

Chat of the Boudoir.

The winter girl will be a radiant picture this season in her velvet gown, her swirling plume-laden picture hat, her rich turt and her big granny muff. Whatever else she may economize on, she will not omit fur as a part of her wardrobe, for not for many seasons has fur been given as prominent a part in the drama of fashion. It is decidedly the vogue, and fur of all kinds will be used and in ways undreamed of in the years that are gone.

In some old-fashioned households and for the use of the aged feather bed retains its old-time supremacy, but in the majority of homes the hair mattress has taken the place of feathers. Good hair mattresses are expensive, and the American housewife can learn from her French sister how to keep these mattresses in good condition.

Once a year—in midsummer—the mattress is renewed. The hair is taken out and carefully picked and put in new casings. The art tickings, as they are called, and which come in all the delicate tints and combinations, make durable and handsome coverings and have quite superseded the familiar awning strips variety.

You hear fashionable women talking familiarly about taking a "rest cure," for the throat during the coming winter. It is easy to misinterpret the phrase. This is not a case of loss of voice or any bronchial distress whatever. It simply means that the victim of fashion has ruined the contour of a soft white throat by too prolonged indulgence in stock collars, which are not only too high and entirely too stiff to be hygienic, but very much too tight. In an effort to have a "slender throat" our girls and their mothers have worn collar bands hooked up to the point of suffocation. Slips of whalebone, or leather bone, or "coraline" stay the high neck-band and give further discomfort to it.

A lady's complaint of "feeling faint" the other day, was met by her husband's demand "to unlock that foolish collar," which compressed her throat into ridges and actually hindered free circulation.

The remedy is to have your house dresses made with an open neck, and to let the throat have a chance to regain its smoothness by fresh air treatment. An afternoon dress intended for evenings at home can have the throat cut surplice, and faced with a little lace.

The oldest dressmaker's bill was found in the ruins of a temple of the city of Nipur, and cannot be less than 3700 years old. It contains the names of 92 vestments given to the temple by the king of Babylonia.

Boer women's education does not include a great variety of subjects. As a rule the wife can read the Dutch Bible, repeat the Heidelberg Catechism and a few hymns and psalms. She brings up her children to assist in the household duties and the daughters are entirely under her care. They learn to sew and make their own clothes. Naturally these are not remarkable for fit or style. They wear shoes of untanned leather made from the hides of the animals killed for food, and they do not wear stockings.

The household duties are very primitive. The house consists of a cottage of unbewn stones plastered with mud and a thatched roof. The floor is simply the earth tramped hard. There are no schools in the outlying districts, and when the Boer farmer is in a position to afford a teacher for his children the wife is often very particular as to the information imparted. To tell the children that the world is round or that the countries on the other side of the equator have opposite seasons is not permitted, for these facts are not found in the Bible.

A recent debutant's dance took the form of an Indian cotillon. Partners were chosen by means of colored pictures of Indian chiefs and princesses. Beneath each pair, the Indian and his princess, was written a tribal name, as the Apaches, Senecas, Iroquois, Seminoles and more. The man who drew a Mohawk chief paired off with the girl to whom the Mohawk princess had fallen, and so on.

The favors were genuine Indian trinkets, gathered for the purpose in a summer trip through Canada and the north-west, and included bows and arrows, moccasins, canoes of many styles, baskets innumerable and varied, toboggans, shovels, snow shoes, lacrosse sticks, paddles, pipes, and the rest of the list of Indian belongings. The ices were served as tomahawks, canoes

and pipes, and the decorations of the table carried out still further the Indian scheme.

Faults of Gushing Girls

Don't gush, girls. That is it you care anything about a sensible man's opinion of you. It's one of the greatest faults of womankind, and not only is heard from sweet 16, but the woman of 40 is apt to allow herself to lapse into extravagant phrases. It is insincere, silly and purposeless. What is the reason for it?

If a woman who has poured forth volumes of gush on a man could hear his remarks afterward she would never be guilty of the offense again. He is disgusted; says she made him "feel foolish," and he takes care not to get in her way again.

Just stop for minute and imagine how a man must feel when a young woman says: "Don't you think that book is too cute for anything?" or when she says: "I adore bon-bons, don't you?"

What is the poor fellow going to say? If he were talking to a man he would say: "Oh, drop that." But with a young woman companion he must acquiesce in her gushing.

Sometimes she gushes about him, and says: "I should think your work would be terribly hard. Do you really like it? You must be awfully bright. I'm sure I never could do it?"

After a few remarks of this sort the man feels like a clown or has an almost uncontrollable desire to be rude and answer in like extravagant conversation.

The women do not confine this hysterical mode of expression to conversation with men, but they gush over one another.

They say a friend "looks too sweet for anything" in such a gown, or that another friend is "simply horrible."

Picture any one being "simply horrible." I have heard a woman in the prime of life say that an acquaintance was a "perfectly sweet little woman."

However, it is masculine society that brings out these expressions in all their ripeness, and the young women never seem to think that they are making themselves ridiculous and losing favor where they would gain it. They pile it on, until the meat of the remark is lost in a mound of adjectives and adverbs.

It might be rather rough treatment, but it certainly would have a very good result; a man would brave a girl's wrath once in a while and say: "Oh, quit that and talk sense, won't you?" for she certainly would never be guilty again of gushing in that man's society.

However, a better plan would be for women to carefully think over what they have said, and they will realize how silly they have been. A few quiet times of thinking it over ought certainly to put an end to this disagreeable practice.

For Storm Wear.

The fashionable storm coat is the box raglan, and it is worn alike by men and women, for the mackintosh is quite out of date. Some ladies prefer the silk circular garment, with the quaint finish of little tiers of capes, but the waterproof quality of any silk is more or less a myth, and for real wear the cloth coat of this popular cut is all the fashion. It is medium weight and, therefore, is not a burden, so it worn for protection at any time by both women and men, and the latter prefer it in the light tans to wear with their dress suits, and, of course, the girls think it is very smart to wear a raglan over their evening gowns.

The stuff of which the real storm coat is made is a cloth which has been treated medically in order to render it waterproof, and the popular colors are Oxfords and tans, with preference for the dark gray cloth for hard wear. Automobile red has a show in every sort of a garment for women this season, and it is handsome in the large coats, but for storm wear the dull colors are more the thing.

The box front and back of the woman's raglan generally hang from a yoke, there are box sleeves, finished with cuffs, and there may be a self collar or one of velvet. Even the little children have their storm wraps of this pattern, in brown, garnet or blue. But the raglan differs a good deal in weight, since it may be desirable to have this as an all-the-year round garment, and in that case a lighter one is worn for winter over an outing jacket, but the ulster style of a garment is coming into fashion this winter, and a rough Scotch cloth is made in this long style, and oh wood protection against the winter storm and blast! It is cut on a good generous pattern, which gives the wearer full credit for all her proportions, but it is no end comfortable.

The man's storm coat, too, is in the heavier warm clothes, but for the season so far the coverts and whipcoats are preferred, and there is increasing popularity for the Oxford gray, even the hats taking the tone.

The storm hats of both men and women are soft felt, and for women's wear the

popular as well as the stylish thing is the camel hair felt, with stitched brim and soft corded crown which goes by an outlandish name invented by the English makers. The only trimming is a soft silk scarf, knotted at the side, and a pompadour of coque's feather may be added, though the imported hats are quite flat. Dark colors seem to prevail, and the black felt is taking the place of the light gray. Dark gray is newer, and that and the black may be trimmed with the scarf of 'auto' red, or Harvard crimson, as the wearer may choose to style it. There is a brown color also in fashion in the soft hat and that has a darker shade of heavy corded silk on a plain trimming of panne velvet laid in fold.

Silk Petticoats.

Black and red, that Mephistophelean combination are the popular colors of the silk petticoat for street wear, even though the red be ever so slight; a piping, a tiny niche, or best of all, a facing to the scallops of the wide flounce.

The fashion of the petticoat this year is to have two ruffles, and sometimes three, in order to give the desired flare, and these ruffles are generally of even width, though they are still to be found with increased width at the back.

The finish is frequently the hemstitch, and a new feature is to have the tucked piece for the bottom, and a tiny pinked niche, sometimes two of them, makes the finish of the ruffles, especially the wide accordion plaiting. This has not gone by, but there is also among the new ones a flounce set in tucks and finished with a smaller ruffle, which is tucked, and with all the finest petticoats there is the scalloped edge, which is finished with piping and stitching and spreads out over a smaller ruffle underneath.

For the foundation skirts to be worn with the thin cloth gowns, the colored silk is trimmed with ruffles of black point d'esprit, and all sorts of black trimmings are in vogue, lace frills, applique, and on a petticoat of a corn yellow, which is also a favorite, there is hand embroidery in black above the wide frill.

The pretty little plaid silk skirts are a novelty for girls' street wear, but the quaintest of all are the satin "golf petticoats" which are short for field wear, and just as bright as they can be in the golf colors. The plaid-faced cloth which was in fashion for the golf suit is now out of date, and the merry glint of red or green satin which shows now and then under the dark cloth is fetching indeed.

SIBERIA'S GREAT WEALTH.

Its Vast Resources When Developed Will Surprise the World.

The world has now to deal with a new factor. Ten years ago the name 'Siberia' called up a picture of wastes of snow and ice, boundless steppes and coast white with icebergs. To-day the same Siberia is a land filled with thriving villages and peasant farmers, producing grain and various vegetables. That great compeller of civilization, the railway, has broken down the bars between the world and Siberia.

Besides its countless resources of the soil, besides its rivers filled with valuable fish, and its forests inhabited by fur-bearing animals, Siberia is beginning to show to the world its resources of gold, iron, copper, manganese quick-silver, platinum and coal, the yearly output of which is but a feeble index of what it will be when the deposits are developed.

In the past three years several American mining engineers have traversed various parts of Siberia and Central Asia. The testimony of these gentlemen is corroborated by that of other foreign engineers who have visited the country—that the lack of exploitation of such evident mineral wealth "as is found here is unparalleled in other parts of the civilized world. Of these resources gold is by far the most important, as it is, curiously enough, the least developed. Taking the product of the Russian empire approximately at \$25,000,000 in gold per year, it seems comparatively insignificant. It places Russia fifth among the gold producers and is but little more than the present annual gold output of Colorado.

That Tight Feeling.

In the upper portion of your lungs, is incipient bronchitis. You will proceed next to having inflamed lungs and pneumonia may follow. Adamson's Botanical Cough Balsam will give immediate relief. It has never failed and will not in your case. All Druggists, 25c.

The Shadow.

"What profession does your friend follow?"
"That of the light-fingered gentry."
"You don't mean it?"
"Yes; he's a detective."

Joan Died With Her Feet Warm.

There lives at Lynn, Mass., a noted lawyer who is extremely fond of a joke, and who is noted over all New England for his repartee. He recently fell extreme-

ly ill, and during his sickness his friend, the doctor, tried vainly to cheer him. The lawyer was satisfied that his time had come, while the physician was positive that he would recover.

"I know I am going to die," said the lawyer.

"Nonsense!" said the physician, feeling the patient's hands and feet. "Did you ever know of a person who was near death whose extremities were as warm as yours?"

"Yes," said the sick man, as a pale smile came over his face.

"Who, pray?" asked the surprised doctor.

"Joan of Arc," replied the dying lawyer, whose ruling passion was strong even in death.

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IS THE PURE RED BLOOD THAT COURSES THROUGH THE BODY.

If the Blood is Impure and Tainted, Disease Holds sway.

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The majority of intelligent people know that rich, pure and highly vitalized blood alone can give health and build up the tissues that have been worn out. New and fresh blood carries all the materials for restoring wasted and worn-out parts of the body, and gives to the brain other materials for making nerve matter.

Paine's Celery Compound cleanses and purifies the blood and furnishes appropriate food for every part of the system. It increases the appetite, perfects digestion, gives nervous energy and increased strength.

If your blood is impure, if the skin has spots and eruptions, if you have an unhealthy pallor or yellow appearance, and if the eyes are showing yellowish whites, you should use Paine's Celery Compound without delay to cleanse the blood and regulate the liver and kidneys of the stain that is brought upon them whenever impure blood pours through their substance.

Mr. M. D. Arthur, Clemsford, Ont., writes as follows:

"I was laid up with scars all over my face and neck, the result of blood poisoning. While in that condition, I could not sleep at night, had no appetite, and could not attend to my work. The doctors in my district and their medicines did not benefit me. My aunt advised me to use Paine's Celery Compound. In two weeks I was so much better that I could go out, and in three weeks I was able to work again. I bless the day I commenced with Paine's Celery Compound."

MEN AND MONKEYS.

Which Existed First?—Men, According to a New Theory.

Sensitive persons who object to being confronted with their poor relations may find comfort in the theory advanced by Professor Klastsch of Heidelberg University, and summarized today by our Berlin correspondent, says the London Standard. We are no longer bound to believe that man is descended from apes. The mystery of evolution has been cleared up, the search for the missing link is rendered futile by the learned doctor's discovery of the proper significance of a muscle in the upper part of the thigh. The short strand, as one part of this is called, is attached to the fibula, and is fitted with a special nerve. After several years of investigation, Herr Klastsch has convinced himself that this "short strand" is a rudimentary form of a muscle common to a considerable number of mammals, such as marsupials, carnivores and many rodents. In fact, it is very frequently present; but only anthropoid apes and prehensile-tailed American monkeys possess it in the same modified condition as man. Some climbing creatures indeed have entirely lost it, such as the lemurs of the old world. That indicates that the muscle cannot be serviceable for life on trees, its modification being the result of disuse when the progressive creature began to walk upright. Thus it is an inheritance, common indeed to man and apes, but derived from some remote mammalian ancestor. So far from proving the ape to be father of the man, it suggests the contrary view. Both can claim a common ancestry in some long extinct mammalian form, but that is all. Though the servants may be right in inferring, from the fragmental remains of the Javan Pithecanthropus, that it was either the most man-like of apes or the most ape-like of men, the creature does not supply the missing link in a pedigree beginning in a simian and ending in home sapiens.

The professor also tells us that the ex-

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isting apes are for the most part degenerate forms. Are we, then, to reverse the line of pedigree, and declare that an old-time self-indulgent race of men have degenerated into apes, as little Tom was taught, according to the "Water Babies"? But to check any human conceit which he may seem to have encouraged. Herr Klastsch informs us that it is quite wrong to consider man, as a mammal, the most perfectly developed in every way. That is not true of his teeth and limbs; only in the matter of brain is the facile princeps. Well, it is a relief to get this admitted, and as for the others organs we concede much to animals which have to get their living by cracking nuts or gnawing bones; we do not profess to leap like tigers, run like deer, or climb like gibbons. In all these we grant the advantage to the savage and are aware that an edentulous or nearly toothless being is to be the ultimate result of civilization. But, we suggest, is not the professor building up a very large superstructure on a rather small base? His argument, though it comes to a different conclusion, reminds us of the famous controversy in which Huxley and Owen once figured, as to whether the ape did or did not possess a small structure called a hippocampus in its brain, for on that depended whether or not the ape was the "lost brother" of man. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the professor has proved more than the most thoroughgoing evolutionist is ready to grant. The latter does not assert, so far as we know, that man is descended from a gorilla, or a chimpanzee, or an orang-outang. He holds rather that, as something happens in the great social scale, one branch of a family has greatly risen, while all the others have remained children of Gibbon. Charles Darwin stated this quite clearly in "The Descent of Man," and it is still generally accepted. As an evolutionist he admitted a kinship between all mammals, since their pedigrees had a common origin. Sometimes the parting had been remote, sometimes more recent. The platyrrhine and catarrhine monkeys are cousins of a distant degree, while man is nearer one of the latter, but nothing like a cousin-german. In fact to evolutionist, it would seem strange for ancestors to be flourishing side by side with their offspring for nature works very slowly and will not be hurried over the origin of a species.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of Deafness and Noises in the Head by Dr. Nicholson Artificial Ear Drums, has sent £1,000 to the Institute, so that deaf people unable to procure Ear Drums may have them free. Apply to The Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.

Bagley—I heard a funny story about a man and a mule; didn't tell you, did I?
Ragley—Only once.

Tess—so Maud's married. They say her husband's a very clever man.

Jess—Clever? He's a regular genius. He has made every one of Maud's people like him from the start.

"I tell you said the village wit during a serious discussion of life to the circle of worthies in the grocery store. 'I tell you, a man is just what he eats. Now, you take a man who—'

'Say, Bill,' interrupted Mr. Medderrass, 'where do you buy all your chestnuts?'

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