

The Marrying and the Married.

The world has grown sick of married difficulties. It suffers from a sort of uad de marriage. It has little time and less inclination for considering even the saddest case, and to expect its sympathy is worse than useless. Troubles are multiplied; the same mistakes are made, for which there is no help so long as human nature is imperfect and human judgment prone to err.

People will marry, and they do it mostly for the sake of happiness. They do not reflect that Nature and the State, whom they obey, are not concerned about that element at all. Those two all-compelling forces demand progress, and everything else has to give way.

"The pitifullest whippersnapper must be happy," and most of us are apt to measure life by happiness or unhappiness, which is sad when we know that very few marriages prove to be happy, and even the most buoyant optimist is bound to admit it. A few of us are well matched, some of us "get along" very well, and many of us are downright miserable. It is a fallen world, isn't there always a "but" or an "if" lurking behind the happiest appearances? "You never can tell."

If love were the only ingredient of happiness? But it is not. And doesn't it seem ridiculous that it is the only reason given for so many marriages?

The girl is charming, and he is the one man she can care for. So they marry, to find that love is the only thing they have in common. What a strain upon that love! How rattered and torn and patched and discoloured it becomes in the struggle to hold together two natures pulling in opposite directions! All honour to the noble power of love that it so often does hold true, in spite of desperate odds.

"A loving woman finds heaven or hell The day she becomes a bride."

It may not be always quite so sharply defined as that. It is more often a compromise where people learn to bear purgatory with fortitude. There are miseries which hardly bear mentioning, miseries of positive wrong and cruelty and oppression, and terrible faults which make association one long nightmare. For these there is no remedy except the desperate one of cutting oneself away from a joint life and struggling along alone, however crippled and maimed.

For such broken lives there is the blessed balm of work. It is not the happiest people who have done the best work, or conferred the greatest benefit upon the world.

Trouble and suffering bear strange fruits. Think of "Cranford"—that literary gem written to ease intense grief at the loss of a son. It is pitched in a low key, but there is no morbid thought, no desponding pessimism. And in Thackeray's works, shadowed by silent, abiding sorrow, there is the deepest tenderness for human nature, in spite of all the cynicism.

The disappointed man has infinite resources, chiefly his daily work, which is so often the work of his deliberate

choice.

If a woman has children to love and work for she has something to hold on to and believe in, and will not grow embittered.

For those who have not there is nothing but work—anything or everything, so long as it is something which prevents sitting at home brooding over the irreparable mistake.

A great many of the couples we know are like left hand gloves, both being well made and well fitting, thoroughly good material, but, unfortunately, not a pair. It makes one long at times for fate to rearrange things and sort people better. Some would always be odd, of course. Some of us are so peculiar our affinities must have lived in mediæval times, while those of others have not yet been born. The question is: What is to be done when one finds that one has missed one's affinity? It is of no use to go about the world moaning, "See what a mess I've made of it!" Remember that many hundreds of people have made just the same mistake. Keep calm, make the best of it, and don't talk about it.

We should not know of half the matrimonial unhappiness if the ill-paired ones themselves did not tell us; and we don't want to know. But if they will open their cupboard doors and shout to us to come and look at their skeletons we can't resist indulging our base curiosity.

To bear the permanent mistake in quiet dignity shows great self-respect. Men are much more loyal than women in this matter. But it must be remembered that their temperaments are less emotional, and they have outside distractions, which help to ease painful thoughts and relieve tension. Speaking of it does no good, however. For the once that you are tempted to confide in your trust-friend there will be a dozen times when you will be glad you did not do so. You may think it will be a relief to speak; but if you do indulge in that relief you will find after your vain words have died away that you are in no better position than before. The conditions of your marriage remain unaltered. You have but lost in dignity and created a troubled, sad memory between yourself and your friend. That is the one sorrow which cannot be halved by a friend. Hide it, and don't spread the pain of it.

O. W. Holmes says that to tell our secrets to people is like giving them the key of our side door. At any moment they may break in upon our most sacred privacy, which is a second reason for silence.

There is yet a third.

How do you know that in your impulsive communication you are just to another?

The difficulty of your marriage may rest principally with you. You yourself may be the stumbling block; you may not be suited to the life; you may not be unselfish enough, good natured enough, forgiving enough. Even the ill-matched with these qualities may manage not to make each other entirely miserable, although by reason of clashing tastes they cannot be happy companions. They can always find something in common if they try,

supposing they wisely recognise the limitations of their sympathy and make way for each other frankly and generously.

But they who always want to have their own way and are not prepared to grant that privilege to others will soon turn the most promising marriage into a failure.

If yours has failed to be just the veritable Garden of Eden we all dream of and so few realise, make the very most of the good conditions which still remain, and don't allow one baffled emotion to spoil the whole of life.

And don't imagine that if you had happened to marry someone else things would have been different. Human nature is the same, and the demands of married life are much the same too.

"The flowers growing afar off are no better than those which grow at our feet." It is only children who wander on, deceived by the distance which lends enchantment.

The little courtesy, the kindly act, the restrained impatience, the ready help, the gentle consideration, the sustained effort to please—all these are the flowers which grow at your feet, waiting for you to gather them, that your home may be brighter and your heart less tired.

"PHOEBE WARDELL."

For Married Folk.

Society requires that, whatever their private relations, husband and wife face the world as a unit, harmonious, and with interests identical.

One thing good form imperatively demands that by no mischance, no loss of self-control, shall family discords be revealed to strangers, children, or servants. An uncontrolled voice is always unmanly and undignified.

A readiness to give up in little things is the most tactical appeal possible for a return of courtesy at other

times when the matter may be of importance to us.

HAVE YOUR OWN INDIVIDUALITY.

It is the woman that has the courage to be herself who attracts. Originals are so much more desirable than copies, no matter how accurate the copy may be.

Let every woman dare to be herself, develop her own individuality, not blindly copy some other woman. Let her think for herself, act for herself, and express her own honest opinions.

Individuality, when combined with that nameless something called manner, is the most potent weapon in the possession of the sex. A good woman's laugh is better than medicine.

GRACIOUS TO THE HUMBLE.

Many stories are told of the curious adventures of Queen Margherita on her mountaineering excursions, says the "Chicago Chronicle." The story of how she entertained a party of tourist climbers in one of the mountain huts is well known, but few have heard of another little adventure which befell her last summer. The Queen, whose energy is always the envy and despair of her suite, had wandered away from her attendants, and not only had lost her way, but was both hungry and fatigued, when she saw a peasant's cottage in the distance.

Making her way to it, her knock was answered by an old peasant woman, whom she asked for rest and refreshment.

"Come in, my dear, and welcome," the kindly old peasant said. The Queen entered and insisted on helping the hostess to prepare the simple meal of milk and bread. When the belated attendants reached the cottage, they found the Queen and the old woman gossiping like old friends. It was not until some days later, when a handsome present arrived at the cottage, that the woman learned how she had entertained her Queen.

MOIR'S BLOATER PASTE. In Tins about 2 ozs. and 4 ozs. Manufacturers: JOHN MOIR & SON, LIMITED, LONDON, ABERDEEN, & SEVILLE. Head Office—9 & 10, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

Dales' GOLD MEDAL Dubbin. Makes BOOTS and SHOE LEATHERS waterproof as a duck's back and soft as velvet. Adds three times to the wear of leather. Pleasant odour. Allows polish with blacking. 25 Exhibition Highest Award for superior quality. Black or Brown colour. Sold by Boot Cleaners, Saddlers, Trainers, etc. Manufactory—Dulwich, London (E.S.).

'MENE' Every Lady should give these excellent Tissues a trial. They are antiseptic, absorbent, and will last twice as long in any other as double the price. SANITARY TOWEL. To be obtained from all Drapers and Chemists. Wholesale of HARRISON & Co. Ltd. 100, Strand, LONDON. Sole Importers for New Zealand.

I Cure Fits. You are not asked to spend any money to test whether my remedy does or does not cure Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, &c. All you are asked to do is to send for a FREE bottle of medicine and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. A Valuable and Safe Remedy. APPROVED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSOR H. E. BOOT, M. B. College, LONDON.

KOKO FOR THE HAIR. Under Royal Patronage. KOKO FOR THE HAIR. It is a tonic, cleansing, disinfecting preparation, causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, keeps it soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, eradicates dandruff, prevents hair from falling, is the most cleanly of all hair preparations, and is perfectly harmless. OLD PEOPLE LIKE IT. Middle-aged people like it. Young ladies like it. Children like it. They all like it. KOKO is sold in E. S. S. and 4 oz bottles everywhere. Australian Import, KOKO MANUFACTURING CO. Ltd., 14 Castle Street, Sydney, N.S.W.