

Col. Orlando P. Baggs on the Canadian Military.

You want to know who I am before you admit me? Waal, I'm Colonel Orlando P. Baggs of the Western Wisconsin Light Guards, and in my State they think I know some about military matters. My real business is nutlocks, which I travels for, but I takes the military promiscuous and don't charge nothing extra. So now we're acquaintances and I'll proceed to tell you what I think about your military Review.

The barber at the Rossin told me to go straight up the Queen's Avenue, which would bring me to the Queen's Park, which would introduce me to the Queen's Own Rifles, (everything's "Queen's" round here.) There's no denying the Avenue's straight, but what made you put it right *behind the houses*, instead of in front on 'em? Praps you think the stables and other little domestic arrangements is interesting to a discerning public? But Mrs. Baggs wouldn't want all those Queen's Rifles on the march peeping into HER nursery winders; she'd shut her shutters like a funeral till the procession was past. And would you mind telling me confidentially why you plasters your *sidewalks*? Out West we plasters our *ceilings*,—we ain't got no plasterers on our Board of Works, praps you has. But all them's details and matters of taste.

I like that Liberty Pole of yourn at the top of the Avenue, and the too Rooshan guns: a-taking care of it is very appropriate.

That Queen's Park is a real nice place considerin' it's in a state of nature. You can't had it very long, I guess, as I don't see you're doin' much to make it nicer under the guidance of a modern civilization. Out West we plant our parks all over with pretty shrubs and flowers, and we have turpentine walks, and shadey groves, and quiet nooks, and all that sort of thing; but then that's details, and people way differ about 'em.

My gracious! what a lot of folks was up there! I asked the barber at the Rossin what was your population, but he said he didn't know, but it *wasn't Chinee!* He's a wit, but I advise you not to lark when he has your nose in his fingers.

Waal, I worked my way up round past the Liberty Pole and the Rooshin guns to a yaller flag as folks said was the Grand Stand. I don't see why you uses a yaller flag for a parade, praps you ain't got no Union Jacks. Anyways I shored my way well to the front amongst a heap of intelligent young men, quite civil, and easy, and familiar like,—they evidently wasn't lawyers.

The Rifles was out in line, and a real nice, true, pretty line it was, nothing better. And the Colonel was out in front, and a mighty smart looking soldier he is; not an ounce too much, sits on his boss real clean, and looks easy in his mind, which is heaps when there's a General around.

We talked quite a bit, waiting for the General—there was too fellers next me as seemed to know everybody. One of 'em called the other Jim, and Jim called the other Charlie. I think they was too students of your University, goin' up for their degree in Fine Arts. I heard 'em say they practised music in the gallery of the Royal, wherever that is.

Presently there was a crush and a rumble, and a tall gentleman shoved through the crowd and walked straight out to the Colonel, right in the open, in front of the Regiment in line! Jim said it was the Queen's Own Aid de kump sent out special from Windsor with a telegraph message for the General. That same thing happened to me onst when I was out in our country in front of our Guards, but the feller as came out to me was our State Attorney, who didn't know no better, so he could serve his process. My! didn't I send him back into the crowd like a Boomerang! Our fellers killed him next day, but I hopes your Rifles is more



APPLIED LOGIC.

2152 A Certain Journalist (Horrified).—"You young scamp! Is that Voltaire you're reading?" and Young Hopeful.—"The principles of true liberty require that each individual should exercise the right of private judgment. That's what the *Globe* says."

considerate and that the gentleman is still in the flesh.

Them policemen of yourn is uncommon well got up. I like their drapery, I do. Jim says they're all officers and gentlemen, which accounts for their standing in front of everybody and havin' a supreme contempt for a crowd. Out West our constables knows as our pockets is in our coat-tails and they act accordin'.

Then a open haddaw drives right up to the yaller flag with the General's family, lestways Jim says it must of been the General's family, because all the other traps with the common people was kept at a respectable distance down by the Liberty Pole, where they couldn't see nothing if it went wrong, which was very considerate.

At last up comes the General hisself with his staff, a good-lookin' lot, but on the outside of mighty poor cattle. Is them your hosses; and if they isn't your hosses, whose hosses is they? Praps your Tramway Company keeps a Livery likewise! Is that so?

Then the gentleman as Jim says is Queen's Aid de kump tells the General what he had better do under the interesting circumstances of the present occasion. Jim says the gentleman's name is Soskinsko, and that he's a linear descendant of the celebrated General as fought and fell at the battle of Queenstone Heights when a Colour Serjeant of the name of Freedom shrieked. Jim says it was this incident as suggested to J. D. Edgar in his celebrated Canadian poem the beautiful line

"And Freedom shrieked when Soskinsko fell."

But Charlie says it *wasn't so*, and he *knows* it *wasn't so*, because Dr. Scaddin, as was Assistant Surgeon with the York Pioneers all through that bloody campaign, says it was when the body of the old gentleman was brought over for burial with military honours, and was carried into the Cathedral by the firing party, that it was *then* that the Colour Serjeant hollered so loud that he had to be taken out of the church; and Charlie says that Dr. Scaddin says he's quite sure about the shrieking, because Freedom

sat in the front pew of the gallery where the Queen's Arms used to be, and that Freedom was never at Queenstone at all until after the battle.

Of the two I think I like Jim best, because when he's beat he gives in so graceful-like. "All O K, Charlie," says Jim, "I give up, because you see if anybody knows, it art to be the Doctor, far he's been a buryin them York Pioneers steady twice a week ever since, and he has a beautiful Hellergy for ev'ry one on 'em as turns down, which is very encouraging and consolatory to them as is left, it makes the prospect so nice when their happy turn comes to have a Hellergy."

But that's a Digression and a Detail, which I don't know as it amounts to much, tho Jim larked a lot.

Where was I? Oh, yes, when the General gets his orders from the Queen's Aide he rides over to the right of the line. He wanted to do it up picturesk across the lovely green, but spurs wasn't long enough or sharp enough to get a canter out of them Tramways, so he took it philosophik-like, and went over slow, which suited the D. A. G.

Then the whole cavalcade comes down the line real nice,—the band playin'—and the men just as steady as a whole row of young light-houses, all of a size! Why you could string a line from right to left and it would tweek the tip of the nose of ev'ry man on 'em, they stand so close and firm, and all of a height. The W. W. L. Guards is always uncertain in that particular, because you see they won't stop parading just for parade purposes like your fellers.

After that, the General comes back to the yaller flag, and the Aide as had come out special from Windsor looks at the Queen's telegraph and tells the General to "put 'em past in collum right away." And in course the General "put 'em past in collum right away," as he was told to, and away they come, tramp, tramp, tramp, just as lively as fleas!

Orlando P. Baggs flatters himself as he knows a trifle about marching; and O. P. B. says deliberately in the face of the whole organization of the Democratic party, including Tamman