

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

CANADA is a land of happy home life. It is often objected that the Canadian woman is too much absorbed in her household duties; that she lays aside her music and other accomplishments after marriage and does not continue to "improve her mind." There is truth in the criticism, the *New York Tribune* believes. Limited means and many responsibilities sometimes compel the sacrifice; but, on the other hand, some Canadian women are notably good housekeepers and find time for mental culture. Canadian girls now attend the University extension courses.

The Canadian woman has not yet made many contributions to literature. The works of Agnes Machar, of S. F. Harrison, of Sara Jeannette Duncan, author of "A Social Departure" and other books, and of Lily Dougall, author of "Beggars All" and "What Necessity Knows," have earned reputations beyond the borders of the Dominion. The Canadian girl is permitted more freedom than her English cousin, and she uses this freedom without abusing it.

The Canadian girl at home knows how to enjoy herself. In winter she goes to skating, snowshoeing, sleighing and tobogganing parties, and she delights in dancing, music and private theatricals. In summer she rows, rides and swims. She spends much time out of doors at picnics and in "camping out." A married woman must accompany the camping party as chaperon; but, if possible, the girls choose one whose spirits have not been much weighted by household cares. The fact that the girl must sometimes do her share of the work of a household does not interfere with her amusements. She disposes of her work and is free for her play.

She can often "swim like a fish." A young man and his betrothed were on a vessel that took fire. While the girl looked for means of escape for herself and others, the man dashed past her and leaped overboard. As he sprang he exclaimed, as if suddenly reminded of his responsibilities, "Joan, you can swim!" Joan swam. She struck out boldly for the shore and arrived there. The young man met her and offered his congratulations. They were received coldly—so coldly that he went hotelward to warm himself. Joan is still single. The man was not a Canadian.

The girl is generally brave and sometimes recklessly venturesome. A girl of 16 years excelled as an oarswoman. One day her father, returning from his office, saw a crowd on the bank of the lake and went to ascertain the cause. In the distance was a dark line that suggested an outrigger cutting its way through the rough water.

"Why did you let her have it?" asked the excited young man of the builder, who had boats for hire.

"She said she must have it, and every one knows that what Miss Audrey says she will have she do have!"

"Miss Audrey!" The father shuddered. Was it possible that his young daughter, Audrey, was two miles from shore in an outrigger—a frail shell in which a practiced oarsman only would be comparatively safe in that rough water? Audrey reached the shore safely. She was disturbed by her father's anxiety but greeted him with apparent unconcern.

"I had no idea that I should cause a sensation," she said. "Haulan's sister rows an outrigger, and if any other woman can why shouldn't I?" But the adventurous spirit of youth is now subdued and transformed to a force which often enabled the sedate matron to cope with many difficulties.

In the early spring of the year of the northwest rebellion a young married woman, who had been brought up in a luxurious home in Ontario, was alone in her prairie cottage with two babies. It was necessary for her to convey some information to a household four miles away, and there was not a white woman between her and that house. She harnessed her horse and set out with her babies. There was a bridge over a small lake or pond, but an Indian stood on it. She thought the horse would shy at him, so tried to drive across the pond, supposing the ice would bear the weight. About the middle the horse broke through. He extricated himself, overturned the sleigh, got loose and ran off. Carrying both children and wading through snow waist high, the young woman made her way to her destination.

Far from being disheartened by her adventures, she said: "Of course I was anxious about the horse and the children, but I had to sit down in the snow and laugh when I wondered what my friends at home would think if they could see me with one baby hanging round my neck and the other tucked in my skirts."

Despite the rigors of winter and the heat of summer, the Canadian woman has generally a good constitution. She suffers less dyspepsia than her American neighbor, for she takes more outdoor exercise and less pie and hot bread, but she is not so robust in appearance as her British cousin. As a rule, unless she is personally interested in some statesman, she takes little interest in politics and is not as well informed on political questions as the English woman or the American. But, though not a politician, she is a patriot. She has a strong family attachment to the mother country and to existing relations and looks with disfavor on any suggestion of severance.

"Is it cruel to shave a poodle?" Dr. Gordon Stables, of London, answers it as follows: "I consider it just as cruel to shave a poodle as it would be to shave a cat, and no one thinks of doing that. I presume that nature gives the poor poodle his hirsute covering as a protection, but men and women know better than nature and so they cut it off, across the loins too, just the most delicate part of the animal's frame—whether human being, horse or dog. But no matter what I say, fashion is stronger far than common sense, and until the law steps in and declares the clipping of poodles to be cruelty to animals, poodles will be clipped."

A woman with an ordinarily poor memory will remember every detail of how much money her husband has spent on her relatives for the past ten years.

Watering garden plants, as commonly practised, is said to be an absolute injury to vegetation, for the reason that it is not done plentifully enough.

When a man thinks a woman is in love with him, he is pleased. When he knows it, he is worried.

"Is that a real Englishman of title that is devoting himself to Miss Gold-coin?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell by the way he drops his h's?"

"No; by the way he tries to pick up the v's and x's."

Hitherto, in France, Joan of Arc has been almost the only woman to mount upon a marble pedestal, but the privilege is being extended. At Vire, a statue is being raised to Mme. de Sevigne, and at Valenciennes a similar honor is in store for Mlle. Ducenois. Apropos of these facts, a French writer observes, "Woman being, even in marble, so much more decorative than ourselves, one can only rejoice over the advent of feminine statues."

"Is your Vienna bread fresh?" asked Mrs. McBride of the baker, but before he could reply, she added, "How stupid of me, to be sure! Of course it couldn't be very fresh, for it takes about ten days for it to come from Vienna. You may give me two loaves."

The baker gave her the stalest he had.

Fair Graduate—"Which is the proper expression, 'girls are,' or 'girls is?'"

Chorus of Schoolmates—"Girls are, of course!"

Fair Graduate—"Of course; pshaw!—girls, are my hat on straight?"