

Those Ads---Oh, Boy!

(By P.O.D. in Saturday Night, Toronto.)

On our deck we have just found a copy of "Vogue." We don't know how this copy of "Vogue" happens to be lying here—our purchases of magazines are limited to the "Police Gazette" and "Snappy Stories"—but we take advantage of the opportunity to plunge into the advertising page. Before doing so, however, we have locked our door. We would hate to be caught gazing upon those wonderful realistic portraits of lovely young ladies clad only in shimmering "undies," with which the advertising pages of women's magazines are now filled. It would be far less embarrassing if Father Murphy should drop in and find us reading an unexpurgated edition of "The Decameron"—we could at least tell him we had to review it.

Two or three years ago it used to be the corset-ads which aroused our unholy interest. You may remember the portraits of ladies—ideal heavy, ideal slim, ideal short-waisted, ideal large-busted, and all the other stock sizes—who were shown wandering about palatial rooms in the sort of harness which ladies in front. Sometimes they were seen answering the phone, sometimes presiding over the chafing-dish. We even recall one beautiful blonde who was feeding the gold-fish in straight-fronted abandon—we have always thought gold-fish had a lot to put up with.

We used to think that advertising frankness could go no farther without bringing upon the magazine the vengeance of the Police Court and having the whole edition seized. We had some thought, in fact, of writing a hot letter to the authorities ourselves. But nothing was done. No fashionable clergyman got up in the pulpit and delivered an impassioned sermon against such goings-on. The Mothers' Meetings which were working so hard to remove moral stumbling-blocks from our feet—those of us who are not mothers—took no step to make the ladies in the advertisements put on a kimono. At least, before they had their pictures taken. They might petition the government to have the reproduction of the Venus de Milo in the local museum draped, but then, of course, Venus is not engaged in boosting a new style in brassieres or anything of that vital sort.

Encouraged by their immunity, the advertisers and the women's magazines have naturally gone to farther lengths—or should we say "shorts"? Certainly the garments displayed with such photographic fidelity seem to become more and more simplified and abbreviated. If they go one step farther there will nothing left on the ladies in the pictures to sell. Even the pear necklaces have been laid aside—as savouring of over-dressing, no doubt. And the corset—but, of course, that has been discarded long ago. So far as we can learn of feminine customs from the advertising pictures, the corset is as obsolete as the suit of chain-mail. Nothing remains but the envelope. Possibly the corset is concealed under the envelope, like a cheque in a letter, but we would rather than seek information on the subject. We may be a poor, ignorant newspaperman, but we have our delicacy.

The first thing that meets our eye as we open this copy of "Vogue" is a picture of a shapely young woman coming out of church in a garment very difficult to describe if our articles are to go on being read aloud in Christian homes. If you were to take a suit of overalls and cut the legs and arms entirely off and re-

place the upper storey with a couple of narrow strips of baby-ribbon, you would get some idea of the shape and extent of it. As for the material, the "ad" explains that it is made of "sheerest nainsook." Now we don't know what nainsook is, but we are blushing aware of what the word "sheerest" implies. It usually means that you have to look twice to be sure the darn thing is there at all.

Possibly the reader will regard our statement that the young lady is coming out of church in this most unsabatical garb as a piece of blasphemous exaggeration on our part. In that case, we can only suggest that the reader should take a good look at the picture for the reader's self. If the architecture of that huge doorway isn't ecclesiastical, we are willing to eat our words or our hat or a section of one of the pillars.

But suppose it really isn't intended for a church. Suppose she is just leaving the art-gallery or the head-offices of a bank—they are all like Grecian temples these days—is the effect on public morals any less deplorable? Possibly the poor girl had just gone in to draw a little money to pay for the rest of her costume, but what is to become of the religious principles of our younger bank-clerks if this sort of thing goes on?

The explanation which accompanies this overwhelming picture only accentuates one's shocked bewilderment. "Lithe as a dancer's limbs," it says, "soft as a maiden's lashes. They fit so softly, they give a new freedom to the walk. They may be had in textures snowy white or of a dainty peachbloom hue."

Obviously it is not intended that the possessors of these extraordinary garments should wear corsets, for the modern corset, as everyone knows, is equipped with a block-and-tackle outfit for purposes of hose-support which would eventually take away any freedom of walk which might otherwise be gained. The thing that puzzles us about the modern woman is how in the world she has avoided acquiring a gait like that of a thoroughbred hackney. But this is now all a thing of the past, we presume. Nothing but unfettered freedom from now on.

Seriously, though, can you imagine the sensation that would be caused if the young lady in the pictures were to step lightly out of a bank entrance in the costume she wears—say one of "dainty peachbloom hue"? Can you see the terrific and immediate congestion of traffic, the police reserves hurriedly called out, the indignant guardians of public morals sternly clubbing middle-aged financiers back into their offices—that is, if the cops didn't stop to gaze and marvel themselves.

And if the architecture shown in the photograph is really ecclesiastical, as we still insist it is, what a solution this Arcadian costume would be of the problem of deserted churches! With what eagerness would men rush to perform the duties they have notoriously been neglecting for years! The lines of the waiting congregation would stretch for blocks—they might even sit on the curb all right as they do for hockey finals—and speculators would probably be holding the best pews for fabulous prices. Only the other day we read a sermon by a distinguished clergyman, who said that the future of the churches was in the hands of the women. We trust, however, that he had nothing like this in mind.

Turning over a few pages from this remarkable work of art, we come upon another quite as singular and significant in its way. Like the first,

Let Us Fill Your Order With Fresh Goods.

ELLIS & CO.

Ltd., 203 WATER ST.
Grocers & Delicatessen Market.

Fresh Canadian Turkeys.
Fresh Canadian Chicken.

Fresh Halibut.
Fresh Salmon.

New String Beans.
Fresh Cucumbers.
New Parsnips.
Sweet Cabbages.
Ripe Tomatoes.
Beetroot.
Fresh Asparagus.
New Carrots.
Fresh Garlic.
Egyptian Onions.
Fresh Lettuce.

Smoked Fillets Cod.

Rhubarb.
Bananas.
California Oranges.
Palermo Lemons.
Grape Fruit.
Dessert Apples.
Tangerines.

Smoked
Finnan Haddies.

Spanish Pimientos.
Pancake Flour.
Buckwheat.
Pettijohn's Breakfast Food.
Puffed Rice.
Parrot Food.
Mayonnaise.
Maraschino Cherries.
Champignons.
Asparagus Tips.
Extra Fine Spinach.

New
Blue Nose Butter,
2 lb. slabs.

It depicts a comely young person in the same scant costume, except that she has on a pair of silk stockings, portrait study, however, was apparently made in the privacy of the home. What is interesting about the picture is that it shows the young lady coquettishly displaying the lower section of the garment, while her maid kneels before her with clasped hands in an attitude of absolute adoration. The kneeling woman is just as pretty and graceful as the other, but we know at once she is a servant because she has most of her clothes on—the lower classes still seem to retain some primitive preference for covering themselves up.

The picture—incidentally, it is a very charming camera-study—throws a flood of illumination, a regrettably search-light, on the feminine attitude towards dress. We have long felt that women really worship pretty clothes, but never before have we seen them kneeling before mere raiment with the enraptured expression of a

devout soul of the shrine of a favorite saint. Now it, instead of the pretty maid on her knees, it had been a gallant in broadened silk and lace ruffles—or even in a morning-coat and spats—well, that would be another matter entirely. Besides, he probably wouldn't be thinking much about the young lady's rather intimate little frock—men are so stupid about such things, you know.

The set of directions which go with this picture are also very interesting, and afford an answer to certain questions which have bothered us for a long time. We have often been puzzled, for instance, as to how ladies got into and out of such garments. Owing to our stern celibacy and pious upbringing, we have never had an opportunity of finding out for ourselves. Nor have we ever had the face to ask, in spite of the habitual spirituality and blandness of our countenance. Men are so easily misunderstood in this wicked world. But the omniscient advertising writer—where do these chaps get their information, anyway?—explains the whole thing to us.

"Since buttons will not stay buttoned on snaps stay snapped, why have them at all?" he pertinently inquires. "With this lithe step-in envelope, you have the delightful feeling of being well put together."

There is a simple solution of all our difficulties and bewilderment—they simply "step in"! Could anything more obvious? The only thing that astonishes us now is why we never thought of it before. But perhaps we are not altogether to blame for this. All our childhood recollections in such matters are connected with ladies dropping their clothes on over their heads, as is done with the harness of fire-horses. Never do we recall seeing our aunts or grown-up female cousins stepping into anything. We always thought it was only men who stepped into their clothes—obviously one cannot drop a pair of trousers over one's head with any other expectation of getting them on. But it is clear to us now that a great many changes have taken place since those distant days when we were admitted to the intimacies of the boudoir.

"You may have this little envelope," the wise ad-writer reminds us, "with the bow-knot just where it shows elusively through a sheer blouse, or you may have it plain."

Just where it shows? And here we have been thinking all along that such displays were in the nature of an accident, something unforeseen at which a perfect gentleman was not supposed to look! Every time our eye has inadvertently fallen on just such an "elusive" little bow, we have turned blushing away. And now we see they do it on purpose—the huzzies! Incidentally, do you notice how alluringly the ad-writer dwells on that naughty bow-knot, and how curiously he tells you that if you wish, "you may have it plain"? Probably the plain ones are for times of mourning, such as when a lady's husband comes down for a week-end to the summer hotel where she is staying. There is one question we would like to ask, and that is... (Oh, Reader, an awful thing has just happened! The person who owns the copy of "Vogue" on our desk has just come in for it—he's a fat middle-aged widower and he works on a church paper. He muttered something about having been in to see us, and we weren't in, and he forgot it, and it's for his daughter, and he never looks at the thing himself, and we don't believe a darn word of it—do you?)

Curious Tenures.

The householder of to-day who has to pay an exorbitant rent for his suburban villa will find little consolation in the knowledge that many of the lordly pleasure-houses of our nobility are held at rents ridiculously less.

Thus the Duke of Wellington holds Strathfieldsaye on condition that he presents a flag annually to the Sovereign; while Blenheim is held by the Duke of Marlborough on a similar tenure. A less familiar fact is that the Marquis of Aylesbury holds his estate only on condition that if Royalty should visit him, he presents to the King an ivory drinking-cup.

Bury House, in the New Forest, the property of the Mill family, is held under a tenure similar to that under which the Aylesbury family hold Savernake. The occupant must present the King, whenever he enters the New Forest, with a brace of milk-white greyhounds. And a white rose is the rent the Duke of Atholl must pay for Blair Atholl whenever the Sovereign visits there.

The Manor of Broughton, with its 2,200 acres of land, was formerly held by one of the most extraordinary tenures on record. Every Palm Sunday a man from Broughton had to visit the village church with a long gad or goad whip, which he cracked three times in the porch. At the beginning of the second lesson he had to approach the clergyman, kneel down opposite to him, and, holding the whip and a purse attached to the handle, wave it over his head three times. This purse contained thirty pieces of silver, and was afterwards given to the church. The curious ceremony was only dropped in comparatively recent years.

MINARD'S LINIMENT
CURES COLDS, Etc.



A Most Trying Time In A School Girl's Life

"Nothing is more common with physicians" writes Hon. Dr. W. H. Roberts, Minister of Health, New Brunswick, "than to find that during the few weeks preceding the closing of the school term, we are visited by mothers having with them their daughters who have been cramming for final examinations and in the majority of instances the story related is something like this—'Doctor! I have brought Mary to you to see if you cannot do something for her. You know she has been leading her class nearly all of the term; she is competing for the Governor-General's Medal, and we are so anxious that she be successful; but of late it is so hard for her to study, her head aches, she has no appetite, we cannot force her to partake of food, her bowels are constipated, she is so nervous, Doctor, she cannot get to sleep, sometimes for hours after she retires.'"

"She is so white and frail looking. We also notice her twitching her face, eyelids and mouth a lot, and of late tossing her head to and fro and we are fearful, if something is not done, she will not hold out and we do, so much, want her to take the honours she has worked so hard for all winter."

"We take a look at the girl and find that in almost every particular the word picture of the mother quite correctly describes the condition found. We find she is truly very anæmic in appearance, tongue quite heavily coated, generally far below the average weight. We notice, too, the nervous symptoms spoken of by the mother, simulating a beginning chorea, or St. Vitus' dance. Upon examination of the heart, which she complains about as beating rapidly at times, there is revealed a functional murmur, and

suspecting from her headache some possible eye complications, we have her see an oculist, who reports severe condition of astigmatism. At the same time, bear in mind, nature is doing her best to shapen and perfect her scheme of physical economy."

Such remarkable results are being obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, under conditions so well described by Dr. Roberts, that it becomes a duty as well as a pleasure to tell others about it.

This letter from Mrs. Parks of 72 Picton St., Hamilton, Ont., is very interesting in this connection. She writes:—"Five years ago my little girl was taken ill with St. Vitus' dance, and for four years we doctored her, trying several doctors and different remedies without curing her. She could not walk or get around at all, and we had to feed her, as she was unable to hold a spoon in her hand. Her tongue was affected so that we could scarcely understand her when she talked. One day a friend of mine who knew of the benefits of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food advised me to give my little girl some. I acted upon her advice, and soon could notice a difference. She was quieting down and commenced to eat better. I continued the treatment for some time, and she gradually got stronger and healthier. She recovered from her nervous trouble and was able to get around nicely. We are very grateful to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food for the cure it effected for our daughter."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. Be sure to see the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on the box you buy.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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