

not say a word, and he said nothing. He was sitting on one of the back seats, and in the course of the evening, when there was a lull in the debate, one of the pages handed him a slip of paper. He opened it and found on it those memorable words which afforded such exceeding consolation to the member for Simcoe, which he had no doubt had been lithographed and framed by all the leaders of the Conserative party and hung up as an ornament in their houses—an heirloom to be handed down to their children's children to the third and fourth generations. They had taken the trouble to lithograph it, so that each member of the party might have a copy; and perhaps the member for Simcoe, being a shining light in the great spittoon party, had been entrusted with the keeping of the original document. How that might be he did not know, but it was one of those exceeding rare treasures that no doubt would form one of the permanent documents of the great party of which he supposed the hon. member had not hesitated to pronounce himself the leader, namely, the great spittoon and water-closet spoliation party. What he (Mr. W.) did with this paper he did not know. He believed he tore it in two pieces and threw it on the floor. That was the whole foundation for the charge of the hon. gentleman. Persons might infer from that just precisely what they chose. But what the hon. gentleman charged was that while he was a member of the Government and sitting upon the Treasury benches he received a note from Mr. Blake, telling him that was the proper time to rise and make his resignation. That was the charge. If that were not the charge, there was no pertinence in it. He