



**OLIVER AND THE PASTRY.**

“WONDER HOW I CAN GET AT THAT P.I.?”

**SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.**

Ottawa, May 30th, 1894.

If you go up to that Parliament and expect to see the members sitting in their places, with their hats off and their hair combed, looking nice and eager to be taught, you'll be dreadful sorry for yourself before you've been there three minutes. And then you'll begin to worry about the dignity of your native land. Not that some of them ain't dapper, but they mostly don't cut their hair, (those that have any) and the rest don't comb what's left. It ain't for me to be mocking any, and I know all about the little boys that got et up with bears, but I guess I'm voicing the feelings of the galleries when I say that patching up bald places with strips of hair isn't deceptive nor—nor—honest-looking.

There's one young man who takes things mighty easy. He sprawls his self all over his own chair and hangs his feet on another one. The country's burden of taxes don't seem heavy on his heart, but maybe I'm misjudging him—maybe he's clean wore out working for the country's good. Appearances is awful deceitful.

Another thing is that ef you think you're going to see the cog-wheels of the law-making machine go round; if you think you'll see how they fit into each other and what kind of oil they use, you'll get another disappointing blow. That's all fixed up in the secret places of the high and mighty ones, and the shooting match that comes off in the House, is a kind of public school examination, where the scholars have got off their little pieces, and where the teacher watches them to see they don't go wrong if he can help it. Sometimes the little fellows get balky and sometimes they're too spry. I watched one of the head scholars take back his motion because a big man (not the head teacher, but one that seems to make most of them stand round) just leaned back in his seat, with his thumb in his vest armpole and stared hard. Guess there must be some kind of a cipher arrangement in stares.

And speaking of cipher reminds me that that Detroit man has broken up all my comfort in thinking of Mr. Shakespeare. There was a man here in Ottawa last week, and he explained it dreadful clear, about how Bacon was Shakespeare and everybody else that amounted to anything, how he wrote everything that was writ, and strung things

together in all his different books into a mighty queer history. If it's truth let's believe it, and be glad to be quit of one lie, for most of us are believing some, get believing 'em pretty hard, too, ef we've got friends or politics ary one. (But that's an aside.)

Seems to me this being in Opposition so long, must be hard on the dispositions of the members. I've got an idea that it's going to make 'em suspicious even in the bosoms of their families, and distrustful of their own blood relations. Seems to me they'll get to be onsatisfied with their coffee mornings and hanker after the last word in the domestic circle when they get called to order.

It's pretty hard to tell when a man's sitting in his own seat in the House. Talk about women folks gadding! My sakes, it isn't anything to the way those men neighbor round. Of course when a member's talking to Mr. Speaker he's got to be in his own seat, and when he's musing around in a desk, it's pretty safe to say that the desk's his own. Other times it's resky to match him on the plan of the House, for like as not you're on the wrong track.

The folks down here have a way of speaking of the Senators that doesn't sound reverent. They call 'em “the old ladies.” It appears the men folks up in the red room don't like it, but there's a suspicion that the women feel down-trodden about it too.

In the mornings it's dreadful pleasant up on the Parliament hill. The birds are bustling around seeing about their housekeeping, and their little wings are quivering among the green branches most all the time. There's all sorts of trees on the bank—spruce and cedar, maple, beech, birch, basswood and goodness knows how many more. You can smell lumber and gum off the trees, and ef you're near the summer house, tobacco, too.

At noon they fire off a cannon. Bang, it goes just at twelve, and then everybody looks at their watches. You



**IN THE NEAR FUTURE.**

1ST EMANCIPATED ONE: “By-the-way, old girlie, I haven't seen your husband lately.”

2ND DO. DO.: “Well, the fact is I'm without a servant just now, and he can't get out much. The last slavey-man we had was such a lazy, good-for-nothing.”