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## The Canadian Woman and Her Work

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ONE need not be a seer or a prophet to discern the signs of the times. *The women* of this day and generation are in line, intelligently, methodistically *in line*, and marching on towards the highest kind of citizenship. Seeing that they want the Suffrage, and that, like the Heilan' Laddie, they "do not ken how to pipe a retreat," they will likely go straight on till they get it. They are coming into their full share of power, and of the responsibility which power exacts. But, says a critic, women are not ready for the ballot, they must be educated along certain lines before it will be of service in their hands. There is something mysterious in all this. What is this knowledge which, escaping intelligent women, comes by instinct to the lad of twenty-one, to the foreigner freshly arrived, to the man who can neither read or write his own name? Educating should be done, but let it be general, let the sexes share alike in the blessing of knowledge. At present, there is this difference, that, while women, having the fact of her ignorance dinned into her ears many times and oft, is trying hard to master the meaning of citizenship, and the sacredness of the ballot, the average man is content to know as little as need be. The thing for the *government* to do, is to take off its hat to her, as a coming citizen, and, seeing that mother nature in the very beginning formed her with methods peculiarly her own for making her way across, above, or al the way around the highest wall of prejudice



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