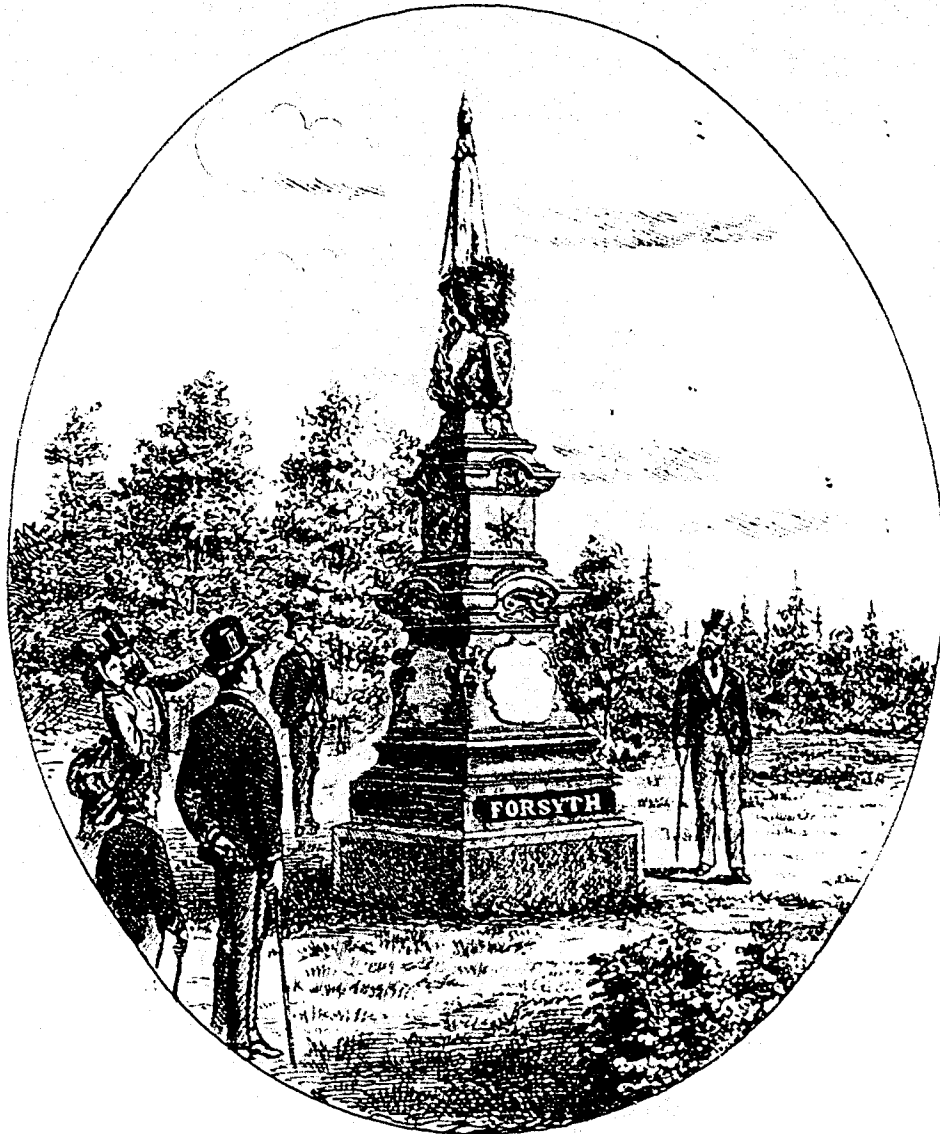


CONCERNING CLOTHES.

We may judge of people by their belongings, even those things that appear least significant. Oliver Wendell Holmes exclaimed with scorn, "Ex-reds' indeed! Read instead, 'Ex ungue minimi digiti pedis Herculem, ejusve patrem, matrem, avos et proavos, filios, nepotes, et pronepotes!'" Some ingenious people can tell the disposition, past history, and probable future of a person by looking at their handwriting. M. Collongue could pronounce upon the mental and physical condition of those who applied to him by merely examining part of the patient's foot. Some contend that even a lock of hair, if properly studied, will supply a surprising clue to the virtues and vices of the man or woman on whose head it has grown. Old Lavater said that in his physiological researches he was glad to take hints as to character from many seemingly trivial things, amongst them, dress. We may find it worth our while to consider the "clothes philosophy," suggested by these words of the Swiss pastor, for clothes, when worn, appear to catch and epitomise their owner's expression, and even apart from the wearer they preserve a certain character, an individuality, a *cachet*. Many a suit as it hangs on its pegs, or lies across the back of a chair, seems positively instinct with life. Some costumes will appear stiff, crisp, and full of vitality, while others will be limp, effete, and only half alive. No one need be surprised to find that a friend has mistaken his suit, as it lay in his room, for the wearer. And not alone in whole suits of clothes is this life-like appearance to be met with, but you may trace the man in the smallest article of attire. Jewellery is characteristic. A glove is expressive. Talk of Professor Owen and his comparative anatomy! Why, you can build up the whole mental and moral character of a human being from any "Dent" or "Jouvin" you may pick up in a crowd. If it be the glove of an acquaintance, you can immediately identify it as such, and return it, if

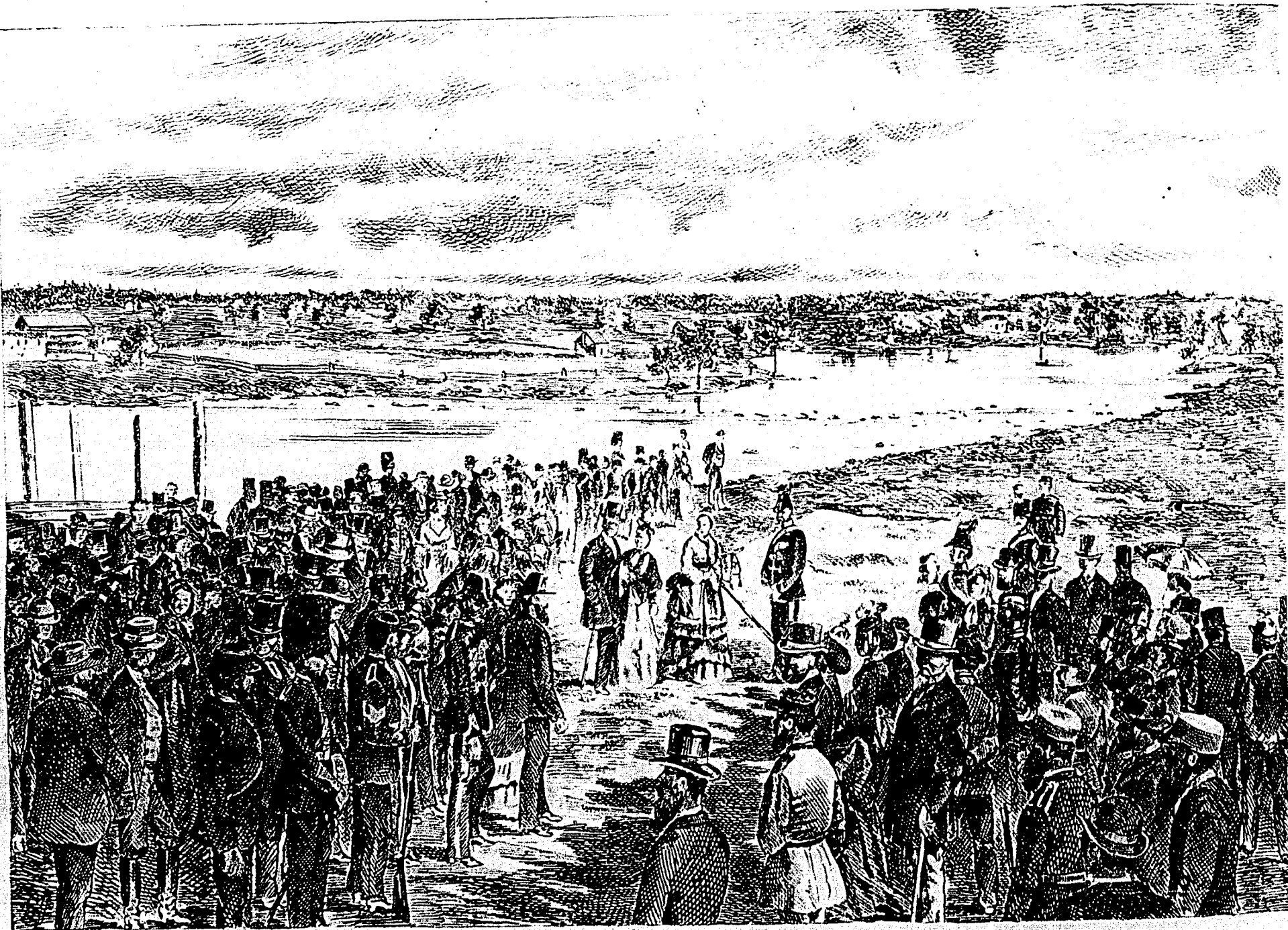


OTTAWA.—THE FORSYTH MONUMENT IN BEECHWOOD CEMETERY.

you like, to the owner. There are people who could no more wear any but delicate-tinted gloves than they could commit a forgery; and again, there are others who are never at their ease in any except green or purple kids. In general, a purple glove only looks vulgar, but a green one has often a positively vicious expression. It is a pleasure to pick up a dainty pearl grey, or a creamy white glove, but it may be your unlucky lot to rescue from the feet of passers-by some dark and dingy "hand shoe" with finger-tips that have never been filled by fingers, and that turn backwards, lumpy, and lifeless-looking.

A volume might be devoted to boots. Take the boots that you see by the doors of the up-stairs' corridor in a hotel. You will probably find everything from the common shooting boot to the exquisite *chaussures d'Paris*. You may see the fascinating little "Balmoral" beside a great wrinkled red leather boot such as is to be bought at Interlaken for mountaineering. Some boots are lark-heeled, as Dr. Livingstone says all niggers are not. Some turn up at the toes, some are splay-footed; some are inclined to be down at the heel, some are strangely long and narrow, with a hollow under the instep, looking for all the world like dried ox tongues, some are shapely, and some almost shapeless, but whatever their expression, whether "rough and tough," elegant, lady-like, comical, or what not—be sure they bear a strong, and almost unmistakable likeness to the wearers.

An ingenious and observant writer contends that the pocket handkerchief is the "visible embodiment" of its owner; unless in some uncommon cases where the handkerchief has a personality of its own—and keeps it, leading the wearer a sorry life of it, playing pranks upon him, and hiding away in the very pocket in which he would never have thought of looking for it. It thus plays hide-and-seek with him, and may possibly be caught eventually in his hat, or perhaps even under his coat collar. A finished modern dandy "indulges in a kind of



OTTAWA.—THE DOMINION RIFLE MATCH ASSOCIATION.—LADY MACDONALD OPENING THE COMPETITION.