

## "SWEET GIRL GRADUATES" IN ENGLAND.

These young lady graduates in arts, science, and medicine may be expected, says the *London Telegraph*, to keep the young men of the day up to the mark of intellectual conversation, the aforesaid "Sidneian showers of sweet discourse." It will not do for the heavy dragoon of the future to talk insane nothings to his partner in the intervals of the dance. The lady will probably put him through his facings with regard to the scientific aspect of equitation, and soon find out how little he has retained of the stuffing of the military crammer to whose talent for assimilating the human mind to a mnemonic calendar he may owe his commission. Jenny and Jessamy will not long wander, silently, hand in hand, beside the margin of some purling brook, looking now and again with rapture into each other's faces, and heaving deep sighs but will sit together upon a stile, notebook and pencil in hand, profitably employed in turning the morning's money article into Greek iambs. Orlando, instead of carving Rosalind's name on all the finest tree-trunks throughout the forest of Arden will, Euclid in hand, invite the lovely daughter of the banished duke's wicked brother to demonstrate the "pons asinorum," by way of playful pastime. What will become of all the tatting and crewel-work heaven only knows. Instead of braces and slippers, the harmless, necessary curate will receive as presents from the fair and youthful members of his flock neatly pinned disquisitions on trigonometry and speculations on the manners and customs of the supposititious inhabitants of the planet Venus. It is on the cards that in the near future some baby girl may be born into the world, spend several years on the female side at one of the great public schools, go up to Cambridge, pass in honors, obtain a fellowship, edit *Xenophon*, sink into an old age of portwine and prejudice, and end a childless life of learning in the arms of a college bed-maker. This much is manifest, that, whatever else may happen, the relations between the sexes will be changed. The tyrant man, as represented in English adaptations of French comedies, being desirous of spending an evening from home, will no longer be able to delude a simple wife with the subterfuge that he was going to dine with an old college chum. The lady will know all the acquaintances of his collegiate days, and probably have met them "up at the schools."

Badinage apart, will home be a happier place, among the cultured classes, when the woman shall be upon an equal intellectual platform with the man? We are inclined to say: Yes. As a rule love will be of a finer fibre and keep up its sweet illusion, if it do not last longer than under the old conditions. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale" the "infinite variety" of a well-stored mind. Educated men and women will have a new bond of union in kindred tastes and in the common fund of like and equal knowledge; and what is now often but the transient passion of youth be sustained to the very last on firm foundations of sincere admiration and compelled respect.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The right to do pretty much as they please.

The right to make a fuss when a fellow stays out late.

The right to blame everything on their husband's money-losing or money-making propensities, just as it happens.

The right to turn a house topsy turvy three weeks every six months, and call it house-cleaning.

The right to make the old man vote any way they want him to.

The right to a home, a husband and a baby.

## STUPID WOMEN.

Mrs. Lincoln, of the Boston cooking school, has just issued a volume of her recipes, in the preface to which she remarks that the reader may consider her unnecessarily minute in her directions, but that her experience has taught her that no detail is small enough to be left unmentioned, and, we might well add, that it is not safe to take even the possession of common sense for granted. This may sound a trifle severe, says the *Boston Courier*, yet it would probably be agreed to by anybody who should take the trouble to visit the cooking school, and sit for an hour listening to Mrs. Lincoln's lecture and to the stupid and inane questions asked by well-dressed and apparently intelligent women.

It chanced that one afternoon some wooden spoons, such as Mrs. Lincoln uses, had been ordered by her for various ladies who had wished to buy them. The spoons were distributed to their various purchasers, and a moment of silent examination followed. Then a lady inquired in a distrustful and pleading voice:

"Mrs. Lincoln, could-er-I use my spoon to-er stir frosting?"

Mrs. Lincoln kindly gave her the required permission, and she relapsed into contented silence.

Another pupil was much excited by the fact that when it was desirable to increase the heat of the gas range the jets in the chandelier were lowered.

"Why," demanded this bewildered female in an awestruck tone, "why does she have to fry her croquettes in the dark?"

She evidently thought the frying of croquettes to be a religious rite which demanded a dim and mystic light for its proper pursuance.

Yet another intelligent questioner—but this was in the old days of Miss Parloa—propounded this conundrum with all the gravity which befitted its weight.

"Miss Parloa, my family is so large that one loaf of angel cake is not enough; now, if I want to make two loaves, must I double the quantity of materials?"

These examples are not given as examples of ignorance of cookery, because that, of course, is entirely excusable in anybody who is not obliged to cook, but it is the lack of simple common sense which is so remarkable in women of at least ordinary intelligence and of good education.

## HER MONUMENT.

She built it herself, and yet she did not know that she had a monument. She lived in it, but she did not know that it existed.

Her monument was her home. It grew up quietly, as quietly as a flower grows, and no one knew—she did not know herself—how much she had done to tend and water and train it. Her husband had absolute trust in her. He earned the money; she expended it. And as she put as much thought in her expenditure as he put in his earning, each dollar was doubled in the expending. She had inherited that mysterious faculty which we call taste, and she cultivated it with fidelity. Every home she visited she studied, though always unconsciously, as though it were a museum or an art gallery; and from every visit she brought away some thought which came out of the alembic of her loving imagination fitted to its appropriate place in her own home. She was too genuine to be an imitator, for imitation is always of kin to falsehood,—and she abhorred falsehood. She was patient with everything but a lie. So she never copied in her own home or on her own person what she had seen elsewhere; yet everything she saw elsewhere entered into and helped to complete the perfect picture of life which she was always painting with deft fingers in

everything from the honey suckle which she trained over the door to the bureau in the guest's room which her designing made a new work of art for every new friend, if it were only by a new nosegay and a change of vases. Putting her own personality into her home, making every room and almost every article of furniture speak of her, she had the gift to draw out from every guest his personality and make him at home, and so make him his truest and best self. Neither man nor woman of the world could long resist the subtle influence of that home; the warmth of the truth and love thawed out the frozen properties from impersonated etiquette, and whatever circle of friends sat on the broad piazza in summer or gathered around the open fire in winter knew for a time the rare joy of liberty—the liberty of perfect truth and perfect love. Her home was hospitable because her heart was large; and anyone was her friend to whom she could minister. But her heart was like the old Jewish temple—strangers only came into the court of the gentiles, friends into an inner court; her husband and her children found a court yet nearer her heart of hearts; yet even they knew that there was a holy of holies which she kept for her God, and they loved and revered her the more for it. So strangely was commingled in her the inclusiveness and the exclusiveness of love, its hospitality, and its reserve.

Ah! blessed home builder! You have no cause to envy women with a "gift." For there is nothing so sacred on earth as a home, and no priest on earth so divine as the wife and mother who make it, and no gift so great as the gift which grafts the bud of heaven on the common stock of earth. "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

## WOMAN'S SIXTH SENSE.

Here is a singular instance, says the *Boston Courier*, of the working of that subtle, fine, sixth sense, which is apt to affect women more than men, and which is so mysterious in character that we often incline to deny its existence at all. A lady sat sewing quietly in her sitting-room, and in an inner chamber the nurse had just put the baby to sleep and laid her in her bassinette. As the nurse came out of the chamber she said to her mistress:

"The little thing is asleep for three hours, ma'am, I'll warrant."

The nurse went down-stairs, and for about a minute the mother sewed on. Suddenly a desire seized her to go and take the sleeping child from its crib.

"What nonsense!" she said to herself. "Baby is sound asleep. Nurse just put her down. I shall not go."

Instantly, however, some power, stronger even than the last, urged the mother to go to her baby; and, after a moment, she rose, half vexed with herself, and went to her chamber. The baby was asleep in her little bed, safely tucked in with soft white and pink blankets. One small hand was thrown above the little brown head. It was half open, the exquisite fingers slightly curved, and the palm as rosy as the depths of a lovely shell.

"My baby!" whispered the mother, adoring the little sleeper as mothers will. "My own little baby!"

She bent over suddenly a third time, impelled by that mysterious force which was controlling her, and, for no apparent reason, took the sleeping baby in her arms and went swiftly into the other room. She had scarcely crossed the threshold when a startling sound caused her to look back. Through a stifling cloud of thick gray dust she saw that the ceiling above the baby's cradle had fallen, burying the heaps of rosy blankets, and lying heaviest of all upon that spot where, but for her mysterious warning, her little child would even now be lying.

# EATON'S

## FALL IMPORTATIONS JUST ARRIVING.

### New Goods Opened Every Day

We commence this season with a full assortment of fall and winter goods of all the newest styles. Each department complete and prices unusually low.

## Hosiery.

Ladies' all-wool hose, fine quality, 25c. a pair.

Ladies' ribbed merino hose, in navy, grenat, black and grey, 12½c, 15c, & 18c. per pair.

Ladies' heavy imported wool hose, 30c, 35c, 37½c, & 40c.

Ladies' cashmere hose in black and fancy colors, seamless, 30c, 35c, 38c, 40c. pair up.

Children's hose, all sizes, at exceedingly low prices.

Ladies' Merino Undervests, in grey and white, all sizes, 65c, & 75c.

Special lines in ladies' fashioned shetland lambs wool vests, 90c, \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.15 and \$1.25.

Ladies' sleeveless vests, all sizes and colors, \$1, \$1.25, and \$1.45.

Ladies' heavy vests with sleeves, \$1.50, \$1.75 & \$2.00.

## Ladies' Hand Satchels.

Every style in plush and black, and tan-colored leather satchels, at 50c, 65c, 75c, 90c, \$1.00, and \$1.25 to \$5.

## New Fall & Winter Gloves.

Black and colored cashmere gloves, buttoned and jersey, 15c, 20c, 25, and 35, pr.

Ladies' cashmere gloves with cuffs, in tans, black and fancy color.

Ladies' 4-buttoned French castor gloves, 75c. a pair.

Ladies' 6 buttoned mousquetaire castor \$1.

Ladies' Opera and white kid gloves, 50c, 75c, and \$1 pair.

Ladies' 6 buttoned kid gloves, in black, tans, dark colors, Operas and white, \$1 pr.

## New Fall Dress Goods.

A large assortment at 5c, and 7½c. a yard, in all the most fashionable colors.

Special line of ladies' costume cloth, 12½c. yd.

A large assortment of new fall suitings, in Scotch, tweed and velours.

Estimate a d ottoman cloths, 20c. yd.

New fall costume cloths 25c. pr. 20 different shades of all the newest colors.

Black and colored cashmere, 40 inches wide, all-wool, 37½c. yd.

Special line black and colored cashmeres, 47½c. yd.

Black and colored velvet 35c, 40c, 50, 60c, yd. special value.

Black grosgrain silk, 65c and \$1 yd.

Black brocade silk, 22 ins. wide, 75c.

Woolen, Etc. in great variety.

New fur coats and shawls in endless variety, 25c, 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c, \$1 up.

## Ladies' Fall & Winter Skirts.

Black a'pacos, black Italian cloth, black and colored quilted skirts.

Fet and knitted skirts at bottom prices.

Eaton & Co.

190, 192, 194 & 196 Yonge St.,

TORONTO.