

Happy Wives.

As we look about on our circle of acquaintances, we are convinced that marriage is not always the ideal state the novelist would have us think. We are surrounded by mystery. Strange to say, all rules fail.

The woman we admire as accomplished and beautiful, does not seem to have any stronger hold upon her husband than her plain, commonplace sister.

The competent house-wife, whose table is a joy to both eye and palate, eats quite as many husbandless meals as does her slovenly neighbor.

Age does not solve the problem. Many young men have been ridiculously happy with elderly wives, in spite of Shakespeare's declaration. "Then let thy love be younger than thyself, or thy affection cannot hold the vent."

"An old man's darling" has been a slave, and a young man's slave a treasured darling; while the boy and girl of equal years, who played together, as husband and wife quarrel badly.

What is the secret of the difficulty? I believe it is rooted in the disposition on the part of many girls to regard marriage as a transforming and reforming institution.

"Fred will stop drinking when we are married," his little fiancee tells her friends; or, "Ned will not go so often to the club when he has a home of his own"; or, "Charlie's mother does not understand him, and so he appears cross at times."

There are very few marriage-made men. Matrimony does not make or mend the disposition.

If Fred will not reform for the sake of his own manhood, no wife can save him.

If Fanny does not like tobacco smoke, it would be safer for her not to marry the man who loves a good cigar.

If Ned's sharp speeches cause his sweetheart many tears, they will blister his wife's cheeks.

In spite of what the moralists say in regard to studying the man you marry, I believe more trouble is caused by girls not studying themselves.

They are more often self-deceived than the victims of any plot on the part of their lovers. They expect too much, idealize too much, and clothe their suitors with attributes they never claimed to possess.

First, then, I would say to the girl who sees upon the horizon, like the prophet of old, the gathering cloud of a man's hand, "Go shut to the door of your chamber, and have a good talk with yourself."

Are you an ambitious girl, fond of dainty gowns and social prominence?

Then hesitate before you marry a young man on a small salary.

Would it be fair to him to reproach him in the future because you cannot have the flesh-pots of Egypt?

You know he is true and honest, and will give you what he can.

But will he be able to give you enough? Your marrying him will not transform him into a millionaire.

If luxury is necessary to your happiness, it will be a risk to marry a man with no luxuries to give you.

If self-investigation develops the fact that you are very sensitive to criticism, why should you expect to be happy with a man whose grammar is defective, and whose peculiarities of manner excite unfavorable comment?

You can never be both a wife and a school-mistress; the avocations do not harmonize.

Every one, since the days of Achilles, has had his vulnerable spot.

What may not irritate another is, because of your individual weakness, particularly galling to you.

Think of this when choosing a husband; for the man you marry is the man you must live with.

Plain Features.

Plainness of features is not at all incompatible with beauty. There is a great difference between a person's being plain and being ugly. A person may be plain, and yet very attractive and interesting in both countenance and manner, and surely no one could call such a person ugly. An ugly face is repulsive. There are no rules that can be depended on for the settlement of beauty; and still less can ugliness be defined otherwise than by itself. If we were asked to say what constitutes an ugly woman we could not reply. We know there are such, for we have seen them.

Family Headaches.

A woman has a headache, and she walks around the house with it wrapped up in a handkerchief dipped in bay rum, and she scolds the servants, administers punishment to the child that don't need it, and wonders what in the world she ever got married for, and wishes she were dead, and then has a cup of tea about every three quarters of an hour. She says she is letting it "wear off," but it's the family who endure the wearing process, and until a headache has become nothing but a memory the entire establishment endures it.

When a man gets a headache, he comes home and announces that he is going to die; and then he goes to bed, has the doctor sent for, takes whatever he gives him, groans and makes a great time generally, gets the sympathy of the entire household, and day after to-morrow is quite well and ready to go down-town and tell how near he came to dying, what a close call he had, and how only the skill of the doctor, and the nursing of his wife saved him. Now the man's way is decidedly the best. He gets rid of the cause of the head-



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ache, and, as the entire household has been moaning "Poor papa," he has their sympathy. The woman just lets the head-ache go away, irritates and upsets everybody, and it is certain that it will come back another day. Why are women such geese? Why, when they feel ill, don't they just have it out by going to bed and making the best of it? It is a much more sensible way and much more satisfactory. Headaches are absolutely the skeletons in some houses, because they bring so much terror with them.

Beauty Hints.

Le Masque du Maria was a famous beauty recipe in the days of La Reine Margot of France, and is said to restore a faded complexion to its pristine freshness. To make it, beat the white of one egg to a cream with a little rose water, add one gramme of alum and one of sweet almond oil and beat together until it becomes the consistency of a soft paste. This paste is spread upon a masque of thick unbleached muslin which is fastened behind the head with tapes and left on all night. In the morning the face is washed with a velvet sponge, as the small soft sponges are called, dipped in tepid water. Afterwards the face must be plunged in a basin of ice-cold water and briskly rubbed with a soft towel. Those who have tried it declares that it removes the care-marks of time and restores the tone and color to the skin. Coal-oil products seem a panacea for almost any ill; the latest fashionable headache medicines such as Phanasctine and many other sedatives are made from coal oil. Vaseline and its many synonyms are preparations made from crude oil, as are also most of the magic oils and patent pain-killers in the market. Kerosene is the latest remedy for dandruff, but of course it must be deodorized. It is also valuable as a hair grower, which fact makes vaseline undesirable for a face cosmetic, as it is apt to produce a hirsute growth.

Llanoline is one of the best skin softeners; in its crude state it was known to the ancient Egyptians, and Cleopatra who was an adept in the arts of toilet, is said to have anointed her face with an ungent made of llanoline or sheep's wool fat, the fat nearest the skin being used for this purpose.

A quart of milk in which the juice of three mandarin oranges has been squeezed is said to be a refreshing lotion for the complexion.

Eating quantities of oranges is an excellent remedy for clearing a muddy skin; before breakfast is the best time, and one may indulge in as many as is agreeable.

For cleansing the hair nothing is better than the yolk of a well-beaten egg rubbed into the roots and left on until almost dry; then wash off with warm water in which a little ammonia has been dissolved. Continual washing destroys the hair, and French women who do not care to wash the head, powder the hair profusely with scented powder and then brush thoroughly or use a fine tooth comb, which removes the dust and powder at the same time.

A NEW YORK physician says: "It is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal. And we presume if he did go in after one he would not find it."

Collector.—What have you got in that cart?
"Half a sheep."
"Alive or dead?"

European ladies are often invited to visit the harems of the rich Moors in Morocco, and some time ago, one of the inmates—a beautiful young girl—fainted at the sight of one of the lady visitors removing her gloves. The young girl thought she was removing a thick skin from her hand, and the sight frightened her so much that it was some time before she could regain consciousness.

"What ails Jones?"
"He says he is suffering from dyspepsia."
"Why, he doesn't look like a dyspeptic."
"He isn't; but his employer is."

Bibbs—How do do, Bob? Where's Sis?
Bob (Sis's husband)—Gone shopping.
Bibbs—What did she want?
Bob—Nothing.
Bibbs—Then why did she go shopping?
Bob—To see if she could find anything that would make her want something.

Husband—I don't see why you women always begin lifting your skirts before you get within ten feet of a mud-puddle.

Wife—I don't see why you men never roll up your trousers until you get half way through a mud-puddle.

She—I thought your brother had decided to get married in the evening?

He—He had, but I was to be his best man, and a slight difficulty presented itself.

She—Indeed! Pray, what was it?

He—We couldn't both wear the same dress suit.

What They Say?

The *Barrie Advance* says: "The number of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY for January 30th, is before us. This increasing popular weekly is now in its third volume, and is destined to occupy an important position among the literary periodicals of the Dominion. This 'newspaper for the women of North America' is invested with a new interest to its readers in the county of Simcoe, from the fact that it is now edited by Miss Madge Robertson, daughter of Henry Robertson, Esq., LL.B., of Collingwood. The *Advance* has already expressed its opinion of Miss Robertson as a writer. We see evidences in the raciness of style and a certain indefinable individuality, that in a more mature stage, will place the editor of the LADIES' WEEKLY in a prominent place among Canadian writers."

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