

preceded the hearse in full regalia, having their emblems and badges draped in mourning. The relatives and friends of the deceased followed the coffin, accompanied by about one hundred and thirty members of the old and new Fire Brigade, and some two hundred others. Thirty-two sleighs well filled closed up the procession, which was an object of melancholy interest to hundreds who filled the streets. The Masonic service at the grave was read by Past Master Munro, and the last sad rites rendered the dead by his brothers in the order."

"FOR LADIES ONLY."

I have taken the heading of these pages from the considerate legend over the doors of certain continental railway carriages, impervious to my sex whom the warning of *Dame Seules* or *Para Senoras* sufficiently keeps at bay. Such legend is, from the Channel to the Mediterranean, an amulet of protection for the most inexperienced girl, for whom it offers a facility in travelling unknown within the Kingdom. In England it is the rarest thing in the world to meet a lady passenger unescorted, and, there is, I regret to say, sterling reason for the precaution. Abroad the presence of a protector is altogether of supererogation, for on the road she is as secluded as she pleases, and at the depot there is an official whose duty is to find a cab for her. Wherein our lively neighbors have been thoughtful enough to do more for you than we.

On this side of the Atlantic things are somewhat different. The formation of our cars tends to the annihilation of privacy, and the encouragement of casual acquaintanceships. The same spirit pervades our hotel system, and insinuates itself more or less into our rinks, our churches and our theatres. It carries with it, I venture to believe, considerable advantages. It teaches you, while you are still but little girls, a good deal of practical knowledge of your peculiar world, and of the nature and capacities of the men with whom you will have to cope therein. It teaches you, to a large extent, its lesson of independence and self reliance, and controverts the old-fashioned theory that could liken you only to an ivy-plant, timidly trusting its fragile nature to the oak to which it clings without lending support, to wither hopelessly if the pillar of its life be blasted. It proves to you that a *cavalere* is not indispensable to the existence of a gentlewoman, and that, whether you are wife or maiden, you can do your business in the world without a *cicisbeu* at your elbow. Had such lessons been ever learned by your sisters of the European Peninsulas the story of their countries might have illumined a brighter page.

The date of this paper is "For Ladies," although, unless the time be in reality as far changed as the youngsters are fond of telling me, certainly not for you Only. I am told that boys and girls are too matter-of-fact nowadays to do as they used in my time, and give extra labour to the letter-carriers on the 14th February. If so, I am sorry for it. It was a very innocent and mirthful fancy, and led to much harmless amusement, besides exciting, in many cases, valuable faculties of taste and ingenuity. It was, too, a useful safety-valve for young ardour, accepting as a special privilege the annual bold license of the day. It is not a good sign that such mild, merry Saturnalia should gradually lose its charms, and, for my part, when I find a mistletoe or a Valentine opportunity disregarded, I begin to entertain shrewd suspicion of the discretion of the young ladies round me. Let me hope, then, that the Post Office made a big revenue yesterday. Let me hope that Mr. Campbell took charge of at least some few modestly moulded hints that are to ripen into avowal before the summer fades. Let me hope that your sex exacts still enough of adoration to compel a cautious approach, and that curs is not so thoroughly armed in brass as to make it indifferent to the wounds of a repulse. Let me hope that the question, upon the answer whereto you stake your lives, is not invariably given with either the levity of a riddler or the greediness of an auctioneer. Strong in such trust, I cannot but credit my young ladies with the receipt of these missives of which I approve. I have not sent any myself, for you see I am old and gray, and have done my share of this sort of thing through the world while you were prattling babies in the cradle. But I can give you some advice worth following, to assist you in your appreciation of your correspondence. And, in the humour of the month, I will give it as briefly as possible, and give it in rhyme:

As a guide to her choice in this Spring-time of year,
When all nature obeys the commandment divine,
It may safely be trusted by each pretty dear
That a Craftsman prove ever the best Valentine.

I was greatly shocked the other day by reading in a leading

Ontario newspaper a very ferocious attack upon the ladies of the Dominion. The writer had all the usual slypancy of his class, and something more than the usual effrontery. Serving up a rapid rechauffe of *Saturday Review* criticism—London improved and enlarged upon by Toronto—he adds the gentlemanly charge of gross ignorance as applicable to those of your sex—I will not say of yourselves—with whom he is best acquainted. Fortunately those of us who are ever so little behind the scenes are aware that the experience of that particular journalist is not very diversified among gentlewomen. For us, the man's criticism upon a subject with which, of necessity, he is profoundly ignorant, has been palpably evolved from his own inner consciousness. But it is unfortunately possible that his words may force themselves under the observation of simple-minded outsiders, who will credit him with an unattainable familiarity with society. For such, I brand him here, with all the emphasis I can command, as a vulgar slanderer. He has never been, and will never be, introduced to you, but I assert fearlessly and unhesitatingly that those of your sisters who belong even to his own sphere, are to the honor of our country, better informed, and consequently better mannered, than the corresponding class in any land I know.

Having said which I may, perhaps, be permitted to find some little fault with the Educational system. They teach all of you too much. Not too much of anything in particular, but of everything in general. They do this all over the world, it maybe, but they do it especially in Canada. In the common schools of the country they profess to instruct you in anatomical and algebraic lore. Fortunately you steadily refuse to benefit by it, or otherwise I should scarcely have such pleasure in addressing you. A young woman who knows all about the cerebral muscles and the femoral artery, who has the binomial theory at her finger-ends, and to whom x is no unknown quantity,—would be to me as terrible as a megatherium, and as abnormal as a platypus. Luckily the exertions of the authorities have hitherto failed to call her into being. But they have set an example that is pernicious, in the attempt to force upon an intellect formed for fancy the training of a logic against which it rebels.

It would, I think, be better if your schools would discriminate to your taste. If Emily loves to draw and cares for little else beside—why not give her all art and no music? The hours in which her unwillingness is forced to practice, are just so many stolen from the sister accomplishment, for which Nature has designed her. And if Clara can read Tasso with enthusiasm, and has even patience to work her way to Goethe, how is she advantaged by being torn from her dictionaries, to repeat some child's formula about the precession of the equinoxes? *Chacune a son Metier*, is a golden rule, and one that should be followed more faithfully. To do any single thing well is honorable to each of us—to have picked up a smattering of all is perhaps worse than nothing. The first style of scholar charms us permanently, when all come to know her—the last deceives us at the beginning, and wearies us finally.

Now, although, as I have hinted, the system of instruction which is most popular does its best to include you in the latter unattractive category; you are, for the most part, happily rescued by one beneficent provision of Nature. There is one thing at least that you can all do well; and that one makes no mean accomplishment—You can talk. Let the schools spoil you as they may, they cannot rob you of this gift; in which, as I conceive, you pre-eminently excel. It is the attribute upon which I principally base my admiration. You have the repartee of France, without its *double entendre*; the bold vivacity of England, without leaven of the slang of fastness; the earnestness of America, but nothing of its aggressive dogmatism. And then you can be frank, and yet not forward; modest, and still no prudes. And I leave it fearlessly to any traveller who knows the world, whether you are not handsome beyond its canon. I leave also to the same authority, and I have herein the deliberate verdict of at least one representative, His Excellency the Governor General, to endorse me—whether the capital of Canada is surpassed by any other city he knows in its preponderating proportion of beauty. With all these advantages, it would be no wonder if you were vain. And yet the only evidence I have ever found of it lies in your comparative carelessness of toilet effect, and superb reliance on the gifts of Nature. I may have more to say to you on this subject bye and bye; but meanwhile can only regret that it should be in the power of any old man to remonstrate for your want of self-adornment.

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