

thought you had burned it; but not a word is obliterated—

"Susie, Baby, Immediately, Liverpool. You should not bring such things to the house, Gerald," I went on, with perfect composure and the deadliest smile. "You should keep them at the office."

"I should, indeed," he replied, half to himself.

"I saw you start for Liverpool immediately," I resumed. "I met you coming back from Liverpool, I missed you there. It is, perhaps, better that I did. A scene on the landing-stage would not have been pleasant."

"Is—it—possible," he almost gasped, "that you followed me—for this?" flicking the yellow paper with his nail.

"Well, yes," said I. "I cared enough for you to try and save you from—yourself. But don't be afraid, I won't do so again."

"You played the spy upon me, Mabel," his voice quivering with suppressed anger.

"The poorest sort of reproach!" I cried indignantly, "the last resort of a detected cheat!"

"Cheat!" he thundered.

"Yes, cheat," I re-echoed him. "It isn't in your code of morals, but I think, and always shall think, that a man who robs a poor girl, who has fought and suffered for him, of the love he swore to give and keep for her, is the lowest and most heartless sort of cheat. There!"

By this time the train had started again, and, as good fortune willed, we were alone in the carriage. He sank back into his seat, pale as a sheet, and trembling all over. "We will not pursue this subject," he said. "If ever it is reopened, it will be by you."

Not another word passed our lips till we got home. After dinner—such a dinner!—I said, "Pray do not let me detain you from—business."

"Thank you," he replied, "I have nothing to do to-night."

"Nor I either," I followed; "so, with your permission, I will go and do it in my own room." I left him with a sweeping curtsy, and he replied with one of his stateliest bows.

I was the most miserable woman in London. I felt that I could not be mistaken, and yet I did not dare to go on and make assurance sure. He was painfully polite; came home early from his office, and passed much of his time with baby. Think how much I must have loved him, when I confess that I took his kisses off her innocent lips, hoping that he was sorry, and would some day be my own again.

One morning I noticed a dirty old book on the drawing-room table—a greasy, much-thumbed thing that I hardly liked to touch. Thinking that one of the servants had left it there by mistake, I rang to have it taken away. No one owned it, and "If you please, ma'am," said Roberts, the butler, "I think it belongs to master, and is a sort of dictionary he has for things at the office and that." When he left the room I opened it, and sure enough it was a sort of dictionary, but what a queer one! The page at which I opened it had a row of names belonging to vegetables—thus:

Artichoke.	Cabbage.
Asparagus.	Cauliflower.
Beetroot.	Cucumber, and so on.
Beans.	

And again these in a parallel column, were printed—

Vessel insured.	Vessel insured, but not the cargo.
Vessel fully insured.	Cargo insured, but not the vessel.
Vessel and cargo insured.	Cargo partly insured.

A little further on was a list of furniture.

Table.	Chair.	Sofa, etc.
--------	--------	------------

And it would seem that "Table" meant Tom-nage to England A L wanted!" Opening here and there at random, I found that London was Whiskey, and by some strange perversity, Whiskey was London! Now, why shouldn't London be London, and Whiskey, Whiskey? I heard Gerald speak of "bills" and "bears," and found out from the World that there are people who gamble in the city; but in this book a bull was "10 o'clock in the morning," and a bear "at close of market yesterday." A tiger was yesterday, and pig to-morrow.

I turned back to the title, page and found, "Xl. Code, (partners only), Stephenson & Carruthers, London; Marks, Grey & Co., New York. William P. McGregor, Chicago." "Partners only!" "Then there is some secret here," I thought, holding the dirty book gingerly, as though it were a torpedo. Then I noticed that some of its pages were turned down. Well, if Gerald, after the lesson his carelessness had already received, would leave his office things about in my drawing-room, there would be no great harm—"Why, what on earth have Stephenson and Carruthers, or the people of Chicago and New York to do with children?" I exclaimed. I had opened the book again mechanically, and my eye fell on a page headed "Nursery," followed by

Baby.	Boy.	Coral.
Bassinet.	Cradle.	

My dears, if you don't see it all now, you are more dull than I take you to be. It flashed upon me like a—like a new fashion. It was a secret code for telegraphing? The next turn down was at a page full of women's pet names—Annie, Bessie, Carrie, Effie, Florrie, down to Susie; and what do you think "Susie" stood for? It's not a bit of good, your trying to guess. It stood for number one Spring wheat, and "Annie" was white corn, and "Bessie"

yellow corn, and "Florrie," if you'll believe me—potatoes!

So after a little trouble I translated that cablegram, over which I had nearly broken my heart, thus:

"Susie" (No. 1 spring wheat) Baby (large supplies on hand) Immediately (prices falling) Liverpool (cable orders at once.)

No. I am not going to tell you how I ate my humble pie. I made it big and bitter. Toads and snails and puppy dogs' tails were delicious in comparison to the ingredients I put in, for oh! how I hated myself. But I hardly swallowed one mouthful when he folded me in his arms, and said, "Darling, it's more than half my fault. I ought to have taken you into my confidence, and told you why I was so apparently neglectful of you, and so preoccupied. At first everything went well with me. The new ideas I brought into the business were sound enough, but I soon found that I had not sufficient technical knowledge to work them out myself; and that others who knew more of the dry machinery of commerce than I did were stupid, or jealous, or both. What is true of trotting, Dimples, is true of trade. The speed of the team is that of the slowest horse in it. I confess I got our affairs into a bad sort of tangle. I almost heard fellows saying, 'Oh, he's one of the flash-in-the-pan sort—a pan today and a mouse to-morrow. Of course, he's made a mess of it.' I hated to let you think that I had blundered—you who were always praising my cleverness. I knew I could pull through, and so I did; but even after I had come back from America and fixed things my own way, Stephenson was timid, and I am afraid, distrustful; and I had to work on—so to speak—with one arm hid behind my back. That is what made me cross and silent. But it's all over now, thank God!"

"And there isn't any Susie!" I whispered.

"Lord bless you! Ship-loads of her!" he replied in triumph. "That is my grand coup. I called back, 'Buy all you can get,' and rushed off to Hull and Manchester to sell for the rise that was sure to come on account of the war."

"Then you didn't go to Liverpool at all?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I joined your train at Crewe. I told you that if the subject of our conversation at Rugby were re-opened, you would have to do so. You have done so. Now I shut up forever, and seal it—so."

I think he let me off very easy—bless him! but don't you girls rush at conclusions as I did, and think you're going to get off as well. Many a husband would have made me eat all that humble pie up to the last bitter scrap, and have not given me anything for years to take the taste of it out of my mouth. It was no merit of mine that I had only to nibble at the kissing crust.

FEMALE DRESS.

To the ladies their dresses have always been a subject of the deepest concern, and the ladies of to-day are neither better nor worse in this respect than those of their sex who lived in the last generation, the last century, or, indeed, at any other time since the primeval fig leaves were discarded. During the last two or three hundred years the female dress has undergone nearly as many changes and modifications as there are hairs upon the female head. The body has been long and short; loose and tight-fitting; trimmed, and plain and bare; hooked behind and hooked in front; built up close to the chin, and cut down to—well, more or less inches below the shoulder. The skirt, too, has passed through every gradation of "fulness," as well as of length. First, a little fullness at the back; then, a little fullness at the front; then, a little fullness all round the waist; and then, much fullness everywhere—and all soon to be succeeded by exact opposites! And then, what of frills, tucks, and flounces; gathers, plaits and folds; basques, kilts, and underskirts; polonaises, panniers, and aprons; bows, buttons, borders, braids, and other "beautifiers," rashes, gimpes, and fringes, with all their multifarious adaptations? Surely, there never was such an ever-changing, inconsistent, whimsical thing in this world as the skirt of a woman's dress! And as to the length of the skirt? Well, sometimes its length has extended to a few inches below the knee, at other times it has been so long as to necessarily trail the ground; between these two extremes the length of the skirt has unceasingly graduated.

Now, if the satirical pencil thrusts of Hogarth and his compeers, Leech, and those of his time, were resultless; if the faultless diction of Addison, the uncompromising and emphatic wit of Steele, the direct and pungent sarcasm of Pope, and the spiritual admonitions of divines like Bishop Berkeley were without avail; if the square acres of space devoted by the old *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, &c., to the habitually absurdities and extravagancies of a past age were so much waste of space and printers' ink, what hope of success can we have in our tilt against female dress? Irony, ridicule, and sarcasm are weapons which, as we have seen, have always proved innocuous; but we have an advantage over our predecessors because the tendency of female dress at the present moment is, to speak with becoming mildness, slightly voluptuous. It is singularly strange that this should be so; for, whatever be the faults of the age, the average English lady of to-day has a sense of modesty and an uncompromising hatred of indecency or anything that bears the slightest re-

semblance to it which we believe has never been equalled and certainly never excelled. Upon these points, therefore, our modern English lady may be vulnerable, though for sarcasm and ridicule she has supreme contempt.

Now, a year or so ago the skirt was full and ample, but the fashion was to tightly stretch the dress round the body, whilst a ridiculous ugly lump of dress stuff was piled up and carried behind which gave the wearers the appearance of erect kangaroos. This fashion, neither lovely nor modest, has passed away; but it has been succeeded by a fashion which if decidedly more æsthetic is decidedly more immodest. We do not desire our ladies to envelope themselves as thickly and heavily as the ladies of Russia during a severe winter, or to make themselves resemble an engirdled feather bed after the style of the Esquimaux. We are not anxious for them to adopt the Grecian underskirt, the bloomer costume, or the fuller trousers of the Turkish or Indian ladies; and we heartily pray them to eschew the more recent American eccentricity which Mrs. Mary E. Tillotson, of New Jersey, described two years ago at the congress on female dress at Philadelphia, as the "comfort-favoring, labor-lightening, life-preserving garment of dual form for the legs." But we do wish our ladies to dress in such a manner that the word—indecent, sensual, immodest, voluptuous, cannot by any process of reasoning, tortuous or direct, be justly used towards them.

Now, the two primary objects of dress are warmth and decency; with the first we have here nothing to do, but the last named is all important to our present purpose. From ridiculous amplitude of skirt and boddice the ladies seem to be fast flying to the utterest extreme. Jackets, mantles, shawls, and wraps are becoming rapidly scarce; and it is the present delight and ambition of our incomparable women, it would seem, to appear in the public streets in their "figures." Fashion is a tyrant; a year or two ago it would have been deemed an utter impropriety for a lady to have been seen a hundred yards from her home in her "figure!" But, still, we should not so much object to the present fashion if the "figure" were not displayed so very distinctly—every indentation or protuberance of the body is made to very plainly declare itself. At the present moment, in fact, with the temperature at fever heat, the female attire is so attenuated and close clinging as to set off and display in the minutest detail the whole contour of the frame which it is ostensibly meant to veil. With every step the very working of the muscles is palpably evident, and we are almost persuaded that the female portion of society are beginning to too practically believe in the adage "that beauty unadorned is adorned the most." Modesty is relative. When we see a fishwoman or chip girl forging forward with her heavy burden on her head, her hips swinging and her whole body oscillating with every step, we pity the hard lot that compels her thus to publicly exhibit herself—and that is all; but when we see the portly matron of "good society," or the blythe and graceful young lady, unnecessarily exhibiting herself in the public streets in an analogous fashion, the sight to us appears exceedingly vulgar, and seems to bear a striking likeness to simple refinement of indecency. It has been said, written, and sung hundreds of times that the loveliest work of God is the divine figure of a lovely woman, but this truth does not warrant the exposure of the female form voluptuously and too barely clad. To cover the body is one thing, to chastely and gracefully drape it is another thing entirely.

Not only is the female dress of the present moment scant, tight, and bare, but it covers forms that are apparently of wonderful perfection. A faulty figure can scarcely be described in the street now! The tendency is decidedly *embonpoint*, with every bodily thing to match. This all makes the matter worse. Whether some of the perfect figures we see daily are simply perambulating falsities; to what extent the females who walk about so pronouncedly and symmetrically developed are acting a lie, it is, of course, impossible for us to say. A few days ago, however, it was our privilege to view the stock-in-trade of a corset-maker, and we then saw such a heap of *pads*, of single and dual form, of all sizes, colours, makes, and shapes, as was a revelation to us; and now, every time we meet one of these closely-trimmed, well-developed matrons or damsels, we cannot help wondering if the form we see before us is all real, live flesh and blood, or whether a very considerable portion of it is composed of horsehair, straw, or dried seaweed.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

It was a Boston girl who referred to Beaconsfield's new honour as "the order of the elastic."

A PAPER announces the death of a lady celebrated for the "purity of her character and complexion."

"I ALWAYS call her my dear wife," said Mr. Jenkins, "and I mean it. You ought to see the bills that come in."

A YOUNG man while promenading at Brighton beach was seen to take off his big collar and angrily throw it in the sea. It prevented him from looking bias at the girl on his arm.

THE next invention Edison is to attempt is a machine that will keep a woman's eyes closed during prayer time in church when a friend in the pew in front has on a new frock.

HE was almost undressed when his father caught him, but the defence was convincing: "I

don't want to go in swimming with 'em; I only wanted to see the bad little boys who go in swimming on Sunday get drowned."

A LITTLE Cincinnati girl, when asked what God has made her for, replied: "To wear a red feller in my hat." Many an older person of her sex has, to all appearances, pretty much the same conception of heaven's designs.

THE Keokuk Constitution says: "With pleading eyes she looked up from the piano and sang, 'Call me your darling again.' But he refused, as there were witnesses around, and there is no telling when a man will be introduced to a breach of promise suit in these days."

SAID an aristocratic little miss: "Ma, if I were to die and go to heaven, should I wear my moire antique dress?" "No, dear, in the next world we shall not wear the attire of this." "Then, ma, how would the Lord know I belonged to the best society?"

A LITTLE boy ran away from home, and, while enjoying himself in forbidden fields, a thunder storm came up, and it began to hail. His guilty conscience needed no accuser. Running home, he burst into the presence of his astonished mamma, exclaiming breathlessly; "Ma, ma, God's frowning stones at me!"

A YOUNG man objected to the young girl that his rich old uncle wished him to marry. "You mustn't be so particular," said the exasperated uncle. "I tell you she's well enough." "So she is, uncle," responded the nephew, "and you know you've always taught me to leave well enough alone!"

A WELSH gentleman recently applied to his diocesan for a living. The bishop promised him one, but as he was taking leave he expressed a hope that his lordship would not send him into the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, sir?" said the bishop, "what has your wife to do with it? She doesn't preach, does she?" "No, my lord, said the parson, "but she lectures."

A BINGHAMPTON (N. Y.) wife went to a ball one evening recently, leaving at home a young babe and her husband. The babe was fretful, and the father went to the ball and asked the mother to go home. She preferred to dance. Soon afterward the husband and father appeared again on the scene, this time wheeling the baby in its carriage. Trundling the cradle into the set in which mamma was dancing, he called her attention to the child and left.

A YOUNG lady was speaking to a friend, who had called upon her, regarding a trait characteristic of her mother, who, she remarked, always had a good word to say of every one. "Why, said she, 'I believe if Satan were discussed, mother would have a good word to say about him.' Just then the mother entered and was informed what the daughter had said, whereupon she quietly observed, 'Well, my dear, I think we might all imitate Satan's perseverance.'"

ARTISTIC.

THE French Government has purchased Vibert's picture, "The Apotheosis of Thiers," for \$1,600. It will be hung in the Luxembourg Palace.

A LIVELY dispute has commenced on the restoration of St. Alban's Abbey. Lord Carnarvon has denounced the proposal to place a high-pitched roof on the building, and Lord Cowper takes the same view.

A cast of Cleopatra's needle will shortly be placed in the south-east corner of the South Kensington Museum. Even there it will look, it is to be feared, somewhat insignificant, compared with the casts of some of the other great pillars in the court.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER is an inventor as well as a sculptor. She is said to have discovered a new motive power, which she will shortly present to the world. She is now exhibiting in London her fine statue of the "Pompeian Sentinel."

THE Municipal Council of Genoa has just formally received from the Chevalier Luigi Cambiaso, Italian Consul at the Republic of San Domingo, and M. Giambattista Cambiaso, Consul for that State in Genoa, a phial containing a small fragment of the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus, discovered in the Cathedral of San Domingo on the 10th of September last.

THE Louvre has recently added one more to its already copious collection of sculptured Venuses in a *torso* something above life size, and of characteristic beauty. It was discovered on French soil at Vienna in Dauphiné. Its recognition was established at the Lyons Retrospective Exhibition, and it has attained the honours of metropolitan position at a cost of nearly £1,200 sterling.

GIULIO ZADOLINI, a young Roman sculptor, has modelled an excellent bust of Leo XIII. The Pope gave him four sittings, and was much pleased with the work. At the last sitting his Holiness looked at the bust silently, then took the modelling stick from the young sculptor's hand with a kind smile, and wrote on the left shoulder in the damp clay "Leo de Tribu Juda," and ordered a copy in marble.

COROT's delicate, weird, fanciful pictures, so many of them wearing the twilight of eve and of early dawn, are not to be appreciated by people of thoroughly practical turn. The last French Emperor once, on the occasion of the opening of a salon, stopped before a much talked of painting of this master of poetic representation. For a long time he gazed silently; then turning away said, with a bewildered look, "I suppose that I have never been up early enough in the morning to understand M. Corot."

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.