

A few Ideas on the "Woman Question."
By SU SCEPTIBLE.

I have been reading some articles in the *Rose-Belford Canadian Monthly* on the "Woman Question," and the "New Ideal of Womanhood." I usually consider that style of thing too dry to read, but really, when writers begin to advocate such very delusive theories, one's interest must be roused. I am sure it was never intended that we girls should earn our own living. I know there is something about it in the catechism at the end of "my duty towards my neighbor," but no girl can be expected to bother herself about the catechism and such things after she leaves school. JACK wants to know if one's duty to one's neighbor will be affected by the National Policy. I know that I am digressing, but I prefer doing so occasionally, it makes one's style appear unconstrained.

I sincerely trust that our male relatives will never take up the idea that we should support ourselves, it would only encourage them in idleness, and make everything wretchedly complicated. I like the old idea about the vine clinging to the stately tree. To be sure, some men are not stately, and as "JOSIAH ALLEN'S Wife" says, "sometimes they will not be trees; they seem to be set against it, and if a vine have no trees convenient to cling to, or if she has, what if the tree happens to fall through inherent on stiddiness, what is the vine to do?" I have often thought that it would be a good idea to divide the men one meets in society into different classes, according to the social aspects which they present, and I think in my next article I will compare them to the various trees which they resemble. (JACK wants to know if I consider them treasonable). Perhaps I may change my mind about it; it is a woman's blessed privilege to change, and really, it would be very monotonous if we could not.

I should like very much to vote, and to be elected a member of Parliament it would be so delightful, to see my name in print, the Hon. SU SCEPTIBLE, (perhaps I might be a Senator). Then it must be great fun. I could go to Ottawa in the gay season at Government expense; while at present, you have no idea what a nuisance it is. When I want to go away from home, papa and JACK always grumble about the expense. I was nearly heart-broken this winter, because papa said he could not afford to let me go to take part in the festivities at Rideau, and I moped so, and got so pale and thin, that the doctor ordered change of air. So, as a matter of course, I chose to go to Ottawa. Now, if I had been an M. P. I should have been saved all that trouble and suspense.

I shall take an early opportunity of replying more critically to the essays I referred to; at present I must go to dress for a croquet party at Mrs. D. TRACTION'S. I always enjoy her parties, she is so lively, and knows everything about everybody.

THE GREEK FRONTIER QUESTION.— "Greece demands too much"—Yes, when butter is thirty cents a pound.

HINT to agitators on the Chinese Question—Take matters Coolie.

THE people first using the bow and arrow on this continent—The A-bow-rigines.

THE first coat of paint is a prime job.—*Oil City Derrick.* But the first book for children is a primer.

The boy who is invariably "doin' nothin'" when challenged for misconduct by the school-master, is the sort of material they make Nihilists of.

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THE animal kingdom suffering most from the hard times—The universal stag-nation.

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

If Knighthood were as gallant a thing as it used to be, I would recommend the bestowal of that honor on NED HANLAN, who has assuredly done more to make Canada respected abroad than any of our decorated statesmen.

That was a capital letter our Postmaster sent to the London *Sporting Gazette* on "Insular Self-Sufficiency" Mr. PATTISON is an Englishman, but he has been in Canada long enough to see well through Canadian spectacles and fully realize the absurdity and offensiveness of the way in which the people at home talk about the colonies.

The London (Eng.) *Hornet* commenting on a recent cartoon in GRIP, refers to the personal resemblance between Sir JOHN MACDONALD and the Earl of Beaconsfield. Canadians have often remarked the same, and the resemblance is not merely physical. Both are astute party managers and believe in the policy of glitter. In fact during picnicing tours, countrymen have been heard to declare their belief that Sir JOHN was DIZZY.

I hope the forthcoming excursion of the Press Association will turn out to be an old-fashioned one, that is to say, a large and agreeable party, with a fair sprinkling of genuine newspaper men.

The humorist of the *Mail* suggests that if HANLAN had lost the race the *Globe* would have blamed the N.P. for it. Of course, and the *Globe* would have been right, for N.P. stands for Newcastle Puller.

JACK ROBERTSON claims a great deal of credit for the smartness exhibited by the *Telegram* in getting out the first account of the Island boy's victory the other day. Well, it was rather clever, but as JACK got a lot of cash for it he needn't care whether they give him credit or not.

LORNE Park appears to be going up steadily in public estimation, and bids fair to become the resort of the city. I hope the management will see to it that no rowdyism is permitted. Nothing kills a park quicker than a bad name.

In the Horticultural Gardens, too, we have a delightful place of recreation. The new pavilion is a thing of beauty, and I hope may be a joy for a very long time. A grand promenade concert and illumination takes place there on Monday evening next.

Premier NORQUAY, of Manitoba has a new bobby to ride in the shape of a pure-bred English Government. The Frenchmen retired from the late Cabinet hoping to break it up, but the crisis was weathered bravely. I sincerely hope the new Government may live, for English laws and usages are more healthy than French ones in a country like this.

Would the editor of the *Globe* kindly oblige a constant but nervous reader by printing that heading "The Turpid Turpitude" once in a while, just by way of variety.