

MR. DALTON MCCARTHY

Discusses the Public Questions of the Day with His Constituents.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy has been expressing his views on the questions of the day to his constituents. The following report of his speech is taken from the Toronto Globe:

Speaking of the Curran bridge scandal, he characterized it as the worst piece of robbery he had ever known since he entered public life. The amount which had been stolen was not as large as in the scandals which resulted in the throwing down of Sir Hector Langevin from his high position, but he considered the culpability of Mr. Haggart's department much greater and much plainer and much more brazen. It stood confessed that the country lost over \$200,000 in that one job, and all the defence the minister had made was that he tried to detect the robbers and could not. He had promised to punish the guilty, but more than a year had already gone and nothing had been done toward it. Could there be any doubt, Mr. McCarthy asked, that Contractor St. Louis made contributions to the Conservative election funds, and that Mr. Haggart knew in a general way, although not to the full extent perhaps, what was going on, and expected that some of the money would find its way to the Quebec Conservatives. You remember the pious ejaculation of Sir John Thompson, "Mr. McCarthy said, "when he thanked God that I was no longer a member of his party. Today I can return that pious ejaculation, and I do thank God that I am no longer a member of that party, in which such gigantic frauds are carried on." (Applause.)

Parliament had voted \$750,000 a year for the fast line, and he had voted against it. Did they know, he asked, what the fast line is? It would enable them to go twenty knots an hour, across the Atlantic, and if they did not strike an iceberg or run into a fog, reach Liverpool in five days and some hours. If they did not want to go so fast the line would carry freight. But unfortunately for the scheme, there was already more vessels sailing out of Canada than could find cargoes. What was \$750,000 a year? Well, when they reflected that the controllable expenditure of the country after taking out the sum annually required for debt payment and provincial subsidies amounting to only ten or twelve million dollars it would be seen that the subsidy would make quite a hole in it. In all these matters he had opposed the government; in fact he had voted so often against the government he had no shred of reputation left as an old-line Conservative.

Taking up the tariff question, he opened this branch of his speech with the declaration, "I was, as you all know, a National Policy man, and now I tell you I am for as much free trade as we can get. We would be all the better if we could have it as it is in England. But that is impossible, and so I say that what this country needs now is to get down to a tariff for revenue." The future of Canada he said was in agriculture; some manufacturing there would of course be. He would like to see manufactures, but he did not believe that 90 per cent. of the people should be taxed for the support of 10 per cent. In conclusion he said it looked as if Parliament was about to be dissolved. In the expiring hours of the session the frugal Government, with a deficit in the treasury of a million and a half of dollars, and the public employees not paid their salaries, after giving \$750,000 a year to a fast line of steamers and throwing off \$80,000 a year of taxes on wines, gave \$4,000,000 of the people's money in bonuses to railways to go into wildcat speculation. Such lavish expenditure generally heralded an election. Before resigning his seat he expressed the pleasure he felt at being present. He felt that he owed it to them to give an account of his stewardship although some of them looked upon him a little coldly, he said with a smile, because he had not been steadfast in the party faith. But he would say to them he would sooner go down in the next election crushed by their ballots, than to gain their goodwill as a thick-and-thin party man, voting for what he could not approve of in his conscience and for what was not in the interests of his country. (Cheers.)

Not too Bigoted.

Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, Ont., is considered a great factor in local elections in the big province, and he is, or has been credited with more zeal in his own religion than with charity to his neighbors of the protestant churches. But this view so generally held of the Archbishop cannot be quite correct. The following from a report in the Toronto Mail:

"Archbishop Cleary, at the laying of the corner stone of the Roman Catholic church in Athens, expressed thankfulness to the people for the welcome given. The immensity of the gatherings of various religions to witness the laying of the corner-stone was a testimony of good will. The fund provided for the building of the church consisted for the most part of contributions from the Protestant inhabitants of Athens. Not here only, but also in other places in the archdiocese had the means of erecting Roman Catholic churches been generously supplied by kind Protestant neighbors. When Catholics were few and poor and Protestants were numerous and wealthy, they came with assistance most kindly, and he hoped and fervently prayed that the Heavenly Father would bless them in return for their goodness to them by a copious outpouring of His spiritual gifts upon them, and also an increase of their worldly prosperity.

Work and Genius.

One of our contributors, who is city editor and all-round reporter on a little daily in a town very far west, writes, inclosing what he calls a crude poem: "When a fellow is tearing the liver out of himself in the effort to furnish live copy to an ambitious daily in a somnambulist town, you can't expect him to polish his other and more pretentious stuff. Writing up Populist harangues, red barns, market reports, etc., is a slim diet for the poetic animal. Hence my chaotic fancies out of chaos: exaggerated chaos." Our esteemed contributor should find courage in

the thought that a great deal of the best work in literature has been done by men who, like himself, have been forced to turn the grindstone of hard and uncongenial toil. Dickens wrote "David Copperfield" while pegging away as a shorthand reporter in the gallery of the house of commons. Bret Harte did his best work while drudging on a San Francisco newspaper. John Hay wrote his "Pike County Ballads" while working on a country paper in Illinois, and he has never since written anything so good. Laziness and luxury kill genius, not honest toil.—E.C.

Choice Paragraphs.

The Arizona Kicker is a creature of M Quad's fertile fancy, but it is within the memory of us all when such writing as it ascribed to The Kicker was common enough, especially in the country newspapers of the Western States.

"Our esteemed contemporary" has received the respects of the editor of the opposition sheet in a variety of ways. In 1889 a paper published in Burlington, Kan., printed the following:

"The editor down the street should go to school during the winter months, so that the teacher can learn him something about grammar. We have seen bad writers before, but we never seen one who could crowd so many grammatical erratum into a single sentence."

This is funny enough, in all conscience, no matter how seriously it may have been meant. The man who wrote it probably never knew that he required a dose of his own medicine as badly as the editor whose scalp he was after. A more pointed utterance is this, which was clipped from the editorial columns of The Michigan Log-roller:—

"If journalism be an art, that old 'poofus plaster' of The Mt. Clemens Monitor is a daub; if it were a hogpen, he would be the hog; if it were a foot, he would be the bunion; if it were a hand, he would be a wart; if it were a boil, he would be the core; if it were a head, he would be the dandruff; if it were the nose, he would be the catarrh; if it were a salt well, he would be the odor; if it were a side show, he would be 'the wild Australian child'; if it were a barnyard, he would be the fertilizer; if it were a bed he would be a bedbug; if it were a fly, he would be a flyblow; if it were a tooth he would be a toothpick. Bah! S—seat, you old pole-cat."

It was this sort of thing that Dickins satirized when he told the story of Pott and Slurk and described Pott as writing: "We have added a new wash basin and roller towel to our office. What will the hell-hound of the Gazette say to this renewed evidence of our increased prosperity?"

But the country editor sometimes turned from his occupation of flaying the other fellow to moan over his own woes or rejoice over his own triumphs in a manner that would not be permitted in many papers of today. It is not long since the Benton, Ky., Tribune gave voice to the following editorial wail:—

"When a man is trying to run a country paper with an army press and a hatful of type and seventeen paid-up subscriptions; when he is compelled to skirmish around on the outside of his business to make a living by begging, borrowing or stealing; when he is out of heart, hope, friends and money; in debt, in love and in the middle of a railroad rumpus that will not come to a focus; when he has nothing in the past but remembrance of failure, and nothing in the future but visions of the poorhouse—well, under such circumstances he is in poor shape to assume a virtue he hasn't got, a joy he doesn't feel."

From the Leman, Iowa, Globe the following is taken:—

"We apologize for mistakes made in all former issues, and say they were inexcusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news, and clean the rollers, and set type, and sweep the floor, and pen short items, and fold papers, and write wrappers, and make the paste, and mail the papers, and talk to visitors, and distribute type, and carry water, and saw wood, and read the proofs, and correct the mistakes, and hunt the shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents, and take cussing from the whole force, and tell our subscribers that we need money. We say that we've no business to make mistakes while attending to these little matters, and getting our living on gopher-tail soup flavoured with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar, and a patch on our pants, obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us our paper isn't worth \$1 anyhow, and that he could make a better one."

In a collection of old newspaper paragraphs the following should have a place. It is from The Wharton, Mo., Independent:—

"John Edwin Hawes returned from his trip to his old home in Kentucky, Monday. He brought back a ten-gallon cask of the best old Bourbon local option of which ye editor is the recipient of a big quart bottle."

Occasionally we see such paragraphs as this in the newspapers of today, but they are from the pens of men who are trained in the old school of journalism. Their methods are rapidly dying out, and we should all be glad that this is so. The country editors of today are learning to follow in the footsteps of most of their city brethren, making their papers kindly and good-natured with a proper regard withal for their own dignity and for the demands of good taste. And as newspapers play such an important part in moulding the ideas of the masses, the change that has occurred and is occurring is a matter for congratulation.—

THE SEXTON SEA.

Bliss Carmen contributed to a late Atlantic Monthly a poem on the sea as a grave digger, from which three verses and the chorus are quoted.

Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done,
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him
Is the sexton of the town;
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,
He shovels the dead men down.

But though he delves so fierce and grim,
His honest graves are wide,
As well they know who sleep below
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them into shore,
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Here and There.

It is believed the seventeen-year locusts will finish their business and adjourn before Congress does.

Aluminum is being tried in the saddletrees and stirrups of certain cavalry in the Sudan. The saving of weight thus effected amounts to about six and one-half pounds.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

Gen. Lew Wallace is arranging with his publishers for the publication of a new novel, founded on incidents which happened in the United States. It is said that it is semi-political in character, and that Coxey and his army are to be introduced in it.

Mrs. Bagsby—"You're tipsy again, John. Oh, how I wish all the rum shops were at the bottom of the sea!" Mr. Bagsby—"Maria, I honestly believe you don't love me. I certainly think you would like to see me drowned."—The King's Jester.

J. M. Barrie, author of the delightful "Professor's Love Story," has one of his own, and he is going to marry the heroine of it, Mary Ansell, a successful young actress, who nursed him with most unselfish devotion through his recent dangerous illness.

It was a happy thought to conclude the session of parliament with a resolution congratulating T. R. H. the Duke and Duchess of York upon the birth of such a distinguished baby. But it is singular that nobody has thought of congratulating Prince Edward Albert G. P. A. D., etc., upon being born to such distinguished parents.—Montreal Star.

The English, too, can make bulls. A young lieutenant, says London Truth, going out to India with his regiment, wrote home about the country: "The climate is magnificent, but a lot of young fellows come out here and drink and eat, and eat and drink, and die, and then write home and say it was the climate that did it."—The Catholic Citizen, Milwaukee.

"Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. * * * Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read wholly and with diligence and attention."—Bacon: Of Studies.

According to some recent statistics on the cost of living an Englishman spends on an average \$48 a year for food, a Frenchman \$47, a German \$42, a Spaniard \$33, an Italian \$42 and a Russian \$22. Of meat the Englishman eats 109 pounds a year, the Frenchman 87, the German 64, the Italian 26 and the Russian 51. Of bread the Englishman consumes 380 pounds, the Frenchman 540, the German 560, the Spaniard 480, the Italian 400 and the Russian 635.

Some good stories are going the rounds concerning Sir Matthew Begbie, chief justice of British Columbia, who died the other day. Here is one of them: In 1883 a man was charged in Victoria with having killed another man with a sand-bag, and in the face of the judge's summing-up the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty." This annoyed the chief justice, who at once said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, mind, that is your verdict, not mine. On your conscience will rest the stigma of returning such a disgraceful verdict. Many repetitions of such conduct as yours will make trial by jury a horrible farce, and the city of Victoria a nest of immorality and crime. Go, I have nothing more to say to you."

And then, turning to the prisoner, the chief justice added: "You are discharged. Go and sand-bag some of those jurymen; they deserve it!"—Westminster Gazette.

The happy-go-lucky bachelor was taking his ease most delightfully on the veranda of the hotel, when the lady with five marriageable daughters came and sat down beside him.

"You seem to be very well satisfied with life, Mr. Frisky," she said.

"I am always that, my dear madam," he responded.

"And a bachelor?" she said questioningly.

"That is no argument against it, is it?" he asked.

"I think it must be. But tell me why you have never married."

"I couldn't tell you, I think, if I tried."

"It seems to me that so handsome and cheerful and thrifty a man as you are Mr. Frisky, would have been captured long ago. How have you managed to retain your freedom?"

"Eternal vigilance, my dear madam, is the price of liberty, you know," he replied, bowing himself away as three of the aforesaid daughters joined their mamma.—Detroit Free Press.

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