Huron Signal.

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Now.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you have lingered long;
The world has won its victories while some
And some lie fallen and stunned
And some lie fallen and stunned
A place in the ranks assign you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the storm to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some air-built fortress,
Or building some giant shield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor, God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! if the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright she is hidden for ever,
Cast her phantom arms away;
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons
Or the hour will strike at last.
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past!

A PLEASANT LOVE.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said one day, about eighteen months after he gained his commission. "Guess what it is."

They were walking along the green lanes of Perlock, listening to the ceaseless murmur of the sea, as, at intervals, they had walked and listened ever since they could remember, at any rate, for she was six years younger than her former playfellow.

"You are going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the British army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress!" There was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again. No inestimable young person, with green eyes, a turn up nose, susceptible heart and fifty thousand a year has turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China."

"Oh, Alie!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, whatever are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. He'd kissed her ever since she was five, and thought no more of it than if she had been his sister, or the cat, excepting, perhaps, that it was nicer—which it was, no doubt. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pig-tail and an ivory tooth-pick, and a whole lot of things, and—"

"Yes?" she said, listening attentively.

"And then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and "out," and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor lieutenant; you will have all the squires and fox-hunters about the place at your feet."

"Oh, no! indeed I shan't, Alie," she said, eagerly.

"But I tell you, you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find—"

But she burst into tears again, and put up her pretty little hand as if to stop his teasing, which she could not bear just then. It seemed so cruel of him to laugh and joke, when he was going away for five years. He did not seem to care a bit, and she could have broken her heart on the spot, and would have gladly done so, and thrown the pieces away so as never to be bothered with it again. Then, seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was moved at last.

"I believe I shall come back and find you just as great a little darling as you are now, and if we've got any money we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and live never after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alie, dear?"

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing you know."

So Alie Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed and none came. "Perhaps it takes longer for a letter to get here from China," she thought, knowing as little about the means of transit and the time it took as if the celestial city had been in the moon. But a year passed and no letter came.

"Perhaps he's ill, or it's miscarried," she said, tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese heiress had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alie's silence. "Two years passed, and never a word. It's too bad," she said bitterly, and wondered ruefully if he had married with a pig-tail. And the days and the months went by, and Maggie journeyed into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alie Granger, and at length she gave him up altogether.

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors did pounce down, and she and her mother were sold out. Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home in London by a sister who was well off and bad-tempered, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get her own living, which, being precisely Maggie's own opinion, as well as Armaillo, the adversitied for a situation as governess. Now, Maggie had a very modest idea of her own merits, and therefore only asked for £25 a year and a comfortable home, so no less than five answers came to her announcement that she could teach English, French, Hindu and the rudiments of drawing.

One of these answers came from Woolwich, and stated that Mrs. Marshall required a governess for her three little girls. Mrs. Marshall was a stiff-necked sort of a woman, and stared at poor little Maggie (who looked almost as childlike and twice as pretty as ever) through double gold glasses. Col. Marshall, her husband, was a nice old man with a gray head and iron-gray moustache, and there was a grown-up daughter, a Miss Patterson, Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband, who was really the mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and she was an heiress. "A very nasty heiress, too," poor Maggie thought, and she was right, for Maria was skinny, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare to say them back again.

One evening, when Maggie had been about a year at Woolwich, and she was sitting alone in her school room as usual, for her pupils had just said good night, and been delivered up to the tender mercies of their nurse, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impromptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play, if we should want you?"

"I fear I cannot play dance music very well; I never keep time," said Maggie.

"Yes, I feared so, and thought I would come and tell you, so that you might practice for an hour or two till after dinner," and she sailed out of the room, evidently considering the matter settled, and Maggie meekly proceeded to practice the "Mabel Waltz" and the "Flick and Flock Galop." Then she put on her shabby black evening gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers into her golden hair, and waited patiently for a summons, hoping she would wait in vain. It very soon came, and with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent, frightened face and a scared, almost hunted expression in her eyes, she descended and timidly opened the drawing room door, and there she stood still for a moment, staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There sat the heiress, with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburnt and soldierly-looking, was Alie Granger. There was no mistaking him. The color rushed to Maggie's face, as if to say a hurried good-bye, and then left it altogether. She recovered self possession however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity towards the piano. She felt, rather than saw, him raise his head and look at her and the next moment he was by her side,

"Maggie—my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you"—and then she did not know how to go on, so added, almost piteously, "I am the governess here."

"Are you! Oh, I see, that is the reason I have not seen you before, I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coolest manner.

Maggie wished sincerely she could sink into her shoes and bury herself.

"Why, of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we, Maggie?"

And Maggie, feeling she was backed up, answered bravely:

"Yes."

"Oh, indeed! How interesting!" Then, turning to Maggie: "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop? This was to be my dance, I think;" to Alie, and she glided off with him triumphantly.

He came to her directly after the dance was over.

"I went down to Perlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said, "but nobody knew."

"It didn't matter," she said, huskily, letting her fingers wander vaguely over the keys to make believe she wasn't very much interested in what he said.

"Yes, it did—it mattered a great deal. Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—China to fight with, China to shake in your teeth, and a chance of Buddah and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I mean in this house?"

He said the last words under his breath, for the door opened and the nasty nurse, who could not help to dance with Miss Somebody, at the other end of the room, but not before Miss Patterson had sent a reply to him. Soon after Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and said she wished to play herself, and that Maggie might go to her room, and after being able to get even another look at Alie.

The next morning, to Maggie's very great surprise, Miss Patterson came into the school-room before the children had assembled.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, stiffly, "I should like to know where you say you met Mr. Granger."

"At Perlock. His uncle lived next door to my mother. He is a very old friend, indeed—"

"Thank you. I merely wished to enquire, because, of course, you must be aware that it is not usual for any one in your position to make herself remarkable by having long confidence talks with any gentleman who may visit the house."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Patterson!" Maggie said, indignantly.

But Miss Patterson had swept out of the room without deigning to reply.

Then Maggie went into her own little room, the one place she had to herself entirely to herself, and cried till her eyes were red and her head ached.

The lessons did not progress that morning. Maggie was thinking of Alie, who was no doubt strolling about the common, listening to the lambs and making love to the heiress. The children were more than usually stupid, too, and all the world seemed upside down, and all its ways turned crooked. Suddenly, at about twelve o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock at the school room door.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alie Granger, and behind him was a man—evidently his servant—with a box on his shoulders.

"All right, Jim, put it down; that's right; now be off. There, I've brought the curiosities round, Maggie; I thought you'd like to see them."

"Oh! What will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half hour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and thought I should just get a quiet chat with you. My dear," he said, turning to Maggie's wide-eyed, open-mouthed pupils, "I'm quite sure you'll like to be let off your lessons, so I'll let you off for an hour; run along, my little dears," and he opened the door for them, and shut it after them.

"Oh, Alie!" she said, in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered, mimicking. "What did you mean by going away from Perlock, and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you NEVER wrote," she answered helplessly.

"No, I never write letters; don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place and never dreamed of finding you here. Now we'll unpack the box; I had it opened before I came, so it's only fastened by a lock."

"But, Alie, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the Colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least so he says. There now, what do you think of these for fighting with? Got them at Java on purpose for you;" and he held up a pair of heathenish-looking clubs and brandished them over his head and then proceeded to pull out the contents of the box and to decorate the school room with them.

"There's Mr. Buddha and there's—why, what's the matter, Maggie?"

"Nothing, only you will get me in dreadful trouble—you will indeed. Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she was only jealous," he laughed. "Now tell me how soon you can leave here?"

"What for?" she asked, innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette?" and he put his arm round her waist just as of old, and was not reproved. It was so very comfortable, she thought.

"No, but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am—to you!"

"Oh! but, Alie—"

"Oh, but Maggie—" and then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the Colonel, and there stood Maria Patterson.

"Miss Dunlop!" screamed Maria, horror struck.

"Mr. Granger!" said Maria, in astonishment.

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the Colonel, "what does this all mean?"

"She must leave the house at once," said the heiress.

"Of course, she must," Mrs. Marshall said. "I never heard of such a thing in my life."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," said Alie, looking as if he were beginning a speech, "it is all my fault. You told me, and so did the Colonel, to consider your house my house, and I have done so. Miss Dunlop has been a plaything of mine once, and when I went away we were engaged, but somehow we lost sight of each other when there were a few thousand miles between us, and it was the happiest moment of my life to meet her again last night, and so I took the liberty of calling on her this morning, and we were just arranging to get married next week when you interrupted us."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear Granger," said the old colonel, heartily; "you shall be married from here—"

"Oh, please let me go to mamma—do let me go at once," pleaded Maggie, finding her little tongue at last.

"I think it would be much more satisfactory if Miss Dunlop went back to her relations," said the heiress, sourly.

So they all agreed and that very afternoon Maggie packed up her modest belongings and all the curiosities and went to the well-off and bad-tempered aunt.

The bad-tempered aunt received her niece very graciously when she found she was going to marry well the following week. It is amazing how fond people are of rich relations, even though the riches concern them little personally. As for poor Mrs. Dunlop, she could have jumped for joy, only she was too old for such violent exercise.

"Pray, miss, what are you laughing to yourself about?" asked Alie, the evening before their wedding day.

"Nothing, Alie, only when you were away I used to think sometimes that, perhaps, you'd marry a Chinese heiress with a pigtail."

"The sort of thing you would think," he said, grandly; "as it is, you see, I am going to marry a little girl without a pigtail and I am very happy, my darling—are you?"

"Very, very," she said. And she was.

Extraordinary Activity in Foreign Commerce at the Port of New York.

NEW YORK, October.—September furnishes the most extraordinary statements of the foreign commerce at this port ever recorded. The imports for September, including $27,000,000 specie, reached $57,000,000, against $35,000,000 during the previous September. The exports reached $36,000,000, against $32,000,000 during the previous September. The total produce and merchandise exported during September is the largest in the history of the port, although the figures for the same month last year was then without precedent.

"No," said a Texas lawyer, as he placed a couple of loaded derringers on the table before him, "the fact that the witness is a desperate man will not deter me from asking such questions as I may deem proper."

OXFORD.

Cordial Reception Extended to Prominent Libernis.

WOODSTOCK, Oct. 6.—Hon. A. Mackenzie and Hon. O. Mowat arrived here by the afternoon train from Toronto, and were received at the station by a large deputation of political and personal friends, backed by an immense concourse of citizens. A procession formed, headed by the Alexander Street Band, and citizens having torches, and the visitors were conducted to the Town Hall, which was soon packed to the doors by a most enthusiastic audience. Sir Richard Cartwright was present, having arrived in the city early in the afternoon from his own constituency, where he had been addressing several meetings. Upon the platform were Mr. Thos. Oliver and Col. Skinner, representatives of North and South Oxford respectively; Mayor Parker, Reeve Sutherland, F. R. Ball, Q.C., Dr. Martin, Rev. W. T. McMullen, H. J. D. Merritt, Rev. W. T. Parker, ex-Warden; also a large number of ladies. Sir Richard Cartwright and Messrs. Mackenzie and Mowat were made the recipients of a joint address from the Reformers of the Town and County of Oxford, read by Mr. G. B. Pattullo, Secretary of the Woodstock Reform Association, as follows:

To the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, M. P., Leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition:

SIR,—The Reformers of Woodstock readily embrace the opportunity which your brief visit to our town has afforded, of telling you how much our hearts are in the political contest, which resulted in a change of Administration at Ottawa. The Reformers of Woodstock entertain a chief share of concern for your interests in Western Ontario—and their fellow Reformers in both ridings of "glorious old Oxford" desire to assure their allegiance to the "old flag" and their continued confidence in the policy and administration of the Government of which you were the honored head. Your long experience of the Administration and a yearly experience of the incapacity of your opponents has demonstrated to the country, and we firmly believe, to the entire country—the wisdom of the verdict which they have given. What is the record of your successors? Is it not one of disappointment, of broken promises and unfulfilled pledges? We were promised, as a result of a change of Government and the adoption of a National Policy, an immediate commercial revival, an increased confidence in our banks and other monetary institutions, a rapid rise in the value of bank stocks and other securities. What have we realized? The severest year of commercial depression experienced in Canada since the financial crisis of 1857; the all but utter annihilation of confidence in our banking and other monetary institutions, and the most terrible and unexampled weeding and ruin of bank stocks—sweeping away millions of capital, the hard earnings of our business men and the savings of our widows and orphans—ever before witnessed in this country. The farmer was promised a better price for his produce, his oxen, his wool, his butter and his cheese; but until a few days past, when—upon the principle of the supply and demand manipulating the prices—he has experienced some relief by an abnormal harvest drain and a scarcity elsewhere, he has during the past year realized smaller prices for his produce, much less for his work, for his oxen, his cheese and butter than during any year of your administration. The laboring man and artisan were promised cheaper supplies, more work, and better pay; and yet they have been compelled to pay equally high, and in some cases higher prices for the necessities of life; and such has been the destitution and dearth of employment in many of the cities, where caught but the "wind in a horn of industry" was to have been heard under the "National Policy," that in the capital of the nation, the chief city of the province, of the nation, of the Tory Government, and of the "N. P."—the Chief Magistrate, himself one of its most ardent apostles, has been largely employed during the year in furnishing passes to the hundreds of workingmen who were unable to earn their bread or raise money with which to seek employment elsewhere. By the confession of their own organs, too, in Halifax and St. John, whose interests are under the special and immediate care of two chief members of the present Government, and whose shipping and other industries were to immediately revive under the fostering care of the "National Policy," there has never been experienced so much distress and actual want among the poorer classes. Disregarding the parting words of our late distinguished Governor General and the traditions of the British Service, the present Government have, to satisfy political partisanship, struck a blow at the permanency and efficiency of our Civil Service which bodes much evil for the future. Efficient public servants have been sacked down and dismissed for no other offence than that of having formerly held political opinions opposed to the party in power. The present Government have inaugurated a land policy in the great North-west, the result of which has been, and will continue to be, if carried out, to create a complete land-lock against settlers, and which is so dangerous in its character as to have called forth the condemnation of even the most partisan of Government organs. Their Pacific Railway policy, wherever it has departed from your own, has signally failed, and it is no small compliment to the wisdom of your railway policy in British Columbia—as it will be a subject of congratulation to the country generally—that notwithstanding the calumny and misrule, which you were assailed for having chosen the Burrard Inlet route, your successors have been finally compelled to fall back upon it as the best and only one practicable. But the crowning offence of the present Government is their ruthless Bank of England policy, which is exemplified by their direct and violent attempts to usurp the rights of the Provincial Parliament and to govern the Province of Quebec in opposition to the well understood wishes of the electors of that province as expressed by their verdict at the polls. Even the dismissal of Lieut.-Governor Letellier became, in the opinion of his political opponents at Ottawa, "too short a shrift" to have been followed by a significant corollary: The Conservative Council of that province, who represent and are responsible to nobody but their Ottawa political masters, have taken the extraordinary and wholly unconstitutional step of opposing themselves to the will of the people represented of the Legislature, and have disloyally withheld the supplies from Her Majesty's Ministers. Such an outrageous violation of the principles of popular and responsible government upon the part of the Second Chamber in Quebec, as well as the partizanship so frequently exhibited by the Canadian Senate during the time of your administration, in our opinion imperatively calls for an immediate reconsideration of the constitution of the latter body, and it is therefore with unfeigned pleasure that we have read your recent determination, as leader of the Liberal party in Parliament, to seek for a change of the upper house system. Again bidding you and your distinguished allies a cordial welcome, we have the honor to be,

G. B. PATTULLO,
Secretary.
JOHN DOUGLAS,
President W. R. A.

Woodstock, Oct. 8, 1879.

MR. MACKENZIE was the first to reply. He expressed great pleasure at being present among so many familiar faces, and thanked them very cordially for the hearty reception the people had given him and his colleagues. They had alluded in their address to the results of the "National Policy." He gave the opinion of a noted English gentleman who had been attending a number of agricultural fairs and meetings in Canada, and who had told him that in his conversation with farmers he had not met one who spoke favorably of the working of protection (applause); and when he returned to England he would tell his people that the tariff changes lately made in Canada would last only until the next general election. (Applause.) The people felt that a wrong step had been taken, and the only way to do was to retrace that step as early as possible. He referred to the fact that in the Maritime Provinces every vessel bound for Australia was carried Canadian emigrants unable to make a living in their own country. They had now had a year of Conservative rule, and it had brought the country into a most dangerous and difficult position. His Government, through exigencies of the situation, had been forced to place on a tariff of 17½ per cent., and it afforded protection incidentally to that extent to some classes of manufactures, but they had steadily refused to acknowledge the principle of protection. Although some might find fault with him for not having given way a little, he was proud that they had stuck by correct principles, even though they had suffered defeat. (Cheers.) He trusted that it would be long before the Reformers, for the sake of retaining office, would sacrifice the principles they labored to promote. (Applause.) They had returned to office as they at present stood in the Provinces of Quebec. He trusted that all Reformers would take a deep interest in the battle for constitutional liberty now going on there. (Cheers.) He shortly reviewed the circumstances which led to the existing deadlock, and said he had no doubt it could be proven that every move made by the Conservatives in Quebec was a portion of the plan made by the leaders of the party in Ottawa. (Hear, hear.) Next June a new Lieutenant-Governor would be appointed for Ontario, and he had no doubt that a cute individual at the head of the Dominion Government would attempt to extend to Mr. Mowat and his colleagues the same treatment that had been accorded to that upright and capable administrator, Mr. Letellier, in the Province of Quebec. It became the people of the provinces to guard well their rights in demanding entire freedom from Federal control, as that freedom was the very foundation principle of our Confederation. (Loud cheers.)

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT spoke but a short time. After expressing his gratification at addressing for the first time the electors of Oxford, he said that he had been accused of being a hewer of wood and drawer of water in the Cabinet of Alexander Mackenzie. He accepted the taunt, but would say that his work had at least been honest and respectable. (Cheers and laughter.) He then proceeded to discuss the revenue aspect of the "N.P." He showed that the Customs returns for the three months from July to October this year exhibited a decrease of a quarter of a million, and this notwithstanding that they had added in duties sixty per cent. to the burdens of the people. He had been much amused at reading the figures, and trusted there was some special cause for it, as otherwise it proved the country to be in an exceedingly perilous position financially. It might, perhaps, be attributed to the fact that there was now so much more smuggling going on than under the previous régime, and there could be no doubt that the illicit distillation of which he had warned the Finance Minister had greatly increased.

Mr. MOWAT made only a few remarks, saying that as the representative of North Oxford he had come to be present and take part in the reception of the great Reform leaders, and was gratified that the reception was, as he knew it would be, so kind and cordial. He also took this opportunity, the first he had had, to thank the electors of North Oxford for having given him such an exceedingly handsome majority on the occasion of his last election.

Speeches were also made by Messrs. Oliver and Skinner, after which the meeting broke up with cheers for the Queen and for each of the distinguished guests.

To-morrow the visitors will leave by special train by the Port Dover and Canada Southern Railways for Tilsonburg, where a grand demonstration will be given in their honor.

TILSONBURG.

Splendid Gathering of the Reformers of Three Counties—Speeches by Hon. A. Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright.

TILSONBURG, Oct. 9.—A splendid demonstration of the Reformers of the Counties of Oxford, Norfolk and Elgin in honor of the Reform leaders was held in this town to-day. It was a great day which hung over the country during yesterday and the greater part of to day had a rather deterrent effect upon farmers living at a distance, yet in spite of muddy roads and threatening skies hundreds of carriages were to be found this morning wending their way from all directions toward Tilsonburg. The Canada Southern Railway and the Air Line also brought in large numbers of people from the surrounding towns and villages. A special train bearing Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Richard Cartwright, Hon. O. Mowat, Thomas Oliver, M. P., Col. Skinner, M. P., as well as a large party of excursionists, left Woodstock at nine a. m. On arriving at Tilsonburg, about twelve o'clock, they were met by a large deputation of friends, who cordially received them in the name of the Reformers of this district. The visitors were escorted to a carriage, and a procession having been formed, headed by the Woodstock and Tilsonburg brass bands, they were conducted from the station into town. The place was gay with streamers and banners, and several arches were erected across Broadway, the principal street, severally bearing the mottoes, "Constitutional Government," "Success to the Jol(i)y boys in Quebec," "The National Policy is a humbug," "Welcome to our leaders," and others. Refreshments were served in the Queen's Hotel, after which an informal levee was held in the parlor, at which a number of gentlemen were presented to the distinguished visitors. About two o'clock the procession re formed and proceeded to the Fair Ground, where a temporary amphitheatre had been formed. The seats were at once thronged by the immense concourse of people who had come together in anticipation of hearing these distinguished statesmen discuss the political affairs of the country at this very important juncture in our national career. Mr. Colin Macdougall, late L. P. for East Elgin, was called to the chair.

Hon. Adam Crooks arrived on the grounds from St. Thomas shortly before the opening of the meeting, and was warmly received by his numerous friends and escorted to a seat on the platform with the other guests of the day.

The Chairman, after declaring the meeting open, read an address of welcome to Hon. Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright, expressive of the earnest loyalty of Reformers to the principles of the Liberal party, and the confidence they entertained in their