

but whether the merit be sham or not, the theory of it is the same. It is supposed that the spending of time and labor, apart from the importance of the object on which they are spent, is a recommendation. It might be so if life were longer and there were less to do. But life and labor being as they are labor is not—or should not be—child's play to be done with toil and moil like the heaping up of sand-castles between the tide marks, with no measure of the work to its lasting, and no purpose but to work for the while. Doing well lies in doing fitly, not in doing with urgency apart from the need.

Correcting Proofs by Machinery.

The correcting of proofs for the press under the new type-setting system is apt to lead to very trying mistakes. In the former—the handsetting method—the wrong letter was picked out and the proper one put in its place. Under the type-setting system a whole line is cast at a time, and when an error is discovered by the proofreader, the whole line in which it occurs must be removed by the operator and a new line cast. Although mistakes occur far less frequently than by the old system—where the errors arise chiefly through the falling of types into one wrong box—it occasionally happens that another error is made in re-setting the new line, thus necessitating greater watchfulness. We are indebted to Mr. Dawson of the Printers' Bureau, Ottawa, for a valuable hint toward avoidance of another mistake of too frequent occurrence. If the solid line of type in which the error occurs is only partly lifted out of its place—one end only being raised—there is less likelihood of the new and correct line being inserted in the wrong place, as often happens in early experiments with such type-setting machines. There are difficulties surrounding the introduction of most new machinery for which sanguine purchasers are slow to make allowance. As several errors crept into our notice "To our Readers" last week making the sense here and there rather obscure, we repeat the art-

icle in the present issue. It may be observed that the whole of the article and that following were set up direct from short-hand notes.

A MODERN PYGMALION.

(Concluded.)

Poor Hermione little realised the blow which she had dealt her husband. She felt that the passing cloud would be amply compensated for by the news which she had good hope she would be the bearer of that night. But to Pygmalion the incident was a total eclipse to the brightness of his life. Wearily the day passed with him. All work was distasteful. Least of all could he occupy himself with the marble portrait of his wife which was now approaching completion. In the afternoon he heard Lord Harborough arrive, but his pride kept him from his wife's drawing-room during her cousin's visit, whilst his jealousy held him on tenter-hooks during its length, which it must be admitted was great enough to arouse the suspicions of a less vigilant husband.

It had been a piping hot summer's day, and about eleven o'clock in the evening Pygmalion, stifled by the heat of the house, and made restless by the tumult of his passion, took his hat and started for a walk whither his feet chose to take him. He had strolled on desultorily for an hour or so, when he found himself on the pavement of Portland-place, and realised the close proximity of his wife. Across the path he saw the usual crowd of idlers watching the grandees in and out of their carriages, and curiosity and idleness led him to mingle a moment with them. A hideous old dowager, painted and bedizen'd as shamelessly as her less fortunate sisters of the pavement, was just being handed to her carriage, and, as her cavalier with a foreigner's politeness kissed her hand, a contemptuous laugh went the round of the spectators.

Pygmalion was about to turn away, when a youth volunteered the information—

"By jabsers, here comes a stunner," and, looking through the open door, he saw his wife leaning on the arm of Lord Harborough.

"Mrs. Smith's carriage" was passed from mouth to mouth, as his own neat brougham drove up to the door, and out they came laughing and talking with the utmost good-humour.

"Oh, Harborough," he heard his wife say, "I can never be grateful enough to you."

"Well, Hermione," answered her cousin, "all I have to say is, mind you never let your husband know the part I have played in it."

"He would never forgive me if he did," said Hermione, as the door was banged

and the carriage was driven rapidly away.

Lord Harborough turned back into the house, his heart aglow with the consciousness of the good office he had performed for the sculptor. The latter turned away down the street, half mad with hatred towards his generous-hearted friend.

Meanwhile, Hermione was pondering on her way home how best to apprise her husband of the news of the contemplated visit to his studio of the exalted connoisseur, on whom she had succeeded in making a most favourable impression. More than once Pygmalion had declared that he was the only other person living whose opinion of his work he would care to have, and now she was the means of bringing about the desired consummation. She would make her old "Lion" guess first, and then she would tantalise him with all sorts of suggestions, and then she would put off telling him till to-morrow, and, finally, she would relent, and know the rapturous enjoyment of showing how, all the time he had been thinking she preferred the Hungarian reception to his company, she had been doing violence to her own inclinations, so as to further his interests. Her heart was all aglow with pleasurable excitement as she let herself into the dimly-lighted hall. Turning the gas out, she went up to her room, expecting to find Pygmalion fast asleep, but the bed was untouched. He must have stayed late in his studio! She would go and tell him the news there.

Downstairs she found all dark and deserted. Her husband had evidently gone out for one of his nocturnal tramps. However, here was the sofa on which she had posed for her portrait. She would lie down there, and, naturally throwing herself in the self-same attitude in which she was to be immortalised, Hermione blew out the candle and awaited her husband's return in the dim light of the warm summer night. She knew that he would come there before going up to bed, for his old slouch Bohemian hat, which he was only allowed to wear after dark, and which was relegated, on pain of total banishment, to this part of the house, was not on its accustomed peg. In a few minutes she was fast asleep, worn out by the fatigues and excitement of the day.

All this time Pygmalion was trudging homewards in anything but an angelic frame of mind. Indeed, by the time he reached the door of his house, he had a regular devil's tattoo beating in his brain. He felt desperate, reckless, disposed to tear something to pieces, to wreak vengeance upon something or somebody. His wife was false to him. The marble portrait which he was going to hand down to the ages was the presentment of a deceitful, prejured woman. Was he, like Don Juan Roeca, in Calderon's play, going to have his name bandied about as another "Painter of his own Dishonour"? Thank