

TATTOOING AS A TRADE.

CURIOUS WAYS MEN MAKE THEIR BREAD AND BUTTER.

It is a Recognized and Important Trade in Japan—the Best Method of Putting in the Needles—Skin Pictures in the Place of Clothes—Incidents.

Tattooing, like the evil men do, lives after them, for curious writings and descriptions have been found on the bones of skeletons, writes Geo. I. Manson, in the N. Y. Voice. It must have been a startling discovery when a man found that he could paint upon his skin in such a way that it could not be washed out: by the rain, dried out by the heat, or even destroyed by Father Time himself.

Tattooing is an important occupation in Japan, where it is common among the working classes of the large cities and towns, and where the work is done in such a highly artistic manner that sailors from all parts of the world who desire to have their skins ornamented in this way take pains to engage with a vessel sailing to that country.

Among the lower class of Japanese, who are often tattooed literally from head to foot, tattooing, to a large extent, takes the place of clothing. The character of their work and the climate make it advisable for these people to wear only the most indispensable garments. The tattooing makes one forget the man's nudity and has the appearance of a highly ornamented suit of light clothing. The designs are generally of lions, huge dragons, battle scenes, beautiful women, flowers, representations of historical events, but a picture of an improper character is never seen.

The business is conducted so systematically in Japan, where in Tokyo alone, a few years ago, there were thirty thousand men tattooed, that the native who desires to make of himself a perambulating picture gallery selects some design from a book. This he takes to the artist, not to copy, but to give him an idea of what he wants.

In executing his work the artist uses an implement something like an old-fashioned cupping instrument. A number of the finest sewing needles are placed firmly in a piece of wood, arranged in rows of four, eight, twelve, twenty, or forty. He works very rapidly and can make, if he is, so inclined (so it is claimed), about ten punctures per second. This would mean, if a twelve-row machine were used, 120 punctures.

The ornamentation is done over the whole back and part of the limbs, the head, neck, feet and hands being left in their natural state. It takes a day to puncture the back or breast of a man, the number of punctures necessary running up into several hundred thousand. The most remarkable thing about the process as practised by the Japanese is that it is not painful, the punctures tickling rather than hurting, and no blood is drawn (provided the operator is skillful in his calling), unless it is around the knees or elbows, where the skin is tender, or in some parts of the design where it is necessary to make the shade pronounced. After the operation is completed the punctured part of the body is bathed in warm water, which brings out the color with great clearness, and the patient goes about his business. Occasionally he has a fever after the operation, but there is no irritation or soreness about the tattooed parts.

Among the South Sea Islanders tattooing has a religious or symbolic meaning and is performed with much ceremony. Among some savage races it has been a mark of distinction, serving to indicate the chiefs and leaders of the tribe. Some years ago the Japanese restricted the practice by law, considering it unworthy of a civilized people, but in spite of this edict, the lower classes still love to ornament themselves. Tattooing has always been a common practice among sailors, and with them it is more a matter of sentiment than artistic decoration. They will have the initial letters of the given name of their wife or sweetheart pricked in the middle of a heart. If the loved one dies, a broken shaft or a tombstone, with weeping willows, will be placed above this design. On board a large ship or man-of-war there is sure to be found one sailor who is able to do this kind of work. It is a curious thing that the designs followed from one generation to another are very much the same. A young sailor will have upon his arm or breast the same design as his neighbor who has followed the sea for half a century.

Sometimes the sailors who do this work have books which they have compiled themselves and which contain copies of the designs they have met with in their travels. Among sailors the instrument used is generally four needles set side by side in a stick, the points being close together. The colors are India Ink and Chinese vermilion, and by mixing the two a brown color can be obtained. Of late years the instrument is sometimes worked by electricity. An outline of the picture is first drawn on the skin in India Ink and the needles are run in at a slant, unlike the method of the Japanese, who drive them in straight. The sailor tattooers draw the blood and the patients always suffer more or less pain, especially a day or two after the operation, when the skin becomes swollen and inflamed. It is a week before the design begins to look like a real picture.

An American seaman named R. A. Whipp has on his body fourteen designs in blue and red ink. On each shoulder, in red and blue, is a design called an "epaulet." On his breast is a full rigged merchant ship in a gale of wind. On his arms are pictures of his father and mother, each within a frame of rope, an eagle surmounting a shield, an English sailor raising the English flag, a large Chinese shark, a dagger piercing an arm and showing a copious flow of blood, an arabesque, a design known as "The Sailor's Farewell to His Sweetheart," and "Young America." In the first design the sailor is bidding good-by to a comely young woman in a short dress who is weeping, his ship and her small cottage being seen in the distance. "Young America" is the representation of a finely formed woman, who is sitting on an eagle while she proudly holds aloft an American flag. There are many instances where a sailor has had his back tattooed with the national emblem.

A sentimental design quite common among seamen is a sailor holding his cap in one hand and a red rose in another as he is standing by a grave. Above the stone (which bears the words "Mother's Grave") is an urn full of flowers. A weeping-willow tree shades this scene, and over it can be seen the spire of a church. The shading requires seven needles, which are placed in the machine side by side. In all kinds of tattooing only two kinds of ink are used, black India ink and Chinese vermilion. These are the only colors that are not poisonous or injurious.

A curious and gruesome trade connected with tattooing is that carried on in Morocco. There the dealers in curios will give a good price for a piece of tattooed human skin, the sum ranging from \$10 to \$100, depending on the size and beauty of the design. This curious fact was brought to light in this country a few years ago, when a Syrian assisted in recovering a dead body found floating in the Delaware river. On the left arm of the body there was an admirable representation of the crucifixion. It was the work of a master hand, every detail being perfect. The Syrian desired to cut off this piece of the cuticle from the body, finally offering \$10 for it. He said that he had made hundreds of dollars by trading with the Morocco merchants, and he had learned the secret of preparing the skin for framing.

It seems that the skin is first carefully dried and tanned, and is then treated with a peculiar solution of poisons drugs which has the effect of bringing into bold relief the colors used in tattooing. It is then pressed between two plates of glass, and allowed to stand about a month, when it is framed and placed on sale. It is quite common for the prominent citizens of the Orient to have the walls of their houses decorated with these objects.

In some parts of Arabia the sheiks of certain tribes have their own portraits tattooed on their backs. When one of them dies the cuticle bearing his portrait is carefully cut away, prepared according to the usual process and reverently carried from place to place by the bereaved tribe.

GREAT IS KEROSENE.

Some of the Many Household Uses to Which It May Be Applied.

Every day the virtues of mineral oil become more widely known, until there seems to be really no limit to the services one may eventually expect from it. The Southern negroes, before the advent of patent medicines upon the plantations, had a reckless fashion of administering kerosene internally as a remedy for every variety of complaint, from the vaguely general disease known as "malaria" to such defined distresses as toothache, and invariably declared themselves the better for the noxious dose.

But it is in the household that the uses of the oil have been most recently discovered, and here its value is most actively appreciated. Its special characteristic is that of a cleansing agent, and there really seems to be no object of domestic service that is not benefited by the application.

It is, for example, rubbed window washing of all its terrors, and under its mild and oleaginous regime the long procession of pails, brushes, cloths, papers and chamois skins which followed the housemaid about from spot to spot all through window cleaning day has vanished, never to return. Now all she considers necessary is a cloth, a small basin of warm water, a cup half full of kerosene and one clean chamois. She takes her small hair brush and cleans away all dust from about the window ledges. The cloth is dipped into the water and wrung out nearly dry, about a teaspoonful of the oil is poured upon it, and with this the pane is rubbed clear and translucent almost by a turn of the wrist. The chamois is used as a polish, and not a single cloud or smear—such as in the old days the maid was constantly being reprimanded for—mars the glistening surface of the glass. More modern windows washed by the new kerosene method retain their brilliancy and cleanliness nearly twice as long.

Mirrors have given up their cantankerousness under the same treatment. Tins in the kitchen feel the magic of mineral oil, and where long scouring was necessary to keep them bright and shining in the past, to-day the up-to-date cook dips her flannel cloth in kerosene, then into powdered lime, or common whiting, and with these scours her tins into a likeness of the kerosene cleaned mirrors, and all with only half the labor. Of course, they want a thorough rinsing in hot suds afterward to free them from all odor, but the real toil of scouring is what the dreads and not quick and easy rinsing.

If she has an oilcloth on her floor she adds a gill of kerosene to her scouring

water, dips a mop in a pail, passes it quickly over the painted surface, dries it with a flannel cloth and with this slight effort leaves it bright and polished almost as new, and an oilcloth treated in this manner will outlast one scrubbed up in the old way twice over. Many a housekeeper's heart has gone nigh to breaking in despair over painted floors and balconies which showed every foot mark, and were only made dingy and dismal by all efforts to wash them out. A flannel cloth wrung out in cold water and well sprinkled with kerosene makes a painted floor almost as easy to keep as one of the costly hardwoods, and the odor of the (lansing will pass completely away in half an hour. On balconies indeed, or where the windows of the room are left open during the process, the odor evaporates so quickly as not to be noticed at all.

Perhaps, however, the most valuable quality yet discovered in kerosene is its power of cleansing soiled clothes. A bar of soap should be shaved up into a quart of warm water and allowed to stand until it has quite melted. Into this stir one tablespoonful of kerosene oil and set aside. Take the most soiled of the white clothes—colored ones are not benefited by this process—lay them in soak with just enough water to cover them. Soap them well with the soft soap in which the kerosene oil has been mixed. Leave them over night. In the morning add more hot water and rub them out—they will require very little of this, no matter how soiled they may have been—and they can then be rinsed in clear water, starched and blueed and hung out to dry. They will not retain the slightest odor of the oil, and will be especially white and clear, and that with the very minimum of hard work. It seems, indeed, as if this mineral grease was an excellent substitute for the far-famed elbow grease, which heretofore has been absolutely essential to cleanliness.—N. Y. Advertiser.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

WHICH MAY SAVE THE LIVES OF THEIR DAUGHTERS.

A Young Lady at Merrickville Saved When Near Death's Door—Her Illness Brought about by Abuses Peculiar to Her Sex—Only One Way in Which They Can Be Successfully Resisted.

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

Perhaps there is no healthier people in the continent of America to-day than the residents of that picturesque village of Merrickville, situated on the Rideau river, and the reason is not so much in its salubrious climate as in the wise precautions taken by its inhabitants in warding off disease by a timely use of proper medicine. The greatest favorite is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and many are the testimonials in regard to their virtues. Your correspondent on Monday last called at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Euston, and interviewed their daughter, Miss Hattie Euston, a handsome young lady of 20 years, who is known to have been very low and has been restored to health by the use of Pink Pills. "Yes," she said, "I suffered a great deal, but I am so thankful that I am once more restored to health. You have no idea what it is to be so near the portals and feel that everything in life's future is about to slip from your grasp and an early grave your doom. I was taken ill four years ago with troubles peculiar to my sex, and which has hurried many a young woman to her doom—an early grave. I have taken in all about twenty boxes of Pink Pills, and I am only too glad to let the world know what these wonderful little pellets have done for me, hoping that some other unfortunate young woman may be benefited as I was. When sixteen years of age I began to grow pale, and weak and many thought I was going into decline. I became subject to fainting spells and at times would become unconscious. My strength gradually decreased and I became so emaciated that I was simply a living skeleton. My blood seemed to turn to water and my face was the color of a corpse. I had tried different kinds of medicines, but they did me no good. I was at last confined to my room for several months and hope of my recovery was given up. At last a friend strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using a few boxes I began to grow slightly stronger. I continued their use until I had used about twelve boxes, when I found myself restored to health. I now quit using the pills and for six months I never felt better in my life. Then I began to feel that I was not as regular as I should be and to feel the old tired feeling once more coming on. Once more I resorted to Pink Pills, and by the time I had used six bottles I found my health fully restored. I keep a box by me and occasionally when I feel any symptoms of a return of the old trouble, I take a few and I am all right again. I cannot find words of sufficient weight to express my appreciation of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and sincerely hope that all, who are afflicted as I was will give them a trial and I am certain they will find renewed health.

The facts above related are important to parents as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath, water, dips a mop in a pail, passes it quickly over the painted surface, dries it with a flannel cloth and with this slight effort leaves it bright and polished almost as new, and an oilcloth treated in this manner will outlast one scrubbed up in the old way twice over. Many a housekeeper's heart has gone nigh to breaking in despair over painted floors and balconies which showed every foot mark, and were only made dingy and dismal by all efforts to wash them out. A flannel cloth wrung out in cold water and well sprinkled with kerosene makes a painted floor almost as easy to keep as one of the costly hardwoods, and the odor of the (lansing will pass completely away in half an hour. On balconies indeed, or where the windows of the room are left open during the process, the odor evaporates so quickly as not to be noticed at all.

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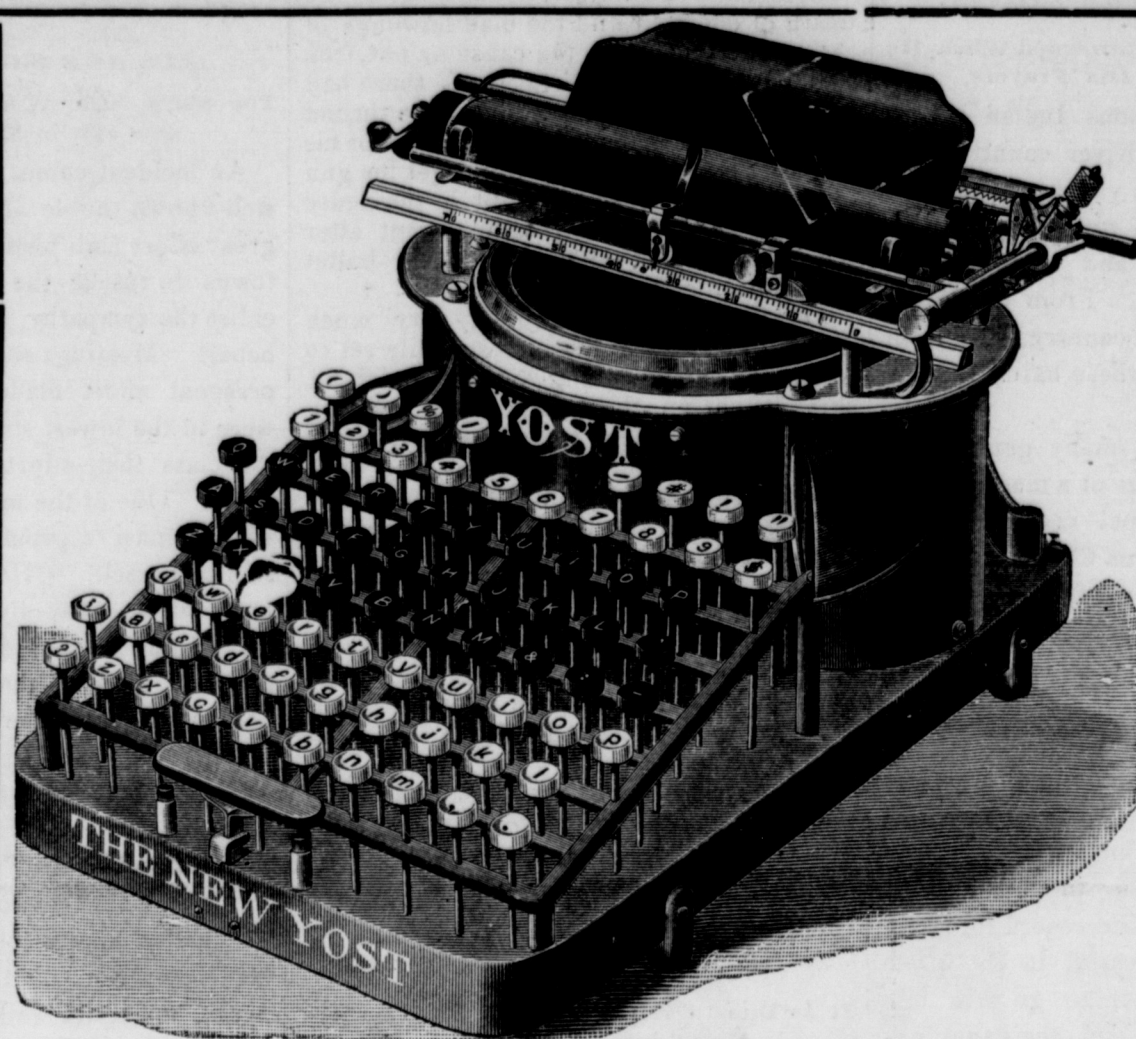
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A little house with very little in it, with a modest piazza, a skiff or sail-boat which does not pretend to be a yacht, a garden hoe and rake, a camera, books and a hammock, a rod which is not too precious or costly to break, one nag of plebeian blood and something to harness him to, rabbits in the barn and sunflowers in the garden; a walk to sunset hill and a dialogue with the harvest moon—why should we not set our summer life to such a tune, rather than hanker for the neighborhood of a big steam yacht and polo ground, for the fringe of the fashionable bathing beach, for the dust of the stylish equipage, and try in our several ways, and beyond our means, to follow the pace which is set for us by others? From The Art of Living—July 'Scribner.'

Madame Faure's Style.

Madame Felix Faure, wife of the President of France, appeared at the Grand Prix races recently in a costume so beautiful that the fashion papers not only described it at great length, but illustrated it in colors. It was a creation of brown satin, brow chiffon and cream lace, made and trimmed so as to be wholly new and exclusive. With this costume was worn a brown and white bonnet, very small in size, that scarcely covered the top of the head. Madame Faure is a tall, fine-looking woman, who may set and lead the fashions, for the Republic, as Eugenie did for the Empire. And she can keep a secret, for no one seems to know who is her modiste and milliner.

See My New Dress!

It used to be my mamma's old cashmere, which she took to pieces and dyed with Diamond Dyes and made me two new dresses, a blue and a brown. Brother's got a new suit too; it's made from Uncle Jack's old coat dyed over; mamma said 'twas easy to dye with Diamond Dyes,—that anybody can use them.



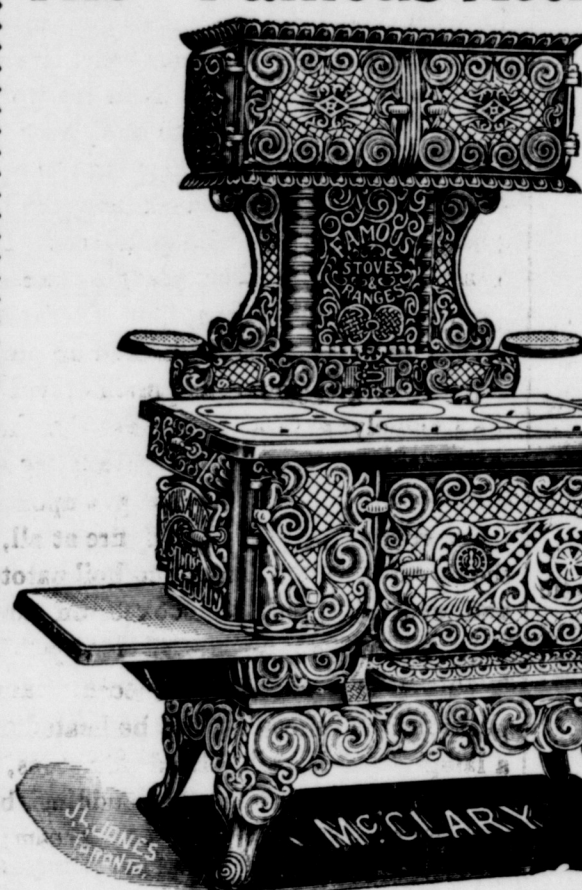
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