

dozed by any Minister of the Crown, these seemingly ridiculous school-boy proceedings wouldn't have occurred. Jack said that the Opposition were apparently anxious to get an answer, and that it must be an important one which the Government was trying to keep back. And Jack looked mystified when I told him that the answer was immaterial to both Government and Opposition. "Then why does the Opposition persist in obstructing?" he asked, and it took him fully five minutes before he realized that his question struck at the root of the weakness and strength of government by party. The point in this case *per se* happened to be unimportant, but it had a right to be answered, and the Opposition took the only means in their power of insisting on that right. Through the cat-calls, yells and chaff there was the deep undertone of man's inherent right to know how he is governed—the voice of the free-born Briton. But Jack wanted to know if it was necessary to turn the House into a bear-garden, and that grown-up, free-born Britons with whiskers and bald heads should go in for childish horse-play to assert their principles. I asked him to remember that there were several million men prancing around Europe, drilled and armed, ready and willing to kill each other at the command of a few dozen men, for a mere matter of national honour or sentimental principle. There was as much sense in horse-play and loss of sleep as smokeless powder, Gatlings and wholesale murder. I suggested to the Bone and Sinew that he should reform the world. He said he would start on the House of Commons. It was easier and could stand it.

About the middle of the week the Bone and Sinew began to have opinions. An evening with him in the Russell rotunda, after the House had adjourned, was a liberal education. He had lived the major portion of his life in the lumber woods and frontier towns and settlements, and his business as bush-ranger necessitated a quick sizing up of men and things. He was one of those

who live in the silent, far-off places of the earth, who think much and have the unerring instinct of the Indian to aid them in their judgment of their fellows.

"Who is that?" he asked one night, as a big, aggressively self-satisfied man came into the hotel, and was immediately surrounded by members of the Commons and Senate, with whom he condescendingly shook hands when he had time to take his thumbs from the armholes of his waistcoat. That sort of man always carries his thumbs that way—it is his hall-mark.

"Who's that?" repeated Jack, for he saw that there was a factor in Canadian political life before him. There was.

"Dan Mann," was whispered with a suspicion of suppressed awe in the voice.

"Has he a seat in the House?" again queried Jack, as he followed the inflations of the contractor's chest.

"Several," some one answered; "and there is a report that he has a pretty good cinch on a seat in the Ministry."

The Bone and Sinew didn't say anything for fully ten minutes. He seemed to be doing a lot of thinking, and then he merely muttered, "I now understand why Alexander Mackenzie built that private staircase. He couldn't be blamed if he had built an underground passage from the House to his bed-room."

This removed any doubt of Jack's off-hand judgment of men.

As he grew accustomed to his surroundings he became almost painfully opinionative. He was tearing up in fierce whispers the Constitution, the British North America Act, the Parliament of Canada, Senate and Commons, objecting to the policy of the Government, suggesting one for the Opposition, and in a general way praising, censuring and condemning everything, from the Prime Minister and Sir Charles Tupper down to a Gulf member, as we listened one night to a debate on the Drummond County Railway Bill or some other old thing, and I protested. Several fellows in the press gallery, I in-