

**Chat of the Boudoir.**

FRILLS OF FASHION.

The gorgeous army of boss and fancy neckwear is beyond all precedent this season, varying in every sort of manner which is possible to chiffon, chenille, lace and fur. The one point in their make-up which seems to be imperative is that they must be very large and full, with rather long ends. Some of the new boas are made of marabout feathers with long chenille ends, others are all of chenille made full with short loops and longer loops for the ends. Feathers and chiffon are very prettily combined, the chiffon being plaited into full rosettes around the neck and filled into long spiral sort of ends; sometimes the ends are gathered into gold tags, again they are accordian plaited and caught a little way above the hem with a rosette or a white rose. Of course these fancy affairs in light colors are for evening wear, but there are no end of dressy things in black, made up in a variety of combinations.

The craze for small buttons as a mode of trimming extends even to the collar band, where a row of small gold buttons with a little space between is sewn around on a narrow black velvet band at the upper edge. Six dozen buttons are not unusual on one gown, and almost every gown has a few buttons somewhere on the bodice.

The woman who has cameo and various other old-time brooches in her possession is in luck this season, for they are in great demand for the centres of black bows on fur and lace colarettes, and the cameo brooches make very pretty belt buckles set in silver and gold.

Everything in jewelry, except bracelets and earrings, seems to be the fashion, and long gold chains set with jewels are very much worn. Small bits of enameled gold set in at intervals the entire length form one variety, which is set forth as new; but jewels are more attractive, and it is not necessary that they should be all of one kind in one chain. Young girls delight in a chain which is hung with small charms given to them from time to time by their friends.

Veloutine makes very stylish street gowns trimmed with fur, and in the pale colors dotted with black it is very much used for waists.

Brown cloth gowns trimmed with heavy black silk braid are considered very smart.

Hosiery to match the dress is the latest fad, and as if this were not enough it must be inset with little motifs of lace like the trimming on the costume.

White gardenias are very popular for hat trimming, perhaps more so than the roses, yet nothing in the way of artificial flowers can be much more beautiful than the rose production of this season. Roses of gold gauze are also very much used and with good effect on the cream lace hats so much worn.

A novel bolero is made of mink, with collar and revers of old lace. It is short enough to show a wide draped belt of black lace over white chiffon fastened with long scarf ends of lace and plaited chiffon fringed with fur tails.

Hats are certainly very artistic this season, and really wonderful in variety. The combinations of fur and lace are charming, and all fur toques, with one large gold gauze rose for a finish, are simply fascinating. A mink crown and a creamy point d'esprit brim with a narrow line of fur in its folds form one very pretty toque. The effect of lightness in hats seems to be more seriously considered than it has been for some time, and the result is a decided improvement in the poise of the hats on the head, and adds to their becoming features. Picture hats are made of fur with rosettes of brown tulle, where the brim turns up at the side, and brightened by an enameled buckle in blue or green.

Cloth with a knit finish is very much used in the neutral colors, for street gowns. It has a soft velvety surface and all the clinging qualities which fashion requires.

Silk petticoats are being supplanted to a great extent by the wash skirts of dainty white lawn trimmed elaborately with lace and embroidery.

Medallions of velvet, embroidered in gold and variously distributed on a costume are one of the favored modes of de-

coration. Medallions of plaited mousseline and fine lace are also much employed and sometimes framed in irregular lines, which add very much to the effect.

Old fashioned collarettes of Honiton and Duchesse lace are revived again, and the woman who has one or more of these stowed away in her treasure box is to be congratulated.

**HOW TO WALK.**

Toes Should not be Turned Out—Girls Should Not be Taught to "March."

On analysis all methods of walking will be found to correspond to three main types. The first of these is the flexion or bent-knee gait, which is used by all uncivilized, sandalled, or moccasined nations, and also by all persons who are obliged to walk long distances in the shortest possible time over uneven ground. This gait has recently been officially adopted in some European armies on account of its convenience for prolonged marching. In this mode of walking the body always leans forward to a considerable degree, the knees are always held slightly flexed, and the whole sole of the foot comes down to the ground at the same instant. This oblique position of the body, this elasticity of the bent knees and this perfect play of the arch of the foot make propulsion easier, the expenditure of energy becomes less in consequence, and the endurance of the walker is enhanced in proportion. Yet, this flexion gait is not graceful, and not adapted for women except on long walking tours.

The second type of walking is the straight leg gait of the soldier on parade. In this walk the body is held erect, the forward foot is fully extended and strikes the ground with the heel first, the ball of the foot coming down next, the other foot swinging in perfect cadence in front of the first, and the heel again striking the ground first, &c. There is no question that this gait, however admirable it may be from a military point of view, does not conform to the standard of womanly grace. For this reason, and in compliance with the principles that abhors all jerky motion, I would discourage the teaching of marching in girls' schools and colleges. As a rule, the result is very ungraceful, the lines of thumping, shoulder-shrugging girls walking at a swinging cadence to the stirring strains of martial music being anything but edifying.

The third type of the gait of the pedestrian of the well graded surfaces of our city streets. The great toes should move in parallel line, pointing directly forward; for while the outward pointing of the toes is normal in the passive standing attitude is not normal when the foot is in action. The walk with toes pointing out has been thoroughly inculcated into most of us by nursery maids, governesses and dancing masters, and is the most potent factor in the causation of flat foot. The foot should be placed on the ground with the ball of the foot, not the heel, first in order to give full play to the arch. The knees should be very slightly bent, just enough to lift the foot from the ground as the limb swings forward. The spine must be mobile, so as to compensate by a slight rotation, for lateral motion of the pelvis at each step. The length of the steps must be regulated according to the length of the pendulums represented by the lower limbs. The arms must swing slightly with each step, the movements being greatest at the extremity of the limb and almost imperceptible at the shoulder.

**HOW TO LIVE UNTIL NINETY.**

Physical Exercise Not Good for a Person Who is Tired.

Ten days to three weeks' solitary confinement, spent chiefly in bed, is the latest English prescription for tired or ailing men and women. Well ones also are advised that such a penance faithfully performed once a year would solve the whole problem of health and longevity.

This is one of the applications of the principal secret of long life which a large number of prominent English medical men are preaching to all their patients. The theory, condensed into a phrase, is 'conservation of energy.' It is combined with two older and more familiar precepts—moderation and system. One of the Queen's physicians has just written a popular article on the subject which is attracting a great deal of attention, because in his application of his principles he combats some ideas which have long ruled the professional and lay mind. To begin with, he asks, What is life? That is a question, he admits, which you cannot answer, but you know one thing it inevitably leads to, and that is death, and in a general way you know what brings about death, and that is the expenditure in some way of the last remaining ounce of energy.

It is when he condemns the unnecessary waste of energy by exercise that this eminent physician surprises us. The man who works hard with his head all day and then

takes a long walk for the sake of exercise makes a terrible mistake, according to this authority.

Mental energy and bodily energy, he declares, 'come to the same thing at the finish. Having freely drawn from the stock of one you must not then tap the other with the idea that it is beneficial, for it is not. They have a common source.'

He cites Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who takes no physical exercise whatever, as the most conspicuous example of the soundness of his theory.

With regard to moderation, the writer's most emphatic warning is that everybody eats too much. Eat what you like, he says, but stop considerably short of fully satisfying the appetite. The stomach has far too much work to do. Give it less and now and again let it have an absolute rest.

'Practice moderation in smoking and drinking. There is no need whatever for total abstinence, for there is nothing in the habits which is the least inconsistent with nonagenarianism. The man who drinks a quart of beer a day must not expect a great length of days. He may never be in the least intoxicated and may believe that he experiences no ill effects whatever from consuming so much alcoholic liquid, but it is too much. Give a stricter meaning to the word moderation, and drink accordingly.'

The writer uses 'beer' in the English sense, meaning ale. Lager beer, although consumed in larger quantities every year has not become an English national drink. Finally he says:

'As far as is practicable, live throughout your life on the same system. Let it be a good one to begin with, and then adhere to it unaltered. A great mistake is made in supposing that a man at 40 requires this, and at 50 he requires that. Faddism is bad. Regularity is sound principle; but it should be regularity from year to year, and not merely from day to day.'

These, he declares, are the secrets of long life, and he adds, 'there are no others.'

**A LESSON ON LAMPS.**

Good Advice Given by an Expert on an Important Subject.

'Never blow down the chimney, to extinguish a lamp!

'Blow across the top.

'Never turn your lamp down after it has been burning at full blaze. Extinguish it instead of going off and leaving it at half blaze.'

These warnings are the utterance of R. F. Means, inspector of petroleum products, Boston, and one of the most learned chemists in the country in his particular line.

A representative of this paper called on Mr. Means and asked his opinion concerning the Warrenton St. accident, in which Mrs. Julia McIntire was fatally burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, at her home on Warrenton st., Roxbury.

'From the account of the accident,' said Mr. Means, 'I should conjecture that the cause was blowing down the lamp chimney.'

'When this woman blew down the lamp chimney, she probably supplied enough air to form a combination with the gases in the chimney, which gases had been set free by imperfect combustion, and the explosion naturally resulted.'

'When you turn a lamp down, which has been for some time at full blaze, you begin to smell, in a very few minutes, the gases set free by the imperfect combustion.'

'If you wish to have a lamp burn slowly, and at half blaze, you should turn the wick only to half blaze when you first light it; or, having had it burning at full blaze, you must extinguish it completely, and allow it to cool before relighting.'

Lamp explosions are most frequently caused by the gases set free during imperfect combustion, or from foul lamps.

'The hydro carbon gases set free from petroleum are more dangerous than gunpowder, because gunpowder stays where it is put, unless fire is brought to it, but the petroleum gases go seeking mischief as soon as set free.'

'You don't think, then that this explosion was caused by a poor quality of oil?'

'There are few accidents which can be attributed to that cause in these days, when the refinement oil has reached such an advanced point, in science.'

'While I would by no means say that explosions, never occur now as a result of poor oil, I would say that the far more likely cause is imperfect combustion.'

'Perhaps, in this case you mention, the burner was defective. I have seen a burner in which there was a vacant space at one side, the wick not extending clear across. Of course, a considerable amount of gas would collect there.'

'An imperfect burner on a signal lantern once caused an accident on the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. It was a switch light, and

the question was whether it was burning or not. The engineer said it was not. The testimony showed that it had been lighted.'

'On experimenting with the lantern for a week or two I found that it would not stay lighted, but would extinguish itself without any draught of air or such contributory cause.'

'The whole trouble lay in a slight defect in the burner, caused by a blow it must have received at some time.'

'This blow had deflected the cone sufficiently to one side to prevent complete combustion. The gas collected, and its presence could be detected by little puffs. Eventually a puff would come big enough to put the light out.'

'The reason why so many lamps look greasy is because they have been filled to full. Capillary attraction is never better illustrated than in the way oil climbs up the wick of a lamp and then exudes over the sides of the lamp itself.'

'Some people, in their amazement, are inclined to believe that the lamp leaks or is porous and the oil comes through the sides.'

'But the whole trouble is caused by filling the lamp too full.'

'There should be always some air space left in the interior of the lamp to give room for the expansion of the oil.'

**WINDOW CLEANING.**

Some Views on the Dangers of a Peculiarly Modern Occupation.

'I suppose,' said a shopkeeper, as the window cleaner who had been washing his windows shouldered his ladders, picked up his bucket and walked away, that the accident insurance people would tell us that the causes of death by accident are almost numberless, they are so various, that there is one cause that is certainly peculiarly modern, that has been added within recent years, and that is, by tall while cleaning windows. Cleaning windows, as it is done now, is a trade, with men constantly employed at it, as in any other occupation men who are daily and constantly climbing around on the outside of buildings, standing on window sills high in the air, washing windows for a living, as a blacksmith shoes horses, or, for instance, as a sailor follows the sea. Every now and then we read of some window cleaner falling from such and such a building, to be killed or injured in this or that manner and the only wonder to me is that there are not more such accidents. And, really, washing windows itself, as a trade, just going around all day, and after that day, washing windows for a living, in houses and stores and banks and tall buildings and all that sort of thing, seems to me, simple as it is, one of the most curious of the many odd occupations.'

'But I was saying I wondered that more window cleaners didn't fall from the front of buildings; it's a great wonder to me that more of them don't fall through windows they are cleaning on the street level. Take my place here, for example. It's cheaper and more convenient in every way for me to have my windows cleaned than it is to clean them myself; the cleaner does it better and quicker than I could, and once a week at a fixed hour he comes and polishes off the windows, and then goes on to the next place on his route. Now, you saw him just now, when he had his ladder up against the corner of the window, with that padded hollowed out block at the top of it, against the corner bar. And no doubt you've seen window cleaners a thousand times standing on a ladder that is jointed in the middle, working at the front of a window with that narrow top part of the ladder against the building or the casing over the window.'

'It is a constant wonder to me that that ladder doesn't slip off the corner bar when the cleaner's got it there, as he leans one way and the other out over the glasses; and it's a greater wonder to me that the ladder doesn't break in two in the middle, or the foot of it slide out on the sidewalk, when he's in front of the glass, and drop him and the ladder through it. Of course cleaning windows is his business and he knows how to handle the ladders and himself; but all the same I wonder how he escapes as he does. Maybe there have been just such accidents and I have never happened to hear of them, but I don't want to see one myself. I am always glad when the man gets through with my windows and picks up the ladders and bucket and goes on to the next place.'

**Downing the Monster Dyspepsia.**

'I am inclined to be a little dyspeptic,' said one of a party of gentlemen who had just taken seats in the restaurant, 'and I used to be very careful about my diet; but since moving to my present place, down the river, I have had all my preconceived ideas in that regard knocked higher than a kite.'

'There is a big canning factory on the Gulf coast, not far from my plantation, he continued, 'and among other things they

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put up immense quantities of shrimp. All the light work is done by young women, and their favorite lunch consists of shrimp and buttermilk.'

'Shrimp and buttermilk! What a murderous combination!' exclaimed one of the party, shuddering.

'That's what I thought myself, at first,' said the gentleman from down the river. 'It seemed like Sudden Death, but it isn't. On the contrary, the girls are all the personification of health. I never saw such rosy cheeks, bright eyes and dimpled arms! Why, the packing room is a regular bower of beauty! And they eat a great deal, too. A quart of shrimp and half a gallon of buttermilk is considered a mere snack.'

'But that wasn't the only thing that shook my faith in dieting rules,' the planter went on. 'The luggermen down there are the hardiest fellows in the world. They have muscles like gnarled oak, and they don't know the meaning of sickness or fatigue. During the season they generally work until late at night; then they come in and eat a tremendous supper and go directly to bed. The supper consists of fat bacon, fried; cold corn bread sopped in the grease, and black-jack molasses. They seldom eat fish or oysters, because they get tired of them. To top off with, each man drinks from two to four big tin cups of coffee, strong enough to float cannon balls. Then they lie down and sleep the sleep of happy, peaceful infants. In the morning they get up with the flush of health on their cheeks and devour more fat bacon.'

'Good Lord!' said a sallow man at the other side of the table.

'That's prejudice talking,' retorted the planter; 'those excellent people have discovered the secret of long life, which is to eat what you please. Ignore dyspepsia and it grovels before you. Waiter, please bring me some pickled pigs' feet and strawberry ice cream.'

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**Socrates Tripped.**

'No one,' gravely announced Socrates, 'can arrest the flight of time.'

'No?' quizzingly interrupted a bystander. 'I thought anybody could stop a minute.' And even the disciples of the great philosopher were forced to smile behind their togas.

'Scribbum, the novelist, is writing a story of life in Indiana for an eastern house, so a few days ago he went down there to mingle with the people in their rural simplicity and get local color.'

'Oh.'

'Well, we got it all right. They suspected when they found out that the was from Chicago that he wanted to dispose of a gold brick, so they tarred and feathered him.'

They were talking about the hereafter, and when it was suggested that the next world might be similar to this, the young woman whose husband is a travelling man ejaculated:—

'Well, I hope the next world won't be like this. It wouldn't be much of a heaven to have your husband on the road all the time.'

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