

WOMAN GOSSIP.

An Infant Born with an Extra Large Silver Spoon in his Mouth—Corsets and Bonnets—How He got Her.

Womens Shoes—Mrs. Vanderbilt's Plans—Scraps, &c., &c.

A London correspondent says: I suppose the accouchement of the Countess of Rosebery was a matter sufficiently important to be reported by cable. A son and heir! Lucky little pink rascal, lying there all unconscious in his lace-trimmed crib craving nothing but frequent imbibings of the fluid lactical, how little he is aware of the fact that he is lord something or other, his father's son; though that is small matter compared to the other circumstance—namely, that he is his mother's heir, and as such, a knight of the Red Shield, and that not a ship floats the ocean, nor a crop of grain is sent to market in all the wide, wide world, but that in some way, sooner or later, part of its profits will accrue to the money-mill of his ancestors in St. Swithin's lane. Yet, as fine an inheritance as he derives from his peccunious mamma, without which all the rest would be deprived of its savor, is (or so I should fancy) a splendid physical constitution. Miss Hannah de Rothschild was a noble example of robust girlhood, and her children should be by rights of such vigor as to form a living proof of the falsity of Dr. Richardson's assertion that the world of civilization contains no entirely healthy baby. The residence within whose walls the young heir has entered a world which he will find all padded at the angles for him is Lansdowne house, in Berkeley square, which the earl of Rosebery has rented for a period of years from the Marquis of Lansdowne. It is one of those very large ancestral houses of which a few yet remain unharmed in London amid the mania for improvement and rent collection. Scarcely a chimney-top of the house itself can be discerned by the passer as he strolls through the famous old square, renowned, since Fielding and Richardson's day, as an aristocratic locality of the most ultra distinction. A high brick wall encloses a most extensive garden, from which in the budding May time there issues a tangled mingling of luscious odors which surpasses for sweetness the two corners in Old Bond street where the unceasing fierce rivalry of Atkinson and Peisse and Lubin is carried on. And just beside the high protecting wall, the proud, exclusive wall, there is one of the prettiest little public walks imaginable, a "right of way," obtained by the people from the peer for convenience's sake, a narrow lane which your umbrella would find the boundaries of, with its handle and its ferule lying down in the path before you. This is Lansdowne passage, leading to May Fair. It would be difficult to find a pleasanter spot to pass a life of leisure in, I should fancy, than Lansdowne house. Meantime, the ground for the Earl of Rosebery's new town residence is being rapidly cleared. Those who have seen the plans of the projected mansion say that Lord Rosebery is going to show the world how a Rothschild should live. The architecture of the new house will be on a par with that of some of the noblest continental palaces, and consequently far surpassing any residence in London, even those occupied by royalty. The site is a unique one and one which no doubt Lord Rosebery considers himself fortunate in having been able to acquire. The south front will "give" upon the gayest and most bustling part of Piccadilly extension, just opposite Sloane street, while the north front will overlook the whole of the most beautiful part of Hyde park, with the animated carriage drive at Rotten row lying directly outside and under the balconies. Charles Reade has for many years been so fortunate as to own a little box at this spot, and one of the most striking enjoyments connected so frequently by the invitation to tea, dispensed so frequently by the kindly romancer to his American friends, is the contemplation of the exquisite park view from the back windows of the house.

Corsets and Bonnets.

Then what shall be said about the corsets? What does the Ladies' National Dress Association, with Lady Herbert at its head, say about the advertisements in the *Queen* about corsets? "They reduce the size of the figure without causing any injurious pressure, while their graceful shape adds a new charm to the form." Whether the audacity or the mendacity of the statement is the greater may be a matter on which opinions can differ, the magnitude of each being so great. A liver compressed till the marks of the ribs are visible after death; that is not "injurious pressure." Neither is displacement of some of the less fixed organs "injurious pressure." I suppose? To have the viscera driven downwards until displacement follows, is quite a trifle from the *modiste's* point of view, perhaps; but to the physician it is a grave matter, often entailing ill-health for the rest of a life-time. And as to the "graceful shape" of a wasp-waisted lady; that, too, only exists from the *modiste's* point of view. Then as to the lower limbs; why are they merely to be concealed from view by flowing skirts? decency is honored, but why not health? Warm woollen coverings to the lower limbs are quite as desirable for the softer sex as for the more robust. Next, as to hats or bonnets; common sense, as representing physiology, has never attempted to seriously discuss a lady's head-dress. It is scarcely possible to observe the windows of a lady's out-fitter's shop without weeping; and the only things which prevent laughter in front of a bonnet shop is the price. A lady may suffer from severe facial neuralgia on exposure to cold; but if the goddess of fashion decree that the bonnet shall be worn on the back of the head, she must suffer patiently till the reaction to poke bonnets arrive; then she will have a temporary respite from her agony, till the next change again leaves the facial area exposed. She may have sensitive eyes; but no shade of head-dress shall protect her from the sun's piercing rays, unless broad-brimmed hats happen to be *de la mode*. If her skin is sensitive and given to blister there is a legion of cosmetics advertised—at prices which make a serious inroad on a lady's pin-money. To beautify the skin and clear the complexion it is not essential to wear a suitable head-dress; the *modiste* settles the form of hat or bonnet, and if the cosmetic-vendor is benefitted

thereby, why, there is no great objection to that. Is not the lady of fashion one of the fat kine, on which the lean kine can subsist? and the *modiste* plays into her fellow-trader's hands.

Women's Shoes.

Take the most recent fashion of shoes. The heel of the human being projects outward, or rather backward, and gives steadiness to "the sure and certain step of man." But fashion has decided that the heel of the boot or shoe shall get as near the centre of the instep as possible. Instead of the weight of the body resting upon an arch, in the modern fine lady it rests upon pegs with the toes in front, which have to prevent the body from toppling forward. Then the heel is so high that the foot rests upon the peg and the toes; and the gait is about as elegant as if the lady were practicing walking upon stilts. In order to poise the body on these two points a bend forward is necessitated, which is regarded as the correct attitude of the "form divine." It is needless to say that there are few ankles which can stand this strain without yielding; and it is quite common to see young ladies walking along with their ankles twisting all ways, or perhaps with the sole of their shoe or boot escaping from under the foot and the side of the heel in contact with the ground. With such modern improvements on sandals (which allow the feet perfect freedom and play) the present *Mademoiselle*, when she attempts to run, is a spectacle at which the gods—well, not quite that, but at which her mother might well weep.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Widow.

Commodore Vanderbilt's widow, says a New York letter, came originally from Mobile, and had a great influence over the commodore. She has lived a very quiet life since the commodore's death, spending most of her leisure in opening love letters and prosecuting the charities which he undertook. She frequently sits up with her secretary till midnight answering the letters—not the love-letters. The number of proposals she has received for her well-endowed hand since the commodore was taken from her side is estimated by those who are nearest to her to be between five hundred and two thousand. Many of them are accompanied by photographs which wildly and vainly endeavor to set forth the charms of the writers. The misses furnish no end of amusement to the family at No. 10 Washington place. But Mrs. Vanderbilt, though barely 36, and a prepossessing woman, declares that she will marry no more, and she smiles upon no suitor. Gossip—many-eyed and many-tongued—is not even busy with her name. A far-heel from the western Carolinas is among the most recent who have sought her hand. He naively and innocently assured her that he had knocked together a little cabin of his own and if she would only be his he "would support her as long as she lived."

He Won His Bride.

James Dunlap, of New Haven, Conn., applied for a position as farm hand at Deacon Eldridge's farm, in Lansdale, Pa., twelve years ago, and was put to work. Eldridge had a daughter 16 years old, who became fascinated with Dunlap, and after an acquaintance of two years he asked the deacon's consent for the daughter's hand in marriage. The deacon objected because of Dunlap's penniless condition. The girl promised to gain her father's consent or put an end to her unhappy existence. Dunlap left the farm, declaring that he would some day return a man of wealth and influence. He went to Wyoming territory, where he obtained a situation as driver on a stage line, and at the end of five years he purchased a half interest in the business. By shrewd financing and successful speculation he cleared \$20,000, which, with the profit from his business, gives him the title of being one of the wealthiest residents of Wyoming. He is also one of the heaviest stock holders in a new railroad enterprise. He returned to Lansdale one day last week, after an absence of ten years, and was married to Miss Eldridge. The wedding was a grand affair. The bride couple go to New Haven and thence to Wyoming. The bride has rejected many offers in the past ten years. She is the belle of Lackawanna valley.

What is Home Without a Mother.

Miss Hortense is working a Beautiful Piece of Embroidery. It is a motto in green and gold. It asks What is Home Without a Mother? When Miss Hortense gets it Done she will give it to her Beau, who tends a Dry Goods Counter. You cannot see Miss Hortense's Mother. She is in the Back Yard doing the Weekly Washing. By and by she will be Bringing in the Coal for the Parlor Stove, because Miss Hortense's Beau is Coming To-night.

SCRAPS.

A turn in the tide—the first quarrel after marriage. The Gainesborough hat was first worn by Mrs. Gaines. It is as old as her first lawsuit, and at a theatre is much more difficult to see through. "I thought I was going to become gray, I know I should die!" exclaimed Miss Springle. When she turned gray, she did dye, sure enough. Avoid that which you blame others for doing, says one of our wisemen. Well, things have come to a pretty pass if a man can't kiss his own wife. Where one woman scans the horizon for signs of the dawn of a brighter era, ten are scouting among their neighbors trying to borrow saleratus. She said: "I do wish I could read French. There's an item in French in the funny column of the paper, and I know there's something improper in it." Mrs. Langtry, having heard of Oscar Wilde's experience in America, does not think she will come. She fears that the American people have grown tired of lilies. Hamilton school-girls have got so that they can walk a mile in twelve minutes. Each one is provided with a gong, the same as a hook-and-ladder truck, and it is only now and then that anyone is killed. Snifkins was perplexed yesterday when two women, each with a baby in arms, got

into a crowded street-car, and looked as though they wanted a seat. But he was equal to the occasion. He offered to "holk" the little kids while the mothers remained standing.

Said the man as he lay crushed under the fallen wall: "For heaven's sake get me out of here?" "Are you suffering much pain?" they asked. "Yes," he replied, "but I don't mind about that. It's the row my wife will make about my coming home so late that worries me."

A snowball stopped an elopement in Louisville. It was thrown by a boy in the street knocking off the hat of the driver of the carriage in which the runaway couple were riding to a railway station, and thus causing just enough delay to make them miss the train. Thus hindered they were caught and separated by the girl's father.

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particularly spoony frame of mind, and asked her to sing him something tender and touching, something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang: "Darling, I am Growing Old."

"How dare you appear before me in such a condition sir," she exclaimed. "It's aesthetic," he replied. "What do you mean, sir?" asked the wife. "You gave a little blow-out, the other evening, didn't you, that you said was a very consummate affair?" "I did," she replied; "but what has that to do with your drunken orgies?" "Well," said the man, "I've been having a little toot, too."

Mabel is sitting at the piano, and she is singing a song. The song says he is waiting for her in the gloaming. Mabel appears to be giving herself Dead Away. He is not waiting for her in the gloaming at all. He has just drawn a Bobtail flush, and he is wondering whether he had better pull out or stand in on a bluff. Mabel would touch a Responsive Chord in his bosom if she were to sing take back the hand which thou gavest.

Capturing Wild Horses.

A large mob of wild horses is described, coming toward the riders, over a distant rise. As they draw near and see themselves headed by mounted men, they wheel sharply on one side, and, with manes and tails streaming in the wind, and their flanks shining with moisture, they gallop off in another direction, but only to find enemies wherever they turn. At last, in desperation they make straight for the widest gap they see in the circle. The two men between whom they hope to escape leap off their back horses, which they quickly hobble and leave loose, and, mounting bare-backed on the spare one, wait for the right moment for closing in on the flying and already distressed baguales as they make their final rush. If they do so too soon, of course the mob swerves to one side, and passes behind the hunter; but, if they manage well, the two simultaneously close in on the drive, boleadoras in hand, ready to cast; and at the moment the horses pass, each singles out a good looking colt, whirls the balls round his head, and, letting fly, entangles them round both hind-legs so effectually that the victim, after struggling onward some fifty yards, is obliged to submit, and falls heavily over. After the first cast the hunter presses on closely to the heels of the flying mob, and, loosening his second pair from round his waist often secures another colt. Then he dismounts, and after tying the prostrate animal's fore-hoofs close together with some of the many raw-hide things about his person or his horse, he leaves it, struggling but secure, and resumes his place in the circle as before, in case there is more game still within it. And here let me give a brief description of the boleadoras, for it is these that are used—and not the lazo, as is commonly supposed—for catching the wild horses of the Pampa. Three double twisted thongs of raw horsehide, each about three feet six inches long, are softened by rubbing and working them in the hands, and when in a pliant state are tied together at one end. At the other end of one is fastened a stone ball, covered with hide, and shaped so as to fit the grasp of the hand; and to the other two ends are bound wooden balls, (of the size of a small croquet one), also cased in hide. Grasping firmly the stone one, the hunter whirls the others round his head, and when the right moment has arrived, he lets go, (as a boy does half his sling), and the three balls twist the thongs around whatever they are thrown at. But to resume. After all the baguales inclosed have escaped or been caught we look after the ostriches, which have, as a rule, remained hiding themselves about the middle of the circle. Any who may have singly tried to run off previously have been allowed to do so; but if a troop should have made a rush, (during the horse-hunt,) three or four of the men pursue, and generally bag one apiece. Many others will drop into the low grass, hoping not to be seen; but the corredores are too keen-sighted and experienced, and galloping up and down, they beat the ground like spaniels, shouting and whistling, until the birds are flushed, one by one, and have to run for it. On these expeditions any deer and guanacos (a species of llama), are not hunted; only so when neither baguales nor ostriches have been inclosed.

Look at Your Policies.

Persons holding policies of life insurance would do well to examine them for the purpose of ascertaining if any of the fine print conditions prohibit them from bathing. In Cincinnati a company recently contested a death claim on the ground that the deceased came to his end while bathing, and that death was not therefore caused by bodily infirmities or disease, but resulted from voluntary exposure to unnecessary danger. The court held, fortunately for the beneficiary in the policy, that she could recover, because the proof showed that deceased died from cramp; but there is no certainty that the other courts will follow the ruling, especially in cases where death results from bathing in a tub, and not in the sea. To persons unaccustomed to the bath, the former, like the latter, would be "a voluntary exposure to obvious and unnecessary dangers," and might result in death. Wherefore it is best to examine the policies.

NORTH-WEST NOTES.

Interesting Items for all Our Readers—How Things Boom out There.

Torontocapitalist have been inquiring about the prospects of West Lynno.

Trapping out west is reported as having been very successful this season. Mr. Crosby of West Lynno refused \$750 for two lots which he bought a few days ago for \$500.

Over 500 lots have been sold in Bathgate. The town company have doubled the price of their lots.

Anticipations are rife that the Northern Pacific will be built through Pembina to Huron City.

Mr. Simpson of West Lynno was offered \$500 for lots which he bought for \$200, a few weeks ago.

The H. B. Co., has sold 13 lots this week in West Lynno which will close their sales for the present. Lots averaged about \$200 each.

Mr. Hoies, real estate dealer, has offered \$8,000 for a piece of land one mile from Pembina, with a view to enlarge the town.

Emerson is in the first stages of a regular land fever, and one of the most pronounced symptoms is an eruption of real estate offices all over the corporation.

Chopping is to begin immediately in the Cypress Hills to get out the necessary timber for bridging the South Saskatchewan for the main line of the C. P. R.

The Pilot Mound Signal hears that there is a big rush of emigrants coming to Southern Manitoba next summer. Business men chiefly will be sure to come in hundreds.

Team after team is being loaded at Emerson with household goods, preparing to move west and settle on land, and still there is more to follow. What will it be two months from now.

The assessed valuation of Pembina county is \$768,318, less, perhaps, than the full value of it to-day. Rate of taxation in our county is 3 1/2 mills and 2-10 of a mill for interest on territorial bonds.

Potatoes are coming into market quite freely. An Emerson *International* reporter was in one of the stores and saw a farmer sell one hundred bushels at \$1. Lowyn & Guthrie were the purchasers.

It continues to be the wonder of all strangers that our station presents such a crowd of cars which are standing either ready for shipment or unloading. The railway depots of our eastern towns are dwarfs in comparison.

Sales quite lively in real estate. One gentleman was offered a corner lot in West Lynno recently, but did not accept, and the other day the lot had been held at an advance of \$650 from former price. The way we boom is a caution.

Golden Information!

A while ago, said Mrs. Dr. A. A. Jordan, 51 Lincoln street, Worcester, Mass., one of my friends from the South spoke to me very highly of St. Jacobs Oil. I resolved to try it on my patients, and I must confess that I was surprised at the results. It has never failed to cure all that it claims to, and I prescribe it willingly and confidently to those of my patients who suffer from rheumatism, sprains and all bodily pains. It is certainly a wonderful remedy, and I can highly recommend it.

The pensive mule is not usually regarded as susceptible to pathetic emotions. And yet he occasionally drops a mule-tear.

Substitute for Fresh Air and Exercise.—Persons of sedentary habits, or who are employed in factories, etc., require something to assist nature, as confinement and want of exercise is sure, sooner or later, to impair the digestive powers. Then it is that nature requires a stimulant such as Briggs' Botanic or Stomach Bitters. It creates an appetite, strengthens the whole system. It is brought within the reach of all, as it sells at 25 cents a package, and makes one-half a gallon of a splendid mixture, equal to what is sold in bottles at \$1 for three-fourths of a pint. Directions accompanying each package. Simple as steeping tea or coffee.

Puzzle.—How is it that Brigg's Electric Oil should reach and successfully treat so many complaints? All nervous diseases yield to its influence in a few minutes when applied externally, and as an internal remedy all are both astonished and pleased.

"What every one says must be true."

And every one who has tested its merits speaks warmly in praise of Hageyard's Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all throat and lung complaints, coughs and colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and incipient consumption.

Dyspepsia.

that all prevalent disease of civilized life, is always attended with a disordered sympathetic system and bad secretions, and no remedy is better adapted to its cure than Bardock Blood Bitters taken according to special directions found on every bottle. 10

THE WAY "to minister to a mind diseased," is to take Peruvian Syrup, a protected solution of the *protochloride of iron*, which gives strength and vigor to the whole system, restores the digestive organs to the perfect health, thereby restoring the mind to its natural vigor.

The most noted men of modern times have publicly attested to the value of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a cure for coughs and colds.

A Popular Remedy.

Hageyard's Pectoral Balsam is one of the most deservedly popular remedies for the cure of coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma, whooping cough, croup, bronchitis, and all pulmonary complaints. For sale by all dealers. 9

At the Centennial Exhibition, 1876, the Wheeler & Wilson received a silver medal. The Wanzer Sewing Machines were awarded a gold medal (the only one given to the Sewing Machine Trade). The public can decide as to which is of the most value. The Wanzer C and F machines are all the rage this fall, and deservedly so, owing to their many improvements and general excellence.

YACHTING.



A. P. 61

One of the most satisfactory and pleasurable, as well as the most agreeable, is yachting. The owner of the yacht is one who gathers the chief comfort, as he sails his craft for the excitement of the race, or for the genuine enjoyment of gliding his beautiful vessel over the water. Those who have a quiet, comfortable, and useful vessel over the water. As a class, they are quiet, careful, skillful men, but their life of exposure to the elements is productive of much rheumatism among them, and they suffer considerably from pains, the result of cold, bruises, sprains, &c. St. Jacobs Oil, is a favorite remedy with these men, because of the splendid service it renders them. Captain Schmidt, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., says that he has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for many years. He had severe rheumatic pains in nearly every portion of his body, and suffered so that at times he would be entirely unable to attend to active business. He said: "I am quite well now, however, and, as you see, I am able to work without any trouble. I attribute my recovery entirely to St. Jacobs Oil, for I felt better as soon as I commenced to use that remedy; and whenever I feel anything like rheumatism coming on, I rub the place with the Oil, and it always does what is claimed for it. Finding St. Jacobs Oil did me so much good, I got my family to use it whenever they had any pains or colds, and it has done good in every case when they have tried it. I can say that St. Jacobs Oil is a mighty good rheumatic remedy, and I don't intend to be without it." This experience is such as has been enjoyed not only by yachtmen and others, who follow the water, but by people in every walk of life and variety of pursuit the whole world over.

MOLDINGS, PICTURE FRAMES, MIRROR FRAMES, CHINA, &c. Price List to the trade on application. J. MATTHEWS & BROS., 33 Yonge St., Toronto.

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EARTH CLOSETS.—THIS COMPANY'S automatic closets minister to health, comfort, and cleanliness; send for circular. Earth Closet Co., 13 Jarvis street, Toronto.

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