

WHAT is wanted now is an amendment to the Constitution giving the Provinces the right to legislate on the liquor traffic, and then a straight campaign for Provincial Prohibition, with a Government that believes in the principle behind the law. The amount of energy which has been put into Scott Act contests would more than suffice to secure this. And when Ontario had declared for Prohibition, the other Provinces would quickly fall into line.

## ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

OUR CORRESPONDENT GOES IN FOR PEN PICTURES.

DEAR GRIP,—A sick headache one day, the millinery openings another day, a very nasty drizzle with sloppy sidewalk accompaniment on a third day; and last, but by no means least, the failure of my dressmaker to execute a commission on time, are the apologies I beg herewith to offer your own dear self and your anxious constituents for failure to report more fully and promptly since my first letter, which, let me here just say, was printed pretty accurately and seemed to read all right. Without further ado, then, you will have my budget.

## PEN PICTURES.

Sitting in the gallery and simply noting—or, rather *merely* noting, for I am on business bent, unlike a great many of my sex who attend for what reason beyond “simply” noting, I shall never attempt to define—the different styles of the occupants of the desks is rather entertaining, if not positively elevating and instructive occupation. Let me try in my own crude way to give you a few little pen pictures, with letter-press posing, not so much for their intrinsic value, as a slight token of esteem for the subjects, and of the fact that once upon a time I was mad enough to fancy I ought to learn painting and etching. I got over my insanity; but it grieves me to have to say that several of my young lady companions in dementia are still unaware of the fact that every woman is not a born artist, and that fame and money in the profession are not lying around the community in great chunks, as it were.

But, now, what do you think of this for Sir John?



I fancy I have hit him off as nearly as the *Globe* has killed him off, or as that *Empire* bust depicts him. I got Sir John down first, because I regard him as the handsomest man in the House, on the principle, “Handsome is that handsome does.” He has treated me handsomely ever since I came here, and my only fear is that Lady Macdonald may become jealous. I would not have that happen for the world. Of course, if it did happen, it would be for the *World*. That nasty, gossiping little paper would make a great sensation over it. But that is not what I mean—I mean for the globe—pshaw, no! What I do want to say is “for the earth!”—on Sir John’s account. As for Lady M., why—well, I never could care much for these supernaturally clever women, who govern their husbands while their husbands govern the State. What I want, when I get a husband is to net one like big Mr. Herman H. Cook, who both in style and shape and size realizes my ideal of the man who is bound to fight his way through the world like Pat played the fiddle—“be main stringth.” Does this little etch look anything like the burly lumberman from Simcoe, whose

very presence, if not his eloquence, makes the House instinctively look out for thunderbolts when he rises.



another hero, but of a different type. He could not stand up *a la* Sullivan before Mr. Cook, but yet he has, metaphorically speaking, knocked the giant out of time on more than one occasion. He did it, and can do it with his little head yet. This is a playful remark which I overheard a gentleman friend and reporter make and then complain that the night editor cut the thing out of his despatch.

Mr. McCarthy is not conspicuous by reason of his physical ponderosity, but when it comes to talking it appears to most everybody that he knows a great deal and how to say it. Mr. McCarthy is a *protégé* of Sir John; so that, the latter being the Father of Confederation, it is not *inappropos* that the subject of our sketch should be the Father of Imperial Federation. He makes a model parent, too. The young man is also the father of several powerfully built bills. But they are nearly all, I think, dead, and the heart-broken author of their being is getting nicely over it. How will this inkograph of our distinguished young friend take? There are some strongly-marked lines about his face which ought to be brought out. *En passant* I might say there are no hard lines about his political position or opportunity for Government pap.

I must not take my characters in anything like standing order. So, as I see the solid and substantial shape of Mr. James Trow coming into the chamber, I hasten to catch a few stray outlines of his honest and resolute visage. Mr. Trow is not a strikingly handsome man, but what critics may think he lacks in looks he amply atones for in other things. Do not exactly follow out my sketch, which is necessarily imperfect. It is hard to catch Mr. Trow in profile. In fact it is hard to catch him in anything, although he manages to involve himself in numbers of them in the interest of his party, of which he is a whip. He is always on the move, so far as his pedal locomotion is concerned, but his frown never moves.



I have endeavored to picture “his coal-brow firmly knitted” in moderate tones, so to speak.

And now, the next face which I shall transfix, is that of the handsomest, most polished, most ———.

But, stop. More anon. Ever of thee, ANNA NYAS.

## TRYING TO PLEASE.

OUR Premier, Sir John, now so fond of the French, is afraid that his Scottish name may give offence. So, to please one and all, from greatest to least, He’ll be known, in Quebec, as Sir Johnny Baptiste.

A. K. T.