

My own impression is that if this army advocate had devoted himself on the camp grounds to building fires and carrying water, instead of abusing the churches and ministers, he would have earned more respect for his troops, not to mention claim to his supper and a blanket in one of the back tents.



Well—aw—to begin at home, I see the Salvation Army weddings aye going ahead at a gweat wate,—aw—and I also see that my friend, the—aw—World, is gweatly excheised thewat. He—aw—seems to think this benedictow pwocess will pwove disastwous to the intehwest of the Army. Faw my poh—aw—I cawn't see how mahwiage in these cases is going to pwove any moah disastwous than—aw—it genewally is; than—aw—it might—aw—pwove—to—aw—the World, faw instance. Aw—my opinion is that the fellahs who win this shmy concehn, awe moah shwewd than othewise; aw—this wedding blow-out is one of theiw stwong cahds—aw—among that class. They know that in the wegulah army in England, the wistwiction of mahwiage is a gweat dwawback to enlistment, and the encowagement of that ancient cewemony in theiw wanks—aw—of cawse, must—aw—have the opposite—aw—effect—ya—as indeed—might as well make the best of both wohlds as—aw—the saying is. No, I cawn't blame 'em either, by jawve! I don't.

Aw—so the Alsatian students have tohr down the Gehman flag at the Hotel Continental in Pawee. Well—aw—of cawse, they were dwunk—students always awe dwunk—aw—with something or othew, when such things happen. And the Fwench police—aw—usually on hand—weah too late to—aw—pwevent it—aw—you see! This is, I believe, the—aw—fihst time, but I wathaw think it won't be the last. The hatwed of the Alsations to the Gehmans is only equalled in intensity by their love of *la Belle France*. They look upon them as—aw—the wobwaws of theiw country. The genius of the Alsations is anti-Gehman and wholly Fwench, and befoah we are all dead and bewied Gehmany will find herself in the position of a hen on the banks of a pond, frantic to see the Alsatian ducks sailing away beyond her weach. Ya—as, by jawve—and moah powaw to 'em as Paddy says.

Ya—as—fact—its nothing but "kettle," "pot;" "pot," "kettle"—aw—fwom beginning to end—aw—by the time the commission is ended. The buhning question to decide will be who's—aw—blackest—aw—afaw that. I suppose whitewashing will be in ohdaw, and then we'll all sing:

"Tho' ye have lain among the pots,
Like doves ye shall appear;
Whose wings with silver, and with—aw—gold,
Whose feathers covawed are."—aw.

Aw—ya—as—by jawve—too bad—Sir John scawed one on that first point—aw—that's a fact. Sowly faw Mowat—aw—ya—as, indeed. As usual the *Mail* woostw is on top of the—aw—what d'ye call it, and for some time to come we may expect to hear no end of—aw—coek-a-doodle-dos—aw—Mowat's lost his shoes, or something to—aw—that effect.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF A TORY POLITICAL PICNIC SPEECH.

I am the wreck of a Tory Political Picnic Speech. I first saw the light during the period when the Conservative party recognized in the political picnic a chance of saving the country, and having themselves spend the money coming into it.

I was a very healthy and promising—to pay—youngster.

My head was large when the Tory papers first took an interest in me, and I am free to confess that efforts to reduce it in size, what-over the attempt to alter it in shape, have all along been wanting.

At first among my most prominent phrenological developments were:—"Magnificent Ovation to the Conservative Chieftain;" "Scathing *expose* of Grit Extravagance, Recklessness and Jobbery;" "Caustic Criticism of the Woeful Blundering of the Ottawa Intriguers;" "a Broadside of Splintering Truths poured into the Old Reform Hulk with Telling Effect;" "Facts and Fgures Pregnant with Food Thought for the Canadian People;" "Grit Lies Neatly Nailed and Falsifications Cleverly Laid Bare;" "Widespread Enthusiasm Unmistakably Manifested in the Conservative Cause;" "The Doom of Incapable Government already being Clearly Sounded."

My body, to all appearance, justified the sanguine hopes my head was calculated to inspire. It was about ten columns wide, and long in proportion—too long, as I often heard



it said by country editors and subscribers to the *Weekly Mail*, who were partial to Indian stories rather than politics.

I was remarkably robust,—a not unnatural thing in view of the imagination of my progenitors, and the strength of their platform language.

My arms were long, but I found their length useful in embracing so many different objects, and keeping my diversified playthings all nicely together.

My hands were never clean. But anyone who knows my nature and habits will not wonder at this. You see I never could be kept from lying about—the Reform party.

I was also singularly given to stretching. Nor was it any trouble for me to turn most daring somersaults.

In fact my circus feats actually included an ability, young and all as I was, to jump up and swallow myself on certain favorable occasions.

It is a good thing I was endowed with long legs, for I've had to travel frightful journeys through life, and often make use of these self-same limbs to save my precious body from hurt.

One day, for example, I would be let out at a picnic when nearly everybody was enjoying fun, and paying no attention what-over to me.

Some reporter would catch hold of me finally, and the next day I would find myself occupying a very prominent place in the Tory press, and with different portions of my clothes scattered about on the editorial page until I used to feel positively abashed at the shameless parade that was being made of me.

A short time afterward I would be dressed up in a "supplement" suit and sent away off to the backwoods, where people would admire the enterprise of their local editor in bringing me out for their edification at his own expense, while the local editor on his part would send down \$5 to the city publisher who had sent me up, and then charge the Conservative Association of his riding \$50 to square the account.



The next thing probably that would happen me would be capture by a subordinate stump speaker, who went through the townships displaying me before yeoman audiences as his own offspring, and making me feel ready to die at the foolish, frantic, and frivolous style in which he trotted me about.

This same fellow would maybe show me in the same way, under the same guise, and to about the same audiences right through a whole division of an electoral district. My! my!! I shall never forget all the indignities of this nature I had to endure while doing duty in the agricultural communities *chaperoned* by frothy funkeys, some of whom are now License Inspectors under the McCarthy Act, underlings at the Ottawa offices, mail clerks, and filling various other positions more ornamental than useful.

Eventually I found my way into the presence of a gentleman who was known as the Party Pamphleteer, and emerged from his office in an entirely new and becoming shape—so changed, in fact, that the reporter who had first given me a shove into the wide world would scarcely have recognized me. My hair was neatly shorn and curled into crisp, kinky curls. My dress was made out of choice print material, cheque pattern—the cheque was a pretty large one, if I remember aright. It was spread out in the latest style; the figured trimmings rearranged and amplified, and the "hear! hear!" flourishes let out.

One thing I remember most distinctly about the dress was the large amount of insertion in it. A bewildering array of illusion was also employed to give it effect.

In this grand attire I sported throughout the length and breadth of the land, getting free passes through the post office among the other privileges enjoyed, and mingling with all classes of the community.

But my gaieties were not of long duration. My parents succeeded to power and soon ignored my existence. Constant travelling served to wear off the shine of my garb, and to-day I am slowly but surely wasting away in a city barber shop.

The old folks do not like to hear my name mentioned; indeed, I am informed they have new progeny, like me in appearance but