

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH 20, 1885

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A few short weeks ago Wolfville had the honor of publishing in addition to our own little sheet, the *New Star*, the *Canadian Science Monthly*, and the *Acadia Atheneum*, while the intellectual editor of *Western Chronicle* walked three streets and wrote up our village affairs more or less incorrectly. Now all this is gone and we alone remain.

The *New*, or newer, *Star* got out its first edition from the County town last Saturday. One side of the sheet was blank, and as a western editor remarked on a similar occasion, it was a good place for the children to mark on. It had another advantage, there was nothing objectionable on it, and we would recommend our contemporary to continue, and particularly recommend the *W. C.* to adopt the same course.

We are a little surprised to see such papers as the *Halifax Herald* copying from the columns of the *Kentville* paper articles like those headed "W. & A. R. Smash-up" &c. While they were confined to that paper they could not possibly do any great amount of harm; but when copied, and presumably endorsed by other papers, outsiders might think that the road was really badly managed. The truth is, that the W. & A. R. is probably one of the best managed roads in the Dominion, and it is only because accidents are so rare, that a slight one such as happened a few weeks ago is noticed at all. In this County, where the facts are known, the nonsensical grumbings of the *W. C.* are simply smiled at; but in other places where the motive of the attempted persecution is not so well known, a different impression might be left.

Referring again to the subject of Statute Labor we lay before our readers the following extracts from the Revised Statutes, fourth series, chapter 46:

"Every male between the ages of 16 and 60 being able to do a reasonable day's work shall be liable to perform two days' labor as a poll tax.

"All males whose names are included in the assessment roll and assessed for any sum over one hundred dollars shall be liable to perform in addition according to the following scale:

"From \$100 to \$200, 1 day
" 200 " 400, 3 days
" 400 " 600, 4 "
" 600 " 1,000, 5 "
" 1,000 " 1,400, 6 "
" 1,400 " 1,800, 8 "
" 1,800 " 2,600, 9 "
" 2,600 " 3,000, 10 "
" 3,000 " 3,500, 11 "
" 3,500 " 4,000, 12 "

Over four thousand dollars, at the rate of one day for every thousand dollars.

The above scale as will be seen is open to very serious objection and there seems to be not a single redeeming feature in it. In the first place it provides that every male as soon as he comes to be sixteen years of age, shall be liable to perform two days labor as a poll tax, but as there is no law to compel a minor to perform such a liability, the Statute conveniently enacts that the parent shall be compelled to perform it. In the second place it provides that every person assessed for from \$100 to \$200 shall perform, in addition to his poll tax, one day; and if he be assessed for two hundred and twenty-five dollars, two additional days; in which case he is obliged to perform two days' labor for an additional assessment of only twenty-five dollars. Then again we find when he gets to be worth \$600, his rate of taxation is lessened, having to perform only one day's labor for each additional \$400, which scale is continued until he becomes worth \$3,000 and then the rate is further lessened so that he has only to perform one day's labor for each additional \$500; and should he be so fortunate as to become worth \$4,000 or upwards, he has only to perform one day's labor for each additional thousand dollars until he comes to be sixty years of age, at which time he is relieved of seven days' labor.

Our present road tax seems to have been constructed with the special object of bearing as heavily as possible upon the poor man and as lightly as possible upon the wealthy. The fact of placing the commutation at fifty cents for a day's labor certainly operates against the poor man and favors the rich. A poor man with three sons

between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one will have to pay for poll tax alone \$4.00, and if he is worth and assessed for only \$225, he will have to pay \$1.50 additional, making in all \$5.50, failing to raise that amount in cash, he will be obliged to labor eleven days upon the highway; in contrast to this, take the man who is assessed for \$8,000 and who is sixty years of age. He pays only the same amount.

A law so unjust and oppressive to the poor man should not be allowed to remain longer upon our Statute Book. There certainly could be no risk in changing it, and there seems to be ample room for improvement. Let us have a road tax that will at least be uniform in its operations, and compel the rich man to pay proportionally on his thousands, with the poor man on his hundreds, and repeal the obnoxious and unjust poll tax on minors.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.]

Ottawa Letter.

OTTAWA, MARCH 9th '85.

To the Editors of the ACADIAN.

DEAR SIRS:—On Tuesday last Mr. Tilley made his long looked for "budget speech." It was certainly very able, and the best that could be made under the circumstances; for that there is general depression, "hard times," that our expenses are large, and our debt enormous, are indisputable facts. Mr. Cartwright, the opposition champion on finance, made as good and able a reply, or review as was possible, with the record of "deficits" behind him, and no expressed policy ahead. The fight has been kept up since by what may be called picket firing from the guns of lesser calibre, and some of them not much lesser either. The smoke of that attack has blown away and the work goes on apace. Much has been done—much is to do; and the session will probably be pretty long. There is one thing I observe here, viz.—That notwithstanding that the smaller provinces of the Dominion have some of the ablest and best men in Parliament, they are weak in influence; and the reason is apparent. They are weak in their intergrated position. They can neither kill nor save a government. Not so with Ontario and Quebec. Either of those Provinces, moving unanimously, holds the balance of power, and can demand its rights, as has been proved. Now I do not believe that any independent, or party onlooker, can be at Ottawa during a single session without seeing this advantage of the large, and disadvantage of the small Provinces. And I want to know why it is not remedied? Does any one ask how? I answer, in our "fi" in the east, by a "Maritime, N. B., Let the three provinces, we will then be about E. L. and influential in the councils of the nation as Ont., or Que., and able to maintain our rights. And until that time comes we never will. Now had I time to run over the history of the Dominion since confederation, in connection with the history of the provinces, I think all would be convinced of this, if there are indeed any thoughtful people who doubt it now. This vitally important question, to us, has been raised before; but has been stifled in its discussion, or discussion, has been stifled by unpatriotic, petty, and selfish politicians, and miserable sectional jealousies; together with the overweening, conceited and dependent "subsidised" press of Halifax, which stifles public opinion, unless that opinion is "mired" or "filled." Can't you, Messrs. Editors, send this ball rolling along the "valley"? and will not the press and people take it up and press the question till it is settled, and thus save us from many disadvantages and help to make our country strong and great. OBSERVER.

A LITTLE LETTER TO MY LITTLE FRIENDS OF WOLFVILLE.

OTTAWA, Mar. 9th '85.

While passing the Speaker's door the other day, I heard an "old familiar cry"—the cry of a baby! Now I must tell you a little about this baby and its history. Three sessions ago the Hon. Geo. Airy Kirkpatrick, of Fontenac, Ont., was elected speaker of the House of Commons. He had been a fine speaker before that time, since then he has never made a speech; for the Speaker is the only member who does not speak. He listens patiently to all who do; that is when they do not weary him out at two or three o'clock in the morning with their monotonous drone and he falls asleep! which he has never been known to do yet. He also keeps his eye on the members to prevent them from fighting, so they have to go out into the lobby to do that. He does not check them when they talk bad grammar, as your teacher does, nor when they talk nonsense, as "pa" and "ma" do, nor when they tell fibs, as Mr. Conscience does. Poor man if he did he would be calling them down all the time, and would do the most speaking of any man in the House. Now as I have said he does the least except those who are afraid of their own voices and get a neighbor to ask a question for them. Well, Mr. Speaker manages them

splendidly, for they are a pretty fair lot after all; he is an excellent Speaker even if he never speaks. Now it happened that during the same session that Mr. Speaker was chosen to watch the members, he could not help watching somebody else. There appeared in the Speaker's gallery occasionally a queenly looking young woman, a daughter of one of Canada's Knights. It was natural that the Speaker, seeing this royal looking lady in his gallery, should "keep his eye" on her. Indeed, sometimes it seemed difficult for members to "catch the Speaker's eye," because, you see, it was already caught. Well, I can't tell you all that happened! Only to shorten the story, at last this fair lady became "Mrs. Speaker," and, as the fairy tales go, "the beautiful Queen came to live with the King." After a while, notwithstanding their fine house and all the fine furniture, and plenty of friends and gay and festive company, and everything else grand and fait, they became lonesome; and during recess, or when the Parliament was not assembled, the house became so quiet that they thought they would like to "hear a baby cry." So sure enough, one day the Lord sent an angel down, just like he has done at your houses, with a beautiful baby! Mr. Speaker at once took the chair, and the Bill was introduced and "carried," without any amendment, away by the nurse! Some say he jumped off of the chair in the excitement, but I don't know.—Only I know that, deliberately and solemnly he gave as his opinion, "It was the finest baby in all this great Dominion!" Well now strange to say, this beautiful baby of Mr. and Mrs. Speaker is not yet a speaker. But I think it is a "Deputy," at any rate it deputises the nurse herself and its mother there, and its father—oh, gracious, he is deputed almost everywhere to get all manner of things for "the baby." And when the moon is wanted, the baby came near crying for it the other night, an "Order in Council" will be issued to "bring it down." Miss Baby has two eyes, two hands, two feet, two ears, and one mouth; into which it puts everything, like all other babies, and out of which it occasionally puts—what we heard. Well, it was a musical little cry and reminded us of "home so far away." Now, youngsters, good-by. Remember that you are all "speakers." To speak your lessons that your teachers may be pleased. To speak kindly that father and mother may be pleased; and to speak the truth that conscience may approve. UNCLE JOE.

FOR THE ACADIAN.

Snoring, a Fine Art.

Of all the disagreeable sounds heard in the night we believe snoring takes the cake, night we believe snoring takes the cake, night we believe snoring takes the cake, night we believe snoring takes the cake, night we believe snoring takes the cake. It is one of the arts or sciences, and we wish it was among the Lost Arts. I have only known a few perfect snorers and they could keep a whole camp meeting awake for forty-eight hours. We have read a parody on the "Beautiful Snow" which reads something like "Oh, the snore, the beautiful snore." It is disgraceful to compare anything beautiful to the hoggish sound of snoring. How very annoying it must be to a lady after sitting up half the night to quiet a fretful child and has just succeeded in getting it to sleep by using all the modern remedies of soothing syrup, paragonic, and squills, walking up and down the floor hamming softly as she pats it on the back. Whist, whist—there, there, go to sleep, peepy, darling dilvee popsy, wopsy; then utterly exhausted, the tired mother lays down beside her sleeping husband to get a little rest before the infant terable awakes. She accidentally, on purpose, punches him with her elbow and settles down to slumber, when just as she has forgotten her trials and gentle sleep is stealing over her senses, there is heard one loud snore, not unlike the snort of a locomotive, and he starts off as if on a snoring wagger for a biscuit, and there is "no sleep till morn" for that poor woman. I consider snoring a sufficient cause for divorce on either side of the matrimonial question. A good story is told of a Dutchman on a crowded steamer, who had to sleep in the cabin with some twenty other men. Among this number was a notorious snorer, who kept them all awake till long past midnight, when suddenly the snorer moved in his sleep and stopped snoring for a moment. The Dutchman raised his head and and thankfully exclaimed—"Thank God he's dead." I advise young ladies, when the question is popped, to answer by another question, "Do you snore?" HARVIE.

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

I. S. Johnson & Co, 22 Custom House Street, Boston, will send free, to all who will send their address on a postal card, an engraving of this famous Monument, the tallest structure in the world; also valuable historical facts connected therewith.

If you don't send for it, you will be sorry when it is too late.

The Bookstore, Eagles' Building nearly opposite the Post Office,

Wolfville, N. S.

Dear Customers and other people

Please don't forget that

"The Bookstore" has removed this week to the Eagles' building, nearly opposite the Post Office.

The place has been scrubbed, scraped, swept and painted, by eminent artists of undoubted ability, and in a few days its Manager hopes to have it present such a beautiful and dazzling appearance that visitors will be compelled to wear umbrellas and green goggles.

We are here to stay, as we remarked before, and are bound to keep our customers good-natured. Therefore give us a chance to get our face washed from the dust and grim of moving, and we will just make you howl with delight. Having more room in the new premises, we will be able to show our goods to better advantage, and our friends can have more elbow room.

We intend to keep our stock up in spite of the hard times and give our customers the best of value for their money. Come in and see us and we will make you smile. Bring the baby and don't forget your knitting and your wallet. Please don't forget our new address:—

Western Book & News Co.,

"THE BOOKSTORE,"

Eagles' Building, nearly opposite the Post Office,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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9 Cases Boots and Shoes,

2 Cases Ready Made Clothing,

1 Case Dress Goods,

1 Case English and Scotch Tweeds,

1 Case Grey and White Sheetings

Trunks & Vaises!

SCOTCH AND AMERICAN

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RUBBERS!

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Wolfville, March 11th, 1885.