

WHAT THE TERM MEANS.

THE TITLE "NEW WOMAN" IS CERTAINLY A MISNOMER.

Mabelle Biggart Discusses the Woman of Today in a Bright, Intelligent Manner. Varied Types Found all Along the Pages of History—Where is the "New Woman?"

Where is the New Woman? I do not know her. I never have met her. I wonder how she really lives, and how she really does? My curiosity is excited. A few eccentricities are before us, but a real 'new woman' is a fourth of a decade, how can that be? Possibly a misnomer, certainly not a 'new woman'—it must be an eccentricity—and yet I have seldom met her. Have you?

If so, did you ever stop to think what made her so? Have charity, my friend and hope; that she may still become sufficiently conventional to be sensible and still be a lady. A 'new woman' what a tinge of shame rises to the cheeks of every sensitive, delicate woman at the mention of that title so lightly tripped on the tongues of both men and women of this present day.

A 'new woman'—a question, a sarcasm. A 'new woman'—which ever inflection you may have, still the same tinge of reproach. What does it mean? Ah my friends—there is something wrong in the atmosphere. Strange counter currents for which we cannot account.

Shall we solve the problem and root out the evil supposed to be, or allow that questionable term a 'new woman' to be applied still to any one of our sex, who may be a little advanced in her thoughts, a little independent in her methods? Shall we allow cartoons to be exhibited here and there? Cartoons most disgraceful, robbing her of all her modesty—her—the grandest creation of the great all-powerful One!

No! Let every noble, loyal woman to other women rise up and cry, no more street exhibitions, no more stage exhibitions, no more disgraceful cartooning on bill-boards and in the daily journals. Cry it down as a shameful thing—any attempt at such freedom in dress—if there be any—that shall take away the beauty of modesty in our fair sex. Banish it with all its accompaniments and ungoverned attitudes, amusement and associations that call them forth and thus reinstate the fair name of simply—woman. How much that name means—woman—so strong, so beautiful, woman, womanly woman. Is there any title higher, grander?

We are largely the result of education, inheritance and surroundings. Each enters into our lives and permeates every act and page of our history. Perhaps never before in the world's history has woman been so completely in the open arena. And she is there to stay. She is the 'emancipated woman,' often crowding out the professional woman—with her life work—usurping her field and attempting to claim the honors which the latter by education and perseverance should wear. And yet there are different types of 'emancipated woman.' The most perfect I believe are those who behold and are a part of the ideal life for woman—wifehood and motherhood. On the other side are so many rare and helpful souls who have given their lives to work that has helped on the true emancipation and made it possible for her sisters to enjoy that highest type of ideal life.

Emancipation of women did not begin with this decade. I find varied types of her all along the pages of history. Some most interesting, some most fascinating, some most eccentric, some to be admired, but feared—some to be loved and honored.

When Cleopatra sailed down the beautiful river Cydnus in her bedecked, jeweled bark, with her singing maidens, and faithful slaves to meet Mark Antony, she came with grace it is true, and with apparel well fitting her beauty, but in this ambitious queen, as we see her painted by Sardon, a physical, intellectual and spiritual queen, there was no apparent touch of aught but queenly grace!

When Clotilda gave her zeal for the conversion of her pagan husband, Clovis, she prayed without ceasing that he might win his battle, and return and build a house to God, and he did.

The 'Angel-Queen,' Marie Denise of Germany, so kind, so lovable among the vivandieres on the battle field—a stimulus always to the poor, a loyal queen a grand influence for Emperor William—what an example for queens of today, queens of communities, homes and hearts.

Nor need we go out of our own America for noble examples. Examples of altruism—a first essential to the higher growth of women of this decade Louise Alcott, Clara Barton, Frances Willard—these three among others, shall have left a mighty record for altruism. Altruism and reciprocity, these two—and what do they include? I think I hear coming back to me a message from one who labored among women and knew them and helped them; one who sang her songs of sunshine and helpfulness to them; the singer has just suddenly strayed into Paradise—but her songs are not ended, but echo and echo

again through the pure, beautified life we know, and I hear the low, sweet voice answering: 'No pessimistic feeling, no petty jealousies, just and human kindness, Christ-like, womanly optimism, purity, helpfulness.' The vision has flown, but the song is never-ending.

In New York and many other cities I see the struggle for good going on in quarters guarded by college women. I see a fight and a new era opening for purity in literature, and all other possible mediums in that noble defender, Mrs. Amelia D. Martin.

In Boston, the good work started in numberless ways has spread all over the world. Altruism and reciprocity gave Bishop Vincent the stimulus to start the largest and grandest club ever known—a People's Great University, a 'Chautauqua' on the shores of that beautiful lake hidden among the blue hills of western New York. A great club it is, indeed that can send out its arms to the remotest part of the world.

Frances Willard would never have battled with the cause of helping to remove the greatest curse to mankind; Lady Henry Somerset could never have left her luxurious home to uplift the degradation of London's poor, nor Mrs. Ballington Booth ever have gained the great victories with her 'Salvation Armies,' if pessimism had been the root.

No: great deeds and great works are the result of great geniuses. Great geniuses, too, are results of slow, plodding optimistic natures.

I know it is not an easy thing in the face of despair, struggle, finance, competition, little education, maybe, mediocre position, sudden reverses or unhappiness to struggle and struggle and feel ever optimistic. The battle is hard to any woman gaining her own livelihood; but not so great as formerly, and I am confident that she, herself, can do much through her own altruistic efforts for her cause. The guild, the club, the college, the university, the church, the house, the professions, are open to her. Women are growing more and more helpful, more and more companionable, more optimistic, more altruistic—a God-given inspiration, that belongs to the true, womanly, emancipated woman, of which this decade has hosts and hosts, and I, for one, am glad of the privilege of living in this decade and knowing her—that soul-lit divinity in the human that shall link in time the mortal with the immortal.—Mabelle Biggart, in Burlington Hawkeye.

RHEUMATIC GOUT.

THE INTENSE SUFFERING OF A NOVA SCOTIA LADY.

Backed by Pains for Months—Her Case Became so Bad That She Lost Two of Her Toes—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Came to Her Relief.

From the Acadia, Wolfville, N. S.

Horton Landing, N. S., is known to Canadian history as the departing point of the fugitive Acadians. Among its present residents is Mrs. John King, a lady held in high esteem by her many friends. Recently while a reporter of the Acadia was spending a short time in the village, he learned that Mrs. King was one who might be numbered among the vast host who have been restored to health and strength through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In October 1895 this lady was taken seriously ill with an acute attack of rheumatic gout. For months she endured all that was possible for one to suffer and live. Night after night she was deprived of sleep by almost unendurable pains, which kept her in constant torture. The trouble finally became so intense that two of her toes became lifeless and fell off. She seemed to get no relief from the medicine she was taking, and almost as a last resort she determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes her health began to improve, and the pain left her. In a little while longer she was able to go about, when one day unfortunately, when going from one room to another her ankle turned and she fell heavily. Again she was prostrated and for upwards of two months was confined to her bed with a serious hip trouble, able only to rise when bodily lifted, the merest movement provoking intense pain. When the accident occurred she discontinued the pills and resorted to medical treatment, but as she was not improving she determined to once more give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, with the result that they again brought her looked for relief, and although her hip trouble has not wholly disappeared she feels grateful for the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done her, and gave the reporter full permission to make it a fact public, in the hope that her statement might be of advantage to some other sufferer.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a 'cure' treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and build up and renew the entire system. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50¢ a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

Tight Shoes no Longer Asked For.

According to the trade papers of the bootmakers the smallest size of ladies' boots and shoes are becoming less asked for. The eager participation in out door sports

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and recreations which has become a part of the daily routine of the modern woman's life doubtless accounts in a large measure for this partial disappearance of very small shoes. A tight shoe was not altogether incompatible with the slow short stroll in the open air that at one time sufficed although the ordeal was somewhat painful. Now nothing but easy well-fitting foot gear is possible in the eight mile walk, on the golf links or the bicycle. Although the cramped foot increased in the diminutive pointed shoe is disappearing, there is no reason why the foot and its covering should lose that daintiness which so well becomes a woman. Possibly these X rays have also something to do with it, for the Queen of Portugal has been startling the ladies of her court by showing them their translucent selves distorted by the compression of tight corsets.

HARMONY IN STRIPES.

Two Great Master Organs Being Built by a Man in Sing Sing.

In the State prison at Sing Sing a convict is engaged in building two large organs for the two chapels—one protestant, the other catholic—which will occupy the first floor of the new administrative building. This man was an organ builder by profession before he entered the prison, understanding every detail of the instrument from its designing to making its most delicate part. He learned the trade in Canada, and has worked at every branch of the business there, in England and in this country. He seems to be an enthusiast in his profession, is a perfect encyclopedia of information concerning all the great organs of the world and is particularly well acquainted, from personal experience, with every joint and pipe of the great organ of St. Paul's cathedral in London.

Warden Sage does not care to have the names of the inmates of the institution under his charge made public in cases like this of the organ builder. The man is skillfully and industriously performing a valuable piece of work for the State, and it is proper to respect his desire not to have his identity and present unfortunate circumstances advertised. Sufficient to say that he is working out in prison another of those wonderful specimens of ingenuity and talent on the part of a prisoner of which there are so many on record.

Upon being conducted by a prison officer into the little workshop located in the annex to the big administration building, the visitor is met by the organ builder who, guessing that he has to deal with a reporter, proceeds at once to explain willingly and clearly the meaning and use of the various parts of the organs that occupy every available spot in the apartment.

It is estimated that it would have cost the State \$3,100 to have had the organ for the Catholic chapel built in the ordinary way. The cost to the State for raw material to build both instruments will amount to about \$260. The saving on both instruments will be about \$5,900, that being the difference in cost of similar ones if built for its use at an outside manufacturer. The organ for the Protestant chapel will be completed in September next; that for the Catholic chapel in July, 1898. There is no fear that the builder will be unable to complete both instruments, so far as his time is concerned, for, he says, he could build an organ for each of the other two prisons of the State before him, term of imprisonment expires, that date being October 1900.

The work on these instruments is entirely done by this one man; he has a helper, another prisoner, who, he says, is a handy fellow, but he is not an organ builder, consequently everything, from the original designs down to the smallest detail of the thousand and one articles that go to make an organ, all are originated, developed and executed by the brains and hands of this man, who certainly must have come within the dark shadow of prison life through some strange chain of adverse circumstances.—New York Tribune.

Dangerous Stealing.

It is wonderful how boys of a certain adventurous sort ever live to grow up; but a kind providence seems to favor them.

The Rochester Herald says that Oscar Cain, of Nunda, New York, had a narrow escape from death one day last winter. With some playmates he was standing near the railroad station when a train drew up. The boys had with them a large 'double-deck coaster,' what in New England is called a 'double-runner,' and one of them suggested to Cain to hitch it to the rear car and have a ride.

So said, so done. Cain threw the rope over an iron rod at the back of the coach and took his seat. Up started the train, and the sled went faster and faster over the ties. For half a minute this was fun for Cain, but presently he began to think it was time to let go. Then he discovered,

It Pays to Get The Best

Mr. ALBERT PHILLIPS visited Woodstock at present, intending to be back in a few days, but while there was offered so good a position that he was tempted to remain.

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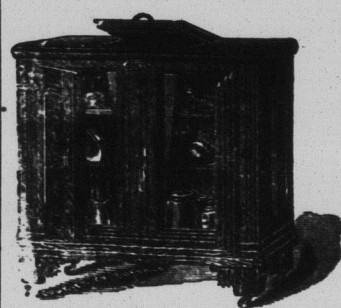
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to his dismay, that he could not free the rope from the iron rod.

Faster and faster went the train. Something must be done, and done soon. The boy rolled off, and though he slid on his face on the snow-covered ties for some distance, he escaped uninjured.

Shortly afterward one of the train hands noticed the coaster dangling behind, and cut the fastenings. The foolish boy came out of the affair much better than he had any right to expect.

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