



### THE THEATRE.

FROM A BAS RELIEF RECENTLY DUG UP IN HERCULANEUM.

(The reader will note that the tall hat was as much in fashion then as now.)—*Chicago Light.*

the powers." It shows Independence—of the powers: and the more independent you are of the powers, the more dependent you will be on "The People." And they like that; at least the wire-pullers do.

I am, my dear young Theological students, yours serviceably,

*The Ivy-mantled Tower.*

OWI.

### ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

(By our Own Sweet Reporter.)

DIREFUL DILEMMAS IN A SERIES OF INTERVIEWS—OWEN'S BRIEFS WHICH FAILED TO WIN A CASE — ANNA DOWNHEARTED, BUT RESOLVED TO TRY AGAIN.

OTTAWA, Feb. 28.

MR. GRIP—DEAR SIR,—I am real, downright angry and disappointed, and—and—*disheartened*—and—and—*dis-couraged*—and—and—yes, I am; don't you dare to contradict me!—*DE-TERMINED* to—to—go right home and never, never come back to this hateful place and this mean, nasty work again!

Oh, I know right well you are laughing at me, you horrid, heartless man! But I don't care! There now! And I'll go to work and write you the crossiest, sauciest, spitefullest letter you ever had in all your life! And you can print it or not, just as you please! And you can think what you like of me, too! And you can—!"

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An hour later.—Dearest old GRIP,—Please leave out the first part of this letter, like the good old lovey dovey you are! Please do! I—I—I am—sorry! There, you are the only person I ever apologized to! You ought to feel very much gratified and obliged to me. But I don't believe I would have done it only for Owen's sister. She came in to see me just as I was flaring up, and she talked and laughed and advised me out of my mad, and, after getting my hair done up in the new style she has just learned, and taking a good strong cup of tea, I feel like my own self again, and will try hard to stay nice and gentle and self-possessed while I am here.

I shall now, taking the advice of Owen's sister, make a clean breast of my troubles, and then maybe you'll

sympathize with me instead of grinning, as I verily believe you are at this blessed moment.

You see, I couldn't bother listening to that Dual Language Debate, nor yet spare time to read the columns and columns and columns of reports in the papers. So I just asked Owen what I had ought to do about writing something on the question. The dear, kind fellow told me not to "worry." "I'll put you on a racket, Miss Anna," were his very words, "that'll make rattling stuff and give you a strait scoop." Owen always employs strange and abrupt language. He says it comes of his Parliamentary experience and associations.

So he prepared me several "briefs," as he termed them, and sent me on another interviewing mission, the object being to ascertain from one speaker what he thought of the address of some other during the great debate. "They will all be in their calm senses now, you perceive, and will not be likely to talk guff or give you the spooof." Such funny expressions as "guff" and "spooof"! Did you ever! But I have great trust in Owen, and repeat his language unhesitatingly.

His last words to me before I started were: "Don't get the briefs mixed and tackle the duffers with the wrong mud. Look at your labels!"

MR. MC'ARTHY.

"*Comment ce va, monsieur!* On behalf of GRIP, which journal stands alone, *seulement*, as an *ex cathedra*—I shall say † cathedral, if you will not regard it as mere flattery—exponent of our leading statesmen's views, and as giving the only *vrai* and unvarnished *reconter* of Parliamentary doings, *je suis ici! Comprenez-vous? Sabe?*"

This is how my "brief" marked "McCarthy" began, and I faithfully read it off and waited for some encouragement.

Mr. McCarthy simply glared at me! Then I noticed his lower jaw drop. The next instant he rose hurriedly from his chair and chokingly exclaimed "Madam!" at the same time gazing around him in a dazed sort of way. I, of course, attributed it all to his embarrassment at my sudden and unexpected call, and so I sympathizingly handed him a glass of water. The poor man drank, sank back in his seat and hoarsely said to me: "Go on!"