THE ACTON FREE PRESS.

Volume IV. No. 11—Whole No. 168. | ACTON, ONT., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1878. | $1.00 per annum in Advance.

THE ACTON

FREE PRESS

Is Published

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,

AT THE

Free Press Building,

Next to the Post Office.

TERMS.—One dollar a year, strictly in advance. If not paid before three months one dollar and a half will be charged; if or two dollars if not paid till the end of the year. Single copies three cents. No paper will be sent to any person more than one year unpaid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.—Eight cents per line for the first insertion. Short advertisements of eight lines and under, $1 for three insertions. Business Cards of eight lines and under, $5 per annum. All advertisements measured in a scale of solid Nonpareil.

A liberal discount allowed on advertisements inserted for extended periods. Advertisements without special instructions inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly.

Any Special Notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or company, to be considered an advertisement.

Transient advertisements to be paid for when ordered. All yearly bills accounts rendered quarterly.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths inserted free.

T. & H. P. MOORE,
Publishers & Proprietors.

R. T. CALLOWAY

BAKER

AND

CONFECTIONER.

I can buy first-class PIANO and ORGANS cheaper of DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey, than any other manufacturer in the United States. Why? Because he sells only for cash, takes no risks and has no book accounts. Every instrument is fully warranted for six years as strictly first class, and are sent on from 5 to 15 days' test trial, money refunded and freight paid both ways by him if they are unsatisfactory. Send for Illustrated Newspaper (Catalogue Edition) and read testimonials from his patrons, some of whom you may know. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY Washington, New Jersey.

ACTON PLANING MILLS

D. W. CAMPBELL, Prop.

Having purchased the above named establishment, I am prepared to manufacture

SASH, DOORS,

MOULDINGS, &c

All kinds of

PLANING

Promptly attended to.

D. W. CAMPBELL.

Acton, Dec. 4th, 1877. 42-3m

ACTON MONTHLY SALE.

The Acton monthly sale will be held at Agnew's Hotel, on Fair Day,

Thursday, 5th Sept.

All kinds of Stock, Implements, &c. will be sold by paying 50 cts a piece.

Sale at 12 o'clock.

TERMS.—Ten months' credit on approved joint notes

All entries must be made to Mr. Jas. Ryder, Sec.

WM. HEMSTREET, Auctioneer.

25-tf

PATENTS obtained for mechanical devices, medical, or other compounds, ornamental designs, trade marks, and labels.

Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Infringements, and all matters relating to Patents, promptly attended to.

INVENTIONS that have been patented by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be secured by us. Being opposite the Patent Office, we are able to make closer examinations, and secure Patents more promptly and with broader and better claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

INVENTORS send us a model or rough sketch and description of your device: we will make an examination, free of charge, and advise you as to its patentability. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices as low as those of any reliable agency.

We refer to Officials in the Patent Office, and to Inventors in every State of the Union.

Address,

LOUIS BAGGER & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D.C.

THE ONTARIO

SADDLERY,

ACTON.

Buy your Harness at the Ontario Saddlery, where you get the worth of your money.

A splendid lot of NEW COLLARS on hand.

☞ All parties intending to purchase Harness should do so at once before the rush commences in order to secure a good set.

R. CREECH.

Acton, Jan. 7, 1878.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. H. CAFFRY, M. B., M. C. P., Licentiate of Trinity College, Member of College of Physicians and Surgeons. Office and residence—Frederick Street, York, in the house lately occupied by Mellish, Esq.

D. R. HORROW, Physician, Surgeon, &c., Graduate of Victoria College, New York; corresponding member of Toronto and Trinity Medical Schools. Consultations—Mornings and Fridays from 8 a.m. till 9 p.m. Residence—West Baker street, Acton.

D. HENDERSON, Conveyancer, Agent, &c., also Agent for Canada Life Assurance Co. Deeds, Mortgages, &c., prepared neatly, promptly, correctly and on reasonable terms. Money to Loan on Corporate security. Offices—Glasgow House, Acton.

J. D. HATHAWAY, Attorney-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery &c., &c.—Corner of Main and Church Streets, Georgetown.

T. W. COOPER,

Provincial Land Surveyor and Civil Engineer, Guelph.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL, Mr. E. Clark, Proprietor. This is the most central and convenient house in the county for tourists and commercial men. The bar is always supplied with the choicest brands of liquors and cigars. First-class stabling, and attentive hostler. Hotel situated in the business part of the Village. E. CLARK, Proprietor.

MR. CHARLES CARTER,

Teacher of the Pianoforte and Organ—Pupils attended at their own residence if preferred—Terms moderate.

PATENTS for INVENTIONS are effectually and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe. Patent guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years. HENRY GRIST, Ottawa, Canada, Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.

OLIVER LOZIER, Plasterer, Acton, Ont. Every description of Plastering and Rough-casting done on the most reasonable terms, and satisfaction guaranteed.

ROSSIN HOUSE, Acton. Close to the G. T. Railway Station. Excellent waiting station for the travelling public. THOS. CAMPBELL, Propr.

DOMINION HOTEL, Acton. Robert Agnew, Proprietor, the new Hotel is fitted up in first-class style with new furniture. Commercial Travellers will find every accommodation, and Commodious Sample Rooms. Special attention paid to the wants of the travelling public. Bar supplied with the best Liquors and Cigars. Good Stabling and attentive Hostlers.

W. H. HEMSTREET,

Licensed Auctioneer

For the Counties of Wellington and Halton. Orders left at the FREE PRESS Office, Acton, or at my residence, in Rockwood, will be promptly attended to. Terms reasonable.

TO THE PUBLIC OF ALL NATIONS & POLITICAL CREEDS.

If you want a good AUCTIONEER try

GEORGE GIBBS,

He understands his business. Next sale, Address Hillsburg P. O.

NOTICE.

The undersigned begs leave to announce to Farmers, and others engaged in butter making who purpose getting a new Churn that they would consult their own interests by ordering one of A. Holmes' Improved Tubular Dash Churns. I am now taking orders for them, having purchased the patent right to manufacture and sell. They are without doubt the best in the market. Your patronage is respectfully solicited. Circulars and testimonials free on application. Territory for sale. Manufactured and sold by

D. L. McDONALD.
Acton, Ont.

15-6m.

BEATTY'S

PIAN PARLOR ORGAN

INSTRUCTOR

Containing the elements of music, with easy and progressive exercises to perfect the player in the art of music either piano or organ; to which is added over sixty Waltzes, Polkas, Marches, Galops, Operatic Melodies, Dances, etc., by Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, New Jersey. One of the best works of its kind ever introduced, and should be in the hands of every piano and organ player. Sent post-paid to any part of the United States or Canada for only fifty cents, the price having been reduced to introduce it. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.

THE SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART.

I go down to the sea,
Where the waves speak to me
Of my darling, the soul of my soul;
But her footprints no more
Mark the desolate shore,
Where she tempted the billows to roll.

There the sad billows break,
Like my heart, for her sake,
On the lonely and desolate shore;
For the waves and the sea
Are now sighing with me
For a mortal, now mortal no more.

With my heart filled with tears,
And my hopes chilled with fears,
By the grave of my darling I kneel;
And I uttered a prayer
On the listening air,
Whose dew wept the sorrow I felt.

There the winds wore a shroud
Of a dim passing cloud,
Betwixt me and the bright stars above;
And the form in its fold,
Like the shape under mold,
Was the form of the angel I love.

Would that I were a flower,
Born of sunshine and shower;
I would grow on the grave of the dead,
I would sweeten the air
With the perfume of prayer,
Till my soul on its incense had fled.

And I never would fade
In the delicate shade
Of the tree in whose shadow she lies;
There my petals should bloom,
By her white rural tomb,
When the stars closed their beautiful eyes.

Now I see her in dreams
On the banks of the streams,
In the dear land of exquisite bliss,
Where the sweep of her wings,
And the song that she sings,
Oft awake me to sadness in this.

The Man from Maine.

When Maine was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts Legislature. He was an eccentric man, and one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm and did much work on his land; and when the time came for him to go to Boston his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care.

"I will get a nice suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said.

Reaching his destination, Whitman found rest at Doolittle's City Tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at this tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlor of the house he found several ladies and gentlemen assembled, and heard the following remark:

"Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun."

Whitman stared at the company and then sat down.

"Say, my friend, are you from the country," remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Yaas," answered Ezekiel, with a ludicrous twist of the face.

"And what do you think of our city?" asked one of the ladies.

"It's a pooty thickly settled place and its got a sweepin sight of houses in it."

"And a good many people too?"

"Yaas! I should guess so."

"Many people where you came from?"

"Well some."

"Plenty of ladies, I suppose?"

"Yaas, a fair sprinklin."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a beau among them."

"Yaas, I beaus 'em tew meetin' and singin' skewl."

"Perhaps the gentleman from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank'ee. Don't keer if I do. The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"O, git out! I eat toast; never heard of such a thing of drinkin it. But I can give you a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands, but what was their surprise when the stranger rising, spoke calmly and clearly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness with every blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser with advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are deceitful, you mistook me from my dress for a country booby, while I from the same superficial cause thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just finished when Caleb Strong, Governor of the State, entered and enquired for Whitman.

Ah, here I am, Governor. Glad to see you." Then turning to the dumfounded company, he said:

"I wish you a very good evening.

Getting Ready for School.

"The cause of education be hanged!" he muttered as he sat down on the curbstone on Shelby street yesterday.

He was a lad of thirteen. He spit through his front teeth, and he spit often. His pants were supported by a piece of wire clothesline girted around his waist, his hat was ancient and greasy, and his big flat feet seemed to be waiting for a thunder shower to wash them clean.

"That's what ails me!" he went on as he pushed his toes into the wet sand. "I don't believe in a feller diffing in and learning all there is to learn, and not letting other folks have a chance. There's lots of other folks in this world besides me, and I ain't going to be a hog and try to learn all there is to learn.

After a minute he went on:—

"Don,t I know 'nuff now! Three times two are six, four times five are twenty, and four and four are eight. That's as correct as I could get 'em if I went to school for a hundred years. And don't I know how to spell! C-a-t is "Cat" the world over, and I'll bet on it every time. H-e-n spells 'hen,' and I know it as well as if I weighed a ton."

He rose up to throw a stone at a dog across the street, and after resuming his seat he went on:—

"Jogerfy kindee wrestles me down, but I don,t go much on jogerfy. What do I care whether an island is entirely surrounded by water, or whether there ain't any water within ten miles of it! S'pose I'm going to buy and sell islands for a living! I don't care which is the highest mountain or the longest river, do I! I'm going to keep a feed-store, and when I'm rolling bales o' hay around will I care about mountains and rivers! I've heard the boys go on about exports and imports, and straits, and seas, and capes, but what's them to me! If a feller want's a bag o' oats, is he going to wait and ask me when the island of Madagascar was discovered?"

He carefully examined the big toe of his left foot and the heel of his right foot, and gloomily observed:—

"The old folks are making ready to push me into school, and I've got ready to keep out. I can't take to school, somehow. I could sit here and study all day, but the minute I git into a school house I'm nervous. Something's going to happen to me this week. I'll be taken home in a wheel barrow with a big gash in this heel or this toe almost cut off. That will mean four weeks on a crutch, and they don't allow lame boys to go to school and crutch up and down the aisles. Or, spain' I go home with palpitation of the heart! The old lady has had it, and I won't more than get into the house before she will have me tucked up on the lounge, the camphor bottle down, currant jell and sponge cake in the distance, and she'll call out to the old gent:—

"'Father, it's no use of thinking of sending this boy to school. He looks stout and healthy, but he's a mere shadder. The close atmosphere of the school-room will kill him before snow flies.'"

The boy rose up. There was a grin all over his face, and he chuckled:—

"Palpitation is the key note! A sore toe can be seen—a palpitating heart is hidden away under hide and fat and ribs. Now then—oosh—Woosh,n-ni-m-m—hold yer breath, roll yer eaes, kick out yer left leg and make her bab around like a fly on a hot stove-cover."

She Failed.

The other day, soon after a Congress street woman had decided to build a big strawberry shortcake for supper, she heard the musical voice of a peddler crying:

"Great big strawberries, eight cents a quart, three quarts for twenty-five cents."

"Nothing like taking advantage of discounts," said this woman as she ran for a dish; and in five minutes she had her three quarts of berries, and the peddler had her silver quarter.

Time passed on. She sat in the rocking chair looking over the luscious fruit, when all of a sudden she turned pale and began breathing hard. It was not a case of heart disease nor had a wrinkle suddenly developed itself on her forehead. She had simply figured.

"Eight cents a quart, three quarts for twenty five cents, three times eight is twenty-four."

Her son came in just as she had slipped a revolver into her pocket and tied her bonnet strings into a square knot, and when he asked where she was going, she solemnly replied:

"Harry, I'm going out to kill a strawberry peddler—a seven-story hypocrite and deceiver who gave me the wholesale rates on these berries. Tell your father to engage three lawyers and be at the Central station in half an hour."

But the strawberry man had passed on.

"Sydney Smith says: 'Marriage resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them.'

A Printer's Dream.

A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it soundly slept; and sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cowbell tolled for the the peaceful rest of his cow-hide sole. As he wandered among the shades, that smoke and scorch in the lower Hades, he slowly observed an iron door that creaking swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed with a red hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, and watching for travellers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke:

"Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though in life they may escape, they will find when they are dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them fun with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their hair with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grind-stone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm, while I roll them over and cook to a turn."

With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke, but still at times so real did it seem that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin of the fate of those who save their tin, and never pay the printer.

"John" Beats a Sharp Merchant.

At a shoe store in San Francisco. The persons concerned were the proprietor of the store and a John Chinaman, examining a pair of boots, the price of which was $5.

"John inquired—"How muchee you askee for bootee?"

"In a spirit of swaggery it's presumable, the owner replied—

"Two dollar and a half-ee, John. Very cheap bootee, sir-ee."

"Cheap bootee," said John, who thereupon examined a pair, and concluding to buy, offered a quarter eagle.

"But," said the dealer in leather, "this is only enough for one boot. They are $2.50 a piece; two boots cost $5.

John was astonished, and said he would not buy, and demanded the return of his money but the dealer was inexorable.

"Now, John," said the latter, "you have got one boot and paid for it; now give me another piece like this and take the other."

John saw the drift of the game and was at once resolved,

"Well," said he, "this boot be mine, maybe. I paid for he."

"Yes," said the dealer.

"And you no give me the other bootee?" asked John.

"Not without the money," said the other.

"Well," said John, "I do with the bootee what I please—I untie he up."

And thereupon John whipped out a knife, cut the boot to pieces, and threw it into the street, exclaiming as he departed:

"That am my bootee; the other be your bootee; you sell he to next fool Chinaman what come along."

At last accounts the boot dealer was looking for the man with the wooden leg, to whom he might sell the odd boot, and thus save the expense.

Betting on Elections.

Mr. Blake's "Act for the repression of Betting and Pool Selling, assented to on the 28th of April, 1877, provides as follows: (1) In case any person uses or knowingly allows any part of any premises under his control to be used for the purchase of recording or registering any bet or wager, or selling any pool, or (2) keeps, exhibits, or employs, or knowingly allows to be kept, exhibited or employed, in any part of any premises under his control, any device or apparatus, for the purpose of recording or registering any bet or wager or selling any pool, or (3) becomes the custodian or depositary of any money, property, or valuable thing staked, wagered, or pledged or (4) Records or registers any bet or wager, or sells any pool—upon the result (a) of any political or municipal election, or (b) of any race, or (c) of any contest or trial of skill or endurance of man or beast—Such person is guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be imprisoned in any common gaol for any term less than one year, with or without hard labor, and to a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars." On moral grounds, and from fear that it might prove disadvantageous in the coming elections, we advise all persons to avoid betting on the results of, or in any other way, on the elections. It has been held under some circumstances, by the Judges, to constitute a species of bribery to influence the electors. We would most especially warn all officers of Associations, to avoid betting in connection with the elections, as they are regarded in law, as agents of the Candidate they are supporting and may, by betting on the elections, involve him and themselves in very unpleasant consequences.

Keep Your Eye on Your Neighbor.

Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong, if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything very bad; but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps, if it had not been for your care, they might have disgraced themselves and families a long time ago. Therefore, do not relax an effort to keep them where they ought to be; never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—be suspicious of him, perhaps he contemplates stealing some of these dark nights; there is no knowing what queer fancies he may have got into his head. If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty tell every one else what you see, and be particular to tee a great many. It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself or any one else particularly. Do keep something going—silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour, do not let such a thing occur on earth, it would be too much like heaven for this mundane sphere. If, after your watchful care, you cannot see anything bad; perhaps in an unguarded moment you lost sight of them—throw out hints that they are no better than they ought to be—that you should not wonder if people found out what they were after a while, then they may not carry their heads so high. Keep it going, and some one will take the hint and I'gin to help you after a while—then there will be music, and everything will work to a charm.

Post Offices in China.

Each city has a certain number of licensed companies who make a business of receiving and sending letters and small parcels at charges depending upon weight or distance, but always most moderate; and the companies of the several cities being in partnership or in confidential relations one with the other, a network of communication of the most efficient character, considering the materials, is kept up from one end of China to the other. So much reliance is placed by the public upon the safety and certainty of these conveyance companies, that large sums of money in paper, and smaller amounts in cash, are fearlessly consigned to their charge, and instances are rare of trust being betrayed. Speed, of course, is less of a consideration than safety, owing to the defective means of communication at present existing; but the carriers employed by the companies travel at the fastest rate possible under the circumstances, and cover much more ground in the same time than was the habit with English post boys previous to the mail coach days, who never exceeded, even on horseback, their three and half miles per hour. Robberies of the mails must at times occur, but the public are at any rate safe from the risk to their letters which our ancestors so frequently incurred through the loitering and drunkenness peculiar to the English postboy tribe. The practice of using carrier pigeons for express intelligence is common throughout China, and is largely resorted to by merchants and traders for business purposes. They are usually provided with one or more whistles, often of elaborate make and finish, to protect them from the ravages of hawks etc., *en route*.—*Cornhill.*

If four quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden.

A warlike nation—Vaccination, because it is generally in arms.

A delicate parcel—A lovely young lady wrapped up in herself.

Any sensible fowl may lay eggs, but only a goose would lay a wager.

The Man Who Saw Double.

A citizen of John R. street stood gazing at his own house so long the other afternoon that a pedestrian who knew him felt called upon to approach and see if anything was wrong.

"No, nozzing wrong," replied the man—"everything all right—tip-top—bully for me!"

"You feel good."

"Speck I do. When I went down town I had only one house; come back now an' find two."

"Where?"

"Right there, sir," answered the house owner, pointing to his domicile.

The pedestrian was an old man. He remembered various occasions when he had also seen double, and he didn't care to dispel his friend's pleasant allusion.

"When I went down town I had one house worth free fousand doll'r; cum back an' find i'm worth six fousand doll'r—two houses—much agin—shake."

They shook. While they were shaking the man's wife appeared at the front door. He turned and saw her, grew pale.

"Do you still see two houses, asked the friend.

"I do—I do!", was the earnest reply: "but hang me 'f I doan' also see two wives too, an' boaf of 'em waitin' for me ter go hoside or doo! Wish I wasn't worth but free thousand dollars.

Bad Writing.

A young man in Kingston, N. Y being out of employment recently, requested of a former employer a letter of recommending to aid him in securing a situation. The letter was written and handed to the applicant, who was totally unable to read it, as was every person to whom it was shown. A friend advised him to take it to a printing office, where it could be deciphed, as compositors are noted for being able to make out the worst specimens of writing. It was given to compositors in various printing establishments, and in turn given up without being deciphed. At last, as a forlorn hope, it was given to the prescription clerk in a drug store, who has the reputation of being able to read anything. The man of drugs took the paper, gazed at it long and thoughtfully, and finally seized an empty quart bottle and then hurried around the store, taking some fluids of various colors from sundry bottles, and finally shaking the compound most vigorously. Then handing it to the possessor of the letter of recommendation he remarked to that much astonished individual. "Two dollars, and a very good cough mixture it is.

Fashion Notes.

Sleeves in the latest imported dresses are much larger than usual.

Birds of all kinds, and their plumage, are much used for house decorations.

Indian monsselaine over white satin is the newest style for wedding dresses.

The most stylish visiting cards are very plain, with the name in writing or a fac simile of the owner's hand writing.

A beautiful material for evening dresses is the new jasper silk which is, in color, a combination of delicate colors and shadings.

Deep collars made of lace and loops of ribbon are very handsome and may be manufactured by ladies with little expense and time.

REMARKABLE EFFECT OF LEGAL PLEADING.—Governor S—— was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few minutes and with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to Jem and said, "Jem, the danger is now passed; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?" To which Jem replied, "Well, Tom, I all along thought I took that horse but since I've heard the Governor's speech, *I don't believe I did.*"

Breakfast caps formed by an oblong piece of fine Swiss, and ornamented with lace and ribbon, are worn by young ladies, and are fastened to the hair with long gold headed pins.

"Sam, you are not honest. Why do you put all the good peaches on top of the measure and the little ones below?" "S'me reason, sah, dat makes de front ob your house all marble, and de back gate chiefly slop barl, sah."

THE CAMPAIGN.

McCraney's Meeting.

A large number of electors, both Reformers and Conservatives, met at Mr. McCraney's meeting Thursday evening.

D. D. Christie, who was appointed chairman, said that the meeting had been called to discuss the great question of the day. The first speaker would be Mr. McCraney, then, if there was anyone present to represent Mr. Macdougall, he would be allowed an hour to speak, after which, Mr. Dunbar, of Guelph, would address the meeting. He hoped the audience would give an attentive hearing to each of the speakers.

Mr. McCraney was then introduced and received with cheers. He said that he had been attending meetings every evening for ten days, and that it was very trying to be up so late every night, however, he hoped they would be able to get through to night in a reasonable hour. The most of those present knew the circumstances of his position as a candidate for election to the House of Commons; it was not of his seeking; he had no ambition, at the end of his term, to occupy the position any longer; but the Reformers of the county had seen fit to re-nominate him, thinking he was able to represent them in the House. He thought the nomination very generous, and therefore could not refuse, and now he is before the electors of Halton as a supporter of the Government of the Hon. Alex. Mackenzie. He had promised this support before, and had given it, not slavishly, but liberally, and he had not given his vote in support of any measure, which he was unable to explain. His opponent is a very eloquent speaker, his whole life having been given to speaking. His son would be present to-night to represent Mr. Macdougall's interests.

It was understood at the time of confederation, in 1867, that all party lines should be obliterated, and the affairs of the Government should be carried on without regard for either side. There was great prosperity in Canada at that time, the result of the war on the other side, and lots of war money had come into Canada, consequently general prosperity was the result. Now was it that Mr. Macdonald, who had all the influence of his position as Premier, besides being a man of great ability, failed in governing the country for a period of seven years, that he had to give way to Mr. Mackenzie, a man whom his opponents say was the inferior, a mechanic; how was it that the wonderful Sir John A. Macdonald had to give up the position of Premier for this Pleb. Alex. Mackenzie? Was it because Sir John was dishonest, or what was the reason? However, in 1873, he had to resign in favor of Mr. Mackenzie, who was surrounded with difficulties when he (Mr. Kenzie) came into power. All the civil services was, and is yet, opposed to him. Mr. Macdonald before retiring had appointed a large number of new officials, filling to overflowing every department, and thus increasing the contractable expenditure. Mr. Macdonald frequently refers to the extravagance of his opponent, but these statements are not so reckelessly made now as heretofore. If Mr. Mackenzie is a capable, honest man, (and it is admitted by the opposition that he is so.) Why not return him as premier. Very few men could have succeeded in carrying on the government, and it so mismanaged as when Mackenzie went into power. It was a formidable undertaking but Mackenzie had succeeded far beyond the opinion which was freely given. There never was a Conservative speaker on the platform who could say there was any corruption in Mackenzie. When he went into power, there were $35,000,000 worth of debentures falling due in England, and this had been met, and now our financial condition is as prosperous as that of any other country. We have no more taxes to pay now than when Macdonald was in power. The Macdonald