

## Woman's Interest

### Heads Down.

Bedrooms have now been invaded by the rampant reformer. The orthodox fashion in making up the beds so as to gently slope towards the feet, and having a good-sized pillow or two under the head is all wrong. A prominent French doctor, M. Wilhelm Fischer, is responsible for this statement. He asserts that after a long series of experiments he has proved conclusively that to sleep in a bed prepared in the old-fashioned way is simply to induce ailments of all kinds. He advocates a complete reversal of things. You must have your head on a level with or lower than your feet. If pillows are to be used they must be under your feet instead of under your head. The result, he claims, will be a, as well as a preventive for the nightmare. Dr. Fischer says further that sleep in this position "will always be intellectual, because more profound, the entire nervous system ameliorated, while people inclined to lung and kidney trouble will be vastly benefited by sleeping in this position." To prevent any inconvenience by too sudden a change, the pillows should be gradually reduced and finally placed under the feet. The fact remains, however, that the elevation of the legs after a long walk is the surest relief for fatigue, and the higher the better.

### About Training Children.

All children differ in temperament; some are amenable to kind words, while nothing but the rod will have any effect upon others. Children who must be ruled by the rod are the exception. The majority of children will yield to kindness. To begin with, children must not always be punished for everything they do wrong. This world is new to them, and they have everything to learn. Never punish a child for a first offense. Watch carefully for an opportunity to correct him, but unless the offense is very bad do not reprove or correct him in the presence of strangers or friends. You must make up your mind to shut your eyes to half the mischievous things he does, but be on the alert to catch him in the act of actual wrongdoing.

For a first offense you must be all gentleness and very patient. Try to impress upon him that what he has done is very wrong and has displeased you. Talk kindly and firmly, and in as simple words as possible go over it two or three times and make the child thoroughly understand how much you feel hurt that he should have done wrong. Be sure you explain why it is wrong.

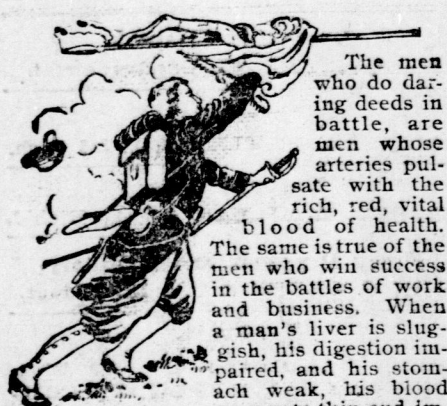
### For Five O'Clock Tea.

Tea punch continues to be the favorite beverage at 5 o'clock tea. To compound it allow one tablespoonful of any strong tea to a quart of boiling water. Pour the water on the tea and allow it to stand until cold. Strain. Meantime add to a pint of sugar the juice of three oranges, the pulp and juice of one shredded pineapple, and allow all to stand until the sugar is dissolved. When ready to serve, add the tea to the fruit juice and pulp, with a quart of Apollinaris water, and a box of fresh berries or thinly sliced peaches. Pour over a block of ice in the punch bowl.

The genuine "Russian" tea is not tea made and allowed to cool, but tea just brewed. One teaspoonful of tea is allowed to each cup of boiling water, which is then allowed to steep on the hearth or table for 15 minutes. The glasses are then filled three-quarters full of cracked ice, chilled so fine that it cools the tea immediately, and then boiling tea poured on. One teaspoonful of lemon juice and one slice of lemon completes the cup which "cheers."

### Arrangement of the Hair.

For the woman who changes her style of hairdressing with the seasons there are various elaborate ways of arranging her versatile tresses. The soft puff around the face is proving to be too becoming to be willingly relinquished, and will, doubtless, be worn by the woman with a slender face until some equally becoming style is introduced. Nevertheless, the hairdressers are talking of hair parted in the center, with loose, old-time loops at the sides. Strivings of pearls with gold catches are sold for these loops.



The men who do daring deeds in battle, are men whose arteries pulsate with the rich, red, vital blood of health. The same is true of the men who win success in the battles of work and business. When a man's liver is sluggish, his digestion impaired, and his stomach weak, his blood soon gets thin and impure. The blood is the stream of life. If it is impure every vital organ in the body is improperly nourished and becomes weak and diseased and fails to perform its proper functions in the economy of life. The victim suffers from loss of appetite and sleep, wind, pain, fullness and swelling of the stomach after meals, flatulence in the mouth, foul breath, imaginary lump of food in the throat, headaches, giddiness, drowsiness, heavy head and costiveness.

All of these conditions and their causes are promptly cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It brings back the keen edge of appetite, makes the digestion perfect and the liver active. It makes rich, red, pure blood, filled with the life-giving elements of the strong muscles and vibrant nerve fibers. It invigorates and vitalizes the whole body, and imparts mental power and elasticity. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of constipation, strengthening the bowels, stopping bleeding from lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate lingering coughs and kindred ailments.

Costiveness, constipation and torpidity of the liver are surely, speedily and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They stimulate and strengthen the faded organs until a regular habit is formed and may then be discontinued without a return of the trouble. They stimulate, invigorate and regulate the stomach, liver and bowels. Medicine stores sell them, and have no other pills that "are just as good."

If the singular relic of early Victorian fashions is adopted, many of the pretty women who today, with their soft pompadours, recall miniatures, will look like daguerreotypes. Many smart women who herald the modes are wearing the hair low at the neck, even with evening dress, and the near future promises us jeweled nets like those worn when our grandmothers were young. Upstanding loops and knots, with aigrettes, jewels and stiffened loops of ribbon, are what most women affect at present for evening coiffures. For the day-time the three puffs imported from England by the Gayety Girls, a figure eight or a low twist of braids with a velvet bow at the top are popular, and promises to be worn all winter. The two little curls tucked into the knot or bow have grown during the summer, and now the ultra-up-to-date young woman sports a curl which reaches to her shoulder. Frizzy fringes, broad and deep and thick, or light and defining a point between the brows, are shown on some of the waxen beauties that adorn the coiffures' windows, but neither the fashionable hat nor the woman of good taste sanctions these frizzled "fronts."

### About Gloves and Shoes.

Women ought to know the economy in plenty of gloves and shoes. One pair of gloves, worn steadily, will last me about three weeks. Two pairs, alternated, last more than twice as long, and the time gained on every additional pair is proportionate. The same rule applies to footwear. Not only is money saved, but comfort is increased. It is no secret that stockings and underwear can be economized by judicious wearing, yet how many women take the trouble to lay their clothing away in such a manner that each article will receive its share

of wear. Six pairs of stockings will stand hard wear for two seasons, if used impartially and the same number of sets of underwear, or even less, will need but few additions from time to time, if they see their share of service. It is the continuous strain on clothing that breaks through the material, when a single set at times would save it. It is surprising sometimes to note how obstinate women are, how they cling to old-time methods despite the proof that new ways are better. I would like to know how many girls who depend upon their own labor for all they have cling to the exploded idea that anything is good enough for every day wear, while the best clothes must be as fine as their mother's way, and it is good enough for them so the shabby, ill-dressed girls of the six working days blossom out on Sundays and holidays in finery which almost conceals their identity. How much better it would be for their clothing was uniform, plain, if need be, but neat and careful at all times. Four sets of plain underwear are infinitely to be preferred to three shabby sets and one elaborately trimmed, yet these girls will not be convinced. They are the girls who would turn into careless wives, those who would consider any dress and coiffure good enough for the breakfast table and the husband for whom they put on their prettiest in the morning.

There has been a great improvement in the matter of footwear. Neatness is now a distinguishing feature, and shape has taken a prominence. Boots should always be made longer than is absolutely necessary. The foot should appear as if it were walking on a thick carpet. The sole should be thick enough to keep the feet dry, and thin soles ought to be reserved for indoor wear. Sensible women have even gone so far as to have their evening shoes and slippers built upon the last which they found most comfortable in walking. Dainty materials and thin soles give them the required prettiness, and the foot does not have to be twisted and distorted to suit a new shape. It will take ages, probably to convert the entire sex, but the good work will go on until the unconverted become objects of curiosity.

## OUR SHORT STORY

### "The Fate of a Match-maker."

"He's just the very one for you; I've always felt it—that is, for ever so long. I'm not one bit superstitious, and, of course, I don't believe in 'electric circles,' and all that sort of thing; still, I've a strange feeling that you were just made for one another, and that I will only be helping Providence in introducing you. I'm a born match-maker; it's my particular talent, and I'll never be in my proper sphere until I'm a chaperon." Saying this, the speaker, a brown-eyed, golden-haired pettish maiden of not more than 20, rose reluctantly from the hammock where she had been comfortably reclining, gazing anxiously, meanwhile, at the non-committal countenance of her friend.

"Penelope Lawrence, why don't you make a remark? Aren't you the least bit interested in yourself? There you sit as calm, unruffled and undisturbed as if—as if—and here you are about to meet your fate. Do you suppose I'm going to waste all my energy, inventive genius and executive ability on you unless you exhibit at least a little curiosity. Why don't you ask some questions about him or say something? Here I've been talking, Phyllis. When I tell me, for the last half hour I have had opportunity to wedge in a single word? But now that I have the floor, who is he? What's he like and what—?"

"Oh, he's just delightful, big, you know, and very dignified. Then he's not exactly handsome, straight black hair and brown eyes, but he's oh! so clever and manly-looking. He's traveled a great deal and lived in France, so his manner has the added charm of a foreign accent. He's very deferential and always says just the right thing—no, he is not insincere, he is as honest and true as can be—I never met any one who knew quite so much, or had such an unassuming way of imparting information. He impresses you that you knew it all before, and that he is only recalling it to your memory. He is a doctor by profession, journalist and illustrator by choice, and has a private income. He sings, too. I often play his accompaniments. I can't describe him any more, but you'll see him."

"If he is such a paragon, why don't you marry him yourself, Phyllis?"

"I marry him! My dear girl, don't be so ridiculous. To begin with, I'm far too small for him, and he admires tall girls. You'll just suit him to perfection. Then, I've got yellow hair and brown eyes, and you should have heard how enthusiastically he spoke of the 'charming Irish girls, with their blue eyes and raven hair.' You are just that type. Then, I'm not one-half clever enough. I'm afraid of him, anyhow. Of course, we are the best of friends, and have been for years, but it's purely, delightfully platonic—nothing sentimental or foolish."

"If you don't object, I shouldn't mind knowing the name of this 'rare avis.'"

"There, you are making fun of me; but I'm in too Miltonic a mood at present to be upset by your satire. As the chosen instrument of carrying out the decrees of fate, I can afford to ignore your home-thrusts. His name is Harmon Llewellyn Moran—euphonious, as Polly used to say, isn't it? Just listen—Harmon Llewellyn Moran and Penelope Lawrence. Observe the predominance of the letters L and W. Could anything be more attractive?"

"It's all very attractive, but what am I to call him for short?"

"Oh, you are coming around to my point of view all right. Well, I may bring him out next Thursday? He has asked me to wheel with him that day, and choose the direction myself. Won't it be a delightful surprise for him to meet you? Be sure and wear that dear clever self. I might have been in the hammock for the last half-hour. I'm tired standing now. Well, I'm really going this time. Good-bye—till Thursday."

Thursday dawned clear, cool and bright, an ideal day for wheeling. It was just three o'clock in the afternoon when Harmon Llewellyn Moran rang the doorbell at Phyllis Brown's home, and just ten minutes later that he stood gazing with a most unatoned gaze at the fair Phyllis, more attractive than usual in her exquisitely-fitting blue bicycle suit, as she mounted her wheel.

"You say, Miss Phyllis, you are going to take me to call on a friend?"

"Yes, I have long wished that you

could meet her. She is the dearest girl accomplished, and so clever."

"I don't admire clever women. They are usually masculine."

"Dr. Moran, I'm sure you will find Penelope an exception. She is the most modest, charming, clever girl that I have known. She used to be considered the handsomest girl in college. Everyone admires her."

"Then I'm half-inclined to turn back. I don't believe I can summon courage on such short notice to meet the ideal of perfection you have described. You should have warned me earlier, Miss Phyllis. I'm only human, and still worse, I'm only a man. I'm afraid I shall disgrace myself and you also by immediately falling at her feet or doing something equally unbecoming."

Had Phyllis not been upheld by a firm resolve to do her duty in carrying out the decrees of fate, she would have been inclined to lose her temper, and leave to chance the meeting of the two individuals who, apparently, so little appreciated her laudable efforts in their behalf. What spirit of evil could have taken possession of Harvey Moran this afternoon? When had he ever been so unappreciative as at this present time? And yet, how handsome he looked, how well he rode, and how becoming that style of cap was?

At midnight Phyllis stood by the window of her room, watching the moon as it sailed across the calm, blue, starry sky. She was not feeling quite so elated as might have been expected, considering the success of her enterprise. Everything had turned out infinitely better than she could have hoped. Penelope had looked her very best. Harmon, of course, looked well. At meeting, the face of the kindred spirits had expressed mutual admiration. In spite of Harmon Llewellyn's avowed dislike to clever women, he had listened to Penelope's philippic remarks, brilliant remarks, and quiet humor, as one who is becoming momentarily more enchanted. Harmon and Penelope conversed while Phyllis devoted herself to Penelope's stupid cousin, who appeared astonished at usual. They stayed until Penelope, becoming every minute more fascinating. They rode home in the moon-

light; Harmon silent and preoccupied, as befitted a man newly fallen in love. He had refused to come in after they reached home, though it was only 9 o'clock.

"He wanted to go home and think about her," mused Phyllis. "She asked him to come again and he held her hand for fully half a minute and said he would be delighted to. Of course he couldn't say anything else—he is too polite and French—but no, he is too honest to say it unless he meant it. I knew I was a born match-maker. So—I—I didn't think it would be so sudden. I'm out of it altogether now, and I don't suppose they will have the grace even to feel grateful to me. It was horrid of Penelope to ask that cousin of hers to meet me—it kept me out of the road anyway. Dr. Moran was positively disagreeable to me, and after all the trouble I went to, just for him. How well he and Penny look together! It was rude of him to treat me as he did—and—I—I—hate him," uttering which extremely unseemly and unbecoming sentiment, she turned from the window, with a determination which over-matched her ability to sleep.

It was Saturday evening. Dr. Harmon Llewellyn Moran and Phyllis Brown had been in consultation on the moon-lit veranda for over two hours. Phyllis was allowing the doctor to sit a great deal closer to her than could have been expected from her latest recorded opinion of him. "Harmon, dear," she was saying, "how can I ever tell Penelope? She will make such fun of me. You know I was trying to make a match between you and her. I'm not sorry I tried, though. I might not have found out how much I loved you if I hadn't, and you would not have been encouraged tonight by the fact that I liked you well enough to be—well—just the least little bit jealous."

### "ISHBEL"

### LIKE AN EMPEROR.

"I think our new cook must have been educated in the Chinese imperial kitchen."

"Why so?"

"Just as soon as she finds out I like a thing she never cooks it again."

### WEARY'S SACRED PROMISE.

"No, madam, I cannot split the wood to which you so indecately refer. It would be the violation of a sacred promise I made to my aged mother."

"Nonsense. What kind of a promise?"

"We have the poker habit in our family, ma'am, and I promised mother I'd never touch a chip in any form."

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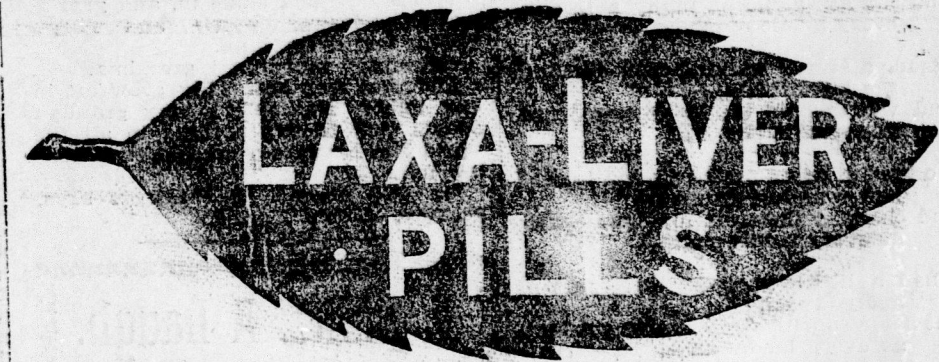
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### BILIOUS HEADACHE.

Mrs. ANDIE THERIAULT, 215 Brussels Street, St. John, N.B., says: "Laxa-Liver Pills cured me of Constipation, Indigestion and Bilious Headaches. They have corrected the irregularities of liver and stomach, and restored my entire system to healthy, natural action."

### LIVER TROUBLE.

Mrs. C. GRIMES, Hazelton, Ont., says: "I had an attack of liver trouble and indigestion last spring and decided to try Laxa-Liver Pills. They had a more lasting effect than any remedy I ever took. I believe them to be the best medicine for liver trouble that is to be found."

### DON'T GRIPE.

MR. NEWTON COSSITT, of the firm of H. H. Cossitt & Bro., Brockville, Ont., says: "I have used Laxa-Liver Pills myself, and my family have also used them. They are the best laxative we have ever used, being free from the griping peculiar to most laxative pills."

PRICE 25c., ALL DRUGGISTS.

## CLIMATE OF THE KLONDIKE

Miss Flora Shaw Says It Is Agreeable All Year.

Children Can Play Outdoors With the Thermometer Twenty Degrees Below Zero—Vegetation in Summer.

Miss Flora Shaw, colonial editor of the London Times, in her most recent letter from Dawson City, says of the climate there:

As regards the effect of climate upon health, there seems to be fairly universal agreement that it is less trying than the climate of many other thickly-populated centers of industry. Englishmen find it very tolerable, and men from Manitoba, Washington, Wisconsin, Montana, Minnesota and New York have assured me, after experience of one or two winters here, that they prefer the winter of the Yukon to the winters of their own states. The thermometer falls far below zero, but there is no wind. The hard-frozen snow makes locomotion easy, and the atmosphere is dry and bright. Accounts of the daylight vary, but I am told that on the Dawson fields it lasts for practical purposes for about six hours—from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, and that the Northern Lights, which are to be seen almost every evening, relieve the long darkness. I have been able to talk with about eight or ten women who have spent winters here, and their opinion has been unanimous that the winter is the pleasantest season. The air, they tell me, is so still that, with the temperature at 20 or 30 below zero, little children can play safely and happily out of doors. No special protection beyond ordinary warm winter clothing is necessary except for the feet, hands and ears, which should be covered with fur. One lady, of whom I inquired whether the long darkness was not depressing to the spirits, replied with evident amusement: "Why, you ever see in London in the winter, Scurry, typhoid, and acute forms of pneumonia appear to be the illnesses by which the population so far has been affected. The first two are with conditions attendant upon the rush of a relatively large population into a country which produces no fresh food, and in which no sanitary arrangements have been organized. The last may also very probably be modified when the conditions of the climate are better understood and the violent exertion in extremes of heat and cold to which men have exposed themselves is avoided. Dry cold is not generally thought to be injurious to the lungs.

The summers, though short, are agreeable, and during the months of June, July and August bear, on the whole, a good comparison with the summers of the British Isles. If the testimony of old-timers is to be accepted, the climate so far as health is concerned has nothing to be dreaded. Its effect upon agriculture and the cultivation of fruits, vegetables and flowers has yet to be proved. There is no general sense would be likely to flourish, but the wild grasses, vegetables and smaller fruits which appear to be native to the soil and the initial experiments in gardening which have been already attempted, afford a reasonable expectation that agriculture for human consumption may without any great difficulty be profitably produced to meet the needs of the population. A few summer vegetables have already been grown, and the appreciation with which they have been received may be judged from the fact that radishes sell at a dollar a dozen. It is probably a mere question of time when all the log cabins will be surrounded by little gardens of their own.

### HANDICAPPED.

"Yes, sir, I'm looking for a place, and Mr. Spriggs sent me to you. Mr. Spriggs is going to Europe, or he would have kept me at work right along. Here is some of my typewriting, and here is a letter that will show my style of penmanship."

"Hum! Your typewriting looks all right, but your handwriting seems very scrawly and irregular."

"Yes, I know it doesn't look very straight; but you see, Mr. Spriggs was holding my hand all the time I was writing it."

## A Card

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills, if, after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. We also warrant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Will's English Pills are used.

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