

WHO IS GOING TO WIN?

THAT IS THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

The Conservatives Claim St. Martins, Musquash, Pisarino, and the North End—The Liberals, Simonds, Lancaster, the City and Carleton for Their City Candidate.

Well, how is it going? That is the all important question now-a-days. There is no need to explain what "it" means—the election is the one topic talked of and thought about.

Progress has to fall into line and print politics. Fortunately the paper is big enough to contain much beside this topic and thus preserve the balance.

There are not many wagers being made. Notwithstanding their sweeping majority four years ago the liberals of St. John city and county are not prepared to stake their all upon the issue. In fact, so far as Progress can ascertain, they are in a state of bewildering uncertainty.

In the county the conservatives count upon coming out of St. Martins with enough majority to down the liberal vote in Simonds. The region about Fairville and Lancaster will in their estimation be about even, while Musquash and Pisarino are Mr. Skinner's pet ballot boxes.

The meeting of the "seceders" in the Institute was a howling success so far as numbers and enthusiasm went. But it was mixed—decidedly mixed. There were liberals and conservatives, free traders and protectionists, restrictionists and unrestrictedists on the platform.

One of the incidents of the seceders meeting was the free distribution of campaign literature to the people as they entered the Institute. Perhaps Dr. Silas Alward secured one of these dodgers. If it is a pity he should miss it. So Progress gives it to him. Here it is:

A GREAT BLESSING.

DR. SILAS ALWARD'S OPINION OF UNRESTRICTED RECIPROCITY.

In a Discussion in the House of Assembly, on March 19th, 1888, Dr. Silas Alward, who had not then been made a Q. C., spoke these significant words:

A companion pamphlet that circulated just as freely, reads as follows:

POVERTY AND HARD TIMES

Are the Products of Conservatism—Extract from a Speech by Charles N. Skinner.

"The policy of the Conservative party meant ruin to the country—conservatism and stagnation being twin brothers; poverty and hard times were the products of conservatism, and wherever they existed there that policy reigned triumphant."

Mr. McKeown paralyzed the natives. Many of his intimate friends were strongly against his appearing at the meeting, and at 6 o'clock in the evening he had made up

his mind to stay away. But the influence brought to bear before 8 P. M., was more than he could resist, and twenty minutes after the meeting began a buzz of excitement raced through the meeting—McKeown was on the platform! His speech was a wonderful thing: he was a liberal, a free trader, a restricted reciprocity man, a loyalist and again under certain conditions an unrestricted reciprocity supporter—no "extended trade" as the Sun put it. He spoke of Progress—"that excellent newspaper" to quote his words—interview with him, and the fact that he had placed himself on record then as a restricted reciprocity supporter. When he sat down there was a general impression that he had made a mistake, but the political memories of St. John people are not as good as they might be, and a straight course from this point will aid the process of forgetting.

Meanwhile there is no lack of excitement in the wards. The little differences are gradually being combed down and the spirit of harmony has gained sway. The conservatives got one surprise party this week when they found that about every livery stable in town had been secured by the other side. It appears that the law is pretty strict upon this point but acute lawyers have found a way to get around it. The horses are not hired but the stable is bought for one day. It may be assumed that it takes a good round sum to do this—about \$200 for each stable is the figure this year. This gives some idea of what it costs to get the intelligent voter to cast his ballot upon election day.

There is a pretty general fear among government men that Hon. G. E. Foster will be an "ex M. P." after March 5. He is not the same man in Kings county today as he was four or eight years ago. The feelings of the people have, no doubt, undergone great changes for many reasons. If once the country voter gets an impression that he is being flattered for his vote once in four years, and no notice taken of him in the meantime, he is a pretty rough customer. The chances are 6 to 4 in favor of Domville's election in Kings county. What effect the \$13,000 sent to the constituency will have remains to be seen.

Even here there is an artful—a very artful—dodger, which has been distributed by the thousands. Here it is:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes 'The farmer will save', 'Each family on flour', 'on oil', 'on dry goods', 'on Groceries', 'Total each year', 'five years', 'I say unrestricted reciprocity will reduce the revenue \$18,000,000 each year.', 'On every 100 lbs of potatoes', 'horse', 'egg', 'lamb 75 cents, 10 lambs', '200 lbs. of butter', '100 lbs. of cheese', 'Total saved', 'Grand total'.

FREDERICTON'S BAD BOY.

He Discusses Election Matters, and His Ma's Antipathy to Funerals.

Pears to me at cleckshun times fokes lose their heads as quick as they do their hats. Savin' souls and savin' money gives way to savin' their country. My goodness, but you orter seen pa's hevily profile the nite uv the Moncton cleckshun. He was allers a howlin' Blare man and he was so filled with patriotic emoshuns that he okeped most uv the sidewalk. Where's the yaller valesse now, sez he slappin' Johnny Beagle on the shoulder? Where's the nobel opposhun that was goin' to camp on Blare, sez he? Biare's star has set, has it? Its settin' on the nobel opposhun, I gess. Hav' you got the new government conceled on yure person, sez he to Beagle? Pears to me, John, sez he, if nacher intended you fer the sheriff biznes yure a long time gettin' out yure sign.

My land! just then, another patriot cum along and smashed in pa's new cleckshun beaver till it looked like a last week's pancake. With that pa led off with his terribel right and fetched the patriot in the bread-room. Then the patriot rose up and come at pa with his terribel left, but pa dodged and landed on his bugel with his terribel right. Then the patriot landed on pa's food reserve with his horribel left, but pa came up game but groggy, and just then our dog Snide, which was viewin' the scene in an anksush and critikle way, sailed in and grabbed the patriot on the 'tooberance and pa landed heavy on his usk and just then

Vandine come along and landed heavy on pa. So, the last we heard of pa as he was bein' lugged off for the cause of home and country, he was singin'—

The animals went in one by one. There's one more river to cross. The yaller valesse was smashed in the fun, There's one more river to cross.

I don't think Ma is fond of corpses somehow. She allers stays away from funerals coz she don't want to introod upon the sacrid greet uv the survivin' relatives. When she does go to funerals and they asks her please to step in and see the butifol corpse, she sez, No thank you, I'd ruther remember her as she was. So, the other day Pa told us that our washwoman's brother had died on her hands, and Ma had to go over and see about our washin'. And Mrs. Willis, that was the washwoman, sez she to Ma: Would you like to gaze upon the corpse, Maam? O, no, sez Ma, I'd ruther remember him the way he was. It wasn't till Ma got home that she found out the corpse never was in Fredericton befor but was brot on from Texas to be berried. So, acorse, Ma never saw the corpse livin' or dead, so I gess she'll have a hard time rememberin' him as he was, don't you think so?

There is another cleckshun comin' off and Wilmot Gue has come out strong fer Tempel. But Johnny Beagle is on the other side, so Pa sez its goin' to be very close. Pa sez the Gleaner is pitchin' into Thompson, so he thinks Thompson will be elected. He sez if the Gleaner wants to beat Thompson it orter support him. That would be sure deth, he sez.

Mr. Coleman is on the side uv the liberals, coz it will help the cariboo biznes. The Injins across the river is all fer Thompson, coz the railway to Pokiok will spoil the snowshoe biznes. Mr. Pitts is in favor uv Tempel coz he's so rampageous fer temperance. Willard Carvel is deth on free trade coz it would let in the Chinese and kill the landry biznes. Jimmy Crangel is down on annexashun coz he wants to die a British object. Johnny Beagle sez he is in favor of free trade coz it will do away with insurance agents in the custom house. Dunk Thomas is opposed to free trade coz it will shut up the poor house. Give us free trade, sez John Woods, and the poor man can get his Baltemor oysters from Sugar Island at my place the yere round, with the shells throwed in for brickybrac. Ma is down on respishosity coz she read in the paper that it would bring American settlers into the country. That's only another name fer Yankee settlers, Hiram, sez she, and there's plenty uv them in the house already.

But pa, he's on the fence so he can holler fer the crowd that wins. Fredericton, Feb. 24. JIMMY SMITH.

VERSES AND PATRIOTISM.

The Former Adopted by Both Sides and the Latter Obstruets Biznes.

The annexationist cry has been a great thing for the patriotic boomers of "My Own Canadian Home." They are as full of business as patriotism, and are pushing the song for all they are worth. But there have been many drawbacks. In the first place they forgot to compose a good chorus, that people might be able to sing; and the song is too long for campaign purposes. "My Own Canadian Home" is the only line in it that seems to raise the enthusiasm to any great extent, and it is the one line that the crowd can sing, with any degree of success. As it only occurs once in the six verses, the audience is always undecided about the proper time to cheer. At the Foster meeting in the Institute, it was the only rival the minister of finance had, as far as raising the enthusiasm went, and despite the fact that there was a slip with the song printed on it, on every seat in the hall, the choir at the back of the stage and Mr. White with his cornet had it all to themselves most of the time.

The musical part of the liberal meeting was conducted on somewhat different lines. On that evening the choir was located back of the audience, in the old-fashioned church style, and did very well, considering that they had not the advantage of Mr. White and his cornet. The liberal campaign verses are more to the point than those of the conservatives. They deal with the candidates without gloves, and the music is much better.

Nevertheless "My Own Canadian Home" is playing an important part in the campaign, although a choir and cornet seems absolutely necessary to make it "go." Over 3,000 copies of the song are said to have been sold already for election purposes, and they are being sent to all parts of the country. Patriotism overcomes mountains of difficulties. It interferes with successful newspaper work, however, as was shown at the Foster meeting. On that occasion the reporters made a gallant effort to be patriotic, but had to give it up as a bad job. Before the meeting opened a union jack served as a table-cloth on the reportorial table, but when the scribes settled down to business it was only a hindrance to the work, and had to be discarded for the bare boards.

A RIP-ROARING TIME.

GREAT EXCITEMENT AT THE COURT HOUSE NOMINATION.

The Boys Have their Innings—A Howling Mob of Interrupters—Remarks on Every Subject Under the Sun—A Description of the Scene.

Thursday was the great day in the campaign—the great day for both parties. Next Thursday will be a great day for one of them, but on nomination day, each party had its innings; its successes and failures, and both claimed a victory. All the afternoon, and well into the evening the candidates held forth; and candidates only, for when Ald. Connor was boosted on the table by some of his friends and attempted to explain the relations existing between his ropewalk, a \$15,000 salary and the combies, he had to give up the attempt because he wasn't a candidate.

The majority of voters would probably not consider the nominations legal if they were not made in the old Court House. One side of the question might be presented very well in the Mechanic's Institute, or Berryman's hall, but for a rip-roaring, wild time, and both sides of the question, the Court House stands alone. There the voters seem willing to stand until they are weak in the knees, and their surplus flesh has oozed out to such a degree that they cannot tell where their shirt collars end and their necks begin; to cheer until they are red in the face and dry in the throat; many to air their political wisdom, usually to get snapped up and shut up by the speakers. Many pertinent questions were asked during the afternoon, many that only voters who were fully aware of their freedom and independence would ever have thought of asking; questions that showed what a really free and independent people Canadians are, and how much of private opinion they are willing to stand without doing something rash.

All the candidates were at their best. Mr. Weldon, hale and hearty and apparently as warm as a man of his avoirdupois could possibly be, leaned his head on the back of the judge's chair—which he seemed to fill with remarkable easiness—and probably dreamed dreams that were far distant from the campaign. But when he spoke he got warmer, at fever heat he was at his best, and held the crowd admirably while he told of the glorious future of Canada, if she would embrace unrestricted reciprocity as he understood it.

Mr. Skinner was an icicle compared with him. In fact there is only one Mr. Skinner, and for cool, deliberate indifference to the remarks and antics of a howling mob, he will compare favorably with most anybody alive. It must have been very difficult for him to fully decide what kind of a reception he got Thursday. It was almost as uncertain as himself, or the cow that Mr. Hazen told about and which both parties seemed to enjoy. Mr. Hazen had told the story of the cow so often during the campaign that on Thursday he was able to tell it in the most amusing way possible. He has always trotted it out to illustrate how hard it was to determine from the speeches of the different liberal leaders just what unrestricted reciprocity meant. The cow referred to is supposed to have been lost somewhere in the vicinity of St. Martins, and a farmer and his son start out to look for it. The farmer goes up one side of a stream and his son up the other, and when they come back to where they started, compare notes. Both were positive that they saw tracks of the cow on each side of the stream, whereupon the farmer wisely remarked "It's no use looking for a cow that makes marks on both sides of the stream."

"There," said Mr. Hazen, "you have the liberal party," and there was a laugh among the crowd.

"No, its Skinner," shouted a voice, and then the crowd roared, laughed, and shouted until five hundred people were in imminent danger of suffocation. And the boy candidate took a hand in the merriment.

Whether Mr. Skinner was present at the time to enjoy the joke, the writer cannot say, but it was one of the things he seems to appreciate. As a public man he is ready for anything, and if he is only one when he faces such a howling mob as that of Thursday, he is by all odds the biggest one. He is the least concerned. When he arose to speak the crowd hissed and cheered and hissed again, but Mr. Skinner calmly waited until they got through and then said what he had to say, and seemed totally indifferent as to whether his voice got further than the stove.

Not so with the Hon. E. McLeod. He had not the patience to wait. It was a fight as to whether he or a court house, full of free and independent voters, had the greater lung power. Such cheering! and such hissing, howling, groaning, and shouting was never heard in that room before. Every man seemed anxious to do either one or the other, and half a dozen fellows near the doors made individual efforts to deliver orations on their own

hooks, and dive down among the crowd between every half dozen words so as to mystify those around them. The subjects of those orations were numerous and varied. One fellow had a special desire to see "Kelly put out," and shouted a request to that effect at every opportunity. Another fellow rambled on the subject of a judgeship, and was continually asking the speaker "how about it." In fact, at about that time when the government candidate for the city spoke, the crowd was as intelligent as voters with empty stomachs could possibly be. It was shortly after six o'clock, and men who had just left off work filed in by the score and crowded the entrance way. Whether the newcomers were enlightened on the political questions of the day is a question. The noise was past all description. Mr. McLeod was shouting at the top of his voice, and talking about nothing in particular, but trying to answer the questions of a score of loud-mouthed individuals, in as many parts of the room. A gang at the back of the hall evidently did not want to hear what he had to say, or allow anybody else to do so, and groaned and hissed, and tried in every way to drown him, while another crowd in the middle of the hall cheered him on, and a good representation of indifferent spectators added laughter to the uproar. There were times that the motions of Mr. McLeod's lips were the only evidences that he was speaking, and when the noise subsided a little, he could be heard roaring as he never roared before. The candidate was excited, and no wonder. He was sharp and to the point, however, when questions were popped, and usually got there to the satisfaction of the cheering faction in the middle of the room.

Up to six o'clock the majority of the crowd seemed to be inclined to the government, and their cheers were of most uproarious kind, and when hats went up for three and a tiger for Hazen, it looked as though there were very few liberals in the room. When the opposition candidates made a point, however, the cheering seemed almost as great.

But the crowd changed many times during the afternoon. There was a continual pushing and shoving of men who, unable to stand the heat, were making frantic efforts to gain the open air, and others, either newcomers or voters who had been out for a refresher, trying to get in. And thus it was all the afternoon. Every time you looked around there were different men standing alongside of you, and while there was always crowding at the doors—and it was a question whether it was harder to get in or out—there was usually plenty of room to turn round in the middle of the hall.

And such a mixed up, distributed crowd was surely never seen. Some of the candidates sat on the platform, on anything and everything; and others were "out of sight." Mr. Ellis was one of the latter. Sitting on the steps of the witness box, and almost lost among those standing around him, he seemed heated and wearied, yet was apparently taking in everything. Mr. Skinner sat on the doorstep of the judges' entrance, and his head was somewhere about Mr. Hazen's knees; but the junior candidate, pale with excitement, loomed up above the rest of the crowd and was gradually losing his claim to the title of an unknown young man. It may have been that the two former representatives, who kept out of sight, were too well known.

But Mr. Hazen made a grand effort, although, as was the case with the rest of the speakers, he treated the crowd to a repetition of all his speeches since the campaign opened. In this respect, however, he did not come up to Mr. Rankine, who read off his institute speech, with the paragraph on lard left out, with about the same effect as on the former occasion. Yet Mr. Hazen seemed to be the only candidate who was greatly hampered by the agreement limiting the addresses to one hour, and he endeavored to make the best of his time, rattling off his views in a rapid but forcible style. In this he differed from Mr. Ellis, who, towards the last of his address, seemed rattled and unable to collect his thoughts; for while the crowd urged him to "keep on," when he called attention to the hour, he seemed at a loss how to fill in the time.

It was a hard and apparently unsatisfactory day for the candidates. During the early part of the afternoon the inquisitive voters seemed to be all on the government side, and the market square tailor distinguished himself, until he found that he was almost as unknown in some quarters as the junior candidate on the government ticket. Then toward evening the people "who wanted to know" were on the other side.

There were plenty of excited arguments aside from those of the candidates, for, everywhere among the mixed up crowd, people with different opinions bumped against each other. One man cheered and another, jammed into him like a Siamese twin, hissed; and then they would turn and look at each other. Then again it was "hear, hear," and "rubbish," from men

shoulder to shoulder; and some very amusing remarks were made. When one of the candidates referred to the fact that Alex. Gibson had signed Mr. Temple's nomination, a fellow from the waterfront remarked: "And sure he'd do that too, and vote for the liberals."

A young fellow who was acting the snake while both Weldon and Skinner were on their feet, felt a hand on his coat collar, and looking round saw a man who had been cheering for Skinner. "Who are you hissing at?" he asked. "Weldon," said the youth, "look at him standing up." Then the Skinner man let go his hold and hissed like a whole flock of geese. A lot of dry goods clerks formed a group near the door and they were badly divided on the question. One wanted to know where they would be under reciprocity, and an apparent government man concluded that he would be "on his uppers," and his friend, "back to Westmorland county where he came from."

And so the excitement giving way to another and the newcomers, fresh and eager for the fray, lent all their energy and lung power to make the building ring. They thought nothing about supper, and in hundreds of homes the kettle was on the stove long after its usual time, and the tea was cold; but it mattered not. Such meetings are not held every day, and the people make the best of them. So, with three rousing cheers for the queen the meeting broke up about half past seven, and hundreds of excited voters went home, and perhaps found it as difficult to explain their absence to anxious wives, as Mr. Skinner did his absence from parliament, when Mr. Ellis thought he should have been there.

SIGNED THE NOMINATION PAPERS

And Declared That One of 's Hancesters Built the "Mayflower."

FREDERICTON, FEB. 22.—It was a merry assembly of unrestricted reciprocity principals at Fisher's building to hear the opening shot of the campaign fired and the free and independent electors for once forgot their personal animosities, and voted for the bull 'og or none. There was great excitement manifested when the chairman in a humorous speech announced that he had great pleasure in stating that a real liberal conservative would address this proud assemblage of liberals. The gentleman he perceived was at the door, and if he would kindly walk right in he would receive a right royal welcome. Cheers and enthusiasm. Then the proprietor of the leading rendezvous of science, art and literature, walked in and the plaudits were deafening. Mounting the rostrum, and casting 'is heagle eye over the Hunion Jack, the laird of Killarney began to speak. Plainly speaking he was a conservative, and was for the hupholding of the honor of the country, but when questions of hallegiance and disloyalty were made the hupposing tactics of the conservatives, he thought he was within his right in voting for the liberal candidate.

It's hall werry well talking about yer union jacks and yer stars and stripes, but, gentlemen, there is something more than this, and that is the hallmighty dollar, and as a farmer, my best hinterests I find are not consulted by the conservatives in this city. We hall know werry well yer kawnt raise western prairie beef here, but yer can raise 'orses and there's a hunlimited market before yer. I want ter see the country prosperous, and it is werry wexing ter see butter worth twenty cents here and fetching 28 over the border. Why is this thus, and what is the reason of this thus-ness. I'll tell yer hits bekusse yer haven't got free trade.

York county is werry dear to me; it is the paradise of the 'unter, and much caribou gambleth in the sportive wilds of Killarney. I love it; it is my home, and when I tell you gentlemen that one of my ancestors built the Mayflower, you can guess with what feelings of love and reverence I hail the country of my birth. I have therefore much pleasure in signing the nomination papers of the liberal candidate, and I 'ope that hevery man in this 'ere blessed room will vote for unrestricted reciprocity.

The Pedigree of the Team.

PROGRESS is non-political, but it appreciates a good thing from whatever source. An amateur cartoonist, who is evidently a strong liberal, sends in, too late for insertion, a clever sketch. It represents Sir John, as a circus rider, astride of two horses running in opposite directions. One of the steeds is reciprocity and the other national policy. The pedigree of the animals is given as follows:

Reciprocity—Foaled in 1890, out of Red Parlor by Expediency. National Policy—Foaled in 1875, sired by Monopoly and damned by Everybody.

It's Sure to be Good.

The ladies' society of St. Stephen's church intend holding a concert, on March 10, and are preparing a programme which they intend shall eclipse all their former efforts in this direction.

Umbrellas Repaired. Duval, 242 Union street.