

DAVIN TO BLAKE.



"WE rejoice at the evidence of Mr. Blake's renewed health. His absence from Parliament was felt. A mere private, to use his own language, he cannot fail to do great service to his country. But from a leading position he cannot long abstain, and it is possible he was never more astutely ambitious than at this hour. One thing is sure, if he burnt his fingers with Edgar's scheming in 1887, as regards Commercial Union, he has not allowed the smell of fire to touch him."—*Leader*, Nov. 27th.

MY DEAR BLAKE,

You will see from the enclosed paragraphic notice, that I have publicly acknowledged your fitness for the position you hold. There are a few things that I wouldn't like to publish that may be a help to you when you re-enter Parliament. I consider you, as the word astutely signifies, shrewd, sharp and subtle, and no doubt your ambition is vaulting enough to aim at the Premiership of Canada. Edward, as long as Sir John Macdonald and N. F. Davin live you can never become Premier. To use a slang phrase, "You are not built that way." In the first place you are an ego:ist. To reach the highest pinnacle, a man must lose himself in the people—must so mix and twist and wriggle himself into the bone and sinew of the masses that they will think they are him and he is them. This is a hard idea to express grammatically, but you can grasp it.

This I have done. In fact, this magnetic legerdemain has so twisted me into the very fibre of the people of the North-west, that two-thirds of them can't tell, if you spring the question upon them, whether they are N. F. Davin, or N. F. is themselves. This transmigration of soul and body (to use poetical license) must be inborn—and to possess it in its entirety, a man must have been born in Ireland. As an example of this merging of self for the public good, I will tell you one circumstance. At Moose-Jaw, the other night, I addressed the electors in my usual convincing manner. There is no Zoo' at Moose-Jaw, and not many travelling shows during the winter, and the people, male and female, turned out *en masse* to see me. At the banquet given in my honor, one of my followers sang the following:—

"May blessings e'er attend
Nicholas Flood Davin and his friends."

and

"You can trust your Moose-Jaw men—
Will you soon come back again?"

Better lo'ed you canna be—
Will you soon come back again?"

(Loud cheers.)

This shows you how I am splattered all through the hearts of the people. No separatory, no process known to science would be powerful enough to unmix me, so that I would be Davin distinct from my constituents. Sometimes it makes me feel sad when I reflect that I have so completely lost my identity.

There is another fault you have, which *must* keep you down. You are too fond of talking about yourself. The Good Book says, "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own tongue."

Then, you made a fatal mistake when you listened to the siren who sang of Commercial Union. I haven't time to go over the whole ground, but will mail with this my speech upon the subject, delivered during the last session of Parliament. I think you are strong enough now to read it. I am preparing a key to go with it, which I shall publish soon for the use of those unaccustomed to international questions. In the words of Polonius to his son:

"Farewell; my blessing season this in thee."

N. F. D—.

MRS. LANGTRY, in her sweet little farewell speech here said, "I am an English woman you know, and a visit to Canada always seems to me like a glimpse of home." Yes; so it must, Lily. They don't have live knights and baronets over on the other side of the line, do they?

THE BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.



HAD she glanced out into the back yard she might have seen her little brother Bobby giving a thrilling snake charming exhibition to an appreciative audience.