

much less to anybody else! The question of one's age in years matters little. It has always seemed to me the absurdest thing—to give you an adjective after Carlyle—for a woman to care whether one, or a dozen, or all the world knew how many years she had been in the world. One's real age is what one is physically, mentally and morally, and there's no gainsaying these tell-tale evidences. But one is arbiter of her own age on these grounds. As genial Dr. Holmes so cleverly said to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe at her birthday party, "It is better to be seventy years young than forty years old." We are very generally creatures of our surroundings, and those of us who are housewife and mother and all in one live in pretty much the same atmosphere year in and year out. Now this is a bad policy to pursue, bad for us who do it, and bad for those about us who are colored more or less by our hue. The men, you see, go about in the world and live in a breezier state, getting their sharp corners rounded off, and their intellect and morals brightened up by contact with other people. At least they have the chance to do so. Women need to make an effort to get out of the rut of monotonous living. All work has more or less of sameness in it, but there is the rest and recreation time that can be made to include new features. And even the commonest duties may be made into means toward the desired end of changing one's plodding day after day. Look up improved methods of doing everything, from cleaning lamps to ironing Hamburg. Cook new dishes. Read different books—if it has been all fiction, make it history now, or *vice versa*. Do your hair up in a new way. Do, why do anything that makes it evident that you are not living automatically. If your little leisure has gone to fancy work, turn it now into studying botany, or to window gardening. Of all times in one's existence here below when she can least afford to "settle down," it is when she has a home and family to guard and develop into factors in the world. What a tremendous difference it makes whether one smiles or frowns at the world! Two maids we have had at different periods will show you what I mean. When wash-day was rainy Annie would be crosser than the letter, and everything went at sixes and sevens the rest of that week. Maggie says, "Shure it's a rainy Monday I've got again. Well, glory be to God, shure it's His will, an' we must put up with it." This is verbatim, Caryl. Maggie is the sunniest little Irish woman you would find in a day's, yes in a week's, journey. Annie was crabbed and gloomy, and looked as old as old! Put in the moral for yourself.

Some time ago, you will remember, I wrote you about portieres made of ropes; one of the last and prettiest inventions is to use corn stalks, stringing them, and they give quite a Japanese finish to odd nooks and recesses. A hot knitting needle will pierce the joints, and the pieces which should be cut off squarely across the ends may be uniform or "regularly irregular" in size. Tack the cones when strung to a board projection across the opening to be curtained, putting the nail through the knot in the cord. Cover the nails and knots later with a cone laid horizontally. Small cones are prettiest for this purpose, and for the various other decorative uses, for which, together with ears of corn, wheat sheafs, and the like, there is now a pronounced liking.

The secret of these fancies is to employ them where they are not incongruous. A dado of corn stalks in a city house would be laughable, in a country house, properly harmonized with the surroundings, it is charming.

Devotedly yours,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

FOR THE CRITIC.]

DOM, THE RABBIT—A FABLE OF THE AGE OF IRON.

In the Iron age there lived a tame Rabbit whose name was Dom. He was a well-meaning Rabbit, by no means wanting in self-will, nor often betrayed into too great a deference for the opinions of others, and he had so little regard for Railway Fences, that some members of his considerable family were constantly being caught and smashed by the moving trains. He must withal have been very much in fear of the power of the purse, for though the Railways were within his own power he always failed to enforce the means of safety. He seemed to think, as they do in Australia that there were plenty more of them to take the place of the mangled ones. As to the heartless Company-Rabbits, they sat watching the carnage from week to week, like the cruel Spinx.

Dom belonged to Mr. John Warrenner, a gentleman of large estates, many poor retainers, money in his purse, and schemes in his head. Mr. John, having a real affection for Dom, nevertheless was so desirous not to be bothered with antics, that he was in the habit of tearing open the gate of the nice convenient hutch and magnificent kitchen garden that Dom occupied, always saying he might go when he liked. But though he said this, people who know John and the general impulsiveness of his feelings, and the large family at home he always had to consult, did not half believe it. The witty Fox who hung out his shingle a little to the south of Dom's domicile did not believe it, and was generally well-behaved in proportion to the good understanding between Dom and his protector. As for Dom, he had long delighted in thinking he could become the lion's providor, "The Lion" being the name given to John Warrenner for his spirit and bravery. But in his way, Dom was about as easy-going and thoughtless, and as neglectful of home reforms as tame Rabbits are commonly found to be. His moods, indeed, were quite a study. But whenever he had a spell of obedience and order upon him, the results were very marked upon his present well-being and the comfortable dinners his family were able to enjoy. Of self-protection from ruthless material forces, he and his seemed to have very little conception.

Now, one of Dom's occasional fancies was that it would be nice to obtain what was at that time termed the *Gothic Vandalic Freedom* of some

of the tribes of wild Rabbits under the control of his polite neighbor the Fox. Dom was sometimes led to think it would be nicer to kill other rabbits by means of the ever present revolver, when they offended you, than to bring them before John Warrenner's courts, or to hunt them down on the much-admired plan of Judge Lynch; and amongst other freedoms, to give up the weakness of stated wedlock, and to substitute arrangements of a more promiscuous kind; to be ruled by Electoral Bosses, and to devote all one's spare time to agitating their particular claims, to purchase Legislatures when one had the money and an object for doing so; to nibble holes in all good Acts of Parliament that came in one's way; to treat the poor Red Rabbits and unfortunate Black Rabbits with supreme cruelty and chicanery, not sparing those who took their part, adopting a like rule with the weak and the defenceless generally; to over-reach all outside neighbors, fishing always for false pleas; at home, to help along those *Trusts* which were the latest scheme of the Iron age, forgetting how the untrustworthy Trust Rabbits would devour everything if his long Tariff-wall were away; to repudiate one's honest debts when funded, and to take the money in hard coin when near at hand; to lie and to cheat on system, to brag and to boast perpetually; to take occasional turns at Piracy, Filibustering and Highway, or rather Railway robbery; along with a number of other small accomplishments, including the mixing of juleps, that wild Rabbits so well understand—forgetting the contrast presented by the exemplary, but timid, tame Rabbits of neighbor Fox's domain, and the sage remark of the Owl, that these are of the excellent of the earth, in passive minority, aspiring to perfection in the principles and the arts of life, and whose voice will be heard one day; and Dom might have crystallized his dreams into an open revolt against the authority of John Warrenner, but for the shining eyes and the greedy grins of master Fox, his attentive neighbor, who was always on the look-out for the chance of a gobbie, and who was so closely located to Dom's abode that his lineaments could generally be discerned when lounging at his porch door under clear skies, propping his whiskers, and admiring the glories of his bushy tail. Dom was not altogether a foolish fellow. He could even raise his glance sometimes to the blue heavens above us blunt, and remember that he had a duty to his neighbor as well as himself, and he called to mind that he had for fifty years been well-governed and kept in peace and quiet through John Warrenner's courts and police; and so *Gothic and Vandalic Freedom*, though it sounded so scientific, began to cease to have any supreme attraction for his mind. In short, he could not help feeling that he was in the road to peace, prosperity and progress. He got the habit of returning in good time to his hearth of an evening, when he was always pleasantly greeted by Mrs. Dom and the little ones, and while the thought was frequently present to his mind of the cruel neglects, dangerous to all John's retainers, of the Railway Rabbits sitting under the shadow of John's own house; and while this looked like a grave exception to the benignity of John's rule, Dom had to remember that the action of those Rabbits could always be controlled through the powers he himself possessed, and had neglected to act upon, and so he made up his mind that as long as old John Warrenner behaved in such a generally unexceptionable way towards him, he could continue to take with a thankful heart the good things that came to him, as a faithful denizen of John's vast domain, of which his own allotted share was indeed celebrated over all the world for its extent and productiveness.

JOHN WARRENER'S FLAG.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

One of the finest ships ever produced in the province, was launched at North's Yard, Hantsport, on Thursdaylast. It has been built for the enterprising firm of Bennett Smith & Sons—well known as one of the heaviest ship owning concerns in the Dominion—will be named the *Loodiana*, and will measure from 1800 to 1900 tons. Capt. Robt. Sinclair, who has been in the same employ nearly a quarter of a century and whose faithful services are appreciated by the firm, will command the new vessel, which, after the launch, will be towed to St. John, where she will load deals for a port on the other side of the Atlantic.—*Tribune*.

The Moncton Sugar Refinery during the second half of last year earned \$20,782.00 profit. The first half of the year it earned \$72,230.23. About one-half was expended on capital account or carried to the reserve fund.

PICTOU LANDING.—The Graham-Fraser smelting company are looking round for a situation to locate their works. They are well pleased with the site and likely mean business, if they can secure the property reasonable. It is to be hoped that the landowners will be reasonable in their demand, for there is no place where the benefits of such works would be more general. It would secure regular communication with New Glasgow, and with proper ferry service on the harbor, would certainly benefit Pictou, and would start another town here, and the company know what will benefit themselves most. If it depends on the landowners, let them act like men and their children will bless them.—*Pictou Colonial Standard*.

Rhodes, Curry & Co's Factory is running day and night. They have just completed 64 cherry veneered doors for City Hall, Halifax.

Rhodes, Curry & Co. have just received two cars of whitewood, cherry, etc., from Boston, two cars of lime from St. John, one car of plaster from Hillsboro, beside six or eight cars of lumber from local points, this firm receive on an average about fifty cars per month, and ship away nearly as many.—*Amherst Weekly Press*.