



THE YOUNG CANADIAN IN OTTAWA.

The early wild-flowers were peeping out to see me as I whirled through the woods to Ottawa. They nodded and whispered to each other—"That's THE YOUNG CANADIAN on the way to Ottawa to make the young people as Canadian as we Trilliums and Hepaticas are."

At the Great Tower of the House of Commons, beauty and fashion elbowed and jostled their way. Everybody hustled in, and hurried to their places on the Floor of the Red Chamber. The Red Chamber is where Parliament opens, where the Senate has its Sessions later on, and where His Excellency has his Grand Receptions. Chairs, handsomely stuffed, and luxurious in red, surround the floor two or three deep. At the extreme end rises the Throne with its dais, its Chair of State, and its canopy of gold. The front circle of chairs was occupied by portly Senators. The row immediately behind was reserved for their wives and married daughters: while their unmarried daughters, the wives and daughters of the Commons, and the lady citizens of Ottawa filled up the chairs at the back. Extra chairs were placed around the entrance for the Mayor of Ottawa, the Clergy, and a few distinguished strangers. Beyond these, gentlemen are not admitted to the floor.

The costume is "by order," full evening dress, although the hour is three in the afternoon, but the galleries above are open to bonnets and morning dress.

Lady Stanley, with a quiet matronly air, and the Attendant Ladies of her Household, entered by a private door, and took up their places in chairs reserved for them on the left of the Throne. With characteristic punctuality the firing of cannons announced the hour, and the Governor, accompanied by an escort of Dragoon Guards, came dashing up in his State Equipage drawn by four magnificent greys. At the signal of the National Anthem, the brilliant audience within rose to their feet in his honour, and His Excellency, attended by Privy Counsellors and soldiers glittering in golden braid, entered and passed gravely to his official seat. With much formality the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod was despatched through a procession of deep bows to summon the House of Commons, who thereupon appeared helter-skelter, crushing and squeezing for coins of vantage in the small and insignificant accommodation allotted to them more like a school-boy's Christmas recess than a Legislative Ceremony. But custom is a despot; and custom, from time immemorial, has decided just how the Commons ought to enter. With a gracious "*be seated,*" His Excellency raised his plumed hat, first to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate and then to the Honourable Gentlemen of the Commons, and proceeded to pronounce, in English and in French, The Address from the Throne. In another procession of bows The Address was handed to the Speakers of the respective Houses, and, the ceremony being over, the Representative of Her Majesty retired, followed by his suite, and the assemblage was at liberty to break through the bonds of formality. The cushioned chairs were quickly vacated. Old friends and new mingled in talk and smiles.

The Commons at once returned to their quarters, and

commenced the work of the Session, although not much is done for a week or two. The gaiety of the season is ushered in by a State Dinner at Government House, which is followed by a continuous string of imitations among the Members of the Cabinet, and Heads and Deputy-Heads of the Departments. His Excellency is expected to overtake the entire Legislature, Cabinet, Senate, and Commons, for which wholesale hospitality his Ball-room is temporarily converted into a Dining-hall. The Speaker of the Senate entertains the Senate; he of the Commons the Commons; and the salaries attached to these distinguished positions are quickly devoured in similar formalities.

"The Drawing-Room" is the social event of the season. Through their Secretaries their Excellencies intimate that they will hold a Reception. It takes place in the magnificent and brilliantly-lighted Red Chamber. The nobility of mind, body, and estate, of the whole Dominion are in attendance. The dress of the ladies, the scarlet uniforms of soldiers, the official distinctions and decorations of the courtiers, all make up a sight, which for impressive magnificence has few equals anywhere.

The relative place of every guest in this pageant is decided "by order." Senators, with their wives and daughters, enter the Chamber by the Senators' Entrance. Members of the Commons, with their ladies, come in by west side of the Tower. "Others" enter where "red lights" are shown. All the great untitled enter by the "Red Lights," and great is the crowd of these. Majestic corridors, lofty ceilings, costly carpets, and multitudinous servants, add to the awe of the scene of squeezing and crushing. At the entrance to the Chamber, all crush is subdued. The guests enter, one by one, in slow and stately succession. Presenting one card at the door, and another to Aide-de-Camp in waiting, each passes in, walks slowly up to the Throne, has his name announced, makes a deep bow, and makes room for his successor.

Their Excellencies stand on the dais, with a gracious smile, and all weariness suppressed. For two or three hours they have to undergo this ordeal, after which the "Drawing-Room" is at an end. The Session is opened.

EDITOR.

SOME NICE BOOKS TO READ.

MAISIE WARDEN. By J. D. Hutcheson. Alexander Gardner, Paisley and London.

The heroine, from whom this story takes its name, is the bonniest lassie in a Scottish village which forms the scene of the story. Being the miller's daughter, she is considered, especially by her father, to be much higher in the social scale than her lover, who is merely the blacksmith's son; and this forms the source of numerous obstacles to the union of the two, which gives a strong interest to the plot of the story, and which are removed at last only by the sudden death of the obstinate miller. The characters are sketched by one who is evidently familiar with Scottish village-life, and with the Scottish dialect, especially as it is spoken in the West of Scotland. There is, perhaps, a certain degree of harshness too uniformly obtrusive in the principal characters; and in such a picture of village-life we might fairly look for one or two prominent types of those gentler virtues which a sympathetic eye is always ready to discover even under a clothing of rustic manners and language. Still, "*Maisie Warden*" is a capital story, and will be much enjoyed by those who appreciate the dialect of the Lowland Scots.