

Woman and Her Work

Our sex has always been accused of a tendency towards the superficial! Of a light and airy gift in fact, of skimming the cream off things without ever taking the trouble to go beneath the surface, and an extraordinary faculty for reaching at a single bound a conclusion which it would take a man hours of earnest thought and hard work to arrive at. Critics assert that the woman, however correct she may be in her position, will be unable to explain how she reached it, while the man can report progress step by step, but that makes little difference to the woman, since the result is identical, and in the forcible language of the small boy, she "gets there just the same." I never half believed in this theory of woman's irresponsibility, preferring to think that she worked as hard for her knowledge as man, and had merely the gift of applying it more rapidly, but lately—well I don't know.

I had my faith in the solidity of woman's attainments rather badly shaken the other day, and my respect for her magnificent audacity, and rapid intuition wonderfully increased at the same time while listening to a bright girl of my acquaintance discussing Sir Charles Tupper's speech on the Yukon Railway bill, with a man who was a keen politician, and particularly interested in the subject. I was greatly struck by this damsel's intelligent remarks and clear grasp of the different points brought out in the speech. As I knew her to be a young lady with many interests and frequent calls upon her time I was so surprised at her familiarity with the political situation that I asked her how she ever found time to keep up with what was going on in parliament and read all the speeches. She laughed with great enjoyment of my simplicity. "Why you didn't imagine that I read that whole speech did you," she said, "I think Sir Charles is the dearest old love in the world, and just as great a wonder as Gladstone, in his own way, but all the same I haven't time to read all he says in parliament. I read the first paragraph of that Yukon speech, and the last, so I could talk about his clever opening sentences, and his grand peroration, and then I read all the headlines between, so I knew just what he was talking about, and his line of argument. Besides that, Mr. Blank had read it so carefully, and quoted from it so liberally that I had only to listen attentively in order to keep my bearings, so I never lost the thread once, and I really think he formed quite an opinion of my mental acquisitions!"

The superb nerve of the thing almost took my breath away, and I was ready to admit the truth of a good deal that was said about woman's superficiality, but also to contend that nature had endowed her with other qualifications which stood her in just as good stead as the most solid of mental acquisitions, and that if her gift for skimming cream was as pronounced in all cases, as in this one, those things beneath the surface—the skim milk for instance, might safely be left to take care of themselves.

In spite of all the diet cures that one reads about daily, and which would lead one to suppose that the remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to in this world, has a judicious course of dieting, people who are supposed to know all about such things say that it is absolutely impossible to make a woman really diet, even when her complexion is the stake involved, and the difference between beauty and plainness is the penalty of disobedience. We all start out with the best of intentions they say, and then get tired and make an ignominious failure, beginning first by taking just a tiny bite of some forbidden dainty merely to see if we have forgotten what it tastes like. This breaks the ice and having transgressed once the next offence is easy, so we take a larger bite, and finding no violent ill effects, proceed to reason with

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ourselves that there must have been some mistake and this is probably not the article that disagreed with us at all—and after that—the deluge.

Physicians say that very few women attain the age of forty without having been put on a diet at one time or other. When our mothers were young no one ever heard of dieting except for sickness! The idea of a sensible woman eating this, and doing without that, merely that she might grow fat if she was too thin, and thin if she was too fat, would have been considered too absurd to be tolerated for a moment; dieting meant gruel and beef tea and those nourishing liquids indicated aggravated indigestion at the very least. But now our very first resource is the diet system if we discover that our complexions are not quite right, that the "salt cells" are becoming too prominent in our cheeks, or that last year's bodice will not meet by an inch. A clever woman has said that the system of dieting described in a few words as possible meant simply eating all those things which one should not eat and leaving uneaten all the things one would eat. Whether this is true or not it will probably serve as an excuse for the habit of persistently disregarding orders when told to diet, and then declaring that there is nothing in the diet theory after all, which doctors say is one of the difficulties they have to contend with when treating our sex.

"There is just this difference between a man, and woman patient" said a busy physician. "You tell a man that he must either give up smoking, eating turtle soup and drinking port wine, or else make up his mind to endure the agonies of gout; but you know all the time that he won't do anything of the sort—he won't even promise to do so, and he scouts the idea of dieting being necessary for him. He has been doing these things all his life and they have never hurt him, so why should they now? But the woman is easily frightened and promises everything. By and by she comes in to report progress, and I know the moment I look at her I know just how she has been keeping her promises. Has she taken her tonic? Certainly she has not missed a dose. Has she eaten lobster salad, ice cream or pastry? Well perhaps once or twice, but not often enough to make any difference. Has she eaten the raw beef sandwich, the oatmeal porridge and drunk the hot water I prescribed? She says yes, but her looks tell me that she might truthfully add 'once or twice, to the yes. Has she gone to bed at ten, got up at seven, and taken a nap after dinner every day. And then this daughter of eve wonders why she does not get well and continues cheerfully paying me for giving her advice which she will not take. On the whole I prefer the man patient, for then I know just where I am standing." So it all this is true, dear girls, what in the world is the use of my spending valuable time in hunting up diet schemes which shall make you beautiful forever.

The woman to whom a sailor hat is not becoming is really to be pitied now-days; and yet she is by no means a rarity. There are faces which look absolutely grotesque beneath a sailor hat, and yet are comely enough when given a proper setting. It is really a serious inconvenience to any woman to be unable to wear a sailor because it really seems as that most comfortable of head coverings would never go out of style. Already the first sailors

have made their appearance in the shop windows, and they are not by any means things of beauty. In the first place the colors are absolutely hideous, and the shapes instead of being only moderately high crowned and rather broad brimmed, as they were last year, show high crowns which seem to fall in at the top and stiff looking narrow brims. The straws of which these monstrosities are composed are a coarse mixture of green, blue, white, purple, red and brown. Brilliant bands of plaid velvet and sometimes quills and wings add to their ugliness. It is to be hoped that, as often happens, the advance styles are not really an indication of what will be worn later on.

One of the latest fancies in millinery is the doing away with the cluster of flowers beneath the hat brim, which has been a feature of all the winter hats, and the absence or presence of this ornament serves to distinguish the new from the old hat. Shapes which are turned up at one side are filled in with bunches of leaves, while a wreath of roses rising in a bunch at the back may adorn the outside of the hat. Some of the crowns are entirely covered with flowers, and crowns made of silk and satin in Tam o'Shanter shape are supplied with brims of straw. A curious rainbow cloth which resembles horsehair in texture is also used for the crowns in hats of this kind, which are usually worn by young girls.

The prejudice against bonnets for any but quite elderly ladies seems to be melting away, as numerous lovely bonnets intended to be worn by young women are being shown at the different millinery openings. It is said that the fact of large hats becoming so common, has had something to do with this revival amongst more exclusive women. Some of these little bonnets are dainty affairs of steel and jet, with a sort of butterfly's wing at each side and a small crown just large enough to take in the little coil of hair at the top of the head.

There are also the close Dutch shapes, and a very pretty model for elderly ladies, with a Marie Stuart print in front, cut up high at the back, and extending well down to the ears. Made of black lace and jet, with violets or wall flowers for trimming, it makes an exceedingly pretty headpiece. One of the newest toque shapes has a low crown and a brim which turns up at the back, and droops in front. One model in pale green straw is well covered with violets, one bunch of white violets in front, forming a pretty contrast, and where the brim is raised in the back a cluster of leaves fills in the space.

Scarcely ever have the trimmings seemed to be such a feature of the dresses as now! In fact with the ruffles, and puffs and panels as lavishly distributed over the fashionable gown, it is sometimes rather difficult to decide what the dress itself is made of. Garnitures in the shape of yokes, boleros and skirt panels, are shown in almost endless variety, and are made of silk and mohair braid, silk and jetted net and chiffon, and gorgeously jewelled lace. Lace applique of any sort is very fashionable and if properly applied it is sure to be pretty. Applique sprays are sewn on velvet, satin, and silk, as well as chiffon and net, of which yokes and vests are made. Beaded effects are also to be popular this spring, but as the summer advances, black braid, black satin and black velvet ribbon will supersede them and be very much used in trimming the new gowns of light wool goods, and net. Narrow and wide fringes of silk and beads, and narrow gimps of gold cord and spangles, are also amongst the fashionable trimmings. Black, or colored silk braid with a cord on the edge, is made very effective by sewing a gold and black mixed cord through the centre.

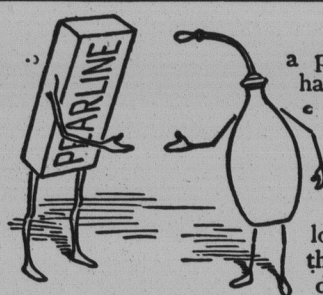
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a prominent physician says: "I have given my own children the benefit of very careful study in the matter of absolute cleanliness in bottle feeding. I have studied the so-called easily-cleaned nursing bottles, and I long ago came to the conclusion that a little Pearlina would render ordinary nursing bottles the safest utensils of them all. I firmly believe that children properly fed and cleanly fed will avoid the majority of the difficulties which they encounter during the first two years of life. I believe that if every feeding bottle was washed with Pearlina, many innocent lives would be saved."

Surely, this is a matter to interest every mother. Nothing so thoroughly cleanses as Pearlina.

Millions of Pearlina

Very stylish gowns are made of the new wool canvas which is in a much finer weave than the canvas of last season, in fact most of the materials which promise to be popular are fine, soft and dainty both in color and texture. Red, in a pretty cherry shade is very fashionable for bodices and blouses of taffata or foulard silk, patterned with white. One pretty example has a yoke of alternate rows of guipure and lawn insertion; below this the silk is laid in plaits all around, and the edge, which laps onto the yoke, is finished with a fancy red silk braid. The sleeves are plaited in at the shoulder and again at the wrist, in the form of cuffs. Taffata silk in red and white checks forms another new bodice. It is folded back in V shape at the neck and filled in with frillings of white chiffon. Small back satin revers finish the edge, narrow folds of satin trim the chiffon collar band, and the cuffs and belt are of the black satin, thus giving a very striking but stylish effect to the bodice.

DEARLY BOUGHT.

He Lost his Tooth but had his two Weeks Vacation.

Only those who work fifty weeks in the year in some office in a crowded city can appreciate the eagerness with which such a worker looks forward to his two weeks' vacation, and the zest with which he enters upon it. A young newspaper man in one of our large cities had laid aside his pen, paste pot and scissors for a rest of a fortnight, and was preparing to start for his boyhood home in the country, when a sharp ache in one of his teeth impelled him to visit the dentist.

It was the first day of his vacation, and he had his valise with him, packed and ready for the journey. The dentist examined the aching molar, and shook his head.

"I have been afraid of this," he said. "The nerve is dying. The gold filling in that tooth will have to be taken out, and the nerve treated."

"How long will it take?"

"It will take two weeks."

"Will it hurt?"

"Yes, it will hurt some."

"You can treat it now, and I can come again in two weeks. Will that do?"

"No. You will have to come every day."

"Then I'll let it go. I'll wait till I come back from the country."

"You can't. It will drive you crazy."

"Great snakes! I'm not going to let an aching tooth spoil my vacation! Pull it out!"

"No, sir. That would be simple lunacy. The tooth is one of the best in your head. It can be easily saved, and it's worth five hundred dollars to you."

"Doctor," said the young man, "it would hurt to pull this tooth, wouldn't it?"

"It would be very painful. I should have to make several attempts, in all probability. It has three prongs, and is deeply rooted."

"Yank it out, doctor."

"But I tell you—"

"Yank it out!"

"My dear boy—"

"If you don't pull that tooth, doctor, I'll go to the dentist across the street and have him do it, and I'll give you just three seconds to decide!"

The man across the street was a rival, and the dentist hesitated no longer. Before the three seconds were up he had his forceps in hand.

He was right. The tooth came hard. It took several pulls, but it 'let go' at last.

With a yell in which pain and relief were mingled the young man sprang out of the chair, looked at his watch, stuffed a handkerchief into his mouth, grabbed his valise, and started for the train.

He had traded a five-hundred-dollar tooth for a vacation, and it is to be hoped the vacation was worth it.

A Providential Escape.

In 'Manitoba Memories' Rev. George Young relates an experience of his boyhood which, he says, formed the turning-point in his career, and led him eventually to choose the life of a missionary in the north land. Early one morning, when I as a boy, says Mr. Young, I was feeding

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the cattle in the basement of a stable when a terrific wind-storm struck the building and crushed it like an egg-shell. Hearing the crash of the falling and breaking timbers I fell on my knees in terror, and began to pray. In a moment, as it seemed, the storm passed and stillness prevailed. I was completely encompassed by the broken timbers and the mows of hay and grain which had been stored in the upper part of the barn. I was in utter darkness, too, and at first completely dazed. Finding myself unharmed, however, I recovered my senses and began to dig into the hay to escape. After a long struggle I worked myself free from the hay, and stood in the midst of the wreck. It was afterward ascertained how narrowly I had escaped being crushed to death by the falling timbers. Had I been standing at the moment I must have been killed. The space wherein I had knelt was about a yard square, and the only place where I could have escaped instant death. Much was made of my remarkable escape, which I have always regarded as a direct interposition of Providence, and in consequence I have devoted my life to the Master's service.

Quick as Thought
The maddening toothache stops when Nerviline—that wonderful nerve-pain cure—is applied to the tooth. Nerviline is the only positive, never-failing remedy for toothache and all nerve pains. Be advised and try it.

His own Spoon.
"I heard a capital story of Charles Matthews," writes Mr. Joseph Hutton "from an old actor at the Lotus Club in New York. He was invited with his manager and two others to dine with a citizen who carried on the business of pawn-broking, and though well off kept but one assistant. Matthews was well known among his friends and admirers for his remarkable powers of rapid imitation and characterization, off the stage as well as on, but probably he never gave a more remarkable illustration of those powers than on this occasion. The host being called out of the dining-room at the back of the shop, Matthews altered his hair, turned up his collar, and put on another man's hat. Then making a suitable change of countenance, he took a large silver gravy- spoon from the table, ran into the street, and entering one of the little boxes which universally shield one customer from another at pawnbrokers' counters, pledged to his unsuspecting host his own piece of plate, and returned to his place at table as the pawn-broker reentered the room."

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