

sword, a horse, and an enemy, just as every girl dreams of a gallant Lochinvar, handsome and brave—a bit of a dare-devil—who will bear her off triumphantly under the very nose of papa and mamma.

I would not dwell on it, because it is a fast-declining ideal in the female bosom. It is not even fashionable, besides there is very little romance about elopement in these prosaic days. It savors too much of the "bolting" of cheats.

I would dwell rather on a courtship that ends in the customary perfume of orange blossoms, and the usual collection of silver spoons and worked centre-pieces. It is the right thing.

*Anxious Widow:* So you are surrounded by very ardent and very unspiritual young men! The only advice I can give you is to be very cold and very, very spiritual yourself.

*Helen of Troy:* You art quite right. A man's conception of eternal love becomes somewhat narrowed down after he is married. It has often occurred to me that a company which would issue policies insuring the public against the accidents of marriage (children included for the United States) would find a real El Dorado awaiting them.

*E. W. B., Vancouver:* Well, suppose she isn't a brilliant woman—neither are you a brilliant man. Your letter bewrayeth you.

Don't let her know your opinions of her. There is no duty we owe to truth more imperative than that of lying stoutly on occasion. If you are married and have been disillusioned, lie about it every day sooner than tell the truth. The good angels will forgive you.

*Clayton:* Don't despair because you have been refused. If you are pensive, "pale and interesting," abstracted and distracted, she may take pity on you. No mite of a girl likes to see a great big man melting away before her very eyes all for love of her.

*Bachelor-maidens:* What is the old song about, "There never was a goose so grey?" Don't be too hard on the men. My own opinion of the matter is that any woman who is overflowing with love, cannot go through life unloved.

*Tim:* No! I don't believe in lover's quar-

rels. Courtship should be the brightest, sunniest spot on the wayside of life.

*Ottawa:* Come near till I whisper, Ottawa! You are jealous—very, very jealous. Ah, if she would only get her to a nunnery your agony would be diminished one-half. You don't want any other lover to have her.

Jealousy has been defined as "A loop of Hell whence a damned soul looks on paradise." Hoots, man! change your position and outlook.

*Z. Z.:* Off with you! if you didn't like my advice to wives why do you ask for more?

*Mother Bunch:* I do not believe in the French system of marrying off girls without their consent, but *mesalliances* should be prevented at any cost short of a premature death, and I am not so sure that this should be allowed as an exception. Marriages are made in heaven, but one thing is certain no wise parent ever acts on it. It is a lapse of duty and a violation of common sense to shift the business on the shoulders of heaven.

*Ella:* A widow should never complain of an ache or pain except a growing pain.

*Tom and Maggie:* Now, I'm in a corner. Here is a couple who are going to get married presently, and they want me to give them a maxim that will insure their matrimonial felicity for life. Surely a big order.

I have *never* given my own receipt before—never. It was worth too much, but the absolutely childlike faith displayed by Tom and Maggie in my discretion have at last dragged it forth. Here it is:

At every place, on every occasion, at every hour, always and absolutely *forget that you are married.*

*A Girl Reader:* You are too tender-hearted. There is an old story that Napoleon, as he paced the battlefield after a fight, looked on the countless strewn corpses and sighed, "Ah, well, if you would have an omelet you must break some eggs."

The moral is obvious.

*All the Rest of You:* I am sorry the Blue Pencil Man won't give me the whole magazine to answer your queries, but he is obdurate, and other unreasonable people want to write about books and finance, so perforce I must reluctantly consign you to the W. P. B.