

In connection with the annual fee a ticket was supposed to be given to each member, so that his or her friends could come to hear us sing. I love good music, though I don't know much about it. But it's nice to have one's friends come to hear you, nevertheless—it does them good, don't hurt you, and makes one sing the louder, except where there is a *piano*, and *that* at times you can't bear for the noise.

I was told that the Conductor would try my voice and I learned two songs: David Edward's "National Anthem," and "Put me in my little bed,"—in case of emergency. I was much disappointed that my vocal powers were not tested, otherwise I might have been saved two dollars, because I don't think I should have been much of a success. Having paid the money I was told to consider myself an active member. My activity was surprising. I never was so flush of notes before. So I took my place with the rest of the chorus, and sang what they sang, and stopped when they stopped. From my childhood I always minded my stops. But at times the stops were so sudden that I jerked them out regardless of consequences.

"Mind your pause," the Conductor shouted. I looked at my hands, but they "were clean." I told him not to be so personal. An apology was tendered and accepted. That Conductor's head is always full of crochets.

And then the "runs." When we got started it was a caution. The way we'd do those "runs" was really grand.

"Mind your time," shouted the Conductor.

"This is two-forty time, isn't it?" I retorted. "I'll bet you I'll sing against time with any man in the house."

"Oh, you're too sharp as well as too *forte*," he jeered.

"Am I? Well, you're the first man who has ever said so." We made friends on the spot. The piece was tried once more and he became calmer.

Lots of friends would come to hear the rehearsals. One evening we all got started on a chorus with a "run" in it, and to show our proficiency we had to pull up short, or in other words back up on a pause. We backed up promptly, just in time to hear a voice among the visitors exclaim "That's too thin." Well, *he* isn't much of a judge I thought.

Our Society was formed for the promotion of harmony. But sometimes things don't go as nicely as they ought. Everybody wanted to sing a solo. A rumor got about that the Executive wanted to employ foreign talent. They (the foreigners) believed in Reciprocity. We didn't. They were to accept eighteen hundred Canadian dollars in exchange for instrumentative and vocal ability. We had ample local talent of our own. The Society was organized for the cultivation of local talent. Then why this waste of money? I offered to bring the full brass and string band of the Tenth Royals for one-third the amount. But my offer was refused with scorn. I offered to sing all the solos for nothing. That overture was also rejected with contempt. But when the committee went so far as to request us to give up our tickets, my soul was in arms. We had quite an interesting time, accompanied with much freedom of tone and expression.

One excited individual wrote a requisition in his best hand, calling for a Special Meeting. We met—"twas in a crowd." A number of members had promised their tickets to their friends to come and hear them sing. I had sold mine for fifty cents. One of the Committee rose and explained the necessity of parting with our privilege, as the hall engaged was too small to admit everybody. Somebody said the hall was not so small as the Committee. Several members considered themselves grieved because they were referred to as "dead-heads." One of them has owed me ten dollars for the past twelve months. Another injured individual objected to being used as "bait"—even on a fishing excursion. An enraged member said it was a breach of the Constitution to give up anything. Two others rose to compromise the matter. Another showed that past experience demonstrated the fact that any performance we gave would result in a more favourable surplus than the Ontario Legislature can boast of. He proved satisfactorily that our concert, viewed financially, would be a better operation than any real estate investment. The Conductor grew excited and said he would not hold himself responsible if anybody got hurt. The result was a compromise that if the Executive saw fit they would give us a ticket upon a future occasion. The compromise was accepted and nobody was the gainer—except the Committee. That Committee is one of the best types of a mild despotism I ever heard of. I admired their firmness, but condemned their mode of operation.

Harmony was once more restored. We started singing again, and the way we put that chorus through nearly raised the roof off the house. Everybody shook hands with everybody else, and some of the former malcontents paid three dollars extra, so that they might bring their friends in a legal way and spite the Committee. I am to sing a solo at some future date—it is only a question of time.

Everybody now seems happy, and no further trouble is anticipated until the next annual meeting when it will be necessary to have another shindy in order to vary the monotony.

PAUL FORD.

Grip's Essence of Parliament.

THURSDAY.

The first Bill introduced was SCOTT, of Peterboro'.

The "Christian Premier," with characteristic foresight, brought in

a bill to regulate official swearing. It (the bill) was read a first time; but the swearing was dispensed with till a war of passions could insure a "blue streak."

Mr. MOWAT moved.

He wanted the consideration of the address postponed till next day, it had to be treated with so much consideration.

Mr. CAMERON almost fancied. That settled the question; the consideration was considered postponed, and the House was again "fancy free."

Mr. MOWAT moved again.

It was only the public printing that started him.

Mr. MOWAT moved again.

He wanted Select Standing Committees; and didn't appear to consider that he couldn't get a select lot out of the present House.

Mr. CAMERON actually ventured to think. By all accounts, he desired the Public Accounts Committee to sit during the recess. They would thus be a more private Accounts Committee.

Mr. MOWAT said the Committee would get through more work than formerly. This they might easily do, and not strain themselves either.

Mr. MOWAT MOVED AGAIN.

He resolved on bribery and corruption.

Mr. CAMERON declared the joke stale, and referred to an instance in which it was got off before.

Mr. MOWAT forgot the Family Compact, and only retrospected twenty years, expressing sorrow that the Grits had learned anything from the Tories.

The Librarian reported, but the House wouldn't hear it, querulously thinking WATSON a name.

MR. MOWAT MOVED AGAIN, and all the members, following his infectious example, moved out.

FRIDAY.

After routine the House proceeded to root into the Address wherever they could find grounds for a reply. Mr. SINCLAIR made a moving speech, and Mr. STRAKER struck deep into the matter.

Mr. RYKER delivered some favourite readings from his celebrated Scrap Book, in his usual soothing manner.

Mr. MOWAT, having sharpened up his scissors, had a mow at the daily papers, RYKER frequently interjecting, "Hay?"

Mr. LAUDER charged the Premier, but that "gun" didn't go off again that day.

Mr. FRASER put in a spoke for the weal of the ministry.

Mr. BOULBREE took a hand in and tried to bluff; but, as he had nothing to do with the shuffling, his little game didn't work.

Mr. PRINCE went it blind. Not having a microscope, he couldn't see any opposition.

The resolutions were referred to a Committee, which being all ready loaded and primed, immediately reported a draft address, which was adopted with a motion that it be engrossed so that it might engross the attention of His Honor for a minute at least.

Mr. RYKER moved for a committee to consider the McKELLAR charges, in hopes that they will thus be committed to oblivion.

MONDAY.

Mr. CROOKS moved for a change of procedure. "Charity begins at home."

The Estimates were brought down, *i. e.*, the estimates of receipts and expenditures, not the estimates of the House as a body, which are impalpable.

A committee was appointed to strike standing committees. STRAKER is not on it, but we hope the eleven named will be able to knock down the standing committees when necessary.

A bill was introduced to give a better chance to municipalities to squander their share of SANFELD'S hoard; another relative to apprentices and minors, who often have no other relative; and a third, respecting titles to real estate, which should be respected when good.

TUESDAY.

The striking of committees, as might be expected, led to divisions, and the first fight of the session occurred. The desire of the Opposition to weaken the Ministerial strength in a vital part, the Committee on Public Accounts, accounts for the row. During the contest the committees were struck, but, as usual, there was nobody hurt.

Crooks and Decks.

ANOTHER Polar Expedition is projected. They'll have an ice time.

Mrs. DIXONARX has expressed her disapparel of the crimination of Lady DIKE.

THE Grits think by gerrymandering they can make a "white" constituency out of Grey.

THE latest novelty in the way of political argument is the Wallaceburg Advocate's apostrophe to STEPHEN WHITE, the Reform nominee for Kent:

"STEPHEN! STEPHEN!
Your legs ain't even—
You can't run well,"