

WOMEN.

SOME GIRLS OF TO DAY.

A Nova Scotian girl is a very fair ideal of womanhood, at least we in this country lay the flattering unction to our souls that this is so. This means the embodiment of generosity; a something that is more straight forward than a French woman, more honest than an Italian, as blunt as an Englishman, as brave but more refined than an American, as home-loving as a German, without the superabundance of flesh. She is a girl who can be trusted alone, because of her natural purity, and not because she is so much more clever than those of her sex that come from other lands. However much we may laugh at her in every day life, because of some little eccentricity of dress or manner, still she is the one who when married will be her husband's friend, one who will combine the two interests, and make his home a true home, a resting place, and when the time arrives will make a kind and tender mother. Now this is alas, as they used to be! Let us just see what they are now. They now are not content with being as God made them; what with bustles, false hair, and padding for chests that are not quite full enough, and stays that require the strength of two men and a boy to lace tight enough, they certainly are "not what fancy painted them," and if they are "a thing of beauty" they most assuredly are not "a joy for ever." As to dress, the woman of to-day, virtuous, good women too, are not above taking their fashions from those made popular by Parisian Anonymus. Certainly there are women who can wear these striking, and sometimes perhaps *outré* costumes with impunity, but how few! A great proportion would be taken to belong to that class, which first made the fashion. Most certainly there are some women who can wear the most *décolleté* of ball dresses, and it would hardly be noticed, whilst others with far more clothing, might have it on in such a suggestive way, as to draw attention. Dresses were cut just as low in our great grandmother's days, and there was not half the fuss made then as now. Is the reason for this that we are morally better now, or is it that women by their actions in the present day draw more attention to those charms which they expose?

It seems to me that girls of the present day, strive to find out the most extraordinary and exaggerated of all and everything. If her neighbour take to a short dress, she takes to one half way up to her knee. Hats! There, this fairly stumps me. Should her bosom friend appear with a larger sized hat than usual, she will at once put something on her head which would compare favorably with a cottage flower garden—on the other hand, should "darling Louise," decorate her head piece with a "duck of a bonnet" sweet Marie will entwine two sprays of May flower with a modicum of wire, and place it coquettishly where a hat or bonnet should be worn. There is no doubt but that the girl who copies the queens of the *demi-monde* in dress, does to a certain extent copy them in manners. She sees or hears of them as having all that money can procure, forgetting the price paid for these pleasures. It cannot be said of the girl of to-day, that she is either retiring or domestic. She lays herself out to attract, and by making a good match, thinks she has done her duty both to her parents and herself. In the olden days we hear a great deal about love matching;—not many of those now, I fancy! marriage has descended—or ascended as you will—to a very prosaic business-like transaction. Having married, is one thought given now-a-days by the young bride to the consequences that may accrue, and the duties she ought to undertake? I trow not!

The newly married man may at once make up his mind that he has bound himself to someone who has married his horses, carriages, &c., &c. It often happens that this young lady is rather difficult to get off; between two stools she often comes to the ground, and each time she does so it makes it harder to start afresh. It is very much like an angler who has pricked one or two fish in a

pool, and frightened all the others that may be there. She may find it easy to sit out dances in a Conservatory, but that is not to say her partner is willing there and then to "pop the question." The girls of to-day seem to have an idea that, by a certain amount of "fastness" and the indulging in *risqué* repartee, they make themselves more attractive. They may do so but it is only for the time being, and young men under this influence of flashing orbs, heated rooms and a certain amount of champagne are apt to judge very differently, than when next day they have neither of these delicacies to influence them. It must be owned that men have a very great deal to do with the present state of affairs. Were they to pay less attention to those girls who at public assemblies lay themselves out to entrap them by meretricious aids, but pay more to some of those so-called wall flowers, who may perhaps be more homely, but who possess a heart and the instincts of a lady, things might be different. I know it is dangerous to write like this of women, and it may condemn me, as much as I condemn, for nothing should be held in higher esteem than our women folk, but if these by their foolish or worse conduct, have placed themselves in a position, which robs them of that respect which is their due, they cannot expect less than that condemnation which they deserve.

If girls would only carry their thoughts back a few years to the time when Flossy by her too dashing conduct frightened away that good match and noble warrior, Freddie of the 909th, how Carlotta being piqued by the presumed negligence of Eddie, made eyes at Charlie at the Government House ball, thereby giving the aforesaid a chance of scratching the engagements. I say if girls would only think of these little *contretemps*, I fancy they would act more discreetly. As I have said, the days of love in a cottage are as dead as the dodo, and the girl of to-day's idea simply makes a legal barter of herself. Still another reason for this state of affairs as regards our girls, viz: the books they are allowed to read. The fact of translations of French novels, and books written in our own language just as obscene, allowed to be openly read, is sufficient to corrupt the mind of even the most virtuous. When will these errors be rectified, and when shall we come back to our ideal woman, most modest and most womanly of all women on earth. Unique.

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