

## GRANDMOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

By SYDNEY GREY.

GRANDMOTHER sits in her easy chair,  
A stately dame is she;  
The firelight falls upon silver hair,  
And a pleasant face to see,  
Though the wrinkled brow is no longer fair,  
And Time's deep furrows are graven where  
The dimples used to be.

Thus does grandmother look to-day—  
Her portrait, glancing down,  
Still smiles from its ancient frame to say  
How she wore youth's brighter crown;  
How the tear-dimmed eyes were with laughter gay,  
And wandering sunbeams lost their way  
Among the tresses brown.

Grandmother must have been lovely, when  
The painter sought to trace  
(A thing to gladden the hearts of men)  
The charm of her girlish face.  
But never a whit the dearer then  
Than now, with her threescore years and ten,  
And prim old-fashioned grace.

Never a whit the dearer—No,  
Nor ever half so dear!  
If youth and beauty with Time must go,  
He spares what we more revere;  
And bids sweet virtues sweeter show,  
To claim our love and make it grow  
Yet stronger year by year.

Grandmother turns life's latest page,  
Her gentle memory blent  
With joy and peace, dear heritage  
Of earlier days well spent.  
So golden youth should be the gage  
That love will bring to silver age  
The treasure of content.



## RATIONAL TOILET.

By "MEDICUS."

A YEAR or two ago, I remember, I wrote a poem of some pretensions, which I had the honour of reading before the Queen. One moment, please, reader, till I explain—I do not refer to the noble lady who rules in these misty islands, but to Queen Bolina, my pet Newfoundland.

It happened thus. Queen was lying on the hearth-rug one winter's evening, and Ida, *à la* six, was squatting near her. There was a delightful fire in the grate, so it was snug enough. But mamma had to go out for half an hour, leaving us three children, Ida, Queen, and myself, all alone.

By way of amusing my companions, I at first thought of reading a bit of Browning to them. Well, Queen might have understood it, but I had my doubts about Ida.

Happy thought—my poem! So I propped the little one up on the sofa.

"Now, darlings," I said, "I'm going to read some beautiful verses to you. Listen, Ida; listen, Queen!"

Queen patted the carpet with her tail, to show she was all attention, and I commenced.

Every now and then during the recitation Ida clapped her pink hands, and cried, "Boo'iful! Boo'iful! Boo'iful!" (beautiful); but as the applause, somehow, always came in at the wrong place, I don't think it counted for much. It was transparent flattery.

After I had finished, Queen Bolina heaved a deep sigh. I never could make out whether

that sigh was meant as a compliment to my poetical powers, or as— But never mind.

By-the-way, I offered that poem—it isn't more than a yard long—to our worthy Editor with a view to its publication in the GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Now our worthy Editor, though possessed of manners that I might call masterfully mild, can be just too awfully disagreeable for anything in defence of what he is pleased to call the "welfare and interest of his readers." So he handed me back my MS. with a smile.

"It won't do, 'Medicus,'" he said. "Too long. You'd better publish it in parts—foreign parts, for instance."

Wasn't it nasty of him to add insult to injury?

Well, all this is merely by way of introduction to this paper, and the introduction hinges on Ida's flattery. *Entre nous*, I often wonder where she learned to flatter, or whom she takes after. Not after me, I'm certain; but probably some remote ancestor—on the mother's side. To flatter is to fib—politely and prettily it is true, but flattery is fibbing all the same. And so in my present article I mean to steer clear of it, and speak or write the wholesome truth.

"Ida dear, bring me that ladies' newspaper if you are quite done painting the dresses in it."

I turn hurriedly over its pages, and I don't have to turn far either, until I come upon the

advertisements of scores of specifics, warranted, so to speak, to make any girl beautiful for ever. I only wonder there is a girl in the kingdom who is not as lovely as a houri in Paradise—whatever a houri may mean—when for the outlay of a few shillings she might be a perfect Annie Laurie.

"Her brow is like the snowdrift,  
Her neck is like the swan,  
And her face, it is the fairest  
That e'er the sun shone on."

The words "like the swan," refer of course to the purity and whiteness of Annie's neck, for a swan's neck would be a trifle too long for a lady, would it not? though for the matter of that it would often come in handy.

But talking about necks, I'll tell you a tale—a true tale. At a seaside watering-place, rather famous in story, stands the splendid and picturesque Hotel de D—. A flight of steps leads up to the main entrance and portico, and here, one day last spring, my friend, Major B—, and I were lounging, as we smoked our post-prandial or after-tiffin cigars. Presently along towards the hotel came a very beautiful girl, and with her walked another lady, who, being slightly more inclined to *embonpoint*, and probably twenty years older, we concluded was the young lady's mamma. My friend and I lowered our cigars, trying to look as if we never could dream of such a thing as smoking, and prepared to lift our



hats. When halfway up the steps, being heated, I suppose, the young lady threw back, or partially off, her feather boa, exposing her shapely neck; shapely it was, but—it was *not* like Annie Laurie's, yet her face *was*. Comment is needless.

But I note, from a glance at this newspaper, that beauty is a mere matter of money. Here are preparations that can cause the hair to grow long and luxuriantly, lengthen the eyelashes till they sweep the cheeks—when you close the eyes momentarily to show them off—and give shape and loveliness to the eyebrows. Here is a cream that you have only to use once—say before going to bed—and lo! next morning you awake with a complexion clear, soft, and radiant; all trace of sunbrow gone, every freckle fled, every speck and tick, every blemish gone for ever and for aye. And here again is a nostrum advertised that shall make your teeth as white and pearly as polished quartz. But your figure has been giving you a little uneasiness of late, that little inclination to *embonpoint* has ventured to obtrude itself, and your bill for corsets was heavier last year than it ought to have been. Well, here you are; read this, and reduce your weight. How much better to use a few pills or tablets for this purpose than bother taking any advice that “Medicus” may give on the subject. What should he or any other doctor know about such matters?

But perhaps a hair or two dares to grow on your face or arms, where a hair or two has no right to be. Away with them. They are superfluous. Out with them, root and branch. Half a sovereign and the exemption is secured—according to advertisement.

But of course you must have bright eyes. “Medicus” has told you over and over again that dulness of eyes and muddiness of complexion depend so much upon indigestion, liver disturbances, and a badly acting skin, and that if you attend to these troubles everything would soon come right, and you would have no use of cosmetics of any kind. But then, again, what should “Medicus” know? So you send for the eye-brightener advertised in glowing terms in this newspaper. It is used by the Empress of Morocco, the Queen of Fiji, and a dozen other potentates besides, so why should not you use it also?

“Very well, child,” says “Medicus”; “but if in a year or less you find yourself afflicted with nerve blindness, and have to hold on to the railing coming downstairs, instead of tripping down like a fairy; if you find yourself suffering from strange headaches and dimness when you read for half an hour, then don't turn round on me and say I didn't warn you.”

“But what is a girl to do?” I fancy I hear some of my readers exclaim. “You hint that those cosmetics and things are hurtful. Am I never to increase the beauty of my complexion even with a little powder and rouge?”

Do not be too hasty, reader. I did not say you were not. What I want you to do is this—to attend first to the beauty of *health*. If you do so you will not require any cosmetics by day, at all events. And as to the advertisements, without putting it in any stronger language, I mildly advance that they do not fulfil what they promise; few, if any, do. And I want to tell you that eye-brighteners are

highly dangerous, that the use of depilatories is also dangerous, and may be productive of terribly disfiguring skin complaints. Moreover a depilatory merely burns off the top of the hair, and it grows again with greater vigour than ever. Even a razor is safer than a depilatory.

Again, why should you pay a fancy price for any cosmetic that you can make yourself safely and well for a few pence. You are simply paying for a pretty bottle or box or vase, as the case may be.

When talking or writing about personal beauty, I invariably premise that health shall be the foundation thereof. I am not going to repeat here things that I have told the readers of this paper over and over again. Let me just only remind them of one thing, namely, that no girl can be beautiful who is not on good terms with herself, so to put it; in other words, who does not feel that she is well. You see, she must have heart if she would look well enough to please others. But the looking well is only half beauty's battle. A statue may be nice to look at, but with the exception of Galatea's, no statue that ever I heard of came down and talked to one. And even if a beautiful statue did, we should want it or her to have grace of movement and refinement of manner; we should want to see the soul shine through the eye. Many a girl would do excellently well as a statue, and nothing else.

While walking in a lane in Berkshire one evening in June, I saw a very charming-looking girl leaning over a gateway. The roses were twining round the archway overhead, and she had roses in her hair. She was so beautiful that as I passed I could not help making a remark about the weather—this is country fashion, you know. “It is a lovely evening,” I said. “Uncommon fine,” she replied; “but we want a drap o' rain bad for the turmuts.” I walked on, and never looked behind.

Well, then, I say, girls must seek for beauty first from health, and secondly from the cultivation of their minds by study and thought.

Health is more easily bought even than patent nostrums. You have only to obey the laws of Nature and hygiene; you have only to live temperately as to eating and drinking; to attend to purity of skin and hair and teeth—not neglecting the bath; to take plenty of non-exciting exercise in the open air; to secure sleep by rational means, and not to take too much of that—because nothing on earth produces wrinkles so soon as over-sleeping yourself in the morning, and to be temperate in mind, always calm and collected.

Regarding sleep, I may make this one remark, namely, that that which you obtain during the first hours of the night—unless you have gone to bed with a hot, excited brain—is sweet and refreshing, while the sleep you have after, say, seven in the morning, is little else save a lethargy, born perhaps of the carbonic acid gas in your room, if it be not exceedingly well ventilated.

The first portion of a girl's toilet ought of course to be the bath. I have said before, then, I should not insist upon this being cold, unless a girl be strong. But to the strong and healthy nothing in the wide world is more refreshing, especially if you have put a dash of toilet vinegar in it.

Expensive, did you say? Yes, if you purchase the article at the perfumer's. But what say you to making it yourself?

Here is the recipe. Supposing it is summer, you must manage to possess yourself of two ounces of dried rose leaves, and to this you add five ounces of rectified spirits of wine and one pint of dilute acetic acid; also forty drops of the otto of roses. Put the whole in a closed vessel and let stand for fourteen days, stirring or shaking now and then, after which you simply strain it off. Smaller quantities can be made in the same proportion. It may be made without the rose leaves. It seems to me that benzoin has a peculiarly softening and healing action on the skin; hence, for a cooling cosmetic there is very little that I know to beat the following—it is called by the French *vinaigre virginal*. You take, say, half an ounce of benzoin, two ounces of spirits of wine, and half a pint of white vinegar. The benzoin is put in the spirits to steep for eight days, then it is strained; and having placed the strained tincture on one side, you pour the vinegar over the residuum and steep this for six days. Then pour it off and add it to the tincture—and behold! the thing is done.

But scented flowers of any kind make a delicious skin cosmetic, to be added to the bath or to the water with which you wash—say, for instance, flowers of lavender twelve ounces, steeped for a fortnight in six pints of vinegar; smaller quantities in proportion, of course.

Lavender water or eau de Cologne may be mixed with dilute acetic acid to form a toilet vinegar.

As the summer comes in I may tell you more about making toilet requisites.

What is called virgin's milk is made by taking, say, half a pint of rose water and adding thereto three drams of Friar's balsam. This is an excellent and simple face cosmetic.

Here is a wash for sunbrow or freckles; but although it is cooling as to sunbrow, I could not vouch for its efficacy in freckles. It is made with one dram—that is, one ordinary-sized teaspoonful—of California borax, four ounces of lime juice, and about two teaspoonfuls of candy sugar. Put all these together and mix well; then add a little eau de Cologne.

Rose lip salve is very easily made. Before giving you a recipe, however, let me give you a hint. In cold weather a salve of this sort is invaluable; *but* it should be smeared on the lips before going out, not after coming in, for then the mischief is done. There are a great many different ways of making it, but the following is simple: Oil of almonds, three ounces; alkanet, half an ounce. Stand these together in a warm place; then strain. Melt an ounce and a half of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti with the oil. Stir till thick, and add twelve drops of otto of roses.

I must remind girls to be careful to use soft water—rain water is best—in washing the face and hands, and only the mildest soap, and not to rub with a hard towel, for nothing is more destructive to beauty of complexion.

I hope to give some useful hints about the hair, the hands, and feet another month, as well as some useful recipes. Meanwhile, if our readers desire any particular recipe, I shall be pleased to give it through the medium of these pages.

