

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Change—J. M. Hamilton.  
Golden Cream—Creme D'Or.

**The Liberal.**

RICHMOND HILL, Thursday, Aug. 14 '84

THE N. P.

There are to-day few persons bold enough to assert in the face of the present depression in trade that the N. P. has realized either the promises of its authors or the expectations of its supporters. Political partizanship may continue to stultify the common sense of its victims, but even for such an inveterate evil as political partizanship an antidote is found in hard times. Blind and reckless, as is the chief organ of the Conservatives, in its devotion to the cause of party, it was, nevertheless, forced a few weeks ago to hang out the white flag, and admit that competition in its own special business, joined to the general commercial dulness, prevented it not only from paying booming wages, but even from giving fair rates for fair work. We take it that, in this admission, there is much more than simply another proof that the tenderest spot in man is his pocket.

We do not blame the Dominion Government for all the existing commercial distress, but we do say that much of the ruling discontent and angry uncertainty is due to the silly and mischievous exaltation of a nostrum which is as powerless to cure every disease of the body corporate as the most impudent quack medicine every disease of the body human. To the N. P., indeed, are not to be charged bad harvests, although there are, no doubt, idiots who will give it the praise for good ones. But to the N. P. are justly chargeable the frantic speculation, the wild over-production which have dissipated or locked up capital, the cause of all our woes. If Hon. A. Mackenzie be at all open to feelings of revenge, he must now find a grim satisfaction in the retributive justice which has overtaken those who blamed him for bad business, poor crops and voracious potato-bugs.

The straights to which the apologists of the N. P. (for they no longer deserve to be called its champions) are reduced, are very amusing. In their anxiety to ward off the storm of obloquy and savage scorn which now assails them and their pet, they point out the fact that tea, coffee and spices are now cheaper than they have been for years. It will certainly be a surprise to our readers to learn that by raising the prices of cloth, agricultural implements and books, the prices of foreign commodities are lowered. Of course, no one believes that they are sincere in scattering such rubbish for reason; they are only waiting for something favorable to turn up. The farmers, the most aggrieved and most injured class of the community, the class constituting three-fourths of the entire population, must in some way be propitiated, and should the crops turn out as well as now seems probable, hymns of praise to the N. P. will again be sung through the rural constituencies. Again magnanimous rulers will offer to protect the farmers from dangers which cannot possibly do them harm. There are grounds for believing, however, that they will prove wiser and stronger in their resistance of the charmers' blandishments than they showed themselves on former occasions. When ministers, on principle, deny all responsibility for the evil results of their own actions, and appropriate all the praise due to the actions of their opponents, and when fools are found in abundance to applaud and uphold those ministers, we must still trust to the good sense of our farmers to close their ears to the deceitful cry, *light! light!* when there is no light.

**THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.**

Our Mechanics' Institute has fallen on evil days. Debts are pressing for settlement, but the treasury is empty. To make matters worse, old subscribers are becoming languid in their support, because a new volume is rarely added to the library, and they have read and re-read all that is valuable or interesting among the old. New subscribers are not forthcoming, because an idea prevails that subscriptions must be made at *one fixed date* which is unknown to many, and which is frequently forgotten by those who did know it. Such are some of the causes of the rapid de-

cadence of an institution which ought to be of paramount importance in every community.

Were we inclined to censure, we might justly complain of the original selection of the books in the library; many of them are utterly useless, many of interest to but few. The catalogue, too, is a marvel of inaccuracy, opacity and repulsiveness. It was conceived in ignorance, and printed in the true spirit of blundering. The affairs, moreover, of the Institute are a secret to the public. There is a Board of Directors, and meetings are held. But all that takes place in those meetings is a pure matter of conjecture even to those who care to know.

But censure is not our object, for we hold the Mechanics' Institute to be of too much moment for mere fault-finding. We are of opinion that the time is not yet too late to rouse the flagging interest and to remove the heavy discouragement of members, and to secure fresh subscribers. Animated, as we are, by motives of friendliness alone, we feel sure that the Directors of the Institute will take in good part a word of advice.

The first thing to be done, we think, is to ascertain, and draw up an account of, the true condition of the Institute. Let this account, through the medium of the press, be as widely disseminated as possible. Then let a meeting be called, not only of members, but of all who can be induced to attend. We shall be greatly astonished if a reasonable appeal for help and support be not favorably answered, for the institution is one of those of which the effects are almost for un-mixed good.

**DAY-DREAMING.**

We suppose that if it were asked what is the greatest vice of the age, the answer would at once be given, Intemperance. If it were further inquired concerning other evils of surpassing magnitude, Gambling would almost universally be accorded second place. Yet there is an evil, rarely mentioned, which often leads to, if it does not equal, the first named, and far exceeds in its injurious effects the second. It takes possession of the young child, and accompanies him to the grave. It is a prolific mother of idleness, strangling action in its very inception. Fruitless discontent springs from it, and it is an endless source of foolish fancies, morbid longings and erratic desires. The good that is done is done in spite of it, for it eats the heart out of all zeal and interest in the necessary work of life.

Already it will have been guessed that we are writing about Day-dreaming, often called Castle-building. This pernicious habit is the bane of mankind, and all the more to be dreaded on account of its seductiveness. Under its spell, we cease to act, but only dream of acting. We never become, but only listlessly think of becoming. In the Fools' Paradise which we raise, this world looks poor and tawdry. Hours which should be given to useful thought are devoted to silly fancies. So utterly foolish is the habit that its votaries are seldom so hardened to shame and ridicule as to plead guilty to its practice, much less to making known their absurd wishes and aspirations. The open disgrace of Intemperance, and the adversity which is sure to accompany it, afford tangible weapons for its cure. But the secretness of day-dreaming puts it out of the sphere of external help. Here the cure must rest entirely with the victim, and since the pleasure experienced and the evil done are known to himself alone, it is very rare that the habit is ever abandoned. The celebrated wit and divine, Sidney Smith, has borne testimony to its fatality, and to the almost insurmountable difficulty of throwing it off. There is nothing better to be done in the case than to act up to the old monkish aphorism—*Work is Worship*. If work fails to accomplish a cure, we venture to say that nothing else will.

W. W. McLellan, Lyn F. S., writes:—"I was afflicted with rheumatism, and had given up all hopes of a cure. By chance I saw Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil recommended. I immediately sent (fifty miles) and purchased four bottles, and with only two applications I was able to get around, and although I have not used one bottle, I am nearly well. The other three bottles I gave around to my neighbors, and I have had so many calls for more, that I feel bound to relieve the afflicted by writing to you for a supply."

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