

exceedingly dangerous, and which make one exceedingly anxious for the future. I have not been afraid for one minute from the beginning of the war, as to the ultimate results of our fighting. (Hear, hear and applause). When interviewed by a newspaper man a fortnight after the war opened, I said it would be a long war, lasting two or three years and most likely longer. He asked, "Have you any dread of the war going against us?" I replied, "Not the slightest." (Hear, hear). I said, "Our soldiers will thrash them; we will go at it with vigour and I am sure we will defeat them; but there is one haunting dread in my mind, that when our men have fought and died for our Empire, when they have won brilliant victories, when they have got our enemy beaten, that then some philosophic fool or diplomat or politician will come in, and give away all that our men have died for." (Applause). I foresaw that danger before the war had lasted a fortnight, and now I begin to see the first symptom of the intrigue, to try and take away from us what we have won, and to do it by treachery and by a diplomatic trick. We have to consider most seriously what we ought to do in the face of this. I wrote a letter to one of our papers a short time ago in which I said that the Allies should give no indication of what their terms were; that they should put no weapon in the hands of the enemy, nor aid him to incite his people to further exertions. Now that they have made this effort, there is no reason why an individual like myself, should not say what I think ought to happen to them; (Hear, hear and laughter) they can't use what I say as a weapon in Germany, to urge their people to go on further with the fight, but I might say something to-day that might have some little influence towards causing people to look upon this question in the proper light. (Hear, hear).