

The Domain of Woman

"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."

TALKS BY "TERESA"

If there is one thing more than another that should enter into a child's education it is the lesson of kindness to animals.

It is only just to humanity to say that most children are not cruel by nature; it is merely thoughtlessness and want of comprehension of the suffering they inflict that is in most cases to blame for cruel and unkind treatment of animals.

Much may be done by parents and teachers to instil a fondness for animals into the minds of the children in their charge, both by word and example. Parents, especially, should not allow children to tease and persecute domestic animals; they should try and lead the little ones to love them and to rejoice with pleasure the love and gratitude with which the poor dumb creatures always regard those who treat them with kindness and consideration.

I often hear people say: "Oh, I can't bear animals, I hate cats." I must confess it gives me a feeling of aversion to hear anyone talk like that; it certainly betrays a lack of sympathetic feeling on those qualities that enable us to see and appreciate whatever is best and most admirable in the world around us.

I saw a woman walking down the street one day strike with her umbrella every innocent little dog that happened to come near her, whether it touched her or not. I thought the friendship of a woman like that would not be worth having. She will probably be bitten one of these days, and will then have to thank for it. A word here about hydrophobia; the dread of this exceedingly rare disease is absurdly out of proportion to its actual occurrence.

I have heard it said that man possesses supreme power over the lower animals, and may do with them as he pleases with them. This is a mistake; they were given to us for our use, certainly, but we are to treat them with consideration, not to inflict needless pain upon them or kill them without necessity.

Then they would know what truth is, what patience is and unkindness. And read our hearts' devotion in the softness of our eyes.

If they would but teach their children to treat the subject creatures as humble friends, as servants who strive their love to win, then they would see how joyous, how kindly are our natures, and a second day of Eden would on the earth begin.

We are becoming more humane in many respects, our methods of transporting cattle are much improved, water-troughs abound in nearly all cities, and though the treatment of the poor animals intended for slaughter leaves very much to be desired, the question of more public and better arranged facilities continues to be discussed with a view to introducing quicker and more merciful methods.

must have been a person of means, if not of taste.

That he had a chimney-pot hat on goes without saying, likewise an immaculate collar and front, and a four-in-hand tie with a horse-hoof pin in it.

So far so good, but when one looked a little lower one was startled to behold six enormous white mother-of-pearl buttons, three on each side decorating his otherwise faultless dark blue overcoat.

The gentleman had possibly fastened his coat with dinner plates, and appropriated to his smothering nose and fuchling in male attire.

Three smaller buttons adorned the coat-sleeves; gloves he had none, though he should have worn a pair of lavender silk to complete the tout ensemble.

The usual garments and a pair of light tan boots finished him off. But when the buttons, was an enormous walking stick, a trifle thicker than the leg of a table and somewhat resembling Gullish's club. If it was sold it must be a pretty heavy weight to carry around and a rather awkward object when with to practice.

"O'le o'le o'le rags and bones, o'le o'le!" The sound appeared to come from a large sack that was staggering along one of Toronto's middle-class residential streets the other day.

"Will you buy a pair of pants?" she asked. "Yes, ma dear, if they're worth it."

"They are quite good, only they are too tight for my husband," and she produced the garments for inspection. The Jew fingered them and twisted them about him up to the light, and finally offered fifteen cents.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the lady. "Five cents for pants? I'd as soon throw them away," and she began to roll them up again.

"Shelp me grabbas its all they're worth," said the purchaser of cast-off garments, flinching nervously. "I know better," retorted the lady. "Vell, vat do you want for 'em?"

"A dollar," was the prompt answer. "A dollar! I mine grabbas, I haven't a toller to bless myself with!"

"I don't suppose you would bless yourself with it if you had," said the lady. The Jew was examining the garments again; suddenly he gave a slight start, which the lady, who had recognized an acquaintance across the road, did not see. Finally he said: "Fifty cents! I couldn't do it. I should do what I'm keeping hold of one of the pants."

"Oh, that's an old story," replied the fair vendor, contemptuously, trying to roll the pants up again. "Sit up a minute, say forty, ma dear, say forty."

"Not a cent less than fifty." "Vell, its awfully stooped, but they are good cloth, I'll give you fifty." Still keeping hold of the pants he humbled himself to the lady's pocket, and handing the lady two quarters, handed his purchase into his sack and ambled down the street.

"The idea of my beating that old miser of a Jew, and making him give me my own price, after all! I think I—oh, George, is that you?" "Yes, my dear, where are those dark grey pants of mine?" "Oh, George, such fun! I sold them to an old rag man, and instead of beating me down to his price, I made him come up to me!" "Great Scott!" exclaimed George. "I've just recollected that I left a five dollar bill in one of the pockets!" "That particular purchaser of rags and bones never came that way again."

PIRESIDE FUN.

"I can't see why you object to young Bobby. I'm sure he is constant." "Vorse than that. He's perpetual."

"Well, Bobby, have you had a pleasant day?" "Yes; me and Jack took our three pups and went over 't play with Billy Perkins' four oats."

"Did you know that English colonists women marry more titled Englishmen than American women do?" "No. How do you explain it?" "I think they must bid higher."

An Optical Delusion.—Bings: "Mrs. Hasmand brags about keeping her boarders so long." Bangs: "She keeps them so long that they look longer than they really are."

One Reason.—Teacher: "Why is it that the inhabitants of the south are large and E-quimaux so very small?" Johnny: "Because heat expands and cold contracts."

"Dah's only one pesson," said Uncle Eben, "dat I has my doubts of 'em dat do man dat keeps talkin' 'bout how good he is, an' dah's do man dat flourishes a razor an' tells how bad he is."

Traveller to ferryman crossing the river: "Has anyone ever been lost in this stream?" Boatman: "No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks."

Juvenile Divination.—Oholly (waiting for sister): "My I never had so much candy as that when I was a kid." Bobby: "I guess yer did, 'ave a good-looking sister wot took yer along ter the grocer's, did yer?"

Sarcastic.—"I don't want theoyaters too large, nor too small, nor too fat, and they must not be too salty; they must be cold, and I want them quick."

"I am afraid," said Maud, thoughtfully, "that Willie Widdies will never come here again." "Did he go away in a pet?" asked Mattie. "Well, some of him did. Just before he

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started, my dear little dachshund bit a piece out of him."

"When a woman," said the corn-fed philosopher, "says that she really believes she is getting fat, and her husband retorts that it is because she eats too much and doesn't do enough work, it is safe to presume that the honeymoon has ceased to be."

Laura: "What terrible fashions the European nobility have for remembering their ancestors!" Nannie: "What do you refer to—their picture galleries?" Laura: "No; I heard that every aristocratic house keeps a family skeleton in the closet."

"Don't you know, my dear madam, that you are taking a terrible risk when you encourage your husband to go to the goldfields? The probabilities are that not one man in a hundred will bring back any gold and not ten in a hundred will ever return."

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