

"THE FRANCHISE FOR WOMEN."

(A PAPER READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY OF THE LORDS OF CREATION.)

This question is one which hardly admits of argument. Its decision depends upon axioms which at once commend themselves to the inner consciousness. Women is the domestic half of man—a help-meet for him. She cannot act wisely independent of him, but must always cling like the ivy round the oak. What matters it that the oak occasionally "wilts" under the process? What in the name of common sense does this subordinate being, who is merely complementary to another (and, indeed, not always that)—a being incomplete and incapable of growth until she finds someone to lean upon—want with the suffrage? Votes are no longer a marketable commodity since the joyous period of *direct* bribery has passed away. Votes cannot now be exchanged for hats or bonnets. Are we to revive the bad habits and antiquated passions of the past, merely that we may give some semblance of sanity to this latest feminine caprice.

From all accepted qualifications for the franchise woman is irrevocably shut out. *Manhood* suffrage ignores her very existence, because she is not a *man*, and therefore not qualified. The property qualification or the ability to pay taxes necessarily excludes her; for even those few women who occupy that position have, almost always, attained it by inheritance from some *man*, who probably would have been the last to desire that his political rights should descend with it to such a level; at any rate, as the taxes are paid by *her* out of *his* property, it ought surely to be optional with him to bequeath or withhold the vote attachable to such property, or at least define in his will to which "party" it shall be given. Military service gives probably the truest right to the franchise and this, of course, excludes women until the far-off time when war shall cease.

But there are other and far more potent reasons for her exclusion. We can take high moral ground. We can sing (if you will pardon occasional false notes) the cause of peace and domestic felicity. Is it not a fact that every social, intellectual, or mutual improvement, society finds it needful to debar politics? and yet it is seriously proposed to venture the intrusion of political rancour amid the otherwise invariably peaceful councils of family life. The consequent scenes which fancy conjures up are too harrowing to be dwelt upon. It is bad enough for the wearied pater familias to be harassed at the evening meal with such queries as "Did you remember those tickets?" "Did you go early and get us good seats?" &c., &c., ere ever his heart is thawed out from the freezing process of the day's disappointments, but to be greeted by a *Grit* wife and daughters with resultant chuckles over the result of those Prince Edward Island elections, which have made his *Conservative* soul sick within him, would probably drive him to the verge of lunacy, or—which is the same thing—out to the club to spend his evening. And then think for a moment what an awful thing it would be if to each "sweet girl graduate with golden hair" one had to propound the preliminary query, "How do you vote?" before one could permit the slightest gleam of sweetness and light from that sunny head to melt the masculine granite of our manhood's stern, unyielding composition. This may be "party spirit," but it is enough to take the "spirit" out of any "party." No! perish the thought! perish feminine politics and *vive l'amour*! The noblest pursuit for women is the pursuit of an honest man, even although she may have to wander far with an electric lantern of extra power to discover him, and when found, enter into lively competition with

at least "twenty love-sick maidens" already subject to the same magnetic attraction. Never mind, it will teach her "Patience."

Further, it is safe to contend that the franchise is not needful to the perfecting of woman. Hitherto we have had no woman-suffrage, yet the world has not lacked brilliant women. Therefore the suffrage is not essential to the production of clever women. Could anything be clearer? It is in fact *men* who do the *suffrage* when women are clever.

But a still more solemn aspect of the case demands your *agonized* attention. Amid *men* in this age the spirit of liberty is rampant. Men everywhere insist and dilate upon the right of each individual man to rule and govern himself—at least on all matters of personality or opinion. Those who attain positions of authority are finding it impossible to make their rule *aggressive* in directing the conduct of others, but are forced to assume more and more the attitude of umpire, standing by only to see fair play, interfering merely to preserve the equal liberty of all. This phase of modern life and men is very depressing to any properly balanced mind, since it is one of man's *acquired* instincts to wish to have someone to rule over absolutely. Some outlet must be afforded this tendency, and it is surely a self-evident proposition that as women and children are less gifted with that "might" which makes "right," their function is to afford opportunity for this governmental faculty. Were women to attain "equal rights"—and the granting of the franchise is undoubtedly the first step towards it—there would be, literally, no subordinate class, for the equal rights of children would logically follow. Such a word as "obedience" rendered by one human being to another might have to be dropped out of the dictionary, and everybody knows that no dictionary *could* be complete without it. Rule and authority would thus have received their death-blow; and unless we could find some principle of "right" which is not founded upon "might," our past and present principles of statecraft and governance would crumble into hopeless ruin. Unless, therefore, you are prepared to abnegate all authority over *anybody* except *yourself*, prepare to fight against this woman-suffrage movement to the bitter end. To this end these solid and potent arguments are set forth. Use them vigorously—and all may yet be well. Neglect to use them—delay but a few short years—and our masculine power and prestige may be forever lost! lost!! lost!!!

"FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CÆLUM."

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO TORONTO POSTMEN.)

O! noble-hearted, high-toned, lettered band
Who've dared to raise on high Oppression's hand,
Post-MEN!!! (And o'er me steals the blush of shame
That I should prostitute so grand a name.)

Pray who are ye, self glorious Pharisees
Whose hats seem to rival Heaven's decrees?
Are ye the favored salt of all the earth
That ye should jeer at men of humble birth?

Hath not the African,—the one time slave—
A equal Hope with you beyond the grave?
Has not his frame a loving heart within
Although 'tis covered by a sable skin?

Is not the tax collector's bloated board
Swell'd by the colored voters of "The Ward"?
It is. And being so 'tis only fair
That they in public posts should have a share.

Shame on your narrow-minded ill-timed sneers
Against a generation born in tears!
Pause Postmen, and reflect that even Ye
May learn from lowly blacks true courtesy.

Justice! why sleeps thy trenchant arm of might?
Swiftly arise to shield the injured right,
Hurl back the vile oppressor's jeering taunt,
And sternly bid his tyrant form avault.

Oh for the olive-branch of white-robed Peace,
That racial persecution soon may cease!
Then—out of cruel wrongs—the African
Shall stand a Brother, Citizen, and MAN.

PORCUPINE.

ROUGH SIEGE LAID TO HIM.

Mr. James O. Neville, the well-known General Import and Export Agent of the "Allen Line," and General Dominion Shipping Agent, of 538 Dorchester-street, Montreal, is an active member of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club. "While on a late exhibition trip to the States," said Mr. Neville to the writer, "my old foe, the rheumatism, attacked me, and gave me a rough siege. I suffered with the ailment all through my trip and long after my return home. I tried several remedies and found them entirely useless. Having read the endorsements of well-known people who had used St. Jacobs Oil, and been cured thereby, I determined to give it a trial. Upon the first application, I saw at once it was what I required. In two weeks time I was as well as ever, and fully able to attend to my business. I have not had the least suggestion of rheumatism since. It certainly is a remarkable remedy, and one that seems to me to be infallible."

Mistress—"Forget it? Why I told you to impress it on your mind." Bridget—"It was on me moind I put it, mum, an' me moind wint astray wid it."

They talk of changing the name of Green Tree, Pa., to Duffryn Mawr. Why not simply alter the spelling thus: Grwyn Trwy. —*Philadelphia News*.

A. W. SPAULDING, L.D.S.,

(Demonstrator of Practical Dentistry in the Toronto Dental School.)

HAS OPENED AN

OFFICE AT 51 KING STREET EAST,

(Nearly opposite Toronto Street.)

Having had over nine years experience in the practice of Dentistry, six of which have been spent in Toronto, he is prepared to do FIRST-CLASS WORK, and at reasonable rates.

By adopting the Latest Improvements in appliances, he is able to make tedious operations as short and painless as possible.

As he does not entrust his work to students or assistants, but does it himself, the public may rely on it always being done as represented.

Office Hours, 8.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Evening Office at Residence, Jameson Avenue, North Parkdale.

Great Western Railway.

SLEEPING CAR ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN TORONTO AND CHICAGO.

COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 1, 1882, AN elegant Wagner sleeping car will be attached daily (except Sundays) to train leaving Toronto at 11.45 p.m., arriving at Detroit at 9.25 a.m., and Chicago at 7.40 p.m. the following day. Returning will leave Chicago daily (except Saturdays) at 9.10 p.m., arriving at Toronto at 6.40 p.m.

Passengers leaving Toronto will be able to take sleeper after 9 p.m., at Yonge-street depot.

For railway passage, tickets and sleeping car accommodation, apply to T. W. JONES, 23 York-street; CHAS. E. MORGAN, 64 Yonge-street, and at Ticket offices at the Union and Yonge-street depots.

WM. EDGAR,

General Passenger Agent,

F. BROUGHTON,

General Manager.