Woman and Her Work 003000000000000000000000

Variety is a very telling point in fashion able summer dress if it is worked out with thought and care for the fitness of things. Although we may be moan the many and frivolous changes in tashion, they are useful adjuncts in the scheme of variegated dressing which at present is the summer girl's especial delight if she is ambitious to be up to date.

Various kinds of gowns, for as many kinds of weather, for morning, atternoon and evening wear, are a fashionable neces-sity, and besides these there are the special costumes suited to the sports which have become a vital part of summer life. For-tunately the modes are favorable for the girl with a limited income, and she can make a very good showing with a well-made wool skirt, one of black taffeta, two or three pique skirts and an assortment of well-fitted shirt waists. The pique waist with a polka dot of color is the swell thing if it is well put on a slender figure and the accessories in the way of shirt studs, neck band and belt are according to the very

Leather belts are too common for true elegance in shirt waist attire, so moire or double-faced satin ribbon matching the dot in the pique, is substituted. It is com-pleted with a fancy buckle or a bow, as you prefer, and the collar band is made of the same ribbon, shirred into a tiny frill where it fastens in the back, and a tiny little band or point of lace-edged her stitched linen lawn turns over the edge.
The ribbon belt helps out fashion's scheme
of slenderness, while the leather band makes the waist appear larger than it really is. It is safe this season to adopt anything which can produce any illusion of slenderness, as it seems to be a leading feature in a fashionable appearance.

The white linen collar is still worn to some extent, but it is not the latest mode of dressing the neck by any means, while it is by far the most uncomfortable neckgear a woman can wear. For the few to whom the severe linen collar is becoming, it is very stylish worn with the pretty nar row white or colored silk ties, but the large tolded scarf so often seen is an abomination on any woman unless she wears a waist-coat like a man and disposes of the ends in the same manner. Many of the new silk shirt waists have a tucked collar of the same silk with a sailor knot finished on the ends with a hem of white silk hemstitched on. Then there are all sorts of little points and nar row collars of embroidered linen lawn and Swiss which add much to the dainty effect of the simple silk waists. Stocks of colored taffeta silks made with points and a sailor knot with hemstitched finish can be purchased all ready for wear, and besides the silk neckwear there are all sorts and kinds of bows made of net, chiffon and lace.

Cotton gowns of all kinds are prettier than ever this season, especially the organ-dies trimmed with innumerable tucks, tiny ruches and frillings of satin ribbon. Ginghams and chambrays are embellished with ruffles of white braid, and wide collars made of alternate stripes of white batiste or Swiss muslin, and cream lace insertion edged with lace. A pale green chambray made in this way has a chemisette vest of muslin and insertion and a white collar band with hemstitched points of pink silk at the back. White lawn, very sheer and fine in quality, is very much used for blouse waists made with a yoke of alternate rows of lace and embroidered insertion. These are e shirts.

Silk mulls are very much in evidence among thin gowns, and tiny ruches of tulle and mousseline de soie, or ruffles of the same edged with satin baby ribbon, trim them very prettily. One Stylish white silk mull, patterned in black and made over a black silk lining, is trimmed with ruches of black chiffon. The square cut neck, filled in transparent black, has a tolded collar band of black finished with a narrow edge of cerise velvet. Pipings of plain white silk or satin and black and white stripes are very much favored for

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trimming foulards, white being especially pretty in silks of any color, if patterned with white. They are cut bias, folded very narrow, and sometimes used like little tolds, circling the bodice in rows a little distance apart, and covering the flounce in

The most perplexing feature of fashion just at present is the diversity in skirts. With the many variations of the circular flounce, the double skirts, the many designs in skirt trimmings, to decide which particular mode will pass muster in the ranks of fashion a few short months hence is a puzzle which no one can solve. It you settle on one style which especially strikes your fancy you are informed that it will go out soon, then you tentatively take to another and another, with much the same result, until it does not seem to matter very much which one you choose.

Dainty tea gowns, lounging sacques and lingerie cannot fail to cast a spell over any woman with feminine inclinations, no matter how energetically she may wrestle with the temptation. Whether she can grace the pretty dainty things or not, the longs to possess them. Some wise authority on harmony in teagowns says that 'it is only the woman of leisure who can deify the garment.' If she works in any capacity she can never adapt her tense poses and independent manner to the true æsthetic spirit of a loose gown smothered in soft laces. In other words, a tailor-made body and a neglige soul can never combine harmoniously n one woman.

There is infinite variety in tea gowns and while they make many concessions to the ruling fashions of the day, they are perhaps more independent of the changing modes than any other kind of dress. The newest tea gowns for summer wear are made of china silk, organdie, [crepe de chine, lawn, and silk crepon, especially dainty in white lined with a color which shows through its meshes. Matinee sacques are made of the same materials, cut short and straight in the back, shaping down tions of lace in vertical lines, and a lace frill on the edge. The Watteau effect is still seen among the tea gowns, but as this is not becoming to every figure, the fulness is sometimes arranged in tucks all around the bodice and below the hips on the skirts. Insertions of lace are lavishly used for trimming, striping some of the gowns the entire length. Yokes and wide collars are the [prevailing style of finish, trimmed fully with lace Pretty little neglige wrappers of colored lawn and cotton grenadine, lined with batiste, are made in the Japanese style, with wide sleeves, and finished on the edge with a wide double band of white lawn, which also forms the little yoke.

Some of the pretty breaktast jackets are semi-fitting in the back, loose in the front, and tied in at the waist with ribbon, while ers are short and loose all around, reaching only to the waist line and hang-ing full from the shoulders like a child's plaited recter. They are finished with yokes or wide collars trimmed felaborately with lace or embroidery. Sleeves are elbow length, long and fancifully trimmed, or made in cape style, falling [just below the elbow.

this department of dress, and while the this department of dress, and while the silken variety, predomisates, there are lovely dainty things in fine white lawn, tucked and trimmed with lace, without limit, and made with the wide flounce which distinguishes all the skirts [this season. A pale blue silk skirt, illustrated, shows the new shaped flounce, rounding up in the back, trimmed with corded ruffles and lace trills. Another model in heliotrope has bow knots in lace insertion above a lace Ifrill. But there are skirts and skirts, of every grade and condition—skirts of blue, pink, and yellow taffets, with an elaborate trimming of black applique lace; brocaded silks in light colors, trimmed with chiffon flounces and cream lace, and white taffets skirts with yards of lace insertion and rows of gathered white satin ribbon. Flounces ornamented with scroll motifs of lace insertion outlined with tiny chiffon ruches are another fancy, and the accordion plaited ruffl is are quite as popular as they were last season. The special feature of all petticoats this season is the close fit around the hips and the extreme frou-frou effect at the bottom. A wide accordion-plated vandyked flounce falling over a cluster of narrow rnffles at the foot is cone very desirable style, and all the edges should be pinked if you want to insure good service.

LISTEN, BACHELOR GIRLS. A Matron's Lecture on the Most Indepe

Woman is by nature dependent. Inde there is no such thing as an all-around independent woman. Few men fare wholly independent. Many young women are wholly independent. Many young women calling themselves girl bachelors think that they have sought and found real independnce. Then there are the aggressive spinsters who are firmly convinced that they alone of all womankind are truly independent. They join in with the girl bachelors and pity their married sisters for being tied to a man. The married women do not answer them, for they are satisfied with their lot as a rule. And well they may be, for the most independent wome in the world is the woman who is not only married but also mated. Some people say that a woman poorly married is happier than the woman not married at all. A matron gave two girl bachelors some points along this line not long ago. They spoke to her in a rather patronizing way about her not being able to join in one of their larks because she was married; it was like touching a match to kerosene.

'Such talk shows your ignorance,' she exclaimed in a tone that carried conviction. You girls and your boasted independen afford me no end of amusement as well as tood for serious thought. You see, I marriage I was an independent bachelor maid myself. I thought I wouldn't exchange my sweet liberty for the best hus band and the finest home in the land, or, at least, I tried awfully hard to make believe that I believed that just as you two girls and your kind are trying to do.

'Why, what do you mean ?' asked one

'Sour grapes," said the other, with a gesture of co

sture of contempt.
"Merely this," answered the matron "that it is against nature for women to be wholly independent, and when we go against nature she squelches us in one way or another. Now you claim to be two girl bachelors, don't you? And you represent the two types of so-called independ ent women. One of you is independent by choice, and other through necessity. Fan has a very generous allowance, and she has elected to leave her home and spend as she pleases. Nell has been forced to leave her home and earn her own living, and she, too, has set her head to think speak and act as she sees fit. There you are, and you are two out of thousands. You are both attractive to men and have had and now have no end et beaux, and say that you can't fall in love with any of them, that you are proof against such nonsense, but I warn you you aren't. You re merely bent on shutting love or any thing like it out of your heart. Some day a man will come along who will drive such notions out of your head in a hurry." 'Bosh!' exclaimed the one called Fan.

'You don't know what you are talking about. I lead a life of absolute independ ence, and the man doesn't walk the earth who could make me give it up.'

'And so do I,' chimed in Nell. 'Them's my sentiments, too."



verage bachelor girl is not independent in way,' answered the matron serenely. There are lots of meanings to the word in dependent, you know. I'll grant you that dependent, you know. I'll grant you that the bachelor girl is a creature of indepen-dent mind, of independent means, of inde-pendent manner, but she is not, never has been, and never will be independent when it comes to her heart, her affections. Man can do without love in his life, but woman can't. Not every man is subject to control by other people or things, but every woman is. The more a woman talks about her independence and brage of it and plumes herselfion it, the more firmly am I convinced that at that very moment is this woman dependent for happiness on the affection of some one. Usually it is a man. Berate me all you have a mind to for speaking this way, but I am having the satisfaction of knowing that I am striking home. You'see I was once a bachelon girl myself, and all offmy friends said that was a fool to give up my career and

'Have you regretted it ?' asked both

Well, I should say not,' answered the matron. 'There is only one truly inde-pendent life for a woman and that is a life with the man she loves. Love is the only thing that can set a woman free. An all-wise universal Father has made this so to preserve the race. I never knew what independence was until after I was married. Single women are apt to mistake license tor independence. I know every trend of thought that, the so-called bachelor girl, the so-called independent woman, has. She gets up early in the morning thoroughly in love with the lot she has chosen and starts out on her day's work. She meets rebuffs gets discouraged grows physically so weary that she longs to fly to some one who loves her better than all others, and have a good cry. By the time night comes she hates her lonely room or apartment and not infrequently sobs herself to sleep, about what she knows not, but I do. It is simply because her woman's nature is revolting against a life of independent loneliness or lonely independence, just as you ependence was until after I was married. volting against a life of independent lone-liness or lonely independence, just as you plasse to look at it. All that is best in her is stretching out after a home of her own, after tamily ties. When she made herself independent in mind, manners and finances she enslaved her affections, chained them up, rendered them inert. No woman can be really independent until she unchains her affections and opens her heart to re-ceive the love of some true man. Per-haps you two won't own it, but you know I speak truly.'

'There is no use in denying that two and two make four,' answered a Fan, rather flippantly.

two make four,' answered Fan, rather fippantly.
'You've opened my eyes to a thing or two,' put in Nell, 'and for my part I shall expend som 3 of my energy from this time on in opening my heart to love rather than wasting it in trying to find absolute independence. You've made me own what I've known all along, and that is there is no such thing for women as independence, and I'm thankful to say that I don't believe there is for man, either, as far as the heart is concerned.'

Bringing it Home.

'Woman,' he hissed, 'woman do you thus urn my heart after leading me on ?'

woman, he hassed, woman do you thus spurn my heart atter leading me on f"
'When did I lead you on, as you call it for the leading me on for the leading me on for the leading me on for the leading me of the leading me of a Greek god and the voice of an Æolian learn f"

She Recovered her Mother's Body From Amid the Awful Carnage.

Baron Lejeune, who played a conspicous part at the siege of Saragossa during ninsular War, narrates in his 'Me moires' a singular story of that terrible time, a story that speaks equally well for the chivalry of the soldiers of France and for the courage of a Spanish girl.

There had been fearful carnage within the walls of the unfortunate city; even the convents and monasteries were reeking with evidences of warfare, and the inhabitants of Saragossa were in a desperate plight.

A band of Polish soldiers, belonging to the French army, had been stationed on the rench army, nad been stationed on guard at a certain point, with orders to fire upon any Spaniard who might pass them. Suddenly a girl of about fifteen years of age appeared among them. A cry of warning was heard on every side as she approached, but the child seemed not to hear. She only continued to utter one ceaseless and piercing wail, 'Mia madre! mia madre!' as she hurried from one group of dead and wound-ed Spaniards to another.

It soon became evident that she was in search of the body of her mother, and the pale, agonized face of the child, whose filial love had made her almost insensible to danger, touched the soliiers' hearts with

A moment later a despairing cry announced that she had found that for which she had risked her life. The Polish guards watch her movement with something like watch her movement with something like
a we as she stooped and tenderly wrapped
the mutilated form of the dead woman in a
cloak and began to drag it away. Suddenly the girl paused and seiz id a heavy
cartridge-box that lay in her path, with an
energy that seemed almost supernatural.
Her trail, delicate form swayed and staggered beneath the weight of her burden,
but she did not hesitate.

A thrill of mingled horror and admiration filled the astonished watchers as they
perceived that there, before their very
faces, she was taking from them an instrument for future venegance upon them.



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