



A NASTY ONE.

COUSIN BOB—"It's all rot, this talk about cigarettes being injurious to the brain. I've smoked 'em now for years, and—"

CARRIE—"Ah, yes, but you must remember that the cigarette hasn't had a fair chance in *your* case."

much more copious but not so pleasant to listen to. N. B. It is to be here noted that crying is no part of language, and nothing more than a protest against ill-treatment.

Behold her, then, at this delightful age, reposing always in the most graceful attitudes, for she cannot assume an ungraceful one. Even when she inserts her little pink toe into her rosebud of a mouth we are tempted to exclaim with Florizel, "What you do still betters what is done—that you might ever do nothing but that—each your doing so singular in each particular, crowns what you are doing in the present deeds that all your acts are queens."

Perhaps we might get a little more sense into our remarks, but then *Florizel* had not known *Perdita* at her best, otherwise he might have been, so to speak, more connected and consecutive in his language. The old shepherd who found her evidently had some right and wholesome ideas on the subject of "woman at her best," and must have agreed to some extent with the present writer, for we nowhere read of his picking up any of the sex of more advanced age, storm or no storm. But to return. Compare womans' ideas and sentiments on any subject at this delightful age with those she attains and expresses later on, and see how great the deterioration! Take the all absorbing topic of clothes for instance,—all absorbing, that is, in later years, for nothing could be of less consequence in her eyes at present. What does she care for the latest fashion, or indeed any fashion, when she has been permitted to discard the absurd long clothes of her first babyhood, and has at last obtained the precious boon of being able to kick in freedom? She is perfectly happy. What cares she whether things are cut on the bias, or box-pleated or not? Who ever heard her ask for a new bonnet, or cry for a new dress in which to go to a party? It may safely be said, no one ever did. She may cry occasionally, when she is smothered and wrapped up like a new species of mummy to be carried and exhibited on the streets in a child's carriage, but she forgets even this trouble when she has fresh sights to gaze at, and, with an all embracing charity, never afterwards

attained, she smiles with her own ineffable grace alike on the rich and bloated aristocrat and the poor and tattered mendicant. Not, be careful to notice, that she does not distinguish between good and bad people; but at this supreme period of her life, neither rank nor title has any influence, and she turns incontinently away from a peer of evil countenance, to caress with her soft fingers the half starved urchin not yet entirely devoid of childlike innocence.

In fact, she is thoroughly democratic in her ideas, and although in very many cases the acknowledged mistress of the house, she never abuses her power by claiming any kind of superiority, and, even if born a Vere de Vere, she is thoroughly convinced that kind hearts are more than coronets, and would at any time give away her coronet for a little milk or a small spoonful of sugar.

And please do not count this as a weakness; it is her greatest strength. It seems as if she alone had solved the great social problem, for in spite of her delightful universal kindness, she retains her influence unimpaired, and who has such influence as she? Rough men lower their voices in her presence, and calm down their tempers in the light of her sunny smile; loud voiced boys become calm and quiet, girls and grown women compete for her precious kisses, even her mother scolds in a gentler key. Ah, when again shall she hold such unquestioned, such unrivalled sway!

(Concluded next week.)

MOWAT TO THOMPSON.

You may coddle the P.P.A.
And sic him on to me,
But in the Federal fray
Much sicker you will be!

If Mr. Meredith is elected in London (and the *Free Press* says he will be), he will have the distinguished and unique honor of representing two cities in the House—London as member, and Toronto as its chief legal officer. There is no law against this sort of dual representation.

TOMMY ON THE SUFFRAGE.

PEOPLE'S always wanting something, women folks as well as men, only the feminine sect want all their own ways and the men's too. Same's my sister always borrowing my Sunday ties, and can't be satisfied with her own ribbons. That's how it is with the Suffrage; its about the only thing Americans haven't give to their



AN ENQUIRY—

"What are you digging for, my dear?"