

## CHAT WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

- "EAK.—"How it Ended" is crowded, out this week.
- "BILLY.—"There was no intentional reference to you.
- "SQUIBBO.—"Portland Me.—Letter with "spoons" received, thanks. The "Little Wanderers" have returned. The artist has just finished a splendid Trout. Jack has an affinity for pictures of that kind.
- "JEEMS.—"Boston.—Thanks for items and good wishes.
- "BELLA.—"No, we cannot divulge the name of the young man intended. You are wrong in supposing, however, that it was your friend in the Bank.
- "A. S.—"Judging from your bray-n capacity you deserve another \$ to your initials. Of course you are as-tute enough to seek the point.
- "REBS.—"Answers must be sent to the Puzzle Editor. See address in "Puzzlers Knots."
- "T. W. C.—"Amherst.—Much obliged for sub. and congratulations. Will write soon.

## PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 4.

Holton is the grandmother of the House, with a vast amount of benevolence for the Government side. He is the Premier's fairy god-mother, and comes to his rescue whenever he is in trouble. He is great on rules of order. He read up for the Speakership, but was forced to stand aside on account of the superior claims of Mr. Anglin. He seems determined, by showing the Government how exactly his ideas of Parliamentary law coincide with theirs, how much they have lost by not making him Speaker. Mr. Holton is stout, tall and hale. His hair is only slightly tinged with gray, but his whiskers are somewhat whiter. His nose is rather long, but straight and uncolored by deep potations. When he smiles, which is very frequently, he looks like the founder of an orphan asylum beaming on his proteges. He sits back, in an easy manner, and toys with his spectacles. When an idea comes to him that requires consideration he clasps his hands behind his head and looks up to the ceiling. After a time down go the hands, the spectacles are whirled around and around, and the lower lip is slightly protruded and tightened. Grandfather Holton never speaks except on points of order, and then his face is a curiosity. He rises slowly and solemnly, as if he had a religious duty to perform, raises his hands with a "pence-to-still" gesture, begins to smile serenely, contemptuously lays down the law, extends his palms in a "bless-you-my-children" manner, and slowly and solidly settles down in his seat with the air of a man who has done his duty and knows it. It would be interesting, as a matter of curiosity, to find Mr. Holton's opinion adverse to Mr. Mackenzie on a point of order. The Premier evidently tries to get into arguments in which his guardian angel can not follow him, but he tries in vain. Should he assert that he had a right to speak seven times on the same motion Mr. Holton would be ready with an argument in support of his claim. An amusing illustration of his readiness and unscrupulousness in this respect was given last night, or rather this morning between two and three. The Prime Minister wanted to resume the debate on Sir John A. Macdonald's amendment to the motion to go into Committee of Supply, on Monday, instead of having it lay over under the rules until the next Government day, Tuesday. He could have attained this object by adjourning the debate until Monday, but allowed the debate to be adjourned as usual without any day being named. Then when he spoke, in his warning way, of his intention to go on with the debate on Monday,

there was a general outcry on the Opposition benches that he could not do so, as the debate could not be resumed before Tuesday. This point was debated for a half hour or more, and the authorities cited were all against the Premier's claim. Our portly subject, of course, was the leader on the Ministerial side in this discussion, and I have all the pain of a biographer in confessing that he got, decidedly the worst of the argument. He sat down, Defeated, silenced? Oh, no. He mused. The clasped hands opened, a smile broke over the shiny face, his fingers grasped a pen, he wrote, and then, with an air of child-like innocence, he read an amendment to the motion to adjourn the debate, providing that it adjourn until Monday. A storm of negatives and jeers broke out in the Opposition ranks, and the old gentleman raised his brown gray eyebrows in apparent astonishment, smiled a little broader, looked slowly around the House, and then turned to the Speaker with a look that said, "What does it all mean. Why do these gentlemen laugh and cry out 'too late', 'too thin', and 'motion carried a half hour ago?' What's the matter?" It was a piece of the best acting I ever saw. The astonishment of the private soldier who, on being caught by Wellington with a stolen pig, wanted to know 'what black-guard of a thief had tied that pig to his belt,' was not equal to Holton's amazement at the information that the motion to adjourn the debate had been carried. He was surprised to learn it, he certainly had not heard the Speaker declare it carried, and suggested that it must have been carried "inadvertently." The old man's reputation for oiliness rose to 160 above par at once. His astounding cheek staggered the Speaker, and when Mr. Mackenzie, in obedience to a nod from Grandpa Holton, rose and supported the inadvertent suggestion, the point was carried. Mr. Holton is the most useful man the Ministers have in the House.

OTTAWA, March 9, 1878.

## FASHION FLAMBEAUX.

Striped are more fashionable for silk gowns this Spring than they have been for several seasons.

Most of the more stylish new woollen goods show the same rough surface which has characterized the materials worn throughout the winter.

All last year's colors such as ivory, butters, old folk and ruffled are making their re-appearance this season, but official authorities in Paris have prohibited the use of bright orange color on account of the ingredients composing the dye having been proven poisonous in their natures. Thus any lady who disregards the prohibition, and persists in wearing orange, lays herself open to the imputation of attempting a round-about method of suicide.

*On dit*, that New York is becoming Anglicised, that is to say, affects English styles in preference to those of Paris, which indeed have had quite a lengthy sway.

Fashion authorities say that coral jewelry is "coming in" again, but as we did not know that it had gone out, we cannot look upon the information as being remarkably noteworthy.

A remarkable feature about this Spring's carpets is that dark, dull colors seem to be more in vogue than the gorgeous tracery of other years. The explanation of this is that artists and house-decorators have at last become thoroughly imbued with the idea that the carpet is only intended as a background for all other colors in the room, and therefore should itself be modest and unassuming, as becomes its station.

Some of the new hats, having gone through the form and ordinance of being named, rejoice in such euphonious titles as Shady-Side, May Belle, Fleet Wing, May Day, and for very little children, the Serb and the Birdie.

It is the fashion now for every thrifty lady who wishes to be stylish as well, to "clear the track" so far as her skirts are concerned, and

this fashion in turn precludes the necessity for distorting her figure in the effort to raise, by means of the thumb and fore-finger, a heavy load of dress material which would otherwise act as absorbent for all the mud and dust over which it is dragged.

Every one may not know that in making one of the kilted skirts, which are to be the rage this summer, the best method is to attach the kilting to a wide foke which is intended to extend over the hips, and then edge the skirt with a much finer pleating than the ordinary kilts laid pleats.

The passion for diversified tea-sets is growing rather than decreasing, a supper table at a late fashionable party having displayed more than seventeen scraps of old china.

A novelty upon Wraps, Ulsters and Capes, is called the Carrick Cape and consists of three very small circulars, the lowest of which only reaches to the shoulder. A standing collar completes the arrangement.

Lace mitts are to be more a *la mode* than ever throughout the ensuing summer.

Buttons are not being reduced either as to size or number just yet, but it is said that before very long they will cease to be so distinctive a feature.

Black silk trimmed with black satin is one of the rules for old ladies this year, but for young ladies, Modistes are introducing all sorts of bizarre combinations upon black silk costumes, one specimen shown us, being intermingled with pale rose color.

The newest morning wrappers are double breasted and have a belt in front, while the center of the back is laid in narrow lengthwise plaits, very fine at the belt and flaring very much as they extend down the skirt. Gallow is still the favorite trimming and the sleeves and outside pockets are all elaborately ornamented with it.

Oriental rugs are growing so much in favor as to put carpets in the back-ground altogether. For country houses they are very much used.

After all the prophecies to the contrary it appears to be an impossibility to exterminate the Princesse dress or make it otherwise than prime favorite. Other modes may come and go, but the Princesse is fixed in the affections of the multitude.

## WHY?

- Why is it, in this lovely world of ours,  
That thorns lie hidden 'neath the sweetest flowers;
- When all around seems fairest to our eye,  
That dark'ning clouds drift o'er the sunlit sky?
- Why is it that the beauties of the Spring,  
With all the tender thoughts and joys they bring,  
And Summer's deepening roses, soon must go  
To dreamless slumber 'neath the wintry snow?
- Why is it, when our joys the deepest seem,  
And life glides on in one bright, blissful dream,  
That sadness like a mist or Summer rain,  
Wakes in our hearts a nameless pain?
- Why is it that our quivering heart-strings twine  
With life's best passion and a love divine  
About some other life we hoped would be  
Drawn to our own in common sympathy?
- Why is the love for which we yearn denied?  
Why do we still live on unsatisfied,  
Striving to crush the grief within our breast,  
Longing the while for calm, untroubled rest?
- Why does the angel, Death, fly o'er our home,  
Whispering softly to the chosen, "Come?"  
Why does he take our best-loved ones away,  
And leave us weeping by the lifeless clay?
- Nay! question not! O heart, be still!  
For is it not thy loving Father's will?  
Then, patient wait, and some day thou shalt know  
All that is hidden from thee here below.