

**That Quiet Wedding.**

to the Editor of the Glassville News.

the Akkount of weddin up to My house is false. and the man who rote it is a liar it is tru We did have a soshial party but there wasn't no Weddin nor no row with the parson We can get marrid if we want to without them my daughter Sis aint goin to be marrid yet tho there is more than one Gentleman as would be glad to have her. the niff we had our littel party and a danse the Kurate Jhonnie Bucksaw, Billy Shaysor, Murdey Maek and professor Cranberry was there and a lot of the boys come and tried to kick up a skindy and if the sheriff had just cum along i would have had them Bite them. if my son mister fizzle wood appoint his mester was redy Rumbitong and hurt a karietur of a pore widow Woman she ought to be Ashamed by himself for You can see by what i have rote that what he sed wuz all lies

mrs Kad Drewer

Mount Misery february 21 1895

**How the Money is Spent.**

The Editor of The Glassville News, Sir,

In reading over a copy of your valuable paper I was struck by the expression you used about our old friend Gillmor, as being on all sides, where position or money could be secured. I was at first disposed to think you were just a little too hard on him; and that he didn't seek office for the sake of gain. A perusal since, of the Auditor General's report has however, convinced me that there is a great deal of truth in your opinion. There were in Carleton County last year, some forty bye-road commissioners, who spent \$1,502.05, on the roads. Of this sum, thirty-nine of these commissioners spent \$2,105.95 and the fortieth, Mr. E. S. Gillmor alone, spent the pretty little sum of \$1,337.10, the commission on this sum comes to a nice little lump of money, to say nothing of the picking to be got out of bridge building, selling cedar to contractors and other little ways to turn "a honest penny."

Yours &c.

A BYE-ROAD COMMISSIONER.

**BITS from BOOKS.**

WOMENFOLK THROUGH SOMEBODY'S GLASSES.

When you are ten years older, you'll know more, a great deal more about young women as they are turned out in these times. You'll have heard the talk of men who have been fools enough to marry eldisee specimens. When common sense has a chance of getting in a word with you, you'll understand what I'm telling you. Wherever you look nowadays there's sham and rotteness; but the most worthless creature living is one of these trashy, flabby girls—the kind of girls you see everywhere, high and low—calling themselves "ladies"—think-inthemselves too good for any honest, womanly work. Down and country, it's all the same. They're educated, oh yes, they're educated! What sort of work do they make, with their education? What sort of mothers are they? Before long there'll be no such thing as home. They don't know what the word means. They like to live in hotels and trollop about the streets day and night. There won't be any servants much longer; you're lucky if you can find one of the old sort, who knows how to light a fire or wash a dish. Go into the houses of men with small incomes; what do you find but filth and disorder, quarrelling and misery? Young men are bad enough, I know that: they want to begin where their fathers left off, and if they can't do it honestly, they'll embezzle or forge. But you'll find often, there's a worthless woman at the bottom of it—worrying and nagging because she has a house smaller than some other woman, because she can't get silks and furs, and wants to ride in a cab instead of an omnibus. It is astounding to me that they don't get their necks wrung. Only wait a bit; we shall come to that presently!—*In the Year of Jubilee.* By George Gissing.

**OPENING PARLIAMENT IN TONGA.**

The House was filled long before the appointed hour. Tukuhayo had issued invitations to most of the traders. Native ladies of rank, and a few of the chiefs who held no seat, were accomodated below the gangway; men and women of every shade of colour filled the benches in front of them. It is an anxious moment for the newly made Sergeant-at-Arms, Kibita's brother, Kalauta, who is charged with the duty of finding room for every one. The "representatives of the people" (as the Constitution calls them), are packed into benches on the right

side of the House above the gangway; the Nobles on the left behind the Treasury Bench, where sit the Cabinet Ministers, headed by Goschen, who, in a naval frock coat and check trousers, gives a tone of elegance to the whole Ministry. The next front bench has with difficulty been reserved for the suite of the High Commissioner, whose British uniforms are thrown into the shade by the magenta satin gowns that clothe the portly forms of the Princesses Charlotte and Anne Jane behind them. On the crimson dais is the King's gilt chair; and beside it the royal crown, the heaviest in the world, reclines upon its cushions, supported by a three-legged table. The crown was bought by the late Premier from some merchants in Sydney, and but for the verdigris in the flutings, might very well pass for gold. The suspense is broken at last by the rattle of saluting arms, and the blare of the Tongan National Anthem! Kalauta shouts "Koe Tu'i!" and we all rise as the King strides into the room soberly-glad, almost erect for all his ninety years, the one dignified figure in all this motley assembly of his subjects. A sovereign who wields absolute power may well tire of pomp and circumstance after his ninetieth year. He is followed by his aide-de-camp, George Finau, dressed in the uniform of a British admiral, and Taufaaahua, in that of a colonel in the Colonial Defence Forces.—*The Diversions of a Prime Minister.* By Basil Thomson.

**The Dominion Post Office.**

Sir,

The valued *Sentinel* of the 23rd inst., under the caption jottings says: "The operations of the Dominion Post Offices for 1893, resulted in a dead loss of \$647,636." Surely the eagle eye of the junior editor, Truthful James, did not see this. If he did and approve; may be he will give us his candid opinion, whether the Senior Editor's superannuation allowances (leaped?) while he was posing as a government supporter, while James sat on the political fence) comes under the same category.

Surely the friendly shears ought to furnish better material to fill his paper, than a baseless slander on the worst paid, and most beneficial of the Public departments.

Yours

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