

Woman and Her Work

Those of us who thought ourselves familiar with all the newest fads indulged in by those women who have leisure to devote to the pursuit of health and beauty, received rather a surprise when we learned quite unexpectedly the other day that an entirely new "cult," if I may use such a hackneyed expression, had arisen within the past few months the disciples of which were known as "Glammers." Their avowed object is physical culture, and the acquisition of as much beauty as possible, as well as the preservation of what they already possess. Chief amongst those who have unbounded faith in glame, is the noted European beauty, Madame Alexander Martens whom the Prince of Wales, and his cousin the Czar of Russia are said to have pronounced the most lovely of all the stage beauties now before the public. This celebrated professional beauty has won the prize in every beauty contest that she has entered, and as she is said to have appeared in all the capitals of Europe, that is saying a good deal for her.

She is supposed to bear a very striking resemblance to Mrs. Langtry, when that celebrated beauty was at the zenith of her charms, and is a woman of splendid physique with an almost perfect figure, and a face that is lovely beyond expression. Her complexion shows the same clearness and perfection of color which has always distinguished the Jersey Lily, and her skin is of satin like fineness and softness. The features are all that can be desired, the shape of the face a perfect oval, and it is lighted up by large dark brown eyes, bright as diamonds and full of expression. To this list of charms Madame Martens adds a delightful vivacity of manner which adds greatly to their effect. She admits that she has been "glaming" for some months, and declares that the process is doing much for the heightening and preserving of her rare attractions, and that she feels the most beneficial effects from it, as far as her health is concerned. Every day she makes it a point to repose in the fresh air, and sunshine, at regular intervals; and she drinks frequent and generous draughts of milk from the cow, and heated to a temperature of 98 degrees. Now before attempting the difficult task of explaining what glame is—a subject on which I am by no means clear myself, let me tell those who have not already studied the matter, what glame is supposed to do for us—It is asserted by those who practise it, that glaming will postpone almost indefinitely the appearance of gray hairs, wrinkles, dull and faded eyes, and all the other indications of old age which are the dread of society women. It will even preserve the youthfulness and elasticity of the figure, beautify the complexion, give the eyes new and wonderful powers of fascination, and preserve the powers of the mind undimmed by the approach of age.

I have not yet discovered what the word "glame" is derived from, but the nearest equivalent for it that the English language affords, is vitality, and yet vitality, and "glame" are widely different in some senses, "glame" being the higher element. In fact it may be freely translated to mean the elements, if not exactly the source of life, the vital principles in a certain sense, and a most mysterious principle it is.

So much for the word and its meaning—Now for the practice itself—When people are becoming old certain chemical changes takes place in their physical organization; the brain ossifies slowly, turning to bony substance; a deposit of calcareous or mineral matter takes place in heart, brain and arteries, and the skin grows tough, wrinkles and dries; the blood ceases to circulate freely, the hair turns gray, and the bony deposit in the delicate structure of the brain makes thinking difficult, and causes that slowness of intellect which is so often characteristic of advancing years. Now to guard against this hardening and thickening of tissues, some antidote which shall tend to dissolve the mineral matter, is necessary, and for this nothing is better than the acid contained in certain fruit. Distilled water is also excellent for the same purpose. For the proper nourishment of the brain phosphorus is necessary, therefore the diet of those in pursuit of the largest amount of glame must include lean meats, fish, whole wheat, cheese, beans, peas, oatmeal, cornmeal, almonds, figs and prunes; as all these contain phosphorus to a large extent. Fish, poultry and lamb contain less earthly salts than other meat, therefore they are recommended to the glamer and as the very best agents for dissolving all mineral matter in the system, apples, pears, grapes, oranges, cherries, plums and peaches are also prescribed, with all kinds of berries. With this description of the principles of glaming, it is only

necessary to add a few simple but essential rules in order to enable anyone so inclined to start at once upon a regular course of rejuvenation and beauty preservation.

Drink freely, and frequently, milk fresh from the cow, at a temperature of not less than 98 degrees, because as the temperature of the milk falls the glame disappears and the food substance which contains the most glame, is milk in this condition. Inflate the lungs at regular intervals, close the eyes and let the mind dwell on only most pleasant subjects. Have the skin kneaded daily with sweet oil, sit or stand perfectly still at regular intervals during the day, in air that has recently been in motion and on which the sun has shone. And lastly fill the lungs to their utmost capacity and hold the breath long enough to count three, very slowly; let the breath escape slowly, and then repeat the process by drawing in the breath very gradually, and holding it while you count five, always inhaling through the nose. Glame enters the body with the oxygen we breathe, so this is an essential exercise.

From all of which it will be seen that glaming is a very simple process indeed, when you have unlimited time at your disposal, and an easy income; but rather out of reach for those who either earn their own living, as so many women do now, and therefore have little time to devote to "repose" in the fresh air, or sweet-oil massage—or the very large class of women, who cannot afford to keep a whole cow standing at their doors all day long, in order to supply them with fresh milk at a certain temperature. But, as I said before, this is a fad of the leisure classes, and while we cannot all of us hope to imitate them by indulging in the generous, and luxurious diet prescribed, especially when the fruits mentioned are out of season, and fresh milk is fetching winter prices, we can at least so far adapt the treatment to our own requirements, as to eat plenty of apples dine on fresh codfish several times a week, and during our leisure moments we can enjoy the inexpensive luxuries of inflating our lungs, and thinking of pleasant things to our heart's content. On special occasions we might even bribe a member of the family to canter about the room keeping the air in motion, while we sat perfectly still and absorbed glame by thinking of pleasant things—always supposing the rent was paid and the coal bill had not yet been presented! Great is glame, and highly to be desired of the daughters of men!

Did you ever hear of "powder blue?" Well it is a peculiar and very attractive color; not a gray-blue, nor yet cadet, or electric, or navy, but a sort of mixture of all three, and like nothing in the world but the gunpowder that suggested its name: blue with a peculiar electric sheen over it. A very stylish travelling dress recently seen, was of powder blue, in fine soft cloth, with a dull finish, and made with a skirt that would scarcely measure four yards around, and was cut nearly glove fitting around the hips though it fell in full godets to the hem. The length was such that it cleared the ground by a good two inches, and the foot was finished with a band of sable fur. The bodice was perfectly plain, and fitted like a glove, under the little bolero which was bordered with fine embroidery in black silk, and finished at the edge with the tiniest piping of sable fur, and lined with yellow silk, of which one caught a gleam, now and then. The bolero opened over a blouse vest of dull red silk in a soft shade, that far from looking at all startling; harmonized with the peculiar blue of the dress. Velvet of the exact shade of the vest composed a pointed belt, and a stock collar, over which was turned a narrow edge of lace. The sleeves were of the blue cloth and cut with very small drooping puffs at the shoulders, and the rest of the way down to the wrists they were almost glove tight, ending in a bell shaped flare, that let in a ruffle of lace.

There is no doubt that the tight, perfectly tight sleeve will be with us very soon, if it is not already upon us! All the stiffening has left the top of the sleeves and they now drop in soft unsupported puffs from the shoulder, while the most advanced English fashion plates show a sleeve that has scarcely a bit of fulness at the top, and is literally skin tight, down to the wrist.

The newest costumes being prepared for early spring show a preference for woollen goods of light weight but wiry texture, and they will be made with due regard both for comfort and elegance.

The skirts will measure something over four yards around, and will have the fulness massed at the back, leaving the front of the gown quite smooth. A handsome model of brown cheviot has a skirt of the dimensions I have described, trimmed from the hem upward with tan colored passanterie. A tight fitting jacket reaches to the tan colored leather belt, and is double breasted with broad revers of tan colored cloth. It closes

ART IN SHOES



Is the remark made when looking at our New **HEAVY SHOES** for Men's Early Spring Wear. Latest Novelties in

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at the side with tan passanterie and frogs. Beneath is a brown vest, and high flaring collar of brown velvet. The sleeves are only slightly full at the shoulder, and are trimmed with the tan passanterie. A small toque trimmed with brown and tan velvet ribbon and bunches of violets, finishes a stylish and serviceable street costume.

Bolero, and figaro jackets are seen on all costumes, they appear both on house, and street dresses and are made of every imaginable material from the heaviest of cloth, to the lightest of chiffon and lace, and the most elaborate of jet, and embroidery, and though they cannot be said, to improve the figure, they form a dainty adjunct to the dress of the slender woman, whose waist is long enough to stand, the odd fore shortened effect that the bolero is apt to give.

Every cloak, every jacket and nearly every bodice shows some variety of the immensely high collar! Usually it is either of lace or chiffon, but when it is of velvet or any thick material, it is sure to be slashed so that an inner collar of the lace can be placed inside, and peep through the crevices.

I am sorry to say that the coat with the loose hanging sacque back is holding its own, and several of the models for early spring are cut in that shape. Sometimes the front hangs in the same gracefully negligent manner, but it is more usual to see a box plait on each side of the front, which has a much better effect. These boxplaits also appear in numbers of the newest bodices, and seem to be steadily gaining in favor.

ASTRA.

BUTTONS MADE OF MILK.

Gowns Will Also Supply us With Combs, Brush Handles, Etc.

For a long time buttons and other articles for which bone is generally used have been made from congealed blood, purchased by the button-makers at the slaughter houses and treated with some substance that hardens it to the sufficient consistency. From blood to milk is a long remove, but the same articles that are made from blood can be made from milk by a process invented by an Englishman named James Callander and soon to be introduced into this country.

The milk used is the skim milk that is of little use for domestic purposes and can be obtained very cheaply. It is the milk that remains after the cream has been skimmed off. The process of turning this liquid into buttons, pool balls, combs, backs of hair brushes and similar articles consists, first of straining the milk through a cloth in order to remove every vestige of cream, and then mixing it with a substance the ingredients of which are a secret of the inventor, and compressing it. At the end of three days the substance is as solid as celluloid and is ready to be cut and shaped in any way the manufacturer wishes.

At present a factory in Holland is engaged in fashioning the hardened milk into various articles, buttons being the chief. The buttons made in this peculiar way differ very little in appearance from ordinary bone buttons. They are a creamy white in appearance, but can be colored black or red or any other color by simply mixing the coloring matter with the milk before the hardening process begins. They are said to possess advantages over the bone and celluloid article in being less

brittle and less liable to chip. For this reason the billiard balls and pool balls which have been made in England from this substance have found favor where a cheap ball is required instead of the expensive ivory ones.

For combs the milk substance has been found to be especially well adapted, as it is smooth and delicate to the touch, and derives from origin a glossy surface that is just the thing for combs. In the same way it is a good substitute for ivory in billiard and pool balls.

The great difficulty the inventor had to overcome, and which he grappled with unsuccessfully for seven years before he hit upon the right plan, was to keep the color of the substance of a uniform shade, according to Mr. J. R. Burdick of Brooklyn who has known the inventor for many years the early experiments with milk buttons always resulted in the turning out of a substance hard enough, to be sure, but breaking out in spots of yellow, like freckles on a country boy.—New York Herald.

THE TRAIN WAITED.

How a Determined Woman Held a Train For Her Daughter.

"When a woman will she will," says a railway engineer, whose breezy talk is reported by the Chicago Times-Herald. He was employed upon a Southern road, where he had many experiences. One day, at a junction, a woman approached the engine and asked him to hold the train for five minutes or so, till her daughter should arrive. He assured her that he could not do so; but the event proved that he was mistaken. As the old saying is, "What has to be done can be done."

"I don't see why," she expostulated. "I think you might do a little thing like that. I tried to explain to her that trains run on schedule time, and like time and tide, wait for no man, or woman, either, for that matter. But she wouldn't have it, and finally, just as we were about to start, she shouted indignantly:

"Well, I'll just see about that!"

I laughed, but soon I ceased to laugh. For what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet in front of the engine. She sat herself there, firmly grasping the rails with both hands.

The conductor signalled for me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I should kill her certainly. I called to the conductor, and he, impatient at the delay, came up. I explained the situation to him. He was as mad as I was, and going up to the woman, told her to get off the track.

"I just won't," she replied, "until my daughter gets on board your train!"

He pleaded with her, and finally declared that she should be compelled to use force.

"Just you dare!" she cried. "I'll sue you for damages if you do!"

This opened a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether we had better remove her by force. Just as we had determined upon a course of procedure her daughter came up, and seeing the old woman on the track, kissed her good-by and got on the train, while her mother called to her:

"Go ahead, Mary Ann! You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board."

And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board and we were about ready to run over the old woman if necessary, she calmly and slowly got up and waved me a good-by, calling as we pulled out of the station:

"I hope I've taught you fellows a grain of politeness."

DRUNKEN HENS.

Shocking Depravity on the Part of Poultry Who Wore a Gay Jag.

A story of shocking depravity on the part of poultry is told by the London Weekly Despatch. It seems that a Mr. Laggan appeared in court and claimed fifty pounds' damages from a local distillery company for injury done to his hens "by the said company having allowed intoxicating materials to flow into the Laggan burn."

Mr. Laggan stated that for some years past he had been making a considerable income from keeping poultry, but since the starting of the distillery he had made little or nothing. His hens and ducks would not eat. They were, he might say, almost always more or less under the influence of drink, except on Sundays, when the distillery was not working. On Sun-

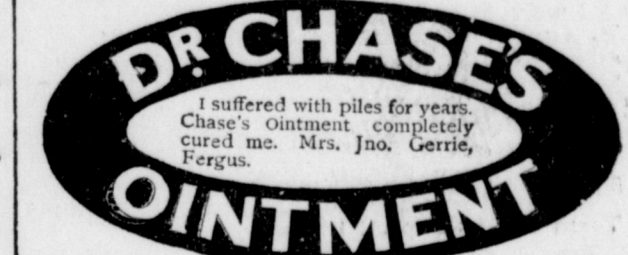
days their condition was pitiable in the extreme.

Monday was their worst day, for then the hens drank excessively, fell into the burn frequently, and lately he had been obliged to keep a boy to look after them on Monday mornings. Their conduct on shore was generally reprehensible, and the ducks were no better than the hens.

Sheriff Mactavish declared that the case was so peculiar that he should have to postpone his decision.



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