

Facts About The Hair.

SO many people are constantly lamenting the profuse manner in which their hair falls; its lack of lustre, its dandruff, etc., but when questioned about the treatment it receives, "Do you brush your hair?" "How often is it washed?" the answers invariably are: "Dear me, I haven't time to do that! I'm sure other people have nice hair, and they don't all go to such trouble."

True, they do not, but it's only one or two out of a hundred that can retain a luxuriant growth of hair without a judicious amount of treatment. How often do we see members of the fair sex who never dream of taking down the day's coiffure when retiring, never use a brush, just do it "up" in the morning, and can not understand why it is their hair falls out so. Now for a little practical and tried advice:

Every night your hair must be loosened and released. Part it in every conceivable manner, and thoroughly brush the scalp, not roughly, but until you produce a warm glow. Give it at least thirty strokes morning and evening, and repeatedly change the way you brush it, some nights combing it up on the head, at another time braiding your hair loosely, but above all never forget to use the brush freely.

An article too often called into action is the fine-tooth comb. It invariably irritates the scalp, is the frequent cause of dandruff, and acts in very much the same capacity as a rake would if applied to the head.

Once a month, or even once in six weeks, is a short enough period to elapse between the "hair wash," oftener than that may cause that dry look by removing the natural oil. The contents of two or more eggs put on the hair and well rubbed in, is a wonderful cleanser and promotes the growth. Also a lump of borax has the same effect, while borax and salt combined have a very strengthening action. Leave the salt and borax in boiling water for at least five minutes before using.

Now is a time when the brush is not called into brisk action, for one of the worst things you could do would be to brush or in any way "meddle" with your hair when it is wet, or even damp.

If the "wash" is done in warm weather always do the drying process out-of-doors, where one can sit in the sun and let the breezes play hide and seek with your tresses. If in winter sit in a strong sun and get someone to waft artificial breezes by the use of a large fan.

Although sometimes unavoidable, it is not advisable to wash the head at night, for retiring with wet hair is sure to cause a moody smell and will rot the roots.

Here is a pretty little conceit that is sure to have the desired effect of making the hair smell sweet: Make an old-fashioned cap of soft silk, line it with a thin sheet of batting in which you have heavily sprinkled sachet powder of your favorite odor. Wear this when your hair is just drying and you will be astonished at what a lovely and lasting scent will prevail.

A simple yet very efficacious remedy for dandruff and hair falling, one that has been tried, and always with great success, is this: Get your chemist to make an ointment consisting of the following: Eight grains red oxide of mercury to one ounce of pure vaseline. Use it in the following manner: Every night take a little of the mixture on the tips of the fingers, spread on the scalp (not the hair), then thoroughly massage it well into the roots by means of placing your fingers under the hair, and rubbing the scalp freely until absorbed. Of course a certain amount of the greasy mixture will adhere to the surface, but who would not stand that when so much benefit is to be derived? Do not make a frequent practice of clipping the hair, as it has a strong tendency to coarsen and darken it.

Kitchen Comforts.

A BIG, sturdy, comfortable rocker, cushioned, should await your pleasure. Sit whenever you can. A couch is a famous rest giver. Haven't you an old settee hidden away? Drag it out; dress it up. Stout, washable stuff should cover and cushion it. Intervals in baking, waits in your work, should be spent flat on your back. Five minutes at a time will remove the wrinkles and iron out of your tired muscles and nerves.

Have your kitchen table covered with tin. There will be more time for recreation and less for scrubbing after that. There is a certain joy about being able to lift a hot pot and plump it down on your tin-covered table. That little nervous futter horn in fear of scorching or staining the table is gone. And do you realize it is just such little thrills of annoyance that age us, the constant dropping that wears away the stone? Creaking doors, windows that stick, misfit pot lids—do away with them.

Windsor Salt, purest and best.

Spice Columnn.



IT is related of a certain divine, whose matrimonial relations are supposed not to have been of the most agreeable kind, that one Sabbath morning, while reading to his congregation the parable of the Supper, in which occurs the passage:

"And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them; I pray thee have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come."

He suddenly paused at the end of the verse, drew off his spectacles, and, looking on his hearers, said with emphasis:

"The fact is, my brethren, one woman can draw a man further away from the kingdom of heaven than fifty yoke of oxen."

Friend: "Good morning, John! The girl told me to come up stairs. Busy packing your trunk, I see."

Married Man: "Yes. Help me to get it strapped, quick."

Friend: "What's the hurry?"

Married Man: "We are going to the seaside. This is my trunk, and, as you will see, it is right full to the top; but if my wife happens to come in before it's strapped, she'll crowd half a ton of her things into it."

SUDDEN FOR HIM.—Poor Stammerton (who stutters like a corn-popper): "Mum-mum Miss Thuthirty-smith—Mum-mum-Maud—I lul-lul-lul—I lul-lul-lul—I lul-lul-lul."

Miss Thirtiysmith (egging him on gently): "Well, Mr. Stammerton?"

Poor Stammerton (sanding his slippery track): Mum-mum-Maud, dud-dud-darling, I lul-lul—I lul-love you dud-dud-devotely. Will you mum-mum-mum—will you mum-mum-mum—Oh, darling! will you mum-mum-mum—"

Miss Thirtiysmith (desperately): "Sing it, Charles."

Poor Stammerton (lifting up his voice in song): "My dar-r-ling, I lo-o-o-ove you! Will yo-o-o-ou mar-ry me-e-e-e?"

Miss Thirtiysmith: "Oh, Charles! This is so—so sudden!"

Extracts from music catalogue:

"Trust her not"—for four shillings.

"I would not live always"—without accompaniment.

"See the conquering hero comes"—with full orchestra.

"Come where my love lies dreaming"—with illuminated cover.

"There was a little fisher-maiden"—in three parts.

"I hear you've been having a row with O'Rafferty," said a man to Mr. Doolan. "Was it a fair stand-up fight?"

"No," replied Doolan; "it was a fair sit-down fight. Vez see, Oi'm taller than O'Rafferty—owin' to me long legs—so as Oi didn't want to take a mane advantage av him, Oi proposed that we shud sit down on the ground to foight, an' he agreed."

"Who beat?"

"Nather av us. A glass bottle bate. Oi sot down on it!"

Draper: "Did you sell that line of old dress goods to the lady who's just gone out, Jenkins?"

Jenkins: "Yes sir. I got her to take it by telling her it was quite a novelty. So it is, sir, in a way of speaking, for it's so old-fashioned that nobody wears it now."

Draper: "That's right, Jenkins. Always combine truthfulness with business when you can."

Tramp (piteously): "Please help a poor cripple." Kind Old Gentleman (handing him some money):

"Bless me! why of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?"

Tramp (pocketing the money): "Financially crippled, sir."

George: "Love, I dreamed last night that I proposed, and you accepted me; that we were married and our lives were spent in bliss. What think you of this dream?"

Marie: "George, dear, I have very little faith in dreams; but we might test that one."

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