

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

Every woman loves to look into the future or to think she is looking into it, which amounts to the same thing. She seems to enjoy the anticipation of evil, almost as much as good, else she would scarcely be at such pains to find out whether she is to die an old maid or be happily married within a year; and worry the oracles into the reluctant admission that she is to shuffle off this mortal coil long ere she had reached her prime. To do the average oracle justice though she very seldom has much of a disagreeable nature to impart, confining her attention usually to minute descriptions of her client's future lovers and husband, a very general sketch of her disposition, and surroundings, and a misty hint or two, as to her future prospects of wealth and prosperity. Perhaps this is the reason none of us seem afraid to lift the curtain which separates the future from the present, and to try every means in our power of finding out what is likely to happen to us.

The method of fortune telling in which our fore mothers placed the most faith, divination by tea grounds, is almost the oldest known, and they believed it to be by far the most certain. It has never gone entirely out of fashion, reappearing at intervals through various stages of the world's history and always retaining a certain number of votaries. During the latter days of this century it has fallen greatly into disuse only a few old fashioned people retaining any knowledge of the art, and very seldom practising it. Now however, amongst many other old fashions the art of "turning teacups" as it is used to be called, has revived and given a high place amongst modern accomplishments.

Many of the superstitions connected with the turning of the cups that our grand mothers firmly believed in, now form part of today's creed, and are rigidly adhered to by the votaries of the newest fad.

For instance the tea must be hot, to begin with, and the person whose fortune is to be read must drink a little of it, and then turn out all the rest carefully, being particular that the grounds remain, but taking care not to look at them, as this would bring ill-luck. The cup must be turned completely over so that would mean tears. Then, having turned the cup slowly around the cup slowly around towards you three times, at the same time wishing the wish of your heart, set the cup down for a moment resting it against the edge of the saucer, or a plate. It is very important that it should rest in this way for an instant, as putting it flat down upon the table, would be tempting ill-fortune, according to the highest authorities. Never interfere with anyone else's fortune by offering your cup while another is being read, only one at a time must be read. And never look over the fortune teller's shoulder while she is reading your cup, or indeed look into your cup at all, for this is indeed a very unlucky omen. No one thoroughly versed in the teacup lore will ever point out anything in the cup with her finger as that would be sure to bring ill-luck, she always uses a pencil, spoon, fork, or some such object.

After these preliminaries have been carefully attended to, the serious part of the work may begin. Three small dots in a perpendicular row always stand for the wish, and the nearer they are to the top of the cup the sooner the wish will be granted. Three small dots in the form of a triangle mean unexpected good luck in the fulfillment of the wish. A triangle is always a fortunate sign; so is a horseshoe, a cross, or a flag. A flag means that some unusual piece of good fortune is coming to the person, or some unexpected good news is coming.

When the grounds are well bunched together, and there is a clear space all around them, it means that everything will go well with the one whose fortune is being told. But if the grounds are scattered about confusedly, there will be the same confusion over some coming event, or something of a disastrous nature will happen to the one whose fortune is being read. If the grounds are surrounded by fine dust like particles, there is trouble coming, and drops of moisture signify tears. The same dust like particles bunched together at the side or bottom of the cup, means a sum of money. A small ring in the midst of the regular grounds, means an invitation. A large very round ring perfectly closed means an offer of marriage to a single woman, or some fortunate undertaking to a married one, and a business offer to a man. Should the ring enclose a number of small specks, it means an offer of marriage from a wealthy man, or a business transaction in which money is concerned. A very large opening stands for a body of water and a broken ring signifies a disappointment. The straight stick-like grounds represent people, light or dark according to their color, and short or tall according to their length. A very small one means a child. To have the thick in a horizontal position is certain to mean illness, and if the larger end which is supposed to be the head, lie lower than the other end, it means death. The grounds often form themselves into a sort of semblance of a person, and this is supposed to

stand for the one whose fortune is being read, especially if found on the right side of the cup. Should the grounds run up into two distinct places, the person is about to make a change to another place, large or small, as the size of the bank may indicate.

A long trailing line of very fine grounds fortells a journey, and if connected with a large opening of the grounds, a journey by water. A fish is supposed to bring good luck in business, and it is also supposed to be a suitor in marriage. A small speck near the top of the cup means a letter, larger ones standing for a parcel, or a trunk with a person. Beware of the person with a small bunch of grounds at his back, for he is coming to you with a lot of gossip, and on the good old principle that a dog who will fetch, will carry, he will probably talk about you. A bird flying upward in the cup signifies a pleasant letter, but flying towards the bottom of the cup, it is the bearer of unpleasant tidings. A horse is always a friend, and so is a dog, indeed almost any animal signifies good luck. A rooster crowing, means great success of some kind, a turtle means long life and good health, an eagle is a friend in need. But I must confess that the average eye would be rather puzzled to make any of these birds and beasts out of such meagre material as a few grounds, and I should think a more than usually vivid imagination would be required, to find them.

A dangerous enemy is a snake, it underfoot it can do no great harm, but is a sort of warning to be on one's guard. If it is particularly thick and solid in appearance it is a woman. A bridge is an important undertaking or departure of some kind which will be successful if the foundations at each end seem strong, otherwise it will be disastrous. For the grounds to form themselves into a pyramid is very lucky; also, if they form flowers it means good luck. A wreath of flowers means a valuable present either of money or jewels. A half moon, or a star presages a lucky investment or unexpected money. Almost the very luckiest sign of all is when the grounds take the form of a tree, as this foretells all manner of success, and is especially fortunate if it seems to be well balanced in shape, and if a person is found near it, apparently protected under its branches.

From all of which it will appear that this new-old science is by no means so simple as it sounds, and also that the number of good omens being so far in excess of the bad ones, it is little wonder that the art of divination by tea grounds has been so popular in all ages.

A few weeks ago I wrote that it was by her sleeves you might know the up to date girl, but later advices would lead one to suppose that it was rather by her collar you should know her, for the collar is by far the most distinctive feature of the newest autumn dresses! When you see a woman whose collar is fearfully and wonderfully made, reaching up above the lobes of her ears, and standing out from them in all sorts of fantastic shapes, you may be sure she has a dressmaker who is abreast of the as twelve and fifteen ways of pronouncing the same syllable. An inexhaustible source of misunderstandings is times and thoroughly up in her business. It however she wears a stock of ribbon or silk in simple folds around her throat, and ties in an elaborately looped and winged bow at the back in the style which was the ne plus ultra of fashion last spring, then she and her modiste are a little behind the times. For the present, and also for the future, as represented by the coming winter all bodices will be finished at the neck, as high as it can possibly make them. A feature of the new autumn tailor suits is the peculiar cut of the collar, which is no longer cut separately and stuck in the bodice but is a part of the bodice, shaping up from the back like the collars of some of last year's jackets reaching almost to the ears, and snipped and fitted, until it encloses the victim's neck without a wrinkle. It shows a continuation of the shoulder seam, and looks so tight under the chin, that one cannot help wondering how the wearer ever manages to masticate and swallow her food. Sometimes the top falls over into a roll either narrow, or deep, as the wearer wishes, and sometimes it is slashed and braided, the upper fullness falling into a sort of ruff of tabs. Again the collar will be finished with a wrinkled stock which would look almost like last year's collars, but for two large "ear bunches" or rosettes, placed just in front of the ears; or two immense tabs placed in the same position, and standing out in a fashion which would be grotesque, if it were not fashionable.

Of course this, like so many of our fashions is a blessing to the few, and a cruelty to the many! The woman with a graceful shoulder line, and rather long slender neck, will look sweet in such a collar while she of the dumpty square shoulder's and no neck at all to speak of, will be a sight to behold if she ventures to wear one. Just here let me say a word in

season to the short-necked woman. Never, by any chance let her dressmaker persuade her that she will look best with her collar cut very low, because there never was a greater mistake, and by wearing too low a collar she only makes her defect more apparent. A clever dressmaker will see that she has a very full, wrinkled stock with the "ear bunches" I have already mentioned, fastening under the left ear, and made of bias silk. Over the fastening is a large silk or chiffon rose bow with another to correspond with it on the other side these bows should stand up high enough to cover all the lobe of the ear. ASTRA.

## A CYCLING TRIP.

Made by two Tourists Through the Land of Evangeline.

After a splendid sail across the bay on the 'Prince Rupert,' we arrived in Digby shortly before ten o'clock on the morning of the 31st of August. Having decided to waste no time in Digby, we soon on the wheels starting on our trip through the 'Land of Evangeline.' The day being calm, and bright, made it warm travelling. While on the Bear river bridge an excursion train of about ten cars, bound for Digby, passed us. From Digby to Clementsport, the roads are good, although slightly hilly, but from Clementsport to Annapolis, the roads are very sandy in places, making it difficult wheeling. After stopping at Annapolis for dinner, which by the way, we did full justice to, and also a couple of hours for sight-seeing, we crossed the river by the Granville ferry, thence on our way to Bridgetown, where we had planned to stay over night, but arriving there earlier than we had expected, we stopped but a few minutes and started for Lawrencetown, where we arrived about half-past four. The roads from Annapolis to Bridgetown were good, but from Bridgetown to Lawrencetown, sandy and hilly. Distance travelled from Digby, about 45 1/2 miles. Having had advice from several persons concerning the condition of the roads through Middleton, etc., we decided to take the train, which we did in the morning, going as far as Aylesford (about twenty miles), where we started along the Woodworth road to Berwick, and from Berwick through some very sandy roads to Kentville, where we had dinner at the 'Aberdeen.' We then struck out for Cannard corner, passing through Canning, and from there to the Lookout on Mt. Blomidon where we spent some time. Coming back to Canard corner, we crossed on the dykes, over the marshes to Wolfville, where we passed the night, at the 'Royal.'

Next morning being five, we arose early and walked around the town which is indeed very pretty, seeing what was to be seen, including the colleges. Then we again started. Wheeling through Grand Pre, we saw "Evangeline's well," and other points of interest. Then, on to Hantsport, where we stopped for a few minutes to refresh ourselves. The roads from Wolfville to Hantsport are splendid, but they are not so good from Hantsport to Windsor, being hilly and also rocky, as we neared Windsor. The latter is a very pretty town, containing many fine residences, and the business part of the place seems quite lively for a town of its size. We had dinner at the Victoria, after which we started for Halifax. I should have mentioned, that one of the sights worth seeing in Windsor is its water-cart, which by the way, nearly finished our trip for us, for as we were leaving the place, the cart, which was just ahead of us, driven by some man that should have stayed on the farm, suddenly turned, (the said man never looking to see what he was turning into) and as we were passing him at the time, the result was, my friend swept under the horse's nose, thence on to the side-walk, where he narrowly escaped killing a little child who was sitting on a doorstep, while I, being busily engaged in watching the result of my friend's escapade got the full benefit of the water, from the business end of the cart. However, as 'All's well that ends well' we were soon again on our way to the Capital.

For the first twelve or thirteen miles, the roads were splendid, but after that distance for about five miles it was a continual pump up hill.

After we struck the top of those hills, through the lakelands to Mt. Uniacke. While at Mt. Uniacke, where we stopped a few minutes, a freight train drew into the station. We left about the same time, that it did, and were 19 miles farther on, before it passed us, I suppose it must have had a sleep on the way, but it was more than we did.

From Mt. Uniacke to Aldershot, a dis-

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tance of about 15 miles, Oh, what roads! All through that district, lumber is being hauled continually, making in places, ruts, fully 8 or 10 inches deep, and in places, we counted five of these furrows running parallel, leaving us to run on a strip of ground, not more than a foot wide at times.

A ride from Windsor to Halifax, is not what it is usually said. We passed through Aldershot, with all the targets looming up on our right, to Bedford, which is only a short distance away, and around Bedford Basin, stopping at different times along the way to Halifax, a distance of about 9 miles to admire the beautiful scenery, which was exquisite, and quite made us forget that we were getting a little bit tired.

The Wanderer's Club house (Prince's Lodge) about 5 miles from Halifax, is small but very picturesquely situated, being built on a sort of island, spanned by a bridge under which the trains pass. When we found our hotel in Halifax we were very hungry, we entered the dining room, dirty, sunburnt, and with a general delapidated appearance. (We travelled that day about 70 miles.)

Next day we visited the citadel, where we registered our names, and together with an American and his son, we were escorted around the top of the walls, and different points of interest in the city pointed out to us. An amusing incident occurred, just as we had about completed our round. It is an unwritten law, that visitors are expected to tip their guide. My friend and I, did our part of the business, but the American evidently had forgotten his. Whereupon the soldier, who wasn't going to be cheated out of his natural rights, made a point of asking him for something. Putting his hand into his pocket, he drew forth a coin, and without looking at it, gave it to the soldier. The man started back in amazement, for his hand lay a cent. Going up to the American, the soldier touched him on the shoulder, and holding up the cent, to him said in a tone that sparkled with indignation,—"Hi say man, can't you 'it it up a little 'eavier than this?" whereupon the American, seeing the mistake he had made, gave him something else in place of it with the exclamation, "confound your big cents, they're so much like our quarters."

Walking through the public garden, makes one wonder how anything so lovely, could possibly exist in the heart of a city, for it is a perfect paradise, with its well kept walks and handsome lawns. The foreign and domestic trees, shrubs and flowers of great variety, combined with the skill of the gardeners in their excellent work, making it a place long to be remembered.

The band stand, too, can claim a share of the beauty of the place, for it is one that no city would be ashamed of. When the incandescent lights, of which there are a great number, wired all over the stand are turned on it is magnificent.

Next morning, we were to start again on the wheel for Chester, intending to wheel around the South Shore to Yarmouth, but woke to find it raining hard. It however cleared off towards noon, leaving the roads muddy. To kill time, we crossed over to Dartmouth, and returning, took our wheels for a spin in the park, or North-West Arm, and here, the roads are in a splendid condition, being kept up, I believe, by the government.

My friend met an accident here which upset our plans somewhat, for he had three spokes broken, and his front wheel considerably twisted. Being too late in the day to have it repaired in Halifax and as we had lost a day, we took the steamer next morning for Lunenburg, trusting to luck to have the wheel repaired there. The day was fine, and as the water wasn't rough we enjoyed the sail very much. Calling in at Chester for half an hour, or so, we arrived in Lunenburg about 2 p. m., where we had the good luck of having the wheel repaired, leaving us free to start the next morning, (Sunday) for Liverpool.

It didn't take us long to see all that was to be seen in Lunenburg a small shipping town but very pretty. Sunday morning it looked very much like rain but we started and for the first twenty miles or more with the wind in our favor, we made good time. Passing through Summerside, Bridgewater Mill Village and a few smaller places, we arrived in Liverpool about half-past two, travelling about 43 miles, half of which was rather lonely. We found Liverpool to be a small, shipbuilding town, rather pretty and about recovered from the terrible fire it had there a year ago, destroying its principal business street, about sixty houses I think. After we had turned in for the night, the rain which had threatened us all day, started and we were storming staid there for two days.

We made Lockport, about eleven o'clock Tuesday night, Shelbourne, about half-past one, but as I wasn't feeling well, I didn't see either of these places, if they could have been seen in the dark. At Barrington we arrived about six o'clock Wednesday morning, staying about an hour. That afternoon, a friend showed us the beauties of Yarmouth. Most of the residences are very well kept, generally, with a splendid hawthorn hedge in front, and on the sides, in place of a fence. Next morning, it was raining again, but we started to ride to Weymouth. But we turned back, and that afternoon took the train, "Blue-nose", for Weymouth, where we arrived about half-past four.

Saturday morning being a bright, hot day, we started to wheel to Digby, about 20 miles, and the roads in a splendid condition, we had a fine run, until within about three miles of Digby, when my rear tire exploded. We started to repair it, but a team coming along just at that time made a very expeditious way of getting to Digby. You may be sure I availed myself of the opportunity and we were soon there; on the Rupert; and so—home.

Although we didn't do a great deal on the wheel, yet, taking it as a whole, it was one of the most enjoyable holidays I had ever spent, we being treated at all times, and by everybody in the best possible manner. If the weather had have been more favorable, we would have ridden the whole distance and would have been able to say in earnest that we had seen the Land of Evangeline. ARCHIE S. COOK.

Resting on the Tires. He—"They tell me that Miss Cunningham is so run down that it tires her to operate the pedals on the piano." She—"Yes, poor thing, she practices her music fifteen minutes a day and rides her bicycle four hours." J.T.B.

Live on Wind. "You seem to have a good crop of hay," said the city man. "Cret," replied the farmer, "but there ain't any kind of a market for hay any more." "Then why don't you raise something else?" "Been thinking about that, but I can't seem to raise the only kind of fodder that there's any demand for now." "What's that?" "Wind to feed the bicycles."—Chicago Evening Post.



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