

more thickly settled, finally become a self-supporting institution in that country. However, a Government that has seven or eight hundred million dollars coming into its treasury every year, as is the case with Uncle Sam, is not at all likely to go into hysterics over a paltry deficit of fifteen or twenty million dollars.

In order to get my mail daily for a year to my home here on the farm in South Norwich I must travel eight hundred miles, and I am not three or four miles from the post office either, but one and a quarter.

And while I and thousands of country people are tramping up and down the highways of this fair and prosperous land on post office business, our city fellow citizen, in all the large cities, has his mail delivered at his home or place of business, or both, three or four times a day, and the bill is paid by the Government with the money that for the most part comes out of the farmers' pockets. This, to me, does not seem to be a fair deal by any means. The Ottawa Government with a revenue of sixty million dollars a year or more ought surely to be able to make up any deficit that might occur in the postal department of the country.

Are the people and their descendants, who out of a dense forest, made this Eastern Canada what it is to-day to be forever deprived of the great and important service that immediately removes farm life from its isolated and lonely position into interesting, constant and quick intercourse with the wide world? Are our interests to be forever sacrificed to the end that railways, canals, and other kinds of public works be constructed and carried on in the newer parts and others of our country in order to facilitate the transportation of farm products to be placed on the market in competition with our own, produced by people who have come to our shores from all over creation, and who have no sort of claim upon us that places us under obligations to go into these gigantic and costly undertakings largely for their benefit and to our disadvantage?

Another result of this policy is its bringing into existence, not out of the farming class, be it remembered, a crop of millionaires, knights, lords and possibly a few native dukes may show up after a while. Duke of Oxford would not be a bad title for a fellow sorely in need of one, but that sort of thing will never do the farmer any good. Lords and dukes do not go riding around the country carrying his Majesty's mail to the people. They are more likely to be found in England and on the continent riding in state procession or on horseback at the heels of a pack of hounds mercilessly pursuing to the death a worthless panting fox that has as much right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" as they have. Although this title