

The Electric Washer

YOU can now have all your washings done by Electricity.

The "1900" Electric Self-Working Washer does the washing—and wrings the clothes. Any electric light current furnishes the power. You connect the washer just as you put an electric globe into its socket. Then to start the washer you turn on the electricity.

The water, and soap, and the motion of the tub do the washing. And your clothes



30 Days' FREE Trial—Freight Prepaid

are washed quicker and easier, and more thoroughly and economically than you have ever had washing done before. This washer saves more than enough in a few months to pay its own cost, and then—it keeps right on saving.

If you keep servants, they will stay with you contented, if you have a "1900" Electric Self-Working Washer to do the washing.

Your servants will not have to dread wash-day drudgery. There won't be any discussion over the size of the washing.

Laundry bills will be saved. Do not take our word for this.

Let this Electric Washer **sell itself to you**. We will ship one of these "1900" Electric Self-Working Washers to any responsible party and **prepay the freight**.

Take this washer and use it for four weeks.

Wash laces with it. Wash your heaviest blankets and quilts. Wash rugs.

Then—if you are not convinced that the washer is all we say—don't keep it.

Just tell us you don't want the washer, and that will settle the matter. We won't charge you anything for the use you have had of it.

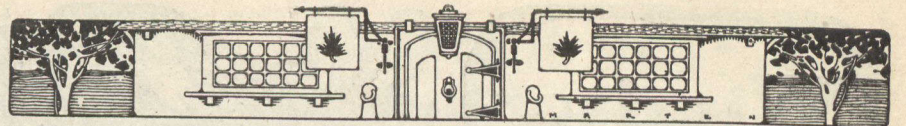
It costs you nothing.

Let a "1900" Electric Self-Working Washer shoulder the drudgery of "Wash-Day"—save your clothes from wear and tear, and keep your servants contented.

Ask for our Washer Book to-day.

Address, C. C. L. BACH, Manager.

The 1900 Washer Co., 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. The above free offer does not apply in Toronto and suburbs, where special arrangements are made.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

THE HUGE HATS.

A WHOLE flowerbed seems to be crowded on the hats which are blooming in these blustery March days. A parterre of roses or morning-glories fairly dazzles the gaze of the masculine beholder. By the way, the fragile morning-glory is being represented in rather bold and heavy fashion. Absurd brown velvet and orange satin arrangements are travesties of the delicate bit of morning freshness with the mauve or pink beauty fading so early in the day. But fashion is no respecter of Nature and the saucer-like morning-glory is likely to be worn until the real summer hats appear upon the scene. The present huge affairs are not unbecoming to a "daughter of the gods" but a small woman has a pathetically disappeared and swallowed-up effect as seen beneath their rugged shade. In fact, to use a patriotic and British Columbian expression, the March hats seem to belong to the Douglas fir school of millinery.

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MY LADY'S NICOTINE.

THE question of women smoking has hardly come to the point of discussion in Canada, since the Canadian girl has shown little liking, so far, for the "noxious weed." But in England, so it is said, the fashion has become so common that a discussion of its propriety is being carried on by a London weekly which has asked various prominent men and women to express their opinions of whether women should smoke *publicly*. The editor seems to take it for granted that they will smoke in private. Lady Harberton writes with no uncertain pen:

"From my point of view, all smoking in public is an outrage on society, as those who do so pollute the air that all must breathe, and by gross selfishness inflict a nuisance on their fellow-creatures. If some people desired to infect all drinking-water with musk or peppermint, there would be a violent outcry, yet practically it would be little worse than infecting the air with a horrible smell." The majority of those asked to give an opinion appear to be opposed to the practice.

On this continent, only the extremely-fashionable set has shown a decided preference for cigarettes and, as Canada is a modest young country her women are slow to adopt the unlvely habit.

A Canadian man, who has been away from his native land for several years was recently asked his opinion regarding tobacco for women and replied:

"I don't like it at all. Smoking spoils a woman. Of course she has as much right as a man to soil her fingers and pollute the atmosphere. But, in my opinion, a woman who chews gum is guilty of a more vulgar practice than cigarette-smoking."

"Only shop-girls chew gum," was the reply of the inquiring friend.

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LACE COLLECTIONS.

THE old-fashioned "Fall fair" is no poor indication of the changing tastes and industries of the country. The prize quilt is not often seen in these days but the quality of the handmade lace shows decided improvement. In an article by Monsieur Worth, recently published by Harper's, the famous "artist" urges the

modern girl to seek to become possessed of pieces of real lace. If one should be reminded that Canada is not a country of luxuries and that real lace is an expensive article, it might be urged that lace is less expensive than the jewellery with which most women are bedecked and is much more satisfactory. In the Horticultural Hall, London, England, an exhibition of lace has recently been held which has attracted great feminine interest. Queen Alexandra, it is said, has been from her earliest girlhood an enthusiastic lace collector, while, next to that which successively passes into the possession of each reigning Pope, the lace of Her Majesty is the most valuable. The most splendid modern piece in Queen Alexandra's collection of laces, says M. A. P., is undoubtedly her own bridal gown, which was the wedding gift of the King of the Belgians, and which was actually ordered on the day when Queen Victoria ratified her eldest son's formal betrothal to the "Sea-King's daughter." As her marriage took place at a time when monstrous crinolines were being worn, Her Majesty's wedding gown is of imposing breadth. It is said that Queen Alexandra was the first Royal lady who responded to the appeal made by the late Queen of the Belgians, begging those who were in a position to afford it never to wear an inch of machine-made lace. Irish lace has always been admired by Queen Alexandra who chose as her wedding-gift from Ireland a shawl of Limerick lace. Lady Aberdeen, during her residence in Canada, lost no opportunity of displaying the beauties of Limerick lace, which also formed an attractive part of Lady Marjorie Sinclair's trousseau. The exhibitions of the Women's Art Associations in Canada have recently included some lovely specimens of this daintiest of handiwork.

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THE FASHIONABLE COLOUR.

THERE is one Spring fashion of which we are assured—Copenhagen blue is the shade of the hour. Already it is seen in gowns, hats, gloves and shoes. Thin women, fat women, dark women, fair women, are revelling in Copenhagen blue until it is a weariness to the eye. Just as brown was an almost universal hue a year ago, so the present feminine world is buying Copenhagen blue by the bolt.

Monsieur Worth of Paris who is contributing a series of articles to Harper's Bazar has something to say regarding Queen Alexandra's taste in matters of this sort. Her Majesty, according to the Paris authority, is a born artist in matters of dress, as was her mother, the late Queen of Denmark, and never wears a certain style or colour, merely because it is fashionable. Queen Alexandra, says M. Worth, does not ask "Will panne or stiff brocade be favoured?" or "Will fur be admitted for evening wear?" or "Will tight sleeves last through another season?"

CANADIENNE.

* * *

MR. G. BERNARD SHAW recently described a section of the fair sex as "A parcel of silly women in big hats." One of them, in the same frank, outspoken spirit, writes to say that women in big hats are no sillier than men with swelled heads. — M. A. P.

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