

Of Interest to Women.

The Emergency Closet.

A number of valuable hints as to the fitting up of a general supply-drawer for cases of emergency are given by a writer in *Demorest's Magazine*. She says:

A supply-drawer containing bandages, plasters and other necessities in case of sudden illness or accident, is as great a household convenience as the medicine chest.

The drawer or shelf that is to hold the emergency supplies should be near the medicine chest, and it is most important that it should always be in order.

The nature of the supplies must depend somewhat upon the needs of the family. If there are many children, with their various childish aches and pains, the closet should hold a generous supply of old muslin for plasters as well as a roll of flannel for hot applications.

When there is a band of turbulent boys to be considered, bandages galore will be required, and surgical plaster for the many cuts and wounds.

For general home supplies, first in importance is the hot-water bag. It is well to have two of these useful articles—a large one holding two quarts and a small one holding a pint of water. The smaller size is much better to use about the face and neck.

The closet should also contain one two-ounce package of absorbent cotton, one roll of one-inch-wide surgical plaster, and one-half yard of oil-silk. If the cotton makes an excellent pad to ease severe pain, where the weight of a bag would be irritating. It is also a superior dressing, as it is absolutely free from all impurities and has the extra advantage of absorbing moisture from the skin. The plaster will hold together a cut or keep a bandage in place, and the oil-silk may be used to cover hot applications to keep the heat in and prevent the moisture from spreading.

A good supply of old flannel is a positive luxury. It is, however, well to remember that it should always be boiled before being admitted to the supply-closet. Canton flannel, which is soft and holds the heat well, will serve where old flannel can not be obtained.

Old table linen makes the most useful sort of pieces for plasters, etc., and old sheets are equally valuable. They may be torn in wide strips and folded away. Sheets are, however, best torn in three-inch-wide strips for bandages, each strip being rolled up as tight as possible and pinned.

When there is much demand for bandages and old muslin is scarce, cheese-cloth can be used. It should first be boiled with a little washing soda in the water, and when dry torn in strips and rolled. Cheese-cloth can also be used for poultices. It should be boiled as for bandages, and cut in squares the width of the cloth.

This same inexpensive material, cut in smaller squares, makes excellent handkerchiefs in case of hay fever or pulmonary difficulty, as the squares can be burned after being used.

To keep such a closet in order costs but little time and scarcely any money; and when an emergency arises, as it is sure to, again and again, these few simple precautions may be the means of saving a great deal of anxiety and suffering, and in some cases of actually saving life.

Extra Sleeves.

The substitution of transparent sleeves for those of heavier material, or the supplying of sleeves to an evening toilet that one may suddenly wish to render somewhat less dressy for afternoon use, is not uncommon, and certainly economical practice. White satin sleeves, covered with cream or black lace of figured silk net, transform a waist whose sleeves were originally plain black. Supposing color is introduced on the bodice, that same color will supply the foundation for the undersleeves of chiffon net or lace, and now that we cannot count on the permanence of any fashion, it is absurd to purchase many gowns at one time, for, by a little trouble and attention to detail—remembering that trifles make as well as matters sartorial—one can always compass that variety which every dainty woman likes to introduce into her attire.

How Tiresome.

Many of the gowns of the immediate future will fasten at the back. The woman who does not have some one



Devout priests frequently mortify their flesh and voluntarily force themselves to undergo great bodily hardships and deprivation. They are enabled to do this and escape serious injury to their health by reason of the purgative properties of the pills.

At a very early age, a man who lives in the ordinary way cannot long endure hardship, deprivation or overwork. Unless he takes the right remedy to reinforce nature. The average man when he is in good health eats too much. When he gets a little out of sorts he pays no heed and keeps right on "making a hog of himself."

In some instances he gets thin and emaciated. In others he gets grossly corpulent, and weighted down with flabby fat. In the first instance he is a candidate for dyspepsia and nervous prostration. In the second for kidney trouble or heart failure. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enables the average man to undergo a great deal of hardship, deprivation and overwork, in spite of the life he leads. It causes the food to be properly assimilated. It builds firm, healthy flesh, but does not make corpulent people more fat. It cures dyspepsia, nervous troubles, kidney disease and all cases of indigestion. It prevents weakness in any organ of the body.

"In August, 1895, I was taken down in bed with a burning and severe pain in my stomach and under my shoulders, and dizziness in my head," writes Ira D. Herring, Esq., of Emporia, Virginia Co., Va. "My home physician said my symptoms were like consumption. Nothing that I ate would digest, and I had great distress in my stomach. I wrote Dr. Pierce for advice, and took four bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and three of 'Pleasant Pellets.' I am now able to do my work and eat many things that I could not touch before I took these medicines."

An inactive liver and constipated bowels are promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe.

to help her will find this an inconvenient style. But those who keep up with the procession of the well-dressed must expect to be inconvenienced. The princess gown owes its charm to this arrangement in a great measure. Word has come from Paris that we must prepare for the return of buttons; and wonderful buttons they are, too. Large stones, cameos, emeralds and amethysts, diamond shaped, oval and square, are to be used extensively as the season advances.

Caring for Garments.

If garments are put away clean and free from moths' eggs, and are protected from the flying moths, they are safe without camphor or any of the disagreeable odors that are resorted to. A number of stout calico bags sewed up with double seams, and tied tightly at the top with tapes, are most useful. Let all be distinctly labeled, and not be so large but that each can be devoted to one class of garments. Coats, dresses, etc., that may not be tumbled, may be nicely folded, wrapped in newspaper and laid in large boxes, labeled and put on the closet shelves.

Moulded Eggs.

Butter well some individual timbale moulds; chop some parsley very fine, and powder the inside of the buttered moulds with it. To do this, place a teaspoonful of parsley in a buttered mould, cover it with the hand and shake it well; then invert the mould, and strike it on the table to free it of all that is loose. Break into each mould an egg, letting it go in slowly from the side so no air bubbles will be held, as they make holes and uneven surface in the cooked egg. Sprinkle the top with salt. Find butter. Place the moulds in a pan of hot water, half covering them, and poach in a moderate oven eight to ten minutes, or until firm enough to stand, but not very hard. Serve them on a dish with a spoonful of white, Bechamel or tomato sauce under each form. This is a very simple way of preparing eggs, and makes a good luncheon dish.

Deviled Fish.

Take two cupfuls of any cold cooked whitefish, measured after it has been flaked and the skin and bones removed. Scald one cupful of milk, add one cupful of fine bread crumbs—stale, not dried—stir over the fire for a moment, then take off; add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the chopped yolks of three hard-boiled eggs, a dash of cayenne, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika, one scant teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of onion juice. Mix and add the flaked fish. Fill shells or individual dishes with the fried bread crumbs, and heat in a quick oven. This will serve eight people.

About Children.

Athelston Riley, of London, who has long made a study of child-life, says that the result of his investigations conclusively proves that every child is a natural-born liar, and that the instinct for robbery is strong in most of them.

Boys and Girls.

A Young Philosopher.

"I am a king!" bold Lion said. To Squirrel, who dared poke his head from out his tiny hut. "But what are you, now, tell me, sir!" Said Squirrel. "A philosopher, For I can crack a nut!"

—Zitella Cooke.

Two Dogs.

Army pets whose sterling worth is appreciated by their masters and their masters' cronies are numberless, but dogs who rise to the position of "regimental pets," who become part and parcel of the regiment at home and in action, and who receive official recognition, are comparatively few. Of this class are two canine soldiers, whose records are given in the *English Illustrated Magazine*:

Bob was the regimental pet of the Scots' Battalion, Royal Berkshire, and a soldier dog to the backbone. He accompanied his regiment to Afghanistan, and went through, at the battle of Malwand, one of the most terrible days' fighting that has been known during the past generation.

Man after man was cut down, but Bob would not be denied his share in the fray. He kept on running to the front, barking fiercely at the enemy, until at length he but laid him low. The wound was serious enough, as it tore nearly all the skin off his back, but he recovered, and once again accompanied his old corps into action.

When the regiment returned to England the next year, Bob received great honor at the hands of the Queen, her Majesty not only decorating him with the medal for the campaign, but tying it around his neck with her own hands when the regiment was paraded before her at Osborne House.

Like many another warrior, Bob did not live long to enjoy the blessings of peace. In a little more than a year he was run over and killed in the Isle of Wight.

"Regimental Jack," the Scots Guards' dog, took part in the hottest fights in the Crimea. He became the pet of the Guards in a curious fashion.

One cold winter's night he was found by a sentry in St. James' Palace Gardens. Someone had been brutally ill-treating him, and had ended by flinging him over the high wall.

In befriending the poor animal, the sentry left his post, and this dereliction of duty being discovered, he was placed in the guard-room under arrest. The dog followed his protector, and on hearing the story, the officers were so touched by the dog's gratitude that the prisoner was released, with the proverbial caution.

Henceforth Jack's fortunes were to be bound up with those of the Scots Guards.

When the regiment went to the Crimea, he very soon showed the stuff of which he was made. At Alma he saved the life of his protector, and afterwards carried a flask of brandy to the wounded.

At Inkerman he was wounded in the right foot, after literally performing prodigies of valor. With his two-legged comrades he charged, and with tooth and nail went for his country's enemies.

The fight over, the faithful animal

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went joyfully to find his protector. Find him he did, but he was among the slain, and Jack was disconsolate.

When the regiment came home, the Queen graciously noticed Jack, and he was invested with a miniature Victoria Cross and the Crimean medals; but he pined away from sheer lack of interest in life, and one morning, shortly afterwards, he was found beneath the snow, sleeping his last sleep.

Jenny.

We went out to drive with Jenny yesterday. She was in the shafts and we were on the seat, and we all looked very nice. Jenny is brown, with long, smooth ears, and large, soft eyes, and she is the prettiest donkey anywhere about. But—well, mamma says that beauty is only skin-deep. At first Jenny trotted along nicely, and we said, "Oh, what a pleasant thing it is to have a donkey!"

Presently she stopped and began to eat grass; we knew she could not be hungry. "Go on!" we cried; but Jenny would not go on. I beat her quite hard, but she only shook her ears and did not seem to mind at all. She backed round till the cart stood directly across the road, and not another foot would she stir.

Pretty soon a carriage came along, and the horse was frightened at Jenny, and began to rear and plunge. "Take your donkey out of the way!" shouted the driver. We beat Jenny again till our arms ached, but could not make her go.

I got out and tried to push her, but I might as well have pushed the stone wall. Then the man turned round and drove away, but we stayed there. We were tired and the sun was hot, but Jenny did not mind the heat.

Another man came by—or, rather, a big boy—and he laughed at us, and said, "Hol! before I'd give up to a donkey!" so we asked him to help us, and he came and he tried to push Jenny back from the road. He pushed and pushed, setting his chest against her forehead, and shoving till he was purple in the face; but Jenny planted her four feet and laid back her ears and stood still; and we sat and laughed, for we could not help it.

At last the big boy said he was not going to stand there and be made a fool of, so he went away growling and grumbling; and Jenny looked after him as if she were laughing. Perhaps she was.

At last something seemed to come into her mind; she looked all about her; then she turned round and ran home as fast as she could go. She bolted into the garden, and, upsetting the cart, and throwing Besse and me out, with the cushions on top of us. Then she ran over the flower-beds, and at last the gardener caught her and put her into the stable. We are thinking of giving Jenny away.—Laura E. Richards.

A Pretty School Dress

New Creations From Discarded Materials.

In every young girl there is a natural and inherent desire to look pretty and attractive, and nothing gives greater delight to the ordinary school miss than an occasional new dress.

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A little feminine tact and skill that all women possess, with the aid of a ten-cent package of Diamond Dyes, will do wonders for our school girls.

Every mother has put aside one or more dresses too old and faded for herself or daughters. It is a mistake to imagine that these dresses are worthless. With a little simple work in coloring and remaking you can have really artistic effects and results.

Take one of the old dresses and try your skill. First remove all grease spots and stains, then prepare your bath of Diamond Dye—the color most becoming to the miss who is to wear it—and dye according to the simple directions on the envelope, and you have a creation in new material, which, when made up, your daughter can wear with pride and satisfaction.

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The Poets.

An Art Critic.

He's smart, our boarder's smart, they say. Say he's almighty smart. An' what's he do? Well what d'ye think?

A lecturer on art? Good Lord! An' what the deuce is art? A mess of good-for-nothin' gush—But our girls thinks he's smart. "What's art?" I says to him one day. "Taint bread, nor cheese, nor meat, nor nothin' 'fit to eat." An' he caved in an' owned right up "Twarn't nothin' 'fit to eat."

My girls take everything he says Without a gasp or gulp. 'Bout skulpin' marble images, An' fools who love to skulp. I want no skulpins in my house, No images for me. "You can't eat images," I says, "Then what is their idee?" "They express the ideal sense," says he. "But they ain't corn, nor wheat, nor flapjacks, succotash, nor pork, nor nothin' 'fit to eat." I squeaked him, an' he owned right up "That they warn't fit to eat."

He showed a picture 'tother day "That a monstrous hit. A picture of a durned ol' cow. They said was exquisite. "How much milk does your picture give?"

Says I to him one day: "You'd ought to see him wiggle. For he didn't know what to say. "My cows give milk and make good steak."

That's mighty hard to beat: But that art painted cow of yours, Is she good steak to eat?" He hemmed, and hawed, an' squirmed, and owned

Git out with art! Stone images An' picture flaggies! O vittles, vittles is the stuff That suits the like of me. Humph! art or vittles? What's your choice?

Stone images or pie? Pictures of cows or cows themselves? "The cows themselves," says I. "Yes, Turner's pictures," said the fool, "Are very hard to beat." "Are they best baked or biled?" said I. "An' are they fit to eat?" An' then the fool he owned right up "That they warn't fit to eat."

—Sam Walter Foss.

Hope.

We sailed and sailed upon the desert sea, Where for whole days we alone seemed to be. At last we saw a dim, vague line arise Between the empty billows and the skies, That grew and grew, until it wore the shape Of cove and inlet, promontory and cape.

Then hills and valleys, rivers, fields and woods, Steeples and roofs, and village neighborhoods. And then I thought, "Sometime I shall embark Upon a sea more desert and more dark Than ever this was, and between the skies And empty billows I shall see arise Another world out of that waste and lapse, Like yonder land. Perhaps—perhaps—perhaps!"

—Wm. D. Howells.

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STEVENSON FRAGMENT ON CONSCIENCE.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson spent some of his time writing moral maxims and little sermons on conduct, which he left among his unpublished MSS. Mr. Sidney Colvin, who is now preparing for the press a biography of the novelist, will include these unpublished sayings and sermons in the volume. The *London Outlook* has been permitted to draw on them in advance, and from those it publishes we select the following:

"Never allow your mind to dwell on your own misconduct; that is ruin. The conscience has morbid sensitivities; it must be employed, but not indulged, like the imagination or the stomach."

"There is but one test of a good life; that the man shall continue to grow more difficult about his own behavior. That is to be good; there is no other virtue attainable. The virtues we admire in the saint and the hero are the fruits of a happy constitution. You, for your part, must not think you will ever be a good man, for these are born and not made. You will have your own reward if you keep on growing better than you were—how do I say? If you do not keep on growing worse."

"You will always do wrong; you must try to get used to that, my son. It is a small matter to make a work about when all the world is in the same case. I meant, when I was a young man, to write a great poem; and now I am cobbling little prose articles, and in excellent good spirits. I thank you. So, too, I meant to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarce higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise. Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits."

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