

Woman and Her Work

"Complexion is all a matter of digestion. Where there is a good digestion a beautiful complexion is bound to follow. A well regulated stomach invariably proclaims itself in a good-looking face, and to maintain this well-regulated condition attention to a fruit diet is recommended. Plums, blackberries, white and red grapes, oranges and peaches are among the table fruits, and it is difficult to say which is the best for a pretty complexion. If the skin is kept fresh and the diet is laxative the face will be good to look upon. People eat too much breadstuffs. A mud-colored skin is usually an indication of bad blood. A good thing for a sallow skin is a trip to the nearest mountains—walk up, rest, and climb down again."

So says one oracle, while another says it is all a mistake, and that what we really need to make us beautiful, is more porridge, more brown bread, and more good wholesome milk. "Perfect nonsense" cries a third. "What the men and women of this generation really need, to give them the clear pink and white complexions, the splendid physiques and the magnificent health their forefathers enjoyed, is a sensible diet of good rare, juicy meat, lightly done roast beef, broiled steaks, and plenty of fruit and vegetables, with good honest ale for a drink, instead of strong tea, stronger coffee, and greasy chocolate piled with unwholesome whipped cream! There were no weak anaemic women then, no cases of being "run down" and nerves were almost unknown."

"All a mistake," says another authority, "meat is ruin to the complexion, and porridge is not much better, heating the blood and inducing every kind of skin rash. Nuts, and oranges, combined with a judicious selection of light, and easily digested foods; there is more real nutrition in half a pound of fresh, sweet nuts, than in a whole pound of beefsteak, and you run no risk of contracting some terrible disease in eating the products of the earth, as you do in eating meat." So it goes, and the disciples of different systems expound their pet theories entirely to their own satisfaction, if occasionally to the weariness of their friends.

Lately I have become convinced that we devote entirely too much time and attention to our stomachs, we think so much more than is necessary about what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, that our lives are rapidly becoming a burden to us from too much care, and I believe we are ruining our digestive organs by trying experiments upon them and endeavoring to force them into assimilating different styles of exclusive diet, instead of allowing them the wholesome variety which was evidently intended by nature.

Strange to say one point on which nearly all diet cranks have agreed before, is being questioned now, and a new apostle has arisen with the startling theory that all fruit is unhealthy; even stronghold of the dyspeptic, the baked apple is mercilessly attacked, and utterly routed by the stern iconoclast, whose name is Albert Harris Hoy, M. D. of Chicago, and who is the author of a book which has attracted a great deal of attention in the medical world, and which is entitled "Eating and Drinking."

The theory upon which Dr. Hoy bases his arguments, is that most of the functional diseases which affect the human race, are due to abnormal acidity of the blood, that these functional diseases lead to organic diseases, and that the best, if not the only method of restoring the disturbed functions, is by changing this abnormal acidity, into normal alkalinity. Fruits which contain such a large quantity of free acid are supposed to be largely the cause of this state of acidity, and therefore very injurious to the human system.

Dr. Hoy classifies fruits into natural food fruits and cultivated fruits, the former being all nourishing, and free from indigestion producing effects; while the latter, or those which man has developed by culture from wild and unpalatable varieties were never intended for the use of man, and are nearly all injurious. For example, the date, fig and banana are all true food fruits, being simply wild first as they were first made by the Creator for the use of man; and they are therefore thoroughly adapted for the human stomach, and harmless. The custard apple, the guava the mango and the cocoanut belong to the same class, and may be eaten by man. But the grape, the plum, and even the apple, the orange, and the pear are examples of man's ingenuity in cultivating fruits which were never intended to be used as food, and are therefore unfit for him to eat, nature seeming to resent the attempt to change a hard and bitter fruit into a sweet and edible one, as an effort to

interfere with her functions; and to take her revenge by presenting the cultivated fruits from being properly assimilated by man's stomach. Dr. Hoy makes out a very strong case for his pet theory, and his ideas are, I believe, shared by many celebrated medical men; but nevertheless he has added one more thorn to the many which pierce the flesh of the luckless dyspeptic, in depriving him of his haven of refuge, and he will certainly earn the enmity of all lovers of the juicy apple, the luscious pear, and the delicious orange.

By the way—wild strawberries may be indulged in freely he says, but beware of their cultivated brethren.

"This is a curious custom you Americans have of referring to your wives by their husbands' names," observed Glanvock Kaplon an intelligent Russian traveller. "I suppose the Americans hold his wife in as high esteem as the Russian holds his, but it at home I should speak of my better half as Mrs. Kaplon my friends would at once conclude that my domestic relations were not as pleasant as they should be, and that I was thinking of a legal separation. When I first heard an American man speak of his wife as Mrs. Jones, for example, I felt almost like presuming on my acquaintance by intruding into his private affairs and asking him what the trouble was at home. Yet I soon learned that the custom was universal over here, but still I cannot get used to it. 'My wife' is the plain, blunt way I speak in Russia of the lady who, I suppose, I would have to call Mrs. Kaplon in polite society in America. In some of the more fashionable circles of St. Petersburg this American social custom has been adopted, though I was told by a prominent Government official not long ago that the Czar disapproved of it."

What a curious people the Russians are! I always knew that the wife continued to be known by her father's name, or rather as her father's daughter, after her marriage, and it seemed singular enough that Natalie Petrovna, was still Natalie the daughter of Peter, even after she had been the wife of Serge for years. But I confess it was news to me to hear that she is never known by her husband's name at all even on formal occasions. What an anomalous position it is that the Russian wife holds; in one sense it is one of absolute independence, since her individuality is not sunk in that of her husband, as happens with us, even her name remaining the same after marriage. But yet she is simply the man's wife and is really without a title of her own. Let the New Woman who scorns the idea of her identity being swallowed up in that of some man, ponder the little paragraph I have quoted, well, and decide which position is preferable.

Some of the fashion writers assert that dress—woman's dress, of course—has never been prettier than it is now. I cannot agree with them myself because I really think the fashions reached their climax of beauty, and utility, about two years ago; the large sleeves was not only beautiful but most comfortable, though it certainly was an expensive luxury, while the full, untrimmed skirts seemed to have reached perfection, as far as comfort, and fitness were concerned. The severe plainness of their outlines was counteracted by the elaborate fancy bodice so often worn with them, and even when the bodice was as plain as the skirt, perfection of cut made up for the lack of ornamentation, and there was a delightful trimness about this season can boast of.

Even in the richest silks, the plain severe folds of the skirt displayed the beauty of the material far better than if the lines had been broken up by interminable ruffles and flounces, or bands of embroidery. But the all-powerful voice of fashion has spoken, so I suppose we may as well resign ourselves to tight sleeves, and voluminously trimmed skirts, for some time to come.

One of the oldest of this season's innovations is the skirt yoke, which is fair to become a feature of many summer dresses. One is accustomed to seeing elaborate yokes on blouses and bodices, but when it comes to a fifteen inch deep yoke on a white linen skirt which yoke is composed of alternate bands of lace insertion and tucked white mousseline de soie; the effect is odd, to say the very least. But yet that is a form of decoration applied to a dress or striped white linen, which is flounced with pink, and lined with pink silk. The skirt is gathered to the yoke with a little heading, and hangs full and plain below. The full bodice which matches the yoke, has a wide draped belt of pink silk and a cravat of the silk muslin, trimmed across the ends with lace. Other linen gowns are cut in deep points around the bottom of the skirt and filled in between with knife plaitings of the linen.

All the dressmakers seem to be bending

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A DAUGHTER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE.

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Daughter of one lighthouse-keeper, wife of his successor, and shortly afterward appointed assistant to her husband, Mrs. Abby Burgess Grant has had a light-keeping career of singular interest. For twenty-two years she lived on Matinicus Rock, more than twenty miles off the coast of Maine—a lonely, fog-drenched wilderness of boulders, some thirty-two acres in extent. There, in her early girlhood, she learned to tend the lights, and upon her, her mother being an invalid, fell more than once the sole responsibility of their care, while her father was storm-bound on the shore for days, sometimes for weeks. There, left behind for a time, when he resigned the position, that she might instruct his successors, her teaching led to courtship; there she married and their first children were born.

Leaving Matinicus, she spent, still as her husband's regularly appointed assistant-keeper, fifteen years more at White Head Light. Then he left the service and they moved inland, expecting to pass the remainder of their lives in a green little Massachusetts town, out of sound of the sea; but the spell of the old life was too strong, and two years later Mr. Grant re-entered the lighthouse service, working in the engineers' department of the First Lighthouse District, near Portland, where the couple still live.

In a recent article of singular interest by Gustave Kobbe, in the Century Magazine, is given a letter from Mrs. Grant to a friend, the more impressive for its simplicity and unconsciousness, which shows, as nothing else could, how to this daughter of the lights her long responsibility has made of her duties a second nature—a part of herself.

"Sometimes I think the time is not far distant when I shall climb these lighthouse stairs no more. It has almost seemed to me that the light was a part of myself. When we had care of the old lard-oil lamps on Matinicus Rock, they were more difficult to tend than these lamps are, and sometimes they would not burn so well when first lighted, especially in cold weather when the oil got cool. Then, some nights, I could not sleep a wink all night, though I knew the keeper himself was watching; and many nights I have watched the lights my part of the night, and then could not sleep the rest of the night, thinking nervously what might happen should the light fail.

"In all these years I always put the lamps in order in the morning, and I lit them at sunset. These old lamps—as they were when my father lived on Matinicus Rock—are so thoroughly impressed on my memory that even now I often dream of them.

"There were fourteen lamps and fourteen reflectors. When I dream of them it always seems to me that I have been away a long while, and I am trying to get back in time to light the lamps. Then I am half-way between Matinicus and White Head, and hurrying toward the rock to light the lamps there before sunset.

"Sometimes I walk on the water, sometimes I am in a boat, and sometimes I am going in the air—I must always see the lights burning in both places before I wake. I always go through the same scenes in cleaning the lamps and lighting them, and I feel a great deal more worried in my dreams than when I am awake.

"I wonder if the care of the lighthouse will follow my soul after it has left this worn-out body! If I ever have a grave, I would like it to be in the form of a lighthouse or beacon."

"Safe Cures" for Hiccoughs.

For the common afflictions, such as colds everybody knows a 'sure cure.' When it was announced that a New Jersey farmer

was dying of hiccoughs, which had lasted a fortnight, though the doctors tried fifty different medicines, two or three scores of persons wrote to volunteer advice. He was told to inhale nitrate of amyl; to drink the juice of canned huckleberries; to rely on the 'faith cure'; and other remedies were offered, for example:

Lie down, stretch your head back as far as possible, open your mouth widely, then hold two fingers above the head so high that you have to strain the eyes to see them. Gaze intently upon them, and take long, full breaths.

Drink vinegar, or warm pit of stomach. Eat a raw onion while drinking a bottle of old stock ale.

I suggest that you do something to make yourself sneeze.

Draw air into the stomach through the throat.

Good drink of fresh, warm milk, drink with breath at intervals.

Brandy and laudanum at frequent intervals, or very strong calamus tea.

Swallow a few lumps of butter slowly. Fortunately, the sufferer did not have to take everything that the well-meaning public proposed. He was cured by eating a small dish of ice-cream.

It Cuts Glass.

The new substance, harder than the diamond, invented by the French savant, Moissan, is said to be a compound of carbon with the metal titanium. It is thought that it may be used in cutting diamonds, and may revolutionize many industries where abrasives are employed. The inventor hopes to obtain the prize of \$10,000 offered by the French academy for a substance to take the place of diamonds in drills. These diamonds have been of the black and brown variety, not gems, have been known as 'bores.' The largest piece ever discovered was found in Brazil two years ago, and weighed 3073 carats. The lump was worth \$120,000. About 50,000 carats have been exported from Bahia each year. It has been used around the edges of the large circular saws for cutting huge slabs of stone. The new compound will be cheap, and, as it is harder than the diamond, can do better work. It may be employed as a substitute for jewels in watches, and for glass cutting.

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