

## WOMEN WORKED LIKE MEN.

Present day Millionaires Tell of Money Made by Their Wives.

In the early days of the Century most of the women worked as steadily as the men. It is true that they did home work mostly, but it was hard work none the less, and it helped support the families and earn the slowly accumulating surplus.

In those days the women did the work that is now performed by half a dozen different kinds of factories. They spun the yarn for the stockings that were worn by every member of the family, and knitted them, too, and they did most of the weaving.

Now a-days even the knitting is done chiefly by machines. Not only was the cloth for the garments of every member of the family manufactured at home by the diligent housewife, but she and her deep-chested, strong-armed daughter wove the carpets besides.

All this 'factory work' was done in addition to the 'housework', now so generally done by servants; every bit of it was then held to be distinctly 'woman's work,' and had been so regarded since work first began.

Although the labor was mostly done in doors, the woman never hesitated to help in the harder, outdoor work of the men when called upon, and by all accounts this was pretty often. Farmers' wives and daughters were frequently seen in the fields. They planted and husked the yellow corn, they made hay, they helped in the harvest and they drove teams.

Some of the vast fortunes on which the famous 'families' of today—whose women marry dukes and princes, and would be scandalized at the thought of any kind of work—are founded, were built up by the help of woman's work. It is said that the wife of the first Vanderbilt toiled as hard as he did.

When he was a young man he was a ferryman between New York and Elizabethport. At first he used a schooner in his business. He commanded the craft, and his wife did the cooking. Sometimes she had her hands full, feeding the passengers and crew; for, although when the wind and the tide were right the trip was easily and quickly made, when they were adverse the passage sometimes occupied days.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was a good cook and a frugal woman, and it was due quite as much to her industry and thrift as her husband's that he was able to discard his sailing vessel when steamboats came in.

But for years after that the passengers were often fed on the boat, and she remained the cook until the Vanderbilt surplus had attained to considerable proportions.

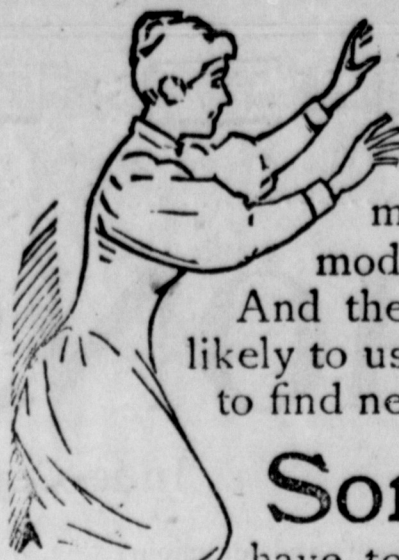
## MARVELLOUS SUCCESS!

Everybody can't succeed in business. Success reaches only a small percentage of those who eagerly strive for it in the various affairs of life. But to every lady who uses **TURKISH DYES** success is absolutely guaranteed. Failure is impossible. Simple to use, these beautiful dyes produce the richest and most lasting effects. **TURKISH DYES** are complete in themselves. Every color is distinct, effective, and has its own special character. Use **TURKISH DYES** upon any material whatever that can be dyed, and you are sure of success. They put life into old garments, they add lustre to what is lack-lustre and dingy and poor. **TURKISH DYES** are as different from the common dyes as the bright day is different from the dark and desolate night.

Send for postal "How to Dye Well" and Sample Card, to 481 St. Paul Street Montreal.

## No Recollection of It.

One of the most noted of the hardy Western frontiersmen was Kit Carson, to whom, with Daniel Boone, belongs the credit of having always dealt fairly with the various Indian tribes, as they themselves acknowledged. The withdrawal of Carson by the government was the cause of a great war. Capt. Henry Inman, in his book, the 'Old Santa Fe Trail,' relates an amusing incident of the gallant pioneer. My own conception of Kit Carson, as a child, was that he was ten feet high, that it would have required the strength of two men to lift his rifle, that he usually drank a river dry and picked the carcass of a whole buffalo clean as easily as a lady does the wing of a quail. Years after, when I made the acquaintance of the foremost frontiersman, I found him a delicate, reticent, undersized, wiry man, the very opposite type of what my childish brain had created. One day, while Kit was at the fort, I came across a periodical that had a full-page illustration of a scene in a forest. In the foreground stood a gigantic figure dressed in the traditional buckskin. On one arm rested an immense rifle; his other arm was around the waist of the conventional female of such sensational journals, while in front, half a dozen Indians lay prone, evidently slain by the hero in the impossible attire, in defence of the preposterous female. The legend stated how all this had been effected by Kit Carson. I handed it to Kit. He wiped his spectacles,



## Some Women

jump at it. They're quick to see the advantages of Pearline, quick to economize and save, quick to adopt all the modern improvements that make life easier. And these quick women are the ones that are likely to use Pearline (use with-<sup>out soap</sup>) in the right way, and to find new uses for it, and get most out of it.

## Some Women

have to be driven to it. They wait until they can't stand the old-fashioned way of washing any longer. Then they get Pearline. But ten to one they use it for only part of the work, or use it some way of their own, or use something else with it—and don't get half the help they ought to.

Send it Back. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, he homes—can't let back.



studied the picture intently for a few seconds and then said:

"Gentlemen, that may be true, but I haven't got no recollection of it!"

## Cave-Dwellers And Dirt.

Notwithstanding the claims recently set up for Berlin, it is likely that Paris will for some time to come remain the most attractive city in the world. It is conceded to be the centre of civilization. Yet the site of Paris is said to have been once occupied by the cave dwellers, a race of human beings scarcely superior to the wild beasts among which they lived. If a group of those primordial men and woman had survived, and could be exhibited in all their native filth and degradation, none of us would longer question that mankind has made great advances since the era of that abominable underground population. But it has taken ages to produce the Parisians of to-day out of their rather unpromising ancestors. We do, to be sure, inhabit vastly better houses and have learned a deal about lighting, heating, drainage and ventilation; still, we have much to find out as to the nature of the bodies for which all these comforts and luxuries are prepared. Practically we have not gone much farther than the surface of this question. We bathe, we wear fairly clean clothing, we trim or shave off the superfluous hair, and so on, and make ourselves outwardly presentable. On this account society is coherent, it does not fly to pieces from a mutual disgust on the part of its members.

At this point, however, progress almost stops. We need to know more about the interior of these flesh-and-blood houses of ours, and how to keep them clean and sweet as we keep our houses of brick or stone. For disease means dirt; dirt somewhere among the delicate organs or tissues which go to make us up. "Health," says a medical authority, "is the equilibrium between a proper production and a proper elimination of toxic substances prepared within the body by the action of its own organs; and disease is due to the accumulation of these poisonous materials within the body. It is an auto-intoxication." In plainer English, we get sick because we went clean house. Often the stomach, the bowels, the liver, and the lungs are loaded with stuff, the like of which you would not tolerate in the darkest corner of your kitchen for five minutes. It is manufactured on the premises by natural operations, but it must not be allowed to remain there. But we don't understand or consider this, and so pay the penalty, on the principle that makes the people of India have cholera and those of the Southern parts of the United States have yellow fever. None of us are exempt from similar consequences. If we were, the postman would never have to carry letters like the following, for example:—

"For six years I suffered from indigestion and rheumatism. I had a poor appetite and my food disagreed with me, causing pain at the chest and between the shoulders. I had also pains in my hips and ankle, and for weeks together was unable to stand. As time went on I grew very weak, and felt worn out by the constant grinding pain. As nothing relieved me, I determined to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, a medicine which had benefited my husband. I got a bottle from Messrs. Bernard and Son, Bishop's Road, and after taking it felt better. My food digested and I had less pain. I continued with it, and then the rheumatism left me, and I have since had no return of it. By taking an occasional dose I keep in good health. I have recommended the medicine to all my friends, and give you full permission to publish this statement. (Signed) Mrs. Endicott, 35, The Oval, Hackney Road, London, N. E., July 16th, 1887."

I will now repeat what I have already said hundreds of times in these articles—namely, that rheumatism is a consequence of poisonous matters produced in the body by indigestion—one of the worst kinds of dirt that the bodily house is infested with. "Indigestion and rheumatism," says this lady. She mentions them (probably accidentally) in their true order, the order of cause and effect. No indigestion no rheumatism, because no filth in the blood: there it is, the other way about. A great house cleanser is Mother Seigel's Syrup. It is mop, broom, water, and scrubbing brush in one. It drives out the dirt, purifies the premises, and leaves no reason for disease. So disease packs its bag and goes out with the dirt. Is that plain? I hope it is.

## Petrified Terrapin Abound.

On the farm of J. W. Wilson is a strip of hill land ten or fifteen feet wide and about 1,700 feet long, which is so stony that nothing will grow on it, and every stone is a petrified terrapin, many of them

with their heads out, many with protruding tails and some showing their feet. There are many kinds of stone on this 'fault,' among which is a limestone that will 'dress' itself by the application of fire. On this stone a line can be drawn and a fire can be made along it and the rock will break with a perfect, smooth surface on both sides along the line drawn. Near this, in many places, in inexhaustible quantities is building sand of the finest quality.—Lewisburg, Ky., News.

Child or Adult will find instantaneous relief and prompt cure

For Coughs or Colds

In the Celebrated . . .

DR. HARVEY'S

SOUTHERN

RED PINE

Nothing like it to check and cure a cough

Price: only 25 cents per Bottle.

Does not upset the stomach

"THE ESSENCE OF THE VIRGINIA PINE"

THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

13

## RUNNING SORES.

There is nothing that will so waste and wear away the health as a running sore. Burdock Blood Bitters heals and dries up sores and ulcers, no matter how large or of how long standing, by cleansing the blood of all impurities and sending rich pure life-giving blood to the diseased part, thereby supplanting the decaying tissue with healthy healing flesh.

Mr. Stephen Wescott, Freeport, N.S., found (Burdock Blood Bitters) a wonderful blood purifier and gives his experience as follows: "I was very much run down in health and employed our local physician who attended me three months, finally my leg broke out in running sores with fearful burning. I had thirteen running sores at one time, from my knee to the top of my foot. All the medicine I took did me no good, so I threw it aside and tried B.B.B.; when one-half the bottle was gone, I noticed a change for the better, and by the time I had finished two bottles my leg was perfectly healed and my health greatly improved."

DOROTHY WALTZ FOR THE PIANO

A DELIGHTFUL COMPOSITION IS USED BY THE

EVER-READY DRESS STAY CO., WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

AS A NEW YEAR'S REMEMBRANCE TO Canadian Women,

Most of whom are its patrons, and they will be pleased to send it on receipt of Postage.

WILL YOU HAVE A COPY? Yours for a Cent.

## A FIGHT WITH A LION.

The Danger a Lion Tamer Runs in a Treacherous Beast.

Letort, a lion-tamer attached to the Pezon Menagerie, was nearly torn to pieces recently by one of the animals. He was giving a performance on the Place d'Italie, when the biggest and most dangerous of the lions, called Menelik, became mutinous and refused to obey the whip. Letort lashed him several times but the beast refused to budge from the crouching position which he took up near to the bars of the cage facing the spectators, who filled the menagerie at the time, as it was the last performance to be given. The tamer perceiving that the whip was useless, advanced toward the lion, glared at him, and held up his hand, as if ordering the animal to go to the other side of the cage, that being the movement required from the animal.

The shaggy monster, seeing his master without the lash, sprang at his breast, and nearly tore it open with his claws. Then Letort's left arm was caught between Menelik's molars, and the tamer, who was bleeding profusely, felt himself pushed towards the back of the cage. The people who were looking on were bewildered by fright. Some of them rushed away when they saw the blood flowing over the gala clothes of the tamer, while others remained, hypnotized, as it were, by the fearful spectacle. Letort, as he has since said, gave himself up for lost, and felt that one slip on the floor of the cage would have been sufficient to seal his doom. He was fully conscious, in spite of pain and peril, and motioned back with his disengaged hand the men rushing to his rescue. He was even able to tell them not to touch the lion with their pitchforks, as he hoped to be able to get clear of Menelik's fangs and claws. At last, by a superhuman effort, the tamer managed to grasp the lion by the throat, and made him relax the grip. Letort then bent down and got a pitchfork, which he plunged prongs first into Menelik's mouth. The beast retreated growling. Letort was helped out of his den, and his serious injuries were at once attended to. He was taken to his lodgings, where he now lies all swathed in bandages and racked by fever. Menelik, it appears, is no lazy, cowering brute, made low-spirited and harmless by menagerie life, but had frequently given great trouble to his owners and their tamers. The animal is of the gray-maned species, and had several times attacked the attendants at the menagerie, but was always beaten back before his chief could be done. Letort, however, was severely clawed by the same lion some months since. The tamer hopes to be soon able to resume his work at the Menil-montant fete, and to overmaster the obstinacy of the animal.—Paris Correspondence London Telegraph.

## He was Examined.

Francois Arago, the great French scientist, was a precocious youth. He was prepared for the rigid examinations of the Ecole Polytechnique before he was seventeen years old. Monsieur De Mirecourt tells a characteristic anecdote concerning Arago's examination. The examiner was almost brutal in his manner toward the young candidate. A favorite companion of Arago was badly frightened at his severe questions and failed to pass the examination. At length Arago's turn came.

'Young man,' said the examiner, sternly, 'you are probably as ignorant as your companion. I advise you to go and complete your studies before you risk this examination.'

'Monsieur,' replied the boy, 'timidity was all that prevented my companion from passing. He knew much more than he seemed to know.'

'Timidity!' exclaimed the examiner. 'The excuse of fools! Perhaps you are timid also.'

'Far from it,' returned Arago shortly. 'Take care. It would be wise to spare yourself the disgrace of being rejected!'

'The disgrace for me would lie in not being examined,' said the young candidate proudly.

Arago's solution of the problems set before him was so accurate and so brilliant that at last his examiner sprang from his chair, and throwing his arms about the boy's neck in delight, exclaimed:

'Bravo! If you are not received into the Ecole Polytechnique, no one will be admitted.'

And he then began a career which added greatly to the stock of human knowledge.

## To Memory Dear.

A novel reason for remembering an old schoolmate was once given by a Scotchman according to an English journal.

A Scotchman who had been a long time in the colonies paid a visit to his 'native glen,' and meeting an old school fellow the two sat down to chat about old times and acquaintances. In the course of the conversation the stranger happened to ask about a certain Gordie McKay.

'He's dead long ago,' said his friend, and I'll never cease regrettin' him as long as I live.'

'Dear me! Had you such respect for him as that?'

'Na, na! It wasna ony respec' I had for himself; but I married his widow.'



What's in a Seal?

In this one there

is health and keen enjoyment, for it is the symbol of the finest coffee grown.

Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee

is always the same. It is the Coffee that is bought by the best families of America, people who appreciate the good things of life and insist upon having them. When you buy Chase & Sanborn's Seal Brand Coffee you get the Best.

It would be impossible for money or position to procure anything superior.



## HOME

Dress Cutting and Making

The Abel Gauband system of dress cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons.

This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish, up-to-date costumes, ordinary house dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds. It is practical, reliable and always applicable to the requirements of the time in changes in fashions etc. Charges very moderate. For full particulars address

Madame E. L. ETHIER, 88 St. Denis St. Montreal.

Give the Baby a Chance ally but surely is **Martin's Cardinal Food**

a simple, scientific and highly nutritive preparation for infants, delicate children and invalids.

KERRY WATSON & CO., PROPRIETORS, MONTREAL.



To introduce Dr. Weston's Improved Pink Iron Tonic Pills for making blood, for pale people, female weakness, liver and kidney disease, nervousness, general debility, etc., we give a 14c gold-plated watch, Ladies or Gent's, nicely engraved, reliable time-keeper, warranted 5 years. The Pills are 50c. per box, \$2.50 for 5 boxes. Send this amount, and you receive 5 boxes and the watch, or write for particulars. This is a genuine offer. **THE DR. WESTON PILL CO.,** 356 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

**PATENTS**

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

**Scientific American.**

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsmen.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.