

## Of Interest to Women

**NEW EVERY MORNING.**  
Every day is a fresh beginning.  
Every morning is a world made new.  
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning.  
Here is a beautiful hope for you.  
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over.  
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.  
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover.  
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled.  
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is part of forever.  
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight.  
With glad days and sad days and bad days.  
Which never shall visit us with their bloom and their blight.  
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot recall them.  
Can't we turn to the glad refrain.  
God in His mercy receive, forgive them.  
Only the new days are our own.  
Today is ours and today alone.

Here are the skies, all hushed brightly.  
Here is the earth all reborn.  
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly.  
To face the sun and share with the morn.  
In the charm of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning.  
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain.  
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning.  
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain.  
Take heart with the day and begin again!

## It Was Disgraceful.

The conduct of the female mob that gathered inside and outside of Christ Church Cathedral yesterday afternoon to see what could be seen of a "fashionable wedding," was most creditable to the women of Hamilton.

Some allowance must of course be made for feminine curiosity in the matter of public weddings, especially when the ceremonial and garb are elaborate and spectacular in character. But nothing can excuse the conduct of the mob, which was a disgraceful and disgraceful.

Outside it was necessary to obtain police assistance before the bride and party could force its way through the surging mob. Inside the church the conduct of the women was far more scandalous. Flowers and other decorations were torn down and appropriated.

Women perched on the back of pews to see over the heads of those in front. There appeared to be among the spectators no realization of the sacredness of the building or any appreciation of the solemnity of the ceremony. To them, the event was simply a show, nothing more, and they struggled with one another to get a better view.

It might be well to revive the good old English custom of having church weddings solemnized in the morning or about noon. At that time most women are busy with household duties and unable to indulge in the luxury of a free show.

The above paragraph was clipped from the pages of the Hamilton Herald and is decidedly worthy of notice. Surely Canadians have not reached such a pass that we are willing to stand by and see our women make spectacles of themselves, without a word of protest.

It is a very short time since we turned up our noses and shrugged our shoulders over the scenes at the Duke of Roxburgh's marriage to Miss Gole. We read, with a sarcastic smile, of how fashionably-dressed women were dragged by their heels from the coal-holes, whether they had gone with the purpose of finding their way into the cellar, and thence into the church, that they might view the wedding undisturbed.

We were disgusted, shocked, horrified. We rolled our eyes and self-righteously and Pharisaically thanked God that we were "not as these others," and that Canadians did not make such a disgusting display of ill-bred curiosity.

All over England and all over Canada, newspapers spoke sarcastically and disgustingly of the behavior of New York women, and yet here we are with a scandal of the very same nature, right in our midst—and in slow old Hamilton. "Et tu, Brute!" we exclaim, in horror. Who would have thought that Hamilton could have taken up—and for a wedding!

Curiously, though, this is no laughing matter. Canada is a young country, and for that reason it behooves her to adopt sober, serious manners. Let her rather adopt the calm, undisturbed serenity of the mother country than the blatant, hysterical sentimentalism and vulgar curiosity of the United States.

To be sure, as long as there are "free shows" there will be people who will go to them, and go the real root of the matter lies in the vanity of the people who have "fashionable" weddings.

I often wonder how people can have "fashionable" weddings. Certainly, the bridegroom never wants it, but then, he doesn't count much at a wedding of that sort. He is a mere detail—the necessary evil, without which the wedding could not proceed.

Very often the bride's parents cannot afford it, and sometimes a fashionable wedding leaves the unfortunate father a beggar.

"Talent is a long patience." The thing is, to look at what one wishes to express long enough and carefully enough to discover in it an unknown which no one has ever seen or said. In everything there is something undiscovered, because we are only accustomed to use our eyes with the collection of what people have thought before us about the thing at which we are looking. There is an unknown quantity in the smallest thing. Find it.

—Guy de Maupassant.

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—Guy de Maupassant.

—Guy de Maupassant.

## LIPTON'S

Grown on the finest tea gardens in the world, prepared and packed scientifically—the teas that are acknowledged as the finest the world produces—are

## LIPTON'S TEAS

## MET THE TREATMENT HALF WAY

The wedding was over and the reception had thinned down to a handful of old family friends.

Betty, who, in the capacity of bridesmaid, had contrived to secure most of the admiration and popularity, had been entered upon the bride, remarked that she was tired.

So I took her down to a seat in the old Dutch garden, and she and I were left alone. I was looking at her, and she was looking at me, and we were both smiling.

"I believe," I said, "that you would be prepared for anything."

"I wish," I said, "that I endeavored to stanch the flow of involuntary tears from my left eye, that you would take off your ring before you go into action."

"I am most awfully sorry, Robbie, but you shouldn't have done it, you know. Does it hurt much? I'm frightfully sorry, really." She held out her hand and I took it.

"I should like the left hand, too," I ventured.

"I'm keeping it for emergencies," said Betty. "You needn't be afraid. I'm here to combat a magnanimous foe."

"You were speaking," I said, "of kissing regarded as a business. Of that I am no judge. But as a pastime, given the right people—I glanced at Betty—and romantic environment."

I looked at the alleged peacocks—I should not be prepared to interrupt Betty sharply, and you're talking dreadful nonsense, Robert. What I meant was that I should have said, 'Let me put today—being kissed by snuffy old uncles and Tom, Dick and Harry.'

"And Bobbie," I added, "Oh, you didn't count," cried Betty scornfully.

"I forgot to," I said, "after a third one, I think quite like old times," I added wickedly.

"I don't want to hear about it, thanks," said Betty coldly. "I know quite enough myself."

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said gravely. "That sort of thing is all very well for a man of my age, but for a young girl like you, it is a little more than a little bit of fun."

"Let us adjourn personalities," I said, "and return to our muttons. In the first place you make the somewhat sweeping statement that I am a snuffy old uncle. Now, supposing that you and I were engaged?"

"Who to?" asked Betty in delightful disregard of the subject.

"Each other," I said.

"Oh," said Betty, "isn't that what Euclid called the reductio ad absurdum?"

"If you like," I said. "Personally I should prefer to call it the first proposition."

"Not by any means the first," said Betty pointedly.

Under the circumstances which I have described, I said, "I should consider it my duty to kiss you."

"Huh!" cried Betty, "you're the last always are," said the girl. "I feel I've flung a brush from you."

"Brushes are of relative value," said he. "Sometimes I'd risk my neck to be in at the finish. Just now I'd risk my neck to be in at the finish."

"Miss Carruthers flushed. 'You're awfully kind to conceal your disappointment, but it is a very happy one for me,' he said, 'I'm afraid I'd know how it would turn out, I shouldn't have had the professional manner to tell you not to try the fence.'

"They reached the oak, and seated themselves in the mottled shadow, and he said, 'I should have been out of the saddle assisting Miss Carruthers to her feet. His own horse, meantime, rearing, he had fallen from the back, and was thundering across the field after the hunt.'

said, "therefore, let the confession proceed."

"Well," she said, turning to the golden rod again, "it was simply confessed that I was a snuffy old uncle. I fully intended to follow the search for the gate. Then, when you advised me to try it, I was determined to take it."

Trenholme's eyes sparkled with amusement, but his voice became suddenly grave.

"And Dan and I are on the hospital list in consequence," he said.

"You?" said the girl in surprise.

"Were you hurt? How selfish of me not to see it! And I've let you stay here all this time. What is it when you took the fence?"

"Just after that," he said slowly, "when I lifted you from the rowan. It's a compound fracture of the heart."

He saw her face crimson and her fingers tighten nervously on the hunting crop.

"There's only one remedy for such a case," he said.

The voice that answered him was a weak, small voice.

"If it were mended, would it compensate for the loss of the brush?"

When they reached the clubhouse the hunt was back.

"Hello, Tren," Walters called from the stairway, "how'd you happen to fall off?"

"Did you?" said Trenholme quietly. "I did better than that."

**A Sudden Stroke Of Paralysis**

**ONLY RESULTS AFTER MONTHS OR YEARS OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION—THESE ARE ALWAYS SYMPTOMS TO GIVE TIMELY WARNING.**

It is a great mistake to imagine that persons of robust health and good vitality are suddenly seized with paralysis.

All nervous diseases are slow in coming on, and for this reason the victim does not often realize his danger until overtaken by prostration or paralysis.

Loss of interest in life, sleeplessness, irritability, failure of memory, inability to concentrate the mind, muscular weakness, indigestion, headache, twitching of the nerves, feelings of depression and despondency, are among the symptoms which tell of an exhausted nervous system and the approach of paralysis.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food stops the wasting process by which the nerve cells are being destroyed, and by forming new, rich blood and creating new nerve force positively and permanently restores the nervous system.

There is no other way in this world by which nervous exhaustion can be overcome and prostration and paralysis prevented.

Stimulants and narcotics merely hasten the end. Restorative treatment is necessary.

The process of reconstruction is necessarily gradual, but you can be certain that every dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is doing you lasting good.

It is your duty to study your symptoms and prevent the dreadful results of neglected nervous disease.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait of Dr. Chase is on the wrapper. Dr. Chase, the famous receipt book author, on the every box.

**THE PARLOR MAIDS.**  
Answering the Problems—"Maid servants will be allowed to receive men callers in the parlor without objections from the employers."—Rules of Unmarried Maids and Mistresses. Chas. Evanson. There are several thousand unmarried women in Evanston. From a recent statistical report.

My daughter never married; why, she never had a beau! She never had a caller in her life. She never knew the pleasure of remarking, "Yes" or "No."

When someone whispered, "Won't you be my wife?" she said, "No." But she's no more unhappy than the other girls out here.

There hasn't been a wedding on our street (Excepting cooks and chambermaids) for many a year.

You see, the young folks have no chance to meet.

We have to give the parlor up; on Sunday nights, you know.

The cook holds court upon the new divan.

(The last one made us all come in and shake hands with her beau—)

I think he was a grocer's "order man."

And Monday night—the chambermaid is in the parlor then.

She sings "Bedelia" to her friend.

On Tuesday night the cook must entertain her beau again.

She stands for all her rights, and won't unbend.

On Wednesday night—the laundress, yes, it's Monday that she comes.

She really is no member of our force.

But what's to do when servants have the writers on their thumbs?

Why, smile and say the parlor's theirs, of course.

On Thursday night the cook is off—she then has her "at home."

(My husband seeks the attic floor to entertain her beau again.)

One time I asked for Friday night. The cook responded: "No'm."

That night, the parlor rights go to the nurse.

But Saturday? Well, Saturday, the parlor must be aired—

That night their other friends may chance call.

Of course, it's inconvenient, but I never greatly care.

Until they had some music and a ball. However, it is pleasing to remember a plan that satisfies each working maid.

The vexing servant question has been graciously solved—

But they will all get married, I'm afraid.

Chicago Tribune.

**NEXT SEASON'S SHIRTWAIST TO BE OF VARIED MATERIAL**

Cotton, linen, batiste and English Percales will be employed—Elaborate Trimmings.

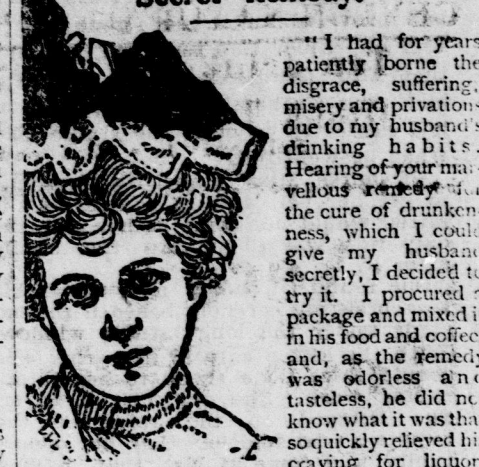
Cotton, linen and batiste are the materials that will be employed to build next summer's shirt waists. There are as well English percales that are striped with color which will be built on the lines of the masculine garment. Scotch madras will also be fashionable, and it is destined to become very popular, as it appears as somewhat of a novelty. Cotton shirting will be made into shirt waists. Russian embroidery will appear in colors and white. The new tucked blouses and the more elaborate shirt waists will be made of fine lawn trimmed with lace insertion and embroidery.

linen, elaborate roses, thistle and wheat designs will be seen, as well as dotted and cross stitch motives. The Jacquard cotton will again be used. This material in itself is quite elaborate and requires little trimming. The

## SHE PATIENTLY BORE

A Sad letter from a lady whose husband was disappointed.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privation due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvelous remedy, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor."

He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off his own career."

Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO., 25 Jordan street, Toronto, Canada. Also sent by W. R. Strong & Co., 181 Dundas street, London.

FREE SAMPLE particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence strictly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply.

**GRACEFUL PHYSIQUE.**  
Nothing can make a lounging standing position excusable. Walls, railings, posts and door frames to prop themselves up against—the doing so does not rest the weary or lessen the fatigue in the least. On the contrary, it rather increases it. Besides, the habit soon becomes chronic and a general shiftless, "lumpy" appearance is the result. A correct position promotes vitality and is an aid to correct breathing and good circulation of the blood throughout the system. Work with Nature, and she works for you.

The woman who flattens her entire body, hunches shoulders, hips and heels against the wall in a crowded room, is another offender. To stand with hips and heels against the wall is perfectly allowable in a crowded room, but to rest the shoulders and head against it is to be unnecessarily ungraceful. Unless the upper portion of the torso is free, how can you possibly bow to your acquaintances?

You don't suppose a nod is a bow, do you? Well, inclination is the inclination is always made from the hips. It is generally a very slight movement, but it carries forward a "heart-line." The head is not bent, save when one wishes to pay reverence or homage, then the crown of the head is protracted. Otherwise, to be in "good form" bend ever so slightly at the hips and keep the eyes on a level, or as nearly as possible with those of

the one saluted. Don't on any account bend at the waist line. This is permissible only in exercise work. A nod of the head is taught, in the best schools of physical expression, to be curt and indicative of criticism; to be also implies an affirmative.—The Housekeeper.

**The Sufferers From Colds**  
are numbered by millions, not including those whose annoyances by association amounts almost to suffering.

And yet it is a fact, as capable of demonstration as any problem in geometry, that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, Has, Does, Will Cure Colds and Coughs. Who are the Catarrhal Millions going to do about it?

Dr. Agnew's Heart Cure relieves heart disease in thirty minutes.

Norway has established a workmen's bank, the object of which is to loan money at a low rate of interest to workmen with which to purchase homes. The plot of ground to be bought is not to exceed five acres, and the creation of the home thereon is not to exceed a total cost of \$800. The interest charged is 2 1/2 or 4 per cent. Forty-two years are allowed in which to refund the money.

## The Cook's Good Morning

No matter how expert the chef, he cannot produce a better breakfast dish than a steaming bowl of Tillson's pan-dried Oats.

It makes strong bodies and quick, active brains. A food, not a fad. Try it for breakfast-to-morrow.



## Tillson's Pan-dried Oats

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

It is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. There is nothing to equal it for stopping that tickling sensation in the throat, and the persistent cough that keeps you awake at night.

Price 25c. at all Dealers. QUICKER AND MORE EFFECTIVE. I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in my family for the last six years, and have found it the quickest and most effective medicine for all kinds of coughs and colds I have ever used. My little boy had a severe attack of bronchitis, but he was cured in half a bottle of this syrup. I was completely cured. I cannot praise it enough. Mrs. Wm. J. Newell, Arthur, Ont.

**GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1900.**

## Weave's Food

For Infants, Invalids, And The Aged. Nearly 80 Years' Established Reputation.

DR. BARNARD. "We have already used Weave's Food in two of our Homes (Habitat) Castle and the Village Home, and I have no hesitation in saying it has proved very satisfactory."—July 20th, 1903.

Manufacturers: JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND. Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., Ltd., Toronto & Montreal.

**Vapo-Cresolene**  
Established 1890  
Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

CRESOLENE IS A BOON TO ASTHMATICS

Cresolene is a long established and standard remedy for the diseases indicated. It cures because the air passed red strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface of the bronchial tubes with every breath, giving prolonged and pleasant treatment. Cures of a consumptive tendency, or suffers from chronic bronchitis, find immediate relief from cough or inflamed condition of the throat. Descriptive booklet free.

LEWIS, MILLER & Co., 1481 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Canadian Agents

Cresolene dissolved in the mouth are effective and safe for coughs and irritation of the throat.

25c a box. All Dispensaries

**The SECRET OF PERFECT BUST FORM**

Send Free Madame Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and shoulders; it fills out by leading action and safety girdles for 30 years. Bust giving full particulars and address.

Beautifully illustrated from life, showing figures before and after using Madame Thora's French Corset System. Letters received confidential. Enclose stamp and address.

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