

POWDERS AND WIGS.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE MAKES A PLEA FOR ARTIFICIALITIES.

Wild Flowers Versus Exotics—A Frenchwoman's Idea of Distinction—Keeping Up Appearances—Duty in Good Manners. Art Applied to Ethics.

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PRETTY as a picture! It is on the side of setting a good example. What good men conceal is not their virtues, while bad men pay virtue the compliment at least of disguising themselves in her outward semblance. Assume a virtue if you have it not. Doubtless it is best, on the whole, that a public career should so frequently show of the person who has lived it, like his epitaph, after death. Not what he was, but what he should have been.

The gulf between the apparent and the actual is not so impossible wide. To be something and to appear to be are indeed two quite different matters, yet in our time the latter is often the stepping stone to the former.

Love itself is a gorgeous fabric of artificialities. Some philosophers have undertaken to prove to us that modern romantic love is entirely a product of latter day aesthetics, developed from the fantastic chivalry of the middle ages. Certainly the passion portrayed in the epics and odes of antiquity, though heroic enough, is far grosser, more sinister and more material than the exquisite sentiment, the "love that is passion's essence," in Rousseau, for example, or the fine, fervid exaltation of Tennyson. Now, love in our era is, as compared with the classic days of old, far more delicate, far more spiritual and far more artificial. Today the adorer beholds the adored as a vision of ideal perfection; hence, a studio's kneading of defects, a sudden blotting out of qualities, a general putting on of grace. And, on the other side, the adored one is probably making equally strenuous efforts to appear in a favorable, even though artificial, light. Thus we see artificiality in its noblest aspect—that of a striving after the ideal.

But are not such ideals predestined to disillusion and disappointment? Disillusion, no doubt. But why be ungrateful? Why expect too much? The denouement of a happy dream is necessarily the awakening, yet I fancy all will admit that in such case 'tis better to have so dreamed and awakened than never to have dreamed at all or than to have had bad dreams. Love is the dream, marriage the waking. Quite pertinently does Byron ask:

Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife He would have written sonnets all his life?

Of course not. There was something palpably artificial about Petrarch's well sung devotion to the lovely Provanca. But the world is agreed that this immortal fantasy was worth quite as much as the solid reality possessed by Laura's husband, M. de Sade, who when a commonplace and rather morose bourgeois of Avignon.

What is duty? That which we exact of others, wittily answers Dumas fils. Well, one of the things we are most certain to exact of others is good manners. Good manners, like charity, should begin at home. We must set a good example in this respect, especially we women, whose prerogative of administering the unwritten laws in polite society and in matters of taste I believe even our most churlish critics have not as yet challenged. The five talents of woman, according to Ruskin, are those which enable her, first, to please people; second, to feed them in dainty ways; third, to clothe them; fourth, to keep them orderly; and, fifth, to teach them. Pray, how is she to fulfill all or any of these duties if you deny her the right to exercise her supreme talent, the one which inspires all the rest, her talent for artificiality, for the arts of affectation and dissimulation? Virtue itself fails to please unless it be clothed in gentleness and grace, and, as Miss Edgeworth has told us, even vice loses half its evil by losing all its grossness.

On the masculine side take the Duc de Morny's succinct illustration of politeness. "A polite person," he declared, "is one who listens with interest to what the other says, and who is interested in what the other says." Then the politeness of the man of the world, which in truth stands for our modern civility, is obviously incompatible with outspoken unartificiality.

In the matter of hospitality this question touches us very nearly. Did you ever feel your heart warm to the winning smile of a southern welcome and half unconsciously contrast it with the glacial "sincerity" of the reception you got when you first presented yourself as a stranger somewhere in England, for instance? Not but that the English hospitality was true hearted and genuine, but, alas! it was masked in that stony British formality which as a matter of fact is quite as preposterous an affectation as the superficial extravagance with which all Anglo-Saxons reproach all Latins. If you desire really to appreciate them both, to enjoy your visit for all it is worth, you must never dream of taking either one or the other of them literally at its word.

Let us deprecate so far as we can the conventional tirades against conventionalities, against artificiality. If by force of repetition they end by almost persuading us against our own conscience, we can take refuge in the sterling maxim of Amiel that human kindness is the first principle of tact, and respect for others' feelings the primary condition of savoir vivre.

Sashes are always pretty for summer, and they are here again. They come in gauze, chiffon, muslin or ribbon.

WEDLOCK IN DANGER

BUT MRS. FRANK LESLIE IS UNABLE TO SAY WHY.

Somehow Men Don't Propose—Perhaps It Is For Prudence's Sake—Perhaps Cupid Is an Old Fogey and Love Is Out of Fashion—Garden of Eden Logic.

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HY don't you marry and have a house of your own and children to bring up and a husband to take care of? I'll warrant there'd be an end of all these fads about "higher education" and woman's mission and the "emancipation of the enslaved sex" and all the rest of the rubbish I hear you talk."

Thus in my hearing not long since did a certain grandmamma whom I extremely admire and love address her namesake, a bright girl of about 20 summers, who at once replied frankly and sweetly:

"We don't marry nowadays, grandmamma, because the men don't ask us to."

"It's out of fashion."

"Out of fashion! Nonsense. The world isn't going to stop growing, is it? If the men don't ask you, why, you must ask them, that's all."

"It wasn't so in your day, was it, grandmamma?" pursued the girl mischievously, and the dear old lady bridled a little and set off upon a train of reminiscences more exciting than a fairy story.

Now was she a solitary instance in my experience. Ask almost any woman of 70 years and over as to the opportunities of matrimony that were offered to her before 25, and if she has been a pretty girl she will tell you much the same story, and veraciously, too, for I have heard old gentlemen tell the same stories from their own side. If a girl was young and comely and gay and bright, it was a foregone conclusion that three-quarters of a century ago that she would have what they called "beau" in abundance and would marry whenever she was tired of her position as queen of hearts. If they did not care to abdicate too early, they favored now one and now another of their courtiers, played off one against another, broke hearts and caused Wertherlike tragedies, for in those days people read "The Sorrows of Werther" with fearful sympathy instead of with peals of laughter as do modern cynics.

If you don't believe all this, go and ask your own grandmamma if she ever had an admirer except grandpapa, and if she is one of the right sort of old ladies—an old lady with soft blue eyes and a pretty smile and fine white skin, all covered with a lace pattern of tiny wrinkles, and silvery, wavy hair—if she is that sort of a grandmamma, you will spend at least one delightful twilight hour in hearing of the old times, the good old times when girls were queens of love and beauty and men were their humble adorers and only withheld their proposals from a very becoming sense of their unworthiness.

To be sure, if you are a girl, these stories may have the effect that novels did upon Gloriana, who, instead of being amused at the tales of romance she read, only went into her checked apron because "there were so many good times and she got so tired."

But if you are a young man you will feel the same sort of self congratulation you do in reading the "Lives of the Martyrs." You would not have liked to throw incense upon a heathen altar and trample the cross under your feet, but you don't feel at all sure that you would have withstood the temptation to escape the rack and the boiling oil.

Certainly the times have changed, and men change with them, for us as well as for Ulysses, and I say "men" advisedly, for I don't think women have changed so much. Most girls—that is, the dear, rosy, dimpling darlings, who are papa's pet and mamma's blessing, and who do not insist upon becoming civil engineers or doctors of law, medicine or theology—these girls, pure and simple, are willing enough to marry if some one whom they love asks them to do so. But the men do not propose, and so the girls do not marry, and the good old methods are out of vogue, and the times are out of joint.

Young men have extended their privileges and contracted their liabilities. Formerly if an unmarried man paid particular attention to a girl or a young widow it was understood by all observers that he was a candidate for her hand if he could gain her reluctant consent to accept him. The girl's parents looked serenely on, conscious that their daughter was mistress of the situation, and needed neither assistance nor protection—conscious, too, that the young man would be a very fortunate fellow if he gained so desirable a wife—and they would not stand in his way, although they were sincerely sorry to lose the flower of their family.

After awhile the girl shyly told her mother that Benbow and she were going to be married about Thanksgiving time, and although there was not often any open announcement of the engagement, and certainly no receptions or presents to mark the occasion the bride's family began preparations for the wedding and the setting up of the young couple at housekeeping. It was all so simple and honest and natural that to hear of those times is like reading of the golden

age or the lost Atlantis, or any other of those dreams of some hygienic perfection or some coming millennium.

Occasionally in those days the young man behaved in a manner which is now the rule, but then was the exception, and proved himself a trifle and a male flirt, amusing himself for the hour, but with no serious intentions. But he was not then, as he now is, suffered to get off scot free from this sort of pleasantry. If after a due period of courtship the youth made no offer of matrimony, but showed symptoms of transferring his attentions to some other shrine, the father or brother of the slighted fair one called him to account, demanding an explanation of his conduct and giving him to understand that if he had no serious intentions they had, and that, having danced to please himself, he was now to pay the piper to please them.

Generally a little conversation of this sort was effectual, and the tardy suitor insisted that he had only been waiting for encouragement to declare himself, but if the trifler really tried to cry off and escape without penalty the brother or father significantly handled a heavy riding whip or cane or glanced at the stout boots he might chance to be wearing. Sometimes indeed a marriage has been solemnized at the muzzle of a loaded pistol, with an angry father at one end, and I have heard of an old time marriage where the bridegroom, being asked, "Do you take this woman for your wedded wife?" replied, "Not if I can help it," and the bride's brother or deliberately cocked and aimed his pistol, demanding, "What was your reply, sirrah?" "Yes, I do," returned the other, grinding his teeth, and the marriage proceeded. One does not envy that unfortunate bride, however, and in point of fact she died before the year was over of a broken heart. However, the family honor was saved, and in those old days they placed a good deal of value upon family honor. So old fashioned!

But these extremities of persuasion were very rare. Generally speaking, the young man asked for no greater privilege than an early wedding, and the father had only to open his pocketbook, and the brother to make himself agreeable, and the mother to buy and out whole bolts of linen and cambric and cotton into the trunk, when which the pretty bride helped to make up with her own fingers.

And now all this is changed. Instead of placidly looking on to see her daughter hold a little court and select the one she means to favor from a crowd of eager aspirants, the mother must be, like the early bird, very early on the ground to capture the biggest and richest worm before any other mother bird can grab him and carry him to drop into her nestling's open mouth. No wonder she gets an anxious and eager look herself and worries and frets and twitters and chirps overmuch and keeps the home nest in a condition of turmoil, for the worm has grown very wary, and if in taking his early walks abroad he spies the fitting form of the mother bird or even hears her sweet if sharpened cry of greeting he is apt to precipitately retire to his burrow or hide beneath some stone or clump of weeds.

Worse than all this, should the bachelor chance to be, instead of a mere worm of earth, a beautiful gold or silver fish, displaying himself in the waters of matrimony, then mamma, instead of a bird, is seen as a fisher, a veritable fisher of men, baiting her hook with her daughter's charms, her accomplishments, her virtues, and her affectionate and submissive temperament; but, alas, the gold fish has grown so "gamy" as a brook trout, and worse, for he can often keep a most experienced angler "in play" for a whole season and at the end give a sprightly and humorous twist to his glittering tail and fly off at a tangent, to be no more seen in those waters.

Now, why are these things thus? "Why don't the men propose, mamma?" as runs the cynically comic song.

Surely girls are as sweet and as pretty and as affectionate and as gay as they were a century or so ago, and as grandmamma sensibly remarks, "The world must go on," and if the young men have brought up in our own land will not assist in propelling the national chariot they must not object later on, when, as Mrs. Gamp has it, "most votes carries the day," and the descendants of the Knickerbockers and the Puritans and the F. F. V.'s find themselves in an unconsidered minority.

But why, I again ask, why should it be so, and why do our young men need to be urged, from political or any other reasons, to make themselves the "happiest of men?"

Of course I know that the question has been asked before and variously answered. But no answer that ever I have heard has met the requirements, and I almost fancy that it must remain one of the conundrums without reply which, like snags and bowlders, still obstruct the stream of time.

One reason doubtless is the one most frequently given—the necessities of modern life are too many and too expensive for a young man to rashly undertake.

"The luxuries of one generation become the necessities of the next." It is a sharply true aphorism and none the less true because it is a well worn truism. It might indeed be amplified, for the luxuries of three generations ago are almost discredited by us. Our great-grandmothers were carried about in sedan chairs, our grandmothers drove in chaises and sometimes chariots, our mothers had family "carriages," and the lady of fashion today has her brougham and victoria, with liveried coachman and footman, and a pair of magnificent horses.

Naturally a young man would feel more sure of being able to provide his wife with a sedan chair, a chaise or even a chariot than with a brougham. This is one reason, and another is that girls enter upon matrimony with very different intentions and plans of life than they used to. To be a good housekeeper, a good wife, a good mother, was formerly the ambition of a bride even in the highest circle, and where the husband had his way to make and the for-

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FROM THE DAILY COLONIST

THE WORLD OF

Victoria's Lacrosse Club

Lower the Color

Westminster

Arrangements for the

ment Opening To mor

of Other Spo

The lacrosse fever was epidemic

yesterday. Everybody seen

and the burning question of

"Who is going to win the

From outside places swarms

came to see the game. Nan

points along the E. & N. se

number of spectators, while

those who came over from

night before, a big contingent

the Yosemite to see the migh

tween the Westminster and

That there was going to be a

generally anticipated, and it

was fully realized. The

the checking good, and the

won by three goals to two, th

no reason to be ashamed of

They played well, but the

victors want them one better

foot lacrosse weather, bright

yet not too hot for the con

summe covered at spectators

grand stand and lined the

of the Caledonia grounds.

There was no tedious delay

reference; that had been decid

hand, the choice falling up

Quigley of Vancouver.

A little before 3 o'clock th

an appearance on the

a burst of applause from the

men looked in splendid con

included in a little prelimin

while their respective captain

ing the preliminaries. Then

for play came the umpire,

Brown, Victor and R. McE

minister took their places be

and the teams were lined up

Victoria Goal.

W. H. Cullin.

C. Cullin.

H. Ryall.

F. Williams.

H. J. Ford.

D. Patterson.

J. McQuarrie.

W. F. Blight.

Centre.

H. Taylor.

W. E. Ditchburn.

S. Campbell.

A. C.

G. Caldwell.

Westminster Goal.

Referee—Mr. E. A. Quigley.

Umpires—Messrs. J. G. Brown

Bridge.

Timekeepers—Messrs. Murphy

FIRST GAME.

Westminster won the toss

play down field with the sun

Victoria got the advantage in

up went the ball to the victors

a face took place behind the

fl was in great form, and from

scooped the rubber in and with

long shots for which he is fa

whizzing clear down to Ryall,

to Cambridge. Victoria's defen

quite as checking, however, and

to score failed. Almost imm

wards Ryall tried again to p

bridge, but Beltry was on hand

the pressure, sending it over to

home, who made things lively for

by beautiful combination attack

Macnaughton, E. Cullin and E

well together. The game was

being general all over the field

he put up for a young player

an attack at each end, and

work in centre field, where Bl

Williams brothers made things

their checks. Jackson prove

surprise in this game by the

he put up for a young player

a lucky man to score the first

Cullin dropped neatly in front

from a side shot which Jackson

tured, and scored Victoria's first

—8 minutes.

SECOND GAME.

This game started off almost

part of the first, by an attack

minster's flag, relieved by Che

came the ball, which P. Pe

caution and a bunch of players

a pretty sprint up field. Bligh

son carried it back and fed M

who dodged his check and

Eckhart, who tried a fine shot

The Westminster defence were in

however, and checked like light

of battle gradually rolled across

toria and, where Cambridge shot

in tried to stop it, but the ball

the ground just out of reach of

rolled behind the flag to one

picked it up, dodged the Victo

ran round in front, and with a

hand shot sent the ball past Bl

Cullin, who were between him

flags, scoring Westminster's

Time—8 minutes.

THIRD GAME.

The audience were now wild w

itement of the brilliant and fa

cheered enthusiastically as awa

ball up to Westminster's end

face. Cheyne made run down

not combination passing bot

J. Peale, Cambridge

Taking advantage of

the defence getting strung out

Beltry between him and the

like a flash, sprang out in fr

bridge, caught the ball, sent it

inverted what had a moment be

like a sure goal for Westminster.

magnificent piece of play, and

given a great round of applaus

face behind Westminster goal, on

mother was made on the victo

Ditchburn, Macnaughton and

bined with E. Cullin. Macken

long throw down field, howev

Cullin stopped a well tried att

flag by the visitors' home. Fi

goal passed to H. J. Peale, w

Westminster's second goal.

minutes.

FOURTH GAME.

A face, a throw to Victoria's

throw by W. Cullin the length

and a quick shot through the

gave Victoria their second

life force people had realized th

a fairly commenced. Time—30

minutes.

FIFTH GAME.

Both sides, each with two

credit, and each confident of win