

to the best equipment for life in this world and that to come, that it is possible for them to get. And they do not get that if their little bodies are racked, for example, by being made nurses in chief to infants only younger than themselves, or automata for the discharge of every sort of commission from seed time till harvest, and from that till seed time again.

By all means have a "fad" of some description, it is the proper thing to have—I suppose it is another method of proving the reaching of one's soul toward individuality—but do something with more reason for being than that of collecting bottle corks, I pray you.

Hunt no further if it is merely a beautiful gown for the grand ball that you are in search of. Debutantes and young matrons are equally well dressed in the bewitching airy, fairy creations of silk-embroidered tulles, gauzes and nets. Pale blue gauze with satiny stripes under an overdress of pale blue gauze embroidered in silver is like a cloud dream, and white tulles, silver spangled, is a vision of loveliness.

Cora says to the winds with such extravagance, and to bid you wear a sheer wool in pale lomon made with draped bodice demi-train, and wide lash of china silk, and to spend what you save on your frock for something less fleeting, say the German edition of Henrik Ibsen's works, the Norwegian about whom all England is so excited just now. Lange's translations that I have are easy reading, in tolerably elegant German, and interesting as you please.

Practical Cora again says the average housewife finds no time to read, but that she owes it to herself and to her family to keep abreast of the age. She suggests lopping off a bit of unimportant work here and there in order to "make time." Work dresses and aprons can be made of seersucker, and thus cut off a not insignificant item of stitching and ironing, since seersucker needs neither. Spend all the time necessary, says the wise little preacher, to make the table linen look nice, but sheets and the like for common use do not need careful ironing. There is the family sewing that can be much simplified, and system can be attuned to fit any domicile, and so lighten labor, here a little and there a little, and one will have "made time" enough to make much heretofore crowded out easily possible.

Devotedly yours,

Boston.

DINAH STURGIS.

TWO HEROES OF FICTION.

The following extracts are from the satirical article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, entitled "The Hundred Gates; a Dream of Bad Books."

THE WOMAN HERO.

On the gate a man of middle age was seated, of striking appearance. He wore a pointed beard, and he was unusually handsome. His figure was athletic and graceful. It is always difficult to remember what anyone wears, but he left in my mind a general impression of expensive fur, diamond sleeve links, and great glossiness of boot. Raising my hat I apologized for troubling him, and asked if he could give me any information. He looked up, and threw away the cigar which he was smoking. In a languid voice he answered: "We are stock characters—out of books, you know—and we're turned out to grass for the present, and that's why we sit on gates. Fatiguing weather, is it not?" He paused to light another cigar. "Take my own case, for instance." "Thank you," I said, "I don't smoke." He took no notice of my remark, and I see now that I must have misunderstood him. "I am a hero," he continued, "the ideal man as imagined by the ideal woman. I have been wonderfully popular in my time. At present I sit here and practice the leading traits in my character—my consumption of cigars for instance." He flung away the one he was smoking and carefully selected another. He sniffed at it gently, smiled, and dropped it into the ditch. "I recognize you, sir," I said. "In most of the ladies' novels I think it is stated that you were educated at Cambridge or Oxford?" "Good old Cambridge College!" he interpolated. "Some of the books have given details." I went on. "Oh, details," he interrupted. "I should think they did. I rowed in the May sixes shortly after I'd taken my Fellowship at King's. The fellows there eat ham pie and drink soltzer-and-hock. Such times! Learned men they are too, but cynical—very cynical. I remember when the old Regius Professor was coaching me for my Smalls, in which I took a special, sir, without work, he turned to me and said, with a bitter laugh, 'My motto's *Pro ego*, sir, *Pro ego*—pass the audit.' Splendid man he was, but always drunk! The enthusiasm he could awake in the young was wonderful. When he was raised to a bishopric they accompanied him to the station, shouting after his cab in the words of the ten thousand under Insanias: 'Thalassias! Thalassias! The Sea! the Sea!' The excitement of recalling old times was too much for him, and he tumbled off his gate. He lay on his back, murmuring faintly, 'Egus, ego, egum, egi, ego, ego.' I have no conception what he meant, and after picking him up and putting him on his perch again, I ventured to ask for a free translation. Before replying, he lighted and immediately threw away another cigar. "Ah!" he said pityingly, "you never had a classical education, you never were at Eton School. But you asked me, I believe, for a short sketch of my subsequent career. In after-life I frequently enter the army. She had refused me, you know, and my heart was broken. I did not know then, as I know now, that her only motive was that it would have cut the book short in the second volume if she had accepted me. They found my horse next morning in the stable, covered with foam from head to foot." "Poor old stable!" I sighed sympathetically. "All night long," he continued, "I had been riding in the old desperate, dare-devil way—Can you go on?" "I can," I replied. "The noble animal seemed to have caught the reckless, untamed spirit of its rider. Over the black moorland and through the flooded river you sped together in that fearful ride. With the first glimmerings of dawn

your resolution was taken, for your life was valueless." "Thank you," he said, "you've left out a page or two, but it will do. I entered the army in order to die on the battlefield. She naturally became a sister of mercy, and found me delirious in the hospital. She nursed me night and day, moved softly about, pressed cooling drinks to my burning forehead—and all that kind of thing, you know. The doctor generally remarks that it is the nurse, and not the doctor, that is to be complimented on my recovery." "It is too true," I answered; "but you are not always in the army." "Oh, no; but wherever I am, I have much the same peculiarities. Wealth is one of them; hence an almost painful profusion of cigars. My strong emotions are another. I frequently push away my plate untasted, owing to strong emotions; my emotions are nothing if they're not strong. Just see me smother an oath in my beard." "Don't trouble," I said, "if it hurts at all." "Well, I have a small beard, and I take a large size in oaths, but I do want you to understand that my emotions are strong and take a great deal of repression. At such times I generally crush my heel into something, or gnaw my teeth or moustache, or curse a menial. You see that heel. It's been ground into the maple-wood flooring, into the rich tiger-skin on the carpet, into the wet sand of the sea shore, into the fragrant violets, into almost everything into which a heel can be ground."

THE ATHLETIC HERO.

"Stop a moment, sir. I am still as big, simple, light hearted, frank, buoyant, and boyish as ever. You really ought to know me." "I know you only too well," I replied, brutally, "and you don't interest me." "What!" he cried, "not interested in poor Jack, no one's enemy but his own, with an arm as white as a duchess's, and corded like a blacksmith's! You must be joking. Why, sir, I was playing football for England v. Wales the other day—a hot afternoon in June it was; I was half-forward, and we were being beaten, when I looked up and saw that the dear girl was watching us. It seemed to put new strength into me. I set my teeth hard, and with a cry of 'Julia!' plunged into the scrimmage, secured the ball, and bore it off in triumph to our own goal. I shall never forget it." "Tell me honestly," I said, "are you often as far gone as this?" "I am sorry to say," he answered, "that the public seem to have lost their taste for me in quite so strong a form. But I still exist. I still preach the great gospel of manliness." "What is that?" I asked. "Be strong. Knock your neighbour down, and love him as yourself." I noticed with considerable satisfaction that the apostle of manliness was secured to his gate by a short iron chain, so I took this opportunity of expressing my opinion of him. "I regret," I said, "that I must repeat my assertion that I am not interested in you. You have been done well, but of late years you have been overdone. I do not think much of your gospel, because I do not believe that the highest form of manhood is the affectionate bargee. I have also noticed some defects in your character. Your great point is your pluckiness: and yet you are not plucky. As you always knock your man down, it stands to reason that you never attack anyone who is superior to yourself. You are constantly standing up for the right, but your method is so abominably dull and monotonous that you make the wrong seem preferable. When you were treated idiotically I was amused at you; when you fell into better hands, I liked you; at the present moment I am exceedingly weary of you, sorry to have met you, and trust I shall never see you again. Good morning." His only answer as I moved away was a long low whistle. This is the way in which he habitually expresses surprise.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The Nova Scotia Steel Co., of New Glasgow, has declared a dividend of eight per cent. on both preferred and common stock on the last year's business. The aggregate profits of the year amounted to \$56,000.

BUILDINGS IN TRURO.—"It was predicted by some last spring that building operations would not be very extensive in Truro during the summer, owing to the scarcity of snow last winter, which interfered with getting out their logs and other lumber. Upon looking around and making inquiries we find that the facts of the case all go to prove that these predictions are not verified. The following buildings have been and are being erected in different parts of the town." The above is from the *Colchester Sun*, which goes on to enumerate and describe: besides a new engine house for the fire brigade; a hose, reel and ladder house; and a number of enlargements and improvements of existing buildings, thirteen new dwelling houses and stores, mostly the former, of various sizes and degrees of importance.

SHIPBUILDING IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The unexampled activity in the plaster trade and the increase in the demand of late for ships of large tonnage, has given an impetus to shipbuilding, which is the ring the hearts of thousands directly and indirectly connected with the shipping interest. At River John, Charles McLellan is preparing to build a big ship of 1,000 tons. At South Maitland William P. Cameron has a vessel of 1,000 tons on the stocks. At Maitland Messrs. McDougall have a barque of same tonnage well under weigh. At Avondale the largest ship ever constructed at that place is now nearing completion. As she now stands well up on the ways, her appearance is that of a vast ship of war; 230 feet keel, 45 feet wide, 25 foot depth of hold and 2,000 tons measurement. The builder, G. A. Knowles, is well known throughout the Province for the superior ships he has added to the marine of this country, and this, his largest achievement, will add another laurel to his well earned reputation as a contractor. On the opposite shore J. B. North has a monster ship on the stocks of over 1,900 tons, and before the close of 1889 several other keels will be laid—*New Glasgow Enterprise*.