

Retaining the Attractiveness of Youth.



There is no good reason why every woman should not continue to increase in attractiveness as she grows older, until long after she has attained middle life. The most fascinating women in history were well along in years at the time of their greatest triumphs. Josephine was 34 years old when she captivated and married Napoleon; Cleopatra was upwards of 40 when Anthony sacrificed the whole world rather than be separated from her at the battle of Actium; and Madame de Maintenon was almost 50 at the time of her marriage to Louis XIV. In everyone's list of acquaintances are women no longer young, but well preserved, and possessing a

charm and graciousness of manner that make them extremely popular. And yet, how often does it happen that women who were belles in their younger days, sought after and admired by their acquaintances of both sexes, lose, to a large extent, as they advance to early middle life, the attractiveness that used to be theirs. The eye loses its lustre, the bloom on the cheek gives way to an expression of care, and she becomes fretful, easily discouraged and irritable. She is keenly conscious of this condition, and is inclined to become moody and fearful of losing the regard of her husband and friends.

Why is it that some women continue to improve in appearance and womanly qualities, while others rapidly lose their beauty and their agreeableness? The explanation lies wholly in the perfect or imperfect operation of the female functions. If perfect circulation be maintained in the womanly organs, all waste matter is regularly eliminated, and the nerves and tissues are properly nourished by the blood circulating freely and without obstruction. There is a very close sympathy between the nerves in these organs and those which give expression in the face and eyes, and with proper circulation in the womanly organs the nerves of the face and eyes are strengthened and invigorated, giving that happy, contented and magnetic feeling and expression that goes with true womanliness.

If, however, the circulation in these organs is imperfect or obstructed, the blood becomes stagnant and congested, the nerves and tissues are not properly nourished, and they are oppressed by the presence of waste matter which should have been eliminated, but which is still held on account of the impeded circulation. This condition is bound to cause fretfulness, irritation, lack of confidence, etc., as well as more or less physical suffering, and unless it is corrected it will certainly lead to some of the graver forms of what are usually called female disorders.

To overcome this trouble and restore the right conditions, it is evident that the circulation in the organs must be improved. This is exactly what **ORANGE LILY** is designed to do. It is applied direct to the suffering parts and is absorbed into the circulation. The first effect is that the waste matter which has been accumulating is discharged, giving a feeling of immediate relief, and the nerves and tissues are toned and strengthened, so that in a comparatively short time Nature restores normal circulation, with all which that implies.

Dear Mrs. Currah,—I have been intending to write to you for several days because I want to tell you how much better I have felt since I commenced using **ORANGE LILY** about four months ago. Before I started I felt half the time as if I didn't have a friend in the world, and I was always worrying over something. I would be so despondent I could cry by the hour, and I could give no cause. I have used three boxes of **ORANGE LILY**, and feel like a new woman. I never both about the trifles that used to worry me and wonder how I could be so foolish. I am cheerful and keep in good spirits and know I am looking better. I enclose \$1.75 and ask you to send me one box of **ORANGE LILY** and one bottle of Blush of Roses. I have not used **ORANGE LILY** for the past few weeks, and I do not feel that I need it now, but I do not want to be without it in case any of the old symptoms should return. I will always remember you with gratitude, for I know that this great change is due to **ORANGE LILY**.

Kingston, Ont., May 10, 1904.

MRS. B. C. C.—There are hundreds of women in every part of the country who are suffering more or less like this lady. They are not sick in the ordinary sense of the term, and yet they are far from being well. They can easily be cured if they attend to the trouble now, but it will surely get worse if left to itself. As **ORANGE LILY** acts entirely and only on the nerves and tissues where the trouble exists, it effects a rapid and positive cure, and the result is noticeable from the start.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

I will send without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the **ORANGE LILY** treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure, and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends, to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Coonley, President of the Coonley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Coonley is the discoverer of **ORANGE LILY**, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, inclosing 3 cent stamps, Mrs. Frances Q. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

ORANGE LILY is recommended and sold in Winnipeg by The T. EATON CO., Limited, Drug Department.



The Exhibition. The woman who was unable to attend will naturally be interested in knowing what went on, and how the exhibits in the line of women's work compared with those of previous years. I am quite safe in saying there was a very marked improvement in the quality of needlework and in the varieties exhibited. The re-arrangement of the prize list and the offering of larger prizes has had its anticipated result in improving the exhibit. It is not perfect yet, but it is a great deal better than it used to be.

In pickles and preserves, probably owing to the backward season the exhibit was smaller. The exhibit of bread was good and about the same as last year.

One of the most interesting exhibits was the native homespuns made by the Habitants of Quebec, the Doukhobor and Galician embroideries and the Indian bead work, shown under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association. The preservation of handicrafts is of far greater value than Canadiana, as a nation, have as yet realized, and the Woman's Art Association deserves much praise for the progress they have made in encouraging this line of work.

The British Columbia fruit exhibits, though much smaller than last year, owing to the exhibition being earlier, attracted much attention. Indeed, I walked through that building every day just to look at it, it was so tempting, such delicious cherries, and red currants and splendid tomatoes. Judging from these exhibits and the literature given out it will not be long before British Columbia will be in a position to supply the whole of this great North-West with choice fruit, and at reasonable prices.

In the dairy section at the exhibition the women made the best record they have ever done yet. The highest-scoring butter 98 out of 100 was made by Mrs. Coates, of Morris, I think. However, the judge, Professor Dean, of Guelph Agricultural College, told me personally that it was a nearly perfect sample and decidedly the finest in the exhibition.

Mrs. Coates also captured a number of special prizes, among them the splendid cup of the De Laval separator people.

Harvest Time. It is drawing on to that bug-a-boo of the western housewife—help is apparently no more plentiful than it was last year. My thought goes out to the women, who dead tired with the long and dreary winter have not had time to recuperate before they face the toil of cooking for harvest hands. I have searched my exchanges from end to end to find anything that might serve to lighten this labor, and I have failed to find it. It is the West's greatest problem to-day, no matter what the legislators may talk about.

The harvest will this year be spread over a longer period (if we have no frost) and will not be as heavy as last year, owing to the shorter straw, but all the same the men will want three meals a day and good meals at that. I heard a sermon the other Sunday on unknown heroes, and as I sat in the quiet cool church and the minister dwelt on the heroic men who served their generation in quiet ways and were never heard of, my thoughts sped over the great plains of the West, and in fancy I saw the thousands of women bending over hot cook stoves with a blazing August sun on the roof of the shack, and cooking meal after meal for hungry men; washing endless piles of dishes, making beds and above all tending the little restless children and doing it all sweetly and patiently, and never thinking they are in any way heroic.

I felt like speaking out in meeting and saying: "Mr. Preacher, put at the head of your list of unknown heroes the women of the farms of the West." We are a great big prosperous country to-day because these women have been, and are willing day after day to do a round of

hard, and often uncongenial work, without which progress would be impossible. I have nothing else to offer but I can offer this word of sincere appreciation for the women on the farms, who work day in and day out to build "a home." Perhaps these verses of Charles Q. D. Roberts may be helpful to some worker tired with the long, long way:

Up, heart of mine,
Thou wayfarer of earth.
Of seed divine
Be mindful of thy birth.

Though the flesh faint
Through long-endured constraint
Of nights and days,
Lift up thy praise
To life that set thee in such strenuous ways.

And left thee not
To drowse and rot
In some thick-perfumed and luxurious plot.

Strong, strong is earth.
With vigor for thy feet,
To make thy wayfarer
Tireless and fleet.
And good is earth,
But earth not all thy good,
O thou with seed of suns
And star-fire in thy blood!

And though thou feel
The slow clog of the hours
Leader upon thy heel
Put forth thy powers!
Thine the deep sky,
The unpremeditated blue,
The haste of storm,
The hush of dew,
Thine, thine the free
Exalt of star and tree,
The reinless run
Of wind and sun,
The vagrancy of the sea.

St. Jude. I expect there is hardly a woman in the West who does not know and love the books written by Ian McLaren. During the month I have read the book, that was not out of the publisher's hands at the time of his death—St. Jude. Those who read Kate Carnegie will remember how she married Carmichael, the young parson, who was not of the established church. This book, St. Jude, is a series of sketches of Carmichael's big congregation in Glasgow, to which he went after two years in Drumtochty.

It is not, on the whole, so appealing as "The Bonnie Brier Bush" and there is no one character in it to compare with "Doctor MacLure" but it is a book to get and keep for all that. One of the sweet, wholesome human books that it does one good to read over and over again.

"A Domestic Difference" is one that will appeal to every housewife, and "Her Marriage Day" is the most pathetic thing in the book.

"The Yoke," by Elizabeth Miller, is one of the new books which I would like to recommend for the home and the Sunday School Library. It deals with the deliverance of the children of Israel and is written in good style and has much valuable information put well in story form. It is written in something the style of "The Prince of the House of David" and similar books.

Another new book that will interest very many, both men and women, in the Canadian West is "The Imposter," by Harold Blindloss. This story deals with the English Colony at Cannington Manor in the old days. It has some splendid bits of description, among them the putting out of a prairie fire. Blindloss is not a writer of much note, and I fancy he did not get his local color at first hand, but it is very correct for all that, so far as life at Cannington Manor (which, by the way, is called Silverdale in the book) goes.

There is not much time for reading on farms at this time of year, but I thought I would like to suggest these books while they are fresh in my mind, so that they might be procured for winter reading.

Woman's Council. I am very glad to see that the Woman's Council that has been in session in Victoria is preparing to take up the question of help in the homes in a systematic and thorough manner. It has always seemed to me that that body was one in a position to deal intelligently with this question and possibly find some solution of it. I see that at last they have realized

that the lack of a serious somewhat the home in can no long

help, the re of the Unite ago, make shown that United Sta sense of r outside her United Sta these 4,833 women are and, as the followed by employed avocations women we soldiers, sa of city fire telephone h helpers to r to steam bo although boiler mak The occu claims the engaged in ing 1,124,9 929 housek more farm sand than nearly thr gaged in fa there are keepers. workers ar under 21. the ages o that ultim ers marry