

PROGRESS.

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HOW IT WENT

With a Rush and a Houp-a-la.

THE LIBERALS GO UNDER

Scenes When The Returns Were Coming In.

BOTH IN THE INSTITUTE AND BERRYMAN'S HALL.

Who Entertained the Conservatives, and the Feeling in Liberal Headquarters—A Good Time in Both Places—How the Night Ended.

Who showed under! Thursday was a very stormy election day—without, the snow fell from early morning until midnight, and within—the polling booths—the ballots dropped as unceasingly and 5 o'clock in the afternoon the liberal candidates for the city and the county of St. John were not in sight. Popularly speaking they were "in the soup."

They did not have to wait until the polls closed to find it out. It was in the air. For days before—in fact ever since the campaign opened the liberal supporters were hoping against hope; they were fighting against almost certain defeat and they could not put the same heart into the fracas as they might have otherwise. The shadow of last winter's local contest hung heavily about them. Despite their feeling that the dominion contest would be run on other lines they knew that their same opponents were on the war path again; the same men who had fought and conquered their fourteen months ago were at work again with as complete an organization as ever was perfected for a political contest. They were not only there but their leaders—Stockton, Alward, McKeown, Shaw, Rourke, Smith, George McLeod, Howard Troop were to the front also. To the ranks of such as these there were such additions as Connor and Kelly who are always fighting for the "government." But above and apart from these—the wings of the party—there was the main body—the fold and tried conservatives and the young and active conservative club.

These were strong forces to fight against strong for the liberals, and Messrs. Ellis, Rankine, and Weldon went under. That was the verdict written upon the faces of the few groups that had gathered in Berryman's hall—the old liberal wigwags—at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when Progress strolled into the main room. The floor was cleared of benches and there was an air of anxiety about every newcomer which did not auger well for the success of the party.

The blackboard looked very lonely on the platform which contained a few chairs but no persons. The districts were all outlined and plenty of chalk was ready for the scorer, whoever should be appointed to that memorial task. In spite of the wet blanket over the spirits of the audience, which at this time about half filled the hall, there was a hearty cheer for Mr. Weldon when he entered the room, puffing and panting, but as cheerful as though he was sure to stand at the head of the poll. With as certain knowledge of defeat as he could possibly gather from the reports of his faithful workers, his greeting and his laugh were as hearty as ever.

Clarence Ferguson brought the first return, and he didn't make any noise about it either, because his slip called for a majority of 29 for McLeod. That was in one division of Dukes, and as John L. Carleton mounted the narrow platform and slowly chalked the figures down, a painful silence fell upon the crowd—for it was a crowd by this time.

"Ah that's a bad hole," shouted a spectator, "wait till you get the rest of the ward."

Queens followed with one division, giving 23 against Ellis, and when one section of Victoria stood 66—32 against the city liberal, and a Prince division contributed 117—57 in the same direction, the feeling that there was not a shadow of doubt of the result spread through the room.

Old campaigners like Col. Blaine walked into the room glanced at the board and turned away without a word. There was no encouragement there for them. If they smoked they invariably indulged in a comfortable pipe or a cigar and after the first few minutes of disappointment, began to joke upon the events of the day. There were plenty of incidents that would be a

going, for every ward worker contributed his share of good stories, some of them were very amusing and if half of them were told they would more than fill this page. Still there were men who would hope against hope, and cheer their throats dry against a favorable return, however small, came in. One Wellington division gave Ellis a majority of 1, and there was an enthusiastic howl which was prolonged as Prince, Sydney and Kings divisions stood 81—57, 89—55, and 111—45, in the same direction.

John Connor is in luck this week for he sent in a crushing return from Stanley Ward, just doubled the vote against the liberals and contributed something at the same time toward winning his wonderful bet of \$50 that the highest liberal would be 300 votes behind the lowest conservative. No doubt the wager was made for political effect at the time but it proved very correct after all.

Notwithstanding the returns the crowd was good natured and even jolly. When the return of Flint was announced they cheered themselves hoarse. Among the platform people who crowded around the telegram and smiled was Chairman John McMillan who had had a hard day's work of it, and not only him but scores of others who found a seat or a leaning place while they waited for the news.

It was nearly 7 o'clock by this time, and the crowd was hungry. Good news would have been more satisfying to them than anything in the eating line, but the latter was preferred to such dismal reports as came in. As soon, however, as they began to go fresh faces put in an appearance and began to shout for all they were worth. For the outside counties were being heard from, and a good many of them were favorable at the start. It was by no means the same crowd that had looked in silence at the board in earlier hours. By the way, that board was a curious sight. Scorer Fred Langan had tired of his job as quickly as the crowd tired of the figures he was putting down, and left the board in disgust.

It wasn't very long before word came that Foster was going under in Kings, and it turned into a crazy place. Men shouted and laughed until they were too hoarse to speak, apparently caring nothing for St. John, so long as Foster had gone down. In fact, some of the speakers spoke in this strain, and the crowd responded to the echo.

All the candidates got a fine reception. Mr. Weldon took the overturn as philosophically as possible, and talked better and clearer than he frequently does on the stump. Mr. Ellis seemed somewhat subdued, but rattled off his sentences as lightly as ever. There was nothing in Mr. Rankin's face to indicate that he was very sorry.

The scene baffles description when Domville himself appeared upon the scene. From the door to the platform he was passed along by willing hands, and it is safe to say he did not walk a step of the way—with a mighty shout from the crowd he reached the platform and turned to speak. But that was impossible for many minutes. It did not matter to the shouters that it was Domville—he was the man who had beaten Foster—that was the thought apparently in their minds. Domville's speech was interrupted again and again by cheers, and while, he said, the result would be very close with the chances in his favor they would not listen to that but shouted the harder. No one would have dreamed that the same voters had been snowed under by a cool thousand votes in their own city and county.

On the platform telegrams came irregularly. Jones, of Digby, doubtfully raised a terrific cheer which was repeated with much laughter when Mr. McAlpine alluded to him as "the nephew of our own Senator Boyd."

"Thompson is cutting down Temple's majority" was the shout, and the howl was taken up and continued again and again.

"LeBlanc of Kent is probably elected." He wasn't, but the crowd thought so just the same and went wild.

For a time the same result was claimed in Albert, but it soon became evident that there was much doubt about it. Not so with Coulter or Gillmor. Their names were greeted as though every man in the audience knew them intimately.

The last and greatest cheer was called forth by the news of Carling's defeat in London, Ontario. That seemed to be a good night-cap for the liberal shouters, and they went home happy.

They were not so happy next morning, for they found the government sustained by about the usual majority, and Kings county doubtful.

In a minute's chat with a PROGRESS representative, Mr. Weldon ascribed the causes of defeat to the split in the local party of over a year ago. "There is no doubt of it," he said, "much the same cause has contributed very largely to our defeat. I met it frequently in my canvass, and have felt all along that it would be a

hard prejudice to overcome. Our men worked like Trojans, but it was an uphill fight with such a split in the party."

WHERE THE VICTORS CHEERED.

The Crowd at the Institute and How the Returns were Received.

At five o'clock there were groups of voters and small boys standing around the doors of the polling booths, or gazing in at the windows to see the ballots being counted. And when the last stroke was made and the tally figured up, the hustlers spent no time in verifying their calculations. Out among the anxious voters they went with a rush, giving the result, and hurrying on in the direction of the different headquarters. Those who went to Berryman's hall had had news, and all who hurried to the Institute were light hearted and happy, and could not get there fast enough.

Long before the votes were counted the Institute was crowded. On the stage, a huge blackboard was being rapidly decorated with chalk marks, and every mark brought forth a cheer. Twining Hart and Alex Macrae, perched on tall step ladders, were the artists, and they had a pleasant duty to perform, although more than one number was placed on the board in silence.

A more disordered or excited crowd never filled the Institute. It took possession of the stage as well as the auditorium, and George F. Smith proved a model chairman for such an occasion, as his large presence gave him an prominence that was highly necessary in such a gathering. There was not much room for him to move about, for the stage in front of the blackboard was crowded as much as it possibly could be without a score or more enthusiastic voters falling into the orchestra. As it was, when some of the returns came in showing large government majorities, many of them jumped so high that there were some doubts in the minds of the cooler portion of the audience as to where they would light. But some of the men on the edge of the stage were brought to their senses in a way that made them alarmed for their personal safety. The foot lights were burning as brightly as if they were celebrating the victory, and so was the fringe around the bottoms of some of the enthusiastic voters' trousers. Then there was a general demand to have the lights put out. A number of people in the auditorium thought the same thing should be done to the crowd standing before the black board, obstructing their view of the returns, and shouts to this effect came from all parts of the hall. An effort was made to comply with these requests, but it was just like forcing back water—the crowd surged in again as soon as the men pushing it back turn around. Indeed all efforts to clear the platform were unsuccessful, even when the chairman took the matter in hand. In the hall, the same disorder, was everywhere. Only a few had the courage to sit down, and they could not see anything. So everybody stood up and engaged in lung exercise at intervals of about one minute each.

The institute fairly swarmed with humanity. The floor was packed, and there was hardly any of the walls visible between the main hall and the galleries. Even in the balconies and gallery the crowd reached to the roof. And everybody cheered. Men with returns from the different wards made their way to the blackboard, and then shook hands with everybody on the stage. All except the ladies, perhaps, for a large number of them were on hand when the returns first began to come in. That excited and happy mob cheered and shouted until it was hoarse. It cheered at everything, for the returns indicated a regular Waterloo. As the time wore on and there were only a few blank spaces on the black board to be filled in, it got more orderly; many people went home, and some thought it would be safe to sit down. But instead of the crowd getting smaller it grew larger every minute, for those who had been home to supper now began to pour in by the score to enjoy an evening of jubilation.

When the city candidate appeared at the back of the stage the cheering was wild. A lot of hustlers instantly got hold of him and hoisted the Hon. E. McLeod up in the air, till he bounced up and down like a balloon in a gale, while one man pulled the candidate's fur cap off of his head and flourished it for him. And when he tried to make his way through the crowd his joyous supporters pelted him with their caps as hard as ever boys did each other when playing globe through fire and water. But "everything went." Then when he endeavored to make a speech he was hoisted up again, and the crowd cheered. When he took his coat off there were cheers also; and when he got up on a chair to speak, there was so much cheering that the prospects for his remarks being heard by those on the other side of the footlights did not look very bright. The crowd couldn't keep quiet. It was the voters' turn to get off their surplus wind, and they were bound to make the best of it. The candi-

dates had had all the opportunity they wanted during the last three weeks, and so long as they spoke on the present occasion, it did not matter whether anybody heard them or not.

Then Mr. Skinner came in for a boosting, at the hands of his supporters. He was sitting in the orchestra, and was instantly caught hold of by men above him and pulled up on the stage, with about as much care as baggage masters usually give to a valise; and up he went towards the wings until he was finally placed on a chair and a speech demanded. But in such an uproar, anything in that line seemed utterly out of question. For a successful candidate, Mr. Skinner was just about as cool as "they make them," and calmly putting his hands in his pockets, waited until the noise subsided. Then he made a few remarks, and the crowd seemed disposed to listen to them, until an individual in the gallery broke the silence—which was only being about half broken by Mr. Skinner—with "you done just right, Mr. Skinner," delivered as coolly and deliberately as the candidate himself could have done.

But one of the great events of the evening was the "old flag." Some patriotic spirits at the back of the stage fished it out of some out of the way corner, nailed it to a long pole, and passed it out into the crowd where it was waved back and forth with a vengeance, while the audience cheered and cheered, and cheered again, and then gave three cheers and a tiger. It was a great day for the old flag; all one had to do was to point to it and the mob howled. After the "boy candidate," had been bounced up and down like a stuffed man, he referred to it, and set the crowd going.

Then there were calls for McKeown, and the young M. P. P. came forward. At that time a chair wasn't high enough, and a high step ladder was brought into requisition. McKeown was forced to elevate himself, and the crowd wouldn't listen to him until he had reached the top step, where he had to keep a clear head to prevent a catastrophe.

From that out everybody had to mount the step ladder, if he wanted to speak, and nearly every one with any pretensions to oratory, had a chance including an old and rough looking customer, considerably under the influence, who was up the ladder before anybody noticed him, and all creation wouldn't get him down until he had had his say. He was good for two hours address at the least, if the people below had not shaken the ladder until he was in danger of landing in the pit, and the chairman coaxed him down, while the crowd shouted "put him out" and cheered. In fact, everything began and ended with a cheer, for newcomers took the places of those who had yelled themselves hoarse, and the latter never gave up.

Early returns from the outside places now began to come in, and they were all encouraging. Minister Foster had a majority in Kings, and everybody cheered for Minister Foster; but as later returns came in, the cheers grew weaker and weaker, until they could hardly be heard at all. Halifax had gone conservative by a large majority; they had swept the city. Hurrah for Halifax! And the cheering was almost as great as when it was announced that Sir John had been elected in Kingston. Three cheers for the old man! and up they went with a ring that would have done anybody's heart good.

And Charlotte! Down in the county of old war-horse Gillmor, where Harry McKeown took pains to inform the audience he had been on the stump, and which accounted for his not being conspicuous in the campaign here—down in Charlotte the prospects looked good for Clarke; St. Stephen gave him a big majority, and there were cheers for Clarke, and "Gillmor was no good." But Grand Manan and some parts of the county had not been heard from, and as the returns came in the interest in that place lessened.

There was good news from everywhere, but the amount of unpleasant information with which it was served kept the enthusiasm from raising the roof of the building. In the north everything looked bright. Hon. Michael Adams had been elected, and somebody in the gallery proposed "three cheers for Mike." And when Ald. Forrest mounted the step-ladder and referred to his dear friend and play-fellow, the Hon. Mike Adams, there were "cheers for Mike" again.

And so it went on. From five o'clock the hall had been crowded, and those who came there from the polling booths never thought of supper. As the evening wore on the crowd settled down for a night of speeches and rejoicing, and everybody who got a chair made use of it. The rest stood in the aisles or hung on to the ceiling. The stage was still crowded, and in fact the institute seemed to have become common property. Every door was opened, and people wandered where they would. Behind the blackboard quite a number made themselves perfectly at home,

tipping back their chairs and pulling away at big cigars, or walking about and viewing the mysteries of a show house. But everybody was good natured. Young and old, big and small, professional men and laborers, were all on much better terms than they will probably be a week from now, and one could do much as he liked with the other. And the same good feeling prevailed throughout the hall, except when some irreverent spirits made unpalatable remarks in the galleries, and were promptly hurried down stairs. In fact it was too one-sided for anything, and in the imagination of the multitude Berryman's hall bore more of a resemblance to a morgue than it really did, except when word was received that the lights in that building had refused to burn. But they had a better opinion of the vanquished when the remark of one of the Berryman hall mourners was read: "Badly bruised, but still in the ring."

The audience at the Institute was in for a night of it, and it mattered not what they did so long as the crowd kept together, and listened to anybody or anything, so long as it savored of liberal conservative and every hustler who appeared on the stage had to say something. Robert Maxwell, the coming Alexander Mackenzie was there, mounted the step ladder, and recited some poetry, in which he bent over so far that there were some doubts as to whether he intended to make a speech, or perform the feat of climbing up one side of the ladder, and coming down the other head first. He also thanked the workmen for voting as they had voted. "Napoleon" Barker travelled skyward, and there was "nothing but the matter with Napoleon, hurrah for him." And the crowd hurrahed, while Barker said that if Napoleon did fall at Waterloo he was fighting for his own country, and not for a foreign country, as John V. Ellis had fallen. Hurrah for Napoleon again, and "Ellis is no good." And so it was all the evening; first one spouter and then another mounted the step ladder and spouted, including A. W. Macrae who came down from one perch and went up on another, and J. B. M. Baxter, who had just come from the sheriff's office with more good news than he could carry. In fact every spouter seemed to have come from somewhere and each had good news, and many given half a dozen times during the evening.

Senator Boyd was on hand covered with smiles, but a seat in the auditorium did not satisfy the crowd, and he was promptly helped up on the stage, and then ascending the ladder, clasped his hands as if in prayer and beamed upon the audience. Then he began to tell stories about most every place and country from Ireland to Kalamazoo, and it looked as if he would be on the ladder when daylight came round again. For the senator is an amusing old gentleman and the crowd was in the proper humor for funny stories. He had just come past Berryman's hall, you know, and somebody had told him that they were holding a wake there, but he wondered that they were cheering instead of singing the "Dead March." As he was coming along, he overheard an old woman talking to her son, and she said:

"And who won the day, do you know—the liberals?"

"Faix no, but the bloody conservatives," said the son.

"Gorra, gorra," cried the old woman, "but we'll all have to go to the United States for they won't let us bring it down here."

"And sure, do you know how they won at all?"

"Indeed an' I do. Sure I was down in Lower Cove the day, and begorra, but they was buyin' the voters up like sheep, do you know?"

And the senator beamed until his spectacle began to drop off.

When the noise subsided, the senator remarked that he did like to talk to an audience that would listen to argument. He had been talking to a man the day before about reciprocity, and when he could not meet his arguments, the man told him to go to a country that has a great reputation for heat. "And I asked him," said the senator, "why he didn't send me in the opposite direction, and he would never see me again."

He gave a graphic description of the grand old man, who, although telegrams poured in on him from every point, still had time to send his congratulations to St. John; and an equally graphic description of the hyena-like face of Sir Richard Cartwright, and his numerous characteristics each and every one of which resembled some animal or other, of the kind that one likes to see in a trap. In fact, a great many people referred to by the general senator bore a striking resemblance to the animal kingdom. And so he went on telling stories about every body and every thing for the amusement of the crowd until he got a chance to slide down the ladder and back to his seat. Even there the senator had to have his say, for when the

news came in that Baird was elected in Queens, he got up to tell what a glorious "little fellow" George Baird was, and what an amount of influence he had at Ottawa, and about the way he had worked in the interests of St. John.

But the step ladder always had a load to carry. Ald. Connor vindicated his right to live outside of a lunatic asylum which was the place he said was assigned to him by those to whom he made the prophecy that the number of votes polled by the lowest conservative candidate would be 300 more than the vote of the highest liberal candidate. He had signified his willingness to back up his opinion in a substantial manner, and he had won.

Then the rest of the North End hustlers came in for a hearing, and hustlers from all parts of the city congratulated the electors, thanked the electors, and said good words for the young men; and late in the evening a cheering mob poured out into the streets, and crowds of shouting electors were met everywhere.

READY FOR THE FIGHT.

How the Strongholds Looked the Night Before Election.

Anxious voters and workers crowded both the liberal and conservative headquarters, Wednesday evening. All was confusion. In Foster's hall there was speaking, but it did not amount to much. The tobacco smoke got the best of even the most patriotic, and there was very little satisfaction in spouting to a restless crowd, that tried to strengthen its nerves with the weed.

Very little work seemed to be going on. On the contrary everybody seemed to be counted for his not being conspicuous in waiting for the morning, and all confident of winning. The entrance of a spouter of any kind was the signal for calls for a speech, and when he did take the platform the people were too indifferent to listen to him. All the evening there was a crowd on the stairs, going up and down, blocking the doors leading to the rooms and doing nothing in particular. Then was deriding about the rooms and gazing at the old flag, and the campaign cartoons posted up everywhere—long strings of cars full of Chicago beef, coming into Canada under unrestricted reciprocity; Messrs. Laurier and Cartwright covered with feathers and hatching the annexation chicken; a large map showing the deserted farms in New Hampshire and Vermont, and lots of other things to amuse the independent voters. Campaign literature was strewn about the floors and tables everywhere, and voters' lists were as scarce and hard to find as many of the men whose names were on them.

Mr. McLeod was there with the most successful smile seen during the campaign, making a gallant effort to shake hands with everybody in the room; and Mr. Robertson poured forth patriotism and loyalty from the platform to people who could hardly see him through tobacco smoke.

In the rooms with "strictly private" over the doors there was an air of mysteriousness that bewildered the listless voters. Ward heelers came out of them with a rush, and had to give the pass word to get in again.

The two narrow glass doors at the head of the stairs in Berryman's building slammed to and fro all the evening, and one found many of the people in the hall that he saw in the Foster building a few minutes before. They went from one hall to the other in search of something to interest them, but apparently did not find it, for nobody seemed to stay very long at either place. In Berryman's hall the air was even of a deeper blue than that in Foster's. Men were loafing about everywhere, perched on the back of benches and endeavoring to consume all the tobacco possible, before they started to raise a revenue on it.

On the platform was a huge blackboard marked off in districts, and ready to receive the returns on the following day, yet there was not a man in the hall who could imagine those blank spaces filled out.

The hustlers went home early Wednesday night to refresh themselves for a hard day's work on the morrow. The sky was black and murky, and the stray snow drops foretold a bad day for the election.

How Prices Ran Wednesday.

Mr. Montague of the county of St. John called upon Progress Wednesday. He came with a card in his hand upon which was written the name of the gentleman he wished to see. Mr. Montague could not read and he did not know what was written on the card. When invited to state his business he closed the door and looking cautiously around said he wanted \$5.

"What for?" was the reply.

"For my team and my vote tomorrow."

"Yes; who are you going to vote for?"

"Well, if I get the money I will vote for Weldon and Rankine."

It began to dawn on Mr. Montague by this time that he was in the wrong shop and he left disgusted.

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