

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! we often hear enthusiastic persons exclaim at sight of a landscape or a beautiful face. Then, as we gaze upon the picture, we are reminded of the actual things which the pictures more or less truthfully represent, and his compliment to nature is in consequence lamentably left behind. The sentiment underlying such a conventional expression is very human and natural. There is indeed almost invariably an instinctive justice behind social traditions and popular prejudices. In this case the fact is that the picture is a simplified adaptation of nature to the general comprehension. In a successful picture much is made of the salient features which pleasantly strike the eye, and everything else is eliminated, for the sight, like the other senses, and like the heart itself, has its own predilections and antipathies, which it readily imposes upon the reason. It is the discriminating selection and adjustment of these outward affections, then, that constitute the main function of art. And social artificiality is simply art applied to ethics, to the minor morals and manners of everyday life; hence the unanimous preference of mankind, particularly women—of course, as the old phrase has it, mankind embraces women—for the suave conventionalities of art over the crude verities of nature. It was easy to see that Alphonsus Karr had been a philosopher before he turned florist; when he said, "Few women love flowers, but all are fond of bouquets."

Flowers themselves are highly susceptible to the ameliorating influences of artificiality. Compare the wild flowers with the cultivated exotic or even with the favorites of the garden and see how splendidly nature acknowledges, with what richness of bloom and intensity of odor, the ministering attentions of art. How immeasurably the exquisite Parma violet surpasses the modest dogtooth of the wood! While that dainty wild rose, the eglantine, when called by some other name—Jacqueminot, for example, with a fine pedigree of artificiality behind it—really does smell far sweeter. This, of course, is no disparagement to the dewy eglantine, which is charming in its native wilds. All I claim is that the comparison certainly does not slight the queenly Jacquie.

So the rule runs all the way up to men and women. High bred is high valued everywhere. War has repeatedly demonstrated that the city man—he of the nervous tension and artificial life—has better soldier stuff in him than the horny handed patriot fresh from the plow. Nature lays the foundation of all beauty, more and physical, but she does not bestow the coveted distinction. A Parisian grande dame once said in my hearing to Mrs. C., a fair American who prided herself upon that wonderful lily and rose complexion which the late Horace Greeley bequeathed to all his daughters: "But, my dear, you should use powder. Not that you need it for beauty's sake or to make your skin whiter—not—but it softens the cadence of color and takes away the shine. All the difference between a dairymaid and a duchess!"

Civilized life at this present stage of the comedy is as full of intricately interwoven artificialities as a bank note is of silken threads and fibers. Paradoxically speaking, these assure its genuineness. From the most trivial affectations of speech and personal adornment to the awfullest concerns of life, death and the hereafter, we progress through such a series of discoveries of things being not at all what they seem that we may well ponder over Berkeley's theory of the unsubstantiality of the universe. Form and fact bear about the same relation to each other as the lines in a perspective drawing do to those of material objects.

Why, then, rail at artificialities or venturies, as they are called in the case of men, women or hypocrites or fables, in the case of some men? For people, particularly writing and lecturing people, of both sexes, do rail at them constantly, though unprofitably enough unless in a pecuniary sense. Most of these take their cue from Carlyle, of whom E. H. Hutten significantly remarks in a recent essay that he was forever fulminating in righteous wrath against shame, but never became enthusiastic over any truth.

After all, the main motive of the thousand and one amiable little deceptions practiced by everybody except the ungodly is to please us—to please, or at least to avoid displeasing, the onlooking world. Is the wearing of a wig more immoral than a public display of nude anatomy in the front parquet of a theater? Who will maintain that a stayless, shapely woman receives or deserves more deference in public than one who has tastefully made good the deficiencies of nature, while at the same time

accentuating her really good points? Can I in my heart care less for the worldling who breezily inquires after my health here than for the saintly person who preaches to me about my hereafter? This reminds me of a little damsel I know who is always making delightful "breaks," and who once inquired, "Mother, what part of heaven do people go to who are good, but not agreeable?"

Keeping up appearances is surely an excusable affection. 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 impossibly wide. To be something and to appear it 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. Not love in our era is, as compared with the classic days of old, far more delicate. Today the adorer beholds the adored as encased with such a haze of ideas, as can only be approached by a some what kindred perfection; hence a studio's concealment of defects, a sudden bolt's coming out 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 awakenings it is better to have dreamed and wakened than never to have dreamed at all or than to have had bad dreams. Love is the dream marriage the waiting. 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 was 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 unyielding 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 and half unconsciously contrasts it with the glad 'stincerity' of the reception you get 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 affection 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 his 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.

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

"It's out of fashion." "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.

Not 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 had 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 three-quarters of a century ago that she would have what they called "beau's" 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 swain against another, broke hearts and caused Wertherlike tragedies, for in those days with tender sympathy instead of with peals of laughter and to 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 in them."

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 the good old methods are out of vogue, and the times are out of joint.

ago on 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 trifler 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 soot free from this sort of pleasantries. 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 swain 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 its other 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 town, 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 song of greeting he is apt to precipitately retire to his burrow or hide beneath some stone or clump of weeds.

Worse than this, should the bachelor chance to be, instead of a mere worm of earth, a beautiful gold or silver fish, supporting 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 goldfish 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 wotes carries the day," and the descendants of the Knickerbockers and the Puritans and the F. F. V.'s find themselves in an unmeasured minority.

But why, I again ask, why should it be so, and why do our young men need to be urged, from politics or any other reason, 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 the 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 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.

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From THE DAILY COLONIST THE WORLD OF... Victoria's Lacrosse Club Lower the Color Westminister... Arrangements for the 5th... The lacrosse fever was epidemic yesterday. Everybody seen and the burning question of "Who is going to win the game?" From outside places swarms came to see the game. Nan points along the E. & N. see number of spectators, while those who came over from the Yosemite to see the might between the Westminister and... That there was going to be a generally anticipated, some it was fully realized. The checking good, and the won by three goals to two, the no reason to be ashamed of... A little before 8 o'clock the an appearance on the... a burst of applause from the... included in a little preliminary while their respective captaining the preliminaries. Then for play came the umpire, Brown, Victor and R. McG... minster, 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... G. Caldwell... Westminister... Refered—Mr. E. A. Quigley... Timeskeeper—Messrs. J. G. Brown... Br... G... FIRST GAME... Westminister won the toss as play down field with the sun on Victoria got the advantage in it up went the ball to the victors a face took place behind the line was in great form, and from the quick at checking, however, and to score failed. Almost immedi wards Ryall tried again to hand the pressure, sending it over to home, who made things lively for by beautiful combination striking Macnaughton, E. Cullin and Eok well together. The game was being general all over the field... Williams brothers made things their checks. Jackson proved surprise in this game by the won he came up for a young player and lucky man to play for the first Cullin dropped neatly in front from a side shot which Jackson tured, and scored Victoria's first 5 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. Peo caught 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 at the Westminister defence were in however, and checked-like light of battle gradually rolled across toria end, where Cambridge shot in tried to stop it, but the ball the ground just out of reach of he rolled behind the flag to one piked it up, dodged the Victo ran round in front, and with a o hand shot sent the ball past B Cullin, who were between him flags, scoring Westminister's Time—30 minutes. THIRD GAME... The audience were now wild w citement of the brilliant and fast chanted enthusiastically as away ball up to Westminister's end right face. Cheyue made run down centre, where Blight captured and sent it back. Westminister the compliment, and then follo nice combination passing bot J. Pele, Cambridge and Taking advantage of the defence getting strung out Ryall Beltry between him and the goal like a flash, sprang out in fro bridge, caught the ball, sent it i averted what had a moment bef like a sure goal for Westminister. magnificent piece of play, and J. face behind Westminister goal, on mother was made on the victor's Ditchburn, Macnaughton and Eok bined with E. Cullin. Macken long threw down field, however Cullin stopped a well tried atten flag by the victors' home. Fi fish passed to H. J. Pele, w Westminister's second goal, minutes. FOURTH GAME... A face, a throw to Victoria's fl throw by W. Cullin the length of and a quick shot through the visi gave Victoria their second goal fore people had realized that the fairly commenced. Time—30 sec FIFTH GAME... Both sides, each with two goals credit, and each confident of winn