

in with a parliament against it, and today we have no parliament. I think this time we have the chance of the celluloid cat in Dante's inferno chased by an asbestos dog. The only reason this *Codvention* was called was to get that \$30,000 messenger service to Ottawa, for something that was there four years before they went, according to the wise man from the East End in reporting on the Black Books, the amount of work done by the delegation there, those secret documents I have before me — the scratch log, I call it. Never in the history of human endeavour did so much come out of so little. What manner of men do they think we are? They forget Honest Abe said, "You can't fool all the people, all the time."

There has been a lot of talk about flour and the price. Everybody seems to forget that in peacetimes we get flour cheaper than any other part of the world. I know in 1929, I put six barrels of flour in my house for \$4.86 a barrel. I wish I could put it there today. About a month later at Halifax, I was in my sister's home when she paid \$5.60 for the same brand of flour, and a month afterwards, making up the vessel's accounts at Gloucester, flour was charged at \$6.50 per barrel. 1939 flour cost landed \$3.40 per barrel, was sold to grocers in St. John's for \$3.80 per barrel, while flour was retailing for \$5.20 per barrel in Nova Scotia. But see how they treat us now?... Now the price of flour is \$9.20 per 100 lb. sack. The trade here wanted to take only enough to fill the northern orders, but Canada forced them to take the full allocation, thus depriving Newfoundland of the advantage of the lower wheat price and forcing our people to pay 46 cents more per barrel for flour for Newfoundlanders, we being their best customer.

Mr. Chairman, I cannot support this fraud that is being put over on the people of this country, to me it is plain power politics. That's the suspicion I had at the beginning, and the way things have gone in this house only makes me more certain that I have taken part in the greatest piece of codology that was ever foisted on an innocent and long-suffering people, and I cannot support it. I must apologise to the people whose money I have squandered, it's been an education to me. I hope it has done some good to the country. I have one thing more to speak about, Mr. Chairman, it is a speech made a few days ago about politics being brought into the Convention. By whom? By me?

I had never heard the word confederation mentioned, and I had hardly time to get a haircut before I was buttonholed about that form of government by that same gentleman that made that speech. Now I hate to lie down under the accusation that I injected anything into this, that was contrary to the job we had to do, but try to ram something down my throat! But a week after I came in, I found out from Canada and Company that I was digging my political grave.... I said before that I would not touch it with an insulated fish fork, and I cannot vote for it in any shape or form. For if we do not accept it, I know the British government will put it on. If it goes through I hope and pray it will be a good thing for the country. I won't worry if I'm called a fool — only too glad to be called so. For I want the best for our people and I do not think this is the best. In fact, while the world is in the flux and chaos it is in today, I would put nothing on the country which the people could not change. I think there are better days ahead, and if we can reach that point all will be well. As I see it now, if the British government puts it through against the advice of the majority of the Convention, then if it doesn't work and I do not think it will, then our people will be in a fighting frame of mind and through agitation with good leaders they will get a better subsidy or a bribe to keep their mouths shut. I'm sure Canada is going to get a bear by the tail if she gets Newfoundland, and I know it, and I am not going to support it. I am not going to tie any leader's hands of the future. I'll be alongside his elbow if you can come back.

One thing, I listened to Mr. Smallwood's graphic description of profits. I was glad to hear that, for I have taken an oath that if it ever comes again, if it's a crust for one, it's a crust for all. Well, Mr. Smallwood's idea of the commission merchant was graphic. I call him a muleskinner. Now that animal does not work alone in the woods on Water Street; he is on all the streets and he is going to turn the world upside down if he keeps on. Now in that Paradise Harbour that Mr. Smallwood is piloting this ship of state to, the woods are full of them. He forgot to mention that, and our Uncle Sam has so many of them, he has got them in his beard. I think he invented them or he brought them up to scratch. Those down here are only pikers, but they are learning fast. I remember 1939, we loaded here in St. John's, we