

OUR MONTHLY CHAT.

With and About Our Patrons and Friends

Well, Martin, how do you get along?

This is the invariable salutation from my many acquaintances, whom I meet on my way to and from work or on the street evenings and Sundays.

Probably ten per cent. of those who thus accost me, are sincere, and really do care how I get along. Of the rest, they care enough for me to wish me well, but many, so far as is proved by their patronage, which is the truest test, don't care a continental whether I live or die. This is the way of the world. It has been so from the beginning, and will, no-doubt be so until the end and the only thing one can do is to make the best of things as one finds them and to get along with his neighbors and associates with as little friction as possible.

Sometimes, when I read of the manifold crimes and cruelties, injustice and oppression of the weak and defenceless, in the daily press I am inclined to modify my usually optimistic belief that the world is getting better; but the accumulated deeds of charity self-sacrifice and bravery in the cause of right and justice restores the equilibrium.

Well, as to myself I may say that while I have work and am able to do it I and my family will get along all right.

We have all, on the whole enjoyed better health than for some time past and have also had less occasion to call on good Dr. Harry. We have also worked hard and steady and enjoyed good appetites and sound sleep.

Well, after all, you say—What is the use of thus working so hard with one arm for, enough to eat, a rag to wear and rest on nights and Sundays? Very little indeed, were it only for the purpose of keeping up an existence which has lost all its charm years ago, but a great deal indeed under the circumstances—for coming home that tired I can hardly drag one leg after the other on some nights, when I have had it harder than usual through the day, trundling my old Democrat after me that I use to haul sawdust out of the mill who do I meet at Keith's corner but my little Martin, who throws his arms around my neck and kisses me, and as kisses are as yet the only marketable commodity at his disposal, begs for a cent to run into Fred Todd's to spend. After this I forget all my weariness and make the short distance home with the speed of a Lou Dillon.

During Exhibition week I had the good fortune to meet many of my old friends, some of whom I had not seen for many years, and in some cases my memory being so poor for faces they have had to introduce themselves. It has been a cause of great gratification to me that they still remember me and keep up their old friendships that we formed so long ago, in the dear old days, never to return.

I had for visitors for two days only my nephew and niece, Osgood, son of my late brother John, who makes it his home in Danforth, Maine, and who has lived some in Fredericton, and for two or three years in Queen's Co., when a boy, and Lizzy, daughter of my only remaining brother Ephraim,

who has never been here before. They enjoyed the place and the Exhibition very much, but soon got homesick for that brave land over which the Bird of Freedom flaps his wings. After all there is something in having a flag of your own when its people are so loth to remain any length of time from under its protecting aegis.

Men, women and kids rubber every time they see me, because I have a leather patch on the side of my leg, as having but one hand to shovel with the greater weight of the shovel handle comes on my leg, and as I believe in protection I have it protected accordingly. I don't mind how much they stare, but too many questions annoy me.

Our sympathies go out to our friend Mr. Churchill Fox, who has been absent from his post in the mill for about a month on account of a severe attack of rheumatism. We also sympathize sincerely with our friend John Doohan of Newmarket in his recent heavy loss by fire, and what is worse the severe burning he sustained in his heroic efforts to save his property. The remittances sent and handed to me during the past month have been quite considerable;—They comprise the following:—Frank Gunter, Nashwaak Village, \$1.00; Mrs. Thomas Kingston, Yoho, York Co., 35cts.; Isaac W. Stephenson, Upper Sheffield, 70cts.; Jeremiah Barry, city, \$1.00; Chas. T. Duffy, Boiestown, \$1.00; Osgood Butler, Danforth, Maine, 50cts.; Mrs. Jere. Bell, Taymouth 35cts.; Jas. Cassidy, Nashwaak Bridge, \$1.00; Sandy Moffit, Kingsclear, 50cts.; Wm. McGinn, city, 50cts.; Albert Hagerman Mouth Keswick, 70cts.; Arthur Thompson, city, 50cts.; David Essansa, Newmarket, \$1.00. We thank these all heartily and would remind those who wish to remit for next month that amounts will be perfectly safe enclosed in letters or if the parties are in town handed to our agent Mr. Samuel Owen.

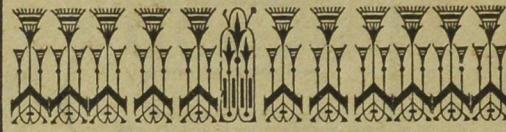
The complaints have been so few during the past year that we mention the solitary one we can remember. It is our habit to notify all regular subscribers about every two years, not so much for the money, but to find out if they are still doing business at the old stand and enjoying the blessing of a monthly perusal of the Journal. We recently ran across one from up river on Regent street and his first salutation was:—'Martin, why in h—l did you send me that d—d saucy letter? The letter referred to, if it has a fault we consider it is on the side of humility. Even Uriah Heap need not be ashamed of it, it is so humble. Here it is:—

DEAR FRIEND:—

Your subscription to THE JOURNAL expired I send you this notice, not as a dun, but to keep track of you and, if you can appreciate the hard struggle I have to keep my paper going and make a living for myself and family; (if you are the fair-minded and kind-hearted person I take you to be) you will not take offence at this notice and send the paper back marked "refused" or enclose the amount due with a request to discontinue it, as some have done, but do all in your power to help me along in the only thing I can do to make a living. Those however, who are bound to desert me will please send the full amounts up to date.

Thanking you heartily for your great kindness in the past and continued patronage, I remain, as ever

Thankfully and Sincerely your friend,
MARTIN BUTLER.



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