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## History of the

## Our Own at Ottawa.

Crisis Past—El Wiggins Afraid—Members who ain't Dudes—John Henry Wakes Up—More Budget—Gilmor's Comte Annual.

OTTAWA, March 21.—I am happy to say that the relations between the members of my system are no longer strained, and that unity of feeling reigns once more. I am still more happy to report the two great crises of this week are safely past. The arch-fiend at New York had threatened to avenge the wrongs of Ireland on the *sassenach* horde in the parliament buildings on the 17th—and Wiggins' hurricane was to remove the debris on the 18th. Throughout the 17th of Ireland, a sneeze, or the slamming of a door would throw the House and Press Gallery into a panic! All day of the fateful 18th the slightest breeze drove timid saunterers to shelter. Yet *El Rossa* and *El Wiggins* have proven equally false prophets—Ottawa has neither been blown up nor blown down! Had quite a chat with Huggins to-day. He says members must take more care of their personal appearance. There's a story about one of them who took charge of a rural delegation which was wandering aimlessly through the buildings and showed them the sights—they say the senior reeve offered him a quarter—look him for a messenger, you know! Huggins thinks of "brushing up a bit" himself. A certain Toronto widow infests the library and tackles every member or press-man who enters. Huggins says she has often eyed him critically but never addressed him—inference same as above! He's not through sending out Cartwright's budget speech yet, so I strolled over to Muggins desk.

Monday, 16th.—All day taken up with debate about refunding railway bonuses, started by Cook. Cook fired up well and did 'em brown—in his mind. Grits bound to make dead set on this thing—suppose they thought they'd draw Pope. Sold again—Pope laid his head on his paws and slept—looked up once in awhile, and blinked vaguely when any one went for him—twitched sometimes as if dreaming. Can't make Pope out—either denced deep or denced thick-headed. Tom White replied for Government—perhaps it's railways he wants and not finance after all. Cheeky enough to answer for all the departments anyhow. Don't like his line very much—afraid my constituents won't either. White's a Quebec man, body and bones, no matter where they've got him elected for—said demand for refund was "dishonest"—denced awkward phrase for Ontario. Awkward question anyhow—takes like wildfire with farmers—hope we won't have to vote on it—why can't we get up some nerve and bully the Old Man about it? O. M. never moves till you work oracle—moves then fast enough—gad, believe I'll start it myself—he's in pretty bad pinch just now—be the making of me to put it through! Grits all pumped out.

11 p.m.—Pope jumped up and rubbed his eyes—"Mr. Speaker, I want to know what all the row's about—I say, what's all this row about?"—swung his arms like windmill—pooh-poohed whole thing. All very well for you, Mr. Pope—"Pope's road" gets a good

slice—but how about "Muggins' road?" Don't think my fellows will stand "pooh-pooh" argument—have to give them better excuse than that!

17th of Ireland.—Two Irishmen up of course—Burns and Casey. Burns tries English accent as Pat did when he came home after six months in England. "What times is it, Pat?" "Hauf paust tin, sor!" Adjourned at 6 o'clock to hear new cantata of "Tara's Halls" in Opera House.

Wednesday.—House thin in evening owing to "At Home" at Rideau—very nice home-like affairs they are too—more like hospitality to equals than anything there yet. Thin House favors pushing bills through—several "got a stage." McCarthy, Colby and Pope called each other names over Mac's Patent Bill. Why can't our fellows do their squabbling in private like the Grits? Pope said McCarthy east "impudent slur" on Colby—got Mac's Irish up. Seems as if some of our bosses were jealous of McCarthy—Old Man set on him too—Mac is rather too much of a Reformer—always bothering about grievances and trying to put 'em right—ought to leave all that to Government—makes it look as if O. M. was neglectful—afraid he's making more friends in country than a private member ought to have.

Thursday.—Event of day—Gilmor's "Comic Annual"—had to laugh, but afraid it hurts us more than the serious speeches—O. d. Boy hits hard, though he pretends he's fooling. Where the deuce does he get it all? Seems to just blow the cork out and spill over with fun—House always full when he talks.

Friday.—More budget—chiefly from Tassé and Vail—Vail made quite a speech—more life

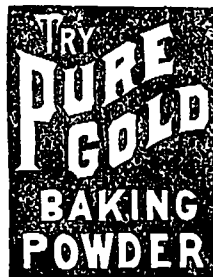
than usual—Tassé talked French—good chance for a smoke. Hope they'll all be pumped out on Tuesday. Wish our fellows would hold their tongues—don't pay us to talk too much about state of country this year.

The *Globe* recently remarked that Londoners were paying between £70,000 and £80,000 for the water that is mixed in their milk. Well, if I may be allowed to hazard a remark (which, however, I will hazard, whether permitted or not), I may say that Torontonians are doing a very similar thing. Perhaps the amount is not quite so big, but it is big enough when the very inferior brand of water used is taken into consideration.

Toronto was lately all agog; intense excitement prevailed, and for the time being, the Egyptian muddle sank into insignificance. The cause of all this was the sparring match to come off between "Professor" Mitchell and Mr. J. F. Scholes. The latter acquitted himself very well, but he will hereafter keep uncommonly dark before he shows in public, not from any fear of fleshy adversaries, but because the *Mail* goeth about as a roaring lion, and produces pictures of Toronto's celebrities in its evening editions. The "lesson" Mr. Scholes got from Mitchell doesn't amount to a row of beans, and wasn't a lesson at all, for, unless I'm mistaken, he knows quite as much about the "manly art" as the British professor; but that *Mail* picture of Scholes was enough to take the wind out of anyone, and it is whispered that he, after seeing it, was half beaten before the contest came off. The *Mail* is responsible for the Toronto champion's defeat.

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