

BECAUSE.

OUR girls are now receiving so much higher education That there seems to be a danger which deserves consideration ; Unless we hustle all we're worth, the day may soon come when In many learned walks of life they will outrun us men. Yet in incomprehensive ways the indications tend To show that still the dear girls will be women to the end. And so it often happens that in spite of logic's laws, They think sufficient answer is the single word, "Because." I know one in particular I love with all my life, And so one day I asked her to become my wedded wife ; But she answered quite emphatic that it never could be so. And all my pleading only brought a most decided "No !" And when I asked the reason why, and queried how it was, She looked down at her overshoes and simply said, "Because." Now I had heard some people say how it is often so That many women most prefer the man who won't take "No." And so I kept right straight along the way I had begun, Until at last, one bright spring day, I gained my point and won. But when I asked her what had proved to be the saving clause, She hid her face upon my vest and whispered low, "Because."

OTTAWA, February, 1893.

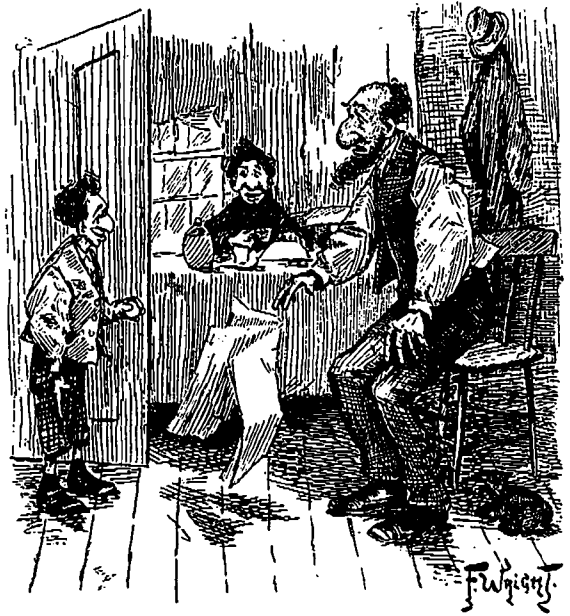
LINCOLN.

MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON CRINOLINE.

"NO, Mrs. Dewsbury, nothing ever will induce me to wear a crinoline, not if the Queen and the Princess of Wales and all the royal family was to put them on, which I'm glad to see that the Princess, like a sensible woman that she is, and indeed I've often noticed that people in high positions act a great deal more sensible than some that hasn't a copper to their names and yet make no end of pretence and show, has come out against it, as it's only right and proper that she should do, or any other woman that has a respect for herself. And if you remember, Mrs. Dewsbury, how ridiculous and absurd they looked—"

"I don't, indeed, Mrs. Jimpsecute. It was before my time, you know."

"I was a very little girl then, my dear, but I was always very quick to notice which perhaps you weren't quite so forward for your age, and I declare to you that barrels and hogsheads was nothing to it, and what any decent woman wants going about with a balloon under her clothes that in a high wind is perfectly unmanageable and liable to tip up on the slightest provocation, I don't see; and fashion or no fashion you'll never see me put on one of them, and I don't care what anybody says ; and how would it be possible in these days when people are packed so close in the street cars and have to stand in a crowd like I did last night because not one of the men



A CRUEL JEST.

SOLOBSKY, JR.—"Fadder, dere vas von man in der store mit a bill vat vands der see you rightd avay alretty."

SOLOBSKY, SR.—"Potz-tausend ! Dot vas derrible ! Yust tell dot man dot I vash deat or vas gone to der goundry. Anydings so long ash he go avay mit himself."

SOLOBSKY, JR.—"Dis ain'd dot kind ov a bill, fadder. Dot vos a ganvasser mit an elegshun bill he vants to put in der winder."

was enough of a gentleman to give me a seat all the way to Dufferin Street, and you can easily see that if all the women took up room enough for about half a dozen that it would be perfectly frightful, and if they do what I hope is that the Street Railway Company will just make them pay for all the room they take up crowding other people out, which would be only fair and right, and instead of making all this fuss about Woman's Rights, it would be far better if the women would try to dress sensibly and prevent others from becoming guys and idiots and themselves by any such foolish notion as this crinoline. But that all comes of us taking all the fashions from Paris like fools and putting on our backs anything that a lot of man-milliners and bold, brazen-faced hussies of opera



Premeditation.

Determination.

Levitation.

The Missing Word.