

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Change—Sneath & Grennan.
British Flag Staff—Alex. Moodie.
Fisk Jubilee Singers—John McBride.
Money to Loan—E. R. Reynolds.

The Liberal.

RICHMOND HILL, Thursday, Dec. 4, '84

HON. GEORGE BROWN.

On Tuesday 25th ult., the ceremony of unveiling the statue of the late Hon. George Brown took place in the Queen's Park, Toronto. It was performed by Hon. Alex. MacKenzie, whose ill-health, however, prevented him from making an address. This duty, consequently, fell to the lot of Hon. Oliver Mowat, who delivered a glowing panegyric on the lamented Liberal leader. To the surprise of many, and to the admiration of the thoughtless, Hon. George Allen, a Senator and prominent Conservative, followed in a tone altogether laudatory. Then Mayor Boswell, another stiff Conservative, sang the praises of the deceased as a good citizen, and the solemnities were over.

To us the Hon. George Brown is, and always was, a man easy to read. At bottom, he was in the main honest and conscientious, but he never succeeded in convincing himself that his opponents were equally honest and conscientious. What was true for him, he held ought to be true for all. Yet this is a concession not to be made to the world's greatest genius. A man of strong convictions, he displayed in every contest a deep and even fiery energy and zeal, which at times fell into impatience with, and acrimony against, those who differed from him. He was clear-headed in his conceptions, and was especially invincibly when he had to deal with statistics. He was a powerful, trenchant speaker, and not seldom attained to an eloquence high and inspiring. Viewed positively, he will be remembered for the work he did in the vexing questions of the Clergy Reserves, and Representation by Population; viewed negatively, for the keen, even fierce, and unflagging spirit with which he fought in opposition.

His private life was in the highest degree exemplary. There prevailed deep piety, strong affection, and wide-reaching humanity. And when all deductions have been made, it will be found that enough still remains to stamp him a man of conspicuous abilities, of patriotic motives, of unblemished morality, who has eminently deserved well of his country.

But to us, this whole business of the statue-unveiling is deeply significant. However rosy, chivalrous and manly may be, or is, the conduct of Tories in thus uniting to do honor to him whom when alive the whole vocabulary of abuse was inadequate to describe, we are cynical enough to see, in their action either affectation or repentance. Either they did not believe what they were saying on the 25th, or else they were practically retracting what they had maintained during the statesman's lifetime. For several weeks, it has pleased the Toronto Mail to eulogise its one-time monster. Now we learn that the "tyranny" of old was only sturdy conviction, that "riding the protestant horse" was merely religious zeal according to his lights, that "traitorous and unpatriotic defection from the Coalition Cabinet before the work of Confederation was accomplished" was nothing but an outgrowth of faction of which he was the victim. Indeed, if we are to credit the Mail, Hon. George Brown was really endowed with all the highest qualities of mind and heart, but by some accursed perversion on the part of Fate, all his actions and utterances were those of a consummate scoundrel and narrow-minded partizan.

All this would be strange, passing strange, did we not know that eulogy of the dead is the weapon of which the organ is pleased to make use to stab the living. Virtues are concocted to the one in order to bring out into more hideous relief the villainy of the other. A halo of intense brilliancy is thrown about the one, in order to deepen the blackness of which surrounds the other. And, of course, in time Hon. Ed. Blake will be metamorphosed into an angel in order to give his opponents an opportunity of indulging in terrific denunciations of the "vice" of some

one of his followers.

As was to be expected, already a violent quarrel, stirred by this pretentious spirit of magnanimity. The *Globe*, has drawn inferences which the premises certainly warrant, but which not the less have excited the fears of the *Mail*. The former considers that, if Conservatives and their organs are sincere in what they have said, then a vindication, tardy, it is true, but still a vindication of its late proprietor's public life has been wrung from his most bitter enemies. The latter utterly repudiates any such conclusion, contending that all it has been of late saying was dictated by feelings of good will, that in any case the Grit party has in three years undergone a complete change, that—well, it was only posing!

"Of the dead speak nothing but good," to which we are prepared to respond with only a qualified *Amen*. Change good into truth and we accept the saying without reservation, extending it further to the living. But surely praise of him who is no more cannot be taken as a justification for slandering him who is still among us.

The whole trouble seems to us to lie in preferring men to principles. The love, the unswerving devotion which ought to be given to truth, generosity, high-mindedness and honesty, for these are unalloyed, immutable and eternal, are lavished on individuals who, at best, are a mixture of good and evil. Of old, it was said, "No man is perfect", to which politicians have taught their blind and silly followers to make the execrable addition, "except those of our own party." We are perfectly sick of this slavish adherence to some man or set of men. It is without our own knowledge that hundreds of electors absolutely refuse to read any paper which is not an organ of their own party for fear they might be disturbed in their foolish, ill-founded opinions. Yet who is Sir John Macdonald that his every word must be received as infallible? Who is Hon. Edward Blake that to differ from him is to go astray? Why should any man be willing to surrender his noblest part to the chains of these so-called leaders of men? We suppose that the answer is to be found in the fact that it is easier to accept than to investigate, to follow than to be in the van, to exist than to think. And so it comes that, in these latter days, the two great principles of human action, Conservatism and Reform, are ignored, and their stead are set up two creatures, with from five to thirteen heads, whose worshippers are moved mainly by ignorance and love of pudding.

FISK JUBILEE SINGERS.

We gladly welcome to our village, on Wednesday evening next, Dec. 10th, the far-famed and renowned Jubilee Singers from Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee. This celebrated troupe has been engaged to give a Grand Concert in the Methodist church on the evening of the above date, in aid of the High School Library of Reference, and we predict a crowded house to greet them.

Seldom have the citizens of a village or even a town, had the privilege, or, we might say, the honor of a visit from this illustrious band of singers, and we trust that the efforts of the Head Master of our High School, in bringing them to our door will not be unrewarded. They have been honored in appearing before, and have received since the formation of their company, the distinguished patronage of Presidents of the United States, the Governors of Canada, and many of the Crown-heads of Europe, including Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, who willingly left her Palace to listen to the beautiful and pathetic pieces learned and sung in cabin homes in the dark days of slavery.

Not altogether because this concert is given to assist one of our Educational Institutions, nor because it will help the colored race in their efforts to lift up and educate their fellow-freed men, but because we feel confident that it will be a pleasure which seldom presents itself, do we earnestly urge all who can, do so, to come out and listen to this musical treat.

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