

HEART TO HEART TALKS

With My Friends and Patrons.

Editor's Room, George St.

So slips the time away. The winter half gone, and the promise of spring already beginning to appear in the strengthened sun and the lengthened days.

Life, although dark at times has streaks of brightness and mine is no exception, for though it has had more than its share of clouds and darkness, the sunshine is all the brighter when it does shine through, and I should be guilty of the basest ingratitude were I to rail at and denounce the country in which I was born and the city in which I have made my home for so long.

It is true that I have had to swamp out my own road, but friendly hands have often come to my aid and removed the logs and rocks that were too heavy for my one hand to lift, and although it is not yet very smooth or pleasant it is at least passable, and all along its route bloom the flowers of friendship and spring up the springs of affection.

How dear are the words "Home and friends," and I lack for neither. Even among the people of "consequence" although I do not mingle in their social functions, there are few who pass me by without a pleasant word, and many with a cordial greeting and hearty hand clasp. The youths as a rule hail me as a boon companion, and although there are some with "swelled heads" among them the majority must be finished actors if the friendship and fellowship they exhibit daily are not real—and the children; they follow me all around town and hail me at every corner, and though some few show slight evidence of roughness and horse-play there is not one who does not reciprocate my affection.

My personal affairs, aims and aspirations I have always kept before the public, because I cannot come to any other conclusion than that those who really are my friends take an interest in them—with those who are not my friends I have nothing in common except the air and sunshine.

People who look upon life from a dollar-and-cents standpoint, tell me that it is shocking bad form for me to wear my heart on my sleeve that way. What, they say are your private affairs to the public at large? What do they care whether you enjoy or suffer, feast or starve? What interest can you expect them to take in you except a selfish one?

Well, it is true that is the doctrine that is coming to the front every day, and fast replacing the teachings of Christ and the brotherhood of man, which once was a reality among people calling themselves Christians, but I am loth to believe that they have all bowed the knee to the Mammon of Unrighteousness, at least so long as I have such strong evidence to the contrary.

My little boy, Martin, jr., has recovered from his long and severe attack of typhoid fever, but he is as yet far from being himself again. He has not yet regained his strength or appetite, and remains pale, weak and thin with a weak heart and distress at his stomach, but I hope that with the return of spring he will gain strength and flesh. His mother also is in very poor health

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Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing "just as good."

as the result of the task of nursing him, and had it not been for the extra number of papers for which I have the agency this winter and the kindness of friends I should have had a hard time single handed. In regard to the aforesaid papers, the people in general patronize me well, but there are many who could buy that don't, and some few who block me, but on the other hand I get enough tips to make it up.

The friends who have sent and handed in remittances since last issue are: Thomas Ellis, agent Federal Life, St. John, \$1 00; Dr. O. E. Morehouse, Upper Keswick, \$1.00; H. H. Veysey, North Lake, 50c; Herbert O'Rourke, city, 35c; G. E. Baxter, Andover, \$1 00; Miss Lizzie Winter, city, 35c; Wm. G. Gibson, Penniac, 50c and bag of potatoes, Henry Burt, Upper Keswick, 50c; John T. McBean, Nashwaak Bridge, 50c; Eben Miller, city, 25c; Mrs. Rushbrook, St. Marys, \$1 50.

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