

DRESS REFORM.

If a club is ever valuable, it ought to be when a few women have decided that the time has come for either liberty or death, and feel a constitutional dislike of the latter alternative. It is all very well for a woman to confess to herself that her health, her comfort, her usefulness, even her good appearance, all depend on dressing as she ought; but it is quite another thing to carry her principles into practice, and appear among her friends in a gown that defies certain accepted models, however sensible and artistic it may be. The Society for the Promotion of Physical Culture and Correct Dress, of Chicago, is one of the organizations which, by its earnest discussion of the problem of reform in dress, has already brought about a time when it no longer requires any especial courage to wear a gown devoid of certain modern conformities, we should say deformities. Advantage has naturally been taken of the prevailing Empire and Directoire fashions, so far as they are available, although many of the new gowns retain the long waist in modified forms. There has been no lack of artistic models. There are no set rules which members of the society are obliged to follow, and it is not to be supposed that every woman who has adopted the new dress necessarily belongs to this society. Modes are to be adapted more to individual needs than heretofore, although it is probable that nearly all members of the club have taken as a warning the old epitaph:

Here lies a girl,
Whose brief, brief days
Were briefer still
For wearing stays.

They think that all reform in dress must come in the lines of the beautiful and appropriate. No dress can be artistic which forbids any movement proper to the wearer or required by her duties or circumstances. Neither can anything be beautiful that shows contempt for the lines and arrangements of nature. Thus society approves the saying of Charles Reade, when, after speaking of the way the heart, liver, lungs, and other organs are placed, he asks: "Is it a small thing for the creature who wears a corset to say to her Creator that she can pack all this egg-shell china better than He can?" It avails little to put aside corsets, if the tight-fitting waist, corset modelled, which apparently cuts the figure in two, be retained. The ampler the form, the less can good taste consent to its compression, since a large woman looks less large if she moves with grace and dignity—an impossibility with ordinary dressing. Members of this society are thus far at least wonderfully free from dogmatism. They are working toward higher standards of physical culture and correct dress, but are ready to admit cheerfully any mistakes in individual applications of their principles, feeling sure, however, that it will be impossible for them to "perpetuate anything so thoroughly atrocious as the conventional dress they leave behind them."

Two small boys, looking over a text-book of hygiene used in our common schools, came across a picture of two female forms illustrating the evils of corsets, showing how the form is naturally, and how unnaturally. Pointing to the former, the smaller of the two said: "Look, Bertie! That's mamma. That other one, all squeezed up, is Aunt Belle. She's got no room for her dinner!"

RECOVERY OF ANCIENT PICTURES.—An interesting discovery in connection with Canterbury Cathedral has just been made. In the year 1827 there were two large portraits above the Warriors' Chapel—one was that of St. Gregory, and the other that of St. Augustine. They suddenly disappeared; no one knew where they had gone to, and they were supposed to have been stolen. Strange to say, they have just come to light again. A communication was made by the Countess of Guilford to Mr. H. G. Austin, who visited Eythorne, and there recognized the pictures. They had been stored away in Eythorne church, and covered with straw, no doubt being considered practically useless. They have just been handed over to the cathedral authorities by the rector of Eythorne.

I VIGNAJUOLI.

PREAMBLE.

Whereas, the feature of this latest lustrum of the Victorian Age is the construction of leagues and corners:

The undersigned high contracting parties league themselves to obtain shady corners in summer chalets and nooks out-of-doors, where God's fresh air blows through leaves, and sunshine and shadow play hide-and-seek on rivers and greenerie:

And let the name of this august Association be I VIGNAJUOLI, and we pray Franciso Berni and his joyous peers, in bliss or elsewhere, to let fall on us their mantle.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

I. Membership shall be limited to forty Canadians with brains. Should their possession of brains be questioned, aspirants may be called on to produce printed proof. Failing printed proof, they may have it ascertained by trephining.

II. The form of government shall be purely autocratic, as in the aforesaid Diet of the Rhine. A Padrone, or chief Vine-dresser, and officers of the order may be elected, even if there is no use for them.

III. The By-laws shall be those that obtained in a garden near Florence.

IV. Members of the confraternity shall have (if they like) the awe-inspiring privilege of appending to their literary signature the cognizance cypher of the most high and valorous order—V—with the button-hole decoration of a petal of cabbage, rhubarb, castor-oil plant, plantain (called by Scotsmen, "docken,") maple, or other leaf nearly resembling vine.

V. It shall be the duty of every vignajuolo to know every other vignajuolo, to admire him, to read such of his works as are not sporadic, to chat, chaff, argue, traipse, shoot, fish, hunt, trap, paddle, moon, discuss Tennyson, Swinburne, Ignatius Donnelly and the Elizabethan dramatists,—but not Martin F. Tupper nor James Montgomery,—with him, to hobnob with him in water or otherwise, to offer him none but the fairest weeds, to dangle the grapes and generally to conduct himself towards him as if it were always afternoon.

VI. All Canadian poets and dramatists; and, thereafter, when vacancies, novelists, essayists, historians, also archaists, if not too musty, but *not* philosophers nor political economists, are invited to give in their adhesion and be balloted for.

VII. It shall be the duty of the Order to wage perpetual war on sham, and to draw the pen and throw away the scabbard against all enemies of this sacred guild.

VIII. Any member who lags in the pursuit of happiness shall be expelled.

IX. Whenever any two vignajuoli gather together it shall be deemed a sederunt, and they shall report proceedings, truthfully or otherwise, to the Secretarius, who shall keep the archives in hieroglyph, tally, or on painted rocks, and records shall be handed down by tradition, as would have been before the ever-to-be-deplored invention of Cadmus. Entrance fee, nothing. Annual subscription, nil.

X. Twelve Honourable Associates may be elected, the preference being given to Artists, who shall be familiarly spoken of as the Pennellieri.

EVVIVA!

SONNETS OF WINTER-TIDE.

BY MARY MORGAN (GOWAN LEA).

I.

Through night's dark hours the snow fell, feathery light,
Until at break of morn, afar and near,
No leaflet is descried nor brooklet clear,
So close the earth is wrapped in mantle white.
Round yonder hill the snow-plough comes in sight,
Disclosing where the high-road should appear,
Tossing the white wreaths o'er the landscape drear,
Like waves before a ship, to left and right.
Symbolic picture of the march of mind—
Agent invisible—which yet doth know
Earth's proud wealth to dispose—philosophy
And art, and poesy—what it shall find
Upon its course as forward it may go,
New vistas opening for humanity!

II.

"Death is perhaps the last superstition"—Heine.

I read the secret of the earth and air,
Concealed—revealed—in frozen twig and leaf,
As surely as in spring-tide's blossom brief:—
Death opens Life's door, always, everywhere.
The bud we call "To-day," fresh, fair, and sweet,
Roots in dead Yesterday, and fades from view
Yielding To-morrow—Mount of Purple hue
Whose peak aspires the highest heaven to greet.
Decay and growth! A prophecy is each—
One of the other, in unbroken chain.
Distrustful human heart, how shalt thou reach
The knowledge that they are but aspects twain
Of the imperishable Substance—Life!
This truth attained, O soul, shall end thy strife!
Montreal, February, 1889.



"The Girl I Left Behind Me" probably thought marriage was a failure.

The fact that ignorance is bliss probably accounts for the happiness of newly married people.

Plenty of rain makes a plentiful corn crop. Herein lies the danger in getting your feet wet.

If legal compulsion would make men good, there would be no more work for editors or clergymen.

Mistress: Have you washed the fish? Biddy: Shure, mum, what's the use? Isn't it right out of the wather, mum?

"I didn't know it was loaded," said the tramp, half apologetically, as he relinquished his effort to move a heavy cart.

Woman never loses her temper; use only adds an edge to it, and if she has one to begin with, it lasts as long as she does.

Eggs have declined to 8 cents per dozen at Springfield. They are so cheap now that it is hardly safe for an amateur dramatic troupe to visit that town.

Woman has been defined as "an essay on goodness and grace in one volume, elegantly bound." But she doesn't like to be put on the shelf, all the same.

Hostess: "I hope you are enjoying your dinner, Mr. Fowler." Guest: "Yes, indeed. This country air has given me such an appetite that I can eat most anything."

A little Burlington, Vt., girl was recently asked to name the most important production of Vermont. "Unknown men who emigrate to other States and become famous," was the reply.

Nurse (to Flossie in bed)—"Now, Flossie, you must go to sleep." Flossie—"But I ain't sleepy." Nurse—"Well, if you're not asleep in five minutes, Flossie, I shall certainly give you to an elevated brakeman."

"Of course, no young lady should go out at night without a chaperone," said a Harlem belle to her Chicago visitor. "That's so," replied the Wabash avenue damsel, "but every girl hasn't got a chap of her own, you know."

Mr. Nicefellow—"Do you play or sing, Miss De Sweet?" Miss De Sweet—"No, Mr. Nicefellow; I have been kept so busy helping mother that I have never had time for music." "Miss De Sweet! Mabel! I love you. Be mine!"

Chicago Resident (to his minister.): Don't you know, sir, that you cannot resurrect the Sabbath of Moses and Aaron? Chicago Preacher: My dear sir, I am not trying to. I merely desire to transplant the Sabbath of Philadelphia and New York to Chicago.

One of the Caroline Islands is owned by an American sailor named Benjamin, who has sixteen wives, about fifty children and has nothing to do but smoke his pipe and boss the ranch. He publishes a letter in a California paper advising other sailors to do likewise.

MILITIA NOTES.

Colonel Dugas has formally taken over the command of the 65th Battalion, Mount Royal Rifles.

The question of less expensive uniforms for volunteer officers is occupying a good deal of attention in England just now. The question is one which might well be taken up here. Our militia uniforms are too showy and unserviceable. Might not some one "invent" a more suitable one for our climate?

Lieut.-Col. Bacon of the Militia Department and Capt. Hood of the 5th Royal Scots (Montreal) have been appointed respectively commander and adjutant for the Wimbledon team for 1889. These two appointments will meet with every rifleman's hearty approval; two better men could not have been found for these positions.

As is suggested by the *Militia Gazette*, the Government might well consider the question of removing B Royal School of Infantry to Montreal from St. John's, P.Q., its present location. Compared with the schools in the other provinces, B School is not doing the work it ought to. In 1888 it qualified only 16 officers and 24 men out of an infantry strength of 10,106 men in its constituency; while at Fredericton A School granted certificates to 29 officers and 20 men out of a total strength of 4,966; C School in Toronto qualified 43 officers and 44 men, and D School in London 25 officers and 21 men, out of a total strength of 15,059. In other words, from every 100 infantry men in its constituency A School qualified 1; C and D Schools, 1 in every 113, and B School 1 in every 255. Surely there must be some reason for this poor showing, and may it not be found in the fact that a three months' course at St. John's means practically a three months' burial in the barrack square. Besides this, the value of the presence of a well-drilled and disciplined corps in Montreal, where 25 per cent. of the total infantry strength of the Province of Quebec are to be found, cannot be over-estimated and could not fail to greatly raise the general standard of efficiency of its militia corps.