

THE LOVE OF YOUTH.

But Retrain From any Artificial 'Touching up.'

A London journal tells this Monte Carlo story:

'A woman entered the salle while a prince whom she knew was winning in a sweeping style that seemed destined to break the bank.

'I am so glad to see you here, prince, and in such luck, too,' she exclaimed. 'Do tell me a lucky number. It is sure to win, for you are in the vein.' The prince generously placed a pile of gold louis before the vivacious lady, whose beauty had successfully defied the effects of 36 winters, and said, 'Put it all on the number of your years and reap a golden harvest.' The lady reflected, hesitated and then placed the pile on 27. An instant later the croupier sang out, 'Thirty six, red, wins!' The lady muttered, 'Ah, mon Dieu; 36 is exactly my age,' and fainted on the spot.

No doubt this is offered as a dreadful warning to other women, but nevertheless, in spite of the lost fortune, I still contend that a woman may keep to herself just as long as she pleases just how many sunny summers and frosty winters have passed over her head. Now, I think the prince at Monte Carlo was very ungallant.

Fortunes are not always lost, you know, because a woman who looks ten years younger than she really is does not proclaim her age—in fact, they are more often won by—but truly, truly, I must not encourage dissembling.

That little Monte Carlo story was told, I know, by a man. No woman would have been so unkind as to refer to it, as its evident aim is to show that a woman will not tell her age even at the prospect of gaining a fortune.

It is no wonder we all love youth—men and women as well. To youth belong bright eyes, glossy hair, smooth skin, a light step and a capacity to enjoy the enjoyable things of life. Surely it is not wrong to cling to these things just as long as we may, and it is quite a natural desire to want to appear fully possessed of them when in truth they are fast slipping away. But nothing so forces the fact upon others that youth no longer lingers with us as do inappropriate dressing and an effort to play the part of unlearned and unthinking youth.

A woman of 35 used to tie on a bonnet with strings that went on under her chin, and with this style of headgear you were more often inclined to think of her as 50 instead of 35 and speak of all her pleasures in the past tense. Nowadays you may find a woman of 50 wearing a very smart little hat that is so becoming to her you guess her age, if you think of it at all, some 10 or 15 years less than it is. Fashion and custom no longer decree just what a woman shall don at a certain age, whether it is becoming to her or not. In fact, it is one of the happiest things of this day and age that everybody is as young as everybody possibly can be.

With her clothes and her manners adjusted to her age with such care that neither the one nor the other is in any way obtrusive the woman of today, be the maid or mother, is a very charming creature, and she has a right if she wishes to keep you wondering just how many are her years. You, who with the rest of us, who love and admire youth so much, will really be happier in the thought that she is still quite young than you would be did you know to a certainty that age, which robs us of so much that is delightful, was not so very far away from her. Yes, it is a lot nicer to have women about us who say they are young, Mr. Man, who tells the Monte Carlo story, than it would be did they all insist they were growing old. If you do not believe me, just reverse the

order of things for awhile. It used to be quite the vogue, you know, for women to take back seats and smile resignedly and say with a telling sigh, 'Yes, my dear, my dancing days are over.' It is not on record that husbands were any happier in those days than they are now. Indeed when I find a woman quite willing to play old and passe I feel quite sorry for her husband. Poor fellow, it is not a bit complimentary to all the efforts he has made in their wedded life to make her happy. There is such an implication in her resigned manner that she has been so much of a household drudge that she long ago gave up the effort to keep youthful in looks or alert in spirit.

This same woman says to her children upon occasion, 'Mamma is getting old.' She knows down in the bottom of her heart that she would resent the saying of this by any one else, and yet she does not seem to hesitate to insist upon the members of her family realizing the fact even before it is time that they should. Isn't it that little morbid yearning for sympathy that makes her do this?

It is not an enlivening thought to a child that a parent is growing old. Not long ago I watched a dear little maid of some 6 summers and her mother, a pretty woman of—well, here I must admit that I am puzzled about her age. She is one of those women who do not tell their ages. I have known her a number of years, but she does not look a bit older now than she did the day I first met her. The hairdresser was busy arranging the woman's glossy blond tresses. The little daughter stood by, watching the work with interest. The mother, bending closer to the glass, pulled out one little wiry white hair, and, laughing said, 'Mamma is getting old.' 'No, no, no!' the little maid cried, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. 'My mamma is not old. She never will be old.'

It took some time to quiet the child, the mother assuring her over and over again that she was just as young as could be and that she would always stay young.

Age is only beautiful when gracefully borne. When a woman's hair is silvery white and the rosy tint has left her cheeks, it is the wisest thing in the world to grant that nature knows best and to refrain from any of the artificial 'touching up' that is supposed to add beauty and baffle age. What cleanliness, exercise, fresh air and good health and cheerful spirits, together with well selected clothes, cannot do to preserve youthful looks then that is best left to kindly hand of nature for attention. —Margaret Hannis in St. Louis R-public.

WORKERS IN COLD PLACES.

Men Who Spend Their Days Where the Temperature is Near Freezing.

'Men who work every day in an almost freezing temperature are a study,' said a refrigerator expert, especially in these hot days of summer. There are very many men who work in temperatures varying from 30 to 35 degrees, and, of course, suffer a great deal after their day's labor is ended when they come out into the heat of the day. Take, for instance, the men who work in the vat rooms and the ice departments of the big breweries. Get the boss to open the big door and then peer into these big, cold, damp departments. On a hot day you will feel your lower limbs become cold as you stand on the outside when the door swings open. I would not advise you if heated, to go in.

'You will see the employee going around among the big vats and pipes, each carrying a lighted lamp or torch. They generally keep such places well darkened. The damp floor is of flagstones. The men are clad in winter underclothes, woollens, overalls and rubber boots. They go about their business and don't mind the cold because they are used to it. Should an ordinary mortal venture in there with summer apparel on he might get pneumonia in short order. When those men come out and go home on a hot summer evening of course they are distressed before they get to where they live. Many breweries have places where the men can take off their heavy clothes and boots and put on summer clothes. But even then the change from 32° to 90° is very severe for them. Still, if you examine them closely you will find that nearly all of them have rosy cheeks and they are stout and hearty. It is not the beer they drink. They work in the cold, move about, have plenty of exercise, and, of course, they drink beer at certain hours before breakfast, after breakfast and all through the day, probably twenty or thirty glasses in ten hours. As a general thing they are healthy men, but they are much distressed on hot nights because they work in almost freezing temperature for from ten to twelve hours a day, and when night comes they suffer.

'Then take the employees of the cold storage houses in all cities. The men work in a temperature as low as 30°. You see the big storage plants are divided into rooms or apartments where different articles are kept at different temperatures. For eggs the temperature is about 31°, and for butter the rooms are but slightly cooler. But these places are not damp and disagreeable like the vat rooms of

breweries. The other evening I saw an old sight. A laborer in a sugar refinery, a brewery employee and a cold-storage laborer walked home together. The brewery man, just out of a 32° temperature, was suffering from the heat. The sugar man, just out of a temperature of 150° was smiling in the cool of 90°, while the cold storage man mopped his forehead and thought the heat was burning him up.

Men in big refrigerators, who work say two or three hours at a stretch at 32°, mind it more than the men who are in a freezing temperature all day. Brewery men who work in the cold don't run so much risk in drinking cold beer as the men who work in the heat. But all brewers now instruct their employees not to gulp down cold beer, but to drink it slowly. 'They say people live longer who work in high temperatures, than those work in low temperatures do not average more than 59. The oldest people they say, live in the tropics. Yet, to look at these brewery men in the cold vat rooms you'd think they'd live to be 70 or 80.'

MIDSUMMER HEALTH.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Only Medicine That Bestows the Blessings of True Health.

Interesting Testimony from a Cured man.

If you have entered into the oppressive heat of midsummer and find yourself suffering from dyspepsia, liver and kidney troubles, pain in back and side, headache, insomnia and stomach disorders, let us urge you to give Paine's Celery Compound a fair and honest trial if you would be healthy, strong and happy. We fully realize the seriousness of your condition, and with a desire for your physical welfare we recommend Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that is now doing such a marvellous work for thousands of sufferers in our country. If your doctor is unlettered by professional etiquette, he will advise you to use the great life giver. Your friends and neighbors will be pleased to tell you what it has done for them in their time of distress and agony.

Mr. Charles Comeau, of Negus, N. B., tells of his terrible sufferings and his cure by Paine's Celery Compound as follows:

'I can conscientiously recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who may be suffering from dyspepsia and liver trouble. For years, while living in Black Brook, I suffered from a complication of troubles, and was so bad with dyspepsia that I could not touch a morsel of food. I found it difficult to sleep, and what little I did get was often broken with horrid dreams. Intense sufferings from liver complaint added to my load of agony; I also had dizziness, pains in the back, and was pale, haggard and despondent.

'I kept doctoring and dosing without deriving the slightest benefit, and finally gave up all hope of getting well. One day my daughter, who had read of a wonderful cure by Paine's Celery Compound, begged me to try one bottle of the medicine. I told her it was no use to throw away money, but she pleaded so hard that to please her I bought a bottle, and before it was used up I felt better. Encouraged so much, I continued with the medicine and improved every day.

'I am now cured, thanks to Paine's Celery Compound. You cannot wonder that I consider Paine's Celery Compound the greatest medical discovery in the world. I urge all who are suffering to try this grand medicine and test its virtues.'

Family Government.

It is not 'all in the child' by any means. With the majority of children there is a natural impulse toward that form of independence which brings the child into conflict with the parental discipline, no doubt, but it is very largely the manner in which this discipline is exercised which determines whether the parent of the child is to be the real 'master of the situation.' In one home the word of the mother, expressed with kindness but firmness, is the accepted and respected law of the child. In another few are the minutes which pass unpunctuated by reproaches, threats, scolding—in none of which has love or dignity a share. The threats fall on callous ears, for long experience has shown the child that they are 'mere words.' As is well said by a recent writer: 'Everything has been said as a matter of custom, without any intention of carrying out the threats. Instead the child has received endless sermons upon his disobedience and obstinacy. The recriminations, the reproaches, last so long that the small offender gets irritated by the everlasting scoldings, and the parents, on their side, lose what little authority they have in continual nagging and hard finding. Soon other incidents present themselves, to be followed by fresh disobedience and a still longer discourse. There is never a moment of respite for anybody. Ah, if the child does not become enraged it is because he is thinking of something quite different when one is finding fault with him.'—Good Housekeeping.

FLASHES OF FUN.

You often hear a woman say: 'It's no use talking,' but she doesn't think so, all the same.

'And you say you ate horse steak in Paris? How was it served?'
'A la cart, of course.'

'There goes a man who keeps his word.'
'He does?'

'Yes: no one else will take it.'

Mr. Hojack: 'My dear, why do you allude to those twins as sardines?'

Mrs. Hojack: 'They are children of Mr. and Mrs. Herring.'

Miles: 'Wasn't it disgraceful the way Jones snored in Church to-day?'

Siles: 'Disgraceful isn't the word for it; it woke me right up.'

She: 'Have you any poor relations?'

He: 'None that I know.'

She: 'Many rich ones?'

He: 'None that I know me.'

First Actor: 'What plan shall I adopt to fill the house at my benefit?'

Second Actor: 'Why not invite your creditors?'

The difference between a long and short yarn is very well illustrated by the difference of one's feelings in holding a skein for one's grandmother and one for one's sweetheart.

'Have you a telephone in your house?'

'No; I sometimes have to work at the office at night, and if I had a phone at home, my wife would call me up every three minutes to see if I were there.'

Stern Parent (to a young applicant for his daughter's hand): 'Young man, can you support a family?'

Young Man (meekly): 'I only wanted Sarah.'

Guest: 'Ah! Then you are a musician. What instrument do you play?'

Musician: 'The first fiddle.'

His Wife (emphatically): 'But only in the orchestra!'

Magistrate: 'What, you hear again, Slattery? This must be the twentieth time you've been up before me.'

Slattery: 'Well, yer worship, 'tis no fault of mine that you don't get promotion.'

Generous Parent: 'There is the cheque, George; but remember that a fool and his money are soon parted!'

Scapgrace: 'Not so soon, pater. I've had a lot of trouble coaxing this little bit out of you!'

Johnny: 'Pa, is there anything more valuable than diamonds?'

His Father: 'No, son; why?'

Johnny: 'Oh, I was just wondering what they gave Methuselah on his five-hundredth wedding anniversary.'

Traveller: 'Ah, Miss Society, if you want to see nature at its best, you should take a trip through the pine woods of Norway.'

Miss Society: 'Wouldn't it be grand? And I do so dote on pineapple.'

One of the cruellest remarks made by a musical auditor is reported from California. A vocalist was warbling, to her own great satisfaction, 'Oh, would I were a bird!' when a rough miner shouted out, 'Oh, would I were a gun!'

Mr. Greene: 'Funny how mothers will believe that their own children are so much better than anybody else's children.'

Mrs. Gray: 'I know it. If all children, now, were like my little Georgie, it would not be so strange.'

The Manager: 'How came you to leave your last place?'

Applicant: 'I was discharged for good behaviour! That's unusual, isn't it?'

Applicant: 'Well, you see, good conduct took nine months off my sentence.'

Miss Causique: 'So you are engaged to that Mr. Atkinson, are you? Now, tell honestly what can you see in him that distinguishes him from all other men in the world whom you have ever met?'

Miss Pansée (with unlooked-for frankness): 'He asked me to be his wife.'

Customer: 'I want to get a dog-collar; something handsome and showy.'

Dealer: 'Will this one do?'

Customer: 'No; I'd like something more expensive than that. You see, it's my wife's dog, and I'd like to get someone to steal it.'

'I am glad to say,' remarked Mr. Seekton, 'that I never spoke a hasty word to you.'

'No, Leonidas,' answered his wife, rather gently, 'I'm willing to give you credit for not hurrying about anything.'

Wife: 'The price of the clock was £2, but I got a discount, so it only cost me £1 10s.'

Husband: 'Yes, but you could have got the same thing at Beezles for £1 10s.'

Wife: 'That may be, but then Beezles wouldn't have taken off anything.'

Artist (showing picture): 'Now, my dear Gilmer, give me your candid opinion of my wood nymphs.'

Gilmer: 'Perfect, my dear boy. One would actually think they were made of wood.'

The artist is thinking this compliment over.

A story is told of a British soldier in Egypt. His colonel, observing him one morning wending his way to camp with a fine Egyptian rooster in his arms, halted him to know if he had been stealing chickens.

'No, colonel,' was the reply; 'I just saw the old fellow sitting on the wall, and I or-

dered him to crow for old England, and he wouldn't, when I confiscated him for a rebel.

Preaching one Sunday from the text 'Love one another,' the village parson told a little story of two goats that had met on the one-plank bridge which crossed a small stream where he lived. 'But did they fight and try to push each other into the water?' queried the minister. 'Oh, no! One lay down and allowed the other to step over him. There was the right spirit! My brethren,' said the preacher, leaning over the pulpit, and speaking in a gentle, persuasive tone, 'let us live like goats.'

Permanent Cure of Cancer.



MRS. GILHULA.

Some twelve years ago Mrs. Elizabeth Gilhula, wife of the postmaster of Buxton, Ont., was taken ill with an obscure stomach trouble which her physicians pronounced cancer of the stomach and informed her that her lease of life would be short.

On the advice of friends she commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters. The results that followed were little short of marvellous. Her strength and vigor returned and in a short time she was completely cured. Mrs. Gilhula is to-day in the full enjoyment of good health, and in all these years there has not been the slightest return of the trouble.

Here is the letter Mrs. Gilhula wrote at the time of her cure:

'About four years ago I was taken sick with stomach trouble and consulted several of the leading physicians here, all of whom pronounced the disease to be cancer of the stomach of an incurable nature, and told me that it was hardly to be expected that I could live long. Afterward the two doctors who were attending me gave me up to die. 'By the advice of some of my friends, who knew of the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, I was induced to try it, and I am now happy to say that after using part of the first bottle I felt so much better I was able to get up. I am thankful to state that I am completely cured of the disease by the use of B.B.B., although it had baffled the doctors for a long time. I am firmly convinced that Burdock Blood Bitters saved my life.'

Here is the letter received from her a short time ago:

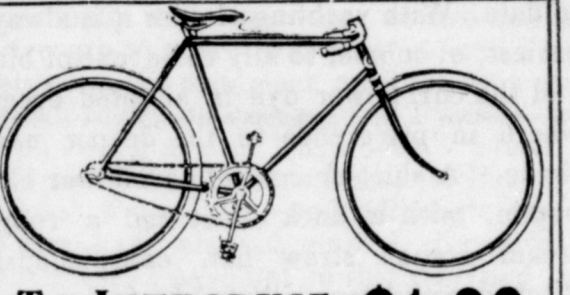
'I am still in good health. I thank Burdock Blood Bitters for saving my life twelve years ago, and highly recommend it to other sufferers from stomach troubles of any kind.'

ELIZABETH GILHULA.

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