Parliament Buildings And Rideau Hall.

(Written for the Register.)

Our first glimpse of the Parliament Buildings was got on the night of our arrival. When driving through the city we were attracted by the myriad lights which seemed to flash and gleam through innumerable windows on our left. We know at once that this must be the great House in whose halls is transacted so much on which the welfare of our country depends. It was a most bewitching sight. Each tower and turret, each point and pinnacle, each bar and buttress stood out distinctly in the semi obscurity of the night.

Seen by daylight the effect was different, more imposing. Three sides of an immense square are occupied by three separate buildings of grey stone, and their beautiful proportions and chaste architecture at once strike you. Stately towers rise from the centre and ends. Beautifully arched windows abound. Well kept drives and walks surround the whole, and a velvety lawn takes up the centre and slopes to the street, occupying the fourth side of the square. Entering at the main door we found ourselves in a grand hall running through the house, supported down the centre by lofty columns, reminding one of some old Roman picture. The floor was covered with a handsome carpet in red, and life sized paintings of dead and gone statesmen looked at us from the walls. But it was to the Senate and House of Commons where we had been invited that our chief interest was attached, and there we hastened. We went to the Senate first. It chanced that we got there just when the Senators were arriving and somehow the sight was pathetic. For the most part the men who represent their country here, are those for whom the battle of life is almost past; the dash and fire of youth has gone from them; they are old warriors who, now that the war for them is over, ought to be resting in the tents of leisure with the laurel-wreath shading their tired brows. But they are here still; hoary heads, silvery beards, and in some cases tottering forms, so that one almost wanted to cry out at the inhumanity of having these old men mewed up so many hours a day in the interests of a country that could supply so many younger men to do the work, not that one doubted but that these bonine old heads with their hair falling like noble manes about them, could produce the wisdom to guide, but somehow the idea would assert itself, that they ought to be resting. This did not, of course apply to all, but out of something in the neighborhood of forty who were present there were only five or six who did not carry the marks of many years upon them. They occupied two sides of the Chamber, and the work they were engaged in, something about the Yukon did not seem very exhilarating, or to give much room for oratory and noise was attempted.

The Senate Chamber is beautiful; large and lofty it opens out before you. Stained glass arched windows run round it. The galleries on the sides are cut off from the floor of the house by columns and arches in grey, while the walls are panelled in dull shades of pink and green. The whole is upholstered in red. The seats which rise in tiers on either side are covered with red cloth, and a rich carpet of the same bright color covers the floor. The side opposite the entrance is taken up with the Throne, which is handsomely draped in crimson and has the royal coat of arms in gold adorning its summit. At this end of the room sat the Speaker, Mr. Pelletier, in black gown and white kid gloves. Any of the business presented, was read by him in English, but with a strong French accent.

Little pages in neat suits ran about on messages from one to another, and anyone passing the throne made obeisance. One gentleman, I remember, spoke very distinctly and to the point; someone near said he was Senator Boulton of Manitoba.

Next we went to the House of Commons. Here there was more life; things were different. Much of the dignity of the Senate was lacking, but its place was well taken by the fire and energy of the speakers.

In size and style this chamber resembles the other, but it is upholstered in green with carpet to match. The seats are arranged differently, taking up almost the entire floor, with only a small space between the Government and the Opposition. In this space the Speaker is seated. The members sat in most careless attitudes, many of them wearing their hats continually. Mr. Davin was remarkable as being the only man present who wore a tall silk hat. Sir Wilfrid Laurier for the most part sat well back in his seat, only the bald crown and part of the handsome fringe of hair being seen above his seat. We were anxious to see the Hon. Mr. Costigan of whom we had heard so much, as an Irishman and a Catholic representative, but it happened that he was out of town, and we were disappointed.

It did not require much knowledge of politics to know that there were two sides to this House; the fact was at once apparent, and the contempt displayed by each side for the other was almost absurd. This was particularly apparent on the Government side. When a speaker on the Opposition rose, a perceptible hum, which soon rose to an audible conversation immediately began, the members in many instances settled themselves deliberately for a tete-a-tete; newspapers were taken out and the utmost—apparent—disregard for what was being said was shown. The disregard was only apparent; let the speaker trip in any way and he was immediately assailed with contemptuous laughs and cries of derision; contradictions without apologies were rife, "they were not," "they were not," was heard mingled with cries of "hear, hear" from the Opposition. The matter before the House was the Alien Labor Bill, and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Clarke made stirring speeches each in the interest of the Canadian workingman. Mr. Tarte, a dark haired, anxious and nervous looking Frenchman, rose, and spoke so volubly and with such luxuriance of gesture and movement, that though we could not catch a word that was said, still we were carried away by the earnestness and vim of the speaker. Mr. Tarte was interrupted by Dr. Sproule, who said: "Either you are wrong or I am wrong." At once a full chorus went up from the Government side: "You are wrong, you are wrong," and quite an excited five minutes followed. We left there, somewhat wakened up and greatly admiring the energy and earnestness of the different speakers, and thence proceeded to the Library.

To say that the library is the finest one has ever seen is perhaps scant praise. To say that it is the grandest thing of its kind that you can conceive of is getting nearest its merit. It is simply magnificent. As you enter the large doors swing noiselessly behind you, and you find yourself in a large circular room lighted from the ceiling. A air almost of awe pervades the place and your voice at once instinctively drops to a whisper. At intervals about the room are seated clerks who with large tables before them are occupied some with clerkly offices, others apparently only there in case of being called on, for they seem to have no particular occupation. A solemn silence is observed by all. The fact that one is in company with the thoughts and aspirations of the dead and gone of many ages, with the lore of Egypt and Persia, with the histories of the battles of the old Greeks and Romans, with the science of the past and present, seems to hold one, and a feeling of reverence takes possession of you. By and by you begin so take in your surroundings and you see all round you walls of beautiful woods, of a reddish, brown tint, and of the most chaste and in some places and elaborate carving and workmanship. About half way up the height of the room, seven or eight projections, jut out from the walls like miniature pagodas; these are elaborately carved. At first you wonder what they mean, but conclude they are merely a quaint conceit of the architect, and a very effective one too. These are filled like the shelves all round reaching from ceiling to floor, with the volumes beautifully bound, and presenting in their multi colored coverings a mosaic effect. In the centre of the room is a life sized statue of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. It is the purest white marble and represents her in the fullness of her youth, in her royal robes, *the crown on her head* and the sceptre in her hand. Numerous busts of the "noble of all ages" are ranged at intervals round the apartment, and the whole is striking and beautiful. We left this home of thousands and thousands of volumes wishing our time there could have been longer.

On Saturday the last day of our stay, those of us who remained were invited to luncheon at Rideau Hall. The hour appointed was 2 p.m. so this gave us an opportunity of seeing Government House by daylight. The house from the outside is not at all imposing. A long low rambling building, it appears to have been built and added to at different times. No particular style of architecture seems to have been intended. It is of grey stone. The spacious grounds however, and the large main entrance and hall take it out of the common place and mark it with dignity. At the door were one or two aides-de-camp and orderlies with bright red coats, and by these we were shown into one of the large reception rooms to await Her Excellency who was still engaged with an executive meeting. While waiting we took up a large album—the only one in the room—and found it filled with photos, all with Irish associations. Many pictures of Lord and Lady Aberdeen and their children, taken while in Ireland, were amongst the collection. One beautiful picture showing Her Excellency in court dress and veil seated at the spinning wheel, her little sons in the picturesque dress of pages, holding in their hands the ends of the flax *from their mother's distaff*, was very pretty. Photos of the Aberdeen and Gladstone family taken together were numerous. On the wall was a large oil-painting of the two youngest sons of the house. It represented a potato field in which the lads had been at work. They were resting on a barrow load of potatoes and dressed in the garb of the Irish peasant, low buckled shoes, dark green stockings, knee breeches of corduroy, red vest with gilt buttons, collar open and tie, while a soft felt hat rested on the golden curls of one and the darker locks of the other. Presently Lord Aberdeen entered and chatting pleasantly shook hands with every one present. Soon after Lady Aberdeen arrived profuse in apologies for keeping us waiting.

Presently the large folding doors were thrown open and we found ourselves in the large lofty room in which the luncheon was laid. The room was the one in which the reception was held, so I need not describe it.

Seven large circular tables were set, two down the centre the others round the room. Eleven guests were seated at each table. A tiny tree about a foot high was placed in the centre of each. The little thing was a curiosity. Its trunk and leaves were perfect. I have learned since that they were really what they seemed, dwarf maples. The luncheon—or dinner—for, to all intents and purposes it was such, was it is needless to say, everything that the liberality and delicacy of our hostess could suggest. I noticed incidentally, that when the wines were served, the most earnest of the workers of the Council invariably passed them by. After luncheon we dispersed to the lawn where in a large marquee under which numerous seats were scattered, coffee was served. Many gathered with groups saying farewell words. At this juncture I remembered a little house of which I had heard in which Lady Marjorie does "housekeeping." As she happened to pass at this moment, I asked her about it and she at once said she would get the key and show me through it. Away she ran and soon came back with hat on and key in hand. We had a walk of about five minutes through the grounds and then in the midst of the wood we found the object of our search. It is a little log hut divided into two apartments, a kitchen and sitting-room. The furniture of the sitting-room consisted of a few prints on the walls, an old clock on the floor, a plain deal table a few on the planed cane bottomed chairs and the plainest of sideboards. In this was a complete set of everything necessary for laying at table; plates, knives and forks, cups and saucers, all were there. In the kitchen the floor was bare; a cooking stove, a full equipment of cooking utensils and a carpenter's bench with tools, completed the furnishing. Lady Marjorie explained that things were not so nice as they used to be, that the boys had several times broken in and stolen things. "Mother furnished this," said our young hostess, "and I used to come here a great deal for I am very fond of cooking." As she spoke she took up a piano which rested on the bench, and gave it two or three sweeps along the board which seemed to vouch for her also being fond of that work. Lady Marjorie is a charming unassuming girl of sixteen or seventeen, with her father's face and her mother's manner, and par*taking of the courtesy of both.*

Away back to the lawn we sped, where, after a few words in the space of a speech from His Excellency, last farewells were said, and with kindly hand shakes and good-bye and God-speed for our kind host and hostess we departed.

Our day's outing however was not yet over; at the door friends were waiting and with them we went for a delightful drive through several miles of country until we arrived at the Experimental Farm, where a garden-party was given and to which we were invited by the Hon. Mr. Fisher, Minister of Agriculture. This beautiful farm we shall not attempt to describe; it would take a letter for itself. On the lawn was the gay crowd imaginable; the day was of the fairest so that the ladies could appear at their best in the brightest and prettiest of muslins and silks, and the gentlemen all, or almost all wore silk hats. Such a forest of tall hats I never saw before. Refreshments were served lavishly, from tables that spoke the height of hospitality and taste. People wandered round while a good band discoursed good music. Mr. Fisher, his wife and mother received the guests in a special tent, and again shook hands at parting. It seemed to me that this was carrying things too far. To shake hands with all at a large house gathering is imposition enough, but to do the same with hundreds at a garden-party—perhaps hundreds whom you'll never see again—is, well is a trifle too much. A drive home through the delightful evening air brought our week of combined business *and pleasure to a close, and left us* nothing but grateful and pleasant memories of Ottawa and its people.

Next week I shall tell you of some of our Catholic institutions that I visited.

M. L. HART.

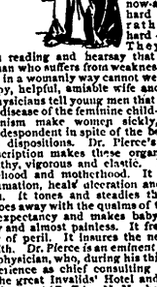
Here Is Money For You.

A correspondent says: "I was awfully hard up and it seemed almost impossible to make money at anything. Five weeks ago, almost in despair, I began selling non-alcoholic flavoring extracts and have cleared over $26.00 a week; one day I made $8.00. Everybody wants them, as they are in powdered form, and lovely for ices, puddings, cakes' candies, etc. They are perfectly pure and far superior to liquid extracts. Address the U.S. FRUIT CO., St. Louis, Mo., and they will start you to work at once, and its your own fault if you don't make money. Its nice work for ladies—my sister sold as much as I did last week. You can sell over and over to the same family. Why be idle when you can make $26.00 a week. I give my experience for the benefit of others who desire a profitable employment."

On Saturday July 23rd a pic-nic will be held in the town park, West Toronto Junction in aid of St. Cecilia's Church. This event will be anticipated with interest by a great many in Toronto.

The leading physicians of Toronto patronize and recommend Lemaitre's Pharmacy, 256 Queen St. West, opposite the Fire Hall. This is a fact well worth knowing if you have anyone sick at home, Lemaitre's Pharmacy has long enjoyed the best reputation for careful dispensing and pure medicines. Bicycle messengers call for prescriptions and promptly deliver medicines at all hours. 'Phone 1089.

A Maiden's Dream.



Thousands of young women dream day-dreams of the youthful hero and husband that is to lead them—to the altar of wed-lock—dreams that are fated never to come true because of the ill-health of the fair dreamer. Young heroes now-a-days are hard-headed rather than hard-hearted. They know from reading and hearsay that a young woman who suffers from weakness and disease in a womanly way cannot well prove a happy, helpful, amiable wife and mother.

Physicians tell young men that weakness and disease of the feminine child-begetting organism make women sickly, nervous and despondent in spite of the best of natural dispositions. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes these organs strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration and soothes pain. It tones and steadies the nerves. It does away with the qualms of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It frees maternity of peril. It insures the newcomer a health. Dr. Pierce is an eminent and skilful physician, having his thirty years' experience as chief consulting physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has treated thousands of women. He will answer letters from women free.

Very many women who have become happy, healthy wives and mothers through the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have permitted their experiences, names, addresses and photographs to be printed in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work used to cost $1.50. Now it is free. It contains 1,008 pages and over 300 illustrations. Several chapters are devoted to the reproductive physiology of women. For a paper-covered copy send 21 one-cent stamps, *to cover customs and mailing only*, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

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Pastoral Visitations.

The Archbishop of Toronto will administer Confirmation at Niagara-on-the Lake on Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock. On Thursday morning he will give Confirmation at Clifton, on which day also a lecture will be given in Thorold in aid of the building fund of Father Sullivan's church by Rev. Dr. Treacy.

Pic-nic at Weston.

A pic-nic in aid of St. John's Church, Weston, will be held on Saturday, June 25th, on the fair grounds at Weston. There should be a large attendance from Toronto.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat different kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

"What is the worst thing about riches?" asked a school-teacher of a boy. "Their scarcity," he replied, and was immediately rewarded with a prize.

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

ISSUE OF FORTY-YEAR ANNUITIES.

Sealed tenders for the purchase of terminable annuities running for a period of 40 years, issued under authority of an act of the Ontario Parliament, 47 Vic., chapter 31, will be received by the undersigned at his office, Parliament buildings, Toronto, on or before 14th day of July next, at 2.30 p.m., when the tenders will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants, or their agents, as may attend.

The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer, in which certificates the Provincial Treasurer will agree to make half-yearly payments at his office at Toronto, or in London, England, of sums of $100, or larger sums, or their equivalent in sterling at the par of exchange (£20 10s 11½d), on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year, for forty years from 30th day of June instant, the first half-yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1898 is $5,700 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same no less than $200 annually.

Tenders may, if preferred, be upon condition that the annuities be payable in sterling in London, England. In such case the conversion will be the par of exchange, $4 86 2-3 to the pound sterling. Tenders will be required to state the purchase money which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered, or such portion as may be tendered for.

Notification of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 20th July and payments from the persons whose tenders are accepted must be made within ten days thereafter at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, but if, from any cause, the purchase money is not paid by the 1st day of August next, purchasers who have not then paid will be required to pay interest on their purchase money from that date to date of payment, at the rate of interest which the investment will yield, according to their respective tenders.

The annuity certificates will be delivered at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, where, if desired, they may be specially registered.

The Provincial Treasurer reserves the right to determine what tender is most advantageous to the Province, but no tender will necessarily be accepted. Tenders should be on the accompanying form.

Envelopes containing tenders should be endorsed "Tender for Province of Ontario Annuities."

Further information may be obtained on application to the Provincial Treasurer.

R. HARCOURT,
Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasurer's Office, Toronto, 2nd June, 1898.

NOTE.—Illustration of calculation on interest basis—At the rate of 3 per cent. per annum (or in strictness 1½ per cent. half yearly) a present payment of $2,320.36 would represent an annuity of $100 for 40 years, $60 payable each half year.

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