

If the Drain Pipe in Your Kitchen Clogs

up, what is the result? You must remove the stuff or it will decay and fill your house with evil odors of putrefaction. That's precisely what happens in your own body when you become constipated, and the poisonous matter is taken up by the blood and carried back into your system, only it is much worse, because you are unconscious of the effects, but every one who comes near you literally smells you. I know, slightly, two ladies, both of them amiable and attractive women otherwise, who are veritable walking *charnel houses*. Could I use a more expressive or truthful term? These ladies are so saturated with the poisonous effluvia from their internal economy that they are habituated to it; their sense of smell is blunted. I wonder how their husbands endure them! Both of these women suffer from constipation; their complexions are muddy and their breaths nauseating to sensitive people. I wish I knew them intimately enough to advise them to try Karl's Clover Root Tea, the most wonderful medicine I have ever known for the regulation of the bowels, purifying the blood and sweetening of the breath.

My dear sisters, I wish to tell you that your health depends entirely on the state of your blood. Your blood makes you whatever you are, for through the blood every organ in your body is kept in repair. If your blood is poisoned by the waste material that is retained in your body because of your constipation, you are not being built up as you should be.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a truly wonderful tissue builder. It produces healthy digestive organs, allowing your food to nourish you, and induces sound, refreshing sleep.

Ask your druggist for a sample, or write to S. C. Wells & Co., 52 Colburn Street, Toronto, Ont. who will mail you one. Sold in the United States and Canada at 25c. and 50c., and in England at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 3d.

LITTLE VIXEN

Lettie was in a rage indeed. She flung herself down on a sofa, and gave vent to her rage in wild, incoherent sentences, exclaiming that she hated her sister and wished she were dead. Her plump hands were tightly clinched, and her eyes, as Sanders had declared, flashed fire. A dangerous rebellion was rising in her heart. All the dead mother's coarseness showed in the daughter.

"It was not a fair choice! They showed partiality," she muttered. "Bill Sanders is in love with Vixen, and he had no business to be on the committee. She the May Queen! She—I shall never forgive her, and I'll do something to spite that old committee yet! And I won't tell her, so there! I'll fool her! I'll tell her I'm to be the queen, and she'll be disappointed, and maybe it'll make her sick and she won't go. Then they would have to crown me."

She knew that Vixen was sometimes attacked with sudden sick headaches, and, hoping that, chagrin, and a bruise on one nose, she hastened to the large, clean kitchen, where Joseph was beating eggs in a yellow bowl, and Vixen at the table, with a large gingham apron tied around her slim waist, bare white arms and flour-bespinkled curls and face, was rolling out tea cakes and cutting them into stars, diamonds and hearts. She was singing at the top of her blithe soprano voice:

"Sweet Prince Charming, it is he—Come at last to marry me!"

"Yes, he was here a minute ago!" exclaimed Lettie, looking mockingly, and Vixen looked around eagerly.

"He," she exclaimed, and Lettie laughed harshly.

"Yes, your Prince Charming—Bill Sanders!" she said.

Vixen stamped her little foot, furiously.

"He is not my Prince Charming! You know I did not mean him. I meant—"

She stormed, then suddenly paused, blushing hotly, and resumed the cake-cutting with vindictive energy.

Lettie laughed again.

"Oh, yes, I know whom you mean," she said. "It is the young heir of Cedarhurst, the son of the Prince Charming of the dreams of each of these young girls, although he had never even spoken to either one, for the owner of Cedarhurst, with his wife and son, spent all their winters in Washington, only coming down in summer to their magnificent Virginia estate. The son, Tracy Temple, had been abroad several years, and on his return to Cedarhurst this spring had set scores of feminine hearts beating wildly over his splendid, demi-god beauty. Lettie and Vixen had seen him several times, and each young heart had secreted with delighted admiration of his masculine charms, while the prestige of his wealth and position cast an added halo around him."

And Tracy Temple, the elegant, the admired, had condescended to accept an invitation from the festival managers to crown the May Queen.

Behold! There immediately began cap-pulling, heart-burnings, jealousies, innumerable among the pretty maidens of Sunny Side. The honor of wearing the crown became quite secondary to the honor of being crowned by young Tracy Temple.

Lettie Vixen wept some bitter tears that night in the seclusion of her chamber as she sat forlornly at the window watching the full moon rise over the distant hills.

"I should not have cared so much about it—I want to know him," she sighed. "He is so different from these stupid town boys—Bill Sanders, Leander Briggs, and the rest of them. Oh, why wasn't I born rich and great? I think I should like to wear handsome dresses and jewels and dance with men like Tracy Temple."

Lettie's thoughts in the next room ran much in the same wise, only that they were mixed with bitter anger and jealousy against the most fortunate Vixen.

"I have triumphed, but only till tomorrow," was her bitter reflection. "Oh, that she may keep her determination not to get married, I wish I possess to be sure that she would stay at home! Then they would crown me, and she might never perhaps find out the real truth that she was chosen first."

Long after Vixen's curly head had been laid upon its snowy pillow, all her chagrin and disappointment forgotten in sleep, Lettie sat up arranging and rearranging her finery for tomorrow, and thinking bitter thoughts of the girl in the next room whom she both envied and hated—thoughts that seared her soul with guilt, for she wished over and over that Vixen were dead and out of her path forever.

"She is my sister, but I cannot help wishing her dead," she muttered, vindictively. "He will put the crown upon her head, and then maybe he will dance with her upon the green. If he does I'll make her repent it!" she vowed bitterly, and she prayed fervently that something dreadful might happen to Vixen before the morrow dawned.

But heaven did not answer her impious prayer. No pain and no harm such as she would have evoked from the powers of evil, if possible, came near the little slumbering golden head. Vixen rose early the next morning, as usual, to help Joseph with the breakfast, and her blue eyes shone as brightly as if she had not shed such bitter tears in the moonlight last night. Her anger had all passed away, her fits of rage being as evanescent as dew upon a flower.

She exclaimed with delight upon the perfect fairness of the day.

(To be Continued.)

The widow of Bill Anthony, hero of the battleship Maine, prays the New York newspapers to desist in raising funds for her. She says that she can make her own way.

AROUND THE LAMP.

Every degree of guilt incurred by yielding to temptation tends to debase and distort the mind; it also tends to weaken the generous and benevolent principles of human nature.

ARITHMETIC.

Add bright buds, and sun, and flowers, New green leaves and fitful showers To a bare world, and the sum Of the whole to "Spring" will come.

Multiply these leaves by more, And the flowers by a score; The result—if found a right—Will be "Summer," long and bright.

Then divide the flowers and sun By every flower in sight, And the quotient found will be "Autumn" over land and sea.

From this then subtract the red Of the leaves up overhead—Also every flower in sight, And you've "Winter," cold and white.

LATEST COURT COIFFURE.

The fair debutantes who appeared at the latest English drawing-room mostly adopted the reigning fashion of dressing the hair in a pompadour. A few soft ringlets or tendrils were allowed to fall on the forehead, while the rest of the hair was waved and turned back from the brows so as to form a serviceable knot on the crown of the head, to which the veil and plumes were securely attached. Behind the hair was loosely brushed back and arranged low down on the nape of the neck. But, sooth to say, many court beauties did not possess enough hair to carry out this mode and have to avail themselves of "well-saved combings" and false hair.

BENEFITS OF READING ALOUD.

It is not difficult to show that, in the average recitation room, too little attention is paid to the careful consideration of the text. The pupil studies the definition of every word, and yet fails to grasp the inner meaning of phrase and clause. The finer shades of thought and feeling are frequently overlooked. The transition in thought and emotion are scarcely noticed. We are content to get a general vague idea of the spirit of the author, and, in the stead of other studies, are prone to overlook the details in literary study, without a knowledge of which it is impossible to form sound literary judgments. Now, it is claimed for oral reading, first, that it compels the attention of the student to every detail; it compels him, before he can read a passage, to determine not only the thought, but the emotion with which every line is instilled; it gives the student in an undeniable form, just the impression that a pupil has derived from a reading of the text, and it does this better than could be done by means of a written examination.

OVER THE FIELDS.

Over the fields and meadows straying, Now the children go a-playing, Spending many happy hours Seeking for the fragrant flowers. Thorough searching oft discloses Lovely pink ones, sweet as roses, And contrasting with their brightness Those of pure and snowy whiteness. Home the children come with singing, Baskets full of blossoms bringing.

RHYMES OF THE MONTHS.

The following characteristic rhymes of the months are said to have been written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan: January—snowy. February—flowery. March—flowery. April—showery. May—flowery. June—flowery. July—moppy. August—croppy. September—poppy. October—breezy. November—wheezy. December—freezy.

RULES FOR LIVING LONG.

Sir James Sawyer has been long confiding the secret of longevity to a Birmingham audience. Like so many other secrets it consists in "paying attention to a number of small details." Here is a schedule of them, collected from the reports of Sir James Sawyer's lecture:

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom windows open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold tub in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat, and see that it is well cooked.
9. (For adults), Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fruit to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy these cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. They are apt to carry about disease germs.
14. Live in the country, if you can.
15. Watch the three D's—Drinking water, damp and drains.
16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition; and
19. Keep your temper.

Keep all these commandments and Sir James Sawyer sees no reason why you should not live to be one hundred.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Ice can be kept well even during the warmest weather. Wrap it in several thicknesses of flannel and place in the ice chest on four crossed pieces of wood so that no water will accumulate under it.

Ants can be driven away if the places they frequent are sprinkled with oil of pennyroyal.

The smell of onions may be removed from the breath by eating parsley moistened with vinegar.

Mildew stains can be removed by rubbing plenty of soap and powdered chalk on the garment and placing it in the sun. It may be necessary to repeat this operation.

Houses may be kept comparatively cool during the summer months by throwing the windows and blinds wide open in the early morning hours, and then closing the blinds for the rest of the day.

SYSTEM IN MOVING.

The old saying, "Three moves are as bad as a fire," contains a good deal of truth, but the up-to-date housewife, who has reduced moving to an exact science, brings the chances of breakage and other incidental disasters down to the very minimum. Moreover, she not only takes care that the packing is done methodically and

carefully, but she sees to it that every box, package or barrel has the nature of its contents plainly marked upon it. A pocket note book containing a list of the articles put in each is an aid which she would scarcely care to dispense with, since it enables her to locate each article as it is desired without the smallest trouble. Thus she avoids the misery of finding herself stranded at the close of a long and arduous day, among an assorted lot of packing cases and trunks, the contents of which are as problematical as the identity of the next president.

AFTERNOON TEA.

A pretty decoration for a table from which the tea and chocolate are served at an afternoon reception is to have on all four corners large bows of white satin and white silvered gauze ribbons. The bows stand up, the ribbon being about four inches wide.

The ends of the ribbons run from corner to corner, crossing in the center, where they cross is placed a large silver or cut glass vase filled with white flowers and greenery, carnations and maidenhair, bride roses and asparagus vine, etc.

Vases may also be placed at the corner inside of the bows, on the ribbon and on each end are the silver urns for the tea and chocolate, the cream pitcher, sugar bowl and cups. Marron glace, small cakes, fruit, glace, etc., are placed in silver dishes here and there on the table.

The cakes should be frosted in white or green. The decorations and edibles being green, white and silver. Lettuce and pate de foie gras sandwiches, if sandwiches are served, carry out the color scheme.

TO CLEAN SPONGES.

Don't throw a sponge away because it appears to be good for nothing. Very often old sponges can be cleaned to be as good as new.

Make a strong suds with hot water and soap, dissolving in it a small handful of washing soda. Plunge the sponge into this and allow it to soak for some time. Then knead and rub it until perfectly clean. Rinse in very hot water, then in tepid water until every particle of soap has disappeared. Lay on a clean cloth in the sun to dry.

"The Noblest Mind."

The best contentment has. Yet, however noble in mind, no man or woman can have perfect contentment without physical health. The blood must be kept pure and the stomach and digestive organs in good order. The best means for this purpose is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It promptly cures all blood humors and eruptions and tones up the system.

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II. Two little girls were puzzled one day To know what they would do To iron Dolly's dresses out, So that they'd look like new.



III. Mamma, however, surprised them; She'd been the day before And bought a "Perfection" Gas Iron And brought it from the store.



IV. The little "Tots" were delighted; "It's just the thing," said they; "It's not a bit of trouble To iron with it all day."

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