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W. H. THURSTON,

Editor and Proprietor.

MR. WIMAN AND THE DESTINY OF CANADA.

Some time ago Mr. Erastus Wiman, of New York, wrote a pamphlet, headed with the inquiry, "What is the Destiny of Canada?" In the pamphlet Mr. Wiman does not reply satisfactorily to his own query, but it may be deduced from his writing that he believes Canada will eventually become merged in the identity of the republic to the south of us. It is Mr. Wiman's dearest wish that this should be the case. For years he has been spending time and money with a lavish hand to bring about the consummation so devoutedly wished by him. Why is he doing this? What are his motives? One cannot imagine that they are purely philanthropic, although Mr. Wiman has the fame of being a philanthropist in certain lines. Even if his pet wishes were gratified, we cannot understand why posterity would have just cause for looking upon this gentleman in anything approaching the light of a great philanthropist and therefore, in the estimation of this paper, we must look further for a motive. Mr. Wiman is also ambitious—none more so. His whole life has taught us that. His success in a financial sense has been remarkable, and satisfactory to himself, and now that he has climbed to the pinnacle of prosperity he finds that the eyes of humanity have not followed him with quite the amount of admiration which his longing soul desires. Therefore to chain the attention of the people on this continent for all time his massive brain has produced a gigantic scheme which, if consummated, would cause his name to be connected indelibly with the history of this continent. This may not be a charitable view, but when all the facts are taken into consideration we feel positive that it is a just one. The knowledge that Mr. Wiman is anything but a second Sir Moses Montefiore in private life lends additional and telling evidence that he is not the genuine philanthropist in this crusade which his disciples would have us believe.

What are his methods? They are worthy of a master mind in some respects, and prove that he is a diplomatist of no mean order. His tactics are cunningly wrought out in magazine articles, speeches, manipulation of his own telegraph wires, pamphlets scattered broadcast, political banquets, etc. He misses no opportunity of glorifying the "magnificent prospects of Canada," to American eyes, and the "unlimited markets of the United States" to Canadians. The United States is to feed upon Canada, and Canada is to grow fat under the operation. It is plainly a case of "dog eat dog," only in this instance each dog is expected to fatten off the other dog. It is a strange theory, this which Mr. Wiman advances, but he relies upon the belief that he can make us believe that Canadians are the ones to whom the banquet will be served, and the people of the United States vice versa. The day of such tactics is happily numbered. The press of to-day renders them impossible of achievement, through its exposures. Mr. Wiman's sophistry has been exposed and its effects have been nullified.

Foiled in his dearest wish, Mr. Wiman then advocated commercial union and continued his crusade on a different line, and in this he has met with greater success, being reinforced by the body politic called Reformers, who have only lately declared themselves champions of Unrestricted Reciprocity, or in other words Commercial Union. Since that declaration one significant battle has been fought—that of Richelieu—in which Mr. Massue, Conservative, defeated Mr. Beauchemin, champion of Unrestricted Reciprocity, by a largely increased majority over the former election, of Mr. Labelle, in 1887. This is only one of the many blows which will shortly be struck against Mr. Wiman's "fad," and that gentleman, though still hopeful, will no doubt shortly be brought to an acute knowledge of the fact that Canada is capable of working out her own destiny without foreign interference or speculative theorizing on the part of American fame-hunters. Her destiny, too, will not be what Mr. Wiman desires. She is drifting farther away from that goal every day—gaining a better knowledge of her own powers, her own importance and privileges. Mr. Wiman may dream of annexation and walk in a somnambulistic state from the Gulf of California to the Arctic ocean, and call it all a continent republic, with himself as President, but that will not make it one. Canada has an identity which she is not going to dispose of for a mess of pottage.

SANCTUM SKETCHES.

A newspaper man comes in contact with all the different patterns of mankind which an all-wise Providence has blocked out, and they are manifold. The portly gentleman, jolly, happy, self-satisfied, walks in and planks down his dollar for the newspaper with an air of pride in the knowledge that he is about to make for the year his best investment. Mr. Vinegar Visage walks slowly in after him and tries to persuade the editor that his paper is only worth seventy-five cents, but at last grumblingly loosens his miserly grasp of the dollar and leaves behind him when departing an air of discontentment and an odor of niggardliness. Then comes a bashful young man, and even before he enters the door you are safe to wager that he either wishes to subscribe for his sweetheart, who lives away off, or has a mile or two of fresh, juicy poetry for the waste basket. We have also met the man who is two years behind in his subscription, and who walks in with an air of assurance and informs you that the label on his paper is wrong, and that he holds at home your receipt, but forgot to bring it with him. In nine cases out of ten that man is a borrower of the truth and a trader in fiction, or his negligence in not having the error corrected is unpardonable. There are some seven hundred and sixteen other types of humanity which the country editor meets, but the fiction-monger downs them all.

Talking about liars, you will find them in every walk of life. They have even been discovered in the newspaper profession. It is so rarely that this occurs, however, that a case of the kind is worthy of note. We met a newspaper man in Toronto two years ago who had traveled all over this wide world. He had personally inspected the torrid sands of Africa, the crystal slopes of Enderby Land and Iceland; had been shipwrecked and was the only surviving person out of 315 souls; was at one time Postmaster-General of the State of Kentucky for twelve hours through an accident. These reminiscences were highly entertaining, but the author went a step too far. We swallowed them all with a gullibility born of innocence until he tried to choke down our thorax a charming tale of a fishing picnic which he enjoyed in the Highlands of Scotland, in company with the daughters of the late General Gordon, who died at Khartoum (peace be to his ashes), when we became suspicious that our literary friend was a blooming imposter. General Gordon was never married, and therefore his daughters were myths. We have never since spoken to that literary gentleman, and never intend to. He borrowed two dollars from us on the strength of that story, and the last heard from him he was heading for Honolulu by rail—on foot. He left a few of his relatives behind. 'Tis sad to think we will never again see him, but it is pleasant to remember that the way of the liar is hard. We detest liars, and never indulge in flights of fancy ourselves. Ahem!

Our School.

To the Editor of The Advance.

I noticed a short paragraph in your paper regarding a teacher for our school, mentioning her name, and I presume, excepting one or two persons, it receives a general endorsation.

Irreproachable in character, industrious, and determined to succeed in a calling she has voluntarily selected, and one in which her delight would be to excel, make it mysterious why she is not the choice. Then, too, raised from infancy among us, adds another reason why we should do honor to one of our own. But so far as is learned, the prevailing idea is that a person holding a higher grade certificate *must* be had, as if the ability to teach consisted in the certificate held, but the school law determines that a person holding a third class certificate covers the ground required, and therefore as to ability, it depends on the *kind* of teacher you happen to get.

The pokey trustees think a higher grade and more pay is the panacea for weakly irresolute teachers. But seriously, will the ratepayers calmly submit to be taxed more for school purposes than at present? I think not. Burdened with the new school house and grounds, one is astonished that there can be a man found in the school section to propose such a thing. One thing is well known, that Dr. Christoe was elected purely upon the ground that taxes in this direction should be curtailed. It will be curious to know what his position is in this matter. To my mind it is infinitely better to employ a person who is well known, all other things being equal, than one that is not. At any rate the village must see that the taxes are kept down. RATEPAYER.

Inistioge.

From our own Correspondent.

Mr. Geo. Johnson, sr., died suddenly at his residence here on Wednesday morning last. As was his custom, Mr. Johnson got up at an early hour for the purpose of kindling the fire, but before reaching the stove he was seized with a feeling of weakness and called upon his son for help which was promptly given, but before the son had time to lay his father back upon the bed from which he had risen but a moment previous, apparently in good health, his spirit had winged its flight. Mr. Johnson was a good friend and neighbor. In politics he was a staunch Conservative. He was upwards of eighty years of age, and was one of those hardy old pioneer north of Ireland men, who cheated death so long. Mr. Wm. Chambers, of Owen Sound, was present at the funeral.

One day last week a freight car was sidetracked here, consigned to local business men. The first half of the goods unloaded was barrels of beer for our hotel keepers, and the other half was coffins for Messrs. Hills & Dillingham, the undertakers. Significant car-load that! The beer keg has been rolling ahead of the coffin, and the coffin sliding as fast as it can after the beer keg, for the last three hundred years, and they are constant companions and sworn allies yet.—[Pickering News.

A GIFT!

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

In order to secure another thousand subscribers before January next we have decided to make a great sacrificial offer for the balance of this year.

We have made arrangements with a publisher whereby we are enabled to make a magnificent gift to all our subscribers. We offer you your own choice from a list of splendid books, printed in clear type on good paper, or a monthly farmer's magazine for one year, upon the following terms: Every new subscriber remitting one dollar to us between the date of this circular and Jan. 1 next will receive The Advance for 1890 and balance of this year free, and may also select one from our list of books. And in order that all may fare alike we offer to our old subscribers, who will send in any arrearages and the dollar in advance for next year, *before, or on Jan. 1, 1890*, a choice from the appended list of books.

N. B.—The books will not be delivered until after Jan. 1, next, in order that all may be sent out at one time. Where they are to be sent by mail five cents extra must be sent with the order, to pay postage.

This is a bona fide gift, made as an experiment, and the most liberal ever made by a local newspaper. The names will be enrolled as received and the books delivered in that order. Here is the list:

1 THE AMERICAN FARMER, monthly, for one year.
2 A House of Tears, by E Downey.
3 Sara Crewe and Edith's Burglar, by Francis Hodgson Burnett.
4 The Abbey Murder, by Joseph Hatton.
5 The Argonauts of North Liberty, by Bret Harte.
6 The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax, by Mrs F. H. Burnett.
7 Dr. Glennie's Daughter, by B. L. Farjeon.
8 A Mere Child, by L. B. Walford.
9 The Queen's Token, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey.
10 A Missing Husband, by George R. Sims.
11 The Earl's Wife, same author.
12 An Algonquin Maiden, by G. Mercer Adam and R. Wetherald.
13 Heaven and Hell, by E. Swedenborg.
14 Stranger than Fiction, by Kenneth Lee.
15 The Story of an African Farm, by Ralph Iron.
16 John Ward, Preacher, by Margaret Deland.
17 Buffalo Bill, by Ned Buntline.
18 Michael Strogoff, by Jules Verne.
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20 Maria Monk.
21 Robert Elsmere, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
22 Rudder Grange, by Frank R. Stockton.
23 Ten Nights in a Barroom, by T. S. Arthur.
24 A Dangerous Catspaw, a detective story.
25 Helen's Babies, by Habberton.
26 Ben Hur, by General Lew Wallace.
27 Seaside Cook Book.
28 Day's Ready Reckoner, complete.
29 Chesterfield's Letter Writer and Etiquette, Complete.

Remember these two facts: You secure what is admittedly the best local paper in Grey, and get a present of another dollar paper or a book to while away the winter evenings. Our offer only holds good up to and including Jan. 1, 1890. Such another offer will, in all likelihood, never be made again. Do not put off sending in your orders until the last moment.

W. H. THURSTON,
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Flesherton, Sept. 24, 1889.

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