

THE MODERN EXCELSIOR.



MET a friend one winter's day
Dressed in a blanket *cap à pié*,
And asked him whither he did go
In such a rig. He answered,
"Oh!
To Boggan."

And shortly came another friend,
Who drew a board, with curving
end,
And to my question, as before,
These words he uttered—nothing
more—
"To Boggan."

A little lad came romping by,
With rosy cheek and sparkling
eye;
"My boy," I said, "where are
you bound?"
He answered, as he turned around,
"To Boggan."

Yet still they came, by twos and threes,
In tuques, and blankets to their knees,
And to my queries all replied,
While passing me on every side,
"To Boggan."

In asking what this craze can mean
No satisfaction I can glean;
The truth I'm destined not to know
Unless I, too, conclude to go
To Boggan.

W. H. T.

MRS. PENCHERMAN, M.P., ON FEMALE CANVASSERS.

I ALWAYS knew I had a poetic temperament, though Lucius does say I can't tell a parody from a blank verse. What says the poet:

"The melancholy days have come
The saddest of the year."

My sentiments to a T., any woman who sees her boys' muddy boots tramping over her carpets, the stovepipes dropping soot and pauses in the bustling whirl-a-gig of autumn housekeeping to think of the baking that's coming on for church-teas and Xmas, finds an exquisite relief, a solace in knowing that a poet also once sighed when the falling leaves reminded him of the future and coming wear and tear of energies. I've always read a good deal, and when I hear of ladies in England canvassing for their husbands at election times, I want to say to Molly and Jane, "up girls and at them," for who knows when there'll be an election of our own and their Pa running for Rural Dell again. But Lucius is that obstinate he says he "isn't going to have any of the women of his family making fools of themselves, if they are good-looking." That man never marches with the times, even if he has an eye for beauty, and declares, all I can argue, that we'd only make all the other females jealous of the girls and our good clothes, and set their husbands and brothers dead against him. He did at last say, after we'd coaxed for ever so long, that if I'd promise to wear my oldest dress I might try my hand on rheumatic old Mrs. Jenkins and kiss her squint-eyed baby grand-daughter for him. Just like a man! Much he knows women. Mrs. Jenkins would be offended to death if I went to call in shabby clothes, and say she supposed she wasn't good enough for a grand person like Mrs. Pencherman, M.P., to put on her best things for, besides the old thing hasn't a voter in her family since her son went away, and I guess Lucius didn't forget that fact either when he

spoke of her—besides I'd like to know what I'd want to bother with women when I go canvassing? As a whole, I don't take much stock in women (Mrs. and the Misses Pencherman excepted), though naturally Lucius cannot be expected to know that. I always take my sex's part, but I'd never give my consent to their voting—fancy being ruled by another woman! Men are bad enough, but if you're anyways handsome, (blame my looking-glass if this seems conceited), you can get round a man. Get round a woman, that's quite another thing! Experience proves that the opposite sex can always be influenced better by its opposite than its own, and no wonder I want to go round for my husband. I haven't always quite approved of the way Lucius tries to get the influence of widow Davies, if she has five brothers all voters, I think it would be a nearer way to getting their promise for me to tackle them myself, to say nothing of the girls, for every one knows that eldest one is sweet on Molly, while I have my suspicions that Tom Davies wouldn't object to being the son-in-law of a member of Parliament either, not that he's ever likely to be in that position. Jane's got a spirit above retail store-keepers, she knows how I suffered on account of the grocery their grandpa kept. But to return to our muttons (there's a good deal of the sheep about man, as there is of lamb about women), though I'd like ever so much to help my husband to Parliament, I don't want our sex to get their noses in there—not but that an occasional one here and there (I have such a lady in my eye), could be as useful as her husband is, but one can't do everything. House-keeping, the children, and looking after their husbands takes up the time of most women, and of one thing I am perfectly certain, if we do get a vote, women aren't going to use it to send women to Parliament, so that I say if I go canvassing, I canvass for a man, and perhaps after all's said, that wouldn't be as new an occupation for the softer sex as some people think. J. M. LOES.



HE DREW THE LINE.

SCENE—Montreal.

English Citizen—Sir, you are a liar, a thief and a scoundrel.

French Citizen—Sir, I may be a liar, and a thief and a scoundrel, but I'm not a Freemason!