

sibly can! One does not even take up the whole of it! Oh, there is no doubt the vocation of this dear old gown is to be an ottoman!"

"Why, you would not use the half of it! Try curtains," said Bessie.

But the ingenious ottoman-projector was not to be foiled.

"An ottoman is such an easy thing to have made," she said. "Any one can make some kind of other. Your own carpenter would have it ready in a day. Make two, if there is enough material. We have ours always made to open, and they are delightful; perfect abysses of rubbish!"

The abysses of rubbish carried the day, and the garment was doomed.

"It would be so nice, really, to use it," said Carry, "that I don't think even Mr. Oldham would object."

(He did, but then was neither the time nor place to do so.)

Accordingly, seeing the discussion was at end, and as it was unlikely that the sentence would be carried into immediate execution, I bided my time for expostulation, and was just turning away when there was a flutter and stir in the midst of the small assembly. A cane was tapping at the low window, and there, behold! a black head and Turkish fez.

"Captain Thorne! It's Captain Thorne!" tittered the girls.

"Oh, hide me, dears!" cried the hostess.

"Run up-stairs! Quick!" exclaimed one, moving towards the window with very evident intentions of opening it.

"Pray don't, yet—pray don't," besought Carry.

"He'll think it odd, won't he, if we take no notice," replied the other. "He wants us to come out, I am sure. See, he is climbing up now. Slip out by the side door, and we will stand between you and the window."

Carry bounded towards the recess, discovered me, and stood still, confounded.

"Dear Mr. Oldham, you have been here all this time listening to—to our silly talk!"

"Even so, my dear, and it has entertained me much. We will discuss it another time; but come, I must now assist your escape. Get away as fast as you can, for I observe the Captain's head and shoulders are already half-way through the window."

Away she flew, too much flustered to attempt another word; and I speedily followed, for the knickerbockers and heather-mixture stockings of Captain Thorne were now following their owner's upper story into the room; "and," thought I, "when one silly young man is the centre of attraction to a dozen silly young women the case is worse than any I know, unless for 'young' you read 'old.'"

All this happened on a bright summer day, and we were in the glorious Highlands, surrounded by blue waters, blue mountains, blue skies. I felt drawn to a solitary ramble. Resisting, therefore, every entreaty to join the riding and boating parties, I vanished from among them, but little regretted, no doubt.

It was six o'clock when, on my return, I sank down into the depths of a soft arm-chair, beside an open window which fronted the golden western sunshine, and proceeded to enjoy a delightful hour of rest and Elia's Essays. Taking freight, however, after some length of time, that I should for the one-and-twentieth time be late for dinner, I resolved neither again to look at my watch nor begin another tempting chapter, but commence at once the tedious task of dressing.

It was not until this was complete, until the well-worn luxuriously easy garments were one and all donned, that I ventured to pause, and found, with satisfaction, that for once in my life I might have the credit of descending to the drawing-room in really good time. To the drawing-room, therefore, I went, and behold! it was empty. I was the first. I fancied I could even detect, as I waited a moment in the hall, a subdued shuffle of feet across the passage, as of some of the excursionists returning, anxious to slip to their chambers unobserved. I had paused in the hall to enjoy the first brilliancy of the sunset, and the next comer did the same, as she speedily made me aware.

(To be continued.)

## LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The bonds of country and of class have from the very nature of the case scarcely existed for Lord Beaconsfield. The non-personal elements which bind most men by a thousand ties to the community of which they are members, and to the lesser communities, local or of organized sentiment and opinion, into which every nation is divided, have been for him as if they were not. The circumstances of his birth, the legislation and social temper of the country to which his ancestry transferred themselves a century and a quarter since, the inherited qualities of a race whose habits of mind and character have been formed by nearly two thousand years of persecution and social slight, have hindered Lord Beaconsfield from cultivating that subordination of mere personal greed, whether of fame, or wealth, or power, to the well-being of a sect, a party, a class, a nation, without which a genuine community is impossible. In this moral banishment the social and even human element in man is suppressed, or grows up but feebly from its root in what is individual, self-seeking and animal. The one apparent exception in Lord Beaconsfield's case is, when properly viewed, simply an illustration of the general rule. He has been true to the Jewish people who are

really his country and church. He has quitted them in semblance, but in so doing he has helped them, to plead for them the more effectually. For the rest a certain fidelity, as of a Swiss mercenary to the chief or party in whose service he has enlisted, belongs to him conspicuously.

It is scarcely Lord Beaconsfield's fault, all things considered, that his career has not been in its main features that of an English statesman, but rather that of a foreign political adventurer. An unfair standard is applied to it when it is judged by the tests by which we try politicians of English blood and training. The Philippe Daims, the Alberonis, the Ripperidas of countries and times different and remote from our own, are the politicians with whom at least during a great part of his public life he may most naturally and fairly be compared. Among political adventurers, admitting the lawfulness of the calling, he holds an intellectually conspicuous, and even by comparison a morally respectable place. The hatred of the Whig oligarchy which runs through the "Letters of Rannynede," and which has inspired many a gibe and scoff from Lord Beaconsfield's lips and pen during half a century, is probably as genuine a sentiment as either he or any one else has ever entertained. It springs from the same root as his admiration of Bolingbroke. A personal rule, the monarchy of a patriot king holding himself above the strife of party, and therefore beyond its control, gives the adventurer and the favorite opportunities which it is not easy to find under any other system. It opens doors which an oligarchy, Venetian or Whig, tries to keep closed. Lord Beaconsfield has not only defended Bolingbroke's doctrines in his "Letters to a Noble and Learned Lord in Vindication of the English Constitution," and elsewhere, but he has striven in later years to give effect to them. He has done so, it is true, by the instrumentality of that very system of government by party, which in his more candid moments he decries, and of that aristocratic class for which he every now and then intimates a sort of good-natured contempt. Circumstances made Lord Beaconsfield a political soldier of fortune. In the reign of Queen Anne he would probably have been the pamphleteer of a faction. Under George III. he would have been the dependant and Parliamentary spokesman of a great noble, as Barre was of Lord Shelburne, whom Lord Beaconsfield admires only less than he admires Bolingbroke, and in part for the same reasons. Under the reign of Queen Victoria he has passed through both these embryo stages, as is the law with fully developed animals. He has been the pamphleteer of a party, and the Parliamentary spokesman of aristocratic chiefs. He was the Barre of Lord George Bentinck and of Lord Derby. But he has brought the art of political adventure to a higher point than it has reached in England since the full development of Parliamentary institutions. Probably two things were needed for this perfect and final success. The formation, under the personal and hereditary influences which we have endeavored to trace, of a typical adventurer was one of these conditions. The reign of a female sovereign was the other. It was Queen Anne who made Bolingbroke possible. Queen Victoria has been as essential to Lord Beaconsfield. The faint parody of Bolingbroke's career and doctrine which Lord Beaconsfield has been able to exhibit has required a state of things resembling, though but distantly, that which prevailed under the latest preceding queen regnant.

## GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners bear something of the same relation to character that the flower does to the plant; though not necessary to its existence, it is needful to its full development and beauty; and though not itself of tough and enduring texture, it yet gives evidence of the strength of root and vigour of stem which gave it birth. It is a popular notion that manners are something only on the surface, something that, like dress, can be put on or taken off at pleasure, without affecting what is underneath. But this is not so. They are not a garment, wholly distinct from the nature, covering and perhaps hiding it, but are rather themselves its own surface, like the delicate skin which by its bloom speaks of youth and health and happiness, or by its pallor and wrinkles, tells of sickness, sorrow or age.

Thus, the finest manners, those which all instinctively admire and respect, are the natural offspring of dignity, self-possession, gentleness, benevolence, sympathy and tenderness. They presuppose a certain force of character and firmness of purpose, which invest the owner with composure and self-respect, and suffer him not to be driven about by circumstances, flurried and disturbed by trifles, or abashed by the presence of others. On the other hand, they also betoken a gentle spirit, a kindly heart and a broad sympathy. No one can simulate the manners which naturally spring from the characteristics any more than they can bring fresh and living flowers from a decaying plant, or place the ruddy bloom of young and healthful life upon a frame racked by disease or enfeebled by the weight of years. No set of artificial rules, however elaborate, no code of social etiquette, however strict, can ever produce that true courtesy which, at once dignified and affable, is the natural and unstudied expression of a character that is both self-respecting and sympathetic.

Can we not, then, mend our manners if they are faulty? Cannot politeness be learned as an art? May not gentle and courteous demeanour be acquired? Or must we be content to let the nature, whatever it be, express itself as it lists,

and so let rudeness flourish unchecked, because it is the native language of a hard heart or a coarse mind? Certainly duplicity can no more succeed in manners than in anything else, and the man or woman who strives to hide a selfish soul under a bland and specious exterior will soon find the task an impossible one. Yet culture can do much in this regard without sacrificing truth. There are germs of sympathy and good-will in every breast which need cherishing and developing into sturdy plants, and a chief means of doing this is to regulate the conduct in unison with them. Thus when we perform the kindnesses and amenities of life, and even the lesser acts of civility and politeness, we insensibly quicken our own good feeling and nourish the benevolent impulses within us, while they, in turn, by their activity, react again to produce acts of gentleness and love. Habit is rightly called second nature, and those who habituate themselves to treat their fellow-men with civility and kindness, to show deference to age and wisdom, to practice continually small self-sacrifices for the benefit of others, will soon find their own hearts becoming softer and their spirits sweeter under the influence. In all this there is nothing deceitful, nothing artificial; it is only the true culture which must be applied to every faculty to enable it to grow to its full proportions.

No better test can be applied to manners to distinguish the good from the bad than their effects in helping or hindering fellowship. Good manners always facilitate social intercourse, set people at ease, induce them to forget what is awkward or disagreeable, and draw them nearer to each other in thought and feeling. This is effected by no studied rules or diplomatic art, but only by a keen perception of what is agreeable and a ready effort to promote it, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience. Even this acute perception, though sometimes a natural gift, may be cultivated and increased. By extending our sympathies and observing closely the preferences of those with whom we mingle, we may sharpen our powers of insight, and learn how to give pleasure easily and gracefully. If to this perceptive faculty we add a liberal share of what is commonly known as good nature—that is, a hearty, cheerful and generous desire for others' happiness, and a corresponding effort to promote it, we shall need no formal rules of etiquette to teach us how to be kind, courteous and polite. Good sense, good character and good-will naturally express themselves in good manners, and he who would possess the flower in its delicacy and sweetness must cultivate the root in all its strength and energy.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

You can tell by the way a lady brushes off her husband's coat collar whether she loves him or not.

NOAH WEBSTER defines a bonnet as "a covering for the head of a female." Oh, Noah!

WOMEN have carried off eight of the ten prizes in political economy offered recently by the Cobden Club of London.

THE New Orleans *Picayune* insinuates that Lot's wife looked back because there was a woman behind her with a new bonnet on.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL boy, upon being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied, "Because of the famine in the land."

SCENE in a railway carriage—Fond wife: "Let me see your paper a moment, dear." Husband: "Yes, as soon as we get to the tunnel."

YOUNG precious: "I shall never marry, ma, dear." Mamma: "Marry, dear! what do you mean?" Young precious: "You know, I couldn't stand your being a mother-in-law."

WHEN the Princess Helen was born it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a young sister. "O, that is delightful!" cried the innocent royalist: "do let me go and tell mamma."

Mrs. Congressman Blackburn has the smallest and prettiest feet in Washington for her size. Mrs. Catawazy and Mrs. Belknap were famous for the possession of pretty feet, but Mrs. Blackburn, a larger woman than either, wears number one shoes.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY, author of the powerful novel "Frankenstein," and other works, and daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft, was a woman of great beauty. She had golden hair, exquisite white skin, and beautifully modeled small hands. She usually wore a black velvet dress.

THIS is the way one of the ladies who belong to the *Atlantic Monthly's* Contributors' Club remembers things: "Gen. Forest was buried the day my new hat came home. Hayes was inaugurated the spring I made over my old silk. Dickens died when Jennie was a baby. Lincoln was killed when Mary was creeping. The civil war broke out when Sallie was cutting her teeth. The King of Spain was born the year I was married."

JONES was always complaining of his wife's memory. "She never can remember anything," said poor Jones: "it's awful!" "My wife was just as bad," said Brown, "till I found a capital recipe." "What is it?" asked Jones, eagerly. "Why," said Brown, "whenever there's anything particular I want the missus to remember I write it down on a slip of paper and gum it on the looking-glass. See?" Jones is now a contented man.

## FASHION NOTES.

GRAY is the colour of the season.

VERY wide belts are coming in vogue.

SPANISH lace scarfs are again worn around the neck.

THE favourite buttons for wash goods are of porcelain.

DOTTED muslins will be very fashionable this summer.

SOLID silver ornaments are taking the place of silver flangree.

SMALL gilt buttons are used for the waist-coats of dressy black suits.

BELTED habit basques will be much worn this summer for wash-goods dresses.

STEEL springs are used in the place of whale-bones in the latest imported dresses.

THE new Spanish lace scarfs for the neck are either black, white or beige coloured.

JABOTS of lace appear down the front of many handsome Nainsook morning wrappers.

THE latest novelty in belts are of wide broadened belting ribbon, fastened with large mother-of-pearl buckles.

WIDE broadened belts, of many colours, with broadened ribbons to correspond, are worn on many white muslin toilets.

BUTTONS of horn, jet and rubber are cheaper, more durable, and more fashionable than those of velvet or crochet.

THE new brocette damasses of this season are changeable, and frequently show two or three different colours in the effects produced in the wearing.

THE raw silk tapestries which are shown in A. T. Stewart's upholstery department are as cheap as wool tapestries, and have the advantage of not attracting moths.

WHITE muslin dresses for afternoon wear are made with long princess polumaises, with embroideries down every seam, and trimmed with satin-faced moire ribbons in several tones of colour.

BEADED clasps are among the newest and prettiest ornaments for jackets. These clasps are used instead of bows upon sleeves, and to fasten the drapery upon princess skirts.

CRAPE batiste is one of the novelties for summer dresses. It is a thin fabric, woven in crape effects. It comes in all delicate shades of pure, bright colour for evening wear.

THE prettiest white morning wrappers are made with a deep square yoke entirely of open needle-work, wide embroideries down the front, a Watteau pleat in the back, and the sleeves and deep Spanish flounce also embroidered.

RIBBONS are in many varieties. The reversible, satin on one side and moire antique on the other, and satin on both sides in two delicate contrasting colours, are hand-some. Some of the new watered ribbons have satin backs.

BROCADED grenadines of two colours or of two shades are among the richest dresses shown for summer. They are made over silk, with usually a basque and an elaborately trimmed train skirt. Satin is very often associated with them as trimmings; also the new satin ribbons barred with velvet.

## HUMOROUS.

RED blossoms indicate an early fall.

A POPULAR sovereign—one pound sterling.

THE man who made a point—the proof-reader.

IT is business that is unhealthy when there is a "fever of speculation."

NEVER put off till to-morrow what can be done just as well the day after.

THE phonograph is like the small brother of a young lady. It will repeat everything said in its presence without regard to blushes.

IS all the parks is the frequent warning "Keep off the grass." And people have done so pretty thoroughly in some places, having walked there so much that they keep it off completely.

NINE out of every ten men who carry pistols are afraid to use them, and would jump and turn pale and look as if they had swallowed a chew of tobacco if they happened to hear a parious match go off in the dark.

IS what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes? Why, bars to be sure. They are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jail windows to keep them in.

A YOUNG lady said a pretty good thing the other evening. She has many admirers among the limbs of the law, and on being asked how she escaped heart-whole, said she supposed that it was owing to the fact that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety.

THE gentleman who attracted attention in church last week by crying out, "Holy Moses," had no intention of disturbing the congregation. He had been "kicking down carpets on the day before, and just as he sat down in his pew he suddenly remembered that he had had a paper of socks in his coat skirt pocket. We make this explanation in justice to his family who are highly respectable.

PERHAPS the meanest thing, speaking artistically, is the way they run the gum department at Vassar College. Gum, for reasons best known to the faculty, is left off the catalogue; and so the girls have to chew it all over the twenty-four hours. In the history class, for instance, just as the girls get all the gum soft on the molars, along comes the question, "What year was America discovered?" And then comes the distressing answer from the whole class, "Ajum, wajum, oigh, oeh, oeh, wah." This is gum for 1492.

If we had no pride we should not complain of that of others. Send for samples and card for self-measurement, and get six of **Treble's Perfect Shirts** for \$12. TREBLE'S, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

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