

Generally speaking the members are not as dignified and as orderly during debate as one might suppose. They often neglect to remove their hats, but retain them to shade their eyes, or to cover their faces while sleeping. In the heat of debate groans, cat-calls and other odious noises are made; or, when in a more playful mood, they resemble a class of naughty school boys. Then they love to pelt the bald heads in the front seats with darts and paper balls, generally culminating their sport by drenching some sleepy unfortunate with ice water.

The ringing of the division bells is followed by intense excitement. The Conservative and Liberal Whips scramble for the telephones that they may warn the members at a distance. The object of each whip is to get all the members of his own party into the Chamber before the motion is read. In case a member does not hear the motion read he loses his vote. Should he be at his hotel, he must exert himself to the utmost in order to reach his seat in time, as only a very few minutes are allowed to elapse between the ringing of the bells and the reading of the motion. No matter where he may be, whether attending a theatre or in a hotel lobby, or in bed, his whip never fails to warn him, and he seldom refuses to respond. In a moment he is on the street and begins the race for Parliament House. The short, corpulent Frenchmen, as they go dashing up the curve at an amazing rate of speed, with their hats in their hands and their bald heads glistening in the moonlight, present an awkward appearance.

Our Canadian members of Parliament discharge their duties with varying degrees of faithfulness. Some while away the time in luxurious ease in the smoking rooms. Others may be found in the alcoves of the library quietly studying. The latter are the law makers of our country. The former are only figure-heads.

W. I. M., '94.

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### DE MILLE, THE NOVELIST.

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THE name of one whom Acadia should feel proud of, has been brought to the notice of the public lately by one who is a great admirer of him. I speak of Prof. James De Mille and Prof. Archibald McMechan, the late novelist and, it is to be hoped, the future biographer. Last spring Mr. McMechan lectured before the Athenæum on the subject of De Mille, and on that occasion he painted him in glowing but not untrue colors.

Acadia has a special interest in De Mille. She is the only institution in Canada that can claim as a student the greatest Canadian novelist. He spent two or three years here in the Academy and College and then went to Brown, where he took