

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Things Worth Knowing in Connection With the Household.

A Dear Little School Ma'am.

With her funny little glasses you'd have thought her very wise...

"I give my brightest pupil" in a pleasant tone she said...

"Whenever any pupil in his lessons doesn't miss, I encourage his endeavors with a penny sugar piece."

"I've asked them what they'd like to be a dozen times or more. And each, I find, intends when grown to keep a candy store."

"How interested in such things a little child can be; and from their tempting taffy and their luscious lollipops, I'm sure they'll do me credit when they come to open shops."

And, with a nod that plainly showed how free she was from doubt, she deftly smoothed the wrinkles of her snowy apron out...

—Matolin Douglas, in the Christmas St. Nicholas. Mothers and Daughters.

How strange it is that ideas in various parts of the globe are so contradictory. For instance, take the question of girls...

What to Teach the Children.

Teach them to be polite, teach them that there is nothing but goodness of heart of so much desirability as a pleasing deportment.

Sally Lunn.

English children are as fond of buns as the little folks in this country are of cookies and doughnuts, and there are some very nice ones made over there.

How to Remove Ink Stains.

Ink stains may be removed from colored table covers by dissolving a teaspoonful of oxalic acid in a teaspoonful of hot water...

wards washing the article with soap and water. To remove ink stains from a mahogany table, put a few drops of spirits of nitre into a teaspoonful of water...

Making Beds and Climbing Stairs.

There is nothing more cheerful to the sight of a tired person than a clean, soft couch—pleasant to the eyes as well as to the touch, and giving promise of dainty rest.

Miscellaneous.

Hats and bonnets are this winter most fantastically extravagant. They are odd shapes borrowed from history, from fable, and even from the stage.

A housekeeper asks, "What is the simplest way to keep jelly from moulding on top?" "Shut a boy in a pantry for a few minutes."

Obestnuts and their leaves, imitated in fine silk cord covered with beads, are used by the English dressmakers to trim their large velvet cloaks.

The prettiest new work basket is in the shape of a gipsy kettle, both kettle and sticks being made of wicker.

The Japanese girl when she goes into company paints her face white, her lips and the corners of her eyes red, with two slate coloured spots on her forehead.

Among Miss Astor's jewels is a necklace of four rows of pink pearls, lover's knots of rubies and sapphires separating the pearls at every tenth pearl.

The leaf in the marriage register in Hawthorn Church, on which is inscribed the name of Charlotte Bronte, has been so often handled by American travellers that it is falling to pieces.

The best shot in Dakota is said to be a woman, Mrs. Lowner, wife of Colonel Lowner, of Fort Totten. She has killed 114 prairie chickens this fall and the first deer ever brought down from Moose River.

A young gentleman asked a young lady what she thought of the "marriage state in general." "Not knowing, can't tell," was the reply; "but if you and I could put our heads together, I could soon give you a definite answer."

The Princess Victoria and Prince Bismarck have become reconciled. A feud has long existed between these two, on account of the slight regard the Prince has for the deference due to woman of whatever rank, and because the Princess repelled his disrespect of Court etiquette.

"Madame," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarrelled and each considers the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?" "The better natured and wiser of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unobtrusive smile.

Cracks in floors, around the mould board, or other parts of a room, may be neatly and permanently filled by thoroughly soaking newspapers in paste made of one pound of flour, three quarts of water and a tablespoonful of alum, thoroughly boiled and mixed. The mixture will be about as thick as putty, and may be forced into the cracks with a case knife. It will harden like papier-mache.

What We Call Our Drones.

One of the upper ten thousand, who was visiting America, accepted the hospitality of a gentleman in New York. When taking farewell of his host the latter asked him what he thought of the American people. "Well," answered the nobleman, "I like them immensely, but I miss something." "What is that?" asked the Yankee. "I miss the aristocracy," replied the Englishman. "What are they?" naively asked his host. "The aristocracy!" said the nobleman, in a somewhat surprised tone of voice, "why, they are the people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did nothing, you know; whose grandfathers did nothing, you know—in fact, the aristocracy." Here he was interrupted by the American, who chimed in with, "Oh, we've plenty of them over here; but we don't call them aristocracy—we call them tramps."—London Truth.

It will cost over \$60,000 to put the White House in proper trim for the reception of the bachelor President next month.

HER LOVER WAS A CANNIBAL.

Maddened by Jealousy He Bites Off the End of Her Nose.

Lillian Farrelly, a pretty blonde, 19 years old, living with her parents at No. 9 Pell street, New York, had two lovers with whom she alternated. The young men were acquainted with the situation and tried to out rival each other by making presents to the girl and taking her to places of amusement.

He Had Plans.

A wholesale house in Detroit in which the firm consists of four partners, with a solid old gentleman at the head, took on a new traveller a few days ago. He was engaged and packed off without having seen the senior partner, and he probably didn't care a cent whether such a person existed or not.

"Business is infernal dull, and I represent the firm of Blank & Co., Detroit," was the answer.

"Pretty solid house?"

"Oh, yes; but rather cranky."

"G'ing to be with it next year?"

"Well, that will depend. When I get in I'm going to ask for a position in the store. I'm fitted for almost any place there, and I'm going to push myself."

"And then you'll work for promotion?"

"You bet! and if things come around right I'll have an interest in the old ranch inside of two years."

"Eh! How's that?"

"Well, the old crank who furnishes the doubletons to keep the business booming has two marriageable daughters, and I'm going to be his son-in-law, or break both legs trying. I've got the pluck to succeed, and you can bet a new hat on me any day in the year."

The conversation died away very soon after that, and in a little time the traveller was left to the comforts of his cigar. He thought no more of the matter until he walked into the store Monday morning to report. The first man his eyes rested upon was his fellow-traveller on the train, and the old gent had his hat off, and seemed very much at home. He bowed to the drummer, and he smiled, and he went to the door and called after him in a forgiving tone, but the man escaped, and has not been seen in Detroit since.—Detroit Free Press.

A Dude's Views on Dress.

Philadelphia Press: "Few men really know how to dress," said a prize dude, as he paused to get the reflection of his new summer pea-jacket in Wademaker's windows. "Now, that faller over there," he continued, pointing to the opposite side of the street, "has got on low quartering shoes and a billycock hat, with a Prince Albert frock—the brute. And notice his scarf-pin, please do. It represents a little skate—entirely out of season. Besides, everything should have some real or apparent purpose about a man's dress, and that fellow's scarf-pin is stuck in the upper part of the scarf, and don't seem put there to hold the folds together at all. Now, you'd hardly believe it, but the beast hasn't even had the soles of his shoes blackened, and the backs of those disgusting yellow gloves of his are stitched in black."

He Couldn't Either.

A gentleman who drove up to the post-office yesterday and found no place to hitch his horse called to a boot-black and asked if he didn't want to earn a nickel. "Can't do it just now," replied the lad; "I'm going up the alley to see a slugging match."

Close at his heels was a second boy, and the gentleman addressed him with the same inquiry.

"Oh, I couldn't stop a minute," protested the gamin, "for I'm one of the sluggers he's going to see slug!"

The newest canvasser goes from house to house when wives are at home and husbands away. He explains how readily, privately and for slight reasons, divorces may be obtained; and he departs saying that he will take the liberty of calling again in a week. He is an agent for a divorce lawyer. Discontented wives, either with or without good cause for divorce, thus have the means brought to them; and, when it is added that pay is taken on the instalment plan, the attractiveness of the scheme must be acknowledged.

PROHIBITION AS A PRINCIPLE.

Prof. Goldwin Smith on the Position of Prohibitionists.

Prohibitionists, if they really care to assure themselves of the soundness of their position, should read the article on "Moderation and Total Abstinence" by Mr. Sutton Sharpe in the current number of the "Fortnightly Review." They will find in it some reason for doubting whether the authority of medical science is really on their side, and whether it is not rather in favor of those that believe a moderate use of alcoholic drinks is good for the majority of mankind, especially for those who have to undergo severe labor either of body or of brain. They will at least see that the point is still debatable. The assumption upon which their action is based, and which forms their sole justification for coercing their fellow-citizens on a question of private health and taste, is that moderate use must lead to abuse; and this is contradicted by the experience of hundreds of millions. They will be glad at all events to find that the truth of the hideous charges of intemperance against Englishwomen is challenged, as it certainly may be with good reason if the charges rest on no more trustworthy foundation than the work of the American, Mr. Gustafson, with its claptrap title, "The Foundation of Death." While they are on the path of research, they may be induced to look back to the account of prohibition in Vermont, given by Mr. Edward Johnson in the Popular Science Monthly of last May. They will there find that the law having been passed at first by a small majority, and having failed in operation, as under those circumstances it was sure to do, enactment has been heaped upon enactment and penalty upon penalty, till at last the exasperation of the baffled prohibitionists has trumped on that which all freemen hold most dear by empowering the police, if they suspect the existence of liquor to break without a warrant into any citizen's home. The infamous trade of the informer is of course encouraged by abundant bribes. And what is the result? According to Mr. Johnson, the free and open sale of liquor, notwithstanding spasmodic and futile efforts to enforce the law. The number of places in which liquor is sold seems to be on the increase. Legislation is forced through by moral violence and by the fears of politicians who stand in awe of the temperance vote; but public opinion does not support coercion; and, as Mr. Johnson says, of enforcing the laws as the laws against burglary and larceny are enforced no one dreams for a moment. Unfortunately the attempt, though abortive, is not without consequences. The people learn disregard of law; the taverns being unlicensed are no longer regulated; ardent spirits being most easily smuggled are substituted for more wholesome beverages; and the moral agencies by which intemperance has been greatly diminished, are weakened by the fallacious confidence reposed in legislative coercion. But when people are careening on the wings of a supposed principle they think as little of practical consequences as they do of inconvenient rights.—Week.

Home.

Most Americans do not have homes; they have merely places to stay, where the father can read his newspaper, the mother ply the sewing machine and the children make molasses candy, or have annual birthday parties. But the idea of a heart centre, where love is cherished, thoughts are fostered, and morals expanded, is apparently unheard of in their philosophy. Materfamilias goes to church on Sunday without an idea that she is leaving the holiest temple behind her, of which she is high priestess, and if you should dissect her brain you would find that in the corner devoted to "necessities" the strata of clothes, cooks, sewing girls and roast turkey fill up all but the smallest crevice conscientiously set aside for religious belief and church membership.

How People Will Dance.

"The changes for the coming winter are not at all arranged yet," says an authority on dancing, "but a general survey of the field may be given. The waltz quadrille and lawn tennis quadrille will be the square dances of the winter, without doubt. The plain quadrilles will be danced more like the Saratoga quadrille. That is, the first four will dance with the side couples instead of remaining quiet. In the round dances the waltz will, as usual, be the dance. I think it safe to say the waltz will never be superseded. The other round dances will go as usual. None of them have been dropped."

An Observing Policeman.

"Officer, what is the charge against this woman?" asked the police justice. "That's no woman, your honor. That's a man dressed in woman's clothes." "How do you know?" "Why, I watched him on the street and he passed four women with new winter cloaks on and never once turned around to look at them." "Seventy-five and costs."

He Knew What Would Sell.

Pittsburg Chronicle: "You are confident that your new patent medicine will be a success, are you?" asked a friend of a manufacturing druggist. "I'm positive of it," replied the druggist. "What virtues does it possess?" inquired the friend. "Oh, it don't possess any medicinal virtues, you know, but it is the naivest tasting stuff you ever heard of!"

The Santa Rosa (Cal.) Republican is authority for the statement that a redwood tree out in that county furnished all the timber for the Baptist church in Santa Rosa, one of the largest churches in that section, the interior of which is finished in wood, there being no plastered walls. Sixty thousand shingles were made from the tree after enough was taken for the church. Another redwood tree kept two men busy for two years in cutting it up into shingles.

The publication of Mark Twain's new book, "Huckleberry Finn," is indefinitely postponed, after 2,500 copies had been sent out, owing to the indecent character of one of the illustrations. An engraver was the guilty party. The edition already published will be destroyed.

Tales of Whistler.

Mr. Whistler's bon mots are circulating in society in a fashion calculated to make the bones of Sidney Smith turn in their grave. He has his admirers, as we all know, in spite of Mr. Ruskin, as well as these, worshipping at his feet in the aesthetic Burne Jones attitude, murmured: "Ah, Mr. Whistler, I only know of two painters in all the world—Velasquez and yourself." "Why," said Mr. Whistler, in the softest tones, "why drag in Velasquez?"

This is one of the best of stories, but another of the same kind is worth repeating: "I see you everywhere in nature," said one of his admirers; "in the sky, in the clouds, in the water." "Yes," said the artist, with an air of inimitable self-complacency, "Nature is very apt. She shows a decided improvement since I took her up."—Manchester Times.

"Why do you not hold up your head as I do?" inquired an aristocratic lawyer of a labouring farmer. "Squire," replied the farmer, "look at that field of grain; all the valuable heads hang down like mine, while those that have nothing in them stand upright like yours." A Californian's black berry crop weighed 5,400 pounds, and was sold at 7 cents per pound, bringing him \$432. The roots taken from between the rows were sold for enough to pay for the pruning and cultivation. The cost of picking and marketing was \$100, which left a net profit of \$166 per acre.

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