazin' free gratis upon his beamin' countenance once more. Life was mighty uncertain and probably the helft of us would be wafted up before we would see or hear of him again. (This touchin' allusion to our mortal frames produced a solemn groan from Deacon Harries.) Mr. Teapot then arose and spoke as follows:

Gentlemen Electors of Genville: As I gaze upon this gigantic audience—this brilliant galaxy of brains and beauty—this museum of mind and muscle—this billowy sea of hair and whiskers, I am overpowered at the contemplation of my own

Has your Subscription expired? Read the notices at the head of the Editorial column. Then look at the Dictionary Inducement on page 16.

owdassity. I am amazed that a humble man like myself should have the gall to fire himself into this august presence as a candidate for your sufferings. (Applause.)

I see before me at my back the noble liniments of Squire Dunsbury—the classic profiles of Deacon Harris—the sublime yet unassuming outlines of Mordecia Hopper, held the colosse dome of thought which is owned and okeped by Adoniah Whalen. In the chair tonight sits my old friend Hezekiah Slocomb, in whom surges the fiery blood of the Hanselpackers in a direct line of descent from Cardinal Richeloo. (Loud Cheers.)

Sir, I come to you tonight as a supporter of the present government and an opponent of unadulterated reciprocity. I want to see the axe-handle business of Genville flourish like a green bay horse. I want to see your blueberry plains blossom into greenbacks. I yearn for the time to come when through the warp and woof of the industrial fabric of humanity will fly, on threads of silver and gold, the shuttle of Genville enterprise and genius. (Wild and long-continued applause, during which the Honorable Teapot feels his dome of thought carefully to see that nothin' has give way.)

Sir, we belong to a nation on which the sun never sets without hatchin'. A nation which gave us Shakespear, and Milton, and Middleton, and Pimsooll, and Charlie Mitchell, who made a graven image of John L. Sullivan. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, the British lion takes his mornin' bath in the North Sea, his breakfast in London, his dinner in America, his supper in India, and at night-fall, in the great Sahara desert, he scampers about in the moonshine, and his cubs play ball with the scalp of James G. Blaine. (Loud cheering.)

Sir, the first time I appeared before you I was a Tory; the last time I was a Grit; and now I'm a Tory again. Without change there is stagnation; we must pull first on one trace and then on the other, or the car of progress will stick fast in the mire of consistency. (Applause.)

Sir, I am a believer in the equality of men. I believe every man is as good as his neighbor, and sometimes better. I am proud to call myself the brother of the white man, the red man, and the black. All I say about the nigger is that when he was put together there was a mistake in the prescripshun. I am of the opinion that the original nigger first saw the light of day in the night-time. I am aware, sir, that in this I differ from many able minds who hold that Jonah was the first nigger, which accounts for the amount of spermaceti in his carcass. (Applause.)

Sir, we are a patriotic people. It was the patriotism of the boodler that built the Canadian Pacific Railway. It was the patriotism of the temporizer that gave Louis Riel twenty years in which to reform. It was the patriotism of a lawyer's office that kicked at the appointment of Mr. Ritchie in Saint John. It was the patriotism of the party machine that made Melanson rat over to the Local Opposition. It was patriotism in the turnip field that brought George Colter out last fall against his brother. It was the patriotism of necessity that gave birth to the Northumberland deal. It was judicial patriotism that burked the Albert election petition. It was the patriotism of expediency that brought on this election at this time. O, Patriotism! thou glorious heritage of a free and sovereign people, you come high and far we must have you. To the deathless honor of Genville, be it said, Mr. Chairman, that the patriotism of your people has never cost more than \$2 a head. (Loud cheers.)

Sir, I am in favor of the Nashunal policy. Our banana and our peanut crop need protection. Look at the shoe factories of Saint John. Look at the Gibson tannery. Look at the Fredericton tannery. Look at the Saint Marys furniture factory. Look at the Pokiok sash factory. Look at the Fredericton base ball club. (Applause.) Look at the Moncton sugar refinery. Look at the Moncton fish-soup and cel-chowder industry. (Wild cheering.)

Gentlemen, I want you all to vote for me. I want you to vote early and often. I want you to vote for a reasonable figure. Then rally round the flag. You shall have a new post office if I'm elected. You shall have my speeches at Ottawa. You shall have a copy of all the blue-books sent to you. You vote for me the sun will shine and the refreshing dew will fall and the smoke of the Genville soap factory will arise from morn to eve as the perpetual memorial of a thankful and a happy people. (Hilarious cheering, during which the honorable gentleman uncorks his tear-trap and subsides.)

The meeting was then brought to a conclusion with cheers for Jim Blaine and an able benediction from the Reverend Isaiah Hooper. It is hoped the honorable gentleman is well fixed financially. If so Genville is his'n. BILDAD. Genville, Feb. 13.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 248 Union street.

IT WAS UNEXPECTED.

The Friends of the Leary Dock Scheme Surprised their Opponents.

The anti-Leary Dock men in the common council were treated to a little surprise party Wednesday afternoon. None of them had any idea that the Leary matter would be brought up at the meeting, and several aldermen wandered out into the ante-room. It was between 6 and 7 o'clock, when business is usually being wound up. Their indifference ceased, however, when on entering the council chamber they found a cleverly worded resolution moved by Ald. Connor on the verge of being put to a vote. There were fourteen Leary men at the meeting and eleven of the opposition, and some hot cross-firing took place. The resolution was pretty well torn up and modified before being put to a vote, but was carried in a form that was more in accordance with the views of the opposition than the original. The anti-dock men claimed that the preamble stating that whereas the council had voted to give Mr. Leary a subsidy of \$5,000 a year for twenty years, was not in accordance with the facts of the case, and would leave the council at the mercy of the New Yorker; also that the original motion would take the matter out of the hands of the council entirely, as it would not come back to them after being dealt with by the government. Some of the opponents of the scheme, who were not present at the meeting, were not in the best of humor the next day.

HOW LYTELL LEFT TOWN.

Over the Fence and Away to Coldbrook to Catch the Train. The Lytell theatrical engagement concluded none too soon. As it was the eastern bound train was held fifteen minutes to carry it to Quebec, and when it pulled out of the station W. H. Lytell was not on board. His company was, however.

The afternoon matinee performance at the Institute was not all on the stage. By far the cleverest part of it was in view of the rear entrance of the Institute, where the "popular Lytell" could be seen climbing the back fence, and scampering to a sleigh in waiting, which carried him to Coldbrook.

For an hour or two before there was anxious expectancies within. There were three constable at the front door of the institute and Lytell was not sure but they would divide their forces and surround the house in which case there was no hope for him but one of the huge trunks.

The constables, however, did not work on the united plan of action. They all remained at the front door and waited for their victim. He did not victimize, and their accounts remained just where they were—in their pockets. One of the writs was for a Halifax account and the others for St. John bills.

He left his stage manager, Mr. Murray, behind him, or rather Mr. Murray left him. Mr. Murray has been acquainted with Mr. Lytell for some time, and should know him pretty well. He has paid enough for his knowledge, for he carries in his pocket-book three notes of hand of Lytell's amounting to about \$300. He tried to garnishee the box office receipts in another city, but failed to find the law to do it.

It transpires now that the reason for the long delay at the Institute on one occasion was because the stage hands had not been paid for the last engagement, and they refused to work until they were paid. This caused some delay, the reason of which the audience was, happily, unaware.

They Are All The Same.

Transparencies and all kinds of cotton signs are playing an important part in the election, and many of them are having a hard battle with the weather. A good sized "Reciprocity, Retrenchment and Reform" banner in the North End refused to go duty the other evening and eloped with the wind. Another was evidently dissatisfied with the color of the rain, Wednesday, and shed its tints, dyeing the snow in its vicinity a very pretty mixture of red and blue. The more cynical advocates of reciprocity are making fun of the sign outside the door of Foster's building, which says, "Liberal Conservative's Headquarters." The apostrophe being before the "s" makes the place the headquarters of one Liberal conservative.

A Winter Expedition.

The big boiler that furnished steam for the machinery at the Exhibition is in Hatfield's mill at Bellisle now. It got up there in a very novel way. Last Friday it was on a huge sled, built for the purpose, and drawn by six of Mr. Stackhouse's best horses, it started on its journey of 40 miles through the country and on the river. The boiler weighs fourteen tons, and those who went with it say it did not weigh a pound less when it reached its destination. Mr. Stackhouse and his men arrived home again Monday, thoroughly convinced of the advantages of modern locomotion as contrasted with the old style of travelling.