

The mention of the Premier's name was like an inspiration. I at once hurried off and interviewed him. Sir John assured me positively that the report was a lie—an infernal lie of a desperate and disgruntled Opposition. Hence my calm conviction that the election will come on right away.

"READY, AYE READY!"

Such is the motto emblazoned on the Reform party flag. These are the cabalistic words which Sir Richard Cartwright has had neatly and expeditiously printed on his letter-heads. I know this for a fact, because I have interviewed several of the most lately accepted leaders, and learned a number of the most recently-adopted policies.

I found Mr. Laurier busily brushing up his trusty musket. "Our policy," he said, with a far-away look on his beautiful face, "has decided us on war. We mean to rise in insurrection and put the tyrants to death. For myself, I shall use only a gun. It was A. Gunn which killed Sir John one time in Kingston, and history is going to repeat itself. Those of our party who are not so proficient in the use of fire-arms as I am will be permitted to weapon themselves according to the dictates of their unlightened consciences. Col. Trow, for instance, will wield a tomahawk he found during his memorable North-West trip, before free passes were granted on the C.P.R. His axe will drink the blood of the Minister of Customs, who has no pity—no bowels of compassion—ha! ha! ha! involuntary, I assure you—on the importers.

"Major Jim Somerville has already a shooting-stick, borrowed from the *Banner* office, concealed in his right boot-leg. He feels like killing Tupper *filis*! These little bon-mots, my friend, are entirely spontaneous. Pray, do not think I wittingly deal in levity.

"Paterson, of Brant, has Capt. Joseph's own and only scalping-knife now undergoing repair; and, misguided man, he wants to have Nicholas Flood Davin assigned to him for despatch!

"Without going further into detail you will see that there is a large-sized splash of blood on the political moon. But say nothing till the massacre is all over, I beg of you."

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Mr. Blake told me candidly that the certain policy of the Opposition was to propose coalition and thus have the offices and things shared up. He had every hope of winning the Government over to this; otherwise he would stop his subscription to the *Empire*, and go off somewhere for his health and more briefs. In case of Coalition he would be pleased to take the portfolio of Railways.

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Mr. James David Edgar positively declared that he had been instructed by the *Globe* to announce that the Reform party's very newest policy was Annexation. No other Reform policy was genuine without the name "Annexation" blown in the bottle.

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Sir Richard Cartwright told me in savage tones that the last revised and improved policy of the Reform party was Imperial Federation, to embrace the whole of the North American continent. It was an idea of both Mr. Wiman and himself, that if this I. F. scheme succeeded, the United States would be able eventually to annex Great Britain *in toto*, instead of a mere fractional part like Canada. The ultimate aim was a secret known only



"ENGLISH, YOU KNOW."

SCENE.—Brandon, Man. Tramps just arrived per C.P.R. freight—free ride.

FIRST TOURIST.—"Pard, I'm sorry we come so far west. They's altogether too much work to be done here. What'll we do about it?"

SECOND TOURIST.—"Pshaw, that's easy. You do the English lord racket, an' I'll perform the part of your college chum, see? That'll catch 'em every time."

to himself and his friend Erastus, and he would not for the world have it disclosed at this critical juncture. I solemnly promised him it was all right.

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Mr. Mackenzie informed me unhesitatingly that the party in which he was still permitted to rank as a member had definitely decided on a Prohibition watch-word.

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Mr. Wm. Paterson whispered to me confidentially that it had been at last resolved to place him at the head of the Liberal party, and to adopt a policy of good, honest, progressive government. In taking leave of the Coming Man I ventured to observe metaphorically and in a dignified tone, that he was the stuff. Encouraged by his gentle smiles, I went on to say: "Sir William, you make the cake; you also take the cake. My candied opinion of you is, that your policy will both put the Government in a pickle and preserve this country. You have snap about you—ginger-snap, as it were. In common with a vast number of the best class of Canadians, I hold you in affec—or, rather, confectionate regard."

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From the foregoing, my dear GRIP, I leave you and the 5,000,000 souls in Canada, to judge whether the Great Reform Party has not reached a grandly decisive and noble up-shot on the much-vexed policy question!

With such a policy as I have endeavored thus plainly and dispassionately to outline, boldly enunciated, is it any wonder that rumors are current about the corridors that Sir John and his ministerial minions are packing up provisions and preparing to take to the swamp? More anon.

ANNA NYAS