

poor; and young and poor you'll be, I guess to the
 was a colt all his days—always young—always
 the best feed, was as thin as a whippin post. He
 and he was as old as the hills; and though he had
 er changed his name of colt as long as he lived,
 long legged, long tailed colt, father had. He nev-
 young. Says I, you put me in mind of a great
 but all they can say is, oh we are too poor and too
makin of both places. I often tell the folks this,
unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the
year we would have a rail road to Halifax, which,
 another guess place of it from what it is. In one
 that's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make
 will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin fast,
 soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they
 take root and grow; but put 'em in a real good
 any where, but end up and top down, and they will
 Our folks are like a rock maple tree—stick 'em in
 but it's no use talkin; I wish we had it, that's all.
 gypsum, freestone, and grindstone—the dykes—
 nada, and the United States—the exports of lime,
 of Fundy—the great thoroughfare to St. John, Ca-
 capital of the Basin Minas, and part of the Bay
 ness it is—the centre of the Province—the natural
 tion—only look at it, and see what a place for busi-
 these blue noses dont know how to valy this loca-
 things—INDUSTRY, ENTERPRISE and ECONOMY;
 side of the salt water; but the folks want three
 healthy as any part of the Globe, and right along