

my only regret is that I did not know you sooner. I see now how greatly I might have profited by your acquaintance. You understand, of course, that I am independent, but true independence I have learned profiteth nothing unless it be appreciated and understood by the leaders of the party that has the giving of things. I feel that the years in which I knew you not have been wasted. Let us now so improve the time that in this vast Ontario of ours,—I say ours, for who has made more of it than the gentlemen I see around me—there shall not be left unturned a single stone that has a mine under it. Did I say mine? Yea, brethren, out of the fulness of—of—out of the fulness of, ah, yes; out of the fulness of the heart and so on. But to begin where I started. Dare any man say that I was fixed on the pulp concessions? I defy any man to prove that I got a dollar or a share—trusting in your discretion, gentlemen, and in your honor—yes, honor, for ought there not to be honor among the beneficiaries of pulp concessions—I say, trusting in your discretion and in your honor, gentlemen, I feel that I am entirely safe in issuing this defiance. Now that I understand what you mean by it and how you propose to do it, I join with you most heartily in the great work of building up Ontario. As an independent Conservative you will understand that I cannot always be with you. As an independent Independent I will often have to stand alone, but as an independent Liberal I join hands with you as one of the great Ontario Builders' Association. More than that, I am prepared to insure Ontario when it shall be builded up. It is true that by my votes I have accused you of stealing ballots, stealing the franchises of the people, of stealing place, and power, and office, but when it comes to dealing with our pulp territory there is in my bright political lexicon no such word as steal. I told Whitney so to his face. I maintain that the proper word to use is "develop," and I am prepared to stake my political life upon that issue.

PROF. ROSS—There, lads, there's an example o' manliness for ye tae copy. Marter, lad, gin ye're Tory friends make a martyr o' ye we'll make a saint o' ye. Dinna be discouraged, we'll mak that man Adams let ye alane. Noo, dae ye no think ye might favor us wi' a political sang?

SONG BY MR. MARTER—

ON-TA-RI-O, ON-TA-RI-O.

The fell usurper grips thy throat,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.
He tampers with thy sacred vote,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.
He parcels off thy fair domain
His power and prestige to retain
And have thee in his coils again,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.

Oh thou, of provinces the queen,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.
Shake off the bonds of the machine,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.
Arouse thee from its luring spell;
Beware its dark designs and fell,
Its coils are as the grip of hell,
On-ta-re-o, On-ta-re-o.