

WOMAN and HER WORK.

Of all the didactic little sayings which have been collected from the wisdom of the past, for the guidance of the present generation, I think the one which tells to welcome the coming but speed the parting guest is about the truest! It has an inhospitable self-seeking sound at first, I will admit, but in reality it is the truest kindness that can be shown. I do not mean in any sense that a hostess should seem indifferent about a guest's departure, or should fail to let him see that she regrets it; but once he has made it plain that he really must leave at a certain time, everything should be done to facilitate him in carrying out his intentions. It is delightful to know that one's hosts are reluctant to part with one, but there is nothing more annoying than to be persistently hindered by well-meant efforts to detain, after every reasonable explanation of the impossibility of doing so, has been made. It is all kindly meant I know, and an impulse of honest hospitality very often, but still it is mistaken kindness all the same. Most people who have attained years of discretion know their own affairs better than anyone else can possibly do, and it is unwise to interfere with them. It is not only to the visitor who comes to spend a few days, that the advice I have quoted applies, but to the afternoon or evening caller who has a few minutes to spare and runs into some friend's house to spend them in pleasant chat. "I have half an hour before my train leaves," says some guileless being, "and so I came in for a few minutes to see how you were." "Indeed you are not going one step until you have a cup of tea," says the hospitable soul who is calling upon. And the rest of your visit is made miserable by the certainty that you will certainly be obliged to run all the way to the station, and probably miss your train as well. It takes fully fifteen minutes for the tea to be made, and then it is boiling hot, and as etiquette forbids that one who moves in decent society shall either blow her tea, or pour it into her saucer to cool, the hapless victim of too much kindness either scalds her mouth or leaves the tea, and breaks frantically away from her friend's well-meant efforts to persuade her to take her time and drink her tea comfortably, and races to the station at the gate of a professional sprinter; making resolutions as she goes, that never again will she call at that house unless she has a whole afternoon before her. One often hears the remark made of some too hospitable home—"Yes it is a pleasant house to go to, and I should call there often, if it were not so hard to get away, they will never let you go when you want to; and when you happen to have another engagement it is so awkward."

I remember one house in particular where the inmates were kindness and hospitality itself, but the difficulty of getting away, once you entered its portals, was so great that it transformed a call into a perfect battle of opposing wills. You never could convince those good people that any engagement which would deprive them of your society could possibly be of importance, or any claim came before theirs, once you crossed their threshold you became their property and they clung to you as tenaciously as an Italian brigand clings to a hostage—but Mrs. Smith! I have pleaded desperately, "I came out to do a lot of errands that must be done to night, and only ran in to see you for a moment. Every shop in town closes at six, and it is a quarter past five now!" "Never mind the errands to night dear, just take an hour in the morning to do them, and stay with us now; we don't see you so very often, sit down again, and we'll have a nice cup of tea."

It was useless to struggle! Three pairs of soft affectionate hands united in dragging you back, with gentle persistence, and three soft voices joined in convincing you that the shopping did not matter, and without positive rudeness there was no hope of escape. When they did finally permit you to take your leave, your progress to the door was a slow procession, filled with interruptions—ten minutes to talk, and be shown the latest photograph of a mutual friend, ten more after you reached the hall, and a protracted good-bye at the hall door, from the handle of which, your hand was gently but firmly removed, every time you tried to grasp it, and let yourself out. It was all meant in the greatest kindness I know, but what wonder that people who had not unlimited time on their hands were tempted to rather avoid that house, and make their calls in that direction few and far between?

The most delightful house to go to, is the one where you feel free to run in for a few minutes or an hour, just as you can spare the time and where you are equally free to leave the moment duty calls you away. You are sure of your welcome, and your hostess is equally sure that it is not inclination but necessity which shortens the time you spend with her, so a perfect understanding is established to the comfort and satisfaction of both.

Many of the smartest looking frocks worn by society dames are really made-over, and striking combinations they display, having much more method in their madness than uninitiated would think, at the first glance, and are really cleverly planned devices for making out scanty material, and using up pieces which would be utterly unavailable in less skillful hands. Often the result is surprising, and the made-over really puts the newest and freshest dress in the wardrobe, to shame.

One striking illustration of this, is a black silk costume, recently shown by a New York house. The dress was intended for a dinner gown, but was really quite handsome enough for the opera, or a small evening gathering. The material was black moire and the feature of the gown was the original manner in which the silk was used, the waved stripes being arranged to run around the entire dress, instead of up and down, in the usual manner.

At the foot of the front breadth, which was cut in apron fashion, though it reached the full length of the skirt, was a trimming of loops of black satin ribbon about four inches wide, arranged to form a bow knot in the centre, the other loops extending in the same manner towards the sides. The skirt was cut to show the effect of a long overskirt slashed at the sides, to the waist, and hung loosely over an underskirt of black satin which showed where the overskirt fell open. The back of the bodice was seamless, and the front was open in V shape with a folded fine blue drapery of white silk muslin. A fine edge of jet bordered the fronts, which ended below the belt of folded satin, in two little square tabs. The sleeves were in very small leg-of-mutton shape, reaching to the elbow and finished there and at the shoulder with loops of the black satin ribbon.

Nothing could be simpler or easier to develop than this costume which might be varied to suit individual taste. A plain silk might be treated in the same manner with equally good effect, and it something brighter than black and white was desired, the foundation skirt could be of silk or cloth in some color, which the fickle could match. Perhaps all black would be the best choice for those who cannot have many evening dresses, as so many pleasing varieties could be evolved from it by having several fuchsia of chiffon, one of corn yellow another of pale pink or Nile green, thus giving the effect of several costumes, with the cost of one.

Another charming made-over, which would be a boon to someone having a white satin evening dress, which is either out of fashion, half worn or soiled, is on a more elaborate scale, but still could be easily made at home, with the aid of a good seamstress. The gown itself is of ivory white satin with black silk muslin or chiffon for trimming, but any evening silk might be used for the foundation, and freshened up with silk muslin in a contrasting color.

The satin skirt is cut in a rather narrow bell shape and the foot is decorated with three flourishes of the black muslin, each four inches wide, finely plaited, and put on very full, the last one braded by a narrow border of jet. The fitted lining is of the satin, covered with puffed muslin in the form of a yoke on the upper half, while the lower, is draped with a sort of guimpe of the satin reaching just below the arm pits, bordered at the top with jet trimming, and plaited loosely into the belt. The puffs of the yoke are separated by rows of the jet, and the sleeves of elbow length are of the black muslin and a saff of the same material cut bias finishes a charming dress.

The bodice is quite high, and the neck is finished with a full ruche of the muslin. Many dressmakers are evolving lovely trimmings from the chine taffeta ribbons so much worn last winter. They edge, or stripe them over with narrow gilt, and black mohair braids and use them for vests, and to border the collars and revers of heavy wool dresses. A green and gold ribbon outlined on each side with narrow gold braid, effectively trims a blue serge dress, and a flat gold braid half an inch, outlined in the same manner with narrow black mohair braid, is a stylish trimming for a gown of mull brown. Everything seems to be braided, even velvets have not escaped the rage for braiding, and are sometimes almost covered with narrow mohair braid.

Plain tailor made costumes are having a tremendous vogue this winter for the street, but as they are not only expensive, but very trying to all but women with perfect figures, many prefer something more dressy, and less exacting. For this class, the dressmakers are selecting out pretty gowns made up in all the heavy wool costume cloths, but with the addition of fancy vests and collars, high girdler, trimmed and charming little Turkish, and bolero jackets.

"Women have been handicapped in their athletic sports and achievements by the question of effect and appearance generally ever since they first ventured into the field, and certainly 'how she looks on a wheel' has furnished a subject for comment and criticism beyond anything else she has ever undertaken. Volumes of advice have been offered by those who never ride, to aid her in her pursuit after exercise, combined with becoming and beautifying qualities, but alas, this aesthetic condition of wheeling is yet to come, and meanwhile the advice goes steadily on. To be sure there is an occasional woman who looks really well on her wheel, but she is a grand exception, not the rule, and it is useless for every woman to fancy that she looks like her. It is said, that much depends on adjusting the machine to suit the height of the woman, and to be well poised the leg must be nearly straight when pedal is low. The saddles must not be too high or too far back, as the rider will look as though she were standing on wheels, so the happy mean is the goal for which you must strive, and then if you can settle upon an attractive becoming, and convenient costume you have reached at least one step toward the mythical model of art and beauty on a wheel."

It is a common matter of regret with the typical writer of tedious essays on life and its proper conduct, that the love of children is rapidly becoming one of the lost virtues, and that in a few brief years the poor little creatures will absolutely have no friends but their parents, and perhaps a ray grandmother, or aunt, here and there.

"Surely we must be degenerating sadly!" laments some virtuous writer on the ladies' page of a popular newspaper—"When the pretty ways, and winning wiles of a little child, God's best gift to man, no longer appeals to us! When the beautiful helplessness and utter dependence upon our kind offices of these little ones fails to touch a responsive chord in our hearts! It is a terrible outlook for future generations of the noblest trait in man's or woman's character—the love of little children is to disappear from the list of human virtues; if human hearts are to grow cold to the touch of baby fingers, and human ears indifferent to the sweetest music the world can offer—the prattle of child's voices!"

"How few people ever confess to a love of children nowadays!" writes another of these gentle mentors! How often the society dame shrugs her shoulders when some warm hearted woman who has a brood of little ones at home, asks her how many children she has—"None, thank goodness," says the butterfly of fashion with a devoted expression of thankfulness, "I have seen enough of other people's children to prevent me from ever wishing for any of my own!"

And then the writer goes on to draw a melancholy picture of that hard hearted society woman's future, and her old age in particular, bereft as she will be of sons and daughters to soothe her declining years and finally to close her eyes when life's journey is over. It is quite true that a lonely old age is sad, but these writers seem to forget how many old people who have brought up large families, and sacrificed themselves for years to their sons and daughters, live and die in loneliness. I could point to many an old couple, and to still more old women either living alone, or amongst strangers, who have sons and daughters, and grand children galore; but the girls have all married and have homes of their own, some across the seas, some across continents, and some—worst of all—quite near at hand, but in reality farther away, as far as the old people are concerned, than if seas rolled between them. The boys too, have long left the home roof, and wandered far and wide, many of them forgetting ever to return, or even think about the old father and mother who are left more alone than if they had never brought up those boys and girls, for then they would at least have been free from the regrets, and memories which sadden their lives now. So the people who have reared children

are not always the happiest or the most tenderly cared for in this world, by any means. But I am getting away from the child of the present day, quite a difficult feat to perform, too, for he is not by any means an easy person to get away from unless he so wills it.

I believe it is really true that people are getting to care less and less for children, and that the reborn of the nation is by pretty well dependent upon his loving parents for any affection or admiration he will enjoy; but as these parents have no one but themselves to thank for that state of affairs, they will not win much sympathy on account of their isolated position, which will be only the natural result of their folly. Who could love, or take an interest in the average child one meets every day not at all amongst the lower classes in the houses of educated and intelligent people!

I call them "children" for lack of a better term with which to describe the youth of the present day, but I really have serious doubts as to whether there really are any children at all now, for it seems ridiculous to apply that dear old name to the precocious miniature men and women one sees today.

Once—years and years ago, when I was very young, and very good—I used to teach some real children and I often wonder now whether they were really as sweet as I thought them, or whether they were not the very last specimens of a genus which has since died out—dear innocent, honest, boys, who frankly liked to sit on their teacher's lap, and hug her tight, and sweet cuddlesome girls who confided every thought of their transparent minds to anyone they loved, and who never warred of asking the most startling and unanswerable questions, from why some people's teeth grew tight in their mouths, while others 'like auntie could take their out when they want to—to where the cat got her last kittens.

I loved those children almost as much as they loved me, but somehow I don't know of any particular child that I am very much attached to now!

It is so hard to feel attached to a bold young dandy who rushes to the door when you ring at her mother's house, follows you uninvited into the drawing room palpably taking note of your apparel as she does so; and sitting down opposite to you inquires coldly "what did you come for?" and on being given an evasive answer, turns to her mother, who enters at that moment, with the indignant query—"Mama, who is that woman, and what does she want?" And it is still harder to respect the mother who smiles indulgently and says—"Why that is Mrs. Astra darling, won't you give her a nice kiss?" She is such an original little soul!" adds this misguided parent as the darling says "no I won't; I never like to kiss anyone, so reserved and always asking such intelligent questions. Sometimes I am really afraid her brain is too active, and that I may not be able to rear her, she is so clever, and precocious." One is tempted to wish that the dear child's brain had not developed quite so largely or so much at the expense of her manners, but the mother is evidently more than satisfied, so your only concern in the matter is to get away as soon as possible.

It is still harder to smile indulgently, and listen to a proud mother's account of the wonderful qualities of her son, and heir, and the clever things he says, while that young ruffian is standing on the arm of your chair and yelling into your ear with all the force of his powerful lungs, or running races from one end of the room to the other, with yourself for the home base, bringing up against you at the end of each beat with the force of a catapult, and

keeping pleasantly occupied in watching for him, so as to jerk your feet out of his way, in time to prevent him from landing on your toes, with his stoutly shod feet, his dear mama looking on placidly all the time, and merely saying—"Harold has such spirits! Now isn't he a fine specimen of a boy?"

It has always been a theory of my mother's that children should not be kept in the nursery, but allowed to mix freely with their elders in order that their manners may be formed by contact with older people; but I venture to differ with her very decidedly. I think that children—those of the present day who tell their parents to "shut up," and boisterously order visitors to "mind their own business," should not only be kept in the nursery, but in the cellar, or some other equally secure place, until their manners are sufficiently "for use" to permit of their safely being let loose in decent society, and I also think that there should be some protection provided for defenceless visitors, in a house where the little blessings are allowed to run wild.

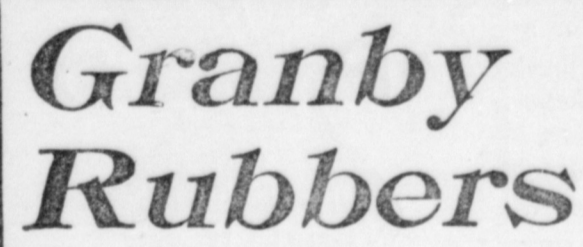
It is indeed sad to see how little love of children there is left in the world, but it is still sadder to see those who possess children bringing them up to be such a nuisance in the world that they are intolerable to all but their near relatives. The child of the 'nineties' rules his parents with a rod of iron, and they not only meekly bend their necks to the yoke, but are sincerely hurt and surprised because all their friends will not do likewise, and allow the rude little tyrant to walk over their prostrate forms.

And the moral writer rises up in judgement, and wonders why children seem to be at a discount and why sensible women with the sad example of their friends before their eyes, are wicked enough to rejoice that they have none of their own. A child is a blessing or a curse, just as his parents

are. The SHOES they seen were not right in shape, or the quality was not what they wanted. Perhaps the price was too high. Some dealers consider this class of customers hard to please, but such is not the case. The dealer did not have what they wanted exactly, and eventually they find us. The dissatisfied look disappears in a few minutes, and a permanent customer is made one who doesn't spend time looking around, but comes direct to

Are the kind we like to get hold of, those who have been looking into other stores without finding what they wanted. The SHOES they seen were not right in shape, or the quality was not what they wanted. Perhaps the price was too high. Some dealers consider this class of customers hard to please, but such is not the case. The dealer did not have what they wanted exactly, and eventually they find us. The dissatisfied look disappears in a few minutes, and a permanent customer is made one who doesn't spend time looking around, but comes direct to

WATERBURY & RISINC, - - 61 King, 212 Union St.
Our lines of Ladies' Dress Slippers, ranging from \$1.25 to \$2.00, are elegant goods for the prices.



It is no wonder that rubbers, which are not the same shape as the boot, should be uncomfortable. It costs money to employ skilled pattern makers but the result is a satisfactory fit. Each year new patterns are added, to fit all the latest shoe-shapes, and Granby Rubbers are always "up-to-date." They are honestly made of pure rubber, thin, light, elastic, durable, extra thick at ball and heel.

Don't Draw the Feet They Fit the Boot

"Whisky of this standard of purity can be highly recommended and used with confidence."

Says the Public Analyst for the Royal Burgh of Dundee

CHARD JACKSON & CO.,
ESTABLISHED 1815
MONTREAL, Agents for Canada

BEST ON EARTH
Watson's Dundee Whisky
ESTABLISHED 1815

The Phonograph for the Deaf.
An apparatus which may enable the record of a phonograph to be understood independently of the sense of hearing has been contrived by Professor M. Kendrick in England. By this apparatus the revolving phonographic cylinder is caused to produce a variation of intensity in a weak electric current, and these variations, when conducted through the hands, which have been moistened for the purpose, are easily perceived. Since they correspond with the sound variations, it is thought that, by their aid, a person totally deaf could appreciate the rhythm, and character of a succession of sounds thus transformed into a series of sensations of a different kind.

"Odoroma," synonymous with perfect teeth, sweet breath and rosy gums. Drugists—25 cents.

Tooth Talk...

Let's talk of teeth. Your teeth—you want them perfectly clean and white, free from tartar and discoloration—Use Odoroma. You want them preserved, and any tendency to decay checked—Use Odoroma. You want your breath fragrant and your gums a healthy red—Use Odoroma.

'Tis the Perfect Tooth Powder.

Expert chemical analysis says so. Your own experience will teach you so.

Price 25c. All Drugists.

THE AROMA CHEMICAL CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.
TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE.
ST. STEPHEN, N. B.
The "Leschetzky Method"; also "Synthetic System," for beginners.
Apply at the residence of
MR. J. T. WHITLOCK

MANY DAINY DISHES

CAN BE PREPARED WITH

Benson's
CANADA
Prepared Corn.

MANUFACTURED FROM CHOICE SELECTED PURE CORN. NO ADULTERATION. THE BEST FOR CHILDREN.

RECIPE for Infants' Food.
To one dessertspoonful of Benson's Canada Prepared Corn, mixed with half a cup of cold water, add half a pint of boiling water; stir over the fire for five minutes; sweeten slightly; for older babies mix with milk instead of water. SEE OTHER RECIPES ON PACKAGE.

THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO.
Works: Cardinal, Ont.
Offices: Montreal, P.Q.

HALL'S
Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N.H.
Sold by all Druggists.

FLUID BEEF SET.
(Made of Pure Aluminum).

A Handsome and Convenient Outfit for Room or Office.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER.

1 Tray, 1 Spirit Lamp, 2 Cups, 2 Spoons.
1 Water Boiler, 2 Salt and Pepper Casters,
1 Bottle Maltivale Syrup,
1 16 oz. Bottle JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF (Brand Stimulant).

The whole neatly cased for \$3.50.

Expressed prepaid on receipt of price.
Remit by Express or Post Office Order, payable to

THE JOHNSTON FLUID BEEF CO., MONTREAL

KNIVES FORKS AND STAMPS SPOONS

1847 ROGERS BROS.

GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.