

AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

A Girl's First Proposal.

There are two deplorable extremes, into one of which a young girl often falls on receiving "her first offer."

The worse and more frequent of these is that of fancying herself in love, when, in reality, she doesn't care a fig for her lover. The other consists of a coquettish pride, which leads her against the dictates of her judgment, and the inclinations of her heart, to reject a suitor, however worthy.

When an honest man offers a woman his hand, with all accompaniments of heart and fortune—whether these be exalted or lowly—he pays her the highest compliment in his power.

Undeniably she has a right to feel complimented, and she must be untrue to her womanhood does she not in some measure feel so, even though her suitor be beneath her regard, but the compliment will be valued very much in proportion to her estimation of the man.

Many a woman has blighted her own life and that of the man she loved by indulging in a passion for coquetry. Having charms of which she is fully conscious, she proudly measures her power, and says to herself:

"I am equal to great conquests, and shall I thus early submit to be conquered? No! when I have had a surfeit of proposals, then—"

But the time referred to in the long futurity of the little word "then" seldom comes to the coquette. It will always be "then." The accepted time is never near when once we have let the opportunity pass. At eighteen the coquette asks, "Who is he? At twenty-eight, "Where is he?"

My dear young lady, when you receive your "first offer," be not so flattered or self-deceived as either to accept or reject without careful deliberation. Don't imagine that this is the last "chance" you will ever have; neither, for the sake of flirting, throw it away.

Men Must Ask Their Papas.

The course of love has far less chance of running smoothly in France than anywhere else, for there lovers cannot marry hurriedly, and so defy stubborn old parents or guardians. A hasty marriage is a legal impossibility. The formalities that must be complied with before the mayor may tie the knot sometimes extend over several months.

Under the French law a girl may not marry until she is over 15 years old, and a man until he is more than 18. Men under 25 and women under 21 must have the consent of their fathers and mothers.

After that and the consent of the father alone is necessary. The father may withhold his consent for three months. The son or the daughter must ask him three times. If he refuses the third time, and both are of legal age, they may then be married without the paternal blessing. When the woman is 25 and the man is 30 they are required to ask their father only twice.

The asking must be through a notary, who makes an official record of the fact. After the man has passed 30 and the woman 25 years, the law supposes that they have acquired enough wisdom not to need the sanction of their parents.

After having waited for the approval of the head of the home, and received it, the patient French lovers must post up at a public office an announcement of their engagement; and then, having waited still a little longer, and no one having come forward with an objection, they may be married.

Created a Fashion.

Years ago, when long trains were worn, fine ladies slung round their waists a decorative girdle, through which, when they were about to walk over dirty ground or soiled floors, they pulled up their gowns, in order that the edges of them might not come in contact with what would soil them. Whether they thought of microbes then or not who shall say; but they must have known that dirt was opposed to good health. In the same way, the monks and priests, when they went to perform their duties among the sick, used to sling their robes

through their girdles. An authority on dress has traced to this practice the fashion for painters, those pretty puffs upon the hips that ever and anon ornament our toilettes. From curious sources such as this emanate many fashions. It would be a good thing if some such health preservative were to be introduced again, or women be taught to lift their skirts effectively and gracefully.

On the whole, trained skirts do not appear to agree, well with the pleats now in vogue, that is to say, when seen in the street. The act of lifting the train displaces the set of the pleats and makes the lines run in very ugly curves about the hips and back. In the girlish white muslin frocks, which women of all ages are wearing, insertions of lace take the place of the fashionable pleat, and here the effect is lovely. It does not seem to matter how much the lace is waved by the lifting of the skirt, for the position it invariably takes is one of grace.

What He Liked for His Birthday.

The late Lewis Carroll, in a letter to a child friend, once mentioned a few things that he would like for his birthday. "Well, I like very much indeed a little mustard with a bit of beef spread thinly under it; and I like brown sugar—only it should have some apple pudding mixed with it to keep it from being too sweet; but perhaps what I like best of all is salt with some soup poured over it. The use of soup is to hinder the salt from being too dry; and it helps to melt it. Then there are other things I like; for instance, pins, only they should always have a cushion put round them to keep them warm. And I like two or three handfuls of hair, only they should always have a little girl's head beneath them to grow on, or else whenever you open the door they get blown all over the room, and then they get lost, you know."

Frames for the Nursery Pictures.

To make attractive nursery picture frames take two lengths of picture moulding, each about three feet long, tack them to the wall one foot apart, the lowest being about three feet from the ground. Before nailing place three small blocks behind the upper one, to obtain sufficient space between it and the wall to slip in glass behind it. If desired, a piece of the moulding may be fitted at each end. This makes a permanent frame in which the pictures may be changed as often as desired. Being low they are within easy view of the children. Mouldings per foot upwards.

Women's Inventiveness.

Women do many things at this time of day which once were held to be limited by men. It is, therefore, quite either beyond their powers or out of their sphere, that sphere having been limited by men. It is, therefore, quite the sequence of this progress that a woman, Miss Stormont Murphy, should have invented a bullet-proof shield, devised a double debt to pay, as when off duty it can serve for protection against cold, being lined with sheepskin. It wholly covers the chest and lungs, and it has healing powers as well. Its combative power is at the strongest twelve gauge. Experiments with a Lee-Metford rifle at a distance of thirty-five yards did not penetrate the shield. Miss Roberts accepted one from the inventor for her father, to whom she has carried it.

Dr. A. de Neuville has made this subject—the inventive genius in woman—his special study, and deduces from his researches, so far, that the French woman, as against her American sister, tends to the ideal rather than the practical. For instance, Mille Koller has patented a cigarette paper of rose leaves; the lady is an ardent votary of the weed. Then Madame Grounwald has produced an aromatic toothpick for use after meals. It is antiseptic. Another lady is responsible for a small galvanised chain to act as a preventive for infectious

diseases, and yet another has given sufferers a special medicated ball for massage and friction.

In matters of a trifling nature women were always ingeniously full of fancy, showing the ideal quality Dr. Neuville attributes to French women. A saunter round a bazaar will show them at their best in this element. The innumerable little articles of ornamental use that crowd the stalls are almost all the outcome of the prolific imagination of the sex. A happy idea is speedily embodied, and literally coins money for the particular charity that inspires it.

A Warning.

Babies are like delicate plants, and should be brought up in as pure an atmosphere and with as much sunshine to bask in as possible. They should not be cuddled or handled much. The mother who is for ever handling, tossing or jumping her baby to make it take "notice," when perhaps it is sleepy, and then rocking and jumping it again to get it to sleep, when its nerves are "all on edge," is doing the little one a great wrong. Many of the brain diseases of children are often traced to the foolish habit of tossing them up or "making them take notice," at an age when to "notice" would show an abnormal precocity that would bode ill for their future health.

For Feeble Persons.

For those who are not very robust, whose appetites are not good, and whose digestive powers are somewhat enfeebled, an occasional raw egg swallowed whole is most wholesome. Care should be taken, however, not to take them when the stomach is over-taxed or when food is in a state of fermentation, for if not acted upon quickly by the gastric juice more harm than good will result.

Dainties Sent to the Queen.

The choice by Her Majesty of a box of chocolate as a "little personal present" to her troops at the seat of war on New Year's Day, will make some particulars of the gifts of dainties which she has herself received from time to time interesting to our readers.

During her visit to Brussels many years ago the Queen's fancy was attracted to some biscuits baked in the royal kitchen. Upon perceiving the pleasure which these confections caused to his royal guest, the King of the Belgians gave orders that a box of these biscuits should be despatched to the Queen once a fortnight, and they have reached her ever since. A few of these biscuits are usually placed within reach upon the royal table at some time or other during the day, and on rare occasions the Queen has passed on a supply to favourite members of her entourage. This course was once adopted with a favourite physician who happened to be in delicate health.

Not long ago the Queen accepted from a lady farmer on the Eton estate a gift of a fine Cheshire cheese, of a quality which has frequently earned for this expert dairymaid the championship of the Cheshire Dairy Show. Her Majesty has always been willing to adopt every means of improving the quality of her own farm and dairy produce, and the first gift of the kind which she ever accepted was received fifty-six years ago, when a pair each of gold and silver speckled Hamburg fowls were sent to her by Captain Lewis, of Otterington.

Eighteen years ago an Englishman happened to be travelling in the State of Virginia, and he was so much impressed with the juicy qualities of a brand of Albemarle pippins grown in the interior of the State that he took the unusual course of sending a barrel of them to the Queen. The fruit was so much enjoyed by Her Majesty that

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