

debited on account of the service into and out of the Yukon. Now, Mr. Speaker, will any man, however partisan he may be, stand up in this House and maintain that in the year ending July 1, 1899, it did not cost more than \$5,000 to perform the mail service into the Yukon and out of it. Will the Postmaster General affirm that now? And if the Postmaster General (Mr. Mulock) cannot affirm it, as he cannot, what is he guilty of? He is guilty of the crime charged against myself, without any warrant, by the Minister of Trade and Commerce (Sir Richard Cartwright). He is guilty of cooking the public accounts, for if he had charged against the revenue of the post office the cost of the actual service in the year 1899, the cost of taking the mails in and out of the Yukon, which probably cost at least \$100,000, the hon. gentleman would have had quite a different result. But what did he do? He used the mounted police, he used the other officers of the government out there and charged their time and expense, not against his department, but against the other departments, thus relieving his own department of that expenditure which was properly chargeable to it. Then, with that absurd cooking of accounts, he comes before the country and plumes himself upon the magnificent achievement of bringing down the deficits in this first year of reduced postage to something like \$400,000.

What is this that I see next:

Negotiations are now in progress with several of our sister colonies in the West Indies, which it is hoped may result in increasing and developing our trade with these islands, and possibly with certain portions of the adjacent continent of South America.

Do our ears deceive us? Or did our ears deceive us three years ago, four and five years ago—any time within the last ten years previous to 1896? Where is the Boanerges voice of the Minister of Customs? I have a distinct recollection of his stentorian tones—they are sounding in my ears yet—as he declaimed on the utter futility and flippancy of these hon. gentlemen, who then occupied the Treasury benches, searching in Australia, China and Japan—searching, he said, in Alaska and Timbuctoo for markets, when there was a market close by our side, a \$65,000,000 market.

A notable trio, three of a kind, occupied the boards in a dramatic star exhibition throughout Nova Scotia shortly previous to the elections of 1896. Let me quote first what star number one said:

Mr. Foster has gone to Jamaica to try and get a market for the manufacturers. . . . They have cut themselves off from our best market in the United States, and to-day are obliged to seek for others.

I said Mr. Foster had gone to Jamaica to find a new market. The flippant way they speak of these new markets is simply trifling with the matter. These new markets, Jamaica, South America, China and Japan, come in at the tail

of the list, with a fraction of 1 per cent of our commerce; the United States at the head of the list takes one-half our whole commerce.

If my leader—

And the hon. gentleman's leader stood by his side.

—comes into power, it would not be a rash prediction to say that within six months from that date, by a scratch of a pen—

How easy it was then.

—a treaty of reciprocity would be put into force between Canada and the United States.

That may stand as the utterance of the star performer, Mr. Sydney Fisher at last time, now Minister of Agriculture.

Let me read another quotation:

You hear certain politicians who never engaged in trade—

That was a very bitter side hit.

—in their lives, talking flippantly about opening up new markets in other countries. When a great political party declares that this policy consists in obstructing trade with our natural markets, and then tell us they want to open up markets with China, Japan, Timbuctoo, I almost lose my patience. New markets, indeed! You have a market to the south of you where everything you can draw out of the sea or delve from the mines, or grow from the soil, will find a ready and profitable sale. If the people of Canada approached the United States in a fair and reasonable spirit they would obtain a reciprocity treaty in a short time.

That performer was Mr. Louis Davies, at the present time Sir Louis Davies.

But besides them stood a star, greater in magnitude than all—and from every one of the five points of this constellation, even at that remote period, fire and brilliancy sprang out into space. What did this third performer declare? He looked into the confiding gray eyes of the Haligolians and said: You want bread to eat and have coal to sell, and yet when you want to buy bread you are met with a tax—and if there is anything that ought not to be taxed in this country it is bread; and when you want to sell your coal you are met with a tax. You have to send it by a long and burdensome route through Quebec to Ontario, and you cannot get into your natural market. Yet this Tory government taxes coal—yes. And they tax flour, peaches and peach baskets. Let us have reciprocity; we must change all this.

Who was this star performer who thus spoke? He was then plain Wilfrid Laurier, a democrat to the hilt, who at that time did not believe in taxing the poor people's bread. Oh, no; he was then after votes, and he drew tears from the eyes of the honest yeomen of Nova Scotia as he bewailed the fatuity of the government that would tax bread which went into the people's mouths to sustain their brawny forms. And he told them, if ever language told anything, that when he came into power, their coal would find its best mar-