

IDOL TALK.

THE PREMIER.—“People of Canada, I don't demand that you worship me as an over-ruling Providence, but if you intelligently comprehend my words, and feel that you ought to, I don't object.”

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHE.

[SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE SAME, BY PRIVATE 'OLSTER, WINNIPEG, DRAGOONS].

JEMIMER! wot a bloomin' row—
A reg'lar 'ow-de-do—
Is made about our thrashin' Riel,
The 'alf-breed Parleyvoo!
Fred sez, when hevery bloke was scared,
'E only kep' 's 'ead—
“I shouted ‘Charge!’—like Marmion—
An' not ‘Retreat!’” sez Fred.
[In sayin' so, 'twixt you an' me,
Fred states a 'eap o' bosh
Along o' ow he *did* be'ave
When 'e was Batoche.

But 'Oughton ups an' sez, sez 'e,
“Sir Fred, you're summat 'igher
In this 'ere service than I be,
Or I'd call *you* a liar.
You *know* you ordered a retreat,
Despite my remmingstrashun,
If you say no—we'll put it down
To mental habberashun.”

[I think, myself, that Fred was scared
Almost to death, begosh,
An' *did* command a quick retreat,
That morning, from Batoche.]

Sez 'Oughton, further: “If my word
Needs any more supportin'
Just go an' ask, as quick's ye like,
Of Surgeon-Major Orton
'E'll tell you 'e refused to run
From 'breed' or redskin rebel;

'E'd keep 'is post, and you—why, *you*
Could galop to the devil.”
[Which words, I think, was pooty strong
An' maybe summat rash,
But they was werry fitly spoke,
That moment at Batoche.]

The 'ole thing just hamounts to this,
(No room at all for doubt in't)
That 'Oughton's right, an' Freddy did
Precisely wot he *oughtn't*.
The Surgeon-Major, 'e was right—
'Is dooty was himportant—
And 'e is right in sayin' Fred
Was doin' wot he *Orton't*.
[Which is the reason why I say
Fred's story will not wash,
'E should *fur-bear* to speak or write
One word about Batoche.]

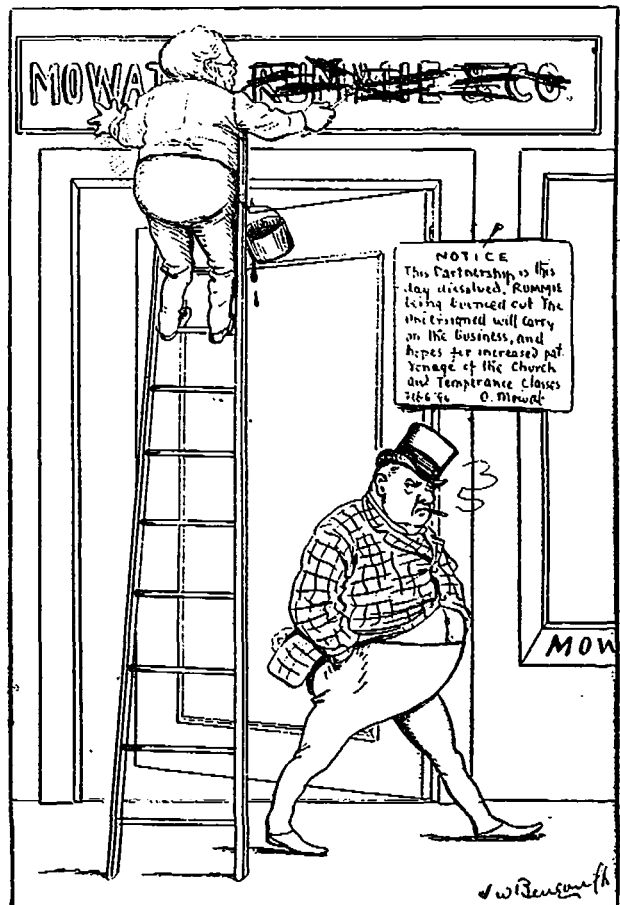
A. M. R. Gordon.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Hon. John Costigan, M.P., Secretary of State, Ottawa.

DEAR MISTER COSTIGAN:

“DID I read that rare speech of Sir John Thompson, made before The Macdonald Club,” ye ax? Yis, an' I have cum to the same conclushun as yerself that it was rare. Sertainly. I didn't find it done—not to my likin'—at laste. The high-soundin' phrasis about the “momentchus time,” “uphouldin' throe principles,” an' condemnin' the “Demigog an' the Agitathor” to perdishun, are all very well at a Tory gatherin'. But it appeared to



THE PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED,

OR, THE SITUATION AS THE PROHIBITIONISTS UNDERSTAND IT.