

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The collar is one of the special features of the well dressed woman's costume now-a-days, and small as it is, in comparison with the rest of the dress, there seems no limit to the variety which can be displayed in that one, little band around the neck. The huge bows of ribbon at the back of the neck which threatened to go out last year, are still to be seen, and the flaring collar with battlemented tabs turned down, rounded tabs, or points of bright colored velvet, with a frill of lace inside, is one of the prime favorites. The old medici collar is actually in again just now, and every device imaginable for giving the soft fluffy effect about the neck, which is so becoming to everyone, is made use of. Knife plaited frills of colored taffata extending around the back, are very becoming when a frill of lace is added. All kinds of fancy stocks in pale delicate colors and lovely combinations of lace, chiffon, ribbon, and velvet, are shown in the shops all ready for use, and at prices that are tempting, since one could scarcely hope to make them at home, so cheaply. The collar rarely matches the dress itself in color, and these ready made ones are really a most useful possession brightening up the plainest tailor made dress and giving it quite a festive air. A very pretty collar is made of knife plaited chiffon three inches wide, edged with fine lace, or a tiny fringe of feathers falling over a band of ribbon of the same color, makes the daintiest of collars. Plain satin and taffata ribbons in all colors, are used for collars, but the striped ribbons are the newest and violet and white in even stripes is most effective, when worn with a gray gown. Collar bands of spangled gold galon or embroidery with a plaiting of white satin ribbon across the back are both pretty and becoming, the plaiting giving a very quaint look to the collar.

Next to the collars in importance, come the dainty fantastic little jackets, of all sorts, shapes and sizes, decorated with every imaginable style of ornamentation, the very latest of which is kid all embroidered with silk, and imitation jewels, turquoises being the favorite. This trimming is set on in bands around the edge, or cut out in various designs and applied on. Braiding in various patterns, is another very fashionable trimming in London, and elegant braided costumes are frequently seen in New York. But the French woman who always avoids everything severe in dress, rarely wears the braided gown, preferring the soft or fluffy effects which seem to suit her best. To return to the boleros—many of them are covered with embroidery, in fancy colors, frilled with lace, and trimmed with fur. Others which are very pretty, are made of knife plaited frills of black chiffon, three inches wide, edged with narrow cream lace sewn on a lining of thin black silk with lace insertion in Vandyke points and spangled with jet, set in between. A very practical jacket for a mixed wool gown is cut with square corners at the back, where it opens to the neck showing an edge of black satin ribbon down each side, and fits in closely to the waist just above a wide draped belt of bias red velvet. The front is shaped in a sharp point at the bottom which reaches the waist line and hangs loosely from the shoulders wide revers of cloth trimmed with gold braid, finish the front edge, and the vest is a wide fold of red velvet down each side, trimmed with a row of small gold buttons, and opening over a narrow vest of cream lace. The collar is of red velvet, with rounded tabs at the back and sides, and a frill of lace inside.

A very charming evening dress, is of striped moire silk in a dull rose color, trimmed with graduated rows of black velvet ribbon on the skirt, five rows. The sleeves are of silk with velvet between the puffs, and the jaunty little figaro jacket has draped revers which, like the belt, are also trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon.

The vest is of cream lace over white silk, the costume being high necked, and long sleeved. The collar is a slightly flaring medici edged with rows of the velvet ribbon. Moire poplins, and flowered moire silks are in great favor for dinner and theatre gowns, and they come in all the fashionable delicate shades. Fancy bodices are still much worn, and amongst the newest models is one of pink chiffon, and lace to be worn with a black velvet skirt embroidered with gold. Another lovely waist is of white silk covered with lace that is cut out in squares down the front, and edged around with a double frill of white chiffon. The vest, belt and epaulettes are of black velvet, and the sleeves of the lace over silk.

One of the features of these new waist is the chiffon sleeve, which is gathered the entire length and finished with puffs or a

bow of satin ribbon at the top. These sleeves are used in dresses of velvet and cloth, as well as silk, and they are often finished with three small puffs around the top. A very pretty model for any silk waist, is slashed above the belt, to show a lace waist beneath, velvet revers finish the front, and velvet ribbon trims the epaulet frills.

NEW YEAR NOVELTIES.

In the way of Fashion's Fads and Pretty What Not Decorations.

Ye wideawake housewife, would you have something new in the way of dainty napery for the little supper, now so much in vogue, and at the same time something to provoke merry chit-chat?

Then, without delay provide yourself with a set of conversation doilies.

But first of all a word as to the late supper: The less formal that cozy little repast the more enjoyable; therefore, do not spread the table with damask, but have instead at each corner an artistic square of linen—and that brings us to the aforesaid talk promoters.

A set of ordinarily fringed doilies may be bought ready-made, or if the fair worker has the time and patience she can hem-stitch a dozen bits of finest linen or draw the threads in elaborate patterns in Mexican fashion—a pretty style, as it shows the shining mahogany beneath.

Then rack your brains, and your friends' brains, for suitable quotations with which to further embellish the doilies, and in clear but artistically irregular lettering work the mottoes in coarse floss, either clear green, rose pink or deep yellow.

'Heartily well met and glad of your company' breathes the soul of hospitality. 'Sweets to the sweet,' though somewhat hackneyed, is subtly complimentary; 'Let us serve for table talk' suggests the motive of the pretty trifles, as do 'Pray you all sit down, for now we sit to chat as well as eat,' and 'Feast with the best and welcome to my house.'

Gustatory delights may be suggested infinitum, but here are a few illustrations which may be used: 'Serenely full the epicure would say, Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day;' 'There's pippins and cheese to come;' 'That nourishment which is called supper' and 'Feast with the best and welcome.'

Or if the doilies are designed for the pretty afternoon tea table then one may use the familiar 'Cup that cheers, but not inebriates;' Pope's well known line, 'Does sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.' Sydney Smith's famous exclamation, 'Thank God for tea! I am glad I was not born before tea;' Wordsworth's 'Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,' and so on according to the taste and knowledge of the embroiderer.

Then, of course, there's always the question of the authors—the more familiar the line, as a rule, the less familiar the source from which it is taken—and in the discussion that inevitably follows the hostess may give her undivided attention to the chaffing for she knows that once the ball of conversation is started the rest is easy.

STORY OF A TELEGRAM.

Effort of a Daughter to get her Money's Worth out of the Company.

She was coming home from the West to spend the Christmas holidays, and about two hours out from Chicago she made up her mind that she ought to telegraph to her father the time of her arrival, so that, according to custom, he could meet her and carry her bundles for her. The porter of the sleeper brought a telegraph blank to her and she wrote:

Arrive at Grand Central Station at 1.45 to-morrow.

Womanlike, she counted the words. There were only nine. She said to herself: 'It's a shame to let a telegraph company get ahead of me. I know it's only 2½ cents, but 2½ cents is as much to me as it is to the Western Union Telegraph Company. I'll make them send that other word.'

Then she read the telegram over and over. It contained exactly what she wanted to say and all she wanted to say. She was half tempted to let it go as it was, even if the company did get pay for something it did not do. Then she thought of the tremendous profits the telegraph companies made, and she stamped her foot and said emphatically:

'They shan't make a cent, not a cent that they don't earn. It would be different if they paid high wages to their employees and contributed to charities and helped support the churches, but they don't, and I won't let them have a penny.'

She went back at the telegram. She twisted the sentence into a dozen different forms, but none of them suited so well as the original one. She thought of adding 'Merry Christmas' or 'Happy New Year.' But either one would go beyond

the ten-word limit, which would be just as bad as being under the limit.

'Ah,' she said at last, 'I know what I'll do. I'll put 'amen' at the end. That means 'so be it,' and it's just as good as three words; but they can only charge for one; so I'll get the best of the company by two words.' So it read:

Arrive at Grand Central Station one forty five tomorrow. Amen.

And that's the way the telegram was sent. The operator who sent it said to himself: 'She means 'A. M.' but she's written 'amen' and I'll send it that way. Maybe it's cipher.' The operator who received it 'broke' when he came to the word and asked 'what?' The sender repeated it. The operator receiving it said 'what?' again, and it was repeated again with the remark over the wire that 'she probably meant 'A. M.' but it read 'Amen.' So the telegram reached her home. Her father read it over twice and said it was strange that she should take a train that would land her at such an outlandish hour. The mother exclaimed:

'Why, it's 'amen' not 'A. M.'

'I know,' assented the father, 'but that's evidently a mistake. There's no sense in putting 'amen' there.'

'Well, it says 'amen,' persisted the mother.

'But it means 'A. M.' insisted the father, who forthwith went to the station and asked the operator about it. The operator said it undoubtedly meant 'A. M.'

So it happened that the father was at the station to meet the first train in the morning that arrived after 1:45 A. M. He figured that if she arrived at the Grand Central at 1:45 she would just have time to get down town and catch this train to her home, which was twenty-four miles out of the city. This train arrived at 4:30 o'clock. At that hour the alarm clock sounded and the father and mother got up. The mother insisted that the father should have a cup of hot coffee before going out into the chilly air, and the whole household was astir. The father got to the station at 4:15. The train was late. He waited around in the cold. The train came at last; but no daughter was on it. So he went home. Her train must have been late, he thought, and she missed this one. At half past 5 he went out again, and again at 6 and a half past six, and he kept going all day until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. She arrived then, and as she fell into his arms and smothered him with bundles she told him how good he was to meet her. He told her he had been waiting since 4 o'clock in the morning and she exclaimed:

'Why, the very idea! and I telegraphed you that I would be at the Grand Central at 1:45. Here is the telegram I sent—I kept a copy: 'Arrive at Grand Central Station at one forty-five tomorrow. Amen.' You know there were only nine words, and I put the 'amen' in to make the ten.'

The father looked out from among the bundles into her eyes, and in the kindness of his heart all that he could bring himself to say was, 'oh!' N. Y. Sun.

Royalty at Work.

Royal ladies are the busiest women in the world. As a rule they are early risers, and have managed to accomplish a vast amount of reading and writing before the ordinary society woman is up. Queen Victoria is familiar with at least half-a-dozen European languages, and even at her present age does not feel that she has finished her education, but grapples daily with the difficulties of Hindustani. The Empress Frederick of Germany still pursues the study of music and painting with

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the zeal of a young girl; and the younger empress, her daughter-in-law, besides looking after her house and children, rises early to copy important documents for the emperor. The Belgian queen and Austrian empress in former days employed their leisure in the study of Greek and in 'breaking in' pet ponies. The Dowager Empress of Russia and the Princess of Wales have tastes in common; both are adepts at millinery and thorough housewives. The royal princesses can cook and are accomplished, useful and sensible women.

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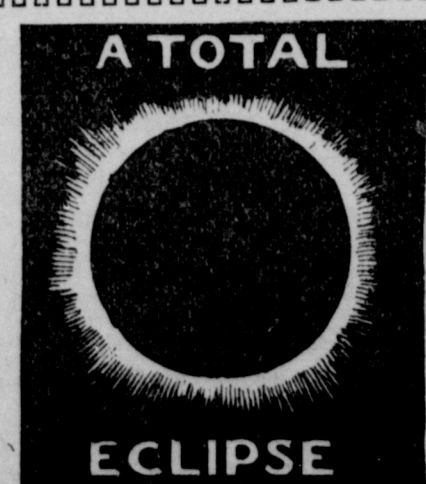
Chicago has been favored with another visit from Mrs. Ballington Booth. No matter under what auspices she comes she is always welcome. Her earnestness and eloquence attract large numbers. Last week she spoke three times. Her special plea was for prisoners—those still in confinement and those just released. No allusions have been made to the causes which led to a separation from the Salvation Army, and no efforts are made to interfere in any way with the work of the Army. Mrs. Booth says the Volunteers now have over four hundred commissioned officers and more than two hundred organized posts. This growth has been secured in eight months. The Salvation Army is also exhibiting

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