

Diamonds," as he was nick-named, are the chief sinners. These men, by their audacity, moved in a certain society, and as if they had thousands a year. They were virtually penniless; so much so, that one of the brothers was supplied now and then by the house porter with a cup of coffee out of charity. Then some of the members, in order to obtain his premature release as an ordinary conscript from the army, conspired to employ every dodge. Lebaudy, a millionaire, was bled accordingly. One of the combinations was to farm a young woman, a Jewess, in the last stage of consumption, to preserve her expectorations to be examined by the doctors at Rouen, where Lebaudy was quartered. They paid her 10 fr. a day; the doctors reported the presence of the tubercule bacilli in the expectorations, and recommended that Lebaudy be discharged from the army. Instead, the War Office ordered him to the head military hospital, at Paris. The poor consumptive woman was made to follow, and paid 20 fr. a day for her expectorations. Once liberated, the poor creature was to be decoyed to Italy for change of air, but in reality to be "removed" to secure her silence. This was a very great offence against the articles of war, so the blackmailers had, unfortunately, Lebaudy under their thumbs, threatening to expose him did he not cash down. He died in the military hospital at Aix-les-Bains, in a shivering fit, brought on by a fresh threat and a renewed demand for 125,000 fr. for hush money; and when the Army Medical Board called for later samples of the expectorations, to decide definitely, the local general replied: "Lebaudy no more expectorates, as he is dead."

While the exports of France increased 9½ million francs during the last month, the augmentation under the same head for England was 98 million francs.

The various large shops in Paris now deliver all their goods in the suburbs by horseless vans. The latter look very fair, save the absence of shafts and the noble animal, that gives the vehicle a wanting-in-something look; the air as if the steed had bolted and dragged the shafts with it. The collection of tubes, of cocks, of breaks, etc., is as formidable as if a locomotive.

#### At The House of Commons.

THE long sitting with which the House indulged itself last week is still the general topic of conversation. It must be admitted, though, that to-day the honours of first place in thoughts and words are divided with the longer sitting upon which most members believe they are entering.

Last Wednesday it was expected the vote would come, like serious illness and death, in the small hours. The hours dragged wearily on, French speeches and English, English speeches and French; and still the end was not yet. Several however, who wanted to be "in at the death," slept uneasily in their hotels, ready to leave at a moment's notice for the big House on the hill, where the tower light, the signal that the House is in session, burned until they lost themselves in the dawn. But no message came, and at breakfast time a crowd of hungry, chalky-faced men swarmed down.

The chamber looks tousled after a whole night's sitting. There are papers on the floor—more than usual. The air is more fetid, fat with exhalations from beery bodies who "tasted" during the night, and murky with tobacco smoke. Some one said it looked like the "second day in the train," and that was before the snow blockade, too.

At a quarter-past eight Mr. Daly was the only Minister in the House, and he was sound asleep. He roused after a little, and a messenger brought him a cup of coffee. It assisted in the rousing, and then presently reinforcements came up from their naps, and we missed Mr. Daly. One woman in the gallery had a bag of sandwiches but she seemed not to be in full communion with the rest.

All day Thursday the debate dragged on. Relays of members slept and came on duty, and the Hansard men worked like the farmers do when there are two more loads of grain in the field and a thunderstorm is growling its way from the west.

Thursday night they told us the vote would come about midnight, probably a little after, and we surged up where the great steamy crowd awaited an entrance. Across in the public gallery, tier above tier of men sat. It looked like a meeting for men only. To the left, women and their escorts made blotches of colour, blue, and pink, and yellow, mingled with the

black and dun shades. It was hot in those badly ventilated galleries, and the pretty light waists were the one restful detail in sight. The members yawned, bowed their heads on their folded arms and slept, tossed paper balls at one another, prodded the specially sleepy ones with paper spikes, wheeled circles of blotting paper in the air—circles which wandered off here and there and sometimes fell upon the throne of the august Speaker himself. The Speaker was visibly worn with attention to duty. He held his privileges with a masterful tone, and want of sleep had taken away a little of the benignity—of countenance with which, upon other occasions, he delivers his ruling, grasping his gown and moving it upon his shoulders before he speaks.

Austerity had settled down upon many a face as the night wore on, but upon some there came a foolish happiness and a ruddy flush, and with these flippant tongues went to and fro like a wag-on-the-wall clock.

The galleries thinned. Some of the weariest spectators slept leaning back against the seats. One young man stretched himself out into the Speaker's gallery, only to be rudely shaken up, just after turning the corner into the sleepy land, by the messenger on duty, who whispered that it was "strictly against the rules." A miscreant in the visitors' gallery required the attendance of Mr. Bowie, with his sword and sergeant trappings.

The ladies from the Speaker's gallery passed up and down from the Speaker's rooms, where Mrs. White was offering tea to the sleepy but obstinately-determined ones, who were bound to see what their fathers and husbands were going to do about the vote.

Frenchmen purled their soft-vowelled words from their eager tongues. English ones, with calmer voices and harsher words, followed. The light of dawn sifted through the tiny openings in the roof, the yawns grew larger and louder, and the back benches lost their tempers and found their tongues. They railed at Mr. McGillivray, and Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Lister. They made irrelevant and irreverent remarks. They imitated chancicleer. They tried to establish a "God Save the Queen." They squeaked their feet on the desk boards, scraped on the wood, slammed down the lids of their lockers, and acted as boyishly as grown men can well do when they have in them the spirit of "We won't go home till morning."

And then, after the constitutionally constructed tongues had smoothed the way, the House rang with "Question! question!" and the Speaker rose and said: "Call in the members!"

The vote had come at last. It was soon over. There were cheers on the Government side, a dogged silence, with here and there a dragged smile, on the Opposition side, and then the crowds went home. Sleighs followed one another quickly from the western way, out past the eastern block. The tops were powdered with snow, the horses' blankets were gleaming white, and down the centre road stretched a long string of people stumbling through the snow, bending their faces away from the storm. It was broad day, and the bells rang six.

OTTAWA, March 24th.

#### Art Notes.

NONE of the draughtsmen of Punch have kept up the high standing of that periodical more effectually than John Tenniel. I say "high standing," in spite of the fact that the prevailing opinion in the United States is that Punch entirely fails in the matter of humour. This opinion is probably also the prevailing one in Japan, and in the island of Borneo; but that the Wednesday issue of the London Charivari is an event looked forward to by a very large and intelligent portion of the world, gifted with the perception of its humour, is a fact not to be denied; and unquestionably it takes the highest place amongst the comic papers in its breadth of range in the delineation of character, in the naturalness and truthfulness of its humour, and in its freedom from exaggeration. Tenniel has had, for many years, the most responsible position amongst the illustrators. He has had to conceive an appropriate cartoon each week dealing with a prominent political topic; and he has had to produce an incalculable number of likenesses—likenesses which must be immediately recognizable by the entire body of Punch's readers. How faithfully he has fulfilled these two conditions may be seen by reference to a bound volume of the periodical. In turning over the leaves one cannot but be struck by the man's enormous fertility of