

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Private Lessons—Miss Cameron.

The Liberal.

RICHMOND HILL, Thursday, Feb. 19, '85

A PURCHASED PRESS.

In the now celebrated affidavit of Sir Hugh Allan, made, as every one knows, to take the onus of the Pacific Scandal, from the shoulders of the then Government, with great candor he testified that he had expended large sums of money in subsidizing the Quebec Press, or as he himself puts it, in buying their support of a railroad policy which would serve his own ends. The public, however, refused to draw a distinction between the corrupt acts of a private individual and the corrupt attitude of a Government which stood to benefit from the success of his plans. Since that great crime was perpetrated, it has unceasingly been dinned into our ears, that the Pacific Scandal has ceased to be a live issue. It is dead, they say, and even if not repented of, certainly is never to be repeated. What is to be thought of these assurances and protestations in view of the fact that the present Government gave in 1884 to its organs nearly \$140,000 for printing which was rated at an absurdly high figure, and much of which is with good reasons believed never to have been done? The Public Accounts show that in this one year the Toronto Mail received \$11,062, the Montreal Gazette \$9,948, the Hamilton Spectator \$6,894, the Prescott Messenger (a paper utterly unknown outside of the town in which it is published) \$6,223, the London Free Press \$5,408, the Winnipeg Free Press \$1,629, &c., &c. Now let it be remembered that the Government is under contract with the Queen's Printers for all legitimate work. Let it be further remembered that the work done is vaguely described as pamphlets on immigration, &c. What inferences are we to draw? Among others, that the slavishly steadfast support which these journals have given to the present powers at Ottawa is now quite intelligible; that the gigantic efforts made to defend the Government and to blacken the opposition, are easy of comprehension if consideration be had to the price at which these efforts were bought; and also that the roots of the deadly plant, which blossomed some twelve years ago into the infamous Pacific Scandal, still remain fixed in the soil of corruption, are still strong and vigorous, and, as the past year has shown, are still as capable as ever of producing flowers the stench of which must disgust every honest man.

JINGOISM.

When our brilliant contemporary, *The Week*, essays to speak of jingoism, its throne is deserted by reason, and usurped by frantic hatred. Then passionate declamation takes the place of facts, and pessimist prophecies would wrap the earth, at least the British portion of it, in awful gloom. Now jingoism, pure and simple, is both wicked and repulsive. Fighting merely to prove that one can fight is undoubtedly rascally work. On the other hand, we fail to see much that is attractive in a pure mush of concession. Faith is good, but the credulity which swallows all is bad. And we would remind *The Week* that nations become apoplectic as well as individuals, nor is bleeding less efficacious in the case of one than in that of the other.

The experiment of building up a nation on a peace-at-any-price basis is an old one, and, as it has failed in the past, so will it continue to fail until the nature of man has undergone a radical change. As long as the wolf preserves his taste for mutton, the lamb will be altogether safe only under the watchful eye of its keeper. This doctrine of settling international disputes by arbitration is puny while the disputants stand armed to the teeth. Let us frankly acknowledge the fact, even if we deplore it. The instinct of battle in man is strong, and it is asking absurdly too much to demand that England alone should trample out that instinct. As the world is at present constituted, England must fight, or cease to be. A certain amount of the jingo spirit is indispensable, for, in its best sense, it means a jealous regard for national honor.

The fate of the mercantile republics of the Mediterranean should serve as a warning to the preposterous expectations of the all-for-peace

party. And the brutal, unfailingly mendacious character of the Russian shows that to rely on his word is but to give him fresh opportunities for carrying out his robber plans. Has *The Week* forgotten what Russia did when Cobden had convinced it that England could not be driven into war? The olive branch which we extended produced, among other things, Alma, Balaklava, Inkerman, and the siege of Sebastopol.

ABSURD!

We are glad that there is no better authority than the *Mail* for the absurd report that Hon. Mr. Ross has asked Mr. O'Sullivan, a Toronto lawyer, to prepare a Primer of Canadian History. Surely our big Conservative contemporary is going crazy. Why this Mr. O'Sullivan is the person who gave to Canadians a work in which he undertook to elucidate the British North America Act. And never, we venture to assert, was a worse book put forth. The language is that of a lumpish boy who had never been at school. The vocabulary is too limited for a hod-carrier. The sentences are long, straggling, and systematically ungrammatical. The information given, well, to be candid, of that we are not able to give an opinion, for in the energetic words of Carlyle, 'such a job of buckwashing' as was the reading of that book produced too much exasperation, too much disgust to allow the entrance of any considerable fraction of knowledge.

Of course, the *Mail* is slanderously wrong. Hon. Mr. Ross is not, in truth, an eminent scholar, but his attainments are too great to permit him to make the ludicrous mistake of supposing that the door-keeper of a picture-gallery is able to execute the work of great artists.

KYLE'S DELEGATION.

Expectation is at its height as to the issue of the huge delegation which is to storm the Ottawa castle of laws on the 18th inst. Led by Mr. Kyle, those directly engaged in the liquor traffic, and their number is said to be five thousand, will present an ultimatum to the Government. Either the Scott Act craze(?) must be ended by legislation, or the whole spirituous body will go into opposition. Now this awful threat will appear to the guileless certain to put the Cabinet in a great quandary. Sir Leonard Tilley, Minister of Finance, is an avowed prohibitionist, but Hon. John Carling, Postmaster-General, is engaged in the brewing business, and Hon. Frank Smith, Minister without portfolio, is a wholesale dealer in all kinds of intoxicants. How can a satisfactory answer be obtained from elements so heterogeneous? Tush! To the knowing the problem presents no difficulty whatever. Strip of all foreign accretions, the question resolves itself into this:—given a quantity in its inmost nature gullible, it is required to eliminate from such quantity all power for mischief. Solved over and over by the celebrated adept in men and figures, Professor Macdonald, his solution being as follows:—Smile blandly, shake the head vigorously, assure that the matter is now occupying the serious attention of the Government, and that a reply will be given 'ere long.' Surely nothing could be more simple.

AT LAST!

Our dark forebodings as to the result of the Government's ruinous policy in regard to the C. P. R. Syndicate are more than likely to be realized. The Toronto *Mail*, in its issue of Tuesday last, admits without reservation that the affairs of the Syndicate have reached a crisis. Either, the organ says, still more money must be given by the country, or else the Government must drive out the present company, and take possession of the road for ever. This, then, is the end of the promises that the C. P. R. contract would secure for Canada a highway across the Continent without the expenditure of a dollar, for, we were told, the sale of lands remaining to the Government would more than make up for any money which it was bound to give. And now, admits the organ, Canada is on the brink of ruin. Hon. Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake are already fearfully avenged.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says:—"Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years standing, having tried almost every known remedy, besides two Buffalo physicians, without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly." There being imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on the market, customers will see that they got the genuine.

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