

Gossip

About Women, Their Childner and Their Home.

Millinery is rich in the extreme. The most beautiful velvets, heavy with gold embroideries or rich with incrustations of lace, are built into oddly shaped turbans and large picture hats. Crowns roll up a good deal to show bunches of ostrich tips against the hair. The pastel shades seem to be replaced by the most vivid and brilliant colors—royal purple, the medium blues and even emerald green. But above all their is an excessive use of gold embroidery, and one trembles to think what imitations may follow in the train of this fashion, remarks an exchange.

"Avoid the obvious in dress," said the woman who thinks as much about what her friends wear as about her own clothes, "and be especially careful at this time of the year. I know that it is now one of the most natural things in the world to put a red velvet bow on your black hat. It looks so warm and cheerful on these over-cast autumn days. But avoid it as carefully as you would a green veil. The same thought will occur to nine women out of every ten. Seven out of that nine will put their ideas into practical effect. By the end of next week the bow is going to be as familiar a sight as the polka dot choux on the sailor hat has been since the first of June. And, besides, you may be sure that your purpose will be plain to every woman who sees you. 'She put that bow in her hat,' will be the general opinion, 'because she thinks it looks bright and appropriate on these fall days.'"

Perhaps there would be more careful bridling of tongues if women only took time to think that a quarrel is something which must endure for all time. It weakens the mutual respect of the quarrellers; it lessens their self-control; it trails a whole brood of consequences after it, and is altogether an evil thing. It is so easy to insinuate—to deny, to reassert, to retort. It is so easy to lose one's head and temper and let that small member, the tongue, have its own way. And it's easier the second time than it was the first. If husbands and wives always understood the evils growing out of even the littlest "tiffs," they would less often lose their patience. It is impossible for most of us to fully respect wranglers, and the very foundations of a home rest upon the self-control and justice of those who compose it.

Women often take men to task for 'swearing.' Women, themselves, often swear, even when they do not curse. There are many reasons why most women object to what they call 'profanity.' Some say it is vulgar. Some aver that it is wicked. Some are shocked and some are afraid other people will be shocked. A man to whom the question was presented said he used language of which his wife did not approve, but he never used it in her presence. Then one taxed him with deception and the leaving of a double life. He objected. He said he altered his conversation to suit the company, but he considered 'Goodness' and 'Dear me,' and 'By anything or anybody actual swearing, differing from his expletives only in form and breaking the law which says 'Swear not at all,' just as certainly as his big words. If we will appeal to Biblical law, we must, ourselves, abide by it, and the woman whose communication is not 'Ye a, yea and nay, nay,' is not in a position to argue with the man who fin's ordinary English inadequate for his use.

At last the world at large is beginning to realize that woman is not devoid of a sense of humor. Verily, the world moves! A century ago the man who suggested

that lovely woman knew humor from science would have been mobbed. Fifty years ago he would have been considered a humorist himself. Today everybody, save the man who has told a mother-in-law story at the luncheon of a woman's club, agrees that woman has a sense of humor. It may be that a woman's ideas of humor among different classes of men also varies. Who shall arrogate to himself the only perfect sense of humor?

Of course there are still masculine skeptics. One unpleasant male person recently said that while woman assuredly had a sense of humor she could laugh only at the joke which had direct bearing on some one else, while man could appreciate the one which was distinctly personal, says the Philadelphia North American. The listener calmly informed him that she had not only known intensely homely women who not only enjoyed but repeated jokes which had bearing on their own personal appearance, but she had even enjoyed the confidence of a woman who appreciated the joke when a supposed admirer turned out to be the lover of another woman. Could he produce a man who was possessed of a keener sense of humor under adverse circumstances? He admitted that he could not.

Hope Had Departed.

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S RESCUE FROM GREAT SUFFERING.

For Years Her Life Was One of Misery—Her Feet and Limbs Would Swell Frightfully and She Became Unable to do Her Household Work.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S. It was appalling to think the number of women throughout the country who day after day live a life almost a martyrdom; suffering but too frequently in silent, almost hopeless despair. To such sufferers the story of Mrs. Joshua Wile, will come as a beacon of hope. Mrs. Wile lives about two miles from the town of Bridgewater, N. S.; and is respected and esteemed by all who know her. While in one of the local drug stores not long ago Mrs. Wile noticed a number of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the show case, and remarked to the proprietor "If ever there was a friend to women, it was those pills." She was asked why she spoke so strongly about the pills, and in reply told the misery from which they had rescued her. The druggist suggested that she should make known her cure for the benefit of the thousands of similar sufferers. Mrs. Wile replied that while averse to publicity, yet she would gladly tell of her cure if it would benefit any one else, and she gave the following statement with permission for its publication.

"My life for some years was one of weakness, pain and misery, until I obtained relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. From some cause, I know not what exactly, I became so afflicted with uterine trouble, that I was obliged to undergo two operations. A part only of the trouble was removed, and a terrible weakness and miserable, nervous condition ensued, which the physician told me I would never get clear of. I tried other doctors, but all the same result—no betterment of my condition. The pains finally attacked my back and kidneys. My legs and feet became frightfully swollen, and I cannot describe the tired, sinking, deathly feeling that at times came over my whole body. I became unable to do my household work and lost all hope of recovery. Before this stage in my illness I had been advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but like thousands of other women, thought there could be no good in using them when the medical men were unable to cure me. At last in desperation I made up my mind to try them, but really without any faith in the result. To my great surprise I obtained some benefit in the first box. I then bought six boxes more, which I took according to directions, and am happy to say was raised up from a weak, sick, despondent, useless condition, to my present state of health and happiness. Every year now in the spring and fall I take a box or two, and find them an excellent thing at the change of the season. Other benefits I might mention, but suffice strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all ailing women."

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The Farm,

Te Up-to-Date Farmer Must Read this Column.

In Spain there are some 100,000,000 of migratory sheep which every year travel as much as 200 miles from the plains to the "delectable mountains," where the shepherds feed them till the snows descend. These sheep are known as transhumants, and their marching places and behavior are regulated by ancient and special laws and tribunals dating from the fourteenth century. At certain times no one is allowed to travel on the same route as the sheep, which have a right to graze on all open and common land on the way and for which a road 90 yards wide must be left on all inclosed and private property. The shepherds lead the flocks the sheep follow, and the flocks are accompanied by mules carrying provisions and large dogs which act as guards against the wolves. The Merino sheep travel 400 miles to the mountains, and total time spent on the migration there and back is 14 weeks. —Spectator.

Doubtful the remedy for gapes which is recommended by our correspondent is beneficial, but our readers when using it must remember that an excessive quantity of salt will kill even old fowls. Do not throw it on the ground. If you use it, limit the quantity, says Poultry Keeper.

"While on my way to Union Mills I stopped along the way to talk with a lady about P.K. and she gave me a remedy for gapes. She tried it and also a preacher Door Village, the latter having lost about 100 chicks, and after treatment the death rate stopped. He fed salt—just threw it on the ground and let them pick it (so this lady informed me). Since then I've lost one, and another had it. I just took a pinch of salt between thumb and finger, opened the chick's mouth, put in the salt and then held the chicks head in drinking water, so as to wash the salt down, and in five minutes the chick was picking something to eat and has been all right since. Now, if the above is worthy of publication just publish it or the benefit of P. K. readers."—C. G. Cotton.

When a stranger begins to milk a cow, it usually results in some decrease of milk production, though he may be a good milker, says the Boston Cultivator. The better the cow the more likely she is to be of a nervous temperament and the more she is apt to be affected by a change in handling, milking or surroundings. If the new milker lacks experience, it usually results in a permanent shrinkage of the milk yield and early drying off of the cow. But it is necessary that the boys should learn to milk if they are to remain on the farm, and therefore they should be set to learn upon such cows as will naturally dry off soon. Do not give them heifers with their first calf, as the heifer should be kept in milk as long as possible to get her in the habit of giving milk 10 or 11 months a year. Do not give them hard milkers or kickers, or the un-easy ones which never stand still. That is too much like giving them dull hoes and synthes or tools to work with, that no man would consider fit for a day's work. It is calculated to disgust them with the business and drive them to seek other occupations as soon as they are at liberty to leave home. When it is not practicable to give them such a cow, allow them to partly milk her and then let some experienced milker finish the job, who will be sure to obtain the last drop.

It is doubtful if the owners of draft stallions in the west and middle west and northwest have ever found patronage for their horses so plentiful as it is this season, says The Breeder's Gazette. Every good horse and many that are not

entitled to be called good in any sense have practically all theyought to do, while all local favourites are overrun. That the sentiment of farmers is in favour of getting all colts possible is proved by the demand that exists for capules where-in the operation of impregnation may be performed. This operation has been thoroughly described in these columns, and the fact that many are buying the capules shows conclusively that it is desired to get as many foals as possible. There is much satisfaction to be had from review of the situation as at present stands. As a rule service fees are higher than for years past, and vet in many localities they are not high enough—that is, the class of horses the farmers demand and the amount of money they are willing to pay do not dovetail neatly at all. Every day the market shows more strongly the wide gulf that is fixed between the good and common horses in point of value and readiness of sale, and the mare owner does not seek the very best stallion he can find is deliberately throwing money away. No man can afford to purchase a high class stallion and stand him for a scrub fee.

At this season of the year it is too cool for cows to lie out in open pasture at night and not cold enough perhaps to warrant housing them in the winter stable, writes George E. Newell. An intermediary place should be provided that will afford sufficient shelter to keep the milk-cattle from getting chilled.

A shed tightly boarded and open on the least exposed side will answer this purpose admirably and many more pounds of milk to the fall yield of cows. It is best situated near the exit gate of the pasture, so that the cattle may be readily found and driven up in the morning.

Such a shed need not be erected for the purpose alone of protecting cows on cool autumn nights, for it will serve as a shelter against cold rains and hot sun alike; in my opinion, no pasture should be without one.

By leaving it open on one side and of sufficient capacity to comfortably house all the milk stock no floor or stalls need be provided. The ground under it should be elevated and well drained, however, and kept covered with dry litter for comfortable bedding.

Where, on the majority of dairy farms, cows receive no shelter at all in autumn until they go into the winter stable at 'freezing up time' this will keep them from suffering and from physical and lacteal decadence.

To get them accustomed to the new shelter drive them into a dusk a few times, and they will find it themselves thereafter. A few salt boxes attached to the wall will also bait them to the place more surely.

One has got to be but half way observant to notice how rapidly cows that are not sheltered shrink in milk yield following cold nights. It has seemed strange to the writer many times that this fact was not more generally appreciated and remedied by dairymen at large.

I can only explain it by the hypothesis that most dairymen consider the fall shrinkage of milk inevitable which, I contend, is a mistake, at least to the extent now prevailing.

Besides attending to the bodily comfort of cows as cool weather advances, their food supply should be kept at its maximum instead of allowing the vagaries of the season to regulate it.

At no season of the year is milk more profitable for butter and cheese making than during the autumn months, but a limited yield means only a limited amount of profit.

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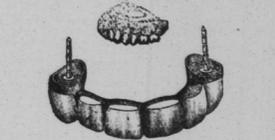
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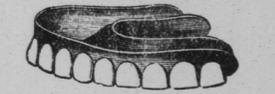
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