THE LADIES' COLUMN.

A Fat Woman's Complaint.

"There is a fortune for anybody who will start a 'Fat Woman's Journal,'" said a woman who weighed more than 200 pounds, "or if you want to be more euphemistic and euphonious, a fashion magazine, and christen it 'A la Jolie Embonpointe.' In this there shouldn't be a fashion or a fashion plate that did not pertain to a woman weighing at least 175 pounds—and upward, as they say in the cheap stores. At present you can't find a fashion plate that does not represent a slender, long-waisted woman. For this sylph everything is designed—gowns, wraps, bonnets. It is impossible to find anything intended for large women. Apparently nobody gives us any consideration, and we clothe ourselves, as it were, by faith. It is absurd," continued the lady, "for the fact is well-established that American women have lost the reproach of scrawniness. Go where you will, at least among the leisure classes, and you will find the large proportion of women broad shouldered, well-developed and a generous overflow of figure. And we are worth considering. There is a fortune in avoirdupois for whoever is far enough sighted to perceive it. Send out the prospectus 'A la Jolie Embonpointe' or the 'Fat Woman's Journal' and see how quickly we will rally to its support from every part of the land."—*New York Sun.*

Cost of a "Coming Out" Dress.

Next to the bridal dress of a young girl, her "coming out" costume is the crucial test of task and income. Miss Morris' "sweet simplicity" of costume was an example. The foundation was a low-necked, no sleeved-slip of what one would call rose white. If yellow white be ivory, or cream, then pinkish white is rose white. The material was corded silk, heavy and lustrous. About the walking-length skirt was a box-plaited row of Valenciennes four inches deep at $5 a yard. In each plait of the lace hung pendant an artificial half-blown blush rose. Up one side like a panel went row after row of lace and buds. Draped over the silk was a mass of ethereal silk gauze, with satin stripes in pure white. Opposite the panel, on the right side, was a big pocket arrangement made of satin folds interlaced like basket work, and springing out of the top was a splendid cluster of blush roses, half-blown and buds. The girlish chest of the debutant admitted of the upper half the corsage being made of overlapping rows of Valenciennes and intermingling buds, and a hip-corset of satin, laced behind, showing the slender waist. There were certainly fifty yards of lace on the dress, and 500 roses. The material that formed the overdress was $100 for five yards, the slip cost $50, the roses and the making were $100, and so the simple rosebud dress of a miss in her teens, without any jewellery or display, cost $500.—*From Clara Belle's New York Letter.*

Fashion Notes.

Pinked edges are becoming very popular on tailor gowns of heavy cloth.

Gloves with evening gowns are not worn much above the elbow, and they are not as heavily wrinkled, but pulled up plain and smooth if the arm is plump enough to admit of it.

Very many of the newest tailor gowns show two colors of the same cloth, the darker, strange to say, forming the accessories—collar, cuffs and so on—and the brighter the body of the gown.

The dancing gown grows shorter, rather than longer, as the season advances, and there is more and more a tendency to make it full and undraped in the skirt, low or V-shaped in the neck and sleeveless. Debutantes, however, and brides wear their gowns high, or half-high in the neck, with half or three-quarter length sleeves, and debutantes, like brides, wear white, cream and ivory-tinted fabrics.

There is an effort being made to return to satin for evening wear. When it is rich nothing is so handsome, but its vulgarization a year or two since by cheap qualities made it fall into disfavor.

White and gold is the popular combination for evening wear. White tulles have their crisp voluminousness held in place by thick gold braid that comes made up in patterns. White satins and silks are embroidered in gold upon the material and some charming London gowns of silky white cashmere are richly edged above their hemmed borders with deep gold thread embroideries in arabesque designs. One handsome opera cloak is of a heavy white cloth brocaded with gold leaves. The border is of white curled Persian lamb, and it is lined with yellow silk. One of the most charming of these white and gold gowns has a foundation slip of golden yellow faille Francaise, and over it is draped many yards of white Indian tissue.

There is an ever-growing tendency to have everything to match in evening dresses. Gloves are shown in every possible tint, and of late in all the shoe shop windows have appeared satin shoes of varied colors. Women of a pronounced type have for a long time had a leaning toward scarlet satin shoes, but now they are quite universally worn with the poppy red tulle dresses that are so frequently seen this season. Beside these are Louis XV. slippers in pale blue, pink, bronze, copper, green and yellow satin, and silk stockings come to match them in every shade. The feather or gauze fan repeats the colors of the dress, shoes and gloves.

New and lustrous French failles are imported, striped or plaided, with fancy velours or plain velvet. These materials come in exquisite evening shades of Nile green, cameo, pale golden, terra cotta, apricot, baby blue and the rosy lilac that does not grow gray and dull by candle-light. There are others in deep, rich tones for dinner and carriage gowns in golden bronze, fawn color, shot with russet brown; olive, venetian green, "winter-sky" and heliotrope. Another novelty is an India silk broche, with pompadour designs in pale shaded velvet upon its rich surface, the patterns being borrowed from ancient Gobelin tapestries and from Oriental designs.

A young man named Swank, of Beaver Falls, Pa., a student at Geneva College, ran at full speed against a clothes-line while chasing a goat out of a yard. The line caught him just under the nose, tearing out his upper teeth and splitting the mouth from ear to ear.

THE WONDERFUL KOLA NUT.

It is Said to be Capable of Performing a Great Many Remarkable Things.

Planters in tropical climes are recommended to cultivate the kola tree, the nut of which seems to possess some marvellous qualities. If the prophecies regarding the beneficent services of certain preparations of it are realized an unspeakable boon will be conferred on millions of the human race. For many years it has been extensively used as an excellent beverage and sacred symbol in the interior of Africa, but now its properties have every reason to be far more entensively utilized. There is no doubt from what is already known that it has the extraordinary property of counteracting the influence of alcohol, of giving a stimulant in wasting diseases, of acting as a powerful tonic in cases of deep-seated injuries on the digestive organs, of purifying foul water, of overcoming the sense of fatigue, and of exciting to arduous work with the least injury to the frame. It appears that kola nuts were originally found in the western territories of Africa, and that soldiers stationed along the coast were the first white men who became aware of their peculiar property. They found, for instance, that the chewing of these nuts prevented a drunken headache. Not only so, but some who have used the nut paste as a "pick-me-up" assert that, while removing the nausea, it gives them quite a "skunner" at the smell of whiskey and removes the irritating desire for a "morning" to keep the stomach hearty. If the paste be mixed with cocoa paste, which it resembles closely, it produces a much finer and more nutritive chocolate. It has been shown by repeated experiments that the nerve energy produced by partaking of the chocolate made with kola paste is ten times greater than that produced by an equal quantity of ordinary cocoa chocolate. So nutritious is this kola that with a single cup of it a laborer can undergo a day's work without any sense of weariness. Though it may not directly feed the muscular system, it has the property of preventing the rapid waste of the tissues. So much have the manufacturers of chocolate, both in this country and abroad, become alive to the excellent properties of the new paste that they are making arrangements to procure it for mixing purposes as soon as its price becomes reasonable. The British Government, too, has gone the length of making experiments upon the paste in a pure state, so as to ascertain the saving which would be made in the transit of provisions in time of war by giving this beverage to the army. It is of great service for purifying the foul water which is so prevalent in hot climates; this will be the preventive of many diseases, especially to Europeans. It has also been found very useful in clarifying beer and spirits, acting much like the white of an egg or isinglass.—*Scotsman.*

The Canadian Northwest.

A partial settlement of Ryan & Haney's claims in connection with the Red River Valley Road has been effected, Haney receiving a cheque from the Government for $89,226 and immediately purchasing therewith Provincial bonds to the amount of $89,200.

Although the one-man-one-vote principle was passed last session it is claimed that it cannot come into effect till new voters' lists are prepared. The Government, fearing the outside votes would defeat their candidates in Assiniboia and St. Francois Xavier, are preparing new lists for those constituencies.

Hough & Campbell have been appointed city solicitors to succeed Solicitor D. Glass.

The sale of school lands throughout the Province, to commence January 10th, is already being advertised. Sales take place at Manitou, Winnipeg and Minnedosa.

Mrs. McBean, of Winnipeg, is one of the nearest heirs to the immense Weber estate, which comprises sixty acres in the heart of New York city, and which has been in litigation for the past fourteen years.

A sectionman named Nelson was stabbed in three places last night at Cassil's Station by a Hungarian.

A party to go to the Yukon next spring is being organized at Edmonton. The idea is to go down the Athabasca and Mackenzie and up either the Liard or the Peel River to reach the waters of the Yukon.

It was 40 below zero this morning.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land has appointed Rev. O. Fortin, rector of Holy Trinity Church, to the Archdeaconry of Winnipeg.

It is rumored that the new Government of Manitoba will ask the Legislature for power to expropriate Dominion lands.

Manitoba grain men propose sending a strong deputation to Toronto to uphold the new grain standard in the event of a meeting of the Dominion Grain Board being held before the new standard comes into force.

The municipalities and towns along the line of the Manitoba & Northwestern Railway have appointed a number of residents to visit points in Ontario with the view of assisting immigration to Manitoba.

Senator Schultz has been appointed to succeed Mr. Aikins as Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, on the expiration of the latter's term next May, and Mr. Royal, M. P. for Provencher, will succeed Mr. Dewdney as Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories.

Mr. Richard Hardisty, Hudson's Bay factor at Edmonton, will be appointed to one of the two Northwest Senatorships.

Beginning the New Year.

Wife—"Here I've been sitting up till daylight for you, you wretch! Haven't slept a wink all night."

Husband (who has been seeing the old year out and the new wine in)—"Norri auther, my dear. Lesh go bed."

Pinned His Faith to the Directory.

Intoxicated Guest—Wai—waiter—look in the directory and see where (hic) I live.

Waiter—But your name, sir?

Guest—You must find that (hic) in the directory, too.

The Effect on St. Nicholas of "Highe Education."

American youth (aged 6)—Now if the effect of eighty bolts of electricity is equal in applied force to——

Santa Claus—Holy Grail! is this the youngster that I've brought a yellow monkey on a red stick for?

AN ODD MISTAKE.

The Man Who Attended His Own Funeral—A Fact.

A New Yorker writes to the *Evening Post*: One day, while I was in the country, I said to myself, as I dropped the newspaper: "Ah! my old friend Peter has gone at last." For I observed in the obituary notices the following: "Died at Milton, N.J., on the 5th inst., in the 50th year of his age, Peter Umfree, late of the city of New York. His funeral will take place on the 6th inst., at 10 o'clock a.m., at the Presbyterian church on Eleventh street, New York."

As the name of the deceased was an unusual one, and as his age and the church he attended were as above stated, and as I knew also that my friend was spending the summer and fall in that part of New Jersey, I was satisfied that the Peter Umfree above-named as having departed this life was my old acquaintance, and as I could not attend his funeral I determined to pay a visit to his widow and family as soon as I possibly could. Accordingly, on the 7th, I went to his place of business in this city, expecting to find it closed, but to my astonishment it was open and my friend Peter was busily engaged in it. "Why," said I, "Mr. Umfree, I thought you were dead." "Well," said he, "I almost thought so myself. You see, however, I am not. It happened to me that I attended my own funeral services; for, noticing the advertisement, I thought I would step over to the church, and when I walked up the middle aisle, the ceremonies being nearly over, my appearance seemed to frighten everybody. I took a seat in a pew where there was a young lady of my acquaintance, who tried to get away as far as she could from me, and I said: 'Mary, don't you know me?' 'Yes,' said she, 'but I thought you were in that coffin and that you must be a ghost.' However, she became satisfied of my vitality, but looked at me with wondering eyes."

As my friend Peter was generally known in this city and the neighboring places, quite a number of his acquaintances attended the obsequies, and three of them from Brooklyn went to the church, and, standing in the vestibule, heard the clergyman speak of the mother of the deceased, and one of them said: "There must be some mistake, as our friend lost his mother years ago; however, we will go in." As is usual, on such occasions, the congregation were informed that they could view the corpse, and on doing so one lady said to another, "Why, that is not the face of our departed friend," to which was replied: "Oh, you know, death makes a great change in the looks of a person."

The next day appeared in the religious paper of the denomination to which Mr. Umfree was attached a long and well deserved eulogy of him and his useful career, but our Peter is still among the living, and will be happy to see any one who wants articles in his "line."

The mistake occurred from the fact that a man of the same name died, and his friends, desiring to bury him in the city, asked the privilege of the trustees of said church to have the services performed in it. This was granted, but it led to the wonderful result of a man attending his own funeral.

The Society Girl.

He was an anomaly among his kind—a modest reporter. He had dropped into the Elite Club ball-room, to write a ten-line notice of the affair.

Suddenly he found himself confronted by a bejewelled and bedecked lady, who said sweetly:

"Ah, I know you; you're one of those horrid reporters, aren't you?"

"I'm a reporter, madam."

"I knew it. And you've come to write all sorts of horrid things about us poor ladies, who can't help ourselves!"

"Indeed, madam, I——"

"Oh, yes, you will! I just think you reporters are too horrid for anything!"

"I am not——"

"You go and put all sorts of things in the papers about us. It's just dreadful! I get real cross about it!"

"I assure you, madam, that——"

"Oh, well, I suppose it is your business to be so horribly awful! I suppose now you have come to write up all the costumes in your horrid way, and you'll have all our names in the paper, too!"

"No, madam, I——"

"Oh, I know you will! You always say you won't, and then you do! You're just so dreadful! I do think it's too provoking in you! We poor ladies can't do a thing that you don't put it in the paper!"

"I intend writing but a brief notice of this ball."

"Oh, well, I suppose you'll put in some names; so here is my card, so that the name won't be spelled wrong, as it was in your account of Mrs. De White's party. And there's a good description of my costume on the back of the card. Don't forget to write 'diamond ornaments.' I think I'm real good to take so much trouble for you when you are so perfectly horrid as to go and put it all in the papers. Oh, you wicked, naughty, horrid man! It makes me cross to look at you. Good-bye! Be sure you get my name right this time. You'll be more horrid than ever if you don't."—*Puck.*

A Child's Logic.

A little girl was teasing her mother for more indulgence, and was put off with "Wait till to-morrow."

The following day she renewed her teasing, and was reminded that she had said the same thing yesterday.

"But, mamma," said the child, earnestly, "this isn't yesterday; it's to-morrow."

This reasoning was successful.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Working Him Nicely.

Wife (at breakfast)—You came in very late last night, John."

Husband (who plays poker)—Yes, I waser at the office.

Wife (anxiously)—Really, John, I'm afraid to have you work so hard. You are over-taxing your strength. Can you let me have twenty dollars this morning?

Husband—Certainly, my dear.

He Didn't Know.

"Say, Bigsby, do you know how to get rid of a bore?"

"No. I regret to say that I don't. If I knew a good plan I would utilize it immediately."

ADVICE TO TENDERFEET.

Some Points for Young Men Going West to Get Rich.

If we are to believe the highly colored reports sent out from Prescott, Arizona, a gold mine "richer by far than anything ever discovered in the world" has just been developed ten miles from that point. We are told that the pure gold clings to the rocks in scales and can be taken off by the handful, and that two men in less than an hour secured $800. And further, the report says that the ore averages $1,000 per ton. Before any young men of Wilmington pack their satchels and prepare to hasten to the Hassayampa River gold fields we would suggest that they await further developments and fuller particulars of the new Eldorado to which people are said to be flocking in great numbers. There are always two sides to the wonderful stories of gold and diamond fields that come from the far, far west. There are such things as salted mines and gold mining companies that sell thousands of stock not worth the paper on which their lying words are printed. Of course it is a great temptation for an ambitious young man to start out from home with a large gripsack containing his old clothes, with the expectation of throwing away the old clothes in a few weeks and returning with the gripsack so heavily laden with gold nuggets that an express car has to be chartered. Such dreams of gold have flitted through the head of every young man, and some old ones, too, and will as long as time is. But how many young men of your acquaintance have started west to make a fortune in a few months or years have succeeded except by hard work at some legitimate business? How many men do you suppose come from the gold mines laden down with the precious stuff? Not many. There are exceptions to the rule, but the chances of becoming a millionaire by rushing into every new gold field that is opened are just about as good as is the chance of drawing the capital prize in a lottery. If you want to hasten to the new gold fields of the Hassayampa River, young men, heed our advice. Take with you half a dozen pairs of good, stout comfortable walking shoes in addition to your regular equipment. When you reach the nearest settlement to the mines leave your extra shoes in the hands of some reliable person to be held until called for. Then, when you start to walk back home to the east and the firesides of your parents you will be prepared for the journey. Like Sherman's troops on their way through Georgia, you will have to depend upon the country along your route for supplies. Walking is very good exercise for the young. When you make up your mind to dig for gold, don't. There is just as much money in digging potatoes, if you dig enough of them.—*Wilmington News.*

Old Father Time.

A new year! The old story over again. What a weird and wonderful enchanter is Time. Each of his years; yea, of his hours, though but a mote on the track of eternities, clasps our opportunities, and it may be our doom, and yet it springs forth as fair and welcome as though never an hour or a year had recorded a human wrong, or crime, or sorrow, or despair.

Weird and wonderful, and so priceless that not all the wealth, and eloquence, and power of the human race can bring back a moment gone—nay, not though the lost opportunity buried with it were fraught with the salvation of the world.

Time! evanescent as a shadow, yet everlasting; briefer than a dream, yet eternal as the stars. A new year—what a mingled record each has borne, or shall bear, between the first of Adam and the last of the last man! What conquests and defeats—what progressions and decadences—what wailings and jubilees!

Now an age of light and now an age of darkness—wars, persecutions, pestilences and famines—tribes and nations, kingdoms and republics—all the griefs and gladness, all the misfortunes and propensities, all the crimes and heroisms of our race, are written on the brows of the dead six thousand years that lie out there in the damp and mould.

And thither must this new year quickly hie to the oblivion of its thousands of predecessors. God grant that it may be remembered by its virtues! God forbid that it should be remembered for its crimes and desolations! But whatever be the fate that awaits it in our "heart of hearts" we wish it may be a peaceful, prosperous and happy year to all mankind.

Fresh News Notes.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain arrived in Toronto from Ottawa last night, and is the guest of Sir David Macpherson at Chestnut Park.

Lord Lansdowne, while skating near Rideau Hall the other day, fell, inflicting painful injuries to his head. One eye was also unfortunately blackened.

A number of the employees in the Toronto Custom House have been granted increases of salaries, and two have retired on account of ill-health, receiving the usual gratuities.

The Government has commissioned Mr. Simeon Jones, ex-M.P., of St. John, N. B., to visit South America and the West Indies with a view to working up closer trade relations with Canada.

The dispute between the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways over the former's eastern entrance to Toronto has been decided by the Railway Committee of the Privy Council in favor of the Canadian Pacific.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada was held in Toronto yesterday, when officers were elected for the ensuing year. A by-law to exempt transportation companies from liability for baggage was defeated.

Certain statements seriously reflecting upon the Toronto City Auditors, regarding grave irregularities in the Waterworks Department, were made by the Chairman of the Executive Committee yesterday, and a special committee is investigating the matter.

One Very Just Tax.

A few months ago a Pennyslvania girl married a bogus Count who has just been arrested for swindling. We pay a tax on imported noblemen, but it falls on the girls who marry them.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

SINGULAR CAPTURES.

Clews That Have Brought Criminals to Justice.

It is a curious fact that those who have committed crimes are very frequently arrested with the evidence upon them, writes a London correspondent. Lefroy, who killed Mr. Gold on the Brighton railway some years ago, was discovered with the old gentleman's watch in his boot. Often, too, is it some article of personal apparel which brings about a conviction.

Franz Muller, Lefroy's predecessor, who killed Mr. Briggs on the North London Railway, wore a straw hat with a lining having a broad blue strip edged with black and white. This he left in a railway carriage, and many of our readers will remember how, little by little, the structure of evidence, of which this straw hat was the foundation, was built up.

In a recent burglary in Dublin the thief was arrested on suspicion founded on one or two very small links. He had entered a library in which on a table was a small piece of wedding cake which happened to be wrapped in such a manner that it might reasonably have been suspected to be a packet of coin. When the room was opened the following morning the cake was found scattered on the carpet as though thrown down in rage. It was observed, too, that a chair had been used for assistance in reaching a despatch box from a not very tall article of furniture. The smart detective who had the case in hand put two and two together and came to the conclusion—first, that the burglar was not a young man or he probably would have eaten the cake, and, second, that he was of small stature and had been obliged to mount the chair in order to get at the box. Acting upon these hints, the detective boldly accused "a well-known character," who had been observed watching the house, and eventually traces of the stolen property were discovered in the burglar's possession and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. As the detective had surmised, he was a very short man indeed.

Rather more than sixty years ago the Red Barn mystery first aroused public attention. There was something so extraordinary in this strange story, and in the fact that the secret was unraveled by dreams, that for years it was a favorite fireside chapter of horrors among the poorer classes. A certain William Corder was engaged to a young woman of his own county, Suffolk, and they agreed to get married secretly on the 18th of May, 1824. The girl started forth disguised as a man, the arrangements being that she should resume her ordinary costume at a place on Corder's farm known as the Red Barn. Thence they were to proceed to Ipswich, where they were to be married.

Some time afterward Corder wrote from the Isle of Wight, saying that he and his wife were living very happily. But the girl's mother, not hearing personally from her daughter grew alarmed, and in March, 1828, dreamed on three successive nights that her daughter had been murdered and buried in the Red Barn. So convinced was she of the truth of the augury that she persuaded her husband to apply for permission to examine the spot. He did so, and on digging a few feet found the remains of his daughter enveloped in a sack. Corder was traced to Brantford, where he was found married to the proprietress of a ladies' school. The dreams of the girl's mother can scarcely be called a clew in the accepted sense of the word, but that they were instrumental in bringing about Corder's arrest is beyond a doubt.

Honesty the Best Policy.

We all know that honesty is the best policy. But I warrant you this—if you knew a man whose honesty had no deeper foundation than a firm conviction of the truth of the proverb, you would count your silver spoons before you left him alone with them.—*Dr. F. C. Coleg.*

No Use Asking Him.

"No; don't ask Robinson to say a good word for me. He wouldn't do it."

"Doesn't he like you?"

"No; he has owed me $10 borrowed money for more than six months."—*Norwich Bulletin.*

Comes Low, But She Must Have It.

Jiggs—Miss D'Bonair has grown considerably since I saw her last winter.

Wiggs—How so?

Jiggs—When I saw her last her dress came way up to her neck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Visitor—Is the baby very sick, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, I guess she is, for such a little bit of a thing.

—A great many people who are crazy to get into the social swim are drowned before they can get out.

—In polite circles the word "drunk" or "intoxicated" is no longer used. "Overestimated his capacity" is the proper thing.

OUR EXPENSIVE LUXURIES.

She's a genuine New Year's fairy,
Just the kind that I would marry,
If I ever should select a wife;
Yet I cannot marry her,
For her dainty cloak of fur,
Cost more than I've earned in my whole life.

Without winning, I resign her,
Like the Emperor of China,
Who can't wed without three million dollars
Though it seems extremely funny,
Yet I think he'd need the money,
And have nothing left to buy his collars.

—Nature seems to have made one sorry mistake in not fixing things so that a people may grow in wisdom as rapidly as in numbers.

—It is understood that Col. Villiers, of Kingston, will succeed Col. LaMontagne as Deputy Adjutant General of the Ottawa Military District.

—The best New Year's gift which many men could make to their families would be a more amiable mood in themselves. The kind of curmudgeon who is affable to everybody outside but "cross as a bear" at home is altogether too common. Let him turn over a new leaf now and glue it down.

The wife of John Bradford, of Wilmington, Del., left her bed while fast asleep, walked from the chamber into the hall and fell downstairs, breaking her nose and sustaining other severe injuries. She had been dreaming at the time of a similar accident which had occurred to an acquaintance, a lady, a year ago.