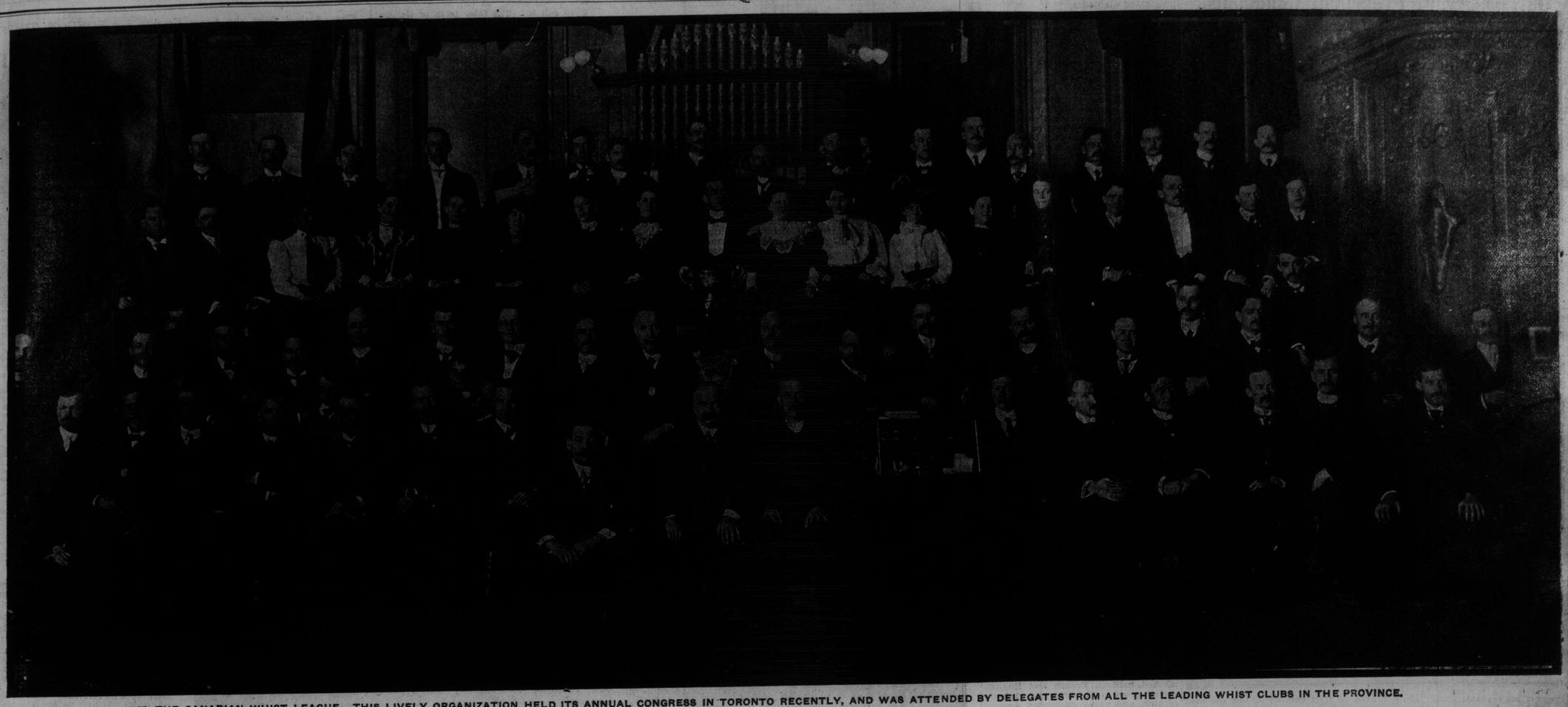

THE CANADIAN WHIST LEAGUE.—THIS LIVELY ORGANIZATION HELD ITS ANNUAL CONGRESS IN TORONTO RECENTLY, AND WAS ATTENDED BY DELEGATES FROM ALL THE LEADING WHIST CLUBS IN THE PROVINCE.

Orangeade for Beauty

Newest Parisian Expedients to Coax Good Looks.

SMART Paris is now devoting herself whole-heartedly to the subject of beauty treatment, which laudable means to a desirable end she has learned from London and New York. The cult is most of all emphasized by the fair Parisienne, the one hears rumors that many of the dandies of the gay city are not averse to clever aids that will enhance their good looks and generally well-groomed appearance. Their hands are, of course, most carefully manicured, and it is very likely indeed that numbers of the youngest of them are devoting strict attention now to their moustaches and beards, for in Paris, curiously enough, there has arisen a fashion for beards and moustaches worn au naturel, after the manner that prevailed years and years ago in the Mid-Victorian Era. One of the surest signs that a woman is devoted to the cult of beauty is her willing or unwilling abstinence from certain dishes and beverages that she particularly likes. Will it be believed that in Paris the vogue for afternoon tea, tho not actually dying out, is on the wane? The occasion, it is true, remains, but the comestibles and beverages that are offered are far different from the cup that cheers and the hot-buttered toast that used to be deemed so smart and indispensable at all fashionable afternoon gatherings. It is strange, exceedingly strange, that "five o'clock" tea and toast should be less modish than it was. Is it possible that the fair Parisienne only pretended to enjoy her the a la Russe or her well-creamed cup of fragrant Bohea, because she thought it was so English to appreciate it, or is the present craze merely an experiment? Time alone will prove or disprove this point. Certainly, all the smart tea shops and the tea rooms at the Ritz, the Elysee Palace and the other great hotels are as full as ever in the afternoon, but tea is not the most fashionable beverage of the moment.

What is being drunk is orangeade or lemonade, beautifully made and exquisitely iced. The beverage is concocted in this manner: The juice of a fresh orange or lemon is squeezed into a glass, and to it are added soda water or any of the other effervescent waters preferred, and plenty of cracked ice. In effect, it is an orange squash or a lemon squash that is demanded. Last year everybody was drinking lemonade. It was no uncommon occurrance for a woman who wished to preserve her figure in dainty symmetry to imbibe even as many as fourteen lemonades on a hot day. But now the reign of the orange has set in, a more expensive fancy than that of the lemon, for oranges are scarce this year, and consequently costly. To neither orangeade nor lemonade can there be any objection on the score of beauty; both beverages are hygienic and refreshing. But with these iced drinks it is modish now to eat ice cream at tea time, and in the fashionable tea saloons frequented by the modish at five o'clock one sees huge pyramids of ice crowned with whipped cream. Surely some special dispensation must have been afforded by the beauty doctors to their clients in order to permit them to partake conscientiously of viands usually pronounced so trying to the digestion.

In England the usual mode of procedure when a woman wishes to undergo a course of beauty treatment is for her to attend one of the many salons devoted to the cult of comeliness, and presided over by a high priestess of the art of beauty and her deft handmaidens. In Paris the cure is taken far more luxuriously by all women who can afford to satisfy their every whim for ease and comfort. The treatment is given at home and should it include a course of electricity, which it very often does, the wealthy Parisienne has a special battery set up in her boudoir, so that the beauty doctor shall find everything to her hand when she arrives to smooth away the wrinkles or whiten the patient's pretty neck and shoulders.

The light cure is one of the best patronized kinds of beauty treatment that smart Paris is running after just now. It is guaranteed by its devotees to remove traces of age and symptoms of rheumatism, to restore to careworn features and faded complexions the lines and coloring of youth, and to act as a splendid nerve tonic. Different lights are applied for different purposes; one to whiten the aging skin over which a prominent tinge of yellow is gathering, another to remove the baggy look beneath the eyes, that speaks so much of late hours, a third to freshen the system generally, and yet a fourth to disperse superfluous flesh with the extra aid of massage. The beauty doctor who uses the light is obliged to wear a pair of protective spectacles, so that the glare shall not hurt her eyes and the patient's orbs are covered with a bandage in order that the brilliancy of the light shall not affect her sight disastrously. One famous beauty doctor makes a point of never attending to more than two patients a day, but she gives each one four hours' careful and studious attention. Her curriculum is not confined to the removal of wrinkles, the brightening of complexion tints and the vitalization of the hair, which is treated with the electric brush, but is extended to a course of deportment lessons. The patient is taught how to walk, especially if she be one of those women whose tendency of habit is to embonpoint. She is also instructed in the art of breathing—a most important branch of hygienic beauty, both for the slender girl who requires development and for the woman who wishes to preserve her sylph-like elegance. In each case the most careful dietary table is drawn up, so that the patient knows what to eat and what to avoid, and also when to eat—most important items in the beauty course.

Overwrought London.

One of the principal characteristics of London life is undoubtedly the sense of fatigue. We should never realize how intensely we are living if it were not for the occasional weariness of which we are all more or less victims to-day. Here and there, it is true, you may meet a woman who says she does to-day. Here and there, it is true, you is an exception, and the generality of women who live in London, on the rare occasions when they pause in the breathless pursuit after excitement, are conscious of nothing but an intense weariness. Of course no self-respect know what it is to be tired, but she is tired, and you cannot insult one more than to tell her she looks it. Yet there is no disguising the fact that the modern woman, in spite of much apparent youthfulness, does occasionally betray in her countenance undoubted signs of over-fatigue, and it is only folly which causes her to whip and spur herself on to further effort when nature is so obviously crying out for repose in order to repair her battered constitution.

Now, the evil consequences of overfatigue are so great—not only physically, but morally—that one cannot understand why people do not attach more importance than they do to its first symptoms, and take some precaution in order to remedy them. A tired woman usually means a cross woman, and a cross woman, as a rule, implies an upheaval of the entire establishment. The most amiable woman in the world, when her body and nerves are worn out, is apt to grew fretful and prone to exaggerate trifles which under ordinary circumstances she would dismiss with a laugh. Half the domestic friction and lamentable quarreling which takes place in family life is due, I am convinced, writes a correspondent of The Ladies' Field, not to any inherent incompatibility of temper, but entirely to the fact that the principal actors are physically worn out, and have lost that sense of proportion which in good health enables them to take things at their proper valuation. Worry, the inevitable result of over-fatigue, is responsible for half the imagined miseries of life. It uses up the vital energy to a far greater extent than the most profound sorrow, and relentlessly wears out body and soul, spreading a pall of gloom over the lives of everybody concerned. The incredible part of the whole affair is that half the weariness of the modern woman is avoidable, but that she has not the strength of mind to resist the temptation of exceeding her own powers of endurance. Tho she is only too often perfectly aware that she has not the physical health to stand the strain of late hours, crowded ballrooms and heated theatres, she lacks the moral courage to refuse invitations, and to stay at home when she has the chance of going out. She is so possessed with the idea that she must be eternally on the rush that it soon becomes morally impossible for her to say "no" to any project entailing further exertion. All around her she sees people consumed with the same restlessness; and the very air she breathes seems to incite her to keep up the pace, to pass her friends in the race after excitement.

"Rushing" is the passion of the present day. It is a passion just like drink and is working quite as much havoc with the constitutions of the upper classes as drink does with those of the lower orders. Instead of recognizing it as a vice, and strenuously opposing it as such, the modern woman shows every sign of allowing herself to be engulfed in the whirlpool, without so much as making an effort to save her weary nerves and brain from coming dissolution. For, after all, it is in nerves and brain that the fatigue of the Londoner shows itself. The country cousin may crawl to bed with aching limbs and muscles after a hard day's exercise either on horseback, round the golf links, or on the moors; but refreshing sleep will come to her, and the fatigue will be as wholesome as the subsequent repose will be well earned. The muscles of the town cousin, on the other hand, never ache with a fatigue which, after all, is more or less pleasurable, the result of healthy hearty exercise; the weariness she snows is in her head, her sight and her nerves. Her brain knows no rest, being too occupied with the thought of what she is going to do next to dwell upon what she is doing at the time; her eyes have the strained look of one who is always searching for someone who is not present, or something which is out of range; her nerves are disordered, her tissues destroyed, and all this is the result of a perpetual bustle and hurry which leads nowhere. If she accomplished in a week half of what she attempts to do in one day she would not only be proportionately healthier, but infinitely happier. If she would be content to disappear from the public gaze for a few months every year, and indulge in absolute quiet and rest for a few weeks at a time, she would return to the fray on each occasion refreshed and rejuvenated, happy and cheerful, as she can never be during an uninterrupted course of the so-called pleasures of life, than which there is nothing more wearing. If she would make a practice of spending an hour or two every day in complete solitude, either with a book or else content to sit still and think about nothing, we would not be haunted with the pathetic spectacle of so many hopelessly tired women in London. Unfortunately, solitude is the last thing indulged in by the modern woman. Every moment not lived in public is time wasted; to spend an afternoon alone in her own house over the fire with a book would appear to her to be a sign of social failure. She loathes teas and is sick to death of bridge, but unless she is playing the latter or attending two or three of the former in the course of the afternoon she feels quite lost; and if it should by any possibility happen that she has no engagements in prospect she will go to any lengths to keep up the pretence to her friends that she is in a "fearful rush." Not only do they fatigue themselves, these modern bustling women, but they are so very fatiguing to others. It tires one to look at them, it exhausts one to hear them talk. You have only to watch the passers-by in the streets to note in what a frantic hurry every well-dressed prosperous-looking person is. Only the unemployed and an occasional telegraph boy understand the art of dignified walking to-day; they are the only people you will see in the streets of London sauntering along with that composure and ease which betoken a mind and body at leisure. The rest of the world is proceeding onward at full steam, tearing, scurrying, bumping into each other round corners, without pausing to apologize, conscious of nothing but a frantic desire for speed and an overwhelming sense of fatigue. They have no idea where they are going, but they feel they must get there quickly, so as not to drop by the way.

Miss Littlegirl's Parasol.

The small girl's parasol is to be a necessity this summer. In the young miss' own eyes this sunshade is of such tremendous importance that she refuses to be separated from it, even tho Old Sol sulk behind a cloud. She has even been seen contentedly posed under its becoming shelter while waiting on the porch for the raindrops to cease falling, or even as she took a mock promenade in her own nursery. It isn't so much that she is anxious about her complexion, but rather that it makes her feel important and quite grown up. To wear anything just like mamma's is indeed bliss. Behold her, then, tricked out in the latest, and topped off with the "last cry" in small parasols. Those who fancy these parasols all look alike have but to glance thru the bewilderingly pretty assortment where they will find Miss Littlegirl's tastes to have been catered to in the most painstaking manner. All, or very nearly all, of the little parasols are finished with pinking. This is especially true of the ruffles. Some absolute ly plain parasols are pinked at the edge rather than hemstitched. In white China silk there are one and two ruffle varieties, at 70c and 75c respectively. These are to be had in many colors. There's dashing red and a baby blue, a pretty pink, together with some darker colors and mixtures. Indeed, it would be a very difficult little girl that couldn't find something exactly in accord with her desires. There are a number of smart cotton parasols, and since grown-ups are leaning to the new wash parasols Miss Littlegirl will no doubt also find them acceptable. For 50 cents there are mercerized cotton sunshades boasting each three pinked-out frills. These are to be had in white, and in enough colors to make the rainbow jealous.

Golfing Costumes.

Up to the present point in the calendar the girl golfer has been content, in the matter of dress, to appear as the grub rather than as the butterfly. "Look on that picture and on this," said a woman golfer, fresh in from her round, as she found a friend in the clubhouse admiring an illustration of a golfing costume in a fashion paper. The difference was striking—the picture was pretty, the player practical! One, possibly, out of ten such illustrations would prove really useful to a golfer wanting to play well and enjoy herself. Winter is over now, and the extra abbreviated skirts, shabby from repeated washings round the hem—the mud of clay soil links is too adhesive for brushings to be effective—may be laid aside with the big boots and gaiters; while knitted jerseys and weather-defying headgear give place to more appropriate and prettier things. The real lover of the game is always ready to study comfort first and appearance second. Happily, when the ground is dry and the weather more settled, the two may be considered in conjunction with admirable result. No real sportswoman would be likely to wear a red coat unless her handicap is creditably low. In most clubs the gilt button has to be won before it is worn, which makes of it quite an honorable decoration. This coat is the only really distinctive garment of the girl golfer, so called on the happy Irish principle that we are all boys and girls from our first steps alone to the grave. The skirt must be short, but for spring and summer not necessarily conspicuously so. As most courses are up and down, and as the exigencies of the game frequently call for odd positions on the part of the player, the skirt must be loose from the knees down and quite easy over the hips. The shoes or boots should have nails in them to grip the ground. High heels are forbidden on most links, as they ruin the greens, and, to the credit of our sex be it said, the rule is seldom broken. The heel should be moderate in spring and summer; in winter, when the ground is soft, wide and flat. It is wise for the energetic golfer to order a specially broad-soled boot, as she will tire less soon. To return for a moment to the subject of skirts, lightness is most desirable, but they must, if light, be of excellent cut, else they will prove troublesome in a high wind. The plainer they are the more businesslike they look. This is a point, however, that will always be settled by individual fancy. Many players like a deep hem of leather round the skirt. Its advantages are that it does not absorb mud, sand shakes off it, it is durable and remains tidy. Its disadvantages are its weight when wet and the fact that unless it is precisely the color of the skirt it shortens the figure and is unbecoming. The usual bodice for golfing is a blouse. This is, as a rule, of fine flannel or some woollen material. Linen, cotton or muslin is all very well when you have confidence alike in the weather and the fabric. Anyone who has once experienced a good drenching in a linen, cotton or muslin blouse will not need to be told how horridly clammy, chilly and uncomfortable they feel, and how wretched is the process of drying out in them. Silk is little better, while none are really substantial enough for the player with a full swing. Such strenuous exertion makes unfair demand on the strength of flimsy substances. For the rest the blouse must be loose enough to permit of perfect freedom for the arms and shoulders, and there should be no pressure round the waist. These necessary points attended to, the individual taste has full scope. If a coat is required it should be short and loose; a little reefer is about the most comfortable and suitable. The head is the point about which there is the slightest difficulty. To find a hat at once comfortable, protective from wind, tight, unspoilable and becoming is admitted to be very troublesome. The golfer's mind must be freed from all anxiety, petty or otherwise. The woman whose whole interest is given to her stroke, when her locks are blowing across her eyes or standing straight out so uncompromisingly stiff that she sees them in her shadow profile on the green, is, indeed, a rare specimen of her sex. Nothing is such a nuisance to the feminine golfer as a high wind, and all because of her hair. When it is untidy so is her temper, and equability is necessary to success in the game. Staff caps, tam-o'-shanters, sailor hats, little straw toques, motor caps, cloth helmet caps, every variety of headgear has been tried, and a wholly successful one for golf has yet to be invented. As the motor defies the skill of the milliner so does golf. The best hat of all is the tam-o'-shanter, or a compromise between one and a staff cap. It must, however, fit the head, as the hair is arranged on it, also it must not be too large, or rude Boreas will send it askew, and the next ball will follow its evil example.

Fine Feathers.

Nothing is more firmly fixed in the creed of the maiden of to-day than that fine feathers make fine birds. It matters not whether the feathers are or are not warm and waterproof, so that they flash all is well. This shows an admirable spirit of self-denial and hardihood. The working girl may live upon bread and tea, she may be cold and damp, but at least she shines. Her hats overshadow and dazzle beholders, her dresses illuminate the streets. She is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to the young men of her world, with anaemia and pneumonia for her own portion. What could be a more complete illustration of traditional feminine self-sacrifice? The factory girl laboring for nine or ten shillings a week has rings on her fingers, and possibly, like the fine lady upon a white horse, bells on her toes; pearls as big as gooseberries adorn her neck, and all the while her jacket is ridiculously thin and her boots are a perforated fraud. The austere person with a faith in commonsense is horrified. But more poetical minds will be uplifted. What could be a more touching tribute to the value of ideals than the working girl in her fine feathers and chilly jacket? She will be beautiful coute que coute. She will be fine tho she shivers. And the last word in an oft-waged controversy would seem to be said. But isn't it worth while, in these treacherous spring days, to enter an appeal to commonsense, even at the sacrifice of the ideal? Working girls need ideals, and no one would rob them, but while we are all grateful to them for checking the drab sameness of our city streets with their bright spring hats and gay-colored gowns, we should be infinitely more happy if they would instead take better care of themselves. The pneumonia blouse is no fallacy. It has sent many a patient to the doctors, it has been the cause of many a cold and consequent chest disease; it lies at the root of more than half the anaemic troubles of our girls; and yet it has scarcely a single point to recommend it. It isn't pretty, this collarless blouse with transparent yoke, it is only dangerous; it isn't modest, it is only stupid. All doctors agree that harm is wrought thru muffling the throat too much, but not one will speak with favor of the extreme of fashion, the pneumonia blouse. It is common to a degree, unoecoming and untidy. Why, then, do girls wear it? Not one knows. Some of them arrive at a compromise by wearing a velvet band or a string of beads around their bare throats. But this is only a greater abomination, an abject affectation for a business girl. On the subject of shoes the reformers' heart is saddened, too, by the flagrant irresponsibility of the working girl. She essays to go to work in thin-soled, high-heeled shoes, and wonders at constant headaches. These erratic May days have an unkind knack of finding out her indiscretions in this direction. A shower of drenching rain works havoc with her inadequate footgear, maybe spoils the new spring hat which was her glory, and sends her spirits to zero point. It is strange to realize how hard the working girl is to convince of the economy of good boots and shoes. Unfortunately the majority insist upon having two pairs of thin soled shoes to one pair of good-wearing, sensible boots. Just as they will speculate in a new spring hat when they haven't enough money to purchase also an umbrella to protect it, or a mackintosh to save their new coat and skirt. It hardly seems fair to criticize the little weaknesses of the working girl, who certainly has not the monopoly of stupidity and indiscretion, but when a girl volunteers to enter the lists as a worker one immediately expects a higher degree of common-sense from her. She should not attempt to attack the business side of life, unless she is prepared to be businesslike. And in her clothes she will show the first evidence of her desire to succeed. Everything is in her favor—fashion the strongest factor, materials are cheap and pretty, the license for personal style was never broader, hygienic principles never more regarded, and becoming attire never more easily attained.

When Children Grow Up.

It is said, with some truth, that the children rule American homes. Certainly they are often pert and headstrong, and it is not hard to forecast their future. There is no cruelty in denying children anything that is not for their welfare, in exacting absolute obedience and the respect to which parents and older persons are entitled. I have never forgotten the joy of a mother who opened her eyes, one day, to the fact that her son had grown up and was deserving of a man's privilege of carrying a latch-key. She had always sat up for him, and knowing that he would find her dressed and waiting, he had always kept good hours. But on this particular day he had commented on the fact that he did not enjoy himself particularly in the evening, for he was oppressed by the thought that he was robbing his mother of much-needed sleep. "Take a latch-key, my son," she said, after a moment's thought, "and I will retire at my pleasure." The young man's relief was unmistakable, and he pocketed his key with an air of pride. It was about 10 o'clock when the mother, who had gone to bed but not to sleep, heard the click of the key and careful closing of the street door, and as the son passed her door she called out an affectionate, "Good night." "You're awake, mother," he answered, in a pleased voice. "I guess I don't want a key; it is lonely to come in and not find you. I would rather come home earlier and have you sit up for me." She sat up for him as long as he lived at home, and he never forgot to come home at a reasonable hour. Habit was too strong for him.

Would Improve With Age.

"Look here!" exclaimed the old lady. "I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that it swears very badly."

"Well, madam," replied the dealer, "it's a very young bird; it'll learn to swear better when it's a bit older."

Wisdom's Whispers.

There is a healing influence in the hand of time which no one can overestimate.

Pleasures that are the most elusive are the most eagerly sought.

Loyalty to one's friends brings rewards which give genuine satisfaction.

There is a vast amount of fun in this life if we only know it when it comes to us.

A proper respect for the opinions of others exerts a wonderful influence in the way others regard us.

Entire satisfaction with yourself creates a feeling of dissatisfaction on the part of those with whom you associate.

Jealousy is a wewakness on the part of a man which makes itself painfully apparent.

Unmerited applause has been responsible for many a failure.

Prosperity often drops in the hand of those who are totally unfit to understand what it means.

The world loves the lover who does not confine the love to self.

Rich Strike in Old Oil Field.

In 1899 a Petrolea syndicate secured a lease on the Thomas Johnson farm, lot 7 in the first con. of Moore, and some 1200 acres surrounding it. A well was sunk, which proved a failure. They encountered 60 feet of shale, and found other unfavorable conditions, and so abandoned the project. This extraordinarily rich belt, surrounded as it was by dry holes and the unfavorable conditions mentioned above, might never have been discovered had not the Petrolia Torpedo Co. secured a large block, which developments indicate is the hub of the territory, and drilled in the first oil well that was ever struck in the Township of Moore. Now one is left to wonder, as he travels along that old familiar road connecting Petrolea and Sarnia, and sees the forest of derricks that have arisen as if by magic, why it remained for 40 years untested. —Petrolea Advertiser.

American and English Railways.

The United States has a railway mileage nearly ten times greater than that of Great Britain, the figures being 200,000 for the United States and 22,152 for England. But while the American railroads carries 655,000,000 passengers, the British roads conveyed nearly twice as many—fully 1,200,000,000 in all. The net traffic receipts of the American roads are, however, nearly three times greater than those of the British, the figures being $560,000,000, against $300,000,000. The working expenses of American roads are 67 per cent. of the gross receipts, those of the English 62 per cent. of their gross receipts. It costs $5810 to operate one mile of American, $13,636 to operate a mile of English road. The American roads clear $2800 a mile on operation, the English roads $9000. The American roads have six employes only per mile, the English roads 28. More attention is paid in Britain to security of life, as well of passenger as of railway employe. Each system has something valuable to learn from the other. Each could be vastly improved by taking whatever of the good and serviceable it has not from the other.

Rapid Paving.

The Westminster city council have demonstrated the possibility of repaving an importan thorofare within 24 hours.

Just before midnight on Saturday work was commenced on Coventry-street, West, and before midnight on Sunday the repaving had been entirely completed.

The work involved the pulling up and relaying of no fewer than 390,000 wood blocks, each pavior laying on the average as many as 1500 blocks an hour.

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