

S. S. MILWAUKEE.

With Second Contingent en route to South Africa.

Notes of Voyage From Wednesday, Feb. 21st, 1900, to Wednesday, March 21st.

WEDNESDAY, March 21st, 1900.

To-day, the day of our embarkation for the front has been so full of incident that it is difficult to describe in detail. From the sound of "Reveille" till the command "Fall in," the men have been busy packing up kit. At all is ready, and the welcome command "Quick march!" is eagerly obeyed by the men who realize that the weeks of weary waiting are now at an end, and at last they are actually on their way to the seat of war.

The march through the streets of Halifax was a memorable one. Crowds of visitors and citizens cheered themselves hoarse, and plaudits of Halifax's fairest daughters waved handkerchiefs in fond adieu to their lovers and relatives in the contingent. On arrival at the naval dockyard everything was found in readiness, and no time was lost in marching the troops aboard. A few minutes later lines were cast off—the bands on shore playing "Auld Lang Syne." The huge ship moved slowly into the stream amid the cheers of thousands and the long voyage to South Africa commenced.

As soon as we were well clear of Halifax the men were ordered below, but many of them remained on deck, hiding in odd corners, anxious to get a last full glimpse of dear old Canada. A tug-boat crowded with friends of the boys, followed us a long way down the stream, the band on board playing patriotic airs—the favorite being the "Maple Leaf," and it seemed as if the boys could not get enough of it. Down below everything was in confusion—kit-bags and accoutrements were thrown on the tables; musical instruments produced, and the skip, from stem to stern, broke forth into one vast burst of melody. Few cared to sleep, and those who wanted to could not close their eyes till well on to 3 o'clock on account of the noise and racket. During the night dirty weather was encountered, which developed into a heavy gale, accompanied by a drenching rain storm.

The bugle call for breakfast was answered by a few, as nine-tenths of the men were suffering from "mal-de-mer," and it was a startling and somewhat amusing contrast to see the 500 or more gallant, stalwart fellows who marched so bravely through the streets of Halifax, laid out limp and lifeless in every conceivable position, both above and below the decks and hatches. The sign of life was shown when the vessel gave an extra roll and pitch, then the recumbent figures would give a hollow groan of agony and pay fresh tribute to Neptune. The sea was not what an old sailor would call rough, although some of the boys looked like they were crawling on the smoke-stack of the steamer, black and grimy from the smoke and ashes. Some lay in the passage ways, utterly indifferent as to who walked or fell over them; one man collapsed outside of the hospital deck, and as the doctor was not fastened every lurch of the vessel sent him banging into the poor fellow's ribs. This continued all night long, but he was unmindful of it. Dozen of the boys were lying in heaps on the deck, dead as the doornails by the rain and spray, cold and miserable, unable to help themselves, and no one able to help them. Spick and span uniforms were ruined, rifles and bayonets rusted, kit bags and great coats thrown everywhere, but no one cared, all were suffering. Discipline had vanished, and King Neptune reigned supreme.

The storm lasted all day Thursday, but during the night it moderated and Friday broke out clear and bright, and a few new faces were to be seen at the breakfast table—men who had apparently disappeared from the ship emerged from odd corners, dirty and woe-begone, but all hungry and looking for something to eat. Raw onions were in great demand. Some were hungry enough to eat raw potatoes. The tables were well occupied at dinner time, and full justice was done to the meal provided. By supper-time nearly all were well, and later on in the evening groups gathered around the organ and piano singing, but not the rousing martial songs of Wednesday night. There was a subdued air about the music, and hymns and the Moody and Sankey stamp and sentimental songs were the favorites. On Saturday the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond. Everybody is well and happy, and we are getting our sea legs. Kits and hammocks are being put in order, rifles and bayonets cleaned, and all traces of the storm removed from uniforms in readiness for Sunday.

Sunday—A beautiful day, warm and balmy as a May day in Canada. Church parade for all hands at 10.30, and Chaplain Lane of the contingent preached an excellent sermon. The singing by the choir, composed of volunteers, was exceptionally good. No work to do! The remainder of the day was spent in reading, writing and singing.

Monday—Another splendid day—growing warmer—a huge sail has been bent in the shape of a tank and filled with sea water. It accommodates ten at a time, and the dip is greatly appreciated by the boys.

Tuesday—It is growing hotter, and, but for the breeze, would be unupportable. The men have discarded tunics and perform their duties in shirt-sleeves. Rev. Mr. Lane has succeeded in getting enough men to form the nucleus of a band, as there are but ten instruments on board; the music is not very loud, but it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. At the preliminary practice to-day the rendered several pieces in splendid style, to the wildly appreciative audience, who cheered themselves hoarse. A large whale was seen at the distance of a mile, and caused great excitement, especially among the men from the North West, many of whom are sailing on the ocean for the first time in their lives. A steamer was seen late in the evening, but too far off to be spoken.

WEDNESDAY, 25th Feb.—We are now one week out from Halifax. Routine work is the order of the day. Reveille is sounded at 5.30 a. m., and from then till "lights out," at 9 p. m. it is one continuous round of guards, fatigue and piquet duty. The battalion paraded to-day for pay, and received their money in bright, new English sovereigns and florins. The canteen was well patronised, and had to close doors several times to replenish the stock of canned fruits, tobacco, cigars and pipes. Prices are about double the Halifax rates for such goods. Fifty per cent. of the profits of the canteen will go to the government, who will apply it to the patriotic fund. A few of the men who are adepts in the tansorial art, and who had the foresight to buy a land-office business in cutting hair. The operation costs 15 cents, and is worth the money, as the job is done thoroughly. Clippers are used, and the hair is cut as if it were shaved. Unpleasant fun is created when a man comes back to his troop from the barber's chair. Every one has to have a slap at his bald pate with the open hand, and the efforts of the luckless victim to dodge the elaps are very comical.

"Pig," the Eskimo sleigh dog, from the Yukon, has had his shaggy hair trimmed, and is a British Lion, and appears to enjoy the change. C. Estery, of artillery are cultivating pointed beards. At present they are only in the embryo state, but by the time we reach Cape Town they will look like veracious. At present they resemble Cox's Army.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 28th to Wednesday, March 1st, 1900. We are now in the tropics. The days are oppressively hot, but the nights are glorious. A sail through these moon-bathed Southern seas would make a graven image go into raptures of admiration. We spend most of our time on deck after evening stables are finished, drinking in the cool night air, so refreshing after the fustid atmosphere of the horse-deck.

One cannot help feeling sorry for the poor horses. They are literally drenched in perspiration, and it is pathetic to see the wretched look in their eyes as the men pass through, bucket in hand, on their way to the water-tank. The men on stable piquet perform their duty clad in trousers and boots only. All other clothing is dispensed with, and each man is to be seen in his breeches against the sides of the vessel, as the iron has become so heated from the sun as to be unbearable to the touch. Scarcely a day passes without two or three horses dying, and up to date we have thrown overboard 29, and some six or seven are reported not likely to live over night.

The improvised bath, before mentioned, is liberally patronized at all hours of the day. Besides, there is a regular parade of each troop for bathing, and as the men line up for this parade, reminds one of Private Mulvaney's remark in Kipling's story of the "taking of Lungtungpen": "It was the most odorous parade he ever witnessed." The sun dries us so quickly that towels are almost a superfluous article. Erection of any kind is a burden, but in spite of the heat parades, guard mounts, piquets and fatigues are carried on as strictly as if we were on shore.

Paradoxical as it may seem, a man is not "properly dressed" for parade unless he is half-dressed; that is to say, orders were issued to-day that in future all parades should be in shirt-sleeves and trousers only, with side-arms and rifles; several who appeared in tunics were sent back as "not properly dressed on parade." The sea is as smooth as a mill-pond, and, although we are covering from 230 to 240 miles per day, the motion of the vessel is scarcely perceptible. To illustrate this, I would mention that the ship stopped for four hours to-day to make some repairs to her machinery, and half of the boys were not aware of the fact until their attention was called to it. Two men were tempted by the inviting coals of the sea to risk their heated bodies in the depths of the sea. Fortunately for them an officer stopped them just in time, and they were given an opportunity to cool off in the guard room for a few days. It was fortunate for them that their intentions were frustrated, as the sea in these latitudes is alive with sharks.

The men on stable piquet have a hard time of it. The air on the horse-deck is unupportably hot and close. They have to patrol up and down the long rows of horses, which are so close together that their noses almost touch. They have to exercise a general supervision over their allotted part of the stable, report all sick horses and assist the veterinary surgeon when required, besides feeding and watering horses at midnight. Fatigue parties are kept busy watering the decks with sea water to keep them cool, but despite the discomfort of the excessive heat everybody is well and happy. The food is abundant, and the sea air gives us magnificent appetites. The officer of the day who comes to each table at meal-time and asks, "I would compliment you," invariably answers in the negative. But on coming from stables at noon to-day I thought that the dinner of pea soup, salt pork and beans, hot biscuit and plum duff was more suited to the Klondyke or a lumbering camp in mid-winter than a crowd of over-fed, under exercised soldiers on a transport in the tropics.

A concert was held on the middle deck Thursday night. Chaplain Lane's band rendered an excellent program-

me. The boys were roused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and repeatedly demanded encores until Mr. Lane had to ask them to desist. The boys repeatedly cheered him and the band, and then listened to the remainder of the concert, which consisted of songs, readings, instrumental solos, etc.

At 10 a. m. Wednesday we were started to hear the "alarm" sounded. The different troops rushed to places in an incredibly short space of time; standing by the boats allotted to them in case of fire or shipwreck. Some of them had been bathing and responded to the alarm in garden of Eden costume; others, who were shaving, ran to their places with faces covered with soap suds. The prompt response to the alarm greatly pleased the officers, and it will be repeated from time to time without previous warning, in order to get the men accustomed to their places in case of fire or shipwreck.

We have orders to-day to get all mail in readiness in case we should meet with a mail steamer, which, however, is not likely, but nevertheless, we are all busy writing, so as to be ready. We passed the Cape Verde Islands on Monday, but only got a fleeting glimpse of the Isle of Pogo, which looked, from a distance, more like a low bank of clouds than an island. At 6 a. m. Friday, March 9th, we crossed the equator, and on Saturday we saw a large school of porpoises, which gambolled about in the water quite close to the vessel for hours. On Sunday morning we reached the welcome shores of "Land, Oh!" brought us tumbling down from below at 5 a. m. It was a bright, clear morning, and straight in front of us we could see a large, indistinct mass looming up in the hazy distance, more like a low bank of clouds than an island. At 10 a. m., we could not tear ourselves away from the first real sight of land since we left home.

To the sea-wary eyes of the boys nothing could be more refreshing than the sight of the island. Those on duty below carried on their work with many delays and envied their comrades who were feasting their eyes on the sight of shore. The call for breakfast was almost unheeded, although some rushed down below, grabbed a biscuit and cup of coffee, and resumed their post of observation. By ten o'clock we were abreast of the island at a distance of about four miles, and could see distinctly the sharp-peaked mountains. The trees on top of them were boldly outlined on the horizon. The largest peak of all showed up splendidly, its apex crested with fine white fleecy clouds. The sides of the cliffs near the beach were of a dull reddish color, showing the volcanic origin of the island. A narrow strip of white sandy beach stretched along the base of the mountain, and a few huts and small boats, evidently used by fishermen.

We kept our signals flying until we were answered by those in charge of the signal station on the island. To our great disappointment we did not get any war news, although the island has cable communication with England. So we will have to wait till we get to Cape Town. Altogether the sight of the island was a welcome break in the monotony of the long sea voyage, and we followed it with our eyes till late in the afternoon, when it faded away in the distance and was lost to our view. However, we have another similar treat in store, as the chaplain has just informed us that we shall pass the Island of St. Helena on the afternoon of Wednesday, March 14th.

March 14th to 19—Arrival at Cape Town. The past week has been uneventful. We passed St. Helena on Wednesday, but took but little interest in it, as we were too far off to see it plainly. Excursion of any kind is a burden, but in spite of the heat parades, guard mounts, piquets and fatigues are carried on as strictly as if we were on shore.

All is bustle and hurry getting ready to leave the ship, which has been our home for a month, so I must close this letter in a hurry, with the hope that I shall be able to resume it in a day or two, when we shall be settled down in South Africa.

RALPH MARKHAM.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

AN ANECDOTE OF STANLEY.

When H. M. Stanley was writing through the Dark Continent he was in the habit of spreading his maps and charts upon the floor. One day his favorite cat went to sleep on a chart spread out on the board rug. By and by the chart was wanted, and one of the assistants went to "turn pussy away," when Stanley stopped him. "Don't disturb the cat," he said, "we can get on without the chart until it wakes up. If you only knew how good the sight of that cat was to me, you would never let her move from where she is." After his trip among uncivilized tribes the sleeping cat was to him the symbol of domestic peace and comfort.



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OTTAWA LETTER.

More Light on the Huron and Brookville Ballot Stealing.

Some of the Reasons Why the Government Has Stopped All Enquiry into the Inquiry.

Apple Barrels and Their Contents—Sir Louis Davies' Pathetic Performances—The Minister of Marine has Two Sources of Trouble—Not a Colonel After All.

OTTAWA, May 10.—The return of Sir Charles Hibbert, Rupper, to the House of Commons after his visit to British Columbia brings Yukon matters once more to the front. He has been busy in control of the space in the Yukon paper since his return, though as yet he has not been very fortunate in obtaining answers. As to that, however, the same experience belongs to most ministers. The favorite answer to questions during the last month has been: "Stand by the request of the government." Question time appears to be the favored hour for ministers to have engagements abroad.

Since the government refused the investigation into the Yukon last year, the investigation has come down relating to the Ogilvie investigation. It has been made clear that the investigation was a poor affair. The commissioner himself reported that the government ought to hold another inquiry to remove the cause of complaint. This document Mr. Sifton hid away last year, calling it a private letter.

Meantime Mr. Wade, formerly political manager for Sir John A. Macdonald, afterwards a very large claimant for pay from the federal government for alleged services in connection with the alleged investigation of alleged ballot frauds in Manitoba, land commissioner, legal adviser, and several other things in the Yukon, where he carried on at the same time a healthy practice among miners and investors who had claims against the government, is getting rich.

Mr. Wade figures in the matter brought up by Sir Charles Hibbert yesterday. So does Mr. Davis, collector of customs at Dawson, who is alleged to have acted in a high-handed manner to the great advantage of Mr. Wade and Mr. Wade's clients. There is no modification of Sir Charles Hibbert's reflections upon Mr. Davis because the collector was formerly a conservative member of parliament and was appointed to office by the late government.

This is the story: There is a steamer called the Yukoner, owned by an English company and engaged in trade on the Yukon and Pacific coast. The Yukoner was at Dawson last July and her captain and crew had a claim against the ship. Collector Davis gave clearance to the Yukoner, which seems then to have been entitled to depart. Mr. F. C. Wade, as counsel for the ship's officers, requested the collector to detain the vessel, after the clearance was granted, in making him do and hold up the ship until the agent paid him \$5,000. Afterwards Mr. Davis somehow got himself into the position as arbitrator and made a decision compelling the ship to pay the claim of the officers, and also to pay \$750 for Mr. Wade's legal services.

Counsel for the ship owners presented the case to the government, and it seems that the matter was referred to the department of justice. The government refused to bring down the opinion of Mr. Mills's department, but it has brought down a letter from Mr. Davis, replying to one from Ottawa. Mr. Davis had been requested to arrange a settlement "in view of the opinion of the department of justice," and Mr. Davis, replying, quotes the department of justice as stating that the conduct of Mr. Davis was "high-handed and improper."

Sir Charles Hibbert has been trying to get all the papers on the subject, and yesterday, having failed to get all he wanted, he had 15 questions on the order paper. He wanted to know in what capacity Mr. Davis acted in detaining the vessel after clearing her by what right he had ordered \$750 to be paid to Mr. Wade, whether he had received the \$5,000 from the owners of the Yukoner in his official capacity, whether the department admitted its accountability for this money or repudiated Mr. Davis's action.

The minister declined to answer the question, though he admitted that some questions, though he admitted that some of them were proper. Sir Charles Hibbert refused to be snuffed out in this way, and was giving reasons why the questions should be answered. The rules do not allow discussion on questions, and a rigid application was made by the government of this rule against Sir Charles Hibbert. The episode might have ended in ten minutes by the minister answering some questions and giving his reasons for refusing the other answers, but perhaps he did not care to expose himself to attack by refusing to answer particular questions involving the credit of his own department. So he stood on the rules of the house. That is how it came about that Sir Charles Hibbert moved the adjournment and went minutely into the whole matter in a speech of three hours and a half.

Mr. Paterson struggled valiantly over the matter, and was rather hard on the furniture while he denounced Sir Charles Hibbert for trying to get information from him which would be of service to men who were pressing, or were in a position to press a legal claim against the government.

This view of the case led up to a discussion in which Mr. Borden of Halifax and Mr. Quinn of Montreal took part. The view of the minister of customs appeared to be that no matter how unjustly a government may

treat a Canadian subject, no matter whether an official may have used his position to hold up a firm for money, the subject must not be brought up in parliament if the victim has a remedy at law. Mr. Quinn, on the contrary, thinks the country will take the view that the business of parliament among other things is to expose and correct public abuses, and that the house is not prevented from enquiring into the conduct of a minister and his officers from the fact that the minister and his officers have caused some person a loss of property. It is in fact none of the parliament's business what remedy a man may have at court. It is its business to see that the laws of the country are properly administered by the government of the country and by paid public servants.

That paid public servant Mr. Paterson seems to think otherwise, and holds that it is very wrong to ask a minister for information which may help a victim in securing his rights. Therefore Mr. Paterson will not say whether Mr. Davis was acting as an officer or in a personal capacity when he exacted from the Yukoner a healthy fee for his friend and Mr. Sifton's friend, Mr. F. C. Wade. He gave no better reason for his refusal than that if he told the truth and the whole truth the man who claimed to be wronged would thereby be assisted in having his wrongs righted. Incidentally, of course, Mr. Wade might be compelled to give up his booty.

Sir Charles Hibbert is not worrying himself about Mr. Davis and his form of torism. He is quite oblivious to Mr. Paterson's sneers on that score. Neither does it trouble him that Mr. Paterson tries to make it appear that the member for Pictou is acting as a kind of assistant to the counsel of the Yukoner. Sir Charles Hibbert is in hot pursuit of the officials who are responsible for the Yukon scandals. Neither sneers nor reflections, nor refusals to answer, nor poundings of desks, nor strident shoutings of ministers charged with complicity in the scandals can turn him from his purpose.

The minister of justice is having struggles over the penitentiary binder twine. Some time ago he issued a lit and cup brochure on the binder twine question. Yesterday he was asked to expound the question of the price of fibre and the price of twine. He declined to give this information on the ground that it will expose the government business to rival dealers. Not to dissipate the senate altogether he expounded during the long address the history of vegetable fibres and the development of harvesting processes. The minister was not feeling well and did not go as far back as he sometimes does. The Devonian period escaped attention because there is no proof that wheat was grown at that time or that there were human beings who tied it up. So far as the attentive hearer could discern there was no reference used by Mr. Mills to an earlier date than the time when Ruth gathered the fields of Boaz. The most diligent research on the part of the minister of justice has not revealed the existence of the use of binder twine in harvesting the "alien corn."

John Connor in the public accounts committee the other day did not cover so large a historical period, but he was more interesting where he did go. The solicitor general had an object in making it appear that the late government was imprudent in making Mr. Connor the selling agent, inasmuch as at one time the agent owed the government \$48,000 and while the only security was certain Bale des Chaleux railway bonds. Mr. Connor says the bonds were pretty good when they were sold, but that the Connollys were partners of his in the transaction though the government did not know it, and that after his failure to pay he turned over to the department of justice all the other property and securities that he had. The trouble between Mr. Connor and the Connollys was vaguely hinted at, but nothing more was stated plainly except that Connor had raised \$25,000 in cash and had been relieved of it by Michael Connolly before it reached the department.

Mr. McMullen, who seemed to think that the solicitor general was not sufficiently hard on the witness, intervened by asking Connor what the Bale des Chaleux bonds were worth now. John admitted that they were not worth much, but claimed that he had reduced his indebtedness to the government from \$48,000 to less than \$9,000, as lately determined by the exchequer court. That amount would also be paid, but he was proceeding against the Connollys for a settlement and claimed that they were largely in debt to him in respect to this twine business.

It seems that the partners set about to make a speculation in Manitoba, which promised to give great results, but did not fulfil the undertaking. Mr. McMullen continued his questions. He asked Connor what the best value now, the Bale des Chaleux bonds or Connor's note? John seemed to regard this as an offensive question, but replied calmly: "I think my note is as good as yours." McMullen expressed a dissenting opinion. He is said to be worth a quarter of a million, the result of judicious business as a retail store-keeper at Mount Forster, followed by a prosperous career as a note shaver and private banker. Mr. Connor observed: "I have always paid a hundred cents on the dollar, and I never heard of you paying any more." This was a final shot of the day and after a close comparison of notes the members of the committee decided that their information in this matter did not exceed that of Mr. Connor. Mr. McMullen has never been regarded as a reckless man in his financial operations. His note is good and the same may probably be said of any other note that one gets into his hands.

OTTAWA, May 11.—The action of the government in taking Mondays for government business, brings to an end for this session, the career of a private member as promoter of legislation. It is a remarkable fact that the private member still cherishes the hope that he has some functions in originating public legislation. He



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comes again and again to the house with a bill in his pocket to reform the laws of the country, or to make new ones. He ought to know that these bills cannot reach second reading, or at the most, cannot pass the committee stage. In this correspondence on a previous session it was pointed out that not more than a dozen bills had ever become law which had been introduced by private members in some ten years. The one wish is that members of parliament should not recognize their effacement, but should still entertain the fond hope that they have anything to do in the house except to ratify, criticize, obstruct or reject government measures.

Private bills proper receive sufficiently good treatment. These are bills of a purely private nature for the incorporation of railway companies and the granting of other charters, and such like affairs of a private character. They have a large part of the time in the beginning of the session. They get an hour a day twice a week until the end of the session, and the committees upstairs spend almost every forenoon in dealing with them. The consideration given to private bills is careful, conscientious, and vigilant. As a rule they are kept free from party discussion, and are dealt with as well as can be expected from so large a body in dealing with more or less technical matters.

Where the private member fails and becomes nobody is in legislation of a public character. For instance, this year some fifty or sixty public bills were introduced by private members. Less than forty of these have passed the first reading, which comes off before the "orders of the day." Of these not more than two or three have passed their second reading. All the others stand under the head, "Public Bills and Orders." The consideration given to private bills is careful, conscientious, and vigilant. As a rule they are kept free from party discussion, and are dealt with as well as can be expected from so large a body in dealing with more or less technical matters.

The character of the measures so shut out may be judged by a list of them: The list includes two bills by Mr. Ingram and one by Mr. Carroll to amend the Franchise Act; one by Mr. Puttee, one by Mr. Erb and one by Mr. Ingram to amend the Dominion Election Act; one by Mr. McLean to amend the laws relating to the Canada Temperance Act; Mr. Beattie's bill about an eight-hour day; amendments to the Militia Act by Mr. Prior and Mr. Domville; Mr. Gannon's bill concerning the measurement of fish; Mr. Casey's in favor of government telegraph, and so on.

Next year these members, if they are in the house, will come forward with the same cheerful disregard of history, and will start these bills again on their short career, and will again mourn over their untimely fate. Perhaps ten or twenty years hence it will occur to some members to procure a reform in the procedure, whereby by this infant mortality may be checked. It will be a popular proceeding with the house, and if the suggestion takes the form of a resolution it will afford the order paper for three months. It will be cut off in the fourth month of the session along with the thirty bills which the trusting members of that time will have launched on their ill fated journey.

The state of affairs indicated above is not peculiar to Ottawa. The same breakdown of parliamentary machinery is reported to exist at Westminister. The government is practically the originator of all legislation, and the only chance a member has is to get the ministers to take hold of his reform and incorporate it in a government bill. There may be some advantage in thus making the government responsible for all the reforms that are not made. The singular thing is that members of parliament do not recognize existing facts and still persist in coming to the house with legislation.

If Mr. Charlton has failed this year

to ferryman has not given consent of most why the Can Paris exposi Sundays when hibit is closed day that Mr. secured for Paris from a special ment Now he reports sible to have closed on Sur that he urged Strathcona to nothing could suspicion that not as strenu make in carry McMullen ins take further that if we can the exhibition should bring give the who Laurier is no self on the brought the di by calling out nothing could Mr. Taylor one-sided open He brought Canadian who and had emp for his wife a resident. E fleet waited u from the gov told him that if he persists law of the U Mr. Taylor s and worksh of the order p from the the Canadian will be reme labor bill wa Davies' inter be operated a department, s never giv not want to element while were going o for our friend enforce their advantage of ang any. W treaty?

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There is no we cannot ea is arranging other monthe enquiry abed a oyster beds a and as to the crisis since, s says that he fore and fou not read it. say that larg been spent in in other coun spent had pr to the fallu take any mst after the mat