



SURFEITED.

PRECIOUS CHILD (after the dessert)—“Oh, nurse, put I to bed. Carry I up stairs. Don't bend I!”

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

XII.

IT'S a dreadful great privilege to live so 's you kin see the eddicational buildins from your windys. Even ef you can't see more'n the roof an' the grimy faces that spits the water inter the eaves troughs, it gives a person a feelin' o' kinder bein' in with the folks what's learnin' so much. I've heard dapper young women go moonin' round the Varsity as they call it, an' say how it made them feel dreadful like studyin' jist to look at the ivy on the gray old walls, an' all them sort o' things. I guess that feelin's all right, but it ain't stiddy. You can't go walkin' round lookin' at ivy straight along, but ef you keep seein' towers an' things, an' go on thinkin' what a splendid thing eddication is, an' how them that gets it early is better off than ef they'd two hundred acres of land, it'll do you good, even ef them gar joyle things gets mixed up in your bad dreams.

Seems to me 's ef they wuz movin' everythin' up to the northwest of the city. Maybe the folks up here need eddication worse than they do down town, or maybe the boom left land around here cheap, but anyway we've got the Parliament buildings, an' stole Victoria College from Cobourg, an' Wickliffe's moved up, an' McMaster's right on Bloor street, an' the Upper Canada College is moved north, an' the University's here with the buildins all around it, which minds me a good deal of a hen with chickens. Ef they'd only move Dr. Macdonell's church up here an' build their new government house on Hoskin Avenue like they said they wuz goin' to, we'd hev the four avenues of Simcoe and King street, barrin' the tavern, an' we'd make shift to do 'thout that.

I go fur walks. Women folks what live on farms don't. They never git time to practice no walkin' 'cept a jog-trot from their churn to their milk cellar an' the tater bin, an'

the flour barl. That's why I'm glad I'm not farmin' now.

The day Sir John Macdonald's statoo wuz unwrapped from the old flag, there was an awful jam down in the park. There wuz nurse girls what had wheeled the babies over to see what wuz goin' on, an' the city wuz there, Grit and Tory, male and female, several deep at every place where you could see anythin'. I had a ticket to git into the place where the seats wuz, but calmly reflectin' that ef I jammed in I'd hev to stay fur the whole thing. I staid with the mob an' walked all over an' went down town when I got ready. But it wuz a big sight, fallin' leaves, school boys, politicians, big buildin's all around, soldiers, policemen, an' a feelin' in the air that the people wuz honorin' the dead man, an' gettin' proud of themselves fur doin' it. I ain't one fur show, an' I'm agin sp ndin' money on feelin's in yer mind when feelin's in other peoples bodies is hurtin' 'em fur want of clothes an' vittles. L-yin' aside that, this statoo business is all right. It don't do Sir John nor George Brown any good to be stuck up there in Queen's Park, but maybe it'll do other folks good, either for warmin' 'em off'n certain ways, or eggin' 'em on. Alexander Mackenzie's memorial went inter the University—fur scholarships. It's doin' good sure enough, but different folks wear different thinkin' tracks through their minds, an' mostly folks ideas can't run on no tracks but their own. It's a good thing—that is—keeps prices of punkins an' eggs, and chickens and ducks pretty reg'lar.

Talkin' of keepin' things reg'lar, ain't it queer how onreg'lar they get in some ways. There's nursin' fur women. Girls got all crazy with the idea that the Lord intended 'em to nurse sick folks. They couldn't hardly wait till they wuz old enough to be took. Well, they crowded each other so that now there's generally more nurses than sick folks, an' they hev to sit with their hospital-trained hands lyin' in their laps an' their board bills goin' on. Men say women is dreadful like sheep fer follerin' a bell, but land, tain't their faults poor things—they've been kep' at one thing—an' that housekeepin',—fur so long, that I guess it never dawned on 'em that there could be more'n two or three things they could do. Aut they're findin' out more now, an' this city's jest cram-full of the independentest kind of independent women that'll argy out the question of whether women oughter work or not, by jist goin' right off an' doin' it.

SUSANNAH.

HAGENBECK, the Wild Animal Man, has girded up his loins and left New York to give his show in Boston.



NOT A CHICKENOLOGIST.

THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR (who has called in a neighbor for consultation)—“I can't imagine why my chickens do not thrive. They seem to be quite without vigor and ambition. Can you throw any light on the subject?”

THE NEIGHBOR—“What do you feed 'em on, principally?”

THE PROFESSOR—“Feed them! I do not feed them at all. I thought the hen would have plenty of milk for them!”