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Tories in chorus shout 'mad dog,' 'sour grapes.' But if he joined the Tory fold he would be the white-headed boy, like McTee, whom they abused so unmercifully, but soon as he joined them, they not only absolved his sins, but canonized him, and is today one of the great saints in the Tory calendar, after whom they name their sons. So would it be with O'Hanly."

#### Those Statues.

If Canada is to rear monuments in commemoration of the virtues of her illustrious dead, then should Malcolm Cameron's be in the front rank. His humanity was boundless as space, constant as the seasons, tireless as the tide. In every attribute which adorns a human being and elevates him above the brute creation, he was as superior to either Cartier or Macdonald as is the arc lamp in our streets superior in brilliancy and illuminating power to the rude dip of a barbarous community.

True enough, an immigrant boy, I applied to Mr. Egan for employment, and as was his wont, he treated me with great kindness. Indeed, he talked to me more like a father than a stranger, giving me fully an hour's audience and advice.

Am I the only Liberal whom the Tory press, Tory spouters and Tory heelers have abused? Assuredly not. My traducers have had the happy knack of two strings to their bow. In the Catholic Tory camp, I have been represented as a "free thinker," and "a disciple of George Brown and The Globe, the enemy of our race and the reviler of our holy religion." In the Orange Tory wigwam, on the opposite side of the street, I have been pictured as a bigot and a fanatic, who would glory in leading heretics by a halter up to the pyre for sacrifices, and snack his lips with gruesome glee while applying a match to the fagot. Well, I have always tried to do my own thinking, such as it is. For the cure of souls, I have no mission; it never costs me a thought. I am as indifferent about the religion of my neighbor as is a team's offsteed about the nigh one's creed. For the

very good reason that it is none of my business. No child of mine ever heard me make an invidious distinction because of religion. I try to judge every individual by his deeds, and if I have no data I suspend judgment.

This narrative is strictly in keeping with the nefarious conduct of my traducers. In vain have I challenged them to lay finger on one word or deed of mine which would raise a blush on the brow of any respectable man. Onerous the task could not be if my calumniators speak truly, seeing that I have continuously resided in this town for nearly 45 years. Cheerfully would they respond, nor would they wait an invitation, could they but locate even one burnt hole in my coat. How many of the vile brood durst call for a like scrutiny? Marvel not if the fierce snallade have left some scars, some black marks. "Where much mud is trown some is sure to stick."

#### What a Half Century Brought Forth.

Much has been accomplished in my time, but much still remains undone. (1) Thanks to the brave friends of reform, the franchise has received a wide extension. (2) Simultaneous polling and one day voting have superseded the bad old system. (3) Money bags had to stand aside and rich and poor are now eligible for the legislature.

#### The Ballot.

I have been in the van of the battle for the ballot, when it was treason to espouse it and political death to defend, "A practice un-British and unmanly, a spawn of Yankeeedom." With bared head I knelt at the cradle of the newly born Message. This much have I seen accomplished in the cause of popular liberty, adding my mite by voice, by pen, by example. But it is only a beginning in the great field of reform. The representation of the people is still in a most unsatisfactory condition. Indeed, representation today is little better than a farce, a pantomime to amuse adolescent children. A free people should be exceedingly jealous of any encroachments, open or covert, on their