

Woman and Her Work

Of course every woman likes to have a small waist! It is all very well to direct her attention to the magnificent proportions of the Venus de Milo, or advise her to admire the thick waist and disproportionately large feet of the chunky little Medici Venus. She has sufficient sense of the fitness of things to know that either of these celebrated ladies, would be simply 'guys,' if dressed in modern garments, just as we ourselves should be worse than guys if dressed in—ahem—Well, in the Milo and the Medici lack of costume.

Greek figures were doubtless eminently suited to Greek costumes, but they are not adapted to the useful and convenient tailor made form of to-day, and consequently the girl who is blessed with a thin waist will continue to enjoy a decided advantage over her more clumsily built sister, in spite of all that corsetless and shapeless disciples can say to the contrary.

I love a neat figure myself, and I have always thought that the corsetless woman was not only an unsightly, but a scarcely modest object, especially if she happens to be of generous proportions, shaking a like a mould of jelly when she moves, and resembling nothing so much as a feather bed which has been belted in the middle and 'blouses over,' on each side of the girdle.

To return to the small waist however,—though we are not all so fortunate as to possess one, it is an attraction which may be cultivated with a little trouble, and a reasonable amount of exercise. People who sit a great deal, like the lady of elegant leisure, the type-writer, and the literary worker, are in danger of accumulating a layer of fat in the very place they don't want it—around the waist and hips, and exercise is the only weapon that will rout the enemy once he begins to advance. I have always taken an innocent pride in my own twenty-two inch waist measure, because the dressmakers told me it was rather unusual for a woman who weighed nearly a hundred and forty pounds, and was about the average height. But when my last pair of "Thompson's Glove Fitting" utterly refused to fasten, and I had to send to Boston for a size larger, I felt decidedly crestfallen, and realized bitterly that I was face to face with a crisis, and henceforth it was to be exercise, or, horrid thought—flesh. Consequently I have been making researches, and here is the result, which I am generously willing to share with my readers.

A Small Waist and how to Obtain it.

Athletics which reduce the size of the waist and secondarily affect the digestive organs are of the utmost importance, at least as far as the latter are concerned.

Five movements, which should be practised at least three weekly, are as follows:—
Movement No. 1—Lie flat on the floor, face up, then, with extended insteps and straight knees, rise and lower the legs very slowly. At first the elevation must be slight, a few days later this angle must be 90 degrees, and still many days after 45 degrees; the amount of elevation must be indicated by "slightest elevation" "all the way up" and "half way". In doing this exercise there is apt to be a tendency to move the arms up, which must be overcome.

Movement No. 2—Kneel upon the floor, the balls of the feet resting upon the floor, so that the standing portion can be resumed by merely moving the centre of gravity backward and then extending the legs.

Movement No. 3—With the trunk erect and the arms extended vertically above the head, the hands touching, sway backward and forward, as far as possible, without losing the balance. For a variation, raise alternately the right and left foot, holding the knee bent at a small angle.

Movement No. 4—Place the feet firmly and well apart, hold the arms out straight, then bend the body so that one hand touches the floor while the other is pointing straight up in the air. Now turn the body so as to face the other foot, and put the other hand down to the floor; so alternate many times.

Movement No. 5—Stand perfectly erect and then bend over, touching the fingers to the floor without bending the knees.

While performing athletic exercises of any description, it is important not to check the respiration. The head must be held well back, and the chest well expanded. Bear in mind that the movements just described must be taken very, very slowly. The toes will want to come off the floor—the effort to keep them there develops all the waist muscles.

These movements are very simple, but they partly solve the problem of how to obtain exercise without too much expenditure of time and energy.

As these movements have a direct, and

beneficial effect on the digestive organs and as a defective digestion is frequently the cause of a too large deposit of fat, it will be very readily seen that they cannot possibly do any harm, and are likely to be very beneficial provided that due moderation is observed, and they are gone through slowly.

Speaking of aids to beauty, brings me to the fact that the friend of our sex Mr. H. B. Fould, of Arsenic Complexion Wafer, and Arsenic Soap fame, has again been busy in the interest of lovely woman, and invented still another means by which her charms may be increased, and those cruel finger marks that old Father Time will set upon her face obliterated. None of Mr. Fould's preparations are in any sense cosmetics; Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, of which Mr. Fould has sole control, are beautifiers it is true, but they create beauty by first purifying the blood then making it so healthy that increased nutrition is the result, and the face and form round out into those curves without which beauty is impossible. Naturally enough the new rich blood colors the faded cheek, the sallowness becomes soft and rosy and the wrinkles and crow's feet disappear by magic while the general health improves wonderfully, and the whole system is invigorated and toned up.

What the Wafers do for the interior nourishment of the skin Fould's Arsenic Soap does for the exterior in protecting it from the weather, preventing it from chapping, and preserving it from the injury so often done to delicate skins by the use of impure soaps. It is really healing to the skin, instead of irritating; but although it helps to preserve the beauty of the complexion, it can scarcely be described as a skin food; and where that delicate lining of fat, which I have already described as lying beneath the skin, and serving as a cushion for it, has shrunk, or been consumed either from ill health, or the passing of youth, some preparation which nourishes the skin, and tends to restore its elasticity is almost a necessity. Realizing this need Mr. Fould has met it with his latest invention, Fould's Arsenaline Cream which is especially designed to feed from without the above mentioned tissue. It may be used not only on the face, but also on neck, arms, and bust, and when rubbed in thoroughly its effect is surprising so rapidly does it restore the youthful appearance of the flesh.

I can warmly recommend, from personal use all of these preparations, any of which are excellent when used separately, but of course if used in conjunction with each other, the result is much more rapid, and satisfactory. We should all be grateful to Mr. Fould, from our hearts, for while he lives and flourishes none of us need be ugly, as long as bright eyes, rounded cheek and a good complexion go such a long way toward making a woman beautiful.

The oracles who fix the fashions have decreed that the silk petticoat is no longer a luxury but a necessity to all well-dressed women, and that to be without at least two of these "necessities" is to be out of fashion indeed. I know lots of women who are considered very well dressed, and yet who have never owned even one silk petticoat in their lives. The great drawback to these luxurious garments is their ephemeral quality; no matter how good the material of which they are made, or how expensive they may be, they will not last. Just a few wearings and they are all frayed, and ragged around the hem; while to be caught in a shower of rain, and walk home over the sloppy sidewalks, is to ruin the dainty silk garment hopelessly. However, this is a matter of little moment to the woman of wealth who can afford so many changes in silk skirts, as the rest of us have in white cotton ones, so it is not in their fate at all that I am interested but that of the girl who would like to possess a nice silk petticoat for very best, and to wear when she goes away on a visit, but who cannot afford such an extravagance. If this girl can sew, and possess a little ingenuity she can provide herself with the coveted luxury at very little expense. Almost every girl who has gone out at all, has an old silk evening dress lying about somewhere, which is too soiled ever to be worn again, but perfectly whole, and good. If this is carefully ripped up, and sent to the dyer it will come home rejuvenated for a very trifling cost, and the silk petticoat will be almost an accomplished fact, as the putting together is not much of a task. The most fashionable silk skirts are made with a Spanish flounce reaching fully to the knee, and this flounce is trimmed with numerous little ruffles, which serve the purpose of making the skirt stand out. But in the case of a made over garment where one must cut the coat according to the cloth, the breadths may be put together in the original form, and the trimming set on directly. Almost every style of trimming is used, and if the skirt was not trim-

88 Pairs

of Misses Dongola Kid Slippers, bought as a bargain and will be sold as such (sizes 11 to 1). Regular price \$1.25, but this lot we will sell at 50cts. per pair

WATERBURY & RISING,
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made originally, a couple of yards of taffata either in black, or some fashionable color, can be purchased, and cut up into narrow ruffles. Charge the dyeing at a dollar, and two yards and a half of taffata for ruffles at two dollars—one should get very respectable taffata at eighty cents a yard—and the skirt costs three dollars at the outside, while seven dollars is the average price of a fair quality silk skirt.

This is the time of year when one must give some thought to the evening dresses which will be needed during the coming winter, and most of us try to make some little festive addition to our wardrobe, even if it is only a silk blouse, and the new blouses are pretty enough this year to tempt the most economical into extravagance. Transparent materials made up over bright colors are the most popular, and a charming example is of black accordion pleated chiffon over cerise silk, and trimmed with jet bands and lace edged frills. Another charming bodice is of rose silk tucked in groups, and strapped with black guipure insertion.

The bodices with the full blouse front is quite as conspicuous amongst evening gowns, as amongst the plainer everyday dresses. These bodices are cut either low and round, or else square in the neck, where they are finished with a narrow tucked heading, or ruffles of some thin material. Narrow yokes with bands of beaded, spangled net and chiffon, little vests, epaulettes, and a dozen other pretty little accessories decorate many of the evening dresses, especially those made of brocade silk.

There are three lengths seen in evening sleeves, the long transparent sleeve, the three-quarter length finished with a frill of lace at the elbow, and a very short double puff of chiffon or tulle which falls well off the shoulder. These falling sleeves which make the bodices look as if it might be in imminent danger of slipping off altogether, are frequently held in place by three bands of velvet less than an inch wide, which form straps over the shoulders, and are separated a little, so as to show a bit of the neck between. They are very pretty, and really necessary for that style of bodice, they sometimes end with little bows where they fasten. The short puffed sleeve also has a band and small bow of velvet dividing the puffs, while the elbow sleeves are shirred close to the arm with a very small puff, or little frills at the top. The dignified and majestic train is seen on some of the new evening dresses, and it is said that the train is really coming in again, but it will take as long to establish it in full favor, as it did to get rid of it. The fashion is too inconvenient to be readily adopted, but once one has become accustomed to it, and the grace and stateliness it seems to impart to the short insignificant figure, it is equally difficult to get rid of it. It gives an appearance of height to short women and a very imposing air to a dowager, but on dancing gowns it is always a mistake. On some of the Paris evening gowns trains of a contrasting color appear.

Black net dresses are very much in favor they are trimmed in an elaborate manner

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with black lace insertion, and made up over black, or pearl white silk. If in black the net should have an interlining of black chiffon made loose from the bottom, just like another skirt. This adds an additional thickness it is true, but it softens the effect over a black lining, and improves, rather than detracts from, the transparent appearance. Entire gowns are made of alternating bands of black moire ribbon and insertion of black chantilly lace. They are very effective, especially over a white lining.

An Unfortunate Illustration.

'An unusually good joke has leaked out at the expense of one of St. Joseph Missouri's able orators, who accepted an invitation to speak at a Fourth of July celebration in a neighboring town. The celebration was all that was desired, and the orator saw his opportunity and made the best of it. He was in the midst of his oration when a point was reached where the growth of these great United States was described. To make the effect more forcible, the speaker pointed to a woman who held a baby in her arms. In a flight of impassioned oratory he exclaimed:

'Look at that innocent babe as it nestles in its mother's arms; just as it draws nourishment from its mother's breast to sustain life, so has the country drawn aid and support from the people who are upholding its integrity and honor.'

The orator observed that the woman with the infant in her arms turned red, white and blue in the face, but he took it to be an outburst of genuine patriotism. A second glance, however, indicated that something was wrong. At the conclusion of the address the orator was advised by well-meaning friends to keep out of the way of the woman to whom he had directed his remarks. Inquiry brought out the fact that she was a confirmed old maid who had not spoken to a man for at least seven years. She was merely holding the baby for one of her neighbors.'

ASTRA

THE WOMAN'S RECKONING.

The Bridge was all Right but the Tree Went Down.

A railway train was running at the rate of forty miles an hour says the Chicago News, and was approaching Big Creek, when the air-brakes were applied, and the train came to a stop so suddenly that all hands were startled. Many of the passengers jumped off, and with the conductor ran ahead of the engine to see what was the matter. An old man with a lantern was coming up the track.

'Hello! Did you signal the train?' asked the conductor.

'Yes, it was me,' replied the old man.

'Well, what's the row?'

'Reckon the bridge over the creek has gone down.'

'It has, eh? Well, if that's the case, you've done a thing which the company won't soon forget. When did the bridge go down?'

'Dunno 'actly.'

'When did you find it gone?'

'I didn't done find it gone at all, sah, but I reckon it aint thar no mo.' Yo' see, sah, I was sittin' in the cabin with the ole woman 'bout an hour ago, and it was rainin' and blowin' when we heard a crash, and she calls out:

'O Lord, Jim, but what was that?'

'Reckon it was that big sayamore-tree,' says I.

'Couldn't be. Must be the railroad bridge.'

'Reckon it wasn't.'

'Reckon it was.'

'But what about the bridge?' asked the impatient conductor.

'Reckon it's gone, sah.'

'But why do you reckon?'

'Why, at first I didn't reckon. Then the ole woman she reckoned, and I had to reckon with her or hev a row. When I reckoned as she reckoned, she reckoned I'd better come out and swing a lantern

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and stop a train, and that's what I did.' 'You haven't been down to the creek?'

'No, sah.' 'And you don't know that the bridge is gone?'

'No, sah. Yo' see, the ole woman she reckoned 'twas, and I had to reckon—'

'Get out of the way, you old idiot!' interrupted the conductor, as he gave the signal to go ahead.

'But the ole woman reckoned—'

'And she's another!'

'Both of us idiots, eh?' shouted the old man, as the train began to move. 'Wal, I reckon we are. That is, if she reckons so, I'll reckon so, too; but if she reckons we aint, then I'm goin' to reckon 'long with her, and keep out of a fuss.'

We found the bridge all right, and 'reckoned' it must have been the sayamore-tree that went down with a crash.

DIZZY AND WEAK.

Sinking Sensations. Strong Evidence from Belleville that there is a Cure.

Mrs. Jas. A. Rose, Geddes St., Belleville, Ont., says, 'To me life has been made a misery for the last six or seven years because of heart trouble and nervousness, from which I have suffered all this time.



'My heart throbbed, and seemed to rise into my throat, causing a sensation of suffocation. At times I had to walk the floor, and often then would have a sensation of falling down from a high place such as falling down stairs.

'This would be followed by dizziness, my eyesight would become blurred and dim, so that many a time I knew not what to do. Gradually I grew weak, my blood became poor, and my entire system run down. My nerves were so unstrung that I could not sleep.

'All the medicine I used and all the doctoring I did was without effect, when providentially I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and started using them. The results were so wonderful that I cannot refrain from speaking about them.

'I got stronger from the first dose, and am now like another person. The action of my heart is all right, my blood is enriched, and my whole system toned up to its normal condition of strength and vigor.

'To my mind there is no medicine in the world so good as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for all who suffer as I did.' 219