

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



DR. GEIKIE.

OUR SPECIAL AT OTTAWA.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA,
Press Room, March 16th, 1894.

I ARRIVED here in good bodily condition, after an all night ride on the C.P.R., one of the best equipped and most ably managed railroads to be found between West Toronto Junction and Carleton Place.* We reached Ottawa early in the morning, and before leaving the train the porter, who recognized me as an Eminent Journalist, most politely brushed my clothes and hat for me. This little honor I accepted in the appreciative spirit in which it was conferred. I decided to go to the Windsor, as I had become accustomed to the name on my frequent pilgrimages to Montreal, so seizing my baggage which, as you will remember, consisted of three valises, a shawl strap and an umbrella, I started off. A French cabbly (or carter, as they call them here—I suppose because they don't drive carts) invited me in a very hospitable manner to go up town in his rig, which I thought very decent indeed, as I was a perfect stranger to him. The politeness of the French Canadian peasantry is, as you know, proverbial. I declined the invitation, however, as I did not like to impose on his good nature, and determined to take the electric car to my destination. "Blow the expense!" I mentally exclaimed. I couldn't help it. The very atmosphere of Ottawa seems to make one perfectly reckless in money matters. I trust you will consider this, and overlook what you might otherwise consider extravagance.

Well, here I am settled for the session, with a special reporting seat on the floor of the House and an extra-special desk in the press-room. The first thing to attract my attention as a Correspondent was, of course, the "opening." As you have learned from the dailies it was the biggest thing of the kind since the first session of Lorne and his royal wife. Parliament square was a solid mass of struggling humanity, a most interesting sight from the upper front window where I stood viewing it with Sir John and Hon.

* Don't fail to send a marked copy of this to Van Horne, and ask him to subscribe.

Wilfred. The opportunity for a political point was too good to be missed, so Sir John evidently thought. "There, Laurier," said he, "what further evidence do you want of general prosperity than to see thousands of people who can afford to drop business and come out in their Sunday clothes to assist at this fashionable function?" And he looked triumphantly at the Opposition leader. The latter wore an expression of profound sympathy and compassion as he replied, "They are the unemployed, Sir, they haven't anything else to do." This little colloquy proved to be the opening debate in a condensed form—the Government posing as a Providence that has shielded Canada from the otherwise universal onset of Hard Times, and the Opposition "pointing with pride" to the distress which prevails throughout the Dominion.

A propos of the Speech from the Throne, the wonderful exhibition of mind-reading given by the Toronto *World* on the day preceding the Opening is the talk of the corridors. That very clever journal undertook to forecast what the speech would probably contain, and the prediction turned out to be, paragraph for paragraph, literally correct. The fact that the Editor had on his desk as he wrote an advance proof of the Speech when he made his guess, ought not to detract from the psychological interest of the performance.

I understand that to settle the question as to the possession of the room heretofore occupied by Sir Richard Cartwright, and now claimed by Sir Hector Langevin, it has been proposed that the rival Knights engage in a tourney after the mediaeval manner of their order, on Parliament square. Sir Richard, who is a degenerate Knight, I'm afraid, says he feels more at home in 5-ounce gloves than in armor, and Sir Hector declines on the ground that he can't ride a horse. He says his seat is too uncertain. This may have a political significance.

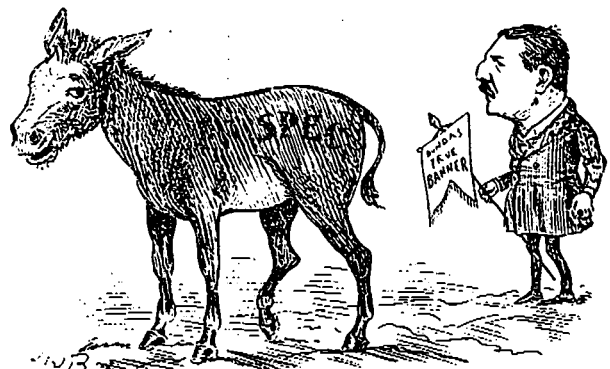
YOUR OWN.

UNDER the *regime* of a Conservative Government it is only natural that *Empire* gowns should have been much *en evidence* at the Opening of Parliament. We trust Brother Creighton appreciated the compliment.

"DE GAMA is uppa!" is the cry of the Brazilian rebels, who do not speak our mother tongue very perfectly.

MR. E. GAUTHIER sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" at the St. Patricks day concert at Ottawa on the 17th. Gauthier? Gauthier? Surely we've often heard that name before in the Ould Sod. Or was it in Quebec?

DR. SHEARD says that the frequency of charity concerts just now indicates that the milk of human kindness is of good quality.



FAIR WARNING.

"If Brer Pirie gets the Grit nomination for North Wentworth he will find out how well a mule can kick."—*Hamilton Spectator*.