

Woman and Her Work

I once heard of a girl who was engaged nineteen times before she finally settled down into the quiet jog trot in double harness of married life. She must have been a wonderfully attractive girl to have got so much more than her share of love and admiration, and no doubt she enjoyed her triumphs immensely and was the object of much envy from her young companions, but how about the matter when looked at from the point of view of the man who finally married this fascinating dame? What of his feelings when the thought came home to him that in all probability there were nineteen men scattered around the world who had enjoyed the privilege of kissing and caressing his wife, who had each cherished the same aspirations and hopes with regard to enshrining her one day as the queen of their homes, and calling her by the name of wife, as he had done himself, with the only difference that his hopes had reached fruition, while theirs had been disappointed; perhaps there may be men who would not be troubled by such a state of affairs, but all the same I think they would be very few. Man is a selfish animal, and a conceited one withal, so he is always on the look out for the very best article in the market, and like the infant in pursuit of Pear's soap, he won't be happy till he gets it. Consequently he not only expects to secure the very best and prettiest girl in his set, but he wants to feel that he is her first and only love, that no other man has ever dared to cast his eyes upon her except with the most respectful admiration, and that she regards him very much as the ladies of the harem regard their lord and master—as the one man in the world.

To such a being as this the certainty that the idol of his dreams has loved no less than nineteen times before she found her true affinity, must be bitter in the extreme, and his love deep and strong in order to enable him to face the humiliation of being the twentieth man.

I thought this was a record breaking case until I read the other day of a woman who acknowledged to having had seventy three lovers, and proudly boasted of having retained every one of them as her friends even after she was married. It sounds incredible I know, but then we know that American girls belonging to the smart set have lovers by the dozen if they happen to be belles, and perhaps seventy three is not considered such a large number by those to the manner born. It is the way in which this girl managed to obtain the regard of her admirers which seems to me so unusual, and so worthy of imitation by all other girls whether the number of their lovers be large or small.

In the first place she was not a susceptible girl who fell in love readily, but one of the bright vivacious damsels who never carry their hearts upon their sleeves, and are slow to yield to the charms of the other sex, so she always held herself above her lovers and let them worship her from afar, she never gave them the encouragement which is what men blame women most for, when they are rejected, and she never wrote them notes. She stood calmly on her pedestal and looked smilingly down upon her adorers with an air that said plainly "I am out of your reach, and I am not coming down." That she says is the real secret of a woman's power, never to make herself, too cheap and never to waste her substance, in the shape of love, in idle flirting. If she holds herself aloof and makes men regard her as a sort of superior being, then respect will form the basis of the love men give her, and she can make friends of all of them who are worth having. Perhaps no one ever knows a woman so well as the man who has ceased to be in love with her, and when a girl has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of both winning without any effort on her own part, and refusing a man's love, and still retains his respect, the man who is worth having says to himself—"This is a girl who is worthy to be the friend of my mother or my sister, and who will prove a valuable friend to me, if I cannot have her for anything dearer. I cannot afford to let such a woman pass out of my life" so he doesn't



A Protection...

Baby's Own Soap is something more than a cleanser. It is a protection against the annoying and irritating skin troubles so often endured by infants.

It makes Babies happy and healthy, and keeps the delicate skin rosy, pink and clean.

Fragrant and pure, it is a perfect soap.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. Montreal.

CAUTION.—Many of the imitations of Baby's Own will burn and ruin the skin.

let her drift away from him, and she has made a firm friend out of a rejected lover.

It is an example worth imitating girls, and it would be well for us all if we could hold ourselves so blamelessly that in losing the love of a man we should still retain not only his admiration, but his sincere respect and esteem.

I daresay there are numbers of women living to day in whose memories the American Civil war is still comparatively fresh, and who can recall easily the time when they knitted socks, rolled bandages, and conscientiously scraped up old linen tablecloths into the murderous preparation known as lint. These veterans will smile a grim smile when they hear some of the sisters of the present generation are proposing to alleviate the hardships of war for the brave men who are now earnestly engaged in playing hide and seek with the Spanish fleet. The women of Boston ever practical, and full of common sense are engaged in manufacturing sensible little bags containing waxed thread and large sized thimbles and buttons. Somehow or other they seemed to have forgotten the needles, and to have overlooked the fact that no man ever uses a thimble but all the same their intentions were good. The women of New York who are popularly supposed to be of a frivolous turn of mind are providing smoking outfits for their country's brave defenders, and I doubt not that their gifts will meet with far greater appreciation than those of their more cultured sisters, always provided that the outfits are not too elaborate, and cumbersome to be carried. But it has been reserved for the women of Iowa to select the most original mode of supplying the needs of the boys in blue, and a woman's club in Iowa, has decided to provide ear muffs for the sailors, in order to deaden the terrible effect of the concussion when the guns are fired. Of course the sailors will be delighted and will use them religiously, but after all ear muffs, smoking materials and button bags are quite harmless, which is more than can be said for the old-timelint.

Many of the very smartest gowns both morning and afternoon wear, are made of foulard silk. One special design intended for dressy morning wear, especially at the seaside is of red and black foulard, the plain five gored skirt measuring but three and a half yards around the bottom, and being untrimmed. The lining is attached instead of being made separate as so many linings are.

The guimpe waist and sleeves are of soft white batiste finely tucked, and the silk bodice opens narrowly over the guimpe in front, to show the white; epaulettes of silk finish the tops of the sleeves, square revers turn down on each side from the round cut neck, cuffs of silk finish the batiste sleeves, and all the edges are simply finished with a narrow fold.

Foulard, by the way, is a very popular material this season in spite of all predictions to the contrary—the soft, pliable texture lending itself so readily to all the fashionable fancies in the shape of tucking, shirring and ruffling without which no gown is really complete.

The guimpe waist is one of the most desirable styles for any thin material in the more dressy gowns, and it is quite as satisfactory for the more simple morning dresses which look so cool and fresh at the seaside, or the fashionable mountain resort. Red foulards with either black or white designs are very effectively trimmed

with tiny ruches of black chiffon, and if you want to be very stylish indeed, make the sleeves of the black. A French gown of pale green and white foulard is made with a narrow front in the skirt of finely plaited mousseline de soie decorated with an applique of black chantilly. Three ruffles of silk edged and headed with one row of narrow black velvet ribbon extend around the skirt separated at wide intervals. The bodice is quite tight fitting at the back and bloused a little in front, where it is crossed with bands of inch wide velvet ribbon drawn through tiny paste buckles, which by the way, are all the rage this season. Black applique lace forms a bretelle trimming over the shoulders, ending with a fancy buckle at the waist in the back.

Violet and white form a very popular combination in foulard, and one of the novel models in this silk is made with three deep circular flounces each finished on the edge with three little tucks, and pointing upward in the middle of the front. The bodice is a simple full waist with a wide belt of black satin ribbon fastened with fancy buttons. A little sleeveless bolero of the silk elaborately trimmed with bands of violet velvet and Mechlin lace insertion is the especial point of this gown, and it is cut to hang loose on the lower edge like a sacque, and short enough to show nearly all of the belt. The collar band is of velvet and lace.

Foulards in all kinds of Oriental patterns are very popular, and one gown of this silk is trimmed with gathered frills of narrow white satin ribbon. The chemisette vest is of tucked and hemstitched white batiste, and the belt and bow are of pale green silk.

A white and blue foulard shows frills of half inch dark blue satin ribbon edging the three ruffles on the skirt, and the bodice which is a simple blouse below a round narrow yoke of tucked white mull is entirely covered with a diamond trellis design formed with the ruches of ribbon.

Knife plaited frills of taffata silk trim organdies as well as silks. A white taffata check with fine black lines is prettily trimmed with frills of pale blue taffata, and plaited frills of lavender silk trim a white organdie with a lavender flowered pattern. One plaiting peeping from beneath a narrow gathered ruffle of organdie heads the Spanish flounce, and frills of silk edge the guimpe neck.

Ruches of narrow Scotch plaid ribbon decorate a gown of brown poplin, and rows of black velvet sewn on a band of colored glace silk trim another woolen gown effectively, while tucked bands of satin form still another variety in the trimming line. Perhaps one of the newest and really the oddest trimmings seen on the new imported gowns was a ruffle of cream white duchess satin striped around with three rows of black velvet ribbon, trimming a gown of grey barege. The ruffle extended all around the skirt, edged the sailor collar, and was carried down one side of the bodice and the skirt, to meet the trimming at the bottom.

Rows of stitching in a contrasting color, are another feature of dress decoration, and the rage for appliques of lace has no limit. So it will be seen that the real variation in fashions is in the trimming far more than the cut of either bodice or skirt which remains substantially the same as it was nearly a year ago.

A Great Advantage.

Hitherto it has been generally considered that when cancers or tumours were removed by knife or plaster, they were almost certain to return in an aggravated form, in from 5 to 6 years' time. When our painless home treatment is used the cure is permanent. Send for particulars. P. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

An Armor-Plated Fish.

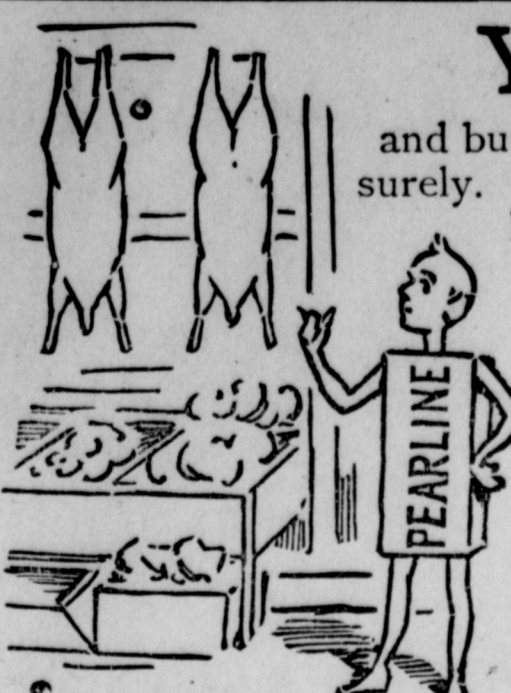
Dr. A. C. Panton, of Portland, Ore., has received from a friend who is wintering on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico the skin of a fish the like of which has never been seen there before. The scales are diamond



A vegetable remedy for diseases arising from Disordered Liver, Stomach or Bowels, such as Headache, Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Bad Breath, Feeling of Languor, Distress after Eating, etc.

Mrs. CLARA HOWE, Moncton, N.B., says: "I used Laxa-Liver Pills for Headaches and Liver Trouble, and they not only relieved me but cured me. They do not gripe or sicken and are easy to take."

Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a Vial or 5 for \$1.00.



Your market

and butcher shop ought to use Pearline, surely. There's no place that needs to be kept cleaner.

There's no place that's half as hard to keep clean. Soap and water is of no use at all. It takes Pearline, and nothing but Pearline, to keep down the general greasiness.

How many places you see, where the whole shop and fixtures in it seems to be fairly crying out for Pearline!

Millions NOW USE Pearline

shaped and are of bone, the edges being as sharp as shark's teeth. In fact, the skin looks as if it was covered with small shark's teeth. The skin looks as if it was about fifty inches in length. No fish with common scales would stand a ghost of a show in combating one of these armor plated monsters.

THE KIND YOU NEED.

The True Reliable and Easy Working Diamond Dyes.

When the Diamond Dyes are used the work of home dyeing is a pleasure to every woman. Doubts and fears regarding results are never entertained. There is a confidence in every woman's heart that perfect work will crown her efforts. It is an established fact that all colors of the Diamond Dyes come out in fulness, richness and beauty.

For long, long years Diamond Dyes have been the favorite family dyes in every civilized country, and although imitation package dyes are now being offered for sale by dealers who think more of big profits than of giving satisfaction to the public, the great inferiority of these imitation dyes in strength, fastness, beauty and brilliancy was soon discovered, and they are now avoided and condemned by all who prize good, bright and durable colors.

Thousands of testimonials are coming in from all parts of the country testifying to the excellence and vast superiority of the Diamond Dyes.

Refuse all poor, worthless and imitation dyes when they are offered to you. Ask for the "Diamond" and see that the name is on each packet.

Book of directions and card of 48 colors free at any address. Write to Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

SAVED BY A COBRA.

It Saved a British Officer's Life but it was by Accident.

An unusual kind of snake story is printed by the New York Sun on the authority of John Bain, 'who served in the British cavalry in India.'

'I know a case in which a cobra saved a British officer's life—not intending in the least to do so, of course. The officer had gone with a detachment to a district in northern India to bring to order one of the hill tribes that had been making trouble and had killed a civil officer or two. His quarters were at the bungalow of the magistrate of the district.

'He had got things quieted down among the tribesmen, and everything safe, to all appearance, and was preparing to take life easy, when one night, sleeping at the bungalow, he heard a cobra moving about in his chamber.

'A cobra looking about for prey, or when ready to fight, rears its head and about one-third of its body straight upward from the ground, and as the bed on which the officer lay was a low one he knew that if the cobra came to it he was very likely to get bitten. At any movement he made the cobra would hiss, showing that it was in an unpleasant temper; and to make things worse, the officer's night lamp had gone out, so that he could judge of the snake's position only by sound.

'He stood the strain as long as he could and then made up his mind that he would at any rate get to a place where the snake could not reach him. A tall dressing case stood against the wall, about six feet from the head of the bed. The officer reached out to a chair, set it half way between the bed and the dressing case, and then stepped, from the bed to the chair, and from the chair to the top of the dressing-case. There he was safe from the cobra.

'As he perched on the dressing case in the dark, think how ridiculous and uncomfortable his position was, two hillmen stole in at the door, rushed to the bedside and struck fiercely with their tulwars the heap of bedclothing under which the officer had lain before they had discovered that he was not there.

'The snake set up a loud hissing, which seemed to convince the assassins that the officer could not be in the room, and they went away without seeing him, passing the dressing case not a step away.

The cobra presently crawled out of the room door they had left open, and the officer was able to get down from the dressing case and raise an alarm. The two hillmen he never caught, but he slept

with a sentinel at his door during the rest of his stay in the district.

AN ASSISTED PROPOSAL.

He Found Courage in an Emergency and Lived Happily.

Dr. A. Toomer Porter says, in his autobiography, that some of the scenes connected with the Charleston earthquake in 1886 were exceedingly funny. One, especially, led to a romantic conclusion. A certain young man had been visiting an attractive young woman for a long time, but without being able to ask her to become his wife. He could not summon the necessary courage. When the shock came they were in the parlor together. The house was on the battery facing the bay an exposed situation if anything was to be feared from the sea. It was only reasonable to expect a tidal wave with such a shock, and when the earthquake came, the young man at once rushed to the window and put out his arms. Sure enough, he plunged them in water to the shoulders. He ran back, and threw those arms about the lady.

'Come, O my darling!' he cried; 'let us die together!'

So they stood, dying together, and the water stood also; for it did not come in at the window. After a time the father and mother appeared, and found the pair in this alarmed embrace. They asked its meaning and were told, the story being illustrated by the young man's dripping arms. Then the old people had an explanation to add. Their prospective son-in-law said they, had not thrust his hands into the sea but into an aquarium outside the window. Nevertheless, he did not regret the shock, since it completed an uncertain business, and he and the lady have not died, but lived, together.

A DOCTOR'S HOMAGE.

Prescribed for his Patient South American Rheumatic Cure, and the Man's own Words for it: 'It Saved my Life.'

Wm. Erskine, Manager for Dr. R. H. Hopkins, Grand Valley, writes: 'I have a patient who has been cured by South American Rheumatic Cure. He had been trying everything on earth without the slightest relief, and had taken to his bed. Three doses relieved him, and when he had taken two bottles he was able to drive out. He immediately came to me and said this great remedy had saved his life. This remedy relieves in a few hours and is curing the world.

A Curious Hog Pen.

W. T. Harmon, living on the Days Mill turnpike near Tilton, has in use a very curious but convenient hog pen. The pen is nothing more than a huge sycamore tree, which is hollow, and furnishes sleeping quarters for at least twenty large-sized porkers. The tree has been used for its present purpose for over ten years, and during that time over 1,000 hogs have been raised in it.—Flemingsburg (Ky.) Gazette.

Three Country Ladies.

Recently three ladies came to the city to do some shopping. By noon one of them was completely tired out. Her two friends felt none the worse for all the tramping they had done. The reason was that the two had placed Foot Elm in their shoes, and it always makes the feet comfortable. It prevents chafing, and instantly relieves sweaty, swollen, tender feet. 25 cents or 5 boxes \$1, by mail. P. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at drug stores.

'Yes, sir,' remarked Derringer Dan; 'we're proud of Crimson Gulch, and we're not goin' to run any chances of leavin' it in the background.'

'Those three horse thieves you caught last week don't belong in this city, then?'

'No.'

'Aren't you going to do anything with them?'

'Course we are, just as soon as we get the census took.'—Washington Star.

Breaking in Shoes.

There is not much fun in breaking in new shoes. They make your feet ache, burn and swell. This can be easily prevented by using Foot Elm. It cures tender, sweaty feet, and makes new shoes comfortable. 25 cents, postage free. P. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, or at drug-gists.

It may be good idea to belong to a lodge; you are sure then that someone will sit up with your remains when you are dead.

The favorite punch of the modern pugilist is served in a glass.

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1847. ROGERS BROS.
Genuine AND Guaranteed
by the
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
THE LARGEST
SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS
IN THE
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