

Woman and Her Work

The other day I read a long list of women pastors—more than twenty—who are not only preachers, but regularly appointed pastors of so many of the Unitarian churches in the United States, and who had been uniformly successful, some of them having even attained to prominent positions. It seems almost irreverent to descend abruptly from the female minister to the female moonshiner, but the contrast seems most effective when they are placed side by side, and it is a fact that lovely woman has set the stamp of her personality upon this occupation, as well as the more sacred one, and in the hilly districts of Tennessee some of the most skillful and determined manufacturers of the celebrated "moonshine" whiskey are women, and as they are far more clever than men, at concealing their stills, and avoiding detection, they flourish exceedingly where the men often fail.

Oh woman, woman, is there anything thou canst not do when once thou hast set thy mind upon it, or any place thou canst not get to, once thou hast resolved to reach it?

A lady who has just returned from "abroad" as it is so indefinitely termed but really from a trip to London and Paris, speaks of a very surprising new fad, which is just now in full swing in those gay cities, and which is certainly almost as extraordinary in its way as any feminine fancy of recent years. It consists of dressing in pairs, two women appearing on the street together dressed alike, to the very smallest detail. The first time she went for a drive in the park this lady was surprised at the number of twin sisters, as she supposed, that she met, the fad was so very new, that she had not yet heard of it, so after gazing open-eyed at the extraordinary procession of twins, she was beginning to wonder if her senses were not playing her false, when a former acquaintance whom she knew had never possessed a sister drove past seated beside a lady, apparently about her own age, and her exact double in point of dress. Of course she lost no time then in asking questions, and finding out the reason of the large percentage of twins in London; and when she learned that it was the latest society fad, her surprise was largely increased. Usually the one thing a woman finds it impossible to forgive her modiste is the duplication of any portion of her wardrobe for another, even her dearest friend, and it does seem contrary to feminine nature to put another woman in a position of possible rivalry to oneself, by letting her wear the same style of garments, which may possibly be much more becoming to the other woman.

The next time this puzzled visitor drove in the park she kept careful count of the twin costumes she met, and they numbered exactly thirty-six. When she crossed to Paris she took the same careful observations, and though she only counted about twenty couples, during a two month's visit the fad had evidently found a foothold there also, and perhaps before winter is fairly upon us, it will have reached New York, and then Toronto and Montreal, so that by the New Year St. John girls may be gaily promenading King street, carefully gotten up in pairs from the topmost loop of their hats to the patent leather tips on the toes of their pretty little boots.

It is early yet, to predict the materials which will be most in favor this winter, but it seems at least safe to say that the rough surfaced goods which have been in such favor lately, will give place to smooth, satin finished goods, such as poplins and cashmeres. Also that dark subdued colors will be the rule for street wear, and no startling contrasts will be seen. Instead, different shades of the same will blend into one another. The bright purples, and greens have had their day, and will be no longer seen. For dressy home wear silks will be much used, and black silk will again become a fashionable gown gros-grain, and peu de soie being the choice, though figured and brocaded silks will also be worn a great deal. Soft woollens like cashmere will be very popular for house wear, and will be made up with almost as many puffs, ruffles and laces as the lawns and organdies of summer were. The skirts will be only moderately full, and will all be trimmed some with frills from waist to hem, others embroidered about the foot with braids of varying widths. Evening dresses will be more elaborately trimmed than they have been for years, some of the more gauzy materials being simply a succession of puffs, separated by narrow bands of insertion from the foot where they are finished with a four or five inch frill, to the waist and from the waist again up to where

the low necked bodice ends at the shoulders; the tiny sleeves also being composed of a few puffs and a frill. Such dresses when made of chiffon or mull are most dainty and charming.

In bodices, the cuirass basque and the princess redingote will share popularity with the belted bodice, and narrow belts will be preferred to the newer and wider ones, for the excellent reason, that a narrow belt always makes the waist look smaller. Oval buckles have superceded all others and to wear a square buckle on one's belt is to be hopelessly out of style.

The bolero jacket is still popular, but it has a rival in the Russian coat, which will be in high favor during the coming season, though it is only really becoming to tall slender women.

The fancy waist is just as fashionable as it ever was and although the entire gown of cloth is becoming more the rule than it has been for some time, so useful an accessory as the extra waist is not to be easily cast aside as the modistes who have tried several times to dethrone it, have discovered.

Of all hideous garments that could disguise the fairest form the new English rain coat easily takes the palm. It is a little more than three quarter length made with a yoke from which the rest of the garment hangs in box plaits both back and front. The sleeves are bishop shape and their fullness adds to the generally "sloppy" effect of the whole outfit.

ASTRA.
CLEVER ADVERTISERS IN PARIS.
Even Quick-Witted Canadians Might Be Given Pointers.

The recently notorious Barrison sisters first came into notice as an advertisement of a play, 'The Fairy's Well,' run by Owen Ferree in New York, and while hardly more than babes were seen every day riding in an Irish-jumping car through the streets of New York. That was ten years ago. All these methods are common enough in the States, and much more frequently used than such of the public as is not familiar with the business section of the city knows. Now hear how it is done in France.

"To-day," writes a Paris correspondent, "on the boulevards I came across a wedding party, which to my astonishment, drove up in a splendidly appointed equipage and alighted in front of a fashionable restaurant. The men were in evening dress. The bride had on her orange blossoms and a veil; a pretty bride she was too. Everything about the party was an fait. They took their seats on the terrace and, of course, a crowd at once began to gather near them, for while bridal parties are not an uncommon sight in Paris, still, as a rule, the blushing bride hides herself discreetly in some far-off, obscure restaurant, rather than flaunt herself in the face and eyes of the boulevards. Sipping their absinthe, the party chatted and laughed and the gaping people about them drank in every word. They talked in unconscious audibleness, and every word they said was simply a glorification of the Montmartre cafe. That done they passed on to their next stand."

Yet even that has not yet discounted the manner in which Yvette Guilbert was advertised last year. At that time during the racing season, long light overcoats became the fashion in France—those startling affairs that reached to the heels, and only became slight and elegant figures, although in Paris at that time almost every smart man who could wear one. Never more than half a dozen ever came to Boston. At that time one constantly met on the streets in Paris a dozen well dressed men wearing these coats. They wore silk hats and patent leathers, and had field glasses swung over their shoulders. They looked so clean, so happy, so altogether attractive and correct that everyone stared at them—and envied them—until the leader shouted out 'Yvette Guilbert,' and the rest of the crowd responded 'To-night—9 o'clock—at La Scala.' The snap given away, the crowd marched on, laughing and jesting, to attract other hearing, and like Frenchmen they played the part well. It seems to me that after that it may well be claimed that the French want no lessons from us.—Boston Herald

Greater Love Hath no Man.
In Sir Evelyn Wood's 'Reminiscences' a touching instance of courage and self-sacrifice is given. One June day, in 1855 a detachment of English marines were crossing the Woronzow Road under fire from the Russian batteries.

All the men reached shelter in the trenches except a seaman, John Blewitt. As he was running a terrific roar was heard. His mates knew the voice of a huge cannon, the terror of the army, and yelled look out! It is whistling Dick! But at the moment Blewitt was struck on the knees by the enormous mass of iron, and thrown to the ground.

He called to his especial chum, 'O Welch, save me!'

The fuse was hissing, but Stephen Welch ran out of the trenches, and seizing the great shell, tried to roll it off his comrade. It exploded with such force that

not an atom of the bodies of Blewitt or Welch was found.

Even in that time, when each hour had its excitement, this deed of heroism stirred the whole English army. One of the officers searched out Welch's old mother in her poor home, and undertook her support while she lived, and the story of his death helped his comrades to nobler conceptions of a soldier's duty.

IN THE STOCKS.
An old record says the punishment was attended with discomfort.

One of the marked tendencies of the present age is said to be an overrefinement of the analysis of sensation, whether physical or mental; a habit of regarding in a moral aspect much that was once dismissed as purely physical. So, in dwelling on some of the 'minor' punishments of Puritan days, the mental sufferings of the unhappy beings who were exposed to the ignominy of the market-place have come to be considered as the chief part of their punishment. An account drawn from an old record, however, testifies that the physical discomforts of such a position were by no means to be ignored.

One Mr. Hubbard was sentenced in Boston to the stocks, for having indulged in an unwarrantable fit of ill temper. When he had taken his seat, under the order to remain there for the rest of the day, there presently came along a drove of swine, which seemed to cast upon him those leering looks that only a fat pig can bestow. A dog followed, sniffing at the prisoner's feet, and making feints—unpleasantly approaching reality—of biting him. Then a cock, mounting to the very top of the stocks, crowed his derision upon the victim below; and presently a rough fellow after indulging in ugly taunts, threw at him fetid tea-stools and a dead snake.

Then an Indian appeared, who in a drunken rage, stimulated by some fancied injury, rushed at Mr. Hubbard with a tomahawk, probably intending nothing worse however, than to give him a severe right—which he certainly succeeded in doing.

Help came from an unexpected quarter; for at that moment an old bull came tearing down the road. His attention was attracted by the stocks, and with a roar he prepared for a charge.

Alarmed in his turn, the savage darted off. The bull made a dash at the stocks, and carried away the corner post, but with out even grazing the object of his apparent wrath. Whether he was disgusted by the little he had accomplished, on his animosity was thus satisfied, he started off, bellowing and shaking his head, much to the relief of Mr. Hubbard.

And then the unfortunate man was left in comparative peace to his own meditations and the cutting sleet of a November day.

What he Couldn't do.
A student in one of the Buffalo medical colleges is responsible for the statement that at a certain place of public entertainment one of the boys was bragging of his manifold accomplishments, until one of the company lost patience and said in a gruff tone: 'Now, we've heard enough about what you can do. Come, tell us what there is you can't do, and I'll undertake to do it myself.'

'Waal,' replied the student with a yawn,

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WATERBURY & RISING.

'I can't pay my account here. So glad to find you're the man to do it.'

And the critic paid the score amid roars of laughter from the party.—Buffalo Commercial.

LONDON'S DOG CEMETERY.

Queer Inscriptions on Beautiful Stones—no Race Prejudices.

Near Victoria gate in Hyde Park there is an enclosure reserved as a burying ground for dogs. Life is always full of contrasts. On one side here we witness the pleasures and the joys of life, and on the other we find the vanity of all existing things. That, at least, was the opinion of the old keeper who brought me through the burying ground confided to his care. The dogs' gravedigger is an honest fellow with a face marked with wrinkles. The place is about thirty metres in length and twenty in breadth, and granite and marble monuments with the names and characteristics of the departed are very numerous. This respect for animals presents an unexpected aspect in which the touching is strangely mixed with the grotesque. There are about 200 tombs in the enclosure. The plots are given gratuitously. The stones and inscriptions are put up at the expense of the bereaved families. Some of the inscriptions are worthy of notice.

The first stone that meets the eye of the visitor is erected to the memory of 'Beloved Roby, died 30th of August, 1896, aged 13 months and a half.'

Then comes 'Flick, a faithful friend, and Maudie, an old friend.'

On another tombstone are the words: 'Dear old Priny.'

But real grief is silent, or nearly so, and the word 'Jacob' upon another marble slab doubtless covers a heap of regrets.

Further on there is another subdued tomb, upon which the name of the dog is inscribed in very small letters and that of the master in enormous letters. It is as follows: 'Pompeii, the favorite dog of Miss Florence St. John.' And under this is the following quotation from Byron:

In life the firmest friend,
First to welcome,
Foremost to defend.

But here is a still stranger inscription. It is to the memory of 'Dearest Topsy, the firmest and most devoted of friends and companion of her mother.'

Another is to the memory of 'Our dear treasure Jack, a Scotch collie, died August, 1895, aged 15 years. He was the most intelligent, devoted, gentle, tender, and affectionate dog that ever lived, with the best of tempers. He was adored by his devoted and afflicted friend, Sir. H. Seton Gordon, Bart.'

Here are others:
Dear and affectionate Duke, and Tippy, his beloved Grandmother.
Poor little Peter, who died suddenly.

On the tomb of a she dog is the following:

She brought a ray of sun light into our existence
But, alas! she carried it away with her.

'Adored Spot,' 'Our Friend, Darling Chin Chin,' and 'Sweet Carlo' lie close to each other.

'Dear Minnie, brave, intelligent, singularly beautiful, loving, and loved,' has a splendid monument.

But, as if to prove that race prejudices necessarily disappear with death, in this cemetery of dogs there is a stone erected 'To the memory of our dear little cat, Ceinilla, poisoned July 21.'

During my visit a live dog somehow got into the cemetery, and was chased away by the keeper for irreverently attempting to bury a bone on one of the graves of his fellow creatures.

Prepared For Accidents.

It is always well to be prepared for accidents, for we don't know when they will happen. Everyone should keep "Quick-cure" at hand. In cases of burns, scalds, cuts, toothache or any pain, it gives instant relief, and cures more quickly than any other preparation on the market.

Lost no Time.

'Miss Grabs declares her girl friends can't deny that her attachment to that gentleman with a title was a case of love at first sight.'

'That's very true,' replied Miss Cayenne 'she saw him first.'

RECKLESS VOYAGERS.

How a Brave Effort was Made to Rescue Reckless Sailors.

A New York exchange says that during a gale which ravaged the Atlantic coast, the Short Beach Life-Saving Station on Long Island was aroused to rescue four men in a small sloop about half a mile from shore.

After a tedious and perilous trip, the surf-boat reached the sloop, and the crew found on board four men benumbed with cold, and half-starved. When brought to a place of safety and thawed out, they told their story.

They had been out on a gunning trip on the Sound, and when overtaken by the storm had taken refuge in a deserted shanty. Their provisions were soon exhausted, and also their fuel, and then, although perfectly aware of their peril, they set sail again, in hopes of bringing up at some place where they could get provisions.

As a consequence of such rashness they came near losing their lives. The captain of the life-savers remarked afterward that it was a pity to risk the lives of good men to save the lives of confirmed idiots.

Trees that Whistle.

The musical or whistling tree is found in the West Indian Islands, in Nubia and the Soudan. It has a peculiar shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these sends out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name. In Barbadoes there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade winds blow across the islands a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle, is heard from it which in the still hours of the night has a very weird and unpleasant effect.

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Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.
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Lovely Faces,
Beautiful Necks, White Arms and Hands

DR. CAMPBELL'S Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers

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MEDICATED ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP
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