

FASHIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Clothes in pale tints are all the rage in Paris for afternoon gowns, and their special title to be considered chic lies in the simplicity of finish and outline, showing all the grace of figure a woman is fortunate enough to possess.

The straight up and down appearance of some of the new coats and wraps is not exactly becoming to the average figure, but most of them have some redeeming feature in the way of trimming, which serves to disguise the real outline. Yet there is one style of driving coat wider at the waist than around the shoulders, made with loose fronts, which lap entirely over each other, and figures does not matter much in this, however perfect it may be.

Muffs, like the gowns, are afflicted with circular frills out of all proportion to the real muff, which is nothing more than a strap of fur or velvet, as the case may be, hardly wide enough to give room for the tips of the fingers. But the more expensive muffs of sable fox, and chinchilla are made in the good old round fashion, quite large in size and very soft.

Of the immense pompadour which encircles some of the feminine head at the opera very little can be said in praise. It is both ludicrous and absurd to give the head an abnormal shape, which would be considered a deformity if it were real instead of a stuffing of cushions.

Tucked taffeta waists are quite as popular as ever, and anything which can give them novelty is a welcome hint. One of these in pale gray has a lace yoke over white, and at the end of every tuck all around the neck a clock, such as is seen on hosiery, is embroidered in white silk.

Among the combinations of color which have become familiar this season are blue and red, blue and coral pink, brown and mauve or violet, and brown and turquoise; but if you want the swellest one of all have a brown gown trimmed with chinchilla.

Buttons and buttonholes set around with real or imitation jewels, diamonds preferred, are the latest fad in dress ornaments.

Taffeta messaline is one of the new fabrics recommended for evening gowns.

Poplins, very silky in finish with a crosswise silk-line stripes and silky dots between, are to be popular favorites among the spring goods.

What matron lives who does not have trouble with the candles which light her dainty dinner table? Every one admits that complexions as well as colors seen by candlelight are not the same by day; they are far fairer and more beautiful, and so dine by candlelight one must. Candles are like everything else in life, though. They have their good and their evil side. While shedding the light of immortal youth on those about them they drip grease on the best table linen and set their own shades on fire. A dozen wax candles can do more to mar a dinner party than one disagreeable, discordant guest, and that's saying a good deal to their discredit. Men can't understand why on earth women insist upon lighting their dinner tables with candles. He'd far rather have the brilliancy furnished by gas or electric lights, but he has learned to accept the candles now as part of the dinner party and tries not to lose his temper more than once before his guests on account of their pyrotechnic contrivances. Undoubtedly, however, he'll be over-joyed, and so will women, to learn that there is an admirable substitute for the wax candle, which does not threaten to set the house on fire, neither does it ruin one's fine tablecloths, and it defies detection from the real thing. Best of all, it sheds a light on time's unrelenting wrinkles and lines as kindly as that of the wax taper. This candle is made of fine ware, and burns oil. House-

When the children are hungry, what do you give them? Food.

When thirsty? Water.

Now use the same good common sense, and what would you give them when they are too thin? The best fat-forming food, of course. Somehow you think of Scott's Emulsion at once.

For a quarter of a century it has been making thin children, plump; weak children, strong; sick children, healthy.

Prep. and Bottled by SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

keepers know what a soft, becoming light oil gives. The oil candles are supplied with wicks and chimneys, which make it impossible for their shades to catch on fire. They cost 65 cents each, but are a lifetime investment, and those who've had experience with them say that if no more were obtainable they would be well worth their weight three times in gold.

Man is getting quite festive in his dress. His waistcoats this winter are often very loud, indeed, and now he has cast aside his plain black chest protector with its lining of chaste white satin and is wearing one made of fancy silk and lined with the gayest of gay brocades or plain silks. A notably pretty one, seen in New York, was fashioned of black and delicate gray brocade silk, and lined with delicate pink satin. Violet effects are also much sought and many swells show a decided preference for those protectors in which delicate blue is the leading color.

There was a time when woman bought her corsets by numbers. This one wore No. 18 that 20, and almost nobody owned to 25. Whenever Mrs. Bigallowances wished a new pair of stays she walked into a swell place and asked for her number. She didn't dream of having them made to order or so much as trying them on. She laid them up and put them on. If they were too loose here and too tight there the fault was all laid on her figure. She declared that she was growing stouter or thinner, and thought no more about her corset until she needed another. This is not so to day. Every woman who can afford to do so has her own corset maker just as she does her own doctor and dentist, and she sets great store by him or her, as the case may be. She depends upon this corset maker to keep her figure in order, just as she depends on her dentist to keep her teeth up to their best mark, and she firmly believes that this important personage can save her lines from falling into fleshy curves or her curves from deteriorating into angular lines, and not without reason. Those whose limited allowances do not allow them the luxury of a corset maker have to buy their stays ready made. But they would no more dream of getting a corset by a number than they think of going without one. They make an appointment for a fitting, just as with a dressmaker, and some women have been known to try on twenty pairs before being suited. At one of the swellest department stores in the city, noted for the fine fit and quality of its corsets, customers sometimes have to wait for ten days before they can get an appointment with the corset fitter, her time is so taken up. But the wait is worth while, for the results are invariably satisfactory and the patient customer is likely to go away thinking that her figure is improving with age if she be growing old and that it is about the best shape in her set if she chances to be a trim young matron or maid.

Adjustable lockets for natural flowers are quite a fad just now. The lockets are fashioned after those in which a four-leaf clover was worn a year ago, and are worn on a Cyrene chain. The fashion is a pretty one and will appeal to most women, who attach much sentiment to some blossoms which come to them. When one sees fresh young girls, blooming young matrons, and sad-eyed women wearing these lockets which carefully guard a spray of violets, a single white rosebud or a few pansies, one's thoughts involuntarily turn to love, marriage and death.

The quaint fashion, which prevailed some time ago amongst the fair sex, of wearing gold and silver pigs as articles of jewellery seems to have been revived in a new form. This time fashion in America has taken the natural pig itself into favor. So far, the new craze is confined to a small circle, but it may grow, and the pig may yet out the lap dog from its comfortable corner in the carriage or

boudoir. As a candidate for wide popularity the pig is, to be sure somewhat handicapped. In the first place, it must be young; when it gets much beyond baby hood, its popularity as a lady's pet diminishes; it is no longer a dainty oddity to be adorned with pretty ribbons and fed on milk and dainties, but a nasty, horrid grunting brute. Then again, as the lady-owner of a pet pig, ruefully admitted, there are few if any, 'points' about a pig. One little pig is very much like another, and the difficulty of determining questions of breed and pedigree is correspondingly increased. And, then, too, although the new pets are given the prettiest titles ('Tiny,' 'Silky,' 'Trilly,' etc.) the wretched little porkers have not the intelligence to answer to their names!

The chrysopease is the coming fad in jewels.

A novelty in evening gloves consists of a long drawn silk covering for the arm, attached to a kid glove of four-button length.

Cashmires are very much worn, and there is nothing prettier for the soft draperies and dainty chemise embroideries so much employed.

Hats and muffs to match are the material, and velvet in black or colors is the material used, and sable tails, cream lace and violets are the trimming.

Sleeves laid in inch and a half folds or tucks are still extremely popular on hand-some dresses and fancy waists, and they continue to be used in the heaviest materials.

Thin lightweight taffetas, in light colors, make the regulation petticoat to wear with evening gowns, and flounces of net or white chiffon, trimmed with rows of baby ribbon are the finish.

Growing Old.

The fashionable women of today will not grow old—no, not if they die for it, which many of them do, poor things. Their waists must be slim, their manners as vivacious and their attire 'as up-to-date as if they were twenty-five instead of—well, let us say fifty, although sixty might be nearer the mark. No gray hair for them—no worn-looking eyes. They touch up; the former with one of the many restoratives, which are 'not dyes, you know, only tonics,' and as 'blessings brighten as they take their flight,' so do their rapid thinning locks become more and more golden or bronze until they are finally hidden under a red or yellow wig. The eyes which have been dimmed and aged by the tears, they have abraded and the things they have seen, are touched up with a pencil and brightened with belladonna and faded and wrinkled skins are ironed out, whitened and painted so that by candle-light and at a proper distance they look comparatively youthful (to their owners), while, as long as gout and rheumatism will allow, they hop and skip to dance music with the best.

Undoubtedly it is hard to grow old; the spirit remains young much longer than the body; the same things interest and amuse at sixty that were enjoyed at twenty-five. It is hard while the mind is still bright and vigorous, and so well fitted to use the accumulated stores of experience and knowledge which it has been gathering through life, that we should be attacked by that incurable disease, as Seneca calls it, and that our limbs should fall and heavy lies when we ourselves feel the same.

So, in these latter days we have elected not to grow old, and it is distinctly fashionable to dress or act as if the accumulated years were a burden hard to bear. Up to the very end men and women are expected to dress, and to act as if they were as young as ever, and, like the thoroughbred horse, to go until they drop.

THEY KEPT THEIR VOWS.

People who Have Made Rash Vows and Kept Them.

There are many instances of vows rashly and needlessly taken by woman who have kept them at the cost of great trouble and self-sacrifice; and there is one case on record where a woman actually starved herself to death in fulfilment of her pledge. She was a married woman of middle age, and her violent temper was the cause of constant quarrels between her and her husband. After a stormy interview with his wife, on one occasion, the husband expressed his unwillingness to continue a life of such endless disagreements, and left the house, whereupon the wife vowed she would taste of nothing to eat or drink until he should return. As he failed to return, the woman kept her vow, and died of actual starvation in the midst of plenty.

A well-known American lawyer and his wife, who lived a life of continual friction, vowed one day that they would never speak to each other so long as they lived, not even communicate in writing. They continued to reside together, to avoid public scandal; but for eight months they spoke not a word to each other, and any message which it was necessary to communicate

Rain-Proof... Dress Goods. Some of the most beautiful street dresses worn are rain-proof—absolutely rain-proof—yet nothing about their appearance indicates their nature, and even the closest examination of the goods fails to reveal it. This make of goods is known as Cravenette. 'Tis made in light and medium weights—in Navy, Myrtle, Brown, Grey, Castor, Black—six colors. 'Tis porous, cool, absolutely odorless and beautifully soft and pliable. All Dress Goods Houses keep it.

was delivered through the medium of a third person, generally a relative. At the end of eight months the lawyer relented and once more addressed his wife. She, however, steadfastly abided by her vow, and all the pressure her husband and his relatives brought to bear upon her failed to induce her to once more speak to him. For more than five years she maintained her silence to him, and even at the end of that time, when she died, she resolutely declined to hold any verbal communication with him. Rash vows of lovers are scarcely ever heeded: love is always rash and courtship studded with meaningless vows. But twenty years ago a young woman who lived in Bolton made a love vow from which she has never departed. She was engaged to a young mechanic of Bolton, who, on one occasion, gave her some slight cause for jealousy. She then, before him and her relatives, solemnly swore that she would kill him if he ever did so again. Shortly afterwards her lover received the offer of good employment in America, and went out to his post, after eager protestations of his faithfulness and promises to write. For many months he wrote regularly; but at last his letters ceased, and his sweetheart learnt accidentally that he was about to marry a young woman of means in Boston. She thereupon entered domestic service, and no one but herself gave a thought to the awful vow she had previously taken. During three years service, however, she saved enough money to pay her passage to the United States, and thither she followed her faithless lover. At first she was unable to find him, and was compelled by lack of means to support herself to enter domestic service again. But she never gave up her quest, and a short time ago she found the man, and now, twenty years after the taking of her terrible vow, she stands on trial for its fulfilment.

Teaching Black Boys English—The Terrible Dread of Witches.

A letter received here the other day from a woman in missionary living in Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, gives some interesting news from that part of the world. She is a medical missionary and part of her usefulness in Africa is to care for the sick among the natives. She writes: 'The diseases here are simple and not so complicated as they are in the America and they are not of the nervous kind. There are always plenty of sores. Every little abrasion of the skin runs into a sore eating the flesh to the bone and occasionally resulting in blood poisoning. The food here is not blood-making. Rice and fish are the main diet, and fish is eaten when too long out of the water. The natives bathe once or twice a day. They and the Liberians as a general thing, are cleanly. Just now the grip is a prevailing complaint.'

This missionary is not much impressed with what the negroes from America have done for the natives around them. She says: 'Monrovia, as you know, was settled by ex-slaves from America, whom their masters had set free, and this town was named for President Monroe. The American negroes in turn treated the natives (i. e. heathen) as though they were their slaves. In all these years they have done nothing to speak of towards civilizing the natives, so that within hearing of the church bells there are several thousand heathen.'

The following gives an idea of the busy life a medical missionary leads in that part of Africa: 'I have eighteen children in my home whom I feed, cloth, and teach. Others come to the house to be taught. At 2 p. m. I take the boys to the native town and teach there. When at home they study geography, arithmetic, oral, grammar, and I also teach them physiology to get into their head some idea of the human body. This is most important, for now when they are sick they say some one has bewitched us, and if they die it is because some one compasses their death by witchcraft. This constant fear of witches is a terrible oppression. A sick person is often taken away at night to some secluded place in the hope to throw the witch off his track. Down in Old Calabar it is even worse. Twins and their mothers are put to death. The natives say: 'One child be a proper

child. No more. Toddler be devil.' So they put both to death. The babies are thrust into a large-mouthed jar, taken to the bush and left to be devoured by driver ants or eaten by wild animals. The mother is fastened to bamboo sticks so that she may be carried to the bush and abandoned. The poles to which she is tied make it unnecessary to touch her, which would be a terrible crime, as she has given birth to a demon. One of the first things I try to do is to disabuse the native mind of the old prevailing faith in witch power.'

She goes on to say that she teaches only English in her school. All her pupils are very anxious to learn English. Her children are much interested in events in the United States, and ran up the American flag every time they heard of a victory over the Spanish.

A PROMINENT VANCOUVERITE

Permanently Cured of Asthma, Clarke's Kola Compound Cures. Mr. F. J. Palmto, the well-known proprietor of Palmto's Music Store, Vancouver, B. C., writes: 'I have been a great sufferer from asthma in its worst form for over four years, very often having had to sit up nearly all night. I had consulted physicians both in England and Canada without obtaining any permanent relief and tried many remedies with the same result. A friend who had been cured by Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound advised me to try it. And three bottles have entirely cured me. I am now nearly two years since my recovery, and asthma has not troubled me since. I feel very grateful to Dr. Clarke for introducing this wonderful remedy, suffering as I was, and do not know of a single case where the required number of bottles have been taken that it has not led to cure. See that you get Clarke's Free sample bottle sent to any person. Mention this paper. Address The Griffin & MacPherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto, or Vancouver, B. C., and Canadian agents.'

Thickest Coal Seam Known.

The thickest known coal seam in the world in the Wyoming, near Twin Creek, in the Green River coal basin, Wyoming. It is eighty feet thick and upward of 300 feet of solid coal underlies 4,000 acres.

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

Little Dot: 'Mamma, I was playing with your best tea-set while you were away, and when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it, but it isn't a hair.'

Mamma: 'What is it?'

Little Dot: 'It's only a crack.'

PUT YOUR FINGER ON YOUR PULSE.

If it is Weak or Irregular don't Hesitate to Start the use of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at once.

With a strong, steady, regular pulse we may expect vigorous health.



With a weak, irregular, intermittent pulse we can tell at once the vitality is low—that Dizzy and Faint Spells, Smothering and Sinking Sensations and similar conditions are bound to ensue. By their action in strengthening the heart, toning the nerves and enriching the blood, Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills relieve and cure all those distressing conditions just enumerated.

Mrs. B. Croft, residing on Waterloo Street, St. John, N. B., says: 'For some time past I have suffered from pallor, weakness and nervous prostration, I had palpitation and irregular beating of the heart so severe as to cause me great alarm. I was treated by physicians, but got no permanent relief.'

'I am glad to say that from Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I derived the first real benefit that I ever got from any medicine. My appetite is improved, my entire system to nod up, and I can do no less than cheerfully recommend these pills to all requiring a reliable heart and nerve tonic.'

Miss Mary E. Hicks, South Bay, Ont., says: 'Laxative Liver Pills cured a horrid Sick Headache, from which she had suffered for a year.'

KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS STAMPED 1847 ROGERS BROS. ARE GENUINE AND GUARANTEED BY THE Meriden Britannia Co. THE LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.