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EVERY SATURDAY.

VOL. I, No. 1.]

OTTAWA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1886.

[PRICE FIVE CENTS.]

"EVERY SATURDAY."

In accordance with a time honored custom that has obtained since newspapers were first created, made and begotten, we desire in this, the first issue of our new journalistic venture, to place before such readers as may be inveigled into perusing our production, our views, aims and objects in thus entering into the newspaper arena. Therefore,

(1) The chief object in publishing EVERY SATURDAY is to make money for the proprietors. We cheerfully admit that the ordinary newspaper is published for the general good, but this is not an ordinary newspaper. Then again the average newspaper proprietor feels constrained to sacrifice himself for the public welfare, but we are not built that way. We went out of the sacrificing business when our father was a boy. Therefore, and consequently, while incidentally taking care of the Government of this country, both Federal and Provincial, and while bestowing upon the Ottawa Valley and this city such casual attention as may, from time to time, be found necessary, we will steadily keep first principles in view and persistently labor towards the attainment of our great desire.

We are not aware of having any more policy lying around loose at present, but should such be discovered the great throbbing public will be duly informed in a subsequent issue. Every distinction as personal aggrandizement, we yet recognize that in this instance the former is necessary to the latter, and we have, therefore, decided to favor the public with the best written, best edited, most readable and altogether the most superior paper ever issued in Ottawa. In order that the aforesaid public may not feel unduly proud over this, it is hereby informed that the same is done not to serve the

tion towards political manhood, and even the existence of Confederation itself in a greedy, famished longing to get into power and at the public till. We see this party gathering to its bosom the offscourings of political demagoguery, the sweepings of the political dustbin, the Pariahs and outcasts of political society. We see the white hands of its political purity stained with the fellowship of red-handed rebels, and the bright reflection of great names and great deeds in the past smeared with the slime of unholy affiliations in the present. We see gathering and welcomed under a banner that was once symbolical of great struggles for political freedom men whom the leaders of that time would have spurned from without the camp. We see that banner once borne in the sunlight of justice, at the head of a righteous people struggling in a righteous cause, by men whose words were a bond of honesty and integrity, now trailed in the mud of debasement and trampled by the heels of an incongruous crowd of Annexationists, Repealers, Rebels, and contemners of the law and evaders of justice struggling for the wretched attainment of their own degradation, led by men in whose mouths political honesty is a by-word, and integrity a reproach. We see the traditions of this party emasculated, its purposes changed, its desires deteriorated, its aspirations quenched, its sense of propriety destroyed, its

country, we shall in these columns proceed upon that assumption. Our freedom will consist in saying what we please. Yours in not taking us if you don't like us. We will advise you, the great public, on all matters. We keep advice on tap in this office at the usual rates.

Conservative leaders, the Conservative party, Conservative principles—in a word for Canada, for we are Canadians.

(4) We believe in the English language, trial by jury, plenty of advertising, the old flag and an appropriation. We do not believe in ghosts, the Reform party, wars of race and creed, or political tergiversation.

(5) We will follow out these lines to the best of our ability. We will give you a lively paper, free from everything objectionable, containing meat for the men and milk for the babies, to say nothing of gossip for the ladies. We will give you a little of politics, a little of news, a little of society gossip and fashions, a good story, literary reviews, talks about music and the stage, and a little mixture of everything, including some fun.

(6) Believing this to be a free country, we shall in these columns proceed upon that assumption. Our freedom will consist in saying what we please. Yours in not taking us if you don't like us. We will advise you, the great public, on all matters. We keep advice on tap in this office at the usual rates.

(7) Finally EVERY SATURDAY is, we are convinced, destined to create a long felt want and fill an aching void, and the price is Two Dollars.

KRIS & CUZNER.

ALL SORTS.

services conducted by "the two Sams" in Toronto; it may be a chestnut, but there are no doubt some who haven't heard it. At one of the services, Sam Jones speaking of the various influences on his life, said that he could trace all that was good in him to his mother, "who is now in heaven," and all that was bad to his grandmother, "who is now in hell." This utter disregard of the good old maxim, *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum* in connection with the departed grandmother, displeased a young man in one of the front seats, who rose with the intention of leaving the meeting. The Revivalist noticing him, paused in his discourse and in loud tones said: "young man, you are feeling from good influences now." By this time the individual was on his way out. In louder tones the preacher called after him: "young man you are going to shoe!" As the terrible words rang out an impressive silence reigned throughout the vast audience, but not even the pent up religious question could restrain the peal of laughter which burst forth when the young man retorted: "A-any m-m-message f-for your g-g-g-grandmother!"

not in stock or the quantity in hand was insufficient, remarked that she "would have to get them in Montreal." Thereupon the merchant commenced to enlarge on what he termed the injustice done to our own merchants by "this getting things in Montreal," said the customer in reply: "It's your own fault; if you Ottawa merchants would keep the same goods and do as well for the citizens as Montreal merchants will, there would be no need to go elsewhere."

And there's a lot of truth in the remark: Ottawa of course is not a large city like Montreal, and we cannot expect as much from our merchants as we otherwise might, but is nevertheless a fact, that outside a few stores there is a lamentable want of enterprise and a careless inattention to customers' wants and wishes.

WHAT IS TRANSPIRING IN OUR MIDST.

Hon. James Armstrong has been appointed chairman of the Labor Commission. The personnel of the Commission has given satisfaction to everyone, if we except the Ottawa man who thought he should be a plumed knight—that is, of the Labor Commission.

Mr. Keefer, C. E., of Ottawa, has gone to Montreal to look after the spring floods. There is a flood of political and municipal gossip that threatens a serious innovation of the capital which calls loudly for a commission.

The rebellion losses claim commission will probably complete their labors in the course of a few days. Mr. Mowat's name will come before the Commission. We are authorized to say that the letter is dated Toronto or London. Wilfred Laurier has not yet in a bill for the rifle he shouldered on the banks of the Saskatchewan.

Our people are interested in phosphates. They will be pleased to learn, therefore, that German capitalists are making enquiries with reference to Canadian deposits. German mouey, when properly credited, is just as good as any

the other day. He heard of a new distillery being opened in Halifax, and made up his mind that the boys couldn't fool him worth a cent, and has dropped down to that aristocratic port to sample the new mineral spring which has been discovered there. Wasn't there a John, who went crying in the wilderness? But we forgot ourselves, Halifax is not a wilderness.

In order to save our esteemed contemporaries over the fence as much trouble as possible, we have made a condensation of the speech of the Hon. the Minister of Education of such dimensions that it can readily be carried around in the vest pocket. It runs thus:—

In political beginning was Mowat, and the word was with Mowat, and the word was Mowat.

The same was in the beginning with Mowat.

All things political were made by Mowat and without him was not nothing political made that was made.

In him is political light, and light is the life of man.

The light shineth on the Conservatives but the Conservatives comprehendeth it not.

There came a man sent from Mowat whose name was Ross.

The same came for a witness, to bear witness of Mowat, that all men bear witness of Mowat.

We are not Mowat but was sent to bear witness of Mowat.

He came unto his own and his own received him not—at least not particularly.

But to as many as did receive him gave he power to become Grits, even Grits with sandstone in their hair.

consequently, while incidentally taking care of the Government of this country, both Federal and Provincial, and while bestowing upon the Ottawa Valley and this city such casual attention as may, from time to time, be found necessary, we will steadily keep first principles in view and persistently labor towards the attainment of our great desire.

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We have secured the services of the best writers in Canada for our columns. Poets, warriors, statesmen, scholars; men learned in divinity and law will through this medium give to the world thoughts upon which a drop of ink falling may strike you to the extent of \$2 worth. (Subscriptions payable in advance.) Some of these appear in this issue—merely an earnest of what is to follow.

(3) In order to attain wealth rapidly it is essential that wealth be present to attain. The country must be prosperous. Only the sheriff, the bailiff and the lawyer fatten upon the business misfortunes of the community. Not being sheriffs, bailiffs and lawyers our scheme must include such government of the country as will develop its resources to the utmost. Such development can only be obtained by combining its strength.

We look abroad upon the politics of to-day and we see a party with lean sides and hungry lineaments preparing to sacrifice every instinct of patriotism, every principle of true statesmanship, every conception of national strength, every tradition of its previous existence, every aspira-

bond of honesty and integrity, now trailed in the mud of debasement and trampled by the heels of an incongruous crowd of Annexationists, Repealers, Rebels, and contemners of the law and evaders of justice struggling for the wretched attainment of their own degradation, led by men in whose mouths political honesty is a by-word, and integrity a reproach. We see the traditions of this party emasculated, its purposes changed, its desires deteriorated, its aspirations quenched, its sense of propriety destroyed, its

We are fully aware that it is the proper caper in these days to profess great independence and we hereby profess independence. Independence of the men who make boast of their rebel sympathies. Independence of the men who assail the invalid daughter of an opponent. Independence of the men who sneak about the back door of politics when they are afraid to come in by the front gate. Independence of all rebels, traitors, falsifiers, charlatans, traducers, false witnesses and political dead beats. We will also try to be independent of the constable and the sheriff, but when it comes to politics we stand by the side of the

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From the Toronto "Revivals" to the Ottawa Anglican "Mission" is not a very long step and the thought of the latter suggests the enquiry as to how the religious steam generated by the eloquence of the "Missioners" is to be kept up. For, truly, that sort of steam needs keeping up quite as much as the other kind. And it may be gently hinted that to suddenly come down from the high pressure of the mission discourse to the placid flow of the ordinary Sunday sermon is scarcely calculated to produce the deserved result.

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General Fred. Middleton has been ill. A slight bronchial affection is the cause.

Most gas companies have grievances. The Moncton Gas company are no exception to the rule and they have filed their little bill with the government. We leave the electric light and gas companies of the universe to fight it out and advise the government to await results. "The Sweet Bye-and-bye" is a catching air.

The Minister of Justice was confined in the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary for two whole days, likewise his deputy. Lest our readers come to a wrong conclusion it might be explained that they were holding an official investigation.

Mr. Andrew Allan, of Montreal, who owns a few skills that navigate the Atlantic, was in town the other day endeavoring to strike a freight rate with the Post Office Department for carrying waste paper between Liverpool and Halifax.

Mr. W. Gooderham, of Toronto, is not satisfied with his five year old rye, and the other day called on Commissioner Miall to see if there was any law which prevented him from adding five years to its age, and having the baptismal certificate, Mr. Miall refused to treat with him.

Mr. John Davis, chief Inland Revenue Inspector, was in the city

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Sir John Macdonald and Messrs. White & Thompson, have been received throughout western Ontario during the week with an enthusiasm that surpasses everything in the political history of the country. At Welland, Aylmer, St. Thomas, Essex Centre, Windsor and other places they have been received with tremendous demonstrations. "Old Union Jack" has not lost one iota of his great command of the love, the esteem, the veneration, even of the people of Ontario. The *Globe* daily verifies him, the *Free Press* chirps when the *Globe* sneezes. Hon. C. W. Ross the other night added his quota of abuse; but—Sir John Macdonald will stand out bright and clear as the central figure of confederation, as the foundation of Canadian nationality, when the *Globe* will only be remembered as kindling wood, when the mortal dust of the *Free Press* will no longer smudge the face of this fair country, and when the name of G. W. Ross will be sunk so deep in the see of oblivion that the plumed line of history will never reach it.