

In Woman's Interest

The Fashionable Coiffure.

There seems to be rather a transition stage as regards the arrangement of the hair, for every day sees some eccentric style of coiffure attempted, too eccentric, as a rule to become popular, but, oddly enough, advanced generally by some woman noted for being correctly turned out.

The hair is no longer frizzed with hot irons to give a fuzzy appearance, but it is still in waves. These are made with hot irons when the hair does not wave naturally, two or three times a week, and generally keep very well for two or three days. Fortunately, it is no longer the fashion to neglect the hair; on the contrary, the greatest care is taken to have it in good condition, for it is most fashionable to have it look glossy and well cared for. There is nothing like brushing to make the hair glossy, but when as is the case with most heads now, the hair has suffered from months of being curled with irons, it does not always respond even to unlimited brushing, so that something must be put on to give the required gloss. Dyed hair is no longer the craze it once was, and there is no longer the dread of being observed with an almost all hair, indeed, a great many comparatively young women are seen with quite gray hair, and this is then most beautifully arranged.

For evening, and for almost all times, the hair is arranged high on the head, combed up as high as possible, and done in a small knot, there is a pompadour roll, but not nearly so large a pompadour, and when possible it is made by the ends of the hair—the front hair—turned under. The idea now evidently is to leave the line at the back of the head unbroken. The ornaments used in the hair are either put on in front of the knot above the pompadour or at the left side, and the butterfly seems to be the favorite device. This is made in jewels, or in mousseline de sole or chiffon spangled with jet and silver, or entirely of jet. The butterfly has very long, thin, pointed wings, which are incrustated with the spangles.

Sometimes the hair is arranged low in the neck, or rather lower down on the crown, but if so, it is kept very flat to the head, and whatever ornament is used is put in front of the knot, and this gives very much the same effect as a high coiffure, for the ornament is much higher, generally consisting of two or three twisted loops of ribbon with maribau feathers or a long aigrette. Another ornament for the hair is the stiff wing made of solid jet, steel, or of rhinestones, or diamonds. This is very becoming, and adds greatly to any coiffure.

It is said that next spring the hair will be arranged altogether low in the neck on the plan of the old-fashioned waterfall, but all exaggerated styles are, fortunately, the world at large, so modified nowadays, that they are made possible before they become fashionable. There is a way of arranging the hair low on the head that is very attractive, and looks particularly well with the hats worn forward over the face. The hair is either twisted or braided so that it entirely covers the back of the head, but it is made to lie flat to the head and not to stand out in that ugly way so unbecoming. We are also threatened with nets, but if they are worn they will be very fine ones, worn to cover the loosely twisted hair in the coiffure just described.

If the wheel of fashion turns and brings to us the styles of our grandmothers, they will come to us modified and changed almost beyond recognition by that indefinable touch of picturesque and elegance in the best sense of that word, which is marking the last part of our century. With Burne-Jones and Rossetti fresh in mind, a low knot of hair will not be the old-fashioned waterfall, but something to which art has added that saving grace without which fashion is nothing. And this will always make the greatest difference between the woman who understands the artistic trend of her time and the one who follows blindly where fashion leads. One will unconsciously have an individual style, a natural expression of personal taste, and the other, in spite of fashion plates and money and trouble untold, always be one of those unhappy women who "never are, but always to be" dressed.

Few Women Know How to Cry.

"Very few women know how to cry properly," said a cold-blooded observer, "but if they realized how potent tears are as a weapon they would spare no pains in learning to shed them gracefully."

fully. As a rule, brunettes cry much better than blondes. I call to mind, for instance, a very pretty little lady who was a litigant in court some years ago, and who wept when a certain portion of the testimony was reached. As the critical moment approached her eyes began to swim. They seemed to grow larger and darker, and they took on a wistful and appealing look that made every man in the jury box feel as if he wanted to climb right out and hit the plaintiff with a club. Her lips were quivering, and presently two great tears rolled down her cheeks. That settled it. I was foreman of the jury, and we were exactly a minute and a half in giving her a verdict. Now, if that had happened to some other woman, equally worthy, but of lighter complexion, the chances are her nose would have turned pink and her eyes would have assumed a slightly inflamed appearance that would have been—very damaging to her cause. If she had sniffed, as they usually do, I can't say what the result might have been. A woman who can cry artistically can have anything she wants. I'm surprised I wasn't taught, like Delia's movements.

Artistic Dressing.

Present day fashions, according to Miss Harriet Sackett, who has charge of the domestic art department of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, are not artistic. There should be three resting notes for drapery in a woman's costume, the shoulder, the hip and the knee. The knee is less a real than an apparent support. The drapery is usually lifted a little at that point to give freedom of action to the limbs, thus giving the appearance of rest. In the Greek costume the support is chiefly from the shoulders, there being a slight rest at the hips, where the robe is confined by a loose girdle. The most beautiful curve in a perfect woman's figure is from the hips sloping down the hips to the knees. Miss Sackett takes exception to the gowns of the latest cuts made perfectly plain in the back and fitting sheath-like over the hips. A little fullness in the back, allowing the gown to fall in pretty curves around to the front and falling to the knee, outlines but does not accentuate the curve of the body, and is truly artistic.

Another Sandwich Novelty.

All sorts of sandwiches are being served now at 5 o'clock teas and little receptions. Ladies who prepare their own refreshments for these delightful informal affairs are vying with each other in inventing something dainty and novel in sandwiches. One of the latest and most toothsome of these novelties is a cream cheese and English walnut sandwich, prepared as follows: Cut very thin slices of white bread, trim off all crust and have the slices square; spread them on one side with cream cheese, cover the cheese with alternate slices of meats of English walnut ground to a fine powder in a mortar; lay the cheese side of one slice on a slice covered with the nut paste, and with a sharp knife cut in triangular pieces.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream.

Soak one-fourth box gelatine in one-fourth cup cold water till soft. Chill and whip one cup of thick cream. Beat two eggs, add one-fourth cup sugar, one-half teaspoon salt, and one cup scalded milk. Cook in double boiler about two minutes or till egg is scalded, stirring constantly. Add soaked gelatine and one stick of sweetened chocolate, melted, and then strain into a pan set in ice water. When cool, add one-half teaspoon vanilla and stir as it begins to harden, then fold in quickly the whipped cream, and when well mixed pour into small molds or cups wet in cold water. Serve with crabapple jelly.

HER OPINION.

[Washington Star.] "People ought not to take children to the theater," said the bachelor. "Not if they can possibly avoid it," answered the young mother. "The noise on the stage does keep the poor little things awake so."

North Carolina has 1,457 registered distilleries their product last year having been 626,715 gallons. The moonshine output for the same period not scheduled is thought to have been about the same amount.

Boys and Girls.

A Little Protector!

He was a tiny spaniel lying on a piece of carpet in the kitchen of a big apartment house. He was awakened because he could not breathe easily. He sniffed about, decided there was something wrong and ran barking into the bedroom where his master was asleep, and barked and pulled at the bedclothes until his master woke up. As soon as the master was awake he knew there was a fire in the house, and that the people might be burned. He awakened all and helped to get everybody out on the street. The little dog yelped with all his might, barking and barking through the halls, close at his heels, the people. Everybody got to the street in safety, and the firemen worked hard and saved most of the furniture. Was that not a brave, wise dog?

The Quail and the Crocodile.

[By E. Louise Liddell.] Quoth the Quail to the Crocodile years ago, "Let us fly to the banks of the Hoang-Ho." Thus the Crocodile answered the foolish Quail: "Two would be very much better for us to sail."

The Mystery of the Mail Bag.

Perhaps she was of an investigating turn of mind; if so, she should have observed more closely. This cat lived in a drug store that was at the same time a sub-station of the postoffice. The mail pouch in which the letters were sent to the main office was fastened to the open end of a chute that ran through the floor to the basement. Puss had doubtless watched the letters and small parcels and postal cards slipping merrily down the chute, and she may have decided that it was a toboggan slide intended for amusement; she should have observed that the things that so merrily ran down the chute did not come back again. Puss disappeared.

The men at the main office opened a mailbag, when out jumped a cat, without address or postage stamp—a clear violation of the law. The postal clerks were frightened at first. Then they looked at the bag, saw the mark which told where it came from, and at once called up the sub-station, where an equally excited group of clerks were hunting for a much-loved cat. The mystery was solved, and a boy carefully carried the cat, who stole a ride in the government mail-bag, to its home.—Outlook.

A Smile: A Laugh.

It was at a public meeting of the Aldine Club in New York. One of the speakers, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, had the misfortune to have a tooth taken to miss his chair, and come down at full length on the platform. The incident occasioned not a little subdued mirth. When at last it came his turn to speak, the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "The Rev. Dr. Rainsford will again take the floor. The clergyman never met with so enthusiastic a reception as greeted this announcement."

A lawyer in court the other day, after a close examination of a witness, an illiterate Irishwoman, in reference to the position of the doors and windows, etc., in her house, asked the following question: "And how my good woman, tell the court how the stairs run in your house?"

To which the good woman replied: "How do the stairs run? Shure, whin I'm oop stairs they run down, and whin I'm down they run oop."—Household Words.

They are a newly-married couple, but the point has been reached where the young wife thinks she would like to understand her husband's business and help him with her advice from time to time. Her husband naturally resents the idea, but in unguarded moments he drops enough information to give his wife some material to work on. The other night she decided to make a start, and began with the remark: "John, I don't think that fellow you loaned a hundred dollars to last spring ever intends to pay you."

"I know," replied her husband, rattling his paper irritably, "but I am going to sue him." "But that will cost you money too." "I know, but I am going to give the case to that lawyer I lent fifty dollars to at the same time. I will let him work out his indebtedness in that way, for I don't think he intends to pay either."

"But I don't see that will be very profitable." "Of course you don't, but that is because you don't understand business methods. There, now, don't talk about it. Are you sure you have tucked the baby in comfortably for the night?"

"You hear about how things go wrong on the stage sometimes," said the old property-man, reminiscently—"here dies too near the foot-lights, and the curtain comes down leaving him outside, and that sort of thing, and how the actor gets out of the scrape gracefully—rises up and says, 'Scared you that time, gents; ain't so dead as I looked,' or some such bung mott; but you don't often hear of an actress doing anything of the kind. Women are apt to get rattled and lose their heads when anything goes wrong. For instance, when we were out with the celebrated 'Old Barn-yard' company the leading oop got obstreperous one night and charged the heroine. But did she grab him by the horn and cry, 'I may be only a plain farmer's gal, but no oop shall drive me from the path of my sacred duty learned at my mother's knee!' or some such guff, and so pass it off and make the audience think it was part of the play? No; she screamed and ran off and spoiled the scene."

"But there are exceptions. There was the time when we were doing the one-night stands through Michigan, with 'The Horseless Cabs of New York' company. Had a fine leading lady—one of the best in the profession. You couldn't rattle her. At the drop of a pin she hero pushes in and says to her at L. U. E., 'Darling, we must fly!' She promptly faints in his arms, and he carries her off R. L. E. Well, she was a fine artist, but she wasn't no fairy—weighed about 170. The hero was a good man, but he didn't come up to more than 135 or thereabouts. Naturally, carrying her clear across

that stage every night and Wednesday and Saturday matinee was some wearing on him. Finally he kicked. Then the stage-carpet, who had been with a Christmas pantomime the season before, rigged an invisible wire from up in the flies, same as the demons had used in the pantomime, attached the lower end to a stout belt round the woman's waist under her cloak, and put a man up above to lift about 50 pounds on it with a block and tackle, and so help out the hero. Worked all right several times. Then one night the upper man went and got about half-seas-over and came in terribly excited. Angry father raising hob outside. 'Darling,' the hero shouts, 'we must fly!' Fool man up above lifts her off her feet at the first jerk, and she swings away 'bout half-way betwixt horizontal and perpendicular. 'Love,' she calls, 'I'm a flying!' and she begins to work her arms like a bird, and sails out the other side six feet from the floor, with the hero rushing along behind, yelling: 'Hah, do yer worst, unattractive parent; you cannot rob me of me sweet star, me life, me—ah-h-h-h!'

Beside the

Shelley Memorial

[By Arthur Stringer.] "Sweet-throated bird, we knew thee not. We, too, had dreamed our dreams, yet thought That thou as well wouldst learn to love Our narrow cage; and we, too, would have seen Those alien skies that leaned above. We saw thee fret behind thy bars For worlds we know no longer of; Sweet-throated bird, we saw thee bruise Thy lyric breast against the pane That prisoned us, yet showed the stars: And dreaming not what we should lose, We came and set thee free again."

"Of old we knew thee not, but now We turn with wistful eyes to see Thine empty nest, the songless bough; And in our cloister's twilight grey Each golden pillow that fell from thee Too late we saw, how thou art gone. Our unmelodious life went on The ancient unmelodious way. We stole beyond our prison bars To listen ever and anon For thy strange voice, and saw the stars!" —Oxford Magazine.

GLADSTONE'S FACE

The G. O. M. Tells Why It Looked So Piercing—Result of Concentration.

The following letter appears in a late issue of the London Times: "Sir,—Reading Mr. Lecky's description of Mr. Gladstone's face, where he speaks of 'moments when it could take an expression of intense cunning, and it often darkened into a scowl of passionate anger. In repose it did not seem to me good. With its tightly-compressed lips and fierce, abstracted gaze it seemed to express not only extreme determination, but also a great vindictiveness.' I was reminded of a very interesting talk I had with Mr. Gladstone on this very subject—his expression. I asked him, rather like Red Riding-hood, 'Mr. Gladstone, why do you sometimes look so fierce?'

"I know what you refer to," he replied, "but you should remember that look of fierceness, as you call it, is greatly the result of age; the muscles of the face used to express deep attention and concentration of thought are the same muscles used to express the passion of anger. As one grows older the difficulty of hearing, and the look you speak of becomes intensified. I am quite conscious that in repose as well as in conversation I wear sometimes this fierce look; but I repeat, it is only the knit brow of attention stamped on an old face. Once, when a photographer came to Hawarden, Mrs. Gladstone, wishing me to wear a more amiable expression, stood by the camera making humorous grimaces at me, with the result, of course, that the photograph was spoiled by my laughing outright."

I then asked Mr. Gladstone, "When young were you handsome?" He turned to me a face illumined by that wonderful smile of his, and said, with a twinkle of parental fondness for his past self, "Well, I don't think I was exactly handsome, but I had beautiful eyes."

Yours truly, D. S.

The total income of the British foreign missionary and kindred societies is \$3,054,196.

Every Man Who Would Know

The Grands Truths, the Plain Facts, the New Discoveries of Medical Science

AS APPLIED TO MARRIED LIFE, WHO WOULD ATONE FOR PAST ERRORS AND AVOID FUTURE PITFALLS SHOULD STUDY OUR SYSTEM.

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE—TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.



DESPAIRING man who had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, the first day I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday, and my new self was born."

And another thus: "If you dumped a cart load of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

Here is information from a high medical source that must work wonders with this generation of men. Our system gives full vigor and manly power. Cures nervousness, lack of self control, despondency, etc. Cures forever effects of excesses, overwork, worry, etc. Gives full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body. Age no barrier. Failure impossible. Write for little book, sent free, sealed in plain cover. It is purely medical and scientific, useless to curiosity seekers, invaluable to men who need it.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 64 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Remember, we send Appliance and Remedies on trial and approval. Use them a reasonable time, then pay if satisfied—or return them at our expense.



"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."
Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.
"The firm of Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand."
—Dominion Medical Monthly.
A copy of Miss Parloa's "Choice Recipes" will be mailed free upon application.
WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1870.
Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

PRaise for Old England

By the President of the Costa Rican Republic—The Queen Eulogized.

At a banquet tendered him in London, England, the other day, the president of Costa Rica made a neat speech. He said that England was perfectly well-known everywhere. English capital had found its way all over the world, and the English Government had relations with every nation in the world. The government of England was certainly not a republic such as they had in America, but they would be very happy to have in all those countries called republican, the liberty which existed in England. It was only by the action of that liberty, expressed in all its aspects, that it was possible to understand the position which England occupied to other nations of the world. The character of the English people was perfectly well known by its history and activity of all kinds. There was no place in the world where the Englishman had not passed and English capital had not gone to develop other countries, and it was quite certain that her Majesty the Queen was not in name only the defender of the faith. Faith was the basis of the happiness of a nation, the basis of the happiness of humanity, and if her Majesty in that way took that name it was her right name (Cheers), especially if they considered that English capital and efforts had gone everywhere to promote a better condition of humanity in all those countries that were not open to civilization. He had been very happy in England. He had been to Osborne to see the Queen for himself, and he now quite understood why she was so loved by her people, and why she was the admiration of all the world. (Cheers.) He quite understood why his own country, where there were a good many English people, these people in making reference to the Queen always spoke of her as "her Gracious Majesty." The speaker dwelt on the fact that much British capital was invested in Costa Rica and more was wanted.

La Grippe

It's here again! The doctors say it mostly attacks the weak, the thin, those with poor blood and nerves all unstrung. Escape is easy, simply by taking

Scott's Emulsion

The oil is the very best food for making rich blood and producing force and energy. The hypophosphites give stability and strength to the nerves. The germs of La Grippe cannot affect a body thus fortified.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

Mammoth Livery

Hacks, Cabs, Landaus, Busses and Light Livery. Saddle Horses, Sale and Boarding Stable. Open day and night. Phone

A. G. S. ROYAN —189—
Ottawa, Ont.

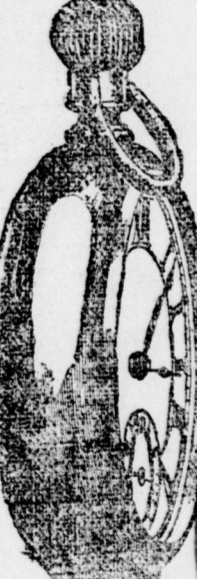
THE BAKING...

of your stove may be perfection itself, and yet you may not be satisfied with the cooking if the quality of the materials you use are not up to the mark. The quality of that peer of all cornmeals,

Gold Dust Cornmeal,

never varies—you can depend upon its sweetness, its cleanliness, its freedom from bran every single time. The baking qualities of your stove may NOT be perfection itself, and yet with Gold Dust Cornmeal you are absolutely sure of golden yellow cake. Ask your grocer for it.

The Millon Co's Limited, Tinsburg, Ont.



FREE
We give this fine watch for selling two dozen LEVER CORN BUTTORS, at ten cents each. Send your address and we forward the Buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, a genuine find. A watch, American, a watch, guaranteed, for a few hours' work. Mention this paper when writing.
Lever Button Co., 20 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ont.

THE RISSELL, ...OTAWA...
Palace Hotel of Canada.
Fitted up in the most modern style. Contains accommodation for over 400 guests. Passenger and baggage elevators. Commands splendid view of the City, Parliament grounds, Park, River and Canal. Visit to the capital having business with the government and it more convenient to stop at The Russell, where they always meet leading public men. Fire hotel supplied with fire escape Electric cars to all points of city. This is the hotel door. F. X. ST. JOUES, Prop.

Up-to-Date Laundry

All work done hand and done up in any style to suit you. Parcels called for and delivered.

LEE LIN, 53 Dundas Street.

ALWAYS

Use

E. EDDY'S

atches.

BUY THE BEST.

The Empty Dower of China is 64 years of age. Its title runs as follows: "Tzu-hai-tu - Kang-i-shao - yu-chuang - ch' - shoukung-chinhsien-chang-hsi."

SKIN LIKE BABY'S

Skin diseases from the merest pimples to the most obstinate eczema, salt rheum, running sores, are quickly, pleasantly and permanently cured by Dr. Agnew's Ointment—35 cents.

Who does not envy a baby its soft velvety skin? How many suffer from distressing skin diseases—Do you suffer? Have you tetter—salt rheum—scald head—ring worm—eczema—ulcers—blotches on the skin—chronic erysipelas—liver spots and what not else of these distasteful and aggravating disorders which disfigure and discourage? Dr. Agnew's Ointment allays the distressing itching, burning, stinging sensations which are part and parcel of such troubles, and in a thousand cases where internal treatments have failed to heal and eradicate them it has worked wonderful and permanent cures—and no skin disease, no matter of how long standing, has baffled its curative qualities. In cases of chronic eczema it has proved its great worth, and cases are on record where this dread affection has been the birthright of its patient and constant companion until past middle life, and Dr. Agnew's Ointment has cured speedily and permanently. It is a boon to mothers because it is a boon to babyland—scald head and its irritations, which are accompaniments to the teething period, are quickly driven off and restlessness passes away—and where torture reigned with baby this balm brought rest and a cure—it affords instant relief from the itching suffer. . . .



Do you suffer from piles—itching, blind, bleeding or ulcerated?—No remedy has brought so quick relief, spared painful surgical operations as Dr. Agnew's Ointment—it has proved itself an absolute cure for piles in all forms and at all stages—one application will relieve the itching, irritating sensations in an instant—and long standing cases disappear after from three to five nights' treatment—the pain and soreness quit you and the tumors vanish.

A lady living in a northern County town writes that for seventeen years she was troubled with salt rheum. She took doctors' treatments and used many lotions with-out any permanent relief. Reading of the cures made by Dr. Agnew's Ointment, she decided to try it. The first application allayed the irritation and she continued using it—the disease rapidly disappeared and now for two years there has been no sign of a return of it.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART—Cures palpitation, fluttering, shortness of breath and all heart disorders—sold in 25 minutes.
DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER—Has cured cases of catarrh of 50 years' standing—relieves cold in the head in 10 minutes.
DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS—Stop sick headaches—cure constipation, biliousness and liver troubles—pleasant little doses—40 in a box—25 cents.

Sold By W. S. B. Barkwell.