

## THE BOWSERS.

"Do you pass a carpenter-shop on your way downtown?" asked Mrs. Bowser the other morning as Mr. Bowser was ready to leave the house.

"Why?" he cautiously asked in reply.

"We ought to have a screen-door to the kitchen. There's where all the flies come in. We can use one of those doors we brought with us, but we'll have to have a carpenter to hang it."

"We will, eh? I beg to differ. I don't propose to pay no carpenter three or four dollars for doing what I can do in half an hour. I'll fix it myself."

"But don't you remember, Mr. Bowser—don't you remember that you—"

"That I what?"

"You tried to hang a screen-door last Summer in Detroit and you got so mad you nearly tore the house down."

"I did, eh? That's a pretty yarn for you to stand up there and spin! In the first place, I never tried to hang a screen-door and in the second I never got mad."

"But you—you" she stammered.

"Nothing of the sort! I don't even remember that we had a screen-door. I never tried to hang one. I never got mad. I never even saw a fly around our house in Detroit. Change of climate seems to have had a very queer effect on you."

"But won't you send up a carpenter?"

"Not by a jugful! I shan't have anything to do at the office this afternoon, and if there's a bit of tinkering around the house it will be fun for me."

He returned at noon, having a heavy parcel with him, and when Mrs. Bowser asked about the contents he cut the string and replied:

"Just a few tools. Come handy to tinker with. Every man ought to keep a few tools and do his own repairing. I think I saved us at least \$200 last year."

"Well, I hope you won't fly mad over your work. A screen-door is a very particular thing to hang."

"Oh! it is! You've hung lots of 'em, I presume!"

I know that it takes a skillful workman."

"You'd better write a book and call it: 'What I Know About Screen-Doors.' I ought to feel awful proud to think I have such a smart wife! Run right in, now, and begin on the first chapter of your book!"

Mr. Bowser descended to the cellar, where he found four screen-doors of different sizes. He selected one he thought would fit and carried it up. It was six inches too high. The next was four inches too short. The third was almost long enough to make two such doors as he wanted. He had the fourth one, which was almost a fit, in the back yard, when Mrs. Bowser came out to say:

"If you had first measured the opening and then measured your doors, you wouldn't have had to lug up but this one."

"Wouldn't I? Perhaps you understand my object in bringing up the extra ones? Perhaps it is the duty of a husband to explain every little move he makes?"

The door had to be sawed off about an inch at the top. Mr. Bowser brought out a couple of kitchen chairs, made a scratch on the door with a nail, and was about to use the saw, when she asked:

"Aren't you going to strike a line across there?"

"For what reason?"

"If you don't you can't saw straight."

"Can't I? Perhaps I am blind!"

When he finished sawing off the strip and held the frame up to the opening it was plain that he had run his saw at an angle.

"I told you so," she quietly observed.

"Told me what?" he replied, as he turned on her. "Do you suppose I don't know what I'm about! Do you imagine I wanted a straight top on that door! If you know so much go ahead and finish the job!"

Mrs. Bowser went into the house, and Mr. Bowser held the frame up again to see that he would be obliged to tack on a strip, or leave an opening for all the flies in New York State. He was sawing a piece off one of the other doors to make this strip when Mrs. Bowser appeared and said:

"You'll spoil that door, too Mr. Bowser. Why don't you take a piece from this box? If you had put a straight-edge on the other and marked it you would have been all right."

"Mrs. Bowser," he began as he laid down his saw, "am I a parblind child five or six years old, who must be brought in when it rains, or am I the man of the house, forty years of age and generally supposed to have sense enough not to go down under a pile-driver to eat my dinner?"

"But go—! I saw a wack 'that door fit," she persisted.

"If I don't no other man on earth need try!"

She went in again and he sawed off a strip and nailed it on the other door. Then he held it up to find the frame half an inch too long. Mrs. Bowser reappeared and was about to say something, but he glared at her so savagely that she went back without a word.

"The infernal old kitchen is either lifting up or settling down!" he growled as he held the door up. "I've got to saw a piece off the bottom to make a fit, and she'll either fit or down comes the shanty!"

He sawed off a piece and got what he called a fit. He smiled and chuckled over his success, and had the hinges on when Mrs. Bowser came out to ask:

"What good is a door there if you leave all those cracks?"

"Cracks! Cracks! You can't find one!"

"Look here—and here—and here!" Mr. Bowser, even the bumble-bees of New York would have no trouble in flying in there! And how are you putting that spring on?"

Mr. Bowser laid down the hammer, the gimlet and the screwdriver, and after wiping off his flushed face he stood erect and pointed into the kitchen. Mrs. Bowser disappeared without a word. Then he inspected and found cracks.

"Confounded old door-way is out of plumb, and that's the matter!" he growled, as he set to work to unning it. When he got the door off he racked it this way and that and tried it again. More cracks than before. He took it down and sprung on the top with all his might, and this time, as he held it up, there was a crevice through which a sparrow could have flown. He started to lay it flat on the ground, but fell forward, tumbled over himself and sprawled on his back.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Bowser from the back door.

Mr. Bowser slowly arose, looked all around for the axe, and not seeing it he jumped at the screen-doors and kicked with both feet until they were reduced to strings and strips. Then he went up to Mrs. Bowser, panting and perspiring and pale-faced, and hoarsely whispered:

"This is the last time—the very last! Next time you coax me into doing any such infernal putting work around the house I'll go—go, never to return!"

"When did I coax you?"

"Never you mind! It's all right!"

"But I say—"

"Just—keep quiet! I am neither blind nor deaf. If we live together ten billion years longer don't you ask me to even bore a hole in a table-leg for a castor! This is the limit. I'm dangerous from this on!"

## All "in a Minute."

Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, I will amuse you by telling you some things that will happen in this space of time.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by its diurnal motion a distance of thirteen miles. At the same time we shall have gone along with the earth on its grand journey around the sun 1,080 miles. Pretty quick travelling, you say. But, that is slow work compared with the rate of speed of that ray of light which just now reflected from that mirror. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, all over the world, about eighty new born infants have each raised a wail of protest, as if against thrusting existence upon them; while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 690 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and an omnibus thirty-two rods; the fastest trotting horse 148 rods, and an average pedestrian has got over sixteen rods.

Each minute, night and day, the telephone is used 595 times, and the telegraph 136 times. Of tobacco, 925 lb. are raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2,292 cigarettes.

Chicago is promised gas at fifteen cents per 1,000.

One single cut with the whip at the wrong time will not be forgotten by some horses during a whole season, and may cause the horse to become timid and irritable—may, in fact, ultimately ruin him, causing him to prove unreliable, both as regards gait and everything else considered as exceptionally valuable.

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## For the Home Dressmaking.

Children grow so rapidly it is seldom that a garment can be a worn a second season without alteration and enlargement. There never was a better time than the present for remodeling these little articles as yokes and sleeves can be made of different materials, and a plain band, or one with vandyke points, lengthens them nicely at the bottom.

A lovely little gown, recently shown in one of the best stores, offers suggestions for re-making. The dress itself was medium blue Henrietta with plain waist buttoning in the back, but cut out V-shaped in front to show a shirred undervest of cream satin. This also formed the sleeves, which had a cuff of the wool goods. The skirt was plain and full and had a four-inch band of the silk with one of the wool goods the same depth below. Rows of feather-stitching in pale yellow silk ornamented the cuffs, belt and bottom of skirt.

The sleeves wear out and the front of the waist soon soils, but by renovating after this model a nice dress may be made to do duty another season. The band in the skirt may be of any depth to make the required length.

Plaids both in wools and cottons are much used for children. The skirts of these should be cut bias and box-plaited all round though a little more fullness should be laid in the back. Make leg o'mutton sleeves with cuffs of velvet and full waist with velvet jacket fronts in Zouave style.

For gingham trim with white embroidery or linen lace. A pretty and serviceable suit of plain and striped gingham has a full skirt of the plain goods with a deep bias band of the stripe. These full skirts are gathered only enough to set well at front and sides, the rest of the fullness being massed in the back. The full waist and sleeves are of the plain with yoke and cuffs of the stripe; collar and sash of plain goods. The crinkled seersuckers are nice for common wear, but they as well as all other gingham should be washed before making, thus preventing much trouble and annoyance later.

Thin dresses are more elaborately made, ribbons, sashes and flounces being lavishly used. White lawn and mull flouncings make up prettily with yokes, jacket-fronts and cuffs of all-over embroidery to match. An open-work embroidery in which narrow ribbon can be run is very dressy.

One charming little costume has a skirt of embroidered mull flouncing, enough being cut off the top to make the sleeves and bagged waist. The waist is unique, having a narrow, deep, rounding yoke of tucks edged with a graduated frill of embroidery outlining it back and front and lying over on the shoulders. The dress is completed by a wide silk sash of any color suited to the wearer. White is always in good taste. When the flouncing is edged with vandyke points these are not cut out, but facing put on the under side.

An odd little dress is of cream China silk with blue spots, straight from neck to hem but plaited in back and front to within two inches of the waist line to form a sort of square yoke. Over this is a tiny Figaro jacket of plain blue silk, reaching nearly to the waist line in the back but rounded off and open in front to show the tucks. Two full rosettes of blue ribbon, with ends reaching nearly to the bottom of the skirt, fastened the jacket on each side, and have a strip of ribbon between them across the bottom of the tucks. The collar is of the blue silk.

The full sleeves are like the skirt, high on the shoulder and fitted at the wrist by a hem through which a narrow ribbon is passed, and tied on the outside in such a way as to leave a ruffle falling over the hand.

Children do not understand taking care of themselves, and schoolrooms are often damp and chilly while the air is warm outside. So it is well to keep them in woolen suits till summer is established.

H. MARIA GEORGE.

## A Word to Mothers.

Good mother, maker of numerous pies, mender of numerous hose, overseer of a great province—a household—rest a little, advises a writer in Living Issues. Have a chair by the stove and when you peep into the oven sit while you look, yea, even a moment after; you will work all the faster for the short change of posture. While mending have your chair in the cosiest corner, where good light will come in, and let the sun strike upon you if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health-giving influence of it. Drop your hands occasionally and let them rest. Let your eye wander out through the window glass as far as possible and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of doors. Don't rule all the time. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and, as it were, become again a child. Economize your strength. Sit when you can. Do not hold the baby when it can rest and grow just as well in its crib. By resting when you can, by planning the work to be done, and by being systematic and orderly in all things a woman's work at home is more easily done.

Savannah claims the oldest American theatre.

A desperate encounter with a lunatic took place recently in a hotel in Cookstown, county Tyrone. A guest, a commercial traveller, became suddenly mad, barricaded himself in a bedroom, and smashed up the furniture and threw it out of the windows. When the police forced the door, he was found in a nude condition, and continued throwing broken crockery at the police until overpowered.