



How little Jobbleson saw the pictures at the "Private View."

On the whole he thinks one's opportunities are better on the "Public" occasions.

as though it were a thing requiring no thought. They have no style in their work. Gum should *never* be chewed on the right side of the mouth—never. And yet I have seen ladies who make pretensions to fashionable accomplishments doing this. I shall be very pleased to give private lessons to any of you girls who would really like to become *comme il faut* and *sine qua non* in this delightful art and pastime. Another thing. Never lend your gum to another, even your dearest friend.

Much has been said and written about woman in the street cars. There is too much ground for the complaints that are made about the rudeness of "ladies" who will accept a man's seat without any recognition of his courtesy. Girls, never fail to say "Thanks, awfully." It costs but little, and will convey the impression that you have been to boarding-school.

Now that the boating season has begun I would advise every head of a family to get a family ticket for the Niagara boats. The girls of the household, of course, should be left at Niagara-on-the-Lake for the summer, and pa and ma and the boys ought to go over two or three times a week to see them. It is impossible to calculate the amount of health that is to be obtained by girls if they will just dress up in pretty camping costumes and stand on the Niagara wharf when the boats are coming in.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLOSSY.—Certainly, if you truly love him, marry him, by all means. No, I do not know of anything I can really recommend for corns.

ZEPHYR.—I should say three plates of ice-cream at a sitting are enough, but, of course, if he is *anxious* to order more, that makes a difference. Every girl must judge for herself, dear.

SCHOOLMARM.—The point is one which is perhaps open to debate. Meanwhile, it is a matter of taste, and for my part I prefer to pronounce it *gay-urls*. I think that is ever so much lovelier.

ROMANCE.—(1) To prevent your hair from falling out

rub well with coal-oil every day. (2) Soup should be served *first*, of course.

FASHION.—Personally I have no objection to tight lacing, though I really do believe it is bad for the health. The doctors say that it squeezes the blood up into the base of the brain, and thus injures the perceptive faculties. That is why every woman who laces tightly is a fool.

INQUIRER.—Of course I am a woman. Do you think if I were a man I would sign myself KATE?

DOMESTIC REFORM.

WHEN Mrs. Hobblewaite stepped into her husband's study the other morning to announce to him in her customary soft and cooing manner that breakfast was ready, she found him reading the *Mail*. To be precise, it was Saturday morning, May 9th, and the exact portion of the free-trip journal he was perusing was the department entitled The Flaneur. Mr. Hobblewaite's face wore an uncommonly stern and determined look, and when Mrs. H. sidled up lovingly and attempted to caress him playfully, he gave her a prodigious push, which sent her staggering to the other side of the room. "What did you say?" he thundred, in blood-curdling tones. Mrs. Hobblewaite was so astounded that she could not reply for a moment, then she timidly said—"I came to tell you that breakfast is ready." "Time it *was*, too! Come along and let's see if there's anything fit to eat on the table!" Mrs. H. looked more puzzled than ever. "Why, John, dear," she faltered, "what in the world has come over you? I never knew you to act so rudely and roughly before!" "You button your lip, and come along to breakfast. Get a move on now! I'll let you see who's boss around this house." And he strode off to the dining-room. Mrs. Hobblewaite followed him—need we say in tears? She was a gentle, sensitive lady, and up to this moment John had always been what is called a "most indulgent husband." He had become suddenly transformed into an overbearing monster. It was some-