



A STREET COSTUME DRAPED WITH RESERVE.

Though most of the new tailored skirts are draped in some manner, the draperies are very conservative and extremely moderate. This new costume by Paquin shows a walking skirt draped with admirable reserve, the material being merely lifted at the sides to meet a straight back panel. The suit is built of black and gray whipcord and has a collar and cuffs of white ratine. A black and white hat and buttoned boots of dull calf, complete the correct street costume.

Kitt's Column.

From Saturday's Daily.

It is the Christmas time. And up and down, twist heaven and earth. In sorrowful grief or solemn mirth. The shining angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

And the angels climb, and the angels climb.

got hold of my pen, and is carolling just as he pleases.

"I think of you, old folks," he writes—the more, perhaps, because I am one of you; and I touch you with the torch of my Christmas Spirit because I want to bring your youth back for a moment, and fill hearts that are shrivelling and chilling with, once more, the glow of youth. It is a mercy that I bring you every year, you who have grown hard and calloused, and dry, and a little tired with the years. It is for your sakes as well as the children's that I set humming that undertone of gaiety which pervades every house from the castle to the hamlet, every God-given year at Christmas time. You rail at me, and call me a fraud, and a nuisance, but I am God's grace to you, and His Love and His Heart. The little children whose lot you help to brighten, and make merry for one day in all the year, are the same little creatures among whom He set His Kingdom. I am even nobler than you make me. For I am Christ's gentle message to His own. To His poor, His lonely, His afflicted, His children, whether young or old.

Thus brave old Saint Nicholas. And the flaming Heart of Christmas—allight with Good Will, and Love, and Peace and Joy—all of which the Christ-Child in His little humble manger, among His beasts—our servants and meek lovers—brought with Him one day to heaven with its sweetness a world a little grim, a little sad—a little worn—but when you come down to the heart of it—a good old world, after all.

THE CHRISTMAS SHOPS.

THEY WERE NEVER, I IMAGINE, more wonderful or glorious than this year. Perhaps a joyful spirit and bright eye may add its quota to such a saying—yet, knowing, none better, the cost of living—one has to acknowledge that never were shop windows more tempting, nor Santa more busy. The generous flush of the feast seems to glow in the very windows. And yet, the poignant note of sorrow is abroad, too. The legless man—a fellow being on to stout legs acclaimed the cripple's ability to "run for a car" as quickly as he could, the other day when the writer was trying to advance the cause of the Brotherhood of Man—the legless man, selling laces, may have a large sum locked up in his bank or his bed—what do I care? All I know is that he is short of normal human proportions—is hopelessly handicapped—but he is my brother, and has his hell on me. Therefore into his cap goes my mortgage on Heaven—

you see? A purely financial proposition. Yet with a little human love of brother, for down-and-under-brother to qualify it, maybe.

Againt. The other evening the writer

stood beside a woman, poorly clad, who led a little child by the hand. We were all up by the Arcade—there's an "Arcade" in your town surely!—and looking at the Christmas toys and gauds. The little boy said nothing. He only glued his small nose against the pane. His mother looked white and worn, and very tired. She had been dragged up there by the kid—and was looking in on the lighted pageant inside the window with sad eyes, indeed.

Physical ailments in child and mother have just one origin in the physical system itself. You can be cool in hot weather and warm in cold weather, and well in any kind of weather, if you take care of yourself, regardless of the weather. One of the first guardian steps to that care is to saturate yourself and your

blood with fresh air morning noon and night.

If there is much sewing to do—and at this season of the year there is generally piles of it—the seamstress, dressmaker or mother of a large family, as the case may be, should take care that her eyes are not strained or allowed to become overtired by close application to the stitching of seams, working of button holes and the thousand tasks that are necessary when dressmaking is being done.

CONCERNING WOMEN.

Miss Mary Blake of London was recently charged with "insulting behavior" in the Bow street court, and fined \$20 "to be of good behavior for six months." Her offense consisted of insisting upon remaining with a woman prisoner who was being tried by men in a court full of men.

The national insurance bill which has been the cause of so much discussion in England during the past year or two, permits an unmarried man over 21 to draw 10 shillings a week sick benefit, while a widow with young children dependent upon her can only get 7 shillings and 6 pence.

The only woman in the United States who has a commission as an officer of the United States army is Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, widow of the late W. J. McGee. She was appointed acting assistant surgeon on Aug. 29, 1898, because of good work she has done in organizing army nurses.

Mrs. Lois Miller of Hutchinson, Kas., has made a collection of almanacs which runs away back to 1821. They are said to be very interesting especially those before the civil war. In the first years of their existence almanacs were not given away, but were bought each year. Then the patent medicine man annexed them.

The fashion of wearing velvet bows at the neck continues in favor. Got about seven inches of a silk back velvet ribbon two inches wide: knot it once in the center. This makes an exceedingly pretty neck finish. Bows of different color quite change the appearance of the lingerie waist.

DICTATES OF FASHION.

Parisians are bringing out a new printed taffeta of coloring and design inspired by Persian pottery.

One phase of the oriental tendency in this winter's fashions will show in the extensive use of red.

Many a woman in Paris is wearing a corsage bouquet. Black velvet roses are among the smartest.

Undergarments, such as combinations, skirts and night gowns, are being made of China silk or crepe de chine, white or delicately tinted.

To clean plaster busts dip them in to cold liquid starch; when dry the starch is brushed off and the dirt comes off with it, leaving the busts as clean and white as when new.

Folded newspapers should be kept handy in the kitchen and these placed under pots and kettles. If this is done every day when the pans are taken from the stove no grease spots will mar the kitchen table.

A solution of chloride of lime and water, a tablespoonful of the lime to two gallons of water, is an excellent medium for removing the most stubborn stained garment for hours in the solution and in time the offending spots will disappear and this without injury to the fabric.

Exceedingly smart is a purple and gray sweater, done in loose Shetland weave and showing the contrasting toned lining indefinitely while it appears boldly in the collar cuffs and pockets as well in the worsted covered buttons. All of these models come in the various attractive combinations—mauve and pale blue, tan and bronze, wood brown and wood green and white with navy or wine. But purple, toned with a neutral shade, leads.

PARTY GONE; 'RING' OFF.

The telephone rang, and she answered the call; He stood with his hat and his stick in the hall. He heard her say, "Yes," and he heard her say "goose." Then, after a pause, heard her say, "Of great use." He was an eavesdropper, but what could he do, When only the back of her neck was in view? He just had to wait, as would you, or would I. "Yes, dear," she said next, "I'm expecting him now. Not quite that amount; oh, you did, did you? How?"

ONE-SIDED EFFECTS ARE FAVORED FOR THE EVENING.

The modern evening gown is sometimes a whimsical affair. Half of it may be satin and the other half lace, or velvet may be draped above lace and lace above chiffon. The gown pictured is a Worth model of faint violet charmeuse overdressed down one side with white net embroidered in violet tones. The sash is of palest pink satin with a corsage ornament of pink roses and violets adorns the front of the bodice. Boots of pale violet satin with Louis heels and buttons of amethyst-glass match the dainty gown.

Now what good could a quarter of a dollar bring to her and her little man?

And yet—

Some sad eyes fill with tears too easily. And, believe me, we ARE our brother's keeper.

England was "merry England" when Old Christmas brought his sports again 'Twas Christmas broached his mightiest ale;

'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

And we, in Canada, are the thoroughbreds of the old stock across the sea—those who keep, in its merry, green spirit, the very heart of Christmas crowned with a laurel leaf. Christmas came across with you and with me, old old country brother or sister—in the ship that brought us. I remember my first Christmas in Canada. A girl, friendless and without much in the way of bank notes. A crude country. I hated it. My little soul was sick and alone. Nobody cared. Until the Christmas Post came and the Letters. God! how the tears whipped my face—and eased my heart. And Life grew red and golden, and the "brace-up," "buck-up" came—a weird call at that time to me.

But that loneliness! Some among us are suffering it now. Let it go. Let it ease. The sun shines, girl or boy. Only to the oldings does the air blow chill. Yet—after death, there is again sunlight.

And it is Christmas. And my pen refuses to go on other topics save this big, generous, never-to-be-out-written one. The heart of the most miserly is unaltered; of the richest, unloosed; of the poorest, is, somehow, comforted. It is Christmas, and there are fewer joys more keen than the simple one of preparing a Christmas tree, or of filling a limp Christmas stocking; of, in fact, knowing that you are bringing joy to some human, small or large. The human heart is, thank God! very deep and very large.

And so—after all the talk—Merry Christmas to every reader of this column, and here's hoping that every "shadow" may be to some one—a substantial, and dear, and real "Friend."
