

# FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



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OTTAWA.

## SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, June 8th, 1894.

If a person didn't know that the members were jist in the political parlor when they're all a-sitting there with Mr. Speaker and the other fixings, they might be wondering what some of them was elected for. But (carrying out that figure) they soon find out there's a kitchen and back door to politics, and some have to be busy with the cooking and carrying, while some are playing on the pianna and being witty. There's men who never open their mouths in the house, and in the committees (which they have in the mornings to squabble in) they're Samsons and Pauls and Elijahs and all them. Some do the party's thinking and some do its talking, others talk with their dollars and the rest can drop in their little votes anyway.

There's a gallus youngish man here from out west. He's dapper and eloquent and wears pretty ties—(them colors used to become me too when I was young.) Folks always laugh when he talks, and land, you can't help it—he's so funny. But the man that's getting talked at, don't laugh. He generally snuggles down in his coat collar and looks bout as mean as a wet chicken, when the classical gentleman gets to dropping the big words onto his waves of eloquence. Then there's the constitutional lawyer, the man who wants to know, the man who wants peace, the out-and-out-free-trader, the giant, the millionaire farmer, the defender of the faith, the knight, the prince of politeness, and, as they say in the society columns, "several others."

They've been talking a spell about Mr. Ellis, he who got put in jail for speaking his mind. He was up in the town here some days ago, and I mind he sot near me in church. He's one of the endure-so-long-and-then-baulk kind by his look, and seems to me by them eyes of his and the set of that head, that he'll go on speaking his mind, even if he has to go boarding at her majesty's expense again.

He ain't like some of the men in the House. They talk

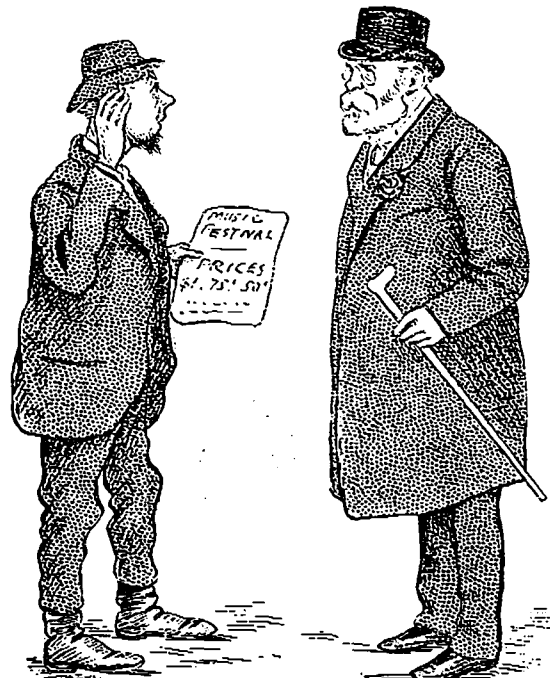
real saucy against motions. You'd think they were really going to strike out by themselves. But when it gets to voting, they get drug along with their own crowd—the undercurrent's that strong.

The curiouses thing about the Parliament is that soon as you get interested in it, it gets into your head that nothing else amounts to anything. Course tain't so, and we know it, and it's a bad habit of mind, but it's one that trots along by your side steady. We know the folks up west in Ontario think all this fighting and scratching down here isn't any more like their big election fight than a tin whistle is like a big soulful organ. But the feeling down here is that this is the importantest place, full of important people there is. I'm getting real stuck up just being here, and being let into the buildings.

Speaking of importance, too, it's easy seen that a man takes a little while to settle after he gets here. Sometimes he's got ideas of hisself and other things, and principles he wants to air, and convert the rest to. Sometimes he wants to sit up in front and drive, and tain't often he wants to sit back and keep quiet when he ain't let. Everybody's got their failings, of course, and I s'ppose they've got their good pints too, but that's mostly a matter of faith.

Hansard is supposed to be for the good of the people, an' I guess it is, but I can't help noticing what a lot of members make their speeches out of somebody else's in Hansard. The trouble seems to me that they go so far back the "honorable gentleman opposite" can't mind which fib that was, and what he told it for. It's allus an oncertain business to tell 'em, unless you burden your mind with 'em, so's not to get 'em sprung back on you unawares, and of course it is jist impossible for them members to recollect all theirs, an' that's why it seems to me Hansard's a dreadful snare.

It's curious what a lot of different hobby-horses belong to the one side of the House. Most of the members have little crank notions of their own, and thinking of 'em so much has worn a wad through their brains, an' that's where they



## A NICE DISTINCTION.

ONE OF THE CROWD—"Excuse me, sir, but I don't think I quite caught your meaning. Did you say the new Music Hall was to be for the benefit of the Masses, or the Massies?"