

at me every time I suggested that the policy of the Liberal Party should be carried out. In fact—would you believe it, Mr. Speaker?—I was actually hounded out of the Liberal party. Because I renounced their policy? Not at all; but because I occasionally suggested, in a mild and inoffensive manner, that their policy be adhered to. After they had wandered in the wilderness for a time I think they commenced to suffer from ossification of the joints and sleeping sickness, because they never got back, so far as I could discover. True, they presented amendment after amendment on the tariff; as the member for Cape Breton South and Richmond (Mr. Butts) said tonight the only free trader ever found among the Grits was some member sitting in opposition. I hope before I get through that I shall be able to prove my case to the House.

As a boy, I recall attending public meetings in Manitoba. I am sure the member for South Winnipeg (Mr. Allan) will also recall how our old friend Bob Watson used to make the rafters ring in the school houses along the road allowances about the iniquities of the tariff. Did you ever hear Bob Watson's celebrated story, Mr. Speaker? If you did not, I am going to tell it to you now. It is a little late, but honourable gentlemen will bear with me, because I have sat here six solid hours to get a chance to speak on this question and incidentally tell Bob Watson's story.

After denouncing the tariff on agricultural implements, which, he said, was bleeding the farmers until they were white in the face, Bob used to tell a story about a Manitoba farmer who died and passed—I do not know whether he went up or down; it is immaterial to the story. Anyway, he passed hence and was taken in charge by one of the guardsmen in the place that he had reached in the nether regions. He was being conducted over this vast establishment—I do not know whether it was by St. Peter or by some special person assigned to that duty—and in the course of his peregrinations they came to a lofty corridor from the ceiling of which were suspended by the hair three or four thousand male bodies dressed in homespun. "By the way," the farmer asked his guide, "who are all these people suspended by the hair from the roof of this vast super-heated corridor?" "Oh," the guide replied—(using Bob's vernacular)—"them's Manitoba farmers who voted for protection and for high duties on agricultural implements; when they came down here they were too green

to burn, so we hung them up to dry." As the duties were continued practically without alteration during the fifteen years that the Hon. Bob and his friends were in office and the people of the West, farmers included, supported them. I often wonder what an immense difference there must be in the size of that corridor by now, and how many hundreds of thousands more dupes must be suspended by the hair in that super-heated spot in order that they may be dry enough to be burned when the appointed time arrives.

As a young member of this House many years ago I remember that the Tories of those days on the Opposition side were constantly introducing resolutions on the tariff—my old friend Nicholas Flood Davin used to do it—in order to put the western boys in the hole, because we were always in favour of low tariff. Amendments were offered to the Budget, and naturally, as a young man, I was exceedingly disturbed about my position and about the course I should follow. I suppose many of the young politicians who are going to vote against this Budget feel a good deal like I did then. But I have gotten over all that. I used often to have recourse to Sir Richard Cartwright for advice; but Sir Richard would say; never mind, old boy; God bless you; you are a free trader—do as you like. Then Doctor Landerkin, and Jim Sutherland and Billy Gibson, the whips, would pass around among us young Liberals and say: "Don't you mind these little motions; they are just put forward to embarrass and put you in the hole. Stand by your party; that is the only way you will ever get anywhere." Well, I stood by the party fairly well—when I look back, I think that I stood by it a hanged sight too well. But I began to see that it was not going to work, and I began to express my views on these issues. I did my level best to stand by the old '93 platform of the Liberal party under which every vestige of protection was supposed to disappear from the tariff, although the platform did not state it exactly as Sir Wilfrid Laurier did in a speech at Winnipeg, at the time when he said that the goal of the Liberal party; was free trade as they have it in England. We were to get the abolition of the appointment of members of Parliament, to office which was a great scandal among the Liberals in those days; we were to have the abolition of railway subsidies which were denounced in the company literature of the party as a bountiful source of jobbery, speculation and corruption—and what all we were not to get I have not time to tell you in the time at

[Mr. Richardson.]