

but father larfed, he said he guessed minister's courtin days warn't over, when he made such pretty speeches as that are to the galls. Now, who would go to expose his wife or his darters, or himself, to the dangers of such a climate, for the sake of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, instead of 15. There seems a kinder somethin in us that rises in our throat when we think on it, and won't let us. We don't like it. Give me the shore, and let them that like the Far West, go there, I say.

This place is as fertile as Illanoy or Ohio, as healthy as any part of the Globe, and right alongside of the salt water; but the folks want three things—*Industry, Enterprise, Economy*; these blue-noses don't know how to valy this location—only look at it, and see what a place for business it is—the centre of the Province—the natural capital of the Basin of 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 a head and thrive right off most amazin fast, that's a fact.