O-TURKISH AR.

cities by Turks vian Frontier.

News of the 28th ult. ing despatch from its at Prince Milan's head- charged and every heart thenticated tidings of mmitted on the inoffen- the frontier villages in can be no pretence for reasons. The men are ges of the Grenze; the rable women and hapless wrecking, butchery, and to all appearance the en- f the merciless Bashi- anly Redifs, whom the ers, keeping in fixed lar troops, let loose with to practise the utmost ry. From the frontier Nisch and Alexinatz r tidings to those I her day as having been om the western frontier man who is not obsti- o be incredulous can ques- ese statements. Officers me down from the front with tales of burnt vil- have seen, the mangled ying in the gutters among headless trunks of Ser- ces where there has been the up country hospitals, knives as they lay help- nds. In the course of an yesterday found my way on the hill slope about the houses in which there omen and children, with old man—all the able- way to the war. under the projecting eaves s, draggled, miserable, and y about twelve years old de; and around them the a semi-circle, and were a strange con rned The woman, to ere in an apathetic reverie ith her eyes on the ground and the boy. One of the something to my com- officer, whose face flushed, set sternly at the low re- ng, he approached the king to her, startled her on. As he spoke, at first emingly and indifferent; that of one with no thing. But at length and with flashing vo- l forth the terrible wrongs, which my com- and by scraps translated to after all, is a relative term. n, if she could have brought ell the shameful story of guity which this miserable recount of herself, would r degradation and its de- ing lip and downcast eye. as did this Sclave woman agony of her involuntary use she told us of it—here le—with shrill voice and y of utterance. The per- which she had been sub- written down in their hor- ntiality; but you may the recital thrilled her on recall the shuddering sted through England when gs, happily in one item of they comprised not true, the opening scenes of the Her cottage had been r eyes; of three children she er baby, tossed about from r, and then flung into the econd she knew nothing; the who was now with her, had timeously, and joined her er of a wood, after she had to drag herself away from rilry. Her relatives lived, of the hamlets of the Golu- and she had tramped thus to shelter herself among them. had left for the army since ys of the war, and she knew whereabouts. Their cottage he upland near the Grumada far from this section of the eastern corner of Servia, ther was, the village of Lojan, al Prolich yesterday reported that the church, school, and een burned. Poljana, another me angle, is also reported by ority to have been desolated manner. Now, apart also the mere atrocity of these are curious illustrations tional character of this war. hus desolated are inside the er. But the Servian troops considerably outside the er in this same direction; so Turks in detached parties, not e Servian columns and their but actually, after a fashion, e shape of a mutual invasion. if, when the Germans were country round Metz, bands of y had been desolating the ges of Duttweiler and Neun- he district generally inside the Saar."

IN TO INDUSTRY.—The "hard had a wholesome effect in many a return to industrious Illinois correspondent of the tesman finds this to be the case his locality. He states in a : "I never remember a time mers stuck to their home-work is year. Interior towns and serted of people from the farms, turday—a day that the im- tom of the country has made a whole holiday; but on those of h and 27th of the present every farmer and work-hand e fields and stuck to the corn not sure but a great many e been seen on the Sundays fol- Saturdays named—conscientious ng these costly and indispensa- requently allowing them to be r less scrupulous neighbours, will not use them on their unt. I am quite certain is not only much less idle- sual, but a much less dispo- e idle. People who are beyond y, so far as work is a necessity begin to apologize for doing having nothing to do; and the o should work and does not has his idleness or lose his standing munity. This is coming down to nd sounds like specie payments, n to old times, when a dollar oliar, and when society and a ws made less distinction than has e between idleness and crime. ustion and impoverishment of the consumption of nations' would be d interesting theme for some one inent professors of history in our l colleges, and one worthy all ing and all their powers. Let how the great deserted cities of Palmyra, Nineveh, and a hundred st have originally risen amid a pulation, which population must supported by a profitable and agriculture, which in its turn had a rich and fertile soil urable climate, as original Let them then proceed how, by an exhaust- unscientific system of agricul- plains were first impoverished, and forest cut away, so that in the years the crops failed to pay the ltivation, and how the impoverish- he land led to the poverty of the rist, then to that of the people, and decadence of the nation. Let e each step taken in the down- exhaustion of the soil, poverty mers and produce, general decad- equently a stronger power, over- the Government, depression of the l general devastation and ruin. onclusion let them demonstrate we are or are not going the same e concluding remarks may seem to hat alarming and rather inappro our present or even possibly future but are yet worth pondering over nt to a state of things which we dangerous in its tendency toward tive agriculture, to some extent d by our wealth of rich and fertile hat is only sparsely settled."

now have to take off their hats in rnia theatres, just like men.

for the international dog show at hia are to remain open until

says an exchange, "now be in order ant Bates to carry the American gh the Big Horn country. Here ce for him to immortalize himself, alped—the latter preferred."

d Timmons, father of Louise Haw- the actress who was killed by rom a hotel window in Chicago, mitted suicide in Middletown, He was greatly depressed at hter's death, and at length became d.

oticeable that the Black Hills furor raged so furiously among the youth nd since the disaster to General Cus- mmand. Many a boy who ten days saving up his pennies to buy a rail- ket and a revolver, now walks out back-yard and cuts kindling wood a murmur.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

ther of four children in New Orleans convicted of regularly sending them steal. By practice they became very and the profit of their thieving en- he woman to buy a house and live ably. She devoted herself to the the stolen articles and the general n of the children.

Brown was elected to the office of e in the State of Pennsylvania, and serving a process on his friend Tom the latter became angry and gave rashing. Ben was indignant and d:—"I wouldn't mind your licking my individual character, but when ake me in my official capacity you pillar of the Commonwealth."—*El- dvertiser.*

ichigan paper says that a Detroit man iece of bark from a tree that grew on of an uncle whose grandfather's r-in-law started with Gen. Jackson battle of New Orleans, but was de- by an attack of cholera morbus, and ld send that to the Centennial Expo- if he had an adequate assurance that ld ever get it back again.

The Parisian Fashions.

(From The Queen.)

The heat is so intense that our *élégantes* who do not reside very far from Paris have returned in quest of light dresses and thin mantles, finding they are insufficiently supplied, whatever quantity they possess, for there is great relief in constant change of garments in this sultry weather. The large shops, or rather the "magasins de nouveautés," as they are called in Paris, are very busy, and the leading dress akers are well employed, and this is contrary to all precedent at this usually dull season.

Among the novelties I must indicate the latest style of China crêpe shawls, which are, in fact, only revivals of a very old style; but they are smaller than the old-fashioned shawls, and are worn as a double point, being fastened in front like a peasant woman's large fichu. In white they cost 95 francs at the Magasins de Louvre, and in black 100 francs. There are also exquisite Alsatian fichus made of China crêpe, embroidered all over with either bouquets or arabesques of all colours; but these are more expensive, and are chiefly found at certain leading houses. There are likewise mantilles made of netting, which are worn indifferently, both on the neck and the head, and these replace the chenille shawls, which are too heavy for these warm days. These mantilles are made of thick purse silk, either pale blue, cerise, poppy red, écru, or white; they are also made in black, but are not so pretty. Netted mantilles are very graceful when worn over the head in place of hoods. Nets made of thinner silk, and with long fringes, are arranged on bonnets, and are worn as neckties with thin dresses.

Let us now turn our attention to bonnets and shoes, as there are special ones made for this season, and they reveal the true *élégante* much more certainly than her dress. For a dressy summer toilette Mme. Caroline Reboux is making bourrelet bonnets of very fine white straw with a low crown, and either a white or a cream feather curling all round it; beneath the brim there is a wreath of either white or red roses. For full dress occasions there are Lamballe bonnets to match the dress, with a gauze bow of the same colour as the costume, and a spray of flowers at one side. The veil now plays a prominent part in a bonnet; indeed sometimes the veil entirely envelopes it, which is to be regretted if the bonnet is pretty, or nothing is to be seen except a foullis of dark green, navy blue, or grey gauze. There are several sorts and varieties of gauze—plain gauze, striped gauze, and checked gauze, but for veils the plain gauze is almost always used; for scarfs as bonnet trimmings, on the contrary, fancy gauze is preferred. The most popular of all for the latter purpose is what is called "frosted gauze;" it is somewhat thick, and is tufted all over with silky streaks like snow flakes, and in sky blue it is particularly soft and pretty. This gauze is arranged as a bandeau round the toques made of feathers, and is fastened under the chin by the aid of a small brooch. There are a thousand fancy articles in fashion for fastening gauze and lace strings; there are arrows in pearls and diamonds, flies, bees, and keys, from the brilliant key, glittering with brilliants and other precious stones, to the modest silver key.

Waistbands and sashes made of grosgrain are again coming into favour, and they are always fastened with a buckle; the bands, which are very narrow, are worn above the basque bodice, and fastened with a Louis XV. buckle in Rhine crystal.

In shoes the form known as Charles IX. is the most successful; it is a shoe which has a wide bar across the instep, fastened with a buckle. The steel buckles with diamond points are much worn, and they are small; there is no bow. The Fénélon is the favourite for walking about dusty roads or streets; this shoe is cut so as to well cover the foot in front, and is fastened with ribbons, which pass in and out of the eyelet-holes. It covers the foot almost as much as a boot, and is less fatiguing to wear. It is made in black kid, embroidered with white, and in prune and navy blue kid, to wear with costumes of those colours. The are also made in écru kid, and also entirely of écru linen; the heels are high, and there is no better walking shoe—the excursion shoe *par excellence.*

The most stylish shoes for evening wear are made of pale blue or pearl grey kid; they are cut open in front, and the kid heel is covered with either gold or silver very finely worked. The stockings always match the shoes. Pale blue and pink shoes can be worn with white dresses, but, in my opinion, the best of all shoes are the black satin ones, made with bars across the instep, and worn with black open-worked silk stockings. Buckles are often worn on evening shoes, particularly those made of Rhine crystal, of coral, and of turquoises, the buckles being of fancy shape, and the shoes either light coloured faille or black satin. Very few boots are worn in warm weather, except those made of écru batiste, and doeskin boots with silver buttons, for excursions; these latter are very soft to the feet, and do not show dust in the least. Fancy shoes are numerous, the most useful are those made of black and white checked armure or ribbed silk, and black kid ones embroidered with white; the popular design for the embroidery being ermine tails. The most dressy shoes have all pointed toes and Louis XV. heels, but for travelling, and all-useful wear, boots and shoes are made with square toes. For *negligé* wear there are beautiful mules or half slippers, made of black satin and barred across, the said straps being worked with jet.

Stockings also are very varied, but in every case they should match the toilette worn at the time; stripes going across the leg are again in favour, the perpendicular lines being considered ungraceful. For day wear spun silk and thread stockings are in vogue, silk stockings being reserved for evening wear. At the seaside our *élégantes* are wearing cardinal red silk stockings, and in fact at Trouville red is the dominating colour in the accessories of the toilette. The following costume will give an idea of the style adopted at such resorts as Trouville: Poppy red foulard skirt, trimmed with two platings; tunic of red alpaca, square in front, opening at the side, and bordered almost to the top with écru embroidery. The back of the tunic is fastened to the sides with large butterfly bows of red faille. Bodice with square basque, made of red alpaca, and edged with écru embroidery; it opens over a chemisette made of écru batiste with turned-down collar, the points of which are embroidered—upon this chemisette there are bars of red alpaca, fastened with dead gold buttons. Small mantle of red alpaca, made with a hood and ornamented with écru embroidery. Sailor hat of coarse white straw, with a trail of red poppies beneath one side of the brim, and an embroidered écru batiste scarf round the crown. Red foulard parasol. This costume is reproduced in many colours, but it is considered for this season most stylish in red.

The plain batiste and linon toilettes, trimmed with English embroidery, are in my opinion in much better taste, and in pink especially they are very attractive. The skirt is trimmed with plaitings, and the round tunic, without too much foullis, has white embroidery sewn upon it as a border and not at the edge; the bodice, which has large collar and deep cuffs of embroidery, is made with plaits at the back; the gros grain waistband is fastened with a buckle, and a small bouquet of flowers is usually fastened into the band.

I have already spoken of the wide Surah scarves of bright colour, which are tied *à la Sultane* on light dresses. With a white polonaise of either muslin, guipure, Valenciennes, or worsted lace, this wide Surah scarf imparts much originality to the effect.

ELIANE DE MARSY.

MODERN REFRIGERATION.—"Thomas, what have we for dinner to-night?" asked Mr. Maguffin. "There's baked bluefish, roast veal, and spring lamb." "Is this any relation to Mary's little lamb?" "I think it's the same one." "Thomas, your candour charms me; I will take some. I never (turning to the cheerful Magruder) think of lamb without recalling an incident in the early life of Col. Horace Featherstock, the powerful editor of the Eagleville *Tri-Weekly Tomahawk and Mirror.* When about ten years of age he was living on a farm in Massachusetts and attending school. With that directness of purpose which is at the present time so eminently characteristic of him, he reached the school house across lots instead of going round by the long and dusty road. In one of these condensed journeys he encountered a tough and muscular ram browsing in a pasture field. The ram lowered his head and laid a remarkably straight course for the bulge in the boy's apparel. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Mr. Magruder, the ram seemed desirous of tearing out the seat of Horace's trousers; but with an agility that was highly creditable in one so young, the youth eluded his almost equally agile pursuer. If his lessons that day were less perfectly learned than usual, it was only because he was devising means for the circumvention of the ram. The next morning Horace passed through a lot adjoining the pasture field, and having removed a rail from the top of the fence, he inserted one end of it between the bars, and holding on with the other, he was delighted to see the ram true to its instincts, lower his head, and butt ferociously and fruitlessly. It relieved Horace somewhat thus to see his wicked enemy vainly spending himself, and after he had exhausted it for a while he replaced the rail and resumed his studies. This thing went on for several weeks, and the first rail having become splintered on the ram end, the youth selected one morning a fine, stout new one. He had scarcely passed the end of it through the fence when he saw the ram gathering himself for a desperate plunge. Horace hung on firmly, and when the shock came he was astonished to see the ram, instead of falling off as usual repulsed at the end, now shooting down with great velocity along the rail toward him; the repeated heavy impacts had so weakened the animal's skull that this last great shock had crushed it, and left him spitted on the rail. "And I suppose," added Mr. Maguffin, as he tugged away at the spring lamb on his plate, "that while the signal defeat the ram suffered on the field of Massachusetts was due to the firmness and fertility of resource of the youthful Horace, the wonderful preservation until now of the flesh of that warlike ram, may be attributed to the remarkable improvement in modern methods of refrigeration."

A workman fell from a roof sixty feet high in Dublin, but, after descending twenty feet, caught an iron bar, and escaped worse injury than a broken rib.

At a meeting of the London Aeronautical Society, several schemes were propounded for the construction of flying machines, and one gentleman, who expressed an opinion that balloon sailing was a game not worth the candle, announced that he had in preparation a machine to be worked by a 30-horse power steam engine, which would travel through the air at a rate of 200 miles an hour as safely as a railway train.

THEN AND NOW.

Here is the same old mansion,
With its quaint moss-covered towers,
And the Summer sunlight sleeping
On the gleam of the garden flowers.

And the wild dove, far in the fir-wood,
Cooing in monotone;
And the stately silent court-yard,
With its antique dial-stone.

The swallows have come as of yore, lad,
From over the sunny sea,
And the cup of the lily echoes
To the hum of the wandering bee.

The lark, in its silvery treble,
Sings up in the deep-blue sky;
But the house is not as it was, lad,
In those dear old days gone by.

'Twas here that her garments rustled,
Like music amidst the flowers;
And her low, sweet rippling laughter
Made richer the rose-wreathed bowers.

But now in its noontide brightness,
The place seems cold and dead,
And it lies like a storm of beauty
When the light of the soul has fled.

All hushed is each lonely chamber
That echoed to songs of old;
The chairs are now all vacant,
And the hearths are dark and cold.

Yet the joys I had here of yore, lad,
No heart but my own can know;
And the glimpses of heaven she gave me
In this dear home long ago.

But they went one eve, when she left me
'Mid the balm of the summer air;
There's a grave far over the hills, lad—
The home of my heart is there.

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

BY A LEAP.

BY MARY CECIL HAY.

I.—"TRUE OF HEART."

A small, old-fashioned cottage, where a woman sits working in the porch.

A tiny cottage, in a garden stocked only with fruit and vegetables, save for the hardy creepers clinging to the porch. But then their blossoms gleam as white and pure as any rare exotics, and the dark leaves move softly in the fairy light, as the breeze nestles there after its flight across the heath from that far line of brilliancy which, though but a ribbon's width, is the broad sea flashing in the sun. A slight, pale woman, wearing a widow's cap upon her smooth brown hair, but with such a look of love and longing on her face that she too has a beauty which it is good to look upon. Small and isolated as the cottage may be, it is a home of love and peace; and plain and quiet as the country-woman looks, she has a wealth of warm affection in her heart.

As she sits there alone, Mary Sullivan is dreaming the old dream which have cheered her through her ten years of widowhood—bright but never impossible dreams of the future of her only son—and she is glancing backward, too, over her own life, wondering a little, just a little, if many women of her age have seen no more of the world than she who has not spent one night of all her life—nor ever wished to do so—beyond this village where her husband has been schoolmaster. Is it to be always so? A steadfast light comes into her eyes, and her quiet lips break into a smile, made beautiful by bright and loving trust—"That shall be left to Davy," she says, uttering softly the one name which now means all the world to her. "His choice will be my choice."

From the porch where Mary sits she can catch a glimpse, through the trees, of the road along which the stage-coach passes. This spot she is watching eagerly, and when the four horses come within sight at last, she drops her knitting and rises. Nervously drawing her hand across her strained, glad eyes, she turns and enters the cottage, as if she dare not wait those few minutes which will bring the coach into sight again at the garden gate.

Tea is laid for two in the pleasant little kitchen, and the table, though it bears upon its snowy cloth no luxuries beyond home-made cakes and fresh laid eggs, has quite a festive look. The mother stands and gazes round her with a smile. Is there nothing more that she can bring for Davy? Her hands are clasped together, and her breath is quickening, for she knows that any moment now her boy may rush in, past that line of sunshine at the open door. But she does not know how intently she is listening for his footsteps upon the gravel, nor how her face brightens when he comes at last.

"Mother!"

"Oh, Davy! Davy!"

The greeting bursts from the hearts of both in that first moment; then the boy's lips are clinging to his mother's, and her arms holds him in that *entire* love which a widowed mother so lavishes upon an only son.

The meal which she has prepared with loving hands is over; and the mother and her boy sit together in their favourite corner of the porch, while the sun sets far away across the sea.

"Four whole weeks of idleness, and of home and you mother," David says. "It seems too good to be true."

"But you like school, Davy?" Mrs. Sullivan asks wistfully. "You are happy there?"

"Happy! oh yes; and getting on capitally. Of course I try to do that, mother, as grandfather urged it so when he condescended to put me to this school. Perhaps he will help me a little even when the five years are over. I will soon rise, if he gives me a start after this promised school term."

"And if he does not, this education is a great help, Davy. You will be seventeen when you leave the college, and clever, and able to do anything."

"Anything—every thing, mother," asserts the boy, softly drawing her arms about his neck. "I shall be a man, and you shall never want anything again. You shall have a large house and garden, and I shall come home to you every evening from my office—where I shall earn the money, you know. It must be near London, because men don't get rich except in London, I expect. Shall you like it, mother?"

"You have made up your mind to be rich, Davy?"

"Only," the boy answers, his eyes upon his mother's face—"only just rich enough to make you comfortable and happy, mother; that you may never have to work, as you work now, or deny yourself, as you deny yourself now. You have so little, mother, to make your life easy and bright."

"Little!" she cries through her happy tears—"little! when I have you Davy!"

"We both have all we need, dear mother," the boy says, laying his curly head upon her shoulder. "I would not change homes with the richest boy in all our college (though *he* would laugh at the notion); but still, I mean to give you more. I am making the most of my time."

"And what do the masters say of you, Davy?"

"That I am the best arithmetician in the school," the boy says laughing; "and best (for my age) in one or two others things."

"But, mother, I beat every fellow—older or younger—hollow at gymnastics."

"What are *they?*" asks Mary, wondering. But though David explains at length, her ideas of the science is only a little less vague when he finishes than it had been when he began.

"We have a splendid gymnasium at school, and you should see me. There's not a fellow who can come any where near me. And I have a prize to show you, mother—not for that," he adds, with a laugh at her surprise, "but for accounts. I won it to please grandfather, because, after all, he was very good to put me to school, though he will not personally notice either of us. It is almost like giving me a fortune, isn't it? and therefore better than if he asked me to his house, although that would show he had forgiven my father for—settling here."

"Almost a fortune—yes," she answers, gravely stroking his brown curls. "But try to think less of being rich than of being good and true-hearted, my own child."

"I do, mother," he says earnestly, "only I *talk* more of the one. And when I think things over, mother, I feel quite sure that a man's *occupation* need make no difference. My father had nothing harder to battle with than the ignorance of a lot of boys, who, after all, loved him and tried to please him; but I *may* be just as good a man battling with the world—which seems so far from us, and so unreal to us yet—as he was in this dear little quiet nook. Don't you feel this, mother?"

Yes, she feels it. Small as her knowledge is, she knows of One who walked unspotted through the world; and poor as she may be, she is rich in her trust in Him.

The sunset light is dying now, and the mother and son sit watching it in a silence which is sweet with love and sympathy; and when those fair, pink clouds fade and vanish from above the sea, they rise and go into the cottage together.

II.—"FOR HER DEAR SAKE."

That first vacation of David's has passed like a dream to his mother, and now that the last day has arrived, she feels as if only a week had sped, though she has so regretfully and hungrily counted (each morning and each night) both the days that have been spent and those that are to come.

Another long absence follows; another bright home-coming (in the frosty Christmas now); another absence; and so on, and on, and on, until David comes home from school for the last time of all.

He meets his mother just within the porch, where the flowers bloom that summer as they have bloomed through every summer of his life, and he has no cloud upon his face. But, later on, his mother's anxious question is answered a little sadly.

"Yes, mother; I heard from the lawyers yesterday. Grandfather's will does not mention either of us. He has given me all the help he meant to give. Well, he has been very good, and now I om ready to make my own start in the world. But I must go at once. One delicious day with you here, then for London! Don't look so sad, my mother; this shall not be a long separation; not even so long as the old school terms, for I will soon come back to fetch you."

So after this one day he goes, laughing over his scanty purse, because his hands are strong, he says, and his fortune hope and courage. But when he looks back, it is only through a mist of tears that he can see the little cottage where he leaves his mother in her loneliness.

After David's departure the days pass for Mrs. Sullivan just as the old school-days have done, except that now she has a daily excitement in his letters. Never can she settle to any thing until the postman has come up the garden path and given into her trembling hand the letter David never fails to send, the letter (full of love and bravery and hope) which does his mother's heart such good.

At last one letter comes in which he tells her he has found employment in an accountant's office—employment which is very easy to him, and which he likes, though the salary he is to receive is much smaller than he anticipated when he so hopefully began his search.

"But I will work so well," he writes, "that the firm will raise my salary soon, and *then* I will come for you. Ah! mother, I can indeed work hard and long and steadily for that good end."

So, in the cottage, Mary works hard too, confident in the realization of his plan, and living with him, through her long day-dreams in a London which exists in her imagination only—a wide calm city where all the young men have David's face and David's nature, and guide skilfully the machinery of the world.

But the time goes on, and David only earns what he has earned at first. "And so," he writes, a little sadly now, "the home with you is still out of my reach, for poverty *here*, mother, would be to you a hundred times worse than poverty at home."

When he has been absent for a year he comes home to spend his birthday with his mother—a summer day which they have spent together for all the eighteen years of David's life. Then he goes back to his work, still hopeful of the rise which his earnest and untiring servitude is to win.

Six months pass, and then, one Sunday night, David walks unexpectedly into the cottage kitchen, where his mother sits beside the fire, softly singing to herself a hymn which she has heard in church that day. When she starts up—her face, in that moment of surprise, white as death—David sees how little able she is to bear any shock where he is concerned. But her delight, one minute afterward, makes up for all, and that Sunday night is one which both will love to remember.

"Can you not stay one day?" the mother pleads. "Must you really go back to-morrow, Davy?"

"To-day, you mean, mother. Look! we have chatted till after midnight already. Never mind—we have four whole hours more, thanks to the new railway. Don't go to bed, mother; I can not spare you for that time."

She has never thought of leaving him; so beside the cheerful fire they sit and talk; first of the lives which they have separately led, and then of that life which they are presently to lead together—for David has come home on purpose to bring joyful tidings. The long-talked-of home will be ready soon, for he is earning a high salary now, and all the old bright plans are to be carried out.

"But, Davy," Mrs. Sullivan says, when she rises at last to prepare the early breakfast, "how *very* hard you must be working, only to be spared for one day, after a whole twelve months of service!"

"I could have had one holiday between," he answers, "but I would not take it. It was wiser not, mother, as this an expensive journey, even now that we have the railway."

"And you have been sending *me* your money David!"

"But I am earning so much now," the young man says, with a bright excitement in his eyes.

"And are you happy, David?"

"Very happy, mother—thinking how soon everything will be as I planned it long ago."

"But for yourself alone, are you happy, dear?" she asks, wistfully.

"I! Oh yes, mother, quite happy."

Another good-bye—"But the last," David says, as he again and again kisses his mother's shaking lips.

III.—"AH, POOR HUMANITY!"

David had said that he would spend his birthday at home—that June day which has always been the one holiday of the year to the widowed mother—but on the morning before, arrives a letter which tells her he is obliged to delay his coming. London is very full, he says, and he is very busy; so he can not get that day's holiday.

In every line of this letter the mother can read his disappointment, as well as the sorrow it gives him to disappoint her; and tears come and blot out the loving words, as well as the proud descriptions of the home which is all ready for her now, out in one of the pleasant northern suburbs. They blot out even that simple request at the end: "Think of me more than ever to-morrow, mother, and pray for me just at nightfall; at that *very* hour when we have been used to sit together in the porch on other happy birthday nights."

There is the present of money which most letters bring her now, and it is while she holds this money in her hand that she forms a sudden resolution, which come to her at that moment as so natural a one that she wonders where it has been hidden before.

She is on her way from the village post office when the plan suggested itself, and when she reaches home (her steps quick in the new excitement) she sits down in her old seat in the porch and makes it all clear to herself. David is working very hard, and is to be lonely on his birthday. How can she better use his gift to her than by giving him a pleasure he can not expect, and so prevent his being solitary on that day which they have never yet spent apart? As he can not come to *her*, she will go to *him*. Ah! how his face will brighten when he sees his mother come in! How he will start up with outstretched arms to clasp her! The moment will repay her for any trouble she may have in reaching him.

When once the resolution is formed, it holds her tenaciously, and she begins her preparations at once, glad and excited as a child. She packs her basket, putting in a chicken and butter and eggs and cream, because David has said that he never enjoys these things in London as he does at home; and she smiles as she ties a dainty white cloth over them all, for she is picturing her boy's delight when he shall unpack these luxuries which she has brought him from his own village. All that night she lies awake, yet arises brisk and active, almost wondering if she can really be the Mary Sullivan who has never entered a railway carriage in her life—she, a traveller, starting alone to a far off city of which she knows nothing.

Taking her basket on her arms, she walks to the rectory to leave the key of her cottage with her clergyman, and to obtain from him instructions for her journey. He gives them clearly and circumstantially; and walking with her to the station, sees her off, with the precious basket in her care and that look of steadfast happiness in her eyes.

It is a long journey, but the anticipation of David's delight at seeing her shortens and beautifies the way, so that she starts with surprise when a fellow-traveller tells her she is at Paddington. Timidly she stands back from the crowd, holding her basket tight upon her arm, and watching the passers-by with wistful, patient eyes. What a great place this station is! and every one so busy and engrossed!

"If you please, I want to reach Farringdon Street. Would you kindly tell me what to do?"—she has at last accosted a porter, as he passes with a hamper on his shoulder.

"Cross to Metropolitan."

"Cross to Metropolitan!" The words are foreign words to her. What can they mean? Is there a river, then, between her and David? Another porter, coming slowly up as the crowd disperses, sees the puzzled look upon the woman's face, and how she shrinks apart in her neat country dress, and holds her basket with such care and pride.

"Where do you want to go?" he inquires, kindly.

"To Farringdon street. I am to cross something, but I could not understand. I am sorry to be so troublesome."

"You'd far better have a cab," the man says, in a tone of involuntary kindliness. "Do you mind the expense?"

"I have six shillings in change," she answers, looking gratefully into his face. "Will that do?"

"Half of it."

He takes her to one of the waiting cabs, and makes a bargain with the man in her presence; then he closes the door upon her, and smiles as she drives away.

And this is London, this line of streets, and crowd of people, and deafening sound of wheels! Poor Davy! How he must long for the quiet shady lanes and the fresh breeze coming inland from the sea.

The cab stops, and Mary Sullivan stands with a beating heart at the door of a tall narrow house in Farringdon street, and rings the bell faintly. She waits what she thinks a long, long time before a young woman appears in answer to her modest summons.

"Will you tell me—if you please, in which room I shall find my son?"

"What's your son's name?" the girl asks, with a long stare.

"David Sullivan."

"Oh, Mr. Sullivan," she says, a little more pleasantly. "He's out. Would you like to step into the passage and rest?"

"Thank you," David's mother says, gently, as she meets this unlooked-for blow; "I would much rather go to him."

"I don't know where he is, though. He's nearly always out. He's at an office all day. Then he's forever going out into the country somewhere north, where he's got a house he's been furnishing. I don't know where else he goes, but he's always away at night."

"He will be at—that house you speak of, I suppose?" questions Mary, her voice trembling in its eagerness, as her thoughts dwell on this home which David has been preparing for her. "I wish you could tell me where it is."

"But I don't know," the girl answers, more shortly; "and I should think you'd better stay here till he comes back."

"I would rather go to him. Do you think any one in the house could kindly tell me where he is?"

A young foreigner is coming down the stairs as Mary speaks, and she looks shyly and wistfully at him. So the girl asks the question—Does he happen to know where Mr. Sullivan is?

"Monsieur Sulli—Sullivan?" the young man questions, laughing a little, as he glances into the face of the country-bred yet delicate-looking woman who stands holding her basket so closely to her side. "Yes, I know. Why?"

"I am his mother," Mary says, her voice bright with pride.

"Had you not better wait here until he comes?"

"I would far rather go to him if you would help me."

"You are quite sure?" he asks again, with the laughing glance.

"Quite sure, sir."

"Then I will direct you, for I am going that way myself. You had better, at any rate, leave your basket here."

So she gives it to the young woman, with a shy request that it may be taken care of; then follows her guide out into the street. It seems to Mary that they have walked for miles down noisy and bewildering streets, when they turn, and enter a wide and open doorway. With a sign to his companion to follow, the stranger walks on along a carpeted passage, only pausing a moment to speak to a man who is standing there—just as if he might be waiting for them. Mary follows her guide on and on, wondering how this lighted way can lead to any home which David has chosen for her.

Yet all the while her heart is fluttering joyfully, because the meeting *must* be now so near. Once more the stranger stops to speak to some one who stands at an inner door; then he leads her through it, on amidst a crowd of seated figures.

"If you sit here," he says, with a smile, pointing down to a vacant seat which they have reached, "you will soon see your son. Watch the wide entrance opposite you there, and you will see him in a few minutes."

Mary thanks him with simple earnestness; then takes the seat and waits, her eyes fixed, with a smile of expectation in them, upon the opening opposite.

What a gay, grand place this is, with lights like suns and stars upon the ceiling, so far up, so far up! Why, the church at home is not nearly so high as this room. But why is it lighted yet? The June sunshine is lying brightly now upon the sea at home, and it must be light as day in the cottage rooms. What thousands of faces are gathered here—all looking one way, too, all looking at that door she has been bidden to watch. Are *they* waiting for David too?

Suddenly a band begins to play, and puzzled more and more, Mary turns her eyes from the spot she is watching so intently. David has never told her about this music, and these lights, and this great lofty room, and the watching crowd. What does it mean? And why is Davy coming here!

A prompt tumultuous sound of clapping in the crowd, and Mary turns her puzzled eyes back again to the doorway she had been bidden to watch. No one is there, save the few idle figures which have stood there all the time. But now, in the cleared space in the centre of the building, a man (who must have passed through while she was gazing at the band, and whose face is turned from her) is climbing a single rope suspended from the roof.

Wonderingly, Mary watches the light and active figure—tightly clad in white and crimson—springing upward with speed and the agility of a squirrel. Why should he do this daring, foolish thing. Is a man's life so valueless that he should risk it thus to provoke a moment's passing wonder! Is death so trivial a thing that he should brave it recklessly to win a moment's applause! Ah! to think of *this* man's life, and then of Davy's!

Another minute, and the man she watches springs to a double rope which hangs from the lofty ceiling; and, sitting there at ease, looks down upon the crowd. Then Mary's eyes look full into his face.

* * * * * * *

It is a special performance at the circus on this June night, being the farewell of the famous gymnast, Monsieur Sulli, who, after his brief and brilliant career, is retiring from the profession in which he shines without a rival, intending to settle down—so it is rumoured, ironically and discontentedly—to office-work with an accountant, and to live in a small house out in a north suburb with an old mother from the country. So ridiculous, in the very zenith of his fame!

On this farewell night he is to perform (for the last time) his greatest feat—a feat that no one but himself has ever attempted. From the flying trapeze where he now stands, swinging himself carelessly to and fro, he will spring to a stationary one forty feet distant; and, passing *through* this, will catch it by one foot only, and hang suspended so, one hundred feet above the arena.

A dangerous exploit, of course; but performed with wondrous nerve and skill. Surely it will be a pity if, having made his reputation, Monsieur Sulli shall still persist in his determination to retire from the ring.

A grand success! The shout of applause which shakes the great building from floor to ceiling testifies to this beyond a question. Decidedly a grand success! Though in one seat among the crowd a solitary woman, who is a stranger there, sits white, and still and dead.

THE END.

Everyday Luxuries.

(From the Liberal Review.)

Men can accustom themselves to almost anything in the shape of privation, but they can only do so under pressure of circumstances. There are many people who can contentedly eat a crust of bread and cheese for their dinner when they can get nothing else; but there are few, if any, who are able to do so when they are in a position to procure what is better. Persons generally seem to become as much habituated to luxuries as they do to hard fare; and self-denial, pure and simple, appears to be practised only at rare intervals. This is a pity. So long as one is doing well there is, perhaps, small reason why he should deprive himself of certain luxuries. When, however, the sun of his prosperity sets he ought to do so. But he cannot. The luxuries have become necessaries to him, or, to speak more correctly, he has persuaded himself that he could not do without them. Consequently, as if regardless of consequences, he continues to treat himself to many of the superfluities of life to which he has accustomed himself, even though by so doing he seriously jeopardises his permanent interests. Nor does he reproach himself upon the score of his self-indulgence. Indeed, he is prone to plume himself upon the fact that he is a martyr who willingly places vigorous restraints upon himself. In perfect obliviousness to the true facts of the case, he invites you to number him among the anchorites of the earth, and to admire him accordingly. It would be amusing if it were not somewhat melancholy to contemplate the grounds upon which he asks you to do this. You discover that he cannot possibly do without his wine, his cigars, and his rich dinners; but, then, you also learn that he is equal to the feat of denying himself a visit to the theatre or the concert-room, upon the ground that he cannot afford to spend the money which such a visit would cost him. As there are often indifferent actors and singers at theatres and concert-rooms the amount of self-deprivation which is involved in this proceeding is not great. Still, he does not see this. On the contrary, he fancies that the act is a stupendous one, and, when it is allied to others of a similar character, he goes about deploring the desperate straits to which he is reduced, and clamouring for your compassion. It is only when he has gone to the length of his tether and a general break-down has been brought about that he discovers that he may exist, though his life be denuded of cigars, wine, rich dinners, and other and more costly luxuries. The fact that he sees others around him who contrive to exist very comfortably, though they know nothing of many of the things which have become to him indispensable, does not convey any lesson to his mind. The flesh and blood of the artisan are supposed to be pretty much the same as are those of people who go about arrayed in "purple and fine linen," but it never occurs to the latter that they might exist on what sustains the former; indeed, the fact that they are more pampered than the former simply induces in them the belief that their organization must be of a peculiar and delicate character, while those of less favoured individuals are common and coarse.

It is interesting to watch the processes through which passes a man who rises from the state of privation to that of luxury. Perhaps, in the first instance, he is in the habit of dining at a low chop-house. As he has been accustomed to nothing better, the dishes which he there procures are all that is necessary to satisfy his palate, and for a time he eats them contentedly. By-and-bye, however, his means improve, and he is inveigled into a more pretentious dining-place than the low chop-house, and partakes of viands which to him appear little short of perfection, and for which he pays a price that startles him. In due course, however, he comes to think lightly of the good things that are set before him, and ceases to feel qualms of conscience when he pays his score. If his thoughts wander to the low chop-house, he is filled with wonder how he managed to endure its various abominations, at the thought of which he shudders and he feels that, come what may, he will never be able to go back there again. If he continues prosperous the chances are that in the matter of dining he rises from stage to stage, all of which awe him when he first enters upon them, but are afterwards looked back upon with contempt and disgust until he arrives at that in which he is called upon to spend as much upon his dinner as would suffice to keep a labourer for nearly a week. When he has reached this pitch he may pause and survey the past with wonder. The changes which have been effected and can be seen clearly and sharply defined, have all been brought about so quietly, and with such an avoidance of precipitancy, that while they have been taking place they have never been noticed. The tremendous gap which they have placed between the present and the past is one, however, which it is very difficult to bridge over. And it is precisely the same with regard to changes which have been made in other ways. Yet the time often arrives when the attempt to bridge over the gaps that have been created has to be made. Now, there is no more melancholy sight than that of a person, forced by the stern logic of circumstances, making an attempt to bridge over one of those gaps after having been hurled from a position of comparative affluence to one of poverty. It, therefore, behoves prudent people to be very chary of accustoming themselves to luxuries unless their positions are so assured that there is no probability of their having to renounce them. At the present time, unfortunately, the tendency of too many persons is to indulge themselves to the limit of their resources; and the consequence is that they find their expenditures quite equal to their incomes. This is a dangerous state of things at the best of times, but it is particularly so when the middle-class people, whose means of livelihood fluctuate more or less, are in question. Prudence should urge people to husband their resources, for the man who does so is less likely to be exposed to absolute privation during the course of his life than is the individual who devotes himself to construing the word luxury to mean necessary.

He (General Crook) is a lithe, lean, light-haired man, of both military and hunter character. He will go out on the desert alone and sleep in the sage bush, and from seeking and studying the Indians so constantly the traits of his mind have become like the Indian's. His bright, social wife, who has no children, accepts his solitude without complaint. He trails Indians with others, and has destroyed the Apaches, those raiders into Mexico, whose cavalry was once equal to the Mamelukes, and whose lances flashed by thousands hostility to the American emigrant.—(Gath.)

"Every day," says the New Westminster *Herald*, "we hear of some one being chased by a vicious bull or steer, on the town site. Is the matter beneath the City Council? So far those attacked have been able to take care of themselves, but we must expect that some lady or child will be seriously injured, perhaps killed, one of these days. It will be nobody's fault, we presume, but perhaps it may stir up the Municipal authorities to take some steps in the matter. It might be as well, though, if a few of our young men would turn out with rifles and make an end of the brutes."

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A sister of Spurgeon has entered the pulpit, and is said to make an excellent preacher.

Only those who perspire easily are subject to rheumatism. So says a German physician.

Maurice Sand forbids persons holding letters from her mother publishing them under penalty of prosecution.

The *Athenæum* says that Miss Elizabeth Thompson has forsworn the painting of battle pieces, and will henceforth devote herself to sacred art.

An iceberg 1,500 feet high has grounded just outside of the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, and the inhabitants are cool and happy.

The Earl of Shaftesbury recently presided in the London Agricultural Hall over a meeting of a thousand water-cress and flower-selling girls.

A royal sturgeon, weighing 200 pounds, and measuring over seven feet in length, has been captured at Messrs. Anderson's salmon fishings, Kirkcudbright, Scotland.

Everywhere the same story! It has been so hot this summer in Seville that birds trying to fly about at noon have fallen sunstruck and lifeless in the plaza; so says a Seville newspaper.

The Servian insurgents are looking to England to supply them gratuitously with hospital necessities. They ask for almost everything that can be included under that head, not forgetting some "sound old wine."

Sir James Hogg, who died in London recently, leaving $1,750,000 personal property besides real estate, after giving his six other children from $25,000 to $50,000 each, directed the bulk of his property to be laid out in the purchase of freehold estate to be settled on his eldest son and his heirs male.

The Rev. Ting-Kong-Ko has just been ordained pastor over the church of Yung-fuh, which is near Fu-chau, in China, and has forty members. He is one of the fruits of mission work, being the first native pastor in connection with the American Board of Foreign Missions.

The Duke of Cambridge has issued orders to the British army that soldiers may, on requisition of civilians, assist in harvesting operations, "provided that the employment of the population is not thereby interfered with." The permission will also be withheld where strikes or disputes between farmers and their labourers exist.

The enchantments of the honeymoon have not abated Prof. Tyndall's ardour for science, and he burrows into the recesses of nature with an energy that a potato bug might envy. Often, however, when he calls his bride "an evolution of protoplasm," she thinks she will pack her trunk and go back to her father.—*Exchange.*

The Birmingham *Post* says the ignorance of some people as to the faith of Islam was illustrated in a most ludicrous manner at the Liverpool police court. A man was being sworn on the Koran, and the crier of the court, in concluding the administration of the oath, said, in a most solemn manner, "So help you, Koran." The crier afterwards explained that he thought Koran was the Mohammedan name for God.

The English revenue receipts from the 1st April, 1876, when there was a balance of £5,119,587, to June 30 were £18,347,412, against £18,266,662 in the corresponding period of the preceding financial year, which began with a balance of £6,265,322. The net expenditure was £19,094,541, against $19,048,137 to the same date in the previous year. The Treasury balances on June 30 amounted to £4,907,826, and at the same date in 1875 to £4,637,726.

An incident at a murder trial in Glasgow is recalled by the London *World.* A medical expert was asked whether there was a poison that would kill without leaving a trace, and he replied that he could mention several; but he refused to name them, and the presiding Judge sustained him. He afterward received over a hundred letters asking for information on the subject, some of them, he thought, from persons who intended to use the knowledge criminally.

The British Government has decided to institute a new law office of considerable importance—that of Legal Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs. The determination to create this office was arrived at several months ago, when the Government was embarrassed by the controversies which grew out of the Fugitive Slave Circular; and it is probable that the execution of the project has been accelerated by the differences between Great Britain and the United States on the extradition question.

A demonstration to celebrate the Centennial anniversary of American Independence was held in the suburbs of Dublin. About twenty thousand persons assembled with American flags and mottoes, "Nothing but separation." "It was only a hundred years ago." "Ireland shall be free." Mr. Parnell addressed the assembly, and referred to the Eastern question, when loud cheers were given for Russia. After the meeting there was a great display of fireworks and a torch-light procession through the city.

Two exceptional cases of honesty were recently chronicled in the French *Journal Official.* A M. Desheyes left a sum of 30,000 francs in a cab whose number he had not taken; it was found by the next occupant, a soldier, named Richard, who returned it to the owner, and resolutely refused to take any reward. Zabiot, driver of vehicle No. 34,640, has also returned to its owner a pocketbook containing 18,000 francs that he found in his hack, this being the second time that the Police Department has commended him for such honourable action.

A plan to make Mount Vesuvius practically useful has been broached in London. It is nothing else than to convert the crater into a receptacle for dead bodies. A company will undertake to run mortuary trains from different parts of Europe to Vesuvius and up its sides to the summit, on reaching which they will tilt their contents into the abyss, leaving nature in its grandest form to do the work of cancelling the remains of humanity, and then take the mourners a short excursion to Naples and its environs in order to cancel the last remains of grief.

A curious device for picking up a living is set forth in the following advertisement, which appears in what passes for English in a Paris paper:—"Madame X. X. permits herself to say that she has the skin white to pearls, full health, the cheek of roses, face of sweet expression, blue eyes, and black hair, and a coquette; therefore is full of health. She will be vaccinated next Tuesday, and in as short a time as possible the lymph of her arm will be ready for the vaccination of any one desiring to possess a purely healthful vaccination. For terms, apply, &c."

The historian Mommsen's articles in the German papers, attacking the practice of some of the universities of that country in granting degrees without an examination, have drawn out replies from Heine and Carl Voght. After noticing the controversy and the ease with which German clergymen have been known to get the degree of Doctor of Theology, the *Athenæum* adds:—"In this respect they fare no worse than many doctors of divinity created in America, whose colleges shower their favours profusely, caring little whether they can read the Greek Testament or not."

The following good story is told in the French papers:—Scene, a telegraph office at Vienna.—An operator takes out his watch, and, yawning, says:—"Too bad, I cannot go to the concert to-night." "Why not?" asks a companion. "I am awaiting the despatches from Belgrade, and they don't generally turn up until about midnight." The other operator thinks a moment and then, with a gleam of light in his eye, says:—"Have you received the Constantinople despatches?" "Yes," rejoins operator No 1. "Well, just write out precisely to the contrary and go to your concert."

Some months ago Mr. Henry Irving boldly appealed to the pulpit to help the stage. The first clergyman to respond practically to the appeal is Dean Stanley, who has gracefully come to the aid of Mr. Coleman, and will assist in the bringing out of "Henry the Fifth" at the Queen's Theatre. The Dean is a historian, and offers his advice in points of historical accuracy to Mr. Coleman as an actor. The offer has been accepted, and the Dean will attend the rehearsals. Couldn't Jarrett & Palmer prevail on some New York clergymen to adorn their full-dress rehearsals?

Municipal indebtedness is attracting attention in England as it is already doing in the United States. Several discussions have taken place in the House of Commons upon propositions to restrict the liberty of municipal corporations to incur debt, and it is possible that the permission of Parliament may in future be necessary to the incurrence of any debt. The combined municipal debts of England amount to $462,000,000 this year, an increase over last year of twelve and a half millions. London's debt is sixty millions, and Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Bradford together owe seventy-two and a half millions.

According to a London paper, tight dresses are nowhere to be seen in such perfection as at Lord's cricket ground during one of the public school matches. At the Eton and Harrow match, it says, many ladies were rash enough to recline on the greensward, and their frantic efforts to rise from their recumbent position were a source of great amusement to the by-standers. A certain duchess behaved with the greatest self-possession under these somewhat humiliating circumstances. Finding she could not rise in the ordinary way, she flung herself on all fours, and by throwing her weight alternately to right and left finally succeeded in gaining her perpendicular.

In the autumn will be published, at Dresden, "Dr. Martin Luther's First and Oldest Lectures on the Psalms of the years 1513-1516. From the Autograph Latin MS. in the Public Library at Dresden, with Facsimile in photo-lithography." This work will make us acquainted with some of Luther's earlier writings, of which so little is known. It contains the first lectures on the Psalms, undertaken at the desire of Johann von Staupitz. This remarkable work passed from the possession of Luther's grandson, Johann Ernst Luther, into the Royal Public Library at Dresden, 200 years ago. It dates from the time when Luther's opinions were Catholic and monkish, and but a few passages hint at the coming change.

Colonel H. C. Brockmeyer, the democratic nominee for lieutenant-governor of Missouri, had a classical education at Brown University; went West; lost all his money by a bank failure; then for three years lived in a hut of his own building in the woods, supporting himself by shooting game; then learned the trade of a moulder, and, after saving $800 went back to his hut, bought a section of land and lived there for several years at a cost of $12 50 a year. He is master of six trades, and introduced smoking into the senate of Missouri.

FERGUS.

Conservative Picnic.

The Speeches.

The following is the report of the speeches at the picnic at Kinnettle's grove, Fergus, on Wednesday, August 9.

DR. ORTON, M. P., as Chairman, expressed his pleasure and gratification at seeing such a vast assemblage of his fellow-countrymen to welcome and do honour to their guests, among whom was the famous leader of her Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons. (Cheers.) To that gentleman the nation was much indebted, and when he was gone his name would be long revered as a man who had left his mark on all our institutions, political and judicial. It was true that, in the general elections of 1874, the voice of the country was against the Government of Sir John Macdonald, but he believed that to-day the opinion of the country was, that if Sir John Macdonald at that time committed an error of judgment his opponents were at least equally sinful if not more so. The Pacific Scandal in his (Dr. Orton's) opinion was a thing of the past; but Mr. Blake, who denounced it so strongly, was not to be found denouncing the errors of his political friends whom he knew were, as the records of the election courts showed, far worse than those of the previous Government. The question was not, however, Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Blake, or Mackenzie, it was "Our country." Through the standstill policy of the Government the country was now in the bad state that it is. There being other speakers to appear before the meeting he (Dr. Orton) signified his intention of confining his remarks to the subject which he had touched upon in his address to the electors of South Wellington, in which he made a promise to which he was proud to say he had adhered. Before 1866 we had reciprocity with the United States. After that ceased the policy of the United States towards Canada had been an offensive policy, more particularly with regard to the agricultural interest. The American Government imposed high duties upon imported articles of agricultural produce, and they did it with the object of inducing the people of Canada to seek annexation to their country. But, he was glad to say, the people of Canada indignantly refused to accede to any such proposition, for they worked hard and developed their own resources, and a period of industry resulted and continued for a number of years. There were few people, however, who did not believe that a great injustice existed with regard to the commercial standing of the two countries, the only remedy for which was the raising of the duties on articles imported from the United States into this country. There were many reasons why the duties should be raised. First, because it was only just to the farmers of the country that they should have equal rights with the Americans—at least in their own markets. Secondly, because it would be the means of bringing about reciprocity with the United States, or a free exchange of agricultural products. And, thirdly, because it would be more profitable to our farmers and to the people generally. It was unjust that the farmers should have to pay duties ranging from fifteen to twenty per cent. on their wheat, barley, and their cattle before they could place them on the United States markets, while the Americans could bring their produce into the centres of our trade and compete with our farmers without having anything to pay. (Hear, hear.) He pointed out that before our farmers could get a market for $12,000,000 worth of produce a duty of $2,000,000 had to be paid, while, at the same time, we provided a market for $18,000,000 worth of American produce without the enforcement of any import duty. This system imposed a loss on the farmers of at least five cents a bushel on coarse grain, and one cent a pound on beef. It was acknowledged that the home market of every country was the best and most profitable market in which the products of the soil could be sold. It would not be so in this country if the present policy were pursued. The Americans would, in a few years, be able to flood our markets with American cattle because of the cheapness of feeding in the United States, after that they would be able to send their cattle to Great Britain and other great markets, and Canada would be without a market at all. An instance of the ease with which the Americans could compete with us in our markets was given in the fact that during the last year no less than $365,000 worth of live hogs had been imported into Canada and consumed chiefly in our cities. With regard to wheat it was contended that the present trade policy forced our wheat sellers to resort to the Liverpool markets, in doing which they ran greater risks and had slower and smaller returns than they would get in the home markets, if they were not closed to them through an unfair competition. He believed there was not a miller in the country who was not almost ruined by the policy which is at present pursued, and he feared that the result would be that a class of speculators would soon flood the country, whose dealings the farmers knew well were none too honest. With regard to the flour trade the imposing of a duty on American flour would be unjust to the fishermen of the Lower Provinces he pointed out that it was well known that the quality of the flour sent by the United States for the use of the fishermen, and which competes with our flour, was very poor. And, it was, also, well known that it was more profitable to pay a high price for a first-class article than it was to pay a lower price for an inferior article. The encouragement of home labour would result in the working of the iron and coal mines of the Lower Provinces, and the fishermen would then have a better market and a higher price for their produce. In conclusion the hope was expressed that the farmers would take the matter into their own hands, as they certainly had power to do and they would find that the more they pushed forward their own interests the more beneficial it would be to the country.

HON. WM. MACDOUGALL was next introduced. He said it gave him very great pleasure to have the opportunity of addressing so large a number of his fellow-countrymen upon questions of great interest and importance to them and to their children after them. They had assembled for the purpose of hearing the voice and listening to the sentiments and views of the right hon. gentleman (Sir John Macdonald) who had for so many years guided the destinies of this country. At present there was in power in the Local Government of Ontario and in the Dominion Government, men who professed to endorse views, to entertain opinions, and to act upon principles with reference to the management of public affairs different from those which guided the political course of Sir John Macdonald and his political friends. They commended themselves to the country because, they said, they understood better the wants and wishes of the people, and they were more honest in carrying out the views and wishes of the people than those who had preceded them. They published to the world that they were honest, able, economical, devoted, and patriotic men, and that if they were only given a trial the people would see a vast improvement in the administration of public affairs. Fortunately to-day the public were able to scrutinize their conduct, and to observe their measures and their economy; and he (Mr. Macdougall) would ask his hearers who were reading men and women—even if they were readers of the *Globe*, because there was sometimes a glimpse of the truth in that paper—whether they had, in any one particular, justified the hopes that were entertained of them on their accession to power? (A Voice—Not at all.) Had they shown ability? (No.) Had they dealt with any public measure in a manner deserving of the people's confidence? (No.) When he had those before him who had the conduct of affairs he had challenged them to point in the statute book to a single measure which they had carried into law which was entitled to be called anything like a reform. When he asked Mr. Edgar, whom Mr. Gibbs defeated the other day, to define one measure of reform which had been passed, he told the people, after a little consideration, "the Supreme Court Bill." That measure, however, was prepared even in its details by Sir John Macdonald, and it was left by him in his office complete, with the exception of the marring and mangling which it has since been subjected to by those who passed it. But the Supreme Court Bill was not a pressing measure. The bill was prepared by the former Government, it was laid before the country, submitted to the legal men of the various Provinces, and after due deliberation it was determined that there was no pressing necessity for that additional expense upon the shoulders of the people. When the Reformers were in opposition they professed to believe that it was an expensive Court, and that the Government would establish it in order to find places for their friends, but when they came into power they adopted it and appointed to its various offices those whom they wished to advance to positions. He (Mr. Macdougall) had great confidence in the ability and knowledge of some of the gentlemen who composed that Court; but he had yet to learn of any question of importance that had been submitted to them, or which was likely to be submitted to them. He knew that the officers were drawing their salaries, and that the people were feeling the burden of their support. At the same meeting Mr. Edgar, after a little further consideration, mentioned the Election Law, and said that under Sir John and his friends corruption flourished in the country, but under the new law the people had an opportunity of preventing it. He (Mr. Macdougall) did not think that law was exclusively their own measure. He could remember far back the Corrupt Practices Act which, following the English law, was very similar to the one introduced by the present Government, which established the Election Court. He voted against the establishment of this Court because he thought the judges should be kept out of connection with politics. And by the light of subsequent events he thought he was justified. Those who read the daily papers could not have failed to have heard of the three or four columns of violent criticism and unjustifiable condemnation, not of the judges, but of an individual judge which appeared in the *Globe*, and to which no parallel could be found in the previous history of discussions of that kind in this or in any other country, and if the public sanction such a course of criticism, if they did not visit with censure the public men and journalists who spoke thus of the judges, we should soon find ourselves in this country about on a par with our American cousins in the Western States, where no respect is paid to the decisions of the bench, and where crime stalks about in broad daylight. It was rather an unpleasant fact for Reformers to find that by the operation of the new election law—the new guillotine—its first operation was to cut off the heads of their own men. (Laughter.) All over the country the men whose heads went first into the basket were the men who professed that they were incorruptible. They might claim the credit for the passage of the measure, but they would also have to take the credit of having been proved to be the corrupt party of the Dominion. No reforms such as those promised had been passed, and it was evident that a party which went before the country and made professions which they knew they would not carry out, could be voted by the people as none other than hypocrites, humbugs, and deceivers. It could not be said that they had not had an opportunity, or that they had not a majority at their back, for they had had both. The previous Administration he would not say was a perfect one, because there was no such thing as perfection in a body of men; a man was no more perfect or infallible because he was placed in the Government and called a Minister than he was as a private individual. Mistakes and failures were sure to follow more or less, and the great question for the people to consider was whether the men who undertook the offices did the best they could, and devoted themselves honestly and successfully to the administration of public affairs. If they were not diligent in the performance of their duties; if they did not carry out the measures they advocated in opposition; and if they did not act honestly the people must turn them out, and run the risk of getting other men in their places who would do better. And, if they did not do better, they in their turn were to be turned out. Referring to the events of 1864 and the subsequent confederation of the Provinces, he (Mr. Macdougall) adverted to the manner in which Mr. Brown for a short time defended the reputation and character of those whom he now opposed so strongly, how he said they were able statesmen and worthy of the confidence of his friends because of their honesty and ability and fitness to occupy their positions. The work of confederation was in its infancy when that man, that able man, that influential man, that man who had a powerful newspaper at his back, for a paltry personal reason of his own, deserted his colleagues and left the vessel of state to drift, for what he cared, upon the rocks. He went ashore, saw the vessel struggling in its difficulties, and he even held out false lights to lure it away and to hurry it and its precious cargo upon the sands. The navigators were, however, honest men, they refused to follow his example and brought the vessel safely into port, and the people would enjoy, and their children after them would enjoy, the result of that successful navigation. The Reform party flag was raised, but the men who had commenced the work went forward like men and patriots and British subjects and completed it. He (Mr. Macdougall) wished to conserve the constitution, and he was bound to do all in his power on the platform or in the press to defend the men and the policy of the men who carried that new constitution successfully; and he was bound by the same reasons to throw aside friendships and oppose those whose objects are subversive of that constitution, and who wished to prevent the people from enjoying the advantages that they were entitled to by it. When he was told that there was a man like Mr. Huntington in power, saying nothing of his personal conduct or the transaction with which his name had been associated, but alluding to his avowal of a principle which was inimical to the interests of this country, viz: its absorption into the great confederacy to the south of us, he (Mr. Macdougall) felt that they should look with suspicion and distrust upon him. He (Mr. Macdougall) then pointed out that the men in power had raised the party cries for no other purpose than to get into office, and they had since their advent to office increased public expenditure enormously. From the minor expenditure of the respective departments to the more important details everything in a public department depended upon the whim and the feelings of the men at the head of it, and it was evident from a careful examination of the public accounts that as compared with previous years there had been a great increase in the contingencies of the various departments. After being made aware of that fact, no one could say that the Mackenzie Government was an economical one. Quoting the public accounts from 1867 to 1875 he showed what the expenditure had been. In 1867 the total debt was $93,000,000 in round figures, and it did not increase until 1869, when it became $112,000,000. During that period additional efforts were made to secure the accession of British Columbia and Prince Edward's Island, and a large expenditure was necessary on the country in the same way as a large expenditure is always wanted when a farm is first entered upon. In 1872, in consequence of the assumption of the public debts of those Provinces, the debt amounted to $122,000,000; in 1873 it had reached $130,000,000. In 1874, after the new Government had full control of the affairs of the country, it figured up to $141,163,000, and in the last year the debt had swelled to $151,000,000 under the present Administration. After hearing those figures, which were taken from the public accounts, he wanted to know if there was anyone who could say that Mr. Mackenzie's was an economical Government. In old times the Reform party, among the other measures it claimed ought not to be adopted for the interests of the country, was one with regard to the pensioning of public servants. It was contended that in a country like this, where all had to work for their livings, that we ought not to have a class of pensioners upon the industry of the country; and that a sufficient compensation should be given for the duties performed, out of which Government clerks could lay by, like any other men, a sufficient amount to sustain them in their old age. If there was one thing that distinguished the Reform party it was their objection to anything like the pensioning system, as it was opprobriously called. What was the result when they got into power? A number of persons were pensioned; but, the Government contended that they were not pensioners; they were "persons who had been superannuated." (Laughter.) And it was found that there were already thirty or forty of that class who had been turned out of their offices and superannuated. Their superannuation pay was settled according to the length of time they had been in the service, so that now two were being paid for the work of one, and the men who had been turned out were in reality more efficient than the new men, friends of the Government, who had been put in. With these facts before him, no man who was an adherent to the old Reform party could lay his hand on his heart and say that his leaders in the Government were carrying out the principles of Reform of which they led him to believe they approved. There were many other similar instances to illustrate the principle upon which the Government was acting. Reference was then made to the management of the Pacific railway, the Lachine canal question, the purchase of the 50,000 tons of steel rails, and the Intercolonial railway affair. In the latter point Mr. Mackenzie had followed the very principle which he opposed when he and his party turned Sandfield Macdonald from power. He (Mr. Macdougall) heard Mr. Mackenzie speaking when he proposed to give a large amount of good iron rails to serve the purposes of local railways to any one who should come and ask him for it. He was in the Library afterwards, and he heard the bell ring calling the members in to vote. Looking from his book he saw Mr. Blake run through the Library and make his way to the lobby. There he was seen with his hands behind his back, surveying the pictures of deceased statesmen, and wondering, probably, whether, in their day, they ever ran away from a vote. (Loud laughter.) He (Mr. Macdougall) felt that whenever it was shown that a law was working badly he would be ready to support an amendment in the way of reform, and he could say for his friend behind him (Sir John) that from the time he became acquainted with him he found him so zealous a Reformer, and so ready to make changes whenever they were required, that he (Mr. Macdougall) sometimes thought that he was a better Tory than Sir John was. Looking at the statute book he observed that the men who opposed Sir John had not had the temerity to propose the repeal of any of his Acts. Three years of experience had satisfied the people that those men after denouncing others and advertising their own ability before the people of the country had only turned out to be shams. As to their capacity, they had jumped into office without any experience except perhaps that of writing a few little articles for the Sarnia *Shield* as Mr. Mackenzie did, and they were articles of so little ability that even the *Globe* did not think it worth while to copy them. Allusion was then made to Mr. Mackenzie's Pacific railway scheme, the expense to which he went in order to get a new route surveyed, the giving out of contracts, the inability of Mr. Foster to fulfil his contract, in consequence of the survey of his section not having been made, and the final decision on the part of the Government to go back to Sir John Macdonald's scheme. The Finance Minister, Mr. Cartwright, was shown to have no ability, as he, through his bungling, had been obliged to tax the people $3,000,000 additional in one year. He (Mr. Macdougall) remembered at a time when Mr. Cartwright was a Conservative, and when there was a vacancy in the Cabinet that he suggested his name as Finance Minister to Sir John. But Sir John Macdonald did not think that the finances of the country would be well conducted under Mr. Cartwright, and after Mr. Cartwright found it out by a practical illustration—another person being appointed to the position—he went over to the Opposition. He, a Tory of the old school, went over to join himself with the extreme Radicals, and he had hob-nobbed with them ever since. Mr. Cauchon had also joined with the coalition, and none but himself could be his parallel. He used to be a member of the Government, but he was kicked out of it because he was found misconducting himself, because he had used thousands of dollars on the public buildings at Ottawa in a manner in which he had no authority to use that money. He was put out and he was never trusted with the seals of office afterwards because he had proved to the world that he was a man who would use his public position to put money in his own pocket. His connection with the Beauport Asylum was exposed by the Montreal *Herald*, and that was the very organ which now supports him. The *Globe* newspaper also published to the world that he deserved hanging for his doings in connection with that Asylum, and that his offences smelled to Heaven. They have since taken him into the Government, and he now sits at the head of the Council as President. Alluding to the question of trade to which Dr. Orton had referred, he (Mr. Macdougall) asked if anything had been done to remedy the difficulties which exist in this country. In conclusion he urged his hearers to select the best men to navigate the ship of state through its difficult waters, and to consider well who were the men who could carry the country through the difficulties which surround it. If they were guided by that impulse it would not be long before the people would withdraw their confidence from the incapables who now rule over us, and they would look round then and find the men who had already shown that they were capable to carry on the affairs of the country.

MR. A. W. LAUDER, M.P.P., who was next called upon to speak, congratulated the chairman on the immense gathering of his constituents and others to do honour to their leader. After having listened to the previous speech, in which matters pertaining to the Dominion Government had been so well discussed, and in consideration of the fact that they were present to listen to Sir John Macdonald, he would not detain them long. He would say, however, that it was a proud day for the chairman to see in that county, and at the place where Hon. Edward Blake a short time ago said that no honest man could be a supporter of Sir John Macdonald, so large and enthusiastic a gathering. Mr. Blake to-day, he (Mr. Lauder) believed, was heartily ashamed of the party with which he was allied. He (Mr. Lauder) having served in the Local Legislature since Confederation, both under Sandfield Macdonald and the present Government, would have liked to have said something of local politics had there been time. He reminded his hearers that a very short time ago they were told that the Reformers were trying to drive Sir John Macdonald's Government from power in order to govern the country economically and upon high principles of morality, and that they would teach the people of this country what it was to be honest and to support honest men. It was a sorry day for them when they undertook to state that—(laughter)—for they were found to-day in a very bad plight. He knew how honest Reformers felt about it; they had expected better things from Mr. Brown, who had written in the *Globe* for so many years and taught people to believe that Sir John Macdonald was a dishonest man; and they certainly never did expect that George Brown would be found in such dirty work as writing "Big Push" letters. (Laughter.) He had, however, been caught, and he (Mr. Lauder) congratulated himself that he had something to do in catching him. He was the instrument through which the letter saw the light of day by being published. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then called upon

MR. W. H. GIBBS, M. P., who, on coming forward, was received with loud applause. He expressed his thanks to the people for his having been invited as a guest, and he thanked the association for mentioning in the address to Sir John Macdonald the recent victories in North and South Ontario as evidences of the Conservative reaction. Complimentary allusions were made to the address of Hon. W. Macdougall, after which he (Mr. Gibbs) said he felt that there was little for him to say. He could tell by the large crowd of people present that the people were indignant and surprised at the failure of the present Government to perform the promises made when they were in opposition. The present Opposition, he pointed out, was conducted in a very different manner from that in which the late Opposition was conducted, no factious opposition was offered, and indeed, so much was the Government aware of that, that Mr. Mackenzie had had to acknowledge it in his place in the House. Reference was made to his (Mr. Gibbs') defeat in the general election in North Ontario, which he attributed to his unswerving attachment to Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues to follow him through evil as well as good report. The present Government came into power at a time most propitious for themselves, and it was thought that they would govern the country properly. In that they had been found wanting. As an evidence of the propriety of the legislation of the Government of Sir John Macdonald he pointed to the fact that not a single Act passed by the Government for the last twenty years had been repealed by their successors. There was one point with regard to the trade question which he thought had been overlooked, and that was while Americans could come into our country with their cereals duty free, we could not take our cereals into their country at all. This was an unfair state of things, and he knew that though many were aware of that, many who called themselves Reformers for the sake of party would vote for a man who was in favour of the continuance of that state of things to their own loss and to the loss of the country. He thought that Canada had been waiting long enough for reciprocity, and he held that until reciprocity was given he would impose similar taxes on American grain as they impose upon ours, and thus give them a Rowland for an Oliver. He did not care whether it annoyed our neighbours or not. Referring to Dr. Orton, he said he felt that in agitating the question he had done a great deal of good for the country, and his name would go down to posterity in consequence.

HON. T. N. GIBBS, M.P., was the next speaker. Alluding to the large number of persons present he attributed their presence to a growing desire to hear the state of the affairs of the country discussed. As a representative of South Ontario he had felt it to be his duty to lay aside all excuses and be present at the demonstration. Dr. Orton he characterized as the apostle of protection, and he felt that that gentleman's labours would not be forgotten. He hoped that at the next general election they would not only find Dr. Orton returned to Parliament, but that the whole of the County of Wellington, like the whole of the County of Ontario, would be redeemed. Referring to the promises and professions of Mr. Mackenzie and his party, he pointed to the developments of the law courts and the results of the election trials, in which one by one the Reformers submitted to the ruling of the judge, and the only excuse they had was that the "Conservatives had done it, too." The public voice was saying to the present Administration that they were unworthy of the support of the people, and that they had not come up to the standard they had elevated. He was convinced that the present House of Commons did not reflect the feelings of the people, and he knew that if that fact were brought before his Excellency the Governor-General in a constitutional manner he would feel it his duty to dissolve the House. In 1870 Mr. Mackenzie thought it was a very improper thing for a Minister to leave his department and attend to electioneering business, but he did so in the South Ontario election of 1876, and he was assisted by Messrs. Cartwright and Huntington. Their success was small, however, and he (Mr. Gibbs) had no doubt that they would meet with a like success in the future. After alluding at length to the late succession of the Opposition, he thanked them kindly for their attention and for the privilege he had enjoyed in being invited to be present.

The CHAIRMAN expressed his regret that in consequence of the lateness of the hour Messrs. Flesher, Barr, and Drew, who were present, would not be able to speak. He concluded by calling on the guest of the day.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD on coming forward was received with loud and prolonged cheers. He expressed his thanks for the kind and warm-hearted address which the Liberal-Conservative Association of Centre Wellington had presented to him on his arrival at Fergus, and he expressed his thanks to the audience for their assemblage there. He had heard from several gentlemen who had preceded him, that the meeting was called in his honour, and that so large a number of people had gathered because it was announced that he would be present. He could not arrogate to himself that personally he could claim the right of supposing that that vast assemblage had gathered to meet him as a single individual, for he believed they had come to exchange opinions, to meet representative men, and to discuss and to hear discussed the various questions of public interest affecting this Dominion. He felt proud to observe the cordiality with which he was greeted, and that confidence was placed in him, notwithstanding the attacks which had been made upon him and the political storm which had raged around him. It was a consolation to him, after all the trials he had undergone, and after he had returned to private life, that he should be met and greeted by an assemblage such as he saw before him. It was nearly three years since the Administration of which he was the head resigned under circumstances of which they were all aware. It was in a storm of political calumny, under a series of false charges trumped up against the Government and heaped upon it—(hear, hear)—that they were submerged for a moment and in such a way that their enemies thought they were never going to rise again. He would not detain them, however, on that subject, as the evidence in the matter and his answers to the charges were before them. Perhaps some said that there was great imprudence in the course of the late Government with respect to what was called the Pacific Scandal, under which it fell, but after a calm consideration of the facts they had come to the conclusion that although they might have been imprudent and indiscreet, although they had accepted help to secure the return of their friends, there was no corruption and no personal wrong in any of his (Sir John's) acts or those of his colleagues. If they were wrong it was simply through their earnest desire to act for the good of the country, and to support the party to which they belonged, because with it they believed the future of the country was associated. He did not pretend to be infallible; he did not pretend that the assistance they received from their friends was prudent, for looking back with the light of experience it was found that it was very easy to be wise afterwards. He could, however, say for himself and for his colleagues that whatever they did from the time they took office till the time they resigned, and every step they took in the administration of affairs, they did in the hope that good would come from it. When they fell in November, 1873, their opponents thought their fall was like Lucifer's, and that they would never rise again. The Government of the country was then handed over to their successors; and it was admitted that the country was then in a state of prosperity. There was then universal content and satisfaction, and every man hoped for the future, and felt that the country was growing in strength, and that his own interest and the interests of his family were being protected. Three years had not elapsed before a great change had been brought about. Before he proceeded with that subject he called the attention of his hearers to the fact that there was not one Act on the Statute Book which had been passed during the last twenty years which he had not revised or proposed in his position as Attorney-General or Minister of Justice. So that for the statutes providing for protection for life and property and other good laws the people were indebted to him and his colleagues during the last twenty years. (Hear, hear.) And the proof that the legislation was well and discreetly performed, and the proof that the laws which govern the country were wise, were to be found, as shown by Mr. Macdougall and Mr. Gibbs, in the fact that no alteration had been made in the legislation. No reforms had been made in our laws, and no change had been made in the statutes under which we had been governed so long. As he had said before when he resigned, the country was left contented and prosperous. Was the country in a similar state under the present Administration? Was it as prosperous as it was in 1873? Did they not know that the prosperity which existed three years ago was gone? Referring to the manner in which the Government came into office, he said that in the first place the Government obtained power by false pretences, and every step they had taken since had falsified the promises and the statements under which they had claimed the confidence of the electors of the Dominion generally. One of the charges brought against him (Sir John) and his Government was that he had introduced and encouraged and maintained the immoral principle of coalition. That was rung through the country, and it was alleged that he coalesced in 1854 with those against whom he was previously opposed. But what did the present Government do when it was formed? He (Sir John) held the ground that some coalitions were justifiable, but he was convinced that theirs was not. Allusion was made to the coalition of Mr. George Brown with his (Sir John's) Government after Mr. Brown, in the columns of the *Globe*, had caused the hostility between Upper Canada and Lower Canada to exist. The *Globe* at that time had charged him (Sir John) with being sold to the Roman Catholics, and it attacked the clergy with great violence, and suggested that Protestants being in the majority should put down the French Catholics. Mr. Brown got frightened at the consequences of his violence, and yielded in his extremity to his (Sir John's) invitation to join the Government and try to cure the violence which he had caused and maintained so long. That was a patriotic moment in Mr. Brown's life; then was the only time in which he showed himself to be either a patriot or a statesman. After that, Confederation was carried, and now, instead of being a bundle of little Provinces, we have become a mighty Dominion. How mightily had Mr. Brown changed; he who was once the assailant of Catholic institutions, who insulted Bishop Charbonnel, was now, for his party, humbly on his knees before Archbishop Lynch. Mr. Brown, in that momentary absence of mind in which he became a patriot, deserved credit, but having put his hand to the plough he did not stick to it long, as Mr. Macdougall had. While the measure was still in great peril, and before the Provinces had begun to work harmoniously, while Nova Scotia was almost in rebellion, Mr. Brown from a personal selfish motive retired from the Government, and from the moment he retired he did all he could to obstruct those who were engaged in carrying on the work. And not only did he do that, but he discovered that coalitions were all wrong, and from that time he spent his wrath in vilifying Mr. Macdougall for joining the Government and for remaining in it, because Mr. Macdougall knew that in the event of his resignation the battle would have to be fought over again. Mr. Macdougall had, therefore, been obliged to suffer the same as other men who had crossed the will of Mr. Brown. What was the course of the present Government? It would be a mockery to call it a Reform Government, and it would be a mockery to call it a Grit Government, because there was a material difference between Reform and Gritism. It was a Coalition Government, and the coalition formed for the most sordid and selfish purposes, with no patriotic reason or justification which could be discovered. Mr. Mackenzie was a consistent Reformer and a man of ability who was willing to try and govern the country well if he were left free from unwholesome influence. Although he was a good Reformer he was surrounded by such men as Mr. Cartwright as Finance Minister, and everybody knew the power of the minister who held the purse. He was a Tory of the Tories, a fossil Tory, a man who would almost faint if a Grit came between him and his nobility. He supported him (Sir John) with some degree of hesitation, because he (Mr. Cartwright) thought he was not Tory enough, and he wrote him (Sir John) a letter saying that although he approved of him as a leader, he could not approve of him inviting Sir Francis Hincks to be Finance Minister. And he would not sit on the same side of the House with Sir Francis Hincks—a man whom Conservatives and Reformers admitted to be the greatest financial genius in the Dominion. He (Sir John) had been opposed to Sir Francis, but the great questions between Sir Francis and himself had been settled long ago. As Sir Francis had gained distinction as the representative of her Majesty in several of the colonies, he (Sir John) felt that he was conferring a benefit on the country by gaining the assistance of such a man. Mr. Cartwright was now to be found in company with Mr. Blake, Mr. Mackenzie, the annexationist Mr. Huntington, Mr. Cauchon, and even Joe Rymal. This was the Coalition Government started by men who stated that coalitions were immoral; and Mr. Richard Scott, an Ultramontane Roman Catholic Conservative member for Ottawa, who was Speaker for Mr. Sandfield Macdonald in the Local House, who had supported him (Sir John) for many years, who introduced the Roman Catholic Separate School Bill, and who was a High Tory, was now Secretary of State and was Minister of Public Works in Mr. Mackenzie's absence, Minister of Justice in Mr. Blake's absence, President of the Council in Mr. Cauchon's absence, and factotum all round. He sold himself out like a beast in the market, and entered the Government formed by men who professed that coalitions were immoral. There were Mr. Vail of Nova Scotia, A. J. Smith from New Brunswick, Messrs. Burpee and Coffin also, who had earned temporary office at the cost of their own self-respect and the esteem of all right thinking people. That was one of the reasons why Mr. Mackenzie shook the confidence of the country in the first step he took in the formation of his Administration. There was another plank in the platform. It would be remembered that in 1867 when the foundations of the Dominion were being laid that it was an actual necessity that could not be avoided, if Confederation was to be a success, that the great Provinces should be in accord with the Dominion. He (Sir John) then asked Mr. Sandfield Macdonald to join him in the interests of Confederation. The proposition was successful, Ontario was carried, and Confederation was gained, but that was opposed by Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie. But the first they did when they got a chance was to seduce Mr. Sandfield Macdonald's Speaker Mr. Scott from his allegiance, and the next thing they did was to bring Mr. Mowat down from the bench, and from that time both have been the humble servants of the Dominion Government. For twenty long years the people of the country were told that the Government of which he (Sir John) was a member, was wasteful and extravagant and that the money was expended improperly. It was said that the number of offices had been needlessly increased, that the departments were filled with unnecessary servants, and that the contingencies were enormous, and a promise of economy and retrenchment was made in the event of a change of Government. Mr. Mackenzie said in Sarnia that he was going to elevate the moral standard of the country, and that the corruption which had existed should no longer exist, but be swept away. What had been the result? They had heard of the Big Push letter. They would remember that Mr. Mackenzie at Sarnia denied that there had been a fund with which to carry the elections. The Big Push letter said differently. Mr. Brown—and they could not gainsay Mr. Brown—stated that the fund had existed and that he had "come down handsomely." (Laughter.) The fund had been in existence, and a "Big Push" was to be made to replenish it. It was also stated that when they came into power they would introduce a principle of constitutional government by means of which Parliament should have a complete check over the expenditure of the Government. Mr. Mackenzie was afterwards found making a contract for 50,000 tons of steel rails without the vote or knowledge of Parliament, involving millions of money, even if it were a bargain. It was not, however, a bargain, and it was an unconstitutional contract which should not have been entered into without the vote of Parliament. Why, they made a present of two miles of railway to a private company without the knowledge of Parliament, and they entered into a contract that when the iron of that railway was worn out they would replenish it at the expense of the Dominion Government. For this and other reasons they had proved their lack of ability to govern the country, and had lost the confidence of the people. Besides that, they had shown their dishonesty—of course, not personal dishonesty, but political dishonesty. Having got the Conservatives down they held them down, following up the idea as laid down in the story of the man who had his foe down and was warned by bystanders not to hit him while he was down, "Oh," said the man, "he'll lick me if I let him up." They got the Conservatives down, and Mr. Cartwright invented a deficit when there was no deficit, and raised the tariff two and a half per cent. But he introduced it in such a way that nearly all the country rose in rebellion against him, and he had the unique satisfaction of finding that every article in his tariff was objected to. He finally had to withdraw it and to imitate his opponents. That was an instance of the financial incapacity of Mr. Cartwright. The Pacific railway scheme he (Sir John) would leave the *Globe* to talk about at the next election, as no doubt it would. The scheme of the late Government was to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific and to secure the carrying trade of the great eastern nations. It was a mighty thing to struggle for; it was a magnificent scheme to carry out, and it was so arranged that in building it our taxes would not be increased inordinately. He (Sir John) then gave an account of the scheme proposed by the late Government of granting $30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land in alternate blocks to a company which would be expected to build the line within a certain time. By the experience of the great American railway companies it was shown that the Government holding alternate blocks of the 50,000,000 acres of land which at present is nothing but waste land, and selling it not so low as $1 per acre, the country would be more than repaid its $30,000,000 expenditure. This scheme was lost through the then Opposition, who only wanted to get into power. Mr. Mackenzie stated they were going to build the line by the direct action of the Government, although he had previously voted that it should be built by a company, and that it would be done more cheaply. It was to be built partly on land and partly on water—(laughter)—and the "magnificent water stretches" were going to be used. The scheme was so absurd that now he was found advertising and calling upon people to form railway companies to come forward next winter and offer to build the road from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean. He was copying the plan which he condemned, and for which the late Government was removed. Alluding to the fact that no reforms had been made, he (Sir John) referred to the Insolvent Law, which had been claimed as a Government measure, but which had been drawn up by a supporter of the late Government; the Controverted Elections Act, to which Mr. Macdougall had already referred. That Act was really his (Sir John's), as when they came in they repealed his Act and put in a few more clauses, in order to make it appear that it was a new bill, and re-enacted it. They remembered the story of the coachman who went to the priest and confessed to having stolen his master's oats and hay. The priest asked him if he ever greased the horse's teeth to prevent him eating the oats, to which the man replied in the negative. Shortly after the same man went again to the priest and confessed that he had done the very thing of which he had not been guilty at his previous confession, and his excuse was that the priest had put him up to the trick. So it was with the Government, if people did have confidence in it, there was the danger that the Opposition would learn its tricks. (Laughter.) If it were only telling a Government clerk that if he would get a certificate from a doctor that he was sick, that he would be superannuated, as his place was wanted for Mr. So and So's son, it should not be done, as although he (Sir John) believed in his and his friend's honesty, it was not quite right to put temptation in their way. There was one great question which was occupying the attention of this country, and that was the question respecting the protection of our manufacturing interests, and agricultural products. The country was divided on that, and the representatives of the people in Parliament were divided on it. Mr. Mackenzie professed to be a Free Trader. He was a member of the Cobden Club in England, and of the Free Trade Club in Boston, and he had made speeches declaring his convictions on that point, and had announced that the Government would carry out a Free Trade policy. It was true that he might have forgotten his principles in the exigency of party, but still while he found the manufacturers were getting too strong for him, he sneered at all attempts to deal to the Americans the same justice or injustice that they dealt to us. Why, he stated in the House, when the question was being discussed, that he represented the constituency of Lambton, and he knew the people of that county did not ask for protection, and they would not have protection because, he said with a sneer, they were intelligent people.

A VOICE—How about the oil?

SIR JOHN MACDONALD said that Mr. Mackenzie, who was a Free Trader, who would not protect our coal, wheat, oats, or other products, when a motion was made last session in the interests of the consumer to take off the duty on petroleum in order to give the people cheaper light, voted against it because of the oil wells in the vicinity of Lambton. He and his supporters were then in favour of keeping up the industry and making the people pay high for their coal oil. He (Sir John) thought the farmers of this country wanted to be treated with regard to their products just as Mr. Mackenzie desired his friends, the oil producers, to be treated. It would be remembered how, in 1864, the farmers gained by the Reciprocity Treaty, and the fears which were entertained by the people of the great ruin which would follow when the reciprocity treaty was cancelled by the United States. Those fears were dispelled, for they were years of industry and enterprise, the crisis was avoided, and the farmer remained prosperous, notwithstanding that he was kept out of the American market. The Americans had been asked for a renewal of the reciprocity treaty. They had refused it, and there was now no chance of their ever granting it. The question then arose whether it was to our interests to allow them to keep out the products of four millions of people from their markets, and to have our markets flooded with the products of forty millions of people from the other side. What was sauce for the goose was surely sauce for the gander, and if we could not have reciprocity under treaty there was no reason why we should not have it under tariff, unless it were found to be an injury to ourselves. But it had been asked, "why did not the Government of Sir John Macdonald do this?" His (Sir John's) answer was this. In 1864 the Reciprocity Treaty expired. Negotiations then went on between the British Government and the Government of the United States for the renewal of the treaty. He had urged it upon those Governments, and while there was any chance, hope, or expectation that the Americans would yield it would have been foolish to have put a duty upon their grain, and probably raise a feeling of irritation against us and obstruct the negotiations which were going on. When it was found that it was the fixed policy of the United States farmers and their representatives in Congress to refuse reciprocity, a commencement was made in 1870 with a small instalment of duty, starting what was called a national policy. In 1871 he (Sir John) went to Washington as a Commissioner for her Majesty's Government, and while he was there the Opposition made a motion and succeeded in carrying it, which had for its object the repeal of the Act giving the small protection that was given to the farmers. Mr. Mackenzie was absent from the House himself for some reason or other. (A VOICE—Local elections!) The whole of the present Government, then in Parliament, voted for the repeal. The sweeping away of that Act was, therefore, owing to the votes of the then Opposition, which were recorded then for the purpose of defeating the Government. He (Sir John) felt, and he was sure they all felt, humiliated when they saw our markets overstocked with American cattle, when they saw along our frontiers Americans competing successfully with our own farmers, and compelling them to accept ruinous prices, and when they considered that the doors of the Americans were closed against us. This was a great question, which would be raised at the next election, and it was no use, then, to send to Parliament Protectionists unless they promised to take steps to secure the carrying out of their opinions. By doing so, the farmers would have, in the flourishing condition of our manufactures, which would follow, a market, a profitable market, for their produce. As long as the manufactures of the country were unprotected they would not flourish. One was horrified at the statement made by the President of the Dominion Board of Trade that there were 400,000 Canadians in the United States who had left this country because they had no protection for their labour. So great indeed had been the exodus of French Canadians that the Quebec Government had been obliged to form an Association to offer bounties and rewards to French Canadian people to get them to emigrate back again to Canada. It was only by joining with those who favoured it that Protection could be secured. People were warned not to be satisfied with a Grit who expressed himself in favour of Protection. There were already half a dozen who could not be elected unless they voted Protection, and they knew, as supporters of the Government, that when it came to censuring the Government for not bringing about Protection they would rather vote the other way. There was a great deal of difference between those who were simply in favour of Protection, and those who would not support a Government who would not bring about Protection. He (Sir John) again thanked his hearers for the kind manner in which he had been received. It was a great consolation to him, suffering as he had been from various causes. (Hear, hear.) He believed that this country, notwithstanding the present Government, was moderately successful. Notwithstanding the rust, the weevil, the midge, and Mr. Mackenzie, we were, on the whole, prosperous. If we wished for protection for life in the future, for ourselves and our children, if we wished to be contented and prosperous, we were to be unswerving in our loyalty to our country and our Queen. We had self-government, we had no necessity to support an army or a navy, England was willing to supply us with soldiers and with sailors; we had the pledge of the Government to that effect—and the pledge of the British Government had never been broken—(Cheers)—and we had the promise that all the power of the Empire would be used in our behalf. He prayed that the connection between this and the Mother Country might ever exist, as, growing rapidly, we should soon be a source of strength to the Mother Land, instead of weakness. We number now four millions, and in twenty-five years we should be twenty millions, and firmly united with the Mother Land, Britain would be the most powerful nation in the world. They were therefore to be true to their heritage, and the blessings of Providence which had been showered for centuries on the Mother Country would be poured upon her to the utmost extent.

The hon. gentleman on concluding was made the recipient of a perfect ovation of cheers.

A workman in Charlottenburg, Germany, who could not live happily with his wife, an industrious, frugal woman, sold her to a young man for five thalers, or about $2. She is now living happily with her new husband, while the first one is drinking himself to death.

One of Brigham Young's sons is known as Prince Briggy. The Gentiles explain that the title was acquired several years ago, during his sojourn in England. He rode in a coach behind his gray horses, and on one occasion his coachman, while driving through the streets of London, disregarded the command of the Queen's guards to give the road to her Royal Highness and attendants. This led the officer in charge of the cavalcade to ask the name of the distinguished stranger. The reply was, "I'm Prince Brigham, sir, of Utah."

Unfortunately, sameness and a mincing prettiness, and a blind worship of "they say" came into fashion fifty years ago, when young ladies wore paper soled shoes and muslin dresses through the snow, and when anything so robust as a twenty-two inch waist, the standard being eighteen, was regarded as an unfortunate horror. The paper soles and wasp waists perpetuate themselves in thin blood and weak natures, so that the wonder is, not the way we live now, but that we have lived at all.—*New Century for Woman.*

The *Bien Public*, of Paris, says that the mystery as to the origin of the telegraphic despatch reporting that several newspaper correspondents had been killed or wounded in Servia is now cleared up. After a rigorous investigation, the false news has been traced to M. Waldeck, of the *New Free Press*, the correspondent said to have been murdered. He had adopted this novel mode of making his name known, and while he was satisfied with only wounding his companions, he killed himself.

$5.00 REVOLVERS. NEW seven-shot, elegantly mounted, nicely plated revolvers free by mail for $5.00. Agents wanted. Circulars free. Address J. C. Waterhouse, Sherbrooke, Quebec. 220-52

$25 TO $50 PER WEEK. Agents wanted, male or female. Business light and honourable. Particulars free. Address J. C. WATERHOUSE, Sherbrooke, Que. 227-52

$77 A WEEK TO AGENTS, Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms and OUTFIT FREE. Address P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. 182-52

$100 INVESTED HAS paid a profit of $1,700 during the past few months, under our improved system of operating in stocks. Risks reduced to nominal sums and profits increased. Book containing full information sent on application. TUMBRIDGE & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 2 Broadway, New York.

TURKISH ONGUENT — AN Oriental compound for forcing whiskers or moustaches; will not injure the most delicate skin; a very valuable article for young men. Post-paid for 25 cents per box. STAR STAMP AND NOVELTY CO., Toronto. 220-tf

ONE THOUSAND AGENTS wanted for the most complete history of Moody and Sankey yet published, embracing Mr. Moody's Sermons and Mr. Sankey's Songs. Address 162 King street, London, Ont. 224-tf

WANTED — LADIES AND Gentlemen to qualify as Telegraph Operators for offices opening in the Dominion. Address MANAGER, Box 955, Toronto, Ont.

FARMERS, ATTENTION.—NO more need to go to town if a jar, basin, or anything breaks. The Chinese Cement mends China, Glass, Porcelain, Bone, Marble, Meerschaum, Leather, Crockery, Furniture, etc., etc. A piece of wood, crockery, or leather will break more readily at another place than where mended. It is also fire and water proof. Price 25c. STAR STAMP AND NOVELTY CO., Toronto. 228-tf

FOR SALE—100 ACRES, LOT 35 Fifth Con., South Dumfries. Large bank; barn and shed; frame building; land in high state of cultivation. Address J. H. SCARFE, Ayr, P.O. 224-3

FOR SALE—ONE OF THE BEST FARMS in the County of York; Lot 17, Concession 4, Markham, 200 acres, 150 free from stumps and in a high state of cultivation, 18 miles distant from Toronto. For particulars apply to JOHNSTONE WILSON, Thornhill. 228-tf

FOR SALE — A FARM OF ninety-one acres, pleasantly situated, 3½ miles from Stratford and 3 from St. Mary's; with good buildings and orchard thereon; splendid spring water, and within ten minutes' walk of a school and grist mill. Terms easy. Apply to ANDREW MARTIN, St. Mary's, Ont. 227-4

FARM FOR SALE—NORTH-EAST quarter of Lot 11, 10th Concession of Eldon, 50 acres, all cleared and fenced, 30 acres under crop, balance summer fallow; new frame building being erected thereon; within half a mile of the North Victoria Agricultural Society's Show Grounds and village of Glenarm. Immediate possession. For terms, etc., address NORMAN McLEAN, Cannington, P.O. 228-1

FOR SALE—TWO FIRST-CLASS farms, in the township of Innisfil, one being south half of lot ten in the tenth concession, the other north half of lot fifteen in the ninth concession, in the village of Victoria. About eighty-five acres cleared on each, convenient to railways, schools, and churches; young orchards on both in full bearing, well watered and fenced, full particulars known by applying to the proprietor, T. S. N., No. 10 Oak street, Toronto. 226-4

FOR SALE.—A RARE CHANCE for investment in that valuable property known as the Port Albert Government Mill Reserve, together with Mills and Buildings thereon. This property is situated in one of the best wheat producing sections of Western Ontario, on the gravel road, ten miles north of Goderich, and will be sold cheap. For particulars apply on the premises or by letter to JAS. CRAWFORD, Port Albert P. O. 228-2

300 ACRE FARM, SAW MILL, and shingle factory for sale. Lots 1, 2 and 3, 7th concession, Township Glenelg, County Grey. 125 cleared, and 75 free of stumps. Soil rich clay loam. Abundance of water. Suitable for stock raising. Large commodious barn and stables and dwelling house, all new. Lots sold together or separate, and with or without the mill. G. C. HAYWARD, Hayward's Falls P.O., Co. Grey. 226-tf

COUNTY OF HALIBURTON—For sale by the Canadian Land and Emigration Company, at from $1.50 to $3 an acre, farm lots in Dysart and adjoining townships, situate on the projected line of the Victoria railway. It is expected that the Victoria railway will be open for traffic this year as far as Kinmount, twenty-three miles from the village of Haliburton. For particulars apply to C. J. BLOMFIELD, Manager, Lakefield, or to ALEX. NIVEN, P. L. S., Agent, Haliburton. 213-13

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, by Martha Jemima Hawkshaw Holiwell, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, and Province of Ontario, married woman, for a divorce from Charles Edwin Holiwell, of the City of Quebec, in the Province of Quebec, Army Stationer, her husband, on the ground of adultery. Dated at the City of Toronto this 29th day of June, 1876. 223-26
MARTHA JEMIMA HAWKSHAW HOLIWELL.

THE FRENCH PROTESTANT LADIES' COLLEGE.
A complete course in French for $180 per annum, board included. Prospectus furnished on application to the REV. R. P. DUCLOS, Principal, St. Hyacinthe, P. Q. 226-4

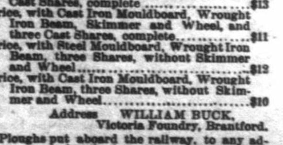
CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION
Parties visiting the Exhibition will find superior accommodation at reasonable prices at
2,044 Arch st., Philadelphia. 226-8

PLOUGHS AND GRAIN DRILLS.
On the GRANGER plan.
No credit, no pedlars, and customers given the agents' and collectors' fees, and a large cash discount besides. FIRST-CLASS WROUGHT IRON BEAM PLOUGH FOR $10. Send for circular.
C. P. MALCOLM, Cayuga Iron Works, Cayuga, Ont. 219-26

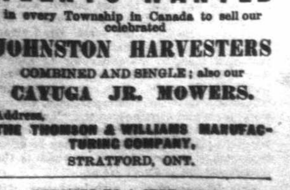
THIS IS NO HUMBUG. By sending 35c with age, height, colour of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct Photograph of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address, W. FOX, P.O. Drawer 44, Fultonville, N.Y. 219-13

NOTICE.
All persons indebted to the estate of the late HONORA GROGAN, of the city of Toronto, trader, deceased, are hereby requested to pay their several accounts forthwith to the undersigned.
Also, all persons having claims against the said estate, will please present the same for payment, on or before the 1st day of August, 1876.
JOHN MURPHY, ANTHONY LEWIS, Executors.
Niagara, 19th July, 1876. 226-4

Speed the Plough.



DOMINION PLOUGH.
Price, with Steel Mouldboard, Wrought Iron Beam, Skimmer and Wheel, and three Cast Shares, complete ... $13
Price, with Cast Iron Mouldboard, Wrought Iron Beam, Skimmer and Wheel, and three Cast Shares, complete ... $11
Price, with Steel Mouldboard, Wrought Iron Beam, three Shares, without Skimmer and Wheel ... $12
Price, with Cast Iron Mouldboard, Wrought Iron Beam, three Shares, without Skimmer and Wheel ... $10
Address WILLIAM BUCK, Victoria Foundry, Brantford.
Ploughs put aboard the railway, to any address, on receipt of price. 50c. to 75c. will pay the freight on a plough quite a long distance. The above ploughs are warranted to be made of the best material in the best possible manner.
228-13 WILLIAM BUCK.



AGENTS WANTED in every Township in Canada to sell our celebrated JOHNSTON HARVESTERS COMBINED AND SINGLE; also our CAYUGA JR. MOWERS. Address, THE THOMSON & WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, STRATFORD, ONT.

REDUCED TO A CERTAINTY. Chance to Gain
$50,000
NO RISK.
Send for circular at once. No time to lose. READ & CO., Bankers, 74 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

CAUTION.
MYRTLE NAVY TOBACCO.
None is Genuine Unless Stamped
T. & B.
215-13