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Turn Out... ON THE SHORTEST IN THE 'Prices... Hall. erce & Son, Proprietor

Fashion Review.

Something charming in the way of a young lady's dancing gown is made of gold spangled tulle. The skirt is gathered in at the waist line and trimmed around the hem with full ruffles which form rosettes at intervals.

One of the prettiest boleros is cut to come just below the bust, and shows a deep corset belt which is usually swathed in satin, panne or silk, but is occasionally of handsomely embroidered velvet, and it may be of elastic studded with gold or steel ornaments or nail heads.

Yet it is hard to tell what fashion changes will be brought forth in a decided improvement on last season's models, and are likewise very becoming. They are much larger and have a tendency to grow still larger toward the hand, keeping their close-fitting proportions toward the top.

loosely out from the figure to accentuate the bust and diminish the size of the waist. These little boleros are the genuine article separate from the bolero—note the bolero simply in effect which has been so much used for some time past.

Very gorgeous are some of the jet spangled black net gowns made over ivory lace and finished around the feet with innumerable ruffles of ivory white chiffon edged with black baby ribbon velvet.

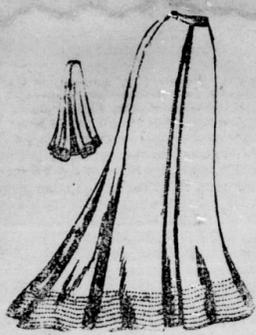
The soft, thin crepes de chine, in white or colors, are the most attractive materials for evening gowns, as they lend themselves so well to the decorations of lace, gold and various modes of tucking. One very elegant costume in ivory white crepe de chine is trimmed elaborately with untarnishable gold lace, set in two wide bands around the skirt.

Flowers are a distinct feature of the new evening gowns, and are used simply in a bunch on one shoulder, or more elaborately for skirt decoration. For the latter purpose small flowers are most desirable, little bunches of small button-roses being especially effective on tulle gowns.

The present styles of sleeves are a matter of sleeves. Almost every variety of waist or coat is made with a lingerie sleeve, no matter how inappropriate or incongruous it may appear.

While round gilt buttons are the most common sort for general use, odd shapes are chosen for tab finish, oblongs and bars having the call, with ovals plentiful. Tabs are of all sizes, but the small, strap sizes seem to offer the best means of displaying ingenuity and daring.

Braids are noticeable among the new trimmings. The average of their width, which because of the almost universal presence of gilt, was kept small, is increasing steadily. Novel structure of the braid is much desired, and the curious twists given to the gilt portion are very pretty, when not too coarse. Curlicues of delicate gilt threads are dainty, and similar strands woven into the effect of a dark or red braid dotted thickly with buttons, are highly ornamental.



Stylish Skirt.—Skirt of tan ladies' cloth trimmed with stitching and arranged in box plaits. Material required, 54 inches wide, 31-2 yards.

Queen Mary, which comprises a plain or mousquetaire forearm with gauntlet revers. The Florentine is bell-shaped at the elbow, finishing with an under sleeve. The Venetian sleeve is slightly puffed at the shoulder with the under sleeve gathered into a narrow wristband, finishing with a full graduated frill.

Other charming models are the pagoda, and the Oriental, the latter just reaching to the elbow, widening out and falling over a full under sleeve of transparent texture. For negligee and home gowns sleeves of this description are eminently suitable.

lons and gold buttons the entire length of the back, from shoulder to elbow. Stylish cloth capes are in the triple and even four-decked creation, cut in round corners and stitched or plain. The new pattern golf capes are made of the regular steamer rugs, but in rare combinations.

The deep deliberation and high artistic effort that we lavished last year on our collars has been diverted this season to the production of countless varieties of belts. Last spring the black satin pulley girdle found a limited number of advocates, but the pulley belt only started the ball to rolling while the introduction of ribbon tags and chenille and gold braid has almost capped the climax.

It is well not to lose sight of the importance of steel in this craze for metallic effects, for it is quite as good style as gold, and very exclusively used on the most fashionable high-priced gowns. Steel ornaments clasp the ends of cravats and bows after the manner of gold; steel with black and white braid is especially effective and steel ornaments on our hats are the thing unless we prefer to walk with the masses in the gold-decorated procession.

Ladies' Seven-gored Skirt.—Requires for medium size, 11 yards material 22 inches wide, or 7 yards 30 inches wide. Lining required, 63-4 yards; white material for panel, 3-4 yard; satin, 3-4 yard; gimp trimming, 21-2 yards. Length of skirt in front, 42 inches; width around bottom, 47-8 yards.

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els. Of course, there are faced trimmings, high collars and linings, but the season's new trick is to confine the fur to cuffs and revers. For such the value of a really fine fur is great; the amount of fur being small, resort to a cheap quality suggests inability to get the best.



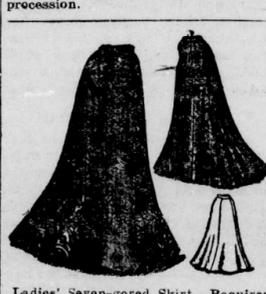
Bodice.—For cashmere, fine cloth, soft tweeds, serge, etc., combined with velvet or velveteen. Satin merv or silk would combine with the velvet. Do not cut darts until bodice has been fitted. Quantity of 42 inch material, 11-4 yards; 22 inch velvet, 15-8 yards.

Simple Morning Gown.—This gown is modeled on the simplest lines. It is of soft gray cashmere with black embroidered polka-dots, and trimmed with black ribbon velvet.



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The Pennington's Girl.

Winslow had been fishing—or pretending to—all the morning, and he was desperately thirsty. He boarded with the Beckwiths on the Riverside East Shore, but he was nearer Riverside West, and he knew the Penningtons well. He had often been there for bait and milk and had listened times out of mind to Mrs. Pennington's dismal tales of her tribulations with hired girls. She never could get along with them, and they left, on an average, after a fortnight's trial. She was on the lookout for one now, he knew, and would likely be cross, but he thought she would give him a drink.

He rowed his skiff into the shore, and tied it to a fir that hung out from the bank. A winding little footpath led up to the Pennington farmhouse, which crested the hill about three hundred yards from the shore. Winslow made for the kitchen door and came face to face with a girl carrying a pail of water—Mrs. Pennington's latest thing in hired girls, of course.

Winslow's first bewildered thought was "What a goddess!" and he wondered, as he politely asked for a drink, where on earth Mrs. Pennington had picked her up. She handed him a shining dipper half full, and stood, pail in hand, while he drank it.

She was rather tall, and wore a somewhat limp, faded print gown, and a big sunhat beneath which a glossy knot of chestnut showed itself. Her skin was very fair, somewhat freckled and her mouth was delicious. As for her eyes, they were gray, but beyond that, simply defied description.

"Will you have some more?" she asked, in a soft, drawing voice.

"No, thank you. That was delicious. Is Mrs. Pennington home?"

"No. She has gone away for the day."

"Well, I suppose I can sit down here and rest awhile. You've no serious objections, have you?"

"Oh, no." She carried her pail into the kitchen and came out again presently with a knife and a pan of apples. Sitting down on a bench under the poplars she proceeded to peel them with a disregard of his presence that piqued Winslow, who was not used to being ignored in this fashion. Besides, as a general rule, he had been quite good friends with Mrs. Pennington's hired girls. She had had three strapping damsel during his sojourn in Riverside, and he used to sit on this very doorstep and chaff them. They had all been saucy and talkative. This girl was evidently a new species.

"Do you think you'll get along with Mrs. Pennington?" he asked finally.

"As a rule she fights with her help, although she is a most estimable woman."

The girl smiled quite broadly.

"I guess pr'aps she's rather hard to suit," was the answer, "but I like her pretty well so far. I think we'll get along with each other. If we don't I can leave—like the others did."

"What is your name?"

"Nelly Ray."

"Well, Nelly, I hope you'll be able to keep your place. Let me give you a bit of friendly advice. Don't let the cats get into the pantry. That is what Mrs. Pennington has quarreled with nearly every one of her girls about."

"It is quite a bother to keep them out, ain't it?" said Nelly calmly. There's dozens of cats about the place. What on earth makes them keep so many?"

"Mr. Pennington has a mania for cats. He and Mrs. Pennington have a standing disagreement about it. The last girl left here because she couldn't stand the cats; they affected her nerves, she said. I hope you don't mind them."

"Oh, no; I kind of like cats. I've been tryin' to count them. Has anybody ever done that?"

"Not that I know of. I tried but I had to give up in despair—never could tell when I was counting the same cat over again. Look at that black goblin sunning himself on the woodpile. I say, Nelly, you're not going, are you?"

"I must. It's time to get dinner. Mr. Pennington will be in from the fields soon."

The next minute he heard her stepping briskly about the kitchen, shouting out intruding cats, and humming a dinky air to herself. He went reluctantly back to the shore, and rowed across the river in a brown study.

I don't know whether Winslow was afflicted with chronic thirst or not, or whether the East side water wasn't so good as that of the West side; but I do know that he fairly haunted the Pennington farmhouse after that. Mrs. Pennington was home the next time he went and he asked her about her new girl. To his surprise the good lady was unusually reticent. She couldn't really say very much about Nelly. No, she didn't belong anywhere near Riverside. In fact, she—Mrs. Pennington—didn't think she had any settled home at present. Her father was travelling over the country somewhere. Nelly was a good little girl, and very obliging. Beyond this Winslow could get no more information,

so he went around and talked to Nelly who was sitting on the bench under the poplars and seemed absorbed in watching the sunset.

She dropped her g's badly and made some grammatical errors that caused Winslow's flesh to creep on his bones. But any man could have forgiven mistakes from such dimpled lips in such a sweet voice.

He asked her to go for a row up the river in the twilight and she assented; she handled an oar very well he found out and the exercise became her. Winslow tried to get her to talk about herself, but failed signally and had to content himself with Mrs. Pennington's meagre information. He told her about himself frankly enough,—how he had had fever in the spring, and had been ordered to spend the summer in the country, and do nothing useful until his health was fully restored, and how lonesome it was in Riverside in general and at the Beckwith farm in particular. He made out quite a dismal case for himself and if Nelly wasn't sorry for him, she should have been.

At the end of a fortnight Riverside folks began to talk about Winslow and the Pennington's hired girl. He was reported to be "dead gone" on her; he took her out rowing every evening, drove her to preaching on the Bend on Sunday nights and haunted the Pennington farm house. Wise folks shook their heads over it and wondered that Mrs. Pennington allowed it. Winslow was a gentleman, and that Nelly Ray, whom nobody knew anything about, not even where she came from, was only a common hired girl, and he had no business to be hanging about her. She was pretty, to be sure; but she was absurdly stuck up and wouldn't associate with other Riverside "help" at all. Well, pride must have a fall; there must be something queer about her when she was so awful sly as to her past life.

Winslow and Nelly did not trouble themselves in the least over all this gossip; in fact, they never even heard it. Winslow was hopelessly in love; when he found this out he was agast. He thought of his father, the ambitious railroad magnate; of his mother, the brilliant society leader; of his sisters, the beautiful and proud; he was honestly frightened. It would never do; he must not go to see Nelly again. He kept this prudent resolution for twenty-four hours and then rowed over to the West shore. He found Nelly sitting on the bank in her old faded print dress and he straight way forgot everything he ought to have remembered.

Nelly herself never seemed to be conscious of the social gulf between them. At least she never alluded to it in any way, and accepted Winslow's attentions as if she had a perfect right to them. She had broken the record by staying with Mrs. Pennington four weeks and even the cats were in subjection.

Winslow was well enough to have gone back to the city, and in fact, his father was writing for him. But he couldn't leave Beckwith's apartment. At any rate he stayed on and met Nelly every day and cursed himself for a cad and a cur and a weak-brained idiot.

One day he took Nelly for a row up the river. They went further than usual around the Bend. Winslow didn't want to go too far, for he knew that a party of his city friends chaperoned by Mrs. Keyton-Wells, were having a picnic somewhere up along the river shore that day. But Nelly insisted on going on and on, and of course she had her way. When they reached a little pine-fringed headland they came upon the picnicers, within a stone's throw. Everybody recognized Winslow. "Why there is Burton!" he heard Mrs. Keyton-Wells exclaim, and he knew she was putting up her glasses. Will Evans, who was an especial chum of his, ran down to the water's edge. "Bless me, Win, where did you come from? Come right in. We haven't had tea yet. Bring your friend, too," he added, becoming conscious that Winslow's friend was a mighty pretty girl. Winslow's face was crimson. He avoided Nelly's eye. "Are them people friends of yours?" she asked in a low tone.

"Yes," he muttered.

"Well, let us go ashore if they want us to," she said calmly. "I don't mind."

For three seconds Winslow hesitated. Then he pulled ashore and helped Nelly to alight on a jutting rock. There was a curious, set expression about his fine mouth, as he marched Nelly up to Mrs. Keyton-Wells and introduced her. Mrs. Keyton-Wells' greeting was slightly cool, but very polite. She supposed Miss Ray was some little country girl with whom Burton Winslow was carrying on a summer flirtation; respectable enough no doubt and must be treated civilly, but of course wouldn't expect to be made an equal of exactly. The other women took their cue from her, but the men were more cordial. Miss Ray might be shabby, but she was distinctly fetching and Winslow looked savage.

To Be Continued.

Getting into debt, is getting into a tanglesome net.—Franklin.

THE CRIME OF THE TAILOR MADE.

A pessimistic Parisian prophet has declared that the vogue of the tailor-made gown has degraded the art of dressmaking until there is no longer ambition enough left in its high priests to inspire them to noble efforts. The great men of the past, such as Worth, Felix and the first Doucet, in the opinion of this discouraged observer, will find no successors. There is entirely too much of the prevailing tailor-made to create artists in the profession. This complaint coming from a dressmaker has particular eloquence, as it is directed against the men in his own business. For one of the conditions precedent to a successful tailor-made is that it be the handiwork of a man and usually of one who has had experience in making the clothes of his own sex.

Earlier masters of the craft never had to impart the slightest suggestion of masculinity to the gowns they made. The men dressmakers who began to prosper during the Second Empire had no thought of the revolution in fashion that would make men the most popular costumers for women, because they would apply to their styles the same methods that had made them successful with men. The Parisian who sees the decline of art in women's dressing-to-day attributes this state of affairs as much to the moral influence of the tailor-made as to its present vogue all over the world. It is a cheaper kind of gown than well-dressed women ever wore before and it has made them economical in their expenditures. It can be worn almost anywhere outside of a ballroom and women have become indifferent as to the little proprieties of dress which they formerly observed so carefully. Nowadays they may take their afternoon drive in a tailor-made and in the same attire pay formal calls.

The elaborate costumes for afternoon wear have therefore disappeared almost entirely before the triumphant march of this new garment, which is crushing out by its utility all the graces and beauty of dress that used to interest women and inspire the dressmakers to designing gowns that really entitled them to be ranked among the artists of their day. This is less true in some of the European cities than it is in New York. Here and in London the cloth dress is always a tailor-made, whereas in Paris and Vienna the most costly dresses women can wear are embroidered cloths. But this kind of a tailor-made is unknown here.

It is against the more common kind of tailor-made that this French writer directs his attacks. He finds that its influence has also been most democratic. Ducesses and shop girls look alike nowadays to a degree they never did before, as the tailor-made can be brought within the reach of almost any purse, whereas the gowns made by the former masters in the profession could not. National differences in women's dress have also disappeared under the leveling influence of the tailor-made, as it is the same in Italy that it is in Austria or England. Well-dressed women would be inclined to dispute the soundness of this part of the attack, for they know the difference in the style of this despised form of dress as it is made in various countries. None of them would be likely to choose a gown made, for instance, in Rome, when they could get one in New York or London. Their opinion of the tailor-made would probably be that for its general style the London article was the best, while here it is brought to greatest perfection and made with the greatest care and most complete finish.

Women taking the cost of this garment as their standard have everywhere decreased their expenditures in all kinds of dress. Real lace is, for instance, no longer in demand, because the imitation looks well enough and costs so much less. Even the comfort in the thought that a court might once more elevate the ideals of dress in France is denied to this pessimistic observer, because even queens and princesses have succumbed to the baleful influences of the tailor-made. Some of its advantages are grudgingly admitted. Its economy is scarcely to be included among them for that has accomplished too much evil in other directions to be accounted a merit. It is becoming to good figures, which it shows off to advantage. But its influence has reduced to half a dozen the number of women in Paris who spend \$20,000 a year on their dressing, and that is crime enough in the eyes of the great dressmakers to put the tailor-made under a ban forever.

A COMPLETED JOB.

Hicks—When D'Auber went to Paris a year ago he told me he was going to become a finished artist. How is he getting on?

Wicks—He's quit. The committee of the salon rejected his masterpiece and that finished him.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand a worthy action done.—Bobart.