

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Are men more faithful than women? Well they are not popularly supposed to be; but then man, like the common domestic cat, is an animal that does not always get quite his deserts in this uncertain and whimsical world. As an individual he often gets a good deal more, and is idealized to such an extent that he would never recognize his own portrait could he see it through the eyes of his mother or sweetheart. Again he is very often so cruelly undervalued, and unappreciated that I am sure his own relatives will be surprised some day in the far off future to see what a high place he occupies in the Heavenly City and what a dazzling halo ornaments the brow which seemed so common-place while he was on earth.

But taken in the concrete I don't believe one can generalize about men and women in their capacity for constancy and faithfulness any more than in their individual tastes. It would be absurd to say that men, as a rule, were much fonder of potatoes than women were; or that women were nearly always fonder of fish, as an article of diet, than men. It is quite a broad question, and one which it is not easy to answer at all definitely. Perhaps there are more women who are faithful whose love lives to the siege of the grave, and often beyond it, but then one must remember that the world is more apt to hear about the tragedy in a woman's life, than in a man's. If she has a sweetheart which shadows her life, her friends rear about it, and some one of them is sure to tell the story once in a while, so the memory is always kept green, and when she is old and gray and no longer interesting there is always someone at hand who has heard her story and is ready to tell it, so the prestige of martyrdom still surrounds her, and makes her an object of veneration not only to her contemporaries, but to the younger generation.

With a man it is different! He suffers also, but is ashamed of it, and the same instinct which prompts the dying animal to creep away from his kind and die alone, leads the man to hide his wound and suffer in silence, silence so absolute that often his nearest friends are ignorant that he ever knew what suffering was. For one thing he has his daily work and that must be attended to with accustomed regularity be his heart ever so sore, so he goes quietly about his usual avocation making no sign, and if, when the day's toil is over and he is out of the range of prying eyes, he gives vent to his sorrow in the long hours of the lonely night, who is any the wiser? perhaps some of his thoughtless male friends will remark his heavy eyes and hollow cheeks, but the chances are they will merely express the opinion that "Blank is going it pretty steep" and then forget all about him, and his trouble.

But sometimes one will meet with an old man, a quiet unattractive widower, or bachelor whom no one considers of much importance until, by the merest accident their story becomes known, and then the careless indifference with which they were regarded, is changed to a respect that is almost veneration. This one who has a short temper and chronic indigestion lost his young wife when they had been only a few months married. He had loved her almost all his life, and they had been engaged when they were little more than children; and then, just when his income was large enough for them to think of marrying her health failed and the doctors pronounced her case quite hopeless, her lungs being affected beyond all possibility of cure. Then the stricken lover insisted that she should become his wife so he might have the poor consolation of making her last days as happy as possible, and of mourning for her as his wife, when the end came. And he nursed her with a tenderness surpassing that of women till at last she fell asleep in his arms, and for over forty years he has mourned her without ceasing, and the thought of giving her place to anyone else has never entered his loyal heart. He is just waiting patiently and hopefully until the call comes for him to join the bride of his youth, in the land where there is no parting.

Once when I was young and foolish with all intolerance of youth for "old maids" and "old bachelors" I knew, very slightly, a queer old bachelor. He was rather short and decidedly stout, not very unkindly in figure, and he rolled and shambled in walking. His shoulders were stooped, he had a stubby white beard, and he was very untidy in his dress, showing a decided preference for linen "dusters" and rusty black alpaca coats in summer, and wedged to an old fur cap and overcoat in winter. He was well off but cranky and eccentric like so many old bachelors, and he suffered from rheumatism. One evening a lot of young people were talking about love and they agreed that the little blind god winged everybody at least once in their lives, for love was a malady none could escape. Somehow a vision of this queer old bachelor flitted across my brain and I said, "I think I could mention one person who has never had a love affair! I am perfectly sure old Mr. Dash, never had a love affair in his life!"

"That is just where you make a mistake," said our host who was an old man himself, "for he has had one which lasted all his life and that is more than many of you will have." Then he told us the story. long ago, when old Mr. Blank was young, he had loved a pretty girl; they had gone to school together and he always intended to ask her to be his wife when they were old enough, but he was shy and lacked self confidence, so he put off speaking to her, partly because they were both so young, and partly that he felt sure she understood his feelings and since she was satisfied to have him always at her side her humble devoted lover, she must care for him in return. At last he summoned up courage and told her of his hopes, only to learn that she could never care for him except as a dear friend, or a brother; her heart was given to his friend, and they were only waiting till he started in life for himself, to be married.

Strange to say the lover had never thought of that friend of his, as a possible rival, it seems incredible that anyone else should mate the girl he loved from him; but he took his dismissal like a man, and none, not even the girl herself imagined that he had received a wound which would never heal. He went about his work patiently and made no sign, and for more than fifty years he lived in the same place with his lost love, seeing her frequently, meeting her husband and children, sitting in the same church with her Sunday after Sunday, always the same firm friend to her, and hers but never giving the place in his heart to another. He was never a woman hater, but rather respected all women for the sake of the one he had loved and he has always a sort of visible providence to his sisters and their numerous children.

I looked at old Mr. Blank with a more interest at her I heard that story, and at his old love too who had always seemed to me a very ordinary old lady indeed, and if I remember aright I shed some sentimental tears when I heard of his death, at the age of 74; but I never forgot the story of his constancy, and it gave me a great respect for masculine faithfulness—in individual cases of course, because we all know that the male sex are proverbially "deceivers ever" when taken collectively.

It is really a fact that some of the best dress-maker's spring designs show very little difference from the winter fashions; except that some little change, trilling in itself, but still quite sufficient to stamp the gown as new, will be seen in each costume. For instance smoking and shirring have both been revived, and when a plain full skirt and coat basque have for their connecting link a vest of silk which is smocked from the throat almost to the bust, and finished with a high Stuart collar which stands up at the back concealing the nape of the neck entirely, and almost hiding the lower part of the ear, but leaving the front of the throat free; then it is sure to be the very latest spring creation.

It is made blouse fashion, and has a shirred yoke which is finished with a shirred collar and high roll of chiffon, it is equally certain to be the newest thing out. Sometimes the upper part of the sleeve is shirred also, in the shape of a small epaulette, and one of the newest sleeves is a bishop shape shirred in at the wrist to a depth of four or five inches. Then another new thing about the swell spring costume, is the lavish manner in which it is braided. I often wonder when I see an entire suit almost covered with braiding of the most elaborate description, whether the wearer has not wrought some of the decoration herself, since few dressmakers would be willing to spend the required amount of time, or to include what is really fancy work in the regular scheme of instruction prescribed for apprentices to the dressmaking business.

Mohair, which enjoyed a moderate popularity last autumn, has taken an entirely new lease of life, and appears in several new disguises showing pretty stamped, figured and Dresden designs, and its crisp stiffness which no weather seems to affect makes it most desirable wear for seaside, travelling, and damp weather. The plain mohair, especially in black, is the favorite for such dresses, and next comes dark gray. These gowns can be made as smart as the wearer desires by the addition of quantities of braid.

A good model was of gray mohair, showing a full skirt with quite a respectable amount of stiffening holding it out, and trimmed at each side of the front breadth with three "crows feet" of black tubular braid, and frogs, placed near the foot. The blouse waist has jacket fronts trimmed in the same manner with military braiding and frogs, and the silk vest is laid in plaits from neck to waist. The collar is of black velvet, made very high and wired into place, stopping just in front of the ears in the Stuart effect spoken of; the belt is of black velvet also, and the puffed sleeves have long points over the hands. The rest is finished with a stock collar of folded silk. This model might be very effectively copied in any light weight cloth, and the braiding might be done with narrow silk braid.

Another dress of navy blue mohair shows a most elaborate decoration of suitable braid, yards and yards of braid being used. The foot of the dress has a series of tucks, and these are headed by wide bands of braiding which form a sort of "crows foot" design at regular intervals, and run up each side of the front breadth. The close fitting coat bodice has a short rippled basque and slanting pockets on each side; it has a high close collar and is fastened plainly from the throat down with frogs set in elaborate braid ornaments. The basque is trimmed all around to match the skirt and the sleeves are similarly decorated. The effect is surprisingly stylish and novel.

A very dashing coat bodice is double breasted and fastens with a double row of handsome buttons from the bust to the waist line. Above the bust the coat is turned away in large revers to show an elaborate front. This can be adopted for evening wear by turning the revers back from a cut-out front, and either making the back low necked also, or leaving it high and only showing the neck in front. When intended for dressy day wear, the revers are faced with white or light colored satin, and the cuffs and stock collar are of the same satin, lace jabot and sleeve ruffles complete the trimming.

Yokes, and yoke designs in trimming are a noticeable feature, and when properly applied they are very effective; made separately of either lace or embroidery they are very convenient changing a costume almost beyond recognition and transforming a plain dress into quite a dressy garment. Another desirable addition to the wardrobe is a sailor collar of black satin. It should be wide and deep at the back, and have long ends in front which can either be worn hanging loose, or crossed in surplice fashion, or look like lapels and drawn over the bust to the belt. This style of collar can be edged either with lace or plaited chiffon, and it will be found an invaluable adjunct to a limited wardrobe. It may either be worn with a plain dress to "smarten it up" or it can be adapted to a low necked dress, and by covering the neck make it suitable for an informal occasion. It is comparatively inexpensive, and will be found most useful. together with the tight sleeves comes a rumor of the return of the overskirt which some modistes have made so many efforts to revive during the past few years, but so far without success.

The Dresden designs which seem to have influenced all fabrics, are having the effect of reviving the once popular chaille, and now dainty new challies are shown with tiny Dresden bouquets of flowers on a light ground, striped or dotted over with white satin, and others show Persian designs with rose green and violet, prettily blended.

The latest ruche to be worn when the fir box is taken off, is of glace ribbon or liberty satin doubled and gathered very full, to a ribbon band.

The newest veils for spring wear, are of white net spotted with black, or black net dotted liberally with white.

KILLED BY IMAGINATION.

The Soldier Thought the Pin Prick of a Joking Friend Was a Bullet.

"In my opinion," remarked the college professor, who rose from the ranks during the last war to the position of Colonel, "the imagination of man does more injury to the cause of courage than all the appliances of war yet discovered. I had a remarkable case happen to me during the battles around Richmond. That is to say, it happened to another man, but I was part of it. It was on a skirmish line, and I was lying behind a log with two other men—I was only a private then—one of whom was an inveterate joker, and the other was the imaginative kind of soldiers. In fact he was so imaginative that he was almost scared out of his wits, and when bullets and shells began flying through the wood, cutting off saplings, clipping limbs all around us, and barking the top of the log behind which we lay, I thought the fellow would burst a blood vessel, or go crazy, or do some other fool thing unbecoming a soldier. Tom, the joker, noticed the man's terror and called my attention to it.

"Then he reached out and dragged in a



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RIPANS

ONE GIVES RELIEF.

stick cut from the trees above us by a bullet, and fixing a pin in it proceeded to have his fun. The man was at the far end of our log, ten feet from Tom, and I was just beyond Tom on the other side, and, I am free to confess, was nervous enough to wonder at Tom's manner at such a time. However, I couldn't help watching his movements, and actually laughed to see him sliding the pin-pointed stick along toward the unsuspecting victim. Having got it at the right distance he waited for a smashing volley of bullets, and just as it came he prodded the soldier in the back with the pin. Well, it was really funny to see the chap jump and yell and roll over, and we both fairly howled. But it wasn't so funny when the man didn't move after his first startled action, and Tom looked around at me in a scared kind of way. His surprise found expression in an oath, and he called to the man. There was no answer, and he called again with the same result. Then he crept over to him and gave him a shake. That brought no response either, and Tom dragged him around so that he could see his face. It was an ashy blue, with the eyes staring wide open, and the man was as dead as Julius Caesar, with never a mark on him save, perhaps, that one pin scratch in his back."—Washington Star.

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Music Soothes.

A Frenchman has discovered a way to soothe with music the troubled breast of a baby. Animals are well known to be susceptible to the influence of music, and as the baby is an animal, the baby can be circumvented that way. Some people become ill on hearing the first notes of a musical instrument—notably the flute. Not so the baby. Take an ordinary baby at 4 a. m. It awakens up, it is insulted by the silence, indignation succeeds, and it begins to cry. This is the time to bring out the musical box—at least M. Bezichinsky says so; and then the infant sleeps. A

piano is, the professor says, even better, but either leaves a brimide of potassium and the soothing syrup far behind. One nocturnal neutralizes another.

The Land of Usd-to-be.

Good night, dear love, may all your dreams be fair—
And haven't not to waken and to weep;
For tender happiness and hope are there—
There in the sweet and silent Land of Sleep.
Dream on, dear heart, and I'll linger once again
In that fair land of days of long ago.
Live for a little while those moments when
We knew the joy we never again shall know.
Recall those hours and once more live in them.
In that vague realm where Memory is king,
His scepter joy, and love his diadem,
Where earthly winter is not, only spring.
Wake not, beloved, for night is everywhere,
And dawn will never break for you and me.
Good night, dear love, may all your dreams be fair—
Leave not, my sweet, the Land of Usd-to-be.
—London Fun



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