OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

[Letters to the Editor of this page should be addressed to the Editor of the Woman's Page, The Advertiser, London, Ontario.]

Heart and Head.

Experience teaches us that from time immemorial the woman who loses her heart usually loses her head at the same time. Not that this is a purely feminine characteristic, for love is proverbially blind and Dryden says:

"The proverb holds, that to be wise in love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above."

But since love is an episode with a man, but life, to a woman, her surrender to its power is more utter and unreasoning than his, and daily we marvel at the men women fall in love with. "She is a woman, therefore, to be won," said Shakespeare, and notwithstanding the emancipation of women and modern development and education, the same may be said of many another woman today. Indeed, it would almost seem, as one looks at the marriages constantly taking place around us, that patient, persistent wooing, coupled with a fair amount of devotion, passionate or otherwise, is sure to prevail with the great majority of women. "Almost any man can marry almost any woman, if he is only kind enough long enough."

Colton says: "If you cannot inspire a woman with love of you, fill her above the brim with love of herself; all that runs over will be yours." Even if love fails to beget love, which is sometimes the case, few women fail to feel a sort of tenderness for the lovers in whose affection for themselves they believe, even though they cannot return it. Notice the kindly way in which women, though happily married, will speak of their old beaux.

The love of admiration springs perennial in a woman's breast, and with due deference to teachers and preachers, women without vanity seldom amount to much. Not too much of it, of course, but the woman with vanity strives to make herself as agreeable as possible. She dresses daintly, and she dons a charming manner with her pretty gown. The world would be a poor place if it were not for vanity.

We all love love and are pleased with the spontaneous affection shown for us by man, woman or child. Even the dog which fawns upon us when we come home from work and shows us by its mad gambol, joyous barks and all the other signs of dog love, how delighted it is to see us, wins from us a certain amount of affection, so that when a man, distinctly good to look upon or not, devotes himself to win a woman with all the means at his command, it is no wonder that he succeeds.

Yet manly beauty has a strong attraction for most women, and handsome men could tell tales, if they would, of the devotion showered upon them, that would make Mrs. Grundy stand aghast. Good-looking actors, for example, are simply persecuted by the attentions of foolish girls who send them flowers, candy, trinkets and the most insane notes. Usually the actor shrugs his shoulders, lifts his eyebrows and throws the note in the waste paper basket, remarks, 'Another little fool!"

In private life, however, it is almost a misfortune for a man to be strikingly handsome, since he is more than likely to be spoiled by the flattery of silly women. The woman who marries an extremely handsome man takes a serious risk because, if she grows weary of supplying the adulation to which he is accustomed, there are plenty of other women ready and eager to do it for her.

To many women, however, manly strength appeals even more than manly beauty. To women with strength of character themselves, it undeniably does. Femininity in bird, beast and humanity has a passion for masculine strength. As a rule, women like to be "bossed" provided the bossing is done in the right way, by the right man. Like St. Christopher, in the medieval legend, they would fain be servant to the strongest, and a woman delights in feeling that the man who is so ready to do her lightest wish is yet a master among men, able to protect as well as to cherish. Even the strongest of women, head and shoulders above her own sex and many men, like to find someone stronger to lean upon and look up to him with pride.

And yet—believe me, whether good or ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.

And so you will find that for a certain class of women, masculine weakness has a strange fascination. They love to lavish all that they are and have upon those whom they love and delight in believing that a man is dependent upon them for love and sympathy. Their creed is "all for love and the world well lost," and they live up to it. Anyone who sees much of the seamy side of life can testify that women endure hardship and abuse uncomplainingly, and even cheerfully, clinging to men worse than brutes. "He ain't got nobody but me, and I can't go back on him," said one woman, when urged to take the legal separation to which she was entitled from a drunken husband, and daily in the police courts magistrates are besought by women who are black and blue from their husband's blows to let their husbands out, in order that they may be beaten again.

It is this feeling, too, that makes a woman marry a man whose depravity is well known to her, with the feeling that, when he has her, he will be different. As a rule, she is grievously disappointed, for it is a truism that the man who will not reform before marriage seldom does so after, and yet there are exceptions.

"A man," says Emerson, "is like a bit of Labrador spar, which has no luster as you turn it in your hand until you come to a particular angle, then it shows deep and beautiful colors." In this lies the magic of the true wife. She detects the vein of golden ore which is hidden to others, and with subtle skill develops it. It is her pleasure and pride to show her husband to others as she sees him, and many a successful man owes his success to the divine alchemy on the part of his wife. She is always ready to encourage him, to give him fresh confidence in his powers by her steadfast belief in them. Her affection often kindles the dormant spark, oftener still fans it to a flame and feeds it with fuel by her unfailing care.

A Woman's Way.

They had been engaged two weeks when Maud noticed that William was wearing a red necktie.

"You must promise," she said, "not to wear red ties."

"Why, I like the color," said William. "Not too red, of course, but just a little color, you know."

"No," said Maud. "I shan't have you yearing red ties."

It cost a little struggle, but William gave up his red ties. They had been engaged three weeks when Maud said:

"William, you must promise me to give up smoking."

"Must I?" he said in sorrow. "Why, Maud, that's one of the few things I really enjoy. Ieally, I should hate to give up the pipe."

"I suppose that counts for more than me, then," she remarked.

"Now, don't be a goose, Maud," he begged. "Of course I'll give up the smoking."

He gave away his large collection of pipes with many sighs, but he comforted himself. "Maud's worth it," he said. They had been engaged a month when she said to him:

"Do you know, dear, I attended a lecture yesterday by Bishop Carlington on the question of drink. The dear bishop said that we should set a good example in the matter of temperance and that we should rigidly abstain from all sorts of alcoholic liquor. I want you to promise that you will drink nothing but water in the future."

The young man smiled awkwardly. "I only drink a little beer occasionally," he said. "I don't suppose that hurts any. I can drink just that little, can't I?"

"No, dear," she said, "the bishop said that total abstinence was necessary."

"I'm giving up everything for you," groaned the young man. "I have given up tobacco and now you want me to swear never to touch a drop of beer."

"You cannot refuse me if you really love me," declared Maud.

"Confound the bishop," exclaimed the young man under his breath, but he gave in.

"O, all right," he said. "From this day I promise to drop all wines, beers, spirits and other intoxicating liquors, as they say in the temperance sermons."

"Don't sneer at the temperance party, William. Such expressions are not in good taste."

They had been engaged five weeks when Maud said to William:

"You must shave off your mustache. I don't like to see a young man with a mustache."

William objected, but he gave in finally. Then Maud raised an objection against his club.

"Mrs. Bluesock says that an engaged young man has no business belonging to clubs," she remarked. "Of course, you would give them up after we were married, so please me by giving them up now."

"If I must, I must," said William. "So here goes."

Then Maud was converted to vegetarianism, and she demanded that William immediately stop the eating of meat, which the miserable youth was obliged to do. William had been an enthusiastic fisherman and was accustomed to depart with his outfit for a northern lake frequently during the season for a day or two with the reel.

"That is a brutal and demoralizing occupation," declared Maud. "You must promise me to give it up."

"O," protested William, "it's a perfectly delightful and beneficial sport."

"You must choose between it and me," said the inexorable Maud, and William gave up his tackle. Thus the engagement ran along until within three weeks of the time set for the wedding. One morning the postman brought William a letter. As he opened it a ring dropped out. The letter read:

"Dear William: We must break off our engagement. Prof. Dryman says that a man who changes his habits or his mind frequently is a vacillating character and I fear to trust my future with one whom I fear is of this disposition. Forgive me, but I know that I should demand a stronger character in a husband. Good-bye and forgive me if you can.—Maud."

"Well," exclaimed the distraught William, as he gazed at this letter and at the ring, "well, isn't that the limit."

Thereupon he proceeded to walk out for a glass of beer and to purchase a pipe.—Peter Beaufox.

MANNISHNESS NOT IN VOGUE NOW WITH THE SMART SET

The Up-to-Date Summer Girl of This Season Truly Feminine.

All the Charms of the Old School Coquette Here Again in Full Force.

The athletic girl is having her troubles. For several seasons past she has vainly attempted to stem an increasing tide of frill and furbelow, of butterfly daintiness and coquettish grace, and this summer she finds herself confronting a puzzling problem. She must cultivate a new pose if she would be in fashion, must not only don fluffy frocks, but also adopt a new manner. Moreover, she may not simplify the situation by a complete and radical trasformation, but must lead a double life. For sports and outings have not gone out. Golf and tennis, riding and swimming, all the athletic accomplishments, still have their place in the fashionable girl's training, but they no longer hold the stage center and their effects must not be tastes.

Mannishness is no longer smart. This is the day of the truly feminine, and, though the short skirt and shirt waist and sensible shoe still have their place in the summer wadrobe, flounced and frilled petticoats, floating scarfs, billowing lace and mousseline, fanciful Louis Quinze shoes, flower garlands, all the paraphernalia of the old school coquette are in evidence, are the height of the mode.

Put your strapping athletic girl with her swinging arms, her golf walk, her brusque manner, into a voluminous frock of shimmering mousseline, flounced, shirred, ruched, adorned with flower and ribbon and lace; draped in empire scarf low about her shoulders; let her broad flat picture hat droop and flap; set her upon brocade Louis Quinze slippers with absurd high reels and narrow toes—and you have a sight to move the gods to mirth or tears.

A certain languorous grace should go with all these drooping and floating toilet details. Wearing an Empire scarf gracefully is a matter of high art. The poke bonnet and the picture hat demand concessions. Who knows what subtle effect the new old fashions may have upon the chameleon feminine? Who can tell what ruchings and ruffles may do to block the wheels of progress? The woman suffragists should abandon their attacks upon the legislators and storm the Parisian dressmaking ateliers. There lurks the real danger to the cause.

Warm days have made the airy summer frocks, so redolent of frivolity, blossom in profusion; and, now, for the first time this season, one really has a chance of seeing worn the dainty creations over which dressmakers were laboring months ago. Surely fashions were never so picturesque and charming. All of the new modes are old modes; but this season we have culled the choicest of old world fashions and have not yet adopted the exaggerations. Then, too, our manufacturers are surpassing all former efforts in the variety and beauty of fabrics.

A general view of the fashion field shows certain strongly prominent features, many of which have already had frequent comment, though all show consistent development. The skirt fullness, tentative in the early season has come boldly forward and is almost universal among ultra-fashionable summer frocks. Until now, only the very skillful dressmakers have been able to handle this full skirt problem in satisfactory fashion and the amateur efforts have been wonderful and fearful. Now, however, good patterns and good advice are procurable, and even the home dressmaker may attack a simple full skirt with some degree of confidence.

Mark the word "simple." The skirt slightly full around the waist band, shirred in a hip yoke, shirred below a close-fitting hip yoke—these are practicable if one has a good pattern and is a clever seamstress; but the more intricate forms of the full skirt need a past master of dressmaking art and should be attempted by no one else.

Especially to be shunned is the model which has a shirred hip yoke and one or two groups of shirring between that and the knees. A host of inferior dressmakers have evidently been misled by the apparent simplicity of this skirt design, and the usual result is a bunchiness and ugliness of line that is lamentable.

Plain shirring, corded shirring, tucked shirring are all in order and are all used prodigally upon the sheer frocks; but the corded shirring keeps its form and place better than the others, where it is impossible to stay the shirring in any way.

Bouffonees or puffings are more and more a rage, but must be handled warily; for though Dame Fashion has sanctioned fluff and frill, she still shows a fondness for slender silhouette lines. In soft stuffs the drooping puff, like a flounce with its hem turned under and fastened to the foundation, is effective, yet clinging; and narrow puffing, if well stayed and following good lines, need not detract from a graceful silhouette.

Flounces, ruffles, frills, are ubiquitous, in all widths and all forms. The practically straight ruffle with a standing heading is a popular revival, and narrow ruffles of this description, set upon a fulled skirt at varying intervals, give one of the quaintest, if not the most artistic, of the popular effects.

The broad draped girdle is another striking feature of the summer toilettes, and seen only upon imported models earlier in the season, it now appears upon a very large majority of fashionable frocks. Its logical office is to offset the shapelessness of bertha or cape and full skirt by defining the curves of the waist, but it must not be drawn too tightly.

There is a point in regard to which many a dressmaker makes a prodigious blunder. The Parisian artist understands that a loosely fitting girdle or belt, showing no strain and apparently quite capable of being drawn tighter without inconvenience to the wearer, is far more likely to give an air of slimness to a figure than is a tightly-strained cincture. If a waist line more slender than nature has planned is desired, the effect is produced by tightening the corset, but the successful bodice, and the successful girdle, must always fit easily and without the slightest indication of strain.

The deep draped girdle may be made of soft silk or satin, of ribbon, of velvet, and now we have the broad shaped girdle of lace or of embroidered stuff. The simplest form of the popular accessory is made of very soft six-inch ribbon, preferably taffeta, mousseline or liberty. Two pieces of the six-inch ribbon will drape much more easily than one broad ribbon. A fitted and boned foundation of lawn or cambric is first made and the ribbon is softly draped upon it. The opening in the back may be covered by a row of little rosettes or loop bows, the lowest the wearer prefers. Large buckles, velvet bows or rosettes with jeweled centers, large jeweled buttons or chiffon rosettes are used to finish the deep girdles of more pretentious character, and trails of mousseline roses strung on silk cord are used upon the girdles of some of the newest French frocks.

Sashes are much liked, but are seldom knotted at the waist and are usually combined with the broad girdle, the sash ends coming from beneath the girdle. The sash must have its ends finished with fringe with lace inset, with rosettes, or in some ornamental fashion, and the ends are frequently knotted several times in their length, although this idea is not so conducive to artistic effect as the free soft lengths.

But to return to frock trimmings. The ruche is the latest candidate for extravagant favor, and has not yet reached the limit of its popularity. Ruches in every and any material are used in any and every way.

The stole, the pelerine, the cape, the little bolero, all the developements of the useful little wrap which the French knowingly called garment "d'en cas," are features of the season's modes, and are shown in wonderful variety and beauty, but the sack coat has by no means lessened its hold upon feminine favor. Little capes, instead of coats, accompany many of the three-piece tailor suits and are worn over thin blouses.

Valenciennes lace has surged to the front with the day of the sheer summer frock and is having an immense vogue, but all the laces used earliest in the season are still worn, the antique run their course, and will be laid aside with the end of the season; but the prophecy is based upon the distressing last few months, and may prove false.

The bertha is one of the most popular bodice trimmings of the season, but the very tiny bolero still holds high prestige in spite of the abuse of its use. An effective black net frock with double skirt and full blouse has a little loose bolero and sleeve caps of heavily jetted net ornamented with applications of creamy guipure and full sleeve flounces of the lace.

Jet is once more attracting attention and beautiful deep collars and boleros of it may be found in the exclusive shops. The winter season will probably give jet an opportunity such as it has not had in several seasons past. The beautiful deep cape collars of panne, embroidered and inset with lace, which are appearing now, will also doubtless have a decided vogue in the coming season.

Fine drawn work and hemstitching are used in everything from sheerest mulle to cloth; and inset motifs of cord work trim many woollen frocks. A wealth of stitching is in evidence upon most of the fashionable models, yet with the exquisite filmy materials and the possibilities lurking in shirrings, flouncings and ruchings, frocks may take on pronounced modishness at comparatively slight cost in money or labor.

IN DEFENSE OF HOMELINESS

By MAX O'RELL.

Every one to his taste, or, as the French say, "If you don't like this or that, don't disgust others out of it; there are some who may like it."

Some will tell you that a woman with a small, turned-up nose is not fit to look at. Others will tell you, on the contrary, that that woman is often very piquant, cheerful and amiable looking, which makes her quite charming, and will add: "Who could admire a woman with a long, arched nose?" Well, some do. Cleopatra, who had such a nose, was considered the greatest beauty of her time, and Pascal goes so far as to say that if her nose had been an inch shorter the face of the world would probably have been changed.

I have heard women say that Rejane, with her short, retrousse nose, her eyes set wide apart, her eyebrows in the midle of her forehead and her huge, square mouth, is absolutely ugly. Many people—and I am one of those—call her the personification of piquancy and fascination. A general expression of amiability, an intelligent face, a contagious laugh, eyes beaming over with fun and humor, an air that denotes good temper, good fellowship—all that may belong to a person, even a woman, that most people would agree in declaring ugly.

Descartes liked women who had a squint. Alfred de Musset liked to see a little down on their upper lips. Everyone to his taste, let us repeat.

There are women who would be able to inspire love with the mere sound of their melodious voices, even if you could not see them. The pretty woman is preferable to the beautiful woman; the charming woman is the best of all, and the charming woman may possess no beauty whatever. The pretty woman remains pretty longer than the beautiful woman remains beautiful, and the charming woman is and remains charming forever.

The Princess Metternich, wife of the Austrian ambassador in Paris, was considered the most fascinating woman at court during the Second Empire. I may say that she had not one feature that did not swear at all the others. She had a round face with a huge mouth and a turned-up nose, but she was the embodiment of wit, amiability and cheerfulness, and when she spoke to you you were absolutely under the spell of her irresistible charms. I saw her only a few months ago. She had not changed a bit, although I must say that she is now a woman a good deal over sixty. Happy the women who have charms that last, and these charms you will generally find in women who have no regularity of features; in fact, in women who are anything but beautiful.

Besides, there is an age, some time about forty, when ugliness diappears, and, contrary to the woman who at that age may have lost her beauty, the homely woman is more than ever amiable and cheerful. In losing her beauty the beautiful woman has lost generally everything, for Nature, which is somewhat sparing of her gifts, seldom endows a woman perfect of face and figure with which intelligence, wit and wisdom. She is spoiled in her youth by the admiration bestowed upon her by her parents, friends and men in society, and the loss of what caused all that admiration leaves her sad, dissatisfied and unhappy.

An ugly woman is sometimes wicked, but she is very seldom silly. It is said that hunchbacked people are very sour and revengeful, malicious and treacherous, and some people say that ugliness develops in women the characteristics that you see in hunchbacks. I do not believe it. My opinion is that plain women (of course I do not speak of those whose ugliness is enough to stop all the clocks in the house) have very often qualities of heart and mind that make them much preferable to beautiful statues who seem to expect you to stand in silent ecstasy before them.

The woman who adds to the tenderness of her heart, and the briliancy of her mind, all the attributes of beauty in form and feature is the glory of creation; but although I have an idea that most women would give all their intellectual attainments and moral qualities in exchange for beauty, I must say that all wise people would agree in wishing them, for their sake, the possession of all that is solid and lasts.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Man's Best Friend.

He was strong and trim and a good-sized cur,
A giant of dogs; with soft silk fur,
Poised head of an intellectual size,
And two straight, luminous hero-eyes,
A tail whose gestures were eloquence;
A bark with a germ of commonsense,
And this dog looked, upon the whole,
As if he had gathered some crumbs of soul
That fell from the feast God spread for man—
Looked like a line of the human plan.

There went with his strong, well-balanced stride
A dignity oft to man denied,
God's humblest brutes, where'er we turn,
Are full of lessons for man to learn.
That night that he crouched by the yielding door,
And two grim murderous thieves, or more,
Had bribed the locks with their hooks of steel,
He fought with more than a henchman's zeal;
For sleeping loved ones' treasures and life,
He conquered rogue and bullet and knife.

He saw distress with a quick, sure eye
And heard the half-checked drowning cry;
A living lifeboat, soon he bore
A half-drowned man to the welcome shore.
And when the wife of the rescued one
Wept him her love for the great deed done,
And fondled him in a warm embrace,
He talked with his fondest, kind old face,
And said: "I have shown you nothing new;
It is what we live for and love to do,
In lake or river, or sea or bay,
My race are rescuers every day;
In the snowy gulfs 'mid hills above
My race brings life to the race we love."

The soul of the humble brute has fled;
The grand old dog lies still and dead.
Oh, manlike brain and godlike heart!
You were made to carry a noble part.
You did, old dog, the best you knew,
And that is better than most men do;
And if ever I get to the great, just place,
I shall look for your honest, kind old face.

—Will Carleton, in Everywhere.

Intelligence of Elephants.

It is quite likely that Jingo, the great elephant which died on shipboard being brought to this country from England, not long ago, pined away and perished from homesickness. Creatures with less intelligence than an elephant have died from this cause. The more we study animals of all kinds the more we shall find they are like human beings, says an exchange.

It used to be said that the animal approaching nearest to man in intelligence is the dog. Now, however, many claim that the elephant manifests the most humanlike emotion and reason. Like man, it has affection, often intense, for those who treat it well. It has a nervous system extremely sensitive, and in that respect is like a woman. An elephant that can lead a charge against roaring, flaming mouthed cannon in battle, may be thrown into a crazy panic at the sight of a newspaper suddenly blown before its face in a wind. An elephant goes crazy sometimes, too, and becomes so dangerous it has to be shot.

The great beast's intelligence is shown in the fact that it can be trained to do difficult circus acts. What is more, it actually can learn to count. A tame female elephant in India had a dozen cakes given to her for supper every night. Twenty pounds of flour were required to make the cakes, one of which was allowed to the elephant's mahout, as the keeper is called, the other eleven going to the elephant.

If one of these was missing and there were only ten, the beast made as much fuss as a soldier would make if deprived of his supper after a hard day's march. She tapped angrily upon the ground with her trunk and made the noise called trumpeting, which you have sometimes heard an elephant make in a menagerie.

This elephant was so fearless and steady nerved that she was used in tiger hunting. This meant that if a tiger tried to spring upon her in the jungle, she had to stand quite still, the hunters up her back meantime taking aim and shooting the ferocious beast. She was dead game at this sort of dangerous entertainment for human beings, so that her Hindu keeper said, "If Luckinee was eaten by a lion she would not move."

Scientists tell us the natural life duration of every creature is seven times as long as the period required for it to come to maturity. According to that count men and women should live to the age of 140, though they do not because their habits of living are so bad and unnatural. An elephant, however, does not shorten its existence as intelligent and learned human beings do, so lives sometimes to be centuries old. It requires 26 years to get its full growth, and thus, according to the scientists' calculation, should live to the age of 182 years, which it does in its natural state, and often longer.

The elephant that was so wise she could count her supper cakes was 70 years old, therefore middle-aged.

Another also a female, much older than this one, was so faithful, brave and sagacious, that she was always put in the led of the hunting and tourist parties with which she traveled in the jungles. Once her party came to a dangerous river ford at nightfall. The party had crossed that ford in the morning, and the old female had led it safely across, although it was full of quicksands, one of which, if the elephant had stepped into it, would have gradually swallowed the huge body out of sight, the trunk sticking up horribly in the air and breathing to the last, till it, too, was sucked in and the poor creature was strangled. The elephants are so heavy that it is not possible to pull them out of a quicksand after they once begin to sink.

Well,with many misgivings the hunters gave the old lady her head in the darkness, not knowing whether they would ever see another daylight. Through the night across a mile of treacherous sand and water the noble creature guided her party so safely that she landed it into the exact tracks she herself had made in the morning.

What man could have done it?

Germans who use retort coke ovens get out tar products worth 28 per cent as much as the coke, and save nearly all the 40 per cent of the volatile elements of the coal which are lost in the open "beehive" ovens used in America.

IT CURES RHEUMATISM

There is now not the least doubt that **Rheumatism** can be cured; and what this fact means to so many sufferers does not need words to illustrate. We have many testimonials to prove the truth of our assertion that this dread disease yields quickly to the efficacy of **Bu-Ju**. This remarkable remedy for all disorders of the kidneys, of which **Rheumatism** is one of the effects, has eradicated this painful and dangerous malady in so many cases that to doubt its power would indicate lack of intelligence. To refuse to avail one's self of the benefits of this **cure for Rheumatism** would be equally foolish. A trial box of **Bu-Ju** will convince any sufferer from **Rheumatism** that medical science has at last found a means of speedy relief and permanent cure for this disease. All druggists sell **Bu-Ju** in boxes of 50 pills at 50 cents, and will refund the purchase price in any case where it fails to effect relief and cure if directions are followed faithfully. Do not accept substitutes, but insist on **Bu-Ju.**

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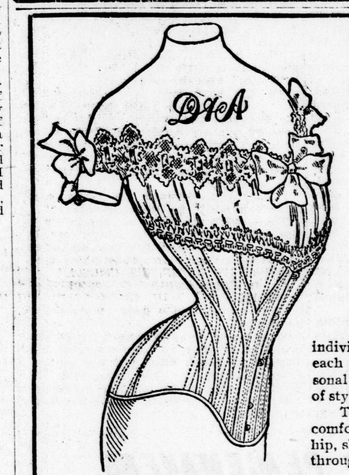

The New Long Hip Model

D&A

425 Long Hip

A graceful figure may be spoiled by a rigid Corset.

A poor figure may be made graceful by the proper Corset.

D. & A. Corsets beautify, aid and correct according to individual needs, developing in each figure that indefinable personal grace that is the keynote of style.

The New Long Hip model comfortably encompasses the entire hip, showing no ridge or line even through an unlined skirt.

D. & A. Corsets are the BEST

Camera-less Photographs.

This is the Age of Subtraction. We have the horse-less carriage, and the wire-less telegraphy, while this article tells of the camera-less photograph. It is easily made, and consists simply in using a leaf in place of a negative. The young folks who are familiar with printing and developing pictures will at once understand the following directions, and others can readily learn:

The articles required are two and are inexpensive. First, a printing frame—4x5 is a convenient size—provided with a glass and costing about 20 cents. Second, a can of blue-print paper, containing 24 sheets and costing 20 cents. Very sensitive paper is preferable.Take any common tree leaf when it is fresh, and green, place face down on a sheet of the paper, put in the frame against the glass, and print by sunlight from an hour to half a day, according to the density of the leaf and strength of the light. Then wash thoroughly in clear water, changing several times, dry and press—a heavy book does well for a press. If properly done the result will be a perfect picture of the leaf used, showing exact shape and size, all the veins and the minute structure to an astonishing degree. Probably at first there will be a few failures, but experience will soon teach the time necessary for exposure.—St. Nicholas.

The Dangers of Childhood.

Summer is the most deadly season of the year for little ones. The little life hangs by a mere thread; diarrhoea, infant cholera and other hot weather ailments come quickly and sometimes, in a few hours, extinguish a bright little life. Every mother should be in a position to guard against, or cure, these troubles, and there is no medicine known to medical science will act so surely, so speedily and so safely as Baby's Own Tablets. A box of the Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones, and by giving an occasional Tablet hot weather ailments will be prevented, and your little one will be kept well and happy. Don't wait until the trouble comes—that may be too late. Remember that these ailments can be prevented by keeping the stomach and bowels right. Mrs. A. Vanderveer, Port Colborne, Ont., says: "My baby was cross, restless and had diarrhoea. I gave her Baby's Own Tablets and they helped her almost at once. I think the Tablets a splendid medicine for children."

The Tablets are guaranteed to cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they contain no opiate or poisonous drug, and can be given safely to a new-born babe. Sold by medicine dealers, or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

It is the man who lacks sufficient moral courage to refrain from giving a tip who complains about the evil.—N. Y. H.—Most of us are lacking in moral courage.

An Old, Old Fleet.

Among some of the earliest fleets mentioned in history was one built by the clever Phenician shipbuilders for Sennacherib, King of Assyria, seven hundred years B. C., or over 2,600 years ago. It seems that this king had a much-dreaded rival in a prince of Chaldea named Suzub. This prince lived in the marshes in a very un-get-at-able place on some small island of the Persian Gulf, from which Sennacherib decided to oust him; and though Sennacherib and his people lived far inland, he conceived the bold design of making an attack on Suzub with a fleet brought by him from his own country. For this purpose he ordered the Phenicians to construct "tall ships after their country," meaning modeled like their own vessels, and to man them with sailors from Tyre and Sidoin.

This fleet, when ready, sailed some distance down the Tigris, which you will now find on the map of Turkey in Asia. Then the ships—just think of it—were transferred overland, probably by means of wooden rollers, all the way to the great thoroughfare of the country, the big canal of Babylon. There the soldiers of Sennacherib were put on board and the fleet sailed down the canal to the Euphrates River. After much voyaging, the ships, with all the troops, wound their way through the marshes, which were at the mouth of the Euphrates, and came into the Persian Gulf. This was, indeed, a wonderful undertaking toi those land-bred people, and much doubt was in many minds as they voyaged down. The offerings of little golden images of ships and fishes were thrown into the water for Ea, the god of the sea, whose aid they hoped would decide the contest in their favor. Fortunately, after many trials and hardships, their efforts were in the end successful, and Suzub was obliged to fly from his stronghold and leave everything in the hands of the conqueror.—St. Nicholas.

A Tiny Bit of a Fellow.

A tiny bit of a fellow.
But he filled the house with noise,
Till I told him over and over again
He was the worst of all the boys.

As I sat at my library table,
Trying to write for bread,
Time and again I gave it up
For the noises overhead.

And time and again I scolded him,
And begged him to keep still,
But he'd only say between his sobs,
"Bime-by, dear Pop, I will."

And the "bime-by" is here now,
When the little man keeps still;
And there's silence—silence everywhere—
And a grave upon the hill.

I wish the hours were full of noise,
And the house a bedlam quite;
But I've only this awful silence
And that little grave tonight.
—Lou J. Beauchamp, in The Philosopher.

Even the laziest man would not object to having so much money that it would make him tired to count it.