

it positively never could be brought.

Then there has been a constant friction between the C.P.R. management and the Free Press on the question of freight rates. The former was very much irritated by the insistence of the Free Press that transportation rates on grain are a terrible burden on the farmers and that there was no competition between the C.P.R. and the N. P. R.

The consequence of these things, so far as the C.P.R. people, who had become financially interested in the Free Press, and the board of directors of the Free Press company, controlled by them, are legally able to do it, the fruits of my twenty-one years' work, all of which are in the Free Press, have been confiscated, and besides that, I am turned penniless into the street without an hour's warning, notwithstanding that my engagement is manifestly a yearly one and binding on both parties, the company and myself, until the middle of April next, unless sooner terminated by mutual consent. To be sure, the law will rectify me in this; but what of those people who drive me to such recourse? As I have stated, it was clearly understood—expressed in words by themselves—when I made the \$40,000 deal with C. P. R. people, that I could run the paper just as I pleased, except not to injure the country. I was responsible to them only so far as business results were concerned; and in that respect the outcome of my last year's management will ever stand by me. The annual statement for that year (1892), as presented by the directors and adopted by the shareholders, shows a net gain from the business of \$15,990.60—just a shade under nine per cent on every dollar of capital invested in the concern, by stock (at par), loan or otherwise. But that would not suffice; nothing short of the Free Press being an instrument to aid, directly and indirectly, C. P. R. schemes, meritorious or the reverse, and approve of C. P. R. policy, good, bad and indifferent, would satisfy; and, simply because I would not accede to such a line of conduct for the Free Press I am where I am to day, so far as those who have overpowered me know or care, without

as much as a ten cent piece; and my place upon my beloved Free Press—yes, I say beloved, because I loved it better than my life—will obviously be filled by passive persons, necessarily responsive to every behest of the Canadian Pacific railway, it having been proven, at a terrible expense to me, that no other sort will do. No better proof that this will be the case is possible than the fact that my successor as editor-in-chief is Mr. Molyneux St. John (a gentleman, by the way, for whom I have always had the highest respect), directly from the C. P. R. general offices in Montreal. He is simply being transferred from one C. P. R. department to what is to be another.

When the board of directors deposed me, it was all so sudden and unexpected that I could scarcely collect my thoughts, but I found words to express these ideas: I had been despoiled of my life's work, all of which had gone as a sacrifice to my manhood—the only capital left me. If, I added, they or their principals had hired an assassin to slaughter the dependent members of my family and myself, whatever in law, their conduct would have been less cruel.

It has been a costly one to me, but incidentally the complete demonstration has been made of the utter groundlessness of two charges that have been levelled at the Free Press for years, and no doubt with some effect. One of these was that the Catholic hierarchy had advanced the \$40,000 to the Free Press for the purchase of the Sun, and that the Free Press was the organ of the Catholic church, and for that reason. The *expose* that has taken place has completely knocked out that story. The other was that the Free Press was the organ of the C. P. R. It is now abundantly clear that such was not the case during my regime, inasmuch as it is shown that it has cost me everything, in the sense of property, that I have in the world for reparation and effectively resisting, as I had a perfect right to do, its being such organ.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for the space I have occupied, I am, yours truly,

W. F. LUXTON.

Winnipeg, Sept. 25.

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