

have less complaint of hard times; and we should become, what we too vauntingly boast of being already, an independent, a prosperous and happy people. There would then soon be but little occasion for young lawyers and boys running about to instruct our sturdy farmers in their interests and political duties."

The famous learned blacksmith was no fuller of "wise saws" than our oldtime weather predictor. His advice to the man who tickled the land with the plough was retailed in the almanac during each calendar month from January to December. The politician, too, was given "a bit of his mind" in the cool November, and after assuring the all-confiding farmer that he might "look for a snow storm between the 14th and 18th of December," he undertook to tell some homely truths to the "free and independent elector" after this fashion:

"He is not a *wise* man who does not know *how* to vote—nor a free man who *dares* not vote as he thinks right—nor a patriot who *will not* do so. We *want* more *practical* business men in our legislature, as well as upon our farms—men of sound judgment and independent bearing—and who, though they do not *talk* as much, can *think* and *act* as correctly and as promptly, as *professional* talkers; and who, knowing best the true interests of the country, are likely to do the least injury, if they do not do the most good. We also want a more extended circulation of agricultural periodicals—because they disseminate useful knowledge, stimulate industry, call into action latent genius, awaken laudable competition, induce general improvement, bring into exercise the noblest feelings of our fellow man."

Mr. Doyle—a Nova Scotian of Irish extraction—while loving his own land, had a tender regard for the land of his forefathers. Larry Doyle and Joe Howe knew each other from boyhood. The son of the loyal old Tory printer and the son of the Irish merchant often indulged in games—at base ball and marbles and