



THE GENTLE ART OF BEAUTY.

THE FORM.



THE form, the 'human form divine,' as it has been termed by those poetically inclined, is a subject which is open to lengthy discussion, and were it not for the limited space at my disposal, I might be tempted to add more than my mite, and to use much paper and ink over the matter.

Certainly the human form, although in this it is probably neither better nor worse than anything else, offers itself as the object, and a very worthy object too, *bien entendu* for opinions innumerable, indeed so many, so varied are they as to be absolutely confusing at times. For some, the stately proportions generally attributed to Juno are the perfection of feminine beauty. Others see a wondrous charm in the daintily-rounded minute form, which might, nay does, belong to a veritable sylph inhuman guise; some declare—from an anatomical and, perhaps I should add, medical point of view, they are undoubtedly correct—that the celebrated statue of Venus, despite the fact that her—or rather its—waist measures considerably more inches than we—speaking for the majority of our sex—would care boldly to own to, at all events in our *premiere jeunesse*, is the ideal of all that is beautiful in woman. Some say the shoulders should be sloping, others set square, almost like those of a man, and at least many of the tailor-made gowns of the day are padded, to give this effect. Some like a length of limb, particularly of arm and leg, the latter from thigh to knee, which contrasts strongly with the short, shapely appendages appreciated by others, while again, some much prefer a complete development of muscle, even until the limbs more resemble those of a miniature Hercules, than of a female, instead of the soft rounded arms and legs (I suppose as this column is intended only for the perusal of the fair sex, I may make free use of the latter word), dimpled at shoulder and wrist, knee and ankle, which always appeal so very strongly to me, and are in my opinion, at least, the perfection of all that is womanly. But naturally tastes differ, and well for us that it is so, as it would never do for one and all to think alike. In decriing a muscular appearance, my readers must not for one moment imagine that it is unnecessary to the human frame to possess muscle. A certain amount is absolutely essential, but however powerful that amount may be, it should be so well covered with flesh as to render the fact of its being there unsuspected by the uninitiated. The development of the muscle means naturally the improvement of the flesh, which should be firm, almost solid, rather than presenting the flabby—if I may be allowed the term—appearance it so often presents, particularly in women who are, or profess to be, delicate, and in consequence of such claim the privileges (save the mark) of an invalid.

The wise woman, with an eye to more than the pretty face, which is all that a good many folks think is imperative, will go through a regular morning performance as carefully and steadily as a soldier at drill, indeed looking upon it as a species of drilling.

Immediately on rising, she will always, providing it agrees with her constitution, or is not forbidden by medical authority, take a cold or at least a tepid bath, but in cases where this is prohibited, it is as well to know of a substitute which is almost if not equally as effective—for a delicate constitution at all events. Stand on a folded bath towel which must be quite dry, then wring a large sponge out of cold or tepid water, the former if possible, and pass it very quickly all over the body several times in succession (never mind the drippings, the towels will catch them) and dry on a large rough towel, rubbing each part thoroughly until quite warm. After this dress partly, as far as at least as petticoats, stockings and shoes, but no corsets, and then have ten minutes or a quarter of an hour's callisthenic exercise, using dumb-bells, by all means, if you have them. Let most, if not all the movements have a backward swing, as this serves to keep the shoulders well set back and expands the chest; and here I cannot do better than give a few useful exercises in the words of an authority who has written a very clever article on the question of 'Physical Training' in addition to other things:

(1) Bring forward the two arms, raise the forearms, and place the fingers of each hand lightly on the forearms of each

shoulder. Then, with a quick movement, without removing the fingers from the shoulders, jerk the arms outwards, then back again, and repeat.

(2) Bring down the arms in front, gracefully rounded, the fingers of each hand touching the others at the tips; raise them gradually over the head, where let the hands go apart, and bring them down behind with the arms turned as far as possible outside.

Another is: Stand quite erect; extend the arms above the head, interlace the thumbs, and keep the forefingers in touch. Then, keeping the knees quite rigid, bend the trunk gradually, until without unlocking the thumbs, the fingers touch the toes. This is a very good exercise, seldom successful without a little practice.—VENUS, in the *Gentlewoman*.

A WHALE HUNT.



AVE you ever seen a whale-hunt, dear Bee? If not you would do well to visit Queen Charlotte Sound during the whaling season. At the entrance to Tory Channel there stands out like a promontory a flat-topped hill called the 'Look-out.' On this a watch is kept from daylight till dark. The men amuse themselves by straits, with one eye on the *out* rises towards the will give a squint-eyed appearance to the watchmen, but nothing of the sort: their eyes are always looking the right way. When a whale comes in sight—that always exciting moment—the marbles are scattered, up goes the signal, and down rush the men to the boats, which are always ready in

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QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND.

a sheltered nook at the foot of the 'Look-out.' On the opposite side of the channel, at Te Awaite, the process is reversed. All the women and children at the station run up the hills to see the fun as fast as the difficulties in the way and a limited amount of breath will allow them, till they reach a convenient spot for observation, and then the excitement begins. You see the boats tossing up and down, the big waves rolling into Tory Channel, and you feel quite carried away with the excitement around you, and wonder how it is possible for those small boats to live in such a sea. But the people around you have no such fear. They know the boats are manned by brave, hardy fellows; they know the exact position of each boat, and give you a wonderful amount of information. Although the men appear to be pulling quietly along, they know that every nerve of each man is strained to its utmost tension; and though they cheer them on to victory, they do so simply because they cannot help themselves in their excitement, and not because it will increase their efforts.

Away in the distance we see a small black speck, from whence issues, at certain intervals, a jet of spray, which resembles a geyser. 'There she 'pouts!' yells a brown faced, bare footed youngster, and the cry is taken up all around. Then the black spot disappears and again reappears, and up goes the geyser-like spray again, whilst away over on the Wallington side a light haze is beginning to cover the hills, and to creep slowly but surely towards the black object, which appears to be now baking in the sun. Imagine the excitement on the hills above Te Awaite. The haze turns to mist, and the mist threatens fog, creeping slowly, but surely, up to that precious black spot, which is sometimes there and sometimes gone, you know not where, till you see the living geyser shoot up again, and hear the childish voices yelling out, 'There she 'pouts!' Every change seems to be bringing the black spot nearer, and we see that the boats are getting very close, when down comes the fog like a pall and swallows everything up. But the Te Awaiteans do not give up; they wait and watch till their patience is rewarded. The sun breaks out in all its splendour, and the fog is dispersed, but better than all, there are the boats close at hand, but they in turn are mere specks in contrast with the huge monster they are towing behind them. Just to see the way we all run down the hill would do you good. If laughter is better than medicine, we shall not have any doctors' bills to pay for some time to come, for we ran and

fell, got up and ran again through tangles of fern, manuka, and lawyers till we all stood on the beach ready to watch the process of beaching the monster. Then the women remembered their forgotten duties, and there was a general scamper to the different houses, for everybody discovered they were hungry now, and had had nothing to eat all day.

JEAN.

WHY HE BLUSHED.

THE poet Whittier who even in his old age is as bashful as a girl, was once embraced and kissed by a man in a crowded parlour. The incident is told by the Rev. Carlos Mortyn, in his *Life of Wendell Phillips*. Dom Pedro of Brazil, on his visit to Boston in 1876, expressed a wish to meet Mr Whittier, with whom he had corresponded for many years concerning poetry and slavery. A notable Bostonian gave a reception to the Emperor, at which the poet promised to be present.

The Emperor was conversing with Wendell Phillips when the venerable poet entered, but he immediately rose, threw his arms about the blushing Quaker, and kissed him on both cheeks. Then seating him on a sofa he placed himself at the poet's side, and chatted with him for half an hour.

When the conversation became general, the Emperor told of his driving over to Charlestown to see Bunker Hill Monument. It was six o'clock in the morning, and the keeper was in bed. When aroused, he refused to let the Emperor in, until he paid the entrance fee, half a dollar.

Dom Pedro, having left his purse at home, was obliged to borrow the coin from the hackman. The company laughed, and Mr Phillips said:

'The story does not end with the payment of the entrance fee. I will tell your Majesty the rest of it. Two hours later, a well-known leader of Boston society entered the visitors' room at the base of the monument. Glancing over the book in which every visitor registers he saw your Majesty's signature.

'Why,' said he to the keeper, 'you have had the Emperor of Brazil here, this morning. How did he look?'

'The keeper, putting on his glass, examined the handwriting, and scornfully muttered:

'"Emperor?" that's a dodge; that fellow was a scape-grace, without a cent in his pocket!'

THE DREAD OF SEA-SICKNESS.

HUNDREDS of women—and men, too, for that matter—dread the possibility of being sea-sick. Every precaution ever thought of, printed or told, is borne in mind, and many women go on board ship with a quantity of so-called 'remedies,' enough to kill ten ordinary persons. The simple fact is that no malady is so little understood by the doctors as sea-sickness, and no matter what they may recommend to quiet the fears of intending voyagers, there is no such thing as a remedy. Is there any cause for uneasiness in this? Not a particle. There is nothing in the world so productive of good results as sea-sickness. True, it is unpleasant, but so is any good medicine. If women would anticipate sea-sickness less, they would be more comfortable. A good dose of sea-sickness is the best internal Turkish bath imaginable. You may feel as if you are going to die, but depend upon it you will not. As a rule, two days is the limit, and then it is over, and never will you feel so well. Lemons, oranges, champagne—all these are recommended, but the best recommendation, the most practical and common sense, is to let the sea-sickness have its way, and then you are over with it. You can modify any possible attack by a little care as to diet a day or two before sailing, by avoiding greasy and rich foods, and this is wise. But don't go on board with the settled idea that you are going to be sick. Dismiss the thought. Keep on your feet the first day out. Walk up and down the deck continuously. By this method you get accustomed to the motion of the ship, tire yourself out, and if you are any sort of a sleeper, you will sleep soundly the first night. Then the worst is over. But if not, and you do get sick, just accept it philosophically. Of course, you will feel miserable. But, let the spell run its course, and it is done. And you are better for it, and certainly wiser than to try and cure it by a mixture of things, which, instead of remedying matters, irritate the stomach and gives it a reason for a continuance of proceedings. One of the leading medical authorities in the world says that fifteen grains of sulphate of quinine, administered two hours, or four hours at the most, before embarking, will completely free even sensitive subjects from the horrors of sea-sickness. The experiment is worth trying. In any event, it will do no harm. What good it will do remains for every person to decide.

CONGRATULATORY.

Many pleasant remarks concerning the growing appreciation of the GRAPHIC reach us. It is a great encouragement to those who write for this paper to feel that their efforts to amuse, instruct, and help their readers are not thrown away. The following letter is one received in this connection:—

'THE GRAPHIC is an excellent paper, printed clearly, and most interesting. I read it away to Europe and Australia, where it is liked. I have taken it from the beginning, and hope it will have a long and prosperous reign.'

It is a great mistake to set up our own standards of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to let our judgment and experience in youth; to expect to be able to understand everything.