

bying and legislation. The lumber business amounts to about \$5,000,000 a year. Legislation, I judge, is even more profitable, for it costs about \$37,000,000 annually to run the government, and the total debt of the Canadian dominion in 1896 was over \$300,000,000. This makes \$60 for every man, woman and child in the dominion, an average of \$300 per family, an enormous debt, to say the least. The annual charge on the debt in way of interest is more than \$10 a family, and the figures are still going up. In a business of this kind lobbying pays somewhat in proportion to the legislation, so, as far as I can judge, the three businesses of Ottawa must be thriving.

SLOT BOXES FOR CONDUCTORS.

Ottawa has a good system of street car lines. The cars are moved by electricity, generated by the Chaudiere falls, and the fare is five cents a trip. Each car has a motorman and a conductor. The conductor collects the fares, but he does not handle the money. On entering the car at one station I saw in one corner of it high above the passengers' heads what looked to me to be a beer mug or stein fitted into an iron ring placed for the purpose in the walls of the car. When the conductor entered he took down this beer mug and poked it under my nose. I then saw that the mug had a top like a boy's savings bank, and that there was a slot in it for my five-cent piece. I handed the conductor a dime. He returned me two five-cent pieces and again flourished the stein under my nose. I put one of the coins in the slot. It stuck, and it took the conductor about five squares to shake it to the bottom. It was the same with the next nickel, and more than half of the conductor's time was spent in shaking the coins through the slot. The same method prevails in collecting fares in Montreal, save that the boxes there look more like flatirons than beer mugs, and when the conductor approaches you with one of them you fear he may be about to assault you with some deadly weapon.

I took a look at the Parliament houses this afternoon. They are built upon Parliament Hill, just above the commercial part of the town, and in a commanding location as is our Capitol at Washington. The lawn about them covers many acres, and it is as velvety as that of an English park. At the back, away below you, flows the wide Ottawa river, its banks lined with piles of lumber and its waters covered with saw logs. Beyond you can see for miles across the country. Beautiful farms extend in every direction, and above and below you flows the river. Near by you hear the falling of water. You walk to one side of the grounds and look down upon the Rideau canal. The Parliament buildings themselves make you think more of a cathedral than a great government structure. They are based on the Gothic architecture of the twelfth century and have many turrets and towers. Their material is a cream-colored sand stone, the arches over the doors and windows being of sand stone of terra cotta red, so that the whole forms a fine combination in way of colors. The buildings cover, I judge, about half the area of our Capitol of Washington. I entered at the central door and made my way into the senate chamber, and from there went into the house of commons. The two houses are much alike. They are Gothic chambers with ceilings of glass. The windows in the walls are filled with stained glass, so that you think yourself, at first, in a church. At one end of each room is the throne, or chair for presiding officer. This chair is carved and there is a royal coat of arms above it. The speaker faces the door, and there is an aisle in front of him which runs from his desk back to

the door. The seats rise on either side of this aisle to the walls, the members of one party having one side of the chamber and those of the other sitting opposite. Parliament is not now in session, and I cannot tell as to how a real parliamentary scene looks.

The governor general of Canada here takes the place of the queen. He is, you know, appointed by her at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. He lives at Rideau Hall, just outside the capital, and entertains magnificently. Lady Aberdeen is well-known in the United States. As far as I can learn, both she and Lord Aberdeen are much loved here. The governor general has considerable power. He nominates or appoints the senate as vacancies occur. Senators hold their terms for life, each province having the right to so many senators. There are now eighty-one senators in the Canadian parliament. Each senator must be at least thirty years of age and he must reside in the province for which he is appointed. He must also have property to the amount of four thousand dollars. The senate thus corresponds to the house of lords in the Parliament of England. The house of commons is elected by the people, a certain number of members being allowed to each province, according to the population. The speaker of the house gets four thousand dollars a year, or just half what Speaker Reed receives. Each member receives ten dollars per day, up to the end of thirty days, and if a session lasts longer than this, the sum of one thousand dollars constitutes his salary for the session. Every day that a member is absent while the house is in session he is fined eight dollars, unless he can prove that his absence was caused by illness. If the same law prevailed in the United States Congress, our House would seldom lack a quorum. The governor general of Canada has twelve cabinet ministers, each of whom gets seven thousand dollars a year, with the exception of the premier, who receives eight thousand dollars. In addition to this general government each of the seven provinces of the Canadian dominion has a separate parliament of its own, which manages its local affairs. So you see the Canadian government is a sort of a cross between that of the United States and that of Great Britain. The government in many respects treats Great Britain as though it were a foreign country. It taxes imports from Great Britain just as it does those of other countries, and the money collected for taxes is spent in Canada, none of it going to the mother country.

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WOMEN CLIMBED POPOCATEPETL.

[San Francisco Examiner.]

Mrs. Carmen M. Llewellyn of this city and Mrs. Hubert Walthman of Haywards have climbed the sides of mighty Popocatepetl and stood upon its summit. Surrounded by the sulphurous vapors from the volcano that slumbers beneath the snow, they have looked out upon the world, from the highest point on the American continent, awe-stricken by the mightiness of the works of nature. Their experience was one of a lifetime. Both women are members of the Sorosis club of this city, the members of which are justly proud of the honors gained by the daring mountain climbers. In a letter, written in the City of Mexico on July 23rd to a member of Sorosis, Mrs. Llewellyn describes the trip in an interesting manner, and gives some valuable hints to travelers who may contemplate an assault upon the rugged and dangerous slopes of the great volcano.

"If you ever contemplate making

the ascent of Popocatepetl," she writes, "do not give your friends time to discourage you; but go as we did—at a day's notice. Our outfit consisted in the main of extra heavy flannels, sweaters, leggings, dark thick veils and smoked glasses. Each of us also had a pair of warm blankets, wrapped in a 'pancho'—a piece of rubber, about two and a half yards square, made like a serape. The pancho is necessary to protect one from the rain, which may be expected every afternoon during the summer season. We took the most nourishing food we could carry in a small space, the supplies included malted milk, beef extract and coffee."

The ladies started from the city of Mexico at 7 o'clock in the morning for Amecameca, which nestles at the foot of the mountain slope. They arrived there between 9 and 10 o'clock and engaged rooms at the hotel. They were fortunate in having a letter from General Ochoa, who owns the crater, to his agent at Amecameca, recommending the party to the latter's attention. The agent procured horses for the trip, and at 2 o'clock in the afternoon the cavalcade was ready for the ascent.

Mrs. Llewellyn and Mrs. Walthman were escorted by R. O. Renaud of the city of Mexico. The women's animals had men's saddles, the only kind procurable in that part of the country. There were three guides, on foot, a pack mule, which required the combined efforts of a man and a boy to drive it, and, last of all, a major domo, called simply the "Senor," who acted as the general superintendent of the entire outfit. The women's panchos were tied on the pack mule, the "Senor" gave the word, the mule drivers cracked their whips over the one patient animal, and the adventurers set forth.

The objective point was a cabin, seven leagues distant, where the party intended to pass the night.

"Our road led over a rough mountain trail," writes Mrs. Llewellyn, "through narrow barrancas, where we could almost reach out on either side and gather the ferns and maiden-hair. We toiled our way across streams and through woods of fir and pine, which lack the spicy aroma of our northern forests, getting glimpses, now and again, of the beautiful valley below. The great white volcano rose in all his might before us, his had veiled in fleecy cloud. Along the way we found luxuriant wild flowers—penstemans, forget-me-nots, daisies, fuchsias, cosmos, the yellow cetauria—a huge, downy thistle, resembling the bloom of the artichoke—and the large thorn poppy. One misses animal life in these mountains—the sudden rabbit, the road runners, the chatter of squirrels and the whirl of insect life. All is silent. The trees became smaller, and more scattering, until, at 7 o'clock, we reached the cabin above the timber line."

This lonely cabin upon the bleak mountain side is but a rough shelter at best. It was formerly used for refining the sulphur taken from the crater. Under the "Senor's" direction, the guides built a fire, at which a meal was prepared. Then the men made for the women the leather sandals for use in the hard climb of the morrow. That being done, the weary travelers rolled themselves in their blankets and with their feet to the fire endeavored to sleep.

They passed a restless night, for the rain came down in torrents and poured through the chinks of the weather-beaten cabin. The panchos proved but a poor protection, under the circumstances, and at 3 o'clock in the morning the two members of the Sorosis club gladly arose, shook