

St. Valentine's Day.

Let us gather around our table this week and exchange a few thoughts and experiences on dear good old St. Valentine—you know he comes to us this month leaving his missives tender and true sentimental or silly—not the origin of the custom? No: there I really can't enlighten you but it is "as old as the hills"—why, I have heard my grandfather tell of it and I am sure it was no novelty in his great grandfather's time. It is great fun to be one of a large family of young people at Christmas time, at Thanksgiving, and at a good many other anniversaries, but at no time perhaps, is it so truly exciting as on St. Valentine's eve.

King-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding, don't you know just how it sounds, that crazy door-bell? Then there is a rush of many feet along the passage, a sound of merry voices and peals of laughter ringing through the house, and before we have fairly got seated or taken a long breath another tremendous peal of the bell, a rush and a scramble and a perfect Babel of talk and laughter! a stranger to the custom; might think we had all suddenly gone mad—but no: it is St. Valentine's eve! And a very pretty observance it is I think if conducted rightly. So many dainty little offerings may be made in this way. A small bunch of flowers tied with ribbon bearing a little card "with St. Valentine's love" will brighten the evening for your sick school-mate. A box of sweetmeats, with the inscription "Yours gracefully, St. Valentine" for the boy friend who has a sweet tooth (as what boy has not?) who helped you last week with those troublesome sums, you couldn't understand in class, or a really pretty card with verses expressing kindest feeling for that girl who seems to be hurt or offended with you about something and above all a trifle for the girl or boy who has few pleasures in life, and might feel slighted if overlooked. Little pen-wipers cut out of scarlet cloth in the shape of a heart, make a dainty and useful souvenir of the day, for school boys and girls. The edges of the cloth, are nicely printed, and you may either work an arrow in gold colored silk across the heart or embroider the initials of a friend to whom you shall send it—you know. "A trifle neatly sent, and a sentence kindly meant, will oft times touch a heart where gold would fail."

But ah! I fear that the good old Saints day is used for most unworthy purposes sometimes for instance—a petty spite may be expressed through a Valentine, or it may be made a means of purposely wounding the feelings of some sensitive person—not more frequently, I fear a wound is made by St. Valentine's sharp little arrow, though mere thoughtlessness, and a desire to have "fun," as in the case of Bobbie Allen, about whom I will tell you, asking my boys and girls to remember that tricks or jokes which hurt anybody are not fun at all—they are mean and cowardly. Let me describe to you.

Two Valentines.

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!" said Miss Wade's little shop-bell; and leaving her tea, Miss Abbie trotted out of the back parlor expecting to find a customer. But no: the shop was empty; looking towards the still quivering bell, she spied something white pushed in at the door-sill.

"O! a valentine," she said "sure enough this is the fourteenth" and Miss Abbie laughed softly as she saw two or three boys hurrying out of sight; surely she knew one figure—yes, it was Bobbie Allen;



GIA CORSET.

These corsets are designed to show off the figure to the best advantage without the customary evil effects. They impart to the body that delightful appearance and perfect ease so much sought after by fashionable women. The material used throughout is of the best and the construction faultless in every detail.

PRICE: \$1.00 TO \$3.50 PAIR.

She couldn't mistake the pretty grey suit she had helped his mamma to make only a week or two ago. Smiling all over her kind face, to think she had caught Bobbie in the act of remembering a lonely maiden lady. Miss Wade opened the valentine, expecting something pretty of course, however trifling; but if Bobbie Allen had seen the change that came over Miss Abbie's face, he would have felt both sorry and ashamed, for he was not a bad boy, only thoughtless sometimes of the feelings of others—a rather common fault among boys and girls, many of whom I regret to say, consider a maiden lady a good subject for all their jokes and pranks. How such a mistake ever arose I can't imagine for these very ladies are often a great comfort among children, of whom they are almost always very fond. But Bobbie's love of fun had somehow outrun his usual kindness on this fourteenth of February, as we will see by looking over Miss Wade's shoulder at the valentine. No tender nonsense, no gentlemanly wishes for her future good luck and happiness, but a picture of a hideous old spinster, before a looking-glass, daubing paint on her thin cheeks, while underneath were these unkind words—

"Paint that face before the glass
As much as e'er you will
The phiz that nature ugly made
You make more ugly still.
You cannot paint the wrinkles out
Nor put the beauty in
"Old maid" is written over all
From forehead unto chin."

A hot tear or two rolled down little Miss Wade's cheeks—she didn't often cry, but to night she was feeling very sad, and couldn't enjoy her solitary cup of tea for thinking of a dear brother for whose sake she had remained unmarried, and whom it had pleased God to remove from earth just when he became a support and protection. Yet Miss Wade's many trials did not make her cross and sour; no, indeed, and she loved all children, especially little boys, for the sake of the dear lost brother, and now she was disappointed in Bobbie Allen.

"I wouldn't have believed it!" she said to herself; "so kind and polite he seemed about the house! Dear, dear! how sorry his good mother would be! and I liked Bobbie so much! Ah me! one never can tell."

Meanwhile Tommy Hooper (rather a bad companion for Bobbie) drew him around to the parlor window saying,—

"Let's peep in, and see the old girl in a tantrum when she reads it."

Looking cautiously in, Bobbie saw the unfinished tea, the bowed head and sorrowful face, and somehow all the fun went suddenly out of St. Valentine's eve. He said he was tired and went straight home, to bed, but his pillow had a thorn in it; he couldn't rest for thinking of the unkind thing he had done, and remembering how Miss Abbie had taught him to tie a sailor's knot, helped rig his little ship, told bright merry stories while she stitched away at his clothes and best of all put an extra pocket in his new pants.

"It was a shabby thing to do" he told himself "and I wish with all my heart I hadn't hurt her feelings; but I didn't mean to."

Ah! that boy's excuse—we've all heard it! well, some weeks later, a severe type of measles broke out in the schools, and poor Mrs. Allen had her hands more than full, with Alice, Jack and Bobbie all down at once. Miss Wade was called upon, and promptly came cheerful and kind as ever; Bobbie was left to her care, and found himself in good hands; he thanked his kind nurse most gratefully when she bathed his burning face and aching head, great tears filling his eyes when he thought of that unkind valentine.

How patiently Miss Abbie watched him by night! What quaint old hymns she sang to sooth him, and what jolly stories she told while his eyes were too weak to read! Bobbie wished he could go back, to the fourteenth of February, but this is one of the troublesome things in this life we never can go back and undo; let us remember this my boys and girls and be careful! we may make amends in future—and this Bobbie resolved to do.

Years after when Miss Wade was growing old and beginning to feel feeble at times Bobbie Allen returned from Edinburgh a young M. D. settling in his native town, he soon found that his old friend lived in the same place, though not in the same comfort; and one night—yes, the fourteenth of February, would you believe it, he stole around to the back window and peeped in, just as he had done when a boy; but ah! the cosy parlour was changed

into a bare-looking room, and poor Miss Wade sat shivering over a handful of fire, drinking a cup of weak tea, without milk she couldn't afford to buy; for the little shop had not flourished of late years and when Mrs. Allen moved away she lost her best friend.

"I'll send her another valentine" said the big boy at the window. "You shall have a dollar Miss Abbie, for every song you sang me through that measles scrape. "And dashing away to his office, the young doctor enclosed a generous bill in an envelope addressed to "Miss Abbie Wade, from an old friend" and didn't that old shop-bell quiver with excitement when calling Miss Abbie on a such pleasant errand! It is only a pity Dr. Rob couldn't have seen her face, when she opened this second valentine and heard her hearty "God bless the giver." However he heard the story of her surprise and gratitude many times afterwards, when he had given her a happy home as housekeeper, never to know want and utter loneliness. But take care boys, how you hurt anybody's feelings. We can't always make amends. AUNT BELL.

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Trifles in neck decoration, cravats, and bows of all sorts and kinds have assumed an importance in numbers, to say the least. Judging by the vast area of neckwear displayed in the shops it would seem that every woman in America was supposed to wear some sort of cravat. There are neck bands of white panne and satin, corded and tucked, completed with a chiffon or lace bow, and neck bands of colored panne and white satin combined, the panne forming the upper half of the collar, pointing up behind the ears, and with no bows at all. Lace ties of point d'Alencon, frilled and gathered, are attached to satin bands, and the sailor knot is more popular than the large bow. Sailor ties of soft satin, edged with silk fringe, are very stylish, and still more dainty are the lace ties, with silk fringe on the ends. The feature of all the transparent knots is to have the edges made distinctive by some finish, like a tiny ruching of chiffon, or frilled ribbon, or lace. A plain silk shirt waist can be quite dressed up by a collar of corded white satin, with a corded box plait decorated with crystal buttons attached to the front. Plain white or black satin stocks, with folded inch-wide ends beginning at the upper edge in the back and carried down in front, where they cross, are very useful for morning wear, using a pretty round brooch for a fastening.

Crystal lockets incrustated with small diamonds, gold purses outlined with a fringe of pearls, enamelled pins and pendants in the form of weird dragons and serpents and buttonhole watches of gun metal are among the novelties in Parisian jewelry shops.

Tucks have held their own as a means of decoration, and will be revived with a flourish on our new summer gowns.

Material for blouses that will wash, put up in proper lengths in a box like robe dresses, is one of the novelties. White and tinted muslins tucked in groups alternated with lace insertion all ready to make up are a very pretty variety.

Netted fringes have come around again with the regularity of all things in fashion which repeats themselves. They are used for sash ends for mantles and gowns, and particularly pretty are the netted insertions set in above the hem of a cashmere overdress, either one or two rows, as you fancy, and fully two inches wide. It is a very simple matter to learn to net, so these fashionable trimmings can be easily made by amateurs in the fringe business.

Brocaded gowns, pointed bodices, powder, rouge and three-cornered hats—in

Children should always increase in weight. Not to grow, not to increase in flesh, belongs to old age.

Present and future health demands that this increase in weight should be steady and never failing.

To delicate children, Scott's Emulsion brings richer blood and firmer flesh. Better color comes to the cheeks and stronger muscles to the limbs. The gain in weight is substantial; it comes to stay.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Like a Duck's Back

—unwettable, is that soft, pliable porous, cool, stylish woollen Dress Goods—Cravenette.

Nothing in its appearance indicates its water-shedding, mud-resisting nature.

Tis entirely odorless. Is not a rubber cloth. Suitable for any weather—wet or dry.

Two weights—light and medium.
Six colors—Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor and Black.

Sold at all dealers.

ASK TO SEE IT.

Cravenette

The Rain-proof Dress Goods.

fact all the fashions of the time of Louis XV.—are prophesied for the near future. The hats are here already, and the close-fitting pointed bodice is promised for the coming summer.

Oriental designs and colors appear in all silk and silk and wool.

Military cycling gowns are one of the fancies in Paris. The skirt and coat are of a dark blue cloth, trimmed with narrow gold braid. The jacket has a piping and facing of red, and the whole is crowned by a dashing military cap.

Some of the latest bodice models are finished at the waist with a cord or a tiny line of jet, which looks as if the days of the belt were numbered.

Chenille, bayadere stripes, dots and broken lines are introduced on silk and thin fabrics very effectively. The striped are in plain neutral colors, or verigated with several bright colors in a sort of hit-or-miss design.

The difficulty in making an old gown into a fashionable one is chiefly in the length of the skirt, and one way to overcome this is to add a deep yoke of velvet, silk or lace over silk, whichever is most suitable for the material.

A dainty novelty in muff is made of chiffon lined with sable, which forms a band at either end.

A dead calm seems to have settled down on the sea of fashion, interrupted by nothing save airy rumors and vague speculations of things to come. One distinguishing feature of the season which promises to have an extended stay is the eelskin skirt, fitting the hips more closely than ever before. This is certainly an era in dress when delicate slender lines of figure counts for much if you care to represent the essential qualities of fashion. Dressmakers have been tried beyond precedent with exacting petitions from customers to give an appearance of slenderness where none existed, and they cannot hope for any relief during the coming season. They are requested not only to make the avoirdupois of the customer disappear mysteriously at will, but also to round out the figure in perfect proportion. Surely the paths of the modern dressmaker are not strewn with roses.

Foreign fashion budgets tell us that padded hips are the vogue in Paris, where the ideal beauty in figure, just at the moment, is one with very broad hips quite out of proportion to the size of the waist. The pads are daintily covered with silk, and either attached to the corsets or the skirt lining. Evening gowns are already made as tight as possible about the hips and continue to add length in proportion to the diminishing width at the top. These clinging skirts may prove a blessing later when the warm weather comes, as the tendency is to wear less and less underneath them, so that the wearer may have every chance for a slender, fragile appearance. Surely the woman with a perfect figure has more reasons for gratitude than ever before.

The latest polonaise is magnified into a double skirt which reaches almost to the hem of the skirt, but it fits so closely above the knee and falls so gracefully into the folds of the skirt underneath that it does not take away from the height or add to the appearance of size. For the perfect figure and the skilled dressmaker the genuine Princess gown is in great demand, especially in the dressy materials, which is an interesting item of fashion, as American women are rarely ready to adopt a mode until after its first success has been fully established in Paris. The new glossy crepes de chine, satins and velvets are cut into Princess form and so are the diaphanous materials lined with silk. A Princess evening gown of satin in the pretty pinkish tinge of a seashell is one of the new models, and is made to open narrowly down the front over a tablier of plaited white mousseline de soie lined in stripes with silver paillettes. A ruche of mousseline lines the entire skirt around the edge, and an embroidery of applique pink, velvet and lace, with sequins, adorns the

front of the bodice and decorates either side.

Crepe de chine in any of the pale shades made with a tunic overdress, edged with a ruching of lace or mousseline de soie, makes a charming evening gown, which can be utilized as a dinner dress by adding the lace guimpe and sleeves. The skirt for this sort of dress has a wide circular flounce finished, like the tunic, with a ruche.

Tunics and polonaises promise to be a feature of modes in muslin gowns for the coming season, some of the advance models being variously shaped at the bottom of the overdress in scallops or deep points trimmed with lace. A long overdress laid in box plait all around, closely stitched in from the waist to the knee, where the fullness flares over a wide plaited flounce, is one of the new models in foulard silk, and still another in dimity is very prettily made with groups of fine small tucks in vertical lines five or six inches apart all around the upper part of the skirt. The lower part is a deep, partially circular flounce, the tucked part having the appearance of an overdress falling over this in deep points, edged with wide lace insertion. The bodice is tucked and trimmed with the lace arranged in a pointed yoke.

The new muslins show many floral designs. Dresden patterns and dainty rosebuds scattered over the surface. Roses in all sizes and colors, with pink in the lead, blossom out in great profusion on the new wash materials, which have a fresh beauty this season in the glossy finish which gives them the appearance of silk. Linens and ducks are to be very much worn white being trimmed with a pointed or scalloped applique design of colored linen stitched in, the white lapping over the edges.

Pale blue and cream silk muslins prettily dotted with full-blown pink roses will make the daintiest kind of summer dresses, and many of the cotton muslins, quite as pretty in effect, have dots and spots of black mixed in with the flowered pattern. Striped muslins, with cords in the stripes, and white batistes with colored stripes are all very pretty, especially the latter, which are more like the old pineapple cloth than anything else. A new fabric is a motelasse in fine checks, and then there are all the old-time shot and plaid, ginghams and embroidered Swiss muslins in new designs.

SIX WEEKS IN PAIN DUNGEON.

A Confirmed Invalid From Acute Rheumatism—South American Rheumatic Cure Gives Him His Liberty.

Geo. England, of Chatham, N. B., is a carpenter and ship-builder by trade. Through exposure to all kinds of weather he contracted a most acute form of rheumatism. His joints swelled and stiffened, and he was laid up in his bed for six weeks. After doctors had failed to relieve him he tried South American Rheumatic Cure, and to use his own words: "In 24 hours after I had commenced taking the remedy the pain all left me, the swelling subsided and to-day I am a cured man."

Don't Cough.

There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. Constant coughing is like scratching a wound so long as it is done the wound will not heal. When tempted to cough draw a long breath and hold it until it warms and soothes every air cell, and some benefit will soon be received from this process. The nitrogen which is thus refined acts on the mucous membrane, allays the desire to cough and gives the throat and lungs a chance to heal.

Rug and Mat Makers

Color Their Rags and Yarns With Diamond Dyes,

I have made several very handsome Rugs and Mats for the house that I am very proud of. The rags and pieces of cloth and flannel used in my Rugs and Mats were all dyed with your wonderful Diamond Dyes. The colors are rich and brilliant, and I find they are unfading. Diamond Dyes are the best I ever used.
MRS. L. F. BOYNTON,
Winnipeg, Man.