



REMARKABLE FORESIGHT

HOGAN—"What'r you going to make out o' him, Dempsey?"
 DEMPSEY—"The old woman tho't when he grow'd old enough to 'prentis him as a blacksmith, but by the way he hollers and cuts up every night I think he will want to be one of them college students."

THE CONSERVATIVE OUTLOOK

SPEECH OF SIR HOGGERY GRABSNEAK, K.C.M.G., AT A RECENT TORY CAUCUS.

MR. CHAIRMAN and friends, the allegiance hearty Which we owe to the grand old Conservative party Now prompts us to rally our forces again, In view of the coming Dominion campaign. Since the Grits are preparing to storm our position, It's well to get into good fighting condition, To refurbish our weapons time-honored and trusty, And see that our armor is not getting rusty. I'm sure by the manner in which you enthuse That we entertain wholly unanimous views. Our creed's but a short one, and none in our ranks Want to shove in confusing, irrelevant planks. "When you've got office, keep it"—what's plainer than that? No need of enquiring where we are at. If we're ever put out, that's the time to look round For some popular cry that will cover the ground, And to take up with fads which may win us support, But progressive ideas are ruled out of court. They are all well enough when you've office to win, But we've much better cards to play when we are in, We've offices, contracts and boodle to share, And what for new fads do our followers care? The N.P. has swelled each manufacturer's pile, They will come to our aid in the usual style, So that all we need do is to wave the old banner, And extol the N.P. in our regular manner, To repeat the old platform in substance entire, Some slight change in the wording is all we require.

I'll allow that there seemed some slight cause for dejection Arising from Dalton McCarthy's defection, But all that's passed away like the snow in spring weather McCarthy has got to the end of his tether. He can do us no harm, though the crowd he may sway, They'll fall into line before balloting day. We'll buy the bell-wethers—we know their price well— Just the way that we bought over King William Bell.

When a fellow like that makes a kick in the traces, It means he's been left in distributing places. If we've reason to fear that his influence might harm us, Do you think we allow such a thought to alarm us? Not at all—we appraise him at what he is worth, And he quickly subsides when we find him a berth, And as to the crowd whom he thinks he controls, Two dollars a head will square them at the polls. Now this being thus, you can easily see The movement's as hollow as hollow can be; When we get in our work it will quickly collapse, And all come to nothing beyond a perhaps.

Moreover, it's always an excellent scheme To save bursting the boiler by blowing off steam. There are people—there's no use the matter in blinking— Who like to imagine they do their own thinking. They are mostly quite youthful and fresh, to be sure, And will get over that as they grow more mature; But they've got to be humored—don't hold them too tight, Let them think as they please, if they only vote right. Young Conservatives soon mean to hold a convention, As a safety-valve plan I approve their intention. Let them gather and give their opinions free vent, Until their superfluous energy's spent. Although it is true for free speech I've a loathing, The young men can commit the old party to nothing. They'll all go home tickled and thinking that they In running the party are having a say; And then when next year the real issue's at stake, They'll be all the less likely to make a wild break. Pat the youths on the back, call them brilliant and clever, And they'll pull in the traces as meekly as ever.

The Grits may profess to be sure of success, Their writers and stumblers could hardly say less. As a party I think they can scarcely be matched At the counting of chickens before they are hatched, But why they should think so—if really they do—I cannot imagine from my point of view. I'm sure there is nothing to make us afraid In a kind of a leaning to British Free Trade Mixed up in a platform of grievous verbosity, With a hint at a measure of half-Reciprocity, It's just the old cries which have failed them before, And the N.P. will certainly triumph once more. With the Old Flag above us—I'll break off right here, As the place for a hearty spontaneous cheer.



ABSTRACTED VISION.