

WOMAN and HER WORK.

That clever writer Agnes Repplier weils her trenchant pen to some purpose in the September "Cosmopolitan," on the subject of "answers to correspondents" which she vigorously denounces as—"The pernicious and demoralizing habit of answering idle questions, which has made our journals responsible for a great deal of intrusive imbecility."

Miss Repplier evidently feels strongly on the subject and she expresses her sentiment in no measured terms; she holds that the correspondence columns of the different newspapers encourage laziness and idleness on the part of the public, who are always only too glad to avail themselves of any short cut to knowledge.

"It takes some degree of alertness and intelligence," says Miss Repplier "to hunt up anything for ourselves; but a faint, a very faint desire for information will arouse the average man or woman to the point of troubling somebody else to provide it. We have always energy enough for an interrogation. Who wrote a half forgotten, and wholly valueless poem, of which the correspondent can recall only the first two lines? From what remote drama is misquoted an insignificant couplet? Who was viceroy of India in 1887? Knowledge easily acquired and knowledge not worth acquiring—it is all the same; the questioner can doubtless read as well as write. The public libraries are at his service as well as at the service of other people. But why, should he endeavour to do for himself that which a time honored custom has authorized him to exact from his fellow creatures?"

Really one would think that Agnes Repplier had edited an "Answers to Correspondents" column herself, else she could never speak so feelingly on the subject. The first two lines of an obscure poem, did you say, oh sister in suffering? That would have been an easy task indeed. I have edited a column of that description too, and I know whereof I speak. Two lines in the middle of a song which no one but the querist ever seems to have heard. One short quotation from the middle of a play which sounds like Shakespeare but is not his. A line buried in the centre of "In Memoriam," who first said, "Rome was not built in a day." Two lines from the very heart of "Evangeline" and why has leap year one day more than any other years? All these are subjects I have been requested to wrestle, and have frequently wasted valuable time over.

But Miss Repplier considers that the manner in which the correspondents column encourages idle and silly girls and women to parade their private affairs before perfect strangers, and to enter into confidences regarding purely personal matters seeking guidance in the management of their love, and other affairs from a public journal, much more reprehensible. Nothing is so trivial and nothing is too important she says, to be carried to this public tribunal for discussion. Young girls who appear to be without mothers, sister, aunts, cousins or female friends to whom they would naturally turn for counsel, write to the unknown "Dorothy" or "Madge," or "Barbara" who edits this department, and place all the problems of their lives in her hands for solution.

Mrs. Repplier considers that the silly vanity which prompts a girl to write to a newspaper for guidance in every possible and impossible emergency of her life is something which should not be encouraged, and that the journals themselves are largely responsible for it, by the time they adopt in making much of these foolish questions, replying to their foolishness at length, telling them they have "tender" affectionate and sensitive natures, etc. and leading them on to believe their insane wanderings are really important. What takes the editors of the correspondence columns could tell, and what interesting reading those letters would make if they were published just as they are received? I confess that I agree with Agnes Repplier to a great extent and that it does give one a mean opinion of her sex to be continually answering silly questions, from how to hold one's knife at the table, to whether it is proper to kiss a young man good night when he has walked home with you for the first time, and how many times a lover may be allowed to kiss his lady during the course of the evening.

I must say however that I think such columns are often productive of good, especially as regards matters of etiquette and social usage as they frequently give excellent advice, and are used by people who have no other resource in such matters.

One of the latest Parisian novelties to reach this side, is delicately tinted underclothing of batiste, and dimity. Already the best shops in New York are carrying a full stock of the daintiest short skirts in these materials, and all the colors of the rainbow all brave in lace frills, and fairly fluttering with narrow ribbons. It is scarcely necessary to remind one's readers that a Parisian lady never buys one piece of a certain shade or color, she buys a whole set. Should she decide upon a grey costume for the summer it does not mean simply a grey dress, and a bonnet of something which

will harmonize with it: it means that her dress, bonnet, parasol and gloves will be grey that her shoes will be of grey undressed kid, and beneath those shoes are grey stockings even her card case will be grey also. Therefore in selecting her underwear she follows the same rule and purchases an entire set. A set consists of chemise, drawers, nightdress, a long and a short skirt, a dressing sacque, and a tea gown. Quite a collection of course, but the French lady of fashion is used to spending a good deal of money and she thinks nothing of ordering half a dozen sets, since the fancy is a new one and too expensive to be very generally adopted. These sets came in baby blue, pale pink, pale green, violet tints and canary yellow. The tea gowns are simply lovely with their jabots of soft lace, and their dainty colors.

It is scarcely to be expected that quiet, conservative Canadian women will consent to go about in canary colored, or violet underwear, or wear green dimity nightgowns, but as many of us have cheerfully adopted night dresses of pale blue, and pale pink shaker flannel, finding them most comfortable and as skirts and underclothes of the same material are growing quite common, there is no reason why we should not carry out the idea of the "set," in prettily tinted or flannel, which, when feather stitched with washing silks, would look almost as dainty a the dimity, and be much more suitable to our winter climate.

The corset belts which have been so popular with the summer gowns, are still worn with silk blouses, and on some of the handsomer autumn costumes they appear in the guise of lace or jet ornaments applied to simulate the wide belt. Vandyke points or leaf designs are separately applied, holding down the fulness of the blouse, and giving the effect of a very wide corset. A velvet belt, pointed back and front and laced on with eyelets, is another revival of a former fashion, and is frequently seen with dressy blouses. With these wide belts, it seems almost inevitable that some sort of little sleeveless jacket should be worn as the days grow chilly and it usually takes the form of a short all-around figaro, or bolero, which shows off the wide belt underneath.

Decorated skirts are threatened again, as they have been periodically for some years past, without much result. But fashion authorities assert that the plain ones have lasted long enough, and we must have a change. It seems to me a strange time of year to inaugurate the new fashion because while tulle, lace and flowers looked charming on many of the thin summer dresses, it is difficult to imagine a tailor made costume of heavy cloth trimmed to any great extent; its effect would certainly be spoiled if it was. I fancy the trimming if trimming there must be, will be confined to bands of fur, braid or velvet, for street costumes and guipure or jet for house dresses.

A few short capes in pale tinted cloth have been imported from England, but as yet very few models for autumn wraps have appeared, though of course the air is full of rumors as to their general style and shape. There seems to be a perfect rage for black neckwear, from the huge ruff of black chiffon or the ostrich boa, to the tiny neck frill which softens my lady's rather thin throat, and adds a finish to her plain high collar. Even if she prefers a white frill, she must have it edged with chenille, or a row of very narrow black velvet ribbon, in order to be in the fashion. Black ruffles are edged with white, even the ostrich ruffs showing white tips.

It is curious to note in the newest materials has almost exactly the tint and fabrics of three or four years ago, are being reproduced this season! The boucle effects, with short curls of black wool lying closely on a ground of crimson, green or brown, the mixed effects and the curious shot goods which look so ugly in the piece and make up so stylishly together with the large black patterns, thrown up on tinted grounds, might almost have been laid aside three years ago and brought out freshly now. The curly black bars and stripes seem by far the most fashionable, six, out of every ten designs showing them, and quite a percentage of the other four being dotted with tiny curls of black wool, all over the surface. A few smooth faced cloths are shown, but very few.

Green is to be the color, this autumn and winter, and in spite of the fact that it is a cold and cheerless tint in comparison with the warm browns, deep reds, and plum colors that seem so appropriate for cold weather, everyone will doubtless adopt it regardless of all considerations but fashion.

I spoke of the high collars, last week, and of the very elaborate styles of neck dressing which had come in with the autumn fashion.—Well these neck garnitures are to be a feature even of tailor made cloth costumes, huge ear bunches of chiffon or silk muslin, in ruby red, azalea pink or black, being considered an airy contrast to the severity of the rest of the dress. Some conservative souls still cling affectionately to the ribbon stock with

its bow at the back, but the bow must be small, and under the chin three wedge-shaped tabs turning over the stock, and edged with lace, or some narrow trimming, will greatly add to the style of the dress.

The glove fitting collar is not by any means confined to the tailor's handiwork, quite as many house and street gowns from the hands of the dressmaker, showing, but nearly all the collars of the smartest gowns are finished with a ruff. The correct ruff is very deeply goffered and stands out about an inch and a half from the throat. It is made of silk or ribbon, or much stiffened linen and lace, and it is very stylish indeed. But it is the ear bows that threaten to become epidemic and their shapes are many, and wonderful. From beneath the ears, on a model gown will sprout double or single butterfly wings, the first set, of wired lace to hold in place the others which are of satin or muslin. These wings must not droop, but stand up, and they are fastened to a high wrinkled silk band. Another imposing structure is built of starched lace, as much as two yards being plaited into the small length of one collar. Under the chin little more than an edge appears, but just in front of the ears an immense frill begins to stand out, widening gradually until at the back, it falls over like a draped veil. Of course this is an extreme, but, it maybe so adapted, as to be very pretty; for instance a length of really fine lace may be used, and the frill only allowed to just touch the shoulder seam. ASTRA.

BEAUTY TO ORDER.

What Modern Surgery May do to Improve One's Physical Appearance.

The latest developments of modern surgical science, says the London Mail, are making it evident that good looks are no longer to be confined to those born with a heritage to them, but may be purchased in the open market.

It will no doubt be good news to the unhappy possessor of an uncompromising snub nose to be made acquainted with the fact that, for a fairly respectable sum of money, his nasal appendage can be converted into a thorough-going aristocratic "Wellington," with no nonsense about it, and the spinster lady, whose proboscis is of the parrot type, and whose matrimonial chances have consequently suffered, will hail with a good deal of satisfaction, and possibly renewed hope, the statement that a generous fee to the facial surgeon will transform the offending organ into the dearest of little "Grecians" in the world, while an extra payment will secure for her two or three coquettish dimples on the cheeks and chin.

The science of facial surgery is, of course, not exactly a new one. Experiments without number have been made in the London and Continental hospitals for many years past. It is not very long ago that the operation of making a very decently formed nose for a young woman whose face had been mutilated in an accident, was successfully performed at the Royal Free Hospital. The breastbone of a blackbird was cleverly inserted into the cartilage of the nose, and the skin deftly drawn over it and sewn with such neatness that in a short time the seams made by the surgical needle completely healed.

As might be expected, facial surgery came to us from America. There it is practised in every large town, while a college for its special study exists near Philadelphia, granting diplomas and degrees for proficiency—genuine ones, too, it should be added.

That the science will make its way in England there is not much room for doubt. Already a private doctor living not a hundred miles from Bond street, is making quite a reputation in the direction of facial surgery, and his handsome consulting rooms are thronged each day with crowds of wealthy "patients," who are anxious to personally test his powers, and who go away eminently satisfied with themselves, and convinced that if "beauty is but skin deep," it is a possession worth having, and worth paying for.

So far, only those with almost unlimited purses are able to avail themselves of the doctor's ability; the operations are of such a delicate nature, and require so much technical knowledge, mechanical skill, self-possession, and nerve on the part of the operator, that no patient can grudge a generous fee.

The sensitive man, with a wart on the end of his nose, for instance, goes through life full of trembling self-consciousness. He feels that every glance is directed toward that terrible disfigurement, and he becomes nervously apologetic in his general bearing. Imagine what a heavenly vista of happiness and security must unfold itself

to such a man, when, under the magical knife, that accursed wart disappears forever, and how his gratitude can but be adequately rendered by a substantial expression of it. His delight can only be equalled by that of the fair youth who knows that his ears set out at right angles with his face (and who is always uncomfortably conscious that they are a constant subject of criticism to the young lady whom he passionately admires), when he discovers that a visit to the facial doctor will set matters right, and that, in future, he can meet the admired and admiring one with an easy conscience.

Electricity is a useful help to the facial surgeon and by its aid all kinds of minor blemishes are removed, and tell-tale red noses are completely cured. The only drawback to obtaining a really complete transformation is the possibility of a question identification arising. One can imagine the unenviable position of the gentleman who, in the absence of his wife and family at the seaside, takes the opportunity of considerably improving his personal appearance by exchanging a somewhat bulbous nose of a deep shade for one of clear-cut classical proportions, being confronted with the unfeigned astonishment of the partner of his bosom, and perhaps repudiated as 'not being the man who led her to the altar.' Such a situation would not be an easy one to solve.

The advantages of science, however, undoubtedly greatly outweigh its disadvantages.

OLD WAR HORSE.

A Grand Army Man Crosses Swords With Heart Disease and Wins a Glorious Victory With the Aid of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart can not be over estimated, says H. M. Musselman, a well known G. A. R. man of Weissport, Pa., and he continues: "My ailments were palpitation and fluttering of the heart. I used two bottles of your valuable cure, and bottles of other medicines without help. I introduced it to my friends at every opportunity possible. It is a great medicine. Inside of 30 minutes after the first dose I had relief."

Turquoises in Favor.

The return to favor in jewelry of turquoises gives an impetus to the new 'turquois' embroidery, says a writer in the New York Times. Some new autumn designs show the familiar sequins and paillettes replaced by wonderfully good imitations of the pretty blue stones in a form to use to good purpose. Waistcoats, collars or plastrons picked out with turquoise embroidery will be handsome reliefs to a simple toilette, and are like to become popular.

A pretty and novel use for the turquoise is suggested in the embroidery of covers for buttons. A large wooden mold is easily procured, which, covered with a scrap of velvet, satin or silk, and worked with the stones and gold thread, evolves an effective and fashionable decoration, while affording an hour or two of pleasant work.

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ONE GIVES RELIEF.

Cause of the Matabele War.

A German who has been living in South Africa for a long time has addressed to one of his compatriots a letter in which he gives the following as the original cause of the Matabele's revolt. The young women in Matabele-land are seductive, handsome well-formed and very agreeable, though somewhat proud and wild. Many whites at Bulawayo, and nearly all Europeans in the country around, have taken some of these girls for their wives, with the ready consent of the latter. These girls insult the men of their own race, calling them 'the dogs of the white men,' and they decline any friendship with them. That contempt has irritated the Matabeles against the Europeans and incited them to insurrection.—New York Tribune.

Winking.

Dr. Fick has shown that winking is more frequent as the retina becomes more fatigued, and it has been found that in reading at a distance the number of winks per minute is 1.8 with electrical illumination, which barely permits reading, the number is 6.8 per minute.

"HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex."



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This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age. Women who have been prostrated for long years with Pro-lapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

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