



BORN TO THE PROFESSION.

MR. BARRISTER JENKINS—"Well, Tommy, and what is your pa going to make of you?"

TOMMY—"A lawyer."

MR. JENKINS—"Indeed! And why a lawyer? Because you are so clever?"

TOMMY—"No; because he says I'm always asking foolish questions."

union which would make a common brotherhood of the whole American continent, and a nation of such extent and grandeur as had never before been known in the history of the world.

Despite these specious arguments, however, and the glowing rhetoric in which they were couched, the indignation of the feminine portion of the community and the fathers of marriageable girls, continued to grow stronger day by day. The tireless agitation of press and pulpit fanned the flame steadily. The newspapers were deluged with letters on the all-engrossing subject, and all sorts of suggestions were advanced to put a stop to a practice which, it was seriously argued, would make a large proportion of Canada's people old maids. One elderly spinster, who had adopted corkscrew curls, a cat, and face-cosmetiques, the one as an indication of her state of blessedness, and the other to conceal the ravages of years, in a letter to the *Empire*, called upon her sisters to take up arms in defence of their sex. "This question," she wrote, "can never be settled except upon the field of battle. Sisters, civil war will be necessary to restore to us our rights. Let us arm ourselves against our common enemy, man. Let us show him that there is one spot, at least, where Canadian men and women can meet upon a common ground, where the supremacy of the Canadian girl can be shown, where her traducers can be slain, and her claim to rank among the best and most worthy women who have brightened this world with their presence ever since it was a world, may be triumphantly vindicated. Sisters, the time is now ripe for action. To arms! To arms!! Let us hang our harps on the willow trees, and go off to the wars to conquer or to die. Let us stand together, shoulder to shoulder, and turn a smiling face to the foe. If death is to be our portion, let us meet it calmly and unflinchingly; if marriage, let us tackle it the same way. We have truth and justice on our side. Sisters, are you with me?"

As no response came to this fervid appeal, it is to be presumed the sisters were not.

Other schemes equally visionary were proposed. One enthusiast suggested that the women of Canada should turn themselves into Lucretia Borgias and poison every American woman in sight. "We will, then," she argued,

"have a nation of widowers, and, as widowers must marry, the wronged and slighted sisterhood of Canada will regain their rights. I have my eye now on a young man who wooed me with ardor and caramels for a lengthy period, but, at the last moment, his head was turned by this craze, and he crossed the border and married an American girl. If his wife were dead, I know he would marry me, and if he married me it is a moral certainty that inside of a month he would be bald-headed and crippled. Thus time and yours truly would work out their own revenges, and, sisters, that is what we all must do. It will not do to have our loving, tender hearts thus ruthlessly neglected. If any one is anxious to join this Lucretia Borgia society, now is the time to subscribe."

Other equally fallacious proposals were to build a wall around Canada; to form a syndicate and buy up all the marriageable girls in the States and ship them to Siberia; or send them to Salt Lake City, and seal them to Mormon elders. But all these insane schemes were rejected by the sensible portion of the community, who fully realized that the rapidly increasing custom was becoming a serious and thoroughly objectionable factor in Canada's social life, though a remedy for it was not at all an easy matter to discover.

(To be continued.)

A DOMESTIC STORY.



CHAP. I.

"JOHN," said she, faintly, "in case of my death I think a man of your temperament and domestic nature, aside from the good of the children, ought to marry again."

"Do you think so, my dear?" said John, in a choking voice.

"I certainly do, after a reasonable length of time," replied the dying woman.

"Well, now, do you know, my dear, that relieves my mind of a great burden," said John, more firmly.

"Does it, dear? Then I am happy," responded his wife.

"Yes," resumed John. "The little Widow Jenks has acted rather demurely towards me ever since you were taken ill. She is not the woman that you are, of course—a strong-minded, intelligent woman of character; but she is plump and pretty, and I am sure she would make me a very desirable wife."



CHAP. II.

The next day Mrs. John was able to sit up; the following day she went down stairs, and on the third day she was planning a new dress.