

The Union Advertiser

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

Newcastle, N. B., Wednesday, January 4, 1882.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS,

WHOLE No. 739.

W. & J. ANSLOW.

VOL. XV.—No. 11.

WAVERLY HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
This hotel has lately been refurnished, and comfortable arrangement made to ensure the comfort of travellers.

LIVERY STABLES, WITH GOOD OUTFIT, ON THE PREMISES.

ALEX. STEWART,
Proprietor,
Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1878.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI,
NEW BRUNSWICK.
THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated. It has recently been fitted up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, in a fine proximity to the L. C. Railway Station, and the want of travellers will be attended to promptly.

Meals prepared at any hour. Oysters served up in every style at short notice.

JOHN FAY, PROPRIETOR,
Newcastle, Oct. 5, 1877.

CANADA HOUSE,
CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK.
WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.
CONSIDERABLE notice has been made on this house to make it a first class hotel, and travellers will find it a desirable temporary residence both as regards location and comfort.

It is situated within two minutes walk of steamboat landing. The proprietor returns thanks to the public for the encouragement given him in the past, and will endeavor by courtesy and attention to merit the same in the future.

Good Stabling on the Premises.
May 19th, 1878.

ROYAL HOTEL,
45 King Street,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
THIS SPLENDID HOTEL, the finest in the Maritime Provinces, is now open for the reception of guests, who will find here an excellent table (well served), and a most comfortable and well-ventilated room.

The Building has been thoroughly re-fitted, re-painted and decorated, and furnished throughout with new and elegant furniture.

The Proprietor, who has been so long connected with the hotel business in St. John, has omitted nothing which his experience suggests for the comfort of his guests.

The Hotel contains 248 and all other conveniences.

THOS. F. RAYMOND,
St. John May 11, 1881.

BOARDERS WANTED.
Having fitted up and refurnished the building in NEWCASTLE, N. B., I have a number of boarders on reasonable terms.

JOHN & WM. McKEN,
Newcastle, N. B., June 14th, 1881.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS,
WATER ST., CHATHAM.
WILLIAM LAWLER,
Importer of Marble & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TABLES, HEADSTONES, MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order; GRAB AND BILLS for windows supplied at short notice. Experienced Work in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.

February 24, 1878.

Leather & Shoe Findings.
The subscriber returns thanks for his numerous orders for leather and shoe findings, and would say to all that he keeps constantly on hand a full supply of the best quality of goods to be had at lowest rates for cash. Also, new and cheap styles of Boot Trees, Lasts, etc., and a variety of Shoe Findings, such as English Tops as well as some of the latest styles in the market.

J. J. CHRISTIE & CO.,
No. 45 King St., St. John, N. B.
April 29, 1878.

SAMUEL THOMSON,
Barrister and Attorney-at-Law,
Solicitor in Bankruptcy,
NOTARY PUBLIC &c.

LOANS Negotiated, Claims Promptly Collected, and Professional Business in all its branches, executed with accuracy and despatch.

OFFICE—PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND CASTLE STREET,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
July 17, 1878.

J. W. Forster,
AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION MERCHANT,
RICHMOND, N. B.
Always in stock, Flour of various grades, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Cigars, and a variety of goods, which will be sold low at wholesale.

CONSIGNMENTS received and disposed of promptly.

AUCTIONS attended to throughout the County.

Richie, 40, April 7, 1881.

Administrator's Notice.
All persons having just claims against the Estate of JOHN FAIRLEY, late of New Brunswick, in the County of Northumberland, deceased, are requested to present the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within three months from date, and all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

Dated this 4th day of October, A. D., 1881.

S. A. FAIRLEY,
Administrator.
SCOTT FAIRLEY,
Administrator.

FOR SALE.
A lot of Boston Heavy Mess Pork.
One Car Load Pressed Hay.
American and Canadian Burning Oil.
By the cask or gallon, at
P. HENNESSY'S,
Newcastle, Dec. 5, 1881.

O. H. THOMAS & CO.,
WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS OF
GENTS' NECK WEAR.
Custom Shirt Makers and Mens' Furnishers.
Keep always on hand a large assortment of White Dress Shirts and Fancy Regatta Shirts, With or without Collars attached, Collars, Cuffs, Braces, Scarfs, Bowls, Ties, Collar and Cuff Studs, Shirt Studs.

Underclothing, &c., and everything pertaining to the Furnishing Trade. Also a full line of Collared Collars and Cuffs.

No one should be without them. They are water proof, perspiration proof, and durable.

SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER IN THE LATEST STYLES. NO MISFEITS.

Q. H. THOMAS & CO.,
108-117 Queen St., Fredericton, N. B.

Law and Collection Offices.
ADAMS & LAWLER,
Barristers and Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in Bankruptcy, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, &c., Real Estate, & Fire Insurance Agents.
OFFICE: NEWCASTLE AND BATHURST. M. ADAMS. R. A. LAWLER.
July 18th, 1878.

JOHN R. MALTY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c. &c.

OFFICE—Over the store of James Fish, Esq., Commercial Wharf,
NEWCASTLE, N. B.
February 24, 1880.

L. J. TWEDDIE,
ATTORNEY & BARRISTER
AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CHATHAM, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank of Montreal,
May 12, 1874.

A. H. JOHNSON,
BARRISTER AT LAW,
SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC,
&c., &c.,
CHATHAM, N. B.

OFFICE—Old Bank of Montreal,
May 12, 1874.

JOHN McALISTER,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

OFFICE—Upper portion of the Building, Water Street, Chatham,
July 10, 1877.

R. B. ADAMS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE—UPPER PORTION OF THE BUILDING, Water Street, Chatham,
July 21-17.

J. J. FORREST,
Attorney-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
Collecting promptly attended to.
Office—Chubb's Corner, St. John, N. B.
April 27, 1881.

SEELY & McMILLAN,
BARRISTERS, &c.,
77 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
St. John, N. B.

GHOB. B. SEELY. F. H. McMILLAN.
m18-17

DR. McDONALD,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE
IN DESMOND'S BUILDING,
LOWER WATER STREET,
CHATHAM, N. B.
Chatham, June 29, 1881.

R. McLEARN, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Graduate of University Medical College, New York.
OFFICE—That recently occupied by Dr. McDonald,
Newcastle, July 13, 1880.

DR. E. A. FISH,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office—Residence of James Fish, Esq.,
Hours 10 to 12, 1 to 4, 8 to 9,
Newcastle, March 1, 1881.

H. LUNAM, B. A., M. D.,
GRADUATE OF UNIVERSITY OF M'ILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.
Successor to Dr. Balcom.
OFFICE AT MR. ROBERT SINCLAIR'S RESIDENCE,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.
October 15, 1881.

PETER LOGGIE,
Wood Moulding & Planing MILL,
Near the Ferry Landing,
CHATHAM.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FINISHING for House or Ship Work, manufactured to order.

Venetian Blinds, Doors and Sashes, Fine and Walnut Mouldings, Jig Sawing and Planing, a Specialty.
Estimates and Specifications furnished on application.
Orders attended to with despatch.
P. LOGGIE.

FOSTER, JONES & CO.
Flour and Commission Merchants, Millers and Shippers of Goods.
Situated down a stone, said Brother Jones, "The Lord that gave, Has taken him away!"
"We never shall see his like again," Sadly said Deacon Day.
"I spoke to Mr. Blank to preach the sermon next Lord's day; He loved the Parson long and well, And he was a man of sense."
"Twas mighty handy he could come, Else we should have to wait Till he had written up to B—"
And got a candidate.

"I'm going there next week, myself, And can enquire make, And leave them word to send a man Each Saturday, upon the next day of May; We ought to pitch upon Some one, and settle him, before Our buying time comes on."

But planting time, and hoeing time, And haying time were o'er; And still, and installation seemed No nearer than before; Each Saturday, upon the next, Came to the town of A— A man who wore a neckcloth white, And Monday, went away.

But none of them came more than twice. For none he suited all; One was too old, and one too young, One short and one too tall; Some feared that one too strict would be, For ignorant on some thought; One at the maindye in the choir Looked, offered than he suited.

One hit the Square's besetting sin, And that would never do, Didn't he pay the largest tax, And own the finest pew? In short, it seemed as if all love And peace had left the town, That Wednesday morn, when Parson G. Laid his life's burden down.

One noon, when Deacon Day went home And he ne never drew, He fell asleep upon his chair (For weary was his brain), And dreamed, that on his sorrow borne He rode the valley through, As he looked from side to side Discovered something new.

A factory, large it seemed to be, And he ne never drew, A flaming sign across its front, Met his astonished view: "To order—arranted to suit, Pastors and Teachers made, With open mouth and staring eyes, The startled deacon read.

Straightway dismounting from his horse, He entered the door; The office sought, and sat in hand, The organ stood before, "We want a pastor down at A—"
"Your order please to write—"
If possible, we'll have him here A week from Saturday night."

The Deacon wrote, and still he wrote; Each man was in his seat; And anxiously he looked to see The Parson on his feet.

Vainly they waited, wondered, yawned; A heavy hand, then started back In anger and surprise; "Brethren and friends," he said "you see Before your waiting eyes A pretty man; Alas! Oh Lord! This does not suit me, and we cannot have a lawyer here! But I can't show off to father at all. He shuts right down on me so—all makes me think I don't know anything, after all. He's a real good father, though, and I hate to disappoint him."

John set his lips, and his young face looked troubled. He cut the

A. O. SKINNER'S
CARPET WAREHOUSE,
BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS; WOOL and DUTCH CARPETS; UNION and HEMP CARPETS; OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS; MATS and HEARTH RUGS; MATTINGS of all kinds; LACE CURTAINS and COBBINGS; HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

68 King Street, St. John.
m17-25

WILLIAM WYSE,
GENERAL DEALER,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.
Merchandise and Produce received on Commission.
Liberal Advances made on Consignments. NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE.

AUCTION SALES, and all Business in connection with the same, attended to promptly.
July 15, 1878.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
'81. Winter Arrangement '82.
ON and after Monday, the 1st November, the trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—
WILL LEAVE NEWCASTLE, Express for Quebec, 2.55 a.m. Accommodation for Moncton, connecting at Moncton with Express for St. John, 10.25 a.m. Accommodation for Campbell, 5.30 p.m. Express for Halifax and St. John, 1.02 a.m. John.
The Express train from Quebec runs to Halifax and St. John on Sunday morning, and the Express train from Halifax and St. John runs to Campbellton on Sunday morning.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Supt.
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 11th November, 1881.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.
THE following Properties belonging to the Estate of the late William Masson, of Newcastle, are offered for Sale:—
THE LOT AND HOUSE thereon on the corner of Castle and Henry Street, near the Ferry.
THE WATER LOT, with buildings thereon, on Castle Street, adjoining the Ferry Slip.
THE LOT, with House, Barn and Out-buildings thereon, situate on Henry Street, now occupied by Mr. John G. Keith.
Ten desirable and pleasantly situated BUILDING LOTS situate between the residence of A. A. Davidson, Esq., and T. W. Crocker, Esq. A LOT OF LAND in rear of the Railway Buildings, consisting of between six and seven acres, in a good state of cultivation.
The above properties are offered for sale on liberal terms. Apply to WILLIAM MASSON, Executor of the Estate. N. B., August 10, 1880.

MILL SUPPLIES.
Rubber Belting, 3, 4, 5 and 6 Piles, HAY'S CELEBRATED LEATHER BELTING, Single and Double.
DIBSON and SOHN'S MILL SAWS, Lubricating Oils, Steam Fittings, Lacing Leather, Rubber and Steam Packing, of all kinds.
ESTAY, ALLWOOD & CO., Fire William Street, St. John, June 29, 1881. 376.

Selected Literature.

The Deacon's Dream.
The following selection will be found to have wide application:—
Upon good lives' work,
Years gone, and miles away,
There stood, in prosperous content,
The little town of A—
And in its midst the meeting-house
For many a youth had sought,
Its windows pointing up to Heaven,
The dwelling place of God.
Full forty years, good Parson G.
Had preached there and prayed;
Had cheered the old, and loving hands
Upon the children laid;
Had joined the young in Hymen's bands;
The poor and sick had blessed;
Pointed to Heaven each dying eye,
And laid the dead to rest.

But now his work on earth was done,
And faint to rest slumber matters o'er,
Said down a stone,
Said Brother Jones, "The Lord that gave,
Has taken him away!"
"We never shall see his like again,"
Sadly said Deacon Day.
"I spoke to Mr. Blank to preach
The sermon next Lord's day;
He loved the Parson long and well,
And he was a man of sense."
"Twas mighty handy he could come,
Else we should have to wait
Till he had written up to B—"
And got a candidate.

"I'm going there next week, myself,
And can enquire make, And leave them word to send a man
Each Saturday, upon the next day of May; We ought to pitch upon
Some one, and settle him, before
Our buying time comes on."

But planting time, and hoeing time,
And haying time were o'er; And still,
and installation seemed
No nearer than before; Each Saturday,
upon the next, Came to the town of A—
A man who wore a neckcloth white,
And Monday, went away.

But none of them came more than twice.
For none he suited all; One was too old,
and one too young, One short and one too tall;
Some feared that one too strict would be,
For ignorant on some thought; One at the
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One hit the Square's besetting sin,
And that would never do, Didn't he pay the
largest tax, And own the finest pew? In short,
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And he ne never drew, He fell asleep upon his chair
(For weary was his brain), And dreamed, that on his
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"Your order please to write—"
If possible, we'll have him here A week from Saturday
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The Deacon wrote, and still he wrote;
Each man was in his seat; And anxiously he looked to
see The Parson on his feet.
Vainly they waited, wondered, yawned;
A heavy hand, then started back In anger and
surprise; "Brethren and friends," he said "you see
Before your waiting eyes A pretty man; Alas! Oh Lord!
This does not suit me, and we cannot have a lawyer here!

swath very neatly to the edge of the brook as he went along.
"I told him I'd say no more about it now," John went on thinking, as he looked at the pretty rippling stream, which kept up such a merry little song over its round pebbles, "and I promised him I'd stick to the farm for this year, and do my best to like it, and so I will. Moser said, 'It isn't because he doesn't like you to be a lawyer; it's because he thinks you aren't old enough to judge, and he thinks good farming is the best and noblest work in the world, and that you can't help liking it if you try. But he won't stand in your way a moment, any boy, when he sees that you know your own mind. You just yield to him first, and he'll yield to you last.'"
It was nearing noon, and the sun was hot. John lifted his hat just in time to wipe his forehead; then resting the scythe upon the bank, he leaned against its curved handle. He looked well as he stood there, like a boy who would one day be a man of purpose, and will to carry out his purpose. He was tired, just tired enough to make rest sweet. He looked across the little hollow at the foot of the meadow toward his home. He was very hungry, and glad to see a little girl coming down the path through the hollow with a pail in her hand. "Thank goodness! there's Kitty coming with the lard. I'm hungry enough to eat a crow's feathers and all. I know just what's in that pail—ham sandwich, a big slice of brown bread, bottle of milk or sweetened water, and some of mother's apple pie, with a slice of cheese. Hurry up!" he shouted aloud, in a strong, pleasant voice—"hurry up, Kitty dear; I'm as hungry as a cat."

HOW JOHN GOODNOW GOT HIS OWN WAY.

[In Harper's Young People.]
He was all by himself in as pretty a patch of sunny green meadows as you could wish to see, yet he had plenty of company. To say nothing of the birds chattering on the fence, the tall tight grass was as full of hopping, fluttering, and creeping things as a wheat field is of grain. These little creatures seemed to find life pleasant and comfortable, and the gliten and "swish" of John Goodnow's scythe so very odd and amusing, that they kept only a little out of his way as he mowed and when he stopped to whet his scythe they flocked around and settled on his boot-logs, on the brim of his hat, and even in the creases of his shirt sleeves, to see how he did it.
John Goodnow was just sixteen. He was a manly boy, strong, straight, and good-looking. He had plenty of spirit and energy, and liked what he was doing well enough; but he had some ideas in his head which made him think he could do something else much—very much—better.

John's father did not happen to think about John as John thought about himself. This very often happens between parents and their children. Your parents are older and wiser than you, but then you boys and girls often think a great deal more, and with more good sense, than you get credit for. When your parents do not think as you do about what you are to be and do in life, it is hard to tell which is wisest, and there is no sure rule to help you out; but I will tell you one little thing that I think it will be good for you to remember: it is very much in your own power to decide for yourself, to get your own way by giving it up, as John did.

"I wish father could see this as I do," John thought.
He had put the whetstone in his pocket, and was once more leaning to the scythe.
"Of course I can be a farmer, and of course farmers are as necessary as Presidents; and a farmer can be a President, and eat potatoes and corn in the White House, instead of hoeing and hilling them in the field. But I want to be a lawyer, and that settles it for me. I just wish it would do as much for father. He did look queer when I told him I didn't believe a lawyer that I was always hankerin' after a farm would amount to much in lawyerin'." Mother said, "Do let the boy have his way; it's his life he's got to live, you know, not yours."

"She's so sensible, and just the best mother in the world, I made up my mind, when she said that, that if I did get my way, I'd just like to be the one to fit Uncle Sil. Stinky old fellow! I'd pass him up my mother what he owes her. Give her the word, that's why he looks at me so sour, and tells father 'to keep him at the plough; he'll never come to golphin' noonsin' over them lynin' lawyer books!'"
John smiled, with a bright, mischievous look, as if he had already won the case against his uncle.
Then he whistled till he came to the end of the swath. He liked the sweet, fresh smell that rose from the cut grass.
"I know farming is good, useful work," he thought, "and pleasant, when any one likes it; but I want to do what I can do best, and I'm sure it's law. When things happen, I want to know how they happen, and who was wrong, and how to fix things so they'll happen right. It just makes me tingle all over when I can get hold of a case, and read up with mother. She's smarten a steel-rod, and can't have been a lawyer herself. But I can't show off to father at all. He shuts right down on me so—all makes me think I don't know anything, after all. He's a real good father, though, and I hate to disappoint him."

John set his lips, and his young face looked troubled. He cut the

fat package which his mother did not know about, and do what you believe to be right as fearlessly, as Charles Sumner did. Rufus Choate had the great power to so move men's minds that they were like something melted which he could shape as he chose. If you can be as brave, tender, and good as Abraham Lincoln was, I shall wish with all my heart that you may have power like Rufus Choate's and opportunity like Charles Sumner's. You mustn't fret about father. He's as pleased and satisfied as we are. You won him just as I told you you would, by yielding. It is more than a month since he brought home the books you will find on your table. They are for your first term in the law-school. I've heard tell of lawyers getting to be editors, too, afore now. If you should ever run a paper, what you know about farming won't hurt it none."

Many years have passed away since John talked with himself as he mowed the meadow on that pleasant summer morning. If I should tell you the real name of John Goodnow, you would know at once how well his mother's wish had been granted in the noble career of her well-known son. And there isn't a father in the land prouder of his son than Farmer Goodnow of his son, Judge—

He is also good at spelling. He can

stand a long spell in a good situation without flinching.
He is always correcting the errors of his pupils, and consequently has but little time to attend to his own.
The schoolmaster is not a man of war, but he often employs a monitor. He would be all at sea without his monitor. He gets the monitor to see in his place.
Oh shun misbehaving children, or the see of the monitor shall overwhelm you.
The schoolmaster teaches the A B C, but he cannot make a bee see.
Every sort of ology is taught by the schoolmaster, but tautology is no better coming from him than from anybody else.
In a school of young rascals the schoolmaster is always the principal.
Some schoolmasters are actuated entirely by the law of love—love for their situations. Some entirely by hate—hate to give them up.
The schoolmaster loves to have callers at his school; but hobs has so possessed him, that he not only calls his scholars, but also scholars his callers.
I used to wonder at the schoolmaster during my school days, but my school days will never return.

A Sermon in Short Metre.

SPECIALY ADAPTED FOR "YOUNG CANADA."
You are the architects of your own fortunes—you must "whittle yourselves out with your own jack-knives." As you are in youth, so will you be in manhood's prime; the golden grain cannot be garnered until after the seed has been sown. Rely upon your own strength of body and brain; the gods help those who help themselves. Don't put any faith in "luck;" he is a lazy Micawber "waiting for something to turn up." Pink is a thrifty, heroic fellow who strikes out and turns up somebody or something; the only use for "luck" is as a scapegoat on which to saddle our ill directed efforts and subsequent failures; for when we are successful our own ability invariably gets the credit for the brilliant achievement.
DON'T MISTAKE YOUR CALLING.
Your game of life cannot be played by a convenient proxy. A man who has no object in life, no work which gives zest to existence, is to be pitied. You may need transplanting—even good stock will flourish better in proper soil. Have a mind of your own; do not be an attempted echo. Be original; if you can't be original, be as original as you can, and copy only from those who do possess the gift of originality. If you promise to do a thing, do it, though the heavens fall. Better say as you go; at least, pay what you owe; don't wait to be damned by paper or millionaire.

DO NOT INDULGE TOO FREELY
in "tongue and cheek;" when you agitate the tranquillity of the air talk to some purpose, and make every word count. Education is the golden key that unlocks the door to success. "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom," says Bacon. Don't neglect to read good books and periodicals; but spending time reading dashing novels and "story papers" is like a deluded hen continually sitting on a nestful of porcelain eggs. Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm and steer your own ship. Think well of "No. 1;" no one ever amounted to much in this world who entertained a poor opinion of himself. We profit by the TOOLS AND SACRIFICES OF OUR ANCESTORS;
but constantly hear of "degeneracy;" the Roman satirists and poets make frequent allusion to the same thing in their times, as also do the Greeks; and Homer and Virgil give voice to similar complaints, but the young men of the present generation are probably as fine specimens of the genus homo as any previous age has produced. Always be just, whether from pure love of justice or through hopes of Heaven or fear of Hades; but whatever be your motive, do right, then when you get to "sitting alone with poor conscience," the tale of a tale will prove mutually pleasant and satisfactory. O. S. Fowler says opportunity makes the man, and that many a Napoleon brain is enclosed in the headpiece of an obscure individual. Inherited genius and practical talent combined make the philosopher's stone. Still, don't complain of the world, for men of merit are never wholly neglected; and remember "there's always room upstairs," as Webster put it. Yet, after all, the current coin of life is plain common sense. Enemies are as necessary to success as is vinegar to pickles.

The Schoolmaster.
THE PEDAGOGUE AS DEPICTED BY A MAN WHO KNOWS HIM.
Boston Transcript.
The curiosity that I have to show you to-day, children, is perhaps the most wonderful in the collection. He beats all.
The schoolmaster, it is said, trains the young (idea how to shoot). He is not himself given to shooting, however. He takes more delight in the rod than the gun.
The schoolmaster is not a military man, but his principal assistant is. The name of his Assistant is Corporal Punishment. It is to be hoped that the corporal will soon be remanded to private life.
The schoolmaster is sometimes called a tutor, and occasionally he is called an ass. On the whole, an ass-tutor man is seldom found.
The schoolmaster thoroughly understands the rule of three, but always insists upon the rule of one. So you see his understanding is out of all proportion to his rule.
Although the schoolmaster is a ruler of boys, he has his own ruler. If he is not a stick himself, his ruler always is.
The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. His is a question-able calling.
The schoolmaster can be found in all classes. He is also given to classifying knowledge. I sometimes think I would be in his class myself.
The schoolmaster is good at figures. He would cut a pretty figure if he were not. He is the figure-head of the school, or should be; but sometimes a boy gets ahead of him.
He is also good at spelling. He can

Political.
Sir Charles Tupper in Reply to Mr. Blake at Cobourg.
COMPARATIVE EXPENDITURE.
Now I come to a charge which I shall meet with great pleasure, and answer; I think, in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. Mr. Blake said we promised not to increase the taxation, and he quoted a speech of mine delivered on the floor of Parliament when, in the absence of Mr. Tilley, who was not in Parliament, and in the absence of Sir Francis Hincks, the financial members of Sir John Macdonald's Administration, it became my duty to grapple with the fiscal and financial questions for the time being. In replying to Mr. Cartwright's speech, I stated just what Mr. Blake read to you, that it was not a question of higher taxation, but it was a question of levying that taxation in a different manner. And why did I say so? For the reason that we do not in any speech, I said, that we do not require increased taxation. We have governed the country when we were in power before for less than they did, and we can govern the country again for less than they did. (Cheers.) They were very economical when they were seeking the sweet voices of the people. They said, "Only give us the reins, and you will see that we can do it." Well, sir, they got power, and what did they do? In the first session they asked for three millions more. In the second session they asked for four millions more than we ever required. Mr. Blake talks about the estimates of Sir Leonard Tilley for the last year. Why, on the public records, they were first estimate brought down by Mr. Cartwright in 1874, and it was for over \$25,000,000—(hear, hear, and cheers)—and the amount was voted by Parliament to this wretchedly economical Government. Now, sir, I repeat that as we are more economical than they are, more careful of the people's money than they are, we do not require as much as they required. And what is his answer? He says the taxes are higher; there is more revenue. It is true, there is more revenue. It is true, we have been unable to get so much revenue. The result was deficit after deficit, and had the sovereign power of the people not dismissed them in 1878, they would have had, on the 1st of July, 1879, a deficit of three millions more, making in all nearly seven millions of deficits.
Well, what did they do? They have now, sir, is this—of course money must be raised for paying the expense of government, otherwise irretrievable ruin falls on the country, and had they done this in 1878, they had collected, it was all they required now, for the purpose of carrying on the ordinary government of the country. I think I can make that clear to you without using many figures.
A COMPARISON OF EXPENDITURES.
The average annual expenditure for the five years these gentlemen were in power was \$25,708,043; our average expenditure for the three years we have been in power is \$24,939,356, or \$1,231,733 more than theirs. How then, you will ask me, can you show that your expenditure in 1878, has been less than theirs? I will show it in a single moment. There are included in that expenditure the two items of interest on public debt and sinking fund, which have to be paid every year. During their five years they paid an average of \$7,245,797, and we paid during our three years \$8,850,988, or \$1,415,188 more than they paid.
A VOICE.—The debt must have been larger.
SIR CHARLES TUPPER.—It is quite true; the debt was larger, and the debt is constantly increasing. You cannot build a Canadian Pacific Railway, you cannot make the engagements which Mr. Mackenzie entered into, without making the debt larger. (Cheers.)
THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
Now, sir, what more? It costs about \$1,500 a year to run a mile of railway, and the average miles of railway run by us during the three years we have been in office is 429 miles more than theirs. Therefore we have paid \$645,000 more for running railways than they paid. Mark it, it costs the country nothing. Under the old system of management it cost no less than \$700,000 to operate the Intercolonial Railway over and above all its receipts. But this \$645,000, which we are now paying, does not, I am proud to say, cost you a single dollar. (Loud cheers.) We pledged ourselves to economy when we went in, and as Minister of Railways I addressed myself to the question, whether we could save anything in the management of

(Continued on last page.)