

The New Brunswick Elections

THE Conservative Opposition in New Brunswick made a strong fight against the Liberal Government in the provincial general elections on Tuesday of this week. An Opposition with only ten members in the last Legislature could hardly hope to win against a Government which had two score followers in that House. Nevertheless the campaign was such that the Opposition did win and Mr. Hazen and his lieutenants will now occupy the treasury benches. The Hon. Mr. Pugsley took a hand in the fight for the Liberals and some leading Conservatives from Ottawa did the same for the Opposition. The "interference" from Ottawa was about the same on both sides, although it would be just as well if the practice of having Dominion politicians interfere in provincial campaigns were abandoned by both parties.

A sample Opposition appeal may be quoted. It is a paragraph printed in large type and red ink on the front page of last Saturday's St. John "Telegraph":

THE GOVERNMENT IS GOING OUT—
DO YOUR SHARE ON MARCH 3.

ELECTORS: THE SECRET BALLOT GIVES YOU THE POWER TO PUNISH THE CORRUPT, RECKLESS AND INCOMPETENT LOCAL GOVERNMENT. DO YOUR DUTY NEXT TUESDAY AND SAVE THE PROVINCE FROM ANOTHER FIVE YEARS OF SHAMEFUL WASTE AND MISMANAGEMENT.

DON'T FORGET THAT A VOTE FOR ANY GOVERNMENT CANDIDATE IS A VOTE AGAINST REFORM. VOTE THE STRAIGHT OPPOSITION TICKET IN YOUR CONSTITUENCY. NO COMPROMISE. GIVE YOUR FULL SUPPORT TO HAZEN AND GOOD GOVERNMENT.

The returns are incomplete but the standing will be about as follows: Government, sixteen members; Opposition, thirty members. The cry that the Government had been too long in power had apparently the same effect as in the last general election in Ontario. The school-book question bulked large.

From Buffalo Bones to By-Laws

Opening of the new City Hall in Regina recalls the story of adventurous days.

REGINA, the Capital of Saskatchewan, opened a new City Hall last week. This is one of many important public buildings under way in that city of the plains. The Regina of to-day is a new city; a metropolis unique among a whole cycle of new and ambitious communities; as modern as Broadway and as ambitious as Prince Rupert. Meet any man from Regina and you meet a beaming optimist; a man who because he hails

from the most typically western city but one on the C.P.R. gives you the Gospel of the West with a free hand. He no longer talks police and whisky smugglers and horse-thieves. He quotes statistics, bushels of wheat and clearing-house aggregates. The opening of the new City Hall is the most important item yet performed in this new and progressive programme.

Well, it's only a few years since Regina was altogether different. If Nicholas Flood Davin were alive he could tell the story of the old Regina that shambled over the infinite plains without a tree or a shrub to keep out the long glaring sunlight and the rampant winds; the Regina originally called "Pile-o'-Bones"; the headquarters of the mounted police; the town of raids and adventures; the place where Louis Riel was hanged; where there was hurrying and scurrying in barracks during the Rebellion; where Flood Davin, the humourist politician, spent his lonesome life; where once upon a time all the splendour of the united Northwest was gathered to witness an inaugural event that meant more to that land than perhaps any other such function can ever mean again.

That was the opening of the old Legislature—back about 1883. It was a marvellous sight.

Mounted policemen and scarlet uniforms and tin-pots glittering in the sun, and "feus de joie" from a hundred rifles made the plumed and pompous redskins blink with amazement. Frank Oliver was there. It was the first inauguration the present Minister of the Interior had ever seen. He said some things on that occasion about the way the new Lieutenant-Governor looked that he has probably forgotten since, but Flood Davin remembered them very well when he wrote his "House of Commons Celebrities." The opening of the City Hall last week was a brave and portentous affair; but for pomp and circumstance the other in its day had it faded.

The Regina of those days was a remarkable city. It was as lonesome a spot as you could find in the whole lone land. The buffaloes were dead and the coulees were glistening with bones that went through the town in carloads. The barracks a mile out of town was the only place where there was much colour, except in the Indian camps. The barracks was a great centre of gaiety; of redcoated splendour and system; and many sorts of talent were corralled in that village of troopers under Lieut.-Colonel Herchmer. All trails led to Regina in those days, and the trails were alive with redcoats and their quarries—Indian murderers and horse-thieves and white whisky smugglers, fetched some of them for hundreds of miles to this centre of a rude but effective civilisation on the plains.

Books and stories and poems have been written about the experiences of these riders of the plains. Books are yet to be made. No town in the world at that time had so much adventure and colour packed into it as Regina, the baldest town in Canada. So it was for years before the discovery of the wheat belts. People used to say that nobody but Indians and policemen would ever live in Regina.

And it was just a few months ago that a Conservatory of Music was started in Regina and a Choral Society organised to give programmes of the most modern and aesthetic music. The young city has grown so big and civilised that the barracks on the outskirts is now only a sideshow. The out-poster police have a dread of Regina; not because it is lonesome but because it isn't; because they like the wild places better than the routine and the drill and the city streets. The townsman has become the citizen and he has made the trailsman a relic. Regina is crowded with business; with box cars and elevators and thrifty farmers; with splendid hotels and restaurants and churches; with public buildings and schools and big, fashionable stores. The Legislature of the old days met every little while from the four corners of a vast unsettled Limbo to discuss roads and bridges and school grants and everything but party politics. The City Council and the Board of Trade of to-day talk in figures that would have made the old Legislature gasp.

It is no longer any sort of exilery to go to Regina. The taxpayer of that city has as many of the refinements of civilisation as the citizen of Winnipeg—with a few extras in the way of railway fares.



The Legislative Buildings at Fredericton, where the newly-elected New Brunswick Legislature will shortly meet.

Photograph by Isaac Erb & Son, St. John.



Regina's New City Hall—Recently opened.