

TO THE ELECTORS

OF

Centre Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—At the general election in 1878 I appeared before you as the advocate of a protective policy, and you were good enough to elect me. I had, as mechanic and manufacturer, been all my life a member of the Reform party. But the helplessness of the Mackenzie Administration during the trying days between 1874 and 1878, and their refusal, on theoretical grounds, to give to Canadian industries that measure of protection which, as every practical business man saw, had become absolutely necessary, led me, preferring country to party, to abandon old political associations and support the statesmen who stood pledged to a protective policy.

The tariff prepared by Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues has been in force only three years—a very brief period, indeed, in the history of a country. But I do not hesitate to declare, speaking from a tolerably wide experience, that it is doing its work more efficaciously than the most ardent protectionist could have anticipated. Industries which, under the assaults of American capital, were compelled for five years to draw heavily upon their resources, are now paying a living profit; and the prosperity of the manufacturer is necessarily shared by the skilled artisan and workman. The latter, instead of having to be content with three or four days' work per week, are now working full time for better wages. New industries have sprung up, and old ones which had become extinct under the one-sided free trade system have been revived. Indeed more factories have been established since 1878 than for twenty years previous. The country, from one end to the other, is highly prosperous, and while I acknowledge that this is due in a measure to bountiful crops and to the universal revival in trade, I claim fearlessly that the protective policy has been an important factor in bringing about this happy state of affairs.

It is because I am profoundly convinced that the reversal of that policy, or even a doubt as to its permanence, would be disastrous in the extreme to every branch of enterprise, that I again appear in Centre Toronto and seek your suffrages. I need hardly tell you that for a man in my position and at my time of life there is no charm in the pursuit of politics. But I feel it to be my duty in the interest of Canadian industry, and I trust I may say without egotism, in the interests of our common country, to put aside all private considerations and resist the attempt now being made at an election, if not to overthrow, at all events to discredit the National Policy. For that, in my opinion, is the real issue in this contest. As a large employer of labour, and one having a stake in commercial enterprises of almost every kind, I do not hesitate to say that the return of the free trade party to power at this juncture would be nothing short of a national calamity. Capital, always timid, would take alarm; many new industries, which are being nourished by the tariff, would undoubtedly be ruined, old industries would suffer as before, and the general business of the country would be thrown into confusion, and, not improbably, into panic.

These considerations, so grave for every employer, and for every man dependent upon his daily labour, have induced me, instead of seeking the repose to which, after a long life of toil, I might fairly claim to be entitled, to ask you to return me to Parliament once again. You know that I have no personal ambition or selfish end to gratify. But I am deeply anxious, in common I am sure with all business men, no matter what their party affiliations may have been, to preserve and perpetuate the policy to which Canada already owes so much. The loss by the demoralization that would follow on the heels of the return of the free trade party cannot be estimated; nor can any estimate be formed of the loss the country would sustain through the flight of capital, which is awaiting the verdict in this election before investing in new and important enterprises, to the launching of which the maintenance of the present tariff is essentially necessary. Upon these broad grounds I ask you for your votes, in order that the hands of Sir John Macdonald may be strengthened in the work that yet remains for him, and that the prosperity which now prevails may not be menaced, in so far as Centre Toronto can help it, by the fatuous policy that brought disaster upon us in other days. The National Policy, according to the late First Minister, is a "national folly and a national crime," so that no man can be in doubt as to the course Mr. Mackenzie and his leader would pursue should they, unhappily, be returned to power.

I may add, that I warmly approve of the great vigour and energy displayed by the Government in opening up and developing the North-West. Their policy in that respect, although at one time derided by their opponents, has already met with unexampled success. Immigrants are pouring into Manitoba and the fertile region beyond it at the rate of fifteen hundred per week, and it is probable that not less than 60,000 persons will go up there this year. The people of those vast territories will add enormously to the wealth and strength of the Dominion, and it is to the interest of the merchants, manufacturers and mechanics of Old Canada, that the trade policy which gives them control of the expanding markets of the North-West should be maintained and rendered permanent, as it only can be, by a decisive expression of public opinion at the polls.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT HAY.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"I WOULD IF I COULD."

"I would if I could,"
Though much it's in use,
Is but a mistaken
And sluggish excuse;
And many a person
Who *could* if he *would*,
Is often heard saying,
"I would if I could."

"Come, John," said a schoolboy,
"I wish you would try
To do this hard problem,
And don't you deny."
But John at that moment
Was not in the mood,
And yawningly answered,
"I would if I could."

At the door of a mansion,
In tattered rags clad,
Stood a poor woman begging
A morsel of bread;
The rich man scarce heeded,
While trembling she stood,
And answered her coldly,
"I would if I could."

The scholar receiving
His teacher's advice:
The swearer admonished
To shun such a vice,
The child when requested
To try and be good—
Oft give the same answer,
"I would if I could."

But if we may credit
What good people say,
That "where a strong will is
There's always a way,"
And whatever *ought* to be
Can be and *should*,
We never need utter,
"I would if I could."

SUSIE'S LITTLE SISTER.

"Mamma, if the baby cries so much and won't let us have any good times, I should think you would give her away."

"Give away your little sister, Elsie?"

"Yes, I'm just tired of her noise."

"But if you and I don't love the poor sick baby well enough to take care of her, I don't think anybody would."

"I'd love her if she didn't cry so much."

"Didn't you cry when you hurt your finger yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And when you fell down, and when your tooth ached?"

"Yes, I couldn't help it, mamma."

"Poor little Elsie has the toothache, and she can't help crying, either."

"Well, I want a baby to play with, but I don't want Elsie," and Susie Gage walked out of the room with the doll Elsie had broken and the picture book she had torn.

In half an hour she came back to the sitting-room.

"Is Elsie in the crib?" she asked.

"Come and see," her mother said, smiling.

Susie broke into a great cry when she saw a strange baby lying there in her little sister's place.

"Oh! mamma, where's Elsie?" she exclaimed.

"This is a nice little boy," her mother said. "He is well, and he doesn't cry very often, and—"

"I want little Elsie, mamma! Where is Elsie? You haven't given her away, have you?" and Susie cried harder than she had done for a month.

"Mrs. O'Hara brought the clean clothes a little while ago," Mrs. Gage said, "and I asked

her to give me her little boy. Don't you like him?"

"No, no, I don't," Susie sobbed, with her head in her mother's lap. "If you'll only get Elsie back again, I won't strike her when she cries, or pull my playthings away from her, or—anything."

Just then Mrs. O'Hara came back from her errand in the next block.

"You can take Teddy home with you," Mrs. Gage said. "Susie finds that she likes her little sister best, after all, if she is troublesome sometimes."

Mrs. Gage went upstairs and brought the baby down. When Susie saw her she danced with joy, though Elsie was crying again, and Teddy was as still as a mouse.

"I like her forty times the best," she said over and over again, "because she's my own little sister. Teddy isn't. Don't you ever give her away, mamma, if she cries forty times harder." And perhaps it is needless to say that mamma never did.—*Zion's Herald*.

POWER OF A CROCODILE'S JAW.

Some unique experiments have lately been made in France, on the strength of the masseter muscles of the crocodile (a muscle passing from the cheek bone to the lower jaw). M. Paul Bert received ten gigantic crocodiles (*Crocodylus galeatus*) from Saigon, which were transported alive to France in enormous cages weighing over 3,000 kilogrammes. Some of these crocodiles measured ten feet, and weighed about 154 pounds.

The reader can easily understand how difficult it must be to manage such ferocious animals in a laboratory; and it was only by the assistance of the managers of the Zoological Gardens that this dangerous task was accomplished.

In order to measure the strength of the masseter muscle of the crocodile's jaw, the animal was firmly fastened to a table attached to the floor, the lower jaw was fixed immovably by cords to the table; the upper jaw was then attached to a cord, fastened by a screw ring to a beam in the roof. There was a dynamometer placed on this cord, so that when the animal was irritated or given an electric shock, the upper jaw pulled on the cord, and registered the force of its movement on the dynamometer.

With a crocodile weighing 120 pounds the force obtained was about 308 pounds avoirdupois. This does not equal the actual strength, for as the dynamometer is necessarily placed at the end of the snout, it is really at the end of a long lever, and must be measured by finding the distance between the jaw muscle and the end of the jaw, to show the real force of the jaw muscles, which equals 1,540 pounds. As this experiment was performed on a crocodile already weakened by cold and fatigue, its force when in its natural condition must be enormous.

This power of 308 pounds represents a power applied over the whole surface of the crocodile's mouth. In reality it is first used by the enormous teeth that overlay the others in the front of the jaw, and by a simple calculation the pressure of these teeth is estimated to be equal to the pressure of 400 atmospheres.—*Nature*.