

a time, of the liquor business in Grey, and the whole fraternity of liquor men made, we suppose, common cause. I say this to keep more than their share of the blame from falling on the liquor men of Chatsworth, who, I scarcely imagine, would originate a movement of which I hope they are now heartily ashamed. The moving power lay hidden in Owen Sound; it was at least thence the crowd of "roughs," of the roughest type, came down on our unsuspecting village, drawn from its dens and its bars, and from the crew of a Montreal vessel anchored in its harbor. There was peace during the day, though children who looked in on the hall, cowered at the sight of "the wildest men they ever saw," and women shuddered as they saw "the sailor-like men" that sauntered about waiting for night. But the liquor interest kept its counsel, and the friends of order were thrown off their guard, and night came; the court adjourned; the diabolical work began. The word I have used is not too strong, as you will see.

As the audience dispersed, they found the door surrounded by the roughs. The first man that came out was about to receive a stroke. when the murderer drew back; he was not among the marked men. Many blows were received and given; but the principal attacks were specially directed against two men—the License Inspector and the detective. One of these, wounded, fled to the house of one of the magistrates, followed by the lawless mob, some shouting, "have him out," some crying, "break the doors and windows," others, "set fire to the house." But they could not, in the darkness, find the gate, and something elsewhere arrested them, and the house, as you saw to-day, with the sickly mother and the helpless children, stands untouched. The other man whose life was sought was not so fortunate; he was surrounded by a mad crowd, whom he kept at bay with his revolver, a shot from which struck and wounded one of his assailants. This shot cowed and scattered the mob. Struck by a fearful blow at the beginning of the fray, and losing blood, he then, after his assailants left, fell, and lay by the post office fence, near the hall, and lost consciousness; but the darkness saved him. He rose after several minutes and entered the hall; it was silent; a calm, after the short and fierce storm, now reigned. Feeling faint, he went into the open air and crept towards a light, approaching the house from behind. Again he had to lie down, and got strength at last, wounded and covered with blood, to enter Mr. McGill's house, where he was cared for and his wounds dressed. As I tell you this sad and shameful tale, you begin to wonder where you are. In what year did