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SANDYS ON WOMEN.

(With apologies to J. M. Barrie.)



AM not the real Sandys, of course, and not even the Canadian copyright of the real Sandys, who wrote such a lovely book and was fondled by all the lovely women.

I am only an irresponsible person who has borrowed the name of Sandys for an hour or two, and who wishes to make some remarks upon a theme not yet copyrighted under any laws I know of. The chief difference between Sandys and myself is that Sandys never wrote about women at all but only poses in a novel as if he had; while I am as real a person as the baker who comes to your door in the morning, and here, under my own seal and hand, write down in black and white what I have to say about the subject. The subject is women in general or in particular, it matters little which, for what is true in general is not less true in particular; this, however, is a commonplace.

I have known a great many women and hope yet to know more, but the best one is a woman I never knew at all. She was only a thing of the fancy, like so many more of the best things we have, made of gossamer and moonbeams and other perishable fabrics of the same sort. I found her to wear very well, however, throughout a long acquaintance, and often, when I wear-

ed of others, I have consoled myself with this creature of the fancy, and boasted of her graces when the women of flesh and blood had lost all their charms for me. I can recall many a time coming home from balls and masks begun at mid-night, and counting my gains for all the hours that had been squandered. With these reflections there soon came tripping in this creature of my fancy, with finger uplifted in reproof or a shade of sternness on the brow. "Why did you not stay with me," it seemed to say, "instead of bowing and smiling where you were to-night?" Or, again, "I have been watching you this hour or two and listening to your sugared compliments, you did not mean one word you said."

At first I was piqued at these insinuations and at the espionage under which I lived. I tried to rebuff my airy mentor, and to set at naught both her own charms and her strictures upon the other women whom I knew. But she was patient and soon forced me to yield to her. "You know quite well," she said, once, "that I am the best woman in the world, and that all the others are only good so far as they are like me; you might as well admit it and be on terms with me." And I did admit her claim fully and without reserve, learning little by little the justice of it. To recite her virtues and