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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1890.

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MONEY WAS NOT SCARCE.

THE SINEWS OF WAR WHICH DID GOOD SERVICE IN THE FIGHT.

It was not for want of funds that the Government candidates were left in the race—the Opposition Men were poorer, but they got there just the same.

Who paid the piper? In other words, where did the money come from in the St. John election? That there was money, and plenty of it, is freely admitted by both parties. Both sides had it, but one side had a good deal more than the other. The government workers are said to have handled about \$20,000, while the opposition men had only about \$8,000.

This was not that the former were twice as corrupt as the latter, but that they were better financiers, and had better facilities for collaring the cash. It is understood that when they were seeking to secure a certain candidate, last summer, they assured him that they were prepared to spend \$10,000 in the city and county of St. John. When it came to the pinch, they did twice as well as that.

Yet it is safe to say that the \$8,000 raised by the opposition represented twice as much hustling as was required to raise the \$20,000 by the other side. But they got there, just the same, when the ballots were counted.

A good many people, who don't know much about such things, have an idea that the government candidates had the provincial treasury to draw upon. It is well that they should be promptly disabused of such a belief. Even if there were public money which could be got at for such a purpose, no man would dare to so apply it. It would be an illegal, high-handed and dishonest act, and PROGRESS is sure that no man in the Provincial government would be a party to such a thing, even if he had the chance and were assured that it would be so covered up that it could never be detected.

No. The money on both sides was secured by subscriptions from among the faithful and well-to-do of each party. Some of it came from men who did not live in the city. For instance, a pious, very temperate man of rather economical tendencies in his personal expenditures, arrived at the Royal from an outside county one day. He is a man who is "well fixed," and has a very high credit on the books of the mercantile agencies. He is a strong conservative and a warm friend of the opposition. He stayed at the Royal, where his enthusiasm for the cause grew so warm that he not only gave his check for a very generous donation, but set up the wine with a liberal hand, just like "one of the boys."

Some large sums were given on the government side. The candidates themselves are said to have done the right thing by chipping in, according to their respective abilities, until they raised a purse of \$5,000. Some gave more than others, but most of them gave less.

Safely piled away in the vault of the Bank of New Brunswick is said to be a promissory note for \$4,000, bearing certain cabalistic marks and initials, made by the discount clerk. The men whose names are on it voted for the government, and are perfectly good for the amount. The notary will never make a dollar out of a protest of that note.

How was the money used? For election purposes, which term, like charity, "covers a multitude of sins." Some of it went for horse-hire, some for advertising and printing and some to buy crackers and cheese for the polling booths. These are small items, of course. The rest of the money was expended for sundries "where it would do most good."

There was plenty of "stuff" floating around on election day. The banks reported a big run on them for bills of small denominations, and dollar bills were most scarce of all at the tellers' desks. Yet dollar bills have been plenty outside of the banks ever since Monday. It has been easy enough to get tens and twenties exchanged for ones at any of the liquor stores. Well, the money was spent, and nobody on either side is kicking because it was used. There is just that much more in circulation. It will do good to somebody. Which is about the only consolation that remains for the government men who "chipped in."

"Progress" Beat Them All.

According to the critic of the *Dominion Illustrated*, the Christmas edition of *Progress* bore the palm from every paper in Canada for the merit of the stories written for it by Canadian writers. It says: "The Christmas stories (of the various leading journals) were for the most part admirable. On the whole, we give the prize to the Master of Herewood (J. Hunter Duvar) for the best of them. 'Dollie Deering's Christmas' has the true ring of Merrie England, and its geniality is irresistible. In the chauntology of fiction, Prof. Roberts takes the palm, in 'The Bounty of Blomidon.'"

MEN WHO DIDN'T VOTE.

And Men Who Began to Vote One Way and Ended by Voting Another.

There were some absent-minded men who wanted to vote, last Monday, but didn't. They would be carefully instructed outside that their names were so-and-so, but by the time they reached the ballot box they would totally forget the names that had been given them. Then they would walk out very sheepishly indeed.

Others would be given a ballot, and in their nervousness would put it in a pocket and be unable to find it when wanted. One of these entered one of the Dufferin ward polling places, and stood stupidly while the returning officer waited for his government ballot. At this juncture an opposition hustler stepped behind him, slipped another kind of a ballot in his hand. He voted it at once, to the intense disgust of Mr. John Kelly, who was too late to prevent the trick being played.

The government representative in Kings ward challenged a man, who immediately retired. As he went, he threw his folded ballot on the floor. After he went out, it was picked up and found to be the straight government ticket. The representative felt inclined to kick himself.

Another man, challenged by the government, took the oath. Then he threw away the straight government ticket he had held in his hand, picked up an opposition one and voted it.

In another instance a man challenged by the opposition got "rattled," mislaid his government ballot, and in his confusion voted an opposition one, quite contrary to his intention.

The polls were pretty well watched on both sides, and a good many nice little games were spoiled on both sides. The man who voted twice in the same place was pretty hard to find, and the men who wanted to vote and did not vote were enough in number to have turned the scale in many an election of the past.

WANT TO FORM A LEAGUE.

The Lacrosse Players of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Mean Business.

When the Cagna-waga Indians were here last summer the people of St. John had a revelation as to the beauties of Lacrosse as an athletic sport. It captured the crowd—and there were then predictions that base-ball had at last found a rival for popular favor. Since then the number of Lacrosse "cranks" has increased very rapidly, and as there is a proportionate increase in Nova Scotia, a League for the two provinces is proposed. The projectors of the scheme have strong hopes of success, and as H. H. Allingham, of the C. P. R. Telegraph office, is one of them, the hope is not likely to be a vain one. The only objection which anyone can urge against Lacrosse is that in their opinion it is too rough to be pleasant, but this is only because they have not seen it properly played. There can be roughness in it, just as there is in base ball, but there is no need of it when gentlemen play as gentlemen should. Besides, it is purely Canadian. "Every lover of Canada and her institutions," says a famous player, "should endeavor to forward the interest of our national game by advocating the giving of medals or trophies for competition between the clubs consisting of the younger of our athletes and thus perpetuate the grandest game ever played, and a grander than which, for giving health and strength, fleetness of foot, cunning of hand, sharpness of eye, and curbing of the demon temper, never was known."

A Fair List of Entries.

PROGRESS has received the list of entries for the colt stake to be trotted in Fredericton in 1890, and 1891, foals of 1888 being entered for the former and of 1889 for the latter. There are twelve entries of 1888 foals, and fifteen of 1889 colts. The list was received too late to be published in full with the pedigrees, which to horsemen are of great interest. But one thing is certain; the entries show the keen interest of horsemen in the stakes and the best colts are entered. It is safe to say that the future speed of the province will be found in this list.

The Cansasser Was Too Fresh.

Rev. A. E. Ingraham, a Baptist missionary, did not intend to vote a straight opposition ticket on Monday. He had concluded to scratch his ballot and put on one or two government men. When one of the Wellington ward hustlers approached him with an offer of money in consideration of his vote for the government, he changed his mind. Indignant at the insult, he voted squarely for every man on the opposition side. The hustler was a little too fresh that time.

Always Ready for Customers.

Ice creepers and overshoes have been at a premium this week, and the American Rubber store has been busy. This establishment has something for all kinds of weather, no matter whether a snow or a rain storm, or whether the streets are muddy or icy.

"THE PACE THAT KILLS."

THE MACHINE IS GOING AHEAD WITH ALL STEAM ON.

A Suggestion That the Common Council May Pause to Consider—If It Does Not, the People Will Have to Take a Hand and Work for Retrenchment.

Whither are we drifting in civic affairs? Are we simply going in debt in proportion to our means, or are we rushing along in the dark with the throttle wide open and no headlight? The machine is going, and going fast, but is it going at a safe speed, and where is it likely to bring up?

These are questions which it is worth while for the citizens to ask. Certain expenditures, heavy enough in all conscience, must be made for streets, etc. There is no avoiding it. It is one of the consequences of union. The figures which would have frightened the taxpayers a year or two ago are contemplated very calmly now. A proposition involving hundreds of thousands provokes less comment than one requiring one thousand would have brought out a few years ago. The people appear to have an idea that some civic Aladdin has found a cave full of gold back of Fort Howe, and that the only question is as to what particular ward or section will get the biggest share of it.

And that appears to be the idea of some of the representatives from the wards.

"I have been a pretty close attendant at the meetings of the common council since the act of Union," said a gentleman to PROGRESS a few days ago, "and I cannot help remarking the change that has come over the new board. Instead of the quiet business methods that were always in order under the old council there seems to be nothing but talk, and I observe that our Portland friends do more than their share of it. To my mind they run the board and are fast running the city into debt. Unless I am greatly mistaken there will be some startling comparisons when the chamberlain publishes his report next year. The old and reliable members of the board seem to have lost all the caution that characterized their business in the past and are permitting the new members to have full swing. Some of them are possessed of considerable imprudence and carelessness so far as the city's interests are concerned. I believe that union is a good thing, but the people must make up their minds that they must be saving for a few years and especially avoid premature and unnecessary expenditure in the direction of public works. Taxes are already heavy enough, but mark my words, if economy does not soon become the watchword of the council you will find that they have run up on you in spite of yourself."

These are things for the people to consider. The money does not come out of a cave, but out of their pockets. They pay the piper, whether they dance or not. There is too much sectionalism, too much grabbing, or attempting to grab, for this or that "End." The members in some cases, appear to be there for what they can get for themselves and their constituents, whether the city goes in debt or not.

They are not all that way. There are as good men at this board as ever sat in any St. John council, and they should be kept there. There are others who should never have been placed in positions where their folly or greed is likely to add to the already heavy debt. It is not hard to find them.

Now is the time to begin to think about it, and to prepare clean citizens' tickets for wards which are now either wholly or in part misrepresented. It is a matter of dollars and cents to every man who pays taxes. Do not repeat the mistakes of last year. There are good men in every ward, who can and will help to manage the city's affairs with economy. They should be picked out now, and elected when the time comes.

That is the way the city can save money. And it is the only way.

And the Darkies They Did Hustle.

A political hustler has arisen among the ranks of the colored fraternity in the person of the tonsorial artist, Daniel McIntyre. He was one of the opponents of John Connor in Stanley ward, and the lively way the darkies did hustle put to shame many of their white brothers. There was a vile and untraceable rumor flying around that each vote was worth \$4, but PROGRESS could not arrive at any facts that would warrant the conclusion that more than \$3.75 was asked or given for any one ballot.

Why He Keeps Away.

There is a young and enterprising resident of Dukes ward who has not been home since election day. On that morning he rose early and voted his father's name for the government. When the parent stepped up, an hour or two later, with an opposition ballot in his hand, he found himself circumvented, and started to look for his son. He has not found him yet, and the young man is not in any hurry to seek the paternal roof.

"BOSS" KELLY'S WARD.

How Hard It Was to Hold His Ground in Dufferin.

"Boss" John Kelly stood on his old stamping ground and fought the hardest fight of his life. He had splendid campaigners against him and they lost no opportunities. "Tom" Crockett had many a bout with him, and Kelly found many of his old tricks go back on him in his hour of need. Another lively and aggressive fighter was Douglas McArthur, who knows every man in the ward as well as his sentiments.

For instance it was known that in Portland many of those on the list were under age and there was much swearing in consequence. When Kelly would bring in a young voter who hadn't managed to coax the hair on his upper lip yet there was a questioning look on the faces of the opposition watch dogs. Then "I challenge that man" would startle the group.

"What for," would inquire Mr. Kelly. "On qualification grounds. He is not 21."

"I was 21 last August—the 29th of the month," boldly said the voter.

"Just swear to that, and you can vote after you have taken the bribery oath, too."

"I won't swear," said the voter, and he walked out.

Such scenes as this were repeated in every polling booth, and the cross-firing was exciting at times. There was, however, much good nature and much fun.

WHERE WAS THE MAGISTRATE?

He Went to Fredericton With Premier Blair and Was Not Ill With La Grippe.

Some paper noted the fact that the Ex-Solicitor General and present Police Magistrate, R. J. Ritchie, was ill on Saturday and Monday, and that Siting Magistrate Thomas R. Jones occupied the magisterial chair on those occasions. The latter part of the item was correct, but Mr. Ritchie was not in bed with grippe as many people supposed. On the contrary, the special train that took Premier Blair to Fredericton at midnight, after his great speech here, had another passenger on board, and he looked remarkably like Mr. Ritchie. He went to help the attorney general in York, and reports say did most effective work. The Catholics of Fredericton were no uncertain quantity when Mr. Ritchie moved among them. 'Twas a pleasant little vacation and the police magistrate found some pleasure in giving his political hand practice. In fact all that darkened his hour of victory in York was the gloomy news from St. John.

Mr. Ellis Did Not Wait for Returns.

Mr. John V. Ellis did not wait long enough to take part in the Berryman hall meeting. A few minutes after the polls closed he boarded the Montreal train for Ottawa. It was not a very lively campaign for Mr. Ellis. He had not the heart to score such good political friends as Stockton and Alward too deeply, and he could not have been in entire sympathy with a director of the *Sun* as a government candidate. Again there was Mr. Pugsley and the *Gazoo* asking for his endorsement and the recognition of the *Globe*. On the other hand his business partner, Ald. T. N. Robertson, was heart and soul in sympathy with the opposition, and voted on that side. Mr. O'Brien was, of course, on the other side, but with such conflicting propertor's opinions, no wonder the shafts of the paper were not so well aimed or sent into the ranks of the enemy with the same force as before.

A Short Fight With Congestion.

That honest, hard working, faithful fellow Will Everett is dead. He fell in the harness of drudgery—the life of a morning newspaper man in St. John. Already exhausted, he spent election day going from poll to poll in the wet, and that night was taken from the office in a coach to his death bed. Everett was the first rapid and accurate shorthand writer in New Brunswick, and many of the experts today owe their skill to his kind teaching. He was always ready to help a man along, and it was his ready assistance that gave him his change of employment in a newspaper office. Like most of his fellow-workers Everett's work yielded him no more than a comfortable living. His life was insured in the Equitable.

Men Who Won and Lost.

The men who bet on everything from a dog fight to an election won and lost money Monday. PROGRESS heard of several large sums being wagered evenly on government and opposition. One man obtained two to one on a bet that the opposition would carry six seats. He won, though he would have sold his chances cheap at 3.45 Monday afternoon. Another wagered in every fashion on the government and lost \$296 while he won \$5.

But the gamblers knew no more than anybody, and were as much surprised as the defeated candidates.

CRUMBS.—Your matter should reach here Thursday afternoon when possible.

IT WAS A VERY WET DAY,

AND A VERY COLD ONE FOR SIX OF THE LOCAL CANDIDATES.

How the Fight Was Fought and the Tidings of Victory Received by the Opposition—The Calm and Philosophical Resignation of the Defeated Candidates.

It was not very inviting weather, Monday, but it was a very inviting day, for all that. All kinds of people were invited to step up and vote for one side or the other. They were gathered, like the guests at the scripture wedding, from the highways and bye-ways. If they did not feel like walking, they could be driven in state, and in some cases they got a day's wages, at least, for work which they did or were to do in a minute.

All day long the rain came down in showers and nasty drizzle. It was not a demonstrative rain. It fell silently and effectively, but there was nothing uncertain about it. It got there, and everybody felt it.

And all the time the rain was dropping, there was another shower, as quiet in its way, but infinitely more surprising in its effects. It was a shower of ballots over the city and county of St. John, under which, when night came, lay buried the government tickets. It rested but lightly in Kings and Sydney wards, Simonds and Lancaster, but it piled up in huge drifts at St. Martins, and in all the city wards, including those in which the government candidates lived and where some of them in the past had felt themselves invincible. The Provincial Secretary, in his own ward, was 72 behind his lowest opponent and over 700 behind him in the whole county. Grand Worthy Patriarch Thorne, whom it had been supposed would carry the Methodist vote, ran nearly 150 behind his lowest opponent in his own ward, Queens, the great temperance ward and the ward of the Centenary church.

Mr. Quinton was the only one of the government candidates who secured a majority for his ticket in his own polling district.

It was a Waterloo for the government ticket. The candidates fought to the last, and fought well, but grit and tory combined against them, and the citizens meant business. The fire had been smouldering for eight months, but when it burst out it cleared away everything that stood in its path.

It was one of the elections in which the newspapers exerted very little influence. The people knew what they wanted, and it mattered not to them what the papers said. The news items published by the press when B. Lester Peters was dismissed from office and Robert J. Ritchie appointed in his stead had done their work long before the campaign literature was begun.

The *Sun* was the only daily paper in favor of the opposition, and it did not make itself very tired by its exertions. The *Telegraph*, on the contrary worked very hard, but it is doubtful if it succeeded in changing a single vote by its appeals. The *Globe* showed even less activity than the *Sun*. It was very temperate in its tone, so much so as to give the impression that the editor wished to do no more than the prefatory duty which party allegiance demanded of him.

The only paper which can claim to have had any marked effect on the contest was the *Evening Gazoo*. This was not due to anything that it said, for nobody had paid any attention to its words of late, but to the infamous course it pursued in allowing itself to be bribed into deserting its friends in the hour of need on the eve of battle. Its sordid treachery aroused so much indignation that hundreds worked all the harder in their effort to rebuke the meanest act ever committed by a St. John newspaper. The treason of the *Gazoo* was a great thing for the opposition.

It is quite safe to say that in no local election since the days of Confederation has there been so much real earnestness displayed. The workers on the opposition side felt that they had a principle to sustain, and it was for the ticket that they worked. Life-long tories never worked harder for Tilley than they did for their old grit adversaries, Alward and Stockton. In the same sense life-long, grits labored day and night to elect the rest of the candidates who were conservatives. The wolf dwelt with the lamb, and the leopard lay down with the kid. And they got there.

From first to last the tickets were stuck to by the opposition workers. They favored no one man more than another. They were all good enough men for them, and so would have been almost any other six men, after the heaven began to work. Mr. McKeown's friends did a little more for him than they did for the others, and the boy candidate led the poll. This was not unexpected. It had been predicted from the first. None of the other candidates are jealous of him. Each of them got all the votes he wanted, and a good many more than he or his most sanguine friends had expected.

Take it all in all, it was a great election. The most sanguine of the war-horses of the

THE SCENE IN BERRYMAN'S HALL.

How the Crowd Welcomed the Returns and What the Candidates Did.

Berryman's hall, the "wigwam" of the government party, was a lively place about 4.30 o'clock—just before the returns came in. Crowds that had worked and watched for the favorites all the day long wended their way to headquarters with anxious faces and feeling just as uncomfortable bodily as mentally—for dripping wet garments and the cold shivers are not the most comfortable things in the world. But the excitement soon warmed them. John L. Carleton stood upon the platform in slouch hat and knee rubber boots pulling at an election cigar and looking as fierce as he can look, ready to pounce upon any new comer with returns or rumors of them. Cheer after cheer rang through the hall as the non resident and Sydney and Simonds votes were announced. Then there was a pause, and Dr. Dan came out of some inner apartment and smiled at the bulletin board and at the crowd.

Charles Wesley Weldon Climbed up the

two flights of stairs and puffed as he paddled his course through the crowd. There were cheers and other welcomes, and C. W.'s glasses beamed affectionately on this side and that. He shook Candidate Carvill by the hand, cheered him up considerably, and then glanced at the mass from the platform.

Carvill appeared as nonchalant and unconcerned as it in his counting room. He smoked a good cigar and kept the candidate Henry J. Thorne company. In fact, all the candidates seemed to seek comfort in fragrant Havannas. John H. Parks entered with a smoking weed; and the secretary looked tired, but careless, and evidently enjoyed his cigar. The executive chairman, John McMillan, loomed above the crowd, with his light-colored ulster flung over his shoulders, and his cheery voice rang through the room as he sang out, "Well run, Sturdee." Mr. Sturdee was the chairman's pet candidate, and he was pleased to find his man running so well in the fast company. General chairman A. O. Skinner faced the platform nervously while the returns came in, but his cheery smile did not desert him even when Victoria ward was brought in by Ald. Busby. On the contrary, the solicitor-general rather went back on his reputation. He lost his smile, and couldn't find it until the news came in that Mr. Geo. F. Gregory was thrice defeated in York.

McLellan's most bitter opponent would have admired the way he stood defeat. He was as calm and cool as if he was at an agricultural fair, and seemed pleased that the crowd gave him such a magnificent reception. Just here it may not be amiss to give a calculation said to have been made by the Secretary when the writs were issued. He gave the opposition sixteen throughout the province, and six of them came from St. John. His fight was consequently against his own conclusion which were correct in every instance even in Kent, where he conceded the election of Phinney, who was left at home.

The opposition could not have fought against a fairer leader or a more generous one. Before the campaign grew too warm he and Stockton agreed to believe nothing that he heard the other side said of him until it was corroborated by either of them. They had several conferences of this nature and the Secretary would inquire: "Stockton did you say so and so about me."

And if Stockton's reply was negative that settled it, and if affirmative they argued it out then and there.

But to return to Berryman's hall. Secretary R. R. Ritchie got very weary of putting down majorities for the opposition and retired, and just as soon as the crowd was satisfied what the result was it began to disperse also. Among it was Mr. Quigley, who smiling owned up to the fact that he wasn't a mascot.

The words of the immortal Humphrey Price Webber had come true. "The government has monkeyed with the buzz saw, and the buzz saw will get there." Rather enigmatical, but then Webber is privileged.

AT OPPOSITION HEAD QUARTERS.

How the First News of the Great Victory Was Received.

The first word from any poll reached Opposition headquarters at 4.25, and it was the first note of victory as well. It was only a small return—the city non-resident vote, but as it showed a majority of a dozen or so in favor of Alward and Smith, the crowd cheered lustily. Towards 5 o'clock the figures began to come in faster, and the majorities for the opposition began to mount. The spirits of the crowd mounted faster, and they cheered and