

A violet bonnet does not accord with either blonde or brunette, since no face requires an additional yellow colour imparted to it; yet even violet may be worn if separated by the hair, or with yellow accessories.

In fact a bonnet of any colour may be worn if properly adjusted by a more becoming colour, which will be found to be the complementary colour to the bonnet; or the bonnet well separated by the hair from the face. Care should also be taken in regard to harmony of colour with the hair. Nor must it be forgotten that the eye is not only acted on by colour. Lines also exercise an influence upon it, and when they show beautiful combinations the eye takes pleasure in beholding them; for beauty, in whatever form it is presented, affords us pleasure. And not only should there be harmony of colour, but harmony of form—one is as requisite as the other; and it is just as important that proper attention should be paid to the *contour* of the face, as to the choice of colour.

If we look upon the face of nature we find both the laws of harmony, of colour and form, speaking in silent language wherever we turn—telling us God made all things beautiful; and if so, what right have we to disobey the laws of nature, and deck our persons in unbecoming colours, or distort our forms, falsely imagining we are improving them.

DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS.*

THE time for praising a work because it is of home manufacture is past, and books now must stand or fall on their merits alone. No author should fear honest criticism, but rather desire it. If he put a production of his brain into the literary field and it prove unsatisfactory, let the verdict of his readers rather stimulate him to renewed energy and perseverance, than tend to make him give up altogether in despondency. It is far better for him in the end to know just how much his labours are worth, than to be for the time the recipient of a few empty compliments—good enough, perhaps, in their way, but of no permanent value to the person for whom they are intended. We are led to make these remarks from the receipt of a volume of poems entitled “*Dreamland and other Poems*,” by Mr. Chas. Mair, of Perth, Ontario. With the exception of a few minor faults—a limping line here and there—the poems in question are vastly superior to many books of the kind we have read. Mr. Mair is a young man of rising abilities, and will yet make his mark among the men of letters of the Dominion. Some strikingly original ideas pervade the work; and the musical rhythm and rich vein of thought, everywhere apparent, hold the reader in “admiration’s silken bonds.”

The first poem is *Dreamland*. “God bless the man who first invented sleep,” cried Sancho Panza, while Mair pronounces it

“ * * * a palace of delight,
Built beyond fear of storms by day or night;
And whose enters doth his station keep,
Unmindful of the stain upon his birth.”

* “*Dreamland and other Poems*,” by Chas. Mair: Montreal, Dawson Bros.; London, Sampson, Low, Son & Marston.