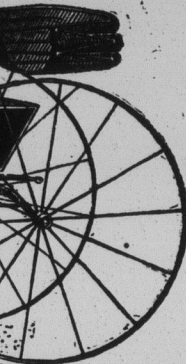


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Woman and Her Work

So Jean Ingelow is dead, and we, who have known and loved her through her poems, can no longer think of her as one of ourselves, a sort of dear, though unknown friend, to whom it has been given to express in words which will live long after our own lives are ended, many of the thoughts which only struggled dimly for utterance in our denser minds. She has always seemed so near to us, but now she has passed out of our reach, "gone on before" and left many sincere mourners whose hearts have been touched by the magic finger of her genius and for whom she has spoken with an eloquence which is given only to the few. Perhaps the reason that she played upon the chords of our hearts as upon a harp was because she gave us herself ungrudgingly and wrote so often with a pen dipped in her own heart's blood. What woman who has missed her life's happiness through some trivial mistake of her own, can read "Divided" with dry eyes, or without feeling that it is not merely a poem but a heart history? And what man who has loved and lost can read it without a curious contraction somewhere near his heart? Someone has said that the English language contains no such perfect description in one line, as the opening line of that same poem—

"An empty sky, a world of heather," and certainly it contains few more beautiful expressions of absolute faith and trust reaching beyond a final parting, even to the other side of the Great River than the final verses—

And yet I know past all doubting truly—
And knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yes, better—e'en better than I love him.
And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to few,
I say, "Thy breath and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

One cannot help trying to pierce the veil in fancy, and wondering if Jean Ingelow has found the sailor lover she sent away when they were both young, and before she knew her own heart, but whom she learned to know as the one love of her life, only after the cruel sea had claimed him for her own? She will never again cry out in hopeless agony for her lost love and pray for—"a chink in the world above, where they listen for words from below", surely he has heard that pathetic exclamation—

How could I tell I should love thee today,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away
When I did not love thee near?

and forgiven her long ago, and somehow I don't believe she will have to wait for him to hear her, "till the sea gives up its dead." I think they have met face to face, and know each other's hearts, by this time, and that the noble woman who consecrated her whole life to the memory of that early love is reaping the full fruition of her faith now. She will never again dread the time "When sparrows build," and "her old sorrow" wakes and cries "because sorrow can never come near her again. She was one of the noblest women of her generation, and when we think of her now it is with a prayer—and what more fitting prayer could be found than one which people of her own beautiful faith murmur when speaking of their beloved dead—God rest her soul!

I wonder what some of our advanced women of today who have always been in the habit of holding up poor old Father Adam as a choice illustration of the general meanness, and depravity of man, in laying the blame on the weaker vessel, and trying to hide behind a woman's—I was going to say skirts, but as that would have been an impossibility in Mother Eve's case I must leave the illustration unfinished. I wonder though what those ladies will think of one of Jean Ingelow's short poems, called "Remonstrance" and if they have ever taken particular notice of it, amongst that author's works. Here it is:

Daughters of Eve! your mother did not well:
She laid the apple in your father's hand,
And we have read, O wonder! what befell—
The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand;
He chose to lose for love of her, his throne—
With her could die but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve! he did not fall so low,
Nor fall so far, as that sweet woman fell:
For something better, than as gods to know,
That husband in that home left off to dwell;
For this, till love be reckoned less than loss,
Shall man be first and best for evermore.

Daughters of Eve! it was for your dear sake
The world's first hero died an uncrowned king;
But God's great pity touched the grand mistake,
And made his married love a sacred thing:
For yet his nobler sons, though true,
Find the lost Eden in their love of you.

Scarcely a fin de siècle view to take of the matter, and I fear today's Daughters of Eve will be inclined to dispute that assertion that man shall be first and best for evermore, on account of our first father's chivalry. I don't think myself, looking at

the occurrence with the dispassionate calmness which the length of time since it happened makes possible, that Adam had very much choice in the matter, as far as giving up his home went, but still the motive Jean Ingelow ascribes to him is a most praiseworthy and beautiful one, and decidedly flattering to our sex besides.

If the managers of the "Cosmopolitan" were seeking a novel, and expensive advertisement in the description of the Indian famine which is now running through that admirable periodical, they could not have hit upon a better expedient, for they have succeeded in attracting attention beyond their wildest dreams; and if it is unfavorable attention, I do not imagine that fact will effect the value of the advertisement very materially. If the "Cosmopolitan's" reputation for good taste, and good journalism has suffered during the transaction, that is quite another matter, and one of which the management have doubtless counted the cost, and are prepared to face the consequences, even to a considerable falling off in the magazine's circulation amongst English and Canadian subscribers. They could scarcely have expected anything else, when they deliberately sent a man of Julian Hawthorne's ability to India for the express purpose of preparing a graphic pen picture for their magazine of the horrors of the famine and plague in one of the Queen's dominions, in order to publish it during the month succeeding the Queen's jubilee in sharp contrast to the festivities with which the British nation were celebrating that event. If the article had gone no further, but stopped at that, the feeling created in the minds of Queen Victoria's loyal subjects might not have been so strong, but, lest the intended point should be missed, the article is embellished with a frontispiece specially designed with the view of drawing attention to it. At the left hand of this full page illustration is a small picture of a very beautiful statue of Her Majesty showing the Queen seated beneath a marble pavilion, and under the picture is the legend—"Statue erected in Bombay to Her Gracious Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India." The centre and right hand side of the page are occupied by portraits of the most ghastly, famine stricken living skeletons in the shape of natives, that can well be imagined, and beneath is the inscription—"Photographs from life of some of Her Gracious Majesty's subjects." Below this again is the information in small caps that—"The special commissioner of the Cosmopolitan on his way home from India, heard it conservatively estimated in London that a total of more than one hundred millions of dollars would be expended directly and indirectly upon the Queen's Jubilee ceremonies." Could covert insult go further? The writer has sufficient discretion to refrain from open blame of the English people for the present state of affairs in India, in his article, but either he or the editors of the Cosmopolitan take this method of making their opinion public. To accuse England of neglect, or to underrate her efforts in behalf of her suffering fellow subjects would be too lamentable a display of ignorance and prejudice to pass unchallenged, as the knowledge of the generous manner in which help has poured in to India from the Mother Country, is world wide, but skillfully arranged photographs can do more to injure England and England's Queen, than pages of letter-press could effect.

Perhaps it may prove a paying, as well as an advertising scheme, but somehow I fancy the Cosmopolitan Magazine will find its circulation appreciably smaller in Canada next year, than it was last, as many of us will find it expedient to deny ourselves the luxury of subscribing to that excellent, but too-enterprising magazine—I know Astra will be amongst the number. In spite of the valiant efforts of the fashion writers to have something new, and original in their columns every week, there is really very little that is novel to record in the shape of styles, in the middle of any season, especially summer. There are slight changes in detail, but beyond a few varieties in trimmings, and accessories there is not much that is new or startling. The revivals of old fashions are really the most surprising features of the present styles. I mentioned the silk fringes, a short time ago, as the oddest revival of all, but now the cross, worn as an article of jewelry has come as a companion to the fringes; they were in fashion together a good many years ago and seem to keep together. You can wear the fringe, or not, just as the fancy takes you, but if you would be up-to-date you really must adopt the cross as a personal adornment and a lucky woman you are, if you chance to possess one. The cross of black enamel studded with pearls, or diamonds, is highest in favor, because to be really fashionable, these ornaments must be antique looking, and to own one, is almost a badge

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of aristocracy. Our grandmothers set a high value on their jewelled crosses, and wore them proudly, sometimes as a locket, sometimes as a pin, and sometimes as a hair ornament, as they were usually provided with pins and clasps, which rendered them adjustable to almost any requirement. Unfortunately, however, it is not everybody's grandmother who owned a cross of this description, and therefore the fashionable jeweller has come to the rescue of the woman who did not receive one as a legacy but has plenty of money to buy one, for herself, and is bringing out all sorts of lovely designs in Roman gold, studded with precious stones, and others with backgrounds of the desired black enamel. It is scarcely a desirable form or ornament, and the wearing of it does not indicate the best taste in the world, but it is fashionable, and that, of course covers a multitude of sins.

In the dressing of beds for next season there is a pronounced change. More color will be used than for a dozen years. There will be several new laces, many new fabrics and designs, and a new style of bedspread to take the place of the time-honored Marseilles.

The most stylish of the new laces is a combination of Renaissance and Royal Battenberg. This is combined with coarse, heavy net for bedspreads and pillow shams, and used over white or colored silk or satin sheets. One new and particularly beautiful spread has an edge of this lace about twelve inches in depth; then a ten-inch strip of plain net, followed by a double border of lace insertion, which at the corners is connected by two olive branches tied with ribbons. This inner border is followed by a strip of plain net with a large centre piece of lace. The sheet, especially designed to go under this spread is of heavy white moire lined with quilted China silk, though, of course, any color desired may be substituted. With this spread come two pillow shams and one for a round bolster, which, by the way, will be much used. The second lace in popularity is a coarse linen torchon, with clusters of Battenberg rings. It edges in a scant frill the new satine spreads designed to be used on brass beds. The third lace, while more beautiful than either of the others, will not perhaps be so popular because of its expense. It is a heavy variety of duchesse, and is used to border handsome hand embroidered linen spreads intended for brass beds. Many of these spreads come in pairs being particularly designed for twin beds. The embroidery on these spreads is in instances done with colored wash silks, but the finer specimens are worked entirely with white linen floss.

To take the place of the old-fashioned marseilles there is a new spread called

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ONE BOX of Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers, if used in conjunction with Fould's Arsenic Soap, will restore the face to the smoothest and fairest Maidenly Loveliness. Used by the cream of society throughout the world. Dr. Campbell's Wafers and Fould's Arsenic Soap are guaranteed perfectly harmless and not deleterious to the most tender skin. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS COUNTERFEITS. Wafers by mail 50c. and \$1 per box; six large boxes, \$5. Soap, 50c. Address all mail orders to

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patented satin. It is claimed that while equally beautiful as the marseilles the new spreads are more reasonable in price and more durable. The reason for the latter quality is that the raised figures are woven with the body of the sheet, while those on the marseilles are woven separately of thin cloth and resemble more than anything else ribbon work. The new bedspreads, although called "patented satin" are made entirely of cotton and come in many elaborate and beautiful designs, both white and colored. One design in white has a deep border of polka dots, with a narrow inner border of Grecian design and a centre strewn with large chrysanthemums and daisies. A colored spread is shown with diamond border and a plain white centre thickly strewn with wild flowers and in their natural colors. A spread with a deep scroll border has a white centre, over which have been tossed, apparently, blue cornflowers, while another shows huge yellow chrysanthemums on long stems, with buds and foliage. Still another, and perhaps the most unusual and artistic of the lot, has a plain satin-finished centre over which trail long sprays of the maypop vine in full blossom.

These same satin spreads come with centres embroidered in white linen. One design shows a star border of marseilles effect with a centre covered with hand-embroidered Arum lilies, blossoms and leaves. Another has the centre thickly covered with embroidered shamrock, while yet another has sprays of roses and daisies in the four corners, with a large wreath of the same flowers surrounding the monogram of the owner in the centre. Other embroidered spreads are made of plain white linen, hemstitched and with several rows of Mexican work six or eight inches apart. These spreads also have in the centre large embroidered monograms or intertwined initials. They may or may not be lace trimmed, according to the taste and the size of the pocket-book of the owner.

Among cheaper spreads, English dimities, fashionable a quarter of a century ago have been revived and can be had in pure white or colors. One especially pretty design shows a border of intertwined wild roses and wheat just above a deep border of heavy white cords, while around the plain white centre is a garland of the grain and flower in their natural colors. The effect is charming and the price is small. These spreads can be had in many beautiful colors and designs, and where intended for an enamelled or iron bed, may be bordered by a white cotton fringe varying in width from six to two inches.

The newest among the elegant silk com-

fortables is filled with lamb's fleece, silk covered, with a double frill of the silk, seven inches in depth, around the edge. Over this double frill is a fall of lace of the same depth, and the body of the comfortable is tacked with tiny bows. These comfortable are intended to take the place of the down-filled quilts. The objection to down is its odor.

The newest blankets are in solid colors or in white, bound with colors to match the prevailing color of the room. Thus, in a pink room, the blankets must be pink or plain white with pink ribbon binding. Blankets with borders, in matters not how elegant, are no longer stylish. Another innovation is flannel sheets, thin soft blankets, always white, to be used by invalids or persons who like to sleep next to a blanket. These flannel sheets are non-shrinkable, and warranted to wash white, and not a dingy yellow, like the ordinary blanket in the hands of the ordinary laundress.

In sheets and pillow cases the fashion seems to be more for simple hemstitching than for embroidery or elaborate open work, and instead of the large monograms and initials used in marking heretofore the entire name must be embroidered in the left-hand upper corner. There must be no stencil work; it must be the genuine signature of the owner embroidered in white linen or cotton floss to match the material of the sheets.

ASTRA

Worth Seeing.

A pleasant and unusual street scene in Philadelphia is sketched by the Record.

A tandem pair of cyclists with only one pair of arms and legs between them was the sight which greeted Broad street promenaders this week. The two men rode a fine tandem wheel of the latest model, and whizzed along Broad street as smoothly and gracefully as you please.

The man in front had but one hand to steer with, but that was a good right one, and his left leg seemed to bring plenty of power to bear upon the pedal. The other man's right arm and left leg were missing but the remaining limbs supplied his needs. Although between them they only had the number of limbs which the average cyclist upon a single wheel requires to keep him going, they beat many sturdy rivals who tried to keep up with them.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock.

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