

Woman and Her Work

The number and variety of "cures" advertised and vigorously "boomed" now-a-days, is positively bewildering and unless the invalid is quite certain what the trouble really is, there is danger of confusing matters by applying the wrong cure. For example in applying a specific for the nervous system, it is just possible to upset the heart action, and a sovereign remedy for increasing the flesh, and transforming unsightly angles into charming curves, may prove absolutely fatal to the action of the liver; so one needs discretion when dealing with these cure-alls. The best cure however, while it can scarcely be termed an active treatment is at least harmless, as well as being beneficial in nearly all cases, and the latest addition to the list; the fresh air cure, has more to recommend it than any of its predecessors. It is founded upon good solid common sense and almost takes us back to first principles, teaching us to adopt the primitive customs of our first parents and eat sleep, live, move and have our beings generally in the open air.

"The Fresh Air Society" for the apostles of the new cure have a really influential society as their sponsors—originated I believe in England where they have at least one settlement, situated in Devonshire, and they can proudly point to Mr. Gladstone as their godfather, and to Queen Victoria as a devoted adherent. Their theory is that oxygen is really more necessary to the human system than either food, drink, or raiment and that while we have carefully trained ourselves through generations of housing to do with one half our proper allowance of it, to this training is due the enormous increase of nervous diseases during the last quarter of a century, and the unmistakable degeneration, so far as constitution is concerned which has marked the human race during that period, and until the past few years, when the craze for outdoor sports has done much to remedy the evil. In spite of this a noted German scientist has proved lately that the great majority of the race are gradually and voluntarily diminishing every year the necessary allowance of fresh air, "per capita per day," and laboriously acustoming ourselves to the charged conditions. Take away food clothing, even water, and a human being will survive for an amazingly long time, but deprive him of air for one hour, and he is dead. Yet the upper classes elect of their own free will to live in furnace or steam heated houses for one half the year, taking their daily drives in closed carriages, and even having their houses built without chimneys now, so no chance ventilation can reach them during the winter season; and in the summer the fine lady hesitates to expose her complexion to the rough breeze, or the ardent sun, lest it should be roughened or tanned, and then when the autumn comes, the chances are that she is obliged to go away to some Sanitarium or German spa, in order to tone up her shattered nerves, in time for the winter campaign.

The poor woman sleeps in the stuffy flat of some city tenement where ventilation is neither sought, nor desired, and what little there is comes through a so-called air shaft. From this "home" not nearly so sanitary as a decently built stable, she hurries to her work in factory or shop, and boils all day in an atmosphere that would kill a well brought up cow in a short time. In the evening, especially in the winter, she seeks relaxation in the cheap seats of some third rate theatre, while in summer she sits in "the court," and gossips with the neighbors until bed-time. And by the time she is thirty five she is a withered old woman.

Now the Fresh Air Society not only aims to provide fresh air, and an occasional run in the country, or day on the river for the children of the slums, but it goes in heart and soul for the fresh air cure, and the settlement in Devonshire is a regular sanitarium where patients are taken and treated, and cured, by means of fresh air alone. Women with shattered nerves, weak lungs, and ruined digestions are received there, and compelled to live practically without shelter. When it rains, one would naturally suppose that there would be a general stampede for the house, but such is not the case by any means. Umbrellas, water-proofs and rubbers are dealt out to them, and out of doors they remain. There they walk, read, sew, amuse themselves when they are able eat, and even sleep. Sewing machines and typewriters have little tent like canopies set up over them, and the laundries and kitchens are merely sheds roofed with glass sashes like those in a greenhouse, to let down when there is rain. The bath houses are the only enclosed buildings, and they are of wood or stone. People whose cases have been regarded

as hopeless, have been slowly coaxed back to health and vigor in this settlement, merely by having a carriage transformed into a bed by the aid of springs and mattresses, and being lifted into them each morning, and slowly driven about in the air all day. One notable example was an overworked woman author, who seemed dying of a complication of nervous diseases, but who soon found health and strength in this wonderful settlement, and who now finds fresh air so vitally necessary to her well being that she writes by an open window even in the coldest weather, and finds she can do nearly twice the amount of work, without fatigue.

The society is not satisfied with merely recommending its principles to its friends, but go about engaging in the philanthropic work of securing the transplanting of sweat-shops to the roofs of the buildings in which they are situated and is now having designs prepared for improved factories, with rolling glass roofs shops built in a succession of open fronted booths like those of Oriental tradesmen, and schools that are really sheds with sliding doors, dwelling houses with open air kitchens and laundries and many other improvements far more philanthropic than practicable, since all their designs seem only adapted for the summer season and devices for keeping warm are quite left out of the scheme.

It is a healthy, wholesome fad, at any rate, and it is pleasant to think that we have a short road to health, happiness, and beauty right in our own door-yard, as it were.

The hold that the fancy waist still retains in the world of fashion, is so surprising, and so firm, that it is almost enough to rob dame fashion of her reputation for fickleness! True the separate bodice as represented by the shirt waist, and the dainty blouse of lawn, or organdie, has become such a necessity of summer dressing that it would be impossible to find anything that would take their places, and they are scarcely to be described as fancy waists. But still the fancy waist proper, either in silk, velvet, chiffon, or lawn, is more a feature of dress now, than it has been at any time in its career; and its popularity is deserved, for it is a most invaluable garment, helping out the wardrobe of the woman who is not rich, as nothing else could do, and making a charming variety in costumes that would otherwise grow very monotonous in their sameness. It is invaluable as an adjunct to all those summer festivities which seem to call for so much more smartness of dress than winter gaieties, and the summer girl would be as much lost without it, as Hercules of old, was without his famous club, or fair Venus without her magic girdle. A tailor made suit is quite the correct thing to wear to the swellest afternoon teas in winter, or to the largest skating party, even when it is understood to wind up with a dance, but a garden party, or a picnic is quite a different affair, and it is here that the fancy bodice shines to greatest advantage. Light green, pink, blue, and yellow glaze and tulle silks are made up into the simplest of shirt waists, with a yoke in the back, tucked front, sleeves worn with a turn-over cuff of linen, and a high linen collar. The same silks, trimmed elaborately with lace and chiffon are transformed into the most dressy little bodices for afternoon and evening wear, everything depending on the way the material is made up. One of the prettiest among the simpler styles in glaze silks, is made in box plaits a little less than an inch wide, with narrow spaces between the plaits. The plaiting is done before the silk is fitted, and the material is then fitted into a spencer waist, with fullness at the belt and a blouse effect in front. A ribbon collar and belt finish the blouse which is very complete without any trimming, provided a pretty color is selected. The distinctly Parisian touch to a waist, is in the blouse effect in the back, as well as the front. The fullness should slightly overhang the belt, just as it does in front, only there should be less of it, and the belt is frequently seen under in the back, than front. Some of these French blouses are made with basques, which may consist either of a full all around, or tab-like pieces applied directly in the back and front, leaving the sides without any. On a slight young girl this fashion is very becoming and stylish, but unless the figure is very slender it should be avoided. A pique dress made in this manner, and one which was very fetching indeed, was of gray, trimmed with rows of yellow embroidered insertion around the skirt and revers, and finished with a yellow leather belt. Silk bodices slashed to show an under bodice of net are very dainty indeed, and full waists of printed gauze or plain chiffon with short boleros of heavy lace, silk or embroidery, afford an excellent way of using up remnants of handsome materials, which would be useless otherwise.

Tucks are the distinguishing feature of all blouse waists, especially those of plain

PEREMPTORY SALE OF Boots, Shoes and Slippers

At our Union Street Store, opposite the Opera House We succeeded in purchasing most of this large quantity of goods at about 50 Cents on the Dollar, and have placed the entire lot in our UNION STREET STORE for immediate sale at cash prices only.

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The goods will be marked in plain figures at about One Half the Usual Retail Prices now quoted in St. John and will be sold for CASH ONLY.

During this sale we expect the store to be crowded, so that no trying on of Shoes can be allowed, nor can boots be sent out on approval. Customers buying Shoes and finding them unsuitable will have their MONEY RETURNED as pleasantly as it was taken from them.

REMEMBER THIS SALE IS NOW ON at our UNION STREET STORE, opposite the Opera House, and will continue until the entire lot is disposed of.

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glaze silk, and the finer these tucks are the more fashionable. The very newest thing in silk shirt waists, is the jubilee waist which has stripes of red, white, and blue, and is plainly trimmed with lace insertion.

The summer gowns which are being made to wear at fashionable watering places this season, are largely of white muslin. The daintiest of organdies lavishly trimmed with lace, and suggesting despair to the laundress who attempts to do them up, take the lead; sometimes the lace with which they are trimmed is black, according to the newest Parisian fashion and then, of course a visit to the laundry is out of the question. But there are all sorts and descriptions of thin white dresses to choose from. Mull, plain book muslin, Victoria lawn, grass lawn, liberty muslin, and mousseline de soie, all have their place in the world of fashion, and the wearer's choice need only be influenced by her personal taste, and the condition of her pocket book, since everything seems to be in fashion.

WRONGLY SUSPECTED.

The Overseer Took the Money but a Young Girl Was Blamed.

A bright young girl from the timber regions of Ontario related to the writer how it happened that she came to the United States to be educated without any expense to herself.

"I had never been to school," she said, "and had never expected to go, though I often wished I could learn, and know enough at least to teach the children in my lumber camp. The chance came to me at last in a very strange way.

"One pay-day Mr. Ray, the owner of our pinery, missed a roll of bank notes from his office desk. It was summer-time, and his family were there, living in the great roomy barracks. My father was one of his men, and I was employed to wait on his invalid mother, and do errands and other light services about the place.

"I made myself useful in many little ways, so that I was sent everywhere; and to see me, and the big dog Bruno, in any part of the premises excited no remark. It was this freedom that made Mr. Ray suspect me, for he could think of no one else who would be so likely to see the money and slip it out of sight.

"He determined to send me and all our family away, but his mother, to whom he was very kind and tender, interceded for me. It was a terrible trial when they both questioned me, and I saw that I could not make him believe I was innocent. But she said to him, 'Don't mention your suspicions, my son, not punish any one, until you know. Leave the whole matter to the Lord, and expect His righteous judgement.'

"I kept my place, but I could not be light hearted again while the cloud hung over me. I never felt certain whether my mistress really believed me honest, or was kind to me because she pitied my distress. About that time my father bought a new team, but I did not know till afterward how the fact affected Mr. Ray's feeling toward me. The loss of his money was known to no one but himself and his mother knew that I was mistrusted.

"It was in one of those unhappy days that Max Webber, the overseer or 'boss' of the logging gang, came to headquarters for orders. He had been in the woods since the day the bank notes were missed.

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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. R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

Max Webber was a favorite with every one and especially with Mr. Ray. The young ladies called him 'the jolly giant,' he was so big and so good natured. His patient strength had been invaluable to Mr. Ray's invalid mother when she was carried through the forest on a litter to the lumber camp.

"He inquired after her today, as he always did, but the absent look on his usually beaming face showed that he had something on his mind. He stood by Mr. Ray's desk as it hesitated to go, and presently he said:

"Have you found that lost money?" "No, but I'm very certain that I know who took it."

"No doubt," said the tall woodman, hanging his head. "Ever since that day I've been sure you could look right through me, and see the stolen money in my inside pocket. Here it is, sir. It rolled off the desk right into my cap that lay on the floor, and the devil tempted me to pick up the cap and put it on my head. You can turn me off, or shut me up, or anything; it don't matter now. I couldn't feel any meaner than I do."

"Mr. Ray sat astonished. 'You are the last man,' he said, 'as soon as he found words, the very last man I should have guessed, Max! And to think I should have laid it to Tom Nason's poor little girl who has taken so many steps for us! I don't know what to say to you. Go in and fix it up with my mother.'

"Oh, anything but that, Mr. Ray! Anything but that! She has been so good to me!"

"But he went. I was in the room when he came in, and I shall never forget the talk the dear old lady had with him.

"My father, at the entreaty of the penitent overseer, was promoted to his place, and he insisted on banishing himself to the half-breed gang, to work as a common wood-chopper. But Mr. Ray sent him on a responsible commission into the northern forests.

"I need a man to go—and to go alone," he told him. "It will give you a chance to prove what you'll be from now on. I shall depend on you never to play me false again."

"When the strain was over I gave out entirely, and lay unconscious with brain fever for seven weeks. Mr. Ray and his family cared for me tenderly, and when I recovered they took me with them to the States. I am going to school now, and Max Webber pays my expenses. He would have it so."

Somehow, somewhere, the innocent, whom erring human judgment has condemned, will have their recompense. Heaven is righteous, and in the end the real offender and the hasty accuser have the most to bear.

How To Avoid Wasting Time and Money.

A word at this time to the ladies of Canada may be the means of putting them on their guard, so that time and money may not be wasted.

There are certain dealers and store-keepers whose life-object is the making of large profits on every article they sell. These dealers are now endeavoring to sell adulterated and imitation package dyes for the same price as the honest dealer asks for the reliable and never-failing Diamond Dyes.

Few ladies have the inclination to spend time or money to experiment with worthless and poisonous ingredients put up to outwardly imitate the marvellous Diamond Dyes. If you want good work you must use the best dyes. Years of thorough testing proclaim the fact that Diamond Dyes are the strongest, brightest and most economical; they are the only dyes in the world that are specially warranted.

Each packet, when directions are followed will give satisfactory and astonishing results.

"Brilliant" Surgery.

It is not how much one does in the world, but how well one does it that is of real account. An amusing story is told of Sir Astley Cooper when on a visit to Paris. He was in the company of a great French surgeon, who was curious to know how many times his English contemporary had performed a certain wonderful feat of surgery. Sir Astley Cooper replied that he had performed the operation thirteen times.

"Ah, but, monsieur, I have done him one hundred and sixty times," was the astonishing answer of the Frenchman.

He triumphantly noted the blank amazement on Sir Astley's face, and when his statement had had time to be thoroughly appreciated, allowed his curiosity to lead him to another question.

"How many times did you save life?" he asked.

"I saved eleven cases out of thirteen," was Sir Astley's reply. "How many did you save out of the hundred and sixty?" "Ah, monsieur, I lose dem all," said the Frenchman; "but de operation was very brilliant."

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An Estimate.

Smith—"Jones has bought some sort of a gymnastic apparatus, and he exercises half an hour every night."

Robinson—"Well, he's a very persevering fellow. I suppose he'll keep at that until a couple of weeks after he's tired of it."—Pack.

Reconsidered.

Adam—"Well, what are you hanging around here for? You told me yesterday you wouldn't have me if there wasn't another man on earth."

Eve—"Yes, but—Adam, dear,—I didn't know then that there wasn't!"—N. Y. Press.

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