

I'm afraid we'll lose that baby; we cannot keep him here,
We must submit to Providence, tho' he is so very dear;
You see he cannot walk alone tho' fourteen years he's spent;
He seemingly needs more support than twenty-five per cent.

Our other boy, "a whopper," we called him C. P. R.,
Tho' weak at first, he's stronger now, and beats the other far,
Has a stomach like an ostrich, his health is excellent,
He's thriving like a mushroom, upon twenty-five per cent.

It takes a lot to keep him up, with coronets for tiles,
His suits they take a lot of stuff to clothe 6,000 miles,
He eats up all he comes across, does this voracious gent;
He takes a branch line for his lunch, "sauce" twenty-five per cent.

In fact he's grown so very strong, we dare not say him nay,
For fear he kicks us out of doors some bitterly cold day,
He has us all upon a string, we go where we are sent,
He'll gulp the lot, he will not leave even twenty-five per cent.

You say you don't believe it, you think this can't be true,
There's parliamentary papers for't. Indeed 'tis nothing new,
The thing has lasted fourteen years, and millions have been spent,
Upon these infant industries, at twenty-five per cent.

How long will you folks stand this? How long is't going to last?
The census shows it will not do, by the ten years that are past.
The young men are all leaving us, they can't find alimant,
It sucks the country's life blood out, this twenty-five per cent.

Now, that is a message from a settler in the North-west and I think, as I said before, that it is more convincing and certainly more entertaining than any remarks I can make or continue to make before this honourable house.

Hon. Mr. BOWELL—Surely the name of the author should be handed down to posterity.

Hon. Mr. BOULTON—We may want him to produce something more of the same character.

Hon. Mr. KAULBACH—Does my hon. friend father that?

Hon. Mr. DEVER—He need not be ashamed of it.

Hon. Mr. BOULTON—I could not begin to express anything so eloquent as he has expressed in this poem.

Hon. Mr. KAULBACH—And truthful too, I suppose.

Hon. Mr. BOULTON—Yes, and truthful too. We are producing up there our grain and crops and we are selling them to the outside world—that is to say the surplus that we do not want at home and the people who are alongside of me—and I suppose it is general throughout the country, are selling oats for which we only get 13 cents a bushel this year and the Canadian Pacific Railway is charging 20 cents for carrying them to market. We get on an average 25 to 50 cents for wheat and the Canadian Pacific Railway charges 30 cents per bushel for carrying the same to market.

Hon. Mr. COCHRANE—30 cents per 100 pounds.

Hon. Mr. BOULTON—No, 50 cents per 100 pounds.

Hon. Mr. COCHRANE—I think the hon. gentleman is mistaken about the freight rates—it is 30 cents a 100, I understand.

Hon. Mr. BOULTON—No, it is 50 cents a 100.

Hon. Mr. COCHRANE—I had it from Mr. White, the superintendent, the other day.

Hon. Mr. BOULTON—I have given the regular rate. The rate the hon. gentleman cites is to Fort William. It is facts like these that press upon the people of the country. How does the 25 per cent come in so far as the National Policy is concerned.

Hon. Mr. READ (Quinté)—Do I understand the hon. gentleman to say that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company charged 20 cents for 34 pounds of oats to take the grain to market?