



MOUNTED POLICE.

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, July 24th, '94.

NOW that I've seen the thing through, I'm mighty glad I went down to Ottawa to tend that Parliament. There was days when I felt bad fur my country, and down trodden 'cause I was a woman who couldn't vote, but on the whole and considering the legislating folks is men, they get along middling. Plain making of laws and sects aint so big a job, but this tacking and planning and playing with your head under the table, fussing, fighting, sicking on the good talkers and shutting up the ones that are always making mistakes, are what takes up the time. Speaking as a single woman whose board and keep was her own lookout, this session's been a lot too long. It begun too late and it drug folks through the hottest kind of weather in the hottest kind of a place. It aint for me to grumble though, for I didn't have to stay unless I liked; but if I was a member I'd hold a indignation meeting and have a big time. If I was a member of the Tory side I'd talk of those Grits that obstructed legislation, and if I was a Grit I'd holler about the government that made so many clerical errors and wasn't never ready on their own day, but was always taking away private members days, letting the show members pull hard forrard, but taking good care that there was some hefty ones pulling back. Whichever side I was on I'd make a fuss about having members sitting in that awful stuffy House, perspiring all the fight out of them and spoiling their tempers and digestions with hope deferred that made them sick all over.

The last few days wasn't of much account, being mostly straight-forrard business, but I tell you, they put on the flummadoodles when it comes to proroguing. The Commons have a pretty high-handed time all session, but they have to stand beyond the bar when they go in to visit the Senators. The Governor sits on the throne, after driving up to the House, with four horses and men riding along side to take care of him, and they're all dreadful grand with gold lace and swords and spurs and all them things. We

may be plain folks underneath us Canadians, but there's a lot of gilt on the top of our gingerbread.

It's a solemn thing to recollect the misery what's lived through and died under, how folks starve and sin and suffer for want of the very bread that folly's old duds could be traded off for. I aint got no idea of reforming this here world, but the feeling sticks to me and it gets pretty weighty on my heart sometimes.

Looking down from the galleries some days, you'd wonder how anything could get done, with no body the least mite interested, and other days nothing could get done, for the crosswise tugging what eight or ten of 'em was doing at once. There's certain questions that seem to belong to certain members, and if a man's got something on his mind on one side of the House, there's pretty apt to be a man on the other side who'll always follow him and try to make out that the honorable gentleman doesn't know what he's talking about anyhow, that his plans are no good and he's only got a holler where others have brains. Seem's to me every one what's got a bill or anything has got a black bear, as the stylish folks say on the other side of the House. Sometimes it's on his own side, which is a sign of independence on the part of one of 'em, but it aint considered the best thing for the party.

Now there's Mr. McCarthy—he's a fighter. He's kicked clean over the traces and he talks to both sides in a I'm your big uncle kind of way.

Sometimes you see a Tory member bring up something and talk dreadful hard for it, and then just as soon as ever the Minister who belongs to the question gets up and asks him to withdraw it for one reason or two, or none at all, he says real meek that he'll do it. Politics would be a lot cleaner if folks would be what they are and speak what they think and in all things keep themselves loyal to truth, as Mr. Longfellow said, and die happier. I heard a man say truth and politics couldn't pull together, and he seemed to think there was something the matter with truth, which aint likely.

SUSANNAH.

MR. LAURIER is going on a trip to the North-West next month. It is expected that he will address congregations at various points *en route*. Subject: "What we Didn't Do in the Session just closed."



LIVING UP TO IT.

PROPRIETOR—"Say! can't you read that sign? It says 'no fishing allowed'!"

MR. JOHNSING—"Dat's all right, boss; I'se keepin' still as a mouse."