

WOMEN AND THE BICYCLE.

A Natty Costume—The Bicycle Knee—Selecting a Wheel.

Have you noticed how many pretty costumes are spoiled in effect by the skirt blowing above the knees? Half the women who ride in skirts seem to be troubled in this way, and yet the remedy is simple. Take two pieces of elastic about an inch wide and of a length equal to the depth of the hem in the skirt, or about 4 or 5 inches. Fasten one on each side of the skirt at a point where it touches the buttons of the leggings when standing in a natural position, sewing one end of the elastic strongly to the top of the hem (on the inside), and with a black safety pin fasten the other end to the leggings between the buttons. When adjusted properly the bands should not draw when standing, and they will not be visible either in walking or riding; yet the device is effective in the most blustering weather.

A few Sundays ago a tandem wheel appeared which attracted universal attention. One's notice was first called to a light gray cloud swooping down the drive. As the object drew nearer it became apparent that it was a buxom woman riding on a tandem wheel. She wore sleeves of the latest proportions and a full skirt, which fluttered wildly in the breeze, and it was not until the spectators obtained a side view that they became aware of the fact that a small but energetic man was seated behind, industriously supplying the motive power. Before the onlookers had fairly recovered, another tandem flashed into view, this time a diamond frame mounted by two young ladies so resembling each other in face and figure that it must have been somewhat puzzling to their friends to distinguish them apart. They were dressed in bloomer suits of a brown mixed goods, and rode so perfectly as to seem a part of their machine.

Many women who ride have been afflicted at one time or another with what is known as "bicycle knee." This is a most aggravating ailment, being a lameness in the knees which frequently comes on before the rider has pedaled a mile. It seems to be caused by overexerting. When this trouble begins to manifest itself it is best to ride only short distances until the lameness disappears.

The color craze is running riot and all ready wheels of every shade of the rainbow glide along the boulevards. Men are using some very startling effects, not even drawing the line at the brightest orange or green and occasionally combining a grass-green sweater and trousers with a wheel of bright yellow. The feminine love of harmony and softness of tone is manifest, however, in the enameling which the makers are putting on women's wheels.

In selecting a wheel a woman should give careful attention to the gear and it possible arrange with the dealer to have a change made if the one selected is not right. For the benefit of those who do not understand the difference between the high and low gear it is well to explain. If you have a low gear you must make revolutions of your pedal in order to make your wheel go at a certain speed than if you have a high gear; but, on the other hand, if your gear is high each push must be harder. When riding uphill or against a wind a low gear is easier, but for those who have considerable power in their limbs a high gear gives better satisfaction. For women 54 is as low and 68 is as high as is usually desired, while the gearing between 60 and 65 is most frequently selected. Beginners, generally take a low gear and have it raised in a few months. Most dealers will do this without additional charge. In buying it is well to arrange for changes in gear, handle-bar and saddle in case the first adjustment does not prove satisfactory.—Boston Herald.

A Warning Custom.

"Do you notice how much the practice of carrying the hands in the pocket has been given up by all classes of men within the last few years?" asked the literary man, "it was never good form, but still you would often see it. I think the new boys are responsible for this change. Put your hands in your pockets as you stand for an instant on the street corner or walk along the street some day and see if you don't agree with me. If you are anywhere in the lower or central portion of the city there will be from one to a dozen or more newboys in sight. Every one of them will notice the motion of your hands in your pocket, and if one is looking in another direction he is attracted by the rush of his fellows, and you are surrounded by a struggling mass of boys, and as many papers as there are urchins are thrust into your face. It is a dangerous thing to put your hand to your pocket unless you are willing to have your progress delayed for a minute or two."—New York Times.

It Was His Memory.

Poor patient Ned had been kept in again and again and again to learn a very simple stanza that had been easily mastered by all the rest of his class. Finally he broke down and sobbed out:—"I can't do it, Miss Gray; I just can't do it. Father says it's because I have such a poor—"

"A poor what, Ned?"

"You know what it is," a glimmer of light flickering in the deep, dull little face, "the thing you forget with."

Such is memory, alas, to the most of us!—Philadelphia Times.

The season when catarrh is most troublesome is now upon us. This irritating and troublesome disease yields at once to the marvellous power of Hawker's catarrh cure, which will effect a complete cure in even the most obstinate cases.

Twenty-five cents worth of Hawker's catarrh cure may save you many dollars. It cures cold in the head instantly.

Use Dr. Manning's German remedy for pains and aches. It is the best pain killer you can get.

Have you got "the sniffles"? Hawker's catarrh cure clears the head like magic.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL.

Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you?

You are suffering from

KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP!

Safe Cure

WILL CURE YOU.

Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine an honest chance.

Accept no substitute.

Write for free treatment blank to-day.

Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N.Y.

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French P.D. Corsets

Awarded 10 Gold Medals and Diplomes d'Honneur.

The celebrated P.D. Corsets are unrivalled for perfect fit, beauty of finish and style, and have received the highest awards at all the important exhibitions during the last 20 years. Obtainable from all leading dry goods stores in every variety of shape and style.

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EXTRACT OF

WILD STRAWBERRY

CURES

DIARRHOEA

DYSENTERY

COLIC GRIPS

CHOLERA INFANTUM

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SUMMER COMPLAINTS

in Children and Adults

PRICE 55¢

THE SAME MAN,

Well Dressed

A much higher place in the estimation of even friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed.

Newest Designs

Latest Patterns.

A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor,

64 Gervais Street.

(Let door south of King.)

A GREAT CORRESPONDENT.

He at Last Met Death Through His Attendant since Upon a Friend.

'It was after a fashion a liberal education to listen to the fluency in some half-dozen languages of poor MacGahan, the 'Ohio boy,' who graduated from the plow to be perhaps the most brilliant war correspondent of modern times.' So writes Mr. Archibald Forbes, in his 'Memories of War and Peace,' and in another part of the same book he gives a brief but enthusiastic sketch of the same 'Ohio boy,' by extraction an Irishman, by birth an American. It is a proud, sad story.

Of all the men who have gained reputation as war correspondents, I regard MacGahan as the most brilliant. He was the hero of that wonderful lonely ride through the Great Desert of Central Asia to overtake Kauffmann's Russian army on its march to Khiva. He it was who stirred Europe to its inmost heart by the terrible, and not less truthful than terrible, pictures of what have passed into history as the 'Bulgarian atrocities.'

It is indeed, no exaggeration to aver that, for better or worse, MacGahan was the virtual author of the Russo-Turkish War. His pen pictures of the atrocities he excited the fury of the Slav population of Russia, that their passionate demand for retribution on the 'unspeakable Turk' virtually compelled the emperor Alexander II. to undertake the war.

MacGahan's work throughout the long campaign was singularly effective, and his physical exertions were extraordinary; yet he was suffering, all through from a lameness that would have disabled eleven men out of twelve. He had broken a bone in his ankle just before the declaration of war, and when I first met him the joint was encased in plaster of Paris.

He insisted on accompanying Gourko's raid across the Balkans, and in the Hank-i-Pass his horse slid over a precipice and fell on its rider, so that the half-set bone was broken again; but the indomitable MacGahan refused to be invalidated by this mishap. He quietly had himself hoisted into a tumblebug, and went through the whole adventurous expedition, being involved, thus helpless, in several actions, and once all but falling into the hands of the Turks.

He kept the front throughout, long after I had gone home disabled by fever; he brilliantly chronicled the fall of Plevna and the surrender of Osman Pasha; he crossed the Balkans with Skobeleff in the dead of that terrible winter; and finally, at the premature age of thirty-two, he died, characteristically, a martyr to duty and to friendship.

When the Russian armies lay around Constantinople waiting for the settlement of the treaty of Berlin, typhoid fever and camp pestilences were slaying their thousands and their tens of thousands. Lieutenant Greene, an American officer officially attached to the Russian army, fell sick, and MacGahan devoted himself to the duty of nursing his countryman.

His devotion cost him his life. As Greene was recovering, MacGahan sickened of malignant typhus, and a few days later they laid him in his far-off foreign grave, around which stood weeping mourners of a dozen nationalities—Youth's Companion.

WHAT COULD AIL HER.

Her Appetite Was Very Eminent—Her List

In a certain New England village there is a little Irish cobbler whose conversation is much esteemed by his fellow-citizens for the amusement which they are pretty sure to derive from it.

"Good morning, Mr. Mooney," said a customer one day, going into the shop with a pair of shoes to be mended. "I hear your wife is ill. What is the matter?"

"It's mesil that's tried to find a rayson for Norah's being took sick since yesterday morning," said Mr. Mooney. "Unless it's the heat, I don't know what the trouble is."

"Day before yesterday she was as well as iver she was. Ye mind it was a powerful hot day, day before yesterday? Well, then, Norah took notice of the weather, no more than usual. She picked blueberries all the morning; then she made a blueberry pie for dinner, and she ate the half of that pie, and a quarter of a watermelon I'd bought, and she relished every mouthful."

"Thin she made the rest of the blueberries into a nice cake for supper, and she ate the half of that—me eating the rest, same as I did at the pie—and the last quarter of the watermelon; and what would fresh doughnuts and the last end of Mr. Macabey's wedding-cake, she made out of my meal. 'And in the evening it being so terrible hot, she made a pitcher of lemonade, and drank the whole of it.'"

"It's the quare thing her being took yesterday morning after being so well the day before," said Mr. Mooney. "She ate twice what I did, and I remember speaking to her about her fine appetite, wid the heat all; and here she is flat on her back since yesterday morning!"

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.

Geo. Seales, a Well-Known Contractor of Niagara Falls, Completely Restored by the Great South American Kidney Cure—Thousands More Can Bear The Same Testimony.

I was a great sufferer for years with acute kidney disorder and pain in my sides. When almost all other known remedies had been fairly tried and had failed, I was advised to take South American Kidney Cure. One bottle did me so much good I purchased two more. I am now completely restored—feel better than I have for five years. It's a great cure; will give relief in six hours, and I delight in recommending it to others.

Fleasures of the Sea Shore.

She—I have often wondered what the wild waves are saying. He—Judging from their roar I should say that they were joining in the general kick against the high prices at this resort.

the doctors

approve of Scott's

Emulsion. For whom? For

men and women who are weak,

when they should be strong;

for babies and children who

are thin, when they should be

fat; for all who get no nourish-

ment from their food. Poor

blood is starved blood. Con-

sumption and Scrofula never

come without this starvation.

And nothing is better for

starved blood than cod-liver

oil. Scott's Emulsion is

cod-liver oil with the fish-fat

taste taken out.

Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.

ADAMS'

Ginger Beer

FOR MAKING A DELICIOUS HEALTH

DRINK AT SMALL COST.

RECIPE.

Adams' Ginger Beer Extract, - one bottle

Fleischmann's yeast, - one-half to one cake

Sugar - - - - - two pounds

Cream of tartar, - - - one half ounce

Lewarm water - - - - - two gallons

Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and

yeast in the water, add the extract, and

bottle; place in a warm place for twenty

four hours until it ferments, then place on

ice, when it will open sparkling, cool and

delicious.

The ginger beer can be obtained in all

drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles

to make two gallons.

CLEAN

TEETH

and a pure breath obtained by

using ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI

Take no imitations.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured by

Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific. It

can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without

the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely

harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy

cure. IT NEVER FAILS.

Mothers and Wives, you can save the victims.

GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO.,

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PASSENGER ELEVATOR.

STREET CARS TO ALL POINTS.

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nent Boarders for the winter. Chapter for you than

keeping house. The "comforts of home" no com-

parison to the comforts of the Aberdeen, and we

are sorry if you don't come soon. No reasonable

offer refused. Plenty of room reserved for trans-

ient guests, and winter rates for them, too.

E. M. TREE, Manager.

THE ABERDEEN HOTEL CO., Proprietors.

THE DUFFERIN.

This popular Hotel is now open for the

reception of guests. The situation of the

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place for Visitors and Business Men. It is

King Square, makes it a most desirable

place for a short distance of all parts of the

city, and every accommodation. Electric

cars, from all parts of the town, pass the

house every three minutes.

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INFANT SCHOOLS IN OLD DAYS.

Quaint Customs That Were Practiced in the Old Days.

Quaint indeed were the dame schools attended by our grandmothers in their early childhood, says the Youth's Companion, and scanty enough were often the scholarly qualifications of the good dames who taught them. Indeed, save for the one large exception that these school-ma'ams of the old days bore always an excellent character morally, there is hardly a wider difference between the trained nurse of our time and the Sarey Gamps of an earlier period than exists between our present ladies of the kindergarten and their predecessors of the old-fashioned infant school.

They were usually widows or elderly spinsters who taught, with no especial inclination or preparation therefore, simply because they were poor and knew not what else to do; and often they were besides actually recipients of charity.

Such a one was Ma'am Betty, the early teacher of Lydia Maria Child, an ancient maiden the great sorrow and never-to-be-forgotten mortification of whose life had been that Governor Brooks once saw her drinking out of the nose of her teapot! She kept school in her bedroom, was a great chewer of tobacco and always untidy, but was good-natured enough to win the liking of her pupils, and little Maria was long accustomed to go to her house at the end of every week with her father to carry the old dame a Sunday dinner.

In an old Massachusetts town tales are told of another dame school which must have been much after the same pattern. It was kept by a singularly quaint eyed and slightly deaf old woman called Ma'am Lyddy, whose pupils ranged in age from three to seven and eight years.

The chief accomplishments taught were spelling and sewing patchwork. The multiplication table was heroically attempted, but beyond the "six timeses" it was observed that no scholar failed unless she hesitated; so long as she rattled along with a knowing swing and rhythm, it did not at all matter seven times what was what.

In the matter of patchwork, however, Ma'am Lyddy was an expert and a martinet. She sometimes made an unhappy little bungler rip out and sew in a patch as many as eight or nine times before accepting it, and when she was dissatisfied she snapped the small seamstress's knuckles with a sinewy, lean thumb and forefinger, the latter capped with a heavy brass thimble of unusual dimensions. This the winning culprit quickly learned to dread.

Two of her other punishments were turning up a naughty girl's pinafore over her head and tying it there, and rapping impatient scholars with a stiff buck whipped out of the front of her dressbody for the purpose. This latter weapon she used much as a tithing-man used his stick, for she was wont to parade up and down the room while conducting the opening devotions, and woe to the wriggling little sinner whose attention wandered!

Ma'am Lyddy did not pause to interrupt her own performance of pious duty, but a swift gesture to the front of her dress and a sharp smack on the little head emphasized its importance to others as she went steadily on without the omission of a syllable, or so much as a break in her monotonous voice.

She did not, like Ma'am Betty, keep school in a bedroom, but she frequently carried sleepy tots into an adjoining room and deposited them in a limp, heavily breathing row on a big press bed with green chintz curtains. Like Ma'am Betty, she was devoted to tea, and kept her teapot beside her on a little squat table; but the nose of her teapot was associated with the shame of others, not her own.

"Would you mind," asked a grown-up pupil of Ma'am Lyddy's many years after Ma'am Lyddy was in her grave, "would you mine turning the nose of the teapot to the other way? It makes me nervous when it points towards me."

Her hostess complied, but looked a little surprised. "It's a feeling left over from my school days," explained the guest with a sigh of relief. "When I whispered at school Ma'am Lyddy used solemnly and slowly to turn her teapot till the nose pointed straight at me and leave it pointing; and I used to feel ready to sink through the floor with shame! I shall never quite get over it. To me the pointing nose of a teapot is like the very finger of scorn, and it is quite impossible to eat and 'face it comfortably.'"

She Did Her Best.

"You should make home more pleasant for him," was the advice of the wise matron to the weeping young wife. "That's the way to keep a man at home."

"I have done everything I could," sobbed the young woman. "Haven't I been reading one of those delightful Scottish dialect stories aloud to him every night for a week?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Promise.

"Mr. Whoopee, if you will only say that I can have your daughter I am willing to wait for her forever."

"It's a go, young man. You can have her when the time's up."

I WAS CURED OF terrible lamboag by MINARD'S LINIMENT.