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THE GUELPH WEEKLY HERALD

And Get the Balance of this Year

THE GUELPH WEEKLY HERALD

H. GUMMER, Publisher and Proprietor

THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 5

CANADA'S PROGRESS.

Exports for the first four months of the current fiscal year, \$16,816,464; corresponding period last year, \$16,820,686; increase, \$4,647,778; imports for the same period last year, \$14,643,174; same period this year, \$19,055,986; increase, \$4,412,812.

Such, in brief, is the grand record of Canada's trade. The quarter's returns were of a most cheering nature, but with another month added the outlook is better than ever. The increase in the exports may be considered extraordinary, the October figures alone showing an augmentation of \$2,700,000. The following is the statement:

Produce of the mine	\$ 5,179,793
Produce of the forest	3,319,957
Animals and their products	3,319,957
Agricultural products	3,319,957
Manufactures	5,179,793
Mineral products	5,179,793
Coal and fuel	5,179,793
Total	\$16,816,464

The value of mineral products is about the same as October '88; the fisheries show an increase of \$300,000; forest, \$300,000; animals and their products, \$300,000; manufactures, \$110,000; agricultural products being about the same. The duty collected on imports in the respective four months of the years: 1889, \$3,442,533; 1888, \$3,277,179.

A TRIBUTE TO MR. W. R. MEREDITH.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard, in his paper, the Toronto Saturday Night, last week, made reference to the recent election in West Lambton, in the course of his remarks speaking of the leader of the Opposition as follows:—"To raise any clamor at this moment for the deposition of Mr. Meredith is certainly not in good taste. The Opposition and their organs have long been acquainted with the fact that he regards property and the right government of the Province as more important than his own promotion or the obtaining of power by the party of which he is leader. He is too fair-minded to take advantage of his opponents, too large-hearted to be ungenerous to anyone, too genial to make a prize fighter, and too conscientious to be either a premier or a political thug. In all my acquaintance, which from itinerancy and contact with a large number of public men is not inconsiderable, I have not known a more lovable, more beautiful character than that of William Ralph Meredith. He is one of those occasional products of a country which by reason of rarity are misunderstood. A man of those pure-minded men who take no pleasure in evil associations, a man who never takes a drink of intoxicants, and yet is never heard of as a temperance advocate, a man who never swears or uses improper language, and yet does not pose as a Christian politician, truthful, honest, loved by his neighbors, respected by his enemies, there are few men like him in Canada. A loyal friend, unassuming, radical in his opinions, thoroughly democratic, an able lawyer, everything that we should imagine the people would esteem; stalwart, handsome in figure and face, noticeable in any company as a distinguished man, one can hardly imagine why he is not the hero of the people, whose cause he has always championed, whose friend he has always been."

AN ABSURD IDEA.

The Hamilton Spectator points out the absurdity of Mr. Wiman's commercial union scheme in the following:—"Let us suppose for the sake of argument that Mr. Wiman could show commercial union to be desirable. He cannot do it, but let us just suppose for a moment that he could do so, and let us suppose that the consent of the people of Canada and of the United States were secured. It cannot be secured, but let us suppose that it could be. How does Mr. Wiman propose to put commercial union into operation?"

1. Will he permit the United States tariff to remain as it is, and the Canadian tariff to remain as it is? It is quite certain that could not be done, because in that case all imports into the United States would come by the way of Canada and in order to pay the lower Canadian duty. It is very evident that this proposal is absolutely impracticable.

2. Would he lower the United States tariff to an equality with that of Canada? If that should be done, it is very evident that the revenue would not suffice for the needs of both countries. So that that scheme will not work.

Nothing remains but to increase the Canadian tariff to uniformity with that of the United States, which is about 50 per cent higher than our present tariff. As duties on trade between Canada and the United States would be lost, the total customs revenue would not exceed the present

customs revenue of the United States, which average less than \$200,000,000 a year. Canada's share would be one-thirtieth or say \$16,000,000 a year. Our present tariff yields from \$22,000,000 to \$25,000,000 a year, so that the new arrangements would compel us to pay higher duties by 50 per cent than we now pay and then to raise from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 annually by direct taxation.

That is the scheme which Mr. Wiman asks the people of Canada to accept."

FAIR MORTGAGES.

Sir Richard Cartwright, who deplores the farm mortgage debt of Ontario, as though this Province was exceptionally burdened in that respect, might find not a little consolation by examining the condition of the farms in the Western States. A correspondent of the New York Evening Post for example has compiled from "Ohio statistics"—the official report of the Secretary of State of that state—a table showing the mortgage indebtedness from 1870 to 1887. It is entitled very properly "A Mournful Exhibit," and shows that the mortgages on farms and homes in Ohio are increasing year by year. In 1870 the number of mortgages recorded was 40,980 and the amount secured \$32,677,474. The number released the same year was 19,072, covering the sum of \$24,399,857; so that the increase of mortgage indebtedness that year was \$8,277,617. From that time until 1877 there has been a steady annual increase in the number of mortgages and the amount of indebtedness. In 1880 the increase was but a little over \$1,000,000; but in 1882 it was over \$30,000,000. The total increase for the eighteen years was in number of mortgages 401,719, and in amount of indebtedness \$462,834,568. This showing, remarks the Detroit Free Press, is too utterly inconsistent with the theory of agricultural prosperity to be offset by any suggestion as to "purchase money" mortgages.

It represents an increased indebtedness in eighteen years amounting to 49 per cent of the entire value of real estate in Ohio. In 1880, And Ohio, it should be borne in mind, is one of the thriftiest and best settled of all the Western States. Its inhabitants, indeed, hardly care to be classed among Western people when such classification implies any thing of newness or inferiority to the East. Ontario is in a far better position.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.

The question of national defence promises to pave the hitherto impassable way to a federation of the Australian colonies. In 1885 a step in this direction was taken by the creation of a Federal Council under legislation of the British Parliament, but the refusal of New South Wales to accept representation in the Council, and the lack of executive authority to enforce its decrees have rendered the system practically useless. Recently General Edwards made a report upon the whole subject of Australian defence, with special reference to the need of a common army under one direction, the carrying out of which in the opinion of the Premier of Victoria ought to be committed to the Federal Council. He accordingly advised the several Premiers of this view, and in his reply Sir Henry Parkes, of New South Wales, submits as an alternative and more practical plan a federation of the colonies. Two objections are advanced by Sir Henry to the proposal that the recommendations of General Edwards should be carried out by the Federal Council: one that this body does not possess the requisite power, the other that New South Wales declines representation in it. The vitally important recommendation made by General Edwards is, in any light from which it can be viewed, one of national magnitude and significance. The vast annual expenditure by the colonies for defence works and services would be of greatly enhanced value in time of public danger if the scattered and unconnected forces locally maintained could be brought under one command, and whenever advisable, directed to one field of operations. Sir Henry Parkes is satisfied that this cannot be done by any existing machinery; and hence "this great federal question brings us, in spite of preferences or prejudices, face to face with the imperative necessity for federal government, and why should we turn aside from what is inevitable?"

Accordingly the Premier of New South Wales has invited the governments of the sister colonies to appoint representatives to a national convention for the purpose of devising and reporting upon an adequate scheme of federal government. It is proposed that, in order to avoid any sense of inequality in debate or any party complexion, that the number of delegates from each colony should be the same, and equally divided between the two political parties, elected by the several parliaments and commissioned by the governors-in-council. In all, if New Zealand joined the convention, it would consist of forty members. The scheme of federal government, Sir Henry adds, would necessarily follow close upon the type of the Dominion Government of Canada, and would provide for the appointment of a Governor-General, and for the creation of an Australian privy council, and of a parliament consisting of a senate and house of commons.

Whether the time is ripe for the plan outlined by Sir Henry Parkes and warmly favored by New South Wales, the action of the other colonies upon this invitation will disclose, but by no other means can the problem of national defence, the great and pressing military questions under discussion, be settled. Difficulties will inevitably crop up when the details of the scheme come to be discussed, yet

with the experience of Canada and the United States to guide them, can hardly be so serious as those, for instance, which confronted the delegates who laid the foundation of federal government in this country. The tariff, of course, is apt to be a stumbling-block. Both the protective and free trade systems are in operation in the Australian group, so that concessions are unavoidable in any scheme of union which contemplates an uniform tariff, unless the difficulty is surmounted by excluding the fiscal question from the control of the Federal parliament. At least one weak point in the Canadian constitution can be avoided in framing a federal system for Australia, that of provincial subsidies; but if this objectionable link between the central and the local power is excluded, our fellow colonists at the Antipodes cannot do better than pattern their constitution after that of the Dominion.

CANAL BUILDING.

Evidently artificial waterways are not going out of fashion. There are now thirty-seven ship canals either under way or in contemplation in addition to those already in existence, sixteen in number. The Buffalo Courier gives a list of these works and some interesting particulars. From our contemporary we learn that the canal from Manchester to the Mersey will be opened in 1891. It is also proposed to enlarge the old canal from the Clyde to the Forth from its present depth of nine feet to a depth permitting the passage of the largest vessels. Another canal across Great Britain is proposed between the Tyne and Solway Firth, and one across Ireland between Galway and Dublin. On the continent a canal is in process of construction across Holstein, which will cut off the passage around Denmark, and others are talked of to connect Brussels, Bruges, and Paris, respectively with the sea. One is proposed across Italy, and a great scheme contemplates the construction of one to connect the Oder and Danube, and a short one between the Don and Volga, thus connecting the Baltic Sea with the Caspian. Canals are suggested across France, cutting off the passage from Spain; from Acre to the Jordan valley and thence to the Red Sea; and from Antioch to the Euphrates, and thence to the Tigris. A canal originally begun by Nero will soon be opened across Greece, and Josephus has obtained a concession to construct one across the Isthmus of Malacca. In the United States a ship canal is under way across Cape Cod, and others are contemplated to connect the Delaware and New York Bay and the Delaware and Chesapeake bays. A charter has been granted for one across Florida.

HALF A MILLION DIVORCES.

Hon. E. J. Phelps, ex-United States Minister to England, has of late been looking into the divorce problem, and gleaming some interesting statistics. The divorces in the United States for the last twenty years, he says, have numbered 500,000 against 326,000 for the twelve years preceding. Mr. Phelps sees insuperable constitutional objections to a federal divorce law and thinks it would be impracticable to secure the passage of uniform divorce laws by the states. He finds the prolific cause of divorce to be the desire of one or the other party to marry some one else, and his remedy would be to prohibit the re-marriage of either party to a divorce during the lifetime of the other. He admits, however, that this could only be accomplished by uniformity of state laws bearing upon the point—and of this Mr. Phelps has no hope.

NOTES.

The Belleville Intelligencer calls upon the County Council of Hastings which is in session at Belleville to take such steps as will secure proper provision for the unfortunate lunatics who are confined in the jail there. There are still incarcerated in that city and still increased in number, "some of whom," says our contemporary, "have been imprisoned there since February last. Two of these unfortunate are in a very bad state of health and will probably die in a short time, if not removed to an asylum." When will Mr. Mowat attend to this matter?

UNITED STATES INTERNAL REVENUE.

The aggregate receipts of the Internal Revenue Bureau of the United States for the fiscal year ended 30th June last reached \$130,894,534, an increase of \$5,567,568 over the receipts of the previous year. The total collection was \$4,185,729. During the year there were produced 87,847,466 gallons of spirits and 1,471,054 gallons of rum distilled from molasses. The increase in the production of Bourbon whiskey was 14,497,176 gallons; of whiskey, 3,870,078; gin, 156,978; high-wines, 13,059; pure neutral or cologne spirits, 963,441; miscellaneous, 1,135,069; total increase, 19,635,900 gallons. The quantity of distilled spirits in the United States, except what may be in customs bonded warehouses, on Oct. 31, 1889, was 102,550,982 gallons. The increase in the quantity of tobacco and snuff and in the number of cigars and cigarettes for the fiscal year over those taxed in 1887-88 was: Manufactured tobacco, 11,535,635 pounds; snuff, 625,631 pounds; cigars, 22,658,990; cigarettes, 288,780,390. The export account shows an increase in manufactured tobacco of 118,183 pounds, an increase in the number of cigars exported of 65,939,530. The number of cigars imported was 90,897,407. The value of the manufactured tobacco imported was \$70,353. The total number of special taxpayers is given as \$30,134, of whom 50,013 are dealers in manufactured tobacco. The number of violations of the Internal Revenue laws reported during the year was 1,253; number of persons arrested on information furnished by the agents of the bureau was 659; number of stills seized 466, resulting in the arrest of 296 persons, and in the death of one and the wounding of two officers of the law. The expense of the service during the year was \$4,399,530.

THE BALLOT IN BRAZIL.

The provisional government of the United States of Brazil has decreed universal suffrage. The despatch announcing this gives no hint of conditions or modifications, so that the presumption is all the people without distinction of race, color or previous condition of servitude, have been decreed the right of voting.

In doing this the new Brazilian government have evidently been influenced by the example set by the United States. Whether the step was a wise one is open to doubt. Under the empire the right to vote was conditioned on a property qualification, the required value being about \$300. It was believed that under the new order of things the property qualification would be changed for one based on education and that the admission of the manumitted slaves would be graduated instead of letting them come into the ranks of voting citizens in a body. Experience has convinced many in the United States who favored, at first, the immediate admission of the freed slaves to equality with other citizens in the matter of suffrage, that it might have been better for the colored people themselves and for the country if there had not been such precipitancy of action

and the freedmen had been given time to prepare themselves for their new privileges and responsibilities.

Of the 14,000,000 population of Brazil about one-third are estimated to be of European origin, the other being negroes, freeborn or manumitted slaves, mulattoes, half caste and nomadic Indians. When the work of gradual emancipation began eighteen years ago there were about 1,800,000 slaves in the country and at the present time the wild Indians and other uncivilized tribes are estimated at 1,000,000. It is hardly to be supposed that the latter are given the right to vote. A large proportion are ignorant, although the work of education has been pushed with commendable zeal within a few years. Elementary education is under the control of the general assembly and the local legislatures. Grants are made by the central government, mostly to the colleges and universities. In some of the provinces a system of compulsory education has been adopted. Under the liberal constitution of the empire and the personal encouragement of the Emperor the cause of education made great progress and it is most probable that the republic will make education still more general. Probably no people on the southern continent are better, if as well, prepared for universal suffrage than the Brazilians, yet the result of the step taken will be watched with some anxiety by the friends of the new republic.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS. The chairman rose and delivered the following address, which at intervals was loudly applauded: Ladies and Gentlemen:—I suppose the most proud part of the evening's entertainment is the President's address. The thought has sometimes occurred to me on this our natal day when so many speeches are being delivered throughout the whole civilized globe, eulogistic of Scotland and Scotchmen, that many will think the source which inspires these numerous addresses must be becoming stale and uninteresting. But Scotland, though a small, wee place, has such a voluminous history, both ancient and modern, so replete with the incidents of the lives of so many eminent men and women, which tend to national greatness, that the ordinary mind can still catch drops of dew from her vast literary record. I remember a story that was told by George Augustus Sala when he was correspondent for the London Telegraph in the late American rebellion. Among other American notabilities became acquainted with him, the side of the Atlantic was the late Hon. Edward Everett, senator for Massachusetts. Mr. Everett, being a prominent statesman and a man of letters, was called upon for a number of years to deliver the annual Fourth of July oration on Washington. Mr. Sala, in speaking of this matter to the late Lord Brougham, informed his Lordship that Mr. Everett had delivered over thirty consecutive orations on Washington. His Lordship said it was very remarkable. "But," says Mr. Sala, "my Lord, Mr. Everett has always delivered the same oration." "Then," replied his Lordship, "it is more remarkable still." And it would be still more remarkable if any President of a Scottish society would unnecessarily plagiarize the words of his predecessors for the want of something original, for the subject of Scotland is like the text in the Good Old Book, "Huntington," which is so full of words that shall be eradicated from the minds of generations yet to come.

For while time rolls on in its ceaseless march, yet history never shall blot From the pages of our illustrious name, O'chivalrous Walter Scott, While Nil flows on through her sylvan vale, While Affric murmurs along, While the bonnie burn blooms fresh and fair, And longer sings her song, While the grey mist hangs on our lofty hills, While the spray from the torrent is flung, While the thistle wave and heather bloom, The sweet song of Burns shall be sung. I suppose there are a number of people in this audience who will think that we Scotch folks are a little bit of a clan. Yes, it is so; but in our general intercourse with our friends and the world at large, I say, clanishness, no! We are cosmopolitan, for it is with the utmost pleasure we welcome amongst us here this evening the representatives of St. George and Merry England, who vie with us in every act of charity and benevolence for the benefit of their fellow countrymen. Englishmen may well be proud of their native land. England stands in the vanguard of philanthropy and literature. The poet has said: "You must be free or die, you who speak the tongue that Shakspeare spoke or hold the views that Milton held." I say again it is our feelings of the utmost pleasure that we have amongst us to-night the sons and daughters of green Erin. Beautiful green Erin, sweetest of the seas, The bosom of the Irishman may swell with pride when he thinks of the host of eminent names that have been cradled in the soil of her green hills, statesmen, warriors and philosophers. Place an Irishman in any country in the world, in any condition of life, he never forgets his dear old home. His sympathy flows like the assuaging waters of the gulf stream, carrying gladness to the hearts of the dwellers in the land of the green. His sympathies are not tinged like ours at the sound of "Scots wha hae," but we can join with him in his admiration of the beautiful melodies of Moore; we can dream with him in the vale of Avoca, where the bright waters meet. Let the Frenchman delight when he hears the chant of the Marseillaise, let the contemner of the sons of the Fatherland beam when they hear the martial strains of "Der Wacht und Rhein." Love of country is a noble sentiment, 'tis worthy the best instincts of our nature. Shakspeare says: The man that hath no music in himself, Can never be moved by the concert of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, Let me construe the words of the great master of English poetry and say: The man that hath no love for the land that gave him birth, Can never be moved by traditional story and native song. It is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, The motion of his spirits is as dull as night, His conscience dark as Erebus, Let no such man be trusted.

Canada, the land of our adoption, and our children's birthright. Let me weave you a garland. Not the garland of the old song "Of hills and roses and sweet blooming posies," but a Canadian garland. Let me twine together the shamrock, the rose and the thistle, weave in the fair hills of France, and the blue cornflower of the Fatherland, bind it altogether with the pleasing boughs of the maple—there is a garland for you, for the people of this great Dominion, the flower of the human race. This garland hangs under the folds of the Union Jack; it is the banner of the people, the banner of the brave, the banner of the true. That flag is the guardian of social, political and religious freedom. We cherish with pride its almost boundless resources, its almost boundless power, its almost boundless gentleness as it floats from the lakes to the pole, from the blue waters of the Atlantic to the broad Pacific. It is seen with what characteristic

SCOTLAND'S NIGHT.

St. Andrew's Society Hold Their Anniversary Concert.

A VERY LARGE GATHERING.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather on Monday evening, there was an immense gathering at the city hall to celebrate the anniversary of the St. Andrew's Society of Scotland. Both halls had been thrown open and chairs and benches were placed in the hall to accommodate the large number of people present. A large proportion of the present were from the city and suburbs, and the hall was filled with a large number of people. The St. Andrew's Society of Scotland, which was founded in 1847, has since that time grown to be one of the largest and most influential societies of its kind in the world. The society is composed of men of all ranks and professions, and its objects are to promote the interests of Scotland and to foster a sense of nationality and patriotism among its members. The society has a large number of branches in various parts of the world, and its members are engaged in a wide variety of benevolent and educational work. The anniversary concert was a grand affair, and it was a pleasure to see so many people gathered together to celebrate the anniversary of the society. The concert was well attended, and the music was of a high quality. The society is to be congratulated on the success of its anniversary concert, and it is hoped that it will continue to be a source of pride and pleasure to its members and to the community at large.

There were two names in modern Scottish history that many a man has said were enough to enable any nationality, the names of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. Scott with his inspiring, chivalrous, poetical lays, his matchless historical fiction, tracing the life of a master hand, the various phases of English and Scottish life, from the time of Cœur de Lion down to the time of George IV. Burns, like a meteoric flash from out of the peasant's ranks, shedding a halo of light and gladness over the homes of his countrymen with his pensive humor, sturdy independence, patriotic verse, and charming songs. These names are honored in every land; grateful people of different countries have reared tablets and monuments in commemoration of their worth and genius; but tablets and monuments will crumble and decay as the years of their words shall be eradicated from the minds of generations yet to come.

For while time rolls on in its ceaseless march, yet history never shall blot From the pages of our illustrious name, O'chivalrous Walter Scott, While Nil flows on through her sylvan vale, While Affric murmurs along, While the bonnie burn blooms fresh and fair, And longer sings her song, While the grey mist hangs on our lofty hills, While the spray from the torrent is flung, While the thistle wave and heather bloom, The sweet song of Burns shall be sung. I suppose there are a number of people in this audience who will think that we Scotch folks are a little bit of a clan. Yes, it is so; but in our general intercourse with our friends and the world at large, I say, clanishness, no! We are cosmopolitan, for it is with the utmost pleasure we welcome amongst us here this evening the representatives of St. George and Merry England, who vie with us in every act of charity and benevolence for the benefit of their fellow countrymen. Englishmen may well be proud of their native land. England stands in the vanguard of philanthropy and literature. The poet has said: "You must be free or die, you who speak the tongue that Shakspeare spoke or hold the views that Milton held." I say again it is our feelings of the utmost pleasure that we have amongst us to-night the sons and daughters of green Erin. Beautiful green Erin, sweetest of the seas, The bosom of the Irishman may swell with pride when he thinks of the host of eminent names that have been cradled in the soil of her green hills, statesmen, warriors and philosophers. Place an Irishman in any country in the world, in any condition of life, he never forgets his dear old home. His sympathy flows like the assuaging waters of the gulf stream, carrying gladness to the hearts of the dwellers in the land of the green. His sympathies are not tinged like ours at the sound of "Scots wha hae," but we can join with him in his admiration of the beautiful melodies of Moore; we can dream with him in the vale of Avoca, where the bright waters meet. Let the Frenchman delight when he hears the chant of the Marseillaise, let the contemner of the sons of the Fatherland beam when they hear the martial strains of "Der Wacht und Rhein." Love of country is a noble sentiment, 'tis worthy the best instincts of our nature. Shakspeare says: The man that hath no music in himself, Can never be moved by the concert of sweet sounds, Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, Let me construe the words of the great master of English poetry and say: The man that hath no love for the land that gave him birth, Can never be moved by traditional story and native song. It is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, The motion of his spirits is as dull as night, His conscience dark as Erebus, Let no such man be trusted.

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there was over-much pleasure and over little pain." Burns says: It heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spurs One central in this melancholy vale, 'Tis when a youthful modest maid, in other's arms breathe out the tender sigh, Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale. Scotch people are naturally proud of their countrymen in the world at large; there seems to be no limit to their aspirations for places of emolument, power, and honor. There are none of them, it seems, in our day, have aspired to the Crown itself, but some of them have had the audacity to pluck jewels out of the Royal households of the present and prospective honored rulers of the Empire, giving a practical illustration of their black and ambitious tendencies. But it is not by any means largely from their titled aristocracy that Scotland draws her fame; it is more from her mechanics, artisans, and men of commerce, sovereigns of science and art, men of letters, pulpit orators, explorers, colonizers, and her sons of martial renown. There is an inherent in the race, drawn no doubt largely from their aristocracy, a sense of native sonship. There is no finer example of heroic fortitude ever chronicled in the annals of any country than that transmitted to us by our countrymen, the brave and valiant humanity is familiar with their patient endurance amidst their misery and persecution; how they emerged from their dark tribulation, they did not subside, firm in their faith as their native rocks, still grasping the sacred banner of liberty and tolerance, proclaiming that they and their children and their children's children and you and I shall worship God according to the dictates of our conscience.

Scotland's martial heroes are household words. Children prattle their names and lips their praises, while mature years will oft leave a sigh of regret and drop a sympathetic tear over the innumerable fate of their martyred hero, Wallace; but the Scotch blind legend in their veins, the glad tidings leaped from peak to peak, echoed back from crag and fell, that Caledonia still was free.

Free as the eagle's eagle cry, Free as the whirling blast, Free as the mountain torrents rush, Free from the yoke of last. There are two names in modern Scottish history that many a man has said were enough to enable any nationality, the names of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. Scott with his inspiring, chivalrous, poetical lays, his matchless historical fiction, tracing the life of a master hand, the various phases of English and Scottish life, from the time of Cœur de Lion down to the time of George IV. Burns, like a meteoric flash from out of the peasant's ranks, shedding a halo of light and gladness over the homes of his countrymen with his pensive humor, sturdy independence, patriotic verse, and charming songs. These names are honored in every land; grateful people of different countries have reared tablets and monuments in commemoration of their worth and genius; but tablets and monuments will crumble and decay as the years of their words shall be eradicated from the minds of generations yet to come.

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Canada, the land of our adoption, and our children's birthright. Let me weave you a garland. Not the garland of the old song "Of hills and roses and sweet blooming posies," but a Canadian garland. Let me twine together the shamrock, the rose and the thistle, weave in the fair hills of France, and the blue cornflower of the Fatherland, bind it altogether with the pleasing boughs of the maple—there is a garland for you, for the people of this great Dominion, the flower of the human race. This garland hangs under the folds of the Union Jack; it is the banner of the people, the banner of the brave, the banner of the true. That flag is the guardian of social, political and religious freedom. We cherish with pride its almost boundless resources, its almost boundless power, its almost boundless gentleness as it floats from the lakes to the pole, from the blue waters of the Atlantic to the broad Pacific. It is seen with what characteristic

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

energy this young lion of the north has girt this great land with our ribbons of steel, pierced the Rockies with our electric shafts, made smiling homes from out of the forest gloom, reared up populous, beautiful commercial cities by lake and river, established an educational and constitutional system which is as free as the breeze that blows from our cheek. Yet amidst our blessings and advantages there is a vacuum in this great land, there is room for millions. We turn our eyes to the congested centres of civilization and say—"Come! and share with us this great heritage. Come! and make for yourself a home in the forest, help us to till our prairie soil, or draw from the bowels of the earth its countless treasures. Come! and fear not, for we are a loyal and generous people; we care not whether you bow the knee to Rome, Canterbury, or the General Assembly, what we want here is muscle and nerve. Come! and share with us a freedom that no other nationality can give, for Britain's freedom is our freedom, and as Canadians you shall be free!"

THE MUSICAL PROGRAM. was under the conductorship of Prof. Maitland, and to barely say that it gave satisfaction would be faintly selling the truth—it gave infinite satisfaction. It embraced the names of some of the best talent in the Province. The first number was rendered by Mr. H. K. Maitland, and the applause which greeted his song was assurance that he had lost none of his old-time popularity as a vocalist. He was recalled for each of his items on the program and graciously responded to their native rocks, still grasping the sacred banner of liberty and tolerance, proclaiming that they and their children and their children's children and you and I shall worship God according to the dictates of our conscience.

Scotland's martial heroes are household words. Children prattle their names and lips their praises, while mature years will oft leave a sigh of regret and drop a sympathetic tear over the innumerable fate of their martyred hero, Wallace; but the Scotch blind legend in their veins, the glad tidings leaped from peak to peak, echoed back from crag and fell, that Caledonia still was free.

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