

Since my debut, nearly 45 years ago, on the stormy waves of politics. I have spent 40 in opposition, in voluntary exile, in the desert, while every personal, selfish interest whispered, "Jump on," "Embarque." Sir Sandford Fleming, no mean authority, holds fast to the doctrine that an engineer should not touch politics with a forty foot pole. No doubt, in a wordly sense, he is right. Either that or "run with the hare and hunt with the hounds." In all these long years I have lived in a locality where Sir John MacDonald truly said, "A Grit could not be elected pound-keeper in Ottawa." Ottawa had long been a temple and shrine dedicated to the patron goddess of Toryism. None could enter without cleansing and absolution, evermore renouncing and denouncing Liberal heresies. If St. Paul, or an angel, ay, Christ Himself, came again on earth, and made Ottawa headquarters, should he develop any Liberal leanings, he would not only be unpopular, but slandered, maligned, ay—crucified. Rather than forego my convictions I have been resigned to submit to poverty. Yes, I have been resigned to submit to what is infinitely more galling to a proud and sensitive nature—malicious abuse, slander, calumny, wilful villification, deliberate misrepresentation. But throughout the whole unenviable ordeal I have held an erect head, an eye flashing contempt on my traducers, as became a man of high ideals.

A Band of Moral Assassins.

There is today in this town a band of moral assassins, who make it their special mission to go round button-holing strangers, warning them to beware of that "disreputable fellow, O'Hanly, to whom no respectable person would be seen talking." They have been particularly active in plying their vile trade since the advent to power of the "Grits." They realize that a man of my integrity, a man of my ability, standing in the very front rank of the civil engineering profession in British North America, a man of my disinterestedness, a man of my fidelity, under circumstances the most trying and tempting

which have ever conspired to lure and alienate a human being from his political allegiance, should have some say in the counsels of a party he has done so much to build up. They hope by such disreputable tactics to frustrate a just recognition of such sacrifices and eminent services. They know that I am too proud to crawl, fawn or flatter, or stoop to the methods of the time-servers. They know that the man has yet to be born after whom I would run. Never having been a persona grata in the Tory wigwam, they could, with Conservatives in, rest on their oars. Yet these vile creatures would be highly honored in being permitted to "shine my boots."

The late Hon. Malcolm Cameron, than whom Canada has not produced a nobler, a purer or better son, used to tell a quaint story of my detractors, and their name is legion. I will give it in his own words, as near as I can: "A few weeks ago in the round room of the Russell, I sat beside two men in earnest conversation. One was a stranger. I could discern that the conversation was about you, and listened. My vis a vis was drawing a vocal sketch of your biography. After a while I dipped in my paddle and said: 'Mr. Smith, I couldn't but overhear your conversation. Will you tell me something that O'Hanly has said or done, which a respectable citizen oughtn't to say or do?' He scratched his head, looked wise and pondered. He was evidently non-plussed at my query. At length he said: 'He applied to the late John Egan for a situation:—and that is his great crime, eh? Mr. Smith, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, deliberately robbing an innocent man of his character and bearing false witness against your neighbor. I have heard others talk like you. I put the same question to them, and their answers have been just as puerile, just as frivolous as yours. O'Hanly's great crime is, and you know it, and his other Tory defamers know it too—he is a staunch Liberal, an uncompromising Radical whom Tory gold can't buy. He can't be had, and the

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