

In Woman's Interest

While everyone shakes hands, not everyone knows the etiquette of the ceremony, which changes from season to season, according to fashion's latest caprice. Friends, of course, may shake hands as often and in whatever manner it pleases them best to do so. They may grasp each other's hands heartily, hold them for a bit if they will, then release them with a cordial pressure. They may give the real old-fashioned "pump-handle" shake or the high lateral movement, that means nothing but that a simpleton is at one end or the other of the shake, or they may give the shake rotary, it is in the meeting of strangers or mere acquaintances that the difficulty of knowing just what is expected arises. This, however, is what the latest dictates of etiquette decree:

A hostess, if a true one, should shake hands with any and every guest brought to her house by friends. She should do so on their arrival and on their departure, and then she meets them again if she desires to keep up the acquaintance. When a girl is introduced to a married woman the older woman must always take the initiative, and if she be good-natured and cordial, a handshake will follow. When a man is introduced to a woman he must await her pleasure, unless he be a much older man or one particularly distinguished. If one woman introduces her husband or brother to another woman, it would be natural, indeed, almost imperative for the latter to shake hands with him, but were he a mere acquaintance it would be bad form to shake hands with him on first introduction.

Regarding dinner guests: If a man be introduced to a woman for the purpose of taking her in to dinner she does not shake hands with him, but merely bows. Even at a second meeting bows only are interchanged, and it depends entirely on circumstances whether the acquaintance ever ripens into a shaking-hands one. 000

Suggestions About Matrimony.

A girl thinking seriously of her future husband does not lay any great stress on good temper. A soldierly form, a pair of fine eyes, a noble profile-any of these might easily outweigh good temper. Yet Mr. Smiles assures us that "after the first year, married people rarely think of each other's features, whether they be classically beautiful or otherwise; but they never fail to be cognizant of each other's temper." As to a husband's fortune, it is not so important as the qualities which lead to fortune--ambition, determination, industry, thrift; and position such a man may attain for himself. In education a man should be at least his wife's equal. Undoubtedly there is some subtle affinity between opposites. Yet there must be likeness as well as unlikeness. The latter will lend piquancy which is pleasant, but the former will give peace, which is essential. At first love itself will be all-sufficing, but a little later the individual characteristics reassert themselves, and then in the absence of comprehension and sympathy in one's pet tastes and theories a barrier springs up, slight, unconfessed, perhaps, but still impassable, and in one sense at least man and wife are not "one," but distinctly "two." 000

Equatty Lamps and High Goblets' It is noticeable that tall lamps, even

in the banquet and table lamps that are now seen to the exclusion of the high piano lights in former use, are no longer the fashion. The new designs are all low, the bowls being wide and shallow. The light effects in decoration, too, seem to have passed, a decided prefer ence being shown for dark, rich colors.

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The Etiquette of Handshaking. | Elaborate and befrilled shades have naturally retired with the lofty lamps, which made them necessary and effective. The plain empire or paneled shade, with simple ornamentation is the most suitable accompaniment to these "squatty" lamps. Dealers in cut glass announce a return to the high-stemmed goblet style of water glass. It cannot be denied that goblets are more decorative in effect on the table than the tumbler shape, but in tareless hands the destruction of the former is much more rapid. The bowl of the new goblet is rather broader than formerly, while the stem is not as long as that seen on the same glasses when they were in almost exclusive use for water service a few years ago.

000 Beefsteak Fritters.

of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful pepper, six eggs. Beat the yokes of eggs until light, add seasoning, then beef, and mix

The Rubens had very lately moved into the neighborhood and Jerry had not yet had the right hand of fellowship extended him by the other boys.

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The house had been for a love time to where the boys where the boys were playing.

"Boys," she said, "what is the matter with Jerry Ruben?"

No one spoke for moment then light hand of the boys were playing.

The house had been for a love time boys were playing.

The house had been for a love time boys. One pound finely-chopped, uncooked steps, from the casual observer. well. Beat whites to a stiff froth and fold in lightly last thing. Drop from a kitchen spoon into plenty of hot fat, and fry a light brown. Drain on brown paper, and serve at once. Pile new potatoes in a mound in the center of the platter, pour a little melted butter and a tablespoonful of minced parsley over them, and arrange the fritters as a border, with a few sprigs of parsley here and there. 000

A Foreign hipping Custom.

Poor relations and guests of moderties would approve of the French system of tipping the household staff. In with an opening in the cover is placed called when he was not called "the by the hall door, and therein the de-little sheeny." parting visitor drops such fees as he or she wills. At the end of the season the box is opened and the contents divided among the servants. This, of course, frees the poor guest from any emparrassment. 000

Etiquette of Cards. Formal wedding announcement

cards, and with the bride's at-home cards enclosed, which read "Wednesdays after December the first," demand from a married couple two of the husband's cards and one of the wife's, which must be sent to reach the bride on the first Wednesday after December 1 if the married couple will not be able to attend any of the days. The code for calling-cards decrees that a married woman shall, in making visits or sending cards, leave or send one of her own and two of her husband's for every married woman whose husband is living, but hardly anyone follows this rule absolutely. The customary way is for a married woman to leave of her own and two of her husband's, or to send this number of cards when she is making very formal visits -first calls, etc .- and calls in acknowledgment of an invitation to an entertainment to which both she and her husband were invited. In making informal visits and subsequent calls, after the first formal visit has been made, a married woman need leave only one of her husband's cards with her own, and in making a call in acknowledgment of an invitation to an entertainment to which she alone was invited, such as a woman's luncheon, she should leave only one of her own The only time that it is corcards. rect for both husband and wife to use a card which they have in common engraved as Mr. and Mrs. Charles

000 Original Occupation for Women

Smith is during the first year of their

married life, but never afterwards.

-A Frog Farm. Some women are as clever and or-Iginal, when it comes to making a living, as other women are helpless and dull, says Harper's Bazar. The frog-farm of Miss Mona Selden, for instance, is one of the most unusual business ventures that any woman was ever laughed at for making. It seems that Miss Selden was a school teacher until a few years ago. She was probably a good teacher, still her choice of a profession was not exactly original or uncommon. Not uncommon, either, was the ill health which overtook her in the sober and beaten track of her duties. Perhaps it was

market. Perhaps, too, it was a failing pocket-book which made her meditate ruefully on the price she heardmeditate ruefully at first, but after-ward with an increasing hopefulness.

At any rate, Miss Selden conceived the idea of raising frogs' legs herself, and when she began to look for a suitable place for the experiment she came upon Friendship, New Jersey. Friendship is surrounded with marshes, bogs and ponds, and is ideally adapted for frog culture. The people of that section, however, had never thought of it in that light; so, when Miss Selden offered to buy their land—which was principally water—at \$2 an acre, they sold it gleefully, turning meanwhile a deaf ear to the reproachful voice of conscience. Then they waited to see what was going to hap-pen. The first thing that happened was the fencing in with wire strands, of Miss Selden's newly-acquired propshake their heads, while they meaningly tapped their own intellectual brows. It is said that Miss Selden spent the winter learning to hit a target the size of a frog, and succeeded so well that when spring came she took her rifle and picked off the frogs as easily as she had once called the roll in her school-room. It is also stated that she made from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a year out of her frog crop, and that her neighbors have ceased tapping their brows, and, instead, respectfully take off their hats to her.

Boys and Girls. 600000000000

The Romance of the Bear Cave. Jerry Ruben was busily working away at his cave all his evenings and Saturdays. He was making it for a home for his bear. He had no bear as yet, but he thought of one he intended to purchase as his. It was a very small bear he had seen at the circus and he believed it could be bought for a dollar as there were two others with it besides the mother. He had seventeen cents, and his intention was, as soon as he had the other eighty three cents, to enter into negotiations with Mr. Forepaugh con-cerning its purchase. If he should have any money left he would invest it in feed for the bear.

Nor had Jerry taken thought of the bodily wants only of his prospective

bear, but with the foresight which is said to be characteristic of his race he was a Jew-he had formed plans for its training, when once it should be his, so that he might reap gain from the exhibition of its tricks.

Jerry hved in a house that had been built many years before it became the style to dig up the ground and haul it from one part of the town to another. It then stood on a knoll, but now a new street had been cut through, both before and behind it, and way below, so that it sat perched above steep bare banks on a narrow ridge. front door was reached by four flights of rickety steps. It was in the front bank where he could reach from the top of the second flight of steps that Jerry had digged his cave. A hollow there, where the dirt had fallen away, had suggested the idea to him, and he now had it so he could climb inside and work. The cave was hidden by the

empty and a good place for rendezvous, and it seemed to them an unjust anachronism that its owner should mend

it up and rent it to Jews.
"Jews, and the meanest kind of Jews; and a mean Jew is pretty mean," said the Prodigy of the school to the other boys, quoting the remark made by his father at breakfast that morning. Besides Jerry was not, to strangers, a very prepossessing boy, being very small and slim, and very dark, and blind in one eye. So when he raised one big black mournful orbthe lid of the other one refused to rise Poor relations and guests of moder- - and answered "Jeremiah Ruben" ate means at great country house par- when the teacher asked him his name the first day he went to school, the Prodigy nucled his seatmate and whispered, "The weeping prophet." the chateaux and villas a strong box And by that depressing name Jerry was

That evening the Prodigy passed by Jerry's home on his way to get yeast for his mother. This was his regular task twice a week, and ne was said to have discovered some method by which he introduced a part of its ingredient into his own head on the way home; but I hardly think this can be true. Jerry was trying to fasten to the mouth of his cave a frame on which Israel. to hinge, with small pieces of strap, a wonderfully constructed door, barred with strips of lath.
"Hello, weeping prophet!" said the

Prodigy, "what are you making?"
"A cave." said Jerry, turning round.

"What for?" Jerry looked embarrassed. How could he babble forth all his life hopes and plans to a stranger? So he did not answer, and pretended not to hear and turned his back on the Sanballah and began to work again. The Prodigy stared at him a moment, gave a long whistle and went on. The next day he said to the other boys he wondered what the little sheeny was up to digging a cave, and so mysterious about and making it behind the steps.

Now, just the mention of a cave stirs up all the latent romance in a boy's mind; and that its owner acted sneaking about it roused it more. Accordingly, all sorts of speculations were indulged in. Some held that the small opening might be the entrance to a mighty cavern stored with much treasure, the proceeds of the skinning process which, in their minds, was invariably connected with every son of Jacob. Others thought it might be the opening to a secret passage to a hidden entrance through which a band of Jewish robbers conveyed their spoils to a place of safety. One sentimental youth even surmised that a beautiful damsel might be held captive there waiting to be ransomed by her wealthy relatives, and having been robbed of her jewels. But this supposition was

generally rejected as extravagant. And still the wonder grew, and the boys took to prowling round and watching for the young conspirator to watching for the young conspirator to come out and work at his nefarious task when they would happen past and stare at him. The Prodigy had so much company on his trips for yeast that he had no opportunity for the practice of sourcery. Once he and another boy got up the steps almost to the cave when Jerry's father came to the door and asked what they wanted,

and they were too polite to investi-gate any further. All the boys thought the cave ought to be investigated in the interest of the public welfare. Some thought they had a legal right to do it as they held that the bank where it was, belonged to the street and not to the property, but none thought it prudent to brave track of her duties. Perhaps it was the sheenys in the stronghold of their a failing appetite which led her to high tower. A raid at night when they inquire the price of frogs' legs in the should be asleep was proposed, but

was abandened because the fathers of all the bravest boys made them stay at home after dark.

So the matter stood from Monday till Saturday afternoon, when a fast running courier announced to a group of boys on the ball ground, arguing as to whether Tom Sands was out or not, that the whole Jew family had gone away. Leaving a boy stationed at the foot of the stairs where he could see the return of the family while they were yet a long way off, they went to explore the cave, scrambling up the steps and scraping for a place on the little landing from which Jerry had begun the cave. But they looked in cautiously before they tore away the door that had been adjusted with such pains. Then peering in one at a time, they could see nothing but darkness, and one boy thought he could smell dynamite. It was some time before even the most reckless would go in, erty. This caused her neighbors to and then it was with the agreement that those outside should hold him firmly by the leg. But when he had gotten fairly inside, striking matches all the while to make sure that he was not going against some lurking enemy; and had dared to draw in the leg he had left anchored outside, and had turned himself round in his bumpy quarters and explored all its walls and found nothing but dirt and a broken shovel, the fear of the boys turned to indignation and they went to work with energy and broke up the door and digged in the side of the cave until it would not shelter even the smallest bear that ever was born.

Monday morning Jerry come to school

with a hatred in his heart. He had seen certain boys hanging around his home with suspicious actions too often to need any one to tell him who had destroyed his cave and blasted his life. Where now could he keep a bear should he get one? For there was no back yard, but a small patch of garden, and the idea of hanging it over the bank by a chain did not seem practicable. So when he came into the school yard and the Prodigy called to him contemptuously, "Hi, there, sheeny," it was too much for his customary forbearance.

"Gentile!" said he, in scorn. Now Jerry had no idea what a Gentile might be, but he had heard his grandfather use it as a term of con-tempt. It is incredible that Prodigy did not know either, for he knew everything, almost. It must have been that he was so astonished to hear Jerry talk back that it acted on him as violently as if he had been called a sacred baboon.

"Don't you dare call me that again," he said, in a mighty wrath.
"Gentile, Gentile!" shouted Jerry, delighted that he had found a vulnerable spot in the armor of the foe. "Weeping prophet, weeping prophet,

you've wept one eye clean away, haven't you?" said the Prodigy. Ruben stared at him one instant, then he turned and walked into the house and sat down in his seat and laid his arms on the desk and his face on them. There was a bitterness in his heart that he had never felt before, for it was the first time in his life that anyone had ever used his bodily defect as a weapon against him. In the midst of the absorbing interests of childhood he had never thought of it. But the sting of that remark never left him entirely all the rest of his life. After that there was always a conciousness of his blemish and a sensitiveness about it.

The teacher came over to his desk

and asked him what was the matter. He did not answer, and after several fruitles attempts to get him to speak she went out to where the boys where

threw it up to him about his eye."

Now it happened that the teacher had once been a cross-eyed little girl. The doctor had fixed her eyes many years ago, and they were now as straight as anybody's, and that they were not wanting in alertness and penetration any scholar in her room could testify. But she still remembered some things; and what she said to the Prodigy was, the boys said, "a plenty." As she spoke the memory of a sensitive little girl's woes mingling with the thought of the forlorn outcast at his desk in the school-room, she became for the little Jew a very "Daniel come to judgment" indeed,

lgy. She expressed her views on their manners so forcibly that every one wondered who had told her that they had razed Jerry's cave even to the foundation thereof. To tell the truth there was not a boy there except the Prodigy but had blushed when he made the remark that had broken the heart of the weeping prophet, and the teacher's words fell on soil fertilized by shame, and when they took their seats they gazed con-

and gave all the other fellows their

turn after she had finished the Prod-

But all these things counted as nothing against fate; for at noon everybody was talking about the riot

tritely on the small type of fallen

No joy or pleasure on this earth quite equals that which comes into the home when baby arrives. Who can describe the happiness of man and woman, joined in wedlock, as they look upon the fragile, delicate mite that is blood of their blood



and flesh of their flesh? And who can depict the hopelessness and dejection that hover about the home where the wife is incapable of becoming a mother? Barrenness proceeds from some derangement of the distinctly feminine organs. Many of the common ailments known as "female troubles" cause it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription overcomes barrenness by stamping out diseases of women. and by healing and curing ulceration. It tones up the system, stops drains, and restores strength. During gestation it modifies morning sickness, gives elasticity to the overstrained parts concerned, makes the hour of baby's coming short and almost painless, and gives wonderful recuperative power to the patient. By making the mother strong and cheerful, it makes the little one healthy, vigorous and good natured. Insist upon the medicine dealer giving you Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription when you ask for it. Substitutes are often dangerous.

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the evening before on Charlotte street, where some Italians had tried to raise a Spanish flag in their settlement. The war was not then over and there was great excitement over this indiscretion of the Italians. The boys came back to school in the afternoon adorned with miniature and motto buttons in such profusion that they really looked too overdressed to be in good taste; and with their heads full of hatred and contempt of all foreigners, who were the ruination of the country and should not be allowed to land on American shores. And in that brief noon hour had sprung up a new distrust of Jerry which promised to choke the good seed sown in their hearts, for, although he was as good a citizen as the best of them, his parents broke their English very bad-ly in their speech and mixed it with some outlandish language, the knew not what; so they placed Jerry in the list of those foreigners who thirsted for the blood of their beloved country. And really this was a very natural mistake, as he had never worn a Dewey button and had thus need-lessly exposed himself to suspicion.

So, when after school they gathered themselves together to go down to Charlotte street and find out for themselves the true state of affairs, they had again hardened their hearts against the sheeny, and did not ask him to go. He stood watching them wistfully as they ran down the street: then an inspiration struck him as to how he might give vent to his over-flowing love for his country, even though he had no part in the subjection of the dago. And he set off to the nearest store in eager haste.

More than an hour later the boys, on their way home from Charlotte street, took a short cut past the habitation of the weeping prophet. Theirs had been a raid of triumph. The men of the Italian quarters were not home from their work, and the boys had terrorized every little black-eyed boy or girl they had seen, sending them scampering into their homes. They had even exchanged compliments with an angry Italian woman who had re-viled them as they went past crying, "Down with the Dagos!"

And now as they came along full tilt, wondering if they would miss their suppers, and if anyone would make a fuss about it, they looked up and saw, sitting in the doorway of his lonely castle among the crags, the weeping phophet, his eye beaming with delight, and the aching void which had been his ever since the destruction of his bear cave, filled full of patriotism. He did not see their coming for he was gazing with great joy upon seventeen cents worth of stars and stripes proudly streaming in the breeze from the side of the bank below him and just above the ruins of his earthly hopes. The boys suddenly stopped and stared a moment at that bright symbol which they so delight-

ed to honor.

Now, I wish that I might finish this with a fitting climax of contrition fittingly expressed, but cannot on account of the disappointing quality of the American boy for adapta-tion to such purposes. I think, prob-ably, their hearts were filled with feelings appropriate to the occasion, but boys are known by their works rather than by their emotions, and what they did was to break into a war dance, yelling, "Hurrah for the sheeny! Come down and bring your flag and join

the percession."

And the cliff-dweller came down from his lofty fortress and became one of them, and played barleywax, skulking around the streets and alleys, a PORTER & CO., 'phone 1,162. perfect Argus for vigilance. He became in time a personage of so much respect among them that even the Prodigy paid him marked attention; but for a long time the very small boys kept their hands on the nickels in their pockets when he was in the crowd.-Interior.

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