



IN PARIS.

(McStaggers, of Montreal, on a visit to the gay capital, meets his Parisian friend, M. de Blasc.

DEB.—"Vell, mon ami, how you like ze Exhibitiong?"

McSTAGGERS.—"Well, gin ye'll hae the honest truth, I maun say it's maist disgracefu' an' immodest for a decent woman."

INTERVIEWED BY A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

SHE was a leader of the "Cause," the fattest woman I ever met, except on a circus advertisement. The minute she knew my husband was a member of Parliament she marked me for her own. We stayed at the same hotel.

"Of course, Mrs. Pencherman," she began, "a superior person like you must be in sympathy with us?"

Now, I've noticed that any one who calls you "superior," and begins an argument with "of course," is going to be a nuisance, so I merely enquired to what she referred.

"The Elevation of the Female Sex," she replied. "You'll help us?"

"How?" said I, thinking of some poor creatures whose lives are not all *coulour de rose*.

"We must begin at the root and branch, and bring up our girls differently."

"Well, yes," I answered, slowly, as I remembered that Madame Le Tour's Finishing School had left Molly and Jane deficient in a few useful branches of learning. "Girls could be brought up to be more useful wives and mothers."

"Hold!" she immediately called out. "I join issue with you on that point. It is a most pernicious and exploded idea to bring girls up to think of marrying."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "surely an apostle of Free Love, or a Shaker, does not dare to seek the acquaintance of Mrs. Pencherman, of Rural Dell?"

A look of virtuous scorn passed over her face.

"I forgive you; social reformers must expect to be sometimes misunderstood. You ladies of the Dominion are evidently not readers, or you would not confound a high moral teacher with a Victoria Woodhull, and a well-known Woman's Righter with a ridiculous society. Our belief is that women should have higher ideals, and then they will be prepared if the lesser things are added to them."

"By lesser things do you mean husbands?" I asked, cautiously.

"Yes," she answered, "they should be considered incidental possibilities in women's lives. We intend to elevate them, too—in time—but our great fundamental idea is to get the franchise for our sex."

"When you've got it, what are the women going to do with it?"

"Vote, of course."

"What for?"

"Everything good, and to stop men from drinking and smoking."

"Then," I said, you take it for granted that all women hate tobacco, and the entire female sex is aiming for higher things?"

"Certainly not; what an absurd question to ask a woman of the world, who knows that there are millions of poor weak creatures not worth their salt. You keep a servant-man, Mrs. Pencherman, and I ask you plainly don't you think you could vote as intelligently as he does?"

"Well, rather," I answered, with dignity, "but he's got a wife, and as you can't limit the voting to educated, pure women, I don't think our laws would be any better by doubling the number of voters among the riff-raff. Do you?"

She looked more disdainful. "That is an aside. The world must be improved, it can be done only by Woman in her tender strength. *How* her frail hands can accomplish the task we know not, but we, in our day and generation, can strive to give her the power, and bequeath the problem of working it out to posterity. Say you will help us."

"Never!" I cried. "I find more work than I can do now in looking after my house, my children, and the Church. I shall not be the one to add further duties for my grand-daughters to worry over."

"I see you cannot follow my line of thought."

"No," I said. "I've listened to you, but I keep my own opinion."

"How very feminine!"

"I suppose you wouldn't have a lady in my position masculine," I snapped out.

"If you won't understand, I am sorry. I've done my best to elucidate our theories to your level; because I am one of your own sex you won't believe me. I am sorry for you—very sorry."

"I'm much obliged," I remarked.

"Don't mention it. I go about scattering seed for the cause to any woman who looks intelligent. Sometimes we make mistakes in the physiognomy of a stranger, but do not apologize for taking up my time this morning. You are entirely welcome."

And she left me, to buttonhole a great six-foot high man, who just then walked into the drawing-room.

J. M. LOES.



STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

MR. A.—"May I confide in you? I have to tell you a secret."

MR. B.—"What is it?"

MR. A.—"I need \$500."

MR. B.—"Don't fear. I will be as silent as the grave."