

OF THE COSMETIC ART

WHAT WILL BENEFIT ONE IS NOT GOOD FOR ANOTHER.

Various Suggestions as to What Should be Done—The Question of Diet a Difficult One—Bathing and Exercise of Various Kinds.

There is much to be said in favor of cosmetic art as a vocation for women, writes Shirley Dare. It is a mistake to say that all is known of such art and physical culture that there is to be known. For every perfume, every dye, every vegetable extract which soothes and refines the skin, a dozen or a score are known to exist superior to those in vogue and of these the combinations and improvements are endless. All painful, tedious operations of improving the complexion are easily superseded by methods which take away the repulsiveness of personal touch and malodorous applications. What is known is nothing to what may be known, and this is not said as a vapid generality, but of specific knowledge common to those advanced in natural science, but which they perhaps are not ready after years of research, to give lightly away. What not to do is the most important elementary part of cosmetics. What is good for one age may be fatal to another, and what is advised for delicate, run-down people, is by no means put forward as the rule for all.

Several correspondents appear to have taken the idea that the Salisbury treatment, making fresh beef the chief diet, is for all in health, old and young. The meat diet is to restore lost nerve force and muscular strength after years of neglect and innutritious fare. It is now for invalids, the obese, for those in nervous prostration or consumption, or suffering from overwork of mind and body for a length of time. It is by no means for people in ordinary health, though to preserve good condition one should take care that plenty of fresh, sound beef and mutton is taken the greater part of the year. One letter says: "We follow the advice about whole meal bread and fruit diet, but, living in the country so far from a meat market, cannot take the Salisbury treatment. My daughter has a few blackheads, just showing, which at her age I think unavoidable. Can you advise any application to use for their removal? She is also troubled with dandruff. An ordinary hair tonic does not help the trouble, which seems to stop the growth of the hair."

Lack of the nervous force afforded by more fresh meat is very likely at the root of this trouble. It should be fixed in the mind of mothers and teachers in charge of growing girls, that they need a certain amount of fresh, juicy meats to supply the nerve cells at the time of their development, and attention to this point would prevent or cure half the hysteria and bad complexions of girls in their teens. If they have no appetite, their candy and cake supply should be strictly cut off and diet limited until they are honestly hungry enough to eat brown steak and juicy bread. There is not the slightest danger of their growing coarse or gross by eating the right sort of meals in the right proportion. A full, mixed diet of rich fat meats of all kinds, greasy vegetables, pastry, and indigestible puddings would unquestionably overstimulate and ruin health. Nothing short of a cook book, however, which took up every detail of the table for the year would shed much light on the vexed question.

The cold bath is only for full-blooded persons under 40, and in firm health, and it must be suspended at any lowering of health, however slight, or temporary. The hot bath in a warm room or in summer may be taken with positive benefit at any rate, especially in critical, or depressed conditions. It is curious to see women lauding the cold bath who have every day to keep themselves wound up with nerve stimulants and electricity, and breaking down entirely every few years. The hot bath quickly taken at night on retiring to rest, restores and soothes, regulates and cleanses. Taken whenever out of health, from whatever cause, it prevents a host of maladies and upward conditions. The only care is not to get chilled at all after it. It is the special panacea for the aches and miseries of growing girls, save in a few exceptional cases.

"What kind of exercise should a woman take to reduce the flesh about the hips? It seems to be almost a deformity among American women and even young girls. Age seems to have nothing to do with it. An English lady told me it was caused by the way American women walked." So writes an interested woman who evidently reflects what she reads and hears. Going up and down stairs a good deal very possibly leads to the deposit of flesh over the hips and below the waist. Sedentary habits in fulfilled women who eat much white bread and milk and cheese develop unsightly abdomens. The wretched "pivotal exercises" which took hold of women's fancy a few years since are admirable for securing large hips and flesh where it is wanted.

The Salisbury diet, with very hot applications to the base of the spine and large muscles of the back, care to keep the lower limbs and abdomen always warmly clad, and a very firm thin flannel bandage adjusted by small safety pins, are general treatments. Fomenting with strong spirits of camphor and an equal part of boiling

water is useful in reducing size above or below the belt. Camphor has a singular and very dangerous effect sometimes in depressing the action of the heart applied in either of these cases. The odor of camphor may be masked by a few drops of ammonia in the lotion. Oil of cloves heated and applied after the skin is warm with friction will reduce abdominal size, which is more the effects of stultified dyspepsia than fat. But American women must lay it to heart that superfine flour is the cause both of the dyspepsia and the ungainly figure in other cases. A girl brought up on coarse bread, with due share of meat and no candy eating between meals is not likely to have a thick waist at any age.

Women who are often on horseback, especially those who ride on a trot, not seldom find their hips increase unpleasantly in size. The great cause of this today, prominent figure is the conventional training to slow and measured movements in girls and women. Even at tennis you rarely see a girl run. Every healthy child, no matter what the sex, should be taught to run, freely and easily, dressed suitably, and encouraged to take long runs, gracefully. A run of a quarter mile without breaking gait is not at all beyond the power of an ordinary woman, and it strengthens heart and lungs and exercises the abdominal muscles in such a way that takes the fat off them. No one can run and remain fat.

Walking fat off is a tedious process, but let one who finds herself growing stout practice a good run daily half an hour morning and afternoon, and she will find her figure taking acceptable lines sooner than by any other treatment. Very stout people should begin with a strict diet of lean meat and Iceland moss-jellies until the load of fat lessens and complete the cure by running a little at a time in the open air until they literally run the flesh off them. Whatever the effect of social opinion as to the decorum of women's riding horseback astride, certain facts remain unalterably against it. Sitting astride other and more serious physiological reasons against it, the shorter legs of women render them ungainly and ridiculous astride any horse not of a razor-backed breed. The certain effects include a most ungainly roll in the gait when off the saddle and a bowlegged tendency. By virtue of physiological reasons riding astride is pretty certain to bring about what in gentlemen is styled the bow-window front. One may see the effects of this mode of riding in rquals, whose absence of waist is clearly traceable to their journeys in the fashion the modern woman yearns to adopt. To see a squaw on horseback is to realize how lovely a thing called woman may become. They cannot take the West Point seat, because nature has not provided the requisite length of riding trousers, and the English school proposes to help matters by shortening the stirrup leathers to bring the knees well up toward the chin, "as if sitting in a low chair." Would any woman who could see herself consent to ride in that trussed-up fashion? Let a woman who used to catch her own horse on the open prairie, bridle him and saddle him with blanket and girth, and ride without stirrup protest against this last hysteria of young women who must do something conspicuous. To be sure, Queen Elizabeth rode astride, but it is only necessary to look at her picture mounted to take an immediate prepossession against the pose.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Some Mysteries Regarding It Are Hard for Scientists to Explain.

"Will the veil between man and the animal creation ever be lifted at all? But little, but, possibly, still a little. It is nearly certain—or we should ourselves say quite certain—that it, after a few ages of experience, the domestic beasts, in other words, the beasts which have not to hunt for food—the carnivora owe their ferocity to ages of hunger and fierce exertion to assuage hunger—acquired a serene confidence in man, they would reveal to him something however little, more of themselves. They do it now under favorable conditions.

Cowper's hare ranging the house like a cat and Waterton's bull allowing him to seat himself upon his flanks as he lay stretched out on the grass are instances that what we all believe to be animal "nature" is often misinterpreted. The Chinese govern their flocks without dogs, and a Chinese shepherd, we have been told, can tell a particular sheep out of his flock—story an English shepherd would have difficulty in believing. The exceedingly curious movements of petted dogs when any one is sick in the house are entirely unexplained and certainly seem to indicate that the abstract idea of sickness is not beyond animal range, the brute exhibiting all the signs of grief and anxiety before it has seen its sick friend, or known, except from talk and the household perturbation, that he was sick. A little knowledge may come in that way, and a little more from attention to beast language. The creatures undoubtedly do talk in a way, and to a certain degree do respond to each others' cries, do give each other orders, and do communicate by sound certain items of information—as, for instance, that something is going on which surprises and distresses them. It is not likely that this language, if we are to call it so, alters much—though Indian dogs, to be sure, whine to each other where European dogs bark—and it is conceivable, though improbable, that its meaning might be acquired by men. Some of the servants of European zoological gardens think they know something of it, and so, we fancy, do the old shikaris of Indian villages—they say they do, anyhow—and the knowledge may ultimately be gathered up.—London Spectator.

One of the patrons of a grab-bag at a recent Maine fair was disgusted at getting out of the bag an order by the local grave digger: "Good for one grave dug any time during the ensuing year."

HOW ENVELOPES ARE MADE.

The Wonderful Machine by Which They are Turned Out Ready for Use.

It had never occurred to me that making of envelopes would be of any particular interest until one day when I chanced to be in a building where they were manufactured. Then I was simply fascinated, for I think I never saw a machine more perfectly adapted to the use for which it was intended than was the envelope machine, which I watched and studied till even the operator became interested too and stopped its working to explain the points which I had not been able to grasp while it was being so rapidly operated.

Before describing the work of this machine, though, I must go back a step and tell you how the envelopes are cut.

A man who stands before a heavy press takes an oval form made of steel and just the shape of an envelope before it is folded. The lower edge of this form is sharp as a knife. The man sets the form upon a block of paper which consists of five hundred sheets of average weight, pushes paper and all beneath the press, which descends slowly upon the mould and drives its knife-like edge straight down through five hundred sheets. As the press ascends the man takes out the mould and removes the cut envelopes.

This pile is then placed in the envelope machine, in a part just above the operator's head, and the machine set in motion. Above the envelope forms is a roller which is kept gummed by means of a "gum box" against which it turns. A brush which is just the size and shape of the gummed part of an envelope flap, strikes against this roller, then down upon the edge of the top sheet. This brush is called the "picker," for the one envelope of course adheres to the brush and is thus picked up from the others. At the same moment two thin strips of brass reach in, take hold of the single sheet, pull it out and drop it just as an oblong block the shape and size of the finished envelopes strikes it down into an opening of the same size. The instant this block goes up three metal flaps like the two ends and the bottom piece of the folded envelope fold over upon these parts and glue them securely together.

But you wonder when the flap is glued and why, when it is glued, it does not stick down upon the rest of the envelope. Well, so do I, but that is one of the things the operator had to explain to me when the machine had stopped.

I said three metal flaps strike down to fold and glue the envelope. On the fourth side a brush, gummed like the "picker," struck the flap of the envelope and a roller turned over upon the flap just far enough to crease it down, but far enough to make it touch the other parts. The envelope is then dropped on its upper edge to an endless chain which passes back from the machine. It is held in place by means of up-right pins which form a succession of small racks the entire length of the chain. This chain passes back from the machine a distance of several feet, then down over a horizontal wheel and back underneath to the machine again. After the envelopes on the chain go over this wheel at the back and start toward the machine again, beneath, you will see that their lower edge will then be down and the flap, which all this time is a little open, will be at the top. Well, close beneath the lower part of the chain, where it goes toward the machine, there is a long tin box with small holes along the top, and inside this box there is a fan constantly operated which drives a current of air through all these holes. This current of air strikes beneath the partially opened flap and by the time the envelope has made its trip around on the chain, behold, the gun on the flap is entirely dried and the envelope is ready to be packed.

When it gets back to the machine—remember each little rack the whole length of the chain holds an envelope, but we can only trace one—it is thrown upright into a box which is directly in front of the operator. When twenty-four have been thrown in, this part of the machine makes a jog which throws the twenty-five envelope a little to one side of the others. The operator then takes out the twenty-five, puts a strip of paper around them and places them in a box. Twenty packages or five hundred envelopes are put into each box, and how long do you suppose it has taken the five hundred to come from the cutter, go through the machine and get into the box? Just five minutes! One hundred envelopes a minute, or nearly two a second!—Ex

Mountains in the Sea.

There exists in the great ocean between Australia and New Caledonia a range of mighty submarine mountains whose limestone tops rise within 300 fathoms of the surface. The discovery of these peaks, rising sheer 7,500 feet from the bottom of the deep sea, was made by the men who have just finished laying the first section of the trans-Pacific cable. Sir Audley Coote, who was at the head of the cable expedition, arrived here yesterday on the steamer Alameda from Sydney, New South Wales. He said:

"The sea from Australia to New Caledonia has been surveyed by a British and by an American vessel. Your Albatross went there and did some very good work, but, as it happened, both this expedition and the other missed the strange feature of the ocean that I can describe. We had anticipated no great difficulty in laying the cable section, and did not find any until suddenly the bottom of the ocean began to rise. We were forced to cut the cable there in mid-ocean and to buoy up the ends. It was then found that what had

hindered us was a range of submarine mountains.

"There is nothing else like this in the world that I know of. The mountains rise in abrupt peaks, and are hard limestone and granite. By careful measurement we found that the peaks were more than 7,000 feet on the average, and the highest of them 7,500 feet from the bottom of the ocean. Less than 300 fathoms from the surface of the water we found the tops of the highest mountains. The range extends for nearly seventy-five miles—that is, measuring from the extreme northerly to the extremely southerly point. To lay the cable around this range took forty-eight miles more of cable than we had counted on. We had to go around the peaks as a railroad would go around a mountain on land."—San Francisco Chronicle.

CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A P. E. ISLAND LADY RESCUED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with A Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite, and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

From the Charlottetown Patriot.

Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimony is telling of a tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman. Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlottetown, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night—set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to



Joking their mother on her appetite.

be numbered. Her appetite was almost completely gone. Food was taken without relish, and Mrs. Strickland was unable to do even the ordinary, lighter work of the household. She became greatly emaciated and in order to partake of even the most dainty nourishment a stimulant had at first to be administered. While this gloom hung over the home and the mother sorrowfully thought of how soon she would have to say farewell to her young family, she was induced by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Though utterly discouraged, and almost disgusted with medicine she yielded more in a friendly way than in a hopeful spirit. After using the pills for a short time a gleam of hope, a wish to get well again took possession of her and the treatment was cheerfully continued. It was no false feeling but a genuine effort nature was making to reassert itself, and before many boxes were used the family were joking their mother on her appetite, her disappearing cough and the brighter she had given them. The use of Pink Pills was continued for some time longer and now Mrs. Strickland's elastic and general, excellent health, would lead you to imagine that you were gazing upon a different woman, not one who had been snatched from the jaws of death. She was never in better health and spirits, and no matter what others say she is firm in her belief that Pink Pills saved her life and restored her to her wonted health and strength.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like that above related. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Shenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

One Way of Arousing Lodgers.

Umpire Bill Hays of the Windsor has invented a new system of calling sleepy guests. Its very simplicity is its supreme attraction. The other night a newspaper man went to the Windsor, and being desirous of being called at an early hour, left instructions with Umpire Hays to do the work. Satisfied that everything would be lovely, the scribe retired and slept. Early this morning the newspaper man was disturbed by a lively tattoo upon the door.

"Well?" he demanded sharply.

"I've got an important message for you," said the bell boy outside.

Yawning until he sprained his face, the scribe jumped out of bed, toddled across the floor, and opened the door. The bell boy handed him an envelope and then went away. The newspaper man opened the envelope and found therein a slip of paper bearing the following:

"Why don't you get up?"—St. Paul Dispatch.

One of the Colonel's Ways.

I was standing in the lobby at one of the hotels the other night when the bell on the indicator began to ring violently, and one of the small arrows jumped around to 146. The clerk stepped to the box, turned the crank to straighten the arrow, and proceeded with his work again. Again the bell rang and again the arrow pointed to the same number. The clerk turned the crank again and registered a guest. Then the bell rang again and the arrow pointed to the same number a third time, and the clerk went through the same operation.

SATINS,

The Finest

Molasses Chewing Candy

in the Land.

TRY

This continued about half an hour, when my curiosity was aroused, and I inquired the reason of the continuous ringing from the gentleman behind the desk, who was busy at the crank.

"Oh, that's just Col.—on a drunk again," he said, "and he's ringing for drinks, but we let him enjoy himself pressing the button till he becomes tired, and then he rolls into bed. He gets that way about once a month, and we're always prepared for it."—Louisville Commercial.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

The Immense Advance that Has Been Made in the Last Fifty Years.

In no vocation has there been a more rapid advance than in medicine during the last half century, and it is significant that the major part of this advance has been due, not to the observation and experience of the routine practitioner, but to the researches of scientific men who have been sneered at as theorists, and who have brought to bear on their professional work the results of scholastic training entirely foreign to the scope of instruction in medical schools a generation ago.

What, for example, could seem further removed from the domain of practical surgery than the investigation of little moving plants that are found in decomposing animal and vegetable matter? Yet the study of the habits or growth of these microscopic weeds, of the soil on which they thrive, and the poisons which prevent their development, has revolutionized surgery, and has almost banished from the operating-room the fear of suppuration, of gangrene, of erysipelas, and other forms of blood poisoning. The recognition of the role of vegetable germs in the production of these untoward results of surgical interference and the development of antiseptic methods of surgery have rendered it possible to operate on the brain, spinal cord, stomach, intestine and other abdominal and pelvic viscera, and even the heart.

Fourteen years ago the best medical and surgical skill could not save the lamented Garfield from death by blood poisoning. Today the most unpretending surgeon, treating the poorest laborer, would be severely condemned, if not actually accounted guilty of malpractice, if he used the same methods. Thousands of women who would have been doomed to chronic invalidism a generation ago are now restored to health by operations attended by an average mortality of about 2 per cent, whereas the same operations undertaken without antiseptic precautions would result in the death of nine-tenths of the victims. Thanks to the enforcement of rules of health, based on the same study of bacteriology, we no longer witness the devastation of such epidemics as were common ten years ago, while for the first time in medical history cholera has been checked in its onward march to the West.

A very gratifying tendency has marked the development of the medical profession in the last generation. The slough of mannerisms, the formal dress, the owl-like solemnity, have been thrown off, and the physician, by his own choice, is being judged more by his actual attainments than by external appearances. Thirty years ago a bald head, a white beard, and a long frock coat were as much a part of the physician's equipment as his diploma. Now, on the other hand, it is no infrequent occurrence for an elderly man of real ability, and modern in his methods of practice, to lose a patient through the fear that he may not be fully abreast of the times. What can be further from the old traditions than a leading surgeon lounging about in an outing shirt and a blue belt, or

a distinguished physician playing polo? Yet these amusements are simply a relaxation from the tension of professional study.—Lippincott's.

OLD CHINESE PETITION.

The Prayer of Two Celestials Who Wanted to Desert Their Ship.

Two Chinamen with pigtails of enormous length—one of them so extensive that it trailed along the ground like the train of a lady's dress—entered the tribunal over which the Thames magistrate presides. After making a profound salaam to the bench, and gathering up the ends of their enormous hair plates and putting them in their pockets, they presented to his Worship a petition, written in bold Chinese characters, such as one occasionally sees illustrating the sides of tea boxes which come from the land of the tiger braves. They made signs that they wished him to read it, but Mr. Dickinson was unable to master its contents until an interpreter explained the document. It proved to be a prayer drawn up in the language of floweriest hyperbole, intimating that the petitioners, in "their humble, insignificant, and much-to-be-despised personages, who were but the refuse of the wooden pavement," and only fit to be gathered up and cast into the dust bin, approached the venerable and highly respected magistrate, whose ancestors were ever to be blessed, and compared with whom Confucius was but a farthing rushlight, and Wing Hang Chum, the philosopher of the twenty-five pigtails, a very ordinary person," in order to beseech his "luminous condescendence, which was clearer than the sun on a midsummer day," to relieve them from the painful necessity of going back to China in the ship which had brought them here, owing to the way in which they had been treated by the engineers on board. The vessel started in a day or two, and if they did not sail they would be brought before the court as deserters. "Would therefore his esteemed and all-powerful compendium of the learned science, including that of the law, be pleased to order that the unworthy petitioners, comparable only to the refuse of the aforesaid wooden pavement, be relieved from further attendance in the ship which they deserted, abhorred, abjured, and refused to recognize as in any way worthy of his venerable worship's patronage." Mr. Dickinson seemed to think that the Chinamen's cunning was as extensive as their rigtails, declined to interfere in the matter, and referred the petitioners to the Board of Trade. The officials of that department will, therefore, have the opportunity of studying a fine specimen of the Chinese language in its native simplicity.—London Telegraph.

In Training for a Freak.

The glass eater isn't in it any more says the New York Sun. "Capt. Vetricio," an American citizen who contemplates a dime museum debut, ate a lot of things at the Sinclair House which was not on the bill of fare, but which he brought with him. He began by pouring kerosene on sawdust, lighting the mess, and when it had burned awhile, he extinguished the flame and ate the sawdust. Then he munched a lump of coal. Next he stirred up a little sulphur in water, added a little blue vitriol and some permanganate of potash, and drank the mixture. A piece of an earthenware flower pot was his next dish, followed by half a tallow candle and a printer's ink sandwich. He quenched his thirst with a solution of rat poison, blue vitriol and a green vitriol, ate a piece of laundry soap for dessert, and wound up with a drink of beer in which a package of matches had been soaking. He is training on morphine now. He perfers poisons despises glass eaters, and takes a bit of flower pot now and then just to show that he can do that too. He is tall and cadaverous, and he exhibits medals and diplomas from all the crowned heads of Europe who have ever seen him eat.

HERE IS A SENSIBLE IDEA

Just the thing for Curling, Skiing, Driving, Etc.

WINDSOR, Ont., Oct. 29th, 1895.

Gentlemen:—Please ship us at once, one case No. 20, natural Fibre Chamois. Please give this your immediate attention as we are in a very active demand for our ladies' and men's Fibre Chamois Vests, Blankets and Chest Protectors and are using a large quantity of the Fibre Chamois therein. Yours truly,

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The vests are made of Fibre Chamois covered with Sateen or plain, may be worn between the Jacket or Cape and Dress Waist & between the Coat and Vest. Durable and inexpensive. At all the Leading Stores.

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