

Made Over Wedding Rings.

Have you had your wedding-ring made over? No? Astonishing! Not to be cognisant of the new fad argues one's self-well, certainly not thoroughly up-to-date. And you, oh, matron, fair, fat and forty, with aspirations towards social leadership. Are you violating fashion's latest mandate? Is there displayed upon the third finger of your left hand the broad golden memento of that occasion which occurred ten or fifteen years ago?

"'Twas then your best beloved, taking your plump little hand in his, placed the ring thereupon; and, in consequence, till "death does ye part" acquired the joyous right to liquidate your gas bills.

Proud you may be of the evidence of your matrimonial fetters, but if that same evidence still retains its original proportions, do not, I pray you, jeopardise your reputation for correctness. With your precious circlet, hie, oh, hie you to the nearest jeweller, where, in obedience to the latest decree, have it meet the fate of a passee gown, and be—"made over."

The dictatorial lady, to whom we all more or less bow the knee, has decreed that the broad solid band must be relegated to the realms of the past, and in its place be substituted a "curtain ring."

This appellation, as you doubtless will suppose, derives its cognomen from the similarity to a curtain ring. In point of fact, it is a fac-simile in miniature. It is of exceedingly slender proportion and excessively thick in the centre. It is not a comfortable ring to wear, as the sides, necessarily projecting, press into the soft flesh of the fingers.

This is especially noticeable after the gloves have been donned. However, this is a mere bagatelle to what the fair sex suffer daily for fashion's sake. What though a long-lost friend, through sheer excess of cordiality, grasp your hands in a grip that would put a champion pugilist to the blush! What though the tears are made to start! What if the smile be strained! When that curtain ring is cutting almost to the bone, the proud consciousness of being thoroughly "smart" and up-to-date fully offsets the pain and proves a soothing panacea.

Need it be said that this notion hails from New York, where society is crazy over the new wedding-ring.

Cat Christening in New York Society.

New York society has found a new diversion. This time it is a cat christening which has been introduced to the smart set.

The cat christening is the most absolutely new thing in New York society and in novelty it surpasses the donkey party, known to fame, the "looking backward" dance, or the vegetable entertainment, or ping-pong.

Naturally the first requirement for a cat christening is a cat, and it must be a young cat to which a name has not been officially attached. Then there must be godfathers and godmothers, one of each for each cat to be christened. Next in line comes the minister or whoever may be selected to say the ceremony. With these assistants any society woman can have a cat christening, but the real success of the event depends largely upon the ingenuity of the hostess in providing entertainment for her guests.

For her cat christening a leading New York beauty, Mrs Comfort, sent to the choicer spirits of her large acquaintance postal cards, on which were sketched in ink two large eyes, beneath which was the date of the affair. To the initiated the eyes meant "looking for you." Mrs Comfort had two kittens, and one was dignified with the name of Punch while the other was christened Judy.

"I called them Punch and Judy merely because I liked the names," Mrs Comfort said in explaining the somewhat undignified titles that she affixed to her pets.

There were two godfathers and two godmothers, and the christening ceremony consumed some little time. After it was over Judy went through the most startling experience of her young life. Her ears were pierced by six young physicians numbered among the guests, and a pair of screw diamond earrings were presented to her. At the conclusion of the grave function the guests played ping-pong, and the thing wound up with a cake walk.

"Judy is not the first cat to which I have given earrings," said Mrs Comfort. "Several years ago, when travelling in California, I saw a cat in a San Francisco theatre with tassels in its ears. It looked too pretty for anything, and I decided then and there that when I returned to St. Louis I would have my cat's ears pierced.

"I got a darning needle and a cork when I returned. It took four people to pierce my cat's ears. First we put on gloves to make us as pawproof as possible. Then we wrapped the pussy up in a sack, all but his head, and while three of us held him a gentleman punctured his ears with a darning needle, using the cork as a background.

"Did he cry? Well, he did scream a little when he saw the blood dropping from the holes, but he behaved in a manlier, or perhaps I had better say catlier, manner than I expected.

"I had a hard time getting the earrings, for jewellers seemed scarcely to believe me when I said I wanted diamonds for my cat. But in the end one of them did not object to making a fair profit at my expense."

Mrs Comfort's unique entertainment was as catfy as could have been wished. She had cat favours for the cake walk, among them being black cat calendars, ornamented with black velvet cats. The ices, too, were in cat shape.

Seventeen Golden Hints.

1. Be accurate in proportioning the ingredients.
2. Use "Pastry" or "Vienna" flour, or similar fine light makes.
3. Good sweet butter and fresh eggs.
4. Fine castor sugar makes the lightest cakes.
5. Dry and sieve the flour.
6. Pay a reasonable price for your fruit. Very low prices often mean paying for the dirt and rubbish left from last year's fruit.
7. Wash and dry slowly currants, etc.
8. Grease small tins, or line large ones, with greased paper. Clarified dripping is better to use than butter, for unless you clarify it the salt in it ticks and burns.
9. For the best cakes beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream. An egg which does this more quickly and effectually than a spoon.
10. Break each egg separately into a cup to ascertain if good. Many a cake mixture has been rendered worthless by discovering too late that an egg was "musty."
11. Cakes containing baking powder must be baked as speedily as possible after the moisture is added, or it will have lost its effervescing power.
12. Place all cakes in a hot oven at first, to make them rise, then move them to a cooler part to bake more slowly.
13. Large cakes need a cooler oven than smaller ones, and cakes containing treacle need special care, as they are very liable to burn.
14. Never move a cake in the oven till the centre is set, or it will "fall"; and open and close the oven door as speedily as possible. Never bang the oven door for the same reason.
15. Protect delicately coloured cakes, once they begin to colour, with a piece of buttered paper.
16. When cooked allow to stand a minute or two, as it shrinks a little in cooling, and may then be more easily turned out of the tin.
17. Keep in a warm place, and on its side, till cool, otherwise it will be heavy.

How to Keep Young.

It is the woman who never permits herself to be disturbed by strong feelings of any kind whom age cannot wither, for it is not so much the passage of years that makes one grow old as the emotions and experiences they bring.

Equability of temper, indifference of nature, and repose of manner are the great preservatives of beauty.

Given these, and there is another important one—a freedom from all pecuniary anxieties. Then there is no reason why a woman should not retain her youthful charms long after she is a grandmother. If you wish to look young and unwrinkled, repress all emotions. Whether of love, hate, fear, avarice, terror, anxiety, or ambition.

A strong, healthy organisation is the

first essential to youth. We all recognise this fact. Mental suffering is wonderfully quick in tracing wrinkles and producing white hair. Some men and women are twenty years younger, both physically and mentally, than others of the same age. We may take it, therefore, that old age does not begin at any set time and fixed period.

One of the greatest aids to a woman's beauty is a clear, good complexion; and the best help is proper cleanliness. Not only are the pores of the face to be kept active, but those of the entire person. Avoid hard water as you would a pestilence, as it is fatal to a good skin.

VALUE OF THE NIGHTLY FACE BATH.

Madame Bernhardt, whose perennial youth is well known, is quoted as saying: "When I am tired I take a hot bath and massage. Every night, when I am playing as well as when I am at leisure, I take a hot scrub before going to bed. I scrub my face with soap and hot water twice and sometimes three times in the twenty-four hours. There is no beautifier like soap and water, and no preservative against illness, nerves, and age that compares with hot water."

Face-washing is a fine art. Hard water should not be used. Rain, distilled, or boiled water preserves the sanitary texture of the skin. A pinch of borax may be used in hard water—just enough to make it feel slippery.


Lather the face well and rub it gently but thoroughly with the finger-tips or a bit of fine flannel, to remove all dust and secretions from the pores. A face-brush is unnecessary, except in case of rough skin or pimples, when the extra friction is desirable.

Rinse the face in somewhat cooler water, and lastly in cold, dashing it repeatedly upon the face to create reaction. Dry thoroughly upon a soft absorbent towel, rubbing always upward and backward, as lines invariably droop. The face is now thoroughly soft and cleansed. It is ready for food and exercise. As with the stomach, the latter comes first, as Paddy would say.

The exercise consists of the best form of massage that you can command. There are mechanical devices for this purpose, which the unskilled can use to advantage. One is a massage-roller, with rubber wheels, which gently manipulates the tissues; another is a facial exerciser, or developer, which consist of a small glass vacuum cup, to which is attached a rubber bulb. It fits the facial lines out of their old, set grooves. After the face has been well exercised, and is warm, rosy, and tingling with a ruddy glow, rub in a little good, pure skin-fool until thoroughly absorbed. The reflected face in the glass that beams back at you looks quite unlike the pale, tired visage seen there one short quarter of an hour before.

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