

THE UNVEILING

Of the Sir John Macdonald Monument at Montreal.

Hon. George E. Foster's In Memoriam Oration.

A Masterly Review of the Patriotic Career of Canada's Greatest Statesman.

(Mail and Empire's Report.)

Hon. Mr. Foster said: "I never felt so desirous of following a good example in my life as I do at this moment, namely, the example of almost too great brevity set by his excellency and the premier of the dominion, who have just addressed you. On the other hand, I am told by the indefatigable secretary of the committee not to be too extraordinarily brief, and as I feel at present I have a greater dread of the indefatigable secretary than of the higher political powers. (Laughter.) I must ask this audience, although not to listen to a very long address, to at least give their undivided attention, as nearly as they can, for ten or fifteen minutes. In the first place, I desire to congratulate the chairman and gentlemen who have been so public-spirited as to take the steps that have eventuated in the erection of the present magnificent monument of the chieftain, who we all loved, and whom we all admired. (Applause.) This is a fitting place for such a monument to be erected, and although Montreal's proverbial enterprise was not sufficient to bring it out this time ahead of all, the Ambitious City having unveiled its monument a few months in advance, this is but the one exception that proves the rule, and goes to establish what I have called the proverbial spirit of enterprise of the citizens of Montreal. Now, sir, the next thing I wish to do is to utter a regret that some person who had known Sir John Macdonald longer and more intimately, whose life had mingled with his through a greater series of years, and who had had a more intimate connection with the greater public questions of the country than myself, was now selected to deliver the few remarks which I am asked to make today. My acquaintance with Sir John Macdonald commenced in 1883, not long since, as you see, but it was not until 1885 that, becoming a member of his cabinet, I was drawn into somewhat intimate relations with him, where I could observe the spirit of industry and the power of the man, where I came, like most people who were intimately acquainted with him, under his personal charm and kindness of character. (Applause.) And now, sir, it occurs to me today to ask the question: 'What is the meaning of this vast concourse of people, so representative in its character? Why have we met today about this memorial stone?' I venture to answer, if you will allow me, in a negative—not to bewail a death nor deplore a loss, not to stand around an open grave waiting to receive and cover from us the brightness of the glance, the great kindness, the great and strong personality we all loved so well. This was when that was in order. Four years ago, when all at once a home lost a head, a political party in the midst of the fray and battle lost its leader, and a great country the chieftain whose guiding hand it had and given way to for a quarter of a century and more—then hearts felt heavy, eyes dropped tears, and mourners refused to be comforted. But that day has passed, and has been washed in baptism of grief, and we today haste towards the future with its full light of hope and confidence—(applause)—not to bewail a death, but to commemorate a life; not to count our losses, but to recount our gains. We raise here in the city of Montreal one more record to be added to the many which shall grace the public market-places of our cities from Halifax to Victoria—monuments sacred to the memory of a singularly charming and open Canadian life, and I may say a life which, besides dominating the people of his own country, left its characteristic impression on the wide interests and concerns of the empire of which he was a subject. (Applause.) That people is unthinking, ungrateful, yes, unhistoric even, who forgets to honor its noble dead. Let the student of history cast his eye back over the course of events, from the earliest dawn of national life through the prehistoric ages down all through that clear and still-growing clearer period of history, and he will find that national life in all its stages has been sustained and held dear the memory of its departed ones. Canada today does not deny history.

CANADA CANNOT DENY HISTORY. Even in its young years it has felt the strength of that feeling and has made its conduct square with the feeling; and although our history is comparatively young and recent, yet in verse and in story, in bronze and in painting, in stone and in art, there is rising in this country to the memory of its great men, its warriors, and its statesmen, these memorials of art, these monuments to the future ages, which proclaim us to be of kin with the whole world and marching level and equal with the spirit which has dominated humanity from the earliest time down to the present. (Applause.) These works of art in commemoration of the great men of the day stand throughout our country. On the heights of Quebec Montcalm and Wolfe, equal in bravery and that stronger characteristic of the true soldier, magnanimity of character—though the fortunes of war were unequal in the case of each—stand there to commemorate the spirits of the commemorated events that shall never die in Canadian history. (Applause.) In the sister provinces are Brock's monument and the one to the heroes of Lundy's Lane, and here we raise the statues of Cartier and Macdonald. These are evidences of the spirit of which I have spoken, and they are promises of what, as Canada develops, will become more the rule—the beneficent, the patriotic, the national rule for this country to obey. (Applause.) May I ask this vast audience another question? What is the manner of the

man whose life and history we are today met to commemorate? I speak the conscience and thought of every one who hears me when I say that the answer to that cannot be given, according to the cold and colorless annals of historical estimate, according to the cold and almost conscienceless code of criticism. We are too close to that warm interest and personal friendship which so many of us felt for the dead premier and statesman. The glacial period has not yet covered and frozen out the memory of so genial a character, and the affection which grew up between him and the people he helped to govern. Today we must speak of him as we knew him; in aftertimes and long distant from this men may speak of him in colder terms as one whom their forefathers had known. Today we cannot ignore the friendly interest and the warmth and wealth of affection which spread from the man when he was living to his people, and which has passed away. God grant that the feeling may grow, and that very many times shall the colds of winter and the heats of summer pass over us ere these fades from the Canadian heart that affection which so long existed between the people and the man whose statue has been erected here. (Applause.) Sir, I take it to be a fact that the foundation of all true greatness is in the personality of the man. Whatsoever may say, no power of adventitious circumstances, no strength of mere enthusiasm, can make a man truly great, though it may for a time lift him into prominence. Other things being equal, the greatness of a man will be in exact proportion to the strength, the solidity, and the charm of his personality and of his character. In this respect what have we in the life of the man whose memory we commemorate today? The basis of Sir John Macdonald's character and personality, as I read it, was that kindness, gentleness and helpfulness which everyone recognized in him, and for which all instinctively and at once loved the man. It has been said by critics, and maybe by political opponents, that Sir John Macdonald was, when it was necessary, conscienceless and without feeling, and that when great ends were to be served friendships must stand out of the way. Well, sir, I admit that—many a sturdy, true, brave general when yonder fort had to be stormed and the enemy's position taken, must have felt for the friends he loved best, for he knew that shot, grape and canister were ready to mow them down before they reached the fort. (Applause.)

WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS, great ends demand sacrifices, and no statesman has lived or will live endowed with the greatest possible wealth of personal kindness who will not, when occasion demands, say to himself, which prompts him in one direction, "Be still, while the really calm order of intellect maps out and carries forward the action necessary to complete success. (Applause.) Sir John Macdonald was true to the friends of his early political life. In his early political life, it is true, he had many friends, and many claims were made upon him, but the essence of his heart and disposition proved its fidelity to the principles he set before him. Sir John Macdonald was responsive; his disposition, his heart, his nature quickly found out the dominant feeling in any set of circumstances in which he was placed, and responded to it. Sir John Macdonald was purposeful; beneath his velvet touch and the kindly countenance when once he had mapped out his purpose, which he unflinchingly carried out with all the power he could put to it in order to successfully accomplish the end. He was optimistic, and it was that trait in his character that I loved best of all, and it was that which I believe, taking several things into consideration, was of the greatest benefit to the young and struggling country of ours. (Applause.) His kindly, sunny nature put shadows away from him instinctively; he saw beyond and over them what was possible and aimed for it, and such was the power of his personality that he could inspire his followers with it. Over and above all was the brightness and charm he put about it. The optimism of the leader reflected itself in the heart and action of his followers. More than that, Sir John Macdonald's nature was of that kind which was quick to interpret. I have heard a critic who wrote or said: "You may speak of Sir John Macdonald as being a great man, but he had no creative power. He was not a creator." Mr. Chairman, there is but one Creator, God Himself, and the man who will be great, and the man who is great, is great in proportion to his power to interpret what God Himself has created, in sentiment, in feeling, in possibility. (Applause.) To be so close to the heart of nature that you feel its feelings, and are able to voice its yearnings to get so close to God that His thoughts permeate you, then to chisel them in marble, to paint them in colors, to embalm them in poetry, and to live them out in great and noble deeds—call it creation, or call it quick and close interpretation—that is it which makes men great, and the capacity to do it is the measure of the greatness of a man be he in any walk of life whatsoever. (Applause.) Now, sir, upon this charming personality was built the superstructure of the public life of Sir John Macdonald. The student of his life is sometimes at a loss to know whether it was his personality that animated the life of Canada until it brought it into consonance with his own, or whether it was the better and keener aspirations in Canadian life which so brought responsive chords from Sir John Macdonald's heart, and so acted as to call out those qualities in him. But we are on safe ground when we say that for fully 25 years the life of Sir John Macdonald and the life of Canada are almost synonymous with the other. (Applause.) No instance can be shown in contemporary history of where for so long a period such a truth as that can be successfully affirmed of any great public man. And now, as to the span of that life. It was a wide one. Landing on the shores of Canada, to him a new and untrod world, at the early age of six years, in 1844 he was CARRIED UPON THE SHOULDERS of a triumphant electorate in the old

city of Kingston, and launched upon the first of his public life. In 1857 he was prime minister and the chief man in the councils of the united provinces. In 1867 he had just been his master hand in moulding this new young dominion of Canada, and put his hand then upon the helm of state, where it stayed, with but a single exception of five years, until death palmed it, and the strong hand and the great heart ceased to beat forever in union with the people whom he had governed so long, and whom he loved so well. (Applause.) He grappled with strong and difficult questions. The strife of creed, the strife of race, the strife of sectarianism met him on the first entrance into public life, and marvellous the skill and adroitness of him indeed were the finesse, the spirit, with which he met these difficulties—the kindly, prudent compromise, and all those strong arts and powers of a public man, which, while he pursued his even way, brought the elements in consonance with himself with the least possible friction, and towards the greatest and most successful result that was possible. I need not recount to you these questions. They have been mentioned in part by the premier in his address. After the united provinces merged with the other provinces into the dominion of Canada, he met a new set of questions, more on the economical plan. The development of the internal communication of the country which had been made a union upon paper, and the great impetus to the lines of railway and the canals, all these were problems which he early took hold of and which he most successfully solved. Then came the great problem of the development of the industrial life of this country, so as to give to Canada that basis of labor and applied industry which, when it should bring the benefits of capital to this country, should at the same time secure the best possible results to labor; and though there may be differences of opinion in this audience, as there are in the country, as to the wisdom of that policy, suffice it here for once and all to say that it met the people's approbation, and from 1878 until today the people have not uttered a word of dissent, as far as strength of majority goes, with reference to that policy. (Applause.) And so, sir, through all this period of his active public life, his reachings over 47 years, we see these wonderful accomplishments. The immigrant boy, who landed wide-eyed and open-mouthed on the shores of this country at six years, climbed rapidly to the highest public position, became the confidential adviser of his sovereign, and after holding the sceptre of power for the term of a generation, died, bewailed by his friends and by political opponents alike as a man whom we could ill afford to lose, but as a man for whose life, whose labor, whose influence, Canada could never cease to be grateful. (Applause.)

Now, sir, one word more, and that is this. We would be but sorry gainers from a review of the life of Sir John Macdonald if we could not draw some broad lessons, which should sink into our hearts, and become inspiring lines to the coming generation, to the youth of the present generation. These are these broad and noble lessons that we may draw from a review, however imperfect? The first, sir, is the lesson of self-sacrifice. Whether he took it as a principle early in life, or whether he formulated it to himself day by day, Sir John's public life, his public career, was a sacrifice. It was the basis of an untiring devotion to the public good of this country, and a sinking and abnegation of the comforts of self in order to obtain it—(hear, hear, and applause)—and no man lives to be great, and remains to be counted great, unless he base his life on a sacrifice. Think of the years in which he labored; think of the hours in which that brain was perplexed, and that heart troubled night upon sickness almost, to solve problems that pressed, which no solvations would be reached. During the time the very fabric of this country would dissolve and pass away. Think of the years which he passed under these conditions, denying to himself the common comforts which a man on a thousand dollars a year, without this sacrifice, without this responsibility, without that overpowering burden of work pressed upon him, can enjoy in a country like ours.

COUNT IT UP.

sum it up by his fifty years in the hours that he lived, and get some slight appreciation of the enormous work he held. In such cases the use of Sir John Macdonald combined, and which was the basis of his great usefulness, and which is one of the strongest claims to greatness that he presents to the people today. (Applause.) Again, sir, look at the life of Sir John Macdonald and fall to see traced across it from beginning to end, in broad letters, which spell out that word which needs to be spelled out by too many of us yet, which needs in its meaning to be sunk into the hearts of the young, which needs this all the more—those letters which spell out the word toleration. (Applause.) If ever there was a public life in Canada so dominant, so powerful, which might have pushed its way with volcanic power, and again as well which so far took in the principles of toleration as that of Sir John Macdonald, let us have that brought forward and submitted to the test. (Applause.) Today, when some of these questions yet remain to be settled; today, when all this prejudice of race, though it is diminishing, has not entirely passed away; when all this bigotry of creed, which, though mild compared with what it was 50 years ago, has not yet all gone; let us in these times, and in these circumstances, take to our own hearts, and apply to our practice, the principles of a broad and liberal toleration, which while it gives to every man the right to worship God as he chooses, gives to each man the right in all humbleness and humility to examine well the springs of his own action, and be satisfied as well which so far took in there is peace between him and His Maker. There is peace between him and his fellow men in looking for what is the weak spot in his brother's character. (Applause.) Sir, the lesson that is read from the life of Sir John Macdonald is the lesson of unity. All through his political career, from the time that he

became a power in the uniting of the provinces until his death, unity was what he strove for—the union of the races in this country; the union of the provinces in this country; the union of all sections in this country into a higher feeling of patriotism, which should burn out the differences, and leave high above them all the grand central idea that we are above all common Canadians, and that beyond and above special interest there is a country to be proud of, to be loved, to be worked for, to be died for, if necessary; in the quieter walks of public and political life, or in those more exciting arenas of war and bloodshed, but with reference to which the quieter one of the two often embraces the greater heroism, and, sadly, today the stronger resource. And, sir, one lesson more, and I have finished, and that is the lesson of imperialism. That was dominant in Sir John Macdonald's character. His every act was a negation of disintegration. "A British subject I was born; a British subject I will remain," that was his motto. What was the negation? Of the change of status of this country under the dominion of any foreign country. The negation of what? Of the change of status of this country into an independent power, away from and far separated from Great Britain. His was the affirmation of this principle, that the world was proud to be a Canadian, he still held on to his right to be a British subject; that though he was proud and hopeful of the future of Canada, he yet laid claim to hold that firm the solid ground of the world, and sovereign that dated back a thousand years, a synonym of freedom and of affection, and of strength for the principles of right, and that turning from the past he saw a future wider than the colony in which he lived, and which had no bounds but the outermost limits of this principle, that the world-wide in its power, and world-wide in its beneficent results. (Applause.) Shall we not subscribe to that principle of imperialism ourselves, too? Down at Cataract now sleeps in the quiet graveyard the precious dust of Sir John Macdonald. Though the June flowers are nodding upon a grave, which is ministered to by private love and public devotion. But, sir, in Canadian hearts, and from Canadian history, there shall never fade out the memory of his kindly, genial qualities, which the melting, invigorating power of that work, that genius, that patriotism which was given to his country, and which in being given to his country was given to the premier colony that that great empire at whose undying altar fires he prayed and watched for more than half a century. (Loud cheers.)

THE FORESTERS.

Through the courtesy of John A. Watson, court deputy of Court Martello, the Sun has received the following interesting facts concerning the Foresters' Order of Foresters: During the month of May the number of applicants for membership received by the medical board was 4,022, of which 3,611 were accepted, showing an average of over 500 on the highest number of applications received in any one month. The surplus fund of the order on the 1st of June showed the high total of \$1,317,000. On the 30th of May the corner stone of the Foresters' Temple was laid by the Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, governor general of Canada, in the presence of an immense concourse of Foresters and their friends. The temple will be eight stories high and will be the finest fraternal headquarters on the continent. The foresteric year, which began on the 30th of June, and in every particular it will be the most prosperous year in the history of the order.

The increase in the surplus has been \$260,000, and in the membership about 18,000. For the month of June it is expected that at least 6,000 new applications will be received. During the year new courts have averaged 35 per month.

The supreme council will meet at St. Martins Town Hall, Trafalgar square, London, England, on the 1st day of August.

The high court of New Brunswick will meet at Fredericton, N. B., on the 1st of July.

HINTS ABOUT SCREWS.

Where screws are driven into soft wood and subjected to considerable strain they are very likely to work loose, and it is often difficult to make them hold. In such cases the use of glue is profitable. Make the glue thicker. Immerse a stick about half the size of the screw and put it into the hole. Then put in the screw and drive it home as quickly as possible. When there is an article of furniture to be hastily repaired, and no glue is at hand, bore a hole, insert the stick, fill the rest of the cavity with pulverized rosin, then heat the screw sufficiently to melt the rosin as it is driven into the hole. The screws are driven into wood for temporary purposes; they can be more easily removed by dipping them in oil before inserting. When buying screws notice that the heads are small and well cut, that there are no flaws in the body or thread part, and that they have sharp points. A screw of good make will drive as easily into oak as others into pine, and will endure having twice the force brought against it.

Witticisms—"What do you think of these lines to a Gas Company?" Petitioner—"The meter is false." Witticisms—"That's done intentionally to make it realistic."—Life.

FAT CATTLE & HORSES.

To Fatten Horses and Cattle, give occasionally the

GRANGER CONDITION POWDER

They cure Indigestion, and the food is completely assimilated. Cure Fever, Coughs, Worms, Swellings, Stoppage of Water, &c.

TURKISH BRUTALITY.

Some Horrible Stories Told of the Persecution of Armenians.

The Life or Death of Oriental Christianity Now Pending.

Instances Given Wherein Suffering and Death Resulted From Prison Abuses.

Boston, June 11.—A reliable American citizen in Turkey, in a letter about the situation in Eastern Turkey received here, says: "There is one theme which concentrates attention, namely the condition and the prospects of the country. It is not only the cause of common humanity which interests us, the question now pending holds within it the life or death of Oriental Christianity. Are these wicked and Godless fanatics to be permitted to dip their swords further in the blood of innocent Christians, not only in general massacres, but on highways, in their own homes, in their fields, and worse than all, in the prisons by the hands of the government itself. Day after day the pitiful story is told over and over again of pillage, burning, torture, murder, violence, rape, abduction, confiscation, desecration of churches etc. More human aid is entirely insufficient. The intricacies of the political question involved put the solution of the problem far beyond our reach. The letter gives a new story concerning the state of Turkish prisons. In the Bittis prison there are seven cells, each one large enough for ten or twelve persons. Between twenty and thirty were crowded into each one. There are no sanitary arrangements. Armenians found in these cells have to do their own purchasing through the Zabtehs and at double price. They are deprived of immediate communication with those outside and letters directed to them are not delivered. When they are allowed to write it must be in Turkish. "I met, it written two plasters, or bread equivalent to the daily ration, must be given. The daily allowance of bread by law should be 300 drams, but it is never more than 250, and that is dirty and poorly baked. Often it is not delivered. The water is undrinkable. Armenians often have to drink the 'Khrilitch' water. This is the water of the tank where the Turks perform ablutions for prayers. Should one dare to ask for justice he is at once thrown into a dark, damp, subterranean cell. Armenians in these cells are the slaves of the caprice and severity of the Turks. Scores of cases are specified wherein death and suffering resulted from prison abuses. From this appalling list, the following few examples may be cited: Caspar Phapolan of Ayvud village, Moosh, had his head and arm broken by the prison keeper with an iron shovel. Mikhan Damadian of Constantinople was taken to Moosh, being beaten and ill-treated by the way. He was brought to Bittis with his leg broken. Mugeriditch Sugherdian of Bittis died a few days after release from prison from the effects of ill-usage suffered in prison. Malkhass Aghajanian and Serop Malkhassian of Ayvud village of Moosh were beaten into a fainting condition. Malkhass was burned in eight places and Serop in twelve places with hot irons. Another citizen of the same village was stripped to his shirt and drawn and beaten till he fainted, and he was violently forced to the Saeptli office, where he was branded in sixteen places with red-hot ramrods. He was kept standing on his feet for two days and nights without food or drink. He was also subjected to violent beatings and plucking-out of hair. The letter contains many other references to inhuman treatment on Kurdish officials in various localities, and concludes by pointing out that in many cases it was directed towards Christians on account of their faith.

GALLANT LORD BERESFORD.

Brave Deed That Won for Him the Coveted Victoria Cross.

"Beresford," said Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, who told the story the last time he was in Washington, "was out on a scout, or rather an armed reconnaissance, to ascertain the strength of the Zulu forces. Buller directed him to be very wary, or he would be ambushed. The advice was good, for about ten miles from camp, on the White Umvalosi river, there sprung out of a deep water cut crossing the plane a line of Zulus 2,000 strong. Beresford immediately ordered his force—only four troops strong—to fall back, keeping the Zulus in check. Just then a sergeant was shot off his horse and the Zulus made a dash for him. Beresford turned back, and with one hand pulled the wounded man up behind him, while he held his cocked Colt revolver in the other. He had just got the man up when the warriors were on him. He shot four in about eight seconds, and thus halted them. He was joined by Sergeant O'Toole, and with his aid Beresford was able to get back to his command, which fell back slowly till they recrossed the river and were re-inforced by Buller's whole command. "I tell you it was touch and go, for had Beresford's horse stumbled with the double load he carried 'Bill' would have been a 'goner.' Well, Sir Evelyn Wood recommended him for the Victoria Cross, and the queen immediately granted the request. But Beresford refused to accept it unless Sergeant O'Toole was similarly honored. 'I could never have got back with Fitzmaurice,' said Beresford, 'had not O'Toole come to me. If I deserve it he surely does too.' So the Gazette has announced Beresford's decoration also told the army that the same honor had been conferred upon Sergeant Edmund O'Toole of Baker's Horse."

Don't put your friend in a position where he must deny your request.

Awarded....

Diploma of....

Merit at....

Exhibition....

Fredericton....

1893.....

I would fear

no case of dis-

temper in my

stables while I

could get Man-

chester's Condi-

tion Powders

and Liniment.

W. B. Campbell,

30 Leicester St.,

St. John.

THE

BEST

SPRING

MEDICINE

FOR

HORSES.

I can sell no

other Condition

Powders but

Manchester's in

this locality.

Geo. Chaloner,

Kingston,

Kings Co.,

N. B.

St. John.

GOSSIP OVER THE CABLE.

Canadian Horses Bring Very Good

Prices in England.

The Prince of Wales' Capture of the Manches-

ter Cup a Political Victory in the

Political World.

New York, June 9.—The World's

London cable special: A heavy con-

signment of American and Canadian

horses were sold here yesterday. They

were much admired and found many

buyers. Twenty-six Canadian horses

averaged thirty guineas each, and

twenty-four Canadian horses, which

were landed from the steamer Car-

lisie City, a few days ago, were sold

at the same average price. Nineteen

American horses from Iowa brought

an average of twenty-eight guineas

each.

The June number of the Author

prints a manifesto of the Society of

Authors in opposition to the Canadian

Copyright bill. It begins by saying

that it is impossible to deal with the

Canadian Copyright act of 1889 or to

estimate the effect it will produce if

it is allowed to come into force with-

out, in the first place, shortly referring

to the present position of copyright as

an imperial question and as an inter-

national question.

New York, June 9.—The Sun's Lon-

don cable says: The victory of the

Prince of Wales' horse Florizel II. in

the Manchester cup on Friday has

made him enormously popular. Half

of sporting England had money on

some shield with finely chased base

reliefs and, seeing that it now has a

royal owner, appropriately represents

Henry V. being knighted by Richard

II. in Ireland, the same monarch be-

striding the fallen body of his brother

Clarence at the battle of Agincourt

and his marriage with Catherine of

France at Troyes and so on. The

shield would have proved quite an

educational course to Mr. Dwyer had

he won it, but Banquet II. ran like a

cowardly brute. If the Prince of

Wales goes on winning races it will

be the duty of the non-conformist

science to awaken from its long slum-

ber. It is beginning to rouse itself

in regard to the prime minister. The

Yorkshire association of Baptist

churches met on Wednesday and re-

solutely admonished him upon the

encouragement he was giving to gam-

bling by owning race horses. Strange

to say, however, that in this gather-

ing of Puritans, Lord Rosebery found

apologists. One reverend gentleman

urged in his behalf that he did not

know his bet, which scarcely fits in

with the facts; and another declared

that his lordship's advocacy of the

principles of true civil and religious

liberty ought to be taken as a set-off

to his shortcomings in other respects.

English politics are stagnant during

the holiday week. Lord Rosebery has

been yachting. Sir Wm. Harcourt is

in retirement. Mr. Balfour bicycling

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