

GIRL BACHELORS' CLUB.

AN ORGANIZATION PECULIAR TO NEW YORK.

It is a great idea in society circles and is popular—Some of the Objects to be Kept in View—Home Comforts for the Members at Lowest Rates.

There is in New York a club calling itself by the imposing title of "The Federation of Girl Bachelors' Clubs," writes Constance Merrifield. The members of this club are individual clubs. The "Merry Bachelors," the "Girls' Reading Club," the "Paris Tour Club," and many others are members of "The Federation Club." Individuals also may belong to it, and the only recommendation required from anybody is a letter of unquestioned financial security.

In these days of benevolent associations and aid societies and working girls' helps of all kinds the mention of financial security grates harshly upon the ear. But without financial reference the object of the Federation Club would defeat itself, and the members be as bad off as though they did not belong to it.

The Federation Club is a union of girls' clubs for the purpose of securing for the individual members household and dress supplies at prices less than retail. It is a co-operative club, and thus far in its career—that of six prosperous months—it is the greatest success of the century.

The president of the Federation Club is a very pretty girl bachelor. She is not a member of any other club, and put in her claim to membership on the ground that she liked to keep house, but couldn't quite afford it at current rates for rent and household expenses. After a month of membership, so sensible was she on all questions, and so invaluable when the members were "cornered," that she was unanimously elected president for the next year.

The principal thing that the Federation Club does is to hire apartments for its members. A canvass is made and the members tabulated. At the September canvass twenty wanted to live down town, twenty-five wanted a central residence, and fifty desired apartments near Central Park. Ten wanted to be far up in the town.

Acting upon these wishes, the long-headed Miss President dispatched her agent to the apartment houses in the desired parts of the city. Down town she secured a whole flat-house, very desirable in every way, for a third less than regular rental, on condition that she took the whole house for a year. The same arrangement was made uptown, and again around the park. Very nice quarters were secured at low rents, and everybody who lives in a large city knows what this means.

The President next sublet the apartments to members according as they desired them. The rents varied, and so did the purses, and all were able to be suited.

The next step was to fit out the different apartments with electric light privileges. Many of the members were artists and needed strong light in all parts of the studio, to supplement sunlight. Small dynamos were procured and put in.

As it was September the long-headed Miss President began looking around for coal. Grates and ranges needed it, whether steam heat were provided or not; and not withstanding the coal barons, she got it for a quarter off the retail price by taking 100 tons. This, distributed in the different cellars, according to orders left at her office, gave each a supply for the winter. And so all things are managed.

The President, when interviewed in her rooms about the Federation Club, said: "Our aim, and our only aim, is to give the girls the advantage of things at wholesale rates, and, therefore, we buy everything that is required in a household."

Stepping to a very handsome little esplanade she took out three ledgers. "These hold the orders," she said, "and as soon as enough of them are registered I buy the material. Our object is home comfort at living prices. Do you understand?"

Laying one of the books upon the table, she opened at the first page: "This is our bread and roll list," you see," said she. "We order 100 loaves of bread a day and 200 rolls. One baker has our order and he delivers at a little above wholesale to the members in their apartments every morning. I pay the baker and the members pay me. That is why we have to be so particular about financial references."

"With our milk we do the same, also with flour, tea, coffee, and the staples. We also buy meat at wholesale, if desired. I have orders for twenty roasts every Sunday and 100 fowls. I get them cheap and my agents select the meat to be sure that it is prime. We cannot take individual orders, only standing ones, and so we get them at wholesale."

"About our household linen, towels, sheets, etc., we have a system also. We hire them made and marked at a certain store and we get them at hotel prices. There is quite a rebate. I pay cash on delivery and the shopkeeper has them carried to the different apartments all over the city. See? Here is an order from flat No. 6, downtown, for half a dozen towels; another from flat No. 14, uptown, for six pillow cases, and so on. As soon as fifty are wanted I order them, and we are never

kept waiting more than a week or two, as we have 300 'bachelor households' in our federation."

"Carpets, dishes, and such things," chatted on the president, seating herself comfortably in her own pretty apartment, "we cannot promise to buy, as individual tastes differ. But I have here three samples of fine carpet which I can get at a low price, and as soon as there are orders for 100 yards I shall purchase."

"There is one thing," said the president,

"about which we are very particular, and on account of which so many co-operative clubs fail. We preserve our independence and our own social circles. None of our members have a personal acquaintance with each other. We have ten directors who audit accounts once a month, but further than that we never get acquainted. Individually I know only a dozen of our members, though I get letters from them all. Here, for instance, is a letter from a young artist who gives lessons in a girls' school. She keeps house well and entertains considerably. She wants a little maid to open her front door afternoons and bring in the tea tray. Here is another letter. This is from a girl who has a business of her own. She goes out early in the morning, and when she returns home wants to find her house in order. She is entertaining considerably and doing her own work. I fancy the same little maid would fit in both cases at different hours, and I can get her for \$2 a week apiece if she can get her breakfast at one place and tea at another. How's that for managing?"

"Of course we launder on a large scale. One of our apartment houses filled with girls' clubs in New York to secure home-comforts as bachelors in hard luck, has a laundry underneath, and here we conduct our own laundry work, taking in a little outside work."

"Are we all poor?" smiled the president, tilting her pretty nose and settling down into the cushions of her own luxurious divan. "No, I don't think we are any of us really 'poor.' We earn considerable and have very nice positions in the social world. But we have \$100 tastes and \$20 salaries. Hence the Federation Club. As for myself," glancing down the drawing-room, through the portieres into a small reception room lighted with Oriental lamps, "I earn money painting pictures. Yes, I am an artist. But I don't want to paint all the time, so I manage the club on condition of getting my rent free. That is all. I like the club, because it gives us such a deal for our money."

"Now you are going to ask if we have any other rules for admission. References, church certificates, or anything of that kind. And I can tell you there are none. It is managed like a man's club. A prospective member has a name posted. Bidding is done by mail, and after financial security is obtained the bachelor girl is eligible to membership."

"And that reminds me of an incident. A very stylish-looking girl was shown into this room the other day. 'You are the president of the Federation of Girl Bachelors' Clubs?' she asked."

"I nodded."

"I want to belong, but I don't like such clubs generally. I like to keep house as I please. I keep two canary birds and a dog. I go out nights. I have company to dinner. I play the piano until morning. I eat in the parlor. I laugh out loud, and I sometimes have twenty girls to dinner; not to mention the men that call in the evening."

"What is your financial security?" I asked.

"I keep books for a designing firm. I get \$10 a week, and am engaged by contract for a year."

"You are eligible," said I, "and I will send our list for you to choose an apartment and order such things as you want regularly. You will have to chip in our share of my rent for managing you. It will be about 25 cents a month."

"She went away delighted, and, from her orders, she is spending her full \$10 a week upon good times. But that's her business not mine. And, by the way, she wants two gallons of ice cream tonight, and eight others want a gallon each. I get it for twenty cents a quart."

"This club would be a fine thing for poor girls, shop girls, and seamstresses. But we run ours a little too expensively for them. Why, look into that closet. There are fifty pounds of old-fashioned fruit cake sent here today, ordered by the members, and to be distributed by our special messenger this afternoon. It isn't a poor girls' club!"

"You ask if it takes a head to manage this club? Well, I can say that it does. But I've got head enough for it. I got tired paying a big rent and darning my gloves when I knew I could get the same things cheaper by cooperation."

"We buy feather pillows for sofa cushions—by the hundred. Did I tell you that?"

"And we supply members with \$100 coupons for furnishing their apartments—good for \$110 at the dealer's. And we do a great many of those things. I keep thinking of new schemes all the time, and, though I may be spoiling myself as an artist, I'm sure a great many girl bachelors will be made happy."

Evolution of a Word.

"Average." A proportionate amount. That is the excepted meaning of the word; but just why a proportionate word should mean "average" is beyond ordinary comprehension. Folk language may hope to unravel the difficulty. In the old French language the word "aver" seems to mean a horse. Not only horse, but farm cattle of every kind—"aver" standing for horses, cows, sheep, etc.—chattels of every name and kind. All the movable holdings or havings were so classed. The Frenchman got the word from the simple Latin word "habere"—to have, to own, to possess. The Frenchman's "aver" was his cattle—

his havings. Later on the word was applied almost solely to horses; consequently an average was estimated according to the work done by aver—cart-horses, as when his horses to carry a share be used of wheat or other products to the lord of the manor. From being used almost solely with reference to horses and carts it was later extended to the carriage of goods saved at stress at sea, and so on to the proportionate amounts of anything. And so does many a useful word of classical parentage come down to us in disguised form and feature.—Lavenport Democrat.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

Variable Autumn Weather Often Seals the Fate of Rheumatic Sufferers.

Victims of Rheumatism find a cure in Paine's Celery Compound.

Nothing Like it for Banishing the Awful Disease.

Old and Chronic Sufferers are Made Hale and Strong.

Mr. William McWilliams, of Bradford, Ont., writes as follows about his case:—"Unquestioned, I regard this testimonial as to the value of Paine's Celery Compound. I am well up in years and was sorely afflicted with rheumatism. I purchased and used six bottles of your medicine, and am now perfectly well. I have no rheumatism left."

The above is just an ordinary sample of the proof that cured people furnish every week.

Let us utter a few words of warning at all who feel the pangs of a disease that makes life a misery and a burden. The most dangerous season of the year is now with us; there is no necessity to enlarge upon this fact. Chilling winds and damp impure atmosphere aggravate every condition of rheumatism, and bring many a sufferer to the grave.

Take courage all victims of rheumatism. If you have failed with doctors and the ordinary medicine of the day, remember, you have not yet given Paine's Celery Compound a trial. This marvellous medicine has made new men and women of thousands who were pronounced incurable by physicians. It can and will do the same good work for you, if you fairly and honestly use it for a time. Mr. McWilliams' case was one that baffled all other medicines but Paine's Celery Compound, which proved victorious at every point, giving him a new and better life. Go thou and follow his example.

Women and Philosophers.

Edward von Hartman, whose "Philosophy of the Unconscious" has been of late years the leading fat of metaphysics, has been delivering himself of his opinion on the subject of the new woman in a way that is, in these days, to say the least, decidedly daring. He believes that the chief cause of our present-day evils is the higher education of women, and he would "put an end to this system with one stroke, and set our daughters back to the level of education with which our grandmothers were satisfied." He has no use whatever for training which renders women too refined and cultured to perform "her natural and social duties—nursing and housework."

According to this philosopher of the Unconscious every woman has failed in the performance of her duty if she has not become the mother of eleven children—two before the twentieth year, five in the twenties, three in the thirties, and one in the forties; that every true woman ought to do all her own housework, with the occasional assistance of a charwoman for the roughest part of it; "and that 'maidens cannot learn too early' what is their proper task."

In these opinions the good German meta-physician but repeats the ideas for Schopenhauer. Spencer, and in fact those of almost all the philosophers of the world, who have been anything but complimentary to feminine aspirations in the way of "higher culture." Now let the philosophers beware. For ages they have constructed the theories and theologies of the world and mankind has stood by and let them do it. But if they insist in keeping woman to her "natural and social duties—nursing and housework," she will rise in her wrath and either write a new philosophy to suit herself, or else sweep away the whole business of metaphysics as profitless speculation and idle vaporing. But as she is hardly patient enough to construct out of one idea a complex system which shall explain the universe, she will be forced to adopt the second alternative, and as the new woman generally accomplishes what she sets out to do, the world may yet by her means be relieved from the plague of philosophy which has afflicted it for centuries.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

A Sunflower Clock.

Kansas has often been called the Sunflower State—a title more than ever appropriate since the foreman upon Governor Motley's farm constructed his sunflower clock. Choosing an enormous sunflower he attached to its drooping head a tiny cornstalk not more than ten feet long. About the plant he drew a circle and divided it into twenty-four parts, each of which was

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4

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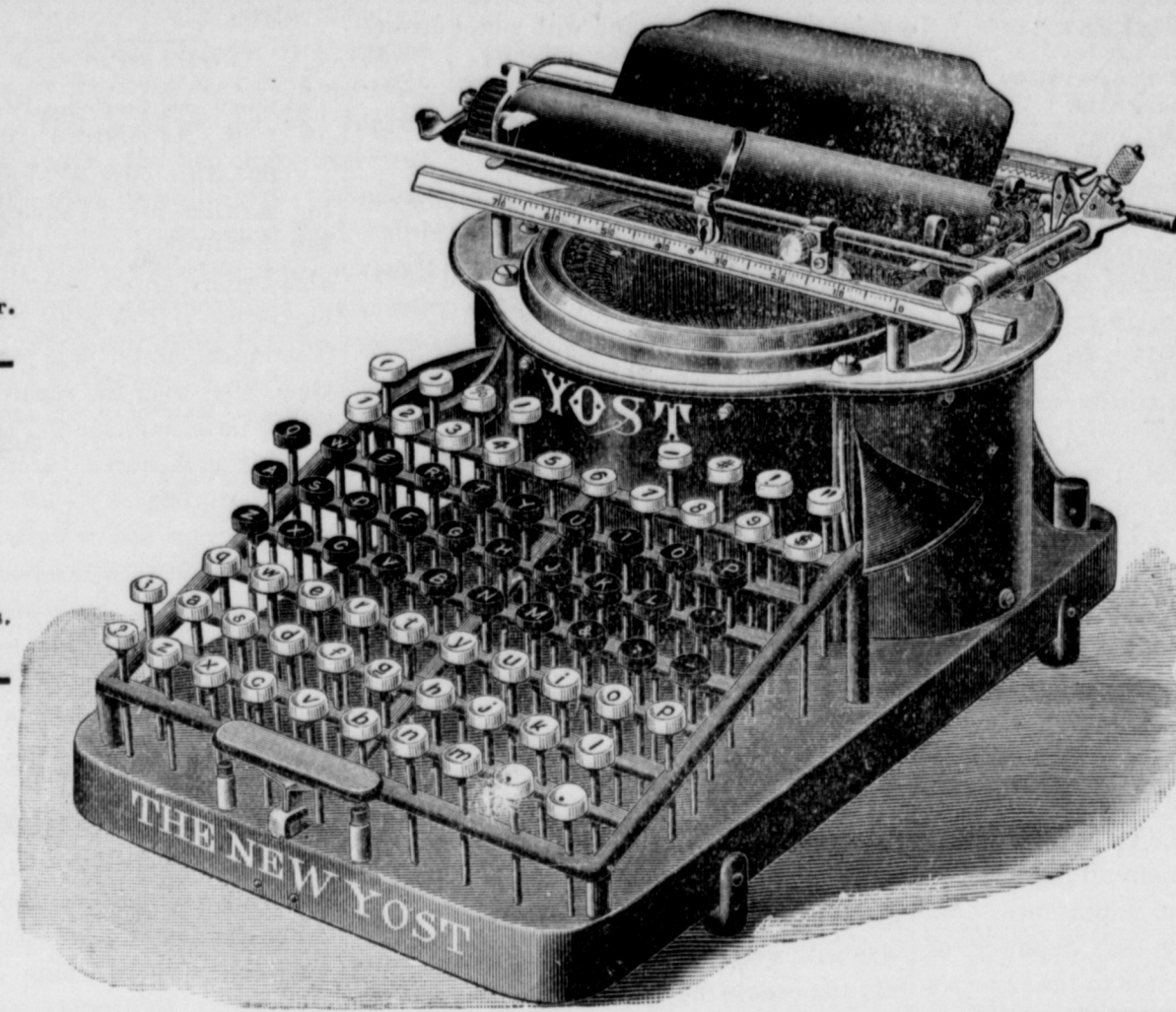
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sub-divided for minutes and seconds. And now, as the faithful plant from dawn till dusk eyes its fierce lord, the cornstalk pointer moves about the dial, indicating the time. The sunflower clock can also be used as a stop watch to time races by holding over it a big umbrella, which checks the revolution upon the instant, when the time to the fraction of a second may be read off upon the dial.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A MACADY THAT HAS LONG BAF- FLED MEDICAL SKILL.

A Speedy Cure for the Trouble at Last Discovered—The Particulars of the Cure of a Little Girl Who Was a Severe Sufferer.

In a handsome brick residence on the 10th line of Goulbourn township, Carleton Co., lives Mr. Thomas Bradley. One of Goulbourn's most successful farmers. In Mr. Bradley's family is a bright little daughter, 8 years of age, who had been a sufferer from St. Vitus dance, and who had been treated by physician without any beneficial results. Having learned that the little one had been fully restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a



"Now Entirely Free From Disease."

correspondent of the Journal called at the family residence for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, and found the little girl a picture of brightness and good health. Mrs. Faulkner, a sister of the little one, gave the following information: "About eighteen months ago Alvira was attacked by that terrible malady, St. Vitus dance, and became so bad that we called in two doctors, who held out no hope to us of her ultimate cure, and she was so badly affected with the 'dance' as to require constant watching. About this time we read in the Ottawa Journal of a similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave us renewed hope. We procured a couple of boxes, and before these were all used there was a perceptible improvement, after using six boxes more she was entirely free from the disease, and as you can see is enjoying the best of health. Several months have passed since the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued, but there has been no return of the malady, nor any symptoms of it. We are quite certain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her and strongly recommended them in similar cases."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and shallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Benjamin Was Too Funny.

"Stick to English, my boy, stick to English," is a wise exhortation, although we seldom heed it unless it comes to us in as forcible a manner as it is reported to have come to Orankin. It is said that Benjamin Franklin, the American, was not unlike other boys in his love for big words, and that one day he told his father that he had swallowed some cephalopod molluscs, where-

upon his alarmed father shrieked for help. The mother came in with warm water and forced a half gallon down Benjamin's throat, then held him upside down saying, "If we don't get those things out of Benny, he'll be poisoned sure." When Benjamin was allowed to get his breath he explained that the articles he referred to were oysters. His father was so indignant that he whipped him for frightening the family. Franklin never afterwards used a word of two syllables when a monosyllable would do as well.

The Wood of the Violin.

The front of a violin is usually made of deal the back of maple. Now, a piece of wood can be set in vibration just like a string in tension, and a certain musical note will be the result, the pitch depending of course, upon the length, thickness, and density of the wood. Well, this curious fact has been established by experience that in all the best Stradivarius violins—the violins that are now the rage—the "note" produced by the front of the instrument is the same; and, again, that in no case is the note of the front the same as the note of the back. We now know that there are acoustic reasons for this, and these reasons determine the kind and quality of the wood. You want the front of the instrument to be light, soft and porous, and you take deal as answering best to these qualities. When the wood is dry the microscope will reveal a multitude of little hollow cells, once filled with sap. The more of these cells there are the more quickly will the wood vibrate to the sound, and here it is that the fine skill in selecting the wood comes in. You might cut up a dozen pieces of deal, and perhaps only one piece would be absolutely perfect for its purpose. Similarly with the maple, of which the back of the instrument is made. This is a harder wood, containing less sap, and consequently fewer cells when dry. It is used because it vibrates more slowly than deal, and the effect on the violin is, as Mr. Hawes puts it, "to detain the waves of sound radiating from the deal, and to mix them with slower vibrations of the back in the hollow of the instrument." The ribs and sides of the violin are also of maple, and these serve to connect the quickly vibrating front with the slowly vibrating back, and hold them until both throbb together with full pulsation and body of sound.—Cornhill.

An Egg Came Between Them.

A every-day hen's egg nearly caused a rupture between a Chester young woman and her lover. While in the poultry yard two weeks ago she picked up the egg and placed it in the pocket of her mackintosh, but before she returned to the house the

egg was forgotten. The mackintosh was hung on a hook and was not disturbed until a night or two ago, when it was donned by the young lady, and when the arm of the lover embraced her the long-suffering egg gave way.

Soon the lover grew abstracted, and gradually withdrew his arm. He edged off from the girl, and touched to the quick and not understanding his coldness, she also widened the space. Finally, seizing his hat, the lover muttered an excuse and left the premises, and the girl fled into the house, where she burst into tears. The broken egg made its presence felt in the house to the other members of the family, but as the young lady had a cold she had not noticed the aroma which drove off her lover. A reconciliation followed, and the lover explained that he was angered to think that the girl he loved could tolerate an odor so awful as that.—Phila. Record.

Anticipated Pleasures.

The entire Smith family took a fortnight's vacation this summer. It was an unusual thing for them all to go away together, and they talked about it, individually and collectively, for weeks before hand. They were going to do and they were not going to do all sorts of things during the precious vacation period. Big Sister said that she meant to ride the bicycle. Little Sister said that she meant to make mud pies all day long, and Big Brother said that he meant to not so much as look at a Latin grammar. "I tell you what I mean to do," cried small brother, all on fire at the prospect of so much do-as-you-please. "I'm not going to say my prayers."—New York Sun.

Hard of Hearing.

There's a young man who goes into society—really good society—here, who is quite decidedly hard of hearing. He won't admit, though, and never asks to have anything said to him repeated. This is the latest story they tell on him. He went to call on Miss B. one evening last winter.

"Is Miss B. at home?" he asked of the maid who answered the bell.

"Yes, sir," she replied, rather softly.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he said, and giving her his card he walked away.—Washington Post.

Champagne Wasted.

The practice of christening ships by breaking a bottle of champagne over the bow seems to be spreading in a way to attract the temperance reformers. A new saw-mill at Spokane, the largest in the State of Washington, was opened for business last week with imposing "inaugural ceremonies," in which a United States Senator took part, and the mill was christened by a woman smashing a bottle of champagne over the buzz saws. Then two other women started the machinery.

Your Skirts Must Flare

again this season, and there is only one interlining which can give that crisp, durable stiffness which fashion requires in them as well as in the sleeves. Use the Light weight of

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