

WOMAN and HER WORK.

We have been looking forward to Christmas for such a length of time, planning for it, working for it, and some of us perhaps, dreading it more than we care to say, and suddenly in a flash almost, it is past, and we are left wondering vaguely why we spent so much time in preparing for it, and—curiously enough—with a dull feeling of disappointment, and a much more clearly defined sensation of relief that Christmas is safely over once more.

I know it is rank heresy to say so, when all the Christmas stories, and the illustrated weeklies, and Christmas extra numbers tell such a very different tale, and speak so confidently of the joy and happiness of the holy season, but there is a good deal of truth in what I say, and I have known a surprisingly large number of people who confessed in moments of expansion, when they were alone with their consciences and me—as it were, that they thought so too, but never liked to say it. I don't know why one should mind owning up to such a feeling, I am sure, for it is most natural. Christmas is essentially a children's festival, and for older people it can never be a real feast day, except in a beautiful religious sense. It is too full of memories to be a very happy time, because even when the memories are all pleasant they are seldom without the sting of contrast with the present. They belong to the past, and few of us can look back without some pang of regret mingling with the happiest memories.

The middle aged woman surrounded by her happy brood looks back to one Christmas day years ago, when there was another face at the festive board, the most beautiful of all, she thinks, because it has never changed, never grown older since the day the dark eyes closed, and all her love and agony were powerless to keep the little feet from crossing the dark river alone. She loves all her children, and often says with a certain pride that she has never made any difference between them; loving all alike, but in her heart she knows that has been easy to be impartial since none of her flock can ever be quite the same as that firstborn son who left her so soon. His place has always remained vacant in her heart and nothing can ever fill it, until some day she lays down all the cares and burdens of life, and clasps the lost one to her heart in a world where there will be no more sorrow, and be with her little lad always.

The happy wife, leading a tranquil, and peaceful life beside a man she truly loves, and who is in every way worthy of her love, finds herself thinking, with an odd pang at her heart, of another Christmas day when he, her first love, the man to whom her girlish heart was given, was beside her, and with a sudden photographic vividness it all comes back to her, and she remembers how they spent the day as if it had been yesterday; how he came in the morning to bring her his Christmas gift—he would trust no other hands to bear it to her, and now he stood watching her as she opened the case which contained it, with the lovelight in his sunny eyes, and such a happy smile on his lips. How handsome he was, and how they loved each other! It seemed as if life could have nothing better to offer than existence together—and now—can it be possible that he ever grew cold, that time brought indifference and the day came when he told her that he realized his own unworthiness to possess anything so good and sweet as she, and hoped with all his heart that she would be happy with a better man? She grows cold and faint as the memory comes back to her, and the Christmas festivities seem as dust and ashes, as a sudden passionate longing comes over her for the days that have passed, for one glance from those laughing eyes, one touch of the hand that used to clasp her own so warmly. For an instant dear loyal Jack who is sitting beside her enjoying his dinner with the zest that only a clear conscience and a good digestion can give, seems less than nothing to her in comparison with that other who did not love her as well. We may say what we like, and deny it as we will, but there is never another love like the first—the first real love I mean, not the common "salad" variety which hurts no one, but seems almost as inevitable as teething, and not nearly so fatal—other loves tender, and true, may come, and very real happiness, but the light that never was on sea or shore, shines on us but once, and then fades forever.

To the young girl Christmas is delightful of course, how could it be otherwise with so many loving friends to make her happy, such lovely presents and so many admirers to send her flowers, and dainty boxes of confectionery? But yet somehow it is just as

little disappointing, not quite as nice as she thought it was going to be, and quite dull and stupid compared with those glorious Christmases she remembers spending in the childhood that is just past.

For the old, Christmas holds little but sadness; their minds dwell naturally upon the past, and the contrast is often very sharp between the happy time when life was filled with glorious possibilities, and the leaden present when disappointed ambitions, and dispelled illusions have taken their place. The Christmas season of jollity and feasting brings back old times to them and they miss so many familiar faces and fall to wondering who will be the next, and how many more places will be vacant by next Christmas. Even the very happiest of old people surrounded by loving children and grandchildren find Christmas a sad time and breathe a sigh of gentle relief when it is over.

I think it was Charles Dickens, that most delightful writer of Christmas stories, who said that it was manifestly impossible for a sane grown up man to feel jolly at Christmas time, and that he thought the reason was so much was expected of people in the shape of hilarity at that time, that nature rebelled against the pressure and took her revenge by giving them the blues. If a man had the wherewithal to pay his Christmas bills, and his digestion was in good working order he said a reasonable amount of contentment was within his reach at Christmas, but jollity never!

And so I say the same. After childhood has passed the only real happiness the Christmas season can bring us is to be found in trying to fulfil the Christmas injunction of peace and good will to all mankind, and in making others as happy as we know how.

One of the most suitable uses to which the all pervading sweater has been put, is the reducing of it to miniature proportions, and using it as a garment for babies. Nothing could possibly be better for a baby than such a delightfully warm, light, close-fitting jacket, as the sweater makes. They are shown in all the prettiest colors, pale blue, pink, cream and white, and all far superior to the time honored jacket which was always coming untied, and was ornamented so that it contained far more holes than warmth. Clad in one of these pretty little sweaters, there is little danger of a baby catching cold, and as they are so cheap, even the poorest mother's can provide them for their little ones.

A new and easy way of making a dainty trifle is always hailed with delight by the woman who does fancy work. These directions for making the useful little mats, to be placed on the table under hot dishes, are so simple that anyone can follow them. The necessary materials are twelve dozen ordinary brass curtain rings, not to be confused with the decorative ones, and a half dozen, and two dozen skeins of tapestry silk; that manufactured by any of the best makers will do; the kind known as "boiling colour" is recommended for preference; one skein of crewel silk will be required, and this must match exactly the shade of the other.

And, lastly, a rug needle of suitable size. The tapestry silk may be divided into needlefuls of about one yard in length. Attaching the end each ring is then entirely covered in buttonhole stitch. When the circle is completed, care must be taken to fasten off securely, and neatly. To ensure this the silk may now be split, and the two ends run under the work separately.

A sufficient number of rings being covered they can be arranged so as to form many of various shapes, square, diamond, circular, octagonal, etc. The rings must be firmly and neatly teamed together on the under side at the places where they touch each other, and in such a manner as not to destroy the right appearance of the button-hole stitching.

For very small mats, such as may be

GREETINGS

For a Happy and Prosperous New Year to our many friends and customers

WATERBURY & RISING.

used under gravy boats or sauce tureens, a slightly smaller-sized ring may be employed, and for an extra large size mat, the ring used may be rather larger.

The colour, of course, may be varied according to the taste of the maker, but the use of plain white for all such additions to the table appointments is recommended.

The most interesting developments in fashion just at present are seen in the skirts, which show a decided tendency for trimmings of all kinds. The latest silk gowns from Paris are beruffled from the hem to the waist. Black taffeta silk seems to be the most fashionable material for skirts to wear with odd waists, and the ruffles are either hemmed or pinked on the edge and are four or five inches wide. In some instances they are in graduated widths, not more than nine inches wide at the bottom nor less than four at the waist. One very striking costume of this sort has a black velvet bolero, handsomely embroidered in jet, gold thread, and fancy jewels, and the vest is of white chiffon over cream satin. The close sleeves are of velvet with epaulettes lined with white satin, and the draped belt of taffeta silk is fastened with a gold buckle.

Another pretty evening waist for a black skirt is made of soft tulle silk in pale blue finely tucked in groups of five or seven, and from the bust down to the belt cream lace insertion an inch wide is set in between the spaces. The front has a slight pouch and opens at one side, being finished by a jabot of lace from the top of the lace insertion to the shoulder, and the sleeves are tucked round in groups, from the small puff at the top to the flare at the wrist.

A novelty among the new silk skirts is the one without any lining at all. It is cut somewhat in the bell fashion, and is trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon from the hem to the knee. Bands of bias velvet and satin, with a space between, are also used for skirt trimming, and bias folds arranged to lap a little over each other like tucks are sets in around the bottom.

Three knife plaitings five inches wide, narrowly hemmed on both edges to form a little heading, are another mode of trimming these taffeta skirts. One is set on at the bottom, one just below the knee, and the third half way between the two. The waist worn with this skirt at the opera was of pale blue chiffon arranged in plaited falls alternated with vandyke lace insertion across the upper part, and a double bow of apricot watered ribbon finished the top of the sleeves and formed the collar.

Another novel and useful skirt trimming

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

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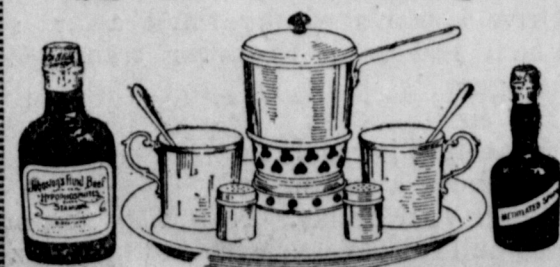
1 Tray, 1 Spirit Lamp, 2 Cups, 2 Spoons, 1 Water Boiler, 2 Salt and Pepper Casters, 1 Bottle Methylated Spirits, 1 16 oz. Bottle JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF (Brand Stimulant).

The whole neatly cased for \$3.50.

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for the street woman is a group of small tucks down the straight edge of each gore, the first one lapping over the seam.

Triple skirts, or rather those which have that appearance, are occasionally seen, and the upper one is long enough to reach within a little more than a quarter of a yard from the bottom. This space is filled in with two pieces cut and fitted on to the lining, as if they were full length skirts. In a gown of gray cloth the upper skirt opens on one side and a foundation of bright plaid velvet peeps out as the wearer walks, while the edges up the sides and around the bottom of the three skirts are bound with gray satin. Two deep flounces of black velvet on a green cloth skirt form still another variety of decoration, and they are put on with very scant fulness across the front.

Sashes in the made-up variety of silk with a chiffon ruffle around the edges and a trimming of black velvet ribbon are prophesied and are sometimes made of the same silk as the gown. ASTRA.

HEART PAIN.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart Defies the Most Intense Pains—No Matter How Long Standing the Troublous Heart Disease in Half an Hour, and in the Case of John Crow, Five Bottles Cured Heart Disease or Ten Years Standing—Here's His Testimony Unsolicted:—

John Crow, son of Mr. George Crow, farmer, near the village of Tara, Ont., writes: "I was alarmingly afflicted with palpitation and enlargement of the heart for nearly ten years. I doctored with best physicians and tried numerous remedies with very little benefit. In our local papers I noticed Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart advertised, and I determined to give it a trial. Inside of half an hour I had relief. I have taken about five bottles, and feel to-day that I am as well as ever I was. I am completely cured."

The Same Colors.

They were talking of their absent sons, and the fact that each of the gentlemen had a boy in a different college did not prevent them from amicably discussing their various prospects. Golden Days gives the conversation.

"Well," said one of them, "it won't be long before the athletic season; and then I guess we'll hear something from the orange and the blue."

"Yes," was the reply, "and there'll be some shouting done by the blue and gray." "Of course," rejoined the third man, "and as my boy has gone to Princeton, I'll have to put in a word for the black and orange; but it doesn't make such a great deal of difference. The boys are bound to come out under the same colors in the end."

"No," said one. "Can't be arranged," exclaimed the other. "Oh yes, it can."

"To what colors do you refer?"

"Black and blue."

Josh Billing Said

Next to a clear conscience for solid comfort give me an old shoe. Putman's Painless Corn Extractor removes the worst corns in twenty-four hours. Putman's is the only sure, safe and painless corn extractor.

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"You must embrace every opportunity," my friends," said the orator at the women's suffrage meeting.

And the applause which came from the unmarried section of the assemblage staggered him.—Philadelphia North American.

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DR. CHASE'S CURES ITCHING PILLS, ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM OINTMENT

H. J. Lisle, representing Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, N.B., says: "Chase's Ointment cured me of a very stubborn case of Itching Eczema. Tried everything advertised, several physicians' prescriptions without permanent relief. I also know of several cases of Itching Pills it has absolutely cured."

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BRADFORD, JULY 4, 1894.—I consider Dr. Chase's Ointment a God-send to anyone suffering from piles, itching scrotum or any itching skin disease. Its soothing effects are felt from the first application.—J. NO. KEGGAN.

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BLANC-MANGE

BENSON'S CANADA PREPARED CORN

Is an exquisite dish for the table and invaluable for invalids.

RECIPE.

BLANC-MANGE. Four or five tablespoonsful of Prepared Corn to one quart of milk; dissolve the Prepared Corn in some of the milk; heat the remainder of the milk, and when boiling add the dissolved Prepared Corn; boil fifteen minutes, flavor to taste, and allow it to cool in a mould. Serve with milk and jelly or milk and sugar.

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