

appearance at the opening of the proceedings. As luck would have it they both got on the same train. Worse than that, they were both on the same car and their parlor chairs were within easy view of each other. They felt a little queer. They hadn't seen each other for nearly a year. Anyhow, it was merely incompatibility and they hadn't any personal objections to each other. So when their eyes met she bowed gravely and he returned the bow. Then she tried to open the window. The man behind her seemed about to offer assistance. Her husband felt that it would be better form if he himself should help her than for a stranger to do so. So he gravely opened the window for her. Then he went out and got her some luncheon. While he was away she became very thoughtful. She was not angry—he was behaving himself like a gentleman—but it was awkward. When he returned there was the least bit of a puzzled frown between her brows. Now the window transaction had rankled in the mind of the gentlemen behind her all this time and he thought the proper moment to get even had arrived. He leaned forward and said: "Madam, if the attentions of this person are annoying you I shall be pleased to relieve you of them." Then the husband said in a terrible voice: "Sir, this is my wife!" She clung to him and had hysterics. He called her "darling". When they arrived at court they stopped divorce proceedings—and the lawyers were mad.

If men and women understood one another better before marriage there would be less need of a divorce court. In this connection, the following few verses may not be altogether irrelevant:

I have thought of getting married
When I've seen thee, Mary Jane,
With thy dainty silks and satins,
With thy petticoat and train;
But a whisper came across me,
Like a sigh with omen rife,
"Ah, 'tis very well to marry,
But, sh, canst thou keep a wife?"

If the last new bonnet suits thee,
Canst thou wear it still the same,
Though a newer pattern tempt thee,
Lately handed down to fame?
Will a dress or two content thee
When stern fashion orders more,
And a solitary headdress do
Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving
To expect so strange a thing,
And they laugh to scorn my musings
And the hopes to which I cling.
So I fear I must resign thee,
And a bachelor remain,
Yet I never can forget thee,
Oh, too costly Mary Jane!

I was sitting in the atelier of an artist, the other day, and one of these beruffled figures with enormous sleeves sailed in. She remained a short time looking at pictures and sketches through a gold rimmed lorgnette. The rustle of her silken petticoats was scarcely lost to my ears when the artist desecrated the faint odor that remained behind her by remarking with a shrug of his shoulders, "What a badly dressed woman." I said nothing, out of amazement, and the artist proceeded to run down womankind. He declared that they never make good gown makers,

and they seldom dress well. And why? Said he, "ask a woman what another dress was like which she saw for a moment and she will always tell you some detail of it, never noticing the general effect. That is the difference between the man and the woman. Now a man gets one idea which is the whole. He doesn't care whether there were one burbelow or two. He wants to see a harmonious outline. He doesn't care that the color be in style, he wants it to blend with the hair, eyes and complexion of the wearer." And I assented, but I urged that one must be in the style. "Style, faugh! exclaimed the artist, "what, pray, is style?" I didn't know exactly and so remained silent. "Now that is all wrong, style is weakness, mimicry, lack of ideas. Don't be stylish whatever you are. Be unique, artistic. Train your eye to perceive harmony and effective contrasts. Search history for designs, and invent new ones. If you live for the sake of beauty, be worthy of your calling. They say women are vain, I should think their vanity would have taught them long ago to snub style, and study effect." Well, I hadn't a word to say. I leaned back in a low chair and gazed dreamily at the ideal woman on the easel, and contrasted her beauty with that of Madame Vogue, whose perfume yet haunted the studio.

I am beginning to believe that the woman who works has no right to want to be lovely. She can't conscientiously. She may buy one of those sweet, rustling silken petticoats, a natty pair of boots, a tailor gown. She goes to the office looking as charming as any woman of leisure. And then the fatal blunder she has made will be borne upon her. At 4 o'clock it begins to rain. Duty calls her out to the suburbs. She has no time to think about goloshes, and mackintosh. These articles are safe at home in her wardrobe. Out she must go, and when the car deposits her in a pool of water she realizes with a groan of despair that her new boots are ruined. In the struggling to raise the umbrella and get safely out of the mud, she loses her grip on her uplifted skirts, and that beautiful silken petticoat! After this she sets her lips in despair. It can't get any worse, she thinks, and she makes her call on the woman who chooses to live out on the edge of nowhere, and is politely and firmly informed by the servant that madame is not at home. The next morning she finds that matters could be worse and are. Her elegant cloth gown shrunken about two inches. Do you think such a woman could be blamed for eschewing all ornament in dress and getting herself up with severe attention to practical purposes? She has learned, or ought to have, that she must wear a heavy, plain boot, that silken garments are not for her, and that cloth should be shrunken before it is made up. Her hats cannot be trimmed with feathers, and her hair can not be elaborately dressed. And when she has learned her lesson thoroughly she may be able to evolve a certain beauty out of the severity of style which is imposed upon her by cruel fate.

After all, as Aunt Mable says, what

is the pleasure of dress when it is taken apart from one's self? Consider another being knowing no enjoyment but that. It seems horrible, doesn't it. A person must be dainty, there must be no slovenliness, no lost buttons or hanging ends of braid. The hair must be carefully dressed, the hands well kept, and beyond this we require nothing, personally. We demand that the mind be well furnished, the soul kept clean; this is the important business. Have you never seen a plain woman with an intelligent eye put to route a grandly gotten up dame of fashion? I am not crying down fine clothing; every one loves to see it, and where there can be a conjunction of goodness, intellect and beauty, we should admire it and thank the Creator for occasionally giving the world a perfect being.

And it came to pass that, when the days had been well nigh accomplished of those who had been chosen by the tens and the hundreds and the thousands of the people to discuss and consider the concerns of the divisions and the districts, that Theodore, the head of the councillors, arose in his place and said:

"Know ye, men of Vancouver—Quadra land, that it had been in our heart to submit to your consideration divers measures for the public weal—to wit, an ordinance to define and declare how ye shall have yourselves and your sons and your daughters the better represented in matters pertaining to the discussion and adoption of the laws and withal and above all to the division and expenditure among you of the levies that are and shall hereafter be made upon you.

"It had been in our heart and in our conscience, in the sight of heaven and men, to have dealt by you honestly and justly to the end, that no longer should there be complaining in your streets that the voice one score or one hundred—white men, Indians and Chinamen—should have been of equal avail with that of one thousand of the purest blooded Caucasians.

"All this it had been in our heart to set in order before you so that ye might have so resolved as to have put an end to the grievances, the complaints against which have been so loud and long.

"In our heart, I say this has been our most sincere desire, albeit the dangers of an authority to which in many affairs we have to bow in submission, had withstood and hindered us in our way.

"Lo! these three years past, there was a numbering of the people which has not yet been set in its order, and until that shall have been accomplished, it is mere folly and child's play to strive to deal with and dispose of so grave a matter whose urgency is of the least pressing character of all those manifold matters that had been set to be disposed of."

PERE GRINATOR.

A LITTLE MONEY.

It requires very little money to buy a stylish hat, a neat blouse or a new summer dress at Russell & McDonald's, 134 Douglas street.

THE HOME JOURNAL, \$1 per year.