

WOMAN'S WORLD.

MISS GRAY'S UNIQUE PLACE IN THE GOVERNMENT.

The Patti of Today—Clara Shortridge Foltz. To Lighten Sunday's Work—Mother Love. Courage and Presence of Mind—Who Miss Alice Brown Is.

The accompanying cut is a good likeness of Miss Celina Gray, who has just been honored with the appointment of Third Judicial District of Oklahoma. This is the first appointment of the kind of a woman in the Union. The duties of



MISS CELINA GRAY.

the place call for close application to work and unrelenting activity. Miss Gray is a petite young woman of 24 years who came to Oklahoma in "the early days." Up to this time she has been "just like other girls." In her new position Commissioner Gray will be compelled to come in contact with all manner of men, from the common Indian whisky seller to the frontier killer, but since she is a bright, accomplished young woman of nerve and determination her host of friends feel confident she will discharge the duties of her new office in an able and faithful manner.—Guthrie Cor. Chicago Tribune.

The Patti of Today.

It was the same Adelina Patti that I had met nine years ago in America—I was almost going to say 20 years ago in London. In fact, I do say it, for years touch the form and features of this wonderful woman only as yesterday's. Her face is that of a healthy, happy, lovely woman of 30, and her figure almost girlish in its grace.

"Yes," she began, "my reception was most gratifying the other night. I thought the people never would stop cheering. I assure you, it brought tears to my eyes, and my heart had to be pushed well down my throat before I could find my voice."

"My voice? Yes; I know. It has always astonished me myself, but then, God gave it to me, and I pray and believe that it will be many a long year before he takes it from me. Like Violetta, I would sing my highest, sweetest note even with my last breath."

"Do I feel more fatigued now than I used to? No, but, remember, I take the very best care of myself, and of every detail of my health. My diet, my wines, my hours of sleep, of practice, of recreation are all most thoughtfully arranged and under absolute regulation, and I never transgress. And, again, cher monsieur, I think that the school of operatic training to which I belong no longer exists—in fact, I am sure it does not. As I told Christine Nilsson the other day, when we met in Paris, 'Only you and I are left, my dear,' and she agreed with me. Singers were not turned out in half dozens like—like—well, to use an Americanism, like oysters on the half shell! I cannot help thinking that the reason that so few voices last among the present day singers is because so much of their tuition was forced. There was too much anxiety for a quickly made voice, and so, like a burst of fireworks, there is glory for a little while, and then—puff—out!"—London Lady.

Clara Shortridge Foltz.

A New York exchange remarks: "Mrs. Clara Shortridge Foltz of California, attorney and counselor at law, is now at the Waldorf. Mrs. Foltz understands the art of dressing as well as she understands law. Her appearance is that of a striking society woman. She wears Paris gowns and silk petticoats and exceedingly feminine frills. She is exceedingly womanly in appearance."

"But if Mrs. Foltz does not look like a woman lawyer she talks like one. When she speaks, one discovers the legal bent of her mind. She is decisive, quick, a bit dramatic, and probes every subject to the bottom."

"When she grew to be a big girl, she read Blackstone with as much interest as the ordinary young person would show in a love story. And this love of the law, combined with energy and hard work, has made Mrs. Foltz the successful lawyer that she is."

"Though she is a remarkably young looking woman, she is the mother of five children. On Sept. 5, 1879, she was admitted to the bar of the district courts of California and a few months later to the supreme court. In 1890 she was admitted to the bar of the supreme court of the United States."

"Mrs. Foltz has a very large general practice. She has confined herself to the civil branches of the law. Her victory in the Hastings college case is famous, and it was through her efforts that the college was opened to women law students."

"She believes that all women should have at least some knowledge of law, particularly of the statutes of the state and the ordinances of the city in which they live. She declares that women reason as clearly as men do and that the all around woman of today is not swayed by her feelings any more than is the

average man. A woman to be a successful lawyer must have a thorough education, a clear head, quiet nerves and a natural love of the work."

To Lighten Sunday's Work.

Mrs. Rorer has lately furnished to housewives some menus for cold dinners that are ideal, say for a Sunday when the thermometer is above 90. Many of the dishes can be prepared one day and leave very little cooking for the next. These models will, I hope, suggest combinations as good to the housekeeper who wishes to lighten the Sunday burden of life for herself or for her husband. They are simple, and can be prepared for her dinner. Could anything be more appetizing than a cold soup made from sour cherries, cold roast mutton with chile sauce, sliced tomatoes, salad of string beans, with cheese and an old fashioned rice pudding? A second menu as attractive consists of rice and tomato soup, cold boiled chicken in a pie, jelly, tomatoes and cucumbers on lettuce, cream cheese with wafers and fruit.

But these menus, you will perhaps say, are luncheons, and no food for a hungry man, yet they are nutritious, light, cooling and easily digested. Cold deviled fish, left from the boiled or roast fish of the previous day, easily prepared for a fish course; potato salad, creamy, cold and well seated in a bed of crisp lettuce leaves; calf's liver made into a mock pate de foie gras, cold roasts garnished with parsley or nasturtium blossoms and leaves, cold vegetable salads, veal loaf and tongue are all good dishes for cold dinners in summer.

If cold meat will not be tolerated for dinner, have a chafing dish, in which it can be warmed in many attractive ways. Cold vegetables, such as asparagus, peas or string beans, can be used for the next day's salad. Fruits, cold puddings and ices may be used for the dessert, and a dozen ways of simplifying life without making it less attractive, but rather adding to its delight, will soon occur to the diligent student of cooler and less laborious living.

Mother Love.

It has become fashionable to poke fun at Chicago. The great, busy, rushing, hustling city is made the subject of no end of friendly ridicule, if such term be allowed. Yet out of Chicago come many lessons that deserve more than passing notice—in fact are worthy of study and emulation. It is a Chicago mother who has just given the world an illustration of the depth and intensity of a mother's love that may well lead timid manhood to fear for the power of the coming woman.

It was a divorce case in which an attorney asked the mother as to whereabouts of her daughter, whom the father had not seen for years, and it is claimed that the discovery of the daughter is the sole aim of the father in the case. The mother declined to give the desired information, when she was informed by the court that she must give it or go to prison. This mother did not go into hysterics nor create a scene in court, but calmly informed the court that she did not regard the father as a safe guardian for the child and could not think of placing her in his power.

When again assured that she must tell or go to jail, the mother asserted her readiness to take her secret to prison with her. The country will respect the opinions and rulings of courts and clamor for the upholding of the majesty of the law. But there must be a thrilling response to the spirit of the mother and a longing to weave a laurel wreath for the love that looks through courts and cross examinations and criticisms and prison bars and sees only the object of its yearning and solicitude. It is a grand thought that there are such mothers in Chicago—if they do put them in jail.—Chicago Plain Dealer.

Courage and Presence of Mind.

Miss Roberta West is receiving the congratulations of her friends for her heroism and presence of mind. She outwitted a mad dog in the keenest way recently. Miss West is the superintendent of the Emergency hospital in Washington. She was assistant to Miss Smith, the superintendent at Blockley hospital for several years, and only went to Washington some months ago. But back to the canine and the young woman's bravery.

The dog, a full grown fox terrier, had run into the hospital yard and was rushing hither and thither to find his way out again. The black janitor ran for him with a broom, but on seeing his foam flecked mouth fled into the hospital. Miss West was at a window watching the Sunday school children pass on the walk just beyond the fence through which the dog was trying to break.

Spraying the dog, she turned and grabbed a sheet from a bed and ran into the yard. The dog saw her and rushed for her. She took hold of the upper ends of the sheet and let the lower end fall on the ground just before the dog reached her. Then, stepping quickly back as the dog's feet touched the sheet, she lowered her end, bent it over the dog, grabbed the lower ends and then straightening up had the struggling, snarling terrier caught like a rat in a trap. Amid the applause of those who saw her act she carried her prisoner to the operating room, sprinkled some chloroform on the sheet, and ere long the dog was dead.—Washington Letter.

Who Miss Alice Brown Is.

"Who is Miss Alice Brown?" is still a question put by some reading people, says an appreciative writer in the Boston Transcript. Her journey to England with Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has brought her name into current paragraphs, but it is her work that speaks for her. A few years ago people used to ask in the same way, "Who is Miss Wilkins?" Now everybody knows that she is a quiet New England woman, all alone in the world, who lives in the house of friends in serene, idyllic Randolph, and there produces some of the most artistic work in prose of our generation. Five years ago it was necessary to foretell her present fame for those who had not read her first book; five years hence it will not be necessary to define her personality of Alice Brown to insure a consideration for her poetic work. Much thus far is in poetry. No poet can Edwin Booth reached the sustained height of hers. The lyric loveliness of the Christmas poem beginning, "Sweet is the time for joyous folk," sang itself into many memories.

There has been no volume of the poetry of Alice Brown, but when it comes all who care for the genuine poet's gift and the scholar's attainments will welcome it. Her stories in the magazines show another facet of her many sided power. A volume of them entitled "Meadow Grass" has been published.

Gentle Quakeresses Ask For Rights.

A gentle ripple from the storm of new womanism which is uprooting old traditions and overturning ancient landmarks has reached the borders of the sedate and tranquil Quakeresses who inhabit Croydon. Its influence has brought to them the awakening that they ought to do something more for the society to which they belong than has hitherto fallen to their lot. What that something is they are not yet quite sure, but they think they have a mission. Instead, however, of organizing meetings, mounting platforms and making declamatory speeches demanding their rights, they have presented a peaceful petition to the male elders merely asking for permission to "fulfill their duties." What these duties are the men are left to determine. A committee of male Friends has been appointed to consider the matter and to consult with the ladies if necessary on the subject.—London Telegraph.

She Is Needed Everywhere.

We are not among those who claim that women are angels or that woman's ballot will right all the wrongs of earth. We do feel assured that no man or woman of known immoral character will ever be elected to any office by the votes of women. Woman is doubtless needed in the home, and no power on earth can turn her out of it, but she is needed quite as much in the world of politics, where the influences are set in motion which work for the upbuilding or the destruction of the home. Her long absence from that sphere has allowed the destructive influences to get sadly in the ascendancy.—Union Signal.

Mrs. Cleveland's Fidelity.

Mrs. Cleveland sets a shining example in always being on time. She does not think it quite nice to enter the theater or church or any place late and disturb every one just for the sake of attracting attention. Mrs. Cleveland also makes a toilet in less time than almost any other woman prominent in Washington. She frequently returns from a long drive 15 minutes before an appointment, and when the guests arrive she is there to greet them in a pretty house gown and as fresh as a rose.

Miss Anthony on Bloomers.

When asked her ideas with regard to "bloomers" Miss Anthony said: "When the new woman undertakes her new work, she will certainly adapt her dress to the occasion. If she is to work around machinery, she will wear long flowing robes, but will dress suitably to her calling. I am decidedly in favor of bicycle riding for young ladies, and I think that they will soon rid themselves of the troublesome skirt and adopt a costume better fitted to the wheel."—Rochester Herald.

Miss Willard's Return.

Miss Frances E. Willard and her private secretary, Miss Anna Gordon, will return to this country in the early autumn to attend the annual convention of the W. C. T. U. in Baltimore in October. Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the American singer, who charmed the audiences at the convention of the W. C. T. U. in London, will accompany her and will sing at the Baltimore convention, after which she will make a tour of the country as a professional.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is a monument to the beneficial influence of early rising and late retiring. At 83 she is a charming, alert, straight little woman, interested in current events, active and energetic. She has just moved back into the home in which she and Mr. Beecher used to live in Brooklyn, and she superintended the packing and unpacking of the furniture herself. Since her early youth 11 or 12 has been her bedtime and 5:30 her hour for rising.

Belgium In Line.

In Belgium for the first time parliament has been asked to consider a bill for woman's municipal enfranchisement. The member who supported the motion pointed to women's rights in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when unmarried girls in Bouillon and Luxembourg had their vote and representation in the municipal life of the day.

Mrs. S. L. Prindle, better known as "Mother Prindle," who has for some years been the matron of the Florence mission in New York city, has gone to England by invitation of Lady Henry Somerset to start a rescue home in London.

The People's Party of Massachusetts held its first delegate state convention in Boston July 17. Among the resolutions adopted was one in favor of woman suffrage.

For a brunette nothing more becoming could be imagined than a rustic straw hat trimmed with pale ecrus silk, guipure lace and rich jack roses.

Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt has contributed \$5,000, in addition to \$3,000 given by her some time since, for an operating room at the Newport hospital.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe presides over the fortnightly meetings of the Town and Country club of Newport.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

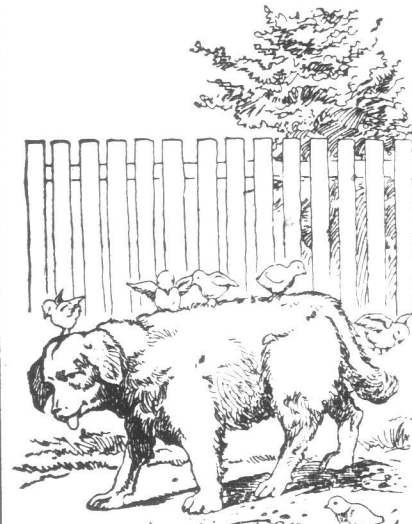
A QUEER FOSTER FATHER.

Fat Old Bob, the Water Spaniel Who Protects a Brood of Chickens.

Enough good dog stories are told every week to fill a volume as big as your family Bible.

Just the same all the world loves a really clever dog. This story is about a dog that is neither clever nor brave nor handsome, and his name is Bob—plain Bob, and nothing else. Bob lives out near Warwick, Mo. He is a water spaniel, and one of the fattest dogs in the west. He is not a heavy eater, but he is so very good natured that he gets fat on nothing but a clear conscience and an even temper.

At Bob's home are many chickens and they all look up to Bob as their foster father. A queer friend for a chicken is a big, fat water spaniel, but the chick-



ens don't care what or who he is, he is just Bob to them. There is a brood of motherless chicks who are seldom away from him if they can help it. When he lies down, they climb upon his back, which is so broad as to resemble the big, flat pad on the back of a circus horse. They crawl upon his head and peck at his ears. He does not shake them off, however, as most dogs would.

When Bob walks around the yard, the little chicks hang on for all they are worth, and when he lies down they all nestle in his paws. In this position dog and chicks remain motionless for hours at a time. The motherless little brood of chicks are getting to be big fellows now, but they have not yet any idea, it seems, of deserting their queer foster father.

A new brood of younger chicks have come into the yard within a few days, and they, too, are learning to climb up on Bob's woolly back, and to peck at his tongue and nose, all of which seems to tickle the old fellow very much. It is astonishing to see how careful Bob is when his little adopted children are taking an afternoon ride on his back. The fine old dog is as gentle as a lamb at such time, and keeps a watchful eye open for possible accidents.—Kansas City Star.

The Sound of Words.

The Northwestern Magazine gives the following unique composition written by a 12-year-old schoolgirl. Let our young readers see if they cannot make it still more puzzling:

"A right suite little buoy, the son of a kernel, with a rough round his neck, flue up the road as quick as a deer. After a thyme he stopped at the house and wrung the bells. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raise his fare, pail face, and a faint mown of pane rose from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pare a pare, but she through it down and run with all her mite, for fare he guessed would not weight, but when she saw the little won tiers stood in her eyes at the site. 'Eve poor dear. Why do you lyve hear? Are yew dyeing?' 'Know,' he said, 'I am feint.' She bouir him inn her arms, as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped him up warmly, gave him a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went forth as hail as a young hoarse."

The Idol of Her Heart.



I've got a whole menagerie
And a big fat lot of toys.
I've got a little rubber dog
That squeaks and makes a noise.
I've got a little wooden horse
And a little wooden cart.
But my dear old busted doll
Is the idol of my heart.

A Boyish Boy King.

Not long ago, when out with his nurse, the little king of Spain saw some boys of his own size and struggled to get away and go to them.

"Oh, but you must not," said his English nurse.

"Why may I not go and play with them?"

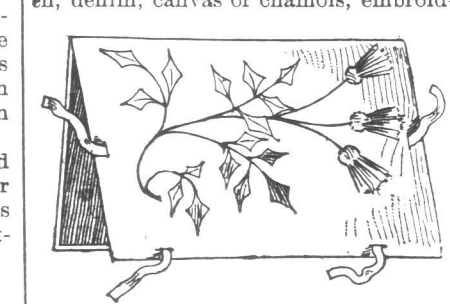
"Because—because you are a little king," said the nurse.

"Then if you please, nurse, I would rather be a little boy," was the king's reply.—St. Paul's.

A SERVICEABLE PORTFOLIO.

A Strong and Inexpensive Article That May Be Made at Home.

Portfolios which are both satisfactory in appearance and strong are not easily to be found in shops and are rather expensive when they are found. A serviceable portfolio may be made at home with the aid of plenty of good paste, a large brush to apply it and a sharp pen-knife. The beauty of the article of course depends upon the covering chosen for it, which may be heavy linen, denim, canvas or chambray, embroidered or otherwise decorated.



PORTFOLIO.

The other materials for the portfolio consist of two pieces of heavy strawboard the required size and paper for lining. The covering should be in one piece sufficiently large for the boards to be laid side by side upon it, with a space of two inches intervening for the hinge and an inch to spare all around the edge for lapping over. One side of each board is thoroughly covered with paste, and the boards are laid upon the covering as described, the paste next to the goods. A strip of the material 3 inches wide and the exact length of the boards is then pasted along the hinge space, lapping on the boards one-half inch on each side. The projecting edge of the covering is then folded over all the way around and pasted down, and the entire article placed under a heavy pressure to dry. A line of machine stitching is then run along each side of the double thickness of cloth which forms the hinge, close to the board, to prevent it from separating from the cover when it is handled. Slits one-half inch in length are cut through the boards near the edge, through which the tapes or ribbons used to fasten the portfolio are drawn from the outside, the inside end being pasted down flat. The slit must be cut with the point of a very sharp knife, beginning on the outside. A lining of heavy paper is pasted on the inside of each board, concealing the turned in edges of cover and the ends of tape, and the portfolio is again placed under pressure until it is completely dry.

ISABELLA PROCTOR.

USES OF STOCK.

A Highly Nutritious and Economical Food Product.

The housekeeper who neglects to have "stock" on hand all or nearly all the time is impoverishing her table more than she will realize until she has tried the experiment and has, moreover, tried the many various uses to which it may be put. The name is a little difficult to understand in this connection, excepting by remembering that it seems to be applied to all sorts of things for which it is difficult to find a better name, but the thing itself is simple and yet scientific, highly nutritious, delicious and valuable.

Beef is the staple. With the beef you may combine veal or the bones of roast fowls, if any are on hand. Pork or mutton must not be used. The best cut of beef to use is the "sticking piece," which is also about the cheapest. This holds more of the juices of the meat than any other, as it is a part of the neck, and the carcass is hung head downward to drain. A few raw beef bones make a good addition, because of the fibrin they yield.

Place the meat and bones in a stone pot or one of agate ware. An iron pot will not do. Cover well with plain water, or, if you have it, water that a fowl has been boiled in. Put nothing else in. Salting it at first will toughen the meat and weaken the stock. Do not under any circumstances boil the water. Let the meat simmer for 10, 12 or 14 hours, the pot being tightly covered, to prevent loss by evaporation. Skim carefully and frequently.

About two hours before taking it off tie together the vegetables you want to use for flavoring and put them into the pot. If they cook more than two hours, they will injure the stock. When it is nearly done, salt it to taste. Remove the bones, meat and vegetables, now useless, and strain carefully. Put the liquid in a stone pot. If the same one is used, wash it and cool it first. Let the stock cool thoroughly, and then place it on the ice. It will become a thick jelly, readily soluble in hot water.

So dissolved it is perfect consommé soup. With additions it becomes almost any soup desired. But, as was said, it is extremely valuable in many dishes besides soup, both on account of its flavor and of its richness. It is particularly good to give strength and flavor to all or nearly all gravies and such sauces as are not of the mayonnaise order. It enriches minced meats in all the various forms in which they are used to tempt the palate. It adds a flavor to lobsters or crabs when they are served in salads or deviled. It is indispensable in making a first class potato salad. The potatoes are to be soaked in it while yet warm, before they are sliced, and it is a distinct and valuable addition to all chowders and to sauces for boiled fish, excepting, as said, those having oil for a basis.

Perhaps its daintiest use, and the one least appreciated because least practiced, is in the making of stuffing for roast fowls and meat.

Spiced Currants.

Spiced currants are very nice to eat with meat, especially lamb and beef. To 7 pounds of fruit put 3 pounds of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, 1 of cloves, 1 of allspice, and pepper if desired. Cook for half an hour, stirring often enough to prevent burning, and put up in self sealing cans.

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PROVINCIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE.

HIS HONOUR the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointments:—

To be Justices of the Peace:—
HENRY McDERMOTT, of Barkerville, Esquire, within and for the County of Cariboo.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON, of Salt Spring Island, Esquire, within and for the North Victoria Electoral District.

THE REVEREND SMITH STANLEY OSTERHOUT of Lake Kalzap, Naas River, Casilar, within and for the Cassiar Electoral District.

WILLIAM GEORGE ARMSTRONG, of the City of New Westminster, Esquire, to be Warden of the Provincial Gaol at the said City, vice WILLIAM MORSEBY, Esquire, resigned.

JAMES FRANCIS ARMSTRONG, of the Town of Donald, Esquire, to be—

Registrar of the County Court of Kootenay holden at Donald; Collector of Votes; District Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages; Registrar under the "Marriage Act"; to receive applications for registration and record under the provisions of the "Land Registry Act"; and to perform the duties allotted to Stipendiary Magistrates under the "Bills of Sale Act," all for the East Kootenay Electoral District.

FRANK C. LANG, of the Town of Golden, Esquire, to be an Assessor and Collector under the "Assessment Act," and a Collector under the "Revenue Tax Act," for the Donald Division of the East Kootenay Electoral District.

JOSIAH STURRETT, of the Town of Donald, Esquire, to be Collector under the "Revenue Tax Act," and a Mining Recorder for the Donald Mining Division of the East Kootenay Electoral District.

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