

How strange it would be if it were fashionable *not* to be in the fashion. Suppose it suddenly became "the thing" for everyone to follow out her own opinions, boldly to stand up for them, and not go patiently and idiotically making a martyr of herself for the sake of being in that conglomeration of all sorts of people which we call "the swim." Well, what a time there would be!

To be in the Fashion is to be commonplace. The dressmaker wears herself to a shadow considering what will best suit Mrs. Lallygag. Mrs. Lallygag gives herself grey hairs debating with her dressmaker. Jane Maria Bickstreeter worries herself and her purse thin, aping Mrs. Lallygag. So they all—mistress and servant, rich and poor, high and low, are patient slaves of the Fashion sheet. From this we gather that to be fashionable is to be like everybody else; and to be like everybody else is to be common, which proves that we are all fashionable, and therefore all equal. So, since we have aims and tastes in common, and are chips off the same silly old block, let us drop our snobbishness and act towards other human beings with a little civility. Let us practice politeness and make *that* fashionable.

Do you know that the fashion of affecting the faintly scornful smile, the curl of the lip, the uplifted nose, the imbecile, well-bred stare has come in among us? If you keep your eyes open down in the cloak-room, you will be highly amused at some antics you will see. I think we all understand without explanation. But what ridiculous little geese we are to keep up the game of "Follow my leader," in a free and easy public place, such as the Halifax Academy. For mercy's sake let us be original for once, and banish anything so vulgar as snobbishness from among us.

Why, even in going up and down stairs during change of class or at recess, there is so much of it going on, that I wonder that we do not see the ridiculous side of it ourselves and laugh all the rest of the morning!

Do you know how to judge most accurately who is a lady and who is not? Here is the key—snobbishness. Snobbishness, whatever you choose to call it, belongs to those who have sprung from nothing and do not know what to make of themselves.

Sometimes when you sit down and count up the small mean ways, the utterly senseless doings, that belong to us all, doesn't it disgust you with yourself and the world? The earth turns round too fast for some of us, I think, for we are all giddy.

I wonder if we shall some day reach a place where our heads shall be clear and our eyes perfect, so that we shall see below the surface and know what people and things are really worth. We do not know now, we judge by what we see. Perhaps some day we shall find that we have been deceived in a great many things; that we have estimated some above their worth and others below. Of course we must exercise due care in forming judgments and not jump to conclusions about either people or things; but still we shall make many blunders through life. This we cannot avoid. But one thing we can do; we can see to it that we are good and true, and then we shall gradually attract and be attracted by those whose friendship is worth having.

Dear Editors,—Do not you think the City Council might set apart some pond within the city limits where *girls* might

have a chance to skate without being in danger of being run over by soldiers or knocked down by boys playing hockey, or playing the fool? Many girls cannot afford to go to either of the rinks, and some prefer open air skating anyway. I beg to suggest that the pond in the Public Gardens be placed at their disposal. I know they would be most careful to do no mischief. If this pond be not available, the one in the Poor House grounds.

Yours truly,
SISTER JANE.

MY SISTER LINA'S BEAUS

I think it *mean*, 'n' that I'll say,

It aint no matter wich,

If mother boxes both my ears

Er father takes his switch;

It's downright jolly *mean*, it is,

Whenever I am found

I'm always sent off straight to bed

When Lina's bean comes round.

I have ter entertain my fren's

Out in the ole back shed,

We don't get cake 'n' pies 'n' sich,

But on'y sometimes bread.

But Lina has the best front room,

With tea 'n' cakes 'n' all,

'N' sits 'n' smiles too awful sweet

When her beaus come ter call.

My dawg sleeps by the kitchen stove;

He's glad ter be so warm,

But when the cook gits on her ear,

He slinks off ter the barn.

But Lina's smarty pug gits fed

'N' combed 'n' called a 'dear,'

'N' Lina holds him on her lap

The times her beaus are here.

When Lina's goin' ter read a book,

She does it when she feels,

'N' sits up in the parlor, with

The pug-dog at her heels;

'N' has her bon-bon box at hand,

With chocolates 'n' creams,

I hev' ter sneak a *candle*, w'en

They thinks I'm havin' dreams,

My Sunday suit is laid away,

Kept up in mother's chest;

But Lina, when she wants to, she

Can wear her very best.

She goes out in the afternoons

'N' often stays ter tea,

Without a word—My eye! what would

They leave undone to me?

But sometimes, when I brush my hair

'N' wash my face 'n' chin,

'N' make myself look nice 'n' neat,

Why, Lina calls me in,

'N' takes me kinder round the neck

With jes' one arm, yer know,

An' tells the fellers that she's got

A little brother Joe.