

## TALK OF THE SESSION.

### RUMORS OF MUTINY BUT PREMIER BLAIR STILL ON DECK.

**A Cheerful Set of Pallbearers at a Funeral that Hangs Fire—Lemuel Takes a Hand in and Pays His Compliments to the Solon of the Opposition.**

FREDERICTON, March 17.—Premier Blair is still pacing the quarter deck of the ship of state and, up to the present, appears to have no apprehension of a mutiny in his crew. That there was a design afoot before the session opened among the opposition stalwarts, to reconstruct their following on conservative lines, is undoubted. It was felt that if the conservative members in the house could only be combined under the Hanington banner, success was certain. But the scheme seems to have had its origin in the intoxication of the recent federal victory in this province rather than from any well-founded prospect. The wish was father to the thought, and the child died young. The loose fish swam by of the hook. The majority of the government, but for the vacancy in Kent, would be the same as it was last winter.

That eminent medical trio, Drs. Alward, Stockton and Atkinson, and the worthy young trapeze artist, McKeown, having swallowed the conservative pill, the opposition, excepting Mr. Porter, is entirely conservative. It will probably face the electors three years hence upon that basis. Whether the machine can be made to work successfully in the province at large remains to be seen.

The jocund Lemuel is beginning to take a hand in. He will not be mistaken by strangers for the chaplain of the house hereafter, one would think. During last session, whether it was owing to the novelty of his surroundings or to the exhaustion consequent upon running two elections in one month, Lemuel was pensive and peaceful. But Mr. Tweedie is a caustic "cuss," and, when he controls his temper, an effective debater. His allusion to the Sage Augustus during the debate on the address seemed to cover the ground:

"And where was Dr. Stockton last winter? He was known all over the country as an opponent of the dominion government, and was going to and fro in the earth with his oil can and lemon squeezer. He (Stockton) was so profound a man that he was surprised that so much wisdom could be found in one individual. Had the hon. member lived in the days of Job the ladder would never have been found inquiring: 'Where can wisdom be found and where is understanding?' He would have telephoned for the 'Aristotle of the opposition at once!'"

The six pall-bearers summoned by Undertaker Blair to attend the obsequies of that long-lived female, the Legislative Council, are a cheerful set of mourners. Brother Bellamy is grave enough, to be sure, but brother Fellows is placidly cheerful, brother McManus is in the best of humor, brother Ritchie has lost no flesh as yet, brother Baird is frisky, and brother Emmerson wears the festive air of a man who was going to a picnic. Are we really going to be cheated out of the funeral after all? They say we are not. They say the old lady will have to pass in her checks this time. But they also say who ought to know that she will repose in state for awhile, and that the actual interment will not come off till about the date of the next general election.

A canopy of oriental gaudiness now makes doubly sacred the spot hitherto enshrined by the presence of Speaker White. There is a strong family likeness between the lion and the unicorn. The resemblance of the unicorn to Harry Wilkes is quite striking to people who have never seen a horse. As for the lion, his expression, if I am a judge, is a trifle gleeful and frivolous for such a serious beast. "Looks as if he had just drawn to a flush," was the verdict of the wicked Lemuel when he saw it.

The protest factory on Negro Hill, below the city, which has been shut down since October last, resumed operations this week and is now running on full time. Mr. Gregory is a leading stockholder and he is prepared to maintain that the foreman of the concern, Squire William McKay, is a jewel. The latest product of the factory is a protest which Squire McKay placed on the desk of the clerk of the legislative council on Monday last against the appointment of Mr. Fellows on the ground of his being a non-resident.

The 42nd member has not been conspicuous this session. The corridors echo forth no more his panther tread. His favorite pastime of coming down to see the government voted out has been given, seemingly, a needed rest.

Whatever tone the assembly has lost through the abolition of government house is amply supplied by Mr. Fellows it is thought. His quarters at the Queen and his turn-out these sunny afternoons are of the finest. We seem to get a whiff of Pica-dilly now and then.

What a fine field the house affords for Dr. Stockton to promote his anti-tobacco mission? Of the 41 members of the house there are just eleven who do not smoke: in the council the weed is eschewed (now don't make it "chewed," Mr. Comp.) by 4 out of the 17. Of all the various officers connected

with the house and the public department, there are exactly seven non-fumigants. Is it not appalling?

The session, after a breezy opening, has relapsed into a notable degree of quietude. Today, however, Hon. Mr. Mitchell is delivering his budget speech, and no doubt a lengthy debate will follow. The operations of the government for the year show a slight deficit. The receipts, especially from territorial revenue, show an increase over the estimates, but so do the expenditures, of which the chief items of excess come under the heads of education and elections.

Some rather important legislation is being promoted by the government. One bill is the act relating to mines and minerals. It will enlarge the scope of the existing law very materially. It will authorize the government to grant licenses to parties to search for minerals wherever they chose, and to prospect for the same irrespective of whether the lands are private or not. The only restriction upon the person who wishes to search for minerals on private lands is, that he shall file a bond with the government with sufficient sureties to indemnify the owner of the land against damage. The act is modelled after the act of Nova Scotia, largely. Another important bill will be a general railway act, which will provide for all railways hereafter to be incorporated in the province, the same general terms of incorporation. This will shorten railway bills considerably.

Marcus Constantine Atkinson, M. D., still desires to know, you know. And Mr. Turner is also showing a laudable tendency in that direction.

Mistakes will sometimes occur at the very head centres of wisdom and sobriety. It was a genuine surprise, however, when the *Star* announced in its legislative council despatch the other day: "The house adopted the vote of £136,000 for railways in Ireland!" So reckless a departure on the part of that hitherto mild and inoffensive body led the Hon. Mr. Barberie on Saturday, to move for an inquiry.

Genial Joseph McQueen has usurped in large measure the place hitherto held by Harry McKeown as the "boy legislator." They are great friends, nevertheless. Another enigma is being eagerly awaited, urging Joseph to arise in his youthful might and turn the hose on the Augean horse-barn.

Brother White, M. L. C., reports the basket industry at St. Mary's in a most flourishing condition. Brother Barberie, by the way, is making some famous hauls of cusk these fine mornings. He sorely misses the knightly Quinton however.

There was general satisfaction when it was known that Mr. Phinney had so far recovered from his illness as to be able to resume his seat. Hon. Mr. Young is quite poorly, it is said, and will not likely be present this session. FLOTSAM.

### AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

**Capt. Rawlings Abuses the Men and Then Denies Everything.**

Capt. Rawlings has been showing his superiority over the members of the police force of late in a manner that has been very distasteful to some of them, and at the same time gave him a chance to keep up his wide reputation for veracity.

Sergt. Watson was one of his latest victims. When the captain was going his rounds one day, he found the sergeant in the Water street lock-up, and imagined he saw an opportunity to show how much authority a very small man could have over a very big one. So he instantly began to abuse the sergeant, calling him a loafer, and telling him how long he had been that kind of a character, and so on in the captain's own original style. This was more than the sergeant could stand, and he reported the matter to the chief. The latter interviewed Capt. Rawlings, who promptly denied the charge. The chief probably believed Sergt. Watson, but he could not doubt the captain's word, and dismissed the case.

Officer Boyle was also the means of raising the wrath of the captain. Officer Boyle was sick. This fact was reported at the police station, and it was expected that the police surgeon would be notified, as is the custom. But Capt. Rawlings grew very indignant when he began to think how degrading it would be to himself and his friends if the surgeon was notified so the illness of such an every-day person as Officer Boyle. His indignation found vent in words as usual, and it is probably a very fortunate thing for him that Officer Boyle was not around when he expressed his opinion of him. He called the sick officer all sorts of names in the presence of several members of the force; names that were not justifiable, and uncalled for. It is said that when Officer Boyle heard about it, he arose from a sick bed and started out with a horse-whip to find the truthful captain, but he wasn't to be found.

### Returned From New York.

Mrs. L. B. Carroll, of 148 Union street, returned from a trip to New York, this week. She brought with her a fine stock of millinery, that will dazzle the eyes of the ladies.

## GET AT ALL THE FACTS

### OF THAT "SOUTH SEA BUBBLE" THE BUILDING SOCIETY.

**Mr. Nathan Riley's Second Appearance Upon the Public Stage—His Way of Getting Stock and Being Paid to Take It—Willing and Worthless.**

For the second time in his life, Mr. Nathan Riley appears in a prominent light before the people of St. John. It is within the memory of most of the citizens when he made his *debut* and how he was received, and it is not *PROGRESS*' intention to review any of his past career.

To-day he appears before the public as an extensive stockholder in that "South Sea Bubble," the provincial building society. He comes to the front with a very large quantity of stock which is not only not worth a dollar, but has the peculiarity of being less than worthless. Under the present and apparently the past condition of the society and under the double liability act, the stock was worthless and liable for what it cost.

There is no doubt now that many stockholders realized this fact. Not all of them, but among them some who were heavily interested, who had looked after the affairs of the institution, and must have known just how they stood. This man Riley appears on the stage in the last act. He comes as the deliverer of the stockholders, or those of them who know of and about him, and today he stands possessed of their stock and their liability. Ah! that is the rub; that is the sticking point—the liability. These stockholders knew their responsibility when they entered the concern. They must have known how the affairs of the society were progressing. Some of them were closely connected with its management, and yet the very gravest charges are made against them—charges to the effect that even when the affairs of the society were beyond all hope, unsuspecting people were permitted to deposit their hard-earned savings—for what?

Mr. Riley's part in the tragedy (for that is what it is) is an interesting one. He figures as a "straw man" as one who is worthless but willing, worthless in point of common rectitude; worthless from a financial standpoint; but willing to accept the burdens of others, to relieve them from the bearing part and not trouble himself about them. He did not, however, do this for nothing. He found that instead of buying stock in the regular way and paying for it that he could be paid for taking it. This was a very happy condition of affairs for Mr. Riley. It was eminently well suited to him. Something for nothing is a motto he has a great regard for, if one may compare the present with the past.

It is hard to understand how any one possessed of common honesty could lend himself to such a scheme to defraud the people who reposed confidence in the "bubble." Mr. Riley is not on the stand and *PROGRESS* can devote its attention to him. It hopes, however, to have the privilege of paying its earnest straight-forward respects to every individual implicated in the nefarious transaction. The duty of a newspaper in such a case is obvious and *PROGRESS* proposes to do it.

### Everybody Has a Chance Now.

There have been so many inquiries about Webster's dictionary from subscribers who paid up before *PROGRESS* made the combination offer, asking how they can obtain the book, that we are in a great measure forced to accommodate them. Some of them claim that they sent in their subscription without noting the dictionary offer; others that the dictionary was offered by *PROGRESS* just after they had forwarded their subscription, and again others whom we value for their sterling allegiance to the paper since its start, who ask if they cannot get the dictionary. To all of these people we say, that upon receipt of \$2.50 we will forward the book. We are disposing of a large number every week with new subscriptions and renewals. It seems that one book sells many others. Ministers, school teachers and professional people generally are sending for it every day. We have such perfect faith that the dictionary will give entire satisfaction that any person who sends for it and is dissatisfied can return it and have his money refunded.

### The Y. M. C. A.'s Success.

There are many evidences of much more life and activity in the Y. M. C. A. than there has been for years. The old members seem to have awakened to the fact that they had a handsome resort for young men without very many young men. *PROGRESS* is glad to note the large increase in membership, glad to note the causes that brought it about. While the institution is just as good as ever, it is now more of a place for young men than for prayer meetings, while the latter are by no means neglected. The interest of the ladies has spurred their gentlemen friends to increased efforts, and if the work goes forward the association might fairly aspire to be the largest organization of any kind in the city and wielding a great influence for good.

### A GOOD CITIZEN GONE.

**Mr. Andre Cushing Passes Suddenly to His Rest.**

The death of Mr. Andre Cushing, this week, was sad news to the people of St. John. He was one of the city's most prominent men and best citizens, always identified with everything that had for its object the betterment of his fellow men. His funeral, which takes place from his residence at Lancaster heights today,



will be attended by many organizations and societies, in whose meetings he has always taken an active interest, and ever proven himself a man of ability and good judgment.

### A REVEREND DETECTIVE.

**Mr. Mathers and his Methods of Solving the Orphan Asylum Mystery.**

Rev. Mr. Mathers, of the Wiggins orphan asylum, is a man of many accomplishments. Of late he has been devoting his time to detective work, and is likely to achieve more fame in this respect than he has in the ministry. Although professional detectives were engaged to find the money stolen from the orphan asylum, the work done by them sinks into utter insignificance as compared with that of Mr. Mathers. He has lent all his energies to solving the mystery, and is now in Boston working up a clue. This is his second trip west, and if the money is ever recovered, the original amount will be somewhat smaller by the time the expenses have been taken out of it.

In working up the case, Mr. Mathers has used some extraordinary methods, and done some hard work, besides carrying an air of mystery about with him, which has astonished a good many people.

Apt was not the only boy suspected of knowing more about the matter than he cared to tell. Another young fellow, who it was quite clear, knew nothing about the case, and had no opportunity to do so, fell under the eye of the reverend detective, and was made uncomfortable by him. This boy was working in a large establishment in this city. Mr. Mathers consulted with his employer, and made a thorough search of some parts of the building, devoting most of his time to the cellar. He found nothing, but probably succeeded in mystifying all with whom he came in contact. The search, however, did not seem to satisfy him of the innocence of the boy, for he took measures to force him to tell something it is generally believed that he did not know. His method of doing this was somewhat severe, and proved very disadvantageous to the victim, who lost a situation on account of it.

The boys had only been employed temporarily in the establishment where Mr. Mathers made the search, but had secured a permanent situation in a large city house and was to report on a certain day. On that day, however, he was locked up in a room in the Wiggins orphan asylum, and he was kept there for some time, until Mr. Mathers was satisfied that if he had any information, that was not the right way to get it out of him.

When the boy went to fulfil his engagement he found that the place had not been kept open for him, as the firm always insisted upon punctuality.

Since then, however, *PROGRESS* is glad to learn that he has obtained an excellent situation, and is doing well.

It is said that Mr. Mathers is quite interested in his new vocation, and can tell many interesting personal experiences.

### Didn't Get Past the Roofs.

The street railway people were apparently surprised by the suddenness with which the road opened. The cars made their appearance with the roofs painted a bright yellow, while the rest of the wood-work seemed to have been merely polished off with a hose.

### They were Properly Handled.

The boys who did not know how to behave themselves at the entertainment in Carleton on Thursday night, will probably conduct themselves differently in future. Several of the clergymen present took them in hand and were "fathers to them" for the time being.

Advertise in "Progress." It pays.

## LEARY OR ANTI LEARY?

### THAT IS THE QUESTION BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

**They will Pronounce Against it at Both Elections—The Board of Trade Places Itself on Record Against the Scheme—How the Elections are Going.**

The civic elections are turning on the Leary scheme. Nothing else is talked of. Alderman candidates meet it everywhere in their travels, and in nine cases out of ten have to give an answer one way or the other. The chances at present are that the city proper will throw an overwhelming majority against the boodle scheme both in the aldermanic and mayoralty elections. Carleton, on the other hand, will follow their leaders and cast a two-thirds vote for, as they imagine, the interests of Carleton. The sectional canvas is being worked for all it is worth, and unless such stalwart giants as A. C. Smith and Enoch Colwell throw themselves might and main into the contest against the scheme, the result in the west end is doubtful. That erratic spirit, George Davis, is again before the citizens of Brooks pleading his cause and that of the dock. On the high board fence sits that canny Scotch youth, John Babbinton Macaulay Baxter, who adheres to no party at present, but will vote as he pleases in the end. Charles Berton Lockhart—not the mayor, his name is Willing Albert—stands for the present the sole representative of the Algerines who has the courage to say no to the Leary business.

In the city proper there will be much redemption from Learyism. Victoria ward proposes, *PROGRESS* is assured on all sides, to say good-bye and good riddance to those apostles of schemes and taxation, Busby and Forrest. The last named individual took some trouble to explain why he changed his mind since he made his last canvass, but he has begun too late—the people are not gulled so easily. Mr. Forrest must walk the aldermanic plank.

Poor Prince ward is in a sorry scrape. Between Messrs. McGirr, Ryan and Nickerson, the intelligent electors are somewhat bewildered. Mr. McGirr has, however, retired, and will be a spectator of the fight. Mr. John Ryan is scouring the ward from morning until night for votes. Prince is a large ward and this candidate has some advantage over his opponents, who, not having a stable at their beck and call, are forced to use that much tried and weary steed, shank's mare, for their canvassing excursions. Mr. Ryan, on the contrary, approaches the voters whip in hand and may be fairly said to have the whip hand of them. Whatever Mr. Ryan's qualifications are for owning a livery stable, the people have not, up to the present time, recognized them in a public way. It may be assumed, however, that they are equal if not preferable to those of Mr. John S. Nickerson. Mr. Morrison has not come to the front as yet, and the prospects are that he will voluntarily retire and permit some other, more or less deserving the confidence of the people, to run the public business.

*PROGRESS* hears of no opposition in Dukes and in Sydney. There appears no flurry as yet. A good man should be brought out, however, to pair with Mr. McCarthy, and add another to the opponents of ring rule and taxation.

Ald. Shaw is in the field in Wellington and *PROGRESS* is glad of the fact. He has been asked for his assistance to push the claims of this or that candidate, but he has refused as yet to do so. The funniest thing in this ward is the requisition carried around by Dr. Walter W. White to bring himself out. Persistence and a lack of better candidates seem to favor the newly fledged medico, for just now the chances are with him. The freaks of politics are frequently more wonderful than the freaks of nature.

But it is in Queens that anxious care dwells with the politicians. That personal hustler, Mr. D. R. Jack, has made the rounds of the ward and knows just how the land lies. Report says that he has abandoned the Learyites and everything connected with them. That is the straight and narrow path to the council chamber and Mr. Jack knows it. The Leary business acts like a hot potato on a Queens ward candidate—the quicker he drops it the better for him. If Mr. Jack's fingers are not scorched, he will make a determined fight with Messrs. Allen and McLaughlan.

What about the North End? Will it be equally divided or will the Learyites stand three to one. Some say that Ald. Nase and his colleague cannot stand the strain; that they will go under with the scheme and ex-Mayor John Chesley and E. Holder take their places; others go further and predict that Boss Kelly will find it hard to carry a partner who thinks the same as he does. That depends. If Mr. Kelly can get enough votes for taxes and accept notes in exchange he will not have as much trouble as his enemies wish him.

But what about the little pocket borough which breeds all the trouble, which sends the schemer himself, Alderman John Con-

nor, who is responsible in a very large measure for much of the agitation? It is honestly a pity that this gentleman is not regularly employed in some business which could show the results of his ability. If he were he would not have the time to scheme and work, in this case, against the interests of the taxpayers. It is unfortunate for the city of St. John that a rope walk syndicate ever existed, since it not only lost Mr. Connor's former employees their work, but it left Mr. Connor himself with nothing to employ his mind. For want of something better he has become a sort of political missionary, wandering hither and thither, plausible and persuasive. *PROGRESS* admires the monumental cheek which must be possessed to attempt to foist such a scheme upon the people. At no time was it so useful as at the board of trade meetings this week, when with ten to one against him—for the vote was small compared with the audience—the Stanley ward politician put forth all his eloquence in vain. The taxpayers of the city pronounced decidedly against the scheme unless it was sanctioned by a two thirds vote of the council, and such a vote must have its effect upon the legislature.

In the meantime, the mayoralty contest is working along the same lines—Leary and anti-Leary—Lockhart for and Peters against. The result is a foregone conclusion. Lockhart cannot appeal upon personal grounds for he has sat two terms in the chair; he cannot refer to his record, for he has done nothing; he cannot rely upon his policy for it means ruinous taxation; he cannot claim that nature and man have fitted him to occupy the position for that would be untrue. If he is wise he will not go to the trouble and expense of an election.

There is just one chance for a Leary man and that is a vague one. It is currently reported that there was some money spent in the local elections a year ago and that some of it is supposed to have come from New York. The same methods might be introduced into civic politics and public opinion choked by the dollars of the bootleggers. They will bear watching.

An interested correspondent sends in a long communication asking Mayor Lockhart some pertinent questions about the old burial ground and what it cost to make the improvement. He does not take the ground that they should not have been made but he thinks no one has any idea of the cost. *PROGRESS* thinks it very unlikely that Mayor Lockhart has any such information. He would be far more likely to know what the old fence was worth as kindling wood.

### A Desperate Fight.

There was a sight for the populace a few days ago in Ritchie's building when Lawyer Thomas Regan chased an enormous rat from his room into the main hall. The doors were closed in a twinkling and the war cry echoed through the building. The warriors gathered at the sound and came forth with broom sticks and pokers to slay the common enemy. Mr. Regan was appointed general and Captain Ewing looked after the right, left and centre. Recorder I. Allen Jack cared for the rear, while Representative J. Douglas Hazen gazed upon the exciting contest from an elevator—the stairway. Above the combatants shouted the veteran Ballantyne urging the attacking forces to do their utmost. The enemy had by this time secured an entrenched position in the heater and defied all the efforts of his assailants. He could not be dislodged until a bright idea struck the commanding officer. They would burn him out. A small quantity of wadding and one lucifer made it too hot for the rodent and he rushed to his death. The most inspiring part of the whole fracas was the frantic clutch for the bottoms of their pants made by the recorder and the representative when his ratship made his final sortie.

### Laidlaw Did Not Show Up.

The managers of the skating rinks in this city are now thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Laidlaw, of Halifax, and his methods of doing business. Their opinion of him is not of the highest order. He has put the Victoria rink people to considerable expense for advertising, for which they did not get any return, but the managers of the Palace rink formed his acquaintance at an earlier period, and profited by it. He promised to skate two races with Breen of this city, one in the Victoria rink, last Wednesday night, and the other in the Palace on Monday night. The Victoria rink people advertised the race all week, but when the day arrived Laidlaw did not show up, nor did they get any word from him. He has been away from St. John a week, and no one knows when he will return.

### A Record Breaker.

Jordan & Stetson's mill, at Pleasant Point, shut down on Tuesday after running exactly one year, only nine or ten days being lost during that time on account of repairs. This is one of the longest mill run on record.