

Board of Works
January 1900

We would like to know what a lot of you people are thinking about—can't you see the "cinch" in our premium offer?

PROGRESS.

Be sure and read about our great premium offer on the second page to-day. It will surprise you.

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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

BATTLE OVER AND WON.

HOW ELECTION DAY PASSED OFF IN THE CITY SATURDAY.

The Work That Was Done—The Influence That Were Brought to Bear—That Willing Thousand Dollars—The Workers in Many of the Wards.

An election only comes once in a while and St. John voters know how to take advantage of the good things that crop to the surface in connection with it, and, judging from the quantity of crisp one and two dollar bills that were produced the day before and the days after the contest the boys were not working for nothing.

Both sides turned out in force on that warm spring like day. The snow melted rapidly under the warm sun and it one had on a good pair of rubbers he was ready to stand out all day and influence and cajole the voters to his heart's content. And there were plenty to do so, some for cash, a few for love of party and many for promises. Both sides made these without number. The opposition was short of the "ready" but the men who put in an appearance worked hard and did their best.

The day before the vote the government was jubilant—the money was on hand, the chairman's returns were in and if all went well they stood to win on the morrow. And so they did. But they took no chances. Teams without number were hurrying in all directions, from eight until four bringing the dallying voters to the poll. Old men, young men, and "no men at all," were taken to the returning officers, and those bewildered officials hardly knew where they were at different times as the rush came upon them.

Challenges were the order of the day. If a representative did not know a man his challenge against his vote went up and many a person who was willing to earn a dollar or two by voting once or twice would not perjure himself to do so. Therefore he turned away. Dead men who had only passed off this mortal coil a few days before were brought to life again in a mysterious way and voted, to the surprise of those standing about. In one or two instances it looked as if the representatives knew all about it and for some reason or other did not care to interfere. The story was current of how two or three ward workers had been bought off in one ward the night before and there was a deal of suspicion about in consequence. The story seemed to be true enough but nobody expected anything different.

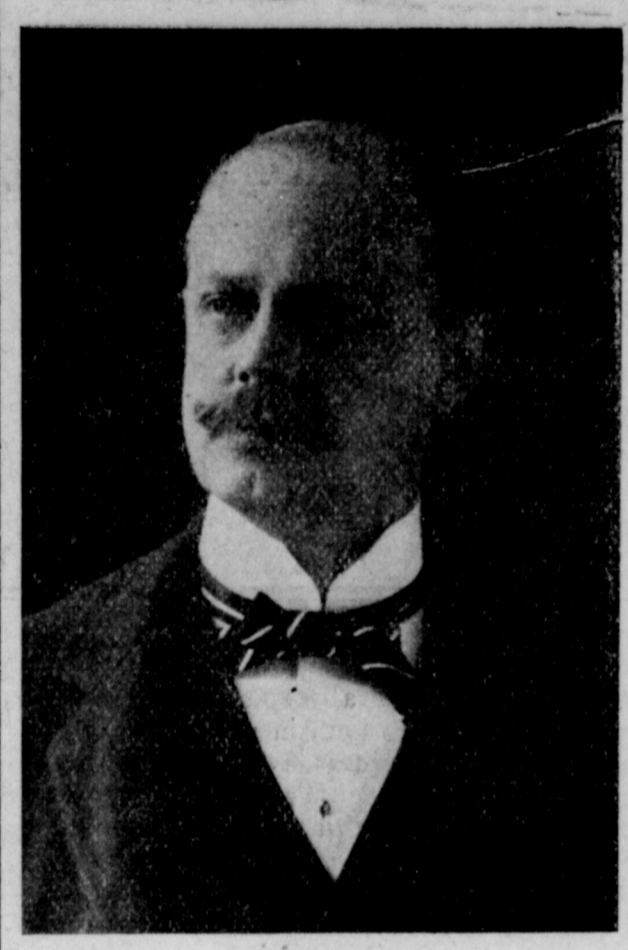
There was some fun in Queens inside, and outside the scene was a busy one. Queens is a large ward and besides the two booths required for it the non residents also voted there. There seemed to be six men on the government side to one on the opposition but that one was enough to strike terror into the hearts of any personator. The McAvities were there in force and they proved of much strength in the ward. It is rare to see the members of this firm taking such an active part in a provincial contest but this time they went heart and soul into the fight.

Barry, Crawford, McKelvie, Hunter and Killorn kept things moving in Prince and they came out with a great majority. The same was done in Wellington by Dawson, Keefe and Gleason while in Victoria the workers who had formerly done wonders for the opposition were against them this time. There was some fun in this booth. Rightly or wrongly Mr. McKeown was accused of intimidating the government employes by standing at the poll and noting whether they voted an open ballot or not. One of them at least didn't and Mr. McKeown couldn't forget it even in the flush of victory because in his speech, after the battle, he referred to the fact.

Variety was added to the scene outside in Dufferin by a scarp or two. The good refreshments furnished proved too much for the manners of a few hangers on and they tried to see which of them was the better man. The crowd was in good humor and nobody was hurt. James Russell and Mr. Codner stood there all day but late in the afternoon they had the assistance of the old campaigner, James Kelly, who had travelled in a hurry from Toronto to "lend a hand." Dufferin gave a good majority for the government. So did Kings, where the Lansalum brothers did all they could for the party in power. Frank Tufts was opposed to them but he could not get half the votes. The party was out in force and the ballot was an exceptionally large one.

In Lansdowne and Lorne the vote was not much changed from the last time.

Lansdowne elected Mr. Shaw but a mistake in the first returns given out made him and his friends think he was defeated until Tuesday morning when the rumor floated about that Mr. Reynolds had been credited with Mr. Shaw's votes and the latter with Mr. Reynolds'. It did prove to be true and Mr. Shaw was declared elected on declaration day. No fault could be found with the returning officer, Mr. Magilton, because he did not give out the

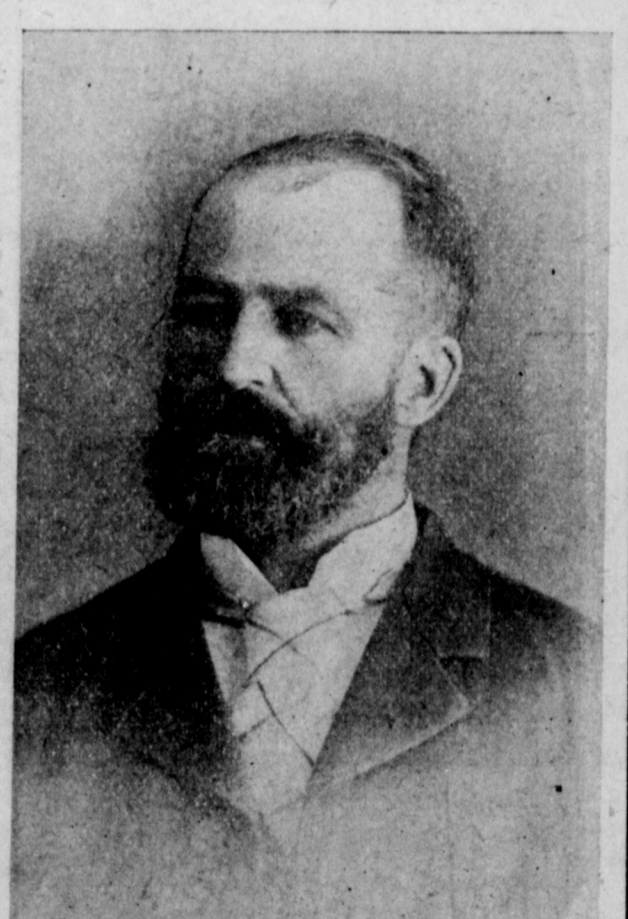


H. A. MCKEOWN.

figures but they went out from one of those in the booth and thus the error was made.

Stanley ward always runs a quiet election but oh, my! what a majority in comparison to the total vote it does run up. There was no large government committee there, only two men, Ald. McGoldrick and John Connor. The latter had come from Ottawa to help out the local government and the majority of 52 put up in the ward showed that he had given great assistance in that direction. Ald. McGoldrick usually stands at Dufferin ward but this year he was at Stanley ward and he kept everything on the move. Ginger ale, ginger beer, sandwiches etc. were there for all voters and what the government side didn't have Mr. Osborne of the opposition did. Stanley does not poll a big vote but it is a most comfortable ward to work in.

Of course, with every election there are strange stories of the handling of money, of how much is given to be spent and how much is spent. It is only fair to say that in most cases these come from the men who are not given the cash to spend but who think they should handle it. The biggest story of grab comes from the North End where in two of the wards it is said that \$1,000 had been given to each chairman. To one of them but little, it is alleged,



D. J. PURDY.

was spent. If it had been the result would have been far different. One worker told PROGRESS that very early in the afternoon the "resources of civilization" had given out and that he had spent all of his own money that he had with him. "I'll never get a cent of it back" was his assertion, and then he complained that just across the street were four brothers who could be got for one dollar each but who would not vote without it. The idea had spread among the poor voters that there was plenty of cash about and that they should be paid for their trouble and time in going to vote! Those who went in the morning were paid but those who delayed until the afternoon had to take their chances. The money ran out in Wellington and Prince about three

o'clock and there were a good many standing around waiting for their mite. Word was sent to the executive head and more of it came but still not enough. One well known man who wanted \$5.00 in the morning and was offered \$3.00 could not get that at two o'clock. Two dollars was offered him at three o'clock and refused. He wanted one dollar a few minutes to four but couldn't get it and he didn't vote at all.

Early in the morning the opposition realized that they were defeated. Still they fought the battle out but the word had gone around and there was less spirit in their work than there would have been otherwise.

The scene of government rejoicing was McLaughlin's hall—a small place for the great audience that tried to gain admittance. It was not a new place to George Robertson for years ago the tax reduction association carried him to victory in the same place. There were speeches and cheers that could be heard a mile away. All that was necessary to make the crowd howl was for some one who had worked to gain the platform and favorable returns almost sent them crazy. By half past six the result was known and those who were wise went home and remained there. But there were many absentees from the fireside that evening and a small number—a very small number—found themselves under the protection of the city in the morning.

It was a fortunate thing that the law had closed the bars else what might have happened, between the joy of victory and the bitterness of defeat is hard to imagine. Of course there was celebrating. The big guns spilt wine like water and many "kegs" that have been kept since the New Year were broken on that evening. The cause of much additional satisfaction was the supposed election of Reynolds. For ten years, since the appointment of Magistrate Ritchie the Catholics have not been represented in the legislature and the attempt they made this year to regain representation was such as St. John has never seen before. Through the transposing of some returns in Lansdowne ward and the error in sending Reynolds vote to headquarters his election was conceded until the day before declaration when the sheriff discovered the error.

'Tis all over now. Politics must take a back seat and let business come to the front.

CLARK AND HIS DETECTIVE.

They Have Some Words and Mr. Ring was Suspended.

The rupture between the chief and Detective Ring has come at last and this week the latter was under suspension for disobeying the order of his superior officer. It seems that the chief gave orders for his men not to take any part in the election but to vote and say nothing. Detective Ring is not on regular patrol duty but he was around at this and that ward during the day and was ready to capture anybody who was violating the law. But it seems that Monday evening he was talking over election matters in the guard room when the chief came in. The battle was over and won and this would not seem to be an unpardonable offense but it was enough for the chief to call the detective to order and then there were some hot words. Saturday evening he had been ordered to remain in the guard room and take charge of the desk while all the men did patrol duty. He did so though the order was a most unusual one and Saturday night of all nights he should have been on detective duty.

Then the chief heard some discussion as to how the policemen voted and it seems he did not like it. It may have reminded him that he had given some instructions and that this would be a good opportunity for a certain lecture. So he started in and reminded the men for the 500th time that he was their chief and must be obeyed. He had forbade them to discuss politics or religion and he wanted his instructions carried out. This did not please Detective Ring and he made some remark back. The result was his suspension.

There were some other matters in connection with the affair that the Chief may be called upon to explain. Why, for example, he, an appointee of the local government should not instruct the men under him to deposit their votes in favor of the government candidates. This is what some, but not many, of the government supporters say.

Umbrellas Made, Re-covered, Repaired, Duval, 17 Waterloo Street.

VERY CHARMING VISTOR

WHO GOES TO SEE A HALIFAX MAN REGULARLY.

Is Likely to Make Some Trouble for Him in the End as His Neighbors do Not Like the Notoriety Given The Building They Occupy—What is Said About It.

PROGRESS has received a strange story from Halifax which while mentioning no names seems to point to certain persons so directly that there cannot be much mistake as to their identity.

The story does not seem to be prompted by malice but rather to notify a certain business man who is annoying his neighbors and making the building he and they occupy notorious that his actions must cease.

Coming from the source it does credence is given to the story which will no doubt be readily understood by those acquainted with the facts.

The party referred to is a well-known man of business. He is married, but his wife has been separated from him and is now earning her living in the city of New York. She was forced to leave him through his unbecoming actions.

Her husband still carries on the wrong road. He occupies apartments, over which are located legal and other offices.

Every day at noon and also later in the evening a lady calls on the occupant of these apartments. She apparently is a welcome visitor and her presence must always be elevating, judging from the laughter and merry clinking of glasses that can be heard from within.

This visitor is interesting and commands attention not only for her diurnal visits at such unseasonable hours, but for the fact that she is a married lady, her husband being in a business building on the same street.

After the pair have spent an hour or two in their revelry, when an opportunity presents itself, the noonday caller endeavors to trip down the stairs unobserved by any person from the offices below. Her first call is at noon; her next is at five o'clock in the evening when the same innocent amusement is indulged in.

Some months ago another lady of more distinguished notoriety used to visit the same gentleman. Then he used to receive alternate visits from both ladies. This one used to be a brilliant star in her own "set". But notwithstanding being such a social magnet in her own way, her presence at some of our drawing room functions would not be appreciated. This visitor has ceased to pay her respects, and the lesser notable has to perform double duty.

This business man was holding high carnival without the occurrence of one incident to mar his pleasure, until a few weeks ago, when a member of the legal firm above, becoming annoyed at the odium, which was being cast on the premises, reported the matter to the landlord. The landlord spoke to the offender, who promptly became indignant, and immediately interviewed the legal light and reprimanded him for his "insolence" as he termed it.

He told the lawyer that his visitors were friends of his, who lunched and dined with him. However he offered no explanation as to why the married one attended her home at such hours in order to seek his society.

He still holds the fort, and is becoming bolder in his depredations, as without any embarrassment he promenades the streets of the city attended by his constant visitor. We have yet to hear from the husband.

HOW HIS COACHMAN VOTED.

A Surprised Ward Worker Gets a Tip From the Colonel.

Colonel Tucker may believe in the Dominion government forcing civil service employes to vote for the candidates of the administration but he will not exercise the same powers of persuasion over the man who drives his team and waits upon him.

This man is an elector and a pretty independent sort of one. He voted the opposition ticket and made no bones about it though when he approached the booth a government worker approached him at once with a ballot.

"I have my ballot" was the brief reply.

"But not this ballot" said the astonished canvasser.

"'Tis the one I am going to vote," said the coachman. And so, to his credit he did.

So far as the ward worker was concerned the affair was not ended. He laid in

wait for the colonel and when he entered he informed him what his man had done.

"Well" said the colonel in an interrogative sort of a way, "what of that?"

"But surely you won't allow your own man to vote against us."

"My man votes as he pleases, I do not influence him in the least said the colonel and the ward worker retired with the knowledge that what is sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander, or that Colonel Tucker's man bore a different relation to his employer than a railroad employe did to the government.

SHE LOST HER COAT.

Mrs. Moore of St. John Has a Valuable Garment Seized.

When Mrs. John Moore left the beginning of this week on a visit to friends in the United States, she was the fortunate and proud possessor of a new, real seal-skin sacque. There are a good many clever imitations of this desirable garment on the market these days, and sometimes it's difficult to tell the real from the make-believe article, but Mrs. Moore's coat was a genuine seal and that's what caused the trouble. She doesn't wear a sealskin any more, for just as soon as the U. S. customs officer at Vancoboro clapped his eyes on Mrs. Moore's jacket, he decided that it was his, or rather his country's by right, and that's why the lady in question has no jacket now, at least no handsome seal jacket, and it's just a question as to whether she'll ever wear that one again.

There is a law in force in the United States which says that no Pribiloff Island seals shall be killed, but some Canadians don't always regard this law as carefully as they should and once in awhile a lot of furs reach this side. In order that the law may be more effective there is also a clause which states that any garment of this particular fur found in the possession of any one crossing from Canada to the States may be confiscated. Some months ago there was a similar trouble when some St. John ladies had their trip to Uncle Sam's domain delayed by being relieved of their coats at Vancoboro, but upon being able to furnish a certificate that their coats were purchased before the law mentioned was made, they got them back. It is not known whether the latest victim will be so fortunate, though Consul Myers holds out a hope that she will be able to do so. The officer who made the seizure said the coat would be destroyed.

The details of the seizure do not show the customs officer at Vancoboro in a very good light, and in fact give the impression that he was particularly discourteous.

A gentleman on the train who knew Mrs. Moore and who was going to Montreal offered a way out of the difficulty by suggesting that he take the coat to Montreal with him and return it to St. John later on; but this was peremptorily refused and the article confiscated. It's not particularly pleasant travelling at this time of year under any circumstances but to be stripped of ones warmest garments midway of the journey must be particularly disagreeable.

A Good Place to Go To.

The season for drives is nearly over but every night some large party or other finds its way to some good place, has a good supper, good music, songs and fun and returns at midnight. One of these was at the Clairmont house, kept by Mr. William Newcombe on Tuesday night and a PROGRESS representative who was present wishes to give the best credit for a supper of unexpected excellence. The menu was varied, the cooking all that could be desired and the service equal to that of a first class hotel. Besides that the minor arrangements for the comfort and enjoyment of the party were such as to please all. Mr. Newcombe may be well satisfied if all of those who patronize him are as well pleased as those who visited him Tuesday evening.

Who Will Succeed Mrs. Dever?

(Mrs.) Nan M. Smith does not want to be a school trustee. So she has declined the honor the Common Council would have conferred upon her. Mrs. Dever will probably not accept it now and the chances of other and suitable candidates are not bright. The council differs in the opinion that the successor to Mrs. Dever should be a catholic lady and there is not much doubt that the opposition will be heard from. That is their talk at present. If all of the council is present the chances are that the next lady trustee will be of the same faith as Mrs. Dever. Who will have the courage and ability to dig the grave of these petty differences?