

THE WEEKLY TELEPHONE EXTRA

Devoted to Home and Foreign News, Social and Intellectual Advancement, Material Prosperity and Political Reform.

BRIDGEWATER, LUNENBURG CO., N. S., THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1882.

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 The large circulation anticipated for it will render this paper the best advertising medium in South-Western Nova Scotia.

Poetry.

FREE TRADE RHYMES.

Which Manufacturers and Operatives, Sailors and Shipbuilders Should Read.

(From the Boston Herald.)
 Upon the question of the day,
 Protection or free trade,
 Each thinking man should have his say
 And let his choice be made.
 Shall all the wares that life demands
 Be made by men at home?
 Or shall they buy from foreign lands,
 Whence cheaper goods may come?
 Shall men employ the land and time,
 As nature's laws direct,
 With work which in their native clime,
 Their means can best effect?
 Or shall they isolate themselves
 From trade with all creation,
 And fill, at extra cost, their shelves
 With products of their nation?
 Don't buy from any foreign stores
 But make them buy from you!
 Thus narrow view protection laws
 Would "give each man his due."
 Free trade maintains the right of man
 To buy where'er he chooses,
 And pay as little as he can
 For everything he uses.
 From whence his baby clothes are bought
 In England or in U. S.
 Until the day his tonnage's wrought
 In Rutland or in Paris.
 Protected industries awhile
 Amass enormous gain,
 Monopolists begin to smile,
 And buyers bear the pain.
 The work-ground of the nose becomes
 The play-ground of the rich;
 Employers go to palace homes,
 The laborers to the ditch.
 But competition then awakes;
 The trade is overdone;
 Few sales abroad are ever made,
 The rich man's race is run.
 A tax on raw materials
 Makes manufacturers dear,
 And though we ship our cereals
 Few home-made goods are dear.
 Our exports seven-eighths consist
 Of products of the farm;
 One-eighth is manufacturers' list;
 The tariffs do the harm.
 A tax on every other man,
 But none upon himself,
 Is each protected worker's plan
 To gain a hoard of pelf.
 But all the trades in time assent
 The right to be protected,
 And when by taxes all are hurt
 What good can be effected?
 Protected woollen mills may sell
 Their cloth at higher cost,
 With duties on the wool as well,
 Their profits all is lost.
 Because we change the money round
 The pockets of our breeches,
 We fancy we have wisely found
 The way to gather riches.
 The railroads pay near double cost
 In purchasing their rails,
 Widows' and orphan's funds are lost,
 The cost ly railroad falls
 In spite of all the extra freight
 The farmers have to pay.
 It often gives two-dollars' pay
 To get one dollar back,
 High tariff kills the revenue
 By stopping importations,
 As if we thought 'twould never do
 To buy from other nations.
 In spreading immorality
 Protection's crimes consists;
 What volume of venality
 Through this sole cause exists!
 Good damaged cloth the button men
 Import at lower rates,
 And high-toned merchants used the pen
 False invoicing steel plates.
 The worthy members of the church,

With trunks well filled abroad,
 Avail with art the customs' search,
 And dodge the dues by fraud.
 Corruption, every one believes,
 Is nursed in custom houses;
 At hosts of smugglers, bribers, thieves,
 The indignation rouses.
 The Christian men who loudly claim
 Good will and peace and love,
 And those who boldly preach the same,
 Man's brotherhood to prove,
 Prevent the brotherhood of trade,
 The live and let live flag,
 And selfish tariffs are no made.
 To buy abroad must cease
 Consistency should modify
 This pharisaic brag.
 Until they grant the right to buy
 From men of every flag,
 And let our ships sail o'er the deep
 To sell where things are dear,
 And buy where they can get things
 cheap;
 No favor and no fear!
 One-sided trade some day must end,
 And Free Trade take its place.
 Each man a brother and a friend,
 Though rivals in life's race.
 May all men everywhere be made
 To see the light of day,
 And on the path of peace and trade,
 Advance the world's bright day.

Select Tale.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE THAT WAS NO COWARD.

BY CAPT. JAMES F. ALCOHN.

(Continued.)
 "I trust you do not think of disembarking at the Rock, madam," said the traitor, grinning her with a smile, as she appeared on the quarter-deck.
 "I did at one time, but I have partly changed my mind. At all events I will be governed by circumstances."
 "I shall be deeply grieved, madam, if I should occur to your day's journey, and I do not wish to reach our destination, and he offered her his arm as a matter of course; but she declined, and assumed a seat near the taffrail, from which she noted the amount of canvas set, and various other minutia relating to the vessel, indulging in mental calculation of the chance for success should she attempt what she designed.
 Her stay on deck was brief. She felt that she was the focus of all eyes, and that a presage of her purpose was fast gathering in her countenance, and to avoid betrayal hastened below. As she passed the pantry she saw that it was unattended. The steward was at the galley with his dishes, and she seized upon the opportune moment to commence her task. From the moment she had seized upon the powerful drugs they had never for an instant been off her person, and taking one of the phials from her bosom, she entered the pantry, and a moment later its contents had mingled with the contents of the tea urn. Fortunately the drug was almost scentless and tasteless, and she had no reason to dread discovery. Her only fear was that the steward might be seized with a sudden spirit of neatness, and subject the ware to a thorough rinsing ere he applied it to its proper use. Two hours elapsed, yet she had effected nothing more, and tea time was fast approaching. She had been watching and waiting to catch the cook out of his galley, oblivious of the fact that her purpose might be effected with less risk of discovery in his presence. But necessity forced that conclusion upon her at length, when she suddenly had occasion for some hot water, to obtain which she paid him a visit.
 "Why, bless my soul, missus, you is a stranger!" exclaimed the cook, adding, with a certain independence of tone he had never dared to assume before.
 "What kin I do for ye?"
 "Hi! I am for some hot water, Joe."
 "Hi! I am for some hot water, Joe."
 "O, salt water will do."
 "Hi! what you want hot salt water for?"
 "To temper a bath, Joe. Have you any?"
 "Hah some—not very much though, but much you can give me pitcher," and he extended his hand.
 "I'll help myself," and she entered the galley, when he retreated by the opposite door, muttering:
 "Hi! Guess you've come down a peg."
 She had gained all she desired. In a moment the contents of the second phial

was mingling with the water for the men's tea, while she beat a hasty retreat, leaving off her pitcher empty.
 Supper was had at the usual hour, and ere night closed in the effect of the drug was becoming visible. At eight bells the watch was called, but one man only made his appearance, yawning and stretching his limbs.
 "Eh! how's this! Where are the watch demanded Wild, as the seaman passed him to relieve the wheel."
 "Snoring on their chests, sir."
 "What the deuce—can't they sleep enough without snoring in the dog watch! Hi-yah! Hang me if I ain't half asleep myself! and pausing at the forecastle door he hailed the men.
 "Eight bells there! Dy'e hear. This 'll never do—ten minutes behind time in a dog watch."
 The men came yawning, while their shipmates relieved them, their leader repairing to the quarter-deck, which he traversed a few times, and passed at the wheel to find the helmsman nodding at his task.
 "Here you! keep your eyes open, confound you. What's got into us all to-night! Hi-yah, hi-yah! Hang me if I can keep my own open," and tottering forward he came to anchor in the waist, turning his dim regards on the bank of haze which marked the outline of coast and mountain. As he gazed it grew denser to his imagination, and seeming to advance rapidly, had enveloped the vessel in its mantle, when he muttered: "Confound the fog. Why should it come up when—hi-yah—I'm so very sleepy."
 The last word was uttered in a half yawn. It was his last—the drug had done its work, and ere a minute elapsed he was stretched on deck in a profound slumber. The moment so much wished for by our heroine was come. Need we say that she was at hand to take advantage of the vessel's inactivity, and become recumbent when she issued from the cabin, murmuring:
 "Thank God! At last you are in my power, and making a hurried circuit of the deck, she passed at the wheel. It was performing the part of supporter to the snoring helmsman, when gently removing him she assumed his place, where she was joined within ten minutes by the invalid, who came dragging his braided form on all fours, to render such aid as he might.
 "O, for the use of these limbs now, madam. If I possessed it what might we not accomplish."
 "We will triumph as it is," she said earnestly. "They sleep like logs. Can you hold the wheel till I procure a chair for you?"
 "Yes, indeed. I could steer like a pilot if I never see the compass," and turning on his back he seized the helm, steering in that manner until she brought a seat, into which she aided him, when he assumed the duty of helmsman, steering with his uninjured arm as he sat, leaving her free to attend to other matters.
 And she did attend to them. In less than an hour every soul of that sleepy crew were securely bound hand and foot, and then she turned her attention to the anchor. It was fortunately off the bow, and in the shank-painter. Five minutes later it was ready to let go, when she repaired aft to report progress.
 "Are you not becoming fatigued, Mr. Halstead?" she demanded, after stating what she had effected.
 "Not I. Thanks to your care I can steer all night if required. But is not that the glimmering of a light, about a point open on the weather bow?"
 "I don't know," I thought I observed something like a glimmer when on the forecastle just now.
 "You did, and it's the Prock light. We must have the tide in our favor. Hurrah! we may almost laugh at the wretches now."
 (To be Continued.)

THE SALT QUESTION.

HOW THE TARIFF NIPS THE FARMERS.

"God day!"
 "How are you?"
 The first was the opening utterances of a farmer who had come to the city to do business, and had entered a grocery establishment.
 "I'm going heavy into the manufacture of butter and cheese, and I want to

get some good salt. What's it worth?" asked the farmer.
 "One dollar and a half a bag," was the reply.
 "What?" exclaimed the ruralist, why I paid \$1 per bag last year for it."
 "I know you did but your good friend Tilley (the farmer was a Conservative) has placed a tax of 25 per cent on all imported salt and a specific duty of 20 cents per bag, consequently Liverpool salt which I sold at \$1 last year will now cost you \$1.50."
 "I don't believe it. Tilley would not do such a thing. Why can't you use anything but Liverpool salt?"
 "Well he has done it," continued the grocer; "he is endeavouring to foster Canadian industries by making you fellows pay for it."
 "It looks—like it, if that's what he is doing, but can't you give me the salt for less than \$1.50. I'll use a great many bags this year."
 "Not a cent less."
 The farmer after making a tour of the city, returned to the grocer's and accused him of being false to his statement.
 "But he very clearly stated his views on the iniquitous tariff, and the Reform candidate in Frontenac is assured of one solid vote. When a farmer's pocket is touched he feels it."
 —Kingston Whig.

Correspondence.

Interesting articles and letters, brief and pointed, are solicited. We are not responsible for the statements made by our correspondents. Contributors must send their names.
 "A man in Indiana took his bundle in his hand, and he started on a journey for to see the fabled land, but he found in New York city, what was new to him at least, He'd go to a long way further to get "Way Down East."
 Editors Weekly Telephone.
 Sirs.—On Wednesday last three gentlemen from down your way took their bundles in their hands and came up here to New Germany. They said they wanted to go East—about as far as Halifax some of the neighbors intimated to them that they were off the route, but they said they were in a hurry, didn't care about getting there till after June 20th. They concluded to stay all night and said, if we would come up to see school-house in the evening they would explain to us why the rail road has not been built, and why tax on flour goes down as easy as other, if the asophagus is sufficiently dilatable. These were matters of much interest, and so a large crowd of us went to hear them, and perhaps you also would like to know what they said.
 The first speaker was the Honorable C. A. Smith, who gave us a review of the financial and railway policy of the Government during the last term. He told us that when the present Administration went to Halifax, they found the ancient capital in a state of utter delapidation. Carthage, after the sack, or Boston, after the big fire, could not compare with it. The retracting and demoralized Liberals had fairly "gutted the town." But the talented and high-minded men who now assumed the reins of power never flinched in this crisis. Never before, had the constituencies of Nova Scotia sent to the front, men of such brilliant courage, such executive ability, such high-heeled patriotism!
 With mastery hands and politic judgment, they seized the situation and evoked order and prosperity from the chaos which the folly of their predecessors had created. Such men! In this bright galaxy of Tory stars might be seen the illustration of every human grace, and the exponent of every perfect way. Caution joined with High Enterprise; Modesty mated with matchless talent; patriotism and devotion clasped hands, and noble endeavor stood cheek by jowl with mastery management.
 With such a Government success was sure and so "things went on extremely well" just as they did when "Teddy Began courted Winnie." Everything prospered with them. In their hands the wheel of fortune became a potter's lathe upon whose magic mandrill the toughest difficulties and the most obdurate affairs were imbued with plasticity and were easily moulded for the aggrandizement of Nova Scotia.

The Honorable speaker explained to us that the chief embarrassment of his party arose from the fact that the late Liberal Government got tired of ruling the Province upon the staid and sober principles of political economy, and, just for the fun of it, formed themselves into an Unlimited Liability Company, and pledged the faith of the Province to pay subsidies to railroads everywhere, from Cape St. Mary to Scatterie, and then, having first depleted the Treasury of every dollar, they handed over the government to their successors. This was a mean thing for the Liberals to do.
 To meet their pressing needs, the first act of the Government was to pass a bill authorizing them to borrow a large sum of money. This bill was rejected by the Legislative Council, and this was their first patriotic effort frustrated. To follow Mr. Smith's recital through all its details would take more space than you could possibly give me, and so I will sum it up. He says that the Government now owns all the railroads in Nova Scotia, and has got a mortgage on them all besides, and, if we will elect them for the next few years more, they will first abolish the Legislative Council, which puts a veto on their getting "tick," and then just make a grab at everything in North America that goes on axle-grease.
 The Bill for building the Nietaux and Atlantic Railroad is, Mr. Smith says, a law of Nova Scotia, and would, he thinks, be a very good law, if it were not for certain "riders" and "whoppers" with which it has unfortunately become associated. When asked why the road is not immediately put in construction, Mr. Smith kindly explained that the Government has no money. They have sinking fund bonds, current accounts, bank bills, floating debts, mortgages, music and moonshine, but, no money! No money for our railway subsidy, our roads, our bridges!
 Indeed the financial situation at Halifax, as portrayed by the honorable speaker, bears a close resemblance to that which existed in the U. S., in the war period of paper money, and which was thus described by Mr. Chunks at the request of his wife: "You see my dear, the agglomeration of meretricious, illusory and phantasmagoric, financial emanations from the Federal capital, in the form of irredeemable *ignus fatui*, predicated upon a vacuum, have so amplified the circulating medium, that the argent and auriferous metallic substances have appreciated in a ratio corresponding with the enormous and incipient issues of the less ponderous and more portable Chasserian currency; so that the solidified "spendolicks" are mighty scarce." Mrs. Chunks couldn't see it, but, electors of Lunenburg, if you want to see it, look away down East!
 Vate—Nietaux & Atlantic Railroad, Farewell—farewell to thee, Stearns' fair daughter!
 (Thus warble thy people of this countree)
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
 More pure in its shell, than the "sell" is in thee.
 And now may every elector who voted against Wade and Eisenhaur, adopt the language of the contrite Quaker. "Verily, I have been buffeted by the wiles of Satan in the form of a damsel!"
 I am yours very respectfully,
 GUSTAVUS GULLIGULL.

Editors Weekly Telephone.

Sirs.—Will you please insert these few lines in your paper in reference to an attack made upon our School Inspector by a person calling himself W. P. S. As I think he is mostly unworthy of notice. Therefore, it would be degrading to both Mr. Pattillo and myself to answer his most untruthful remarks. I will only say that my experience as a teacher is altogether different. Mr. Pattillo's manner is perfectly free and easy in a school-room (I never saw him bluster) and instead of filling the children with fear on entering the school—his genial pleasant manner of speaking to both teacher and pupils inspires them with confidence and respect. It must be only a very ignorant school teacher would fear Mr. Pattillo's visits, and then I think both teacher and pupils deserve a severe reprimanding. Thanking you, for your valuable space,
 I remain, yours respectfully,
 A TEACHER.