

## At the Sign of the Wooden Leg

By "Silas Wegg."

### How the Bad News Came to Turniptown.

The following report of a meeting held at Turniptown, Ont., on the 3rd inst., to protest against any further delay in dealing with Civil Service legislation at Ottawa is from the *Turniptown Tocsin*, the editor of which, so he boasts, successfully passed the Third Division examination for entrance to the Service this spring:—

Never has public feeling run so high in Turniptown as at present, and the cause is not far to seek. The excitement, which has held this community in its grasp for the past six months, had reached a point where any excesses of emotion might be pardoned. We refer, of course, to the one topic of conversation that has engaged the thoughts of the Turniptown people during the winter and spring—the proposed Civil Service bills promised in the speech from the Throne at the beginning of the present session of Parliament.

It was to be expected, therefore, that there would be resentment when the word was flashed from the Capital that the bills would not be passed this year, but no one unacquainted with the sentiments of this centre of industry and thought would have foreseen the violence of the populace when it was known that there was to be no reform of the Service this session, and no attempt made to restore the balance between Government salaries and the high cost of living. Thanks to the coolness of the mayor, bloodshed was averted, and the post office was saved from demolition. But

feeling, long suppressed, must have some vent. So the mayor, who is ourself, we may say, wisely proclaimed that a public meeting should be held to take what steps might be deemed necessary to present the views of Turniptown at this crisis before the nation at large.

The meeting was called for eight o'clock last Wednesday evening, but at seven-thirty the town hall was so closely packed with a tumultuous crowd that the mayor had difficulty in getting to his place on the platform. Recognized, at last, by one of the audience, he was acclaimed by all and carried on the shoulders of two clergymen to his seat. He at once called the meeting to order, and spoke briefly for forty minutes on the issue of the day.

He thanked the citizens for their response to his appeal for moderation, and reminded them that in all future developments they must remember, first of all, that they were men, and not suffragettes. They might think daggers, but use none. Yet the occasion was one for determination, if not for rebellion. The Civil Service, so dear to all hearts, was again to be given the cold shoulder. What should be done? (Cries of "On to Ottawa"). He would not go so far at present. There are other expedients. They might boycott somebody. A committee could be formed to consider who should be boycotted. He had his own opinion, but preferred to hear from the citizens of Turniptown, who had ability to think for themselves. (Loud applause.)