



A Beautiful Wedding-Gown.

I was privileged last week to have a peep at a lovely wedding gown in course of preparation for a lucky young bride who is to be married very shortly. This gown was simple in the extreme, but so graceful and girlish that I was quite charmed with it. The material in which the gown was realized was a very soft white satin, charmingly beautiful quality. Though the foundation of the corsege was satin only, the merest touch of this glossy material was visible to the eye, for the entire bodice was veiled in tucked white tulle and white fillet lace embroidered in silver. This fillet lace took the form of a sort of little over-bodice, which was cut with very much modified Mandarin sleeves, and which crossed in front and fastened over to the right side, the fastening being concealed beneath a cluster of orange-blossom and myrtle. All round the edge of this lace came a narrow strapping of the satin, outlined by the merest suspicion of silver thread. Beneath came the faintest of blouses, made entirely of tucked tulle, with long transparent sleeves tucked from shoulder to wrist, and finished at the neck with a touch of delicate Mechlin lace. The skirt was entirely made of the satin, and was quite plain, the train being of moderate length, and coming from the waist instead of the shoulder. A wide sash of the same satin, with heavily-fringed ends, was twisted twice round the waist, knotted in front, and allowed to hang nearly to the hem. A wreath of orange-blossom, a veil of the finest white tulle, and a bouquet of lovely white blossoms completed this ideal bridal toilet.

The Latest Short Coat.

Another old fashion is to be revived this spring—the short separate coat of light colored cloth. I dare say the majority of my readers will remember that some years ago a short, plain jacket of cover-coating, allied with a short blue serge skirt, was considered the acme of smart morning wear. Well, we seem very much inclined to go back to the same idea this year, for all the leading tailors are showing delightfully chic little coats intended for wear with dark colored cloth or serge skirts. These coats, however, are made of fine faced cloth, not cover-coating, in some pretty pale shades such as mist or pigeon-grey, pale cocoa, or cinnamon-brown, or a very delicate and lovely shade of champagne, which has been named, I believe, "blonde." As regards shape, the new coats are cut in the simplest possible fashion, and are absolutely innocent of trimming. The favorite model fits accurately everywhere except just in front, where it is made with a semi-fitting effect, fastened with three plain cloth-covered buttons to just below the waist, where it is sharply cut away on either side. From the neck turn back small revers and collar of the material, edged with a line of machining, which open down almost to the line of the bust. From shoulder to hem on either side run long, plain breast seams, which add a wonderful chic to the garment. The sleeves are of the nearest coat type, and are slightly slit up at the cuff, being finished with three small cloth-covered buttons and a line of machining at the bottom. A similar line of machining runs all round the edges of the coat, which, by the way, is cut considerably shorter at the back than at the front. A very smart and most practical model.

A New Toque.

One of the most popular of the new

FOR THE LADIES

millennial novelties is a large toque, with a full, draped crown and a brim of soft, fluffy straw. This little hat is merely a development of the fur-trimmed toque for which there has been such a rage during the past two months, the brim being a wonderfully effective reproduction in straw of the soft, velvety surface of rather long-haired fur. To complete the resemblance, the straw employed is usually of a slightly dark brownish color, and is flecked here and there with warmer, brighter tones. With this straw brim is allied a full, soft crown of silk, preferably bengaline, an old friend which has once again returned to fashionable favours, in some prettily contrasting shade, such as hyacinth-blue, pale plumage, or a very soft tone of green. No trimming is to be seen upon these hats, which, though very smart, are so serviceable as to be just the thing for wear during the wild weather of an early English spring.

Hat Crowns.

They have risen. How they tower! And they are trimmed! The trimming is restricted to them. Bows of ribbon are knotted round and round.

Posies are tacked round as if draping a tower. Plumes, buckles, posies and bows are all requisitioned.

The Guimpe.

It is sheer. It is of net. Or it is of tulle. It is lined with chiffon. It has a very high stock. It moulds the shoulders and arms perfectly.

WEIGHED FOUR POUNDS. WHEN FOUR MONTH SOLD.

Most of the sickness that comes to babies and young children is due to the stomach or bowels being out of condition. It is then that they are cross, peevish and upset the whole household. These are troubles that Baby's Own Tablets always cure promptly. Here is proof: Mrs. J. Stewart, Everton, Ont., says: "My little girl thrived so badly that at the age of four months she weighed four and a half pounds. Her stomach was badly out of order, and although the doctor treated her he did not help her. Then I got Baby's Own Tablets and right from the first they helped her and now she enjoys perfect health." If your little one is ailing try Baby's Own Tablets—always do good; cannot do harm. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

That Corset, Bouquet Chic.

The final touch of daintiness bestowed by the Parisienne upon her toilette is the bunch of flowers that she wears pinned upon her corset, or, as it is called, put on, half-falling, half-attached, from her waist belt.

The bouquet that is most fashionable at this season of the year is made of violets, mainly purple, with a few white blossoms intermingled. It is a large affair, and is loosely arranged in decided contrast to the closely packed bouquets that were the vogue this time last year.

Should the violet nosegay clash with the elegant's toilette, the wallflower, because of its harmonious agreement with the brown dresses that are so fashionable now, will probably be chosen instead; indeed, there is quite a furore for those sweetly smelling harbingers of spring at this moment in Paris. Primroses, too, are very decorative, and are enjoying a popularity that has not been accorded to them hitherto. Their soft pale yellow looks infinitely charming against a background of green



A hat of ruby red straw, having on one side rosette of red velvet with red enamel buckle. Aigrette of white.

and most decidedly green is one of the premier colors of the spring season.

It is always so. Early in the year green asserts a supremacy that does not invariably survive the first furore, though it tones in well with Nature's efforts at this season of the year. It is absurd to call green a trying color any longer, though there was a time when only the freshest of young debutantes was supposed to be able to wear it with-out detriment to her own beauty. The dyes have invented greens of every tone, so that out of the abundance of color a good selection may be made by all.

Among the greens that are modish at the present time may be cited leaf, olive, spinach and grass green. Others are reseda, emerald, forster and Nile green; and to bring the long catalogue, not to a conclusion, but a little nearer to it, there is a beautiful shade known as wather green, another that is called apple, and still a further one known in French as clown, or cabbage green.

BRIGHT EYES, ROSY CHEEKS.

Every Girl Can Have Them by Keeping Her Blood Rich and Red With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the early days of her womanhood every girl—no matter what her station in life—should be bright, active, cheerful and happy. Her steps should be light, her eye bright and her cheeks rosy with the glow of health. But this reverse is the condition of thousands of young girls throughout Canada. They drag along, always tired, suffer from headaches, breathless and with palpitating heart after slight exercise, so that merely to go up stairs is exhausting. This is the condition doctors call anaemia, which means weak watery blood. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only safe and reliable medicine. These pills actually make the new, rich, red blood, which can alone give health and strength, and thus make weak, listless, pale-faced girls bright, active and strong. Miss Albina St. Andre, Joliette, Que., says: "I am more grateful than I can say for the benefit I have found in the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was weak, run down and very miserable. I suffered from severe pains in my back and chest; had a bad cough; no appetite and would lay awake most of the night, and what sleep I did get did not refresh me. I tried several remedies, but they did not help me, and I, as well as my friends, feared I was going into a decline. At this stage a friend who came to see me strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and provisionally I acted upon the advice. After using a few boxes my appetite improved and I began to sleep much better at night. This greatly cheered me and I continued taking the pills for some time longer, when the change in my condition was really marvellous. I was feeling as well as I ever had done. I could sleep soundly at night; the pains and cough had disappeared and I felt an altogether different girl. I am so grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me that I cheerfully give you permission to publish this in the hope that it may point the way to health to some other weak and despondent girl."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are good for all diseases due to weak watery blood. That is why this medicine cures rheumatism, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the sideaches, backaches and headaches caused by the troubles women alone suffer from.

FAVORED FABRIC.

New Patterned Ninon-de-Soie is as Light as Mist.

The newest fabric this season is a patterned ninon-de-soie, as light as mist and as silky as gauze, the pattern introduced on its surface taking the form of bunches of flowers and ferns in a pale tone than

the groundwork, while it entirely does away with the necessity for rich embroideries, which run up the cost of the gown to an almost unprecedented figure.

These embroideries are, however, still a very important item, and—white and silver having by no means ceased to be the "uniform" of the debutante—trails of silver flowers and especially wild roses will be introduced ad infinitum on the dresses, the little empire frocks, with high waist line, defined in many cases with a band of cobwebby silver sequins or embroidered silver net, representing a very important item.

These delicate fabrics will be features of post-Lenten and summer evening dress.

All figure. There are two leaders. Fillet and "V" stand first. Motifs of Irish crochet may be added. Cluny and guipure are used to a degree.

Nets are very much in demand; many are braided with soutache.

JUST NOVELTIES.

What Polly Brought Home From London and Paris.

Polly has just come back from a

flying trip to London and Paris, "just as a brace before the quiet of Lent." She wasn't gone for very many weeks, but she has brought back with her some novelties that clever American fingers will doubtless readily copy.

One of these is the new scarf about which English women are especially enthusiastic. Its centre is made of a wide strip of Italian fillet lace, with a deep border of silk to match a special gown, or else one of the lovely pastel flowered taffetas, and on the outside edge of this is a little chiffon frilling of the same shade. One that Polly brought home is of deep green-colored fillet with a border of cloth of gold with long, gold fringes at its ends. These lace and silk scarfs are being used not only to wear over the head, but also with many frocks as a sash, drawn up high between the shoulders in the back to lend the prevailing Empire touch.

Another new idea which Polly brought from abroad is her opera glasses. At first sight they look like the ordinary long handled glasses, but by pressing a tiny spring, out pops a pretty fan from the "handle," while underneath the glasses, themselves is a pocket to hold anybody's coat check or carriage card. The whole thing folds into a dainty case suspended by black velvet ribbon from her wrist.

Then, too, she declares that the fad for gold and silver chateaux has been succeeded by enameled trinkets. Polly herself brought back two or three of the quaint little boxes decked with enameled miniatures or flowers, while the card-cases are especially elaborate. She has also brought back one of the new hair ornaments of frosted lilies of the valley, which formed the hair ornaments of the bridesmaids at one of the London weddings this winter.

Another pretty decoration for the hair which she brought with her was a single strand of stiffened gold braid with a huge sequined butterfly hovering lightly in the front, and for morning wear on the street she brought several smart little waistcoats with spats to match.

Although she didn't bring them with her since her return she has invested in many yards of different width velvet ribbon of all shades. Every body abroad has gone mad over ribbons, she declares. Chains for forgetties or watch have gone out of fashion; all milady's trinkets are on narrow velvet ribbons to match her frock.

Wide ribbons are tied closely about her throat, the long ends hanging almost to the hem of her skirt, while the gold bangle has been superseded by a band of the velvet fastened about her arm with a jeweled brooch.

Smart hats are tied under the left ear with bows of ribbon and even the feather and fur boas are fastened with more ribbons to flutter in the vagrant breezes.

Lenten Wear.

Gray is liked. Black is classic. White is for evening. Likewise pale gray and mauve. Black and white checks are in demand. After all, the "sackcloth and ashes" garb is beautifully varied.



Gown of China blue linen having skirt with tunie effect. Blouse and skirt are fastened down one side with pearl buttons and loops of white.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Elaine Was Sure There Was Such a Thing and Proved It.

Elaine threw down the newspaper. "Fancy saying that love is a complaint!" she exclaimed, scornfully. "In some people, I said, 'it's more than a complaint—it's a positive wave.' 'Oh, you're a hardened old bachelor!' she retorted. 'One needs to be hardened to be a bachelor,' said I. 'But still, love is undoubtedly a sort of illness.' 'And marriage is the cure for it, I suppose,' she answered. 'Oh, yes, but like a man to say a nasty, cruel, cynical thing like that!' 'But I never said it,' I protested. 'I could see it in your eyes,' said Elaine, disdainfully. 'So you needn't shuttle. Ah, pray, why do you think that love is an illness?' 'Because one can never be sure who is going to be stricken down by something like love is an intermittent complaint, like a sore throat, it crops up, time after time, it is equally painful at each visit, and is forgotten as soon as the attack is over. Sometimes, on the other hand, it is like measles, you can have it once and then be free of it for life.' 'You're rather amusing this afternoon,' said Elaine, listlessly. 'You sometimes are rather amusing, when you forget to try to be serious. You've some queer notions of love at first sight.' 'Love at first sight?' she echoed. 'My dear girl, there is no such thing.' 'Indeed, there is!' she exclaimed, warmly. 'I regarded her narrowly. She affected deep interest in the subject. 'Sometimes,' I remarked, 'you are a little bit of a blushing.' 'Not at all,' said Elaine, in her most demure manner. 'My face flushes at times; that is all. I fancy I am a very proper person. 'Probably your heart is affected in some way. And why, may I ask, are you so certain that love at first sight exists?' 'Because I am,' said Elaine, with feminine logic. 'Sometimes,' I remarked, 'you are a little bit of a blushing.' 'Not at all,' said Elaine, in her most demure manner. 'My face flushes at times; that is all. I fancy I am a very proper person. 'Probably your heart is affected in some way. And why, may I ask, are you so certain that love at first sight exists?' 'Because I am,' said Elaine, with feminine logic.

"One hears of people who imagine that they have lost their heads. As a matter of fact, they have merely lost their heads." "That's meant to be clever," said Elaine, with a steady and angry stare. "You are a clever person," she said, with a steady and angry stare. "You are a clever person," she said, with a steady and angry stare.

"You know nothing whatever about it," said Elaine. "You know everything," I said, with a steady and angry stare. "You know everything," I said, with a steady and angry stare. "You know everything," I said, with a steady and angry stare.

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"Upon my word I don't believe it is!" I said suddenly, realizing the bad taste of carrying a jest too far. I resolved to ring down the curtain of happiness upon my comedy of love. "You can give my friend no hope, Elaine!"

"None," she answered. "I could only be really happy with—with you, you know!" "Well, then, I'll get back to the club. I left my friend there in a terrible state—can't even keep a good clear night. He swears that, come what will, he'll never forget that day he met you. Curiously enough, it was at Goodwood, too, and on the second day I introduced him to you."

"But you only introduced one man to me at Goodwood—Mr. Denfrey." "Quite, quite," she answered. "Elaine rose eagerly from her chair and looked at me with half-parted lips, an undeniable gleam of mischief in her cheek. 'Well,' I said, 'is there any message for my friend?' 'Now?'"

"She thrust my hat and cane into my hands. 'Take a hansom,' she said, 'and you can both be here in time for tea.' 'You're making no mistake, Elaine?' I asked, seriously. 'Silly!' laughed Elaine. 'Mr. Denfrey and I wouldn't both make the same mistake, would we?'"

And I found Elaine excitedly guiding me to the front door—Caswell's Journal.

A Cat Tale.

Ellen Manly in March St. Nicholas. The cat was a town mouse who had come to the city to see the sights. But a storm came up, and the wind died down, and the rain came pouring down, and the little old woman, who had said to sell in a terrible fidget and fret was sure, in a terrible fidget and fret was sure, in a terrible fidget and fret was sure.

The little old man was cross and cold. For the chimney was so high that he could never get a thing to do but to scold in the most unmanly way. When the little old woman said: "Listen to me!" he answered her nothing but a "riddle-dee-dee!"

No nothing but a "riddle-dee-dee!" Then she whacked the pussy-wug dog, she did. And the pussy-wug dog and the cat. And the cat was of the spirit and pride. And howled in a dismal way. For a pussy-wug was a pussy-wug. And a slight kick that he couldn't abide, he couldn't, of course, abide.

Then Muffin, the kitten, said, "Dreary me! What a state of affairs this is. I must purr my very best purr. I see. Since everything goes amiss! So Muffin, the kitten, said and purr, till at last, the little old woman she heard—The little old woman she heard.

And she smiled a smile at the little old man. And back he smiled again. And they both agreed on a charming plan. For a walk in the wind and rain. Then, in a moment, to the market town. They went to look for the Sunday gown. For the coveted Sunday gown.

Then the chimney drew and the room grew hot. And the pussy-wug dog and the cat. Their old-time quarrels they quite forgot. And snuggled up close on the rug. Muffin, the kitten, she purr and purr, and there never was trouble again, I've heard.

The Mother.

The mother by the galloway tree. The galloway tree, the galloway tree. (While the twitching body mocked the sun) Lifted to heaven her broken heart. And called for sympathy.

Then Mother Mary bent to her. Bent from her place by God's left side. And whispered: "Peace—do I not know? My Son was crucified!"

"O Mother Mary," answered she. "You cannot, cannot enter in. To my soul's weep—you cannot know. For your Son wrought no sin!"

Then Lord Christ bent to her and said: "Be comforted, be comforted: I know your grief, I know your whole world's woe I bore upon my head."

"But, O Lord Christ, you cannot know. No one can know," she said, no "one"—(While the quivering corpse awayed in the wind.) "Lord Christ, no one can understand Who never had a son!"

"Don Marquis, in Putnam's. When Anything Goes Wrong You'll find no help in hurrying. And scurrying. And worrying. You'll find no help in flurrying. When anything goes wrong. Just face the little man. And do the very best you can. You'll find this far the better plan. If you would see along.

You'll find no help in sighing so. And crying so. And pining so. You'll find no help in whining so. When anything goes wrong. Just meet the trouble with a laugh. And soon his spite will be half. You'll find this quite a helpful staff. If you would get along.

—James Rowe, in the Children's Star Magazine.

How to Cure Neuralgic Agony

No affliction is so painful, so hard to bear, as neuralgia. It may strike any organ, one nerve or perhaps a whole set of nerves may be affected. Physicians who have had large experience with this malady say that local applications are best. A well tried treatment consists of rubbing the affected parts thoroughly with Nerviline. The rubbing should be continued until the skin shows a warm healthy glow. This invariably relieves the pain. Protection against relapse is best secured by wearing a Nerviline Porous Plaster on the weak spot. These plasters are great healers, draw out congestion, absorb deleterious secretions through relaxed pores, and when used along with Nerviline, act as a sure preventive against all muscular aches, pains and stiffness. If subject to neuralgia or lumbago cut out these directions and keep them for reference.