

## OUR MONTHLY CHAT.

With and About Ourselves and Friends.

Some complain The Journal is not now half as spicy, original, or sarcastic as it was a year or so ago. It is hard to be spicy and original when we are driven as we are to secure a mere pittance—when after one meal it is a mad rush to secure the material for the next; and then when one is dependent on the public favor for his livelihood he must be often blind to the shortcomings of others. It does not pay to always play the role of a reformer. What the people of this section want is respectable mediocrity rather than erratic brilliancy; a comet is a very brilliant affair, but it does not last long and there is not a paper in the Province if it told the square truth about every one and ventilated every abuse that would last a year—those which have tried it in the past have been signal failures. So, instead of reforming the world we have come to the conclusion that we do a little reforming at home where it is much needed and then we will be in a better position to try it upon others. This does not mean that we shall go to sleep or completely shut our eyes to glaring abuses at home and abroad, or that we shall change our political bias, but that we shall not as in the past obtrude unwelcome ideas upon the public just to air our own personal opinions. THE JOURNAL in the future will not be a Sunday School Sheet and can never hope to reach the plane of the Reporter or the Intelligencer, but it will be perfectly innocuous, decorous to a degree and entirely free from all animus or scurrility.

That the public have already taken us at our word and at least partly restored us to their favor is shown by the increase in our advertising columns, much of which was unsolicited, and certain jobs of printing from parties who have never patronized us before. We would indeed be very ungrateful if we disappointed them after this.

Although we say it ourselves, the public can bring nothing against us except our opinions, and a satisfactory arrangement made on that score we mistake them very much if they would have it trumpeted abroad that in a town of this size they would let a man they have known so long, and who has struggled against such disabilities as we have, suffer for sufficient patronage to keep the fire burning on his hearth and the wolf of hunger away from his door.

Some will say:—"Why are you everlastingly harping on your hard lot? Why don't you suffer in silence?" Those are the ones who do not care, but there are others who do, and as we know our circumstances better than anyone else, and as the best people will forget if not occasionally reminded, we have often to refer to the matter to hold the public interest. Give us enough business to secure us a comfortable living and you will then hear no further word of complaint. We don't ask charity, only a fair share of the public patronage.

As our space is somewhat restricted we cannot always refer to our many pleasant meetings with old friends, or detail the births, marriages and deaths among our friends in city and country.

Time and again we have had them written out and they have been crowded out for want of space. Our friends must not think hard of this as we have to give precedence to whatever will bring us in a few cents in money or goods.


We would, however, extend our sincere sympathies to Bro. Cropley in the death of his son Alfred, a most excellent young man and a friend of ours, as is also his father, of many years standing.

We might mention as a strong sign of our restoration to popular favor that we had occasion to speak to Postmaster Hilyard the other day and he was all courtesy and kindness, and treated us like a gentleman, and when coming back home with the Martiboy past the barrack gate the sentry presented arms.

[These are all encouraging signs that cheer our spirit and raise the people of our good city even higher in our estimation. We have nothing to forgive, for none of them have ever really wronged us—in the worst case it was only misconception, and if we have wronged any of them we will make ample amends.]

The only discouraging feature is that the health of the wife is failing and we owe some little debts that we find it hard to pay off as quickly as we could wish, but if we get the increased patronage that we seem to have good reason to expect we can overcome these little obstacles also.

The remittances for the past two months are: Arnaud Miles, Maugerville, \$1.00; John Doohan, Newmarket, \$1.05; Rev. Fr. Ryan, St. Mary's, \$1.00; George Stack, Acton, 50c.; Martin Kennedy, Cork Station, 35c.; John O'Hara, Phoenix Mills, city, 35c.; Wm. Walker, Penniac, 50c.; Robert Hodgson, Marysville, 35c.; Wellington Yerxa, Mouth Keswick, 35c.; Mrs. Jas. Boyle, city, \$1.00, (for Martie.); W. D. Riley, Maugerville, \$1.00.



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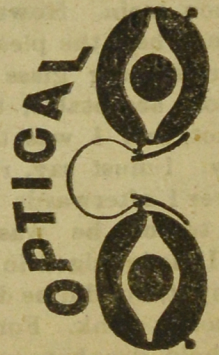
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