

VISITING CARDS
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FASHION'S WAYS.

[FROM HARPER'S BAZAAR.]

Gorgeous are the colorings displayed in the stockings this year, and there is every possible variety of weight, from the heavy golf ones to the thinnest of silk. Judging from the number of plaid ones displayed in the shops, there is to be a great craze for plaids. For bicycling, golfing, and out-door sports they certainly look very smart, and there are some in silk which, when worn with patent leather pumps, look very well with black house gowns. Plain black for street wear is still considered the best style.

The new walking boots and shoes are eminently practical, but not at all pretty; the toes are rounded, not pointed; the heels are flat and square; the dull-finished dongola kid or the light-weight calf-skin is used for these, and there is no attempt at ornamentation. The last is on the English style, with no curve to the instep whatever. There are also tan boots and shoes on this model, of heavy water-proof leather. These are to be worn for golfing or out-door sports. For dress occasions, patent-leather or kid with patent-leather tips are worn. This style has rather a higher heel—not high, but higher, and only on slippers for evening wear are any high heels seen. A favorite style of slipper has a long vamp of patent-leather and the back part of kid, either black or red, with the smallest of rhinestone or steel buckles for the only trimming. These are worn long and narrow, it now being considered more becoming to the foot to wear a shoe half a size longer than ever before, in order to obtain the desired narrowness.

For wear with ball gowns the slippers are made, if possible, of the material of the gown, and embroidered in iridescent beads and black kid with jet are considered suitable for wear with dinner gowns. Altogether the number of boots and shoes considered necessary now-a-days is somewhat trying. Bicycle boots are worn in preference to shoes and leggings. They are made to reach nearly to the knee, must fit well, and give a long narrow effect to the foot. They can be either in black or the tan kid, as desired. For women with large feet the black is preferable, as the tan apparently adds to the size.

Carriage boots are really necessary for women who go out a great deal in the evening. Made of velvet and lined throughout with fur, they are large enough to slip over the slipper; they come quite high on the leg, and are tied on with ribbons around the ankle and over the instep. These are expensive always, comparatively speaking, but many a doctor's bill is saved by using them. They have no heels, and are rather shapeless-looking, but they are so evidently for use and not for show that they are not supposed to fit nor look smart.

For bedroom wear the quilted mules edged round with fur or the kid mules are the best. Those in bright red are best, as they do not deface easily; but of course these should not be worn outside of one's own bedroom.

Petticoats are a most essential feature in every costume, and it is quite as necessary that they should fit and hang well as that the gown itself should be well cut. Again and again a costume is seen which, in itself very smart, yet looks somehow exceedingly dowdy and quite lacking in style. Just what the trouble is it would be at first difficult to say. Apparently it is well cut and well hung, and the materials used are of the best, and yet it will not have the same appearance of being in style as will some costume that has cost a third of the money. The reason for this is that the petticoat worn beneath it is not well cut. Women who are really in other ways neat never seem to realize how much thought and care should be bestowed upon this particular article of dress.

The new styles in petticoats are bewilderingly pretty; better still, they are eminently sensible in material and cut. Silk is the favorite material, and as there never was a time when silk could be bought so cheap, it is quite possible, even for the woman who has to consult economy, to have several. Fashion requires that the linings of the cloth suits this year shall be of contrasting silks, and one of the newest fads is to have a petticoat to wear under the gown made of the same color as the gown itself, but just a shade or two lighter. All these are fatter than they were, but the fulness is gathered into a small space at the back, quite over the stomach and hips is carefully attended to. A deep Spanish flounce is still the fashion, but the skirt itself extends under the flounce now. One or more ruffles to trim the flounce, and just as many inside ruffles or little flounces as can be put on, are added. Lace insertion is very much used—black lace on the flounces of petticoats to wear with street gowns, white lace on those to be worn with light gowns in the house. In all the petticoats there is some attempt at wiring, either with a feather bone run through just above and just below the flounce, or the dress extenders, which are really capital, put into the back breadth so that the petticoat hangs out full and wide. The objection often raised that silk petticoats are too cold for winter wear is quite done away with by lining them with thin flannel as far as the knee; this does not add to the weight, and yet gives sufficient warmth.

Flannel petticoats are extremely dainty; they are very much gored over

the hips, and are cut in deep scallops or squares around the bottom, and under the scallops is a full ruffle of lace. While many object to black underwear, it is often necessary to include at least one black silk petticoat and one flannel as well for regular street wear or for travelling, as the light colors soil so easily, and it is very difficult to get them laundered satisfactorily. The same pattern in these petticoats is used for colored or white. Some of the very prettiest have an extra fulness put on in Spanish flounce fashion just across the back breadth. This does not make unnecessary bulkiness over the hips, but gives the fulness desired around the bottom of the petticoat.—Harper's Bazar.

WOMEN AND MEN.

THE BLUNDERS OF THE GOOD.

The best thing that the present writer brought away from a certain educational meeting was the remark of one of the minor speakers, that "the greater part of the work performed by the wise must be devoted to correcting the harm done by the blunders of the good." Thus we often hear the afflicted consoled with in a way that doubles their grief; and we hear at funerals well meant exhortations which make sorrow more excruciating. In the rapid introduction of women especially, into new spheres of duty, they sometimes show, from sheer inexperience, a want of tact that is quite unexpected. In a certain city where women had been placed for the first time on the school committee—and this largely on the ground that they could deal with the women teachers more wisely than men could—the result seemed at first to be all the other way. One of the very best teachers in the town told me that she hoped no more women would ever be placed on the committee, and gave as a reason that one of those excellent ladies had been questioning her about her home affairs—which were just then somewhat perplexing, but in the highest degree creditable to herself—in a way which no mere man would have thought of doing. Another school-committee woman whom I knew, in another city, made herself most unpopular among the teachers by undertaking, with the very best intentions, to supervise their bonnets and gloves as well as their school discipline. All this showed no want of correct feeling, but only of tact, and largely of experience. It was a thing to be outgrown. It was like the curious phenomena we sometimes see when professional actresses break down entirely in acting parlor charades, simply because it is a new sphere, and they have not yet fitted themselves to it so as to know just how much or how little to attempt.

At a meeting for the discussion of College Settlements in cities, I was surprised to find it generally admitted by those who discussed them that these enterprises did a more certain and unequivocal good to those who carried them on than even to those whom it was sought to help. With how little tact they are sometimes approached may be seen in an incident that occurred early in the history of one of them. A benevolent visitor, wishing to do her part, turned to a "young person" who sat next her, and said, "Are you not very grateful to these kind ladies who leave their beautiful homes and cross the city to devote their evenings to you?" Fortunately the young person proved to be one of the partners in the enterprise, or else the obtrusive remark might have scattered the meeting. Not that the statement implied was not essentially true; but the form of introducing it was unfortunate. No one likes to have the claim of gratitude presented like a bill, and payment demanded on the spot. The truth is that it requires not merely a kind purpose, or even social tact, but a certain natural instinct of human relationship, before widely separated social classes can meet easily. Where that instinct exists, the gap is bridged without conscious effort. Of course early habit tells for something. The late Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, whose death was so universally mourned, attributed part of his easy way over the rougher elements of his party to the fact of his public school education. Thou hast the son of a prosperous lawyer, he had always attended a public school, and had learned that Irish-American boys, for instance, were made of essentially the same clay with himself.

We need constantly to bear in mind that, in all our efforts to do good, we run the risk of doing harm, unless we keep close watch on the working of things and observe the natural laws. Thus the more we do for the poor in cities—the more we protect or fortify or redeem the weak and erring—the more we try to make each city a paradise, it follows that the more we attract thereby from the country around, so that the number of objects to be helped increases with the helping. It is like trying to relieve the fishes in the sea by throwing food over the sides of the ship—the more food, the more fishes. Again, we work hard to "rescue these poor children from their wretched homes"; we have evening schools, libraries, amusements, all freely and successfully offered. There is danger of forgetting that home is the natural school for rich or poor; and for the older child to be tending the very dirtiest possible baby may be a more really elevating pursuit than to be enjoying elegant playthings or moral story books in the daintiest possible room. After all, the schools and the benevolent societies cannot precisely replace the work we may sometimes see unconsciously done, even in city slums, by loving though slipshod mothers and by good-natured but occasionally drunken fathers. It is needful sometimes to break these natural ties, for the good of the child; but the interference is at best a necessary evil. To help "mother" at home, to make the best of small means, to grow up tolerably decent and brave amidst the common lot, these are very important part of

education. I do not feel so sure of the republic in looking at any class of decorous school-children as when I watch a row of very soiled little girls, sitting on a muddy door-step, each "holding baby," or a ragged boy carrying his little brother wistfully across a dangerous crossing. The favored class is at best exceptional; but the others represent the great untrained mass of human beings, they stand, like the peasant figures in Millet's "Angulus," as representatives of average man; and it is on them that the prospects of the coming race must rest.—Harper's Bazar.

DEFINING THE "SMART" WOMAN.

The word "smart" used in connection with society has come to mean the possession of such a variety of characteristics that it is interesting to read a portrait of the "smart" woman, as given in Madame, which is something of authority in the country whence the word comes: "There is no very perceptible outward and visible sign about the smart woman except the general impression which she diffuses of being well groomed without and within. Actual beauty does not enter into debate. She is up to date and up to snuff, and that is just what society loves and cherishes in its bosom. Her toilets, however simple are irreproachable as to style and fit. She goes in for nothing *criard* or eccentric, and offers no landmark for competition, except it may be in her boots and gloves, which are invariably immaculate. Even her nearest and dearest could hardly vote our smart woman 'harmless.' Not that she is downright wicked, she has scarcely depth enough to be that. Her policy, as a rule, is strictly defensive, but on occasion she can point the cloven foot with the best. The smart woman will devastate a home with as much equanimity as though she were chasing cats from the tiles. Her only love is the reflection of her own face, the echo of her own ambitions. If a flirtation means advancement, she will go in for it tooth and nail, and if it falls short of her expectations, she will drop it like a roasted chestnut. Nevertheless, the law and she are on excellent terms. It is part of her smartness to sail in the teeth of the wind, and the very essence of it to steer clear of the reefs. She is at heart a thorough-paced little pirate, and counts her conquests as mere trophies from the warpath that have been won without emotion as without remorse. Yet she is a most successful woman, and, as far as we can tell, happy. If she is a sinner, she is at least anything but a miserable one; and, after all, society is indebted to her for a very large half of the gloss and glitter which worldlings love."

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An Opinion of Jurists.

"When you poke a toad," said old Farmer Hornbeak, philosophically, "you can't tell which way he will jump, nor how far; and it is just about the same way with the average jury."

"That's so?" returned young Jay Green, in a non-committal way.

"Yep. For instance, in the case of Plunk Jarvis, who has just been tried over at Kickyassett Court House for pulling out his brother-in-law's whiskers by the roots in a fight, the jury discharged Plunk and fined his brother-in-law ten cents, the regular price of a shave."

"I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning," said the wrathful citizen.

"Yes," said the official of the water company; "that is the best we can do just at present. We can't afford to furnish fish—all we are able to furnish is bait."

"So you want to be my son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume.

"Well," said the young man, standing first on one foot and then on the other, "I suppose I'll have to be, if I marry Manie."

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THE DANCE AT THE INN.

"A story, girls," said grandma, smilingly. "Why, I've never had anything happen to me that could make a story—except once. And I'm almost afraid to tell you that one."

"Oh, that sounds charming," exclaimed Irene. "We'll have that, if we have to coax for a week."

Grandma was silent for several minutes, while she chattered and coaxed her. At last she gave way and began:

"Years ago, when I was a little girl, things were so different from our way of living now that I fear my story will seem improbable to you. I lived in a small western town, where my father had a tract of land almost as large as this entire village. It was a lonely place for young people, but frequent visits from them relieved the dreariness somewhat. We had plenty of riding, however, as well as an occasional dance; we really had but little time to mope."

"Still it was a sad change when my sister married and went to live 110 miles away. It seemed as remote as it she had crossed the ocean; but the glorious anticipation of visiting her kept me in a fever of excitement for a whole year. During this time I had met Paul Foster—your grandfather—and became engaged to him, and it was arranged that he should accompany father and myself on the journey."

"Stage coaches were the only conveyances then, but there was an enchantment about travel then that no amount of luxury in a palace car can equal now."

"The drive was glorious. On some parts of the road I sat on top of the stage, but when I was tired or the road rougher than usual, I crept inside. Sometimes we would walk while the horses rested or followed slowly. Toward evening we reached some small tavern and remained all night—glad by that time of the change, but just as eager to start again the next morning."

"The second day, as we were starting, a young man came up and hurriedly whispered to Silas, the driver. I remember still my lively curiosity as to what it was all about, when I saw Silas lean forward and draw two large fierce-looking revolvers. He examined them carefully, meanwhile holding the lines a peculiar way, partly between his knees, with the ends turned about his arm."

"I found out the meaning of the whisper and the pistols, too, when, early in the afternoon, we entered a narrow pass between the hills. By this time I was cowering inside the coach, though I could see, without wanting to, the rugged mountains, the steep cliffs, the narrow railway along which Silas peered carefully, but that even he was taken by surprise when half a dozen men suddenly sprang up, apparently from nowhere. I cannot express the rapidity with which the whole thing was done. Two stood at the horses' heads, two quickly disarmed the driver and the men on top of the coach, while two others at the same instant threw open the door, and with levelled pistols, ordered us to step out. Two elderly ladies, a middle-aged one, an old gentleman and myself, obeyed as quickly as we could, I assure you. I trembled so that I could hardly stand and was almost falling, when suddenly one of the highwaymen pushed the other out of the way, exclaiming: 'A Hebe, by Jove!'—and with such a bow as few had ever given me took my hand and helped me down."

"To tell the truth, I knew very little of what took place around me after that. I saw my highwayman give orders to his men; then he turned to me, and in a gentlemanly manner, begged me to walk with him. I dared not refuse, and we passed back and forth till I felt as if I should faint. He talked of the scenery, the mountain air and other matters, but of his purpose there and of the operations of his companions—he kept himself carefully between me and them—he said not a word."

"It was at a moment when I felt I could endure no more that I caught sight of Paul's face. All the men had their hands behind them and were standing in a row, looking into the revolvers of their captors, who relieved them of everything of value. There stood your grandfather, with such a glare of helpless indignation at poor me that it was more than I could stand, and, with a sense of the ridiculous that was more than half hysterical, I broke into such peals of laughter that the mountains echoed. I could not help it. I laughed and laughed till the tears ran down my cheeks, and my escort at last joined me, while he whispered something so flattering that my poor Paul would have died outright if he could have heard."

"Finally my highwayman placed me in the coach again, with a whispered request for some remembrance—a ring or anything. As he had it in his power to take rings and everything else, I slipped off a turquoise and gave it to him. He placed it on his third finger above a

diamond and as the diamond flashed I saw a tiny cross cut in its surface. I was not searched, and with a courtly bow my knight of the road and his companions vanished as they had come.

"One month later I was almost worn out with the entertainment furnished by my sister in her efforts to make my visit pleasant. There was to be one more dance, probably the last, as we were to start homeward the first of the following week. Paul had been visiting relatives and had just returned in time to take part."

"As the wagons drove up at the door of the inn where the dance was to be held, I heard a young lady friend of my sister's call out:

"Mr. Meredith wishes to be introduced to you."

"Mr. Meredith then asked me to dance with him, and not once but many times we danced together—he was an admirable dancer. Yet I could hardly hear what he said, so perplexed was I, wondering where I could have heard his voice before. But at length, as he extended his hand, I glanced down and saw a small cross cut on the diamond of his ring."

"My dears, I almost fainted outright. But to the end he acted the part of a gentleman. He led me to a window and stood talking while he shielded my agitation from the room now filled with whirling couples."

"Nothing was said for several minutes. In my foolish heart I was trying to think of some romantic reason that would account for his mode of life. His face, from which the beard and mustache were gone, looked like that of some boyish Sir Galahad, not like that of a criminal. His kindly brown eyes shone on me with a world of laughter in them."

"Well," he said, smilingly. At the same moment I caught sight of Paul in the doorway talking to a man whom I did not know and with earnest gestures pointing to my partner. Paul, too, had recognized him."

"Though my heart was beating so hard that I could not speak, I motioned to Mr. Meredith to finish the dance, and when we reached the side nearest the opposite door I stopped."

"Bend down your head," I whispered faintly.

"Some one has recognized you. I saw them. You must go." My voice trembled, I am sure.

"Must?" he said slowly, still smiling. Then he frowned. Then the smile came back instantly as he glanced at me, as I stood pale and trembling. "Poor little girl!" he said. "So divided between a sense of duty and pity for a poor wretch like me. Come—a bargain, child! One more dance, all around the room and back here, and I will go."

"You ought to go now," I faltered.

"Not until we finish this dance," he said firmly.

"He supported me almost entirely as he whirled around the room, or I believe that I should have slipped on the floor."

"Now! Go!" I whispered, in perfect terror.

"Good-by!" he said, earnestly. "I shall never forget you. Think of me as kindly as you can."

"He had vanished in the darkness, and none too soon. A few minutes later the sheriff and two of his men appeared, fully armed; but Mr. Meredith was nowhere to be found—nor did anyone ever discover how he escaped."

Grandmother sighed softly.

"I have always been glad to know he escaped," she added.

"Is that all?"

"Yes, except that after the notice of my marriage had been inserted in the papers I received an express package containing a diamond ring with a cross cut in its surface."

The girls were silent for a few moments and then began with exclamations of delight at the story, romance beyond anything they had expected. Then said saucy Irene, with a twinkle in her eyes:

"Grandmother, darling, I'll wager anything that you never told grandfather all this story."

The pink blush spread over grandmother's face, but the dear old soul would not live even to point a moral.

"No, my dear girls," she said slowly; "it was very wrong, no doubt, but—I never did."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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