



THE DINNER BELL.

A COMPANION PICTURE TO THE ANG—L—S.

THE DINNER BELL (with its frame), one of the most expensive works of art in the United States, was painted by John Millet Francois in three assaults with a whitewash brush and a trowel, the sky being laid in with a garden-hose. The work was originally sold as an advertisement for Crushem's Scrambled Oats, and the artist has depicted the peasants at the moment when a loud ding-dong summons them to a trencher full of the delicious and wholesome food. The fragrance of the evening meal will be detected by persons with Roman noses, while the beholder, if his ears are long enough, may catch the ting-a-ling of bells which are kept constantly ringing in a chestnut grove just out of sight in the distance. Fortunately, before this picture was lithographed for advertising purposes it was seen by a member of an American Syndicate, who at once drew his check for \$500,000.00. This extraordinary work of art will make the tour of the United States in a special baggage car of sixteen wheels, and will be exhibited in the leading dime museums between New York and San Francisco.—*Time*.

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

(By our Own Sweet Reporter.)

COMPLIMENTED BY A MINISTER—OTHER ATTENTIONS ENJOYED AND ACKNOWLEDGED—SIGHTS, SCENES AND INCIDENTS NOW FIRST AND EXCLUSIVELY NOTED—SOME IMPORTANT STATE SECRETS DISCLOSED.

OTTAWA, Feb. 12th.

HAVE been having a real busy time of it, interviewing ministers and visiting the stores, but as the ministers do not appear to have a great deal of leisure to spare to interviewers, I have all the more opportunity for shopping. I think Ottawa stores are simply delightful, and the gentlemen clerks are all so handsome, well-dressed and obliging. I believe I would not care half so much for this reporting if it were not for them—I mean, of course, the stores.

Would you believe it—yesterday I was complimented on my work by one of the finest-looking and most polished of

the Cabinet. I asked him what he thought of my style—as a writer, you know—and he said, with a positive wink and a graceful bow, that he considered me an exceedingly fair reporter, and he only wished there were a few more like me in the Press Gallery.

I told my male reporter friend, Owen, about this little flattery of my charms—as a writer, you know.

"Who was it?" he grimly asked. "Caron—to know, would you?" I mischievously queried. And the stupid fellow actually failed to perceive my little pun. So much for male obtuseness.

This courteous and obliging Minister, whose name I will not for the world disclose—to Owen—whether he cares or not—told me, in strict confidence, a great many secrets which he had just learned. The Militia Department were preparing, he said, for an insurrection of the Equal Righters, Orangemen, Jesuits and Opposition members of the House combined. This force were making ready for an attack on the Treasury Benches. I remarked that if they took the Treasury Benches away and burned them, there would then be no place for the Government and their supporters to sit, and that consequently they would have to—

"Appeal to the country," interrupted the Minister.

"What for?"

"For more lumber to build new benches, my dear—young lady!" sadly answered the honorable gentleman. And, do you know, I felt real sorry for the poor man, he seemed to view the outlook so gloomily and despondently! He told me a great many more plans which the Government has maturing, but I cannot just think of them at this moment. Besides, I have to get up and fix my back hair in a new style I got acquainted with down in one of the hair-goods stores. Oh, if I had time to write you an account of all the new things I saw and learned in that place!

Everybody who knows me treats me with respectful, and, indeed, in some cases, most marked attention.

One old but gallant M.P., who is very deaf, fancied my name was Miss Nye. He at once concluded that Bill Nye was my brother, and went on to say how much he relished that gentleman's able and scholarly writing, especially on religious topics. Wasn't this just too funny for anything?

Another time, a pale-faced and youthful member of the Gallery corps said to me: "Your name is horribly suggestive of political editorials *Empire* style. But yet, so much do we reporters appreciate you for your intrinsic worth, that we really love to have Anna nigh us!" He said this without a tremor of his voice or a suggestion of emotion on his delicate countenance!

One day, as I was proceeding along a corridor, I encountered a person with his hair parted in the middle, and his face bearing the intelligent look you may have noticed on a crock of hog's lard. With a great effort he enquired: "Aw you—er—the—aw—I mean—aw—er—one of the—aw—new type-writers in the—aw—the—er—the Department—aw—which I am—er—employed in? I—aw—cawn't membaw—the—aw—name at pwe-sent."

I just looked at the unfortunate fellow an instant, and then coldly answered: "What, in the name of peace, would make me a typewriter? And further, if I were, why, under the sun, should I tell you about it? Why, my poor man, as it is now you do not seem to have grasp enough of your mental faculties to—"

But he had tottered away.

I have noticed that a good many members greet me more distantly when their wives are with them; and yet I do really want to know the ladies as well as the gentlemen. You can get more gossip from them, I think.

Mr. H. H. Cook is such a big and fierce man that if I were Mr. McCarthy I would never, never face him in a

