

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Castlereagh street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

All letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for a reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Copies can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince-Edward Island every Saturday, or Five Cents each.

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Remittances should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The Circulation of this paper is over 10,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Halifax Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Granville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 2.

Moving Day—the truckmen's harvest season.

PROGRESS enters upon its ninth volume and year with this issue.

The cartoon in PROGRESS today is suggestive: Mr. HUGH McLEAN administering a bitter dose to the young liberals in the shape of Colonel TUCKER.

The wife of Senator DEVER was the choice of the city council for school trustee at its meeting Thursday. Mrs. DEVER may make an admirable member of the board but as she has not been prominent in her interest in school matters her selection will probably surprise many of the citizens.

PROGRESS begins a new story today—Her Promise True, by DORA RUSSELL. Miss RUSSELL is a favorite writer. Her stories are always popular and in securing this for its readers PROGRESS has been very fortunate. The first instalment today is a very generous one and gives some idea of the interest the story will possess.

The failure of the HARKINS' Opera Company in Halifax is but another illustration of the fickle favor of the public. Perhaps HARKINS' more than any other man has a right to say that he has succeeded in making the drama pay in Halifax but when he attempted opera and had an ill-trained and unreliable company his popularity and his previous record failed to save him.

Mr. ARMSTRONG's vote at the conservative convention shows that he is a strong following who are bound that he and the party he represents shall come to the front at every election. If there should be any revolt on the part of those supporters of ARMSTRONG it would be a serious matter for the party which could ill afford to lose such an ardent worker and so many votes.

About as good a friend as the liquor dealers could have, appears in the person of Magistrate FIELDING of Halifax. It is not unusual for a police magistrate to have decided opinions but when he refuses on account of those opinions to issue ordinary summonses, then there is reason for surprise. The picnic which the wholesale liquor dealers have had there for years, should have an ending at some time and it is in their interests as well as that of the city that a decision should be reached regarding the law at an early date.

The policy of the people of H. mpton toward the old racial who assaulted a eleven year old girl was primitive but effective. Perhaps there is no punishment more severe than banishment and the man who suffers it is not likely to give any other community trouble. There is a western simplicity in giving a criminal so long a time to wind up his affairs and get out of town and a non compliance with such a popular resolution might be suggestive of one of those necktie parties some times held in the wilder and woolier region.

Now that two of the so called 'pize fighters' are languishing in jail—under a sentence of three months—there will not be so many youths anxious to show how smart they are with gloves on. The ambition to know how to spar is natural and the knowledge apt to be useful but it is time that something was done to check the lads who show any proficiency from being enticed into the ring. There is nothing in it for them in the great majority of cases and the "coaches" and "managers" simply use them for their own profit and advantage.

Wednesday's issue of the Halifax Herald was a Dalhousie College number. The paper contained the results of the final examination and a list of those students who gained honors and distinctions as well as a lengthy and interesting account of convocation. It was accompanied by a four page supplement containing cuts of governors, professors and benefactors as well as a historical account of the college and a description of the work done by the various

college societies. The origin of "The Dalhousie Gazette" the oldest College paper in Canada is set forth. Perhaps the most interesting article in the supplement is from the pen of LUCY M. MONTGOMERY dealing with the higher education of women. Special mention is made of the sweet girl graduates including Miss EMILY M. GOODWIN and Miss ELIZABETH McNAUGHTON of this city. Miss MONTGOMERY has just completed her first year at Dalhousie and has already shown great literary ability. She is a native of Prince Edward Island and a grand daughter of the late Senator MONTGOMERY. In getting out this special Dalhousie issue the Herald follows the example set it by PROGRESS a few years ago.

Many a reader of PROGRESS can learn the new addresses of their friends in the Mayday moving article in this issue. There is nothing perhaps better calculated to develop the patience of men and women than the moving season. The wave of sympathy that goes out to them from their peaceful and comfortable neighbors is consoling—but it does not put down the carpet or put up the kitchen stove.

TUPPER is not having an easy time of it. Reconstructing a cabinet may be an exciting task but it appears to have taken time. There is some surprise that the best men do not care to accept offices under the veteran fighter. Had he obtained MEREDITH and CHAPLEAU what a strong combination he could have presented to the country; but who knows TIDDALE? The name of MACDONALD may be good enough to conjure with but the fact that a man is the son of a distinguished father now a days is not a sufficient passport to the council chambers of the country.

PLEDGES ARE NO GOOD. The many friends of Mr. JOHN RUSSELL may well speculate on the value of political promises. If they at any time entertained the impression that "a man's word is as good as his bond" that has been shattered by the course pursued recently in the appointment of a French Canadian to the office of deputy minister of marine. For some years the friends of Mr. RUSSELL urged his appointment to that position. It was conceded that he was fitted for it. A maritime man, well versed in such affairs as would likely come before him in such a department, an expert accountant, there was no denying the fact that so far as fitness was concerned Mr. RUSSELL was to the front.

Had the reply to his application and the earnest petition of his friends been unfavorable in the first instance, there is no doubt that they would have taken the refusal as a matter of course and permitted the matter to drop, but instead of that, Mr. RUSSELL was promised the position as soon as Mr. WILLIAM SMITH was superannuated. He had those promises, not only from the ministers but even the prime minister wrote him in as favorable a view as it was possible for him to do. Now Mr. RUSSELL is ignored—put aside, without a word of explanation and a civil servant, a French Canadian, gets a position which was held by a New Brunswick man and by right belongs to a Maritime province man. This is not the sort of treatment that any government can mete out to the people. A pledge should be a pledge under any and all circumstances and especially so when the performance of it means so much. Had Mr. RUSSELL not had the distinct promise of the position he could no doubt have secured lucrative and permanent employment. The government has not treated him right.

"FILIBUSTRY AND FOLLY." "Luv is bilial," but filibustree is a darned sile moutio. Bigotree is a edikashun in won direkshun, at the xpenze uv several other direkshuns. Dile is a bad game to play, but preja dile is worse among friends. Consult ure own interests, but not at the sakrifis of the interests uv others. Time is a sand-wich, of wich the past is the uncerkrust, the present the filling, and the future the upperkrust, yu can't see the underkrust, bekote, it is too hot, nor kan yu see the upperkrust, bekote it is not kwite kooked enuf, so the best wa to do is just make the most uv the filling. Adversty is a skule wat we don't objekt seeing full uv pupils, so long as we don't hav to jine it ourselves. There is to much of the kind of friendship wat sale, I am yure friend, but I cannot find mi poke-bake. I kan sit up all sile if necessary, and the time is employed in a agreeable manner, but if I am asked to rock the kradel with a skil inast as the okkupant I kan go to bed as erly as enny one yu no. The rite way to tretre goup, is with a def ear and a stentung. Women's ways, and women's staps, are eckally misterious to the uninitiated. The thermometer is not always a very fast animal, altho it is "quik"—silver, but it "gits ther" by "degrees". The M-Jik Eastern is not a sickness unless the user is turned down, but that is no reason yu korth ship shud be kondukted on the same prinisipels. I no sum peepel wat noes mor about mi business, than I do myself, and I think wen I want enny information about myself, I wil give them a quarter far disklosing it; a quarter's enuf, wen they giv it gratis to enny one els.

The City Curio's Entertainment. The City Cornet band promise a pleasant and unique entertainment at the Opera House, Monday and Tuesday next. Anything the band undertakes has the smack of success about it and their friends are bound that this shall be no also.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

To Benjamin F. Leggett of Ward, Pa. On receiving his two volumes: "A Sheaf of Songs" and "An Idyll of Lake George"

O poet friend, you bring to me, With tuneful heart and tongue My childhood's happy memory When all the world was young.

The flowers by Salomon River's side A Pennsylvania's plains— As yours the sunlight dappled side Our own Lake George retains.

The legends of a common land And common history, Makes me forget the boundary line Between thyself and me.

For unto him who lingers o'er The spoils of Art and Time, Our country's one from cold Bras-D'Or To California's clime.

I measure not with thee the pen Of lyric excellence— Enough; I love my fellow-men; This is my sole defence.

I love the hills, in summer glad With verdure's brightest glow: Or through the lowering winter clad With covering of snow.

I love God's creature, every one Of high and low degree And grateful feel when'er the sun Of love is shed on me.

I love the arts that cheer and bless But chiefly poetry: And thank you with much tenderness For these, thy gifts to me.

Man's life is short—the road is rough And thorns beneath his feet Of toil and sorrow give enough In either cold or heat.

But blest is he, who's not unknown To sorrow's blighting power, Can in his weary journey turn To pluck a way-side flower.

MARTIN BUTLER. Cabin Songs.

UNCLE EPH'S BARBO SONG. Clean de ba'n an' sweep de flo', Sing, my bawwler, sing! We's g'wine to danc de sh'ain' sh'ain' Sing, my bawwler, ring!

Den hits up de road an' down de lane Hurry, niggah, you miss de train; De yaller gal she dancs so neat De yaller gal she look so sweet, Sing, my bawwler, ring!

De moon come up, de sun go down, Sing, my bawwler, sing! De niggah an' all come 'fom town, Ring, my bawwler, ring!

Den hits round de hill an' froo de il' Look out dar, niggah, don't you steal! De niggah an' den vices an' green, De moon an' de night, O you'll be seen, Sing, my bawwler, ring!

KONTRA BUCK. O, come erlong, come erlong, What's de use er ho' in' back; O' hit it strong, er hit it strong, Mek de ol' fl' ben an' crack.

O, ho' p' tee doo, hoop tee doo! Dea's de way to back it free. Right erlong, right erlong Slide de lef' foot right erlong Hoop tee doo, O hoop tee doo, See, my lub, I dancwe ter you. Ho, boy! Ho, boy!

Well done, meh lady! O, slide erlong, slide erlong— Fas'ah wid dat pas' 'Sam! Dat's de music in de lef' heel's cong, Miah right foot, don't you sham!

O, hoop tee doo, oh, hoop tee doo! Straight erlong I dancwe ter you. Slide erlong, slide erlong, Mek dat right foot hit it strong Hoop tee doo, O hoop tee doo, See, my lub, I dancwe ter you. Ho, boy! Ho, boy!

Well done, meh lady! —James Edwin Campbell, In "Echoes From The Cabin."

The above is an attempt to catch the shuffling, jerky rhythm of the famous negro dance, The Miah music in de lef' heel's cong, Miah right foot, don't you sham! O, hoop tee doo, oh, hoop tee doo! Straight erlong I dancwe ter you. Slide erlong, slide erlong, Mek dat right foot hit it strong Hoop tee doo, O hoop tee doo, See, my lub, I dancwe ter you. Ho, boy! Ho, boy!

Well done, meh lady! —James Edwin Campbell, In "Echoes From The Cabin."

O chillen run, de Cunjah man, Him mouf ez beeg ez fryin' pan, Him yars an' small, him eyes an' raid, Him hab no foot in him oil' had, Him hab him roots, him wuk him trick, Him roll him eye, him mek you sick, De Cunjah man, de Cunjah man, O chillen run, de Cunjah man!

Him hab ur ball ob raid, raid ha', Him hide it, un' de kitchen sta'; Mam Jude hub pars urlong, dat way, An' now he hab ur snuff, dey say, Him wrop ur roun' lub baddy tight, Hah eyes pop out, ur orial sight, De Cunjah man, de Cunjah man, O chillen run, de Cunjah man!

Miss Jane, hub drible him f'm huk do', And now huk buns woun' lay no mo'; De Jussey cow huk doo fall sick, His all done by de Cunjah trick, Him put ur root un' 'L'ja's bald, An' now de man he sho' an' daid, De Cunjah man, de Cunjah man, O chillen run, de Cunjah man!

Me see him stan' de yudder night Right een de road een white moonlight; Him toss him arms, him whist him 'ron', Him stomp him foot uppon de groun'; De snaks come crawlin' one by one, Me hyah un' him, me break an' run, De Cunjah man, de Cunjah man, O chillen run, de Cunjah man!

—James Edwin Campbell, In "Echoes From The Cabin."

No Amateur Wanted. She—"Are you ture I am the first woman you ever loved?" He—"I swear it."

She—"Then you may go. After you have obtained some experience, come to me again."

She Knows, Too. Mother—"That young man never knows how long to stay, Netta."

Netta—"Doesn't he? Just time him once, dear."

Running Don't Express It. McCorkle—"Isn't Temper running into debt pretty lively?" McCorkle—"Running isn't the word for it. He is fairly springing."

THE COMPANY WENT TO PIECES.

The Reasons That the Harkins-Wilke Company Did Not Succeed.

HALIFAX, May 1.—The Hubert Wilke opera company was stranded in this city on Tuesday. Three and a half weeks ago the company opened at the Academy of Music for a six weeks season, but the fates were against Mr. Harkins' organization, and after two weeks on the boards, with one week intervening devoted to "rehearsals" the company has come to naught. On Tuesday morning Mr. Harkins left the city. It had been the intention that night to give a benefit performance for Miss Josephine Knapp, but during the day, when it became known that Harkins had gone, and when it was remembered that for a week there had hardly been sufficient business in the house to pay the rent, Miss Knapp and the company decided that it was no use throwing good money after bad in the hope of better luck that night. Anyhow they had very little money to throw away, for not more than one week's salaries had been paid since the troupe came to Halifax, and the members were hard up. Without money the company could not pay their hotel bills, at least many of them could not, and miss hosts at the leading hotels were without their "little amounts." In this sense, therefore, it is really the hotel people who lose by the stranding of the company. On Wednesday morning those of the company who could raise the fare for Boston shook off the dust of Halifax from their feet and left by the steam-rail. It is an interesting question which is now asked, "why did the Wilke Company fail?" There are several answers. First, the company came to Halifax and made its appearance on the stage without adequate rehearsals. It is no use for any such organization to come here and ask people to pay to see rehearsals. Secondly, the operas produced were too old; even though they were put on well enough people want a change from what they have been getting for so many years. Thirdly, the tenor was not what he should have been. Mr. Tomes' name raised great expectations that proved "a bitter disappointment." Mr. Wilke, with a baritone voice, trying tenor parts, was also a failure. Fourthly, while most of the company were fairly good, individually, they worked poorly together. They were an aggregation rather than a combination. In the language of the hokey player, "their team work was poor."

Fifthly, Mr. Flint proved a broken reed to the company. He fought openly in the Queen hotel with Mr. Wilke, and endured a well merited trouncing at his hands. This open scandal was bad enough but to add to it his effence he wandered off into devious paths, and Harkins, Wilke and a policeman, though they visited every saloon in town, could not find him, to place him in the boards and take his post. This disappearance was at the most critical point in the company's history. Had Flint intended to wreck the company he could not have chosen a better time nor a better method. Flint, the comedian, was the man who more than any other brought about "the tragedy" of Tuesday.

Yet "Bill" Harkins has many friends in Halifax, probably just as many as if his opera company had been a success. They sympathize with him in this opera fiasco. They do not blame him realizing that he did not know much about the opera business, and that he thought he had a good thing in Wilke and his company. There is yet a welcome in Halifax for W. S. Harkins, and all who know him hope for better success in the future.

TRIOLE AT ACADIA COLLEGE.

The Students and Faculty Fall Out About a Slight Matter.

WOLFVILLE, APRIL 29.—The students, and to some extent the citizens of Wolfville, are enjoying a breeze of excitement generally foreign to the life of this quiet little town. The faculty of Acadia do not have as many difficult questions to deal with as do the governing bodies of other colleges; for the students here are generally of a quieter class than the general run of college men, a large proportion of the students take the course with a view to entering the ministry and very few of the rascals generally characteristic of college life are known at Acadia. In consequence the faculty seem to have a good deal of trouble in adjusting affairs when anything not of a usual character happens.

This present trouble is with the sophomore classes, and arose in connection with the annual "oratorical" in which members of that class declaim before the Faculty and friends of the University. It seems that by order of the president and the teacher of elocution, the entertainment this year was not to be open to all, but the sophomores were to invite a limited number of friends. This arrangement some of the Sophs did not appreciate and accordingly they sent a bogus notice to the church which was read by the pastor the morning of April 12th, and by which the public were cordially invited to be present. This at once gave the faculty the opportunity to devote their energies to punishing the offender, who had passed in the notice, if he could be found. Unfortunately the suspicion fell on one of the most estimable ministerial students of the class,

and they immediately pounced upon him, but they had caged the wrong bird.

This young man, who is always among the foremost in good work, handed in a notice concerning a missionary meeting in which he was to speak that evening, and the mistake arose through the stupidity of the sexton who did not know, who handed in the other notice.

The cloud of suspicion still hung over this young man to a certain extent at the time of the "oratorical." Especially active in the ferreting out of the bogus notice mystery was Prof. Caldwell. There are those who do not hesitate to say that the professor is better fitted for working out cases of this kind than for his chosen vocation of teaching chemistry.

Prior to the time of the public appearance of the class, they recited before the Faculty, the best selections being chosen for the public affair. Among these was a selection from Mark Twain of a humorous character, in which figured the ministerial student mentioned above and a fellow student.

Dr. Jones, a member of the Faculty, thought their selection very good but a little short, and asked them if they could not add to it. Accordingly, on the right of this public appearance, they made a number of additions, among which was a hit on Prof. Caldwell, which spoke of his acting in the capacity of detective; although this was understood only by a few members of the college it raised a laugh at the professor's expense, and an apology was at once demanded by the faculty from the young men. The apology was not to be made to the professor who had been hit, but to the faculty, for the alleged reason that they added to their selection. Their inconsistency is shown by the fact that it was a member of the faculty, who first suggested to the young men to make the addition, for which they were now to apologize. The young men refused to apologize and were at once suspended from class work. Their classmates resolved not to lose two such men, and asked the faculty to take them back. As no answer was given to this request the class decided to assert themselves from class work until satisfactory arrangements should be made. They carried this arrangement into effect on Thursday last, when all remained away from class except a few young lady members, whose action did not materially affect the stand the class had made. Affairs went on in this way until no concession being made by the faculty, the young men signed the statement, which the faculty wished, in order that the way might be opened up for the rest of the class to resume work.

This was done yesterday, and it is said that it was against the advice and wishes of their classmates. All trouble seemed cleared up, when more suddenly arose from the faculty's dogged determination to crush all signs of revolt. The "strikers" had their marks reduced ten per cent in addition to receiving zero for each class not attended.

Some dozen or more of the class at once revolted, and maintained that they would not submit to such injustice, as they deemed it to be. These young men, a number of them ministerial students, are preparing "to shake off the dust of their feet" from Acadia forever.

Many of those not interested, but cognizant of most of the facts, consider that the faculty have acted very childishly in the matter. If this is so, Acadia has unnecessarily lost a dozen of her best students, as well as the influence, which they are sure to have in the future.

MANY TAVERNS IN SMALL SPACE.

John Rhea's is Among the Score—His No Swearing Placeard.

London's great complaint has been that if her rum shops were placed side by side fifteen miles of street would be required to hold them. New York has an equally generous showing. St. John is an ambitious and pushing city with less than 50,000 inhabitants and it reaches out for distinction on the same lines as the two great cities mentioned.

In this city there is one section which probably contains more bar rooms than any similar section in this country. That part of the city referred to is in Prince and Wellington ward and is bounded by Union extending to Brussels, Charlotte and Sydney streets and the north side of the King Square.

In this district there are more than 20 saloons, illustrating as many different methods of conducting the business. Some follow their business in strict compliance with the law, while others less scrupulous manifest merely a surface compliance.

In the midst of this business of such a pronounced wordy type, may be found two institutions, where efforts are daily and nightly made to lead men in a different direction. These institutions are the Young Men's Christian Association on Charlotte street, and the Gospel Revivalists on Union street of which Rev. Mr. Beatty is conductor. The latter institution has just taken rooms in the brick building which adjoins the saloon of John Rhea, a well known vendor of ales and liquors and who may perhaps be better known as the man who gained such prominence in his vain endeavors to secure a license to sell

liquor in Carleton—a one where the biter got bitten, Rhea having purchased a house and lot on the west side, so sure was he that he could get his license.

Rhea's method of conducting a saloon is a little different from his fellow vendors, for Rhea once professed religion, and even now he occasionally introduces scriptures into the ears of his patrons. Once a follower of the salvation army and quite a revivalist in old England, Rhea is now a keeper of a bar where ale and whisky are sold at five cents a glass. The other dealers have had to advance the price of whiskey to ten cents a glass on account of this high license, but Rhea intends to make his place pay on the five cent plan even though he introduces a sprinkling of religion with his whiskey.

The hard working man who feels that two drinks is better than one goes to Rhea's but if the stuff supplied is not so good as the man is used to and he "cusses" a little, Rhea becomes shocked and ejects the man from his place for profanity.

This is in accordance with one of the rules of Mr. Rhea's bar which is emphasized by a large placard hung on the wall which reads:

NO SWEARING ON PREMISES

NEDDY O'DONNELL TURNS COMPS.

The Boss Alderman of Halifax Has a Sweeping Majority.

HALIFAX, May 1.—So the row aldermen, who had to fight for the honor on Wednesday are D. H. Campbell, in ward 2; E. W. O'Donnell in ward 4, and William McFetridge in ward 5. J. T. Barry who contested ward 2 with Campbell is a veteran candidate, but not a successful one, for he has sustained three successive defeats. Campbell had a good crowd of workers at his beck but so, on election day had Barry. The freemasons went to a man for Campbell, regardless of politics, for the defeated is a conservative, while the victor is a liberal. Barry got in his wards at the polls in the forenoon; at one o'clock he had a good lead. After that hour up to four o'clock, the Campbell men had their innings and they put together a majority of 89. The freemen, and especially the U. P. C., will in Alderman Campbell have a friend within the council hall.

"Oh what a surprise!" that was in ward 4, when the announcement came that Alderman "Neddy" O'Donnell had been re-elected, defeating W. E. Bremner by 177 votes, or about 2½ to 1. After this it will not be wise to make civic election predictions. What everybody had been saying for weeks was that O'Donnell was to be beaten out of his boots, that Bremner would win "hands down." But it seems Bremner was never in the fight. Probably there was not an alderman in the council who did not hope to see O'Donnell defeated, but their assistance seems not to have gone further than the expression of "sympathy." Sympathy does not win elections when pitted against thorough canvassing good organization and active help O'Donnell was blessed with these essentials, while on election day poor Bremner had only the "sympathy" of aldermen and others. O'Donnell too was the subject, the past week or two, of severe and personal criticism by one of the Halifax evening papers. One of the council meetings with "a jag on," and it was given out in the canvass that "Neddy" was the city father referred to; other civic crimes were also laid to his charge. These had the effect, instead of driving away his supporters, of gaining for him many votes, on the principle that the under dog in a fight gains the good wishes of onlookers. These anti-O'Donnell newspaper letters were assigned by many, after the poll was declared, as the cause of the defeat of Bremner; intended to wound O'Donnell they really killed Bremner. The junior alderman for ward 4 was a joyful man Wednesday night and the 17 alderman who hoped for his defeat but did not work for it in the right way, were considerably depressed.

"Neddy" will now probably make a new onslaught on the management of Rockhead city prison, something that in his bete noir his bawdry cap will be worn with a more jaunty air than ever. Whatever may be thought of O'Donnell as an alderman he certainly deserves credit for the fight he made, and the rake of his cap just now may be excused.

The people of William's ward once returned for ward 4, William McFetridge again in the council, and Dr. Chisholm, the temperance candidate is still in private life 26 votes behind. The civic official who so bestirred himself in securing opposition to McFetridge had better look out himself now, for no one would blame the victor if he made it warm for that assessor. There are certain election workers of the temperance persuasion in ward 5 who are diligent and persevering in their efforts, but who are invariably unsuccessful. Progress would venture to give them a pointer and here it is: "If you want to defeat McFetridge, or any other so-called liquor candidate, sign his requisition and work for him, then he will never enter the council." Had these men labored for McFetridge, Chisholm might have been elected but they worked for Chisholm and, of course, the majority went the other way. The mayoralty election in ward 5 last year is not a case in point.