

AS TO SUMMER RESORTS

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED BY THOSE SEEKING PLEASURE

Bright Environment, Pure Air and Nutritious Food are Essential to Comfort and Health—Very Gay Places are not Best—The Duty of Parents With Daughters.

Every year American townbred people are more and more learning the value of country homes for the summer. Suburban and seashore residences are increasing in number and value, and the season which is devoted to these places grows constantly more prolonged.

But in the meantime there are hundreds of thousands of well-to-do and wealthy people who for various reasons have no regular abiding place in the summer.

So long as the husband or father of a family is engaged in active business, requiring a portion of his time every day to be passed in his town office, the question of a suitable location for the family during the summer months becomes a serious one; at all events it is serious to the wives who care for the society of their husbands.

When there are children to be considered, the question becomes still more involved. To the people who have no summer home, the choice of a resort for the hot months often becomes a bugbear.

"I dread the thought of summer," said the wife of a wealthy man to me recently. "After March sets in I begin to feel a sinking sensation of the heart, and as April and May approach I feel that life is hardly worth living. I have been to so many resorts, and it is such an old story, and to go to the old ones or seek new ones, is equally unpleasant."

"Why not have a home and go to that every year! You would soon grow to anticipate the summer season instead of dreading it."

"Well, it requires a fortune now to purchase a home adjacent to the city," the lady said. "Unless my husband could come home each night, and reach his town office early in the morning, there would be no pleasure to him in a summer residence. So the only thing for us to do is to stay in town until the heat drives us away, and then seek some one of the resorts where my husband can pass his vacation, and where Nellie can enjoy herself. But this matter of choosing the right place is a terrible strain."

"You will never know what happiness is," I said, "until you settle in some cosy nest of a home, no matter how small and quiet, and weave about it all the associations of a dwelling place, and fill it with your own personality. In that way only is positive pleasure to be found in the summer."

"But Nellie is young and must have gaiety, and she likes the resorts where there is a great deal going on. At the same time, it is a constant worry to me about the associations she is liable to form at those resorts, and I watch her so carefully that I must confess she does not get very much satisfaction out of them."

I recalled to mind some of the very "gay" resorts I have visited, and their peculiar social environments, and I could easily agree with the lady that Nellie did not get much out of them.

It has always seemed to me that the unwritten law of the feminine frequenters of gay summer resorts, was to hold every other woman guilty until she was proved innocent. Suspicion fills the air, and looks from the eyes of maid and matron. The battery of half accusing glances which every well-dressed or good-looking newcomer is obliged to encounter in a fashionable summer hotel will cause any but the stoutest heart to quail. Well chaperoned, well groomed, well recommended or well and favorably known indeed must the attractive woman be who would go to one of those resorts with the expectation of enjoying herself.

What disappointments, what heartaches, what miseries, what bitterness of soul has resulted to many a girl or woman who has gone without observing all or any of the above conditions. Nor does the observation of all of those conditions bring happiness or satisfaction to the ambitious, without a full purse; and even with a full purse, she is liable to encounter one who has a larger purse also full, and who is thus enabled to outshine her, and so embitter the cup she was about to drain.

The village belle who goes to the gay resort with an adoring and indulgent mamma as chaperon is liable to become the subject of unpleasant gossip before her vacation ends. The customs and habits which prevail in her village home, where she is known and respected, will not do to follow at the summer resort. The mothers of plainer and less attractive daughters, or the mothers of rival beauties, will not spare her if she makes any mistake in her deportment. It is a most painful fact that the average mother of daughters is very cruel in her criticisms of other people's daughters. It seems as if mothers should be a great sisterhood, more loyal and helpful toward one another than masons or odd fellows are supposed to be. It seems as if the woman who has a young daughter should be ever ready to defend, protect and sympathize with every other young girl whom she encounters. Instead, we find them more frequently ready to tear them in tatters with sarcastic criticisms.

I remember once upon a time feeling great pleasure at finding myself in the same hotel at a summer resort with a brilliant woman whose handsome daughter was one of the belles of the place. I had heard much of the woman as a philanthropist, a scholar and a society woman.

My first conversation with her was a revelation and a shock. Sitting on the veranda of the hotel one summer morning, she entertained me with scathing criticisms of the conduct and costumes of every young woman at the resort. I had already overheard other mothers criticising her daughter, but as this woman was placed by circumstance and nature in a position to feel herself in many respects the superior of the others, I had expected better things from her. It seems often as if the very air of a fashionable summer resort reeked with microbes of gossip, and even the best of people become inoculated.

I can imagine no surer method of aiding the fresh air fund than establishing an anti-criticism society in each summer resort. Whoever is heard passing disagreeable comments on another should be fined a certain sum, and the amount devoted to the fresh air charity. Disagreeable criticisms might be designated as any remark made of an absent person which the speaker would not be willing to make in presence of that party.

Such a society introduced in our homes, even, would soon pay off the national debt. One cannot help but think at some of the summer resorts, that people go away from home not to enjoy themselves, but to make others uncomfortable. At most of these places there is a droll idea of caste connected with hotels. The people at the Elm Tree Inn feel infinitely superior to the people in the Maple Tree Inn across the way. They exchange civilities, but the Elm Tree guests always show an air of condescension when they mingle with the guests of the Maple Tree Inn.

The young people of the Maple Tree are, of course, very desirous to have the Elm Tree guests attend their hops. And I have seen them go, and in a body, and monopolize the floor; and the next week, when the Maple Tree crowd came across the street to be entertained, I have seen the Elm Tree aristocrats languidly decline to assist in the festivities, leaving the guests to entertain themselves as best they might.

Socially and intellectually and financially, there was little, if any, difference in the standing of these people. It had simply grown to be an impression that the guests of the Elm Tree Inn was in some way a superior being to the guest of the Maple Tree, and whoever came to the resort, seemed to absorb the idea, and act upon it.

It would be amusing if it did not cause so many needless hurts.

And with the very limited time we have in this incarnation the fewer needless hurts we give the better for us when we come again. For that which we give now we must receive then.

The notably gay summer resort is surely not conducive to the happiness or moral health of young people of moderate means. Its standards of popularity are false; its ideas of pleasure are often unwholesome. To those who have homes in these places, of course life is quite another thing. The very word home carries with it an impression of protection. It is the hotel life which we are discussing.

Mothers rush to these hotels with an idea of showing their daughters a little of the gay side of life, and perhaps of seeing them shine in it; but as a rule they derive more heartache and disappointment than pleasure from the experiment.

Sometimes there is an idea of match-making in the mothers' mind, but desirable marrying men are seldom found in these resorts; while the adventurers, the roue, and the professional male flirt are as plenty as minnows in a pond. It is not a healthful promenade, or an innocent dance with a nice girl in sight of the mother which such men want. It is the hidden tete-a-tete and the late wine supper and the dangerous rendezvous, or else the smiles of the wealthy heiress they seek.

Even the food which is set before people at these resorts is more frequently unwholesome than otherwise. It is a continuation of the winter's feasts, where rich salads and meats predominate.

We ought to give our digested organs a rest as well as our minds and bodies in the summer vacation. We ought to go where we feel pretty sure we will not only enjoy ourselves, but where we will find mental, moral or physical benefit; and these things are not often found in the crowded and gay resort, but in more quiet places, and more surely of all—in a home of our own, no matter how simple it may be. If you have no such retreat save every penny until you can establish one.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Sleeping to Death.
A curious disease prevails in Senegal and along the western interior of Africa, the symptom of which is a gradually increasing torpor, until the victim can no longer keep awake, and falls into a deep sleep from which nothing can rouse him. In this state he remains, perhaps, for a long time, until death overtakes him. The disease is endemic along the valley of the Congo, and seems only to attack natives. It is invariably mortal.

Sweet as New-Mown Hay.
Good salt is the finishing ingredient to good butter. The celebrated Windsor Salt improves taste, quality, enhances commercial value. When making butter, use no other.

STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.

A Doctor Who Never Mixes Social Talk With His Duties as a Physician.

"In my experience," said a well-known doctor, "I have met with many curious examples of distorted ideas of what professional etiquette should be, but the most marked case of any is to be found in a Philadelphia doctor of high standing. He possesses considerable skill, and this along with many mannerisms and affectations, with a startling nicety of dress always in the latest fashion, has made this physician the pet of the world of fashion, who are willing to pay exorbitant fees for indulging in a social lad. They all like him because he is so different."

"The Doctor is a great stickler on the ethics of medical practice, and considers his methods the only proper ones for a physician to follow. He refrains when visiting a patient, from saying anything to any person in the house, aside from asking for information concerning the case in hand, but a most polite 'Good day' when arriving and leaving. He believes that the doctor should be apart from the man; so, in a well-defined manner, he conducts a social life—Dr. Blank as the physician and Dr. Blank as the social man."

"You can imagine how this cool professional manner seems in the homes of his friends, yet no matter how closely he may be connected when called in professionally he always maintains his attitude. I know of one case in which he was called in by a college chum to attend his wife. The two had been the warmest sort of friends in college, having roomed together and graduated in the same class. But, as such things go in this world, they had not seen much of each other in late years, their business keeping them apart and kind fortune having favored the man's home with health, so there was no need of a physician. But he called his friend in when he needed him. At the door he met him with a cordial greeting and hearty handshake, only to have a cold 'Good morning' and an indifferent grasp of the hand in return."

The man, thinking the Doctor must have some cause for his apparently cool, indifferent manner said no more, but conducted him to his wife's room, where he answered all the questions put to him by the physician. As he was going down the stairs he stopped in the library, and taking up a decanter, said: "Allow me to give you a glass of sherry, Doctor?" This the Doctor refused, and proceeded on his way down stairs, and with a 'Good day' went out.

The gentleman was nonplussed by his strange actions. The friend of his college days, so changed! His meditations were interrupted by the ringing of the bell, and on going to the head of the stairs he found it was the doctor returned. But it was not the doctor; it was the man. The returned doctor did not wait for his friend to come down and greet him, but rushed up the stairs, and taking his hand, was most cordial. This puzzled the gentleman more than ever, and he began to think his friend had really gone insane. But his college chum dragged him into the library, where, without waiting for an invitation from his host, he took up the decanter and poured out two glasses of wine. Then, selecting an easy chair, he sat down with the remark: "Well, John, this is like the good old days gone by."

Then the Doctor plied all sort of questions to the astonished man, who was so amazed that everything seemed jumbled to him. Finally he recovered himself to ask him the meaning of his actions upon his first visit. The doctor explained how rigidly he adhered to a line of ethics in medical practice, and how he never presumed that a professional call was intended to be a social visit.

"Now," he went on, "I finished my professional call, went outside and waited a while; then I made my social call, for I am anxious to see and talk with you, John. I never allow one of my patients to say I overstepped the line of professionalism even one iota. My life as a doctor and my life as a man are two different things altogether, and I keep them apart from each other, so that they are perfect strangers. It may seem strange, but it is an idea I have."

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A TWENTY YEARS' SIEGE.

THE STORY OF A WELL-KNOWN GREEN VILLE COUNTRY MAN.

Rheumatism Held the Fort for Twenty Years, Resisting All Treatment and Efforts to Dislodge it—The Patient Thoroughly Discouraged, but Acting on the Advice of Friends, Made One Manly Effort Which Was Crowned With Success.

From the Brockville Times.

There are very few of the older residents of this section to whom the name of Whitmarsh is not familiar. E. H. Whitmarsh, of Merrickville, was for thirty years a member of the council of the United Counties of Leeds and Greenville, and on four occasions filled the office of warden of the county. His son, Mr. George H. Whitmarsh, to whom this article refers, is also well-known throughout the counties, and is the Merrickville correspondent of the Times. It is well-known to Mr. Whitmarsh's friends that he has been a sufferer for many years from rheumatism, and from the throes of which he has now fortunately been released. Mr. Whitmarsh

was a gentleman who had been allured by the announcement of a quiet country hotel came down one morning after his arrival, and made complaint that his boots had been outside his door all night and nobody had touched them. The landlord, who, in his shirt-sleeves, was tipped back in a chair, and picking his teeth with a knife, beamingly remarked:—

"Law, bless you! ye might have left your purse out there all night; nobody would have touched it. Honest critters down here, I tell ye."

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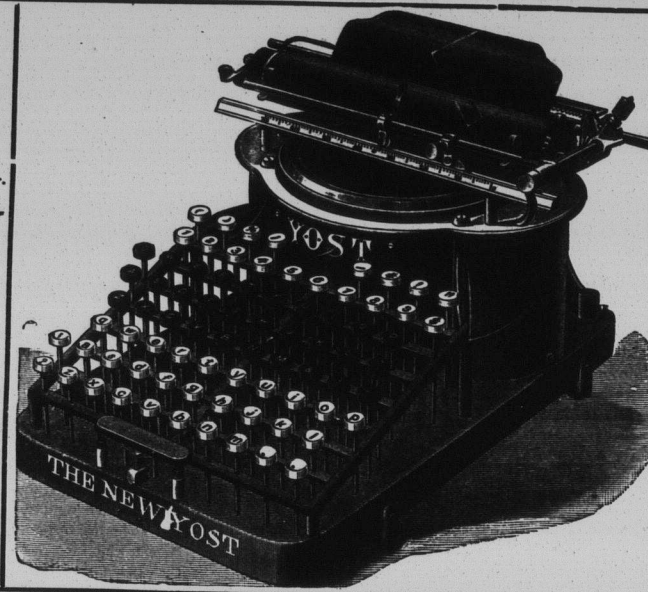
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Workmanship,

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tells us how this was brought about as follows:

"For over twenty years previous to the winter of 1894 I was almost a continual sufferer from muscular rheumatism, sometimes wholly incapacitated from doing any kind of work. After trying remedies of all kinds and descriptions without any benefit, I at last came to the conclusion that a cure was impossible. In the fall of 1893 I was suffering untold pain and misery and could not rest day or night. Several of my friends urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and, reluctantly, I confess, for I had lost faith in all medicine, I began to do so. To my surprise and great satisfaction I soon began to experience great relief, and this feeling grew to one of positive assurance that the malady that had made life miserable for so many years was leaving me as I continued the treatment. By this time I had used nine boxes of Pink Pills not a twinge of the rheumatism remained, but to make assurance doubly sure I continued the treatment until I had used twelve boxes of the pills. This was in January, 1894, since when I have not the slightest trace of any rheumatic pain. I am satisfied beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me, and I confidently recommend them to all rheumatic sufferers."

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 fair 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 50c. 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.

The Most Fatal Hour of Work.

One of the English inspectors of mines, with a view of testing the period at which accidents generally happen after the beginning of work, has hit upon the ingenious design of arranging all the fatalities for the year under the hour at which they took place. Out of forty-one accidents no fewer than nine are reported in the first hour of work—more than at any other hour—whilst in the sixth, seventh, and eighth hour there were eight, five, and two accidents respectively. The figures seem to point to a lack of proper precautions before work is begun.

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==Rigby== Bicycle Suits! WATERPROOF, POROUS and COOL.

A rubber-proofed Coat cannot be worn by Wheelmen. The Rigby Bicycle Suit is just the thing. It keeps out the rain.

It does not prevent the free respiration of the skin. Any cloth can be Rigby-proofed without changing the texture or appearance of the fabric.

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A. DUNCAN,

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PRIZE COMPETITION,

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If mothers, all, would be so wise, As just to follow our advice, We're sure they would be satisfied, If only once our soap they tried, A baby's always mother's joy, No matter whether girl or boy. And it increases her delight If baby's healthy strong and bright. And to insure these blessings, she Should always wash her sweet baby With that, with which none else can cope The Baby's Own pure toilet Soap. All other brands but ours are spurious, And certain, sure to be injurious.

N. B.—A handsomely framed photograph (it has no adv. matter on it) will be given each week by the proprietors of Baby's Own Soap to the boy or girl under sixteen years of age, who will have sent during the current week, the best advertisement, illustrated or not, suitable for publication in the newspapers for advertising Baby's Own Soap.

CONDITIONS:—1st. That the wrapper of a cake of Baby's Own Soap accompany the advertisement. 2nd. That the age, name (in full) and address of the competitor be plainly written and attached to the submitted advertisement.

N. B.—Two or more advertisements may be submitted at the same time by any competitor. Address: E. D., care Albert Toilet Soap Co., McCord and William Streets, Montreal.