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For FORD Cars **HASSLER** **For FORD Trucks**
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The Hassler Guarantee: "Absolute satisfaction or your money back"

They protect riders from disagreeable shocks and jolts—you have such greatly increased comfort that your Ford car or truck rides and drives as well as the highest priced heavy models. They make the car safer, preventing sideways at high speeds. The same shocks that disturb the passengers, also rack, strain and wear out the car. Hasslers prevent squeaks, rattles and deterioration. They make a Ford car or a Ford one-ton truck last longer and give it a higher resale value. The spiral, conical springs of chrome-vanadium steel compress on either upward or downward movements. They last and make the car or truck last.

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KEITH'S SEEDS FIFTY-THREE YEARS SERVICE
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SEED CORN—OUR GUARANTEE— You are given 10 days after arrival at your station in which to test any corn purchased from us. If you find it unsatisfactory, return it to us within the above limit, and we will refund purchase price. The reason for this guarantee is that we know that the seed will germinate 90% or better—we have tested it.

Our Prices on Cob—Bags Free.

Longfellow.....	Per Bus. 70 lbs.	Wisconsin No. 7.....	Per Bus. 70 lbs.
White Cap.....	\$4.25	Bailey.....	\$3.75
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If you order 25 bushels of corn, or more, we will allow a reduction of 25c. per bushel.			

Government Standard.

No. 2 Timothy.....	Bus. 7.25	MANGEL SEEDS
(Extra No. 1 for purity)		Prizetaker, Giant Half Sugar, Yellow
No. 2 Alfalfa (Ontario Variegated)	27.00	Intermediate, Yellow Leviathan,
(No. 1 for purity)		Mammoth Long Red. A1 seed, Germination, 112 to 160 per cent. Price,
Alfalfa Scarified \$1.00 Bushel extra.		60c per lb. Postpaid, 65c. per lb.

OATS—Bags Free

O.A.C. No. 3.....	Per Bus. \$1.50	SWEDEN TURNIPS
O.A.C. No. 72, Registered.....	1.65	Prizetaker, Canadian Gem, Lord Derby, Price \$1.00 lb., Postpaid, \$1.10 lb.

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That will grow. Government test, 100%. Your money back if not satisfied.
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Haldimand Grown Alfalfa Seed
For sale in the Variegated and Grappling varieties.
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Ross MacGillivray, Sec., Caledonia, Ontario
R.R. No. 3

responsibility; the law of primogeniture to be abolished; the Judiciary to be independent; the military to be in strict subordination to the civil authorities; equal rights to the several members of the community; every vestige of Church-and State Union to be done away; the lands and all the revenues of the country to be under control of the country; education to be widely, carefully and impartially diffused; to these may be added the choice of our own Governor."

"I daresay this is all very good," I said, handing the Almanac back to The Schoolmaster. "Although part of it I do not understand very well. I'll be glad to keep the book to study it better, if Mr. Clinkenbocker will permit me."

He growled assent, then picked up the other booklet, labelled 1834 and turned over the pages. "Read that," he said, and so I read again:

"The backwoodsman, while he lays the axe to the root of the oak in the forests of Canada should never forget that a base basswood is growing in this, his native land, which if not speedily girdled will throw its dark shadows over the country and blast his best exertions. Look up, reader, and you will see the branches"—and here followed the names of nearly every prominent Tory family in Toronto, which it is not necessary here to set down. "The farmer toils," the paragraph ended, "the merchant toils, the labourer toils, and the Family Compact reap the fruit of their exertions."

This last I read aloud. "Gives 'em the devil!" reiterated Clinkenbocker.

"Rather personal, that," commented The Schoolmaster, "but personalities seem to be the fashion in the Colonial Press these days. There's more truth than nonsense in it though. You know now, Alan, who are the men who are amassing wealth in this country. They toil not neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory—Well, you know all about it now, Alan."

"Who gets out this 'Patrick Swift's Almanac?' I asked.

"Why, Mackenzie, of course. That's very well known," replied The Schoolmaster, then, glancing about, "By Jove, Clinkenbocker, here a round dozen of your clocks tell me it is eleven of the night, and you haven't even asked me if I have a mouth on me."

The Sea Lion got up with alacrity. "Fact! I forgot," he explained, simply, and then he trundled about and brought beer and bread from a cupboard, and a great ham on a platter from which he cut huge slices; laying everything on a table decorated by clocks along the back. "Pull up," he commanded, and then we set to and made havoc with the viands, the talk, meanwhile, returning to the affairs at home, than which no other topic just then could be so interesting to me.

After that I went with the Schoolmaster to The Sun Tavern where he was staying for the night, going about, to make the walk a little longer, past Doc's brewery, which stands a little behind John Doel's house, and which I never pass without looking at it with curious interest since it has been there that so many secret meetings of Mackenzie's followers have taken place.

Elliott's tavern, "The Sun," I looked at also with renewed interest as we approached it, the Schoolmaster having recounted to me the manner in which the "Declaration of Independence of Upper Canada" was here drawn up, and adopted afterwards at a meeting at the brewery. Doctor Rolph, it appears, was to some degree a party to the first drafting of the paper, which called chiefly for meetings to discuss the remedy of grievances, as has since been done. The Tavern by the way, is not one of the fashionable stopping places in the town, but is a comfortable, though ugly, square building, clap-boarded and painted white, with the sign-board, which indicates its name, swinging before the door.

"Come in," said The Schoolmaster, and I'll find you Hank's budget," so I went in while he went through his carpet-bag, carefully lifting out each article and laying it aside until he had found the little packet.

Upon that I made haste to go home and was at first surprised to find the house quite brilliantly lighted. Then I remembered that Uncle Joe was having

a midnight supper for some of his cronies to which he had been good enough to invite me, but which invitation I had declined, knowing the company to be so much older than I.

As I passed through the hall shouts of "The Queen! The Queen!" were arising from the dining-room, and glancing through the open door as I went up the stairs I could see the men standing with glasses raised high above their heads so that I trembled for the liquor; but of that I have no doubt they took proper care.

"The Family Compact!" I whistled to myself softly, having recognized some of the company. "So the festivities are just beginning!" And then I closed my door and proceeded to devour dear old Hank's letter, which was filled with some sense and a good deal of nonsense, interspersed with a score of questions about "the city" and a few trite remarks on the political situation—for Hank is a born politician. ("Statesman!"—I correct myself!)

Notwithstanding the sounds of hilarity from below, I soon fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was awakened at heaven knows what time by Uncle Joe, who came in with a candle, a little dishevelled in his evening dress, and inclined to be talkative. Uncle Joe is not a drinker, as drinkers go, but on occasion he takes enough to loosen his tongue a bit more than necessary.

"So that scurvy rebel Mackenzie's up North again raising the devil!" he said, holding up his candle and looking down at me as I blinked and tried to collect my senses.

"I don't give a continental for Mackenzie," I said. "For heaven's sake go to bed, Uncle Joe! What time is it?"

But he continued on his verbal way unruffled by my desires.

"I only heard of it to-night," he said. "The blank little stir-the-mud ought to be locked up!"

"If there wasn't any mud," I mumbled, "there'd be nothing to stir up," but, fortunately, perhaps, Uncle Joe did not hear me.

"He ought to be locked up!" he repeated, "and every other blank disloyal cur with him!" And then, suddenly he put down the candle and made off down stairs.

I was just about to put out the light when I heard him coming up again, and presently he appeared at my door carrying two wine-glasses, brimming full. I could have died with laughing at the look of him, for I didn't have to go round a corner to see what was coming.

"Here, you young rascalion," he said, "drink to the health of the Queen, God bless her! Drink, you young rascalion, drink!"

And so I sat up in bed and took the glass, and drank with him to the health of the Queen, which I could do with right good will. And an odd enough brace we were, I do say, I with my hair on end, in my night-shirt with red bindings, and he in his rumpled evening dress with his ruffled shirt pulled up over his vest and a wisp of such hair he has left sticking out straight over each ear.

With that he was satisfied and went away, while I, thoroughly awake now, reflected on the evening's occurrences. And then I saw very clearly, and do now see, that the whole trouble in this country comes of lack of common experience and the difficulty of getting a common point of view.

These men in Toronto—"financiers," feathering their own nests, no doubt—are not unkind, personally. They are good fathers and good friends, and the most of them are, in many respect, gentlemen. Nevertheless they seem to possess the fault of thinking that "All's fair" in government, as in "love" and "war". Having had no personal experience out among the working folk on the farms and in the forests, they find it quite impossible to understand and to sympathize and so they act selfishly and even put burdens upon the people that, for many of them, make life a misery. For instance the Assembly last year made appropriations for \$4,000,000 to be spent on roads, harbours, lighthouses, the completion of the Welland Canal and other items—all good things in themselves but which have meant a pressure of taxation that our people are, as yet, ill fitted to bear.—Nor are the contempt-

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