

bordher an' thin havin' to sind our money an' our boys after it, an' we will niver see boys or dollars back again till we change the tune. 'Whin the farmers get to know it, they'll kick tho,' Grogan, an' they'll hear the kick in Ottawa, for they have their ears to the ground there."

"Mebbe thim farmers are free thraders," said Grogan.

"Well," replied Mr. Hooley, "p'raps they are, but I wud like to meet wan of thim an' ask him, What that manes, wid a man that won't thrade back, or shwap fair, who keeps his fince so high that we can't reach over, while our fince is small an' mane wid a bar down almost all the way round. I'd say to him, 'Are ye willin' your neighbor should be dhrivin' his cattle through the low bar to feed on your grass an' hay for nothin' an' chargin' you iv'ry-time a hin hopped over his fince, or an egg rolled under it.' I'd say, 'Tis foorce of circumstances that makes fair thrade or free thrade right,' an' "Give an' take" would be both free and fair, but all "give" is nayther the wan nor the other.' Ah! Grogan, 'tis like atin' onions. If the lad ye have to lie down by is atin' thim, ye must do the same or be smothered, an' if the free thrade farmer couldn't see that, what could he see? Well,