

hallucination. That was what they presented to the people in the absence of a policy. One thing they said, Mr. Ross proceeded, is that we have been in power a long time. They felt it has been a long time—(laughter)—a very long time, and they say it is not good for one party to be in power so long a time. Well, now, that depends altogether. If the administration has been sound all this time; if, as Mr. Madole has said, we have spent the money honestly, wisely, and economically, on that score then, there can be no fault if we remain in power for four years longer. If any of you have a foreman, or if the town has a mayor, or if you have a teacher or preacher whose services are such as you require, or a corporation that administers its affairs with prudence and in the interests of its shareholders, because it has existed a long time, you don't think it should be changed. That is no reason. Before there is a well-founded reason for demanding a change there must be proof that the Administration is incapable, or that the Ministers are incompetent, or that the public interests were suffering by their administration.

A Pretty Good Horse.

One of the Toronto papers, Mr. Ross went on, printed regularly a cartoon of a war horse that had been 32 years in the saddle. Well, suppose he has. He is as good a war horse now as when the saddle was first put on him. (Laughter.) It is a horse that has never lost a Derby race yet. It has always been a winner. (Applause and laughter.) Now and again, in a side steeplechase or hurdle race or something of that kind, it may sometimes have had a tumble; but in the great races of the season the war horse has always won, and it is going to win this time. (Loud applause and cries of "You bet!") But the other horse has been in the saddle 32 years also. The Opposition horse has been on the race course for 32 years and has never won a race yet. (Laughter.) I do not know that he is likely to for some time. He has had many jockeys. (Renewed laughter.) There was Sir Matthew Crooks Cameron for two years, and he lost. Sir William Ralph Meredith, an estimable man, ran him for twenty years, and gave up the job to take one on the Bench, which he adorns. Then Mr. Marter ran him for a year and a half. There was too much prohibition in that jockey, or something—(laughter)—and he was retired. He did not retire: he was retired, and for the last seven years my esteemed friend Mr. Whitney has been running that horse without any better success. He came within two or three points of winning last time, but it was so near and yet so far—(applause and laughter)—and he has now called to his assistance in the grooming of that horse a list of men such as Mr. Gamey, Dr. Beatty Nesbitt, etc. (Cries of "Oh!" and groans.) In fact, he has a lot of grooms, and the other day he called a conference to see if there was any chance for this 32-year-old animal to win, and they came to the conclusion that the horse might win. They have always been saying that. They have lost money on that every time. (Long continued laughter and applause.)