

Our Own at Ottawa.

Biggest Crisis yet—Budget—Rag Industry Booming—Riel—More About Riel—What's Going on Anyway.

OTTAWA, Saturday, 28th.—Last week I was congratulating myself about two crises passed—now we are in the middle of another—biggest kind of crisis too. Really I can hardly take a humorous view of things at all for it's no laughing matter. Here has been rebellion festering for months—papers talking of it—everybody seeming to know about it but the Government. Now when hostilities are reported they pooh-poo the idea—but order out police. Next comes news of bloodshed—then all the fat's in the fire! Blood spilt in fight—much or little—means enmity and heart-burning between whites and half-breeds for years to come. What's the use of Dewdney and all the Indian agents and Mounted Police if they couldn't tell the Government what was going on? Or if they did tell them, *what have the Government been about?* Is it laziness or stupidity, or something worse, that has kept them from action? Is it true, as the old stagers say, that Sir John never will see or remedy a grievance till a rebellion or an earthquake wakes him up? God help the country anyway when a petty squabble about land titles is allowed to grow into war and bloodshed!

It was Huggins who took a walk to-day—ought to have taken Blake with him—do him no end of good.

Monday, 23rd.—“Bill for the relief of A. E. Evans (from the Senate)!” What's that? Thought it was her husband she wanted to be relieved from! Edgar talked like a little man on copyright question. Caron says it's all right—don't see it—why shouldn't we run our own copyright as well as our own patents?

Tuesday, 24th.—More budget. Cockburn made good speech—ought to talk oftener—give him more cheek. Robertson (Hamilton) thinks everything is lovely—lots of work and pay for everyone—why the deuce then do they bother about relieving the poor in Hamilton? McMullen next. Went for “Prof.” Foster about his endless figures—just like Pat when they sent him out to count the stars—reported 27,987,286 of them. “Fshaw! you couldn't count all that.” “Well, begorra, as yez don't believe me, go and count thim yer-selves!”—said he was very original classic scholar—invented new word “Metropoli!”—good points on Foster.

Thursday, 26th.—Hesson up—able and exhausting speech. Blake rose—Hesson delighted—thought he'd raised big game! Blake moved that House should be told what's happening in the North-West and why—went for Sir John on whole affair—grievances—neglect—corrupt favor to speculators—delay in repressive measures—mystification. Asked “What he was going to do with Riel?” (Chorus of “catch him!”) “Did Sir John wish to God he could catch him now?” When he wished that before, he had paid him to leave Canada! Plain inference—Sir J. a hypocritical old humbug. Sir John in a fine phrenzy—capital representation of honest indignation—maligned patriot—that kind of thing—never saw it better done—make his fortune in heavy tragedy. Mixed everything up—half-breeds and starving Indians—couldn't tell where you were. Said they'd tell the House just *what* they chose and *when* they chose—fellows cheered. Said “no sincerer prayer was ever uttered” than the one Blake quoted—said Blake's offer of reward drove Riel away—fellows howled. Said he'd hang Riel now if he caught him—Blues looked glum—Riel's rather a hero with them. Cartwright read Mgr. Taché's evidence—Taché said Sir John begged him to get Riel out of country—elections coming on—would hurt Government if he didn't leave—produced Sir J.'s letter enclosing

\$1,000 for Riel—27th Dec., 1871—months before Blake's reward was offered—R. was to stay away a year—during that year the “sincerest prayer” was uttered! Casey read more from Taché. Tories didn't seem to care for entertainment—evident that Archbishop or Premier had lied—seemed to know which would be blamed! Watson (of Hamilton) hit out from the shoulder—said in effect whites couldn't stand pressure much longer—next time rebels mightn't be all half-breeds. Judicious silence among Tories—vote hurried on—ome Blues shirked—decided not to make John A. tell what he's doing with our men and money.

Friday, 27th.—Chiefly taken up with wool-len rags—proposal to admit 'em free. Grits and Tories said shoddy mustn't come in free to compete with wool—general wool-pulling match—Wigle proved home production of rags and shoddy greatly increased by N.P. Proposal withdrawn. Left them still at it at 12.30.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.—On account of its purity and concentrated strength and great power over disease, Burdock Blood Bitters is the cheapest and best blood cleansing tonic known for all disordered conditions of the blood.



MUD AND BLOCK-PAVING.

Oh! well I remember in days of my childhood The streets of this city then just in its bud, Where shortly before had been growing the wild wood, And everywhere round there was nothing but mud. But now, oh! how different! our cedar-block pavement Has banished afar all that dark, shmy flood, And look where you will, if to find fault you *have* meant (Ironically.)

You really can't find the least atom of mud.

CHORUS.

For the cedar-block pavement, the beautiful pavement, The pavement has banished each atom of mud.

Oh! where is the man with some novel invention Which would save us from having all muddy to plod, He'd be worth any sum he might happen to mention If he'd help us to cross o'er the streets cleanly shod. But no: did he live someone surely would noble him: What great minds have failed to discover none can; The Council has wrestled in vain with this problem And even these sages can hit on no plan.

CHORUS.

Save the cedar-block pavement! the upstart paving-ment That is laid on a very original plan.

When the weather is frosty it stands up like mountains; And looks like the trenches of soldiers in war, Whilst the mud squirts about 'twixt the blocks in dark fountains

As soon as it feels the effect of a thaw, There's only one city more muddy than this is, And that's but a very short distance away; Yes, to get back again to Toronto much bliss is From a visit to—you know—near Burlington Bay,

CHORUS.

Where's no cedar-block pavement: no kind of a pavement In that city that lies close to Burlington Bay.

(Dreamfully.)

There's a place that I know in the fair Adriatic, Where clean through the streets sweeps the ocean's salt flood;

Of course it is damp and it may be rheumatic, But then there is never a vestige of mud. Yes, beautiful Venice, whom poets have chanted Is blest with such streets as here never can be, And I fear that our streets, howsoever much wanted Will ne'er be like those of the “Bride of the Sea.”

CHORUS.

Where's no cedar-block pavement; no rotten old pavement; No mud: oh! how nice such a city must be.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.

Pointer the First.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Punch, once gave this advice to those about to marry—“Don't.” But such advice came with bad grace from Mr. Punch; knowing, as we do too well, the history of that gentleman's married life; how he shamefully ill-treated poor Mrs. Judy, and finally killed her. His advice must therefore be taken with great caution. For the buttonless bachelor a wife is a treasure, providing he goes the right way to choose one.

If a young man marry age and wealth, the marriage is more of cupid-ity than love; but if he wed luck and beauty, with a little (matr!) money thrown in, then his tied is on the turn, and the erewhile courtship will land him by Hymen's torchuous ways in the haven of wedded bliss. I trust this is clearly understood, because it proves beyond a doubt that a happy marriage is the only alter-native for a miserable buttonless bachelor.

Knowing that much difficulty is experienced by bachelors when looking for eligible young ladies to take unto themselves as wives, the writer, after a long period of deep thought and intense application to the subject, begs to offer a new method by which to choose a wife suitable to the needs of each. He feels sure, should the method be given a fair trial, complete happiness will result.

Heretofore marriage has been a lottery with more blanks than prizes, but under the new method all this uncertainty of the married life to come shall vanish, and it shall possess all the charms and comforts expected by the most ardent of its seekers.

The method lies in one sentence:—*Choose for your wife one whose Christian name corresponds with your trade profession or calling.*

Quite simple, my bachelor friend. The surname is of no service. For instance, you may fall in love with Miss Ann Hogg, and your name being Angel, by marriage you change A. Hogg into Ann Angel; on the contrary, the Christian name sticks to the fair one, be there one or five marriages.

The beauty of the method lies in its simplicity of application. For example, should a lawyer be seeking a wife, what better than a Laura or Susan. The principle is plain. By the law he lives and if he loves his profession he must love Laura. Take one in a humbler sphere, the butcher. Let him choose a Lena, or if his heart is done to a romantic turn, a Fatanitga. In either of these he will meat a cleaver and a helpmeet. I stake the reputation of the method upon it. A baker should should select a Dora, because by dough he makes his daily bread, and therefore he must have Dora, aye, and will a Dora. Let a miller look out for a Millicent, and he will find the mill I sent a help during all the turns of his wheel or wos. A clerk cannot do better than choose a Penelope. By this, however, he is not advised to elope with his Pen—such an action, although inkredible to some, will surely blacken his character—rather as a quill-driver let him drive his Pen to church in a conveyance, a deed more worthy of engrossing the papers' attention. The florist is the flower of the flock. He must select a Rose, a Lillie or a Daisy, marry her and Marigold without committing bigamy. A musician, who is on the *qui vive*, may choose Octavia, attune his heart and scale the barriers of love, marry in achord