

roared whenever the bell of the telephone told that another return was coming. Every polling place sent news to swell the enthusiasm. Even those which gave the government a majority caused rejoicing, because the majority was less than the opposition canvassers had allowed. Kings and Sydney wards did nothing like what had been expected, and they were cheered almost as heartily as Queens, Stanley and other wards, in which yeomen's service had been done by the voters and workers.

Everybody cheered every announcement. Mel. McLeod undertook to announce the returns as they came in, and several dozen in the audience undertook to mark them down with pencil and paper. They succeeded very fairly at first, but after a time they abandoned it in despair. They could not get the figures. The crowd was too excited to let Mr. McLeod give them in full. The moment he would appear a mighty roar would arise, hushing for an instant until it was clear which way the general result was, and then roaring louder than ever. It was impossible to keep a

question. Three cheers and a tiger was about the smallest thing permissible, but as a rule nobody kept any count of how many cheers were given. They just stood up and hurrahed until they thought they



H. A. M'KEOWN.

had done justice to the man, or the sentiment, before them at that particular moment, and then they took breath for a minute or two until something occurred to call them up again.

When the "boy candidate" modestly stepped to the front, the roar was like that of a mighty and jubilant army. James Kelly rushed forward, seized McKeown by the waist and helped to boost him on top of the table. Then there was more cheering, and indeed the hurrah was so constant that the speaker did not have to say much. The crowd did not want speeches. They were bent on a jubilation.

And so in the case of the other candi-



SILAS ALWARD.

tally of the figures, for nobody could get a chance to hear them all.

The crowd was at the height of its jubilation a little before six o'clock, when the candidates began to drop in and were nearly torn apart with congratulating hands as they entered. As fast as they came they were put upon the table, where hundreds of lusty throats cheered them again and again. There was no chance for speech-making then, but when it was announced that the Institute had been secured for the evening, everybody made up his mind to get there as soon as the doors were open. The only dissenting voice was that of a man who suggested that it would be a graceful act to let the government party have the Institute for a while. The answer to this was that Berryman's hall was big enough for all the government people who would be likely to show up that night. So the Institute was secured, and at 6 o'clock the crowd began to stream out of headquarters. Enough had been heard to show that a clean sweep had been made from Quaco to Mace's Bay. The people of St. John had shown what they thought of the magistracy question. They had considered it for two-thirds of a year, and they had put down a metaphorical big foot, double-soled, double-nailed, and with exceeding sharp caulks.

As the crowd filed out two industrious



ALBERT C. SMITH.

newsboys stood on the sidewalk imploring everybody to buy the *Evening Gazette*. Nobody wanted it. "Come along Danny," said one of the urchins, "you'll never sell a *Gazette* to that crowd." And he didn't. The crowd had no further use for it.

UNTIL THEY WERE HOARSE.

How the Victors Celebrated Their Victory in the Institute Hall.

The non-appreciative gentlemen who attended the first opposition rally at the Institute, when they sat in the gallery and hissed, had pressing engagements elsewhere Monday evening. They were visiting their sick and burying their dead. It was not their night for trying to hiss louder than the people of St. John could cheer. Somebody said they were looking for McGinty, and that they knew where he was to be found. They had mistaken his identity until the votes were counted.

There was no room in the Institute for any but opposition voters, and not near room enough for them. The building filled with marvellous rapidity, and even standing room was at a premium long before 8 o'clock came. Every man in the crowd was loaded with enthusiasm, and for an hour or so everybody did his best to express it. Mere applause was out of the

dates. They cheered Stockton because he had come out so well when every effort had been used to defeat him. They cheered Alward because he led the city ticket, and Smith because Carleton had stood by him, despite of the "million-dollars" cry. Shaw got an ovation because he had fought the fight faithfully and well, while Rourke, had he been present, would have been doubly cheered for the good work done in St. Martins.

Chairman John A. Chesley did not look like the disappointed man that some of the government papers had asserted that he was at the outset. He was as happy as if he had been a candidate himself, and when rousing cheers were given him for his zeal and devotion from first to last, everybody joined with a will. He had been the right man in the right place, and had done his work well.

When all had cheered to their hearts' content, and most of them until they were hoarse, they went home. They were weary, and needed a rest. Perhaps the election had not made them as tired as it had made their opponents, but they were tired enough for all practical purposes. They began to feel it as the excitement lulled. It had been a great day for them, but it was over. Nobody was sorry for it.



JAMES ROURKE.

Mr. James Kelly was in Musquash.

"Jimmy" Kelly stood in Musquash. He wielded a mighty influence among the brothers, who knew Kelly better than they did any of the candidates. At a little supper after the fight when some of the hardest workers gathered with a favorite member elect to talk over the incidents of the day, Kelly told a funny yarn of how his affection had increased for a venerable relative who had arisen from a sick bed and coached it to the polls in order to enter his protest by his ballot. "And I don't think," says Kelly, "that the old gentleman would have cared if he had dropped off the next minute so long as he polled his vote."

BYGONE DAYS RECALLED

AN OLD TIMER'S REMINISCENCES OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS.

How Elections were Run in the Olden Time—The Days of the Family Compact—A Ghost that Was Interested in the Political Situation, and Vanished in Disguise.

XI.

Under the old dispensation a general election occupied fourteen days. This was afterwards changed to seven days. It was all open voting. The "free and independent electors" went to the polls in *man fashion*, "none daring to make them afraid." Theory and practice, however, seldom went together. The candidates in the respective counties understood the first principles of elections in those days. Each party kept what was called open houses, i. e., as many as he could afford—where the bibulous could imbibe and the hungry find "refreshments" to his heart's content—all for nothing. This open house was open from the opening to the closing of the poll—and the landlord, always a great pot-house politician, did a thriving business—at the expense of his patron, who mostly stood the scorching—for there were then no party issues—it was a conglomerate party, known as the "Family Compact" party, although there were diversities of opinions among the disappointed and zealous adherents, who might have been overlooked in the dispensation of the patronage. But storm as much as they liked, return whom the constituents pleased, the old folks held on in spite of all comers. Their salaries were in proportion to their privileges—all powerful to rule and to spend. There were no temperance societies in those days. The "Washingtonians" had just launched their skill. The father of the late Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Lyman Beecher, was one of the first adventurers to man the teetotal life-boat, and he plied his oars with considerable dexterity in stemming the current and facing the gales of opposition, then more formidable than now, and yet he contended bravely. The liquor flowed from a thousand taps in every part of the province, and the readers of *PROGRESS* may imagine what was the condition of things where everybody had only to open his mouth, and have it filled over and over again, costing nothing to himself—the rows and the broken heads (there was no police force then), and the demoralization generally. And yet whatever we may think now of those times, there were persons of influence high in office to denounce all who attempted to bring about a reformation—for was it not after the English practice, and perforce every thing that was English must be strictly perfect? Then, as regards the public offices, were they not inherent in the descendants of the Loyalists (I mean the lucky Loyalists) by divine right, and by decree of his anointed the good King George the Third! Of course we all thought alike, or some of us tried to think alike in those days, rather than incur the displeasure of our superiors. However, Responsible Government finally put an end to all that state of things. Now, to use a vulgarism, every political tub stands upon its own bottom—and I have seen some pretty curious looking tubs trying to stand, and barely managing to preserve their equilibrium.

But what I am trying to get at is to illustrate my subject by narrating a spiritualist story, which will tend to show the prejudices of some of our forefathers in their political leanings and social observances. Of later years, as we all know, very plain people in their bringing up have, through their abilities and merits, managed to fill the first offices in the Government and have been held in the highest respect by the country. On the occasion to which I am about to refer, a very respectable gentleman, about forty years ago, occupied a dwelling which once belonged to one of the grandees of Fredericton. Said gentleman one night just after supper was reclining upon his couch in the drawing room, half asleep and half awake when he saw or imagined he saw a blue vapour arise just in front of him, and the shadow of a human form in the midst of it. He thought at first of singing out, but the ghost, having found voice by this time, threatened him that if he didn't keep quiet and be still, he would be the death of him. Our friend, always a discreet man, considered it the better part of valor to pretend to be dead already. But he could not put off his ghostship in that way; especially as he had come upon business. He wanted to know in the first place what right he had in that house—a house he (the ghost) had built for its own use when in the flesh; and in which he passed his happiest days, and what right had such a plebeian to trespass within its hallowed precincts?

The gentleman, by this time pretty well scared, answered that he had hired the house and been living there for several years, and besides he paid his rent regularly. Humph! said the ghost, with an awful sigh. Tell me, who fills the office of Surveyor General now? Reply—Mr. Fitzdoodle. Ghost—What! Fitzdoodle that farmed in Westmorland? Good gracious—you don't mean that miserable fellow? Reply—The same, O ghost! Ghost—Who's Attorney General—the situation once filled by my friend Charles I. Peters? Reply—Hon. Mr. Snodgrass to be sure

—a young man who rose from the ranks and holds more law in his head than all the old folks from the landing of the loyalists rolled into one.

Ghost—Thunder! What! that young monkey was a boy once, and studied with Phipps, and couldn't tell his right hand from his left—and now you say he's Attorney General?

Reply—Precisely—and there is no better lawyer in the Dominion for arguing that black is white, or white is black, according to circumstances, or which side he's on.

Ghost—Answer me one question more, for it's getting late and I must be off. Tell me who is your Provincial Secretary?

Reply—Why young Esculapius, that bright young fellow brought up in St. John, always pleasant and agreeable, and who never misses the main chance—

Ghost—Enough—say no more. He Provincial Secretary—for Heavens sake let me go.

And so his vaporship vanished through the floor as suddenly as he appeared.

Our friend was so overcome that he did not eat any breakfast for a month afterwards.

That ghost will never come back, for since his corporeal essence Responsible Government has been established and old things have been swept away, and we now live in another political world.

AN OLD TIMER.

How She Identified It.

A young lady friend of mine, who has been reared in the lap of affluence, and being the youngest of the youngest of the family, has never known what housekeeping cares were, was paying a visit not long ago in a family where all the girls were thorough housekeepers. One morning the little guest was starting off for an early walk into the village when one of the young hostesses called after her, "By the way Mollie, would you mind calling at the butcher's as you go past, and asking him to send up a nice quarter of lamb in time for dinner?" Mollie promised, and arriving at the butcher's, she delivered her message *verbatim*, "A nice quarter of lamb in time for dinner, please."

"Yes'm, was it a fore or hind quarter you wanted?"

Alas for Mollie! this was a pitfall she had never anticipated. She gazed helplessly around the shop in search of inspiration, but found none.

"I—I—really don't know," she stammered. "They didn't say which." At this moment her eye lighted on a solitary leg of mutton dangling from one of the hooks, and it sent a ray of light into her puzzled soul. "Oh, yes, of course," she cried brightly, "the quarter that has the leg on it, please! Good morning," and with a smile of modest triumph at her own skill in selecting a joint, the able tatecian sailed out of the shop.

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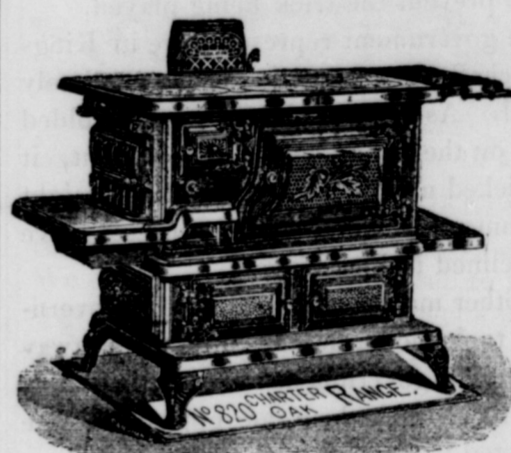
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