

Woman and Her Work

The very latest fad in bicycling gymnastics programmes is a bill sticking contest. A lady and gentleman enter the lists together, the latter carrying a pastepot and brush, and as they ride along he applies the paste the lady sticking a bill from a role she carries with her, all without pausing. We are told in a late English magazine, that Lady Adela Cochrane, and Mr. Vereker, were the winners of the first prize in such a contest lately. Of course, the king can do no wrong, and people occupying the exalted position which doubtless belonged to Lady Adela and Mr. Vereker by right of birth, can usually be relied upon to do what is the correct thing in the eyes of their set in the matter of amusements, as well as general deportment, but all the same it must have been an edifying sight for the vulgar herd if any of them happened to be around, to see these amateur bill stickers performing their self imposed task; and what anguish of soul it must have cost the enterprising tradesman who happened to witness the exciting scene, to think what an advertisement it would have been for him, if he could only have induced the aristocratic young couple to boom his special blend of tea, or the brand of laundry soap he was dealing in most extensively at the time! His fortune would almost have been made, and the thought that so much enterprise and such opportunities for business, were wasted on mere posters which did no one any good, from a commercial point of view, must have cost him keenest suffering. By the way the ideas of amusement which prevail amongst the aristocracy of England, are a continual wonderment to the middle class mind, especially when the said mind is set in a Canadian body, and one is tempted to wonder whether these women are really built of the same materials as we are, or if it can be possible that the "guinea stamp" of rank, is something more than Burns thought it, and possesses the power to transmute the original metal into something quite different, if no more admirable.

We frequently read, in those English magazine, and papers, which seem only to exist for the purpose of imparting scraps of information to those outside the charmed circle, concerning the doings of the Duchess of Moorlands in hunting, and the favorite pursuit of the Countess of Barrenlands in deerstalking, in both of which sports these noble ladies excel, the duchess never failing to be in at the death, and the dear countess who is known as one of the loveliest women in the United Kingdom, having any number of mounted antlers every pair of which once belonged to some monarch of the glen, which had fallen a victim to her bow and spear.

As I said before one wonders exceedingly, and as her nature may be, either falls prostrate before these noble ladies, in admiration of their prowess or else longs for the pen of a "Quida" with which to scourge these aristocratic Amazons for their cruelty, and unwomanliness. How the gifted author of "Under two Flags" and "A Dog of Flanders" has lashed Englishwomen for their brutality, and now her great warm heart, and brilliant mind have worked together in defence of the four-footed and winged creatures she loves so well; and how little result there has been from her labors! The abnormal thickness of the British head, and the British skin have stood these ladies in good stead, and they go on uninterruptedly in their sanguinary career serene in the certainty that everything English is right, and everything un-English is wrong.

It must have been a sight to make the angels weep, to see her ladyship of Barrenlands, clad in tweed skirt shooting jacket and gaiters, with her substantial English feet laced into hob nailed English shooting boots, sneaking the glens after one of the noblest and most beautiful of God's wild creatures; the lust of slaughter in her aristocratic eyes, and her fine features illum-

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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,
No 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, Que

inated with the truly noble thirst for the blood of the helpless, that is so thoroughly characteristic of the whole British nation. I wonder if her ladyship ever has "luck ague" and misses her quarry, or whether her aim is unerring? What a beautiful spectacle it must be, to see her fling her rifle to the gillie and rush to the dying creature's side to shout with triumph, and gloat over his last struggles, and receive the last glance of his beautiful and agonized eyes. I wonder if this sweet womanly creature draws her hunting knife, and plunges it into the fallen monarch's throat, or whether she allows the gillie to give the coup de grace?

And the duchess, Her Grace of Moorlands who wears the strawberry leaves so proudly! I wonder what she would think if she could only know just how she appears in honest plebeian eyes as she tears across the country after a pack of yelling hounds leaping over fences and ditches, a maniac amongst maniacs, chasing a defenceless little animal, which is far more plucky, far braver, and many times more intelligent than any of his pursuers, to a barbarous death. Picture this flower of the aristocracy "in at the death" shouting herself hoarse in the melee of huntsmen, dogs and horses, wild with excitement, flushed with victory, and the fierce delight of killing, looking on with delight while a score of snapping snarling hounds tear one brave hearted little animal to pieces, after chasing him till he fell from exhaustion. Fancy Her Grace waiting smilingly while the huntsman flogged the dogs into submission, and secured for her the bloody "brush" which she receives with a gracious smile, and forthwith fastens to her saddle, to be preserved as one more trophy of her prowess in the hunting field.

I don't think we have many Dianas amongst our Canadian girls; they may not be brave, indeed I am fain to confess that few of them could refrain from mounting the nearest chair or table, and shrieking lustily if a mouse happened to run across the floor; but could any I know, refrain from standing up in her own stirrup, and screaming frantic entreaties to have the fox's life saved, and equally wild threats against all who refused to execute her orders, if she chanced by any accident to witness the end of a run. You would not catch her accepting the brush, and carrying it home as a trophy. Neither would you catch her stalking deer, or slaughtering pheasants just for the pleasure of seeing them die. She isn't an aristocrat and she hasn't a handle to her name, she is just a sweet wholesome creature with a tender heart, and a mind set on something more elevating than the destruction of animal life—and thank Heaven, she sees more pleasure in protecting God's helpless creatures, than in destroying them for so called sport."

Christmas is nearly here! the grand old festival that has gladdened a sad and suffering world for more than eighteen hundred years, and for nearly half that time has been observed as a season of merry-making, and rejoicing throughout the civilized world; as well as a time for drawing back the curtain which separates the hard work a day world, from the paradise of God, and holding it for a moment, just the briefest breathing space while we catch a glimpse of the perfect life beyond! love, peace, joy and unselfishness the only remnants of paradise to which the struggling denizens of this weary old earth can still cling with any certainty! All of these seem born to a new life with the Christ Child, and like the shepherds of old, we leave our own affairs behind, and follow His star in the east, bringing offerings of our choicest store to lay at His infant feet. What matters it if the gifts do not consist of the symbolical gold, frankincense and myrrh, so long as they are really offered in the same spirit that animated the magi of old? The humblest gift bestowed in the hope of bringing a ray of sunshine into some sad life, is of more value in the sight of God, than the finest gold; and a loving remembrance of the needs of some of his little ones into whose hearts joy seldom enters, is sweeter than the choicest incense, while the self abnegation, and sacrifice which the giving of these gifts often represents, is indeed myrrh for burial—the burial of self, from which springs the glorious resurrection of all the better qualities of the heart, and which is of all obligations the most acceptable! His is eyes.

We don't follow the star very long, I know! Just for a brief time while we gaze behind the curtain with eyes which are momentarily clear from earthly mists, and take our blessed breathing space; but all the same that short journey does us infinite good! We can no longer lay our gifts directly at His feet, or before His altar, but who shall know how sanctified is the cheap toy, or the trifling ornament, by the self-denial which its purchase cost the giver? Often the presents which are so lovingly offered at Christmas time represent weeks

of close work, or months of careful saving, for the poor must work hard for the blessed privilege of giving, and each gift means some act of self denial worthy of a place on the tablets of the recording angel. There are people in this world who do not like Christmas; they fairly hate it they say and cannot understand why it should be called a happy season, or why there should be so much stereotyped talk about "A Merry Christmas." It is a time of sadness to them reminding them of their lost youth, a time of forced festivity and hollow mirth when, if people only told the truth they would gladly dispense with the whole thing, never give or receive a present, and observe the great feast merely as an extra Sunday. Such people declare that Christmas is only intended for the children, and it is manifestly impossible for anyone who has passed their childhood to really enjoy it, or cultivate the proper Christmas frame of mind. When people feel this way be sure the fault lies in themselves and that they have never known the happiness of sinking self for a while, in order to make someone else happy, thereby winning truest happiness for themselves.

For my own part I love Christmas, and though the festive season brings many sad memories to me, as to most people who have passed the spring time of youth, yet I can truthfully say that I am always happy at Christmas. There is something in the very air that seems to bring peace and contentment, and a feeling, indescribable, but vastly different from that of everyday. I like to give what presents I can, and I am always as pleased with those I receive, as a child is with his stocking. Everything one gets represents the love, and thoughtfulness of some friend, or at least I like to think so, and that alone is enough to give any right thinking person a goodly amount of pleasure. And then everybody one meets seems to have the same expression of contentment and satisfaction; old quarrels are made up, old animosities forgotten for the time, and just for a while love reigns on earth. Therefore I hope that amongst the many grand old institutions which are being assailed and swept out of existence now-a-days, Christmas at least will be left to us in all its beauty and sweetness, and that for many centuries to come poor humanity may have the benefit of so blessed a breathing space, and so refreshing a glimpse of the better world which, however short may be the duration, yet helps us so wonderfully to bear the burdens which in some shapes or other fall to the lot of the whole human family, and make our progress through the world so weary a journey. And so I wish from my heart, that all my readers may have as happy and a merry Christmas, as I wish them.

Bangles are in again, and like every fashion which is unexpectedly revived, they seem to be taking a greater hold on public favor than ever, so that now, wherever the fashionable girl does mostly

COULD HARDLY WORK.

He Was Ill—But Now is Well.

Mr. T. Sarchet, the well-known tailor, Court House Ave., Brockville, Ont., got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills sometime ago. He did this because he had been seriously troubled for over a year with pains in his



back across the kidneys, together with headache, dizziness, tired feeling and a general sensation of weariness and lack of ambition.

Referring to the result of the use of these pills, Mr. Sarchet says, "I can tell you that the pains in my back while sitting at work, made it almost impossible for me to keep on. I took a great many remedies, but they did me little or no good."

"When I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had but little faith in them. Now I have the greatest faith in them, because I believe them to be the greatest specific in existence for all kidney and back troubles."

"I say this because they have completely cured me, and I say it out of gratitude, and so that others who suffer in a similar manner may derive like benefit from a knowledge of the virtues of these pills. I can recommend them highly to any sufferer from kidney or back troubles, and feel that if they are given a fair trial no case, however severe, can resist their medicinal effects."

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References: The Merchants' Bank of Halifax or any wholesale Dry Goods House in Canada.

THE ALASKA FEATHER & DOWN COMPANY, Limited, 290 Guy St., Montreal, Que.

Samples at Mr. W. A. Cookson's St. John.



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congregate, there is the jingle of the bangle in evidence. The wearing of the bangle is quite an old custom, but it is a pretty one, and I think most of us will be very ready to welcome it back. The up to date girl loves to see her pretty wrist encircled with innumerable rings of silver and gold, and while she can only wear one bracelet on her arm at a time, she may wear as many bangles as she likes, up to seven, which is considered a sort of limit, being the lucky number. The bangle was the first of the Christmas novelties to reach us and it has come in such varied forms that it may safely be said to be "within the reach of all." There are bangles reposing in the jewellers show cases so heavy and massive that they resemble silver ropes, and others again, just as fashionable, and just as desirable, but scarcely thicker than a silver thread. The bangle of today partakes largely of the nature of a talisman, and by far the most popular are those hung with charms. We have every variety of "lucky" bangle, the "lucky pig" bangle, the "lucky clover" bangle, and the "lucky heart" ditto, but perhaps the greatest favorite of all is the four leaved clover, which is considered the luckiest of all as a charm. It is not an ornament of silver or gold, but a genuine four-leaved clover, covered and framed in glass like some tiny miniature. The clover charm is usually framed in heart shape, but sometimes a circle is preferred, and it dangles from a slender band of either gold or silver.

Another very odd form of charm, and a decidedly gruesome one, is a miniature copy of the real graveyard rabbit's foot, in either silver or bronze, which is supposed to be very lucky indeed, as it ought to be, in order to make up for its ugliness and unpleasant associations. Next to the lucky bangles come those of sentiment, and they are almost as varied as the others. Some consist of a little silver band upon which is engraved some sentimental quotation such as—"There be none of beauty's daughters with a magic like thee" which takes up the entire bangle. Others merely show a mysterious date "of no value except to the owner" as the advertisements put it, and others again have a collection of hearts dangling from them, some jewelled, and others of perfectly plain gold or silver, while some open like tiny lockets to reveal a miniature photograph of some loved one.

The very newest fad in this line is the birthday bangle which is set with the birthday stone of the wearer. Tiny rings of plain gold, or silver, are also greatly in favor. Another novelty which has come with the Christmas season takes the form of an evening glove which is very new as to be striking in the extreme. It is supposed to have come straight from Paris, and is only to be worn with very short sleeves. The part of the glove which covers the hand is of kid, and fastens with one button, while the upper part is entirely of lace, finishing the top with a band, and bow of ribbon. Such gloves cost \$3.50 a pair, and are much in favor with damsels who possess plump and pretty arms; the come in all the newest evening shades. For instance a glove to be worn with a pink evening dress, is of white kid stitched with pink, and the lace is in a delicate shade of pink. Others have tops of white lace with the design outlined in fine gold thread, while black gloves have tops of plain black lace, through which the delicate white flesh shows very effectively.

A plain colored velvet stock with a bow finished on the ends with silk fringes is, perhaps, the latest fad in neckwear; but

these stocks are also made of corded silk and black or colored satin, and the daintiest of all are the soft neck scarfs of mull, chiffon, net and silk, trimmed with insertion, hemstitching, and lace on the ends, tied in a large bow in front.

A novelty in problems for the woman with two much flesh comes in a report from Paris that in gowns of certain colors flesh seems to shrink, in others to expand. A subdued shade of peacock blue, plum color and olive green, with black, of course, are announced as the colors under which flesh seems less ostentatious, while Wedgwood blue, pale gray, and almost any shade of red are to be avoided sedulously. In the way of trimmings and light tints, orange, yellow, light blue and cerise should not be used. Mauve and the higher tints of green are the two colors that in decoration about the throat and shoulders are especially helpful in diminishing the effect of flesh.

Wear a wreath of little roses in your hair at the theatre, instead of a bonnet and you will be quite up to date, the envy of all the other women, and a delight to the fortunate person who sits behind you. The roses encircle the knot, which is arranged high on the head, and two or three extra blossoms form a tiny bunch on one side.

White suede cloth is worn for dressy theatre gowns, and is trimmed elaborately with white braid and gold buckles, besides having a vest, revers, or yoke collar of white satin covered with cream lace.

The poke bonnet of velvet is making good progress in the line of fashion, owing to the modernized edition, which is vastly more becoming than the old-time sha e. The crown is less prominent than in the old fashion, giving it a rounder effect, and it has more width at the side.

The newest fur boa is a trill of fur plaited and wired on the edge to keep it in place. It fastens in front with a head and many tails and it may be lined with a contrasting fur if you like. Ermine with sable is quite the thing.

The latest chapeau is nearly three-quarters of a yard wide. Velvet leaves in all the gorgeous colors of autumn foliage trim some of the latest hats.

ASTRA.

A GRAND TRUNK TRAKEMAN.

Tells the Story of His Exposure—the Fate that Befel Him, and how he was Relieved of his Sufferings.

W. Lavelle, G. T. R. brakeman, Allandale, Ont., says: "Through exposure I contracted that dread disease—catarrh. My case became chronic. I was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, in ten minutes after the first application I had relief, and in an almost incredibly short time all symptoms had disappeared. I feel I can not speak too strongly in recommending the remedy. It is a pleasant, safe and quick cure."

An Accommodating Curlew

Evanston, Ill., has passed a curlew ordinance, but the students of the Northwestern University may remain out after 9 o'clock if they can show that they have been to prayer meeting or a church social.

Retired from the Rank.

Wallace—What is the reason Johnny isn't wearing his "Little Defender" badge any more?

Mrs. Wallace—He doesn't seem to be so fond of ministering to dumb animals since he held a poor little half-frozen bee in his hand to get it warm.

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