



INVENTIVE GENIUS.

"I say 'Arry, what the doose do you carry that little bit of a cane for?"

"Why, ma deah boy, don't you see! The contwast, you know. It makes my trousers look more baggy, like the weal English swells, don't you know. You won't believe it, I wed, but I thought it cut myself. I did, pon honoh!"

HOW SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR GIRLS?

As the mother of several pretty marriageable girls, I've always been dead-set against any Woman's Rights nonsense, for, being a member's wife, I've seen too much trouble over elections to think the feminine sex would improve matters at the polls. Having an observant eye, which has lately seen statistical accounts of the thousands of extra women in the world, and more being born every day, I begin to wonder how they are all going to be provided for. Lots of them, I know, make incomes for themselves when they don't marry, which makes them free, and independent of poor matches; but I'd like to know how the mother of a family is going to tell which of her children will be in that position. There is a certain uncertainty about the matter that puzzles parents. Likely as not, after all our pains to have Augusta's mathematics and Latin as good as her brother's, she'll insist on throwing learning to the winds and marrying Jimmy Hardup on \$700 per year, before Milly or Jane, who were educated to be entirely ornamental, are even engaged. Now-a-days you can't marry your eldest daughter first, if some determined young man wants her younger sister, not even when you have qualified the second daughter to earn her own living. There's my pet, Fanny, the youngest of all the girls, takes naturally to the domestic accomplishments, and doesn't care for books at all; but, now, how do I know that she'll ever have a house of her own, for all that? How are we to bring up our girls? How are we to tell which of them will turn out to be the superfluous one, and even if we did decide the question for ourselves, do you think the girl'd agree to it, till time proved whether our forecast was more dependable than those of Wiggins? It's just about as easy to prophecy about women as the weather. Men may say what they like about girls being educated to

support themselves and be good housekeepers at the same time. Who ever heard of a boy learning to be a good carpenter while he was apprenticed to a tinsmith? Fine opinion as I have of the capabilities of my own set, Eliza Pencherman is too candid to assert that as a rule, girls can learn to do two things where a boy can only do one. Personally, I haven't very much anxiety for the Misses Pencherman, nor would you if you could see them, and their father is laying by something for them, but it's hard work for a man to earn enough to support a family of girls while he is alive and maintain them after his death. For my part I take a more cheerful view of things than some people; but I think if women increase much more we'll have to return to convents. These religious retreats don't sound inviting, but perhaps, after all, the life led in them was not more disagreeable than that led by women to-day who live around with their relations, not believing in the necessity of their being self-supporting till they are too old to make much out of the attempt. Men are unreasonable; if you teach a girl to take care of herself they say she ought to know how to cook and sew, etc.; and if she learns these things and becomes an old maid, they say what do people mean by leaving incompetent females in the world? With all my experience I find this woman question an unsolvable problem.

ELIZA PENCHERMAN.

TO THE SUBJECT OF A LATE NOTICE IN "THE WEEK."

McLACHLAN! none could raise a hand
'Gainst ye, a poet grey and grand,
Whose song this young and songless land
With truth has flooded,
And so in this ye'll understand
Ye're not included.

Though some your poetry offends
As on their souls it all depends,
And others into raptures sends,
Till they grow nervous,
Ye well may say, "From would-be friends,
Good Lord! preserve us."

I have no wish with thee to clinch;
But our friend Dan I'll give a pinch,
And make his foolish cheek to blench
For what he's written;
A cat gone mad we ought to lynch,
And he's no kitten.

Just tell him, Sandie, in your best,
The truth that Ilist'ry has confest,
In spite of what he neatly dress'd,
The sinful scornor!
Oft genius builds its lowly nest
In poet's corner.

And tell him too when next he'd speak,
And telephone us through *The Week*,
To mix with words a spirit meek
And less quotation;
And not to spoil with grunt and squeak
A fine oration.

But tell him, 'twould not take ye long,
The pen that's wet with scornful wrong
May crush a soul not over-strong,
(Poor Keats doth show it),
That like your own would bloom in song
And be a poet.

I cannot write in that grand tongue
Wherein yourself and Burns have sung,
And truth on no one's speech is hung
Like ham to cure it;
So if ye like not how it's strung
Ye must endure it.

A JOLLY BEGGAR.