

If a German from the Baltic, or a Frenchman from the Channel wants to visit China, he must needs coal at Gibraltar by your leave, he must coal at Port Said, by your leave, at Aden by your leave at Colombo by your leave, at Singapore, by your leave, at Hong Kong by your leave, whilst whether he returns by the Cape of Good Hope, or by Cape Horn, he is just as much at your mercy.

A man of war cannot steam for more than 3,000 miles at speed, without re-coaling, and foreign ships cannot re-coal without your permission.

Neither can they repair without coming to your ocean repair shops: they cannot enter or leave the Mediterranean unless Britain sets the Atlantic gate open: they cannot enter or leave the Red Sea unless you give them leave, or the China Sea unless your Britain at Singapore and Hong Kong says "pass friend".

Gates, guns, motive power, are yours, the world's ocean ways are yours; and I am asking you such a fool's question, that I blush to ask it, "Don't you think this is worth paying for?"

There are some in Canada apparently who do not, but they are politicians, and perhaps England does not understand, that our politicians are to us in some things, as a moukey to an organ grinder, kept to amuse us, but not allowed to interfere with the music, when the tune we play is "Home sweet Home," or "Britain rules the waves."

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Now Gentlemen I come to the commercial side of the matter, and now I ask you a question.

Will you be gamblers, or parasites, or wise and honest men?

You have made, and are making, enormous wealth, but you have not forged for yourselves a weapon to defend it. You have in front of you, the greatest trade prize of the world, the carrying trade of the Pacific, and you have not paid for a ship with which to compete for it. Upon the seas of the world I read that you have annually \$200,000,000 worth of property, and you have not paid a cent to insure it.

This surely is to be gamblers, since you cannot rely upon always having honest neighbours.