

The Allison Goat Passed Out Into the Wilderness

The Duke of Connaught Signed the Order With Great Heartiness Depriving Col. Allison of His Title--Relations Between the Premier and Sir Sam are Rather Tender--Allison Was an Honorary Colonel for the Money There was in It.

(By H. F. Gadsby.)

Ottawa, Aug. 23.—And so with one accord and with right good will, the cabinet council passed the order depriving Honorary Colonel John Wesley Allison of his honors and his military rank and the Duke signed the order with great heartiness, and the goat passed out into the wilderness.

The incident recalls the poem on the burial of Sir John Moore—it is so different. According to Sir John's poet, "they buried him darkly at dead of night, with the lantern dimly burning." As for Honorary Colonel John Wesley Allison, however, "they buried him neatly in broad daylight, for fear of Sam returning."

Sir Sam Was Absent.

Which is to say that all these interesting events like appointing a secretary to the Militia Department and putting the boots to Sam's guide, philosopher and friend, Col. John Wesley Allison, are pulled off during Sam's absence. Out of sight, out of mind, that seems to be the motto of Sam's colleagues. But in sight, on our backs. Their courage wilts in the War Lord's presence. What they aim to do is to tie him up while his back is turned, because they haven't the heart to do it when he comes home. Sam has the Borden government buffaloed. He has cast over them some spell which only works when he is on the spot. When he makes a trip to England the spell loses its power—it doesn't seem to be able to cross water, and Sam has no way of giving the situation absent treatment.

Sir Sam Puts It Over.

What is Sam's spell? Some say it is fear, some say it is a stunned astonishment at his colossal nerve. Nobody mentions love. Whatever it is, Sam puts it over. To this day there subsists an affection between Premier Borden and Sir Sam which vies with the famous attachment between Mary and her little lamb.

What makes Sir Sam love Borden so? Oh, Borden's kind to Sam, you know.

And there the matter stands. Nobody has any better explanation. Of course, the analogy is not on all fours, because Premier Borden doesn't appear to be as firm a character as Mary, and Sam is certainly no lamb, unless it's the kind of lamb one might raise in Pittsburg, but it's the only comparison we can think of that gets anywhere near the tender relations between the Premier and his most conspicuous colleague. Sir Robert is true to the last. He stands by Sir Sam as long as Sir

Sam is here to stand by. It's only when Sam is three thousand miles of blue water away from his job of keeping a close eye on 'em that Sir Robert lets Sir Sam's rivals get their work in. And even then they're only allowed to slaughter Sir Sam's friends, Sir Sam himself must not be molested.

May Get Same Dose.

Meanwhile the zeal and abandon with which Sir Sam's colleagues fleshed their harpoon in Colonel John Wesley Allison suggests that they would take real pleasure in doing the same thing for his patron and benefactor if Sir Sam would let them. But Sir Sam must be consulted first—Premier Borden sticks to that. With Sam away the cabinet will play, but with Sam on Parliament Hill again, Premier Borden may expect to get back his spine and rescind these hasty orders-in-council. Nobody will ever believe that Col. John Wesley Allison is finally disposed of until Sam announces publicly that he has dropped a tear and laid a wreath on the grave of the Morrisburg super-patriot.

Is Scratching Gravel.

There is reason to believe, indeed, that the late Col. John Wesley Allison is not dead—in fact that the reports of his death have been much exaggerated—and that he has simply gone on a journey to the United States where he is still "scratching gravel," but not in connection with the Munitions board at Ottawa. He scratched once too often and far too hard even for that complacent body, and his name has been removed from the list.

It is stated with a great deal of frankness that the only reason John Wesley Allison was made a colonel was to enable him to get business from people who like to deal with colonels of Sir Sam's making, and thus had the oblique endorsement of the Dominion government, helped some too, but we need not dwell on this point. It came out clearly enough in the evidence before the Duff-Meredith Commission. Allison needed to be an honorary colonel in his business, and an honorary colonel he was. It will probably be found that the late Honorary Colonel Allison is suffering less right now from the withdrawal of his honorary title than he is from the falling off in business which is the direct result.

One does not imagine that Colonel Allison was ever in love with the uniform, grand as it is—you can't wear the uniform when you're making fuse contracts in the United States—nor

with his military duties, light as they were. No indeed, he was an honorary colonel for the money there was in it, and money, as Shakespeare says, is a good soldier, and will march.

Out for the Money.

The episode throws a new light on honorary colonels. Broadly speaking such as are not honorary colonels for ornament are honorary colonels as Colonel Allison was—that is to say, for the money there is in it. Let us—so say the honorary colonels who made up the "infusion" of steel manufacturers alluded to by Mr. Lionel Hitchens—let us make the shells of this country and we care not who fires them. Let us fill the munition contracts of our beloved Canada and we don't care who fills the trenches in Flanders. Let others "do" their bit—we "get" ours.

Occasionally one of these colonels becomes a brigadier general; but that is usually a sign that he has got all he wants. It is also a sign that the government loves him for the profits he has made and the imminent dangers of Kyte enquiries which he has escaped. Honorary colonels of the business sort may resign or be shorn of their rank, but they never surrender—the dividends. Mr. Frank Bailey gave back \$758,000 profits the other day—incidentally it shows what a generous idea of price the old Shell Committee had—but that is no boost for the honorary colonels, because Mr. Bailey is not an honorary colonel and probably doesn't want to be.

No Pity for Allison.

Of course Honorary Colonel John Wesley Allison deserved all he got as an honorary colonel who incautiously gave the public an inkling of how much money an honorary colonel can make when he has the friendship of the Minister of Militia behind him. No one wastes any pity on him. He nearly gave the whole game away. He was on his way, so we are told, to save fifty million dollars for the British Empire, but he changed his mind and saved a lot for himself.

This reminds us that the old Shell Committee saved thirty-two million dollars for the British Empire, which is a sign that they had eaten heartily and were suffering from indigestion. However, they kept it on a shelf where they could look at it, and there Baron Thomas found it. Observing that their mouths watered and that there were signs of returning appetite, Baron Thomas suggested that the melon be taken out of the ice box and sent to England. Which was done accordingly.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS OVERCOME BY SAFE METHOD

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When Cutting Teeth BABIES ARE SUBJECT TO DIARRHOEA

When the baby starts to cut its teeth, then is the time that the poor mother is under the stress of great anxiety. For some reason or other the bowels become loose, and diarrhoea, dysentery, colic, cramps and many other bowel complaints occur; the gums become swollen, cankers form in the mouth, and in many cases the child wastes to a shadow.

When the child gets into this condition the bowels must be looked after very closely, and for this purpose we know of nothing that can equal Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

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The genuine "Dr. Fowler's" is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35c.

N. B. POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS.

(Telegraph.)

A Conservative who is a former New Brunswicker and who lately came east from Manitoba, where he witnessed the triumph of the Liberals some months ago, met a local government supporter of his acquaintance on a railway train a few days ago. They told each other how well they were looking, talked of the weather and then drifted into politics. The exile from the west told How It Happened Out There, and then asked the local government man How About It in Little Old New Brunswick.

"I've sort of lost track of things in this part of the world," said the returned wanderer. "Let's see—oh, yes—what became of Flemming?"

"Er—well," responded the local resident, "we—they—are running him for Ottawa."

"Eh? Oh, yes—Ottawa, eh? Just so."

Some silence.

"And whatever became of that other fellow—what was his name? I've got it—B. Frank Smith?"

"Why," said the local government man in the tone of one who feels a sudden sense of unrest and uneasiness, "we—that is, they—made him Minister of Public Works!"

"Good-night!" said the visitor—although it was noon.

ROBERT RICE SENT UP FOR TRIAL

Newcastle, N. B., Aug. 22.—In the police court yesterday morning, before Judge Lawlor, Robt. Rice, of Boiestown, who is charged with manslaughter in causing the death of little Edith Nelson on the 5th inst., was sent up for trial at a court of competent jurisdiction, and was allowed his liberty on \$4,000 bail—\$2,000 in self-recognition and two sureties of \$1,000 each, which he secured.

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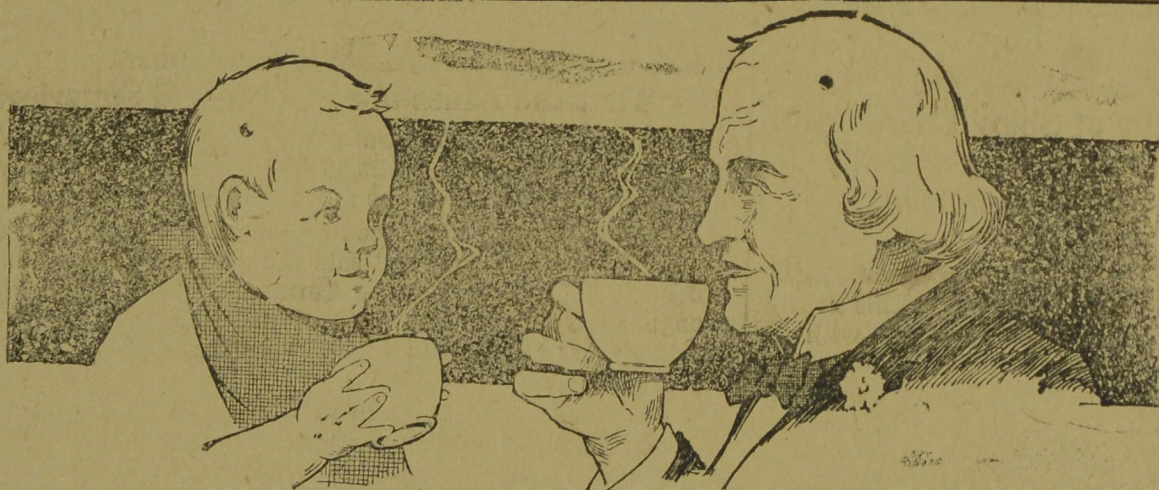
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