

TOO FECKLESS FOR HER.

MRS. MCHAFFIE—"Losh, but its het! I've ta' keep the fan gaen' a' the time."

Mrs. McSnuffie (suing the action to the word)—"A fan! Haith, I just tak the bellowses. There's far mair wind in them, than in thae feckless bits o' fans. Try a blaw."

POLLY'S PERPLEXITIES.

The puzzles or rather problems that perplexed Miss Polly Bluestocking had not been laid before her by the University Dons, nor did they involve a fear of being plucked at the examinations. Her success at the "finals" was already a matter of history, she had left the boys behind and in despair, though she had done her best to smooth over matters by explaining to them that she, was an exceptionally brilliant woman pitted against the very moderately gifted masculine grads of her year. One of her troubles was, that having got her education, she didn't know what on earth to do with it. If this difficulty may be thought something of a poser to answer, her next one was very simple and such as is often presented to young ladies who "finish" at the usual boarding-schools, that of deciding between two lovers, one handsome and poor, the other rich, and ready to make her mistress of his possessions and himself. Naturally she sighed for the wealthy man's money without himself, equally naturally he wouldn't part with his greatest attraction, or hand it over to his impecunious rival, the every-day-to-be-met-with Charley. A properly brought up young lady would either have seized the golden-opportunity, or romantically repented at leisure. Miss Polly didn't do either, and was such a long time making up her mind which of them was worth having, they eventually consoled themselves with some other girls, the heroic conduct on their part which disgusted her very much, and when her friends and all her relations said she would die an old maid, she didn't like it a bit, for with all her education, poor thing, she hadn't got over a feminine aspiration, and hoped to reign a queen in a woman's legitimate kingdom a man's affections. Of course she felt superior to the butterflies of her sex, but though she knew that superfluous women exist in the world, she couldn't make up her mind to be one, and howl for Women's Rights, despising the ordinary young man of her acquaintance, she had a being in her mind's eye clever, noble, and rich, and with the inconsequence of her sex, despite the difficulties encountered by an ancient philosopher, who went o'er a similar quest, she is kept quietly on the outlook for a man (though I beg to mention it with all respect). Nature in endowing Miss Bluestocking with a large share of brains, and also good looks, had not kept in mind the even balance of gifts modern sages tell us so much about, but though this lavishness doubtless was the cause of many of her perplexities the young lady forgave her. The want of knowledge she had of domestic matters being the cause of sneers from outsiders Miss Polly resolved to prove that a woman who could go to a University could solve the common difficulties of housekeeping too, expecting to know all about those trivial affairs in a few weeks. She accordingly set to, wrestling with might and main with the mysteries of cooking, and calling all her philosophy to her aid plunged her pretty hands into dish-water, amazed to discover that the heat of the stove made greater havoc of her complexion than burning the mi-ⁿight oil had in old days over her Greek and Latin.

The comprehensiveness of her mind, after a few days, convinced her that a domestic education is nearly as lengthy, as a University course. Studying Euclid and Algebra has so strengthened her judgment she sees these matters are essential to a woman, and she means to learn that to the end, but she hates the work, and wonders if there wouldn't be a middle training that would include mental and household knowledge for a woman. After mastering collegiate difficulties she finds she is a baby in the hands of her Irish servant, she doesn't intend to succumb to the worries of female existence, but too often she asks herself the favorite question of the day—Is life worth living?

Living in a world where dinners wont cook themselves, where stocks sometimes rise but mostly fall, where lovers don't come up to the Bachelor of Arts standard, learned young ladies require, and where we all can't be millionaires in the first flush of youth when we know how to enjoy ourselves, it requires quite a brave heart for Miss Pollies to answer yes—and there are getting to be quite a number of Miss Pollies who having proved they can learn as fast as their brothers still cry after all, "*Cui bono*"?

J. M. LOES.



THE RACE FOR THE PENNANT.

TWO TO ONE ON TORONTO FOR FIRST PLACE!

ALLAN DOLLARMAIN.

BY A HAGGARD WRITER, AUTHOR OF "HE, SHE, IT," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAW-SHEEN RAPID AND THE CITY OF MON-TRO-SIS.

SAying good bye to McFlimsey and taking an affectionate farewell of Sarah Jane, we pursued our way down the river. Towards evening we came to a rapid which the phat boy said was called Law-Sheen, and that we must here take on an Indian pilot named Joseph. Sir 'Arry Curty was violently opposed to this and sung out "Not for Joseph, not for Joe." As he persisted in his objection, we had to let the canoe slide. It was caught in the violent current of the rapid and swept in towards the mouth of a tubular bridge. We just ducked our heads in time as we entered at a terrific pace under the arch-