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Mr. Chesley Thrown Down.

The Candidate of the Rank and File Had to Give Way to the Machine.

There were many strange things said and stranger things done at Thursday night's liberal conservative convention in McLaughlin's hall, cor. Germain and Princess streets. Perhaps the strangest thing of the lot was the holding of the convention in the hall which has been looked upon as the liberal stamping ground. Long before 8 o'clock the "faithful" had gathered to the number of about fifty, still there was not a sign of light in the hall. To many of the superstitious ones it looked like a forerunner of the dark days to come for the standard-bearers of the Tories. When the hall was opened the delegates from the outside parishes began to pour in.

There were many liberals on hand, just to see what nature the affair would assume. They were informed by their conservative brethren that the delegates would be admitted by tickets only nothing daunted they went up stairs and found access easy. The adherents of Tupper were only too glad to get any liberals to attend and thus swell the "representative and intelligent liberal conservative gathering as Dr. Stockton called it.

Col. Ald. Armstrong was in the chair. After a dissertation on liberal-conservative principles in general he informed the audience of the object of the gathering. He gave way to Dr. White who made some remarks on the "peculiar fitness" of the Hon. George Eulas Foster as a candidate for the city of St. John. The doctor moved the nomination of Foster which was seconded by Mr. S. S. de Forest. The nominations were hurriedly moved to be closed.

At this juncture the irrepressible Michael Kelly, of St. Martins, jumped to his feet and endeavored to articulate. He was squelched as the chairman ruled Mr. R. B. Emerson had the floor. That gentleman nominated Dr. Stockton "to run as running mate" to the Hon. Foster for the city and county of St. John. Then the real fun of the convention commenced. Mr. John R. McFarlane from one of the back chairs in the hall, nominated John A. Chesley for the city and county. This was seconded by Mr. Jacob Brown. Here another voice was heard amid the babel, a Mr. Edwards nominated Mr. Wm. Shaw. The gallant colonel from the chair informed Mr. Edwards that Mr. Shaw did not desire to run and hence there would be no need of balloting on his name. This looked as if the affair was all cut and dried before the convention started.

The two nominations were accepted and the following scrutineers appointed to receive the ballots of the delegates as to who would receive the nomination Stockton or Chesley. The scrutineers were: Coun. Dean J. W. Keast, Dr. R. F. Quigley, C. F. Brown, Capt. Carson, Comp. Catherwood, S. L. D. Tilly.

As the ballots were cast and while they were being counted in an anti room, the comedy part of the convention was furnished to the auditors. Kelly of St. Martins, must have had some doubt about the honesty of his new-found friends, for about this time he sprang to his feet and said that "the convention should stand by the man who received the greatest number of ballots."

During intermission, at Mr. J. B. M. Baxter's proposition, Hetherington, the Queens county incendiary was called upon for a speech. He uttered a few remarks among which were the following gems. "I thank the non-resident voters of St. John's who came up to Queens county and helped me. We have met our Mergerton tein; our Paardeberg's in the future." One of his scriptural anecdotes bore a tinge of freak vaudeville, for which he is said to be famous. It was as follows: A minister had a very wicked parrot who once fell out of her cage into a bucket of water taking an impromptu bath, the parrot afterwards climbed back and on the minister's return said to him. Where in the world were you when the cyclone struck? He hoped he could say the same to the liberals when the spirit of war was still with them."

F. M. Sproul, the defeated King's county candidate, was the next speaker. His harangue was chiefly directed against

the Hon. Mr. Blair, confining his remarks to the use and abuse of our railway system. He said he did not run the election in King's county expecting to win, or he didn't have a swelled head.

Mr. Kelly, he of St. Martins, who played a comedy part all through the night was the next gentleman who favored the audience with a discourse in political conundrums. He said "It was a bad thing to steal a bad thing. That's what the liberals had done. They had stolen the national policy. Some of you present have been companions with me in the liberal camp. We know how it is, we have been on both sides." At this point Mr. Kelly ceased to orate when a voice cried out: "Go on, we want to hear more of that kind of stuff" Kelly again started "Blair is the Golden Calf and we are the victims. Then the audience carried away by the sublime personation of the only Kelly rose to their feet and cheered three times three, ending with "What's the matter with Kelly, he's all right, you bet."

At this stage of the proceedings the contemners returned and Dr. Quigley in academic tones said he had the honor to announce that the delegates had cast their ballots as follows:

Stockton 171
Chesley 30

Mr. Emerson moved that the ballot be declared unanimous in favor of Dr. Stockton. This motion like everything else was carried.

During the roll-call of the delegates the Colonel-Alderman-Chairman made one of his characteristic speeches when a question of identity being raised about one of the delegates he exclaimed "somewhat like he looks."

The "walking delegate," John A. Chesley wore a dejected look as he stood near the door. He expected his fate and was not in evidence after the result of the ballot was announced.

One coterie of good conservatives seated near the door were Dan Mullin, Q. C., Mr. Geo. McLeod, and Dr. Quigley.

Another group who sat near the chair were: W. H. Thorne, R. B. Emerson, Col. Markham, Dr. White and A. W. Macrae.

Dr. Stockton in his speech made some remarks about "Col. Tucker, poor old fellow, being a fit subject for the S. P. C. A., his burdens of office having been so hard and onerous, etc., etc." After a long discursive talk he finally thanked those present for nominating him and kindly accepted the nomination. Then there were cheers for the Queen, for Kelly and everybody in sight. Ald. Maxwell wanted to speak. Ald. Baxter wanted to speak. Everybody was speaking. All one could hear was a confusion of voices.

Dr. Stockton was not present the first part of the night, but he must have been expecting the nomination. As soon as the scrutineers announced the result, he was led into the hall by a body-guard of "the faithful."

It is said that a "sympathy" meeting was held by the Chesleyites after the convention closed. The choice of Stockton does not suit them at all. The "walking delegate" was made to walk the plank in good shape Thursday night. The friends of him they have something up their sleeve. Who knows but what we may have an independent in the field.

Did You Pay Your Taxes?

Monday was a big day in the Chamberlain's office. It was the last day upon which taxpayers could take advantage of the five per cent discount. Nearly \$100,000 was paid in on Monday. All kinds and conditions of men were on hand on Monday in order to receive the rebate. If one were a student of physiognomy many studies could be had by a close reading of the countenances and cast of features of the populace present. Those who were on hand ready to part with their collateral in order to escape the agile and pursuing constableness afforded a picture of varied hues and tints. Chamberlain Sendall and his corps of assistants were very busy men. They manipulated the dollars in a manner that would make a ticket seller at the circus grow green with envy. It was a trying time; there were many little disputes as to ex-

cessive water rate charges, etc. The man with a \$800 income was in evidence. His little plea that his salary did not amount to more than \$500 vanished away like last winters "beautiful," when facts and figures were produced showing he was wrong in his mathematical deductions. It was truly "the growing time" in the City Hall exchequer. Those that paid up are all right, but what about the multitude that will keep the constables busy.

WAS CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

A Merchant Who Found a Policeman Attive.

The manager of a City Road manufacturing concern had a rather amusing experience on Wednesday night last. He had searched his house and extra clothes for his keys, money and favorite pipe. Being unable to find them, he concluded that he had been robbed, but just then he suddenly remembered having changed his pants at the office and in his absent-mindedness had come away and left them there. He resolved to go to the office after supper and get the cash and pipe as they were essential to his evening's enjoyment. Several little things delayed him, so that when he reached his office it was past ten o'clock. Here he was once more in a predicament as he had forgotten and left the office key on the dressing table. Not to be failed after coming so far, he mounted the fence and was just in the act of climbing headfirst into a rear window of the office, when a stalwart policeman clutched him where he usually sits down.

"Hold on me fine bucco" said the cop.

"Let go," said the manager.

"Ah me boy, but you thought you would make a haul did you? well not if the court knows itself and I reckon it does."

"You've made a mistake officer."

"No, but you made a mistake I guess you did not know that I was on duty to night or you wouldn't try your crooked work before me very eyes."

"Say!" said the manager, "you are destroying my pants, can't you let go and take hold lower down. I'm Mr.—and am manager of this place."

"Let me see your face" answered the cop "and I'll believe you."

There was nothing left the gentleman to do but to back outward, show his face and then resume the work of burglarizing his own office. The police when all was explained lent the man a hand and both enjoyed a laugh and a smoke.

A Good Representative Of A Good Show.

Mr. James P. Harris, the capable representative of that excellent show, The Evil Eye, was in the city this week looking in his original fashion for the best advertising positions and utilizing them to splendid advantage. The churches and public buildings do not carry his business on their fronts but many a citizen's place of business is thus decorated. Mr. Harris is a pleasant gentleman to meet, an indefatigable and tireless worker. He is always sure of a warm welcome in St. John.

PROGRESS CONTENTS TODAY.

- PAGE 1.—This page is right before you. Read it.
- PAGE 2.—A timely article on winter and its prospects. Choice selection of miscellaneous reading.
- PAGE 3.—Musical and dramatic news of the leading actors and actresses.
- PAGE 4.—Editorial, poet, and a budget of local matter.
- PAGES 5, 6, 7, 8.—Social items from all over the Maritime provinces.
- PAGE 9.—Town Tales including: The Newport of Nova Scotia. Some "fresh" conductors. Some Light on the subject. He has no woollens now. Where is Mum? Let his family in want.
- PAGES 10, and 15.—First instalment of a serial entitled "His Heart's Delight."
- PAGE 11.—Sunday Reading—Dr. Talmage Pictures his visit to Austria's capital.
- PAGE 12.—Like a Greek Tragedy—a story on one of Abe Cronkite's cases.
- PAGE 13.—Facts and fancies from the world's fashion centres—Other topics for lady readers.
- PAGE 14.—An interesting article on a western duel of bygone days recalled by the death of a witness.
- PAGE 16.—A tale of adventure—Attacked by Sea Eagles. Births, marriages and deaths of the week.

Crowding Around The Poll.

A Scene in Queens County When Electors Had to Climb Through the Windows to Vote.

The much talked about Queens county election is over and the people of that central constituency have emphatically declared that they did not want that smoking fire brand, Horton B. Hetherington, to be their representative. This is the second time that they have made this decision and Mr. Hetherington may well assume now that his political aspirations are not sympathized with by the people of his own county. He was backed up by the conservative party, nominated by their delegates, assisted by the inmost prominent speakers and supplied with funds from the central committee.

The fact that the Hon. Mr. Blair represented the constituency in the federal parliament, and that Mr. Foster had been offered the nomination by a previous convention, made it almost a necessity that, for the sake of the prestige of the Tories in New Brunswick, Queens should be redeemed and the Hon. Mr. Farris relegated to private life. Their hopes of this were almost certain, because at the last municipal elections the conservatives had carried nearly all before them. Mr. Hetherington himself took a prominent part in that little campaign, and ever since has been talking to the people in orange lodges, in temperance societies and in several other gatherings of which it is said he has been the most active promoter. With all these things at his back, combined with the knowledge that he possessed a rough and ready eloquence that is sometimes more pleasing to the rural voter than the polished utterances of more educated men, the liberals perhaps had reason to feel that they should lose no time in persuading the people of Queens that Mr. Farris was better adapted to continue their representative as a member of the government of New Brunswick than the candidate put up by the tory party.

So the fight in Queens last Tuesday was not a one sided affair by any means. The liberals gathered in force and presented Mr. Farris with a much larger vote than he had obtained at the last election. Mr. Hetherington also obtained a few more votes, but this was due to the fact that his friends in St. John assembled in very large numbers at many of the polling booths and gave him their assistance by every means, possible and illegal, that they could.

This was especially true in Hampstead, where from early morning a dozen or more of the prominent ward workers in this city, more particularly from the North End, gathered round the poll and worked with all possible enthusiasm to secure a three to one vote, as they boasted they could, for Hetherington. That they did not do so was owing to the fact that there were other watch dogs present largely from the local forces of the liberals in Hampstead, and one indefatigable worker, Mr. McIntyre, represented the liberal non resident voters for St. John. It was a case of bite the biter all day. Tory personations began in the morning, the workers from St. John being apparently as perfectly adapted to this as the trained forces of the conservatives in Hampstead. It must be said to their credit, that their organization was very complete and that it was most difficult to determine when the man was right or wrong. Consequently many who were the proper persons were challenged on both sides.

When the May Queen arrived from St. John with 50 or 60 non resident voters there was some consternation in the ranks of the tory workers. The polling booth was in a little school house about one hundred yards from the shore, and the entrance to it was somewhat cramped and rather long. It was not a difficult matter for the workers outside to block the passageway, and this was attempted, at first with considerable success. The windows, however, were low and through these many of the voters had to make their entrance. The result was that in a short time the returning officer and his clerks and the representatives were surrounded by fifteen or twenty people and frequently more, who watched every man as he voted and made remarks, some times exceedingly insulting, as to the nature of his ballot.

This was particularly true of some, and several aged and very respectable citizens of St. John felt very indignant that having travelled all that distance to deposit their votes they should be treated in such a manner.

Many could not understand why it was that in a parish where the non-residents were told to vote and where there was a large resident vote as well there should be only one returning officer. No doubt he was a very excellent man, well qualified in the eyes of the sheriff to fulfill his duties. But he was particular and the number of challenges made it almost impossible for the voting to be done quickly. Men were kept standing in the passage way for fully two hours waiting for a chance to enter and it is no wonder that many of them became so disgusted that they declared that they would never vote in Queens again. In future contests, it seems to PROGRESS that the sheriff should make more complete arrangements for the benefit of the voter.

HE DON'T LAKE MILK NOW.

Railway Men Who Have Lost Their Fondness For the Fluid.

There is one man in town whose sudden dislike for new fresh milk has caused much comment among his friends. The anti milk drinker, once liked the beverage so well, that every morning he sneaked around behind the freight shed, where he is employed and helped himself to a goodly supply from one of the city milk wagons. This practice was kept up all summer and the paid driver of the milk team was often held accountable for a shortage in the supply. The milkman had to make good these shortages so frequent that his finances were kept so low that he decided to set a trap for the thieves.

As every can was intact before the freight sheds were reached, it was concluded that the drinking was being done there. The wronged milkman visited a valley drug store and after purchasing a quantity of "Rapid Physic" he dumped it into one of the rear cans of milk. The trap once set, the cunning milk vender drove to the place where he had so often been touched. The team was left standing a good long time, just to give the thief ample time to get in his fine work, and get an extra dose. The "doctored" can was about half consumed when the driver returned, but that day a self-satisfied smile played about his face as he drove off.

In the freight shed things were different, one of the trusted freight handlers groaned and yelled in agonies of severe cramps.

His cries attracted his fellow workmen and when questioned, the unfortunate said he had drunk about a quart of milk and he feared he had been poisoned. All day long his sufferings continued and the following two or three days found him so weak that he was unable to work. Things are different now however as the milkman's cans are never molested, and perhaps it is because one freight handler does not like milk now.

The "Poor Man's Loaf".

The price of the "poor man's loaf" is just the same. The baker or groceryman who would try it would have to meet a storm worse than the Galveston cyclone. An advance has been made in the price of the flour, equal to about 25 cents per barrel. This necessitates an advance in the price of bread. Buyers of the staff of life claim that all the bakers do not furnish a full weight loaf and that the size of this staple article of food is shrinking. The two pound loaf which is bought at retail in the grocery stores here for 6 cents does not always contain two full pounds. The baker, in a great many cases, does not dare to raise the price of his bread, for he knows that in giving short weight he is already cheating the public; hence he would not dare to make the white man's burden any heavier by tacking an extra cent on that which is not worth the price at which it is now rated. There are tricks in all trades, but the bakers of St. John are possessed of more than their ordinary share. They do not believe in odd numbers and are not giving away 13 loaves for a "baker's dozen."

Chairs 20-seated Ours, Spinn. Perforated, Local, 17 Waterloo.