

and sent his dupes a card bearing the sentence: "First be sure you are right and then go ahead, and keep at it." It is difficult to be sure of anything in this world! And Love is rarely reasonable. It seems to be a sort of obsession which bars out everything else.

Even Emerson, sage and philosopher far more than poet, has written:

"Give all to Love;  
Obey thy heart;  
Friends, kindred, days,  
Estate, good fame,  
Plans, credit, and the Muse,  
Nothing refuse."

And this, foolish as it is, is really, or appears to be, the attitude of many men and more women when they fall in love. The phrase itself suggests a sort of helplessness, a head over heels tumble, without volition. More than one great author has told us that even the gods were not wise in love, and mythology abundantly bears out the statement. Therefore, can it be wondered at that mortals display so little good sense in their love affairs? It is not too much to say that when a man is captivated by a woman it is seldom or never that he stops to consider what are her qualifications for the position of wife, the partner of his weal or woe for perhaps a lifetime. Experienced observers of their fellow men will bear us out in saying that it is rare to find anywhere a social circle in any grade, of any size, in which there is not at least one couple whose marriage is pronounced unintelligible; or one in which the perplexity is not occasionally increased by the possession of obvious ability either in husband or wife. "What did he see in her?" or "she in him?" are questions which all ask and none can answer. Sometimes, of course, it is a silly criticism, due simply to that impenetrable veil which hides us from one another, and which is, perhaps, intended to deepen individual sense of responsibility, the difference in the point of view which prevents people from seeing other people or things as "others see them." A man of genius may be guilty of all sorts of eccentricities in the conduct of life, and often almost is a fool in pecuniary matters or, at least, used to be, for those who are informed say that the old type of the "heaven born" who were always in debt is dying out, and that genius and financial talent are now so frequently united in one and the same person that even publishers fail to find them apart, and complain of hard times in consequence. Still, the secret belief that there is affinity between genius and insanity still exists, and prevents all wonder, and is probably the ultimate if unconscious cause of the otherwise immoral tolerance extended even by good people to those "errors of genius," which in less gifted men they would heartily condemn. Perhaps it is self-confidence that leads them on.

A man, somehow, whose fancy is taken by a woman is apt to believe that he knows all about her, resents advice from the outside, and refuses to consider circumstantial evidence patent to all but himself. His self-love, not to say self-conceit, is up in arms in defence of his own opinion, and he will not even doubt, sometimes in the face of proof written all over the object of his choice, that she has a good temper. There is an inner vanity in most men, kept down more or less by sense and experience, as to their own judgment on points where the world holds accuracy of judgment to be a sign of intellectual power; and when it comes to the choice of a wife this vanity wakes up in irresistible strength. This is after the fact, as a rule, sensible men fall in love sensibly, and are attracted by something more than a pretty face.

The lack of brains is more frequently a positive than a negative quality. It is not the mere being without. A woman who is stupid is, in most cases, not merely not clever; she chatters foolishly, instead of being stolidly silent; she says the wrong things, and in place of having no ideas she has exasperating, impossible ones, in which she is unendurably obstinate. She is not merely uncompanionable, she is a perpetual thorn in the flesh. The cut of life shared with her is worse than tasteless; it is bitter, nauseating.

One often hears clever men assert that they "do not like women who are too clever," but the trouble is that it is exceeding difficult to measure the too much, the too little, and the just enough to admire it." As it happens, the woman who can attain this happy medium must be possessed of considerable talent and unusual self-control, besides which she must be gifted with the

intuition which comes only through love. It has been well said that the man who can govern a woman is capable of governing a nation. Yet a woman, almost any woman, may be easily led wherever her lover wills, so long as she loves him and believes in the trust and sincerity of his affection for her. Women almost invariably esteem where they love, whether the beloved be worthy or not, men, on the contrary, often love where they cannot esteem, sometimes where they do not even admire. As George Eliot says: "It is a deep mystery, the way the heart of man turns to one woman out of all the rest he's seen in the world, and makes it easier for him to work seven years for her, like Jacob did for Rachel, sooner than have any other woman for the asking."

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**Etiquette.**

By Lucie Heaton Armstrong

(Author of "Letters to a Bride," "Good Form," etc.)


**THINGS ONE SHOULD NOT SAY.**

**Lady and Gentleman.**—There are a number of little things one is not supposed to say, and there is often no reason against them; it is merely a habit of abstinence which has grown by common consent. A person who has not been much used to society, for example, cannot be too careful in the use of the words lady and gentleman. They are our own birthright, these words, belonging to those who are well-born and well-bred, and the way in which we use them shows if we deserve them or not. We must always use these words by ourselves; they are all-sufficient as a description, a qualifying adjective must never go near them. We must never say "a nice lady," or "a kind gentleman," for example, like a crossing-sweeper asking for alms, "a lady" or "a gentleman" is enough. "She is not a lady," or "that is not the way a gentleman would behave"—both these sentences are correct.


**The Cloven Hoof.**—There is another way of using these words which is also incorrect, even when no descriptive epithet accompanies them. You must not write to a friend whom you are inviting to a dinner-party and say "I have asked another lady and gentleman to meet you." Such a phrase as this in an invitation otherwise properly written would remind one of a cloven hoof peeping out from correct attire. It is taken for granted that we are ladies and gentlemen ourselves, and that our friends are the same. We must not use these words as a description. It must be one of the things that we take for granted. We must say, "I have asked Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So" or "two other friends."

**For Granted.**—And speaking of things being taken for granted reminds me that this is a phrase we must not use when we receive an apology. "Granted" is another phrase by which we detect an inferior; if we brush against a person in the street and apologise, and he replies "granted," we know he belongs to the lower classes. "Granted" is an instance of a word which has gone down in the process of time, and is now only used by the poor, just as the Court dress of the cavaliers has become the Bretonne peasant costume of to-day. It was once a fine word, used in high company, as we have only to put it in its right place in order to see. "Pardon, fair lady," seems naturally to draw forth the answer, "It is granted, sir." It is difficult to see why this fair phrase should ever have become de-classe. Perhaps it is that it is now considered more polite to ignore the injury than to pardon it; "granted" seems to mean that an injury has been done, whilst "not at all" implies that no suffering or damage has been caused.

As to our friends.—It behoves us to be careful of the Christian names of our relations and friends, and still more of their pet names. There is something very vulgar about admitting strangers into the inner circle of our lives, and carelessness in this respect is just one of the kinds of familiarity which breeds contempt. A wife should not call her husband "John" when she is talking of him to strangers; it should be either "Mr. Smith" or "my husband." "Some friends of mine who live near—" the Browns, do you know them?" is a better way of alluding to intimates than to call them Gyladrs and May tout court.



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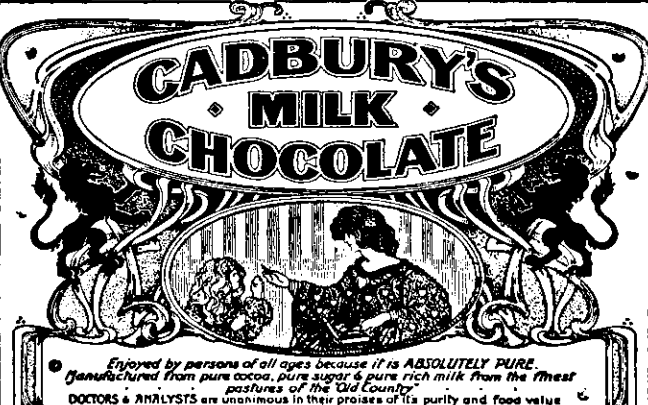
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