



THE TOPIC OF THE TIME.

MISS BROWN.—“ You’ve read the discussion between Sarah Grand, and ‘Ouida’ in the *North American Review*, I suppose. Do you believe in the ‘New Woman?’ ”

MISS QUICK.—“ Well, yes—if she’s not too fresh ! ”

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, June 4th, 1894.

YOU’D really think now that the women-folks who came here for the session would be kinder interested in the goings on up at the House, and that they’d have a good rest, being away from home. I was talking to one that was sitting up on the bank the other day. She seemed backward at first—shy I s’pose, but she gave me a pretty good account of herself later on.

“ Rest,” says she, “ why, it takes me all the year to get over being tuckered out after I’ve been here.” I could see she was worried most to death now, poor thing. “ We go some place every night,” she went on, “ dinners or something’s most always going on, and I either pay calls or receive them in the afternoons, so I don’t get much rest, you see.” She smiled sort of pitiful and I advised her to go right off and lay down and get a nap. “ It’s all right for some,” says I, fur I haven’t nothing against the goings on, “ but you ain’t used to it, you know, and— ”

She seemed to stiffen up some after that, and tried to influence me about her size, socially speaking, when she’s to home. But, good land, I could see she was putting in her best time now, and when she gits back to her own folks, she’ll tell ‘em all about Rideau Hall and the rest of it, while she’s turning her dresses to make ‘em do for the winter.

That tariff’s a caution. It was supposed to be one thing and intended for another, and it wobbled all over the ‘rithmetic before it got back in a big circle to most where it was before. Seem’s to me as ef they said this: “ Now this tariff’s all right, but we’ll fix it a little and see what’ll come of it.” And when they fixed it, deputations come and combine men. Then seem’s as ef those finance men said: “ See here—ef the election comes off, and we put on the duty again for you, you must—you know.” And they understood, so the duties got moved back.

It’s curious how folks generally think that other people are “ stingy.” City folks call farmers stingy and talk of

salt pork and apple sauce. It’s a real old joke that. Country folks think city folks dreadful close-fisted with their butter, scimpy with milk in the cooking and cluttered up in their backyard. I s’pose it’s the pint of view. From my pint of view the folks up at the Parliament Buildings are mighty wasteful in their housekeeping. They burn so much gas and they’ve got so many twinkling little electrics all over, and such a crowd of pages and messengers. I s’pose they do work sometimes, but they get paid reg’lar. Of course it must take considerable time to keep things tidy where there’s so many men all airing the bad habits their women folks have given them all these generations by picking up after them. One’s bad enough. In the afternoon’s you need your specks to tell the pattern of the carpet, and the aisles are in a dreadful mess with papers. There’s a musty, smoky smell in those rooms they call No. 6 and No. 16, and they’re tidy (in the mornings.) When the women folks get down there teetering around and fanning, and wafting a smell of violets all over, it’ll be a lot more home-like looking, and the man will sweep up hairpins stid of burnt matches, and he’ll be always finding pocket-hankchers—that is, unless the first law they help make is one to make dress makers put in pockets. I don’t know where they’d put ‘em, but there’d have to be pockets—a person can’t rightly consider themselves in politics without pockets. They’re

GRIP’S CALENDAR.

