

Priceless.

Boss Spheigel

describes the
GREAT MEETING AT
MONTREAL
1903



WITH LETTER AND REPORT FROM
THE CANTERBURY DELEGATES as to
their travels and experiences:
By BT.

880238

*Boss Spheigel attends der grate Congress and
writes a Boem for der Canterbury schiaps.*



Oh! yes, Boss Spheigel vos dere, you bet he took a part,
For tho' his name is Sharman, he's real Britisher at heart.
Vell, furst ov coorse dey cross der pond, der rolling, swelling,
broad Atlantic,

And der Delegates 'bout two fifty mit choy dey all go frantic,
Bot two vos most ooproarious beyondt vot folks call merry,
Dey vos der center ov der game and strike from Canterbury;
Von, he sing a Bummerlied and Spheigel split mit larfter,
Den fall into a lady's arms (he never do dis after).

Bot der song it vos called "Stakes."

Der boys and gals mit nodings on dere heads, nor yet dere
feets,

Vos bumming round and blaying "whoop" about der vindlass
and der cleats,

And as der game vos choined in by voomans, mans, and
misses,

You bet, mit games like so, dere vos blenty boms and kisses,
Den dey bited ends off candy stick mit dere eyes all covered
oop,

And von took a bite ov candle end "potstausand" vot a shtoop.
Bot der move dat oopset Spheigel vos goodt as any wakes,
Dey all choined hands and der gals cried out "pair off" and
no mis-stakes.

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Der Captain ov der ship a bully boy vos, O yes!
And to der company say enchoy yourself dats so
Dere is plenty vater all around so let der vhiskey go.
Ve soon shall reach der oder side, and oh! vot sights you'll see
Mit Whales and Bears and Icebergs, Mountains, Plains, and
Rivers free,

Dats shoost vot soon all came about and midst der maples
tall

Dey spy der lofly city vere dey all meet—Montreal.

* * * * *

Who'oop! cried Spheigel who speaks furst ov dese Delegates
 assembled,
 Over five hundred strong are dey and not a man dere
 tremble'd.
 Men from der north, south, east and vest, men ov der Empire
 every von,
 All charged full oop mit commercial kinks, even Bill Adams
 and Doughty Tom.
 Den out spoke von on Corduroy Pants, anoder spoke on Jam,
 Some argufied on Cotton and Vool and 'Bacca, and Trink py
 tam,
 And Bacon got mixed mit Flour and Corn, and Coal vot makes
 der fire.
 Den Steel called out for Iron der pig, and der musician struck
 der lyre.
 Who'oop! cried Spheigel's voice again, vot Taxes can we bear?
 Shall we tax der made up goods demselves, or der peoples vot
 sends dem dere?
 Shall we tax der things dat grows from der ground?
 Shall we tax vot we eats and trinks?
 Shall we tax der young to keep der old? shall we tax vot we
 writes and thinks?
 We shall tax ourselves mit doing wrong says B.A. somevot
 hazey.
 Yes, yes indeed says Doughty Tom, suppose we tax der lazy.
 Vell! Vell! says Spheigel now dats goodt, here industry vell
 classed,
 Shuts down on sloth and idleness and der Resolution's passed,

WHILE WEALTH IS GREAT AND FATTER WAXES
 THAT IDLENESS PROVIDE THE TAXES.

Dat am der furst ting der Congress settle, "Der next sir if you
 please,"
 Ven der Shairman open oop der day mit Butter, Eggs and
 Cheese,
 Now, what say der Delegates Colonial mit all dere voices in
 conglomerate,
 As to der Modder and der Childrens and de new game of
 Reciprocate?

Who'oop! cried Spheigel and Butter spoke, and lay 'bout
 him for vot he's worth,
 Cheese coom next mit mitey speech, den Eggs got addled
 midst der mirth,

And 'twas agreed mitout division no matter vot der crow ov
oder nations.

Curds, Whey, Rennett, or vot der Schmell
Dey all support der great Reciprocations.

Vot ho ! der game vos very nearly done and der whole 500
scarce know vere de are.

So next dey takes der biggest question on and walk around and
smoke a big cigar.

Now, says der Shairman, who moves next ? Leather mit Wax
and Gutter-percha,

Who'oop ! cries Spheigel has any podies hurt yer ?

Here cooms der greatest question ov dem all

Can any-podies take from Peter to pay Paul ?

So, von schap introduce a song he'd sung before.

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Oh ! what a hub-hub
About importing grub,
To tax it or not
Aye ! there is the rub.
Cannucks upper and lower,
The sugar cane grower,
The Planter, the Breeder.
And all of like kidney.
The Trader of Sidney
Thus far think it rot
To rob the Colonial
Of what he has got,
To give to the Motherland,
And so let another land
Bring in his pudding
To boil in her pot,
And supply what she axes
Without paying taxes,
Or caring one jot.
So our markets are open
To bring in his lot.

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Boss Spheigel shakes der very footings ov der walls ov der
grand building mit his cheers, and thus speaks to der
noble crowd himselfs :—

Dat strikes der very core ov der whole discussion, says he, I
move if none express objections,

Dat der Empire open oop its own big shops, and sets to work
about its own connections.

Der cheers dat folloed never ceased to ring, der speech vos
thort zo clever,

Der moosic played God save der King, and der Maple Leaf for
ever.



De Delegates gife up demselfs after this to choy and travel
mit der deepest appreciation ov der hospitality
swinging around ; der Canterbury schaps pouring out
der experiences to a friend at home in der following
letter reproduced mit permission.

"The Royal,"

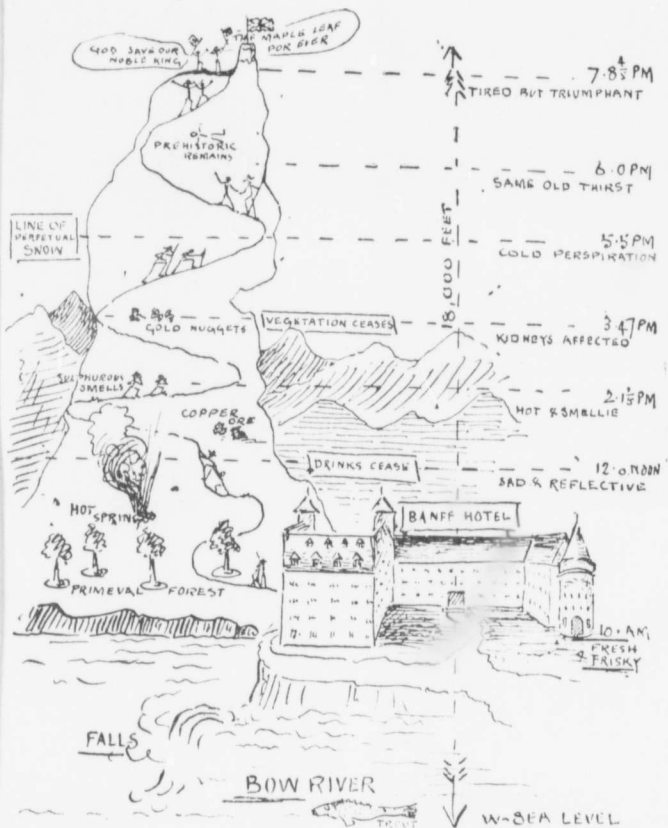
Saint John. N.B.,

27th Sept., 1903.

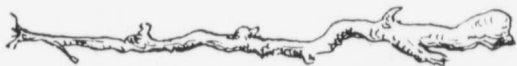
Our Dear Old Admiral.

Your magnificent pictorial efforts have inspired our
feeble wits and still feebler pens to a humble attempt to convey
to you news of a few of our vicissitudes in the wild and woolly
west beneath the shadow of the Maple Leaf (for ever), and in
order to disguise our meaning effectually, we have here and
there given you the benefit of a few of the hints picked up at
last year's Academy ; We have climbed the Sulphur Mountain

(see pictorial chart annexed),

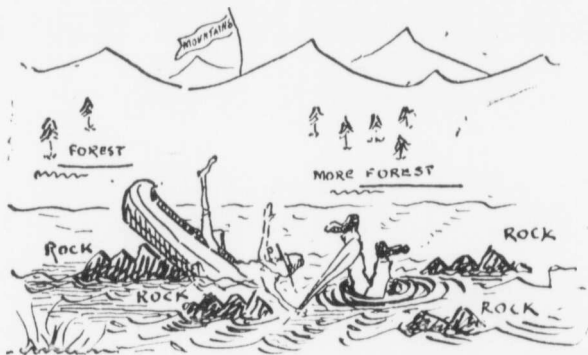


we hope we have made our meaning quite clear, this being our first effort at *really* high art. We have navigated the Vermillion Lakes without compass or pilot, with result as



The Alpenstock used by Deleгалes alternately when climbing Sulphur Mountain preserved in spirits — Black & white — for presentation to the Beane Institute

shewn by accompanying drawing. Marvellous to relate on righting the boat we found inside an enormous fish of great variety, known as a "sucker," which we regret had to be thrown away in consequence of its Whitstable-like odour, we have since been congratulated by the whole of the inhabitants of Laggan upon our exquisite skill as canoeists and

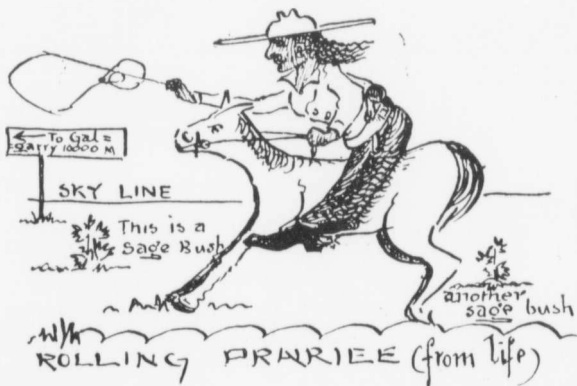


anglers, reminding them forcibly of the old time skill of the noble red man and French Canadian "Voyageur." This line of reasoning being probably induced by the fact that we were



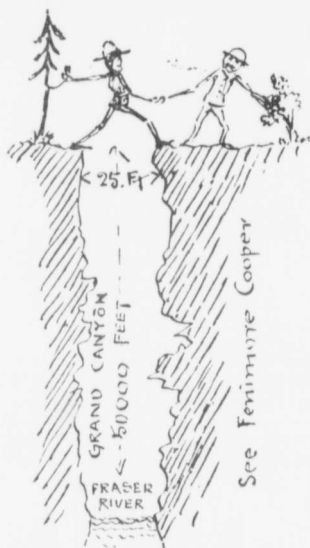
ye noble
RED MAN

assisted ashore by the warrior "Clam-foot," chief of the Chow-Toes. A subscription list got up by the inhabitants realised the princely sum of \$3.75 which unfortunately was barely sufficient to defray the cost of drying our clothes and flushing the drains of the Red Man with fire-water. We have also assisted the dashing Cow-boy of the illimitable rolling Prairie to "Round up" the fiery un-tamed steer, and corral him in the prosaic cattle truck, the necessary outfits, serviceable but unclean, being readily procurable from the Buffalo Bills of the neighbourhood. In the result we spent a considerable time in hospital owing to the inquisitiveness of a fat-headed fool of a three year old steer



who ripped open the seat of our borrowed bags and made a rent that could never be mended. We had the satisfaction of

knowing that even the "Prairie Bull" was susceptible to kind treatment accompanied by sulphurous language, We have crossed the great Divide (see illustration), and "bin done goin'



The Great Divide.

ober de mountain." We have shot the Lachine Rapids without shooting the proverbial cat and Doughty T. has earned undying fame by bathing in the Shawinigan Falls during the temporary

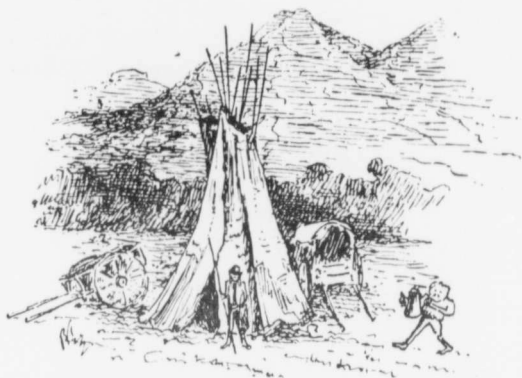


absence of Bill Adams, this so worked upon the feelings of our co-delegates that his fellow pilgrim Pote *bust* out into the following weird wail, he called it "Doughty T. upon the Shoot."

- (1) As Doughty T. was walking o'er
The plank both wet and greasy,
He sudden like slipped off the shore
Into the seasy easy.
- (2) The crowd aghast all held their breath
(And it took a bit of holding),
They thought poor T had met his death
So 'twarnt no use a scolding.
- (3) A silent shout !! A smothered sob !!!
Aha ! twas all in vain,
For Doughty T. like Aphrodite
From the Wavelets rose again.

L'envoi. God save the King and long Tom,
Thro' fair and stormy weather,
And safe to Kent may he be sent,
"The Maple Leaf for Ever !!"

We have banquetted with Princes; danced with Duchesses (in their own right); dined with Governor-Generals; gardened partied with Mayors and Aldermen, and Presidents of everything on the face of the Earth, and under it; drunk with Miners; mingled with Millionaires, and told "funny" stories to the Premier. We now know the difference between Lumber and Lime-juice, Copper Ore and Cauliflowers, Clams and Canadian Cheese, and last but not least we can now appreciate the great gulf that divided Manitoba Wheat from Maple Syrup. We have seen the Grizzly in his Rocky fastnesses, we are on speaking terms with the Moose and Cariboo



Amongst The Rockies .

and we have seen the noble Red Man in his native pub ; after
all this, and more, we can in very truth subscribe ourselves

Ever yours,

Billy A,

and Doughty Tom.

MANY THANKS, BOYS, SEND ME TWO
CATHEDRALS STRAIGHT AND "A CHASER"
OF FLINTS BEER. SURE.



How we greet:—

May it please your washup we are two enterprising coves from Canterbury, Kent, England. We trust you will place your order for a new Cathedral with us, we guarantee them sound and durable, we have also a special line in City Gates and Asylums. Likewise we are prepared with special fall quotations for Deans and Breweries.

N.B. This is the most ancient city in the great and glorious British Empire, on which the sun (nor anyone else) ever sets. "The Maple Leaf for Ever."

Exit for a "Manhattan and a Horseneack"



