

MR. BLAKE'S SPEECH.

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As to the increase from \$23,500,000 by Mackenzie, to 26 millions and odd now, the answer is clear and convincing. As the country grows, so must our expenses grow, and the needs of the country had so accumulated when the present Government came in, that they had to grapple with them. But let us see how extravagant they have been. The expenditure this year will be say \$26,500,000 but there is likewise a surplus of \$3,500,000. Taking the surplus from the expenditure we have \$23,000,000 or a half a million less of real expenditure this year, than Mackenzie had. Some may say, how can you subtract surplus from money expended? In this way. The Canadian Pacific Railroad was to be built and Mr. Blake and Sir John are alike committed to it. Now besides the annual expenditure there is what is known as a "Capital account." Thus when we borrow say ten millions for a great work the people are not taxed the next year to pay that amount in lump. It is added to the National debt, and the yearly revenue merely pays the interest on it, till the time for retiring it by instalment comes. To carry on the building of the Canada Pacific, Mackenzie had to borrow, or rather Cartwright borrowed for him; to carry on the road Sir Leonard Tilley has had to borrow. All the amounts so borrowed have gone to make up the National debt. Last year \$3,000,000 were needed for the railroad but Sir Leonard did not run to England for it. He had a surplus of 3 and a half millions and this he expended instead of borrowing and increasing the National debt by that amount. The balance of the 8 millions was made up by savings banks deposits, and an issue of paper currency. Thus it will be seen that this very year, over which Mr Blake so plausibly lamented the real expenditure has been less than under the economical Mr Mackenzie.—Ed.]

He argued at much length, and with much grace that taxation should be reduced at the earliest moment that a surplus revenue is a temptation to unnecessary and extravagant expenditure. You will find if you examine the public accounts for the seven years of the previous administration that as soon as ever there was an expansion of the revenue so soon the expenditure ran up. All governments are liable to yield to pressure, and it is a very important factor in limiting the pliability of governments that they should be able to say to those who ask them for money, "we have no money to give."

[Our readers will see how very hard it is to please a man who does not approve of surpluses, because they lead to extravagance. This is about as sensible as it would be for a Chatham merchant to begin to groan because he saw his profits largely increasing, lest this might lead him to extravagance. It shows however that nothing will please Mr. Blake short of—a Premiership. He does not want Protection, he does not want surpluses, he simply wants to be premier, and to have the power and the spoils. When the National Policy, or "National Policy" as Mr Snowball calls it, first became law, Cartwright, and Blake and the rest predicted that it would not give us revenue enough because it would crush the life out of the country. Now they have a surplus and Mr. Blake is mad. One thing is certain, Cartwright had no surpluses—he had deficits, and that seems to be what Blake is after.—Ed.]

DIRECT TAXATION.

He said:—Our taxation through customs duties was, for some years before 1878, at varying rates, 11, 12, 13, and in the last year 14 per cent on all imported goods. On some goods it was more on some goods it was less, but the average was as I have stated. I take the figure last named, although it is higher than the average of these four or five years. There was a difference in the mode of making the entry which makes it reasonable to assume that 14 per cent. was the average. Now, perhaps you all do not know what 14 per cent. means. I have sometimes wished that my fellow countrymen could have the privilege for one year of paying their taxes in another way, that, instead of paying them to the dry goods and other

merchants they should pay directly to the tax-gatherers.

[What do our people think of this? Mr Blake would have them not pay to the merchant, but hand cash to the taxgatherer. That is once a year the tax gatherer would come around and present his bill to the head of the family for \$30 or \$40. Now the poor man pays his tax to the merchant, in labor or in the produce of his farm, or in the work of his hands. The mill man, or the deal carrier works his week and gets provisions or clothes for his labor, paying his tax at the same time he gets the article;—but if Mr. Blake had his way the poor labourer would have to find the cash and pay it to the Government tax gatherer. Could he get the cash always for his labor to pay his tax? The farmer who comes into town now with his farm produce gets goods in exchange, paying his tax indirectly by said farm produce. Now if Mr. Blake had his way he would have the farmer pay that tax in cash, that is he would have to sell his produce, if he could sell it, at reduced price for cash, and give that to the tax gatherer. Heaven protect us from Mr. Blake.—Ed.]

A SHAMEFUL MISREPRESENTATION.

He said that under the present way of paying taxes, the people did not know how much they were taking out of them at Ottawa. Suppose he said the duty is 14 per cent. Consider what that 14 per cent. means. It means simply this, that whatever you go to the merchant to buy, whether pounds or yards, if you give your order for seven pounds or seven yards, the merchant if he tells you the whole story, will say to you, "I will fill your order, but I am sorry to say that I will have to charge you for eight pounds." "Well," you will tell him, "I don't want eight pounds, and I cannot afford to pay for it." He will tell you in reply, "I am very glad you don't want it, for you are not going to get it, and I am very sorry you can't afford it, because you will have to pay for it whether you can afford it or not. The fact is, my friend, that the eighth pound I have already sent to the treasury at Ottawa, and it has gone to meet the public necessities. I have to charge you the price of eight pounds, though I can only give you seven."

Now that was the result of an average 14 per cent. tariff, and it is bad enough to think that when you made a purchase you had to pay for eight pounds, though you got only seven. How is it now? Instead of 14 per cent. the average tariff is 20 per cent., and instead of losing one pound on every seven you have to lose one pound on every five. John Jones is a rich man and Tom Smith is a poor man. John Jones shall pay a duty of one cent a yard on the cotton he buys, and Tom Smith shall pay a cent a yard on the cotton he buys. Suppose, now, that John Jones pays ten cents and buys a yard of cotton; on that he pays one cent duty, or one yard in every ten, Tom Smith is poor, and buys only five cent cotton. For every yard he buys he, too, must pay a cent into the treasury, so that he contributes one yard in every five that he buys. The rich man in the case supposed must give the Government one yard for every ten that he keeps for himself, while the poor man must give them one in every five; in other words the tax fits twice as heavy on the poor man as on the rich.

[When Mr. Blake told this the other day on our town pasture some of the few Grits there groaned audibly and turned up the whites of their eyes at one another. They did not know that a grosser misrepresentation was never made by a public man, and that Mr. Blake must have considered their gullibility as unbounded as their ignorance. Does not every intelligent man in this community know that on those articles enumerated by Mr. Blake, there are two kinds of duty? Mr Blake only spoke of the specific duty, which says how much it shall be on a yard, not naming the quality. If this were the only duty, the poor man would certainly suffer, for he would have to pay as much duty on a yard of six-penny cotton, as the rich man would have to pay on a yard of ten penny cotton. But there is another duty called the *ad valorem*, or duty, according to the value. The tax on a yard under this duty, is therefore paid on the value of the yard, so that

if the rich man buy a better article, he has to pay for it proportionately. This Mr. Blake kept out of sight, something he would not do if he were an honest man, and felt disposed to treat public questions on their merits, rather than on their phases. Now here is Mr. Blake's own case, a yard of cotton, which made the Grits groan last Friday.

100 yds poor man's cotton at 3d	£ 1.5s.
100 " rich "	6d 2.10s.
The poor man's cotton	
Specific duty on 100 yards	5s.
ad-valorem duty on £1.5	3-9
Poor man's tax	8.9
THE RICH MAN'S COTTON.	
Specific duty on 100 yards,	5s.
ad-valorem duty on £2.10s	7s.6
Rich man's tax	12s.6

Yet the conclusion of Mr. Blake's quoted sentences is

"In other words the tax is twice as heavy on the poor man as on the rich."!!!

This is a sample of the truth of Mr. Blake, and the fairness with which he treats public questions. That he would tell such a story, is a poor compliment indeed to the intelligence of our people. We suppose however he thought anything would "go down" among the Chatham people, that they were ignorant and would believe anything.

Now some one will say, there is yet a small difference in favor of the rich man. There is we grant in theory but not in practice. The Dominion manufacturers are now making the coarser quality of goods and they can be bought, and are bought, from these manufacturers, just as cheaply as in the days of our lowest tariff. So that there is absolutely no point to the special pleadings of Mr. Blake on this subject. We need only say on this point, what is true of the cottons, is true of all the other articles referred to by Mr. Blake.—Ed.]

He went on at much length to ridicule the surplus, and telling the people that a certain proportion of all they bought went up to Ottawa and was part of the surplus. An extra width had been taken out of the ladies dresses, and it was up in Ottawa and a part of the surplus; even the blanket as clipped and the piece cut off was also at Ottawa, and part of the surplus.

[While Mr. Blake was saying this a young lad who is connected with a little variety store not very far from the Star office, began to be offensive telling a reporter present to put that down. The young fellow was quite intoxicated, but not so much so that he should have forgotten his manners, if he ever had any. His insignificance and almost helpless intoxication were perhaps all that saved him from summary and proper punishment. About the same time another intoxicated grit fired off a revolver in the thick of the crowd, and was carried away by officer Forrest who is a plucky and valuable policeman.—Ed.]

A TAX UPON RAW MATERIAL.

he said, is a most unfortunate kind of a tax. It violates the great principle that you should get as much in to the treasury out of the tax as possible, because the tax being charged upon the raw material, in the first instance, has to pay a profit on the article going through two or three hands before it reaches the hand of the consumer. The cost is therefore increased to the consumer and the margin of profit to the manufacturer diminished, and this injury results in one way or another from the tariff. [Yet in another part of his speech he spoke of the masses being burdened in the interests of the few—that the "few" might grow rich. Now the few are the manufacturers, and it is the manufacturers who use the "raw material"!!! In one breath then this fair and high-minded Mr Blake says the masses are crushed to enrich the manufacturers, and in the next breath complains that the manufacturers' raw material is taxed too much!!! Ed.]

THE TRUE FISCAL POLICY.

is that we ought as little as possible to force one portion of our people to trade with the other against their will. Encourage such inter-provincial trade, if you will, by facilitating the means of communication. Prove to the people that it is to their advantage and to their pecuniary interest to engage in trade, one with the other, and, in so doing, you can confer a blessing upon the country and do something that really tends to consolidate the union.

[This is precisely what the Conservatives have prayed, taking the term "the people" to mean the people of

the Dominion. It is this inter-provincial trade we seek, and to promote that the National Policy has been formed.—Ed.]

He spoke at some length on the tax on flour, which he deprecated, which he said did not work any advantage to the Ontario millers, and that it is from America we should get our flour. [Mr. Blake would not say this in Ontario—as Bethsy Bobbet would say "fur frummit." Besides the fact remains that while there is the increased duty on flour, the article is bought as cheap now as before the National Policy. The public know this, and it is useless therefore for Mr. Blake to talk about the theoretical tax.—Ed.]

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILROAD.

On this subject he did not say a great deal, complaining that the audience was not attentive enough, and that his voice was not very strong. He told the story of the old Syndicate and the second Syndicate, in not many words. He said the Government compelled Parliament to sanction the building of the road. Of the "new" Syndicate he said;—Many of them were millionaires, and they formed, as I said in my place in Parliament, a combination of Canadian capitalists the strongest financially and in point of business ability that I have ever known to be formed. What was their offer? Let me state the tenor, and you will judge for yourself whether they are better or worse than the terms offered by the syndicate. They offered to build the road for \$3,000,000 less of your money and three million acres less of your land, without privileges, without monopolies, without the exemption of the land from taxation, without the exemption of their stock, with the right of the Government to acquire their property. All the odious or all the most odious conditions of the contract were eliminated, and the cost was reduced by nine million dollars, estimating the land at \$6,000,000. That was the offer in brief, and Parliament had to vote whether it would accept either offer. The majority said we will accept. Parliament then had to say which offer it would accept, and the majority decided to accept the worse and reject the better of the two offers—for they were both offers, and they decided to choose the worse instead of the better. Thus they imposed upon you a tax of \$3,000,000 more money and gave away three million acres of your land. They imposed upon you and the North-West together these privileges, monopolies, restrictions and exemptions, which form, no doubt, an element of enormous value to the company and involve a still greater detriment to the country at large.

[To which statement we take many exceptions. In the first place it is well known the Second Syndicate was a bogus affair, even though several responsible and worthy gentlemen consented to join it. In the second place the three million acres of land which Mr. Blake estimates as worth six million dollars, some of his own party, leading members of it, some time before put down as a dreary barren waste. Mr. Mills said it would take 6 millions above the earnings per year to run the road through a country which when opened, perhaps was not worth the opening. Finally, bad though Mr. Blake and his party try to prove the Governments bargain is, had their terms been accepted the terms they offered when in power, the bargain would be three times worse. Here is proof for the skeptical. The following is the Government contract with the Syndicate,

THE ACCEPTED CONTRACT.

Existing roads, with contracts completed	\$ 25,000,000
Cash Subsidy	25,000,000
25,000,000 acres land at \$2	50,000,000

\$103,000,000
The following shows the offer made when Mr. Blake's party was in power; shows the terms which were offered, and advertised at enormous cost.

MACKENZIE ACT AND TERMS.

55,940,000 acres land at \$2	\$111,880,000
Cash Subsidy, \$10,000 per mile	29,779,000
Government guarantee on \$7,500 per mile a 4 per cent	20,977,500

\$162,637,500
or nearly SIXTY MILLION DOLLARS MORE than the terms which the Syndicate accepted and which Mr. Blake attacks. But this is not all. In 1879 a vote came up in the Commons, and Mr. Blake was one of those who voted to any company who would build the road 100,000,000 acres of land in the Northwest! which taking in Blake's own estimate of \$2 an acre would be \$200,000,000!!! It 25 million acres hand the country over to territorial lords what would 200 million acres do? Professor Macoun estimates that all the arable land in the north-west is about 250 million acres. So much for Mr. Blake on the syndicate. (Ed.) He closed with a peroration which like the rest of his speech, was as excellent in make up as a page from Macaulay. He referred to the part that Northumberland played at the last election and hoped she would not forget her duty next time. Yet such reminders elicited not the faintest cheers. The crowd at this time were not listening to Mr. Blake, they were moving about, and looking around, their attention taken up with a hundred other things, with the ladies and their dresses, the squalling of the babies, with little fights out on the street, in which there was no blow—with a hundred little things. Nor did they cheer when he attempted to beguile Mr. Snowball and Mr. George McLeod. As well might he go out with one of his beautiful speeches and try to raise another Lazarus out of the tomb, as to kindle any enthusiasm for our recreant, good-for-nothing member, seeing as he cut his panegyric short, and amid some very hearty cheers, few it is true but hearty for all that, and given by those who believed not his politics, while they admired his grace as a speaker, as well as by those who

admired both, he took his seat.

REMARKS.

If Mr. Blake's speech was magnificent, its failure was not less magnificent. That it was such a failure no one could have believed who was not there to see the crowd—as some yawned, and others gazed at this and that, as some walked around the field and smoked their pipes, or went in and out, and in to the street and back again. It was amusing to see all this, but the platform looked like a place where some direful tragedy was being enacted. Mr. Carman sat there like a man who had the griefs and sorrows of the whole country upon his back, while the lugubrious faces of Mr. Snowball and his satellites showed how they felt the inattention and the noise; while the silence of the crowd at the places they should have cheered shot home like the notes of a funeral bell. But opposed as the crowd whom they scowled here for nothing was to cheering for anything that was "Grit" or "Snowball," the management itself helped to organize the gloom, the languor and the unrest, if not the confusion and the jar which accompanied that memorable speech. The truth is some of the crowd wanted to hear Blake. They did not want 2 and a half or three 30 minute doses of Carman; they did not want to hear the boisterous bluster of Snowball, for they heard him before, and know very well what he is, and at any rate whatever he could say, though he succeeded in making a speech, they knew what he did last winter, and that for the little time he has been in the Commons he has sat there like a disinterested dummy. Geo. McLeod was not so bad, though the people were not anxious to hear him, and would readily have forgiven him had he held his tongue. When Mr. Blake came out therefore the crowd was peevish, for they had been imposed upon, disgusted by Snowball, and set in the blues by Carman. Therefore they would not listen. They gave their attention to the dog fights, and to the organ grinder. By the way it is said the committee "went back" badly on the organ grinder and his monkey. It appears they brought them here some time ago to assist at the Blake demonstration, but without ever letting them know, got the band up here from St. John. It is further stated that the organ grinder became so disgusted with this treatment, that before the speeches were over, he took his cart and his poor little animal out of town. This much is certain that a gentleman informs us that he met him that afternoon going on out to Napan, about 2 miles out of town; that the man complained of the way he had been used, and the monkey seemed to share in the indignation, for he sat on the top of the cart, snapping peevishly at everything that went near him; and when the gentleman asked for a tune, never a budge would the monkey make.

THE PLEBS AND THE PATRICIANS.

Outside the stage managers, the attendants, and two or three who "had to be there," so as not to give offence to the rest, the platform was loaded with the patrician element of the party. No one else could get in. There was a cerberus at one end of the approaches who guarded it against those who were of inferior "social standing" or not so "rich in the worlds goods." But the patricians all bundled in, and were graciously received—

"It was pretty to see how, like like birds of a feather
The people of quality flocked all together."

A town tradesman was usher.—Through some greivous mistake, that so far has been altogether unaccountable, some of those who are not aristocrats, got upon the platform and proceeded to some seats which they saw vacant. The usher stepped forward and said in a low tone "Deo seats wash for de roech beeples;" and the poor plebeians had to find room in the crowd. The greatest consternation was evident among the ushers and the others, to know "how these people got in here," and strict orders were given to "keep all the rest of them out." But there "vash plenty of room for de roech beeples" all the time. Another accident like the above, almost occurred too, and would have occurred but for the presence of mind and quick perception of Mr. John Fotheringham. It appears two Irishmen from Wellfield settlement, respectable, honest and worthy men, but not ranked among the Chatham patricians, came into the hall, went into the hall, and were making their way out to the platform when Mr. Fotheringham fortunately and with a quickness of perception deserving of the highest praise detected them, saw they were not among the privileged set and turned them out. Too high praise cannot be given to Mr. Fotheringham for the promptitude with which he evicted these two poor Irishmen.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Mr. Snowball's speech was the best thing that ever happened the conservatives in this county. It did our cause here more good than if Sir Charles Tupper were to talk for a week. It gratified curiosity besides, for it showed us all the kind of a dose it takes to "silence Tom White, M. P." The farce is not, however, quite complete yet; and will not be till Mr. Snowball get an opportunity to "talk half hour about with the big guns." Fancy a programme arranged this way; Mr. Snowball to speak the 1st half hour, Tom White to follow—just to give "unhappy White" the chance of the reply—then Snowball another half hour, and then get Sir Leonard for the next half hour; then get out Snowball again for another half hour, and finish up with Sir Charles. Mr. Snowball would just have said enough to fairly rouse the big guns, especially Sir Charles, and then the people would see the greatest fun they have ever witnessed in their whole lives. But nobody could pity Mr. Snowball—he made the offer himself—he went into the trap with his eyes wide open. We have thought since Friday last that it would

not be necessary to bring the big guns here, as they would only be firing at a dead duck, the poor party so completely accomplished its own suicide here Friday last, but for all that we have been thinking too we ought to have them here, just to get Mr. Snowball at them.

They did not make only one blunder; legion was the name. They emptied all the schools to swell the number, to demonstrate before Mr. Blake on the Common, but fittingly enough these same additions turned into instruments of torture. Some small boys played ball, while the orator spoke, and some others it is said pitched quoits, while despite all Mr. David Johnson could do, the little girls would play "around the ring," while Mr. Blake gave icy essays on the poor mans cotton.

They had a "cheering committee," improvised in an informal way, early in the morning, but the "free rum" had too strong a charm for these officials, they went on a spree, and forgot about the cheering. One man got upon the top of an old farm wagon, which was in the centre of the Common, and appealed to the crowd to cheer, now and again, but the crowd only laughed; here and there one would say "give us a match" and the self constituted official had to come down in disgust.

There were only two interruptions of the meeting, and these we are pleased to say were made by the Grits themselves. One interruption was made by one McGuire, who has been a strong ally of Mr. Snowballs during the last two elections. He wanted to have a talk with George McLeod about something, and after a few minutes was suppressed.—The other was a person who had a new revolver, and wanted to "fire her;" and he did "fire her" in the crowd, and said he didn't care for Blake any more "though I am," he said "on their side." Mortified to see their own men disturbing their own meeting, the scribes for the collapsed side, now say that some Conservatives organized these interruptions. Drowning men will grasp at straws.

But the worst of all is to think of bringing a huge negro here from St. John, to get a supper up for 200 persons, while we had in our own town the Bowser hotel, the Metropolitan hotel Canada House, and Mrs. Cartrols and Mr. Fountains—as if the proprietor of any one of these could do so well as this favored darkey.

Mentioning the darkey, brings us down to the door of the supper room, where two or three of the guests tried to get the glass stopper out of a ginger-pop bottle with their teeth, and where another knot sat around a huge watermelon, wondering "what kind of a turnip" it was—where Mr. Cox, the school inspector threw his huge weight into the Grit scale, and where Rev. Mr. Quinn, to the disgust of his parishioners, and the amusement of nearly every one present, declared himself a rabid partizan.

We regret we are obliged to draw this portion of our article to a close. Our space is nearly filled. We wanted to say at some length, that if Mr. Cox wishes to serve his country in the grit cause, he ought to resign his school inspectorship and go into politics. If we are informed aright, the school inspectors are complaining of too much work and too little pay, but they cannot be so much overtaxed with legitimate work, if they are able to find time to follow Mr. Blake around the country making party speeches. Our readers may be assured, we write this with great reluctance, esteeming Mr. Cox very highly, as a private gentleman; but we beg now to call the attention of Hon. Mr. Adams and the rest of the Government to his conduct, to see that if he is to retain his office, he attends to his business, and leaves party politics alone. He would, indeed, be a valuable aid to the grit cause going from place to place, and haranguing against the government; and we may be sure he would not hesitate to do this, when he came so courageously or fool hardily to the front, at the Chatham supper.

As for Mr. Ritchie, neither himself nor his speech is worth bothering with.

When Blake landed at Chatham Station, the party bribed a ducky to call for cheers for "Petah Mitchell," but when their scow went up to the Boom, and asked for cheers for Snowball, not one did they get, the crowd assembled turning round and cheering heartily for Mr. Mitchell. The scow had to go off without cheers, or passengers.

Mr. Snowball intimated in what is called his speech, on Friday, that he was opposed to confederation, yet he ranted with all his might in favor of it when the question was up.

George McLeod wants the Government to give a drawback of 60 cents on the thousand of lumber, he is such a friend of the poor man, but his own stavedores he compels to give him a drawback.

To conclude for this time, we hope our readers will peruse the leading points of Mr. Blake's able speech, which we have printed, and our comments upon them. We do not pretend to be as clever as Mr. Blake, or to be able to argue with him, provided his cause were as good as ours, but as a very wise philosopher said, one grain of truth is more mighty than an Olympus of falsehood, and therein we have overmatched, and overmastered the Liberal Leaders points.

Above all we desire to say "on behalf of the Conservatives" that we are more than pleased at the result of the "meeting." It has done our side so much good, and turned the other side into such a laughing stock, that it is doubtful now if we want the big guns here or, that they will come. Amen.

A sailor from the vessel "Atlantic" got his right arm broken, by falling into the hold, while discharging ballast, on Monday afternoon. He had it set immediately.

* The u is sounded like u in hull.