

waist, and a walled rigidity of corset which displaces the beautiful side-curve, and depreciates the stability, the *contour*, and the movement of the figure, by what the person of taste and some artistic knowledge sees to be a hard and repulsive line. All pressure of the corset should therefore be discarded, and the rule of that garment, if worn, be a perfect ease of fit, with flexibility. But the elegant *contour* and carriage we have been speaking of constitute only a part of the outward conditions of the question of "Health with Beauty," for the signs of premature age which a constricted waist establishes in the much-cherished face and its expression, are as certain consequences of this particular folly of tight-lacing as the health conditions with which they are associated are painful and unhappy.

But as a contrast to all this sad story of tampering with nature's laws in the growth of the most cherished of its forms, there is nothing more attractive or satisfactory to the informed judgment than one of those harmoniously developed and nicely draped figures that Mrs. Hawies adumbrates for us in her thoughtful essays.

Out here in Canada we greatly need more artistic knowledge of the draped figure—and if the fashion plates or those by whom they are edited, will take the hint, and only consent to follow such good instructions as those in the "Art Journal" and thus be persuaded, while ministering to beauty, to have the naturally graceful female frame in its progressive advancement under normal and healthy influences, they will realize their own wishes much sooner in that ideal beauty of form which they profess to be seeking, and which they can never attain to by presenting mere delusions and chimeras for the guidance of the sex.

HOW WE WENT TO THE COUNTRY.

We thought we would not go to the country that summer, but would stay at home and economise. Leonaribus—that is my husband—had bought an old house on Dorchester, or as the children called it Dodger street, thinking he could fix it up for a small sum and sell it again at a large profit. He had found that he could fix it up but not for a small sum and sell it again at no profit at all, so to make up for our bad bargain we thought to economise by remaining in the house while it underwent repairs. If any of my readers have tried keeping house under such circumstances, especially with two or three children thrown in—they will understand what it means. I soon found that it would be poor economy to remain in a house full of workmen. The children destroyed their clothes, and were disgracefully dirty half the time. Katy, their nurse, got up a flirtation with one of the plasterers for which we were obliged to pay \$2.50 a day—that being his wages, and he being unable to work while Katy was nigh; and Katy managing to be nigh most of the time. Bridget, the cook, who had been "engaged" three times since she came to me, and had "wept great weeps" for the loss of each lover, had unfortunately just lost her last one about the time of the advent of the working, and was consequently disposed to select a new beau—as she called him—from among them; meantime she persisted in feeding them all promiscuously, in the kitchen. First she asked if she might give "thim poor min a cup of tay to take with their cold dinners," and this being granted she proceeded to regale them with roast beef, or whatever the larder might contain, till the tales of rats and mice grew beyond believing, still I dared not rebel, for whatever her faults might be, Bridget would always manage to make our meals nicely and serve them neatly—which was not an easy matter, as we dined in a different and dirtier room each day. However when the grocer's and butcher's bills came in and I found that we might have had a couple of small dinner parties each week at less expense and when the boys had no more clothes left to spoil, and Bridget declared that she could not wash with all "thim dirty min in the kitchen putting in the furnish"—for Bridget disdained to flirt with the tinkers as she called them—while painters and plasterers were to be had; when all these distressing denouements had come to pass, patience ceased to be a virtue; and when Leo came home he found me in tears declaring that we must go to the country. Then Leo waxed wrath and asked "why didn't we go the country long ago;" and I waxed more wrath and asked "had he not agreed himself that we should stay in town to economise," and he replied that "that was long ago before he knew how dreadful it would be, and had'nt he said last week that he knew we couldn't stand it much longer;" to which I answered that "that was before I had seen the bills, and before the boys had spoiled *all* their clothes, and before Bridget had struck about the washing—and—and—"

"There, then, Georgia! don't cry any more, for mercy's sake. You know I am always willing to do anything you wish, and you might have gone long ago if you had said so. Why can't you go right off to-morrow?"

"Good gracious, Leonardibus!"—I always call my husband Leonardibus when I am angry—"do you think I can go away among strangers with the children in such a state, and you know I have not had anything new for myself this year?"

"Why can't you run down town to-morrow morning and buy a couple of summer suits for yourself and some things for the children, and get away by the afternoon train?"

Now, I leave it to any woman, can one have a more exasperating husband than this? He tells you to do anything that you like, but gets you into a muddle where you can do *nothing* that you would like; yet he is so sorry and sympathetic, and smiles so sweetly and serenely over all your troubles, that you are almost persuaded that things are not so bad after all, and yet you know in your heart that they are very bad, and that you should be wildly indignant instead of thus calmly discussing the possibilities of impossibilities.

"Then it is all settled," exclaims Leo, after he had talked away all my scruples. "How much money will do you? Remember, I had to give the carpenter \$1.80 last week, and I must give the plasterer some on Saturday."

Just like a man, is it not? First he asks *how much* money you will want, just as though you could have any amount, and then he tells you that you can't have much anyway. Under such circumstances you're sure to say a good deal less than is right, and when you go to spend it, it runs short, and there you are again. I wonder if there ever was a husband that had any common sense anyway? All my lady friends agree in saying "No, never; well, hardly ever."

However, I really agree to everything, but wonder where we can go on such short notice. Leo airily assures me that he will make that all right. He will find a nice place in the morning; will telegraph to make arrangements; will return to luncheon and tell me all about it; will see us off by the afternoon train, and will run up in the evening to see that we are comfortable and remain all night. Indeed, if he can find a place near enough he will come out every night. When I hear this my spirits rise again; for although not very fond of each other, we somehow like to be together. I have, however, sufficient strength of mind left to remark that it ought to be some *cheap place*, but to this Leo returns the crushing reply that it can't cost more than our housekeeping for the month of May, and adds that he cannot afford to pay a plasterer for flirting with Katy any longer. As usual, I end by seeing everything through Leo's eyes, and next morning I leave Katy packing up the children's dirty, dilapidated wardrobes, while I drive down town to do my shopping, praying that we may find some quiet place abounding in washer-women and serving-girls. Leo drove home with me, declaring that he had found *the place*, and *the place* was Vaudreuil. "There is a fine new hotel near the station," said he, "you must be ready for the 4.30 p.m. train, and I shall be able to go up every evening." This is joyful news, and I finish my packing right merrily. But when it came to dressing the children and trying to keep them clean in that dirty house, I almost gave up again. Katy had decided not to give them their bath until two o'clock, "and then," said she, "they won't have time to get dirty again before we start." In due season she appeared with baby all dressed, in spotless white, who, being deposited in grandma's arms, was tolerably safe to keep clean, but next came Leo, the *enfant terrible*, named after his father, but better known as "*the buster*," partly from the termination of his name, and partly as descriptive of his nature, which was inclined to burst through all rules and regulations and assert itself on all occasions. Katy gave him into my charge, saying—"Now, ma'am, you must watch him for that is the last clean dress he has." I look at "the buster," and then at my watch, and my heart sinks within me; for he being very small, and my authority over him still smaller, I feel that he cannot be kept clean in that house.

Katy goes back to finish Master Charlie, our eldest hope, who has had a new suit and hat for the occasion, and, as he is quite proud of them, I fondly hope that he will keep out of the dirt for once. Alas, fond hope! but I could never tell half the miseries of the next hour—how we lost "the buster," and found him seated in a quiet dirty corner of the front parlour with his little skirt full of plaster, and his small mouth ditto; how Charlie disappeared and turned up in the back lane engaged in painting the fence and also his new suit and hat; and how, at last, when Peter came with the carriage, we went off before the time, lest we should be past going at all.

When we reach the depot papa has not yet arrived, and there is no one to take charge of Leo when lifted out of the carriage. I make a desperate clutch at my various bags and parcels and hurry after him, but he has already disappeared; and, in despair, I cry, "Oh, Katy! where is Leo?" A mocking little laugh discovers "the buster" just preparing to back down off the end platform in front of two omnibus horses. Katy shrieks, Peter runs, I drop my parcels and fly; among us we manage to rescue "the buster," and leaving Peter to collect the baggage; I determine to hold fast to the boys until their papa comes, and so we enter that dirty abomination, known as the Bonaventure Station! At the time of which I write there was not a place fit to sit down in, nor to stand up in, for that matter, and some absurd rule made it impossible to get through the gate until we had our tickets; so when Peter returned with the parcels, I was obliged to hold them while he went for the tickets. I am much exercised in my mind trying to keep count of my bags and band-boxes, (for, although we have "nothing to wear," it takes three trunks and a black bag and a red one, and two hand-boxes and a half-a-dozen parcels to hold it) and making wild clutches at the two boys, who are in a great hurry to "det on de tars," and are continually putting their small heads together, inciting each other to make raids on the gate each time it is opened. "Tum, Tarlie, me det on tars mesef," I overhear "the buster" remarking. I admonish them that they must not do so, but next time my head is turned they advance on the gate, and