

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, July 7th, '94.

**T**HIS town seems to be a kind of Mecca for brides.

It's a pretty dull week when there aint a couple or so of 'em up in the galleries. They come up to see the goin's on of course, but they generally get drifted off to their own affairs and their new carpets and things. Sometimes they've got a friend who comes up with 'em and points out the important men. One day somebody said that Mr. Bourinot was the "fussiest little man in North America," which aint true, being as I've got a relative what's worse by considerable.

We had great doings last week on account of them delegates what's come here to try and arrange for selling us things that we've got more'n enough of now. That's the aim of the thing so far as I can see it, and it aint in line with the opinions what come to farmer folks, that I know. Well anyway the fuss has been a good sized one, even if the conference was kind of a wind-baggy waste of time. The government gave an At Home up on the grounds, and it was dreadful pretty. There was an everlasting lot of them little electric light bulbs histed on wires all over, and they built a new set of steps down to the Lover's walk which was all lit up too, and there was a small-sized circus tent with vittles, and nobody minded that the grass was made for you to keep off at all. We just tramped right on it. It seemed to me as if everybody and their folks had been ast, but there was a lot looking over the ropes which kept the At Home to itself. I wondered why they couldn't come too, but one of the wimmen folks said they was "the mob."

It was a pretty chilly night for the full undress that some come in. They must have felt as if they'd like their furs, but they never let on a speck, even when their noses got red with the cold. It was a pretty grand At Home, but somehow I liked the hill better the next morning. After they'd cleared up the muss of papers and unpitched the tent, it looked just glorious with the linden trees in blossom and the birds singing fit to break their little music boxes.



HE WANTS PATRON-AGE.

LITTLE OLIVER—"Uncle, I'm afraid I can't go on if you don't carry me!"

Up in the House the men has got into their summer clothes, and I've just the worst time picking them out. They've got their hats out of the same lot pretty much, like the crush hats that come in so pat for the At Home, being an old stock which the store-keeper couldn't never made nothing out of, except he'd had a fire and was insured. Some of the honorable gentlemen wear flannels. To my mind flannels is like white muslins—they want to be let alone by folks over a certain weight. When they're real new they look fussy, and when they're ex-white they look mussy, even on slim folks.

Seems to me the folks on the back benches send away a dreadful lot of papers. I guess it's a way they have of keeping themselves in the minds of the folks to home. The fighting ones get put into the newspaper reports, but all some of 'em can do to get themselves remembered is to put their initials on the corners of the wrappers and envelopes. Talking about writing, I've noticed Sir John Thompson, John the Third, you know, always writes with a quill pen, and holds it in his mouth between times. Mr. Foster's got a trick of fiddling with his ink-bottle, when he's in the House which he hasn't been lately, and the only time I ever saw Mr. Angers, the lawyer farm man, was when he was posed harmoniously beside Mr. Speaker's chair. The Ministers have a good deal to put up with, (besides the consciences they must have, goodness knows) and some of them are real good-natured. Mr. Foster's got a sweet smile he always wraps around his mouth, when Mr. McMullen and others go for him about the tariff that's so agin the poor man. Mr. Tupper pays attention to what's being said, and then gets up pretty warm and makes a long speech back. Mr. Haggart talks at grumbling folks with a weary, half-sorry tone, as if he was so tired of 'em but pitied 'em with all the heart he had. Mr. Daly mostly wants to say things to Mr. Martin, and he's dreadful apt to get his papers all mixed up on his desk.

They had a military fuss here last week which was pretty exciting. Seems Major-