

BUYING THEIR WINTER HATS.

Haughty Saleswomen Impart Information to Customers, Many of Whom Take the Bait.

Place—Any large millinery establishment. Time—The present.

Persons—A number of haughty saleswomen; a lordly floor-walker; a number of weary-looking possible purchasers wearing their summer and last winter hats.

First possible purchaser to floorwalker; I wish to look at plain black hats.

Floorwalker: Certainly, madame; take a seat madame. Miss Panne, are you engaged? Show this lady some gay red hats.

First possible purchaser: I wish to see plain black hats.

Floorwalker, airily. Oh, certainly; bright blue hats, Miss Panne.

Miss Panne glides swiftly across the room; returns with her arms full of peacock blue, Nile green, burnt orange, royal purple, solferino, shrimp pink, pure white, old rose, turquoise, cerise, magents and automobile red hats.

The customer: I said plain black hats. Miss Panne, addressing the ceiling: They're not wearing black hats this season.

Second possible purchaser to haughty saleswoman, holding in her hand a young hen-roost of a hat; I'm a member of the Audubon Society, I tell you, and I want a hat with birds' feathers upon it—not even a goose quill. Show me something that isn't feather trimmed.

Haughty saleswoman sails off; returns with a setting hen turban in one hand and a bird of paradise poke in the other, and says as Audubon bolts for the door: They're not belonging to the Audubon Society this season.

Floorwalker prostrates himself before a portly dame clad unostentatiously in cloth of gold and sunbursts.

Floorwalker, between salaams: Paris Exposition millinery? In a special room all to itself, madame. Miss Velours will take you there. (Aside to Miss Velours: "Treat her white. She's Mrs. S. Ervinia Second-the-Motion, seventeenth vice-president of the Council of She, and good for 16 bonnets at least—one for each session of her hen party down at Ottawa if her husband gets there.")

Haughty saleswoman to possible purchaser on the shady side of 60 with greying sandy hair, turned up nose, wart on chin: the customer is seated before a mirror: upon her head is a raking cartwheel in cerise velvet and turquoise tulle, with white plumes dangling over one ear: Beautiful, madame, beautiful! And such a simple little hat! We call it our rainy day hat; so suited to wet weather and that sort of services, you know. They're not wearing fancy hats in the rain this season. Not every woman could, of course, stand so severe a style, but, you, madame, can, of course, wear anything. Yes, madame. Paid or charged?

Haughty saleswoman to possible purchaser, whose head nestles into a hat with all the ease of a round peg in a square hole: Not comfortable, madame? Well, you know they're not wearing comfortable hats this season. Really, I should hate to suggest a single alteration. However, (sighing), if you wish we can turn the hat inside out. (Turns it inside out.) We often do that when cranks—I mean customers—complain. Or we can stamp on it (jumps up and down on the hat several times.) This not only enlarges it, but alters the shape. If you like, of course, we can make it still larger by adding a bay window in front and putting a cupola on top. Some cr—customers prefer a porte cochere in front and a balcony at one side. Any carpenter will tell you that's all this hat needs.

Floorwalker to a customer who asks to look at hats under \$165.38: They're not wearing hats under \$165.38 this season.

Haughty saleswoman to doubtful purchaser: a regular circus of a hat is on the doubtful purchaser's head: on her face an expression as though she half suspected she was the fright she is: Let me get a yell and then you can see how the hat really looks on you. You can never tell how any hat is going to look until you see it with a veil, you know. There (throwing the glamor of a bit of dotted net over the reddened nose, the freckled cheeks and the uninteresting eyes), now you can see how becoming that hat is. (Ties veil with a fetching knot in the back. Still sees mingled doubt and suspicion on the face behind the veil.) Of course it isn't every woman who looks well in a veil so few (with a sigh). But yes madame. Oh, by this evening, most assuredly, madame. Paid or charged?

Haughty saleswoman to possible purchaser, upon the apex of whose topknot topples a hat the size of a dime: too small! Oh, no, indeed. They're not wearing hats to fit this season, you know. Just let me get you a magnifying glass. There, you see it doesn't look small. If it feels so small it's the fault of your hair—that's the trouble. Now, if you would just wear your hair a trifle higher or lower, or over one ear or down your back like a Chinaman's pigtail, or have it shaved off altogether. They're not wearing much hair this season, you know.—Toronto World.

Half Crazy With Piles

Mr. Isaac Foster, Erie View, Norfolk Co., Ontario, writes: "I was troubled with itching piles for about two years and could not sleep at nights. In fact I was about half crazy from the terrible itching. Reading about Dr. Chase's Ointment I purchased a box. After the second application I experienced relief and one box cured me thoroughly and permanently and that was two years ago." Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, all dealers.

A Youthful Criticism.

(From the Philadelphia Post.)

Dr. Thomas A. Hoyt, the pastor of the Chambers Wylie Memorial church, of Philadelphia, was recently entertaining President Patton, of Princeton, General John B. Gordon and other eminent men at dinner. The guests were speaking in strong praise of a sermon the minister had just preached, and those who were versed in theology were discussing the doctrinal points he has brought out.

Dr. Hoyt's young son was sitting at the table and President Patton, turning to him, said:

"My boys, what do you think of your father's sermon? I saw you listening intently to it;" at which praise Mrs. Hoyt smiled cordially, and all listened to hear what sort of a reply the lad would make.

"I guess it was very good," said the boy; "but there were three mighty fine places where he could have stopped."

A Word to the Weary and Sickly Mother.

Paine's Celery Compound

Will Make You Happy and Healthy.

It Has Given a New Life to Thousands of Ailing Women and Will Do The Same Good Work For You.

The medicine that has given new health and a fresh lease of life to thousands of women in Canada, is surely the kind you stand in need of, dear mother.

If you are weak, nervous, despondent, have headache, sideache, backache and cannot sleep well, Paine's Celery Compound will give you restful nights, good appetite, freedom from aches and pains, and restore lost strength and vitality. The most successful family physicians are now freely prescribing Paine's Celery Compound for sleepless, nervous and rundown women. Laura Garland, Crawford Street, Toronto, says: "Your Paine's Celery Compound has most wonderfully improved my health. Before using it my appetite was poor—almost gone; I was also weak and debilitated, and suffered severely from pains in the head. Paine's Celery Compound certainly does all that is claimed for it. I have recommended it to my friends, and they all speak highly of the results received from it. I wish Paine's Celery Compound the success it so richly deserves."

How the Habit was Acquired.

"What a strange fellow that Mr. Jones is who dined her to-day," remarked the hostess. "In what way?" asked her husband. "Why, whenever he asked for anything he invariably winked vigorously." "Oh, well, he lives in a prohibition district, you know, and habits once acquired are hard to break."

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart

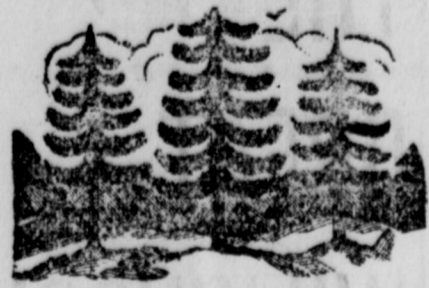
acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—11 Sold by Garden Bros.

One of the stories that the late General John M. Palmer was fond of telling related to an aged gentle woman bearing the same name as himself, who lived somewhere down on the eastern shore of Virginia, in the county where General Palmer's grandfather was born. One of the general's Washington friends happened to meet the old lady down there, and asked her if she were not a kinswoman of his. She did not know, but thought perhaps she might be. The gentleman was of Virginian descent, was he not? And in the United States Senate? Yes, she was quite sure he was a kinsman. "Was he in the army?" she asked. "Yes," answered the senator's friend, "he was in the army and a general." The old lady was positive he was a relation. "But," went on the friend, "he was a general in the Union army." The old lady's face fell, but she rallied bravely. "Well," she said, "you know there's a black sheep in every family."

Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and kindred ailments, take wings before the healing qualities of South American Nerve. Thomas Hoskins, of Durham, Ont., took his preacher's advice, followed directions, and was cured permanently of the worst form of Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia. He has recommended it to others with gratifying results. It's a great nerve builder.—12 Sold by Garden Bros.

Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, in the course of an interview at Venice, declared that the present rising in Spain is contrary to his orders, and will retard instead of promoting, his efforts to secure his rights.

DR. WOOD'S



NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

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Healing and soothing in its action. Pleasant to take, prompt and effectual in its results.

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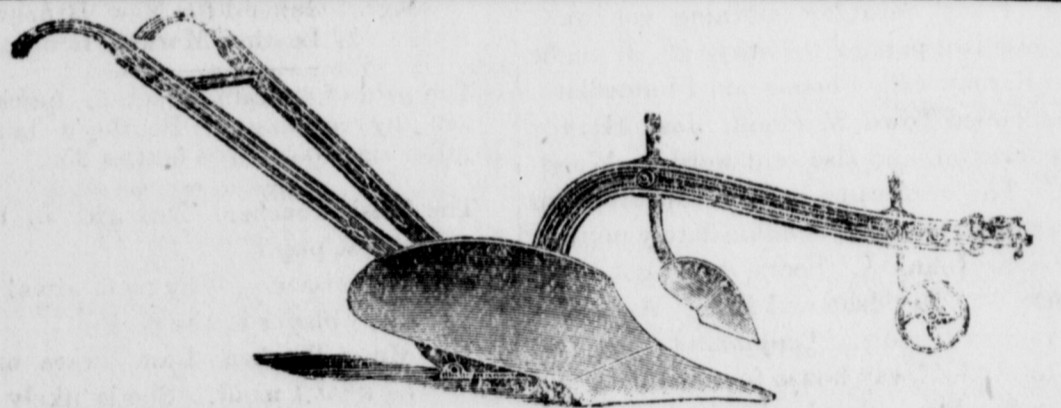
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