

### FREDERICTON GLOBE.

The FREDERICTON GLOBE is published every Saturday from the office, Sharkey's Block, and mailed to any address in Canada or the United States for One Dollar per annum, in advance.

### Advertising.

Advertisements such as: Wanted, Lost, Found, Houses to Rent, Etc., one dollar first insertion, 25 cents each subsequent insertion. Local Notices ten cents per line first insertion, 5 cents each subsequent insertion. Births and Marriages fifty cents each insertion.

Contracts for yearly advertising furnished on application.

All communications business or otherwise to be addressed to FREDERICTON GLOBE.

### Fredericton Globe

A. J. MACHUM, Publisher and Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, N. B., DEC. 12, 1891.

### DIRECT TAXATION.

One of the great objections to free trade with the United States is that it will lead to direct taxation. Well, what if it does? For every dollar a man earns and spends now, 25 cents of it goes to the government for general dominion purposes besides what he has to pay in the way of local or civic taxation; but he is not aware of this since the 25 cents are taken from him in an indirect way. Now suppose we had free trade and great prosperity, the same man would not only get his goods 25 cents cheaper on the dollar, but he better able to pay a small direct sum by virtue of his increased business advantages. Again, if direct taxation were in order, we should be more inquisitive as to where the money goes, as in the case when our municipal tax bills are presented we look into them and grumble if they seem higher than in previous years. There would be a general espionage and revolt if not satisfied. But are we not now on the road to direct taxation? Ay, as fast as our legs can carry us. When a government feels that it can spend money ad-libitum, and runs into debt in the most reckless manner, where are we going to land, and where the means to meet even the interest? The talk of spending money (under the protection idea) seems to give no more pause at Ottawa than the twentieth part of the sum would to considerate persons. For example, on the authority of the St. John Globe, despatches to the American papers say that the Dominion government has adopted the policy of constructing a canal on the north shore of the St. Lawrence about forty miles above Montreal to cut off the Cascade Rapids. It is said that tenders will be invited for the work in a few days and that the estimated cost is \$4,750,000. It will be in the line of the past experience of the country to have this work cost a great deal more than the estimate. But four and three-quarter millions will do to begin with.

Then, again, the sum of \$200,000 is to be paid for the purchase of the Harris property in St. John, in order, as is alleged, that more room may be provided for the Intercolonial Railway operations near the depot; and yet the chief manager of the railways says it is not required. Now the Fredericton Globe does not profess to be a political, but an independent paper giving praise or blame where it may be due, no matter what party be under consideration—then we ask any fair minded conservative if he can approve of what is stated above, and if not what can he say of the conduct of men who thus hold the public monies in such a loose way? What is to be the outcome of all this recklessness but direct taxation, and we are coming to it fast. But suppose we had free trade and prosperity, it would not follow that direct taxation must be a sine-qua-non—not at all. Instead of waste, which the present system encourages, economy would be practiced. Instead of having at Ottawa three men to do one man's work, the employment would be reduced to a minimum. Millions saved instead of millions wasted (very much like it) would have to be the rule. In fact, the finance minister when put to his trumps could devise ways and means for upholding the public credit and providing funds enough for carrying on the government of the country, and free trade would help him to do so. We are informed that when that gentleman before entering parliament, was lecturing upon prohibition, and was asked how the loss to the revenue of \$18,000,000 was to be made up, he replied in a very sensible way that that part of the business could take care of itself—upon the principle we suppose "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and he proceeded to show whereby there would be more tea and coffee consumed without liquor, which would go far towards meeting the deficiency, as said articles were under duties—in fact that the poor man and all classes of the community would be so benefited through the shutting out of liquor that the question of \$18,000,000 of revenue lost, were a mere myth, and not worthy of consideration. Now this shows what can be done, and meets the objection that we cannot have free trade without direct taxation.

### FAST DRIVING.

It is most remarkable that the police do not pay any attention to fast driving

on our streets, and bring parties up for violating the law as they are doing every day. On Wednesday last the front street, our greatest thoroughfare, was made a race course the whole afternoon for fast pacers—they raced up and down at the very top of their speed, to the terror of those persons in sleighs having family horses, which take fright when an animal at break-neck speed passes. If the police have any eyes at all, and on duty, they must know the names of all the parties who thus conduct themselves. What says the police magistrate? If an accident happens, somebody will be put in for big damages. We say nothing about the back streets. They seem to be recognized as racing streets, at any rate no heed is taken of what is done there every day. Then again the police must be aware that sleighs are common on the streets with no bells attached—another dangerous thing. The law is very emphatic against those who run sleighs without bells. Are the police aware of what the laws are? If some poor miserable fellow, doing no harm to anybody, is found drunk on the street the police soon see him and run him in. But a wild man in a sleigh chancing to kill somebody? Oh! there is no harm in that. In some respects our police are very sharp and exacting in their duties—in others very careless and negligent. "The Globe" proposes to interest itself in the fast driving business and the duties of the police.

Since writing the above our attention has been called to the following notice in the "Gleaner" of Wednesday last: "Mr. Geo. A. Cliff had a narrow escape from a serious accident at the junction of Carleton and Brunswick street last night. He was crossing Carleton on the asphalt walk when one of the flyers came lively by, the shaft of the sleigh almost striking him on the neck. Had the horse come along an instant earlier Mr. Cliff would have been in a very serious condition to-day."

### SNOWBALLS AND BRICKBATS.

It appears that the "Canada Eastern" has been brought to a dead stand on the other side of the river, Messrs. Snowball and Gibson having come to an understanding, after quite a misunderstanding, that the former shall run the road in his own way, and with his own employes. Now Mr. Gibson is the last man in the world to stand snowballing, so when he found he was hit and having a big brick yard at Marysville, he forthwith went for the brick pile and fired back at his assailant. Mr. Temple hearing of the row seized a crowbar and stood on the eastern end of the bridge and declared that no railway train should pass over any more without paying tolls, even if it ran over his own body. Thus matters stood at the end of one of the shortest days last week. Next Mr. Snowball—now that he had everything in his hands seized a big axe and decapitated all the principal officials, on the ground, it is said, that their heads cost more than they would bring if put up in the market. Not so, thought Mr. Gibson, for he at once set to work and restored the heads to the shoulders of every man whom Mr. Snowball thought he had killed outright. The trains having been thus blocked by our worthy representative, and not allowed to cross the bridge, all is peace and harmony at this end. No longer is the beautiful voice of the locomotive, screeching for all it was worth, heard in the neighborhood of that sublime shanty ycleped "station," alarming pedestrians, and frightening horses, dogs, cats, and such things. The Cathedral once more is at peace with all the world. Some folks say that Mr. Temple's idea in preventing the crossing of the bridge is to enable him to find time to take down that classical looking "station" with a view of erecting another back of Charlotte street, and before doing so he intends to have the present one photographed, in order that the evidence of his good taste may be perpetuated. So that, perhaps, after all this snowballing business on the other side of the river, will be productive of good on this side.

"With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly like to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.

"The water here is more than 400 feet deep," said the boatman, casually.

"Mersey!" exclaimed the timid lady of the party; "and we can't any of us swim.

Do, for heaven's sake, let us get nearer shore."

"The water is only twenty feet deep," said the boatman a few minutes later.

And the timid lady of the party exclaimed "thank heaven, we are safe!"

"I am surprised at Charley's squandering so much money on a phonograph."

"Well, I'm not. He always did like to hear himself talk."

It has often been observed how frequently persons of weak intellect display considerable talent for music. A German doctor has been making a systematic investigation on this subject, and he now publishes the results, which may astonish many. Among 180 idiotic children he has found the great majority to possess considerable musical powers, and some of them to be really highly endowed musically.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER.

### NOTES AND NOTIONS.

#### Running Comments on Passing Events.

#### Sundry Ebulitions in Prose and Rhyme.

#### How the Domestic, Social and Literary World is Wagging.

"A German who kept a tailor's shop was also the proprietor of a restaurant, which was opposite his tailoring establishment. A gentleman complained to him that a suit of clothes he had ordered were much too large for him.

"Were do you dine, sar?" asked the tailor and restaurant keeper.

"I don't know why you ask, but I dine about a mile from here—at Pichini's," said the gentleman.

"Vell, sar, if you dine at mine establishment opposite, and haf mine wonderful dinner at a fixed price, dose clothes in von months vill fit you like an glove; in two months dey vill burst, and in three months, unless you are vare careful, you vill burst, mine reund!"

Lady (engaging cook): "Why did you leave your last place?"

Cook: "I couldn't stand the dreadful way the master and missus used to quarrel, mum."

Lady: "What used they to quarrel about?"

Cook: "The way the dinner was cooked, mum!"

"Miss Ethel is a long time coming down," said the youth to the servant, after waiting some time for the young lady's appearance.

"Perhaps," he added, with a laugh, "perhaps she is making up her mind whether to see me or not."

"No," said the servant, with an icy smile, "it isn't her mind she is making up."

Lady (to deaf butcher): "Well, Mr. Smallbones, how do you find yourself today?"

Smallbones: "Well, I'm pretty well used up. Every rib's gone, they've almost torn me to pieces for my shoulders, and I never had such a run on my legs."

Hotel Proprietor: "You say you want a job as waiter. Your face seems familiar to me. Weren't you staying at this hotel last year?"

"Yes, sir. I have come to try and get some of my money back."

Recently a letter of introduction was handed by an actor to a manager, which described the presenter as an actor of much merit, and concluded: "He plays Virginus, Richelieu, Hamlet, Shylock, and Billiards. He plays Billiards the best."

When a young man says that he can never love another, he means, of course, not for two or three weeks.

Yablesy: "These novelists make me ill. The idea of a 'withering glance'! As if any one could be withered by a mere look."

Wickwire: "You are young yet, Yablesy. You never stepped on your wife's train at a ball!"

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