

the frauds), in Toronto, and made it worth his while to leave the country so as not to be here in the event of the question coming before Parliament again in the pending session, I have never been out of touch with the most reliable sources of information about the doings of this infamous gang of political freebooters. (Cheers.) Figuratively speaking, I have been sleeping with Hector McInnes all the time. (Loud laughter.) But that is another story.

GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.

In the meantime General Headquarters appointed Lieut.-Col. Parsons chief-of-staff to Brig.-Gen. Garnet Hughes at Witley Camp, Surrey. He promptly assumed charge of the organization of officers who were to see how many fraudulent votes could be depended upon from each regiment—votes which could be allocated to constituencies other than where they were legally entitled. This military election committee had ramifications in Bramshott, Shorncliffe, Seaford, Epsom and elsewhere. It met every Monday at ten o'clock at Witley. I had a full and accurate report of the proceedings and the names of the officers present not later than Wednesday every week. (Laughter and cheers.)

MEETING A GENTLEMANLY LIAR.

So utterly damnable was their programme and the certainty of the discredit its operation would bring upon Canada, that I decided to make a personal appeal to Lieut.-Colonel Parsons to assist in running a clean election. I called on him one Sunday night, giving the excuse that rumors were current of election crookedness, which I hoped were not true. I said, "Politics is a gentleman's game in this country. Let us play the game like Englishmen. I would rather my side be buried than that there shall be occasion for a scandal. Give me your assistance in keeping the election clean and I will trust you. I won't put a scrutineer in Witley." He grasped my hand and said, "I thank you for coming. It is a gentleman's game. I pledge you my honor as an officer that there will be no election crookedness in Witley. You may trust this to me." He simply lied. On Tuesday night information reached me that Lieut.-Col. Parsons told his election committee on Monday morning that he "had fixed Preston, there will be no scrutineers, let us get on with our work; our way is now clear to bury Laurier." At ten o'clock on Sunday night, December 2nd, I had a copy of the final report of this election committee decided upon that morning, giving the number of fraudulent votes to be given by each battalion. Half an hour later I notified Gen. Hughes that my scrutineers would be at the polls next morning. (Applause.) The consternation that this caused is beyond description. The scoundrels then realized that I was on to their game. (Laughter.) Hence clapping me into prison the next day. They were mad enough to shoot. (Laughter.) It is to this depth of infamy that Canadian politics has reached under Union Government. (Hear, hear.) This could not be done by either political party—it needs the worst elements of both. (Cheers.)

THE ARISTOCRATIC FRAUDS.

But to return to Hector McInnes and Sir George Perley, particularly in connection with the details of the conspiracy or plot in France. Lieut.-Col. Frank C. Reid, to whom I referred a few minutes ago, was appointed assistant to the Clerk of the Crown-in-Chancery across the Channel. This gave him absolute charge of the soldiers' vote. I presume Lieut.-Col. Reid is a gentleman in private life. He is certainly educated, clever and has an exceedingly pleasant personality. He was selected by McInnes