

WOMAN and HER WORK.

It seems to be no longer fashionable to mourn for one's relatives and friends, or even for those who should be looked upon as the nearest and dearest; they are put away now with little ceremony, and apparently less regret, and there is an end of them. A few months ago when I saw a widower who had buried his wife on Thursday, disporting himself gaily at a place of public amusement on the following Monday, smoking a big cigar and wearing a chastened expression combined with a suit of such intense black that he looked like an old-fashioned mite at a funeral, I thought the man should be publicly reproved for having outraged common decency as he had done, and I almost, but not quite, wished that I had known him just, enough to have the pleasure of cutting him dead. But in the light of the latest decrees from the world of fashion, I am forced to the conclusion that the man in question was either conscious or unconsciously only a little in advance of the fashion. I think myself it was unconsciously, but as the result was the same the distinction is not important. I don't think it is considered the thing, to select circles to be enjoying oneself in public three days after the greatest bereavement a man can be called upon to bear; the most ordinary good taste would prevent a man of any refinement from making such an exhibition of himself; but it is undoubtedly true that people do not mourn to any extent now-a-days, except in rare cases. "Controlling one's feelings" seems to have become such second nature that I am afraid very soon like the savages, we shall have no feelings to control. I am not an advocate of hypocrisy in any form, and no one dislikes to see the semblance and outward garb of woe where no woe exists more than I do, but I do believe that decent mourning, and a decent period of retirement from public places of amusement is due from the living to the dead, as a mark of respect to the memory of those we have lost.

The following, from a leading fashion authority forms interesting reading, and is replete with comforting hints to those who think it is morbid and unhealthy—besides being injurious to the complexion—to mourn too long.

"The fashions and practices of mourning have wonderfully changed with women in the last few years. Only persons of antiquated ideas now pretend to wear 'black' for a relative outside the immediate family circle, and even for a member of one's own household the orthodox theory of crepe and social isolation for a twelve months is being rapidly set aside. Mourning as seen on the streets, grows lighter every year and more infrequent.

"The long crepe veil, with its heavy hem, has all but disappeared, and the most sorely bereaved widow orders this chief of her weeds only six inches below her waist line, and then of creped chiffon. According to the latest fashion, the veil is obligatory only for widows, though a woman who has lost her parents or a child may wear one; but good taste has denuded her gown entirely of all the ugly bombazine or crepe trimmings, and many materials have been added to the mourning list that ten years ago were not permitted in the ward robe. Nowadays anything that is black and is not satin is translated as mourning, and even in the first week after a loss one may wear warm dashes of purple or touches of white on one's hat, and chiffon, par excellence, is the material for widows.

"The widowed one, who can momentarily detach her thoughts from her woe, orders her first gown with a skirt of pea-leaf-sole, the seams defined with delicate fringes of dull jet. Her bodice must show yards of black chiffon, in dusky, clouds and billows over dull silk, and the lisse ruhe in her tiny pointed bonnet is replaced by a frost-like wreath of white hyacinths or lilies of the valley blossoms. Signs that the hand of time is softening her sorrow are given by a row of minute purple pansies or deeply colored Russian violets where the white wreath has been, by her white gloves stitched heavily with purple silk, and then by her appearance at the theatre. For the theatre and opera are now both recreations legitimately enjoyed by those in mourning, but one must go bonneted and sit in the orchestra. It is also permissible to attend the horse show, small luncheons and dinners, and at homes, though one does not keep a special day oneself or entertain in any but the most informal fashion."

The writer goes on to say that the number of those who regard the trappings of woe as useless hypocrisy is increasing at a rate which promises soon to place anything like genuine mourning weeds amongst the curious and discarded custom of the past.

Perhaps this may be so, but I hope it won't happen just yet, because should I like to be out of the world before widows with their gloves stitched heavily with purple silk, and a wreath of pansies resting coquettishly upon their waving locks become a common sight in the every-day walks of life. And I confess I should hate to think of my widower—is widower correct, I wonder, or should I say "relict" in these

advanced days?—Whichever it may be I should dislike intensely to think that he should be enjoying himself decorously at the theatre or opera on the night after my funeral; and I am sure the fact that he wore a big violet or pansy in his buttonhole, and sat in the orchestra chairs with his hat on as a sign of woe, would not comfort me in the least! Human nature is selfish and I want to die while I can have the pleasing delusion to soften my dying moments, of picturing him seated by his lonely fireside, clasping my latest and most flattered photograph in one hand while he sobs heavily into a clean pocket handkerchief, with the other.

Under the new regime such soothing fancies will be impossible, and therefore I prefer things as they are now, and would like to shuffle off this mortal coil before they grow any worse. It is such a weak argument to bring forward that "sable garments are so often worn from a hypocritical desire to stand well with the world, when there is no grief in the heart!" As weak as the reason given by so many for not going to church, that there are such a number of insincere people in the churches, they prefer to remain outside! As well condemn all mankind because in every community there are a certain percentage of thieves and murderers.

There is so much variety to choose from, in these days that the great difficulty with those who do not have to count too carefully the cost of dressing, is to discriminate between what is graceful, and becoming and an equally fashionable garment which is neither the one, nor the other; because even the wisest of us will make mistakes sometimes about what suits us, when there is such a confusion of styles constantly before our eyes.

The latest fashion advises serve to prove even more decidedly than ever that the attempt to oust the bodice differing from the skirt, from its former secure place in public favor, has failed, some of the very newest gowns showing sleeves of the same material as the skirt, while the bodice itself is in complete contrast either in material, or color, or both. One grows tired of predictions, of late, because there has been so many, and such various ones, none of which have been carried out; but it really is predicted with some show of authority that the skirts of exaggerated fullness are just going out of fashion, and that seven yards around the foot are the popular measures with women who really dress well, while many of the newest skirts measure but four and a half yards. We have heard something like this several times before, but I should really think motives of economy, if not common sense would suggest some curtailment of the width, since the extra yard or two does not add either to the beauty or the gracefulness of a skirt, while it does add very materially to the weight, the clumsiness, and the expense. The blouse, or "pouch bodice" as it has been christened lately, is another fashion which has very little to recommend it, and which is said to be on the wane, with a prospect of being entirely superseded by the close fitting coat bodice; but all the same there are numerous blouse waists being worn, and made still, and many bodices which are tight fitting in the back, have slightly bloused fronts. The leg of-mutton sleeve made quite tight fitting below the elbow, and much smaller above, is still the favorite shape, but the trimming is so varied that the shape often seems changed. The close coat sleeve with a full short puff at the top, is seen in many of the newest dresses. The revival of the long shoulder seam, and the puffed Victorian sleeve in the early spring, is also one of the confident predictions shortly to be fulfilled, but like the bustle, and the dreaded crinoline, there seems to be little prospect of its immediate adoption. It seems to be one of those threatened evils which never arrives.

The most attractive features of the present fashion seem to be the little accessories of dress which add so much to the effect of a toilette; and large collars, small capes, ruffs and fichus of every description are to be seen in all the leading shops. Lovely little under bodices of silk and chiffon, satin and lace, are made to be worn under open fronted coats, and high standing collars of velvet trimmed with applique lace, or jewelled trimming and wired to keep them in shape, are features of many new costumes.

Bonnets for evening wear are larger than they were last year, and their distinguishing feature seems to be the high white aigrette which stands up very full in front.

The cranberry is a fruit which, it seems to me, has never been half appreciated! We are all prone to regard it as an accompaniment for turkey which is all very well in its way, but which does not amount to very much, apart from its lordly companion. Nevertheless, the tart little crimson berry has many charms of its own, and those who are fond of it love it with a constant affection which acknowledges no rival. Here are a few of the many nice things which may be evolved from the cranberry when skilfully used; and a list of its good qualities.

"Buy them by the barrel and use them every day," is what is said of cranberries by a woman who has made a study of health and food values. They are considered more healthful than any other fruit known. Cranberries eaten raw are an excellent remedy for indigestion and biliousness, as they contain certain acid combinations not found in other fruit, and they are also one of the best of tonics and appetizers. Many housekeepers think of cranberries only as a sauce to accompany a turkey dinner, when, in fact, they may be made into many dainty dishes. Always use agate or granite ware for cooking cranberries, as the acid of the berry, like the tomato, will be affected by tin or ironware.

Plain Cranberry Sauce.

Take one quart of berries, wash them, and put them into a granite sauce-pan with three-quarters of a pint of cold water and the same quantity of granulated sugar. Place them over the fire and cook them fifteen minutes after they commence to boil. Watch them closely and stir often. Berries cooked in this way and sealed in jars while hot will be found very acceptable later in the season when the fruit becomes scarce.

Spiced Cranberries.

Spiced cranberries are excellent with game. Place in a saucepan one quart of washed cranberries, three-quarters of a pint of cold water, and one and one-half cups of granulated sugar. Take one teaspoonful of white cloves, half a teaspoonful of allspice, and two sticks of cinnamon broken into pieces, tie them in a muslin bag, and add to the berries. Cook them as for the sauce.

Cranberry Jelly.

Place the berries in a pan and pour over them half as much water as you have fruit and cook until the berries are mellow. Then rub them through a fine sieve, and to each pint of the liquid add three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, and cook twenty minutes and turn into moulds to harden.

Cranberry Tart.

Line the plate with rich pie crust and put a narrow strip of paste around the edge. Fill the plate with stewed cranberries. Place narrow strips of the crust across the top, crossing them in the form of diamonds, and bake quickly. A teaspoonful of vanilla added to a cranberry pie gives the flavor of cherries.

Cranberry Pie With Eggs.

Take one coffee cup of finely chopped cranberries and a cup of sugar beaten with one whole egg and the yolks of two eggs. Mix them thoroughly and turn into a plate lined with pie crust and bake in a moderate oven. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the pie is baked, spread the meringue roughly over the top and return to the oven for a few moments to brown lightly.

Another delicious pie may be made thus: Take two cups of chopped cranberries, and add to them one cup of raisins, seeded and chopped, half a cup of granulated sugar, the same amount of water, two tablespoonfuls of flour, and one egg. Line a pie plate with rich crust, and fill with this mixture; cover with an upper crust, and bake in rather a slow oven.

Cranberry Puffs.

Light cranberry puffs are made thus: Rub through a sieve one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Add two eggs well beaten and milk enough to make a batter as thick as for pancakes, and stir in one pint of cranberries. Butter custard cups and partly fill them with the mixture. Place them in a steamer and steam one hour without lifting the cover. They should be very light and like puffs. Serve with the following sauce. Cream together one cup of powdered sugar, half a cup of butter, one egg, and one teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Have one cup of milk boiling, and when ready to serve stir into the creamed mixture.

Canadian Cranberry Pudding.

Sift into a large bowl two cups of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix into this a half cup of molasses and two-thirds of a cup of sour milk in which half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, add one beaten egg and one and one-half cups of cranberries. Turn into a buttered pudding dish, and steam an hour and a quarter. Serve with a sweet sauce.

Cranberry Cottage Pudding.

Try cranberry cottage pudding made thus: Beat together one cup of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter, and add two beaten eggs and one cup of milk. Sift three cups of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder together and add one and one-half cups of cranberries. Pour into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot with a liquid sauce.

Cranberry Tapioca.

Soak half a cup of tapioca in one pint of cold water two hours, and then put it over the fire with half a cup of sugar and cook until the tapioca is clear. Remove from the fire and stir into the tapioca one tumbler of cranberry jelly. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and add them to the hot mixture. Turn into a mould and

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stand it away to harden. Serve with this custard: Put one pint of milk over the fire, and when it comes to a boil add two tablespoonfuls of sugar beaten with the yolks of three eggs. Let it boil up once and take from the fire. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla.

Bavarian Cream.

A dainty and pretty dessert is cranberry Bavarian cream. Rub through a sieve while hot one pint of cooked cranberries, and add to them one cup of granulated sugar. Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water and add it while the berries are hot. When the sugar and gelatine are dissolved, place the dish containing the mixture in a pan of ice water and stir until it begins to thicken, then add one cup of milk and whip light one cup of cream and add it last. Beat thoroughly and turn into a mould and set in a cold place to harden. Serve it with whipped cream.

Cranberry Wine.

To make cranberry wine, which is excellent in case of sickness, scald five quarts of berries until they are soft and broken. Strain through a cloth. Make a syrup of two pounds of granulated sugar and one quart of water. Mix with the strained juice while hot, and add water enough to make four quarts. Bottle and seal.

ASTRA.

LAYING AN OCEAN CABLE.

How it is Put in Position and How Repairs are Made When Needed.

A word about the composition of a submarine cable may not be out of place. The cable consists first of a core comprising the conductor made of a strand of copper wires, and the insulating covering of gutta percha or India rubber to prevent leakage of the electric current. Outside of this is a layer of tanned jute yarn. This protects the gutta percha or rubber from the sheathing of steel wires which is the next covering, and which varies according to the depth of water in which the cable is to be laid. Outside of this again is a combination of jute yarn and a bituminous mixture. This is applied in a melted condition from a spout as the cable is passed underneath. During the time the cable is being manufactured and laid, electrical tests are continually taken to insure perfection. The finished cable is then kept coiled in large circular iron tanks under water. Similar tanks are in the cable ship, and when at sea the lengths are paid out over a large pulley at the stern. The speed is regulated by several retarding wheels and a brake wheel, over and under which the cable has to pass. The strain to which it is subjected at any given moment is indicated by a dynamometer.

When all the cable has been paid out, the end is carefully sealed up and attached to a stout rope. This is lowered to the bottom of the sea and the other end of the rope attached to a buoy which is to mark the end of the cable, which is usually laid in three sections. The last to be laid, for instance, was started from Waterville and laid out to a given point in deep water. The second section was laid from Canoe on the American side, also into deep water, after which the intervening 1500 miles were laid and all three spliced together. Under ordinary conditions about seven nautical miles an hour can be laid.

But the laying of a cable is as nothing to the difficulties experienced in repairing it, especially if the work has to be done during rough weather when the sea runs mountains high, and the gales continually blow the ship away from the scene of operations. Sometimes the cable is found buried in sand several thousand fathoms from the surface of the water. When it is only a flaw and the strands themselves are whole, the task of repairing it is slight; but when the cable has actually parted and both ends have to be found and again spliced together, it is sometimes a work of several months.—Donahoe's Magazine.

DROPPED ON THE STREET.

That Was What Happened a Well Known Resident of Union, B. C., Who Had Been in Declining Health.

(From the News, Union, B. C.)

A little over a year ago the reporter of the News while standing in front of the office, before its removal to Union, noticed four men carrying Mr. J. P. Davis, the well known florist and gardener into the Courtenay House. The reporter ever on the alert for a news item, at once went over to investigate the matter, and learned that Mr. Davis had had a slight stroke of paralysis. A note of the circumstance appeared in the News at the time and nothing further was heard of it. Last spring Mr. Davis was observed to be frequently in Union bringing in flowers, and later vegetables for sale, and the reporter meeting him one day, the following conversation took place:—"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr. Davis," said the reporter, "the last time I saw you you seemed pretty badly broken up."

"Yes," said Mr. Davis, "I did have a pretty tough time of it. I was troubled with my heart, having frequent severe spasms, and shortness of breath on slight exertion. I had also a swelling of the neck which was said to be goitre. Two years ago I came up from Nanaimo and



I FELL DOWN ON THE STREET.

took the Harvey ranch hoping a change would do me good, but in this I was disappointed, and seemed to be steadily growing weaker. I had three doctors at different times, but they appeared not to understand my case. At last I got so low that one day I fell down on the street, and those who picked me up thought I was dying. After that I was urged to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me and after the use of about half a dozen boxes I was as well as ever. "Do you still take the Pink Pills," asked the reporter. "Well," was the reply, "I still keep them about me and once in a while when I think I require a tonic I take a few, but as you can see I don't look like a man who requires to take medicine now." On this point the reporter quite agrees with Mr. Davis, as he looks as vigorous and robust a man as you could wish to see. After parting with Mr. Davis the reporter called at Pimbury & Co.'s drug store, where he saw the manager Mr. Van Houten, who corroborated what Mr. Davis had said regarding the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and further stated that he believed Pink Pills to be the finest tonic in the world, and gave the names of several who had found remarkable benefit from their use.

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must banish. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and always refuse trashy substitutes, alleged to be "just as good."

Brutal Play.

The principal of the female seminary was kind but firm.

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