

In the English universities there are certain officials known—and well-known, too—as Proctors, whose very difficult and thankless duty it is to look after the morals of those *in statu pupillari*. These Proctors retain, by ancient statute, the right of entering any private house, at any time, in the pursuit of the wily undergrad; and also of looking up any lady, or otherwise, whom they may suspect of designing to lead the aforesaid undergrad astray. To come to the point, then:—in a certain University town, there is a certain milkner's shop, noted for its pretty girls, and on a fine summer's evening it is not at all an unusual sight to see groups of love-lorn undergrads being "moved on" from the curb-stone by the vigilant Proctor. In this same town, there was at one time a Mayor who was blessed with a very pretty and popular wife, who entertained largely and was generally beloved by the youngsters. Now it happened one night that this lady had business with her milliner—the milliners—somewhat late at night, and left the shop before her carriage had arrived. It happened also that a superlatively vigilant proctor remarked her exit from his point of vantage on the opposite side of the road, and watched her with eagle eye as she stood on the curb-stone looking up and down the street. An undergrad approached, stopped, talked for a minute or so, and went away. Another, and yet another. One at last seemed rooted to the spot, and stood five whole minutes talking and laughing with the female on the curb stone. "Duty calls," said the Proctor to himself, and he crossed the road, sent the youth to his college, and arrested the female. Expostulations, entreaties,—all in vain,—he was too old to be taken in by a yarn like that. And so the—female—was locked up for the night in an establishment called the spinney. There was what the vulgar would call a "good old row" the next morning, and the University only partially soothed the ruffled feelings of the Mayor—not to mention his good lady—by fining the unlucky old fool of a Proctor £100.

History has not revealed a similar dunder head till this week, when he appears in the person of a Halifax bobby.

We are indebted to the New York *Sunday World* for a most amusing review of a most amusing book entitled *Gentlemen*. It is impossible to do justice in a small space either to the book or to the review; so we will content ourselves with a few quotations to illustrate both the literary style—which is immense—and the subject matter, which is stupendous—of the book itself. To start with, then "Dressing may be carried to any extent, but it is not good taste to do so, but with judgment and economy one can be something of a dresser. Again, "no man is a gentleman who merely does the acts of a gentleman." He must show good breeding in dress, manners and conversation. His dress is the perfection of raiment. His manner is grace and ease personified; his conversation knowledge itself. Proud, indeed, may the man be who can write after his name gentleman. Proceeding to details, the author discusses the three great divisions of dress,—morning, afternoon and evening, describing with the greatest minuteness every portion from hat to boots. Then we learn that half-hose should be worn in solid colors only, to match the shirt and drawers; the half-hose supporters are of white silk, though other colours may be worn. "Underclothing should be changed at least twice a day. Silk is worn always with evening dress. Indulge in baths as frequently as possible," and apropos of baths, "before and after the bath the bath-robe is put on ('presumably it is not worn in the bath,' says the facetious commentator). No part of man's attire is more brilliant or beautiful than this robe."

But we must be jogging on: white shirts should be open in front only, with two or three stud-holes, and "the cuffs should extend to the first thumb-joint. Shirts should be changed three times a day, and detachable collars and cuffs are not to be tolerated."

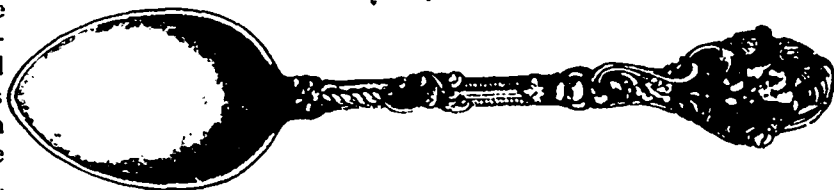
As to the "final mystery of suspenders," each pair of trousers should have its individual suspenders, and great care must be exercised in adjusting them. "The umbrella is worn only in doubtful or wet weather. Silver is the only proper metal. Never wear the cane in the street. Among the best dressers and beaux of this city, the walking stick is no longer carried or worn, either with morning or afternoon dress." We should like to know the difference between *carrying* and *wearing* a stick, but no matter; *tempus fugit*; "Fans may be carried at any evening reception by a gentleman, if he desires to do so, when there is to be dancing. A gentleman will find it convenient and comfortable to have his own fan. Folding fans with heavy black or white silk cord are recommended." "It is perfectly proper for a bald man to wear a wig." "The crease in the trousers may be worn or not as taste dictates: it certainly improves the set of the trousers and keeps the knees straight. The *monocle* is worn any time of the day, with narrow black silk ribbon for morning or afternoon, but wide black silk ribbon for evening wear. When worn it is placed in the right eye.

So much for the first part of the volume: the second treats of the *Essential Customs of Gentlemen*, and kindred subjects. For instance, "The body-coat should never be removed in the presence of ladies, unless it is their expressed and unanimous desire. A gentleman should never leave his room without complete attire, as it is essential he should present the same appearance before a servant as before a lady. Afternoon calls should be made from 3 to 5, except when a lady is in the habit of having 5 o'clock teas, when it is allowable for the gentleman to stay until his cup or two cups are finished. On no account is he to partake of more than two; when pressed to stay to a meal, unless 5 or 6 calls have previously been made, he ought to refuse." One more pointer, on calling, and we have done: "If the lady seats herself upon the sofa, he must not place himself beside her without first obtaining her consent. If he takes the seat at her invitation he must be careful not to cross his legs, and he must not toy with ornaments or twist his watch chain, as it may have a nervous effect on his companion."

Take the wax from your ears, oh Halifax, and give heed all ye young men! Harken to the voice of wisdom, and in time you may reveal yourselves before the doors of the Academy, clothed as gentlemen even to the final mystery, the suspenders!

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