

such remarks as we heard to-night from the member for Queen's (Mr. Davies.) I shall not refer to the point made by the member for Queen's in reference to what the Minister of Justice said at Perth, and for this reason : There is no use whatever in trying to put down the slanders or the misrepresentations of certain people. You know, Sir, that Mr. Pope, in one of his admirable poems, speaking of slanders alludes to a certain insect that has an uncontrollable instinct, but an instinct necessary for its own existence, to spin cobwebs. These cobwebs are very unsightly, and so the poet says of the slanderer :

"Break one cobweb through
He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew.
Destroy his fib or sophistry—in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again."

(Cheers). I confess to you, Sir, that I was not surprised that my hon. friend spoke once more about the monstrosity of the Minister of Finance talking about the prosperity of the country. It is a dreadful thing that the Minister of Finance, in the face of what we see to-day in Canada, should stand up here and speak of the prosperity of the country. It is a monstrous thing that he should dwell on the increase in the tonnage of our ships, of the mileage of our railways ; perfectly monstrous that he should say one word about the vast increase of our exports or that he should refer to the evidences of our prosperity. It was superfluous, it was monstrous, and if the hon. gentleman will excuse me for saying so, it was a superfluity of naughtiness, if I may borrow a word from Paul, because the country had proclaimed the conviction of its prosperity so strong by reducing hon. gentlemen opposite to the miserable account of empty benches that they now make up, that it was perfectly unnecessary for the Minister of Finance to dwell upon the prosperity of the country. We know that when my hon. friends opposite went from place to place, and sent forth their wailings and draped themselves, so to speak, as political mutes, and went to the funeral of something, you may guess what it was, but it was not our funeral, anyway—(laughter) the country rejected them

We know that the people whose votes they needed, and whose votes they wanted, and whose votes they courted with tears and wailings, declared in answer to their entreaties : "Gentlemen, really in these constituencies the accommodation in the lunatic asylums is greatly limited, and begone as quickly as you can." I am much concerned for my hon. friend from Bothwell (Mr. Mills).

I have been a dabbler in constitutional law and things of that sort myself, but I have never gone, of course, as deeply as that hon. gentleman (Mr. Mills). In fact, I would be sorry to go so deep as he. One of the Lake poets tells a brother poet that if he does not get up from his books he will grow double ; and to be too studious is attended with some inconvenience, and to be too learned is not always a happy thing. I confess that I feel for my friend from Bothwell (Mr. Mills) when I see him with something sitting heavily on his mind, rising discontentedly from that seat to which in its infinite mercy an all-wise Providence has allotted him, and feeling fundamentally uneasy. (Laughter.) I always sympathise with him in such a position. He has had too much learning, he is uneasy in his mind until he gets off his constitutional expression of profound principles, and I come and I sit here like a Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, to learn from his superior wisdom, and I watch and watch, but he takes such a long time to get around the corners before he gets to the subject—

Mr. Mills (Bothwell). That you are fundamentally affected.

Mr. Davin. No, not so profoundly as that. I cannot pay my hon. friend that compliment ; but I find it hard to get at his point. At last, as I sat here to-day and tried to make out what my hon. friend was at, though I had a pen in hand and was taking notes, I could not discover what it was. Then I asked myself what he was like, and I thought he was like an aged hen in a state of metaphysical dubitation as to whether she would lay an egg or not. (Laughter and cheers.)

Mr. Mills (Bothwell). And you sympathised with the hen.

Mr. Davin. Now, Mr. Speaker, there