

Truth's Contributors.

HOW CLAIMS WERE SETTLED.

BY DR. FERDUS BLACK, A.M., GOODWOOD, ONT.

Once on a time, in the ages long past,
There existed a country whose forests were vast,
And the "King of the forest," from just cause or
No,
Found his subjects not all quite content with their
lot.
But they that howled loudest, by night or by day,
Were those we class always among beasts of prey.
The Tiger and Bear said the cause of dejection,
Was the fact that their interests all needed "pro-
tection."
That the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air,
And the fish of the sea, like advantage would share,
By a proper regard for the claims of each class,
And the beast that denied it, must needs be an ass!
So the Lion proclaimed it to be his intention,
To discuss the whole subject in solemn convention;
And, in view that all classes might thus have a voice,
He asked each to send there a beast of his choice,
Declaring some project might thus be got at,
That would render his subjects contented and fat.
So broad were his views, and so kind were his wishes,
That he did not exclude even insects or fishes,
And, to show you how wide did his bounty prevail,
Invitations were sent to the shark and the whale.
The Convention was held, but the number was
small;
Of those present, I think, eight included them all.
The Lion, of course, was then called to the chair,
And the Wolf, as vice-president, also was there;
The Fox was selected to act as their scribe,
Which he took as a mark of respect for his tribe.
The Vulture's grand representative bird,
And his voice in convention was frequently heard;
And the Serpent, whose wisdom's acknowledged by
all.
R. presented the interests of creatures that crawl:
While the Toad represented "Amphibia's" claims—
A class with queer forms, but with far queerer
names.
The insects had claims which they wished to present,
And a Fly was their choice, and accordingly sent.
And last but not least, I may mention the Ass,
Who presented in person a numerous class.
The others now being duly installed,
This goodly Convention to order was called:
And a note from the Shark said, howe'er he could
wish,
To be there a good representative fish;
He had fear that the trip might expose him to
slaughter,
And, at best, he'd but "feel like a fish out of water,"
So he begged to decline; but, if it might be,
He'd be glad if they'd meet at his cave in the sea,
Where he'd give them his fin in the absence of
hand;
For, at heart, he was one with this movement on
land.
And letters were read from Hyena and Bear,
Expressing regret that they could not be there;
In fact, letters came there from beasts of all kinds,
Some expressing their absence, some expressing their
milds.
But I must not, dear reader, attempt to detail,
If I did go, my time and my space would both fail.
A series of grand resolutions they gave,
Each getting the loudest support from the Ass;
Though speeches were made, you may safely rely,
By the delegates all, not omitting the Fly.
The Lion's loud voice was heard many a mile,
For his speech was delivered in vigorous style,
And around it star over hill and through glen,
Being caught and repeated by echo again.
He said that his subjects were weakened by faction
And urged them to be more united in action;
And that often unworthy suspicions and fear,
Prevented his meeting with those he held dear.
The Wolf, who in turn, took the floor for a while,
In a bowling, loud-toned, local-praecherist style,
Said that he with His Majesty fully agreed,
That more faith in each other was what they did
need;
For it was his conviction—though possibly wrong—
That the weak ought to treat themselves more to
the strong.
And pretested, in tears, that there could be no sham,
In the love that he felt for the innocent lamb.
The Fox then endorsed all the preceding views;
Said he thought that all beasts ought to eat what
they choose;
If the Bear, for example, got tired of fish,
He could then, if he wanted to, try something fresh,
And the Lion could then make his dinner on grass,
And the whole intercourse sweet with the Ox and the Ass.
As for insects and birds, the Fox thought it not fair,
To be under restrictions to fly in the air,
Urging all to discard this ridiculous whim,
And, when tired of flying to go for a swim;
While the same right of choice should extend to the
fish.
To walk on the land, or to fly, if they wish,
Through the good of all creatures, of course, was his
care.
Yet he claimed special care for both poultry and hare.
The Fox, then concluded, amidst greatest applause,
For his eloquent speech for the good of the cause,
And the Vulture replied in behalf of the birds,
That he thanked the good Fox for his kind, thought-
ful words;
That he'd guard all his friends with the same watch-
ful care.
Whether clothed in gay feathers, or covered with
hair;
And his care did not cease with their lives, for he said,
He had love for all flesh, be it living or dead.
The Serpent then said, it was always his way,
To say nothing where'er he had nothing to say;
That he'd never forget what was taught him when
young.
That "off there is wisdom in holding one's tongue,"
And to long-winded speakers his maveric appli-
's.
' The shorter the speech is, the fewer the lies.'
And that speakers would stop when they'd spoken
enough.
If they knew the deep meaning of *rebus ap sup*.
The Toad, in reply, with great power of lung,
Said he doubted the wisdom of holding his tongue;
That, indeed, he'd as soon think of holding his
breath,
For either, in his case would imply be death;
And he stoutly maintained that it now was a time,
When to speak was a duty, and silence a crime

And claimed rights for his clients in language
emphatic,
Whether living on land, or of habits aquatic.
In regard to the claims of birds, insects, and beasts,
He said that he did not object in the least;
But, if feathers and hairs alone sympathy give,
Pray what of those creatures clothed only in skin?
If provision for these be not laid on the shelf,
I, for one, said the Toad, shall look out for myself.
The Fly, who in person is graceful and airy,
With a voice like a flute, and a form like a fairy,
Said she thanked the great beasts for their noble in-
tention,
So kindly expressed in this open Convention,
Of guarding the weak with such brotherly care,
Whether decked with gay plumage, or covered with
hair;
And that, when the glad news of "protection" should
come,
Among insects, at least, she predicted a "hum."
The speech of the Ass was both lengthy and loud,
For to speak in Convention, he truly was proud;
And he is like others who've nothing to say,
The less there is in him, the louder he'll bray;
And, had delegates listened with hearty good will,
The Ass would, perhaps, have been braying there
still.
But the Toad, who'd been watching his chance on
the sly,
Flashed out his red tongue and quick captured the
Fly.
While the Serpent, as after events fully showed,
Had been secretly keeping his eye on the Toad,
For he eagerly seized him as boys seize a roll,
And with snaky contortions, he swallowed him
whole.
From his meal he, however, short comfort did take,
For the Vulture swooped down and soon gobbled the
Snake.
But the Fox on the Vulture full quickly did fall,
And to him, head, crop, bones and feathers and all,
Nor did he yield escape from disaster that day,
For he, in his turn, to the Wolf fell a prey;
Then out swung the Lion with terrible roar,
And the Wolf, with his fangs all to pieces he tore;
And when he had finished his hasty repast,
He observed, "all our claims are united at last;
And the Ass then assured him, on fullest reflection,
He approved of this plan for each other's "protec-
tion."
That it, in good time, would its object fulfil;
And I am told his descendants are saying so still.

NIAGARA FALLS FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

No. 7.

"Did you ever do the Falls, uncle?" asked our bright young nephew of sixteen summers. "No," we replied, "but the Falls once did us in a way that cleaned out our little purse."
This was over forty years ago. It was spring-time—in the month of April. We were then in Toronto, better known a few years earlier as "Muddy Little York." We had, what we supposed, a well-filled purse of English shillings and half-crowns, amounting, all told, to fifteen dollars and fifty cents. Cash was then scarce in the West. All was "store pay." Fifty to seventy-five pounds a year was then a fair salary for a young clerk, very little of which was paid him in cash. His board cost ten dollars a month, paid in store pay. Then his clothing was charged to his account in the store, so that a young clerk in those days in the West, after his board and clothing were paid, had not much over five to six dollars a month left him for pocket money; therefore we considered ourselves passing rich in having fifteen dollars and fifty cents in our purse.
We had given up our old situation and made a new engagement to be entered upon on the first of May following, and having a little over two weeks' spare time, and, as we thought, a well-filled purse, the question was where to go and how to spend it to the best advantage in sight-seeing. Fortunately we found a companion, a genuine young Hibernian, well informed, about our own age, having a little spare time, too, and equally rich, our two united purses amounting to a little over thirty dollars; so we joined hands, and a visit to the Falls of Niagara was decided on. The vulgar term of "doing the Falls" was not known in our young days. Our baggage was not heavy. Besides the clothes we wore, a small carpet bag containing a change of linen, socks, etc., a mackintosh and a walking stick comprised our whole baggage. Travelling was cheap in those days.
It was on a Saturday morning in the month of April, that we walked on board the steamer to cross Lake Ontario to

Queenston, from which place there was a horse car to Drummondville, within a mile of the Falls. The trip from Toronto to Drummondville cost us three dollars.
We entered the head inn in the village, an unpretending place, and arranged for two weeks' board and lodging at half a dollar a day each. This amounted to fifteen dollars for both of us for the two weeks, by which our purse was lightened one-half. We had comfortable quarters; there were no visitors but ourselves at that time at the Falls. Our host was ignorant of our wealth. We kept that secret to ourselves, maintaining a dignified reserve, no doubt putting on a few little airs, as most travellers do. No personal in the local papers announced our arrival, but our appearance being respectable commanded respect in the village, which we had all to ourselves.
The next morning, Sunday, an April morning, we strolled down after breakfast to have our first view of the Falls of Niagara. The constant and continued roar, or rather thunders, from the tumbling rapids, rang in our ears the whole of the previous night. It was music grand and wild. It chimed in and was in accord with our youthful tastes. It was a charming morning, with blossom and bloom overhead. There was silence all around—the silence of a Sabbath morning in a quiet country side. Nothing was heard save the song of birds—the early spring notes of those little choristers of the woods, and the thunders of Niagara ascending high and far above, made us feel somehow as if we had been transported to fairyland.
We cannot, even at this lapse of time, find words to truly express our feelings—the feelings which crept over us as we approached the mighty cataract, where the waters of Lake Erie and the other upper lakes find their outlet into Lake Ontario over a space less than a quarter of a mile in width. Our thoughts—our feelings, as we strolled down from the village of Drummondville on that April Sunday morning, over forty years ago, with the song of birds and the thunders of the cataract sounding in our ears, and blossom and bloom overhead, to have our first full view of the Falls of Niagara!
"Proud demon of the waters!" we exclaimed, "Thou, around whose dark and stormy brow, circles the rainbow's varied gem!" There we stood for the first time, gazing in wonder and infinite delight on that mighty mass of water as it rolled in majestic splendor over its rock-bound summit, in an almost unbroken wave, into the yawning whirlpool below! "Come," we said, "expressive silence," must its praise!
There were no guide books in those early days to instruct the visitor "how to do the Falls," as it is vulgarly termed. We were entirely guided by our former limited reading and by our open eyes, and we did them, the falls, to our entire satisfaction, and perhaps better than the many thousands who yearly visit them. We often smile to hear people ask which is the best season to visit the falls? We have often heard the expression of disappointment—"That few visitors were there, no people of note!" What did they go for? Was it to see and meet with congregated shoddy? Or was it to view one of the grandest sights on this continent?
The Falls of Niagara are the same at all seasons—spring, time, summer or winter. We have since visited them at all seasons, and were we asked the best time to do so we would, without hesitation, say, winter. We once visited them during the month of March, when the whole mass of ice from Lake Erie came rushing over the falls in

such quantities that the river from the town of Niagara upwards got jammed, forming a bridge of ice for miles. Few visitors have seen this grand sight. At another time we saw, on an early frosty spring morning, the whole of the surrounding trees covered with icicles, caused by the spray from the falls, hanging and swinging from the branches, and glistening and disappearing under the rays of the sun, affording a sight which no pen can describe nor pencil paint.
The whole neighborhood has many attractions besides the falls. It was springtime on our first visit. The surrounding country is famed for its old homesteads and its fruit orchards and flower gardens, being the earliest settled part of Western Canada by the U. E. Loyalists. The whole countryside was then in bloom. The apple, the pear, and the peach orchards, with the cherry and plum gardens, in the old Niagara district, the then garden of Canada, were in full blossom. Couple this grand sight with that of the falls, and the reader will say that we, two young tourists, were more fortunate in our time of "doing the falls" than most visitors.
After our first few days, still keeping Drummondville for our headquarters, we arranged to visit the different battle fields on the Niagara frontier. The field of Lundy's Lane is within ten minutes' walk of Drummondville; Queenston Heights a little over an hour's walk; Chippewa about the same distance; old Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, some six or seven hours' walk upwards along the banks of the Niagara River; and Stony Creek, about seven miles from Hamilton, on the Grimsby road.
All these old Canadian battle fields were laid down in our programme of this visit, which we faithfully carried out. In our next we shall fight over "Lundy's Lane," that ever-memorable Canadian battle field.
OBJECTIONS TO PROHIBITION.
BY A. HOOD, BARRIS.
It appears to me to be out of place to discuss compensation before either the justice of prohibition has been proved, or its advisability established; because a failure to successfully defend either of these contentions would leave its consideration unnecessary; if a prohibitory law is wrong no amount of compensation would make it right; if prohibition is proved right it will then be in order to show that compensation should follow. Still, I cannot overlook the fact that those who propose to destroy the value of property and deprive numbers of individuals of their means of making a living without compensating them for losses, are pursuing a very dangerous course. They are establishing a precedent for unjust and oppressive legislation, that may be the stepping-stone to a still more serious attack on our liberties in the future; and at the same time they are by the inculcation of false principles—by the advocacy of such glaring injustice from every platform, and every pulpit, wherever the English language is spoken—disregarding in that advocacy those principles of strict justice by which every right minded man should be guided, and implanting in the minds of the rising generation a habit of allowing strict principle to give place to expediency, and tampering with their moral sensibilities in a way that will inflict a greater injury on their guiding principles, their sense of right and wrong, than liquor will ever inflict on their bodies.
I will state briefly the grounds on which my opposition to the Scott Act, or any other prohibitory measure, is based. Here let me say that it is strictly for a principle that I contend, never having used liquors of any