

Woman and Her Work

Whatever you do girls, don't contract a habit of whining: I was reading an article the other day on the subject of whining women, and I wished very much that I could shake hands with the author; we are always inclined to love people who agree with our views, and this man—I am sure the writer was a man from the feeling manner in which he spoke of the effect of a woman's whine on a man's nerves—expressed my views on the subject much better than I could have done myself.

He said the whining woman was nothing less than a human vampire, that she sapped a man's vitality, ruined his temper, and shattered his constitution morally, as well as physically. He instanced a case which came under his own observation, where a woman of this description succeeded in putting a strong healthy man into his grave in the course of a few years, merely by marrying him. She was the incurably whining kind, and as her health was good, and her husband very wealthy she had no legitimate cause for complaint, one would imagine that she would have to be reasonably contented. She wasn't all the same, so she soon devised a grievance which was likely to last her as long as she lived—it was the care of the house, the children, the plate, china and glass with which her elegant home was lavishly stocked, and the trouble of entertaining. To all these troubles she added a cheerful certainty that the house was destined to be either burglarized, or burnt down, and she talked of her trials incessantly. She entertained her friends with her cares and worries and whined so incessantly that they avoided her as much as possible, so of course her luckless husband came in for a double share, and strong as he was, the worries of business, combined with the worries of home, proved too much for him, and, quietly crawled out of it by dying of nervous prostration. I don't know why he did not go out of his mind, but I suppose he thought the grave was a surer refuge than the asylum, so he chose the shortest cut to oblivion. His widow still survives him and whines more than ever over her hard lot in being deprived of so devoted a husband.

There are women in this world who seem to think that a man never has any troubles of his own, and should be only too happy to spend most of his leisure hours in listening to the recital of theirs. They expect him to regard the tale of the children's misdoings, the servants' impertinence and incompetence, and the disagreeable happenings of the day generally, as so many pleasant items of news, forgetting that men usually come home for rest and peace after the day's worries, and not to have a sort of moral mustard poultice applied to their raw nerves. Men, like all other animals like to be soothed and petted, and if they don't find the soothing atmosphere they crave, at home, they are terribly prone to seek it elsewhere—usually at the club.

Of course I am not referring just now to the selfish autocrat who declines to share his wife's burdens in any way and looks upon her, as too many men do, as a sort of buffer to stand between him and everything unpleasant, and smooth his path through life even if she has to remove the briars and stones with bleeding fingers, such men deserve whining wives, though they scarcely ever get them. I mean the good hearted soul who does his best, and tries to be cheerful against terrible odds, who takes an interest in his home and tries to be cheerful against terrible odds, but whose efforts are met with querulous complaints which take the very heart and soul out of him. I know life is rather a hard affair, especially for women, and that we have plenty to complain of often, but still it is a habit that grows upon one with awful rapidity, and if we could only realize what a terrible enemy the complaining habit is, I believe we would make more of a struggle against it. It is so easy to magnify trifles and let them obscure all the sunlight of life, until at the last we realize that we stand almost alone in a darkness

which is of our own creating, but which we are powerless to dispel.

Strange to say the ones that I have known in my life who did the least complaining have been those who have the most to bear, while the whiners have manufactured the troubles they bewailed. Two of the most cheerful people I ever knew, and apparently the most contented, were a man who became perfectly blind after he had passed middle life, and a woman who had entirely lost her hearing after she was grown up. Both of them had known the joys of light and hearing to the full, and had been called upon suddenly the one to live in a world of darkness and the other in a world of silence.

As a horrid, but I am afraid all-too-ob-serving male writer once wrote:—  
"When a man is down in the mouth, who makes him worse? Woman! If a man is in high spirits, who too frequently takes pains to damp them? Woman!"—and I fear it is too true that as far as many women are concerned he is right.

This is the time of year when the newspapers are filled with infallible recipes for the destruction or banishment of flies and mosquitos from the house, and when the trustful housewife patiently tries them all in succession and finds one about as inefficacious as another. One writer assures the public that a bunch of fresh red clover will prevent a fly from even looking in at the door; while another is equally certain that if a bouquet of fresh sweet peas is kept in the room not a fly or mosquito will be found in it. Both red clover and sweet peas being cheaper, more plentiful, and far less trouble than either fly paper or Dalmation powder the too credulous house-keeper promptly decorates her home literally with them, only to find that the flies seem delighted with the arrangement for their comfort and evidently thrive exceedingly upon the honey contained in these flowers. Here is a new recipe which I have not tried, but which I give for the sake of variety, and because I believe it to be new; besides which it really sounds as if it might be of some use.

London women have discovered a very agreeable way of ridding their homes of flies and mosquitos. They burn sandal wood in the house. This is an Oriental idea. In London it is possible to get the wood prepared for this purpose, but here it is not so easy, as American women have not yet taken to the practice. Now that the festive fly and the merry mosquito are here, at least the Staten Islanders and Jerseyites might do well to give the sandal wood a trial. Sandal wood can be bought at almost any Turkish or Japanese import- ing house. It is prepared for burning by being first cut into small pieces a half an inch thick and three inches long. Then it is baked and dried out in a slow oven for twenty-four hours. A piece of wood is put into a metal urn, lighted and allowed to burn until well ashed, when the flame is extinguished and the red-hot ember left to smolder until the wood is consumed and nothing is left but a heap of fine gray ashes. During the smoldering process the wood sends out a sweet and aromatic smoke.

As yet no very radical changes can be noted in the cut of either skirts or bodices, the fashion plates show a few delightfully trim little waists which hug the figure as closely as the skin's do, having not a suspicion of blousing or puffing, and scarcely a sign of fullness at the shoulder, but in spite of the promises of its entire abolition the pouched bodice evidently holds its own in the heart of woman, as out of a group of fourteen illustrations but two showed bodices that were quite close fitting. The reason for this is not hard to discover as the blouse waist is becoming to nearly every figure, making the stout woman look comparatively slender, if it is properly made, and concealing the lack of roundness in the thin one. The trouble is that the tight waist needs a figure to show it off, while the loose one is especially adapted for concealing all defects in that line, and only a few of us are so gifted by nature that we can afford to be indifferent to these advantages.

The very newest skirts may be graceful in the eyes of some people, but they are certainly most inconvenient for all, not to say absolutely dangerous. They are sheath like in appearance, clinging to the figure almost too closely down to the knee, flaring out in fan fashion below it and even on the front and sides hanging from one to two inches on the ground. The effect of this is most grotesque when a woman who is not naturally graceful tries to walk, or go upstairs in one of them.

It is hinted that the pannier is about to reappear, after its long retirement, and this will be welcome news to those whose figures are no longer slight enough to show off the sheath skirts to advantage. Pan-

niers undoubtedly make the waist look smaller and are really both pretty and stylish, suiting stout and thin women alike. Apron like tunics are set on skirts of a contrasting color or of the same color but a different material, and the effect is decidedly odd. Black dresses will be very fashionable again this autumn, and those intended for dressy wear will be made of silk, or silk and wool mixtures. Black plush Byodere with a silk stripe in some fashionable color is one of the novelties for the coming season, and is a very handsome material. One novel design has a ground not unlike a dull moire, with a black plush stripe one inch wide, and next to it a stripe of petunia red, of the same width. Others are striped with plum, heliotrope, green or damson.

The September bride will soon be occupying as prominent a position as the June bride did two months ago, and she is already beginning to think about her travelling dress. Naturally the dress in which a bride starts out on the journey which is actually the beginning of the great journey through life that she has just undertaken is rather more elaborate than the one you and I would wear, if we were going to take a trip up to Montreal. Very likely it is her wedding gown, as travelling dress weddings are so fashionable nowadays, and who would want to face the great event of her life in a plain tailor gown of light weight tweed, made with a coat and skirt, and a soft silk shirt. That is the costume which the smartest women choose for travelling in the early autumn, and which is correct. But surely the bride, who will never be a bride but once, she honestly believes, may be excused if her going away costume seems rather more elaborate in make, light in color and more pronounced generally than is quite practical. Some very dainty travelling costumes have been prepared for this autumn and the brides of next month will no doubt be unusually well as far as their travelling gowns are concerned.

A charming going away costume which should appeal to the most fastidious bride, is made of a new material called voile, which is graceful and clinging, but still quite substantial enough for a tailor made costume. The skirt is tucked to simulate a pointed apron underskirt, just as if it were made with a yoke so deep that it reached below the knees, and the flare below this, which is like a very full Spanish flounce, is trimmed with frills of accordion plaited black and white ribbon, which is a very fashionable decoration for the newest autumn gowns. The bodice is not in coat shape but is one of the new close fitting models with a vest of tucked chiffon edged with baby ribbon and real lace. Another model is also of voile in deep royal blue, elaborately embroidered and mounted on satin of the same deep rich shade. Voile is so apt to stretch that it is impossible to make a skirt loose from the lining. The top of this one is slightly eased on to the band, and has a flat pleat made to meet in the centre, at each side, in the back. This bodice has three deep tucks running round the bust, and the embroidered bodice pieces which come with the costume, are utilized for a shaped collar and revers, though they may be made up in zouave shape if preferred, and edged with a plaited frill of blue glace silk. A deep flaky pinked out frill of the same silk is set in the lining of the skirt in dust ruff fashion to make it flare out properly, and the collar is of silk in folds with frills of the silk, and fans of lace. The vest is of white glace, covered with ornate embroidered net, filled on. A tucked epaulet gives style to a sleeve otherwise quite plain and tight and a folded belt of the blue glace silk is finished front and back with handsome steel buckles. It makes a charming, and very stylish costume.

ASTRA.

Travellers

Should always carry with them a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The change of food and water to which those who travel are subject, often produces an attack of Diarrhoea, which is as unpleasant and discomfiting as it may be dangerous. A bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in your grip is a guarantee of safety. On the first indication of Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, a few doses will promptly check further advance of these diseases.

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MILLIONS HAVE NO OWNERS.

The Honesty of Miners in the Klondyke is Phenomenal.

Much has been written of the wonders of the Klondyke goldfields, a correspondent writes, but practically nothing has been said of the almost phenomenal honesty of the miners. What amazed me most during my first few days in Dawson City was the reckless way in which miners left thousands of pound worth of gold exposed in empty cabins and tents, as if inviting the first comer to help himself. There were millions lying about without anyone looking after them, and so far as one could see, they belonged to nobody.

I explored many of these cabins during their owners' absence, and in the very first cabin I entered I saw a dirty, tattered blanket carelessly thrown over two mackerel kits. I lifted the blanket and found that the kits were almost full to the brim with gold dust and nuggets to the value of at least £5 000. The miner was out prospecting on Bear Creek, and had no more anxiety about his pile than if it were safely housed in the Bank of England.

It was the same in nearly every cabin I entered. Gold greeted me everywhere. They were shelves full of oil cans, meat-tins, fruit-jars, and buckskin and walrus bags packed with the precious metal, and all as unprotected as if they were full of potatoes.

One Norwegian miner on Hunker Creek had made a strong box of a pair of canvass overalls, the legs of which he had sewn up. I lifted the uncanny "safe" and found that it weighed a good 100lb., every ounce of which was virgin gold; and the least value I could place in those dirty overalls was £5 000.

There were five gallon oil-cans full of gold carelessly pushed under the miners' bunks, every one of which held a fortune, for which most men strove a lifetime.

Out on Eldorado Creek there is a settlement of miners who have no fewer than fourteen rich claims, and are washing out gold at the rate of many thousands of pounds a week. There strong room is a common galvanised washing-tub, and when I was there it was three quarters full of gold, and much too heavy for two strong men to lift. Had I been inclined I might have punched thousands of pounds worth of gold abounded on every side which seemed to belong to nobody.

Even if a miner leaves his cabin for a week or more, he simply leaves a notice to this effect attached to the walls. He never thinks of putting a guard over his pile.

Of course there have been attempts at theft, but the perpetrators have been invariably detected. In one recent case the thief managed to carry his booty a distance of ten miles, when cold and exhaustion compelled him to take shelter at the cabin of one of the miners. His host's suspicion was aroused by the man's conduct and by the bags of gold, for which he could not satisfactorily account.

The miner detained his guest, communicated with some of his fellows; and fifteen of them assembled in the hut and sat in judgment on the thief. He was found guilty, and half-a-dozen bullets put a sudden end to his career.

Such cases, however, are very rare; and it speaks volumes for the honesty of the 40,000 men who are now gathered in Dawson City that they can see hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of gold lying about, without even thing of laying hands on it.

To my mind by far the luckiest man in the Klondyke is a man you have probably never heard of—Halsey Potnam. Before coming to the Klondyke, Halsey had tried and failed in almost every calling a man can follow, from blacksmith to labourer in the Brooklyn parks, and from printer to barman. When he reached Dawson he had not the necessary 50 cents for a shave; and 2 lb. of meat at 70 cents a pound would have put him in the "Bankruptcy Court."

Within a few months Halsey had mined and sold £14 000 worth of gold; and to-day, after little more than a year at his last lucky venture, he could write you a cheque for £50,000, and yet retire on a fortune.

COULD NOT DRESS ALONE.

A Nova Scotian Farmer Tells of His Intense Suffering From Rheumatism and How He Found Relief.

From Bridgewater, N. S., Enterprise.

Such suffering as rheumatism causes the victim upon whom it fastens its. It is almost unendurable. Only those who write under its pangs can imagine the joy of one who has been freed from its terrors. Mr. J.W. Folkenham of New E.M. N.S. is one of those who have been released from pain, and who believes it is his duty to let others know how a cure can be found. Mr. Folkenham is a farmer, and like all who follow this arduous but honorable calling, is subject to much exposure. It was this exposure that brought on his trouble and caused him so much suffering before he was rid of it. He says:—"In the spring of 1897 I contracted rheumatism. Throughout the whole summer I suffered from it, and about the first of October it

became so bad that I could not get out of the house. The pains were located in my hip and back, and what I suffered can hardly be expressed. I became so helpless I could not dress myself without aid. Eventually the trouble spread to my hands and arms, and at times these would lose all feeling and become useless. In November I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking four boxes began to improve. After using six boxes the pains and soreness had all gone and I was able to do a hard day's work. I intend using a few more boxes more as a precautionary measure, and I would earnestly advise those suffering from this painful trouble to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial and be made well.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills' cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Freeing a Captive.

The New York Tribune tells a story of precedent in England, the fulfilment of an old custom. When Charles II. was reigning, he sent his wife, Katharine, to Oxford, and forbade her to return to St. James for a full year. The warden of Meriton entertained the queen during her stay, and the room occupied by her in the quadrangle area still shows.

One day as the queen sat working by the open window, a bullfinch flew into the room; and she caught it, and held it until a cage could be made of hemp and rushes. Some weeks later, as she was leaving, the bird escaped and flew away. On her departure from the college gate, her majesty said:

"Mr. Warden, in remembrance of my happy visit, I pray you always liberate hereafter a wild bullfinch on this day."

So it is that, on the third of June, every year, the warden comes into the quadrangle at eleven o'clock, holding a little cage of hemp and rushes, in which a bullfinch is confined. The junior bursar, who has been awaiting his arrival, then advances saying, "Mr. Warden this is Queen Katharine's bird?"

"Aye," the warden replies, "this is Queen Katharine's bird."

The bursar then opens the cage, and claps his hands until the bird flies away. During the rest of the year the cage is kept on a pedestal in the senior common room.

It is a very pretty ceremony, but it would gain in significance if one could be sure that the bird liberated is one which would otherwise remain caged; but if a wild bird is caught for the occasion there is some pathos in the act.

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