

Of Interest to Women

Christmas Day again! and it is such a short time since last Christmas Day. Every year it seems a shorter time, and most likely, on Christmas Day, you sit down and think it all over, what Christmas has brought you, and what it means to you.

Christmas is such a beautiful thing in the ideal. There never was a story in any tongue that was as beautiful as the story of the Christ child. You remember when you were a child and you hung, with breathless interest, on the story of the poor, little baby in the manger, and then, how wonderful it seemed when all the wise men took such beautiful presents to him, and then most wonderful of all, when the angels came down and sang, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

It dazzled you with its beauty and wonder, and Christmas meant so much to you—it was truly the "Birthday of the King," and you wanted to give everyone things, just because you were glad and happy, and it was Christmas. And now possibly you've forgotten the all about the Christ child and the manger, and the angels, and Christmas just means a time of financial stringency, and the awful burden of Christmas presents, and yet, if you believe all your Christmas teaching, every day should be Christmas Day, a time of generosity and charity and love. If you give presents on Christmas, and unkind words and looks every other day in the year, you will be like the people who go to church on Sunday, then go down town and cheat their neighbors all the rest of the week.

Why give just the material gifts, the things that can be bought with a price? There's many a one who would give all the money and presents in the world for a caress or some little expression of the love that should go with it. After all, it is not the present, but the love and the thoughtfulness that prompt it and should go with it.

The people who give because "she always gives me something nice and I simply have to," are really committing a sin, for they are acting a lie, and belittling themselves in their own minds. Why not be honest about it, have the courage of your feelings, and refuse to bestow a gift for the sake of duty. Nobody in the world wants a present that is given grudgingly, and I believe that the spirit with which you give, breathes itself into the gift and emanates from it.

In the Christian way of thinking, it is a beautiful thing that once a year, one may have the privilege of giving love for one's friends. Why not carry the Christmas spirit into your daily life. Don't you know that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that the more you give, the more you will have?

It is lovely to receive nice presents from your friends, but it isn't half the joy that it gives you to save up for a month in order to give your friend just what she has been longing for for ages, but never expected to have. It sends such a lovely little glow over you to hear her thanks and to know that she really is glad and pleased.

It is worth while to have that feeling of joy every day in the year. The woman who spends her money on beautiful clothes has the satisfaction of seeing herself in the mirror; the woman who spends her money on her house has the joy of furnishing it, but even the most beautiful furniture loses interest after a while; the woman who puts her money in the bank knows she is safe from poverty, but you don't get much heart warmth out of clothes, or furniture, or bank-books, and a much surer investment is that of love and friendship.

The woman whose mind is running over with thoughtfulness and consideration and kindness all the year round; who is nice to the cook, and kind to everybody, is the woman whose heart is full of joy and content. No matter what pain or sorrow she has suffered, she has the joy of knowing that she has brought light to tired eyes, a smile to lips unused to smiling, new courage to a heart worried. Every day is Christmas Day to her.

Don't do your shopping with the feeling that it is a bore, and the Christmas crowds are tiresome, and the shopping weather is depressing, but let the Christmas spirit sink into your heart. After all, you know, none of us have so very long to stay in this place of tears and laughter. Who knows where we will be this time next year? So let us live this Christmas, just as well and happily, and as generously, if one may coin a word, as you can.

And, you mothers, even if it is hard to get enough things to fill the little stockings, and hard to keep up the Santa Claus story, you ought to go down on your knees beside the little cot and thank the good Lord that you have children to worry over.

How hard some of us try to be cynical and blasé! Surely if there is one thing that the whole world is agreed upon it is that Christmas is the time of "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." Yet only yesterday, I picked up a well-known paper, in which some disgruntled individual had groaned and sneered at Christmas and the Christmas spirit for two columns and a half.

He pretends to be a married man with children, but I don't believe he is; he daren't go home and face them after such rank heresy. Suppose this old world does go mad for a few days every year, it is a very dear old madness, and why in the world, can't it be left alone? It is so seldom nowadays that we can get away from the bustle

and noise and hurry of the world even for a day.

I am not one who believes for a moment in expensive present-buying by those who cannot afford it, or the turning of the jolly Christmas season into a period of hard labor for all the family, but I do believe in Christmas with all my heart. One of my greatest regrets is that some small boy, with very much the same spirit as my fiercest of last week's newspaper, pricked my golden bubble of Santa Claus at school one day.

Even yet, though, I think I do believe in Santa Claus, not the jolly, old chap, who comes down the chimney, perhaps, but the spirit that makes you give a beggar a quarter instead of a copper, and makes you forgive the street car conductor who carries you three blocks past your corner.

It is so fatally easy to be cynical! Nothing is so easy as to laugh at the beliefs of other people. Of course, it is also very time to be logical and reasonable and "grown up" in every respect, but in the name of all our childhood fun, let us be children at this season of the year: foolish perhaps, I grant you, but for all that, very, very happy children—just for Christmas.

Next to Santa's visit in the morning, is the dinner-table at noon. So many of us have family gatherings. Those who have been away all during the year come back for Christmas, and the joy of reunion mingles with all the other joys. Every mother and every housewife wants to have the Christmas table look particularly attractive, and I heard the other day of two very pretty ideas for Christmas dinners.

One woman hit upon the plan of having her table all in pure white. For the centerpiece she had an immense snowball, made of white paper and in the "curly" she hid tiny gifts to form a grab-bag for the guests. The china was in white, and the table and chamber were almost hidden under silver tinsel. Cabbage salad was made into snowballs, and at each place she had a tiny white stocking, tied with mistletoe.

Of course, one can enlarge on all sorts of innovations, and introduce all sorts of innovations.

Another idea for a late dinner is to have it all in red, bright, warm red. A big red bell is hung from the chandelier. Holly and red candles make good decorations, and a tiny Christmas tree with absurd little 5-cent presents hung to it, makes a good centerpiece.

After all, there is more to a dinner than just the food and the eating of it, and a feast to the eyes is worth as much as the satisfying of the appetite.

Lastly, a very merry Christmas to all The Advertiser readers. Heaps of joy and jollity, and don't eat too much plum pudding.

Ham

Is the Kind Husband a Failure?

Within a year there have been several suits for divorce brought by wives who have complained that their only reason for wishing release from the bonds of matrimony was that their husbands were too kind, permitting them to do their own way at all times and seeking to gratify and not to deny or defy their whims and caprices. The most recent case was reported a few days ago from St. Louis, where a bride of three months returned to the home of her parents. That a man could be too kind to his better half has been regarded by some persons as a new idea, but it is not.

The views of many of these women were expressed by one of the characters in Capt. Murray's "Midshipman Easy," published in 1886. Don Rehebra says:

"My mother had but to speak and every wish was granted; a refusal was unknown. You may say, What could she want more? I reply that anything to a woman is preferable to indifference. The immediate consent to every wish took away, in her opinion, all merit in the grant. The value of everything only relative and in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining it. The immediate assent to every opinion was tantamount to insult; it implied that he did not choose to argue with her."

"It is true that women like to have their own way, but they like at the same time to have difficulties to surmount and to conquer. Otherwise their degree of oscillation and motion are requisite to keep fresh and clear the lake of matrimony, the waters of which otherwise soon stagnate and become foul, and without some contrary currents of opinion between a married couple such stagnation must take place."

There seems to be a good deal to say in favor of the strenuous as against the shrille and placid married life.

WHILE MORE prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and influenza are not infrequently brought on in any season. At the first signs of debility use Bickel's Anti-Contagium Syrup. It is a powerful and experienced, and use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

One of the floor guns has found a resting-place. It is to be placed in the Belfast Museum.

I was cured of acute bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

J. M. CAMPBELL.

Bay of Islands.

I was cured of facial neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

WM. DANIELS.

Springhill, N. S.

I was cured of chronic rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

GEO. TINGLEY.

Albert County, N. B.

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The Beautiful Princess of Pless.

The Princess of Pless is the most beautiful woman in England. Here are her good points as they were enumerated for a club of women banded together to study beauty:

Her neck is long and exquisitely arched.

The skin is a pure pale cream, neither white nor yellow, but a cream of milk.

Her expression is remarkably sweet, always pleasant, never scowling.

Her teeth are the perfection of beauty, and she shows them without appearing to do so. Her red lips are always slightly parted.

She is graceful and has a singularly pretty way of turning her head.

The above are the best points in a woman who will be known in history as the loveliest woman of her day.

Long years from now it will be told that the Princess of Pless, daughter of Mrs. Cornwallis West, was a famous beauty of the court in the beginning of the twentieth century.

It is impossible that so lovely a woman could be without certain beauty flaws and certain beauty rules. Her prettiness, while perfectly natural—all her own, as they say—is nevertheless of the finished type. Her complexion is always perfect, her hands are exquisite, her skin is velvet, and there is a certain perfection which at once strikes the eye.

NOT A HAPHAZARD BEAUTY. Here is not the haphazard beauty, but the beauty of the grande dame! It was said of Mrs. Langtry when she first came up to London from the Isle of Jersey that she was a natural beauty.

"She is handsome," said the Prince of Wales, on seeing her for the first time, "but she will not be much of a beauty when she is married."

And she was. Mrs. Langtry, with her long, cool, her Paris gowns, her perfect manner, and her wonderful poise, which she afterward acquired, was a much more bewitching personage than Mrs. Langtry the plain and simple girl.

And so it was the Princess of Pless.

Walking in the rain is a good thing. Have a rainy day suit and when the rain is falling get out and walk. It is the English woman's greatest beauty specific. Walking in the rain is good for the complexion and good for the character.

On a rainy day get the feet wet. Don't be afraid, but be sure to take off your wet shoes. They are the nice little shoes, wet feet never injured anyone.

The princess is noted for her beauty.

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But whatever your particular fancy may be, having made your choice, you must abide by it, at any rate for the day, which, in this fickle age, is quite a long time.

Everything about you, your toilet gown, your hat, your handkerchiefs, even your lap dog, must be perfumed accordingly. Indeed, if you want to display your complete subservience to fashion's quackery, you will hang a locket containing the selected perfume on your chain. The only consolation you have is that tomorrow you will change your policy, and shed a delicate perfume of, say, attar of roses, around you.

With this fashion may seem rather irksome. Many women like to change their scent with their fancies, but they must take heart of grace to the thought that things might be much worse, and probably will be some day.

Consistency has at least one merit—it is easy. For instance, you decide that tomorrow shall be a "Shamrock" day, there is, at any rate, the satisfaction of having only one perfume to think about at a time.

Even when it is known by a peculiar scent just as the countess was in "Diplomacy," though it was thoughtless of her to leave such a distinct proof of her finger having been in a stolen dispatch.

Queen Victoria favored lavender water, almost the only celebrated scent in which England is pre-eminent. Now, days it is unfashionable, and we draw all our most fragrant essences from Italy, the south of France, and even from the East.

Again, has all a Spaniard's love for strong perfumes, her favorites being lemon, verbena and sandalwood.

Princess Christiana succumbed to the fascination of "Shamrock," and likewise Madame Rejane and Madame Calve; yet Madame Sarah Bernhardt clung persistently to her beloved Violette de Parme.

The Empress of Russia is said to spend \$10,000 a year, on perfumes. Her favorite is rose water, which she has sent to her exclusively from the French capital. Violet is her majesty's favorite scent, but her favorite perfume is so catholic and general that every day she vaporizes the royal apartments with the concentrated essences of lilac, jasmine, narcissus, jonquil, tuberose and white violets.

When joyous, a woman's license is not to be endured; when in terror, she is a plague—Aeschylus.

If woman did turn man out of paradise, she has done her best ever since to make it up to him—Sheldon.

Men always say more evil of a woman than there really is; and there is always more than is known—Mezear.

Lovers have in their language an infinite number of words in which each syllable is a caress—Rochefort.

A heart which has been domesticated by matrimony and maternity is as tranquil as a tame bullfinch—Holmes.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart; one is loved, the other a treasure—Napoleon.

How wisely it is constituted that tender and gentle women shall be our earliest guides, instilling their own spirits—Channing.

It is generally a feminine error that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the "dear deceit" of beauty—George Eliot.

To educate a man is to form an individual who leaves nothing behind him; to educate a woman is to form future generations—Laboulaye.

It is not easy to be a widow. One must resume all the modesty of girlhood without being allowed even to feign ignorance—Mme. de Girardin.

Beloved darlings, who cover over and shadow many malicious purposes with a counterfeit passion of dissimulation and uneasiness—Sir Walter Raleigh.

What is it that renders friendship between women so lukewarm and of so short duration? It is the interests of love and the jealousy of conquest—Rousseau.

To give you nothing and to make you expect everything; to dawdle on the threshold of love while the doors are closed—this is all the science of a coquette—T. Bernard.

Women have a perpetual envy of our virtues; they are less vicious than we, not from choice, but because we restrict them; they are the slaves of order and fashion—Johnson.

I am a strenuous advocate for liberty and property; but when these rights are invaded by a woman's money, I am neither able to defend my money nor my freedom—Junius.

Women speak easily of platonic love; but while they appear to esteem it highly, there is not a single ribbon of their toilet that does not drive platonism from their hearts—Ricard.

Replying to some strictures passed upon the English husband by an American woman in the New York Sun, an English woman replies in that journal as follows:

To the Editor of the Sun: You have given an American woman's view of the English husband at home. Let me give my experience of the English husband as I have known him.

I hardly think the English wife of a member of Parliament is quite such a slave as the one she met. I have never heard of a woman who carried her charms to wipe her husband's boots, nor have I known a woman in public to brush her husband's trousers, whatever she may do in private. One might often help one's husband on with his coat and that sort of thing, as one does not need to do for fear the person one loves, without necessarily lessening one's dignity. I should hardly think that the wife of a member of Parliament would have found it necessary to carry her husband's coat from the train to the boat, providing she could not afford to keep a maid.

The railway porters usually carry one's luggage.

Surely this lady cannot have met many English gentlemen, especially those who are married to American wives. I remember being at the theater one night in London, sitting next to the Duchess of Marlborough, who, with her husband and Mr. Winston Churchill, when the performance was finished I could not help admiring the manner in which the Duke of Marlborough arranged and fastened his wife's cloak; and the smile she gave him in return belied the American woman's assertions of servility on the part of the British matron to her husband. I have seen many instances of the courtesy of an English husband toward his wife. Of course, we have some black sheep; but it is hardly fair to class a nation by the faults of a few.

This American woman tells of an army man who takes his wife fishing and leaves her in the wet and cold without the slightest consideration. Now, trout fishing in England and Scotland is from May until August; and our climate is so erratic and the rain in summer so soft that we English women do not mind fishing in the rain, especially as the fish bite better when it rains, and we rarely talk to each other, as it is not wise to stand too long in the rain. There is a hotel near we have lunch sent out to us, but if we do not take sandwiches with us and procure a cup of tea from a farmhouse, we are obliged to wait for a fisherman in England and many in Scotland and Ireland, but have never gone out late as late as 4.30 o'clock. We always leave very early in the morning to fish.

Of the English boys, she says that they are differently educated from girls and that they are not to be so self-seeking. The reason of the difference of education in England is that it is only within the last ten or fifteen years that English women have become self-supporting, with the exception of the domestic servants and factory girls; consequently women did not need the help of their husbands, and with many intermarriages of late years, we are learning fast to make ourselves more assertive on the same plan as our

American cousins, who as a matter of fact, are spoiled.

Has your correspondent been to any of our public schools on Sports Day or Cricket Day and noticed how deferentially a boy behaves toward his mother and sisters and how proud of showing them off to his school fellows he is? Should one enter into conversation with a boy, how respectfully he will speak of his parents. I can hardly believe it possible that the majority of boys treat their parents so rudely as the boy of whom your correspondent writes, or that they are so selfish. If there are such boys I am glad I have not met them.

She goes on to tell of having met the family of a general, of which the wife had been left a widow with one son and three daughters. The daughters, she says, were poorly and shabbily dressed, and their underclothes were coarse.

This must be an isolated case, for in England pretty undergarments are a poor purse could afford to buy. Moreover, most girls are taught needlework in their curriculum, so would naturally be able to make their clothes presentable.

The English aristocracy is kept up by the estate being left to the oldest son, whereas if the property were divided, a single portion would not be enough to keep it up and consequently in a few years there would be aristocracy in name only.

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THE PROFESSIONAL BUYER

The buying agent is an evolution of the professional shopper. A few years ago both callings were comparatively unknown, but now there are a great number of women who make comfortable incomes out of the business of buying for others.

It might be supposed that women were too fond of shopping to intrust the task to others, but there are many women whose social duties do not give them the necessary time for a tour of the shops when the season demands new clothing and there are others who dislike the shopping tour intensely.

The professional shopper as a rule purchases for women in the city suburbs, but the buying