

for the labouring classes by the power of combination gained through their labour unions. If they may no longer act together as members of these unions, striking suddenly and in concert, employing the boycott in favour of fellow strikers, etc., it might seem that they would beat a stroke deprived of the chief strength they have thus gained and would again be individually helpless in the thrall of the capitalists. But, though a good deal of indignation has been aroused in some quarters by these decisions, they do not seem to have awakened the intense feeling which might have been expected. The reason for this is, probably, that the more far-seeing among the employees look for good to be evolved out of the seeming evil. They have too much reliance on the sense of justice of the public to doubt that the forbidding of employees to quit work without notice will carry with it the forbidding of employers to discharge without notice. If there is a tacit contract it must have two sides. It would be absurdly unjust to control the one without controlling the other. In fact, some of the labour leaders apparently regard the whole thing with a good deal of complacency as a step, and a prodigious step, in the direction of that complete control of the relations between employers and employees by the State, which is the goal of their wishes and efforts. These cases certainly look as if things were moving in that direction very fast.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

In my last letter the fine imposed on the assaulting cabman was erroneously printed as 20 cents: the amount should have been dollars.

Two unfailing signs of the approach of Spring are observed:—The sparrows are negotiating their matrimonial alliances, and the small boys are playing marbles in the mud. A third indication is the fact that "furs" have disappeared from the advertising columns of the papers and their place is taken by "hats." A fourth is the arrival of a robin, and of our swallow, further a crop of blue bells has flourished in an Ottawa garden on Good Friday. Truly "the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces."

The big machine on the Hill has finished for a time its weary work of grinding out words, words, words, and one of the shortest sessions on record closed on Saturday. The Opposition have thrown all their darts, planted their stings, hurled their stones and discharged their bombs. No one has been killed, few hurt; and the walls, though not perhaps altogether unshaken, still stand. It has not been a particularly eventful session, though a good deal of private legislation has been put through, as witness the long list of bills which received sanction on Saturday. As for what has been said is it not written in the pages of Hansard, the Chronicles of the Kings of our Israel, and in the columns of the daily press, and in our own Week? Sir Adolphe Caron has been according to one side "triumphantly vindicated," and according to the other "shamelessly whitewashed."

The Government got its own way in the Manitoba School Act case after a long debate in which there was a good deal of big talking. Mr. Laurier, Mr. Mills and Mr. O'Brien stood up in defence of the civil service as against the proposed Bill which the latter spoke of as impossible in practice and degrading and humiliating to the service. Mr. Charlton dragged into a discussion on the appointment of Commissioners to the Chicago World's Fair and again into a question of Criminal Code amendment his favourite topic of Sunday observance more to the amusement than to the edification of the House, and Mr. Foster and the High Commissioner gave evidence of a somewhat serious misunderstanding of views as to the proposed new French tariff. There was some fear, at one time that this last might result in deferring till after Easter the longed-for prorogation, but a postponement of action was decided on. Incidentally some interesting questions are, it seems, involved, bearing upon the rates charged for railway transport, a deputation of wine growers in Western Ontario having informed Mr. Foster that it costs twice as much for the carriage of goods from Montreal to Windsor, Ont., as for the carriage from Bordeaux to Windsor. Such is the force of competition.

Government House has been hospitably inclined, and the evening At Homes have been much appreciated by our visitors as giving a happy excuse for the display of much charming millinery and the pretty faces of our belles. A strong effort should be made to allure to the Capital the wives and daughters of members and others at the Parliamentary session time, and to cultivate here a definite "season," such as the capitals of other lands find necessary. Ottawa has a distinct time of the year when she is at her fullest and best and there is no reason now why there should not together with the gathering of the business elements which the session of Parliament renders essential, be also a very beneficial extension of the more delicate and but little less important influences which are represented by ladies' society, in the recognized establishment of their own special "season." Ottawa is, and must, ex-officio, be the great meeting ground for the distant East and West, and in these days of easy access it is simply a question of time and a little waking up to the possibilities in that direction to make her the capital in a social as well as a political sense, and that without in any way detracting from the charms of Montreal and Toronto which will always have their own brilliant days by virtue of their wealth and importance. The building of a new large and handsomely appointed hotel and a comfortable theatre which are understood to be projected, will perhaps help in the matter.

In the closing days of the Lenten term there was a stoppage in the winter festivities, a decorous and deferential stepping aside of the world and the flesh and their proverbial ally, while the grave procession of penitential and introspective hours marched slowly by with warning fingers and searching eyes that even at this fin de siècle stage have power to give frivolity pause, and make the giddy good for a wholesome five minutes at least. It should benefit a butterfly to reflect occasionally that it was once a mean grub and

it will some day become a pinch of dust, and not even adorn a cabinet. In this aspect, no one, whatever his religious views can object to "keeping Lent." Religion has nothing, necessarily, to do with it; ecclesiasticism is but a side issue; the "priest" need not be an irritant factor to any. "Confession" and ashes are things apart from it. It is, if you so will to have it, nothing more than the presentation to the "Is" of the forgotten "Was" and of the neglected "Will be." It is the grim skeleton of the Grecian feast, through whose motionless jaws a wiser age than ours preached silent sermons, masterful, unanswerable, and that could not be unheeded. How much more it can become to the faithful requires no word here.

But Easter day with all its glories of grateful memories for the devout, and its holiday aspect for all has come, and the WORLD has by tacit consent, full sway once more. That exceedingly plain spoken, if not very reverential periodical "Truth" of New York, has a very suggestive, brilliantly coloured cartoon, representing some fair maid dancing off on airy foot from the church doors in company with a seductive mephistopheles in the traditional red tights, while she waves a flippant adieu to her spiritual pastor, in whose governance she has been bound for the customary forty days. There is probably a good deal more of fact than of fancy in the picture.

Weddings are always attractive subjects and society here has felt considerable interest in one which came off on Easter Monday, Mr. Fred Avery and Miss Otille Grahame having been married on that day. The bride is a sister-in-law of Dr. H. P. Wright, a medical man of high standing known not only in Ottawa, but widely throughout the country. It is said that fully 1500 people were present, and certainly a prettier sight and a prettier bride could not be desired, aided as the ceremony was with the beauty of the Easter floral decorations and a choral service. It is sufficient to note here that the bride wore white silk and a veil, and that the bridegroom, like a gallant man blessed her at the altar in the presence of the whole congregation, an example set by the Prince of Wales.

From marriage the second great act in the tragi-comedy of life, it is but a step to the third and last, and in the funeral ceremonies with which the remains of Mrs. Mackenzie were carried to their last resting place on Tuesday, their went the heartiest sympathy of all Canadian people, no matter of what shade of politics. A woman of the gentlest, kindest heart, the most unselfish and modest of dispositions, and the most devoted of lives, there is no one who knew her in her public days as wife of Canada's premier, or in the privacy of her subsequent period of trial as the faithful and untiring nurse of his later years, who did not recognize the sterling qualities of her character and feel for her that rare blending of affection and respect which such natures as hers alone can command.

Wife: Oh, George, can it be true? I was told you were intoxicated last night. George: What a calumny! Who dared to say such a thing? Wife: Why, Mr. Smith told his wife so. George: Mr. Smith! Why, he was lying beside me under the table worse than I was.

ZERO.