

ance. Now the further question that arises is this: What potent and soporific drug had been administered to the Postmaster General, that lynx-eyed man of business and reader of constitutional law, what strange mixture had been administered to the Minister of Finance, generally clear-headed and long-sighted, and to our incomparable Minister of Customs—what had been administered in order to put them into a sleep of months, whilst that aptly-worded, finely phrased clause concealed within its innocent outside the foundation and formation of an irrevocable constitutionally ear-marked sectarian endowment, than which there has been none greater in the history of the world? The Postmaster General was a member of the sub-committee that framed the Bill. The Postmaster General has only one of two alternatives: Either he did not know what was in that clause, and consequently he is unworthy of his position; or he did know it, and he assented to it; and if it had not been for the superior nerve of the Minister of the Interior, this country would have been no wiser to this day, that clause might have gone through, and the Postmaster General would have had to father the responsibility of it. Now has the Postmaster General any excuse to offer? Was he on that sub-committee? Did he help to frame that clause? Did he assent to what the ex-Minister of the Interior said the other day? He applauded his utterance, silent under the lash, but he assented to it. What excuse has he, with his former record staring him in the face, read and known of all men in this country? What excuse had he for attempting to ear-mark with a constitutional and irrevocable ear-mark, such an endowment as that for sectarian purposes in the great Northwest? That is a question which the Postmaster General must answer. The same question may be put to the Minister of Customs and to the Minister of Finance.

But I thought I noticed—am I wrong, Mr. Speaker?—I thought I noticed that when the ex-Minister of the Interior was flourishing that lash, lead-loaded, and bringing it down on the backs of certain former colleagues, and when he mentioned casually the existence of a draftsman, he was most particularly—not with a tear in his eye, not with a mournful countenance, but it seemed to me with something like a manly glee—watching the effect of the tip of the lash on the back of the Minister of Justice. May be I was wrong in my supposition. If so, I give it just for what it is worth. But other things aside, the Minister of Justice, I am sure, will not shelter himself behind the back of a draftsman, the Minister of Justice will take the responsibility for that clause, and in common parlance, it will be up to him to explain why, surreptitiously, shall I say, concealed in fine legal phrase, he got ahead of the Minister of Customs, got ahead of the lynx-eyed Postmaster Gen-

eral, got ahead even of his premier, it may be, and concealed in that verbiage the potency and power of a most wonderful, and remarkable, and enduring instrument. It is for the Minister of Justice to explain that matter.

Now, either the Minister of the Interior is right or he is wrong. Why do I conclude that he is right? Because he has absolutely forced the government, after he had gone out of the government, to come to his terms, and they had three weeks afterwards to employ another draftsman—I am glad to say they did not get another Minister of Justice—but certainly to employ another draftsman, and to take out the concealed virus that was in section 16, No. 1, and substitute for it the plain and easily read verbiage of section 16, No. 2. Now the Minister of the Interior made his protest on these grounds. Three weeks brought him back into this House triumphant, leading the premier and his colleagues in leash, and administering the lash to those sleepy, or incompetent, or careless ministers who allowed such a thing to get into clause 16, No. 1, and came near doing it to the everlasting death of the sturdy yeoman of the Northwest. This last incident is the most dramatic of any that has occurred so far. But we live in a time and we are in a House where we may expect almost anything. Does anybody suppose that this is the last dramatic incident that will take place? To-morrow, may be, we will have the announcement that the Minister of the Interior, formerly the victorious man in his three weeks copstet, will be re-seated on the government benches and in possession of his old portfolio. It may be—the premier was not ready to answer the question to-day, but he thought that he might to-morrow. By the efflux of time I believe it will be a pretty near to-morrow if it is to be in the affirmative.

But here is another thought that comes up at the same time. All this, as I said at first, is in pursuance of an hypothesis that the Prime Minister had determined to put this thing through, cost what it might, and these are the methods he has taken to put it through—the autocratic methods. What is the inducement that brought back the Minister of the Interior and joined him again to his colleagues, his leader and his party, in the advocacy—no, not in the advocacy, but in the voting support of this measure that is now before the House? What was the inducement—because there were strong inducements on the other side. On the other side were his principles, on the other side was his record from the old Manitoba times up to the present; on the other side was his reputation before the country as an adherent of principle. What was on this side in order to induce the Minister of the Interior to come back and put himself en rapport with his leader and his party on a question and

Mr. FOSTER.