

THE WIND IN THE CHIMNEY.

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost.
And said, as her teardrops back she forced:
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the children said as they closer drew:
"Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night
through—
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself: "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear, and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the poet listened and smiled, for he
Was man, and woman, and child, all three,
And he said: "It is God's own harmony,
This wind that sings in the chimney."
—Bret Harte.

An Interview with Prof. Goldwin Smith.

(From The London, Eng., Daily Mail, March 8.)

I gave a stout tug to the bell, and the door of Professor Goldwin Smith's old colonial mansion at Toronto was opened for me by an excellent English butler.

"Is Dr. Goldwin Smith at home?" I asked.

"Mr. Goldwin Smith is at home, sir."

I accepted (why should I trouble to understand?) the correction, and a moment later was ushered within the stronghold of the worst-hated, most abused, and least understood man in all the length and breadth of Canada.

Professor Goldwin Smith is a brilliant writer, and an extraordinary—perhaps an extraordinarily perverse—economist. In his personality, therefore, Englishmen may be expected to take some interest.

The Grange is fronted by broad acres and numerous trees, and is, in fact, one of the stately homes built by those early governors who flourished in the days of the last century, when Toronto was famed as Little York.

I could not help seeing on every hand such evidences of culture and wealth as I had been led to expect. I had heard it said, even so far east as Sidney, Cape Breton, "Goldwin Smith's got money, and he's married more; and that's what makes him so independent and dangerous."

Professor Goldwin Smith may have no power, he may not have a single adherent, but his name is a household word in every hole and corner of the dominion. After hearing so much I defy any one not to have shared something more than a sneaking admiration for this man. His courage seemed to me extraordinary. His tenacity must be, perforce, of that bull-dog type which distinguishes the race in the four quarters of the earth, and as I stood in the vestibule of this exquisite old country mansion I could even picture the owner himself in my mind, his indomitable eye, his square, ruddy jaw, his uncompromising aggressiveness. All wrong, of course, hopelessly wrong from the Canadian standpoint, but in spirit how admirable, how truly British!

Then, hat in hand, my eye roved upwards, and suddenly dwelt on three portraits hanging on the wall. The reader will understand later how they shocked me, and still dazed from the contemplation of these three portraits, I followed the butler into the presence of the Professor.

A great gaunt form sidled rather than walked towards me, a hand was put out which gripped mine clammily, and I sought vainly a pair of eyes in the parchment-like visage on a level with my own. Here was shock No. 2.

I may faithfully report the ensuing interview: but if ever hero or staunch fighter was belied in face and manner, that man is Professor Goldwin Smith. Not once in the course of a protracted conversation did our eyes meet, yet that shifting glance, that ochre-hued forehead, that incessant twitching of the lip, revealed to me more than one hour before I would have cared to believe in a year of argument.

Goldwin Smith is an old man. He is embittered by failure, perhaps, but there is no mistaking one truth—he is a dyspeptic; as great a victim of dyspepsia as was Thomas Carlyle.

Canada, and not Canada alone, but the whole British Empire, nor yet only that, but everything, every topic that I broached (and they ranged from the weather to the dress of people) appeared to the professor veiled in a sickly green mist. Goldwin Smith has the reputation of being a good host. It is a singular ambition for one of his temperament—but he actually desires people to think well of him! Notabilities who visit Toronto are invariably entertained on a scale of magnificence at The Grange—as if it were the calculation of the man to disarm those critics who call him morose and small-minded—as if it were an attempt to atone for the palsy of his policy by the ostentatious princeliness of his purse. There are neighbors who call these strange displays of hospitality a contradiction of nature: there are others less charitable who declare that Goldwin Smith merely puts on a domino and mask. Had I caught this mar without his stage accoutrements?

We naturally began to discourse first about the city, of its beauties and its prospects. "Toronto," I observed, "is a very fine place.

It looks prosperous, and its future seems very great."

My interlocutor shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot see that it has any future, any good future," he said, "unless—I had an inkling of what was coming—the present political conditions of Canada are altered."

"You refer to annexation to the United States?"

"I speak of political union. And what I assert of Toronto, I assert of Ontario, and of Canada at large. This false trade policy, fostered by a mistaken patriotism, must soon be revealed for what it is. We are on the eve of a crisis. Our resources are now pretty well all known. We have no longer great tracts of land to give away, and the land we have under tillage is deteriorating for lack of proper, scientific husbandry. Our people, and especially the people of this Province of Ontario, are filled with secret despair by the outlook."

"Yet everywhere, professor, they profess themselves contented, and express a belief in Canada's continued prosperity."

"Sir, the people you see are not the representative people, and even if they were, their public professions cannot be a guarantee of their inmost thoughts. Ah, if I could only," (and here he rose and began rummaging in a great oaken desk) "if I could only show you the number of letters I have received recently I would convince you of the existence of a totally different state of affairs. Some are from old and once opulent settlers, the occupiers of ancestral farms who dread, in the face of the present wave of foolish so-called imperialistic sentiment, to speak their minds openly. One of them declares that if an honest opinion could be taken, nearly all the farmers in his county would be found annexationists at heart. The thing is so reasonable; for where is our natural market?"

Being thus pressed, I replied, not without misgivings, that Great Britain and the colonies were believed by the wisest and most far-seeing economists to be Canada's best market for many reasons, but chiefly because that Canada could grow advantageously the things which other parts of the Empire could not. "You are wrong; our natural market is the United States," declared the professor. "There is no blinking our eyes to this fact. Our sheep and our barley are instances of products which are peculiar to Canada, but which cannot thrive owing to the tariff duties. As a state of the American Union, and no longer an appendage of Great Britain, Ontario would prosper. As a province of Canada she is rapidly becoming a disastrous failure."

"But the dairy business, professor, surely it prospers, and will prosper more? Britain pays \$65,000,000 a year for butter? Why should Canada not make a greater bid for this trade?"

"The export of cheese is large, it is true, but it is because of the crass stupidity of Englishmen. Why should they take Canadian cheese, or butter or eggs? Why do they not produce these things themselves? It is idle to suppose they will go on importing such products, or that the conservatism of the British agriculturist will endure for ever."

"And the mines of Canada, Professor?"

"There may be something in them, but what that something is remains to be seen. But even suppose our mines to be productive where is the output of lead and copper to be sent? No; there is the political border and its consequent tariff to stand between us and prosperity."

Certainly there is no silver lining to this cloud—all was bleak, all was chill, all was barren.

To believe Professor Goldwin Smith, the great Dominion is in a bad way. But one magic work will command for it that the gates of prosperity be opened. That magic word is Annexation—annexation to the States.

There is no theme I suggested, but what the sunshine of it went clean out and away when Professor Goldwin Smith bought his intellect to bear upon that theme. Here was an Englishman, a scholar, a fellow of an Oxford college, and yet something which an Englishman should not be, but, alas! occasionally is, a dyspeptic and a pessimist. Now, when a Briton becomes a dyspeptic, he is more than half way on the road to becoming a Yankee.

Yet Goldwin Smith once had a great and honorable career before him.

Again I stood in the vestibule, and those three portraits I have mentioned once more met my eye. What did they here in the gallery? What mortal use had Goldwin Smith for George III. and Pitt and Nelson? Could it be irony, or is he, as I heard said, acting a part? Has he clung obstinately to this dream of annexation because it was the dream of his eueptic youth? or is this a case of traitor and patriot combined a Pitt-and-Nelson Jekyll and a Bryan-and-Coxey Hyde? BECKLES WILLSON.

PROOF FROM THE PEOPLE.

Mr. Geo. Buskin, missionary for the International Mission in Algoma and North-West. He writes:—"I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been to me a wonderful, soothing, speedy and effectual remedy. It has been my companion for several years during the labors and exposures of my missionary work in Algoma. Well it is for old and young to have it in store against the time of need, which so often comes without warning."

GEO. BUSKIN, Missionary, Toronto, Ont.

Neglect of the hair often destroys its vitality and natural hue, and causes it to fall out. Before it is too late, apply Hall's Hair Renewer; as a sure remedy.

Prince Bismarck's Story.

Prince Bismarck told a story the other day of the battlefield of Koniggratz. The old Emperor—then King of Prussia—had exposed himself and his staff to the enemy's fire, and would not hear of retreating to a safe distance. At last Prince Bismarck rode up to him, saying, "As responsible Minister, I must insist upon your Majesty were to be killed the victory would be of no use to us." The king saw the force of this and slowly retreated, but in his zeal returned again and again to the front. "When I noticed it," Prince Bismarck went on, "I only rose in my saddle and looked at him. He understood perfectly and called out, rather angrily, 'I am coming!' But we did not get on fast enough, and at last I rode up close to the king, took my foot out of the right stirrup, and secretly gave his horse a kick. Such a thing had never before happened to the fat mare, but the move was successful, for she set off in a fine canter."

SHOW THEM UP TO THE PUBLIC.

As the public—particularly the ladies—are so often swindled by profit-loving merchants and dealers, it is well that people should have an example of what is done in the sale of certain package dyes for home dyeing.

The makers of common and adulterated, package dyes sell their crude colors to the retail merchants at a cost of four cents per packet, and the public who buy these deception dyes are made to pay ten cents for them. A handsome profit indeed for Mr. Storekeeper! No wonder he uses every endeavor to sell and substitute his poor dyes for the famous and reliable Diamond Dyes.

The Diamond Dyes, that all live and honorable dealers in Canada and sell, cast a good deal more money, yet the public get them for ten cents, which only allows the dealer a fair profit.

But mark the difference, ladies! The cheap dyes are really worthless, and are made for the profit of the manufacturer and the dealer, while Diamond Dyes are made for the profit, pleasure and blessing of every home dyer.

A few of the uses to which common salt may be put are worthy of note.

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups. Salt and soda are excellent for bee-stings and spider bites.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on carpet will help in removing the spot.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

MAN AND WIFE IN DISTRESS.

From Chronic Catarrh—But Instantaneous Relief Follows the First Application of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—Don't Neglect the Simplest Cold in the Head, It May Develop Into this Disgusting Malady Almost Before You Can Realize it.

Rev. Dr. Bochrer of Buffalo says: "My wife and I were both troubled with distressing catarrh, but we have enjoyed freedom from this aggravating malady since the day we first used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Its action was instantaneous, giving the most grateful relief within ten minutes after first application. We consider it a godsend to humanity, and believe that no case can be so chronic or deeply seated that it will not immediately relieve and permanently cure."—Sold by Garden Bros.

A Scott Act Fracas.

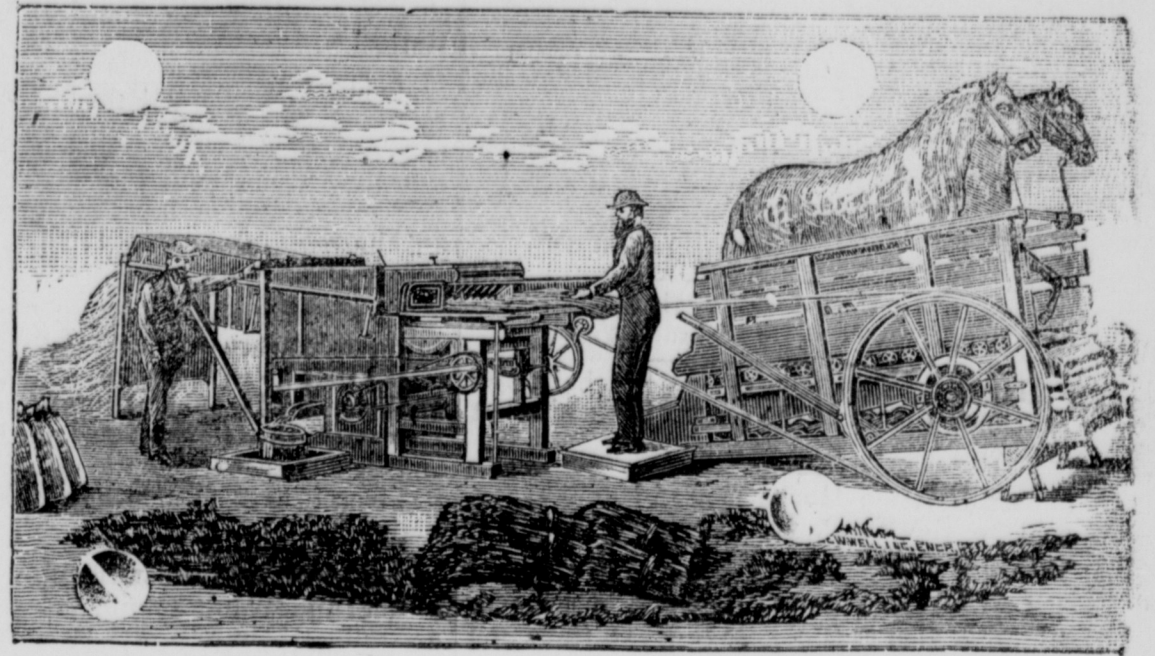
The Amherst News says:—"Ex-Policeman Andrew MacDonald was brought from the Joggins Saturday in irons on a warrant for non-payment of a Scott Act fine. It seems that MacDonald has been running a low saloon at the Joggins and many complaints have been received by the inspector. Finally a case was entered and a conviction secured but the fine was not paid. Saturday morning Inspector Casey and Constable Soy went to the Joggins to bring their man to jail. This proceeding MacDonald did not at all relish and as there was bad blood between him and Soy he determined to resist. A struggle ensued, Casey tripped the contestants in the ditch and there the handcuffs were placed on MacDonald. In the fracas MacDonald kicked Casey severely in the groin and thigh. MacDonald was very abusive and Soy is said to have slapped him on the mouth. MacDonald asked leave to call at McClary's store to see about money to pay the fine, and after getting in there he proceeded to make trouble and had to be hustled out. They brought him to Maclean a prisoner where he called on a friend and got enough money to pay his fine."

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What the People Say.



Mactaquacy, York Co., N. B. [A] 29, 189

Messrs. Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Gentlemen,—Having used one of your Threshing Machines for a number of years, I can say that it did the work to my entire satisfaction. It is not only easy on horses, but does not waste any grain and cleans well, and always took the lead wherever I worked. I threshed 10,000 a year for 4 years and it did not cost me fifty cents for repairs.

Yours truly, WM. GRAHAM.

Scotch Settlement.

Tracey's Mills, N. B.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

Dear Sirs,—I think that the Little Giant Thresher and Sowing Machine is the best that is put out. I had a share in one in 1894 and earned about \$500 with her.

Yours truly, G. W. STILES.

Whitney, Northesk, N. B. Mar. 1, 1895.

Small & Fisher, Woodstock:

DEAR SIRS,—I have been using your Thresher for six years, and it has given perfect satisfaction. I consider your Machine the best in the Maritime Provinces, as it is so easy on the horses, cleans well and feeds very easily. I can recommend it to the public as being first class.

Yours truly, DAVID WHITNEY.

North Tay, N. B., March 11th, 1896

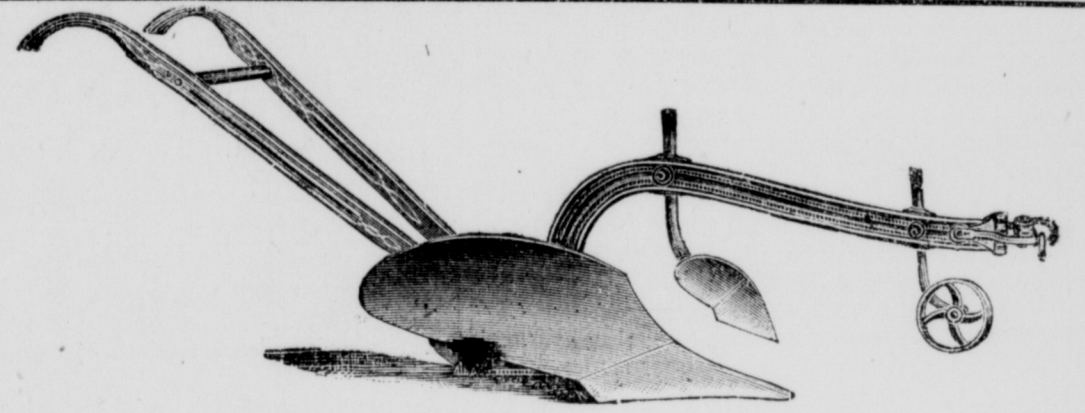
Small & Fisher, Woodstock.

Sirs,—We have run one of your Threshers for the past five years, and it gives good satisfaction both in threshing and cleaning, and in that time have not lost an hour for breakage. We are also well satisfied with the Wood Cutter.

Yours respectfully, DAVID DELUCRY.

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