

Woman and Her Work

It is true as some critics assert that woman is destitute of a sense of humor, how is it that she laughs at all, or even smiles, not to mention indulging in the uproarious mirth which frequently convulses her at a theatre or matinee, or when she witnesses some especially funny situation in real life? It is so easy to make assertions and then keep repeating them until the world is almost convinced that they are true; ready to accept them on trust at any rate without taking the trouble to investigate them. I never could understand how people of average intelligence who are gifted even with the most ordinary powers of observation can seriously believe women are without the very keenest sense of the ridiculous when life fairly bristles with instances of her abilities in this direction, and the woman who sees a joke in everything is really more common than the man who does the same.

I am willing to admit that there are scores of women in the world who never see a joke in their lives, and who, even when some exquisite piece of humor is laboriously explained to them, will stare blankly at the narrator and then turn away with a pitying smile, but I have known almost as many men afflicted with the same obtuseness, only—and this is really a curious peculiarity that I have often puzzled over; the man is almost invariably so ashamed to confess that he can't see the point of a joke, that he frequently develops extraordinary ingenuity in finding out a perfect new point for himself, and one which would never have occurred to the original composer of the joke. A good illustration of this lies in the story of the man who once tried the effect of a delightfully simple joke on an Englishman, by telling him the story of the sign he once saw near a cross-road in Ireland, which read—"This road leads to Enniskillen, N. B. If you can't read, ask the blacksmith just past the cross-roads." The Englishman listened gravely to the story, and waited with that please-tell-me-the-point air so exasperating to a story teller, after it was finished. Then, realizing there was no more to come, he ejaculated: "By Jove! I'm funny!" and was silent. Ten minutes afterwards, when the other man had almost forgotten his chagrin, the Englishman suddenly woke up from a brain study, broke into a prodigious roar, and slapping his friend on the shoulder shouted exultantly, "By, jove old fellow, great joke eh? Couldst see it for a minute but it just came to me. The blacksmith didn't live there at all! Haw! haw! haw! What a deuce of a funny fellow you are!"

Now a woman would either have seen the intended point and failed to find any fun in it, or else she would have frankly and indignantly admitted that she saw no point in the senseless story, and did not understand how anyone else could.

I remember once laughing myself nearly to pieces over an irresistibly funny picture in a comic paper, and as there was no one else in the room to sympathize with me but a friend who had never been guilty of seeing the funny side of anything, I showed it to her, for lack of a better subject to try it on. She looked at it carefully and unsmilingly, expressed a cynical surprise that it took so little to make some people laugh, and went on with her embroidery, while I went back to my picture. Every time I looked at it the exquisite humor of the thing struck me afresh, and I laughed a little more; suddenly my friend laid down her work, leaned back in her chair and burst out into such a perfect peal of laughter that I thought my hour of triumph had come, and she had seen the joke at last. But she destroyed the illusion abruptly as soon as she could speak, by gasping—"Don't imagine I am laughing at that absurd cartoon, I am laughing at you; and if you could only see how silly you look chuckling and snickering over that paper, you'd laugh; it's funnier than anything I ever saw before, to look at a grown woman making such a fool of herself over nothing!" So we each had our own particular ideas of what constituted humor, only they differed—that was all.

To come down to the argument of the matter, if women are so lacking in the sense of humor where do the amusing writers find their evidence? Men, as a rule have little time for reading light literature, at least they spend their leisure moments in a different way. The woman who has an hour to spare turns lovingly towards the cosy corner with its couch and cushions, hunts for the remains of her last box of caramels, and when she is comfortably ensconced devotes her hour to a delightful tete-a-tete with J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Mark Twain, or perhaps Dickens, that sweet humorist who

will never grow old. The man goes off and spends his hour in a way that is really more profitable to him, usually on his wheel or at the athletic grounds getting the exercise he feels the need of at tennis, cricket or baseball. He does not care for reading in the evening, there are so many other things to do and the year only contains fifty two Sundays, many of which come in summer when he wants to be around out of doors and do nothing.

Clearly then it is on our sex that the makers of light literature chiefly depend for their success, and if it were true that we had no sense of humor, why then their occupation would cease to be remunerative. It is asserted by people who should know, that Barrie's books are more popular amongst women than men, and I know that here I have heard one man quote Artemus Ward's inimitable sayings, Mark Twain's early and best sketches and Sairey Gamp, and Mr. Toots immortal remarks, I have heard at least ten women. You make a casual reference to the way the messenger who was sent to break Judge Bagley's tragic death to his widow, accomplished the task, when you are conversing with some fairly well educated up-to-date young man of your acquaintance and see the strained look that will come into his eyes, or say "Drat your Mrs. Harris, I don't believe there's no such a person" and see the horror at your vulgarity [which will overspread his countenance. But try the same experiment on the average woman and if her face does not light up with appreciation—why I'll engage to eat the stump of pencil I'm writing with just now—that's all.

Woman without a sense of humor! Why the world rings with her laughter and she not only laughs with us but she makes us laugh! Shade of "The Duchess" body of Helen Mathers and Rhoda Broughton, with whom we have laughed so often and so heartily; pen of our own Kit! Shall men say such things and live? Soul of the grand George Eliot, finest and most subtle of women humorists I wonder what your answer would have been to such an accusation?

The tendency seems to be towards a uniformity of material in cloth dresses, the most elegant as well as the plainest being made with bodice and skirt of the same material, but the dresses are sometimes composed of velvet in a slightly lighter, or perhaps a contrasting color. The tailor gown which has a street coat requires some sort of waist, and when something lighter than the cloth bodice is desired, plain satin, matching the cloth in color, is used for a shirt waist, or a more drassy blouse with innumerable tucks going around it. Black satin blouse waists are worn with any dark cloth skirt, and if they are made up prettily they have a style of their own far superior to the striped and flowered silks so popular last season. A blouse of real velvet is simply unapproachable for beauty and elegance, if one can afford it; but if not, there are fine grades of velveteen which really look almost as well.

The detachable blouse is a feature of many of these blouse waists, and it is valuable from the complete change it effects in the costume. It is either cut in tabs, or in a plain round frill not very full, and fitting closely over the hips trimmed on the edge, and lined with silk.

Costumes of black cloth are very much worn this season, and the elaborate braiding which decorates them, adds greatly to their elegant appearance. A very stylish effect is also produced by making such costumes with a vest of velvet in some neutral tint embroidered with gold, and facing the edge of the coat with white satin. Sometimes this order is reversed, and the vest is made of embroidered white satin, while the revers of the coat are lined with heliotrope or green velvet finely tucked crosswise in groups. Another noticeable point in the new tailor made coats is the lining of plain satin which usually matches the cloth in color, the figured and striped silks so long used for this purpose being no longer in fashion.

The tight fitting coats and blouse coats which are seen without number, have already lost their popularity with the best

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I guarantee to every victim of the liquor habit, no matter how bad the case, that when my new vegetable medicine is taken as directed, all desire for liquor is removed within three days, and a permanent cure effected in three weeks, failing which I will make no charge. The medicine is taken privately, and without interfering with business duties. Immediate results—normal appetite, sleep and clear brain, and health improved in every way. Indisputable testimony sent sealed: I invite strict investigation.

A. Hutton Dixon,
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Waterbury & Rising

Every Woman

should have among her assortment of footwear a pair of good heavy solid laced boots for fall and winter wear. We have a number of these lines now in stock at \$1.75, and \$2.00 per pair.—They are warm and comfortable for this time of year.—Worth while trying a pair.

61 King St.
212 Union St.

dressmakers who consider them very commonplace; as they are so easily copied in cheap materials that their vogue will be short lived. Decidedly the most elegant gowns shown are the street costumes of velvet in black and all the dark rich colors. They are trimmed with fur, jet and braid, and are of course beyond the reach of people whose pockets are not well lined; but a very pretty compromise on this extravagant garment, is the dress with a velvet bodice, with a guimpe neck and sleeves of velvet in decided contrast; which latter is one of the very newest things in fashion.

The use of tucks, so narrow that they look like mere cords, is shown in a cloth dress, with tucks down each side of the front breadth around the sleeves, and up and down the bodice. The model is in tan colored cloth, and the revers are of white satin braided with gold and brown, the belt of brown velvet and the rest of white chiffon.

A gown of blue cloth, in the rich shade so fashionable this winter, which is lighter than cadet and yet darker than royal blue, is trimmed with tubular Russian braid, and edged on the bodice and epaulettes with Persian lamb. The little vest is of black satin finely tucked, and the belt of the same is laid in folds, and fastened with a fancy buckle.

A very Parisian effect is obtained in a gown of plum colored serge which is trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and made with a vest of turquoise blue velvet, and a belt of black velvet held in place with an imitation turquoise buckle. Of course the buckle may be real, if you can afford it, but the turquoise is an expensive stone now-a-days, so only a few people can indulge in buckles of it.

Amongst the handsomer coat bodices to be worn with plain skirts, is one of green cloth with revers of ermine, and a mandarin velvet vest. Black braid outlines the square cut out on the front, and trims the sleeves. With such coats there is a plain skirt of the same material.

Very simple street costumes for morning wear are the checked wool skirts, worn with a plain satin shirt waist, and a short jacket of plain cloth, matching the dark color in the check.

Amongst the fashionable colors for the present season, are red plum, aluminum gray, and abbe's violet, which is a lovely combination of blue and violet, and most becoming to anyone who has a good color.

It is considered the correct thing now, to have your hat match your gown, or the coat you wear with it—thus if your gown is red, and your coat fawn, you are equally well dressed with a red, or a fawn hat, which is very convenient for that large majority who cannot afford a hat to wear with each dress.

One would almost think that the government and 'governance general' as they are now being termed would have been afraid to come back to Canada, after the memorable soliciting tour in the United States. But perhaps their newspapers were not forwarded, and thus they remained in blissful ignorance of all that their Canadian subjects were saying about them, and the storm of righteous indignation they have called down upon their devoted heads, by their innocent little act of running across the border of a country notoriously hostile to Canada, and passing around the tin cup for contributions all "unbeknownst as it were, to the people most concerned, perhaps Lady Aberdeen and her amiable spouse intended the collection as a pleasant surprise for their Canadian friends, and contemplated presenting the "Massachusetts cottage" to us as a Christmas box; but with all due gratitude for their good intentions, we should have infinitely preferred to have had our opinion asked before being presented to our American cousins, who love us not, in the light of mendicants. The popular voice has declared itself against Lady Aberdeen's nursing scheme both in Canada and Great

Britain and to insist on pushing it in a foreign country and forcing it on Canadians whether they will, or no, is scarcely an act showing either good taste, or common sense.

The Halifax Evening Mail talks like a father to the enthusiastic couple in these very plain terms:

"Our old acquaintances, the governor and governess-general, have been at it again. They are now engaged, so it appears, travelling through the United States begging money for Lady Aberdeen's foolish nurse fund. Having appealed to Canada and Great Britain in vain, the Countess has taken Lord Aberdeen along with her and gone off on a begging trip through the territories of Uncle Sam. If Canada had a government composed of sensible and patriotic men, this kind of thing would be impossible, for the attention of the home authorities would only require to be drawn to it to lead to Lord Aberdeen's immediate recall. In all the history of this country, there never before was such a spectacle as the representative of the Queen in Canada travelling through a foreign country begging for coppers for an alleged Canadian charity that the people of Canada have refused to have anything to do with."

It is really very cruel of the newspapers to speak so unkindly to their rulers, and I should not be surprised if the objects of their wrath felt hurt about it, and wanted to go home.

WONDERFUL.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights—Itching, Burning Skin Diseases Relieved in one day.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from three to six nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures tetter, eczema, barber's itch and all eruptions of the skin. Relieves in a day. 35 cents.

RAILROAD BED ON SPRINGS.

Will Lessen the Wear and Tear on Tracks and Rolling Stock.

A railroad bed on springs has been recently patented with the idea of lessening the wear and tear on the tracks and rolling stock. The tie consists of a body and a top section and in the top of the body of the tie, near each end, are grouped four holes or recesses, into which enter corre-

BE WISE.

Try a Proved Medicine on the first DANGER SIGNAL.

On the first hint of heart or nerve trouble try a proved medicine, one that has cured others, and will cure you. Don't wait for the second danger signal, but take the right remedy in time.



Mrs. E. James, 36 Arcade St., Montreal, Que., says, "For several years I have been troubled with my heart and nerves. My heart would palpitate terribly, and when it did so, I could not go up-stairs without resting. I would have severe attacks of dizziness, and got so bad at last, that for two weeks I could not go up-stairs to my room. My blood became weak and impoverished, due to an attack of la grippe. I would have a dull heavy pain in my heart, together with terrible headaches, and took remedy after remedy, but without avail.

"Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and started taking them. From the very first I gained rapidly, and am now better than I have been for years. My heart and nerves are all right, and my whole system thoroughly toned and invigorated, the distressing symptoms from which I suffered having completely left me. I cannot too highly recommend these wonderful pills as they have made a perfect cure in my case."

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The Outward Sign of Inward Health. Lovely Faces, Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

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MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP

Will Give You All These.

If you are annoyed with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Blisters, Moth, Fleas, Worms, Eczema, or any blemish on the skin, get a box of DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFES and a cake of FOULD'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP, the only genuine beautifiers in the world.

Wafers by mail 50c, and \$1 per box. 50c large boxes \$5. Fould's Arsenic Soap, 81c. Address all mail orders to

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sponding lugs or posts on the under face of the top section, a spring being coiled around each lug or post and bearing upon the upper face of the body of the tie and the under face of the top section. The springs are normally strong enough to prevent the top section being pressed downward by the weight of a moving train into contact with the bottom section, the track being thus practically spring-cushioned throughout its length. The rails are firmly held in place on these movable sections of the ties by the usual chairs or clamps.

A PREACHER'S STORY.

Like Other Mortals he fell Victim to Disease—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder was the Agent which Restored Him to Health and he Gladly Allows His Name to be Used in Telling that Others may be Benefited too.

Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe, Rector of St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, and Principal of St. Matthew's Church School Hamilton, was a great sufferer. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured him, and he now proclaims to the world that as a safe, simple and certain cure it has no equal. It never fails to relieve catarrh in ten minutes, and cures permanently.

EFFECTS OF RARE and of Dense Air.

Dr. Von Liebig of the University of Munich calls attention, in Science, to some of the curious effects at rarefied and condensed air on human respiration. On high mountains some persons experience distressing 'shortness of breath,' one result of which is that they are unable to whistle. Precisely the same effect is sometimes produced by the condensed air in caissons and diving bells. Laborers working in compressed air frequently find, however, that their powers of exertion are increased as long as the atmospheric pressure is not more than double that of ordinary air; but beyond that point unpleasant effects are experienced after the men have left the working shafts and returned into the open air. On the other hand high atmospheric pressure in the case of persons not doing manual labor has been found to act as a mental stimulus, increasing the impulse to talk.

The Power of Electricity.

By this agency Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as it by magic.

A Confidence Game.

James—Is it true that Deacon Smith fell from grace?
Brown—So I understand.
Jones—What was the cause of it?
A banana skin, I believe.
Jones—Oh! Slipped on the sidewalk eh?
Brown—No; he bought three green ones of a train boy for a quarter.