

ALD. CHRISTIE LEADS OFF

HE GETS MORE VOTES THAN ANY MAN AT THE BOARD.

Sears Beats Daniel by 175—McGoldrick Has an Increased Majority—McPherson Defeated by Maxwell—Dr. White is the Other New Man.

The civic elections are over and Mr. Edward Sears is the mayor elect of the city of St. John.

He defeated Dr. Daniel by 175 votes, more than his friends thought he would and more than his opponent's friends had any idea of.

The result was most unexpected to the friends of Alderman Daniel who made a splendid candidate and conducted an honorable and straight forward canvass. They thought that it was impossible to defeat him but the energetic and persistent canvass of Mr. Sears, who has really been in the field ever since his defeat of last year, told in the end and proved the effect of personal work.

The day was beautiful and the work at the polls began promptly at eight o'clock and yet, in spite of the fact that the polls were open eight hours, it is surprising to note the number of citizens who did not think it worth their while to go to the booths and exercise their franchise. The writer saw one checked list after the polls were closed and there were merchants who did business not a hundred yards away from the voting place who did not take the trouble to deposit a ballot. This would not happen in a provincial or federal contest because active and energetic committee men would make it their business to see that voters reached the polls.

There were better committees in this election than there have been since the year the tax reduction association had candidates in the field. And it is safe to say that there was more interest in the contest. And yet there was only one of the old aldermen defeated! The reason for the interest and excitement is hard to arrive at perhaps, and can be best explained by the fact that many of the same men who ran last year and suffered defeat, were in the field again this year. The old war horse, as some of his friends call Mr. Harris Allan, was in the field again, and polled a remarkably good vote, but in spite of his many "plumpers" he could not get within nearly 600 votes of Alderman McArthur.

It is quite a remarkable fact that the four Carleton men ran so close together. Aldermen Stackhouse and Smith were elected, both of them by handsome majorities, but the former only had 19 votes more than his colleague, while Mr. Gordon had but 17 more votes than Mr. Belyea. Both of these gentlemen have been permanent conservatives and they gained a considerable support from their old friends who worked with them in the past, but they were not known well enough to gain their election.

PROGRESS does not think that Mr. Bustin expected any other result than what the ballots indicated but he has no reason to be ashamed of the fact that after his very brief candidature 1683 people voted for him. More than that he has occasion to be proud that his own ward gave him a majority of 23. Alderman Ware was absent from the city. Perhaps it was unavoidable, but the business that would take a representative from his constituents on election day must be, very urgent indeed.

Eight hundred and eighty nine majority is considerable more than even the friends of Dr. White expected he would have over Mr. Seaton. Here again the effect of a personal canvass is evident. Mr. Seaton did not believe that it was necessary to ask a man for his vote and did not make any real effort to obtain support in this way. Dr. White, on the contrary, was on the move for weeks before the contest and had committees in every ward. The result of it was that he had a majority in every ward but one—Victoria.

Col. Armstrong followed Mr. Seaton's plan and did not canvass and he was 307 votes behind Alderman Hamm. The latter had perhaps made the most diligent personal appeal to the people of any one in the field. He was on the move from early morn until night and the only wonder is that he did not have a much larger majority.

PROGRESS was right when it said that the keenest contest would be in Prince Ward, or rather between the rival candidates from Prince. It was not the closest fight, for Mr. Maxwell defeated Alderman Macpher-

son by 400 votes yet it was the, only ward in which there was a change. By the retirement of Alderman Daniel from Queens that ward has a new representative but Prince, in which the old alderman offered sent another man, Mr. Maxwell, who obtained more votes in the city at large than his opponent but who gave the latter Prince by 26. Alderman McPherson had a very cordial support but he did not have the same united committees behind him as Mr. Maxwell, who has been prominent in orange and temperance organizations and besides, as a contractor, has a large acquaintance with the laboring classes.

Still Alderman McPherson met with a kindlier fate in the way of majority than did his brother grocer, Mr. James F. Dunlop, who suffered defeat again at the hands of Alderman Macrae. Both of these gentlemen stood at their own ward, if a candidate can be said to stand anywhere on election day, and each of them received the same vote, 238. The of friends Mr. Macrae thought during the day that he would be beaten badly in this district but the result proved that the work in his behalf had been more effective than they had hoped.

The tremendous majorities were for the candidates belonging to the North. Mr. Brennan, who was a new man last year and came within a few votes of defeating Alderman Millidge, did not make the same good showing this year. And it was not because he did not work either. He and his friends put in the best kind of hard canvassing but the old representative who did not worry himself about the contest or the result found a majority of 342 votes awaiting him when he read the morning papers of Wednesday. He may have been surprised but the chances are that he was not half as much surprised as Dr. Smith when he found out the vote of Alderman Christie, which was 1439 more than his and the largest of any of the candidates. Alderman Christie stood in Lansdowne and had a pleasant sociable time with the representatives there. He got a splendid vote and it surely must be acknowledged that the work he and Alderman Millidge has done at the council had something to do with their splendid showing.

The same is undoubtedly true of Alderman McGoldrick, who fought and won the hardest fight of the day. He starts out on it his 15th year of civic life with a majority of 234—larger than he has ever received before, if PROGRESS remembers aright. In the days of ward elections, when two men were chosen from each ward, Alderman McGoldrick was always sure of Stanley, but since the tax reduction society altered the system of representation the representative for Stanley has not been so sure of the voice of the city. Departmental chairmen make enemies at times and when these are determined and persistent the result is apt to be apparent at election times. Up to this year the chairman of the safety department had not taken the trouble to form committees or to go to any special kind of canvassing in order to ensure his election. The result was that Mr. Holder, who opposed him for two years, came very near to equalizing the vote. This year it was different. The alderman had his committees on the alert and the result was a creditable one. It did not look so, however while the returns were coming in. When the first seven wards that came into the city hall were counted he was one behind his opponent and had received exactly the same number of votes as Alderman Daniel had for mayor. But then Dufferin and Prince and Queens all gave him handsome majorities and that settled the matter.

Capt. Keast is better known today than he was at any time before the election. He had a hard fight, coming out as he did and against a man who had such a tremendous vote last year. But he had lots of grit and got 1734 votes—not a bad showing at all for a man unknown to the public and untried in elections. He said smilingly after the ballots were counted and he knew that he was defeated that he would begin to canvass now for next year's contest. If he does Alderman McMulkin must get on his war paint and make no mistakes.

DEAD AND LIVING MONCTON BANDS.

An Amusing Sketch of the Success and Failure of Some of Them.

MONCTON, April 20—Moncton has been a wonderful place for bands during the past few years! Until recently we had the Citizen's Band, the 74th Battalion Band and the Orange Band, besides the

Louisville Fife and Drum Band, the Band of Hope, the Mission Band and the perennial German band which slightly antedated the flowers of the spring, and afforded us infinitely more solid satisfaction than all the others put together. We were all fully aware of the fact that we derived very little benefit from the wealth of organized musical effort which distinguished our city, and we sometimes confessed to each other with bated breath, and many injunctions not to "let it go any further" that we might almost as well have been without a band at all since we never heard any out of door music unless one of the bands happened to be giving a benefit for themselves and played for a while outside the opera house, in order to draw a crowd. But those of us who were at all patriotic, were very proud of the fact that we possessed those bands and could hear them play when we chose to pay for the privilege. They did yeoman's service also when we were away from home; it did our hearts good to refer in a lofty, casual manner to our three bands, and the advantage it was to live in a city where there were so many excellent musical organizations. We managed to convey the impression that those three bands were in the habit of playing every night but Sundays and rainy days, during the entire summer season, in different portions of the city, and that we were so used to the performance that we had really grown indifferent, and scarcely took the trouble to listen. Then the other man, to whom we were talking grew grey with envy, and said he did not know as he would care for so much noise himself as a regular thing, but supposed one would get used to it in time—and the Moncton man's soul swelled with pride, and his eyes stood out with fatness and pomposity. We used to have the different bands on alternate nights at the rink, and then pronounce upon their relative merits, with every appearance of knowing what we were talking about; and on one memorable occasion we had two of them at the same time, and they played turn about, while we sat in judgement on them. Those were glorious times, but a little over a year ago some of our glory departed, and we wrote "Ishabod" over the door of the sanctuary where the 74th were wont to practice, for the military band which had been our chief glory had disbanded and was heard no more. It was hard to reconcile ourselves to the loss but yet we were not desolate, the Citizen's forged rapidly to the front, the Orange Band invested in new uniforms and several new instruments, while the Louisville Fife and Drum took to hiring a large wagon and making frequent excursions from their suburban homes to the metropolis, doing the city thoroughly and playing lustily as they went. So for a time all went well, and we could still conscientiously boast of our three bands. But some how luck seemed to be against us, and when we least expected it the Orange Band sickened and died of slow decline in spite of the vigorous measures which were adopted towards the last, to prolong its life, and though the band which was still left to us was a very fine one, and we had good reason to be proud of it; still there was no blinking the fact that our prestige was gone, and we had reached the level of ordinary towns in possessing but one band. The change could not be said to affect us very sensibly, because the prestige was about the only advantage we have ever enjoyed from our former opulence. We had fewer demands upon our pockets, and just as much music as ever, but at the same time we felt our descent in the scale of nations keenly, and refused to be comforted.

At this crisis a "savior of his country" arose in the person of that first class musician and ever enterprising citizen Professor Harry Watts, and he purchased what still remained of the Orange Band, out and out, shop, fixtures and good will, with the benevolent purpose, not of giving the remains decent burial, but of resuscitating them, raising them in fact like a modern Phoenix from the ashes of the past, and giving them a new lease of life.

Under the able and energetic management of Professor Watts there is little doubt that we shall soon have one more band to the good, and a portion at least of our lost distinction will be restored to us. It is also more than likely that we shall be afforded an opportunity now and then of sampling the quality of the music supplied, not only in an al fresco, but also in a gratuitous manner, which will be indeed a novel and delightful experience for the Moncton citizen who has always been accustomed to putting his hand in his pocket "when the band began to play."

Whether the company was ever formed PROGRESS cannot discover but it is certain that the notice of this limited corporation appeared in the Royal Gazette and there were several names associated with Mr. Ferguson in his venture. But it is one thing to give notice of an intention to form a company and another to get the stock subscribed. The latter undertaking Mr. Ferguson, no doubt, found the more difficult of the two.

Without discussing the failure or success of any particular idea of his, it may be stated that Mr. Ferguson's next plan was of a very broad nature. He wanted to form a company to buy up the grounds and buildings at Mount Pleasant—the convent grounds and buildings—and convert them into a hotel. Then all he had to do was to get some American capital interested and it would be easy to transfer the whole business to the simple yankees at double the price paid for it.

Mr. Ferguson went as far as possible with this plan but that was not so far that he could not recede. He saw this one and that one about the matter but, strange to say he did not meet with that cordial encouragement that should have greeted such a plan.

In the meantime he lost no opportunity to make himself solid with all whom he met. And when he once got solid or thought he was, then the possibilities of what might be done with commercial paper would occur to him. In some instances, at least, the same possibilities did not seem apparent to the other fellow and disappointment was the only proceeds.

But a really persistent and talented man like Mr. Ferguson never gets discouraged, and so it proved. He was generous with his signature. He would pay a ten dollar account with a 30 day note and then permit the transaction to escape his mind. But that is a sort of absent mindedness that is not unusual among lots of people and Mr. Ferguson cannot claim any distinction on that score.

But quite lately—within a few days—the rumor has arisen that Mr. Ferguson has struck it rich again and has made thousands out of a lumber deal on the North shore. The Fredericton Herald tells the story in brief but graphic sort of a way and there will be so many people pleased at the prospects that it is worth quoting:

"Did Ferguson know that there was going to be a depression in lumber, or did he stumble into it?" was the question overheard by a reporter of the Herald from amongst a crowd of lumber men seated in the lobby of the Barker house yesterday, prominent among whom was Michael Walsh the biggest logger of the Miramichi and the manager of the Corporation drive. On enquiry the reporter learned that M. A. Ferguson, who had the contract for the delivery of several million feet of lumber to George J. Vaughan on the Miramichi, and also some other contracts, among which is

M. A. FERGUSON'S PLANS

HE REMAINS A WHILE IN ST. JOHN PERFECTING THEM.

How He is Said to be Striking a Perfect Klondike on the North Shore—His Idea About Mount Pleasant and a Summer Hotel—A Good Talker.

One day early this year this city was honored by a visit from a gentleman who has been here before—one Malcolm A. Ferguson, to wit.

Mr. Ferguson represented that he had been engaged in the lumber business and, if one might judge from his conversation, he had struck it rich upon sundry occasions. He did not hesitate to describe these sudden flights of richness, and as he was an indefatigable talker these descriptions came easy to him.

It did not take Malcolm long to find out those he knew in this city and he gave the impression that he was in the swim and proposed to remain in it. He followed the advice of some one who lived upon his wits once and who found that it paid him to register at the very best hotel in town. According to his idea this clothed him with a certain transient opulence that could not be obtained in any other way. Now Mr. Ferguson may not have heard of the ways of this gentleman but he too registered at the best hotel.

He wasn't here for his health, he was here for business, and the particular business he was engaged in was the formation of a company which should act as a commission house—buy and sell lumber—or in fact buy and sell anything that there was a cent or a dollar in.

Whether the company was ever formed PROGRESS cannot discover but it is certain that the notice of this limited corporation appeared in the Royal Gazette and there were several names associated with Mr. Ferguson in his venture. But it is one thing to give notice of an intention to form a company and another to get the stock subscribed. The latter undertaking Mr. Ferguson, no doubt, found the more difficult of the two.

Without discussing the failure or success of any particular idea of his, it may be stated that Mr. Ferguson's next plan was of a very broad nature. He wanted to form a company to buy up the grounds and buildings at Mount Pleasant—the convent grounds and buildings—and convert them into a hotel. Then all he had to do was to get some American capital interested and it would be easy to transfer the whole business to the simple yankees at double the price paid for it.

Mr. Ferguson went as far as possible with this plan but that was not so far that he could not recede. He saw this one and that one about the matter but, strange to say he did not meet with that cordial encouragement that should have greeted such a plan.

In the meantime he lost no opportunity to make himself solid with all whom he met. And when he once got solid or thought he was, then the possibilities of what might be done with commercial paper would occur to him. In some instances, at least, the same possibilities did not seem apparent to the other fellow and disappointment was the only proceeds.

But a really persistent and talented man like Mr. Ferguson never gets discouraged, and so it proved. He was generous with his signature. He would pay a ten dollar account with a 30 day note and then permit the transaction to escape his mind. But that is a sort of absent mindedness that is not unusual among lots of people and Mr. Ferguson cannot claim any distinction on that score.

But quite lately—within a few days—the rumor has arisen that Mr. Ferguson has struck it rich again and has made thousands out of a lumber deal on the North shore. The Fredericton Herald tells the story in brief but graphic sort of a way and there will be so many people pleased at the prospects that it is worth quoting:

"Did Ferguson know that there was going to be a depression in lumber, or did he stumble into it?" was the question overheard by a reporter of the Herald from amongst a crowd of lumber men seated in the lobby of the Barker house yesterday, prominent among whom was Michael Walsh the biggest logger of the Miramichi and the manager of the Corporation drive. On enquiry the reporter learned that M. A. Ferguson, who had the contract for the delivery of several million feet of lumber to George J. Vaughan on the Miramichi, and also some other contracts, among which is

one for the delivery of deals for the British market, had things coming his way on account of the low price of lumber, and that he could not help but make several thousand dollars out of it without any great effort on his part.

C. A. Stockton, who was smilingly listening to the conversation, here made the remark, that he could throw some light on the subject, saying, "Those things don't come by chance but by good judgment; so sure was I that Ferguson would come out all right, that three months ago a financial house in Montreal, through my recommendation, offered to give him all the money he wanted provided he gave them an interest in his contracts, but he decided on playing a lone hand, and I am pleased to see he is coming out all right."

This is a pretty good description and confirmation of success, but if PROGRESS remembers aright, Mr. Ferguson had a suit against a certain Montreal firm for breaking a contract. His claim was for \$50 000 damages. He was sure of his case and when he left the writer one day he was about to issue the writ. So he said.

Of course Mr. Stockton did not refer to the same firm.

A Great Woman Canvasser.

This is the first year that women have taken a decided part in civic politics. The lady relatives of the mayoralty candidates spared no efforts in canvassing, and the result in favor of one of them was certainly surprising. More ladies voted in Queens ward than were ever known to cast ballots before, and the most of them were for Dr. Daniel. This was the effect of the work of one lady, a relative of Dr. Daniel's, who spent the greater part of the day in a coach driving from one residence to another taking the women voters to the polls and sending them home again. If there had been such energetic and painstaking work in all of the wards the genial physician might have been the mayor elect to-day. One old lady told a PROGRESS representative that she had a vote for many years but had never thought of exercising her franchise until asked to do so by the lady canvasser referred to on Tuesday morning.

Majorities in Different Sections.

It is curious that even today after the North, South, and West ends of the city have been united under one civic government for so many years that the people, and especially the politicians of those districts, always count up the votes from the wards in their section and will say that we gave him such and such a majority in the North or West end. To consider it in that way for a few moments; if Dr. Daniel had received four more votes in the South end he would have had twice as many as he got in the North end and more than six times his vote in the West end. As it was he received 1208 in the South end, 606 in the north end and just 200 on the west side of the harbor. He beat Mr. Sears 57 votes in the south end but the latter kept up his reputation for a large Carleton vote and came from there 124 ahead; then in the north end he was 108 ahead. His vote in those sections was 714 in the north end, 1151 in the south and 324 in Carleton.

He Turned out a Sears Man.

There are always funny incidents about every election, and when there is one in St. John there is no lack of the comical side to things. There were so many representatives at some of the wards, that some of them had much difficulty in ascertaining the opinions of others. A man who was supposed to be working for Dr. Daniel in one ward, turned out in the afternoon to be a Sears supporter and he thought it a great joke. His companions at the booth did not look upon it in that light, and the chances are that when he shows up another year he will be regarded with suspicion.

The Magistrate was Well Informed.

Ex-policeman Olive will probably believe now that a still tongue makes a wise head. He was quite new to the force and had a habit of talking over his experiences on his beat with his brother officers. Some of these were not as kind as they might have been and the news of Mr. Olive's experience reached the ears of the magistrate. Then when he got a chance he had a shot at the police force. Chief Clark did not like the reflection upon his men and demanded an explanation. He got it. Then he in turn demanded an explanation from Olive and Olive got the bounce.