

## WOMAN and HER WORK.

I clip the following from a newspaper: "J. M. Barrie suggested in one of his skits that the best way to spend a holiday was to spend it in bed, but until quite recently this theory was never put into actual practice. Two hospital nurses of London tried it the other day, however, with the most pronounced success. They each had a fortnight's vacation, and they hired a cottage in the country and engaged an old woman to attend on them. The inhabitants of the little community were not informed regarding this novel 'project,' and as the days went by and the newcomers were never seen the neighbors naturally were astonished.

"Some suggested that there was some terrible mystery about these women and that their strange and unnatural behavior should immediately be probed. It was even thought advisable to have a consultation with the police of the district. The little cottage was not molested nor its secrets pried into, and the story did not come out until the two ladies, their vacation over, made a call upon the vicar, and after giving him some small sum for charity explained the matter.

"It appears that they had practically spent their whole time in bed. For a year past they had got their sleep in such short snatches and subject to so many interruptions that their one idea of a blissful holiday was a season of absolute and undisturbed repose."

I suppose when most of us read Mr. Barrie's whimsical suggestion as to the ideal holiday, we laughed heartily and thought the idea worthy of his peculiar fancy. But for my part I doubt whether Mr. Barrie really intended to be humorous at all! There is far more wisdom than wit in the suggestion, and none knows this better than a hardworking man, and busy brain worker like the gifted J. M. Barrie.

I remember once when I was very tired, and very much discouraged with things in general, saying that I would be willing to go through a severe illness, just for the sake of the rest I would have while I was getting well. Not very long afterwards I was ill enough to satisfy the most ardent seeker after rest, but somehow I did not enjoy the convalescence half as much as I expected; I had not counted on drawbacks of weaknesses, and helplessness, and I had no idea that what used to seem comfort itself when I was well, could be transformed by a few weeks illness into a place of torture. I discovered lumps in it which had never existed before, and valleys which were equally new to me, and I could not find one position that was restful. So by the time I had made an end of my getting well, I felt as if I never wanted to see a bed again.

So I came to the conclusion that one must be in perfect health in order to thoroughly enjoy her downy couch, and take the good of it.

I remember reading once of a celebrated literary woman who got through an enormous amount of work, managed her household, looked after her children, attended to her social duties and yet has never been ill, never had a headache, and always looked as fresh as a rosebud. Someone asked her once how she managed it and she answered that for many years she had made it an inflexible rule always to take one day in bed each week. She never allowed anything to interfere with her custom, denied herself to all visitors and rested and slept as much as she could until six o'clock, when her day ended. And she had never had cause to regret the time so spent.

I know it would be utterly useless to try to impress the wisdom of this needy rest upon the tired housewives of today, because they would all shout in an indignant chorus that they hadn't time, but I think they would find it pay in the long run, if they would only give it a trial, and they would also find it much less expensive than a month's trip to the seaside every summer with doctor's bills to pay in the meanwhile.

I have no doubt that the friends of those two hospital nurses thought they had taken leave of their senses, but I will venture to say that the girls went home rested and refreshed in mind and body, which is more than the average summer girl does, after her three months of rest and recreation at a fashionable summer resort! They may not have had what is called "a good time" and they certainly did not make any conquests, but they enjoyed themselves in their own way recuperated all their vital forces, and I only hope Mr. Barrie heard about them and enjoyed the knowledge that someone had been found courageous enough, and sensitive enough to put his advice into practice.

It is beginning to be whispered that the high collar the crush collar, and every variety of choker has had its day, and the woman with the pretty neck is about to have hers; for low necked dresses are coming in again, not only for house wear but also for the street. I don't envy the low necked lady during the coming winter, but if her neck is very pretty I suppose she won't mind, and on chilly days she can always wear her short ostrich boa in the house,

with the certainty of being not only comfortable but thoroughly in the fashion as well. Won't the jolly plump girl whose short white throat has been smothered in folds of silk and velvet for so long, rejoice! And won't the rest of us who have been cheerfully hiding our six inches of scrawny hawl with indigestion? Well we can't all have our innings at once, so we must take these things by turns, and be as good natured about it as possible!

The new hats have arrived, and all I can say about them is that they are large, and in that respect only they resemble the hats of the past season, for at the first glance they are neither pretty, becoming, nor picturesque. Their chief characteristic seems to be enormous width, and next, the quantity of flowers worn on them, and the size of the flowers. Immense velvet poppies, dahlias, and roses with carnation and gillyflowers in exaggerated sizes; I have not yet seen any pink blossoms, but some of the yellow poppies shown, might easily be mistakes for them. Even the feathers are in exaggerated size, and seem to be taken from the larger birds, such as the owl, heron, or osprey, and they are used flat on the hat. Some of the flat brimmed hats are so large they remind one forcibly of a barrel cover, and others are like immense scoops with the back part turned up, and standing above the hair like a huge comb filled in, and piled up with feathers. Others again are almost like the poke bonnets of ten years ago, only much larger.

To give an idea of the of trimmings used, one immense imported model had a brim of plated chenille with three large bows, turned downward from the edge to produce width. Large cock's plumes, four small birds, and a good assortment of steel buckles finish the hat. Royal purple velvet will form an important part in millinery this winter, and one imported hat of this regal material is bordered with a fringe of ostrich feathers, and has for trimming very large upstanding bows of black satin ribbon. One truly enormous hat has a brim of plated chenille with three large bows turned downward from the edge, to produce an appearance of width. It is finished with a large cock's plume, four small birds, and any number of steel ornaments.

This reads very much like a recipe which calls for "four small onions, and plenty of seasoning," and verily much of the autumn millinery is like a hotch-potch of fowls, fruits, and flowers.

There is very little difference between the toques and bonnets, this season, indeed the strings often form the only distinction, because the bonnets all have strings, and the toques do not. A very pretty kilted bonnet, nestles closely down upon the head, and is wonderfully becoming on that account; this model which was amongst the imported novelties at one of the leading millinery houses, is of velvet with a crown of the kilting, and a ruche of the same doing duty for a brim with soft silk poppies nestling here and there in it. A large hat of grey felt has fullings of grey velvet, and grey satin ribbon bows arranged in a sort of wreath, all around the rather low flat crown. It is turned straight up at the back, and ostrich plumes in either a darker shade of grey or black stand up aggressively against a large bow of grey satin ribbon, both at back and front.

So many plaids are being worn this autumn and the variety from which to choose seems so endless and bewildering that it requires some judgment in order to make a wise selection.

I am quite certain that the large and influential portion of humanity classified as "the average woman" has no idea that the purchase of a plaid costume is almost as dangerous an experiment as playing handball with a can of dynamite—because if she had, she would make a more careful selection. "Beware of the train!" is the customary warning which embellishes a railway crossing in the country, and "Beware of the Dog!" is the motto which the philanthropic owner of a fierce dog affixes to his front gate, when the dog is loose; but yet the shopkeeper never thinks of attaching the necessary warning, "Beware of the large sized, and loud toned plaid," to his exhibit when he is displaying plaid goods in his window, so that all short, and stout women may see it, and tremble. The woman who is large, without being dumpy, may safely indulge in any pretty plaid material, provided the colors are not glaring, and the size of the plaids not too large, but she must have sufficient height to enable her to carry it off well, otherwise she will simply make a caricature of herself.

What a terrible two edged weapon Dame Fashion holds in her hands, and she does wound her votaries with it! No sooner does she pronounce a certain article to be in favour than old and young, stout, and thin women rush in where angels might well fear to tread, and proceed to make guys of themselves with a happy unconsciousness terrible for their friends to witness! All of which means, that plaids should be indulged in temperately as they

are the most unbecoming things the ordinary woman can wear. Only young and pretty girls should indulge in whole costumes of plaid goods, and then they should be careful to select some of the really artistic and beautiful combinations which a careful search will sometimes reveal, among the monstrosities which a long suffering public is supposed to accept and wear, because they are the fashion. Among the really well blended, and pretty plaids may be mentioned a lovely green, with cream cross bars, blue in a broken plaid with deep maroon, and dark grey and blue, also in broken plaids. Some of the bright fancy plaids in small patterns are also very pretty, but the woman who is past twenty had better confine herself to a plaid bodice worn with a black skirt, if she wishes to look well, and make the best of herself.

Some very elegant bodices which may be appropriately worn by middle aged ladies, are of plaid silk with huge sleeves of black gauze, or else of the gauze with plaid silk sleeves, some of those fancy silk bodices are very becoming to women who are no longer young, and when worn with black silk skirts they make very dressy costumes. For instance, a bodice of geranium silk, is worn with a skirt of dark grey silk, it is made with very full sleeves, and its brightness may be toned down with a yoke of black lace, or just, if desired.

Once upon a time the belt was considered an unimportant accessory to the dress, but lately the belt is assuming such importance that the whole costume will soon be merely an adjunct to the belt. The very newest belts are actually seven inches deep, reaching from the waist line to a point just below the bust. Very handsome and elaborate clasps fasten these girdles, sometimes in startling designs such as coiled serpents in gold or silver, with emerald eyes. Some very elegant belts are made of finely woven silk elastic varying in width from five, to eight inches. They come in all colors, and are fastened with buckles which harmonize. Others for full dress occasions are of silk webbing, studded with metal disks and having buckles of rhinestones. A lovely belt of oxidized fish scales produces an iridescent effect which is charming when worn with a shot silk blouse, and another is of gold scales, with shield shaped buckles of rhinestones.

Oriental designs seem to make their appearance in all materials, this autumn. The newest black mohair is figured with large circles of colored wool, and though far from pretty, it is striking in the extreme. New smooth-faced cloths for tailor-made suits show the same mottled effects.

The Irish poplin is having its day once more and a charming model shown in New York lately was of heliotrope, in a particularly rich shade. The skirt was scarcely as full as they are usually made, and was draped at the left side, to show a petticoat of white satin. The bodice was close fitting and opened with wide revers over a full front of white satin. The sleeves were very full to the elbow, with a deep cuff reaching from thence to the wrist of the satin and the collar was of the poplin. A pointed girdle also of poplin fastened in front with a rosette of heliotrope ribbon, and two similar rosettes with long ends reaching to the foot of the skirt, finished the back.

It is said that capes will hold their own through the autumn and winter, but that jackets are already making their appearance, so the large sleeves must really be on the decline, in spite of all assertions to the contrary.

A great many lovely shades of blue are seen in the new autumn goods, almost as many as there are in green and brown. One is a shade of grayish silver blue, very becoming to women who are neither dark nor fair, but neutral tinted. Other shades are swallow, ocean, cadet, bengal and a revived tone of the old peacock blue in a shade so soft and dark that it resembles the Neapolitan and Roman blues, seen in Oriental paintings. Roman and marine blue appear in handsome heavy weight cloths, for winter coatings and costumes.

Pink is in again with a vengeance, and will appear in every tone and shade this winter, for evening dresses, handsome opera toques and bonnets, and for lining velvet and cloth capes for ball, and theatre wear. A new and delicate shade of raspberry pink that is combined with several lovely tints of green for evening dresses, is called salmon, and is more effective in Marie Antoinette brocade showing a beautiful floral design, upon a rich background shot with pink and green.

The old box plaited Norfolk waist has reappeared amongst the autumn designs, not only in everyday gowns of mohair, serge and camel's hair, but also in dressy toilets of fancy taffeta, corded silk, flowered satin plaid surah, and cream.

Black and white costumes, still hold their own, and are likely to do so for some time. An elegant gown of black and white silk has a bodice of white chiffon, with black lace applique over it, and large white chiffon sleeves: the skirt being plain and full.

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### JENNY LIND'S GRAVE.

A Handsome Monument Marks the Spot Where the Nightingale Lies.

It has been stated that the grave on Malvern Hills, in England, of Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, the Swedish nightingale, has been sadly neglected and is not even marked by the simplest slab. This is not true. A handsome and costly monument in the shape of a cross tells the passer-by that the remains of that noble woman, renowned, not only as the most wonderful songstress of her day, but for her almost unparalleled generosity and saintly character. It is stated that her husband, long after her decease, was in the habit of visiting her grave daily and strewing upon it the most beautiful flowers. It was a most devoted and loving husband, and her last days were made happy and sweet by his kind attention. Mr. P. T. Barnum, her American agent, in a visit to England some years before his death called upon the Goldschmidt family and saw the daughter and granddaughter. In the house were a number of fine portraits and marble busts of the Swedish nightingale. She was much beloved, not only by her own family friends, but by multitudes who have been the grateful recipients of her many charities. Her very last days were spent in singing for indigent clergymen. It is recorded of Mr. Barnum that he could make her cry any time by repeating to her a story of poverty, and that she always "backed" her tears with a pursful of money. Jenny Lind had a world-wide reputation as a songstress, but without this she would have been honored and almost adored as a great hearted, benevolent woman, and as some one has said, would have "been known and loved if she had never sung a note."—Boston Transcript.

### Pilgrimages to Lourdes.

The Lourdes pilgrimage, whatever its benefits to those who take part in it, is certainly a source of revenue to the railway company over whose lines it is conducted. The number of the pilgrims goes on increasing from year to year. In 1878 the Orleans Company transported by special trains alone between twelve and thirteen thousand, while in 1884 the number was considerably more than doubled, and last year reached a total in round numbers of 40,000 representing in the balance sheet a sum of £25,600. It is to be noted that these figures do not include the whole number of the pilgrims. Independently of the special trains run at the request of the organizers, the company conveys by ordinary trains parties of at least forty persons at reductions averaging 50 per cent of the usual fare.—London Daily News.

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### Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 9th September, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

#### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Pictou and Halifax.....	7 00
Express for Halifax.....	12 10
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....	17 30
Express for Sussex.....	16 40

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping car at Moncton at 10 o'clock.

#### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex.....	8 30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....	10 30
Express from Moncton daily.....	10 30
Express from Halifax.....	16 40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....	18 20
Accommodation from Moncton.....	14 00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.  
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 6th September, 1895.

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