

something like one thousand million dollars richer, and they would have numbered 2,000,000 more than they do today. The result, sir, would have been that the people of Canada would have been spared.

THAT CARAVAN OF CORRUPTION which ran throughout Canada from 1875 to 1896, or at any rate to 1891. (Cheers.) Sir, must I recall to these honorable gentlemen the events which marked the expulsion of Sir Hector Langevin from power under the charges brought forward by my honorable friend the Minister of Public Works? Must I recall to their recollection the comments which were made by the English press at that particular time as to the result of thirteen years of Conservative administration? It is well that I should do so, because I know that a great many honorable gentlemen were not in the House at the time and these things very soon pass from people's memory. I am perfectly sure, but I think I am perfectly within bounds when I say that there is not one man in five out of the 213 who now hold seats here who held seats in 1891, certainly not one in four. The London Times then took occasion to say:

"Here in the mother country there can be only one feeling, that of deep regret for the wrong done to the fair fame of the eldest of her daughter nations by the lax morality of her politicians."

The London Graphic went on to say: "It is no longer possible to doubt that corruption in its worst form is rampant in a large portion of the Canadian civil service."

The St. James Gazette observes: "The existence of an organized system of corruption among public officials in Canada has been conclusively proved, and like everything else on the American continent the bribery has been colossal."

The Graphic Dispatch went on to say:

"The secret of Sir John Macdonald's electoral victories is out. On this side of the water surprise has often been expressed at the patience with which our Canadian cousins submitted to the Tory protectionist rule of that party of political intrigue. There is now, alas, no difficulty in explaining that curious situation. Sir John's government rested on a stupendous and all-prevailing system of bribery and corruption. Even Tammany Hall smells sweet and clean in comparison with the huge stink pot of Sir John's government."

I am not bringing these disagreeable matters up for nothing. I want the House to remember that these expressions were made long before a great deal more which I subsequently brought to light in respect to the dealings of Sir Adolphe Caron in certain counties had been made manifest. Only a corner of the veil was lifted, yet that was the impression produced on the public opinion by the result of that small exposure. It would have given me very little trouble if I had chosen to have developed the exposures which I caused to be made in Sir Adolphe Caron's case a matter of eight or nine years ago.

And if the House does not know why I spared further exposures my reasons were these: I thought that quite enough had been done to show future historians in what sort of fashion rule was maintained from 1875 to 1891. It used to be said that there are certain anatomists to whom, if you show a bone of any given vertebra, they are able to construct the entire animal. It does not require a political Owen or a political Cuvier to construct the colossal scheme of corruption which prevailed in these years from the evidence which myself and the Minister of Public Works have caused to be put on record. (Cheers.) Sir, I might, no doubt, have sent a dozen or two Conservative heeled to the penitentiary, or at least to the St. John's cell, but I did not think it was worth my while. However, if the honorable gentlemen desire further information; if they are filled with a burning desire to know why the Langevin block cost something over a million dollars; if they want to know why Quebec harbor stands in our books for \$3,700,000; if they want to know why the St. Charles branch, a matter of thirteen miles of railway, has cost over \$2,000,000—some \$200,000 more than the acquisition of the Drummond Railway cost altogether I believe—if they want to know that; if they want to know what became of the subsidies for the St. John Railway; if they want to know what happened to the subsidies for the St. John Railway; if they want to know what happened to the subsidies for the Temiscouata Railroad, it won't be very difficult to obtain the information for them. (Cheers and laughter.)

Why, sir, these were days in which the mere camp followers of the Conservative party were allowed to plunder the people to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Has the House forgotten the St. John Railway? I made of that eminent gentleman Mr. John Charles Rykert, when I showed and proved that for \$2,000 he had been allowed to purchase from the Government a part of the public domain which he sold afterwards for \$200,000; when I showed and proved—and so did other gentlemen here—that Mr. Robillard, another camp follower, had been allowed to obtain property belonging to the wards of this country, property belonging to the Indians of this country, for \$16, which he sold within a few months for \$50,000 hard cash? Well, indeed, might Mr. Rykert say, when appealing to his electors, that it was very hard that I should have singled him out when I knew—and he spoke the truth there—while I knew that there were scores as guilty as himself who had sat in judgment on him.

Mr. Hughes (Victoria)—How much did seats in the Senate bring in those days?

The Minister of Trade and Commerce—What did my honorable friend say? Mr. Hughes (Victoria)—I asked what was the price of seats in the Senate in those days?

The Minister of Trade and Commerce—If the honorable gentleman chooses to inquire he would not have much trouble in ascertaining. I have heard very considerable sums named.

Mr. Bennett—\$10,000.

The Minister of Trade and Commerce—I have heard a considerable amount put down as the price of a seat in the Senate under the Conservative regime, and if the honorable gentleman desires it, the information on that subject may be forthcoming at no distant date. (Cheers.)

MONUMENT FOR THOMAS MCGREEVY.

Sir, when I contemplate the colossal corruption that existed then, upon my word there is only one man in the whole lot for whom I feel, or for whose fate I feel inclined to bestow the slightest

commiseration, and that man is Mr. Thomas McGreevy. (Laughter.) Upon my word, sir, when we reflect on what that man did and what that man suffered; and I reflect that that man was a beggar and broken-hearted; when I reflect on what he did for the party and how the party required him, I will say to these honorable gentlemen that if they are moved to atone for the sins of the predecessors; if there is any true repentance in them, let them go to my honorable friend the Minister of Public Works, and I will back their request; let them beg a plot for a little way from the edge of these parliament buildings and let them erect there a monument to Mr. Thomas McGreevy, and I will supply the inscription. That inscription will be:

"To the memory of Thomas McGreevy, victim and martyr, who died for the Conservative party in power in 1875 and kept them in power regardless of expense for thirteen years. Who was put in prison and bankrupted by them."

"Had he served his country half as faithfully as he served his party leaders, the name of Thomas McGreevy would have stood high on the roll of Canadian patriots." (Cheers and laughter.)

THE PRICE PAID FOR CHARLATANS IN THE GOVERNMENT.

Now, sir, why do I recall these things? I recall them for one purpose and for that alone. I want that future historians and the people of this country may know and be able to point out what sort of a price the people have to pay, when they choose to substitute plausible charlatans for able and capable and faithful public servants. Further, these things are very apt to slip from the public mind. I know very well that the co-temporary history of all things is the least known by the men of today. We are constantly disposed to forget them. Ordinary business men and ordinary professional men really know nothing of the co-temporary history of their own time, and even in our own House members succeed others so fast that all recollection of these things is apt to pass away within very short time. But, sir, I think the House should understand one thing; it would be well that the honorable gentlemen and it would be well that the country should understand one thing, and that is: protection (at any rate as they practiced it) and corruption are practically convertible terms. (Cheers and laughter.)

I do not mean to say that the Government may be corrupt and yet not protectionist. That may be. But I do say that human nature, being as it is, it is almost impossible for a government to be protectionist and escape being corrupt. And I will add this further: I will add that while I think protection and corruption are practically inseparable; I will add that I likewise believe for my part, that protection and freedom are all but absolutely incompatible. On that I will give you words more eloquent than anything I can utter. Here are some remarks which are very much indeed to the purpose. The gentleman whom I quote says:

"I come to expose to you the policy of the Liberal party. Let me tell you that policy may be resumed in the good old-fashioned 'freedom' in every sense of the term; freedom of speech, freedom of action, freedom of religious life and civil life, and last, not least, freedom in commercial life. * * *

"In the American Republic you have the line of cleavage which exists between the Liberal party and the Conservative party—the question of free trade. We stand for freedom, they stand for restriction; they stand for servitude; we stand for freedom."

"I denounce to you the policy of protection as bondage; yes, bondage, and I refer to bondage in the same manner in which the American slavery was bondage, not in the same degree, perhaps, but in the same manner. * * *

"In the same manner the people of this country, the inhabitants of the city of Winnipeg especially, are toiling for a master who takes away, not every cent of profit, but a very large percentage. We stand for freedom, they stand for restriction; they stand for servitude; we stand for freedom."

"The Minister of Trade and Commerce—Thirty-five per cent may or may not be protection. Thirty per cent may be a large revenue tariff or it may be a grossly protective tariff. It depends entirely on how applied. Thirty-five per cent as against American goods is a high revenue tariff and as against British goods it would be a protective and prohibitive tariff. The gentleman from whom I am quoting goes on to say:

"I do not tell you that we must have no taxation, but I do say that the Government has no right to take a cent from you for the purpose of the subsidy of the revenue, and if the Government takes from you any portion of your earnings, whether the portion be large or small, to give to somebody else, that Government is as much a robber as the highway man who puts a pistol to your forehead and says: 'Your purse or your life.'"

Admirable sentences, admirably expressed with that force and eloquence with which my right honorable friend (Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier) usually puts the case before his audience. (Cheers.)

Mr. Maclean—Is that a warning?

The Minister of Trade and Commerce—A warning to you.

Mr. Maclean—A warning to your leader.

The Minister of Trade and Commerce—I hope it is a warning to you, but I am afraid the honorable gentleman (Mr. Maclean) is not greatly gifted in the way of taking it. I say that if you wish to see Canada ten years hence as British press was ringing with their sentences I read, you have only to return to the Conservative Government and to the good old Conservative ways of a protective tariff.

CHANCES ARE COMING BACK TO US AGAIN.

Now, sir, I turn to a more pleasing side of the question. We cannot undo the past; we cannot recover our lost legions; we cannot recover our lost opportunities, and it may be that we have lost more than we are aware of, because at this moment there are other formidable competitors springing up whom we may soon have to face. I have noticed with considerable interest the enormous development now taking place in Siberia. It may be that in wheat and other kinds of agricultural produce that country may enter into a formidable competition with the people of North America, especially the people of Canada. But although nearly a quarter of a century has been thrown away, although Canada has done little more than mark time for a generation, I believe that time is past,

and that the chances are coming back to us again. Great fertile areas are lying open to us, and we must bring people to them. The process has well begun, indeed no sign of the times is more wholesome and hopeful than that the number of immigrants coming from the United States to Canada has risen from 7,000 to 17,000. I warn our people to beware that they do not check the progress now going on. No idle dream to say that we do as well within the next decade as Dakota and Minnesota have done, we may look for a population of two millions, or at the lowest a million and a half, in the valleys of the Saskatchewan, the Red River and the Assiniboine, and in the vast territory that extends towards the Peace River district; and we may double the volume of our trade. I do not altogether take sides with those who present themselves to us as our friends in the Northwest; but I heartily sympathize with them in the view they take of the great future that awaits Canada if she will only stretch out her hand and seize the opportunity that presents itself to her. And let me say further, to the people of Canada; if you are desirous of entering into a controversy or a commercial war with the United States, show them that you have a population increasing faster than theirs, that you have a volume of trade far in excess of theirs. Then, indeed, you may reasonably hope in a comparatively short space of time to have them knocking at your door. This is for Canada the true path to greatness, the true path to wealth.

LET US NOT TURN OUR BACKS UPON IT.

Let us lay the lesson of the census to heart. I say it was a national disgrace that the increase of Canada during those 20 years was far less than that took place in the same period in old and long-settled European countries. I have heard it said by honorable gentlemen opposite, and by some friends of mine, that Canada is a dumping-ground for American manufacturers. I have heard plaintive walls that heathen hordes are entering the country. God or of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association before their eyes, come to Canada and actually have the audacity to sell goods to Canadian consumers at a price that is higher than which they sell to their own people. It is even said, though this lacks proof, that they sell them at less than cost. In their greed to monopolize so profitable a trade, and it is said that there are some Canadians who are unprincipled, so dead to all notions of honor and duty, they will actually purchase American goods for no better reason than the fact that they can obtain them better and cheaper than they can similar goods from their own country. (Laughter.)

It is a very sad state of things, no doubt. But to my mind it is a much sadder thing that Canada should be, as Canada was for eighteen years, under the National Policy, a breeding-ground for fraud and dishonesty. Here is where Canada was landed in 1896 in depopulation and stagnation, utter incapacity to utilize her vast territory, and corruption practically reducing it to a fine. Now, I counsel the people of Canada not to copy Yankee views. I do not want them to imitate the Yankee fiscal policy or Yankee political methods. I desire, like honorable gentlemen opposite, that Canadians should think for themselves and act for themselves; and if they will imitate the people of the United States, I advise them to imitate their good qualities, not their bad ones. Let them imitate their pluck, their patriotism, their energy, their push, their skill in developing and utilizing their waste territory. If they will do that, sir, I have no fear for the result. Take it all in all, I say that

THE RECORD OF THE LAST FOUR YEARS.

Is a grand record, a credit to the country and a credit to the Government. The progress of our trade in that period has been very great, and if I am correct in the statement I have made tonight, the recovery of our people in population in the last four years has been relatively as great as the expansion of our trade. The Government inquiry into our trade, the Government scrutiny of the facts will bear out my assertions. Sir, I repeat the assertion with which I commenced. I say that the best test of a nation's progress, at least a nation like Canada, with enormous quantities of fertile land wholly untouched, is the increase of her population; and I say that Canada can stand that test now, and she will be in a position to stand it infinitely better ten years hence. But, but, but, our national humiliation will be effaced, and Canada will be in the van. She will have a larger trade in proportion to her population than the United States, a faster growth, a better security for life and property, a better fiscal system and infinitely more freedom.

CANADA HAS ENORMOUS RESOURCES.

Now, sir, I am not given to idle gush, as this House knows; but I believe that our resources have been barely scratched. I believe we have enormous resources, the extent of which we have scarcely begun to realize. With half a continent unexplored, we can only imagine what possibilities yet lie before us. After what we have seen in the Klondike, who shall say that the barren region of the Arctic zone may not contain riches like those of the Rand? Who shall say that the region of Hudson Bay, or the region of Labrador, or the region of the Mackenzie River or the Great Slave Lake—these regions which are only geographical expressions today, may not become the richest of the world? But there is no need of talking of possibilities. The Red River Valley, the Saskatchewan Valley, the Assiniboine Valley, the Peace River Valley, are realities; and the progress which the Western states have made is a reality, too. We have room for a population of at least fifty millions. We have marvelous water powers, the value of which we are just beginning to realize. We have vast mineral resources. We have a fair and fair play and freedom, and if we are true to ourselves and persevere in the path we have entered upon in the last five years, I believe that the record of the last five years will surpass that of the last fifteen years. A great burst of cheering greeted the speaker as he took his seat.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the inflammation of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, and all the chest troubles which it has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Doubly Blest

The man maintained a perfectly stolid expression at this rather startling manner of addressing him. The only evidence of surprise—if, indeed, he was taken by surprise—that he evinced was to swallow rather hard before he replied.

"Hum; I'm Joseph Archibald, marm; the 'Trowbridge' is a name I'm not in the habit of having tacked on to it."

"Nevertheless, that is your surname," Miss Pomeroy retorted, with bold assurance, "only for some mysterious reason, you have chosen to drop it here in Chicago."

"Well, young woman, you are certainly a cool one! Who may you be, if you please?"

She passed him a card with "Miss Laura Pomeroy" engraved upon it. Mr. Archibald deliberately stood his umbrella up in a corner, removed his hat, then, drawing forth a pair of huge alligator spectacles, he adjusted them upon the bridge of his nose, before he read the name aloud.

"Miss Laura Pomeroy," he read, "you must," he briefly returned, regarding her searchingly over the rims of his glasses, but changing color a trifle notwithstanding.

The girl gave vent to a low, mellow laugh, her dusky eyes glowing maliciously as she looked at him.

"Let me 'back' something on to the end of that, and see if I cannot refresh your memory a trifle," she said, and, drawing a pencil from her pocket, took the card from his hand, wrote a single word upon it, and then handed it back to him, archly, though with a slight sneer.

"There, Uncle Joseph, I don't believe you deny your identity," she said. Then his eyes sought the bit of paste-board again, whereupon a genuine exclamation of astonishment burst from his lips.

"Bless my crown! I don't believe it, though," he said, bending a searching gaze upon her, and losing much of his ruddy color.

"Don't you? I think you do, Mr. Trowbridge," Laura replied, and, quivering with suppressed emotion, she inquired, after a moment, his lips twitching spasmodically over the words:

"Dead?"

Mr. Archibald staggered to a chair and sank into it, his lips pale as ashes now.

"Did you not receive my letter informing you of my service medals being awarded to Lieut.-Col. J. R. Wilkinson and Major F. H. Laing?"

The St. Thomas Street Railway Company, which was in the crown of his head, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

He died in London about two months ago. I wrote immediately to tell you, and asking, too, if I might come here and put myself under your protection, as I had no relative in England," Laura explained.

"Not getting any reply, and being very lonely, I thought I wouldn't wait again, but come directly to you."

"I never got the letter; you must have directed it wrong. What—what did your mother say?"

"Heart disease, and very suddenly. But, really, I didn't think you would be so hard on Uncle Joseph. Miss Pomeroy remarked, with a covert sneer, her beautiful lips curling a trifle.

"I didn't think I would, either," he returned, in a harsh, bitter tone. "I'm sure I've had enough to hate her, but to mind when he died."

"Tried to hate your sister, Uncle Joseph," murmured Miss Pomeroy, respectfully.

He turned upon her with a fierceness that startled her.

"I don't know what was not my sister!" he retorted. "You know there was never a drop of kindred blood in our veins—that Canadian blood in her veins—she was my mother's daughter, and I was her son."

Life, without taking it up as a profession," Mr. Archibald said, dryly. "I am afraid you haven't a very excited opinion of my sex, Uncle Joseph," the girl remarked, with deprecating smile.

"I haven't," he curtly said. "My experience has taught me to regard all men as cheats, and all women, with one or two exceptions, as frauds."

Miss Pomeroy's dusky eyes snapped angrily at this. She was beginning to feel that she was never once suspected that half this brusqueness and criticism was assumed, more for the sake of testing her than because he desired to be disagreeable.

She had been bitterly disappointed upon her arrival in Chicago not to find Joseph Trowbridge, her mother's early lover and life-long benefactor, who, she had been taught to believe, was a very wealthy man.

She had been prepared to use all her art to worm herself into his good graces, with the hope, ultimately, of becoming his heir. Indeed, this had been her mother's hope for years, notwithstanding that she knew he had never forgiven her father's desertion of her, and she believed him to be immensely wealthy.

But, this was not the main reason for her coming to America. She was a trifle, it was not an intriguant, she had fallen in securing Mr. Trowbridge's supposed wealth, and also in waiting for her husband, who had been provided most liberally for her ever since her husband's desertion of her, and she believed him to be immensely wealthy.

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WESTERN ONTARIO

Live Items Culled for Busy People's Information.

W. H. Ashton has tendered his resignation as a lieutenant of the Essex Fusiliers, and has been awarded, in lieu of his service medals, a sword and a pair of spurs.

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"Yes, I know all this. Of course, mamma told me, but she always regarded you as a brother; she loved—"

"Don't mention the word in connection with her," the old man commanded authoritatively. "Anna Pomeroy never knew what it meant, or if she had any love at all in her heart."

"Once that she was good and true," he went on, talking more to himself than to his visitor. "We grew up together on the best of terms; when she was twenty and I thirty she made me believe that she loved me. She proposed to marry me, the day was set for our marriage, when she ran away to Europe with that scamp, your father, a man nearly twice her age."

"She deserted her husband," he discovered she was not the rich girl he believed her to be. Did you know this, too, Laura Pomeroy, as you call yourself? I don't wonder that you have dropped your father's name, if you did."

"Yes, I have long known all this story," Uncle Joseph responded, calmly; "but I think you are rather hard on poor mamma. She was sorry for her treatment of you, she reported, and believed that you had forgiven her."

"Yes, she repented when she found herself estranged from me," he said, "but I never forgave her—never!" Mr. Archibald returned, with bitter emphasis.

Laura smiled slightly at his excitement.

"Then why were you so good to her? Why did you give her such a generous answer?" she asked, sweetly. The man grew very red in the face, and the veins stood out hard as iron on his forehead at this pointed question.

"I felt bound to! Her mother was a good wife to my father as long as she lived, and she was a pleasant home for me, and I couldn't let her daughter suffer," he said, with an embarrassed air.

"That was very kind of you," Uncle Joseph said, appreciatively; "but if I had known how bitter you were toward mamma, I—I hardly think that she would have ventured to come to you, for it would be but natural that your dislike should extend to me also."

Railways and Navigation

EASTER HOLIDAY

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Round Trip Tickets will be issued as follows: General Public—Single First Class fare, going March 27 to 31, inclusive, returning up to and including April 1. Teachers and Students (on surrender of standard certificate signed by principal)—Single First Class Fare and One Third, going March 27 to 31, inclusive, good to return until April 8, 1902.

Territory—Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and east, and to but not from, Buffalo, N.Y., Black Rock, N.Y., Niagara Falls, N.Y., and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

W. FULTON, city passenger agent, 161 Dundas street, corner Richmond, London, Ont. A. H. NOTMAN, assistant general passenger agent, 1 King street east, Toronto.

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EASTER HOLIDAY

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Will be issued at

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE,

going March 27 to 31, inclusive, returning up to and including April 1, 1902.

Teachers and Students

on presentation of standard certificate at one fare and a third, good going March 27 to 31, inclusive; returning up to and including April 8, 1902. For particulars apply to C. C. YOUNG, general agent, city ticket office, 6a Masonic Temple, Richmond street, or G. T. R. station.

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EASTER HOLIDAYS

RETURN TICKETS

Will be issued

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

going March 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31, inclusive, returning up to and including April 1, 1902, between all stations in Canada.

All stations in Canada to and from Detroit and Port Huron, Mich. All stations to but not from Buffalo, N.Y., Black Rock, N.Y., Niagara Falls, N.Y., Suspension Bridge, N.Y., and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

Teachers and students of schools and colleges, on surrender of standard certificate, signed by principal, at Single First-Class Fare and One-Third, going March 27 to 31, inclusive, returning up to and including April 8, 1902.

For further particulars apply to agents Grand Trunk Railway System, or E. DE LA HOOKE, C. P. and T. A., "Clock" corner, London street, or C. DICKSON, district passenger agent.

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