

## Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

DOTTY DIMPLE.

HER name was Gretchen, but they called her Dotty Dimple. Dotty because she was so short and plump, and Dimple on account of her dimpled, laughing face.

Dotty Dimple was a child of long ago, she lived before our grandmothers were born. She was the youngest of six children. Her home was not far from the great Thuringerwald. Her father was a German soldier, George III., who was then King of England, had hired him with many others German soldiers to fight for him. Dotty Dimple's father did not enlist of his own free will, but through the influence of the Landgrave he found himself forced to be a soldier.

Oh, it was sad for poor Fritz Rosekranz to be compelled to leave his beloved wife and little ones and go to America. Good Frau Rosekranz cried over the carving tools as she carefully put them away. She wondered if Fritz would ever use them again. She wanted to put away the unsold things that Fritz had carved, the pretty spoons and wonderful bowls, the spinning wheels, the memorial crosses, the chest of drawers and the beautiful clock out of which there walked on Christmas Day the Madonna carrying the Christ-child. But Fritz had told her to sell them, and use the money they brought for herself and the children. So she sold them and put the money away carefully for the time of need.

Dotty Dimple had been only six months old when her father went away, and now she was four years old, and still her father had not come home. As she had no remembrance of him, she could not miss him. The other children longed for their father's return. Franz, the eldest, was the man of the house. He lifted much of the burden from his mother's shoulders. He milked the cows and looked after the sheep, and helped Fritz, the next younger brother, take care of the garden and the fields and the small apple orchard. Katherine and Elsa worked in the house with their mother, and helped her look after little Carl and Dotty Dimple. The latter was no light task, for Carl was venturesome and Dotty Dimple was ever ready to follow where he led. They were not allowed to stray far away from home. You see there were many wild animals in the Thuringerwald. The mountains were full of them. Wild boars were there, so were wildcats and lynxes and great wolves. Sometimes the latter would stray away from the mountains and kill a calf or a lamb. Then there was a hue and cry, and all the men and boys of the little hamlet would unite in a battle against the wolves until the latter were all killed or driven away to the Thuringerwald.

Dotty Dimple's pet lamb was killed by a wolf one night, and for the first time her sunny face was clouded. They did not tell the child that it had been killed, for fear of grief. They said, 'It is gone.' She supposing it had strayed away, started to hunt it up. The next day Frank and Fritz were off on the wolf hunt, Frau Rosekranz and Katherine and Elsa were busy at the spinning wheels, and Carl was trying to carve a wolf out of a bit of oak. Knowing no fear, the innocent little child started off alone to find her pet lamb. She went through Frau Stiehl's cherry orchard, and from thence she emerged upon a narrow roadway. It was rough, but on each side there were wild flowers. She gathered her hands full of the prettiest ones and held them tight until they faded. Her feet were not used to long walks, but she tramped on bravely as long as she could then sat down to rest and fell asleep. When she awoke the sun was sinking. She was stiff and tired and hungry, but brave as ever.

Ich liebe dich! she said, as she struggled to her feet, still thinking of her pet (it means 'I love you'), and on she went, stumbling along in the gathering darkness. Suddenly the road ended, and she entered a forest. She realized then that she had lost her way, and sitting down on a moss covered rock, she leaned against an old tree trunk, and cried herself asleep. She had slept an hour or more when a fine looking man on horseback came along. He carried a small lantern and a pistol. By the aid of the former he saw a picture that blanched his ruddy face. A little child lay sleeping on the edge of the Thuringerwald. Glancing at her with its horrible yellow-green eyes was a huge gray wolf. In another moment there was a gleam and flash, and the horrible yellow-green eyes would never glare again. The report awakened the child, who opened her sweet blue eyes in fright.

'Liebes Kind' (dear child), the man

said, lifting the little one to his arms. Dotty Dimple sobbed as she clung to him, and could not speak at first, but as they rode away together on the big horse, she found her voice and said that she wanted to go to her Mutterchen.

'Mein Lieber (my dear), where is your mother? Tell me where you live,' he said with tender compassion.

She told him that her mother was home, but she did not know how to get there, and that Franz and Fritz were there too, and so were Katy and Elsa and little brother Carl. The listener's face grew white, his hands trembled as he thought of the child's narrow escape from a horrible death—his child's.

'And your name—what is it?' 'Dotty Dimple.'

'Mein Liebling! O mein Liebling!' holding her close and kissing her over and over.

Then he rode on rapidly, thinking how anxious the home folks would be about the little one. He found them in a great state of anxiety, but the joy he brought far outweighed the trouble and sorrow that preceded it. The old house fairly rang with the joyful welcome home. The war of the Revolution was over. After all, Fritz Rosekranz had not fought in the bloody war, he had carved his way through, making wooden bowls and spoons for the soldiers. Then too he had cared for the sick and the dying. He had become attached to America.

'We must go there,' he said, 'it is the land of the free now.'

And so they did, as soon as they could sell out. They settled near a town where there was a church and a school. Fritz Rosekranz became noted as a wonderful clockmaker. As for dear little Dotty Dimple she lived to be a great-grand mother.—Christian at Work.

### FRILLS OF FASHION.

Jewelled butterflies, butterfly wings or spangled gauze, and half wreaths of flowers with a rose and bud arranged in aigrette form are the chic hair ornaments for evening, provided that the jewelled tiara is not forthcoming. Spreading tulle or lace bows in fan shape are not considered good style.

The clinging effect so much desired in skirts is augmented by lining them with silk warp cashmere instead of taffeta, as the rustle is no longer desirable.

Panne velvet is used for waists, and in black with the usual accessories in trimming it is charming, despite the fact that it is said to wear atrociously.

Hot water bag covers of eider-down flannel with ribbon strings at the opening are one of the inexpensive but useful Christmas gifts.

The Trelawny hat is eccentric and pretty to the last degree. It juts over the face in a point, or is as round and small as a teacup. It is pinned as low down on the forehead as the force of gravitation will permit, and it has one tuft of plumes that waves audaciously from a jewelled aigrette on one side. Only a very pretty woman should dare to wear it until some modifying influence has softened its lines and added to its trimmings.

Since the weather has taken on its December chill a new veil has appeared, the laudable purpose of which is to protect the face. It is a black net with very big, close set silk dots at the bottom, growing lighter and fewer about the eyes. Another nice novelty is the white and straw-colored embroidery used for the narrow turnover neck bands. The embroidery is narrow, its edges done in small points, or scallops or squares, and a touch of white against the throat gives light, freshness and interest to every woman's face.

When the Christmas shopper purchases a set of six link buttons of gold, the inference must not be that she will necessarily use all six in her sleeves, but rather they will fasten the now highly ornamented placket hole of her cloth or satin skirt.

The jewellers have set plentiful snares for the holiday shoppers, and few are the young women who now wish to wear anything on their neck chains but a large cut crystal heart in pretty good imitation of a sapphire, amethyst, topaz, aqua marine, or turquoise. Fretted gold or silver covers the top of the heart. Besides the heart pendant all up and down the chain are fastened short sections of links, to the end of which are attached an amazing array of



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trinkets. They are made of gold, silver, steel, gun metal, platinum, and even of brass. Few of them are larger or longer than one's thumb nail, and the favorites are crabs, muskets, a beautifully modelled little baby hand, a jointed doll, an enamelled golf ball or football, a rabbit's oyster shell in gold and gun metal, with a pearl in the centre.

Calfskin boots have almost had their inning, it appears. Those made of enamelled leather have taken their place and are all the go this winter for roughing it. The boot of enamelled leather is not only a thing of beauty and style, but also joy forever, to those who have adopted it say.

'Do you know,' said one girl. 'I think the big snowstorm and the succeeding days of slush a sufficient test of the water-resisting qualities of any shoe ever made. I didn't have on a pair of rubbers once during that period. I was out every day hours at a time, and my feet didn't so much as get damp once, and all because I wore enamelled leather boots with a cushion sole. In the first place enamelled leather resists water better than other kind; it does not crack and neither does it stretch. There is an inner sole of rubber, and one of felt is added, and marvellous to tell, you have a waterproof sole, too. But the best thing of all about these shoes is that it is no trouble to clean them. A rag and a little water are all that are necessary to make them look like new, that is applied with a little elbow grease.'

These enamelled shoes are made up man-shoe fashion, and have bulldog toes, heavy soles, and a heel of comfortable height but considerable breadth. They not only protect the feet admirably, but are also quite smart.

Woman should not be tempted by the display of fancy kid gloves to be seen in many shops. They are hopelessly bad form. What woman of exquisite taste would dream of donning bright red, blue or green kids or would be caught wearing a pair of white suedes embroidered elaborately in pink or blue, or black in yellow and white. The Parisians are the best gloved women in the world, and the style of wearing suede gloves in white and delicate shades of tans, grays and browns prevails among them from year to year.

Long coats are more worn this winter than they have been in years. The long long coat can come about as near making or marring a woman's looks as any garment in her wardrobe. Unless it is of fine material, well cut and better fitted, it is about the cheapest looking of all wraps. When it has the right fit on the figure, it is simply stunning. The long coat is a luxury and not a necessity—fortunately. In the first place it is very expensive and does not look well on those of short stature and stout build. Then, two, it has it disadvantages, for unless made of very lightweight material, in which case it is hard to acquire the desired style, it is to heavy for comfort even on very cold days.

Fancy muffs are far finer than ever be-

fore. The prettiest are made of a combination of marabout feathers, chiffon and flowers, orchids being more in vogue for this purpose than any other blossom. Lace and fur are also used in combination and usually a neckpiece to match is worn with the muffs. They are pretty, but a muff of mosquito netting, unlined at that, would serve just as well so far as keeping the cold out goes.

Something new in the belt line is eternally going the rounds. The latest fad is for a crush belt of broad velvet ribbon of brilliant hue, such as burnt orange, yellow that would shame a ripe lemon, bullfight red and a blue that makes Yale blue pale before it. These belts, unfortunately, are only suited to very slender girls, because they are put around the waist in front, crossed in the back and fastened in front with a fancy buckle. Velvet has a tendency to make the waist look larger, and crossed in this way actually makes a thin girl seem plump. A specially pretty buckle noted on an orange colored belt was a large square affair made of gold, silver and copper pressed together biggledypiggledy.

Now, if a woman wants to make her husband absurdly happy on Christmas she should give him one of the new clocks without face or hands. Think of Tom or Dick or Harry not being able to see what time he gets home in the morning! What a comfort that would be! It would save a great deal of beating around the bush on his part. This recent invention is a wonder in its way. It literally tells the hour for upon being pressed to do so proclaims the time in sonorous tones. It can also be set to sound an alarm and to announce the time throughout the night, like the old-time watchman as each hour passed. They do say that fathers very undesirable prospective sons-in-law take very kindly to this feature of the clock. The clock has many favorable points undoubtedly, but there are objections to it, too. One misses the homely tick-tack and then there are no hands to show the baby as they go scurrying round. And to be nagged and shouted at by one's clock would be unendurable under some conditions. But it is a handsome thing and something new.

Fine fans are very attractive this season. Imported French fans are quite small, made of the finest of fine parchment in most cases and decorated by the finest fan painters in Paris. Flowers take the lead in their decoration, and one covered with wide-open American Beauties and buds is stunning. Even the sticks are painted. Another pretty design consists of sprays of orchids and still another of nasturtiums. These fans are all put up in handsome cases and make a Christmas present that even the richest woman would not scorn.

Many women wear low shoes throughout the winter. Doctors say that such women are wanting in common sense. At any rate, fashionable bootdealers are trying to meet the situation with very smart leather gaiters that fit snugly about the ankle and fasten with large buttons. Both tan and black are flaring favor.

Everything in the shape of a long chain is now called a Cyrano chain; and everything in the shape of a woman is now wearing one.

Wanted to run Him a Race.

A private in a volunteer regiment told a friend that the first time under fire was 'a nasty experience'—that he felt as though he was 'up against a new job that he didn't like, but knew he'd have to stick to it or lose his bread and butter.

'When our regiment was in reserve once,'

he continued, I saw a reporter legging it back from the front. He was going for all there was in him, and looked as though he had a through ticket for the rear. We found the reserve line as bad a place as the firing line, most always, so I wasn't feeling very comfortable.

'This war correspondents' life ain't what it's cracked up to be,' said he to me as he passed.

I looked after him, and then I listened to the firing and heard the bullets whizzing.

'Old man,' said I to myself, looking after the reporter again, 'if I wasn't an enlisted man, I'd—run—you—a—race.'

—New York Post.

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Resigned.

After the necessary business of the meeting had been disposed of, the chairman of a certain angling club indulged, as was his wont, in 'remiscences.' 'I had a rather curious experience in that favourite hole of mine in the river the other day,' he remarked. 'Most of you know I've tried many times to catch that big perch. Well I got him on Tuesday. He turned out to be a complete angler's outfit. Twenty-seven hooks and three bottom lines he carried about with him—relics of my many attempts on his life.'

There was silence for some minutes. Then the youngest member of the club, a mere boy, rose and addressed the chair.

'I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Chairman,' he remarked, 'if I relate a curious incident, too. It occurred in the same hole, I had been fishing about an hour when I caught a hook, to which were attached twenty-seven perch and three eels.'

More in sorrow than in anger, the chairman vacated his position. 'Come along youngster,' he said, pointing to the chair, 'this is your proper place. I resign!'

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