

WOMEN ARE ARCH DECEIVERS.

OH, yes, I know someone else said once that it was the men who were "deceivers ever," but I can't help thinking that the only reason this person didn't mention women in this connection was because he thought feminine deceit too well established a fact to need to be put on record.

You see, man's deceit is an artificial sort of thing, acquired mainly through force of circumstances and the straitened gate of the ten Commandments. No man, for instance, who could live the free, unquestioned life of a tabby cat or a South Sea savage would ever want to be deceitful; but a woman's deceit is second nature.

Woman simply must deceive somebody, it doesn't really matter who—her husband, or the neighbours, or her best young man, or even herself, or die. Deceit is food and drink to her, more invigorating than oxygen. The woman who lives in a perfect atmosphere of deceit flourishes like Jonah's gourd. Friend and foe alike will never pierce that impalpable armour of falsehood where-with she has gaily encased herself. Stronger than any giant, she defies the world.

A woman, believe me, is never so happy as when she has something to conceal. It is the woman who has nothing to hide who wears a worried look, because she is so good and so bored, and the virgin path she has trod so many years looks so white when she looks back at it that it makes her head ache. It is a woman's natural disposition to pretend to be other than she is.

MANNERS AND MOVEMENTS.

Marriage, we all know, in spite of the fond protestations of lovers—and lovers are beyond the understanding even of one so well versed in their habits as that super-Mormon, Solomon—is a risky business at best; but there is such a thing—as the Sergeant who took his best girl for a walk in the park and she insisted upon walking all the time, found out—there is such a thing as carrying caution too far.