

Our Own at Ottawa.

Return to Winter—Peculiarities of C.P.R.—Muggins' Diary—Fabre's Geography—Scott Act Tinkering—Reciprocity Rubbish.

Saturday, April 11th.—I returned on Tuesday evening from my Easter holidays in Toronto by the C.P.R. Don't know what's the matter with that road—I had a headache from the moment I got on board at 3.25 a.m.—must be something unwholesome about the parlor car. Several members tried to tone me up with some temperance cordial they had in their grip sacks—only made me slightly giddy. Made good time though—went so fast that telegraph poles seemed to go by in pairs—not more than a rod or so apart! Found different climate here, about four feet of snow on the level, and five on the sidewalks. There's always good sleighing on Ottawa sidewalks when the middle of the street's bare. It's an admirable system—no labor wasted in shovelling snow during the winter—national sports prolonged into balmy spring! This economy of labor and prolongation of fun accounts for the wealth and cheerfulness of Ottawa people.

Huggins is at work again to-day—Charlton's Sunday Observance speech I think it is this time. His constituents will have plenty of kindling for a year if they keep all he sends them. Muggins is therefore laid under contribution.

Tuesday, 7th.—Rather dreary day—members that stayed over here all sulky—those that went home all seedy from travelling. Finished up Ways and Means. Paterson, of Brant, bothered poor Bowell about cab hire—only \$4.00 down in departmental accounts—gave Bowell lots of taffy about economy—begged him to own up a little more—just to spare feelings of Ministers who had spent so much! Bowell uncomfortable, but took the taffy—then Paterson showed large cab bill for Bowell somewhere else in accounts—pretended he'd just found it—mean trick—how could Bowell know he'd been looking all through blue book for his cab hire?

Wednesday, 8th.—Bergeon wanted to give Fabre more pay as agent at Paris—said F. was patriotic to take job for only \$4,000 a year. Casey up as usual—said Fabre was a turncoat because Mackenzie wouldn't make him agent—quoted from Fabre's paper at Paris that snow was eight to ten feet deep here in winter—that we had a Province of St. Paul in North-West—that British Columbia included all North America outside of U. S.—lots of such rot—said no wonder he'd sent out only one immigrant. Chapeau after Casey of course—said he didn't understand French. Casgrain said he did. Wretched jargon anyway. Wonder if it pays to keep Fabre in Frenchman's paradise after all! All night over that confounded Scott Act again—everyone off his base when that comes up. Jamieson carried his point to have Amendment Bill considered—then a rush to amend amendments. Ives wanted absolute majority clause—got badly left. Hickey thought doctors should be allowed to keep grog for their patients—no go—druggists are to have monopoly. Funny voting all through—no one likes Act much but all afraid to go against it.

Thursday, 9th.—Blake questioning again about N. W. No news is good news. Estimates on hand—bestly row about salaries to civil service examiners, etc.—only some \$6,000 after all—wasted hours on it. Chapeau and Grits all mixed up—didn't know what each other were driving at.

Friday, 10th.—Davies bothering about reciprocity and fishery treaties. Those Maritimes are never pleased. Washington treaty didn't suit 'em—now its expiring, and they howl again! What do we want with reciprocity? Why, it would let all our fish and grain and lumber go out of the country—no N.P. in that—ought to keep everything within ourselves.

Where would our woollen mills be if our wool was allowed to escape? Where would Bluesnoses be if we could get Yankee coal cheap? Where would—well, I don't know, but I believe like Popo, "there ain't nuthin' to it!" Nasty subject though—most people fools enough to want it—went out for a smoke while they took vote. Then had estimates again—Grits badgered Pope till 3 a.m.—Pope stronger than ever on "know-nothing" tactics—Sir John Casgrain, Sproule, Hickey and others explained things for him—good plan—no responsibility for what they say—no bother getting up any facts. Had some India-rubber oysters and sour beer at 2.30 a.m.—think I'll go home and have colic there!

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

(Scene—*Soiree musicale* at Mrs. Gushington's.)

Mrs. Gushington (to distinguished amateur, who has just sung).—O, thanks, ever so much, my dear, dear Mr. Dyaway.

Dis. Am.—I fear I scarcely deserve your thanks, Mrs. Gushington. My voice is not at all good this evening.

Mrs. Gushington (effusively).—I hope I'll never hear worse!

PEOPLE are too ready to declare that the Conservative Chieftain is a man who never fails to avail himself of opportunities. Now, I am prepared to contend that this is not the case, by any means. Sir John has, to my certain knowledge, missed many and many a great chance. The precise number is a secret between the two of us. But there is one instance which I propose to take this means of pointing out to my friend the Premier. At a Scott Act meeting in Guelph the other day I notice that "Mr. Burgess said that the present wave of temperance action was the natural result of the seed sown in past years by the Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, Blue Ribbon, and other temperance societies." Here then is my point. Recalling that historical glass of water waved aloft by Sir John at the big banquet, I say, suppose that when they asked him at Yorkville, "Whatabout the Crooks Act," Sir John had simply waved a glass of water aloft, references by the speakers above quoted to the temperance societies would not have been made, for "John A.'s glass of water!" would have been all that was required. The big banquet was altogether too late!

IMMEDIATE REDRESS DEMANDED.

TORONTO, April 9, 1885.

MR. GRIP,—I leave it to your judgment whether you think it right that when a fellow gets into a scrape, such as being caught in the act of disposing of a few articles of jewellery which he had found lying about loose in some house after midnight; or being found fault with for accidentally writing another name than his own to a cheque; or slitting a weasand; or any other frolicsome peccadillo which he may happen to get into; I leave it to you, I say, as an impartial judge, to say whether, in addition to being deprived of liberty for any of the above so-called offences, we ought also to be debarred from all the little luxuries of life to which we have been accustomed. In the interests of morality and of the public at large, who either have friends in the Central Prison, or who may in the future spend some time in that mismanaged retreat, I submit the following programme as the square thing in the way of treatment of prisoners in that institution, of which I myself am a six months' graduate.

1. No prisoner should be allowed to work unless he volunteers to do so. Just fancy! I, who never in my life before was subjected to such an indignity, was actually compelled to work with a pick and shovel, just as if I had been an ordinary day laborer or one of these hum-drum beings called honest workmen. This is an outrage calling for immediate redress—and for which the warden should be called to sharp account.

2. Society rules ought to be observed—I had actually to associate with and wash dishes for men who spat in their plates! Prisoners accustomed to refinement shrink from such society, it is degrading and demoralizing, and the warden is a brute not to consider the feelings of a genteelly brought up prisoner.

3. Prisoners are expected to help the guards to handcuff the lunatics. Now, prisoners are not there for that purpose—let this be distinctly understood.

4. When a man refuses to work he is kept on bread and water and no bed. The authority for this barbarity is, I am told by the chaplain, derived from an old obsolete book called the Bible—which says "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat"—such maxims are unworthy of an enlightened age, no matter how much they may be valued by the warden of the Central Prison.

5. No Scotchman should be allowed in any office of this institution. I hate the Scotch—the clerk of the Central Prison is Scotch—and he dines with the barber and the guards—an honor which was not once extended to me. If this is not *gall* I would like to know what the words cheek and gall mean. The Scotch are a hateful set, they are always on their good behavior—and of course on that account are preferred to Americans or other nationalities. Shouldn't wonder if the warden himself invited them to dinner some day.

6. Prisoners should be supplied with full complement of tobacco, cigars and pipes, with full liberty to smoke whenever and wherever they darn choose. And in this there should be no favor shown such as I have seen while there. Tobacco I consider one of the necessities of life—especially when a man is in retirement. Then when the taxpayers are paying for other things they may as well foot the tobacco bill at the same time. And yet this cruel and barbarous warden remorselessly discharged a foreman for smuggling in tobacco to the prisoners. That's all I want to know about him.

7. The place ought to be thoroughly heated and no expense should be spared in the way of gas. I would suggest that a few gasaliers with crystal prisms, such as are in some of the