

deliberately set himself to what seemed to many a desperate task. His own party was at sixes and sevens; he had a majority of 27 against him in the House. His success is apparent, when to-day the Conservative party in the Province is united and enthusiastic, and the Government can scrape together a bare half-dozen on a division. Mr. Whitney's speeches are marked by a straightforwardness and vigor that command attention, and his powers of "smashing" an adversary are such that very few on the Ministerial benches care now to cross swords with him in debate. As a leader he is tactful, intrepid and sagacious. He makes up his own mind and has the entire confidence of his party, and it begins to look as if he is "the man" selected by Providence to grapple with "the opportunity" that has arisen of late in Ontario.

MRS. RUFUS POPE, wife of the witty member for Compton, Que., is one who never fails to spend the greater part of the session in Ottawa. She has with her the eldest daughter, Miss Lottie Pope, who is to be seen at all the gay assemblies of the season. Miss Ethel Pope, the second daughter, is the fortunate possessor of a very fine voice. She has been for some time studying in Portland, under the direction of Professor Taylor, of Boston, to which city she will go next year. She hopes to sing at some future time in grand opera, and her voice is said to justify her study. Mr. Pope's two young sons, aged 17 and 15, are students at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, where their abilities are thought highly of.

THE dinner parties given by the Speaker and Mrs. Bain are said by those attending them to be most delightful, as the host and hostess are excellent in their respective positions. At a recent one, on adjournment to the drawing-room, Mrs. James A. Smart, wife of the Deputy-Minister of the Interior, was prevailed upon to display an accomplishment in which she excels—that of whistling. Her notes were clear and sweet as a bird's, and it seems a pity that this talent, owned by so few, is not more popular, and that Mrs. Smart is not more often heard.

IT has fallen to the lot of some fortunate Canadians to get glimpses of South Africa at this history-making period, enjoyed by few. Hon. W. B. Searth and two of his daughters took passage on one of the ships taking hay to South Africa, Mr. Searth, as Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, going out in charge of the cargo. Arrived at East London, there came an opportunity to go on an armored train to Sterkstroom and Molteno, the latter camp within five miles of the enemy at that time. Some of the officers were somewhat fearful of the advisability of these adventurous Canadian girls going so near the heart of things, but others said there was no danger, and in great comfort they rode to Molteno where they had lunch in the camp. It was decidedly a novel experience and one which they will always remember, no doubt. They were within sight of Stormberg, where General Gatacre's progress was checked for so long. General Gatacre and General Brabant were on the same train as the daughters of Mr. Searth.

M. DE FANCOUVAL, formerly Belgian Consul in Ottawa, is now Ambassador to Chili. This position is said to be worth no less than \$12,000 a year. The house in Ottawa which he occupied still bears over the entrance the Belgian coat-of-arms, but the pleasant little dinner parties are things of the past, and dust has settled upon the floors. Herr Donner, the new consul, and his wife have been, since their arrival in Ottawa, last August, staying at the Russell, and the former has an office in the same block. It is said that, like many of us, he is house-hunting but cannot find a residence just suitable. He is anxious to entertain.

Madame Donner must find the time hang rather heavily, for she can speak not a word of English and knows absolutely nothing of the gentle art of fancy-work, nor does she care for

reading. Therefore, her only resource lies in visiting the ladies in the Russell, or throughout the city, who can speak French. She is, however, fond of cards, so she may not be so dull as to wish her husband recalled. M. de Fancouval found Canada too cold; M. Fallon, the vice-consul, grew homesick and went home after a short stay—so it would seem that the Belgian Government has been kept busy in making appointments to our capital.

MRS. KING, wife of Mr. Justice King, of the Supreme Court, is exceedingly popular. She is the embodiment of good nature, stout and motherly-looking, with most beautiful white hair, and with a hearty welcome for everyone. She entertains largely and in very delightful fashion, dresses handsomely and altogether appears one well contented with her lot. Judge and Mrs. King, with Miss Roma King, who is not yet out, leave in June for Paris, there to see the wonders of the Exposition. While in Ottawa, Mrs. King is very often to be seen driving with Mrs. Sifton, whose near neighbor and great friend she is. The Sifton horses, by the way, are of excellent breed, and Mrs. Sifton is a great lover of them.

THE wife of "the most abused man in the Administration," with a houseful of merry, chubby little ones—five sons in all—to whom she devotes very many hours, finds yet much time to enjoy the pleasures of society and entertain her friends. She is always in request as a patroness or chaperone. Her dark eyes are brimful with fun, wherever fun is to be found. She is altogether a very delightful woman to know.

Another good quality she has—that of never forgetting an old friend; and is apparently quite free from any taint of snobishness. She takes a keen interest in politics and is known to have a shrewd insight as well as an accurate knowledge—being quite often present at the debates. But she quite refuses to bring her influence to bear upon her husband in behalf of aspiring or disappointed Liberals.

Her boys are dear little fellows, whose bringing up shows what a sensible mother they have. On one, indeed, is showered an extra measure of mother-love and care and tenderness, for the little one with the wistful eyes has long been a sufferer from hip disease, though hopes are now entertained for his recovery. Last year for months he lay in a plaster case, and ever by his side to read or talk to him was the devoted nurse who had so many other duties to perform. Now he is able to go about with the aid of a crutch, and is a pupil at one of the city kindergartens.

Mrs. Sifton accompanied her husband on his trip to Europe, where he is undergoing an operation for deafness.

SEVERAL years ago, when Professor Charles G. D. Roberts was living in Canada, he was awakened one night by hearing a burglar at his window. It was bitter cold, and the snow was two feet deep on the ground. The burglar was warmly clad and the professor wore only his nightgown. Nothing daunted, however, he sprang to the window. The housebreaker started back in alarm and made for the back fence. With a spring the professor leaped through the window, carrying the sash with him.

"Stop!" he shouted.

The burglar sped on. In an instant the professor was at his side. He caught him by the coat collar, snatched a club from his hand, threw it on the snow, and then, with his bare feet, kicked him to the fence, over which he threw him as if he had been a log.

When the professor returned to the house he found that he was badly cut by the window glass, and that his feet had been frost-bitten. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his house, but he never was troubled by burglars again.

GENERAL CRONJE has a nephew living in Kensington who, like many another young Boer of good prospects, is studying for a professional career. He does not inherit the family instincts, and considers the war, in his own phrase, "all rot." He also holds strong views about Kruger and Joubert, and hopes that they will be "speedily wiped out." His uncle, "Slim Piet," is a fairly rich man, and if he has any choice about his place of exile, will probably elect for England, where he could buy up some farming property and settle down.