

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I have come to the conclusion lately, girls, that I must be rather old fashioned in many of my ideas, and the more I read of the periodical literature of the day the more convinced do I become of the fact that I am decidedly behind the times. For instance, I have always been under the impression that it was considered the correct thing in polite society to wash one's face at least once a day, and that if people were travelling, or otherwise exposed to unusual influences in the shape of dust and dirt, they might with safety to their complexions and without serious injury to their constitutions venture to wash them even twice, and still not be remarkable in any way. But alas for my antediluvian belief that cleanliness was not only next to godliness, but absolutely necessary to health, happiness and good looks! A high authority on physical culture, dress reform, beauty preserving and corset discarding, before whose light in the literary world my feeble and phosphorescent glimmer sinks almost out of sight—even Mrs. Jenness Miller—comes forward and announces that "the face does not require frequent washing," and that it should never be bathed in hot water. Mrs. Miller lectured in Toronto last winter on the artistic care of the body, and in support of her extraordinary statement that the human face divine could get along very nicely with just an occasional washing, she pointed out the fact that although she had been travelling for two weeks, at the time of speaking, she had not used water on her face, but merely rubbed it with soft flannel dampened with rose water. The writer who reports Mrs. Miller's lecture points a moral, and adorns this very strange tale with the information that "Mrs. Miller herself has a lovely skin of smooth, ivory pallor, without spot or blemish," and that "her neck is round and smooth as a marble pillar." I am quite willing to take this lady's word for it, and to believe Mrs. Miller all that is charming, but still I don't think I should care to kiss her. I would prefer to admire her complexion from the discreet distance of the dress circle.

Thus are some of our most cherished and most thoroughly established theories annihilated at a single blow, from a most unexpected quarter, and their fragments come clattering down about our ears until we feel as if we stood lamenting in the midst of chaos. Was it Douglas Jerrold who said that if a gigantic earthquake should destroy England, the survivors would meet somewhere amid the ruins next day and celebrate the occasion with a dinner? I think it was. Well, I shall follow humbly in his train by saying that when the last of those old-fashioned theories lie shattered around my feet, I hope to stand cheerful amongst the ruins with a jug of hot water in one hand and a cake of "Pears unscented" in the other, defying Mrs. Miller and her flannel rag dampened with rose water, something after the manner in which Ajax of old defied the lightning, only I hope to have more reason, and common sense on my side, than that ancient hero could boast of. Rose water! Just imagine it girls! You know just how sticky rose water is, and you can imagine what a combination it would form with the dust of travel, for Mrs. Miller does not even mention that she used violet powder to mitigate the effects of coal smoke and cinders. Let us stick to the good old customs of our ancestors, girls—our more direct ancestors I mean, of course—and wash our faces at all hazards, so that if not strictly beautiful, we can at least, all be sweet, wholesome, kissable, and clean.

I suppose we must do a little cooking this week, for a change, and I have some really delicious recipes for you to try.

Many housekeepers imagine that jellied chicken or turkey aspic, as it is often called, is an almost unattainable luxury, or at least one which requires a professional cook to manufacture it successfully. I think one reason for this is the fact that we seldom see aspic chicken except on hotel tables or at suppers where the assistance of a skilled caterer has been called in, so we unconsciously get an idea into our heads that we need never attempt to make a dish which is so expensive, and in which we should be so certain to fail that it would be wilful extravagance to experiment with it. To prove that this is a mistaken view to take of the harmless, and not inaccessible aspic, I can give my readers a tried and approved recipe for this luxury in which they can scarcely fail, and even if they should be so unfortunate the experience will not ruin them financially, as the entire cost will be covered by a one dollar note. I admit that it is a very troublesome dish, but not more so than many others, ice cream, for instance.

## Jellied Chicken Pate.

Three pints of good soup stock, melt over the fire, put in a few cloves, a pinch of allspice, and a little mace: let it boil a few minutes, and strain it over an ounce of gelatine, which has been soaking for an hour, in enough cold water to cover it. Stir over the fire, for a few minutes longer, then strain it again, add one gill of sherry wine, and put it away in a cool place, until you need it, even in the heat of summer it will keep perfectly well for several days, if put in the ice box, and will be all ready for use when you want to make your aspic.

This is the most troublesome part of the performance, as you will find.

Use the meat of half a chicken, which has been par boiled, removing every scrap of skin, bone, and muscle, then remove the skin from four sausages, and chop the meat, and chicken together until they are in a paste; grate one third of their bulk in bread crumbs, add pepper, salt, the juice of half a lemon, and a very scant teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, and mix all thoroughly together. But the bones of the chicken back into the broth it was boiled in, add two cloves of garlic, six whole allspice and three cloves. Boil until thoroughly flavored with the spices, then moisten the chopped meat, and bread crumbs with some of the broth, three well beaten eggs, and a wine glass of either good white wine, or claret, and mix again well. Use a tin mould with straight sides, which must be lined with very thin slices of fat pork; pour in the mixture which should be almost in a batter, cover the top with more slices of pork, tie a well buttered paper over it and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour. When it is done, "set it away to cool; then turn it out, remove the pork, rinse the mould in cold water, and fill it half an inch deep with the previously prepared jelly, which you should have ready mixed. Set it on ice, and when quite firm, set the pate in a carefully filled space between it and the mould with melted jelly and set it away to harden. Turn the rest of the jelly into a shallow dish at the same time, and leave it to get firm. When you are ready to serve the pate break the jelly in the shallow dish into rough blocks with a fork, turn the pate carefully out, arrange the rough jelly around its base, and serve with a garnish of sliced lemon, olives, and sprigs of parsley.

I have given very particular and perhaps prosy directions for the making of this dish, because I want it to be a success; it is possible when any of my girls try it, and it is better to be too particular, than to leave too much to the imagination, I think. Be very careful about the oven, as the plate is liable to crack, it should be too hot. Of course you understand that the pieces of pork keep the mixture away from the edges of the mould, and so make room for the jelly.

This is a delicious and convenient dish for a cold supper, and I think it fully repays one for the trouble of making.

Here are a couple of excellent recipes for curries, which will no doubt be fully appreciated by those who are fond of curry, a taste I never could understand myself, as I always connect curry powder and varnish together, in my own mind, the taste to me is so similar.

## Rice Curry.

Put half a cup of rice into a large kettle of water, and cook in the usual way until done. Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan, slice into it one good sized onion, cover, and allow to simmer for half an hour, taking care the butter does not burn, then add a teaspoonful of good curry powder and two tablespoonfuls of good soup stock. Drain the rice, mix with the onion and butter; stand the saucepan over boiling water, uncovered, for twenty minutes, to let it steam slowly, and then serve at once.

## Curried Eggs.

Put a teaspoonful of minced onion into a cup of weak broth, let it boil and then strain out the onion; put the broth into a deep frying pan, season well and poach six or eight eggs in it until the whites are firm; lift them out with a skimmer and lay on rounds of buttered toast in a heated dish; pour half a cupful of hot milk in the bottom of the dish and let the toast soak it up while you make the sauce. This is done by stirring into the broth in the frying pan a tablespoonful of butter, and as it dissolves a good teaspoonful of curry powder wet with powder. Simmer until thick and pour over the eggs in the dish.

iced bananas are the correct things to serve with all curries. It is always done in the East Indies, and the custom is followed in the best English houses. The fruit is passed around in glass dishes and strewn with bits of ice.

## Welsh Rarebit.

Six rounds of toasted bread, two beaten eggs, three large spoonfuls of dry grated cheese, one tablespoonful of butter, two spoonfuls of fine crumbs, one tablespoonful of mustard, a dust of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Work the butter, cheese, salt, pepper, and cream gradually into a smooth paste, add the beaten eggs and crumbs, and spread half an inch thick on rounds of buttered toast. Be sure to put on plenty of the paste, as a good deal of it is absorbed in cooking. Set the slices in a quick oven, until they begin to brown, and serve at once.

This is a most toothsome dish for tea, or a little home supper.

## Tomato Toast.

Stew a quart of ripe tomatoes, or one can, if you are using canned tomatoes, ten minutes and put through a colander. Season with pepper, salt and a teaspoonful of sugar and two teaspoons of butter, simmer to a smooth soft pulp, for another ten minutes. Then scald half a cup of milk with a bit of soda half the size of a pea dissolved in it, stir in a teaspoonful of butter add to the tomatoes and pour at once over slices of well buttered toast from which the crust has been removed placed on a hot dish. Let it stand three minutes and then serve.

CHATHAM—As you gave me your real name, and address, instead of a *nom de plume*, I am almost at a loss how to answer you, and so use the name of your town, hoping you may understand. I thought I had made it quite plain to my correspondents that I never answered their letters privately, and yet I never like to use their real names and addresses without their permission. Neither is it possible for me to reply "at once," as each must take his, or her turn. I regret very much that I am not able to give you the information you ask for, but doubtless some correspondent can do so, and I shall be grateful if any of my friends can give Chatham the names and addresses of any teacher's bureau of which they may know, in the United States.

JOHN—St. John—it is best to wait patiently, editors are terribly busy people, and

there are such numbers of M. S. S. to be looked through, and have their different merits pronounced upon, that it takes a great deal of time, and each must wait its turn. Remember there may have been a thousand in ahead of yours. The editors of some periodicals do not undertake to return rejected M. S., and if you do not receive yours within a reasonable time, I should write and gently remind the editor that I had sent stamps for the safe return of mine. I am always glad to give any help, or advice in my power.

ASTRA.

## THE GOOD DINNER WOMAN

She Aims to Listen Well and Avoids the Mistake of Being Smart.

Helen Bridgeman has analyzed the "good dinner woman" as one who must be "neither too young nor too old; she must not be unpleasant to look upon; neither must she be a beautiful automaton; she must be quick, responsive, interesting and vivacious, but she must not monopolize the conversation and cause others to fight for their rights; she must have in her the spirit of the bonhomie, yet she must be the epitome of good breeding and refinement; in fine, she must be the most fascinating flower of a complex civilization."

One could spell all this with four letters, tact, and tact is its highest form amounts to genius, says the Sun. It is probably the hardest grace to cultivate in the catalogue of virtues, for it embraces all the others. It is really the spirit and the letter of the golden rule, and its corner stone is unselfishness. The popular woman knows that every human being is happier to tell a good story than to hear one. It belongs to the general principle of being more blessed to give than to receive, and the good dinner woman, if one may be pardoned for using the lumbering phrase again, has this written as the first law in her decalogue. One of the few really gifted women in this particular said in a sudden burst of confidence the other day:

"Nobody knows what downright hard work I do to earn my success. I keep a note book at hand, and every quaint expression, every good story every amusing thing I see or read or hear, which I think will work up into a telling sentence, down it goes into classified order. Then I just sit down and cram for a dinner as a school girl does for examination. Want to know who I learned that from? Why from the famous Chauncey. They say he has scrap books galore, full of all manner of jokes and good things. But with a woman it is different. You have to think of other people than yourself when the dinner begins. My mind is just like my gown, after it is once ready I think no more about it I try to find out the people I am to meet, what they are interested in and then I lead up to appropriate topics, introducing them as adroitly as possible, fill in the gaps with my nonsense, and get people to talking. That is the way to entertain them."

"I once went down to dinner with a famous man talker, and when we were seated a horrible faintness came over me from the closeness of the room, the perfume of the flowers. I felt that I must keep that man talking to keep people from noticing my silence and illness, and I did. The next day he told every-body I was the brightest woman he ever saw. That was my cue. I never have forgotten it. I don't think," she added wistfully, "that the machinery ever shows. But I usually go home from a dinner as weary as a ballet girl after the performance. It is much easier to say the bright thing than to make some one else say it, but a smart woman is the worst kind of a mistake. If she isn't married, married men all think that is the reason why—she is too smart. If she has a husband every one feels sorry for him."

## The Beautiful Word Wife.

What do you think, says Ruskin, the beautiful word wife comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. It is to be hoped the French will some day get a word for it, instead of that dreadful word "femme." But what do you think it comes from? The great use of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them or lead upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night cold grass may be the only fire at her foot, but home is wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses clothed with cedar, or painted vermillion shedding its quiet light far, for those who else are homeless.

## Kissing and Its Meaning.

The monks of the Middle Ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders: First, the decorous, or modest kiss; second, the diplomatic, or kiss of policy; third, the spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunk wine; fourth, the slave kiss; fifth, the kiss infamous—a church penance; sixth, the slipper kiss, practised towards tyrants; seventh, the judicial kiss; eighth, the feudal kiss; ninth, the religious kiss (kissing the cross); tenth, the academic kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood); eleventh, the hand kiss; twelfth, the Judas kiss; thirteenth, the medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness; fourteenth, the kiss of etiquette; fifteenth, the kiss of love—the only real kiss.

## Put Her Head Through Her Ear.

Mr. Charles Hose, in the course of a paper descriptive of the highlands of Borneo, which he read before the Geographical Society recently, gave an account of the practice among the native mothers of sticking huge rings through their daughters' ears at the age of eight months only, eventually increasing them to the weight of 2lb. each. By the time, in fact, that a girl has come to maturity her ears reach almost to her elbows, and Mr. Hose has seen one put her head through one of these elongated ear lobes!

## The Bait That Baited All.

"What bait do you use," said a saint to the devil, "When you fish where the souls of men abound?" "Well, for general use," said the King of Evil, "Gold and fame are the best I've found."

"But for special use?" asked the saint. "Ah! then,"

Said the devil, "I angle for man, not men; And use one that to fall I have never found; For a thing I hate Is to chase my bait."

So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

WHEN YOU  
ARE BUYING

# DON'T OVERLOOK

Our Ladies' fine Buttoned Boots with the new Pointed Toes and Patent Lea Tips. Also Plain Toes. Prices \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, and our Blucher Bal Piccadilly Toes at \$5.00.

WATERBURY & RISING, 34 KING AND 212 UNION STREETS.

## In a Sleeping Car.

If you travel in "sleepers" fortify yourself against that modern fungus—the woman who absorbs the toilet room. She is ubiquitous and her kind will be aboard in great numbers. Put comb, brush, toothbrush, hand mirror, button hook, hairpins, whisk broom, towel, soap, powder, cold cream and a bottle of rose water, one-third of it glycerine, in your hand satchel, along with your wrapper. The rose water and glycerine will keep your skin fresh and clean, and in your berth you may make a presentable toilet before venturing to the toilet room—perchance to find it barricaded by this "awful woman." The day has passed when a woman in a sleeper in the early morning hours was a fright to behold, thanks to the pretty negligees, wrappers, dressing jackets and petticoats and increased comforts in arrangement of sleepers, the modern woman may preserve even there her boudoir secrets. Silks are so cheap and negligees so easily made at home or to be had at the shops, that every woman should possess a wash or India silk wrapper or a French flannel jacket. The silk takes up little space in the satchel, and when the journey is ended it serves for the bedroom. In your berth remove your dress skirt and your bodice, corset and shoes, loosen your garters and the bands of your underclothing, and slip on the wrapper or jacket and comfort is yours, while, in case of accident or emergency, you will not be unrepresentable. It is never safe to remove the under-clothing and don a night dress in a sleeping car.

## Try it on a Dog.

All the fine ladies with delicate dude bow-wows will rejoice to know that there has been opened in Philadelphia in connection with the great university a palatial dog hospital where high-priced canines can have their elegant ailments treated with all the latest scientific quirks. This is the only institution of the kind in this country, though there are in Berlin, Paris, and London dog hospitals, but less finely appointed than this. There are all the accommodations of an ordinary hospital, with rooms for clinics and operations, baths, medication, and cooking. The dogs will be placed in separate and roomy cages on wheels, and as fifty or sixty may be accommodated the students of the medical department will have opportunity in their experimenting to literally "try it on a dog."

## A Clash of Colors.

Women never beheld more hideous combinations than some of those that the milliners show them now. Seen in juxtaposition to its next magenta neighbor in a collection, a grisly green hat will look a torturing atrocity; a pink toned hat cries horror to a yellow one, and an all red drops a note of morbid gaiety between. Last year a group of big hatted girls was a lovely sight on a spring morning, harmonious as a garden bed of flowers; but the signs of these times are saddening if girls wear all the hats the milliners are offering them.

## And No Man Lives Forever.

One of the peculiarities of the cocoanut palm is that it never stands upright. A Malayan saying has it that "He who has looked upon a dead monkey; he who has found the nest of the paddy-bird; he who hath beheld a straight cocoanut or has fathomed the deceitful heart of woman, will live forever."

**"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."**

**Science MEDICAL SCIENCE**

has achieved great triumph in the production of

**BEECHAM'S PILLS** which will cure Sick Headache and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Wholesale Agents, Evans & Sons, Ltd, Montreal. For sale by all druggists.

**FOR FIFTY YEARS!**

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP**

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children with soothing for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a Bottle.

## Do you Write for the Papers?

If you do, you should have **THE LADDER OF JOURNALISM**, a Text Book for Correspondents, Reporters, Editors and General Writers.

PRICE, 50 CENTS.

SENT ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, BY **ALLAN FORMAN,** 417 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

State where you saw this and you will receive a handsome lithograph for framing.

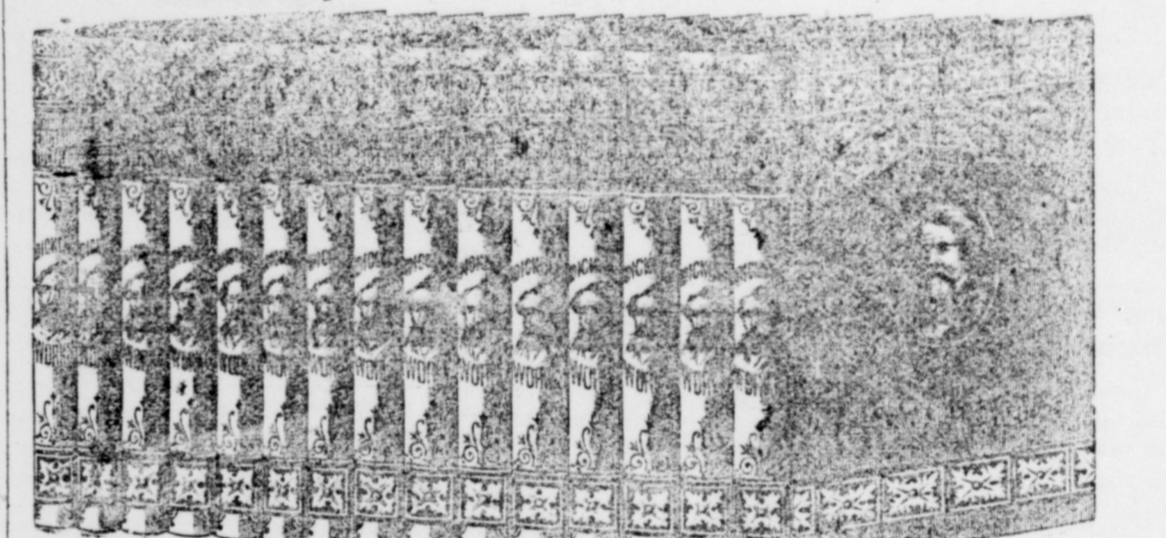
**Buy Comfortable Corsets.**

The only comfortable corset is The Improved All-Featherbone Corset.

**WHY?**

Because it has no side steels to break, rust or hurt. Try a pair for a week and see.

**Charles Dickens' Complete Works—15 vols**  
Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$4.50 additional.



We have no premium that is so great a bargain as our Set of Dickens in 15 volumes; handsome cloth binding, plain large print with 257 illustrations. This set of books is listed at \$15, but usually sells for the bargain retail price \$7.50. Our price to old or new subscribers with a years subscription is \$6.50.

**Thackeray's Complete Works—10 vols.**  
Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

Thackeray's works, 10 volumes, handsome bound in cloth, library edition, with 177 illustrations for \$2.90 is an unequalled offer. We do not think it will last long because our supply is limited, and we may not be able to duplicate our orders at the same figure. The retail bargain price is usually \$6.00. The set is listed at \$10.00. Given for one new or renewal subscription and \$2.90 additional.

**DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY,** (Via C. P. R. Short Line)

Forward Goods, Valuables and Money to all parts of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Northwest Territories, British Columbia, China and Japan. Best connections with England, Ireland, Scotland and all parts of the world.

Offices in all the Principal towns in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Operating Canadian Pacific R'y and branches, Intercolonial R'y to Halifax, Joggins R'y, New Brunswick and P. E. I. R'y, Digby and Annapolis, connecting with points on the Windsor and Annapolis Rivers.

Handling of Perishable Goods a Specialty. Connect with all reliable Express Companies in the United States. Eight hours ahead of all competing Expresses from Montreal and points in Ontario and Quebec.

Lowest Rates, Quick Despatch and Civility. E. N. ABBOTT, Acting Agent, 96 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B.

**Canadian Express Co.**  
General Express Forwarders, Shipping Agents and Custom House Brokers.

Forward Merchandise, Money and Packages of every description; collect Notes, Drafts, Accounts and Bills, with goods (C. O. D.) throughout the Dominion of Canada, the United States and Europe. Special Messengers daily, Sunday excepted, over the Grand Trunk, Quebec and Lake St. John, Quebec Central, Canada Atlantic, Montreal and Sorel, Nanaimo, Vancouver and Quebec, Central Ontario and Consolidated Midland Railways, Intercolonial Railway, Northern and Western Railway, Cumberland Railway, Chatham Branch Railway, Steamship Lines to Digby and Annapolis and Charlottetown and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies. Connections made with responsible Express Companies covering the Eastern, Middle, Southern and Western States, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories and British Columbia.

Express weekly to and from Europe via Canadian Line of Mail Steamers. Agency in Liverpool in connection with the forwarding system of Great Britain and the continent. Shipping Agents in Liverpool, Montreal, Quebec and Portland, Maine.

Goods in bond promptly attended to and forwarded with despatch. Invoices required for goods from Canada, United States or Europe, and vice versa.

H. C. CREIGHTON, Ass. Supt.

**FRIENDS OF PROGRESS** who know of bright honest boys who would not object to making some money for themselves, or keeping their parents, by two or three hours work every Saturday, in such towns and villages in the Maritime provinces where Progress is not for sale at present, can learn of something to their advantage, by writing to PROGRESS "Circulation Department," St. John, N. B.

**Queen Hotel,** HALIFAX, N. S.

WE have much pleasure in calling the attention of Travellers and Tourist to the fact that the QUEEN has established a reputation for furnishing the best and cleanest bedrooms, and the best table and attention of any hotel in the maritime provinces, if not in all Canada. The QUEEN contains 130 rooms, and is fitted with all modern improvements, including bath-rooms and w. c.'s on every floor. The parlors attract a great deal of attention, as nothing superior in that line is to be seen in Canada. The cuisine has been made a specialty from the first and amply justifies its reputation. One visit will satisfy any one as to the superiority of this Hotel.

A. B. SHERATON, Manager.

**BELMONT HOUSE,** ST. JOHN, N. B.

The most convenient Hotel in the city. Directly opposite N. B. & Intercolonial Railway station. Baggage taken to and from the depot free of charge. Terms—\$1 to \$2.50 per day. J. S. M. E., Proprietor.

**QUEEN HOTEL,** FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. A. EDWARDS, Proprietor. Fine sample room in connection. Also, a first-class Livery Stable. Coaches at trains and boats.

**HOTEL DUFFERIN,** ST. JOHN, N. B.

FRED A. JONES, Proprietor.

**BARKER HOUSE,** FREDERICTON, N. B.

Most beautifully situated in the centre of the city, large, light, cheerful Sample Rooms, and a first-class Livery and Hack stable in connection with the house. Coaches are in attendance upon arrival of all trains.

F. B. COLEMAN, Proprietor.

**CONNORS HOTEL,** CONNORS STATION, MADAWASKA, N. B.

JOHN H. MCINERNEY, Proprietor.

Opened in January. Handsome, most spacious and complete house in Northern New Brunswick.

**"Vivat Regina."**