

healthy as any part of the Globe, and right along side of the salt water; but the folks want three things—INDUSTRY, ENTERPRISE and ECONOMY; these blue noses dont know how to vally this location—only look at it, and see what a place for business it is—the centre of the Province—the nateral capital of the Basin Minas, and part of the Bay of Fundy—the great thoroughfare to St. John, Canada, and the United States—the exports of lime, gypsum, freestone, and grindstone—the dykes—but it's no use talkin; I wish we had it, that's all. Our folks are like a rock maple tree—stick 'em in any where, but eend up and top down, and they will take root and grow; but put 'em in a rael good soil like this, and give 'em a fair chance, and they will go ahead and thrive right off, most amazin fast, that's a fact. Yes, if we had it we would make another guess place of it from what it is. *In one year we would have a rail road to Halifax, which, unlike the stone that killed two birds, would be the makin of both places.* I often tell the folks this, but all they can say is, oh we are too poor and too young. Says I, you put me in mind of a great long legged, long tailed colt, father had. He never changed his name of colt as long as he lived, and he was as old as the hills; and though he had the best feed, was as thin as a whippin post. He was a colt all his days—always young—always poor; and young and poor you'll be, I guess to the end of the chapter.