

back by a dull gold buckle. The skirt and bodice both fasten on the left side of the front of the gown.

Black cloth and white satin is one of the smartest combinations for tailor-made gowns. Strips of cloth about an inch wide are stitched through one of the leading trimmings. The newest buttons are of cloth, with gold or silver rims.

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The neat tailor-made gown for travelling would look best, made in a fine summer cloth or tweed, in a soft shade of grey, with the smartly-cut revers and collar of the coat in dark green velvet. The velvet revers and collar are laid over a second collar of plain white cloth. This jaunty little coat, by the way, is made in quite a new shape, fastening over on one side, with three rows of fine tailor-stitching, and finished just below the waist, with small basques, cut almost like pocket-flaps, and breaking the line of the figure very becomingly. The



A NEAT TAILOR-MADE GOWN.

skirt fastens down the centre of the front, and is quite smooth and plain at the back. It is trimmed with wavy lines of stitching, very prettily arranged, in the manner shown in the sketch. The hat should be of chip, in a pretty shade of dark green, always a pleasant and restful colour for travelling. The trimming consists of black velvet marguerites, with draperies of white tulle, leaf-shaped bows of the same, edged with little gatherings of tulle, and white tulle strings tied on one side, in the most becoming fashion possible.

WORK COLUMN.

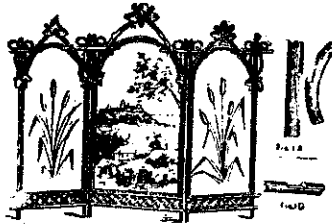
"HOME."

People of certain temperaments have no particular pleasure in pure laziness. To lie on the ground and gaze up at the peeps of blue sky between the arching boughs of trees, such as first inspired the architect with his idea of fantracery in Gothic architecture, has no special charm for them; they like to feel that they are accomplishing something. Woods, trees, flowers, and gardens are all very well, but they cannot enjoy these surroundings unless they have something in the shape of a practical excuse for lingering amongst their beauties. On the seashore they grope for shells for collections, and even the object of pressing sea-weeds between blotting-paper has been known to enable energetic persons of this type to prolong their stay in sea air that was absolutely necessary for their health. It is not easy by any means to find employment for such restless, nimble fingers, for it must be of the kind that absolutely takes them out of doors in its pursuit. It is no use suggesting pyrography or indexing stamps as an employment to a person in need of fresh air. The anaemic girl is one of the greatest

sinners in this respect; she likes to stay in doors and devote her languid attention to the yellow-back, when she ought to be out and doing, getting health and vitality by her activity.

Here is an idea which may help someone out of their difficulties in this respect. The making of this screen was one of the most fascinating employments I think I have ever experienced. First of all there was the collection of wood boughs, which gave us considerable journeyings, and then the whole of its manufacture was conducted out-of-doors so as not to "litter up" the rooms of our kindly landlady.

The wood had first to be softened in water, and then the staves and twigs joined as shown in IA and ID. At the points of juncture we fastened on fir-combs with strong gum, and further ornamented these clusters with acorns. These the landlady suggested should be gilded, but we of quieter taste preferred simply to add a little varnish,



A PRETTY SCREEN.

which gave them a fresher appearance without detracting from their natural tints. The panels were made of lovely russet-coloured sail canvas, which we were lucky enough to purchase from a boatmaker, and round which we fixed strong eyelet holes so as to lash them to the panels with green twine. These panels were further ornamented by one of the party who had the most artistic proclivities. In the centre panel she painted roughly the outlines of the cliffs and shores where we had made such a pleasant sojourn, and on the side panels groups of bullrushes and iris.

NATURE'S REASON FOR PAIN.

When one of Dr. Abernethy's patients remarked that it gave him great pain to lift his hand to his head, the eminent physician responded that, in such case, he was a fool for doing it. The observation was both brutal and unprofessional. The very fact that the act was painful indicated a condition calling for medical treatment and to provide that, if he could, was the doctor's duty.

Still, one might get on in comparative comfort without lifting his hand to his head, if that were the only source of pain about him. But when a bodily operation which is absolutely indispensable to life, becomes constantly painful, the situation is vastly more serious. And that was what happened to Mrs Emma Elwen, as related in her letter herewith printed for our information.

"In the spring of 1889," she says, "I began to feel weak and ailing. From being a strong, healthy woman, I gradually lost all my strength and energy. My appetite was poor, and all food gave me pain."

Be good enough for a moment to fix your mind on that statement. Nature has so arranged that all necessary acts or movements of the body shall be painless, if not distinctly pleasurable. Were it otherwise, we should avoid them to the extent of our power, and so produce incalculable mischief. And, above all, the act and consequences of eating were meant to be, and in health, are, one of the highest of our physical enjoyments. This lady having suffered from her food, then, signifies a state of things unnatural and dangerous.

"I had fulness and pain at the chest," she continues, "between the shoulders and down my back. I had also a deal of pain at my side, and my heart palpitated so much that I got but little sleep or rest on account of it. My breathing was short and difficult. I was unable to do my housework, and often wished I were dead."

The words, "I wish I were dead," are often on the lips of the victims of what seems to be hopeless disease, and they are sad and chilling words to fall on the ears of those of us

who love them. They make us look despairingly around for the help which is so slow to come, and too frequently never comes at all. Is there, then, no medicine which has power to save?

"I grew to be so weak," adds the writer, "that I was from time to time confined to my bed, and at other times had to lie down on the couch. I lost flesh rapidly, and was like a mere skeleton—my clothes hanging upon me. For three years I suffered in this way, no medicine that I took doing me any good."

"In February, 1892, the Rev. Mr Knight, of Bishop Auckland, recommended me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Acting on his advice I procured a bottle from the Co-operative Stores at Bishop Auckland, and after taking it I began to improve. My appetite returned, and food agreed with me, and I felt easier than I had done for years. The pain at my heart was less severe, and I gained strength every day."

"Seeing this, I continued to use this remedy, and gradually I recovered my health, gaining three stone weight. Since that time I have kept in good health. My husband has also benefited by the use of Mother Seigel's Syrup when suffering from indigestion. You are at liberty to publish this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs) Emma Elwen, Primrose Hill, Newfield, Wellington, near Durham, October 30, 1896."

If Mrs Elwen were the only woman in the district wherein she lives who had suffered in this manner, the fact should excite the interest of the intelligent reader, but there are multitudes of others all over the land, all over the world. Her ailment was not heart disease, it was not any form of consumption, it was not rheumatism. It was dyspepsia—the disease that counterfeits most others and has many of their most painful symptoms. It is idle to say that dyspepsia might be prevented, for we are not yet wise

and careful enough to prevent it. Some day we may be. At present, however, it is inspiring to know that Mother Seigel's Syrup cures it even in its worst stages. Still, it is better to cure it when it first appears. Watch yourself, and use the Syrup on the day your food and you do not agree.

A STORY WITH COMMENTS.

She was the preferred reporter on the staff of a weekly newspaper devoted to society items. Every week her copy went to the editor beautifully written and faultless, considered as copy from a printer's point of view; but any little suggestion she wanted to make she ran along with the article in the following fashion—

"Mr and Mrs Brown-Smyth gave on Monday an elegant dinner of fourteen covers. (For goodness' sake, spell her name Sny—last week it went in Sni, and she was fearfully cross about it.) Mrs Indigo Blueblood has sent out cards for a ball, at which she will introduce into society her love's daughter. (This is all right. This Mrs Blueblood has some sense, and doesn't in the least mind seeing her name in print. It's the other Mrs Blueblood we had the fuss with.) Mrs De Perkins contemplates a visit to Paris early in the spring. (Don't stick her down at the tail end of the column, whatever you do. I want to please her somehow, because last week she went in as one of the 'many others'.)

This time the editor was away, and the totemian was so busy he hadn't time to read the proof of this, and it went in the paper in full, exactly as she had written it!

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