

OPEN LETTER TO GENERAL HARRISON.

REGINA, N.W.T., Dec. 14.

My Dear General:



RESPECTED SIR,—Your idea about completing the conquest of Canada, which was begun by your grandfather, by a purely commercial deal, has stirred up this portion of the Dominion into a regular boiling cauldron. I've talked with all our prominent men, and they say it can't be done. Our greatest legislator told me that he would tear the American Eagle up the back, and riddle the flag so that the ghost of Barbara Fritchie wouldn't know it, if you proposed to buy Canada. He was drunk when he said it, and I do not believe he would attempt it sober. Peace has spoils, as well as war, and I am going to tell you how you can manage to own Canada without rousing the bitter opposition you would have to meet if you attempt to get it in a lump.

Your old grandfather had a pretty easy time, marching through Western Ontario with only Tecumseh and a few Indians, Proctor and a handful of raw Englishmen who didn't know the country, to oppose him. You would find it a more formidable undertaking to wrest Canada from the Regina Blazers. These Blazers are men of might, descended from the old Vikings, with the best fighting blood of Canada in their veins, and they say you can never have Canada while they are able to point a gun—and they mean it, too. There is only one thing they care more for than the Dominion, and that is scrip. You might possibly buy them over by giving them all the scrip they want. You will now understand that you must use a little strategy. My proposition is this, and it is not the outcome of a champagne supper, nor the sequel to a banquet. My ideas in relation to this great question of Annexation are the offspring of a cool English brain. What you want to do, Harrison, is to buy Canada in sections and half-sections, and inside of a year you will own every foot of land outside of towns and cities. Even in large cities like Montreal, Toronto and Regina, you can secure quite a foothold, if you pay enough for it. After you have bought all the farms in the Dominion, and secured what city property you can, you might buy all the officials who are badly used by the Ottawa Government. Then issue an edict forbidding the United States to export a dollar's worth into Canada, and then begin ejecting your tenants here, and you have the conquest of Canada in your own hands. The plan is practicable, and will save any further Commercial Union agitation. I think you better begin buying farms around Regina. I have 640 acres of the best wheat land in the world, all fenced and treed, and will sell it to you cheap for cash. I am an Englishman, but this is no Lord Sackville West game, as I can prove by referring you to all the leading men in our town. We Englishmen are getting disgusted with native born Canadians. They are hard, people to civilize, and do not seem to appreciate our efforts to help them. I offered to represent them

in the Legislature when I first came here, and they really chose a common Canadian farmer in preference to an Englishman fresh from the old soil. You seem to manage the Negro and Irish problem very well, and may be able to control these half-civilized natives. If you find them too troublesome, get Pasteur to introduce some epidemic among them and kill them off. I think the best thing you can do is to take the train and come to Regina—come direct to my house. The Reginians will think you are on a friendly visit, and will banquet you, and you will have the best time you ever had in your life. They like to make speeches, and it will give them a good chance to expose their eloquence before the man who is President-elect of the United States. Of course when you go home you will tell your people *who* responded to the toasts, and what they said, and thus give them a world-wide reputation. Don't go to the expense of bringing a stenographer. We will furnish one free of charge. If you drop a line to Van Horne of the C. P. R. he will give you a reduction in car fare, and a compartment to yourself. Nothing mean about Van Horne. My wife would be pleased to have Mrs. Harrison come with you, and will get up a little informal reception for her, and will introduce her to all the first ladies in Regina. It will give her some pointers about holding receptions at the White House.

Drop a line to me, post office box No. —. Regina, N. W.T., a week before you start, and I will meet you at the station.

Yours with respect.

U. F. L.

P. S.—It shall not cost you a cent while you are here.

U.—

ORFUL.

"IN the type-writing contest at Toronto, last August, Miss M. E. Orr was awarded the gold medal for the championship of the world."—*Daily paper*. Quite proper if Miss Orr doesn't deserve the *Medal d'Or*, who does, anyway?



A NEW RESOLUTION.

JACK.—"Bob, a new year is about to dawn upon us. I'll stump you to swear off."

BOB.—"I've done so."

JACK.—"Nonsense. You've just had a glass of brandy."

BOB.—"Not against drinking; I've sworn off against swearing off."