

Woman and Her Work

I wonder when some legislator who is yearning for distinction, will show a niche in the temple of fame by making the practice of throwing rice at weddings a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment or fine, if not a criminal offence? So much has been said and written on the subject, that it is really a wonder some decided action has not been taken long ago. I suppose like the charivari in country districts, and the unpleasant ceremony connected with the observance of Hallow Eve, it is one of the barbarisms of civilization which the law has little power to touch. But still it is a well established fact that serious injuries have frequently resulted from the senseless and vulgar custom, and that many a bride groom's purse has been considerably lightened by the oculist's and aurist's bill for services which it was rendered necessary.

I think I have referred before to the case of the bridegroom who as the result of rice throwing was obliged to spend three weeks of the honeymoon in an hospital under active treatment for an injury to his eye so severe as to require an operation, and another case is on record of a bride who suffered much agony from a grain of rice lodging in her ear that she was threatened with permanent deafness, and was only relieved after an operation. Surely when such instances as these can be brought forward of the danger attending the custom, it is time some active means were taken to put a stop to it!

Few people would be so childish as to object to having a few handfuls of rice thrown after them by their friends when they were departing on their wedding journey; but when it comes to the vulgar herd who are utterly unknown to them, actually committing assault and battery on them by pelting them with dangerous missiles, it is hard to submit quietly, and does seem very strange that the law offers no protection against it.

I knew of a case myself where a street urchin tied up a bag of rice into a tight ball about as hard and as dangerous as a piece of rock the same size would have been, and watching his opportunity flung it straight into the bride's face with all his might, just as she was stepping on the train. Fortunately her husband saw him throw it and by a quick motion caught it before it struck her. He also caught the boy I am happy to say, and the hearty shaking that imp received did one's heart good, and probably taught the boy a lesson.

Not long ago I was present at a wedding where the bride had almost as unpleasant an experience. Just as the wedding party were bidding farewell to the newly wedded couple before the train moved out, a rough looking girl forced her way to the spot where the bride stood, and flung a bagful of rice with great violence directly at the back of her head. She was so close to her victim that the blow was a very severe one, and of course the paper broke at once, sending a shower of rice down the unlucky bride's back. But of course it was merely a wedding custom and there was no redress. Now rice is one of the heaviest of grains, and as a missile there is very little to choose between it and shot. I feel quite sure that if one man should pelt another maliciously and at close quarters with shot, "the party of the second part" would have good grounds for an action at law, and if shot is recognized as a missile, why not rice? The subject is really one which calls for attention, and the sooner our law-makers turn their attention to it, the better for society at large, which often comes in for a share of the danger—and for newly married people in particular.

Women nurses are proverbially cool and collected in danger and at all times, so when one does lose her wits temporarily it is generally very funny.

A short time since Miss F., one of the

THE HEART IS THE ELECTRIC MOTOR OF THE SYSTEM.

ITS CURRENT MUST NOT STOP.

THE DR. WARD CO., Toronto. GENTLEMEN,—It gives me pleasure to endorse Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. For years I have suffered from weakness of the heart and my nerves were treacherous. I was irritable, worried, easily alarmed, and suffered greatly at times, but since taking your Blood and Nerve Pills I have felt splendid. My nerves are strong and I am free from distress and have had no trouble with my heart since using your Blood and Nerve Pills. I gladly recommend these pills to all those who suffer from any heart or nerve trouble. (Signed) MISS MAGGIE BURNS, 213 D'Arcy St., Toronto, Ont.

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smartest and best skilled nurses at Cincinnati Hospital, had a very sick man in her care, who was only kept alive by heroic doses of nitro-glycerine, and whose recovery from the terrible complication of diseases from which he suffered was considered almost miraculous by the medical fraternity. The nurse saw the dose written in her instruction book, and questioned the doctor about it, and was told to follow the dose as directed, but she had the idea of it being a deadly explosive so firmly rooted in her mind that she handled him gingerly, with a furtive look in her eye as if she was watching the fuse end of a firecracker.

One midnight, when all was sleeping, a typhoid patient in another ward arose from his bed in delirium, slammed doors, overturned tables and chairs, and crashed through a window on to the pavement below. The nurse, hearing the succession of noises, the crash of the glass, the cries of the awakened men in their cots, without taking a look or a breath, with distended eyes and hair upright, ran shrieking to the doctor's door, and pounding upon it in an agony of terror called out:

"Oh, doctor, doctor, come quick! Your nitro-glycerine has exploded himself!" It is needless to say she was more than pleased when she found he was still intact and not dismembered, while the true cause of the commotion was picked up stunned and bleeding and cared for tenderly.

An odd little story is told about Mme. Jane Hading, the French actress and her eyes in a foreign paper. It says:

"Her eyes are very remarkable; not only of the clearest and purest brown, like that of mountain brooks, or the eyes of Gwendolin—which George Eliot described as resembling 'waved-washed onyx'—but veiled with a thick fringe of black and silky lashes, most unusually and extraordinarily long. The story goes that Mme. Hading owes this marvellous length of eye to artificial means used by her parents in her childhood. It is a common custom practiced among the Turks who hold long eyes in such exalted esteem as to lengthen them by cutting the corners of the eyes. This is done very early—at the age of 2 or 3 years—the outer corner being deftly slit with a lancet about the twelfth part of an inch. While the wound is healing the lids are drawn outward every day, and when it is quite cured is still submitted to the drawing process every day for a long time, with the eventual result that it becomes long and narrow, and satisfies the taste of the 'unspeakable Turk.' The story about Mme. Hading proceeds to declare that her father had been in Turkey and had seen this practice, and determined to try it on his little girl, who was then a pretty baby of 3 years, with bright brown eyes and a mop of yellow curls. Whether the story is true or not, one thing is certain, and that is that the actress has the most beautiful eyes of any woman on the stage."

This is the time of year when most people's appetites fail them. They have not yet learned to conform their diet to real summer heat, and as a result eat this, that and the other thing that puts them slightly under the weather. A very palatable drink recommended by a well-known physician

for those with poor appetites or upset stomachs is composed of the whites of eggs and orange juice. The eggs and fruit should be placed on ice and allowed to remain until thoroughly cold. The whites should then be whipped until thoroughly broken, not until they froth, the orange juice added and beaten in a bit and the mixture set on the ice until very cold. A good proportion is the juice of two oranges to three eggs. The physician who recommends this says that there is absolutely no nutrition in the yolks of eggs and that they might as well be thrown into the garbage barrel as put into the stomach for all the strength they give one. The well-beaten white of an egg, slightly sweetened and flavored with vanilla, orange juice or rose water, is good for children with irritable stomachs.

White canvas shoes are in again. A few summers ago women wore them night, noon, and morning, and then fickle fashion set the seal of disapproval on them. They are having a warm welcome now, for the white canvass is about the most comfortable shoe known to woman. It is flexible, cool, light, always built with a pliable sole, and particularly pretty with white suits of heavy wash goods for out-of-town wear.

But it is so easily soiled, somebody objects. Of course it is. Every good thing in life must have one or more drawbacks, and the white canvas shoe has two. It is not only easily soiled, but it also makes the foot look large. But large feet are fashionable at the moment, so that doesn't count so much against it. The athletic girl is responsible for this, and many a woman who has never done a more athletic thing than walk a few blocks has cause to thank her, for she, too, excuses the size of her feet by saying:

"You know since we women have gone in so for outdoor sports our feet have increased by several sizes."

In selecting white canvas shoes one should be careful to buy only those of the very best quality. A cheap black shoe is poor enough economy, but a cheap white one is a waste of money pure and simple.

Something new in the way of gloves has made its appearance. It is a white glove loosely woven of cotton, having the appearance of open-work white duck. It looks as if it might be harsh to the touch, but is really as soft as silk, is remarkably cool, and washes like an old rag. This is a French importation. Another new glove, for golfing and cycling, has a cotton back of similar material, but in pretty shades of mixed tans and greys, and kid palms. This season's silk gloves are heavily embroidered on the back, which gives them a trifle more style, and some of them have bands of lace insertion woven in. Some women simply cannot wear kid gloves in hot weather, so they have to pocket their pride and adopt silk or lisle thread. Those who possibly can should stick to the chamois gloves or suede, for the hand was never yet made beautiful enough to look shapely and stylish in a silk glove or any other on that order.

The amount of work in the season's gowns is the most surprising feature. The stitches necessary to accomplish the infinity of tucking, shirring, frilling, and ruching are beyond estimate. One example of elaborate needlework is in a pink silk waist tucked up and down in groups of five, the groups separated by an open lace stitch. The sleeves are also tucked in groups. The belt and collar are composed of tucks, and a double frill of silk, with three tiny tucks in the edge, finishes the front.

Besides the grenadines so much worn there are gauzes of various kinds, very much liked for the transparent effects. They come in dark colors, with brocaded designs in black and white, or a lighter

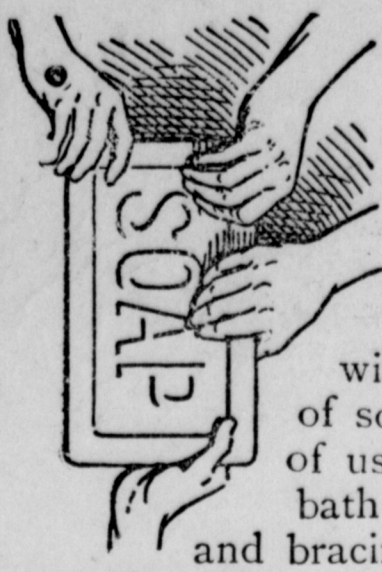
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There are many people martyrs to bowel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Houghton, Ont., sends the following letter: "For the past two or three years I have been a martyr to that dreadful disease diarrhoea. I tried every remedy I heard of and spent a good deal of money trying to get cured but all failed until I happened to read of a lady who was cured by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me."

Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me."



Soap Sharing

isn't pleasant to think of. It's slovenly and unclean. But how are you going to be sure that your soap is used only by yourself? Particular people use Pyle's Pearline. That solves the problem. They fill a salt shaker or sifter with Pearline. Then they use that instead of soap, for the toilet or the bath, with no fear of using it after anybody else. A Pearline bath is like a Turkish bath in freshening you and bracing you up.

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shade of the same color as the ground and in light tints with dark colors in the pattern. The dark grounds are effectively made up over white and trimmed with black Chantilly lace flounces. A chemist's vest and collar of white silk striped with black velvet ribbon is a pretty contrast with a dark blue gauze patterned in black and white. Spotted materials and effects are another conspicuous feature of the latest fashions. ASTRA.

BLOOMERS IN EUROPE.

What They Mean in Paris and How They are Regarded in Other Cities.

In Paris there are but two styles of bicycle dress, long, narrow skirts and bloomers. The bloomers are very numerous—one sees little clouds of them on the Bois de Boulogne, of a Sunday afternoon and in the morning and evening they trickle through all the other streets as their wearers go to or from the Bois. But never is a pair of bloomers worn by a virtuous woman, except it be an American, who sees so many and adopts the costume in ignorance of the fact that they are in reality the badges of the cocottes and demi-mondaines of the poorest, brazenest sort in the capital. In Vienna the same is true. Bloomers are few and those who wear them know that they throw away respectability with the casting off of their skirts. In Berlin—I don't know. One does not think of fashion or dress in Berlin. It's too ridiculous. It is like thinking of quiet and repose in Chicago. There are bloomer girls in Berlin, but they look like a hard-faced lot. In London there are very many pairs of bloomers—thousands worn every Saturday afternoon and Sunday, and not on other days of the week. They are, it seems to me, all worn by good women, but they are women of strong-minded tendencies and reforming aspirations. They are nearly all of the middle lower class—workwomen, radical and independent thinkers. They are so often rude and coarse and loud and noisy that the Dorking innkeeper had doubtless noticed their manners more than their trousers before he decided to refuse them the comforts of his inn.

Very many of them go through the streets in bloomers, but a greater number wear skirts in town and take them off and tie them to the handlebars of their machines as soon as they come to the green fields. They make bloomers a profession. They belong to the Rational Dress League, or to clubs whose members are pledged to popularize pantaloons displays. They divide up their neighborhoods, and either visit from house to house begging the women to wear the trousers, or they pepper whole neighborhoods with proselytizing printed matter. They promise to go out biking in their breeches with whoever will put on the same garments until the novelty wears off and until, as their circulars say, "a lady in rational dress is accorded the same respect that is shown to a lady in silks."

The ladies of London who ride bicycles all wear long skirts and bloomers underneath. Those who wear regular bicycle suits made with a saddle seat and skirt which hangs in a straight pleat on either side of the saddle are the most graceful and bird like figures in Europe. Far too many wear the usual walking dress of thin material, with high boots, no underskirts, but bloomers in their place, and on windy days these well-meaning women make such sorry spectacles of themselves as to give the bloomerettes a good chance to say that the rational dress is the more modest.

Imagine Her Feelings.

Nobody but a careful housekeeper could imagine them, but others may enjoy the story in their measure. It is related by the Washington Post, and the lady of the story has not long been married. Of course, among her wedding presents there were bits of dainty china and cut glass of every description. She is exceedingly proud of her treasures, and has a perfect jewel of a maid, who hasn't broken a single piece, not to speak of chipping it, by far the worse offence.

One afternoon not so very long the mistress came home and found the maid out. An hour or so later the domestic returned. Her arms were full of bundles, and she carried a basket. Her face was radiant.

"Oh," she said, the table was perfectly

lovely! It was just exactly the way you fix yours when you have company—candles and everything. It was just too sweet! everybody thought so."

"What are you talking about?" asked the mistress.

"Why," answered the maid, the luncheon my sister gave me today. I didn't have time to ask you, but I knew you wouldn't mind. Nothing's broken."

And unwrapping her bundles, she disclosed to her mistress's astonished eyes the very pick of all the cherished wedding china and glass, not to mention sundry pieces of silver. They had adorned the luncheon, and the table was "perfectly lovely."

He Couldn't Half Ride!

"I suppose I should try to ride that machine I should break my neck?" said a gawky-looking fellow, sitting on a box in front of the country shop, as he looked at the bicycle which a wheelman on tour had rested against the wall.

"No, you wouldn't," replied the bicyclist, winking at the bystanders. "It's the easiest thing in the world to do. Anybody can ride one of these machines."

"I want to know," exclaimed the gawky looking youth, "do you think I could stay on if I got on?"

"I know you could."

"And make her go?"

"Of course."

"You are trying to fool me."

"Don't you want to try it?"

And the tourist in knickerbockers winked slyly once more at the interested spectators.

"How do you keep from falling off the blessed thing?"

"All you have got to do is to climb on, start it going. Take it out and get on."

The gawky chap took hold of the bicycle awkwardly and trundled it out into the middle of the road.

"It isn't quite as good a one as I've got home," he said, as he mounted it and started down the road at a rattling pace, "but I can follow directions on it; I can start it and keep it going. It's only four miles to the next town; I'll be waiting for you there; good-bye."

And the smart young tourist in knickers trudged after him on foot.

Playing the Note.

Some little time back a German musician a cornet-player in a very fair London orchestra, got into trouble quite innocently and unexpectedly. "Let's have that over again," requested the conductor, surprised at hearing a note which was not in the score. The note was sounded again and again.

"What are you playing?" he asked, at last.

"I am playing vat is on ze paper," said the cornet-player. "I play vat is before me."

"Let me have a look."

The part was handed to the conductor.

"Why, you idiot," he roared, "can't you see that this is a dead fly?"

"I don't care," was the answer; "he was there, and I played him."

Dribbler—In my opinion, a man who writes an illegible hand does it because he thinks people are willing to puzzle over it. In other words, he is a chunk of conceit. Scribbler—Not always. Sometimes a man writes illegibly not because he is conceited but because he is modest. Dribbler—Modest! What about? Scribbler—About his spelling.



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