

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

The Lover's Cigar.
For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between
The wee little whistling Love and the
great old Nick o' Teen.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider.
Old friends, and who is Maggie, that I
should abandon you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to
bear the yoke.
And a woman is only a woman, but a
good cigar is a smoke.

Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first
sworn vows.
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no
Maggie for spouse.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Smoking

To the London woman who picks up
this paper and glances at the heading,
the subject appears to have very little
interest. Why write about smoking
on a woman's page? It is a subject
for men, and you are not at all in-
terested. Perhaps not now, but the
"smoking for women" wave is coming
this way and we may as well be pre-
pared for it.

Among the smart set in Old London
smoking is the mode. As far back as
two years ago all society women
smoked, and there were smoking rooms
in the women's clubs. Of course we
all know that French and Russian wo-
men have smoked from time immem-
orial and that to them a cigarette is
the most ordinary of pastimes; Amer-
ican women, too, we suspect of the
use of the fragrant weed, but it comes
as rather a shock when we know that
a great many Canadian girls are ad-
dicted to the "sly cigarette," and yet
this is the case.

I do not say that this is so in Lon-
don, for I do not know of any girl in
this city who has formed this dis-
tasteful habit; but I do know that in the
larger Canadian cities, and more espe-
cially in Toronto, there are very many

Possibilities of the Postal System.

Obtain Mail Facilities One of the Chief Factors
in Our Prosperity and Progress.

"Common is the commonplace." The
most valuable of civil benefits is such a
commonplace matter, that we scarcely
give it a thought. It would take a
writer on a whaler nipped in the ice to
make us truly appreciate the worth
of the postal service. What a wonder-
ful thing it is! Wonderful in its organi-
zation, with its vast machinery for the
collection and distribution of letters, its
railway mail cars, its routing of its
unfailing order and precision of its
methods. Wonderful it is in its in-
tegrity. It knits together families widely

separated. It carries across the sea
a tender lover's message or perhaps
a little flower picked from the caressed
grave of an English churchyard. Every
hour of every day the mail bag is packed
with words which warm love and af-
fection, words which cheer the furrow
in the cheek and dim the falling sight
with better tears.

But with all this there is going on
through the mail service a dissemina-
tion of human knowledge, a reaching
out of human help which is one of the
crowning blessings of our century. The
correspondence schools led by Chautau-
qua, are sending to every village and
hamlet the broader knowledge which is
so eagerly craved by many who are
in the lonely places of the world.
Without the mail system this plan
of education would be impracticable.

Every mail, too, carries from the great
centers, the advice of great physicians,
which it would be impossible for the
distant public to obtain were it not for
the mails. Few people realize how
many thousands depend on the mail
service for medical treatment. Not
long ago when some postal affairs were
being discussed in connection with the
erection of the new postoffice building
in Buffalo, N. Y., some light was thrown
on this subject by the statement that
the mail by Dr. R. V. Pierce amounted
daily to something over 1,500 pieces.

Of course this is not a common case, be-
cause Dr. Pierce is a famous physi-
cian, but the fact is that the mail is
instituted, The Invalids' Hotel and Sur-
gical Institute, makes his advice and
that of his staff of nearly a score of
skilled and experienced specialists much
sought after, especially by women,
the treatment and cure of whose special
diseases Dr. Pierce has devoted over
thirty years of almost constant labor.

But though this example is out of the
ordinary, it may serve as an evidence of
the amazing benefits reaped by the pub-
lic from the mail service. It puts every
outlying hamlet in touch with the most
advanced medical specialism of the day.
It gives at a cost of a two-cent stamp,
the skill and experience that it has taken
years to acquire. Literally at the cost
of a two-cent stamp, since Dr. Pierce
invites sick women to consult him by
letter without charge. And this would
seem to be one of the most remarkable
services rendered by the postal system,
perhaps the supreme service of all. For
means of this cheaply supplied service,
men like Dr. Pierce, who have the dis-
position to be helpful, are enabled to
place their skill and knowledge at the
disposal of those who are being dragged
down by disease, without the possibility
of help from those about them. When
contemplates the vast and far reach-
ing benefits of the mail service, so briefly
touched upon in this article, it makes
the familiar gray uniform of the postman
the most glorious of all uniforms, for it
makes one feel like taking his hat off
to the on-rushing mail train, and cheer-
ing the work and wisdom of Uncle Sam.

girls who smoke habitually, and I have
heard of one of two who are even
what one might call "cigarette fiends."

This comes with rather a shock of
horror to the well-bred woman, who
has been striving to bring up her
daughters properly. To realize that
the prettiest girl you meet on the street,
daintily clad, fresh and sweet in man-
ner, is a smoker of cigarettes! It is
quite enough to "stagger" the most
evenly-poised of matrons. You gaze
at the rosy lips in horror and wonder
if it is really true that they ever held
a cigarette.

The next cause for wonder is why
did she ever begin to smoke? What
possible motive could she have for
contracting such a habit? It is a
question hard to answer. Perhaps she
thought it was "smart," that word that
covers so much in modern society, de-
lightfully wicked, or something equally
insane. If she would only stop to
think what all right-minded people
say on the subject of women smoking,
I am sure she would pause before
taking her first whiff of the pernicious
weed.

A recent symposium in a New
York paper on this subject, President
David Starr Jordan, of Leland Stan-
ford University, expresses himself as
follows:

"I should say in regard to the smok-
ing of women, that those women who
do not recognize the innate vulgarity
of it would hardly be reached by argu-
ment. There is no question as to the
injury to the nervous system pro-
duced by smoking, and this injury is,
of course, greatest on the personnel of
fine organizations, but outside of that,
the fact that a woman is tempted to
smoke is evidence enough of her essen-
tial coarseness of nature, and those of
us who admire fine and noble women
are simply satisfied to pass her by on the
other side. The average man, even
though a smoker himself, has this
view of the case, whether he expresses
it or not. Surely nothing is more re-
pulsive to the majority of men than the
breath of women tainted with
nicotine or alcohol."

Nothing could be added more force-
ful than that, but below is given Ella
Wheeler Wilcox's opinion as to what
compensation, if compensation she
needs, for the fact that she is not able
to smoke and that consequently she is
not able to realize that "a woman is
only a woman, but a good cigar is a
smoke."

Compensation.
The tendency of the age is to in-
cline women to do everything man
does—or know the reason why.
She wants to attempt all his labors,
adopt all his vices and enjoy all his
liberties.

If he objects, she demands a fuller
explanation than the mere difference in
sex.
Yet that is a most expensive explana-
tion, if she has stopped to realize it,
why she should not do some things
which men do.

The moderate use of the cigar I have
never been able to class among mas-
culine vices.

It is altogether probable that the
world would be better off had tobacco,
tea and coffee never been used by
human beings. Yet it is possible to be
moral, sane and useful citizens and
make an occasional use of all three of
these products of nature.

The outdoor life of man, and his
habit of using all of his lungs and his
abdominal muscles in breathing (while
women rarely use more than one-third
of the lungs) makes smoking less
injurious to him than to her.

Woman's thoughts, desires, appetites
and habits for three-quarters of a
year before she becomes a mother, are
chiseling, fashioning the mind, body and
habits of her unborn child.

It does not leave a lasting impression
or any impression at all upon the
child whose mother's father is im-
patient for his cigar. If the expectant
mother, however, is anxiously waiting
the opportunity to smoke, her child in
the various months of gestation is
into the world with an abnormal taste
for the weed, and with less power of
controlling such a taste than other
children, and more prone to become
addicted.

This is one reason why a woman
should not form the habit of smoking.
Now we are asked, "What compen-
sation for the woman who smokes?"
Man's enjoyment of the weed, when
moderately indulged in, is undeniable.

I say when moderately indulged, for
excess in enjoyment in anything—
overindulgence.

Excess is death to pleasure, and only
the fool is guilty of the crime.

It strikes me that woman's chief
compensation for the weed will come
from the pleasure of witnessing man's
enjoyment in it; and, second, in realiz-
ing her own freedom from such a need.

These pleasures are not to be had
watching a child's delight in a new
toy; and there is a sense of quiet sat-
isfaction in the thought that we no
longer may be tempted by the weed.

We do not ask, "What compensation
have we for the toy?" we simply
realize the fact that life is full without
it.

The cigar is a mental toy first—
toward a physical enjoyment to man.
But its need is an evidence of a cer-
tain weakness, which makes him none
the less lovable and none the less in-
mortal in other respects. Still it is a
weakness.

Antipope also brings the same look of
certain weakness to a man's eye
after dinner which the cigar brings.

The woman who could equally anti-
cipate her own cigar or cigarette would
truly be a reflection on the man's
cuisine eye; and she would be as de-
pendent as he is upon a weed.

As it now rests, the man is woman's
chief compensation for the cigar,
either the man who is, the man who
has been, or is to be.

Afterward comes her own enjoyment
of the freedom from the habit.
With the exception of the few wo-
men who consider smoking a crime,
almost every woman has some roman-
tic association connected with the
weed.

What memories awakened when open-
ing a letter from an absent lover or a
husband she detects the faint fragrance
of a cigar clinging to its pages.
She thinks of him imperially alone
in his room or off in a quiet corner of
the smoking room, puffing away at his
cigar as he writes to her, and dreams
of her; and she recalls cozy moments
when she has sat with him and talked
about their mutual interests while he
smoked.

What other compensation could wo-

man ask than this subtle effect of the
odor of a cigar upon the memory and
the senses?

No man should smoke before he has
reached 21 years of age. He is not
physically or mentally developed until
that time. He is wise if after that
age he does not contract the habit.

He is weak morally if after he con-
tracts it he allows it to dominate him.
He is an assassin of health and
pleasure if he smokes to excess.
If he takes an occasional smoke after
meals, I for one and not ask any com-
pensation for myself but to witness his
enjoyment.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Old Letters.

There are few women, I venture to
think, who have not stowed away in
their possession some place, a
bundle of old letters. For we women
are sentimental, and senti-
mentality is a good thing. Life would be
very barren without it. It is an
instance of this sentiment, nothing
more or less than the treasure of old
letters. Why, to most of our sex,
the fable of the spring of eternal
youth acquires an added meaning
when we look into the written words
of the friends of long ago. As long
as we have them to go over, to re-
call this, to revive that, to bring
life again to the day and the hour
that are dead and gone, youth has
not faded, but preserved immortal
freshness. The string of beads, the
knot is old, the knot is hard, the
bundle is dusty; but lo and behold!
as soon as you have shaken off the
dust a fairy godmother has touched
the yellowed leaves with her fa-
ding line—a godmother who whisks
you back to that blessed time when
all the world was young.

Those old pages are a golden
link, set with precious jewels, bind-
ing the perhaps restless, tumultuous
present to a saved youth, and making
Somehow they never grow old, the
people of these letters—they never
die—they are only laid away here
to rise again at the day and the hour,
and re-people the past with life!

Yes, when the consciousness of the
present weighs one down with its
disappointments and vexations, it is
pleasant to turn to a folio of old let-
ters.

Said of Women.

Cecile Fee—Do not take women from
the bedside of those who suffer; it is their
post of honor.

George Elliot—In a woman's face we
love we can see all sorts of answers to
our own yearnings and longings.

Madame de Rieux—In all unhappy mar-
riages the fault is less the woman's than
the man's, as the choice depends on her
the least.

Sophie Gay—The best shelter for a man
is his woman's love, woman's love is the
best of all.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford—Why should man,
who is strong, always get the best of it,
and be forgiven, and why should woman,
who is weak, get the worst and be for-
given so little?

George Sand—The love of a bad woman
kills herself, the love of a good woman
kills herself.

Margaret Ossoli—Woman is born for
love, lives for love and by love; and dies
of love.

Madame Guizot—Women use their hearts
as men do their brains—as the directing
power of their lives.

Madame Brissot—Women are slandered
for the same reason that stones are
thrown at trees loaded with beautiful
fruit.

Madame Dunoyer—How better the world
would be if women would only choose
men who love the wisdom of preferring
men whom they love!

Flora Tristan—Women do not argue;
they love.

Madame Michelet—For a woman remem-
berance is the perfume of the soul. There
is no woman so good as the woman who
reminds you of the good you have done
to men can only give a faint
idea of the fragrance that is left about
people who have done good.

Mlle. de la Fayette—It is through the
lips of women that the breath of divinity
passes.

Madame de Saussure—Women have been
fallen a few faults, but the faults of
virtue in order that they might com-
pete with men.

Countess Dash—The love of a good
woman is enough to make the most in-
veterate atheist believe in God.

Madame Geoffroy—Woman belongs by
right to the man who loves her, and whom
she loves more than her life.

THE LAND OF USED TO BE.
Beyond the purple, hazy trees.
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sand and the sea,
Beyond the range of eyes like these.
There lies the land of the lost,
The land of the forgotten,
The land of the dead.

A land enchanted, such as swung
in golden seas when sirens sang,
A land of the forgotten, such as swung
to Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody.
Of rare old legends, such as swung
Kissing its shores eternally.
Is the fair land of Used To Be.

A land where music ever girls
The air with bells of singing birds,
And voices all around with such sweet
words,
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me;
Lost laughter ripples limply
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old legends, such as swung
Kissing its shores eternally.
Is the fair land of Used To Be.

Why will you allow a cough to
lacerate your lungs and run the risk of
being a consumptive's grave when, by
the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive
Syrup the pain can be allayed and the
danger avoided? This Syrup is pleas-
ant to the taste, and unsurpassed for re-
lieving, healing and curing all affections
of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds,
bronchitis, etc., etc.

Canada's foreign trade for the last
six months of 1902 aggregated \$231,-
242,211 as against \$200,000,000 for
the same period of 1901.

For Out Door Costumes.

Cravenette

Is pre-eminently the
fashionable material.
Can be had in plain
colors, mixtures and
blacks. By the yard
or in ready-made gar-
ments. Rain will not
penetrate or spot it.
Ask your dealer.

Memory has rounded off the jagged
corners which pierced us at an
earlier date, and time has let in a
clearer light upon those which we con-
sidered exact pictures. How often, how
very often, in turning over the olden
missive, we notice a striking contrast
between life and letter. The one ham-
pered and hindered by circumstance
and environment, the other untram-
meled winging itself upon the pinions
of mind and soul. How much and how
little of the inner self is revealed in
a letter; how much which the writer
thinks he has concealed, little of what
he really is. Enigma to ourselves,
how can we prevent a true solution to
friends when God alone possesses the key?

Taking in hand the confidential let-
ters of some school friend, the mind
flies back to the old associations. The
kindred thoughts, which surged back
and forth upon the tide waves of
friendship, one reads on through the
series, and with the clearer light of
years comes the gradual laxing of
the bonds. Neither of us is to blame,
we reason with a sigh as the knowl-
edge breaks upon us that such things
must be. As we press on in the up-
ward struggle, it is seldom that we
the companions of our childhood keep
exactly in the same line. We outgrow
each other. Still it is a pleasure to
con them all over, even those glowing
with the effusions of youth, and you
get many a gleam of amusement from
them some dull gray day.

It seems to me that the joy one gets
in reading old letters is oftentimes
bordered closely on pain. The mutua-
bility of all earthly things is borne
in upon one's mind, and the changes
strike minor chords on the heart-
strings. So perhaps after all it is not
best to save too many of these dear
letters. It may be wiser to give them to
the flames before they are dearer than
on their first reading. For, while
reading them in later years, many re-
sentments, like the eagles, no
very feeling person can read the let-
ters of the long ago, without a
greater expenditure of joy or sorrow, than is safe
or comfortable.

What do you think about it, you
women with those little bundles of
letters tied up and tucked secretly
away?

For Nurses.

Two bright young women, each hold-
ing the certificate of a trained nurse,
have discovered an entirely new field
of usefulness for members of that pro-
fession. Having a talent for impart-
ing knowledge, rather than a love of
tending the sick, they have opened
classes where young women in pri-
vate life may learn the rudiments of
trained nursing—enough to enable them
to assist the doctor intelligently in
their homes, in cases not serious
enough to require the services of the
professional nurse, or where an in-
valid member of the family has con-
stantly to be cared for. As almost
every mother and daughter in the
land has experienced at some time or
other the need of such knowledge, the
two nurses in question have met with
most gratifying success. Their classes
are filled.

Though they conceived the idea, and
thought out their plans together, the
two young women decided that it
would be wisest to start out independ-
ently of each other. They rented two
small flats in different parts of the
city, three rooms of each of which—
the kitchen, the sitting room and the
bed room—were fitted up as models for
nursing purposes. They contained all
modern improvements and appliances.
When a class is in session it comes
from room to room, and on the whole
as the lesson of the day demands.

How one should dress in the sick
room and personal hygiene in order to
prevent disease, and the proper use of
instruction given to the class. Each
pupil is asked to provide herself with
the necessary cap and apron, and a
clean room is recommended for re-
freshment after work is done, and street
costumes might get damaged, or be
very inconvenient.

The care of the bed, how to keep it
clean and comfortable, is the next
thing learned. The shaking of the
mattress, how to spread the sheet, and
how best to arrange the pillows that
the patient may be comfortable and
rested. The patient is taught to lie
lightly and gently in order to change the bedding or
shift the position is then mastered, fol-
lowed by instruction in moving the
convalescent.

The care of the sick room, the use of
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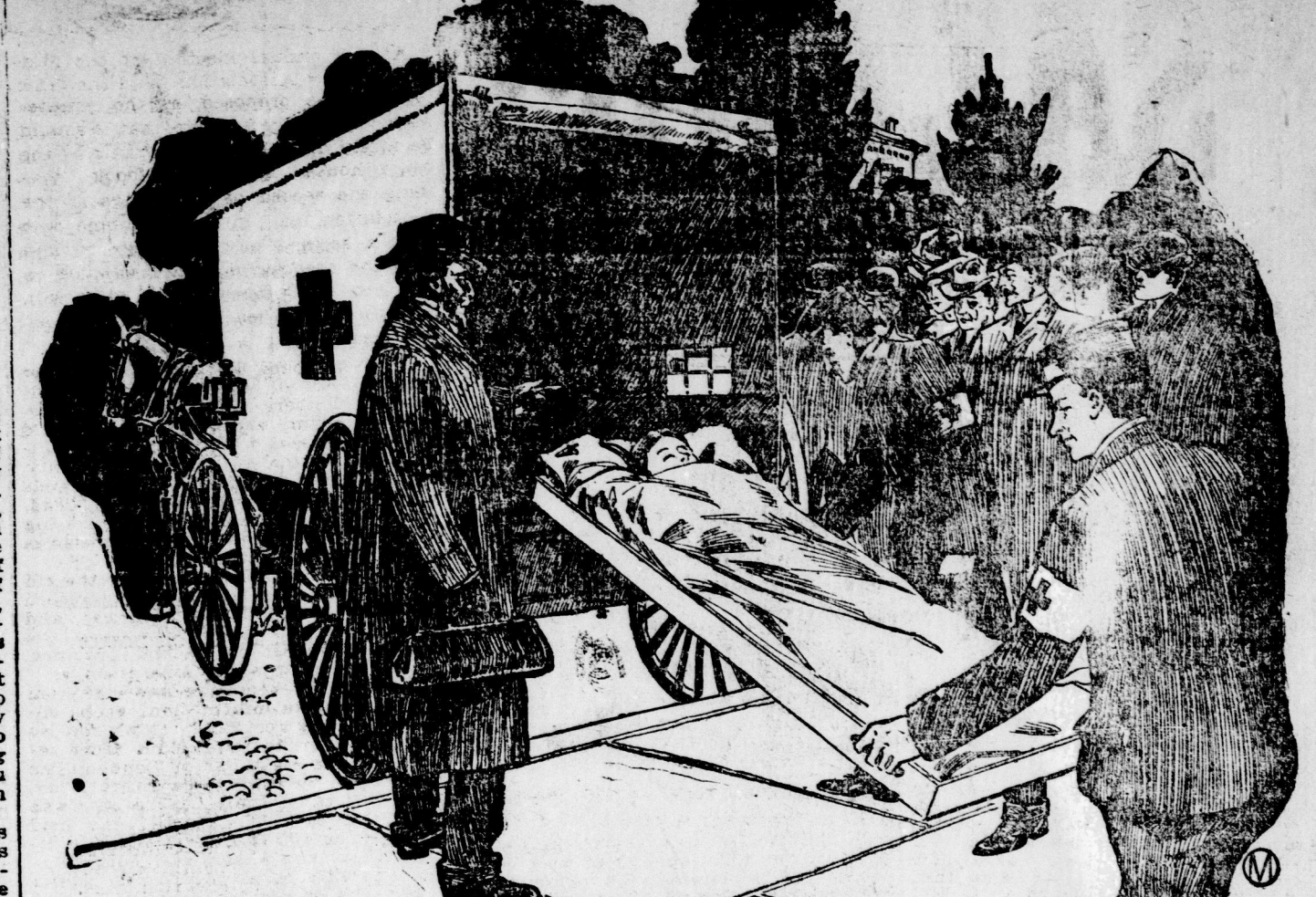
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A Hospital Case.

There was a hurry call for the ambulance of the City Hospital. In the course of a few moments a very sick woman was brought in on a stretcher—she was pale as death and evidently suffering great agony. There was a hasty examination and consultation, and in less than a quarter of an hour the poor creature was on the operating table to undergo an operation for ovaritis.

The above is an accurate account of a recent case which occurred in New York recently; the young woman in question had warnings enough of her dangerous condition in the terrible pains and burning sensation low down in her left side. She had no one to advise her, and she suffered torture until it was too late for anything to save her life.

Women should remember that if they do not care to tell a doctor their troubles, they should be willing to tell them to a woman, who stands ever ready to advise and help them. Again we state that Mrs. Pinkham's advice is freely and confidentially given to every one who asks for it. Address, Lynn, Mass.

The following letters prove beyond question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has the power to cure, and does cure thousands of cases of inflammation of the ovaries, womb, and all other derangements of the female organism.

MRS. OTTOSON SAVED FROM A SURGICAL OPERATION.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot thank you enough for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. If it had not been for your medicine, I think I would have died."

"I will tell you how I suffered. I could hardly walk, was unable to sleep or eat. Menstruation was irregular. At last I had to stay in my bed, and flowed so badly that they sent for a doctor, who said I had inflammation of the ovaries, and must go through an operation, as no medicine could help me, but I could not do that."

"I received a little book of yours, and after reading it I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am now a well woman. I shall praise your medicine as long as I live, and I can now recommend the same to any one suffering as I was."—MRS. MINNIE OTTOSON, Otho, Iowa. (June 9, 1901.)

Follow the record of this medicine, and remember that these thousands of cures of women whose letters are constantly printed in this paper were not brought about by "something else," but by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the great Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills. Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Moral—Stick to the medicine that you know is Best. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

INFLAMMATION OF THE OVARIES CURED WITHOUT THE KNIFE.
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wish to express my gratitude for the restored health and happiness Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has brought into my life."

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pains at the time of menstruation, and did not