

of Nature's law of caste. He was a Canadian.

Our first glimpse of the House was unfortunate. It was the middle of an all-night session, and the members didn't look impressive. No man is a hero to his valet, but the Canadian House of Commons cannot afford to throw "the shreds and patches" of its extremely limited cloak of dignity aside for a minute in public. It is then indecent. It may be that the country is too new or that the aforesaid cloak becomes burdensome after wearing it all day, and that two o'clock in the morning offers excuses; but the horrible suspicion arises that the House is more comfortable, more at home, as it were, in its shirt sleeves. Still Oom Paul and his parliament of Boers do good business, and there is a cuspidor apiece in the legislative halls of the "greatest nation on airth." However, the Bone and Sinew, who had a moment before looked on the buildings standing in their dignified beauty on Parliament Hill, as a lode-star that guided the destinies of his great and beautiful country, as a temple to be approached with the mingled feelings of a devotee to a shrine and a subject of a mighty empire to a throne, was shocked. A member on the Government side was engaged in the intellectual task of imitating a coyote in the last stages of ravenous hunger, and was succeeding very nicely. By the end of the session he will do better, and will be referred to by the Ottawa correspondents as "the prominent and genial member for —," and then he will be spoken of in his local paper as "that distinguished statesman —." A member of the Opposition was talking against him; at least he must have been doing that or something equally mysterious, for no one, not even he himself, seemed to know what he was talking about. Half of the members present were asleep or half-a-sleep, except on occasions when they showed that there was ever present with them the all-pervading thought that they were controlling the future of a great and glorious country by soul-inspiring cat-calls,

patriotic desk pounding, and heart-stirring yells reiterated at convenient intervals. They wished to show the people of Canada that their representatives in Parliament assembled were at the helm of State.

I remember once being on a campaign, which, by the way, was prompted by the same spirit of partizanship that the all-night session in the Canadian House exemplified in miniature, and which ended in disaster and disgrace where the outlying sentries of the Bashi-Bazouk regiments converted the stillness of the Soudan into bedlam by shrieking all night at one another to let their officers know they were on duty.

The Bone and Sinew looked apologetically at the door-keeper of the gallery, for the servants of the House of Commons are under the impression that the buildings were built for them, that the members cannot be helped, and that the rest of the world are interlopers. He whispered "What are they doing?" I told him they were ruling the country, guiding the ship of state, and incidentally were making a holy show of themselves.

"Is it necessary to go on like that?" he asked, as pandemonium broke out in a new place below us.

I said I didn't exactly see how it could be avoided as long as democratic government was by party, and that government, party, and individuals were necessarily imperfect and human. No man claimed that our government was an ideal one, for if perfect men were the legislators they wouldn't represent the people. Referring to the question before the House, I told him that if the Minister of Railways and Canals happened not to have had a big square jaw, and had not been accustomed to "bossing" a Provincial Assembly for the last few years, and if the Opposition didn't know they were within their rights in asking an answer to the question Mr. Blair refused to give, and wished not only to harass a leader of a party which had ousted them from power, but also show that, although in Opposition, they were not to be bull-