

The Union Advocate.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

Our Country, with its United Interests.

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

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS,

WHOLE No. 739.

W. & J. ANSLAW.
VOL. XV.—No. 11.

WAVERLY HOTEL,
NEWCASTLE, MIRAMICHI, N. B.

Has lately been refurnished, and the 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, N. B.

THIS HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and is recently been fitted up in first class style. It is in close proximity to the L. C. Railway Station, and the water 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.

CONVENIENCES only 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 the steam 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, 1879.

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 comfortable and well-ventilated rooms. The building has been thoroughly refitted, 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 242 beds and all other conveniences.

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

BOARDERS WANTED.

Having fitted up and refurnished the building in New Brunswick, I am now open for the reception of boarders, and have a number of boarders on reasonable terms.

JOHN & WM. M'KEEN,
Newcastle, N. B., June 14th, 1881.

MIRAMICHI MARBLE WORKS.

WATER ST., CHATHAM.

WILLIAM LAWLER,
Importer of Marble & Manufacturer of MONUMENTS, TABLES, HEADSTONES, MANTLES, TABLE TOPS, &c.

A GOOD STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND. GRANITE MONUMENTS made to order. GRANITE and Marble Work in all its branches attended to, and satisfaction given.

February 24, 1878.

Leather & Shoe Findings.

Subscriber returns thanks to his numerous customers for past favors, 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, Sewing Machine, and Sewing Machine, and English Tops as well as all kinds of Trunks and Suitcases. J. J. CHRISTIE & CO., No. 45 King St., St. John, N. B., April 29, 1879.

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,
MIRAMICHI, 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, 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.

A. FAIRLEY,
Administrator.

FOR SALE.

A lot of Boston Heavy Mess Pork.
One Car Load Pressed Hay.
American and Canadian Burning Oil.
By the case or gallon, at
P. HENNESSY'S,
Newcastle, Dec. 6, 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 MISFITS.—24

Q. H. THOMAS & CO.,
700-17
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. CLAIMS Collected in all parts of the Dominion.

OFFICES:
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, Reg. 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.

July 10, 1877.

JOHN McALISTER,
Barrister & Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER, &c.,
CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

May 5, 1879.

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

OFFICE OF STAIRS, NOONAN'S BUILDING,
Water Street, Chatham.
July 21st, 1877.

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.

GEO. 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 12, 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. LUNAN, 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, Pine 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.

Set down upon a stone, said Brother Jones, "The Lord that gave, Has taken him away!"

"We never shall see his like again," Sadly said Deacon Day.

ROBISON'S BLOCK,
MONCTON, N. B.

Orders taken for direct shipments of flour from Mills in car load lots, and drafts made direct on consignees. Flour a specialty. Importers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Flour, Meal, Pork, Beans and Provisions, Tallow, Oil, Glass, and General Hardware, Groceries, Crockeryware, &c.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
Samples of all kinds of goods sent on application. Every description of country produce taken in exchange.
Aug. 8, 1880.

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 CORNICES;
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Orders from the Country promptly attended to.

68 King Street, St. John.
m17-25

WILLIAM WYSE,
GENERAL DEALER,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant.

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, 1879.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'81. Winter Arrangement, '82.

On and after Monday, the 11th 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.

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 Mason, 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, situated 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. 11th Nov., August 10, 1880.

MILL SUPPLIES.

Rubber Belting, 3, 4, 5 and 6 Piles, HAY'S CELEBRATED LEATHER BELTING, Single and Double.

DISNEY AND SON'S MILL SAWS, Lubricating Oils, Steam Fittings, Lacing Leather, Rubber and Steam Packing, of all kinds.

ESTY, ALLWOOD & CO.,
Fredericton, N. B.,
St. John, June 23, 1881.

Selected Literature.

The Deacon's Dream.

The following selection will be found to have wide application:—
Upon good living's task,
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 year had stood,
Its windows pointing up to Heaven,
The dwelling place of God.

Full forty years, good Parson G.
Had watched the old and loving hands
Upon the children laid;
Had joined the young in Hymen's bands;
The poor and sick had blest;
Pointed to Heaven each dying eye,
And laid the dead to rest.

But now his work on earth was done,
And faint to rest his weary hands,
The grey-haired sexton, tremblingly,
Had told his seventy years,
The country folk with miles around
Came up to speak his praise;
Then buried him beside the church,
And went their several ways.

But Brother Brown and Deacon Day
Lingered when all was done,
And, faint to rest, sat matters o'er,
Set down upon a stone,
Said Brother Brown, "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 loved his people true;
'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
The Parson's place to take;
'Tis not the second day of May;
We ought to pitch upon
Some one, and settle him, before
Our buying time comes on."

But planning time, and heaving time,
And having time were o'er;
And still, and installation seemed
No nearer than before;
Each Saturday, upon the coach,
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 no one 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 the young men were so wild;
One at the maidens in the choir
Looked, and could not be such.

One hit the sexton'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 sat in his study,
He fell asleep upon his chair
(For weary was his brain),
And dreamed, that on his sorrel horse
He rode the valley through,
As he looked from side to side
Discovered something new.

A factory; large it seemed to be,
And so he near drew,
A flaming sign across its front,
Met his astonished view:
'To order—warranted to suit,
Pastors and Teachers made,
With open mouth and staring eyes,
The startled deacon read.

Straightway dismounting from his horse,
He entered at the door;
The office sought, and, fast in hand,
The order 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,
The man of trade looked black;
He feared that from his former word
He might get some good,
At last, 'twas done, the contract made,
And back the Deacon went
To tell his brethren, and wait
With trembling, the event.

It was a bright September morn,
And to the church in A—
With joyful steps the people came,
With trembling Deacon Day;
But rare delight his bosom filled,
When, sitting in his place
Behind the desk, he saw a man
Of more than common grace.

Flash his eyes and calm his mien,
And with a benignant calm,
He gazed upon the Deacon's pew
As if he conned a psalm,
The bell had ceased a ringing call,
Each man was in his seat;
And anxiously he looked to see
The Parson on his feet.

Vainly they waited, wondered, yawned,
The Deacon's eye was on the man,
At last the Deacon spoke:
'Please, sir, go on; it is not meet
Within this house to joke.'
Calmy he sat, nor made reply;
'Weing, the Deacon made
One effort more, went up the steps
And on his shoulders laid

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!
That Deacon should see me
Within this house so great a shame,
Done to Thy cause and Thee!'

In wrath the Deacon left the church
And sought the man of trade,
'Most wicked wretch! thus to insult
Both God and man,' he said;
'Restrain yourself, good sir, I beg;
Hear what I have to say;
Full faithfully my workmen wrought
By night as well as day.'

They tried their best with flesh and blood,
With bone and sinew good;
They would not take the shape you wished,
NOTHING BUT PUTTY WOULD!
You'll find a crank upon his back,
And if you wind him up,
Then graciously to stop.

"He's not the man that I could wish,
But still he's very nice;
We've filled your contract to the word,
And you must pay the price."
The Deacon groaned, and grating, woke,
Trembling with fear and shame,
'The Lord be thanked, 'twas but a dream,
Blest be His holy name."

The mild sun shone on all around,
And gently waved the trees,
The Deacon shut him up alone
And fell upon his knees;
'Oh, Lord! forgive our want of faith,
Our bitterness and pride;
Choose Thou for us—we know not how—
A man to be our guide.

"Tempted like us, straying, perhaps,
But with his inmost soul
Turning to Thee, as turneth o'er
The needle to the pole,
We would not ask that Thou shouldst send
A angel down from Heaven,
But that to us a good man's heart
And helping hand be given."

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 thin 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 glister 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-leaves, 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 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 give him my mother what he owes her. Give her the scold, and tell father 'to keep him at the plough; he'll never come to gosh! noooin' over them lyin' 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 smarter'n a steel-trap, 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

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. Mother 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. He just yielded to him first, and he'll yield to you last.'"

It was nearing noon, and the sun was hot. John lifted his hat just enough 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 lunch. I'm hungry enough to eat a crow, 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."

When the end of the year came, Mr. Goodnow did not wait for John to speak. On New-Year's Eve, just before bed time, he laid down his paper, crossed the room, put his hand on John's shoulder, and as if only an hour instead of seven months had passed since he had last spoken of what he wished John to be, he said, "Well, my boy, speak out; will ye be a farmer or a lawyer?"

John rose quickly, and looked at his father. "I will be a lawyer, if I can," said he. "But, father, I do wish you could like it; and his voice trembled a little."

"I do like it—I like it very much," said Mr. Goodnow, quickly; "for if ye can do as well as ye have done at work ye didn't take to, I'm sure ye'll prove a master-hand at what yer parents' so set on. You've helped me in my way, and I'll help ye in yours. Ye shall have the best schoolin' in law we'll do the next year. Happy New-Year, my boy! Mr. Goodnow held out his hand, and John took it with a grip that made his father wince and smile at the same time.

Then John went to his mother, who, of course, knew all about it, and was as happy, yes, happier, than her boy over the happiness which he had earned so well. When he went to his own room, he was so busy thinking, that it was some time before he looked; but when he did he started, and shouted "Jerusalem!" as if the word had been a bullet and he the gun. On the wall over the table were three pictures which had not been there before. One was of Charles Sumner, one of Rufus Choate, and one of Abraham Lincoln. On the table beneath was this note in his mother's writing:—

"I want you, my own good boy, to learn what you attempt to know as 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. Now good-night, and a happy New-Year from your loving

"MOTHER."

A Sermon in Short Metre.
SPECIALLY 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 flashy 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 be no 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 classifying crowd.

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

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 he 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.

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 special manner, but we do not require increased taxation, because we 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 a remarkably economical Government we will be." Well, sir, they got power, and what did they do? In the first session they asked for three millions more of taxation more than we ever required for our most extravagant year. Mr. Blake talks about the estimates of Sir Leonard Tilley for the last year. Why, on the public records, the 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 wonderfully 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, they were 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 collected it, 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.

COMPARISON OF EXPENDITURES.

The average annual expenditure for the five years these gentlemen were in power was \$23,708,043; 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 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 \$8,669,986, or \$1,424,189 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.)

