AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

The New Year's Reception One of the Big Events.

ALL OFFICIAL SOCIETY CALLS.

President Shakes Hands With 5,000 People—A Democratic Custom, but Full o Ceremony.

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Washington City, Dec. 23.—The custom of receiving friends formally on the 1st of January survives only in Washington City. The official reception is still one of the great events of the year at the capital. It is the first of the official receptions held at the president's mansion, and it is the only one at which the public and the office holders mingle freely. Nothing more democratic than the New Year's reception at the White House is known

THE ONLY ENTRANCE.

even in the democratic United States. On the first day of the year statesmen, diplomats and reverend judges rub elbows with the public, but not with the great unwashed public. A clean face and hands and a tidy costume are the only passports required at the gates of the White House grounds.

Carriages begin to fly about at an early hour. Men in the uniform of army or navy are seen hurrying from place to place, many of them awkward in the unfamiliar garments, for uniforms are little worn in Washington City, though they are an invariable feature of every story or play which is supposed to illustrate Washington City life.

At the White House the police have taken charge early in the day. The grounds have been closed to all but those who have business in the mansion putting the last touches to the decorations. The president's hothouses have not sufficed

WEST GATE OF THE WHITE HOUSE—WHERE THE PUBLIC ENTERS.

to provide the floral ornaments for the parlors. The great hothouses of the propagating gardens have been robbed of their choicest blooms and their finest plants. In the broad but shallow lobby just within the entrance palms have been arranged to screen the musicians of the Marine band. Seats have been placed in a semi-circle for them at the left of the entrance, and beyond the Tiffany glass screen has been swung aside so that the "concord of sweet sounds" may penetrate undiminished to every part of the mansion. The door at the other end of the screen, too, has been thrown open, and through this the crowd is to pass on its way to the reception rooms.

In the Blue Parlor.

In the long hallway extending from the conservatory to the east parlor door beyond the screen palms have been grouped here and there, but the passage has been left almost free for those who will want to observe the incoming crowd and study human nature developed under the blinding light of authority. It is a curious study, and queer things happen in front of the receiving line in the blue parlor.

In the three connecting parlors—the red, the blue, the green—which form the reception suite, most elaborate floral preparations are made, and in the east parlor, which Dolly Madison used as a drying room on wash days, the mantels and grates are hidden by a great mass of brilliant foliage and bloom, while the corners are tropical with palms and huge ferns and rubber plants. The curtains in all these rooms are drawn, and the glow from "sunbursts" of electric light illumines the east parlor. In the other parlors the softened radiance of frosted electric bulbs, springing from the tapestried walls, lends billiance to the spectacle.

The first arrivals are the members of the president's cabinet—superfluous today if ever—and their wives or daughters, or whatever woman is at the head of the household of each. Secretary Herbert's daughter is his social representative, and Mr. Morton is represented by his sister. All the women of a cabinet household may attend a New Year's reception and stand "behind the line," but only the head of a household may stand at the president's right, unless the head of the household is absent from the city or sick. Even then it is still a mooted point whether the next in authority should claim her place in the official line, and great was the dispute and many the heartburnings because Katherine Bayard took the place of her invalid mother at the head of the cabinet women on the occasion of one of Mr. Cleveland's first official receptions.

The cabinet members and the cabinet women are ushered to the private apartments of the president's family, on the second floor of the White House, and there wraps are laid aside, and possibly a little primping is done—not by the cabinet members, of course. Before the last hairpin is in place or the last dab of the powder puff has been given, the members of the diplomatic corps have begun to arrive and have been shown to the state dining room, which is the apartment next to the red parlor on the first floor. Here the diplomats put aside their hats and coats, and, if it rains, their galoches. While this is going on the younger members of the official social circle are coming down stairs under escort to the blue parlor to take position behind the row of chairs which has been placed for the official receiving party. Others, both men and women, who have been invited by Mrs. Cleveland to be the special guests of the occasion, are coming in, and the blue parlor is filling up rapidly.

Meantime, without the public has begun to gather, ready for the opening of the gates. Carriages are admitted at the east gate of the grounds, but the west entrance is dedicated to the public, and here, be there rain or shine, the patient people gather at an early hour and form in single file to wait for the doors to be opened. Those at the head of the line hold their places for an hour and a half before they achieve their ambition, and I have seen the line extend past the White House grounds the full width of the treasury building beyond, and end at the junction of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue. Strangely enough, it is composed in great part of the citizens of Washington City, though there is a liberal sprinkling of strangers to whom the reception at the president's mansion is a unique spectacle.

The newspaper correspondents are early arrivals at the mansion, and the red tape of the occasion is brushed aside for them. No hour is set for them to be received by the president, and few of them go through the empty formality of shaking his hand, but any one of them who can identify himself as a newspaper writer has access freely to the White House grounds and to any one of the White House parlors except that which is reserved for the president and the receiving party. So by the time the whole of the diplomatic corps is assembled there is quite an army of the correspondents gathered in the long hall.

When the Doors Are Opened.

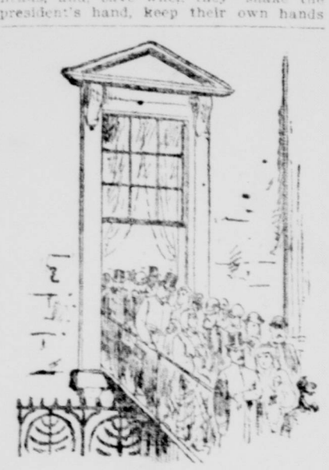
In the blue parlor is a chatting mob, mostly women, all in elaborate toilet. No ray of daylight enters the reception rooms, and the women of the receiving party are arrayed as for an evening reception. A line of attendants stretches across the lobby and the hallway to the door of the red parlor. In the lobby Prof. Fanciulli and his red-coated men are assembled, ready for the president's coming. A late comer hurries across the hall and joins the diplomats in the red parlor, where they wait for the reception to begin. Some member of the receiving party, delayed in the dressing room, comes down the stairs, and is admitted to the blue parlor by the captain of the watch, who stands guard by the brass gate. An attendant stands at the foot of the stairway, which is at the west end of the hall. He waves his hand to another attendant, who stands at the door. The signal passes to Fanciulli, and with a crash the band strikes up the familiar and unimpressive strains of "Hail to the Chief." If any one of the long line of presidents of the United States had had any music in his whole soul, I think he would have issued a proclamation against the playing of that air on official occasions.

To the crash of brass and the sound of flute and horn the president comes down the stairway. It is customary for him to bring down the wife of the vice president. Mr. Cleveland has violated this custom on occasion by bringing down his own wife, and fortunately the rule on this subject is less rigid than the rule of precedence, for whomsoever the president brings down stairs his own wife stands at his side when he takes his place in the blue parlor. On this occasion, too, Mrs. Stevenson will probably not be present, as she is in mourning for her daughter.

Behind the president and his wife are the secretary of state and his wife, and then the other members of the cabinet escorting each other's wives. The husbands lose the order of official precedence on this occasion, but their wives maintain it for them. The wife of the secretary of state must precede the wife of the secretary of the treasury, and the sister of the secretary of agriculture must bring up the rear, or there would be a revolution. Amid the buzzing comments of the group gathered in the hallway the president makes the passage to the door of the blue parlor. The brass gate is shut to with a snap as the sister of the secretary of agriculture passes the threshold. From this time none may pass through the doorway. But a curious crowd gathers in the opening, and makes comment on the favored ones within. The society reporter is here with her busy pencil, a very welcome visitor, for the society reporter is a popular person in Washington City, and counts her friends in high places.

The Handshaking Begins.

There is a little chattering among the members of the receiving party, exchanges of nods with those who are behind the line, the final preening of gay plumage. Then the president takes his place at the entrance to the red parlor, and the secretary of state presents to him the dean of the diplomatic corps, that pompous but rather democratic knight, Sir Julian Pauncefote. Another representative of the state department standing beside Mrs. Cleveland presents the diplomats to her, but the presentation is a useless formality in most cases. All but a few of the figures are familiar to the president's wife. Sir Julian is in a brilliant military uniform. He carries a gorgeously gilded cocked hat in his hand. Behind him come the other members of the corps attired in the gayest of uniforms or silk robes. The Chinese minister and his attaches keep their little skull caps on their heads, and, save when they shake the president's hand, keep their own hands



THE EXIT THROUGH THE WINDOW.

buried in the their flowing sleeves of silk.

The hour named for the reception of the diplomatic corps is 11 o'clock. Before that time the supreme court justices have arrived, for they are next in order. Chief Justice Fuller, looking pygmy-like beside the stalwart Harlan or the broad shouldered Gray, occupies the place of honor. He presents his colleagues to the president, Justice Field in the van, and they pass down the receiving line and into the red parlor and the east parlor beyond it. A few of the diplomats have gone through the parlors, but most of them have slipped behind the receiving line to greet their friends and wish them a happy New Year.

The senate and house follow the members of the supreme court. And here the regularity of the reception is broken, for among so many it is difficult to keep any order of precedence, and senators and members become hopelessly mixed. The vice president or the president pro tempore of the senate makes the introductions of the senators, and the speaker introduces the members of the house. But there are always stragglers, and the members of the house pop up singly and in pairs at intervals all through the remainder of the reception time.

Then come the army and navy officers, Gen. Miles leading the one corps and the senior admiral the other. And the odor of moth balls follows in their trail. Secretary Lamont will introduce the officers of the army, and Secretary Herbert will perform a like duty for the officers of the navy. Many of these will go behind the receiving line, for the potency of brass buttons is no less in Washington City than in the veriest American village.

Now comes the department officials, and the superintendent of public buildings, Col. John M. Wilson, takes his place at the president's right, while a younger army officer, a lieutenant, stands between the president and Mrs. Cleveland to repeat the presentations. There is no recognized order of precedence among these department people. Assistant secretaries and second assistant secretaries are all jumbled together and of equal importance. Then follow the Associated Veterans of the District of Columbia and other local organizations, and finally the Oldest Inhabitants' Association appropriately closes the column of recognized guests. The doors of the reception room are closed for a little while, and the president and his assistants take a much-needed rest.

In the East Parlor.

In the east parlor the scene has been brilliant and kaleidoscopic. The mingling of gaudy diplomats, brass-buttoned officers and gorgeously gowned women under the electric light, with the palms and the flowers for a background, makes one of the most brilliant scenes that official Washington City knows from one year's end to another. The crowd in this room and in the adjoining hallway is thickest after the army and navy officers have gone through. A little later it begins to empty itself through the window east of the entrance, which is an improvised exit, and before the public is admitted to the mansion the prettiest part of the spectacle has vanished.

And the disintegration is not alone in the east parlor. The receiving party begins to thin out as soon as the official visitors have been received. The wife of the secretary of state must return to her home to assist her husband in the entertainment of the diplomats, who invariably breakfast with him after the receptions. The other cabinet women have receptions at their own homes usually, and this is invariably true of the representatives of the secretary of war and the secretary of the navy, for unwritten social law requires that the officers of the army shall call on the secretary of war and the officers of the navy on the secretary of the navy. So most of the receiving party withdraws before the public is admitted. This time the withdrawal will be simplified by an improvised doorway which has been cut from the blue parlor into the red parlor.

When the president is ready for the ordeal, the doors are opened, and the public is admitted. The long line without the White House grounds comes in in installments at the discretion of the officer in charge of the gate. The attendants keep it moving rapidly through the hallway into the red parlor and the blue parlor and on to the east parlor, where, if he wishes, the visitor may linger for a time. But few of those who come in the public line care for more than a glimpse of the reception rooms and a quick grasp of the president's hand.

It is 12:30 when the line is started. The doors of the mansion are to be closed at 1 o'clock. On the last reception given during the first administration of Mr. Cleveland it was necessary to open the doors after the usual hour to take in several hundred people who were at the end of the line. On that occasion the president shook hands with 5,000 people. The usual number is about 3,500, and as most of the new congressmen are Republicans this winter and Mr. Cleveland's party friends are not strong in Washington City, it is altogether likely that the coming reception will not equal the record breaker of his former term.

GEORGE GRANTHAM BAIN.

PAST AND PRESENT.

NEW YEAR'S CHIME.

OLL, toll, toll!
For the old year slowly dying;
Grim, gaunt, sere
On the breast of Time now lying.
Hopes of youth are fleeting,
Hearts with care are beating!
Ho, ye warders of the bells,
Toll, toll, toll!
For earth's enticing fashion,
Toll for strife's unholy passion,
Toll for friendship unrequited,
Toll for hope's enchantments blighted,
Toll for love's fond pledges broken,
Toll for want and woe unspoken,
Toll for mourners sadly weeping,
Toll for sin's vast harvest reaping.
Toll, toll, toll!
That while the world shall stand
Sin and woe shall fill the land.
Toll, toll, toll!
Ring, ring, ring!
A welcome to the bright New Year!
Life, hope, joy
On his radiant brow appear.
Hearts with love are thrilling,
Homes with bounty filling.
Ho, ye warders of the bells,
Ring, ring, ring!
For winter's bracing hours,
Ring for birth of spring and flowers,
Ring for summer's fruitful treasure,
Ring for autumn's boundless measure,
Ring for hands of generous giving,
Ring for vows of nobler living,
Ring for truth of tongue or pen,
Ring "Peace on earth, good will toward men"—
Ring, ring, ring!
That this glad year may see
Earth's accomplished jubilee,
Ring, ring, ring!

RELIC OF KING LEAR.

Leicester to Make Some Effort to Preserve It.

London Era.

T. Sladen, of Leicester, writes as follows: "It may be interesting to old Shakespearean actors to learn that there exists at the present time in the town of Leicester a ruin of a temple dedicated to Janus. This ruin is known as the Jewry Wall and is in danger of being swept away to make way for the new railway station of the M. S. & L. Company in connection with their trunk line to London.

"The owners of an adjoining factory have included this remarkable ruin in the sale of their property, although the vicar and church wardens of St. Nicholas, who claim the ruin as theirs, have protested. From accounts in my possession it appears that King Lear founded the town or city of Leicester 884 years before the birth of our Savior and that he built therein a temple dedicated to Janus and placed therein a flamen (a pagan priest). It further appears that King Lear was buried in the temple by his daughter Cordelia; also that another king of the Britons, named Archigalls, was buried there.

"As an action in the matter is pending, I am sure the vicar and church wardens would be glad of any assistance. Their object is not only to prove the rightful ownership, but also to preserve this important and interesting relic intact. Leicester has in the past lost too many historic relics, so that we ought to draw the line somewhere. Not far away stood the inn, where Richard III. slept on his way to Bosworth; also the Bow bridge over which the king and his army passed. The theater where Grimaldi performed has disappeared, but the room where Shakespeare read his plays remains intact in the shape of the old town hall. Gopsall hall, too, where Handel spent some time and where he wrote and prepared his great work, 'The Messiah,' remains intact.

"P. S.—Leicester's former name was Learceaster."

CROMWELL.

Above the clang and clamor loud of war
And the fierce rancor of politic strife
Shines out the record of his noble deeds.
His was the spirit that transform'd the man
Into the hero, though the man remained,
With many faults that cling unto the flesh,
Yet did those shadows brighter make the sun
Of his true greatness; nor can voice of hate
Nor blinding prejudice efface the mark
He made upon his country and his time.
No tardy tribute does his memory need,
No hero-worship, nor a marble bust.
Time gave him fame—'twas all that he had asked,
The truth—and, dearer through delay, it came:
'An uncrowned king, and worthy of the name.'"

—James D. Corbet.

Seattle, November, 1895.

He Brought It on Himself.

Chicago Tribune.

"If you have a moment to spare," said the canvasser, "I would like to show you the prospectus of a new dictionary. It contains about 20,000 more words than Webster's or Worcester's, including all the latest additions to the language——"

"Has it the word 'electrocution?'" asked Mr. Hardedde, without looking up.

"Has it? I should remark! Also 'electrocute' and 'electrocutioner.' It's up to date. There's no other dictionary in it with this one when it comes to——"

"Does it contain the word 'trolleyed?'"

"Let me see. Yes. Here it is. You will find also 'suicided,' 'reportorial' and 'bike.' No other lexicon in the language has——"

"There is no dictionary I have seen as yet," interrupted Mr. Hardedde, again, nervously fingering a heavy paper weight, "that sanctions the word 'Sundayed.'"

"This one has it," was the triumphant reply of the canvasser, "and it has 'enthuse——'"

Biff!

This Is Not in the "Jungle Book."

Detroit Tribune.

"But," expostulated the traveler, "I am disappointed in you. I expected to find you provided with a jagged club."

The savage shrugged his shoulders.

"You come too early," he answered, confidently. "Our club is jagged enough by about 6 o'clock. Yes, indeed."

With which he plunged into the jungle.

Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

A Short Cut.

Round Table.

A well-known American clergyman went into a barber shop one morning, and being somewhat of a joker, said to the barber: "My friend, you may cut my hair as short as you would like my sermons to be."

The barber immediately got out his razor and proceeded to shave the doctor's head.

"Hold on!" cried the doctor. "Are you going to take it all off?"

"You told me to, doctor," said the barber. "I don't want any of your sermons."

Discrimination.

Punch.

Young Man from the Country (with the affable condescension he supposes marks the Man About Town)—Morning, coachman! Streets rather busy this morning, eh?

Metropolitan Driver—Yuss, a bit the usual way, sir. 'Ow's 'ops lookin'?

The California readers of the Post-Intelligencer will find it on sale daily at Cooper & Co.'s stationery store, 746 Market street, just one block up Market street from the Chronicle office. Price 5c.

BIG GUNS, RED TAPE.

How the Parliament of Canada Begins Sessions.

WILL MEET ON JANUARY 2.

Society Will Have a Ottawa-Manitoba School Question—Promises Some Lively Discussions.

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With a boom of twenty-one big guns from the fortress at Ottawa at 3 p. m. January next the sixth session of the seventh Canadian parliament will be officially opened. We do not burn powder on this side of the line when our congress comes in, but our Canadian cousins do all these things with a great deal of ceremony. The official exercises always have a smack of royalty about them, presumably that the Canadians may not forget that they are subjects of the queen.

When Lord Aberdeen, the governor general, goes to set the wheels of legislation in motion, he attires himself in a resplendent military uniform, pins on his glittering royal decorations and surrounds himself with a stare gorgeous in gold lace and waving plumes, as befits the personal representative and spokesman of her Britannic majesty.

At the main entrance to the imposing new palaces which parliament inhabits he is met by the gentleman usher, an important personage, who wears a cocked hat, a swallowtail coat, tights, hose and buckled shoes. The gentleman usher carries a black rod. When he sees the governor general approaching, he tucks his cocked hat under his arm, grabs the black rod with both hands, and executes three solemn, back-breaking obeisances. Then he leads the way into the throne room.

The Canadian senators meet in a far different place from our senate chamber at Washington City. Instead of the speaker's desk there is a throne, hung about with silken curtains and rich stuffs. The whole chamber is richly carpeted, and all the furnishings are rather ornate. The approach to the throne is over soft rugs, and above the throne itself is a canopy of silk with tassels and cords of gilt.

When the eighty senators have filed in, the governor general will address them as "honorable messieurs," their traditional title, and read a speech supposed to be inspired by the queen herself. Then some favored member will move a reply to the address, as is done in the English house of lords, after which the regular business of the session will be taken up.

Democratic Commons.

The proceedings in the house of commons will be more democratic, and the scene will more resemble that of the opening of a session in our own national house of representatives. The Canadian senate is a distinctly aristocratic body. Its members are appointed by the governor general, and hold office for life. Their number is limited to eighty.

The commoners, however, are elected by the people, much as our representatives are. The commons is as powerful as it is democratic. It makes and unmakes the governor general's cabinet, and its voice is listened to with great respect. The queen herself is always rather guarded in her speech through her representative, the governor general, to the Canadians, as a rule, to settle their own affairs without much interference. There are over 200 members in the house of commons. They draw a salary of $1,000 each, with an allowance for mileage. The speaker of the house gets a salary of $4,000 a year. Senators are also allowed $1,000 annually and mileage. The gentleman usher of the black rod gets more than this, his salary being $1,350 annually, with a residence in the parliament house thrown in.

The speaker of the house of commons and the chief executive officers, such as clerks, sergeant-at-arms, etc., are very much at home in the parliament house. In fact, there in richly fitted apartments, furnished by the government. This makes Americans as rather peculiar. I would we say to a proposition that speaker Reed and his clerks in the capitol building?

The Canadian parliament has queer hours, according to our ideas. The sessions are begun at 2 p. m. From 6 to 8 o'clock there is a recess for dinner. On reassembling the session often continues long past midnight, and occasionally until daylight, when important debates are under way. The senate rarely convenes after the first hour, but the commons sits late into the night, as a rule.

The different parties of the house sit in different sections. The government supporters, and on the left sit the members of the opposition. The members may wear their hats, except when speaking or voting. When making an address they talk directly to their opponents, instead of at them through the speaker. When a member leaves the chamber for the exit, faces the speaker and bows. He also salutes the chair when returning.

The house galleries are generally well filled when they are thrown open to persons having tickets of admission. The proceedings in the senate are usually dull, except when that body is exercising its peculiar privilege of trying divorce cases. When a national suit, involving prominent persons is on, however, the senate galleries are always crowded. It is considered quite a thing for society women to attend divorce trials, and the rush for admission is great. Just imagine the Breckinridge-Pollard suit taking place in the United States senate chamber!

The Canadian senators do not vote by the "aye" and "nay" method. When the clerk calls the roll, each senator gravely responds "Content," or "Not content," as the case may be.

Official life in Ottawa differs in many ways from that at Washington City. The climate is far different from that of the District of Columbia. The M. P.'s do not walk to parliament house, as a rule, and there is nothing similar to the forenoon parade down Pennsylvania avenue. They come in sleighs, muffled to the eyes in furs. It is not an uncommon thing, during a severe winter storm, for the legislators to be snowbound in parliament house for a day or two at a time.

The Gay Social Whirl in Ottawa.

But in spite of the severity of the weather Ottawa is fully as lively in winter as Washington City. When parliament opens and the political pot begins to boil, the social world begins to whirl. And rather a giddy whirl it is, too. Everything of a social nature centers around Rideau hall, which is the executive mansion, or White House, of Canada.

The governor general may be a sort of figurehead as far as things political go,

LORD ABERDEEN, GOVERNOR GENERAL.

but in social affairs he and his wife are real rulers. He gets an annual salary of $50,000, with a good-sized palace, rent and fuel free, while his duties of state are very light, but he is expected to set the social pace.

Rideau hall is a low, rambling, picturesque old mansion, built of gray limestone. It is set in the heart of a grove of fir, spruce and pine. A short distance away is the Rideau river, in summer a noisy stream, but which at this season of the year glides quietly by under a thick blanket of snow and ice.

The social ball always opens on the first Saturday night after parliament comes in. This is known as the governor general's drawing room. It is not held at Rideau hall, but in the big senate chamber. It is a public affair, and everybody is welcome—that is, every one in full dress. It is a brilliant affair, but not a very comfortable one. Their excellencies stand on a dias at the end of the chamber, she in a magnificent gown and diamond tiara, he in full court dress, with white knee breeches and shoes with diamond buckles. Around them cluster the members of their suit, all aglitter with gaudy uniforms, swords, jewels and emblems of various orders.

The senators, cabinet ministers and members of parliament, with their wives, are first presented, and take up the places allotted to them according to rank. They all stand. In fact, no one sits throughout the evening.

Next come the minor officials, and lastly the general public. Each individual advances to the dias as his or her name is announced, makes a bow and passes on. There is no handshaking such as our president undergoes at the public reception in the White House.

RIDEAU HALL, CANADA'S WHITE HOUSE.

The line advances slowly from the outer doors step by step, keeping time to the rubadub of the drums of the governor general's foot guards. When the last one has stepped on to the scarlet carpet and made obeisance, the show is over.

Exclusive Functions at Rideau Hall.

The official functions at Rideau hall are more exclusive. They begin with a big reception at which society is somewhat "weeded out." "No one in trade," is the motto. Officials, no matter of how small caliber, are sure to get big square cards of invitation.

The entertainment usually takes the form of skating and tobogganing parties. The dark trees within the lodge gates are lighted up by thousands of Chinese lanterns, and the long, steep slopes of the toboggan slides glisten under the electric lights and flare of torches. Huge bonfires, on which are dumped half a dozen cords of wood at once, roar on the shores of the skating ponds, and bands of music mingle their strains with the shouts of the merrymakers. Refreshments are served during the evening, and along about midnight the affair closes with a banquet and burst of fireworks. No wonder the Ottawa people strain every nerve and pull every wire to get invitations to these jolly receptions.

The most exclusive of the gubernatorial entertainments are the private theatricals. These are given in the great dining room at Rideau hall. The actors are all amateurs, but the audiences are generally lenient and enthusiastic.

The grand ball which is given at the close of Lent is, however, the bright particular event of the Ottawa season. Invitations to this are generally confined to the "official set," and happy is the outsider who manages to get one.

In spite of the fact that titles count for a great deal in Ottawa, the society there is, from an English standpoint, "terribly mixed." The Canadians are perfectly willing that the governor general and his aides shall draw the lines which mark the social boundaries as long as their parliamentary representatives are not excluded. They do not want a second court of St. James at Ottawa. A compromise is good enough for them.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA.

PREMIER BOWELL.

The Manitoba School Question.

The coming session of parliament is likely to be a lively one. The Manitoba school question is to come up for settlement, and the outcome is being awaited with considerable anxiety throughout the federated provinces.

The question is one of some years' standing. Previous to 1890 there were two kinds of public schools in the prairie province, one class for Catholic children and another for Protestant children. This system was done away with by an act of the Manitoba legislature. The Catholic minority thereupon petitioned the privy council to restore the separate school system. In a communication from the governor general, sent a year ago, the Manitoba legislature was ordered to rescind its action and restore the parochial schools. The Manitobians stoutly refused to do any such thing. Premier Greenway and most of the executive council of Manitoba declared that they would resist the enforcement of the order to the bitter end. There has been wild talk of a revolution and secession. The Catholics, on the other hand, pressed their demand with renewed vigor.

The disruption of the Canadian cabinet was threatened. J. C. Patterson, minister of the militia, at once resigned after the order had been issued. Sir Charles Tupper, minister of justice, also sent in his resignation.

A bill has been prepared which will be presented to parliament soon after the session begins. It provides for the restoration of the parochial schools in Manitoba, with full permission for the holding of religious exercises in the same, but the schools must be up to the required standard of efficiency before they can receive any money from the public funds.

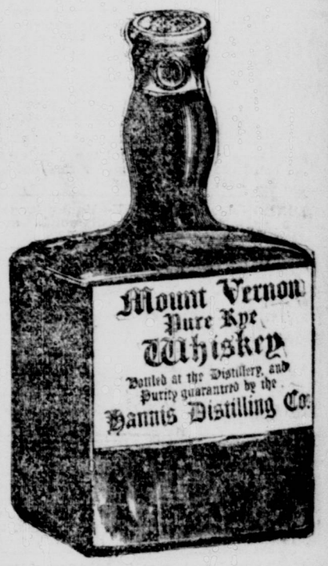
This compromise is certain to be rejected by Manitoba. The members of the cabinet are still at odds, and if the government insists on forcing the bill it is predicted that defeat will follow. Premier Bowell finds himself in hot water all around.

It is the general opinion that during the first few days of the session little business will be done, because the opening comes so soon after New Year's day. Enough members live within a day's journey of the capital to enable a quorum to be formed. By the first of the following week, however, the fight will be in full swing.

TURNING NEW LEAVES.

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year.
"Now, what is that singular sound I hear?
As if all the paper in all the world
Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."

"Oh, that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise
Of all my children, both girls and boys
A-turning over their leaves so new,
And all to do honor, New Year, to you."



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