

Woman and Her Work

I never could understand the pleasure some women take in shopping! Of course very few of our sex will ever admit that they like to go shopping; we usually make it part of the performance to complain bitterly of the hardships we undergo during our shopping expeditions, the fatigue we endure, and the dread with which we face the certainty that we really must go out and do some shopping soon. But all the same we continue to shop with singular regularity for people who endure so much, and we can certainly boast of performing a distasteful duty with a fortitude worthy of a better cause. It is really a delightful thing to witness such self-sacrifice, if only one could see any reason for it, but then lovely woman is supposed to enjoy making a martyr of herself, and so I suppose the habit has grown upon her until it has become second nature to do those things she would prefer leaving undone just for the sake of keeping her hand in, should the occasion for real self-sacrifice ever arise.

It may be that the bargain counter which is so prominent a feature in all the larger shops now, still has power to charm her roving fancy and nerve her to still more heroic exertion in the line of self-sacrifice. For my own part, I can say with perfect truth that there is no ordeal in the world I dread as I do shopping, even a morning with the dentist pales into insignificance beside the horror of a day's shopping. For one thing, in spite of the physical suffering, one can at least take her punishment sitting down, during the dental tete-a-tete, and there is no danger of being jostled, or having one's feet walked upon, bodily pain is bad enough, but the victim can at least take it in a leisurely manner, and even derive considerable comfort from abusing the dentist between times. But there is no one to abuse for the miseries of shopping, because no one but the shopper herself is responsible.

For genuine satisfaction give me a parcel of samples by my own fireside, a congenial friend whose advice is of some practical use, and the pleasant consciousness that I have enough in my purse to make the question of a dollar or two one way or the other in the amount of the bill a matter of comparative indifference—and then I can really enjoy the pleasure of shopping to the full. There is an absolute freedom about this sort of shopping that is perfectly delightful, for one can examine and discuss aye and even change her mind a dozen times in the course of an hour without being hampered by the knowledge that she is taking up valuable time, and imposing on the good nature of the clerks. She is not hurried, and therefore can use her judgment calmly, instead of, as is often the case, making a hasty decision for fear of wasting the employes time, and probably finding, when too late that she has actually got the wrong thing after all. Finally, after the selection has been made and the things ordered there still remains the pleasure of opening the parcel when it arrives and in spite of the chastening effect of the express company's charge, that is no small consideration. Everyone loves to open a parcel addressed to herself, and the delightful uncertainty as to whether the actual goods will fulfil the expectations aroused by the sample lends a zest to shopping by mail which has in it almost as much of the element of gambling as the bargain counter itself.

Surely there must be plenty of women in the world who take this view of the shopping question otherwise the mail order department would not be as important a part of the business in the large department stores; neither would so many city women have been able to build up a good business in shopping for people who live out of town as they have done.

"John Billus, I found this photograph in the inside pocket of an old vest of yours hanging up in the closet. I'd like an explanation. Whose is it?"
 "Can't you see it's an old picture, Maria?"
 "What's the use of stirring up memories that—"
 "I want to know whose picture that is."
 "Rather a pleasant faced girl, isn't she?"
 "I want to know her name."
 "No jealousy fury in that countenance, is there?"

EVER-READY

ARE YOU OUT OF DRESS STAYS?

If so, insist on having THE SILK STITCHED "EVER-READYS"

Impervious, Thin, Light, Elastic, Durable.

STAYS

4 FOUR GENERATIONS

"BABY'S OWN SOAP"

AND ITS SALE IS STEADILY INCREASING.

Have you tried it?

The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

"Whose is it?"
 "It's a portrait of a girl I used to think a great deal of, and—"
 "Her name sir?"

"We I you sat for it yourself Maria, about nineteen years ago; but to tell the truth, I always did think the 'pleasing expression' was a little overdone. Put on your spectacles and look at it again and then compare it with the reflection in that mirror there and see—What are you getting mad about?"

Poor old photographs, what caricatures they are! How often we really do fail to recognize even our own, and how we wonder if it can be possible that we ever considered the horror on which we are gazing, "A perfect likeness" and even wondered furtively whether it was not just a little flattered. It would be a good plan to "call in" one's photographs every ten years at least, and thus avoid the mortification which was the fate of "Maria."

Of all the garments, or accessories to garments, that woman wears, I will venture to say that none give her the trouble, or cost her the same amount of mental worry as her garters. In spite of the improvements, and new inventions which seem to have been applied to all branches of trade, no one has yet succeeded in inventing any kind of a stocking supporter that can be worn with comfort. The old-fashioned round garter is a perfect instrument of torture if worn tight enough to keep stocking up, it stops the circulation makes the feet cold, and is productive of nothing but discomfort. If worn loose enough to be comfortable it is utterly useless in keeping the stockings up, and nothing could be more unsightly than a mass of wrinkles across the instep. If one flies for relief to the hose supporter which looks so alluring in the pictures which accompany the advertisements, disappointment awaits her there because of the extreme inconvenience of the arrangement. Many women like to wear their flannel skirt under their corset, and if the hose supporter is attached to the corset, of course that is impossible. Then the corset is certain to be ruined in a few weeks, for the pins which are provided to attach the supporters, tear out the strongest fabric in no time at all. Some women make a belt and attach the supporters to it thus relieving the corset of the strain, and some wear this belt over, some under the corset. The worst of this arrangement is that one is so apt to pull at her stockings and forget all about the belt until she discovers too late that her stockings are slowly but surely sliding towards the earth with that natural gravitation which seems to be one of their properties, and if she should happen to be on the street her position would be indeed pitiable. Worn under the corset the belt is very apt to be uncomfortable and besides that it is almost impossible to reach, if any adjustment is required. It is also open to the same objection as the round garter because it is tight enough to serve its purpose the wearer feels as if she were being perpetually lifted off the ground, and if it is loose enough to prevent this it allows the stocking to slip down the moment the wearer attempts to sit down.

The French women claim to have discovered a method of avoiding all these annoyances, and if really as good as they say, it seems an easy way out of the difficulty. Instead of fastening them on the outside of the corset over the hips, they attach them on the under side to the front steel, and fasten them to the stocking on the inside, instead of the outside of the leg. This method is supposed to give the

supporter free play and yet prevent it from pulling the corset into holes. Whether such a plan would be efficacious or not remains to be seen, but after all there is a good deal to be said in favor of the plan I once heard a witty woman suggest. She had tried every imaginable plan for keeping her hose in position without success and at last announced that she had adopted the good old Irish plan of turning them over in a roll at the top, with great success.

It is really and truly a fact that trains are growing to be quite familiar sights on the dresses one sees pictured in the New York fashion plates, and it is further prophesied that by next autumn we shall all be wearing them, not only in the house but on the street. The mere idea makes one's heart sink thinking of the trouble, the dirt and the expense of such a fashion but yet there is no doubt that a train will make almost any woman not absolutely deformed, look graceful, and a train is certainly lovely in the house however inconvenient it may be for the street. There is always the resource of holding it up, and to the woman who possesses a handsome silk petticoat the opportunity of showing it to such advantage should be rather a blessing. I trust the good taste and common sense which have prevailed for some years will still retain their influence sufficiently to keep trains out of the ballroom for many a day to come.

The fashion writer really has rather a hard time of it in these days, for either authorities differ to an extraordinary extent, or the fashions must change with lightning rapidity! On week the faithful chronicler of what is worn in swiftness conscientiously announces that the fashions for summer are definitely settled and everything will be worn as fluffy as possible, a literal mass of ruffles and lace—I know I made that announcement with innocent confidence only a week or two ago. And now I see it stated on unimpeachable authority that simplicity of outline is the thing to strive after if one would be quite in line with the very latest advices from Paris. Small sleeves, scant skirts, and almost close fitting bodices are in high favor at the gay capital. Three yards is the prescribed limit of fullness for the very latest skirt. One of the most popular models has a narrow front breadth, and the remaining portion is set on a yoke as if it were a flounce. This yoke is quite narrow, falling just below the hips, and the front breadth may be of another material if desired, but this is not necessary, and it is much more frequently of the same fabric as the gown and quite plain, the trimming which encircles the bottom ending at each side of the front. Of course this plain close style is only a French fashion, it has scarcely reached this side yet, and as things are now it may never do so, as our American cousins are setting their patriotic faces against everything French I hear, but all the same many people will be glad to welcome the narrow skirt back to favor.

A great deal has been said against the Spanish flounce, not on account of its origin I fancy, so much as its oddity, but all the same if you happen to have a few inches over five feet to spare in your stature, have a Spanish flounce by all means, on at least one of your summer dresses. They are stylish in the extreme and almost as graceful as a train. Of course a dress made in this fashion will not make over, but surely the mode will last long enough to enable one to wear out at least one gown of that description. I have no love for the unspeakable Spaniard myself, but all the same I know that a Spanish flounce looks well on me, and that it does not matter in the least to any Spaniard, living or dead, how I have my clothes made.

ASTRA

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 Last year's dress will readily become a stylish up-to-date green by using the well known

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 Light Green. Green. Dark Green.
 These dyes like the other colors of Magnetic dyes, give a lasting color, and leave the fabric soft, and new looking.
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A THIRTY SQUIRE.
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 Old Squire Blank was the richest and stingiest man in the town in which he lived. Nothing gave him such keen delight as to get something for nothing. One day he and several of his neighbors had been in conference with a manufacturer who contemplated establishing a mill in the town, and at its close the manufacturer stepped up to a show-case containing some cigars, and said:
 "Have a cigar, gentlemen." All of the men selected a cigar but Squire Blank. He did not smoke. Therefore he said, "Thank ye, sir, but I don't smoke; but as the beegars are a dime apiece, I'll take a dime's worth of mustard if you say so."
 Of course the astonished gentleman said so, and the Squire went home jubilant over 'a hull half-pound o' mustard that never cost a cent!"—Harper's Bazar.

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 12 Years of Irritation, Torment and Pain, Relieved and Cured with One Box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment for Skin Diseases and Piles.

A. Darnell, of Hayden, Neb., writes; "For 12 years I was tormented with itching piles, the agony at times was almost beyond bearing. I tried a dozen or more so-called pile remedies without any lasting benefit. One box of Dr. Agnew's Ointment cured me." This remedy cures eczema when all else fails.

SNAKE WITH A STINGER.
 An Indian Territory Reptile That Struck and Fought With its Tail.

J. A. Smith, who lives in the Indian Territory, is a reliable man, and people who hear him tell the following snake story believe it:
 "Saturday afternoon I saw a snake lying by the roadside and went to kill it. I wore a heavy pair of boots and thought of stamping it on the head, as I have done many a one before, but something prompted me to pursue another method, and I verily believe that this second thought saved my life. I picked up a stick and struck the snake a heavy blow on the back, wounding it so that it could only wriggle.

"It was a peculiar kind of reptile, bearing many of the marks of a rattlesnake, and, thinking it was a rattler, I looked at it to see why it did not rattle, as such snakes always do. This examination proved that the snake was not a rattler. It had a stubby tail, blunt and hard, which looked almost as much like the head of a snake as the head itself. I noticed when looking at this tail that the snake turned it upward, and what I took to be a stinger darted out quickly, lightning-like, and threatening. I at once placed a forked stick on its head to prevent any danger from that quarter, and a neighbor and myself examined it, and sure enough there was a stinger about an inch long on the tail.

"Knowing such a snake to be a curiosity, I took it to my wife at the house and intended preserving it. My wife, Mrs. Nancy Smith; Peter Maytubby, Bethel Gladden, Mrs. Thomas Lancaster, and others examined the snake and all saw the stinger clearly and plainly, watching it for a long time, and every time a stick or anything foreign would touch it the reptile would throw out its stinger menacingly. I took care of it and Sunday sent it to Denison to Dr. J. L. Jones for him to make an examination

of it and see what the stinger was like, and if deadly poison, which I believe it to be. The neighbor who brought the snake in did not understand what was wanted, and after a cursory glance at the snake the doctor told the man it was a copperhead and it was thrown out in the all y. I came in to-day to look for it, and we made a diligent search, but failed to find it. I wanted some man posted on such matters to ascertain what kind of a reptile it was, the darkies having told of killing snakes that had stingers twenty-five years ago, and I wanted to satisfy myself if there was poison in the sting as in the fangs. As to there being a stinger there is not the slightest doubt, for myself and wife and the people named above saw it, as did others."

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 Many deaths occur every year from cancer of the breast. Our method of treatment is painless, and permanent cures are effected by it. We would like to tell you about some of the marvelous cures we have made. Some of the cures are simply marvelous. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

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CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER
 6d., 1s. 1s-6d. and 1lb 5s. Tins, or
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