

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I never could understand the mania some people have for attending the exhibitions of trained animals; nor why the same should be considered highly moral and instructive entertainment to which every properly constituted father and mother should take their children, and those who, like Mrs. Alfred Lammie of Dicken's fame, have no children to take should hasten to gather together their nephews and nieces, and all the youngsters they can borrow, and hie them to the chaste and elevating show! 'I didn't want to go to the circus at all' says the pious church-going mother, 'but I really thought the children ought to see the managerie; you know it is really an education in itself. So I went entirely on their account.'

Now to me the managerie is by far the most objectionable part of the circus. There are people who object very strenuously to the moral effect of the young lady in tights who rejoices in the title of 'Queen of the Air,' and who dallies with the trapeze and performs wonderful things in the shape of leaps for life and aerial convolutions generally. Others hold up their hands in righteous indignation over the terrible example set by a dazzling young person arrayed in spangles—and not much else—who has now the affections of all the crowned heads of Europe by her wonderful feats as a contortionist. While the bold manners of the 'Equestrian Queen' who kicks up her pretty heels on the back of a piebald charger and wears abbreviated skirts that are little more than flounces serving as a setting for the better display of her well developed lower limbs makes them shudder with offended modesty.

I don't feel that way myself in the least! I believe the ladies of the ring are very often quite as good as many who sit in the reserved seats and criticize them, and I have to it on the best authority that these brilliant hours are frequently respectable mothers of families, who are supporting a large brood of children by their exertions in the raw-cut ring. Even when they are really the giddy girls they seem I cannot see that they are any more reprehensible than the chorus girls in an opera, and if they elect to earn their living in the hardest way man or woman can choose, why that is entirely their own affair and if they enjoy the small meed of applause they obtain in return for the years of toil they have spent in learning their craft, why Heaven knows the poor things are entitled to any compensation within their reach, which will make their hard lot more endurable. But the managerie! That is what always seems to me the demoralizing part of a circus. There you see the tragedy, the squalor, the awful brutality of circus life. The elephants climb on tubs, and group themselves into impossible positions at the fierce command of their trainer, the horses fire off pistols, and perhaps one terrified pony walks a sort of slack wire, while three of his companions play see-saw, on a stout plank. The ring master never forgets to crack his whip with ominous sharpness at the least sign of shrinking on the part of the performers, and all the time the look of abject fear, or sullen resignation never leaves the eyes of the animals.

The lion tamer armed with his short iron bar enters the cage of his 'pets' with a great show of bravado and a brave display of parti-colored trunk hose, and slashed doublet. He proceeds to put the lion and lioness through their paces with graceful ease, but he is careful never to take his eyes off his playfellows for a moment, and he never turns his back to either of them by any chance. What smouldering fire I have seen in the depths of those half-cowed eyes! What smothered hate, what a murderous lust for blood! How they loathe him, that royal pair, and with what joy they would tear him limb from limb and lick up his blood once they got the chance. They get it too, occasionally and then there is one less animal trainer in the world, that's all!

From the beautiful Bengal tiger tearing his ceaseless round of eager, despairing search for some way of escape from the prison he loathes down to the wretched hyena chained to the ground by a four inch chain which never allows him to lift his head, from the hour of his capture until death sets him free, there is but one sentiment amongst those miserable captives—a bitter hate for their captors, mingled with a despairing longing for freedom. And to me there is but one lesson to be learned from watching them, and that is a lesson in cruelty, a lesson in man's abuse of the power over the lower animals, which has been placed in his hands for some inscrutable purpose, and therefore consider all such exhibitions demoralizing. I have seen but one managerie in all my life from which I derived any pleasure, and that was the one connected with Sells Brothers' circus. The animals in that collection were certainly almost as well off, as the haughty denizens of the London Zoological Gardens. They were fat and sleek, almost contented with their lot, and they were not afraid of their keepers. I saw a leopard, one of the most unamiable of beasts, who was lying half asleep near the

door of his cage, reach out a lazy paw to attract the attention of a keeper who was passing, just as a spoiled cat will do, when she wants to be noticed by her mistress, and the keeper responded in a most matter-of-fact manner, by pausing a moment scratching the lovely creature's jaw and tickling him under the chin.

I talked to that keeper, and he told me a good deal about his charges, I asked him if it was a common habit to take such liberties with the animals, and he said it all depended on the animal.

'You see ma'am a good deal depends on the disposition of the beast himself. They are for all the world like any tame creatures or for the matter of that like people; some are naturally ugly natured and some are easy to get on with. Now here's 'Prince' turning to a large African lion in the next cage, 'Why you could do almost anything with him; you could stroke him yourself as likely as not,' he added rubbing the huge creature's broad nose while he spoke—'But then Prince is a very good natured lion, and some of the others, none of us but their own keepers would dare to touch'.

It was a pleasure to look at those creatures after the wretched specimens one sees with most circuses, and the troop of performing seals were really an unmixed joy to me! Fond as I am of animals I laughed till I really cried at the lady who played the banjo and as for the tenor soloist—why I can hear him now! They were not afraid of their trainer those queer ambitious folk and the way they were regaled on fish outlets during the performance, and the delighted manner in which they stole from each other, did one's heart good. But this was a rare exception to the common run of trained animal exhibitions, and whenever anyone says to me, 'Oh I really must go to see those dear things act, I am so fond of animals' I want to answer 'Then stay away from it unless to go home with a headache!'

I see that my gifted contemporary, and I hope I may say my friend—'Kit' of the Toronto Mail and Empire has been giving her opinions on this very subject lately, and she and I, are of one mind about trained animals, as we invariably are, where God's dumb creatures are concerned. 'Kit,' and I, must have been attending the very same criminal show, only I went last summer, solely against my own inclinations and entirely in a professional capacity, but we both came away, with the same impression on our minds—which was, to quote 'Kit's' own words, that 'exhibitions of trained animals should be forbidden in this age of progress and refinement. Of course 'The Professor' tells you impressively that all the wonders he has wrought with his beloved friends are the result of the most perfect patience, combined with unvarying kindness and love and he comes before the curtain and opens the evening's entertainment with a most thoughtful, convincing and touching sermon on kindness to all animals and the magnificent results to be obtained from the same. He speaks so feelingly and withal shows such a knowledge of his subject that you would be tempted to applaud him to the echo, if you had not been at a few exhibitions of the same kind before, and did not know what a humbug he was.'

It is all done by kindness why does the dog who fails to go through his trick quite correctly crouch at his master's feet in the agony of supplication with more than a man's soul in his imploring eyes? Why does he drag himself back to his appointed place and sit there in apprehensive dejection if he is not sure of punishment for his failure? Why does the clumsy dog who is apt to slip and lose his footing strain every nerve in a pathetic effort to balance himself and shrink nervously as from a blow every time his kind master approaches him? I do not know of many things more pathetic than the strained anxiety in a dog's eyes when he is called upon to perform a trick he is not very sure of, or the nervous attempt at reconciliation he makes when his heart tells him he has not pleased his tyrant. I have not failed to note the covert blow administered to a shrinking dog when he was attempting some task beyond his strength, or the sudden despairing rage of a monkey when, goaded to desperation he has burst forth into furious snarls and chattering and made frantic efforts to bite his dear friend and protector. I know just a little about dogs too, and if I cannot read a dog's feelings by his expression I must be dull indeed, after all the experience I have had.

We have a dog of our own, and if I had the same amount of brains for a woman, as that lad has for a dog, I should consider myself well endowed. He does not speak our language but that is only because he has a very poor opinion of it as a vehicle for thought, and he believes that talking has a tendency to make people deceitful; and does any number of clever things. He really was educated by kindness alone, and he takes an intense pride in his performances. In fact he is getting conceited in his own cleverness and loves to show off; but one trick which he hates is shutting the door, and though he always

does it on principle, he never fails to express his feelings on the subject by barking furiously all the time, and slamming the door with all the emphasis of an angry woman—but he is not afraid, he goes through the hated trick to please his master, and not for fear of a faw, and he serves to illustrate the real power of kindness and love in training animals.

I often wish it were in my power to administer to the professional animal trainer a little of the same sort of kindness that he metes out to his victims, and I wonder still more often whether God has not gathered up all the wrongs and sorrows of the dumb things He made, and will not demand one day from man, a strict account of his stewardship towards them?

So the doctors really say they are sorry the big sleeves are going out, and predict a sudden depression in feminine spirits, caused by the loss of buoyance in their sleeves. I never knew before that our spirits depended so largely upon the environment of our arms! Well, it is a comfort to think that if small sleeves are sad for the spirits they are at least good for the temper, and will save much irritation and inconvenience, besides enabling women to feel more independent than they have felt for some years past.

The other day I was sitting in my sanctum scribbling away busily when I happened to glance up, and see a friend of mine emerge from her front door with a very worried expression on her face, glance anxiously up at our windows and hurriedly cross the street with the evident intention of coming in. It was a very cold day but I observed with surprise that the more only her indoor dress, and carried her coat on her arm. The front door opened and a plaintive voice called—'Could you help me a moment?' I thought she had been taken suddenly ill, and rushed to her assistance, but she only wanted me to help her on with her coat—'Everyone is out but myself,' she explained—and I had to come over and get you to help me, or stay in, and I am sure I shall be glad when the sleeves get skin tight again, and one can get into her jacket without calling in the neighbors to help.' It is certainly a mistake for a woman to have any garment so inconveniently made that she cannot get into it unassisted, but when fashion decrees a thing no one ever thinks of protesting, and we all accept her edicts with becoming weakness.

Another fashion which is really worse than the huge sleeves ever were, is that device of the Evil One—the dress which hooks on the shoulder and under the arm! You see a dress on some graceful woman which fits her just a trifle more than her skin, and though you notice that the fastening is not in a very convenient place you are contented enough to feel sure that you will look quite as well in it as she does. So you go to your dressmaker forthwith and order your new autumn dress to be made in just that manner. She thinks it will be just the thing to show off your figure to advantage, and during the subsequent fittings you never dream of what fate has in store for you. She hooks you in so skillfully, and it looks so easy that you feel certain you can get into it alone, with a little time and patience. Then the dress comes home and you have not time to try it on just then but as you gave particular directions that it was not to be tight, you have no misgivings, and are ignorantly happy. Then you are a little late in dressing for church next Sunday and have to hurry a little; but all goes well until you begin to fasten your new bodice, and then—I will draw a veil over what happens. Suffice it to say that you will be lucky if you get into it at all, even with the assistance of your whole family. I have one of these dresses, and I know. Did it take the two strongest male members of our family fifteen minutes working in alternate 'tricks' to get that blessed gown fastened? Well rather! There is not one solitary hook that I can reach myself; no one that is not thoroughly familiar with the build of the gown can ever find the loops, and I have to expel all the air from my lungs and do without breathing until I nearly have apoplexy before it can be induced to meet. Worst of all I can never hope to get into it alone; our neighbors are nearly out when I need them most, and even when they are at home I do dislike running across the street with the tie up my bonnie brown hair, and the wretched garment fits so well that I won't have it altered in any way. But yet there are women who will persist in asserting that we are quite as sensible as men!

My six-year-old daughter, Bella, was afflicted with eczema for 24 months, the principal seat of eruption being behind her ears. I tried almost every remedy I saw advertised, bought innumerable medicines and soaps, and took the child to medical specialists in skin diseases, but without result. Finally, a week ago, I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and the first application showed the curative effect of the remedy. We have used only one-sixth of the box, but the change is very marked; the eruption has all disappeared, and I can confidently say my child is cured. (Signed) MAXWELL JOHNSTON, 112 Anne St., Toronto.

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SUBJUGATED GAIETY.

The Leading Feature of Gentlemen's Attire for the Coming Winter.

It may not be gainsaid that golf—as the ultra-fashionable game—has been an important factor in gaining for the Scotch goods the precedence that otherwise might not have been attained. Subjugated gaiety, as a result, will most aptly designate the colorful tendency that imbues and accentuates the fabrics for gentlemen in the autumn and winter of 1896. Certain it is, however—and surely welcome withal—that there is an overweening radiance about the commingled color jottings of the 'Scots' that even the black background and sombre dominant colors in innovation shades of brown, gray, and green cannot completely quell. The Scotch goods are in a series of stripe effects in plaids—formed by $\frac{1}{2}$ inch stripes crossing at $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches interspace. The backgrounds, while sombre in tone, are punctuated at intervals, more or less apart, by miniature jottings in a variation of bright colorings that infuse the requisite enlivenment.

There are perhaps fifty differing designs—generally in indefinable plaids—from which four in markedly diversified patternings have been selected for description. The first is a Havana brown background, upon the surface whereof is an interbredding of buttercup yellow in delicate tracery; the plaid-effecting stripe in a quelling shade of deep blue. The second is in black background, with a profusion of intermingling bold green jottings, evoking a rare innovation shade of gray-green, illumined with pin-point jottings of brownish red. The third is in an innovation dark green heather background, with dark brown-plaid-effecting stripe, enhanced by jottings of deep orange and solerino. The last of the 'Scots' is a reddish brown background; with cinnamon-red-double-stripe-effecting plaid, and wide spaced pinhead jottings of topaz and amethyst. The two last mentioned designs radiated palpably.

The Irish stripe-plaiding effects are really more in the ultra-fashionable groove than the Scotch goods. The plaid is $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches in width and well defined. There are backgrounds in innovation brown, gray, and blue, with a plurality of green—as typical of the 'ould sod'—consorting to a commingling of stripes and color jottings in dark blue, topaz, heliotrope, wine color, and cayenne red. The surface of this texture is by all odds the roughest—on which the enlivening hues desert themselves in

positive rebellion against obscurity. As a matter of fact, it may be said that the Irish plaids in every way are, than the 'Scots,' more distinctive.

I will vouchsafe that the individualistic fourbutton double-breasted waistcoat will play a very important part in the ensemble. It will be worn invariably—and in the ultra patternings—with the double-breasted frock coat. It will be worn also with the black cutaway sack, and English walking coats. There is such a wide range of variability in the textures that only a selection from the positive innovations may be adjudged. There are silk and worsted combinations galore. Indeed, this texture prevails with few exceptions. Black backgrounds are in the lead, with a small but select following in shades of brown, blue, and green. While many of the decoration colors employed in the suitings are seen in the waistcoatings, there is a goodly modicum of jottings that were not. These will make their appearance on this occasion.

There is a covert color basket weave with light blue silk jottings one-half of an inch apart, and a smarter tan covert waistcoating with miniature jottings, halved in bright red and lavender. There are two high novelty patternings each in two phases. The first, a black background, having a raised, waffle-like surface of worsted, with miniature red pinpoint-like jottings, traversing the interstices. The second phase is a blue background, the interstices traversed with canary silk pinpoint line jottings. The second high novelty is in a raised, crinkled, worsted surface in the phase; a black background with blue silk pinhead grouped jottings $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart. The second phase is in a wine brown background with blue silk pinhead grouped jottings of lilac and cardinal. The last named a chief devere of the art of color blending. There are two score more of these purchase-including patternings.

A distinct flavor of the fine arts pervades the neckwear. Among the variations in bright figurings many are akin to those employed in the suitings and waistcoatings.

The fabrics are aptly titled. There is a fabrique antique, in Renaissance background colors, discarded for centuries, and revived laudably—one may adjudge—to ameliorate the brilliancy of the decorative color figurings. There are two new colorings in the enhancement that outglitter all the others on this high novelty texture Egyptian tulip, a lustrous yellow, and what must be designated Etrurian—a deep reddish orange, which but for its lustre is an exact replica of the decoration on the antique Greek vases—commingling with dark blue, deep wine, and other complimentary figurings. Tissue de Peris is in a woven semblance of the costly Indian shawls and cashmeres, a luminous sheen completely covering the fabric. This is a score of patternings, and just half that number of the costly fabrique antique. The cryptograms are puzzlingly artistic and might as well have been transcribed from the obelisk. However erratic the idea may seem, it affords rare opportunities for novel and effective color blendings. The plaids de Paris are dominantly the Scotch tartans, three-inch plaids in all the Highlanders' colors—with a 16-inch jagged edge stripe forming a connective series of diamond-shaped designs, two inches in length and the width in proportion to the figuring—in black shimmering silk, serving in the strong contrast, to accentuate the brightness of the plaids with a dash of Perisian volatility.

There may be from these offerings selections that will be thoroughly en rapport—if rightly chosen—with the Scotch and Irish suitings. The sack suitings will be made with peaked lapels in consonance with the double-breasted waist-coats that will cross just below the upper shirt button that it will be worn with. The length of the coat will be three-quarters over the hip. There will be slit pockets in the sack suitings, as no decoration is necessary. They will be made to fit easily.

The English walking suits. The coats will be long in the waist and short in the frocks within the three-button cutaway effect, with lace over the pockets and in length coming just down over the hip. The lapels will be peaked, as the double-breasted waistcoat is part of the suiting. If an individualistic waistcoat is worn the design must be chosen in a comforting color. Buffalo horn buttons will go with both the mixed suitings. The double-breasted frock coat will be about one-third longer in the lower than upper portion, which will bring it down to just above the knee. It will be in contradistinction to the sack and English walking

coats—made to fit snug to frock that will impart that distingue flare that prevailed with the gentry in this country in 1826, when high collars were worn on the coats, necessitating stocks, and the very much bell-crowned hat that was doffed with an almost ground-touching sweep of deference. The double-breasted frock coat is now the recognized garment for semi-formal wear. The trousers are going to be conservative in shape, which is neither loose nor tight, but, 'you know,' just right.

The dress coat with wide silk covered peaked lapels, the double-breasted, four-button white waistcoat, showing a wide exposure of shirt front and three shirt studs or buttons—for this is a set complete—will continue to prevail. The fashionable collar will be $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches at maximum height. The cuffs will be linked.

The colored shirt should not have a place in the calendar of belongings for gentlemen in the autumn and winter of 1896, because with neckwear and suitings there will be an ample sufficiency of coloring, and the colored shirt will constitute an overdoing that would endanger its future. This would be a matter of regret, for worn at the right time and in the right way it is an acceptable attribute of attire. The hats are in a conservative trend for the first time in several seasons, and therefore becoming. Happily the abnormal toothpick-pointed staves are on the wane, and best of all, there is a strong likelihood of the obliteration of the D-F collar, by which is meant that that paradoxical neck circle that is a stand-up-turnover or a turnover stand-up collar—whichever the disordered intellect of the designer wishes to convey. However, it leaves an uncomfortable vacuum on the band; it is uncomfortable, far-fetched; there is no reason or sense in it—therefore the D-F collar.

The new colors in gloves are: Oxford tan, cinnamon tan, orange tan, and lemon tan. The white pearl velvet continues to be the correct glove for evening wear, and the pearl gray velvete with semi-formal attire. There is a heavy white glass glove for the opera—correct and serviceable on wintry nights.

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