

expect them to be. Many a precious hour will you save thereby, not only for yourself, but for them. A woman once confessed to me that her failure as a housekeeper was due almost entirely to her lie-a-bed proclivities, because her maids followed her example, lost time, and had to be chased round for the rest of the day.

By all means rise early, but do not be a virtuous nuisance. There are plenty of women who rise early and assiduously apply themselves all day to domestic duties, but they are not good housekeepers, neither are they comfortable to live with. Well we know them—all Marthas, and yet all incompetence. There is a right way of doing everything, and they just miss it.

A Pitfall to Mothers and Maids.

We never dream of disputing the above statement—it is so completely true, and herein lies the pitfall for both mothers and maids.

'Tis such pleasure to see Kate in her exquisitely pretty gown that it is no pain to enlarge the borders of our economies in order to pay an extravagant bill; and yet the very thing to which we trust to draw her admirers as with cords keeps them at a distance. They have sisters. They have some little juking as to what women's attire costs. They groan inwardly at the thought of paying Kate's bills. No, they decide, it can't be done.

Alas! the girl who makes all her own dresses fares no better. Any woman present could tell that her gown only cost fourpence halfpenny a yard, and that her hat was furnished up during the sales; but she knows how to care for her clothes, and also how to wear them. Consequently she utterly outshines all the other girls, and the mere man, having no sisters, and never dreaming that his goddess had sat up for hours at her machine and burned the midnight oil in order to appear pleasing in his sight, heaves a heart-broken sigh and regrets more

than ever that his banking account so often balances on the wrong side of the ledger. It must cost more than ever he could afford to buy gowns like that, he thinks.

Truly, the lover's path is beset with thorns and briars, and therefore Mr Faintheart has no business in that road. Nothing was ever won with ease which was worth the wearing. So, in reaching for the rose let the lover first not for a few thorn-pricks, but at the same time let him beware lest in so reaching he treads the violet under foot nestling so confidently at the rose tree's root.

THE MEN WHO WIN THE PRIZES.

A certain amount of masterfulness, a certain—I know I am right—air, takes with some women; but tastes differ, and the man who exhibits a deference in his manner of speaking to, and of, women—a certain almost indefinable reverence for them hardly to be noted, yet sure to be discovered by the girl worth having—he is pretty certain not to draw a blank in the matrimonial lottery.

Girls are pretty keen judges of some things. They see more and take note of more than men think they do, and, generally speaking, they have rather fastidious tastes, for—and here is the Slough of Despond wherein lie the bones of many a love-lorn traveller—he must be brave as a Moslem fanatic, yet as gentle and considerate as a woman. He must be no fop, yet it is needful that he understand the great question of clothes; and he must comprehend the fact, without being huffed, that sometimes his room is decidedly preferable to his company, and they will be both all the nearer and all the dearer for a little absence. Some men—and women too—never do learn this great lesson.

We bow instinctively to the clear vision of Lord Tennyson when he wrote:—

"There is no maiden, be she ne'er so fair,
That looks not fairer in new clothes than old."

Always Tell Mother.

Always tell mother. She's willing to hear.
Willing to listen to tales of despair
Tell her when trials and troubles assail;
Seek her for comfort when sorrows prevail.
Take mother's hand when temptations arise;
Ask her for counsel; seek mother's advice.

Always tell mother. In mother confide.
Foster no secrets from mother to hide.
Train your thoughts nobly, nor let your lips speak
Words that would kindle a blush on her cheek.
Mother stands ready her aid to impart,
Open to mother the door of your heart.

Always tell mother. Your joys let her share;
Lift from her shoulders the burdens of care;
Brighten her pathway; be gentle and kind;
Strengthen the ties of affection that bind.
Tell her you love her; look up in her face;
Tell her no other can take mother's place.

Always tell mother. When dangers befall,
Mother, if need be, will die by your side.
Though you be sunk in sin and disgrace,
Mother will never turn from you her face.
Others may shun you, but mother, your friend,
Stands ever ready to shield and defend.
Mother's devotion is always the same,
Softly, with reverence, breathe mother's name.

LAWRENCE PORCHER HEKT.

The Opal as a Love Token.

The opal is no longer considered of evil omen by even superstitious people. It has become popular to believe that, instead of ill-luck, the opal carries with it the best of luck and happiness in its highest form. Indeed, it is now considered the token of mutual love, burning brightly in all the colours of the rainbow. It is the gift of lover to sweetheart, the symbol of an eternal devotion, and of so devoted a character as to show itself in constant and fiery flashes of beautiful colour.

To emphasise this romantic idea the

opal is now cut in the form of a heart, and the sentiment of a heart on fire with love is one which appeals to all lovers. This heart, when small enough, is set in a ring; but Australian opals have recently been imported of sufficient size to permit of their being used in a simple gold frame as a pendant for the locket chain. These opal hearts are also used for the centres of brooches.

Did You Marry For Love or Money.

As a rule, poets are assumed to be very unpractical creatures; they can tell you in awe-inspiring or soul-stirring language of the beauties of the earth, sea, and sky, of noble deeds and of love, passion, and devotion, but they do not understand the practical side of life, and the necessity for

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