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## WOMAN and HER WORK.

We hear of the glacial period, and the stone age, the gilded age, the age of chivalry and the renaissance, and just as we discourse glibly of these different periods as if we knew all about them, so I firmly believe, will future generations if they take the trouble to talk about their ancestors at all, refer to the last decade of the nineteenth century, as the period when the female portion of the human race approached more nearly to the habits of the animals, in wearing fur all the year around, than at any other time since the days when all grades of society affected garments made of the skins of animals for the excellent reason that they had nothing else to wear.

If one pauses a moment to think about the situation it really is very funny indeed, to see sensible people smothering themselves in furs during the dog days, and seeming perfectly unconscious of the incongruity of the proceeding. A few years ago we laid all of our furs away in April, at the latest. We packed them carefully in tarred paper and camphor, or else in cayenne pepper, with numerous pieces of cigar boxes scattered amongst the folds, because the cedar wood kept away the moths; and then we wrapped them in newspaper, sewed them carefully up in a linen bag and stowed them in a trunk in the darkest closet in the house; nor dreamed of resurrecting them until the end of October.

But now all this is changed, and the girl who doesn't go about with a fur cape either thrown with careless grace around her shoulders, and flapping open in front, or hanging over her arm for future use, might just as well retire from the foremost ranks of civilization at once, enter into an alliance with the girl who does not own an Eton jacket and blouse, and hide her diminished head in a convent. Two or three years ago the fur bag held undisputed sway, and the *fur de neck* girl went about in a thin white muslin dress, when the thermometer was in the nineties, holding a lace parasol, and wearing her dainty throat swathed about with a boa, of course black fur, for the rougher the boa the more highly it was prized, and the girl who owned a bearskin boa was exalted above her fellows. The most curious thing about the boa craze, to my mind, was the fact that while it was not considered at all too warm for the hottest day in summer, it seemed to increase in heat imparting qualities towards the autumn, and the girl who wore it gaily with a muslin dress in July, went out calling in the biting winds of late October arrayed in indoor costume, except for the self-same boa wound tightly around her neck, and thought herself amply protected from the cold.

Of course she did not know that her nose was crimson, and her cheeks were blue, from lack of proper warmth, so she was quite happy in her unconsciousness. By and by the boa went out, and the shoulder cape came in with great virulence, and rivalled the boa in popularity. Why, I went down town one hot morning not long ago, and I actually met a girl in a pale pink cotton dress, wearing—not carrying a black sealskin shoulder cape. The mere sight of fur gave me a feeling of suffocation—and yet women are said to be fickle. By the way, "I have an idea" as they say on the stage; the Irish peasant wears the long cloak of heavy, fine blue cloth, which is the pride of her heart all the year round; she never even loosens the fastenings in summer, and if you ask her why she makes a martyr of herself, she will reply pleasantly, "Shure darlin' wha'll kape out the cold, will kape out the heat!" perhaps the girl of the period is acting on the homeopathic principle, and trying to keep out the heat.

I talked so much more about complexions than cookery last week that I am going to give an extra session of the cooking school, and continue the lecture to day, partly because I have a number of good hot weather receipts which, like venison, are only good in season, and if I wait another week they will all be flat, stale and unprofitable. I am going to preach, I mean lecture, from a text which I think every housewife should paste in the first leaf of her cookery book, and read daily. There never was a truer maxim than the wise little saw, "Variety is the spice of life."

A newspaper paragraph says that Eddison, the wonderful, the man who can work day hours on a stretch, the greatest inventor of the country, has interesting ideas about food. "Variety," he says, "is the secret of wise eating. The nations that eat the most kinds of foods are the greatest nations," and he said to his wife just after they were married: "I wish I might not eat the same thing twice in a month." And I am sure most men, and women too, will agree with him. Nothing is more wearisome to the spirit, and also the flesh, than an unvarying round of the same food, which may be good and wholesome in itself, but after awhile becomes absolutely loathsome to the jaded palate. I always feel sorry for horses and cows, because they must get so deadly tired of grass in the summer and hay in the winter.

The lunch basket is a very important feature of the picnic season, and it is not by any means an easy thing to prepare, because not only has the taste and quality of the food it contains to be considered but the facility with which the same "vittles" will lend themselves to packing and the amount

of rough usage they will stand. I took a dish of apple meringue to a picnic once, but I think I may safely promise never to repeat the experiment. Here are a few ideas for sandwiches, which may be novel and are certainly good.

In the first place the bread should be 24 hours old and in the second the crust should be carefully shaved from the loaf before the bread is cut so as to make it even, then butter and cut about the thickness of the ordinary square soda biscuit or a little over an eighth of an inch.

**Chicken Sandwiches.**  
Remove all the skin, gristle and fat from cold chicken chop as finely as for mince meat, mix with enough cold gravy to make a paste that will spread easily, season with pepper and salt, a little bit of pickle chopped very fine, and a few drops of Worcester sauce, spread evenly on the bread and butter, laying the slices carefully together, press lightly and put away in a cool place, covered with a damp cloth till wanted for use.

**Cheese Sandwiches.**  
Grate a quarter of a pound of cheese and mix with it a half teaspoonful of salt, pepper and mustard. Melt a teaspoonful of butter, add a tablespoonful of vinegar, mix and spread rather thinly on the bread. Sardines may be used instead of the cheese, rubbed to a paste, and they will be found delicious.

**Egg Sandwiches.**  
Chop the whites of hard boiled eggs, bruise the yolks and mix to a smooth paste with melted butter, pepper and salt. Spread in rather a thick layer between the bread and butter.

**Salmon Sandwiches.**  
Drain the oil from a can of salmon, if the fresh salmon is not obtainable, remove all skin and bone, mash smooth, sprinkle with pepper, salt and a little Worcester sauce, spread on the bread and butter and squeeze a little lemon juice over it; place the slices together and press lightly.

**Chopped Ham Sandwiches.**  
Chop the ham as fine as grated cheese, mix a little melted butter or a beaten egg to make a paste, season with pepper, mustard and a bit of chopped pickle and spread not too thinly on the bread.

I think I have already given a recipe for bread and butter sandwiches between which has been laid a fresh crisp lettuce leaf, with a spoonful of salad dressing spread over it. It is delicious.

Here is a nice way of preparing cold chicken for next day's dinner.

**Cold Poultry.**  
There is no difficulty in making a very nice fricassee of the remains of a cold roast fowl. Cut the fowl into joints, removing all skin and sinew, melt together with a teaspoonful of flour and a bare half ounce of butter, stirring it well till thoroughly amalgamated; then add to it about three-quarters of a pint of white stock (made from the trimmings of the fowl if none other is at hand) and let it boil for a few minutes with a strip or two of lemon peel and a morsel of mace; then strain it, pour it to the fowl and let it all heat gently together. When hot, arrange the fowl neatly on a dish, thicken the gravy with the yolk of an egg beaten in a wineglassful of cream, but do not let the sauce boil after this is added and pour it over the fowl, garnishing the latter with tiny rolls of fried bacon and sliced lemon. This of course makes a fricassee, but by using any stock and letting the flour and butter brown you can have the sauce brown, but then it should be flavored with a little lemon juice and mushroom catsup.

Here are a few excellent recipes for potato rechauffi, in other words warmed over potatoes:

Don't throw away cold potato. Save and utilize it. There are numerous ways in which it can be quickly rewarmed, and in many of them, when properly done, it is almost as good as when first cooked.

Much of the potato served up at hotels is merely rewarmed potato, and can be under fanciful foreign names, prepared similarly in any private kitchen very easily, very inexpensively.

**Plain Stewed.**  
Slice cold boiled potato, put in a stew pan with cold gravy of any kind, season with salt and pepper, stew gently for ten minutes, or until thoroughly heated, and then serve as plain stewed potato.

**Potato Au Gratin.**  
Slice cold boiled potato, stew in broth or milk, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with grated cheese and bread crumbs mixed, and brown in oven, and it becomes potato au gratin.

**Potato Polonaise.**  
Stew cold, sliced boiled potatoes in broth or milk and dress with caper sauce, and you will have potato polonaise.

**A Brown Fry.**  
Cut cold boiled potatoes in even slices, dredge lightly with flour, and fry brown in butter, drippings or lard.

**Potato Provencal.**  
Cut cold boiled potato in little balls with a vegetable scoop, and fry with a few slices of onion added, in butter drippings, and it will be potato provencal.

**Lyonnaise Potatoes.**  
Cut cold boiled potato into little dice-shaped pieces, add minced onion, fry in butter, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and you will have lyonnaise potatoes.

**Cakes and Balls.**  
Enrich cold mashed potato with beaten egg yolk, make the mixture into balls, dip the balls into beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs or cornmeal and brown in a quick oven. These will be potato balls. Make the prepared mixture into flat cakes, and brown in a little hot fat, and you will have potato cakes.

**Potato Biscuits.**  
Add a cup of milk and half a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of cold mashed potato, work in flour until the dough is sufficiently stiff to roll out and cut into biscuit. Bake

on a floured griddle or baking pan. Serve hot.—St Louis Republic.

**Potato a la Baragoule.**  
Cut cold boiled potato the shape and size of olives, and fry, with a spoonful of minced herbs added, in olive oil, and you will have potato a la baragoule.

**Raspberry Jelly.**  
Crush the raspberries and strain them through a wet cloth. Put the juice into a preserving pan with three-quarters of a pound of hot but not burnt sugar, to one pound of juice; boil it ten minutes and take care that it does not scorch; remove the pan off the fire, strain the juice through a bag and pour it into pots. Do not touch the bag until all the jelly has passed through, else it may become thick.

**Chilled Raspberries.**  
Cover the raspberries with orange juice, then sprinkle them heavily with sugar, and put them in an ice cream freezer for thirty minutes. Serve with plain cream.

**Grape Sherbet.**  
Sweeten a quart of grape juice to taste. Add a cup of sugar to 2 cups of orange juice and stir until sugar is dissolved. Add to the grape juice, turn into the freezer and freeze. When nearly frozen remove the dasher and beat in with a spoon the white of an egg, beaten light with 2 tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Beat well, pack and stand away to ripen.

Now that raspberries are coming in, and all things are good in season, I have collected a batch of recipes, many and various, for preparing them, both raw and cooked, some of which, at least, I hope may be of use.

**Blackberry or Raspberry Pudding.**  
One pint of sweet milk, six eggs, one cup of butter, a pint of flour and ten teaspoons of baking powder. Mash a quart of berries, sweeten and stir in the batter.

**Raspberry Charlotte Russe.**  
Line a mould with stale sponge cake; whip a pint of sweet thick cream; sweeten with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and flavor strongly with fresh raspberry juice; at the cream on ice until solid; fill the mould; garnish the top with raspberry jelly.

**A Raspberry Dessert.**  
Put one pint of fully ripe, fresh raspberries, into a porcelain-lined saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of pulverized sugar. Place the saucepan over the fire, shaking it continually until the juice flows freely. Before the raspberries lose their shape entirely take them out carefully. Now, boil the syrup till clear and pour it out. Beat to a cream a piece of butter the size of an egg, add a tablespoonful of pulverized sugar, a tablespoonful of grated bread crumbs, two drops of almond flavoring and the yolks of two eggs (well beaten). Mix all thoroughly together and add the whites of two eggs whipped to a froth. Now, have some small deep patty pans, line them with good pastry, put the raspberries on this, pour over them the syrup, and spread the mixture on top of all. Bake half an hour in a brisk oven.

**Raspberry Jam.**  
Use three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. First boil the fruit alone a few minutes, then add the sugar. Boil three quarters of an hour, stirring well. Fill little jars or glasses while the jam is boiling hot; when the glasses are cold, cover them first with papers soaked in sweet oil or brandy, and then with second papers moistened with the whites of eggs, and pressed against the sides of the glasses to exclude the air.

**Dress For Travel.**  
The traveling woman of today has her wardrobe much simplified. The bag she carries is full of little more than clean cuffs, collars and handkerchiefs and absolutely necessary toilet conveniences. Possibly there is one very trig and pretty skirt waist. For the dress, serge is the favorite material. The skirt is snug about the hips and free from the knees down. It is on a very wide belt, which assures a trimly held waist. A shirt and jacket complete the costume. With such a costume a clever woman can make many changes and be fit for all occasions. The usual shirt is dark wash silk. Its collar and cuffs turn out over those of the jacket. She wears one under skirt of stout black silk. It is much cleaner than any other material. She also has several pockets made in her dress. They are put low down at about the knee when the gown begins to spread and where filling them will not interfere with the fit over the hips. The inside of her Eton, the outside of her jacket and the inside of her cloak all have pockets. Many are made with flaps that button down over and make them quite safe. The sensible woman will also provide herself with a traveling cloak made of brown, blue or yellow silk. A good model is sketched in yoke form at the neck. In back, at the waist line, the fullness is also shirred, but the front is loose. It looks in front and has a turn down collar and full, puffed sleeves with tight cuffs. No more useful garment could be devised for long journeys.

**When Lilacs in the Door-Yard Bloom.**  
When lilacs in the door-yard bloom,  
And lift and shake their plump sheaves;  
When sunbeams smite the forest's gloom,  
And winds go whispering through the leaves,  
When wrens and robins build again  
In peace near the cottage eaves—  
Then, though my strength is something spent,  
And though my eyes are growing dim,  
I thrill with gladness and content,  
My soul sends up a joyful hymn,  
And in the beauty of the world  
I feel my spirit overbloom.

Long years have gone since mother took  
The loveliest way that angels mark;  
The memory of her latest look,  
Is like a candle in the dark;  
But when the lilacs bloom I see  
Her sweet face in a starry arc.

She loved so well these homely flowers;  
She broke them for my childish hand;  
They speak to me of happy hours,  
By mother love and patience spanned;  
Their perfume has a waft of sweet  
Blown hither from th' immortal strand.

I like the dear old-fashioned things;  
I always find them just the same;  
And so the fancy wakes and clings  
That, blooming by whatever name,  
I'll one day pluck the lilac sheaves  
Where flowers in countless gardens flame.

—Harper's Bazar.

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