

You Can Secure one of the Sentinel's Prizes for an Effort

LOTS OF NOISE BUT LITTLE WISDOM

FROM THE CHIEF COMMISSIONER

Hon. John Makes a Wild Attack on His Political Foes—Unparalleled Exhibition of Partisanship in His Department—Still Trying to Pose as a Liberal Elections Probably in June, When the Tory Freebooters Will Get 'Theirs'

Fredericton, April 13—The pyrotechnics of the session are over. John Morrissey, chief commissioner of public works for New Brunswick, has spoken. The roof is still upon the legislature structure but the tympanum of his neighbors' ears are broken. In tones of thunder he crushed the criticisms of his reckless squandering of public money, with reckless phrases he hurled insinuations at his opponents and his huge moustache bristled and his eyes darted fire as he challenged his political foes. He evidently hoped to see the opposition wither under the fire of his scathing sarcasm, to wilt before his baseless insinuations hurled forth with all his pent-up energy and vindictiveness, but he hoped in vain.

Poor John! The opposition and his own friends are used to him now. They have heard him "speak in meeting," and his bark is worse than his bite. As years go by and he continues to remain in bad political company the respect that his former Liberal friends had for him is waning, if it has not disappeared altogether. This session he has sat in his seat and listened to his colleagues gloat over the defeat of the Liberal party to which he professes to belong; he has heard them deride and sneer at reciprocity which he so strongly advocated; he has joined with them in the plaudits over McBride's victory in British Columbia; he has sat at the festive board and cheered the federal provincial Tory leader, Mr. Hazen, to the echo—and yet he would have New Brunswick Liberals understand and believe that he is still one of them, still belongs to the Grand Old Party and is loyal to its leaders and policy.

Psaw! Such Liberalism is unworthy of the name. The flimsy cloak of pretense should be torn from Morrissey's shoulders and Liberals no longer look to him to lead them anywhere except into difficulties. For years John Morrissey has permitted himself to be made the political tool of Hazen and Flemming—the excuse for the coalition policy, the temptation for hesitating Liberals to follow his example. It is time the mask is off. Liberals in the future want their

friends to stand in the open, to fall with them in time of misfortune, to triumph when they exult.

Pretending to be their friend, Morrissey has been their worst enemy. He was a party to the Great Temptation and the Greater Deceit of 1908 and aided and abetted his Tory colleagues who sought to trample upon and despise those Liberals who had placed them in power.

The charge against John Morrissey is that he permitted this. His department controlled more patronage than any other, and yet it was in his department that hundreds of Liberal officials found the axe of the Tory headman. Morrissey should read and ponder over Abraham Lincoln's saying: "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Morrissey's fireworks followed the lengthy and able speech of the opposition leader. The tactics of the government were never poorer than shown in the manoeuvre to get Copp into a corner before the Easter vacation and break up his criticism of the administration. He was forced to take the floor at midnight, one hour near the end of last week, and to speak three quarters of an hour. Next day bills were considered until a late hour and then Mr. Copp continued until 6 o'clock, when the house adjourned until the following Tuesday morning. Wednesday afternoon the budget debate was again taken up for nearly two hours and the banquet to Mr. Hazen preventing an evening session, the opposition leader had no chance to finish his speech until Thursday afternoon.

In spite of these continued interruptions his effort was a masterly one, his argument convincing, his facts incontrovertible. His critical review of provincial conditions is most valuable and no doubt soon will be placed before the people of New Brunswick in such a form as to be kept for reference.

The electors will thus be able to arrive at a calm consideration of the fact facing them, of the records of the Flemming government, and some comparisons of their record with that of the much abused old government.

And yet Mr. Copp warned the government again and again that the people would not judge them by what the old government had done, but would try them upon their own record. Their promises and their performances would be placed side by side and the people would decide what kind of stewards they had been.

All this looks like an election and that is what the people may expect perhaps before three months. From June 1 to 15 is the unsettled date of the provincial contest, though even this is not entirely fixed, many of the government supporters not having their houses in proper order for such prompt work. They shudder, too, at the spring roads when all their wretchedness will be visible, when the farmer will be ready to damn all governments and road acts that will not help him any more than this one. There is another reason. The Valley railway will not be far enough along, the effects of the patronage will not be apparent, the contractors want more time and the politicians money.

These are all considerations to be looked at and Premier Flemming will want a chance to look before he leaps. His position was never so precarious since March 1908, as it is today. He can see no gains anywhere and losses stare him in the face.

Even Northumberland with his "Liberal" colleague looks badly. There are many on both sides of

politics there who will not have Morrissey and his Waterloo is near at hand.

Kent too is in the hands of the enemy. The medical agricultural commissioner must go. No surety there of government support. That may make a cold North Shore against Flemming.

Where then will his majority come from? Can Slipp and Woods win Queens again? Will the incomparable Perley and Glasier hand over Sunbury once more? The opposition crowd in those counties smile when you ask them and say: "Wait." Count them up, you friend of the government. St. John county and Westmorland, Albert, Queens, Sunbury, Victoria-Madawaska are sure to add to the North Shore contingent. Carleton county confident and splendid fighting chances in Kings and Charlotte.

Will Mr. Hatheway, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Maxwell please St. John Tories again or has the glamor evaporated? Wilson's friends say he must be 'Hon'. The Laborites say Hatheway is no longer a possibility, and Maxwell yearns for the repose to be found within four walls with a velvet pile carpet, a roll top desk and a massive cuspidor, all supplied from the government stores.

The people, of course, will have something to say about it, but the average Tory loves the "machine" better than the primaries, and "slates" these days are more convenient than popular.

The situation is brighter for the opposition party, and their forces are in readiness to marshal. But provincial or federal or county leaders can do little without the help of parish committees. There lies the strength of any progressive political party. The men who win or lose elections, who make and unmake governments are in the parish committees. In their strength lies much of the strength of a candidate, a ticket or a party. The moral to friends of the opposition is clear. Get ready with your parish or town organizations, begin to think and to talk of the work ahead, and when the word is given be prepared for the fray.

With the opportunities this govern-

ment has had, with a buoyant, overflowing revenue, with assistance from every quarter, there is no doubt that with capable leadership and economic methods carrying out all their reform pledges this government might have had a long lease of power. But with every promise broken, with the patronage used and abused to the limit, with the unwarranted dismissal of their Liberal allies, with extravagance on every hand, and useless officials increasing with their salaries with a huge deficit after a year's receipts that have never been equalled, the people have lost faith and stand ready to condemn where they approved.

New Brunswick is a small province—so small it could be placed in one corner of enlarged Ontario or Quebec. Its resources bear similar comparison. There is only one of any magnitude, the crown lands, and one that lays the egg. And yet there isn't any doubt this is the case. Their first act to decrease the size of the saw log was the sign of the lumbermen. The watchword went out: "Cut as much as you like and as small as you like so long as we get the revenue." And they have had the revenue for three or four years, but they can't have it forever. The forests are going, and when they are gone the revenue goes too. What remains then? Nothing but direct taxation.

Think well of it, electors of New Brunswick.

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST Liniment in use. I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day.

Yours very truly,
T. G. McMULLEN.

ON HERSELF.

(From the New York Tribune.) At a Lenten musical at the Waldorf-Astoria, a young matron related a bon-mot of Marie Tempest's.

"Miss Tempest's nose is frightfully pug, isn't it?" she began. "Well, I met her at a tea once, and she joked about her nose, as if it had belonged to some one else."

"When the Creator," she said, "was looking for a nose for me, he took, you see, the first one that turned up."

THE OIL OF THE PEOPLE.—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people. Thousands have benefited by it and would use no other preparation.

Provide water in abundance, easy of access and always pure; fresh, but not too cold.

WITHHOLDING INFORMATION

(Mail.)

The policy of the Flemming government is to withhold all the information they can from the public and then fume and rage over the criticisms of the opposition in the Legislature. Several years ago the government promised to send copies of all bills to the press of the province. How has the promise been kept? Here is what The Chatham World (Tory) says about it:

"The bills have not been sent to the papers this session, and editors have not been in a position to enlighten their readers respecting the legislation that is passing. The official report gives no intelligible and definite information respecting the contents of the measure before the House. To understand the report it is necessary to have the bills for reference. It is an outrage that the people are kept in the dark in this way. Surely the government ought to be able to enforce the regulation for sending bills to newspapers without an annual reminder from the Press Association."

Commodore Stewart is right. To withhold information from the people is an outrage, which should not be tolerated. But what else can the people expect from the misfit combination led by Hon. J. K. Flemming?

Be in earnest about your home. Make it bright, make it pretty. Touch it up with paint—Ramsay's Paints. Be sure you use Ramsay's. It goes so far. Ask about it. A F. Jones will show you these paints in many colors.

MAKE YOUR WILLS EARLY.

(Boston Globe.)

There are many instances in the lives of old men, alleged to be senile, being incarcerated in insane asylums because they do not manage their finances to suit avaricious relatives. Men of means incur a great risk by not arranging their financial affairs on a solid basis before senility overtakes them. Prostrated by the ills accompanying old age, the mental balance of men may cease to be normal. Their acts then are sure to be watched closely and it is easy oftentimes to have them placed under restraint. A man may have intended for years to dispose of his property in a certain way. When old age weakens him mentally and physically, he may be unable to do so. Wise men with property to bequeath tie it up while they are in vigorous health. Then there is less chance of 'trouble over it in after years.

A VERSATILE MAN.

(From Answers.)

John returned home at a very questionable hour, and among other souvenirs of a special evening he carried a considerable gash on his forehead. His wife demanded an explanation of the wound. "Nothin' be 'larmed 'bout, m'dear. Jes' 'bit myself." "John Brown! How could you bite yourself on the forehead?" exclaimed his irritated helpmate. This had presented no difficulties to the versatile John, if it had taxed the credulity of his spouse. "I stood on chair, y'know," he exclaimed glibly.

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"Mrs E. J. Osgood, Johnson P. Q. Ont."
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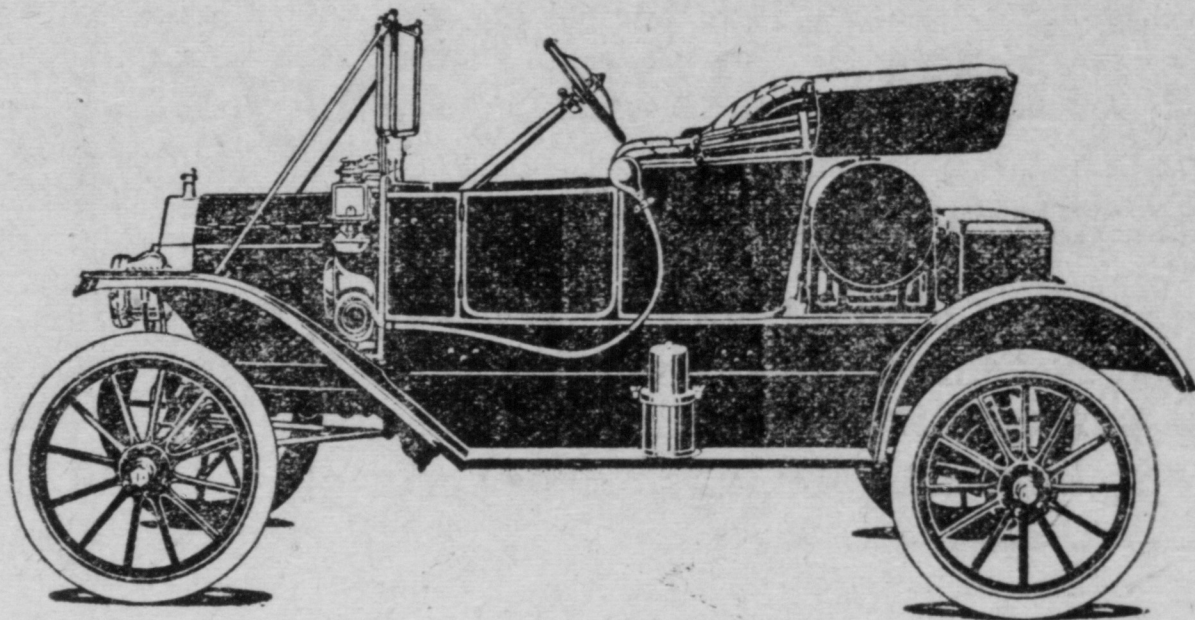
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