

The Scrap Bag

Dr. Graeme Hammond is one of New York's experts in nervous diseases. He made these suggestions to a *Woman's* reporter for the benefit of the thousands of working-women in that city whose health are undermined and who are unable to pay for medical treatment.

"The nervous American girl of today has usually inherited her nervous tendency. She may overcome it by proper methods of living. These are: First, regulation of the diet; second, proper bathing; third, systematic exercise."

"The nervous girl's diet should consist entirely of plain, wholesome food. She should avoid cheap candies, much pastry, tea and coffee. She may eat other food plainly and properly cooked. If possible, she should take two baths every day—one in the morning and the second at night. If this cannot be done she should give the preference to the morning bath. She should stand in hot water three or four inches deep and pour over the body moderately cold water. The bath should last but a few seconds and should be followed by a rubbing down with a rough towel."

"Exercise for the nervous girl is best taken out of doors. Bicycling is beneficial, as it calls upon the heart to do but a small amount of work. Swimming and skating are good forms of exercise. So are horse-back riding and fencing for those who can afford it."

"Nervous girls must avoid all unhealthy excitement and late hours. Eight hours' sleep at night is a necessity."

"We won't print any such stuff as that," said the editor, loftily, as he handed back the manuscript. "Well, you needn't be so haughty about it," retorted the irregular contributor. "You're not the only one who won't print it."

Young Wife (passing big confectionery store)—Isn't this the place where you used to buy that delicious candy?

Young Husband—Yes, my dear, but the store is always overcrowded, and we may have to wait. I know a little place around the corner where we can get served at once.

"How much did you have to pay for the candy you used to bring me, dear?"

"It was \$2 a pound, but around the corner we can get the same kind for 25 cents."—*New York Weekly.*

Used to pay extra for the box, probably.

Effie—Jack, papa said we must not see each other any more.

Jack—Indeed! Shall I turn the gas out?

A very sad story comes from Muskoka, Ont., of a drunken quarrel in which a young man of 26 lost his life. It seems that a longstanding feud existed between two men named Scott and McKenzie. Last week both men met at the Severn Bridge annual fair and renewed their quarrel. In the fight which ensued young Scott was stabbed by McKenzie in the groin, and died a few hours after his removal to the Toronto Hospital. Thus it was that one hour's drinking brought a young life to a terrible end, and another of more advanced years to a prison cell and the shadow of the gallows. And what shall be said of the young widow and her little babe, who must take up life's battle alone, and of the horror-stricken friends of him who did the deed?

Miss Dorothy W., of Winthrop, aged 2 years, and with a younger rival near the maternal throne, was found in silent and pensive intimacy with the parlor bric-a-brac.

"What are you doing, Dorothy?" demanded her mother.

"I'm all right," responded the young woman; "you go and take care of your baby."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Perfumes should be used sparingly, so that they may suggest faintly the odor of flowers. Says *Harper's Round Table*:

Fresh rose leaves thrown into your bureau drawers and scattered in the boxes where you keep your laces and handkerchiefs, and sprigs of lavender or lemon verbena left there to dry will impart a pleasant sweetness to whatever lies among them.

Orris-root powder in little sachet bags of China silk, or strewn lightly between folds of tissue-paper, will give to your clothing in closet or wardrobe a delightful faint odor of violets.

If you use a delicate soap, with a sweet, clean perfume, not of musk or anything strong and pronounced, and put a few drops of alcohol or ammonia in the water when you bathe, you need not be afraid of any unfavorable comment on your daintiness. Perfect cleanliness is always dainty. Soil and stain, dust and dirt, are never anything but repulsive.

DAILY HINTS TO HOUSE-KEEPERS.

Peace comes, though it comes late, To those who wait.

BREAKFAST—Beefsteak, Pearl Hominy, Browned Potatoes, Stewed Dried Peaches, Doughnuts, Rolls, Coffee.

DINNER—Roast Loin of Veal, Cabbage in Cream Sauce, Steamed Potatoes, Beans in Butter Sauce, Pickles, White and Corn Bread.

SUPPER—Cold Meat, Warm Potatoes, Gingerbread, Baked Apples, Vienna Bread, Cocoa.

CABBAGE IN CREAM SAUCE.—Cut a medium-sized head of cabbage in quarters. Take out the stem; put into kettle of boiling water; cook for ten minutes; drain and cover with cold water. This will destroy the odor, so unpleasant.

When cold, chop fine, season with salt and pepper. Make sauce of two tablespoons butter, one tablespoon flour, mix smooth; add one pint milk. Cook in this sauce slowly, three-quarters hour.

An artistic creation for a young matron of the blonde-cord type has a skirt of corn-cob satin brocade with the vine of purple blossoms, the bodice of corn-cob chiffon is low and drawn in graceful folds to a belt of satin. The color of the blossoms in the skirt and its only decoration are four narrow horizontal tucks that surround it a trifle above the bust line, through which are run satin baby



ribbon the color of the belt. The sleeve is shirred into the armhole and is plain but for the four tucks treated in the same manner and on a line with those of the bodice.

This same idea is carried out in a white tulle gown for a young girl, with ribbons of pink, and the four tucks are run in the skirt just above the hem.

New Styles in Gloves.—There are fashions in everything nowadays, and fashions are always changing. Just at present there are some curious and interesting new fashions in gloves—ladies' gloves, of course, because men's gloves don't change much.

There is at least one novelty in the market that ought to, and in all probability will, make a decided hit. This novelty, which is sold by a large dry goods store on Sixth avenue, consists of a good kid glove, well-finished and made in the various fashionable colors, having in the palm of the hand a tiny purse, just the size for carrying small change. The purse fastens with a pretty nickel clasp, and so cleverly is it contrived that it is not in the least bit clumsy, and on first inspection differs in no respect from the ordinary four-button kid glove.

Of course the advantages of such an article must be apparent to every one. No more need you fumble in your pockets for car fares; no more must you hurriedly open your pocketbooks, thereby—if you are like the majority—scattering abroad sundry refractory coins which generally manage to escape as you seek for the requisite "nickel." No more of this. Buy a pair of these delightful inventions, put in the little pouch five, ten, fifteen cents, or as much as it will hold, and when you enter a car, when you indulge in a "soda," and in a hundred other instances you will forever display your superiority over the rest of womankind.

As regards evening gloves some one has already set the fashion, and with blind (not to say sheeplike) docility society is meekly following the leader. Who is she? Who but the latest object of our adoring gush, the one and only Yvette. Yes, ladies! all there is every probability of a regular epidemic of black gloves like those that invariably adorn the somewhat skinty arms of the costly Gullbert. Black gloves and white ones always command a good sale for evening wear and compete successfully with the various fancy shades, no matter how dainty, and this season the black are going to out-distance all the rest. The flat has gone forth; let the votaries of fashion bear it well in mind. Black gloves are the order of the day; they may be suede or they may be lace kid, but let them be black.

For those, however, who venture to differ from the prevailing style there is the usual variety of dainty colors, the regular "opera shades," as they are called—white, cream, pink, blue, green and a charming butter color that is a little out of the common. Glass kids are very much in vogue and are certainly pretty, but there is no fear of the suedes being ousted from their prominent position in the favor of the fair sex.

During this cold weather all our thoughts (to say nothing of all our feet) turn irresistibly to skating, so it will probably be a relief to many who suffer from the biting cold, as most skaters must, to learn of some splendid gloves as warm and cozy as can be and at the same time not at all clumsy. They are of thick wool, hand-knit, the palm of the hand only being of kid. The arm is very long and wide to admit of being drawn over the jacket as far as the elbow, or else tuck back over the sleeve with the effect of a cuff. They are not expensive, and are sure to work themselves into favor. They should prove a boon to many an ardent skater whose flesh is more susceptible to cold than his spirit to fatigue.

White gloves for street wear are to be as much seen this season as ever. But they should not be worn, as they so frequently are, on a morning shopping tour, because not only are they altogether unsuitable, but they are extravagant, as naturally they soil quickly. This latter fact, by the way, would seem to matter very little, as most ladies wear them long after their original hue has entirely departed and a pale, mud-color taken its place.

Then there are the castor gloves, which are always more or less in demand, and some new silk-lined kid gloves are rather alluring, but they are more fascinating on first inspection than on subsequent use. Not only do the linings contribute very little warmth, but they give the hand a bulky and ungainly appearance and tear very quickly, rendering the gloves too uncomfortable to wear. The same objections apply even more strongly to some new gloves that are lined with a sort of woolen material.

Good, heavy street gloves are supplied by Dents, the English manufacturers, but they are more useful than ornamental, being very strong and serviceable, indeed. A great many ladies, who suffer from the cold, and yet are unwilling to appear in the strong, heavy gloves that alone give the requisite warmth, compromise the matter by wearing over the ordinary light make of kid a thick pair of woolen mittens or gloves. These they slip off when entering a theater or paying a call, and thus satisfy the dictates of fashion and sense.

TREE-CLIMBING RABBITS.

Parrots That Eat Sheep and Sheep That Thrive on Snails.

It seems almost a stretch of the imagination to think of rabbits climbing trees. Yet in Australia many rabbits have somehow acquired the tree-climbing habit, having been forced, on account of the persecutions of dogs and other animals, to drop burrowing and imitate squirrels. An Australian sent to England recently the two front feet of a rabbit that had been killed on an acacia, three yards from the ground, and he wrote in his letter that this was not at all a remarkable thing, and he had often found them, or at least the traces of their claws, in the bark of trees four, five and six yards high.

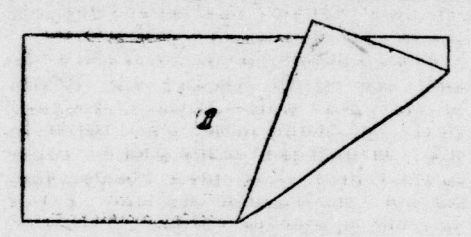
For a parrot to eat sheep is another remarkable thing, and yet the kea of New Zealand has become a sheep eater, having changed to this article of food from a purely vegetable diet. The kea has proved a serious source of annoyance to the New Zealand herdsmen, and methods have been taken for the destruction of the species. These gay colored little birds will eat almost any kind of meat, but it is sheep that they prefer.

They have been known to kill as many as two hundred in a single night, and have done serious harm to the flocks. The tradition of the island is that at one time these parrots were unable to obtain their usual supply of vegetable food and that in desperation they invaded the "drying rooms" and ate whatever came to hand, finding sheep most agreeable. In Iceland almost all of the horses are fish eaters, for the reason that grain is scarce there and fish is plentiful. In England sheep are known who delight in snails. The observation of this fact is not new; it dates back one hundred and fifty years.

It is well known that a large number of insectivorous birds become grain eaters whenever they find that they cannot procure their ordinary diet of insects.—*N. Y. World.*

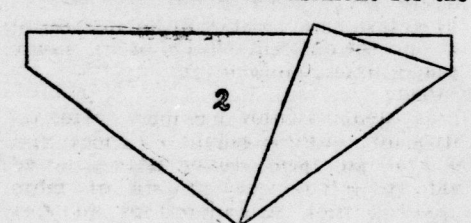
Can You Do It?

A puzzle of historical interest, which requires considerable skill and ingenuity to execute, is to cut a five-pointed star in one stroke of the scissors. Under the personal direction of Washington and a committee from congress, then in session in Philadelphia, the first American flag was modeled in 1777. The committee visited a little upholstery shop kept by Mrs. Betsey Ross, in Arch street, and asked her to make a flag after the design furnished. She agreed to do so, but suggested that a five-pointed star would be more symmetrical than the six pointed one proposed. To illustrate her



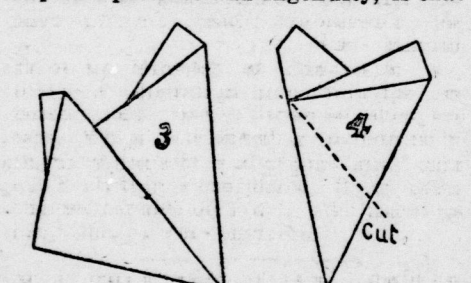
idea she took a piece of paper, three by two, and three-quarter inches square. She first folded it down the middle and turned one corner, as shown in figure 1. She then turned the other corner in a reverse direction as shown in figure 2. Then doubling the left-hand side even with the right fold, as in figure 3, and then holding as shown in figure 4, she gave one straight cut, which produced a symmetrical five-pointed star.

Letter or word puzzles are popular and furnish endless amusement for the



long winter evenings when introduced in the form of games. All the players being given paper and pencils, a number of letters are announced, which they endeavor to arrange into a single word. Sometimes a word is given, the letters of which are to be rearranged so as to spell another one. Take any of the words, anacost, potash or carthorse and try to reconstruct the letters into new words.

A capital spelling puzzle, as giving scope for patience and ingenuity, is that



of making the shortest possible sentence which will contain every letter of the alphabet. It is safe to say that if the proposition were given out to-day in the United States the scholars would answer, with one voice, "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs," which sentence has held the palm for brevity for half a century.

"He's a Little Feller."

Walking down the street the other day I saw a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a dirty, ragged old handkerchief, and as I sat down alongside he cautioned: "Look out, now, don't hurt him."

"What is it?"

He lifted the handkerchief with the greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow just able to fly.

"Where did you get him?"

"In the street out there. Got so cold he was trickered there."

"What will you do with him?"

"Get him good and warm and let him go. He is such a little feller, and so he order have a fair show."

"And he shall!" said I.

I added my efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner giving vent to his satisfaction in a series of chirps. Jack lifted him, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under the cornice.

"He's all right now, Jack."

"Yes, 'cause he's had a boost. Boys kin git along anyhow," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold blast sweeping up from the river, "but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort of 'b'list and tote 'm round now and then. He's all right now, and we're all right, and good-by to you."

"Good-by, Jackie," I said, involuntarily raising my hat as the tattered, kind-hearted chaffin dove flew round the corner.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Frederick the Great had large blue eyes, with the luster of solid steel. *Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.*

Freak Bicycles.

A Hoop-Like Affair Which Is a Novelty.

But Can Anybody Ride It?—The Bantamette Is Built Low and Is Designed to Help Women Learn to Mount.

In England a man has evolved the queer-looking thing on this page, which the inventor safely claims to be the latest thing in cycles. This cycle has not as yet been given a name, and it will not be placed in the public service for a month yet.

The accompanying illustration is from Black and White, a reputable publication that would not be guilty of playing a practical joke on the cycling world. The accompanying description is quite brief and in these words:

"A glance will show its peculiar charm. Lightness with simplicity of construction appear to be its strongest points; the rider, being suspended below the machine's center of gravity, maintains a level seat whatever the speed or grade. Power is obtained by the simple action of a spring attached to the treadles, and great speed is promised. You will wish the new cycle all the success it may be found to deserve."

The illustration is, however, far from satisfactory, as the details of the pedal connection are not apparent, and the bare statement that "power is obtained by



THE LOW MOUNT BICYCLE FOR WOMEN.

the simple action of a spring attached to the treadles," is far from convincing. The claim that "great power" may be secured will be admitted by the average mind provided that the device be rolled down a very steep hill. A casual glance gives the impression of a man having been captured by the fabled hoop-snake, which is bearing him off to its lair.

The newest thing in cycling is reproduced for the benefit of people who delight in the study of abstruse questions in mechanics. Some one of them may figure it out.

Another new thing from England which will interest all wheelwomen is the bantamette. It is a machine devised for women. It is a sister to the bantam. The bantam was built especially for men who desired to make an easy mount. The seat of the bantam is low, allowing the mount to be made with a single thrust of the foot against the ground. On the high seated wheels it is often necessary for unskilled riders to take a hop, skip and jump for a considerable distance before they are able to get the required balance.

The bantamette was planned for a similar reason. The new woman, of course, will have nothing to do with it, for she spurns anything that suggests weakness or unmanliness. But to that small remaining class of women who still cling to the old fashioned skirts and who desire to arrange them on the saddle and start off comfortably from the ground without springing or straining the body, the bantamette will be a great convenience.

This new machine is so low that the rider may sit in the saddle and put both feet on the ground at once. The effect of this is greatly to increase the sense of security, so that back pedaling may be done on a steep grade easily without resort to the brake.

It will be observed that the upright forward bar is of unusual length. This is made necessary by the small diameter of the wheels, bringing the crotch of the fork well towards the ground.

The arrangement of the frame in the rear is peculiar. Instead of the pair of parallel bars extending from the saddle diagonally to the axle of the rear wheel there is a single straight bar, reaching from the saddle to a heavier bar which extends horizontally from the rear axle half way to the pedals. In this way a material saving is made in weight, at the cost, it would seem, of general strength and rigidity.

The essential feature of the machine is the pedal and gearing action, which are attached to the forward wheel. There is a chainless gear, which may be altered to suit the rider. In the ordinary chain-



THE QUEEREST WHEEL YET.

gear bicycles the rider is usually seated slightly forward of a point above the rear axle. In the bantamette, the rider is seated well forward.

The fact that the propelling force is given with the forward instead of with the rear wheel seems to make no difference in the running of the bicycle. Some ingenious mechanics have declared that there is a loss of leverage in the chainless gear, but this assertion has yet to be proved. Those who have given both kinds thorough trial are undecided as to which is the better.

The bantamette shown in the picture is built rather with an open cross-bar or with a U frame for skirts. It is an excellent machine to learn mounting with. It is only necessary for a woman after arranging her skirts comfortably and seating herself firmly in the saddle to give a

SAFETY FOR OUR GIRLS

Paine's Celery Compound Makes New and Pure Blood, Gives Strong Nerves, and Builds Up the Body.



MISS BOULANGER.

Medical men everywhere admit that Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine for pale, weak and sickly girls. It builds up wasted tissues, makes pure blood, and produces strong nerves, enabling girls to reach healthy years, and I feared she would never be strong.

"I was induced to have her try Paine's Celery Compound. She has used two bottles, and is now a different girl. She is not only able to wait on herself, but often does the whole of the housework, and promises to be as strong as a girl of her age should be."

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NEED NEVER BE ASKED
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AS THIS IN ITSELF
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IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE
STOOD THE TEST
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NEARLY
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several other remedies had failed. It has
also proved an excellent cough cure for my
family. I prefer it to any other medicine
for coughs, croup or hoarseness."
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"As a cure for coughs Pyny-Pectoral is the
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