



PRESENCE OF MIND.

LITTLE NEICE (in a jealous and audible voice)—“ Kiss me, too, auntie.”

AUNTY—“ That is bad grammar, dear. You should say ‘ Kiss me twice,’ not ‘ Kiss me two.’ ”

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

BY OUR OWN SWEET REPORTER.

INTERESTING LEGISLATION AHEAD—GOSSIPING NOTES IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA, *March 18th.*

MY DEAR OLD GRIP,—What do you think? Yesterday was my—my—my — birthday! No, you naughty fellow! Emphatically no! I *shan't* tell you either. The “either” means, of course, that some one else is worrying to find out which birthday it was. But I mean to keep you both delightfully in the dark, for—oh, ever so long I guess it will be easy in your case; but I am afraid Owen will bother it out of me yet, he is *so* persistent. “Miss Anna,” he solemnly declares, “when I get my clutch out I'm clay mud. You can't find your burrow with me on this age hunt. I'm after you with moccasins on and the best dog in Ottawa district!”



The horrid man! Positively, he frightens me with his mysterious threats couched in such unintelligible language. But I shouldn't be such a goose, should I GRIP? Owen is *so* good to me. Never a bit cross—always ready to help me with my correspondence—very, very seldom laughs so as to provoke me—and, generally speaking, does everything I ask him in a—a—a—well, you know what I mean—patient, dignified, brotherly sort of way, that one would be really heartless not to appreciate.

WORK OF THE SESSION.

Yesterday, Owen handed me the “subjoined summary of prospective session work not, as yet, outlined on the Order menu.” Giving this news in advance of the other papers would, he said, certainly raise my reputation for veracity and repertorial *finesse*, and at the same time largely increase GRIP's circulation and salutary influence. I trust it will do—will do—all he says for me; because you know, GRIP, dear, I am only a girl just past nin—, or rather, I should say, I am just a young woman almost all by myself down here, working hard, and having to compete with so many others, and finding it an awful job, dear, and I get so lonely and miserable and homesick often and often, and wish, oh, *so* much, that Geor—I mean that papa would come and take me home, and I'd never, never, NEVER —! There! If I wasn't just letting myself go right off into the dolful dumps! I verily believe I'd have spoiled this page with big tear blots, only that Owen's sister has come in and shaken the glum clean out of me.

Here, then, is Owen's nice news:—

IN THE COMMONS.

BILL—“To Give the Young Man a Chance.”—*Hon. C. H. Tupper.*

MOTION—“For more correspondence calculated to give me a crack at others of my mortal foes.”—*Sir Rich. Cartwright.*

MOTION—“That it is advisable to have the official printing in the North-West done at the Regina *Leader* office, where the motto is: Big type and jobs done while you wait. The big type is in the interest of the many deaf persons in the Territories.”—*Mr. Davin.*

BILL—“To facilitate Government Land Grant procedure, and provide for satisfactory and safe remuneration to sisters and cousins and aunts of members disinterestedly associated therewith.”—*Mr. Rykert.*

MOTION—“To require from the Opposition whip full returns of all members who, during this and previous sessions, have ‘Jumped Jim Trow,’ as it were; and where such members are at this moment, politically speaking and otherwise, with a view to calculate on a new leadership.”—*Mr. Paterson.*

BILL—“To declare me the Own and Only Duly Authorized Third Party of this House, with power to add to my number.”—*Hon. Peter Mitchell.*

BILL (*Government measure*)—“To define Ministerial conversations and promises, which are not necessarily for publication.”—*Hon. Mr. Bowell.*

BILL—“To promote C.P.R. litigation.”—*Hon. E. Blake.*

BILL—“To amend the North-West Fur regulations, and further, for the relief of Frederick Middleton, *et al.*”—*Sir John Macdonald.*

BILL—“To prohibit petitions for Executive Clemency.”—*Sir John Thompson.*