

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I am not going to talk to the summer girl about the latest fashions, today, she ought to have all her summer clothes made by this time, and be "taking the good of them" in these lovely June days! I have been looking after her interests almost exclusively lately, and now I am turning my attention to her overworked sisters, who spend so much of their lives in working for others that they have little time to read fashion articles, or even to think how they shall be clothed.

When I look at some housekeepers and see the way they are shortening their lives with unnecessary work, I often think that the time has come for forming a society for the promotion of common sense as applied to their methods of working amongst women. It is hard to watch a woman doing her household tasks in the laborious manner adapted by her grandmother, without standing aghast at the unreasonable conservatism with which women cling to the old traditions of housework, and housekeeping. It is no uncommon thing to hear quite an intelligent woman say—"The height of my ambition is to keep house exactly as my mother did. I do as well, I shall be quite satisfied!" and so she goes on keeping the "blue bag," hung on a convenient nail behind the kitchen stove, and the clothes stick standing in the corner of the wash house.

I don't quite know why I should have selected these two articles, as the symbols of old-fashioned rule in the kitchen, but somehow they are always associated together in my mind. The presence of the blue bag is an infallible indication that the mistress of the house will have nothing to do with the convenient little "shaker" which can be purchased for three cents and is not only convenient, but clean, and economical, shaking out as much, or as little blue, as is required—but prefers to purchase an ounce of indigo, or "lamp blue" tie it up in a bag, and stir it patiently around in the water until sufficient blue has leaked out, to color the rinse water.

The clothes stick, is a still more significant indicator, it is the very sceptre which proclaims the reign of antiquated methods! It proves that the mistress of the house scorns cold-water, electric, and all the other labor saving soaps which were invented for the especial purpose of making washing day less of a terror, to the housekeeper, and prefers the old fashioned method of boiling her clothes, and then fishing for them with a stick, and dropping each garment, as it comes to the surface, into a tub of rinse water, from which they are transferred in process of time to the blue water tub, and thence to the clothes-line. You hardly ever see a washing machine, or a wringer, under the same roof which shelters the blue bag, and the clothes stick; these new inventions are hard on the clothes, the mistress thinks, and so the wash-board, than which nothing could possibly be more destructive to clothes—and the equally old fashioned "elbow grease" reign supreme!

Half a century ago the sturdy farmer trudged laboriously after the plough which was as often as not drawn by a pair of slow moving oxen. He cut his hay with a scythe, and his grain with a sickle, and he raked with a hand rake, and turned it with a pitch fork. But he no longer does any of those things, he has profited by the inventions of clever brains, and taken advantage of every means of saving labor, within his reach. Now he rides like a gentleman of ease, merely holding the reins while the plough, the mowing machine, and the rake, do their work for him, and he should regard the farmer who persisted in sticking to the old way, as little short of a lunatic.

But how is it in the kitchen, the laundry, and the pantry; has woman been "taking a little advantage of the opportunities afforded her?" I think not. And yet nothing arouses her indignation more than the suggestion that she is not as intelligent, or as original as man. I do not speak of farmers wives for it is seldom their own fault if they seem to be wedded to primitive ways of working many farmers who make a point of being more than up to date as far as purchasing every new labor saving machine for the farm, thinks anything good enough for "the woman folks" and is perfectly satisfied to let them use an antediluvian churn with the dasher working up and down like a piston rod, to see them breaking their backs over the washboard, and carrying all the water for household use from a spring, or well, a hundred yards away, when a cistern in the cellar, and pumps in the kitchen would cost him less than one reaping machine, and perhaps save him the expense of a large doctor's bill, and a funeral in the end.

The farmer's wife is often powerless to help herself, and must bear her hard lot as best she can. But the other woman, the woman who lives in a city, or a small town where life is not so hard for her sex as it is in the country, does she husband her energy, and save herself intelligently? I am afraid not. On the contrary she has deliberately gone to work to multiply her labors, and get ahead of the labor

saving inventions if possible. For instance the sewing machine is such a comfort, and it is so easy to work it that she puts twice as much trimming on her garments as she used to when it was all done by hand. "Oh, I just put on the tucker," she says, "and it is nothing to tuck half a dozen flounces for a white skirt, and the tucks take the starch so beautifully, and makes ones skirts stand out so well" and the frills and flounces run riot on white skirts and night-dresses, just because they are so easy to make on the machine. But by and by the doctor has to be called in to patch up a lame back, or an aching side, and the first question he asks, is whether the patient has not been sewing hard on the machine. When he forbids her to touch it again till he gives her leave, and orders complete rest from all household duties, the energetic housewife finds herself compelled to depend on the ministrations of a very young different servant girl, until she recovers from the effects of her effort to catch up with modern inventions for making her work lighter. Then how about the washing and ironing? The washing machine and the wringer have made the cleaning of those elaborate garments so easy that more of them can be put into the wash, but they must be starched, and ironed before they can be worn, and as yet I have not heard of any invention for starching and ironing clothes, and therefore the labor that is saved in the washing, is more than equalized by the work of ironing.

It would almost seem as if women delighted in making martyrs of themselves, so fond they seem of doing unnecessary work. Why I know women who have their hands full enough without looking around for extra work, and yet who actually of their own free will and free choice, make hard and soft soap regularly, and who deliberately manufacture the lye for the same, from hard wood ashes. They say they prefer their own soap to the manufactured article, and they do hate to waste the grease that accumulates. No wonder they have to boil their clothes to remove the dinginess left in them; by lye soap of a brunette complexion.

These thrifty housewives will stew over the kitchen stove boiling-hops, and brewing hops, and brewing yeast when they can buy half a dozen varieties of excellent prepared yeast for a few cents at the nearest grocer's and they will raise their bread four times, where it would be just as light and just as sweet with but the two raisings. They will burn their faces in the heat of summer broiling steak for dinner, and cooking a variety of hot vegetables, when a fillet of veal, or a quarter of lamb, could easily have been cooked with the same fire used to heat the irons, or bake the bread, and put away in the refrigerator for future use, and with the addition of a dash of salad, made a dinner fit for a king.

She will wear herself out in baking pastry and making pies, when fruit is cheap and plentiful, and half the price of the butter used for that pastry would have bought a pint of cream to eat with the strawberries which should take the place of pies, and which would have been a thousand times better and healthier for the whole family.

I feel so strongly on this subject that I could write for hours in the same strain, if space permitted. But it doesn't, and oh my dear overworked sisters who move all the furniture in your bedrooms, and sweep them thoroughly twice a week, who iron your cup towels and dish cloths, and would not use a mangle if anyone presented you with one, but who would consider it a waste of time to spend an hour or two reading the latest magazine! I do beg you one and all to think over that society I spoke of, and if you don't quite see your way to become a member, at least try to exercise a little more common sense in your work, and spare yourselves to the utmost, if not for your own sake, at least for the sake of your families! You know we have only one life to live, and I believe it is everyone's duty to make that life as easy and as happy as possible. It was a wise man who said, "We are going through this world for the last time, and let us make the journey as pleasant as possible."

Queen Victoria's Soup.
It may interest many to know that Queen Victoria is fond of a soup made as follows: "Take a half pound of Frankfort pearl barley and set it in a stewpan with three pints of water. Simmer very gently for an hour and a half. Remove a third to another soup-pot, rub the rest through a sieve, pour it to the whole barley, add half a pint of cream, season with a little salt, stir till hot, and serve." The recipe is given by one of the chefs of the royal kitchens.

Dainty Sandwiches.
There are few things nicer or more appetizing than a well made sandwich, but the day has gone by when a sandwich meant nothing beyond two thin slices of thin bread and butter, thinly spread with mustard, and then nicely lined with slices of ham. The sandwich of today is something quite different and much more elaborate, the meaning has broadened and though the bread and butter are still there, the lining has increased in variety, richness and flavor. In fact the sandwich now occupies so important a place on the menu, that I have considered it worthy of a sort of chapter to itself, and so I am giving my readers the benefit of half a column of

choice sandwich recipes, together with full instructions for the composition of the same, and I confess that writing them out has made me hungry as I have a marked weakness for the luscious sandwich.
Make the quantity of sandwiches required, stack them neatly on a plate and place on ice an hour before 5 o'clock tea.

Salad, and Cream Cheese.
Between two thin slices of pale brown bread, that have been buttered with snowy cream cheese, place a sea-green leaf of crisp young lettuce, a pea-green leaf in a bath of French dressing.
If preferred, salt the lettuce leaf only.

Chicken and Lettuce.
Another, like, but more hearty, is two fragile pieces of white bread, delicately toasted, enclosing a few appetizing bits of breast of chicken and a curled leaf from the heart of the lettuce that has been immersed in mayonnaise dressing.

Plain Ham.
There is no place in the world like Virginia for ham. They turn their hogs loose in the woods, in the Old Dominion, to feed on mast, acorns, chestnuts, beechnuts, and etc., before killing. Besides, they smoke their hams, never eat them under a year old, and when ready to be cut they are dark in color, well seasoned and indescribably good. A sandwich fit for the gods, and eaten at an afternoon tea where there were about 200 "Columbia" students, this season, was made of white bread and Old Virginia ham chopped up fine, with mustard.

Ham and Eggs.
A trio of ham minced very fine, an egg beaten light, and mustard; lay this combination aside. Shave off a thin leaf of bread from the three days' old loaf, after having buttered it lightly with melted butter. Now spread the trio over the bread leaf, cut into sections a finger long and a finger wide, roll it deftly and pinch the ends artistically together. The only trouble about these is that you will be obliged to make them every day for afternoon tea.

For the Smoking Room.
With a cigarette and a "night cap," a bite is relished after coming in from the theater or concert at 11. Nothing is easier to prepare than two saltines glued together with deviled turkey unctuously applied.

A substitute for this is potted ham or meats of any variety, or chicken, but none is so good as the turkey.
A jaded palate, too, finds a certain joy in a quiet satisfaction in a caviare or anchovy paste sandwich, made with these same crackers.

A Genuine French Salad.
One pint field salad.
One dozen sprigs of cherville.
Four or five tarragon leaves.
Ten chives.
One beet, medium size.
Four spoonfuls of oil.
One small spoonful of vinegar.
One-half teaspoonful of salt.
A pinch of pepper.
French people are so fond of salad that their dinner is almost invariably accompanied by one.
The mixture of cherville (in French cerfeuil), tarragon and chives is a great addition to all salads, a most delicious flavor. The chives and tarragon are well enough known, but not the cerfeuil, which is a small plant, very much like parsley, but having an entirely different flavor. The leaves are very fine, and they are of a more delicate shade of green. It can be found at all big markets. However, cherville can be raised easily in the back yard or even in a wooden box. It does not like too much sun.

Beets, require to be cooked a long time, five or six hours. The leaves should be cut off and the roots washed and put in boiling water, with enough to cover them. If it evaporates during the process of cooking, let them be replaced by boiling water. When cooked, take them out of the water, let them cool, peel them, and cut them in thin slices.

Green salad needs a great deal of washing to get rid of sand in the leaves. Green salads should be well shaken, either in a cloth or in a wire basket woven expressly for this purpose. The process of salad making is very simple, for if water remains in it, oil used in the dressing cannot mix, but rolls itself in large drops which impart a greasy taste, no matter how good the oil may be. Put the leaves in a bowl, with the cut beets on top for ornament, and then spread over the mixture the tarragon, cherville and chives washed and chopped previously.
Put the salt, pepper and vinegar in the salad spoon and mix well with a fork. When the salt and pepper are melted spread the vinegar over the salad and then the oil. With fork and spoon stir diligently for at least five minutes and serve.

Salade a la Carlton.
Salade a la Carlton is a pretty way of serving cold chicken or white meat. Cut the latter into neat slices, and arrange them down a dish with alternate slices of cold ham or tongue; mask the whole with cold mayonnaise, and sprinkle with French capers. Arrange a border round this of lettuce salad mixed with beetroot and cucumber, or a macedoine of cooked vegetables, according to the season. A beet salad is good this was, but add some well-washed and filleted anchovies to the salad; garnish, and a little essence of anchovy to the mayonnaise.

Frozen Beef Tea.
Put a small pail in a wooden bucket and surround it with salt and crushed ice. See that there is no salt in the pail. Put cold beef tea in the pail, and let it stand for about ten minutes. At the end of that time take the cover off the pail, and scrape the congealed beef tea from the sides. Beat well and then put back the cover. Do this two or three times, and the tea will be frozen smooth. This is excellent, for invalids who must have all their food cold.

Veal as in Vienna.
Take a piece of the fillet, cut into small lumps the size of a walnut, and put them into a saucepan with some good stock, small onions, whole pepper and salt to taste; put on the cover and stew till tender. Remove the meat and keep it hot on the dish in which it is to be sent up. Melt a piece of butter in a small pan, add a little flour and the stock, etc., in which the meat was cooked and reduce it to a

Last Week

We sold a great many Four and Five Dollar Boots for Two Dollars. Many customers could hardly believe the reduction was genuine. The explanation is they were goods that should have been sold last year—and instead of taken in stock at cost prices we took them at less than half cost. They were not shoddy, but the larger sizes were sold out. Now in just the same way we place on our special counter for immediate clearing about Two Hundred Pairs of Ladies Oxford Shoes that regularly sell at \$2.00 and 2.50 marking the lot at the very low price of

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ONE GIVES RELIEF.

brown sauce. Thicken with yolk of egg, add some white wine and strain it over the veal.

Strawberry Omelette.

Wash and drain in a colander one pint of strawberries; put them in a dish with one-half cup of sugar and set aside until the omelette is made. Ingredients for the omelette: Six eggs, one tablespoonful of cornstarch mixed with one-half teaspoonful of melted butter and one cup of milk. Stir the yolks, salt, powder and sugar together; beat the whites to a stiff froth and add the above mixture to them, stirring constantly; put a large frying pan or omelette pan, with one-half tablespoonful of butter, cover the fire; when hot pour in half of the omelette mixture; do not stir; as the eggs set slip a broad bladed knife under the omelette to prevent burning on the bottom and shake the pan to and fro; when the under side is a light brown set the pan of omelette for a few minutes in the oven; then scatter half the strawberries over the surface; slip the broad bladed knife under one side of the omelette and flip it in two, enclosing the fruit; dust over the top with powdered sugar and let it remain in the oven until the next one is baked the same way; then serve at once. Sufficient for a family of six persons.

Muscad Water Ice.

Why muscad nobody knows, since not one drop of the juice of that delicious grape enters into its composition. But it is a fashionable name and a most desirable addition to the list of ices. To make it will be required one pint of granulated sugar, the juice of four lemons and the grated rind of one, a tablespoonful of gelatine soaked for half an hour in a cup of cold water, two wineglasses of pale sherry and a few drops of spinach green. Add the lemon juice to the sugar, and then a pint and a half of cold water, beating them well together. Turn half a cup of boiling water on the gelatine, and stir till dissolved, adding it to the rest. Last add the wine and the coloring till it is the pale green of the muscad grape. Freeze as with all water ices, and serve with orange ice cream, the contrast of colors being especially pretty.

Good way to Cook Eggs.

"How will you have your eggs cooked?" asked the waiter.

"Make any difference in the cost of 'em?" inquired the cautious customer with the brimless hat and faded beard.

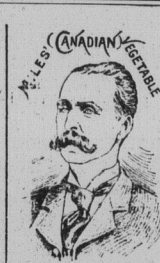
"No."

"Then cook 'em with a nice slice o' ham," said the customer, greatly relieved.

Why He Clung to Life.

George Augustus Sala relates that he was once in a train which was "held up" by Carlists in Spain, and overheard a Spanish gentleman, who was overcome with fright, murmuring to himself—

"To die so young, to leave my wife and babes; oh, it is sad, it is sad! and I haven't even had my breakfast."



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On and after MONDAY, the 1st October 1894, the trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:

Express for Campbellton, Peggush, Pictou and Halifax..... 7.00
Express for Halifax..... 12.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 12.50
Express for Sussex..... 12.50

A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.30 o'clock.
Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 10.30 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 10.30
Express from Montreal (daily)..... 10.30
Express from Pictou and Peggush..... 12.40
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.50
Accommodation from Montreal..... 24.00

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 27th Sept., 1894.

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Leave Halifax, 6.40 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 4.50 p. m.
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Leave Halifax, 3.10 p. m. Arrive Kentville, 6.15 p. m.

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Leave Annapolis at 5.50 a. m. Arrive Halifax, 4.30 p. m.
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Leave Annapolis Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 5.50 a. m. Arrive Yarmouth, 11.10 a. m.

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Months at 1 p. m. (ret'd a/c). Returning will leave Boston same days at 8 a. m.

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