

After Recess

The House resumed at eight o'clock.

PRIVATE BILLS**SECOND READINGS**

Bill No. 88 for the relief of Jessie Ruth Haverson.—Mr. Sheard.

Bill No. 89 for the relief of Arthur Foord.—Mr. Arthurs.

Bill No. 90 for the relief of Harold Gordon Hendry.—Mr. Sheard.

Bill No. 91 for the relief of Karl Peter Hansen.—Mr. Ladner.

Bill No. 92 for the relief of Ethel Hadden.—Mr. Sheard.

Bill No. 93 for the relief of William James McLaughlan.—Mr. Ross (Kingston).

Bill No. 94 for the relief of Alyce Wilson.—Mr. Boys.

Bill No. 95 for the relief of Lemuel Burckett.—Mr. LeSueur.

Bill No. 96 for the relief of William Ewart Gladstone Pettinger.—Mr. Harris.

Bill No. 97 for the relief of Anna McGeachey.—Mr. Sheard.

Bill No. 98 for the relief of Antonio Pietranglo.—Mr. Sheard.

Bill No. 99 for the relief of Ella Vear.—Mr. McQuarrie.

Bill No. 100 for the relief of Anna Welton.—Mr. Sheard.

Bill No. 101 for the relief of Marjorie Mahaffy Cox.—Mr. Kay.

Bill No. 102 for the relief of Mary Elizabeth Milne.—Sir Henry Drayton.

Bill No. 103 for the relief of Georgina Myrtle Potts.—Mr. Mewburn.

Bill No. 104 for the relief of Guy Barrington Hutchings.—Mr. Spence.

THE BUDGET**CONTINUATION OF DEBATE ON THE ANNUAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE ACTING MINISTER OF FINANCE**

Mr. MACLEAN (York): Mr. Speaker, just before six o'clock I was speaking on the motion before the House and I directed attention to the most peculiar and rather revolutionary event which has occurred, namely, that a government which was practically in a minority had had its tariff policy dictated by another minority. I know of no parallel case in our parliamentary practice. But I said there was a romance connected with this event which I would relate after dinner. Now, I am going to good authority—Sir Walter Scott—and if the House will permit I will read the Lady Heron's Song in the fifth canto of *Marmion*. It is about the

adventures of young Lochinvar who came out of the west. This is the song:

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

Some hon. MEMBERS: Hear, hear.

Mr. MACLEAN (York): My friends are ready for the part.

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had cospented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:

Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

This is where the moderato furioso comes in:

"I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

I will illustrate that a little later on.

The bride kiss'd the goblet: the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprang!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Now, for a few comments. Imagine this chamber to be Netherby Hall. Then who is the young Lochinvar? Perhaps my friend the