

personal attributes of the possessor. On the other hand, another person accumulates wealth and anticipates pleasure, but it is of a different sort; he sees in the world many noble uses to which money may be devoted, and he eagerly plans to further noble charities languishing from want of help. He looks forward by means of his worldly success to having a happy home, with the determination to provide every opportunity for his children's advancement and best development, and to being able to provide a warm welcome for all friends. He looks forward to seeing old age comforted, poverty relieved, the poor rescued from vice and ignorance, sufferings assuaged—in a word, the *welfare of others* forms the central object of his worthy and charitable anticipations. Now, the man who, on the contrary, neglects the happiness of others in his aims will not neglect so to do in the means he takes to rise in life. He will keep others down in order that he may rise; will refuse to extend a helping hand, if he may thus accelerate his own rise in life. He will not hesitate to take unfair and dishonourable advantages, though he is too sharp to take illegal ones; will crush feebler and poorer men than himself; will make a profit out of the ignorance or dependence of poor workmen; will speculate upon the food supply of a starving nation,—in fact, will not shrink, in many other ways, from rising at the expense, and to the positive detriment of others. Now, the one who is properly influenced refuses to do any of these things; he cannot stoop to them. He desires success that he may benefit others and necessarily refuses to secure it by means that act to their detriment. He will only rise by honourable and manly effort: by talent and abilities properly exercised; by economy not of a niggardly nature; by perseverance or good judgment;—but in no case by keeping others down or by withholding any act of kindness or justice that every man ought to feel he owes to his fellow-men.

These same differences are found, no matter what way to rise in life be chosen. If it be through politics, the one who desires only his own glory and reputation will not stop to inquire whom he injures on his way to success. In fact, in politics, the falsity and falsehood, the prevarications and shortcomings of many are more evident, especially in this country, than in any other profession. But some are to be found who are actuated by a true patriotism and desire to rise, not by the downfall of others, but by the inherent value of their own character and ability; and contrasts can be shown to exist in every path. There can be no doubt as to the proper one to be chosen. Goethe has said: "Thou must rise or fall; must conquer and subjugate, or serve and surrender; must suffer or triumph; must be anvil or hammer." If this injunction or command be read in its highest moral sense, it is an infallible guide for "progress in life."

William Fern.

### BOARDING HOUSES.

I am not quite able to say that the name of boarding-house has grown obsolete, but it appears to be the case that it has very much changed during the past few years. At one time we had places which reminded one of the *ménage* described by Charles Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit," but now the only relic we have is the title. An air of pretence and deception pervades the whole locality, and this deception is followed up by the master or mistress, as the case may be, persistently declining to confess his or her real calling and position in life. He (supposing this is the case) is a philanthropist, whose attention has been drawn to the expensive nature of the hotel accommodation afforded his fellow-beings, and he, therefore, has determined to relieve some of them at least from this financial pressure. He is a gentleman, of course—probably an unfortunate member of the legal or the medical profession—and desires to bestow exceptional social privileges upon those waifs of humanity who may come within his portal; or, perhaps, it is a he and a she together, whose marital union has been unblest with children, and who, therefore, find themselves with a superfluity of accommodation of which to relieve themselves, they take others in, and take them in well. No matter what their statements are, they are sure not to be exactly the plain unvarnished truth. Then there is the retired butler or waiter who has married a lady's-maid, who is, from having been in place in a gentleman's house, *au fait* with social etiquette and manner (so she thinks), and they form a sort of exaggerated lodging-house keeper, with all the greed and avarice of their race; these two will give any account of themselves, save that which lies on the surface, clear for all to see. As are these two, so are the house and its inmates. The furniture, etc., are a very sickly and feeble imitation of "high art," whatever that may be. From attic to basement, from top to bottom, it is a very humbug and sham. Still there are amusing and edifying points to be found in it; it is a human menagerie in a monkey-cage. The chief characteristic is that every person resident within the house has the bump of curiosity inordinately developed. They "only want to know" all about their neighbours, and if they do not know anything, they imagine everything. This "curious" class of people is not met with in private houses—they are occasionally to be found in those places mis-called "suburban retreats." To give a few types, we may mention the elderly bank accountant or teller, who is a disagreeable combination of weak knees and grizzly whiskers, using pomade *ad libitum*, and smoking poor cigars every night for the benefit of his fellow lodgers; the youth who has nothing to say

and hears nothing, yet retails to his comrades out-of-doors that Bella said this or that; and of course a spinster, always sewing and making eyes at each new comer, trying to excite *une grande passion* with each; a clerical youth who tries to keep down his juvenile spirits, but rarely succeeds; and—more could be given, but I refrain.

I wish to devote attention to the ladies of the establishment—these are the ones that give the place its true and proper character. A band of female Ishmaelites, simulating the existence of a "happy family" is sure to be productive of some queer results; and the life led by these daughters of Eve is one ever on the brink of a volcanic eruption, liable and likely to burst forth upon the least, and to an outsider, causeless occasion. It is more than likely that none of the ladies have ever met before; but the antecedents of each one are found out very quickly through a process known only to feminine minds. In some cases mistakes are made and these only serve to make the family history more spicy, and (as there is probably truth in the aphorism "there is no cupboard without a skeleton") this is rapidly discovered and upon the first verbal conflict is of course made use of. Mrs. Jones nods significantly at Mrs. Brown when the name of Mrs. Christopher is mentioned and secretly determines to visit Mrs. DeWitt in order to find out how it was that Mrs. Christopher is living at lodgings at all. This delightful company are in the drawing-room and perhaps one who has assumed the leadership puts a series of questions—sometimes the victim who is a newcomer shows herself the mistress of the situation and a feeling of *pique* is engendered. After a day or two the tables are reversed and a little more acrimony is the result, while at the same time, under a veil of the most intense friendship, an interesting little affair occurs between two other ladies who are, while "intensely fond" of one other, actuated by the most bitter animosity. And so the battledore and shuttlecock of slandering and backbiting goes on from day to day between ladies who two weeks ago were utter strangers and the husbands are drawn in often-times and the foundation of life-long quarrels are frequently laid. Supposing that some of the husbands are commercial travellers, their wives are thrown into more immediate contact and perhaps indulge in those confidences only expressed when the dressing robe has been put on and the back hair let down. Now, they are sweet and affectionate—it is a pleasure to see them—they kiss and fondle one another like school girls. But do not suppose for one single instant that love has anything to do with it. Far from it. Mrs. DeWitt wishes to discover whether Mrs. Jones has false teeth, or paints, or exercises any other branches of feminine duplicity. And this is why they fondle and caress one another and make the severest scrutiny take the form of blandishment. Sometimes one of the ladies finds out that rumours of this nature are current about her and boldly invites the ladies of the place to walk into her room and asks them to test by touch or eye whether or not her attractions are all her own. This may lead to a tremendous storm, not of blows, but of words and the cutting sarcastic things that are said would sear the mind of any but these female Ishmaelites. This rarely happens, as the idle, mean, tittle-tattle gossip and innuendo furnish sufficient relief for these small minds. The danger is, that in these places no one can hope to escape a certain deterioration of character and a few months spent therein is enough to destroy whatever there may have been of the angel in the heart of any woman.

Geo. Rothwell.

### HOUSEHOLD WORRIES.

The subject of "Servants' Worries and their remedies" has struck me that a few remarks on certain inevitable worries of the household unconnected with servants may not be amiss.

"Don't you find," said a young housewife to me lately, "that your house is always getting out of repair and wanting mending? It is so tiresome; we are never without workmen of some sort in the house—plumbers and glaziers, or whitewashers. We never seem to be free from them, and as soon as one thing is rectified another wants looking after. I often wish we could live in a tent or a wigwam, to escape all these worries. Just look at this long bill from the plumber for repairing the kitchen sink, and for mending the pipes—you know they all burst during the frosts in the winter; and then there is another from the paperhangers for papering the back attic and whitewashing the nursery ceiling; to say nothing of the windows that have been broken, and the handles that have come off doors, and the bells which have got out of order, and the chimneys which persist in smoking. It is quite dreadful—I shall never get to the end of it all; and these long bills for such uninteresting domestic affairs make John so cross. He says it seems such waste of money; but what are we to do?"

The state of things thus pathetically described is only too familiar to householders in general, and to those with limited means in particular, and it adds not a little to the burden of existence. A house may be of convenient size, well situated, everything outwardly that we can desire; yet until we have lived in it through every season of the year, and really tested its merits and shortcomings, we cannot judge whether it is a suitable, substantial habitation, fit for taking on a long lease, or whether it is one of those leaky, draughty,