

WOMAN and HER WORK.

To speak of a dress skirt measuring ten yards around the feet, seems almost absurd, and yet it is an actual fact that skirts of that width have been made, and worn, not to any great extent I am sure, but a nine yard wide skirt is comparatively

and darts in the lining, but the outer material is simply stretched to the figure until it seems to be moulded there, and one wonders how the wearer ever gets out of her close-fitting corset. The back is guiltless of even a centre seam, being fitted



BEAUTIFUL EVENING GOWNS.

The dinner gown on the left is of ciel blue broadcloth taffetas, with the corsage of dark blue velvet overlaid with guipure. The sleeves and drapery are of the velvet. The central figure shows a debutante's dress of white silk muslin, plaited and trimmed on the skirt. That on the right shows a pink and cherry taffetas gown with draperies of white silk muslin.

common. What a sinful waste it is and how hardly the fashions often press upon the shoulders, and the purses too alas, of poor womankind! Yards and yards for skirt yards and yards for the sleeves, and scarcely a cent left with which to buy trimmings or pay the dressmaker.

I am afraid we really do make rather ridiculous spectacles of ourselves now-a-days with our strangely cut dresses all skirts and sleeves, the enormous amount of material we dispose so ingeniously about our feet, the appalling scantness of drapery around our waists and hips where the garment is absolutely strained over our figures, with scarcely an inch to spare, and our little insignificant bodices, which look as if they had been made out of the scraps left over from the skirt and sleeves.

I am sure it is a blessed thing that so little material is required to make those queer little bob-tailed garments, because if their size was proportionate to the rest of

at the waist by two short dart-like seams which are almost invisible and when the dress fastens on the shoulder and under the left arm, it is indeed a study to the uninitiated to decide how it can possibly come on and off. If one is blessed with a good figure these glove-fitting bodices are all very well, but to any form not cast in nature's most perfect mould they are decidedly trying.

I cannot help complaining just a little about the great inconvenience of some of the present fashions, which really outweigh any advantages they may possess. In the first place the wide skirt may be graceful, some people think so I know, though I don't—and it does leave the feet much more free for walking than the scant skirt of three years ago did, but then when you come to hold up the voluminous circular nine-yards-wide garment of today, you find that it is a distinct failure. Unfortunately it is so long that to walk

very small percentage of the flapping amplitude which floats around you, and while you are uncomfortably conscious of holding the peace you have secured, much higher than your shoulder, you know that the rest and by far the larger portion, is slip-slapping alternately on the dirty sidewalk and the insteps of your boots. It is utterly useless to attempt holding it all up at once, unless you took it in both arms and gathered it bodily around you, and as there is no sense in protecting a section at a time, while the rest is getting ruined, you finally lose your temper, and leave it to its fate.

How can anyone be expected to hold up a garment which is made of heavy cloth, measures at least five yards around the part, and is lined half way up the skirt with stout canvas? And yet we all made such a fuss about the threatened crinoline revival two years ago, that the whole thing collapsed in terror, and was never heard of again! We did not want the crinoline, and said so plainly, but I confess I can see very little difference between skirts distended with heavy canvas, and hanging awkwardly about one's feet, and the same skirts held in easy position by a light steel frame. I was an ardent opposer of the crinoline, but every time I drag my burden of cloth and canvas around for an afternoon, I come home wondering whether I did not make a great mistake and whether I would not have thought very differently if I could have looked into the future with the eye of prophecy and see just what we were coming to within the next year.

The basques, with their huge sleeves are, almost as inconvenient in their way, as the rest of the costume, and I only wonder that when we get a new winter dress we trouble about a basque for it at all, since

wear your dress with the bodice which was made for it.

Another annoyance for which the dual bodice is responsible, is the utter impossibility of accepting an impromptu invitation, during its reign. You go out to make a few calls, and as you will be keeping your jacket on, you wear a good comfortable blouse under it with small sleeves, no fills and perhaps a hole or two as an embellishment. Then when you are fully a mile from home. Some hospitable friend insists on your staying to tea and going to the concert with her—at least she tries so insist, but after you have shown her just how you are clothed, and convinced her that she must either take your tea with your coat on, or else borrow from her, and as she weighs one hundred pounds, and you tip the scale at a hundred and thirty five, there is nothing for it but to go sadly and reluctantly home, wishing heartily that your dress has been cut in



LATE WINTER HEADWEAR.

The hat at the lower right side is of black and mauve noll, trimmed with royal purple velvet and mauve plumes. The upper one is of pearl gray felt with green velvet and gray felt bows. The plumes are gray and green. The bonnet is of pom-pine jet with draping of ruby velvet. Black velvet bows and strings and aigrette in the back.

the chances are greatly against its being worn with the skirt to which it belongs—"Don't ever let anything tempt you to try and wear this under a jacket," says your dressmaker, as she takes the trim tailor made bodice with its enormous sleeves, tenderly off, after the final trying on—"You will simply ruin it if you do." And you rashly promise regardless of the fact that you don't possess a cape of any kind and can scarcely afford to discard your new winter jacket and invest in a cape, simply for the sake of saving your bodice sleeves from being crushed.

But the dressmaker's warning was needless, since the jacket is not built which could accommodate those sleeves, and the cast iron casier cuff, which finish them. So you put the bodice carefully away; and then your troubles begin. Of course your hat matches your dress, or perhaps you have for best, a little black velvet bonnet trimmed with jet, and brightened up with a bow of the new Indian pink, or the deep magenta, which is so fashionable this winter. That would not matter much, except that the only bodice you happen to have available for wearing with your new skirt is your scarlet and black silk blouse, and you do not find that inconvenient at all until you go to church some evening, or to a concert, and either the church or the opera house is very warm. Quite unconcernedly you unfasten the upper button of your jacket, preparatory to taking it off or throwing it open, but a sudden thought strikes you, and somehow you don't! The idea of that magenta bow and the vivid scarlet spots on your blouse "swearing" at each other detesters you, and you sit there and smile through the entire evening, though you are simply melting, all because you cannot

princess style or any other which would have made it impossible to divorce bodice and skirt.

And I am sure I could echo that wish most cordially myself because if there is one thing above another for which I do long, it is commercial union—at least as far as skirts and bodices are concerned.

ASTRA.

NUTS IN COOKING.

An Interesting Article Telling how They are Most Palatable.

The old theory has gone out of fashion that nuts, which are provided for us at so little expense each year, are injurious. There are ways of preparing them which make them palatable, and there are ways which would test the digestion of a more vigorous animal than man.

Chestnut pudding is an old dish, and a great favorite with the lovers of that much favored nut, but few seem to know how to prepare it. I give the recipe as it came to me from a German woman.

Make a syrup of a pint of water and a pound of sugar, and in this stew fifty chestnuts which have been peeled and blanched. When they are tender drain and press through a sieve; add these to one pint of sweetened cream in which the yolks of eight eggs have been slightly scalded. Flavor with vanilla and set aside to cool. When cool add the following preparation: In the syrup in which the chestnuts were stewed, stew a quarter of a pound of prepared raisins and the same of currants. Turn the chestnut preparation into a freezer and when thoroughly frozen add the fruit with a pint of whipped cream and cover closely till wanted to serve. Serve with or without sauce. If sauce is used it should be a preparation of cream.

To serve chestnuts with meat or game, peel and blanch, shake over the fire in a saucepan with a tablespoon of butter, and



FOR HOME AND STREET.

The costume at the right is of tan melton cloth, the skirt laid in organ folds from under stitched lapels. The corsage is entirely of ermine. The gown shown in the central figure is of luminous point de soie, terra cotta and green, with green satin duchesse and guipure trimming. The young girl's dress is of slate tulle with white lace garniture. The small child's cloak is of repped bengaline with a deep lace collar.

the dress some of us would have to be content with a dress every two years or so.

Speaking of bodices, it is a source of continual wonder to me how a good dressmaker can make the perfect fit she does, with scarcely one visible seam in the whole bodice; of course there are the usual number of "side forms," "side back forms"

comfortably on a moist or muddy sidewalk you must hold it up, or get it ruined, and the first time you essay the feat, you make a grasp for the back breadths with the easy confidence you displayed in managing your trim sheath skirt, but somehow the result is very different; do what you will you can only get hold of a

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when ready to serve, or when browned, salt and add enough stock to moisten. Walnuts are nice served the same way, without the addition of the stock.

Butternuts, when they are fresh enough not to be strong, are a nice addition to a plate of fried fish, served hot or cold.

English walnuts when added to mayonnaise dressing for potato salad impart a fine flavor which is liked by many, as are also the common walnuts to those who like their rather strong flavor.

Many people do not know that the peanut is considered a very palatable and nutritious article. It is used in Germany as a meal, bread and cakes being made from it. Recent experiments have brought it into much favor. It is very desirable as an addition to fruit and nut cakes and candies, and may be used in any way that other nuts are. Walnuts and peanuts, blanched and chopped rather fine, but not fine enough to press out all the oil, make a nice addition to custard pies, prepared in the usual way, only not as sweet.

Recipes for nut candies and cakes are too numerous to need mention here, but their use in suet and other heavy puddings is growing in favor.

A WOMAN AS A PLUMBER.

Clara B. Miller Tells of Her Experience in This Line.

I had been having trouble with the water fixtures of the washstand in my room. For some time the water ran slowly; then wouldn't go at all. I thought of sending for a plumber, but recalling all the jokes and detrimental paragraphs which have been aimed at the followers of the trade, I concluded I had too much respect for my purse to risk such a move until I had first tried what I could do.

I took a long wire which I bent double and with the ends curved into hooks I inserted the prongs in the three-cornered openings in the bottom of the bowl, and "fished" awhile and succeeded in bringing to the surface various ravelings, sweepings and impurities, but did not make any decided progress. I then poured boiling water down, and it made some headway in clearing an opening for the water from the hydrant, but not much. I knew there must be some successful method of opening up the internal economy of the pipes, but feared for a time that the secret was known only to the plumber.

I opened the doors of the washstand and examined the pipes; finally I noticed a sort of cap which fitted on apparently after the manner of the lid of a fruit jar, but it looked as though it would require a regular plumber's wrench to move it. I got the screw driver from the sewing machine, and by placing it against one of the projections, with the aid of a few sharp blows from the hammer, I was able to move it a little and knew I was on the right track. In five minutes' time I had the lid off and was able to get at the cause of the stoppage. The escape pipe was filled full of a foul-smelling compound. I came to the conclusion that the girl, in sweeping my room, which is covered with matting, must have dipped the broom in the water in the stationary bowl. The dirt and ravelings had united each successive time with small pieces of soap and had gradually closed the pipe. The odor was very unpleasant and must have been sufficient to taint the atmosphere of the room, although I had not noticed it. In removing the debris I came across something which startled me for a moment. I thought it was a dead mouse, but found it to be a ball of metal a little over an inch in diameter. It had evidently been placed there for a purpose, as it could not get in unless placed there intentionally.

I heated several gallons of water and added some carbolic acid in the proportion of a tablespoon to a quart, and poured it down the pipes. Pouring it in the wash-bowl it went through the pipes and I had the satisfaction of watching it bubbling and rushing along through the "peep hole" I had opened, some four inches in diameter. I also washed the cover and a flat piece of

rubber the same size in hot soap-suds containing carbolic acid. When all was pure and clean I put the metal ball back where I found it, replaced the rubber and metal cap, washed up the stand and had the satisfaction of knowing that it was as clean on the inside as on the outside. The water ran off with a drawing gurgling noise that did me good to hear. I gave the girl directions to find some other way of cleaning the matting in the future.

I have thought a great deal about escape pipes since then, and have come to the conclusion that dirt which is not visible is the worst. It gives rise to microbes. If a member of the family falls ill without apparent cause, my advice is to look for impurities stranded in the waste pipes.

Once a week there should be made a strong decoction of soft soap, borax and carbolic acid, and the waste pipes all over the house flooded with it. Also keep an open jar of powdered charcoal in the pantry and water closet. Charcoal will absorb four hundred times its bulk of impure gases. Of course, occasionally there need be a fresh supply. If the cellar and drains are kept in a pure condition, it will to a certain extent insure the health of the family.

WAIT ORDERS—THE WORLD

Instantaneous Colds.

Colds are taken instantaneously. You may not believe it; that's because you never thought of it. Just stop and think how often you have said—how often you have heard others say—"I know when I took cold." It may have been known by a chill, or even a shudder—perhaps by exposure to a draught, or rough wind—may be wet feet, or by standing on cold, damp ground—a change of clothing; often underclothing—possibly the teacher as weather caught you with a light wrap or coat—a nap carelessly taken without something thrown over you. Anyhow, you knew when you took cold, and the mind—the thought—that you were taking cold—that you were helpless to resist—was largely to blame. If you had had at hand—in your pocket say, a Preventive, a Protector, a Specific, the mind would have been strengthened and a few doses of "77" would have fortified the body and saved you an illness.

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