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RICHIBUCTO, N. B. NOV. 14, 1901

THE NEW NATIONAL HOLIDAY.

The British Empire, east and west, north and south, the world over was called upon last Saturday to celebrate a new holiday—the birthday of King Edward VII.

The passing away of a monarch so deeply entrenched in the affections of her subjects as was Queen Victoria would under most forms of government cause something of a panic in the commercial world, but while it brought deep grief to her subjects, Queen Victoria's death brought no anxiety regarding the succession.

The resignation of Richard Croker as Sachem of Tammany is the most complete admission that Tammany can be reformed from the outside, for nothing but defeat could prompt the reorganizing of a political club whose name has come to represent the lowest stratum in practical politics and whose leaders have enriched themselves not only at the expense of the city but as the result of a cold blooded system of licensing vice of all sorts for private gain.

New York has redeemed itself by the overthrow of Tammany.

There were no Canadian winter ports to ship horses from until the liberal party abandoned the tory system of subsidizing Portland, Me., as the winter port of Canada.

The excitement over the small-pox situation in the southern end of the province is as hysterical as it was here in the northern counties two years ago. There is no need for cowardly panic. Our religion should teach us not to be so afraid even of the most fatal disease, and the present type of smallpox is by no means deadly.

TAMMANY'S OVERTHROW.

That New York is a cosmopolitan city is evidenced by the world interest shown in her municipal politics. No greater interest has been shown in the results of the national elections in the United States by foreign people than was exhibited in the result of the New York city elections last week. It was certainly a picturesque contest. On one side was Tammany the greatest political organization that has ever dominated a city's affairs. Tammany the great, Tammany the wicked. On the other side was a combination of political and moral forces supporting the Fusion ticket. A burying of political differences to beat a common enemy, for the Fusion or anti-Tammany forces represented both Democratic revolt and Republican opposition. In fact the Fusion candidates were about equally Republican and Democratic, while the organization was more largely Republican.

The contest we say was picturesque. It was a fight to the finish between practical politicians whose only idea was to give the more ignoble elements the license which they term liberty, and those with higher ideals of political morality than those to which New York has been accustomed. It was a contest between the upper and lower strata of New York civic life, between the American and foreign elements, for Tammany is to a very large extent representative of the foreign element in New York.

And the ending was a fitting climax for Tammany in spite of its perfect organization was routed and a more perfect victory for right against wrong, for decency over the traders on licensed vice can scarcely be imagined. Not only was Mr. Seth Low, the President of Columbia University, elected Mayor, but almost the entire Fusion ticket was equally successful. Justice Jerome, perhaps the most picturesque feature of the campaign, proved the justice of his claim that the decent people of New York were in a majority and as the new administrator of law and order will have an excellent opportunity to put into practical effect his views on moral reform in a city little accustomed to restraint.

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SNAP SHOTS.

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The manufacturers are still after more protection. Canada is doing nicely on the present tariff. The farmers are feeling a prosperity that they never experienced under a high tariff and are a unit for letting well enough alone.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

The conservative press is labouring under a mistaken impression that the memory of the people is as short as its own, and that the distance of time lends such enchantment to the scenes of the past that all the blunders and boondoggling, all the misgovernment, and worst of all the ruthless neglect of Canadian interests during that long period from 1878 to 1896, has been forgotten. When the people of Canada on June 23rd, 1896, overthrew the tory oligarchy that was suppressing their enterprise and progress, they turned down the political page on a dreary period of the country's national history. But they have not forgotten the record that disgraces the turned down page, even if the experience of better and brighter times in the past five years has effaced to a great extent the bitterness that the people might naturally feel towards political leaders who had betrayed their trust. Let the dead past bury its dead—so long as these faithless trustees do not presume upon the nation's generosity by a pretense that it has all been forgotten.

In the past week a portion of the conservative press has been shedding crocodile tears over what it calls the neglect of Canadian interests by the present administration at Ottawa in permitting the shipment from a foreign port of horses purchased for the Imperial army in South Africa. Apart from the fact that the action complained of was that of the British War Office for which the Laurier Administration could in no sense be held responsible, it now appears that the government had not been passing unnoticed the action of the British war office, but had made representations of the unfairness of utilizing an American port for the shipment of Canadian horses. Yet in spite of this the St. John Sun has the following comment:—

"The Imperial government can have no possible reason for desiring to ship horses from Portland rather than St. John. Nor is it right to blame the war office for action that was advised from this side, or which was decided upon without advice to the contrary from this side. The action which the government at Ottawa is taking now should have been taken last year, when Portland was first mentioned as the port of shipment for these horses."

Where the impertinence of this comment lies is in the fact that up to 1896 the British government had never been made sufficiently acquainted with the products of Canada to know that this country could furnish the horses, hay, oats, canned goods, saddlery and the hundred and one things which are to-day being purchased by the war office in Canada. So intent was the conservative government in keeping up the fiction of the national policy creating out

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of this agricultural country a great manufacturing emporium, that the natural resources of Canada were discouraged and belittled. So that not until 1896 did the world discover the possibilities of Canada.

It was but in line with their policy that up to 1896 the Conservative government had not discovered that Canada had any national ports during the close of navigation of the St. Lawrence. From November until May the Conservatives allowed Portland, Boston and New York to absorb the trade which now passes through St. John and Halifax without the slightest effort to retain it. Nay more, the conservative government even subsidized the foreign port of Portland, Me., with hundreds of thousands of dollars of mail subsidies. All this imbecile and unpatriotic policy was promptly reversed by the defeat of the conservatives in 1896 and the assumption of power by a business administration.

In view of these plain facts from the bitter story of the past, our readers can realize that the conservative press is simply adding insult to the injury of a past indifference in attempting to make political capital out of the matter of the horse shipments. The prompt action of the Laurier administration has brought this trade to St. John, but the impertinence of the conservative press is only brought out into greater prominence by its failure to make political capital.

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VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 8.—The steamer Queen Adelaide arrived this morning after a stormy passage of 20 days from Kobe, Japan. From the Japanese port she brought news of the loss of the steamer Tsuruhiko Maru, a 2,000-ton vessel, which ran on the rocks off Goto Island on October 11. The crew of 50 were drowned. The steamer was carrying coal from Kobe to Hong Kong.

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ESAU BUCK AND THE BUCKSAW.

The Bucksaw, the Sawsaw and the Buck That Saw Esau Saw.

An old farmer of Arkansas, whose sons had all grown up and left him, hired a young man of the name of Esau Buck to help him on his farm. On the evening of the first day they hauled up a small load of poles for wood and unloaded them between the garden and the barnyard.

The next morning the old man said to the hired man, "Esau, I am going to town today, and while I am gone you may saw up that wood and keep the old ram out of the garden."

When the old man had gone, Esau went out to saw the wood, but when he saw the saw he wouldn't saw it. When Esau saw the saw, he saw that he couldn't saw it with that saw. Esau looked around for another saw, but that was the only saw he saw, so he didn't saw it. When the old man came home, he says to Esau, "Esau, did you saw the wood?" Esau said, "I saw the wood, but I wouldn't saw it, for when I saw the saw I saw that I couldn't saw with that saw, so I didn't saw it." The old man went out to see the saw, and when he saw the saw he saw that Esau couldn't saw with that saw. When Esau couldn't saw with that saw, Esau picked up the ax and chopped up the wood and made a sawsaw. The next day the old man went to town and bought a new bucksaw for Esau Buck, and when he came home he hung the bucksaw for Esau Buck on the sawbuck by the sawsaw.

Just at this time Esau Buck saw the old buck in the garden eating cabbage, and when driving him from the garden to the barnyard Esau Buck saw the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the sawsaw, and Esau stopped to examine the new bucksaw. Now when the old buck saw Esau Buck looking at the new bucksaw on the sawbuck by the sawsaw he made a dive for Esau, missed Esau, hit the sawsaw, knocked the sawsaw against Esau Buck, who fell on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the sawsaw. Now when the old man saw the old buck dive at Esau Buck and miss Esau and hit the sawsaw and knock the sawsaw against Esau and Esau Buck fall on the bucksaw on the sawbuck by the sawsaw he picked up the ax to kill the old buck, but the buck saw him coming and dodged the blow and countered on the old man's stomach, knocked the old man over the sawsaw on to Esau Buck, who was getting up with the bucksaw off the sawbuck by the sawsaw, crippled Esau Buck, broke the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the sawsaw.

Now when the old buck saw the completeness of his victory over the old man and Esau Buck and the bucksaw and the sawbuck and the sawsaw he quietly turned around, went back and jumped into the garden again and ate up what was left of the old man's cabbage.

THE BEEHIVE. A good supply of empty combs is half the battle in beekeeping. Arrange the hives so that all dampness can be kept away from them. Submitting combs to the fumes of burning sulphur will rid them of moths. Worker bees are dwarfed female bees, so small that they never become impregnated and lay no eggs. Good sealed honey and that gathered during the first of the season is always best for winter feeding. Bees do not like to be hastily handled and will repel all quick motions. Therefore move quietly in handling them. While bees will live with very little attention or expense, yet to make them profitable they must have good care. Many bees are lost by not being able to reach the entrances of hives that are set up some distance from the ground. There is a great difference in stocks of bees, so much so that it is almost impossible to find two stocks exactly alike. Comb building ceases at the winding up of the honey flow at any season of the year. Bees are not known to secrete wax and build comb at any time other than when they are gathering honey or being fed.

A Tense Imbroiglio. The train had just recommenced its journey toward Pedale. "What did the porter say was the next station?" asked one passenger of another. "Excuse me," said passenger No. 2, "you mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know." "You're wrong. What it was, wasn't it? Is it was, but was not necessarily is." "Now you're getting ridiculous," said the second speaker irritably. "What was is, and what is is. Is was is, or is was?" "Don't be foolish! What may be is, but is is not was. Is was was, but it was was is, then it isn't is, or was wasn't was. It was is, was is was, isn't it? But if it is was, then—" "Listen. Is is, was was, and is was, and was is; therefore is was is, and was was, and is is was." "Shut up, will you! I've gone by my station already!" And there was a silence for awhile.

Resourceful. "There was one occasion," said the train robber who was exchanging reminiscences with his companions, "when I came pretty near letting a chance go by." "But your presence of mind saved you?" "Exactly. I had boarded a train and discovered that I had carelessly left all my firearms behind me. But the Black Raven Ranger was not to be daunted. I took the porter's white jacket and whisk broom. It was a little slow, but I got all there was before I quit."

Equal to Any Emergency. The story is told of the late Du Maurier that when a young man in Paris he was one day waited upon in his studio by a model who later became famous for her great beauty. "What do you sit for?" asked the young artist patronizingly. The model looked round the room and elevated her nose. "Oh," she said, "for anything that you like, sir; landscape, if necessary."

A Miraculous Survivor. Hobbs-Tubbins is the most remarkable man I know. Hobbs—In what way? Hobbs—He weighs about 180 pounds, and according to his own account he never eats anything but hasn't had a good night's sleep for 17 years.—Chicago Herald.