

word was a shot that went home. His carelessness on questions of fact was extraordinary. Following him the gay buccaneer of the West, Minister of Customs, qualifying to fill the Premier's shoes, with chest expansion and hands in pockets, only requiring the cowboy's belt and pistols to furnish a Douglas Fairbank "movie," and impudently demanding, "What are you going to do about it, anyway?" The Minister of Marine, Mr. Ballantyne, wants no investigation, remembering that certain women swarmed to the polls for him, personating respectable womanhood. An investigation into anything connected with military frauds is a nightmare to Sir Herbert Ames, reminder of Canadian boys suffering from rheumatism and dying from pneumonia through wearing boots strengthened with glue instead of leather.

WHY PUNISH THE GUILTY.

Then there was Sir George Foster with his quotation, "Qui bono"—"What's the good." Why expose this dirty mess? We are out to "win the war." The election is over. Why penalize the culprits who have got away with the goods? Truly a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind! (Laughter.) Lieut.-Col. John A. Currie, always noisy when a reflection is suggested against the character of an officer; even a slacker, if he is an officer, wears a halo in his sight; great at winning the war in the safety of the Commons Chamber; and wants no investigation of the election frauds. Sir Sam, speaking first and thinking afterwards, as usual; more convinced than ever that an officer's uniform establishes an inalienable right to Eternal bliss, notwithstanding the fact that Colonel Woodhouse voted twenty-three English charwomen at Woking Hospital, insisting upon every one committing perjury on an official record certified to by Colonel Woodhouse himself.

MINISTERS SECRETLY SQUIRMING.

Then there was General Mewburn, happy in the thought that a letter which he had read from one of his own lieutenant-colonels, dated exactly three weeks previous to this debate, was not in Sir Wilfrid's hands, in that it contained official information of such an appalling character about the frauds that made Mr. Copp's charges look like a rushlight contrasted with a Tungsten burner, in comparison to the information which he (Mr. Mewburn) possessed. The Minister of Justice, ex-Judge Doherty, was very uneasy. He had long been accustomed to weigh evidence. Mr. Copp's case was overwhelming. He would have sentenced to capital punishment any culprit upon less than half such testimony. He wanted to protect his only son, and no blame to him. Behind him sat Dr. Edwards and other noisy wolves on his track. He had to tread the wine-press alone, which party exigencies demanded. His better judgment and a sense of right wretched under Mr. Copp's exposure.

IN BAD COMPANY.

Mr. McLean and Mr. Carvell, who now learned that all which they had feared when they fought against the War Times Election Act had taken place, and after flitting from colleague to colleague they finally decided it was better to hang together than hang separately. But it looks now as if one of them may have to be hanged separately. (Hear, hear.) The Finance Minister was not there. Had he been he would have learned that Lieut.-Col. C. M. R. Graham had taken his battalion in alphabetical order and calmly consigned a batch of fraudulent voters from A to H into his constituency. (Laughter.)