

Woman and Her Work

We have heard so much about the theatre hat that we are beginning to class it with the mother-in-law classic, the widow who is anxious to get rid of her weeds, the elderly girl who tries to conceal her age, and similar antiques which used to tickle the fancy of our ancestors away back in almost pre-historic days. It is an acknowledged fact that much "nagging" will lose its effect in time, and thus defeat its own object; we get used to most things however disagreeable, in time, and just as the child who is being scolded perpetually becomes utterly indifferent to the fault finding after a while and pays no attention to it; so criticism may be overdone, and lose its effect also.

The woman who wears a large hat at a theatrical performance is an undeniable nuisance, and everyone who is obliged to sit behind the hat joins cordially in anathematizing her but at the same time we get quite enough of her during the performance without being obliged to associate with her at all times and seasons and encountering her, by hat and all, in the pages of every comic weekly one takes up, not to mention the supposedly humorous columns of newspapers that should know better. Lately however, a new interest has been aroused in the theatre hat by the bright idea of a clever woman that which has long been needed, in the theatre manners of the other sex. This sturdy reformer comes forward with the suggestion that womenkind should cling to the big hat no matter how much her natural enemy man, may swear about it, and that she should insist upon retaining it just as long as he persists in disturbing all right minded theatre goers by leaving his seat, and going out to see a man between the acts. She contends that no theatre hat ever constructed has caused the same amount of annoyance as the going-out-habit amongst men, has occasioned and calls on her sisters all over the country to use their big hats as engines of reform, and not to yield one inch until the desired object is attained.

Now I am not in any sense a reformer myself, and I have suffered from the theatre hat to quite as great an extent as other people but at the same time I can see the justice of this contention, and I say with all my heart more power to the elbow of the man or woman who seeks to bring about any improvement in the existing state of affairs. Few things are more annoying than the general stampede that ensues in most theatres the moment the curtain falls after an act, and I have often wondered if the nuisance could not be put a stop to, by the lessees of theatres and opera houses. It does not matter whether the man with the chronic thirst is seated next to the aisle, or six seats up in a closely packed tier, the moment he feels an inclination for liquid refreshment he proceeds to collect his hat, gloves, stick and overcoat, gathers them up into an unwieldy bundle and scuffs and scrapes his way past six respectable people most of them ladies, tramping their toes, and generally dragging their bonnets half off during his progress. Those who are seated near the end of the row rise hastily and step out into the aisle in the hope of saving themselves from being crushed, and nearly everyone in the seat drops either programme, opera glasses, or fan during the fray. Scarcely have these victims of man's selfishness and bad manners settled back into their places, arranged their headgear, and concentrated their attention upon the stage—for the man who goes out between acts, makes it a rule never to return until the curtain has risen and the next act is well under way—when he arrives to claim his seat again, and the same performance has to be gone through with. When we consider that this goes on all over the theatre and that the same man will have the boiler-plate nerve, to go out, and come in three times, if there are so many acts, it is a wonder that the theatre-going public has submitted to the outrage for such a long time without protest.

I don't know that I could suggest a remedy if I were asked to do so, unless it were that man who could not pass one evening without taking three drinks, should carry their flasks with them, and partake of refreshment without leaving their seats. But of one thing I am quite certain, and it is that the cure of this nuisance lies in the hands of the women who go to theatres. Any man who takes a lady to a theatre, and leaves her at the intermission, or between the acts, offers her a deliberate insult, and should be ignored by her ever afterward. If every girl were to make up her mind to strike the name of every man who treated her with such rudeness, off her list of acquaintances

the evil would soon cure itself, and we should not need such an extreme measure as the theatre hat.

I remember once sitting behind a recently married couple of whom it had been said at the time of the marriage that the bride would soon make many changes in the habits of the groom, which were decidedly of a convivial nature. She was a pale, gentle looking, fragile girl who seemed as if she would be entirely dominated by her self assertive spouse; and this was their first appearance at a public entertainment since the waning of the honeymoon. As the curtain fell upon the first act the bridegroom stooped down, secured his hat, threw his light overcoat gracefully over his arm, and as he rose from his seat leaned over his bride with the assured manner of one who takes a thing perfectly for granted, and said—"You don't mind if I go out for a moment, do you dear?" "Yes" answered the bride in an even voice, that had not the least trace of excitement in it "I do." Then she lifted her glasses calmly to her eyes, recognized an acquaintance at the other side of the house, and remarked to a friend who was seated next her, that the evening was very warm. Not another word was spoken between that couple, but somehow or other the bridegroom's coat and hat were replaced, and he did not leave the opera house until the performance was over, and he took his beloved one home. Oh but his face was a study though, while he was making up his mind whether to go out or not, and his discomfiture was beautiful to witness!

It is hard to imagine a man with any pretensions to good breeding being guilty of such rudeness, but yet I have seen men who should know better make a common practice of leaving wives, sweethearts and friends, between the acts at a theatre, and though I do not mean to accuse all of them of going in search of refreshment, that is the generally accepted explanation of such absences, and no man has a right to render the lady who is under his protection for the time conspicuous by leaving her several times during the evening.

The large hat is a heroic measure but severe diseases require violent remedies, and if nothing else will avail let us by all means band ourselves together under a solemn oath never to wear a hat smaller than a bicycle wheel to the theatre, until the lords of creation promise to sit still during the entire performance, and quench their thirst with acid drops, or small pieces of root ginger, both of which I have been told are excellent for that purpose.

We are all more or less familiar with Shakespeare's remark about the gilding refined gold or painting the lily, but it has remained for modern foolishness to add a new meaning to the Bard of Avon's warning against ever doing these things, and "go him one better" as it were on his own ground and in a manner that would make the divine William turn over in his grave, if he could know about it! This latest development of fashionable folly is nothing less than gilding the eyebrows, literally touching them up with gold paint, in order to attract attention to their beauty. If they don't happen to be beautiful I suppose they can be "picked out" as the house painters say, with the gilding in such a manner as to disguise the fact. It is a lovely idea and eminently practical, since gold paint is cheap, and most of us have eyebrows of some kind to work upon.

I believe this particular style of eyebrow is supposed to be more becoming when the eyes beneath are large and dark, a pair of large dark eyes looking out from under narrow gold lines being particularly fetching and presenting a decidedly Oriental appearance. The operator has to be very careful about suiting her work to her complexion and general style, and if she should chance to be a freckled beauty, with the ruddy hair which generally accompanies freckles, and either the ruddy brown, or light blue eyes which seem to be the inseparable companions of those beauty spots, she must on no account gild her brows, but leave them entirely to nature, otherwise she will be in almost as awkward a predicament as Samuel Warren's red haired hero, in "Ten Thousand a Year," when he tried to change the color of his hair, and met with such marked success that he

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arose one morning to find it a bright green—it did not harmonize with his complexion in the least, and neither will the gold paint with that of the red haired girl. It is a fact that the women of society's upper ten who spend most of their time in seeking after new fads and studying ways and means of adding to their beauty, and preserving what they already possess in that line, are devoting exclusive attention to their eyebrows, and utterly forgetting their eyes, noses, chins, and even complexions. The eyebrow is the feature of the time being, and hence the gold paint fad which has the same effect in attracting attention to a beautiful eyebrow as the patch of the last century had in showing off a lovely complexion.

We are warned that the painting must be accomplished with great care, otherwise the hand painted brows will only look grotesque instead of piquant and attractive. Verily we are going backward steadily through the centuries for our fashions and the painted brows take us back beyond the time of Shakespeare and old testament days when that lovely but naughty daughter of Kings, Jezebel tried her head and painted her face, previous to taking that last and fatal peep out of the window. We read that the daughters of Babylon reddened their cheeks and painted their eyes; and now the daughters of the great republic, are touching up their eyebrows with modern gold paint! Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

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MISS BEVINGTON GOT THE BEAR.

A Wyoming Girl, Hunting for Antelope, Brought Down a big Grizzly.

Mildred Bevington, who lives near Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, has written a New York friend:

"What do you think, Kittie. I've gone and killed a great big bear, a regular man-biting grizzly, and I did it with that pretty little 30 calibre rifle you gave me when you started for home last fall. It was like this: 'I put on my skies one morning last week, Thursday, and asked mamma if I couldn't go up the canon and try and shoot a deer. She said I might, and so, calling Tippy, I went after the deer. My! but that dog did make the rabbits run, and barked so I thought he would surely scare everything away. I hadn't gone very far—you know where that big lava rock is—it was just above that, and behind the bend where papa and you tried to shoot that moose and didn't. Well, Tippy barked up on the bank at the entrance to the gulch and came running down full speed, all like a flash, and almost threw me down on my skies. I looked and looked, and pretty soon I saw something up on a rock beyond where the dog had been, and then the bear came up and stood right out in the open sideways to me and looking over his shoulder at me and the dog."

"I was scared almost to death, and I just looked at the great big thing, till pretty quick I thought of my gun and how it had killed that antelope, and had helped kill that big elk, and what a fearful hole the bullet made in the deer I'd shot. I just knew if I could hit that bear behind the shoulder I would hurt him fearfully, and I thought if I couldn't shoot him after that before he got to me and poor Tippy, who was whining beside me, I deserved to be all chewed up. So I aimed at him and then I shot. Dear me, how he jumped up on his hind legs, and over backward, and down that slope, head over heels, with me shooting just as tight as I could jerk the trigger. I hit him twice out of six times, but I needn't have shot after the first time. The bullet hit him just behind the heart in the lungs, and he bled and kicked just awfully. Papa and the boys brought him home for me, and mamma says if I go up again she will whip me."

Then Miss Bevington asks how to have a new dress made.

Who is to be Adjutant of Biscay Team in 1897?

Apparently it rests between Major A. T. Patterson of 85th Battalion of Montreal, and the popular Major of [the 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec, who has written the author of "Poeni Banum", saying: "Your Quickcure! stops toothache immediately I have known of its merits for many years. As a pain relieving and healing remedy it is fully worthy of confidence."

Signed, J. S. DUNBAR.

Her Motto.

An amusing relic of the Civil War is in the possession of a young woman, into whose father's hand it fell some years ago with other effect of a Southern relative.

At the time of the siege of Mobile the women of the city were busy for many hours making bags to be filled with sand. The young ladies in one popular boarding-school not only made such bags, but decorated them with mottoes in silk or worsted.

The relic referred to was one of the bags sent out from this school, and bearing faded blue the unpunctuated device, "God save the South from Harriet Brown."

W. J. Fraser, Esq., Manager and Agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, Quebec, writes: "My wife suffered intensely from ear-ache for ten days, causing complete deafness in affected ear. We tried several remedies without effect. 'Quickcure' warmed and dropped into the ear removed the pain, and in one night hearing was restored. We have also found it splendid for toothache and burns."

A Sad Truth.

"The best type of man always concedes that woman is the noblest created being." "Yes?" "And then he acts mad because the first baby isn't a boy."—Chicago Record.

The First German Book.

Brewer says the first book printed in the German language was the "Edelstein," or "Precious Stone," in 1461, by Ulrich Boner. Seven years before this, however in 1454, Gutenberg and Faust printed in Latin an indulgence issued by Pope Nicholas V. to Paulinus Chappes, an ambassador of the king of Cyprus. There is much conflict among the authorities as to the dates of the earlier copies of the Faust and Gutenberg books, and in many cases the exact time of their issuance is conjectural.

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