

Woman and Her Work

Most of us have heard of Lady Isabel Burton, the wonderful modern Griselda who worshipped her husband, the wayward erratic globe trotter Mr. Richard Burton whose fortunes she followed so faithfully all his life, with an adoration which seemed almost a religion in itself. The enthusiastic explorer, traveller, writer and diplomat was accompanied throughout his varied career by his devoted wife who, talented above the average of her sex, as she herself was content, to find her highest happiness in acting as his amanuensis and secretary, making a home for him in a tent in the desert and spending her life in smoothing away as far as possible all obstacles and cares from his path.

The "Romance of Lady Isabel Burton" has been very generally read, but those who have not had the privilege of perusing it, will no doubt be as deeply interested as I have been myself, in reading her "Rules for a Wife," which are the actual rules by which she ordered her daily life, having made them, written them out, and laid them down for her own guidance in the management of her headstrong husband. I doubt if they will meet with a very cordial reception from the emancipated woman of today, sounding, as they do, too much like the entire subjection of woman, and I am quite certain that if Sir Richard Burton was not utterly ruined, and made a selfish, irresponsible tyrant by such a course of treatment he was a most exceptional man, since any but a human angel would be ruined by such persistent fostering of all his whims, and having every unselfish impulse stifled. But still Lady Burton believed that her plan was successful, and was happy in the belief, so none of us can judge for her; we can only read her extraordinary "Rules" and wonder.

"1. Let your husband find in you a companion, friend and adviser and confidante, that he may miss nothing at home; and let him find in the wife what he and many other men fancy is only to be found in a mistress, that he may seek nothing out of his home.

2. Make his home snug. If it be ever so small and poor, there can always be a certain chic about it. Men are always ashamed of a poverty-stricken home and therefore prefer the club. Attend much to his creature comforts; allow smoking or anything else; for if you do not somebody else will. Make it yourself cheerful and attractive, and draw relations and intimacies about him, and the style of variety—literati—that suits him.

4. Improve and educate yourself in every way, that you may enter into his pursuits, and keep pace with the times.

5. Be prepared at any moment to follow him at an hour's notice, and rough it like a man.

6. Do not hide your affection for him, but let him see and feel it in every action. Never refuse him anything he asks. Observe a certain delicacy before him. Keep up the honeymoon romance whether at home or in the desert. At the same time do not make prudish bothers which only disgust and are not true modesty. Do not make the mistake of neglecting your personal appearance, but try to look well, and dress well to please his eye.

7. Perpetually work up his interest with the world, whether for publishing or for appointments. Let him feel, when he has to go away that he leaves a second self in charge of his affairs at home; so that if sometimes he is obliged to leave you behind, he may have nothing of anxiety on his mind. Take an interest in everything that interests him. To be companionable a woman must learn what interests her husband; and if it is only planting turnips, she must try to understand turnips.

8. Never confide your domestic affairs to your female friends.

9. Hide his faults from everyone, and back him up through every difficulty and trouble.

10. Never permit anyone to speak disrespectfully of him before you; and if anyone does, no matter how difficult, leave the room.

11. Never permit anyone to tell you anything about him, especially of his conduct to other women. Never hurt his feelings by a rude remark or jest. Never answer when he tells you of it, nor take advantage of it when you are angry; and always keep his heart up when he has made a failure.

12. Never ask him not to do anything—for instance, with regard to visiting other women, or anyone you particularly dislike; trust him and tell him everything, except another person's secret.

Do not bother him with religious talk; be religious yourself and give good example, take life seriously and earnestly; pray for and secure prayers for him without his knowing it, and let all your life be something that will win mercy from God for him. You might try to say a little prayer with him every night before laying down to sleep, and gently draw him to be good to the poor and more gentle and forbearing to others.

14. Cultivate your own good health, spirits, and nerves to enable you to carry out your mission.

15. Never open his letters, nor appear inquisitive about anything he does not volunteer to tell you.

16. Never interfere between him and his family; encourage their being with him and forward everything he wishes to do for them, and treat them in every respect—as far as they will let you—as if they were your own.

Keep everything going, and let nothing ever be at a standstill.

Verily the life of the late lamented Sir Richard Burton must have been one prolonged picnic, and he must have really regretted what he was leaving behind when he came to die! Never to be bothered or crossed in any way, never to be even asked to do anything he did not like, never to be found fault with or worried about religious matters, never disapproved of in any way, and last, and greatest of all, never to be reproached about anything even flirting with other women; but to have every burden lifted from his shoulders, and all the thorns picked off the roses of life before he was permitted to handle them. His was indeed an ideal life, and Lady Burton must have possessed ample means and ample leisure to enable her to carry out half of her rules. It is a blessed thing she had no children for someone must have been neglected in that case.

But all the same I say in all seriousness that Lady Burton was wise beyond most of her sex in some things, and if the women of today would have rules 1, 8, 9, 11, 16, the first and last clause of rule 10, and nearly all of rules 3, 6, and 7, written in letters of gold, read them over every day, learn them by heart and practice them, there would be fewer unhappy marriages in this world.

Two things about these rules rather puzzle me—the first is what was Sir Richard's part in the domestic contract, what he gave in return for all his wife's devotion. And the second is now Lady Isabel, who made almost a religion of approving of her husband's every action while he was alive, came to ruthlessly destroy the M. S. of his "Scented Garden" after he was dead, in spite of the fact that his publishers had offered the large sum of six thousand guineas for the work. True, "The Scented Garden" was very naughty indeed, I believe, but still it was a cherished work of Sir Richard's and it seems strange that his widow should have burned it with her own hands. Love is a strange thing, and perhaps the broken hearted woman could not bear to have the memory of her idolized husband associated with a work which she considered unworthy of him. She burned it 'for his soul's good' she said and we must take her at her word now. She was a wonderful woman and is entitled to the respect and admiration of all who can appreciate unselfishness, singleness of purpose and that rare power of self effacement which enabled her a singularly gifted woman, to sink her own individuality absolutely in that of her husband and be content to shine merely in the reflected glory from a god of her own setting up.

If you have a habit, like some women, of putting away a dress now and then when it has become a little old fashioned, until you have time to see about having it made over, you are very fortunate this summer, because the chances are ten to one that the dress has been neglected and almost forgotten, and when you take it out to see what can be done with it, you will be surprised to find that a few touches will serve to transform the rejected garment into a gown of '97. If it was made three years ago, it will show the same tight sleeve with three little ruffles at the shoulder, the same full skirt trimmed with narrow lace edged frills and the same blouse bodice attached to a round or square yoke. The frills are

probably set quite a distance apart, and will need to be massed together; the top of the skirt may be shirred into close puffs around the hips, and either a wide berth, or bolero of lace added to the bodice with shoulder straps, and corset of narrow velvet, and a ribbon collar and the dress is in the height of the fashion.

The skirt cut into deep points which fall over a Spanish flounce, is another boon to those whose pockets are not very full, the whirligig of fashion is a wonderful thing, and often very convenient for those who know how to take advantage of it and to these, it is a very simple matter. Cut a skirt which is either too short, or else frayed and worn around the foot, into deep points, edge the points with lace insertion or a double ruche, arrange a Spanish flounce beneath them, and have a skirt of the latest fashion. Sometimes a handsome skirt of embroidered Swiss muslin will shrink so much in the washing that it is practically useless, but if the owner will make a deep yoke of fine tucks fitting closely around the hips and then use her embroidered skirt as a very deep Spanish flounce, she will make it even better than new.

A feature of this summer's dresses seems to be the amount of needlework lavished upon them, and the greater part of this work such as the shirring and puffing must be done by hand. Figured lawns and other nice cotton dresses are trimmed with ruffles edged with lace, and as these ruffles overlap slightly, and frequently reach the knee, they represent a great deal of work. One model in plain pink lawn has the skirt tucked perpendicularly for some inches below the waist, and trimmed at the foot with ruffles cut straight instead of bias.

Last year the fine ecrú lawns and linens were spread smoothly and plainly over silk linings, the effect of transparency being all that was desired, but this season greater elaboration is desired, and the lawn is tucked, ruffled, and set with lace insertion until the original material is scarcely to be seen at all, and the idea of transparency has taken a very secondary place. A good example of this elaboration has the entire skirt arranged in vertical tucks to within thirteen inches of the foot, below this the material falls in a deep flounce which is in its turn ornamented with tucks and insertion running around. The blouse is entirely composed of vertical tucks to match the skirt, and the sleeves have tucks and insertion running around like the flounce. Another model, a dress of pale blue lawn has the entire blouse and skirt latticed over with valenciennes insertion so as to look as if the material was woven in a design of large plaids of lace and lawn.

Aprons are the newest fad in the fashionable world of London—another revival—and the old fashioned silk fringes for dress trimmings, are also in evidence and steadily gaining in favor. The aprons are not by any means intended for use, and the good ladies of a couple of generations ago, who wore cotton aprons when they went about their work in the morning and replaced them in the afternoon with sombre and serviceable affairs of black silk for best, and black alpaca for everyday wear, would find it hard to believe that the exquisite frivolities of today really were aprons at all. An English woman of fashion recently ordered an apron that cost five hundred dollars. It was made of Brussels rose point in an exquisite floral scroll design, and has a border of roses. It is worn when serving afternoon tea, or doing dainty fancy work.

It is said that men like aprons, and therefore the fashion is likely to take on this, as well as the other side of the water. Some of the first class shops are already importing them in anticipation of the autumn days when chopping dish suppers are once more in evidence and the clever girl who knows the charmingly domestic look a pretty apron imparts to the most frivolous

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wearer, will hasten to avail herself of the opportunity to look fetching, and invest largely in dainty muslin and lace aprons.

Invitations to a "bloomer lawn party" from a church society of women in St. Louis recently stirred up great excitement and criticism, but the demand for tickets was tremendous. One of the conditions of the invitations was that all the women should wear bloomers, and those who were not properly equipped in that respect were to be provided with the articles on their arrival. When the crowd arrived on the night of the bloomer party it discovered all the women adorned with immense sunflowers, which were the bloomers that had invited so much criticism.

Mrs. Daniel Whalen is a St. Louis woman introduced to fame through her original method of preserving the harmony of her home. Her husband, coming home intoxicated, tried to strike her. When he had gone to sleep Mrs. Whalen sewed him up in the sheet and gave him a sound thrashing.

WANTED THE REAL THING.

Pro. Seneca Jones' Search; for an Evil Purpose.

They were out in the pasture lot—Farmer Silas Jones and his learned brother Prof. Jones. The Professor had a knowing smile on his face and a curious little instrument in his hand.

'Now Sen,' said Silas, I wish to goodness you'd tell me what you're goin' to do.'

'Very well, Silas. This little machine I have here photographs purposes, motives, thoughts—'

'Go 'long, Sen! You're jokin'!'

'Indeed no Silas. Every action of the brain every pulsation of the nerves, affects the atmosphere and makes itself felt upon the sensitive plate of the camera. For instance—' and here the professor drew a number of fine, even circles one within another—a pleasant thought or purpose, will be reproduced thus. And a thought of extreme anger or a purpose of destruction will be pictured with the lines of the circle jagged, uneven and the reverse of symmetrical, thus.'

'Well, that beats all! But what did you come 'way out here, for?'

'You see, Silas, I wish to secure a picture of the maddest most evil purpose on record for my forthcoming work, 'The Psychology of Purpose.' To this end I have come out here, and if you will kindly take this red handkerchief and flag that bull down there until he charges into focus you'll oblige me and confer an everlasting boon upon literature.'

Silas turned pale. 'Reckon you don't know that bull, Sen. He's a reg'lar man-eater.'

'That's just what I went,' cried the pro-

fessor, delightedly; 'flag him on—be quick, Silas.'

'He won't need much flaggin', I guess,' muttered Silas, casting a vague look at his brother; 'the flies have worked his dander up pretty well already. Keep your eye on the fence, Sen, and don't lose any time gettin' over it after you catch his purpose, 'cause he'll be about the maddest bull in Michigan. Watch your eye, now—I'm goin'.'

Silas thereupon approached and made a few preliminary passes with the red flag. The animal stamped his forefoot, whirled around and made a beeline for Farmer Jones, who put for the fence. 'Don't wait till he gets in focus,' cried Silas as he rushed past the professor; 'take it now!'

But, like the elder Pliny, Prof. Jones was made of sterner stuff. He waited calmly, pressed the button not a moment too soon and started after his brother. The bull, however, had charged into focus altogether too late for the professor's well being. Seneca Jones had barely time to toss his instrument to Silas when whizz rip-w-o-w-ker thud! the learned man was tossed over the fence and landed in a heap by his brother's side.

'I told ye, Sen,' cried Silas; 'ain't hurt be ye?'

'Hurt! In an instant Seneca Jones had risen in all his wrath.'

'Where is that four footed whirlwind of iniquity? Show him to me! I'll—'

Just then Silas inadvertently pressed the button of the instrument he was holding. It happened that it pointed straight at the professor who was, moreover, in exact focus. From these causes resulted a deplorable loss to science for—the plate broke!—Detroit Free Press.

A Rare Dog From China.

A real blooded Chinese dog, such as, it is said, has never before been without the walls of the palace of the Emperor of China, arrived at Tacoma (Wash.) on the steamer Pelican from Tien-tsin, China. The dog is of the species known as the Pekin pug, which is kept exclusively within the Emperor's harem at Peking. It was bought at Tien-tsin several weeks ago from a Chinese servant, who stole it from the royal gardens. The dog is a natural pet and an ideal house canine. Its body is long in proportion to its legs. The legs appear to be double jointed at the knees. It is said that were it known where the dog has gone the man who stole it would surely lose his head.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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