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the many things we have heard of him. Almost I could see the wrecking of his printing press, about ten years ago, by nine young bloods of the town, who were afterwards treated as heroes in the place and their fine of \$600 collected by one Colonel FitzGibbon, who, I presume, is the same "Tory Colonel" who is now drilling young men in rifle practice.

Almost I could see, too, the scene of five years ago, when, at the election following Mackenzie's first expulsion from Parliament, he was brought into the town in triumphant defiance. My father happened to be in Toronto at the time, and saw the long procession of sleighs, all placarded with inscriptions proclaiming "The People's Friend!" that brought him in, first to the polling-place, the Red Lion tavern, and then down Yonge Street to the Parliament Buildings, with people cheering along the way and the little hero of the hour very proud and happy.

Since then he has been again and again expelled on the charge of libel, but has been again and again upheld, being made Alderman in York, and then, when the name of the place was changed, first Mayor of Toronto. Two years ago he was again nominated to Parliament, but was defeated, a man named Thomson taking his place.

When all was over and we went out into the darkness, "Well," I said, "blood isn't spattering around on the programme yet, Hank."

To which the dear old bulldog replied, "But the year's not out yet."

On the way home I spoke to my father about Hank's and The Schoolmaster's notion.

"It'll hardly come to that," he said. "It would be a fool business. The Government's got the Militia, and the numbers—the towns are pretty much Tory—and they've got the power to put the cramps on harder than ever, and would likely do it if a rebellion were attempted.—But if it *could* be done, successfully, the whole outfit damn well deserves it—Aye."

Mackenzie they say left at daybreak the next morning, having important meetings to attend immediately.

But now it is nigh twelve o'clock and I must go to bed.

Poor old Hank! wonder if he's sound asleep by this time and dreaming that he's 'giving them the devil.'"

Continued on the night of June 14th. Before I go to bed I think I shall spend an hour in trying to write down the things I can remember of Mackenzie's speech.

He told first of the "persecution" of Robert Gourlay eighteen years ago, for daring to speak against the Government. But the words of Gourlay are as true to-day, he said, as when he uttered them, namely that "Corruption has reached such a height in this province that it is thought no other part of the British Empire witnesses the like, and it is vain to look for improvement until a radical change is effected."

Still juries are packed, on occasion, as at the trial of Gourlay. Still men are intimidated to vote in a certain way, as we know of last year in the election which came on after Sir Francis Head had dissolved the Parliament, at which time gangs of rowdies were sent to the polls, in some places, to bully the voters. And still bribery is resorted to to a degree that is shameful, both lands and other privileges being given to hold to the Government those that can be bought that way.

Particularly baneful are the land grievances, so much country having been given out in Clergy Reserves, and permitted to the Canada Land Company and others for speculation, and granted to friends of the Family Compact, that there is no chance for this country to be settled as it should to make it a home for civilized people. Farms are far apart, and so it is not possible to keep up the roads, which in winter become usually for weeks impassable, so that mails are stopped and suffering in case supplies run out or a doctor is needed. All this we here know only too well, although we are better off in some respects than some of the settlements, for we have a schoolhouse and a church. At the same time, it must be said, the schoolhouse is so far from most of the homes that the small children cannot go at all, and the older ones only irregularly, and but for a short time in the summer. I myself would have

suffered much from this had it not been for the persistence of father and mother who, since my boyhood, have tried to teach me all the things that they themselves know. In many of the homes, however, the older folk are themselves uneducated, and own no books, so that, be they never so minded, they can in no wise teach their children, who are growing up in ignorance.

Of the burdensome taxation, too, Mackenzie spoke much, pointing out needless extravagances of the Government, who care for nobody's fortunes so long as they amass wealth for themselves.

So far, he said the methods taken to protest against all these things have been of little use. True, we have a House of Assembly, but, since the Bills passed there are thrown out as soon as they reach the Legislative Council, if the Powers see fit, it has never yet been able, even when it would have done so, to make itself an instrument of the people to ensure them good government. During the last eight years, no fewer than three hundred and twenty-five Bills have been thus disposed of.

Nor do petitions fare better. In Sir John Colborne's time, when a deputation of nine hundred people called at Government House with a petition, Sir John dismissed the whole matter by saying, "Gentlemen, I have received the petition of the inhabitants." Now there is no better welcome. Sir Francis Bond Head—this man who was hailed as 'a tried Reformer'—does not even appear with such courtesy, but continually flouts, even insults the deputations that come to him. And last year when the extreme step of stopping supplies was resorted to by the House of Assembly, in order to force its will, he nullified the whole proceeding and defied the will of the people by refusing to sign his assent.

That was in April. In May the "British Constitutional Society" was formed in Toronto to oppose all efforts of the people for a Government more responsible to them, and shortly afterwards a certain Tory Colonel there began to train a number of young men in rifle practice. That looked as though a screw were being made ready to use on the people—if necessary.

Then had come the election, in which Bidwell, Perry, Lount and Mackenzie himself had been defeated, only Dr. John Rolph being left to look after the interests of the people and oppose the Family Compact. It had then become clear that thenceforth it would be almost impossible for a Reformer to obtain justice, so that it was no wonder that many of them had moved away to the United States.

In that election the towns were placarded with inscriptions, "Down with Republicanism!" "Down with Democracy!"—But it is a poor Government that howls "Down with Democracy!" in a country filled with people who work for their bread. That whole election had been a disgrace, with bribery and corruption worse than ever before seen in the province. The Tories had gone in on the "Loyalty" cry, with the Reformers branded everywhere as disloyal and ready to help in an invasion which was threatened from the United States. That invasion had never even been thought of. It was nothing but a story trumped up for the election.

After that he spoke briefly but very bitterly of himself and his expulsions from Parliament because he had dared to be the people's friend and expose the things that were being done; and towards the last he became very personal, lashing in especial the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief Justice and the Attorney-General, and sparing not even the Archdeacon of the Church, whom he considers, next to the Chief Justice, the evil genius of this province, so far as its hindrance in getting a Responsible Government is concerned.—all of which made me marvel that public men could so express themselves, even in a meeting as secret as this.

All this I have set down in my own way, and not at all as spoken by Mackenzie. Hank thinks he was quite wonderful, but for my own part I may say that I have been swayed more, often and often, by The Schoolmaster, when he has been carried away by eloquence, in his own house.—And yet Mackenzie is not lacking in a sort of eloquence, and he has much knowledge of facts and conditions.

(To be continued).

GREAT DISPERSION SALE Thirty ^{HIGH} CLASS Holsteins

The Entire Herd Belonging To

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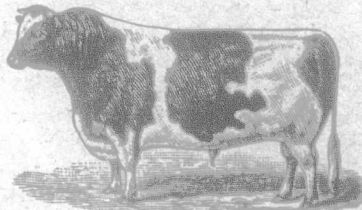
IN ADDITION THERE WILL ALSO BE SOLD

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Mixed Hay

Some Alfalfa

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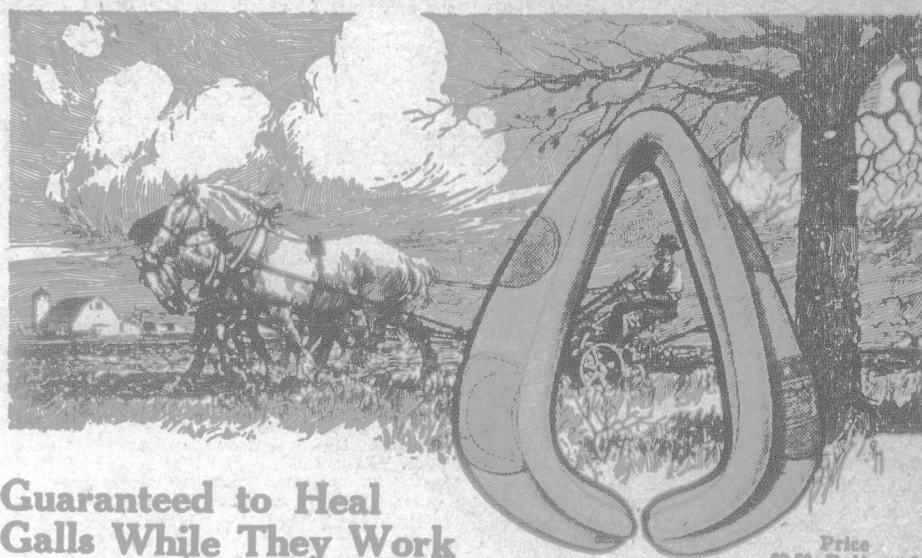
The Holsteins include fourteen cows, three to seven years of age, four of which are daughters of Sir Korndyke Bóon. Several two-year-old heifers, all daughters of the same sire; three year-old heifers and the 1918 heifer calves. One 10 months' bull and the two herd sires. The greatest breeding herd to be dispersed by auction in years. Write for catalogue.

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Galls While They Work

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does not hold heat. It absorbs sweat and impurities from sores. Keeps shoulders dry, cool and free from irritation.

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Made of closely woven army duck—stuffed with soft, springy cotton fiber. This fiber

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