

WOMAN and HER WORK.

The very latest thing in English mantles, or rather cloaks, is a nightmare so horrible that the mere idea of having to wear one is enough to send any self-respecting woman into hysterics. It resembles nothing so much as an old fashioned waterproof cloak except that it is made with a round yoke of velvet, outlined with either embroidery or passanterie. The body of the garment, which extends to the feet, is of velvet, with a curious vest of light colored cloth set in; the sleeves are large and baggy, full on the shoulder and still more full at the wrist, where they are drawn into a sort of frill. The whole garment presents a general air of bagginess only to be rivalled by the delightful seamless-in-the-back overcoat created by fashionable young men. Don't wear it, girls, I beg, unless you wish to look as if you had put on your bathing dress by mistake, for "the newest English coat" looks like nothing in the world else.

Very fashionable berthes are made of two rows of lace. The new cream colored Irish point, which we all know perfectly well, never saw Ireland, and is not point at all, is popular for this style of garniture. The lace is simply gathered very full and set on a foundation, one row above the other, like two full flounces, the upper one being finished with a fold or two of cream chiffon or gauze to conceal the sewing on, and the berthe passes over the shoulders and fastens at the waist in front, leaving the neck open in a V shape. It is an excellent device for freshening up an old evening dress of black velvet or silk, and it gives that effect of enormous breadth to the shoulders and upper part of the body, so desirable this winter.

It is difficult to speak with anything like authority on the fashions at this time of the year, because in midwinter there is little prospect of variety. The spring styles will not be decided upon for at least another month, so for the present fashions are at a standstill, except that the Empire seems slowly but surely gaining upon us. Not a fashion sheet but contains four or five illustrations of Empire dresses, Empire cloaks, and now, alas, we have Empire corsets to further distort the female form divine—horrid little short things which would ruin any figure in the world. The Empire belts are growing in favor, but are, I think, most unbecoming, the horizontal folds making any but a sylph-like waist look very clumsy indeed; and to me they convey an unpleasant suggestion of the hoops around a barrel.

The skirt trimmings from being so narrow as to be all but invisible, are generally beginning to assert themselves and creep higher and higher up the skirt, till, I have no doubt that in time they will reach the knee; and a blessed thing it is too, because we can now lengthen our skirts when they grow shabby around the foot, and conceal the seam with trimming in the full and joyful assurance of being in the height of fashion. Milliners folds of old fashioned thick glossy satin, are very much used for trimming plain bell skirts of cashmere, or serge, they are placed once or twice their width apart and reach nearly to the knee. Velvet is also used for these decorations, and in fact velvet and satin are both used this winter, for the garniture of cloth dresses. For the more severe tailor made gowns braid, either Hercules, military, or tubular, is used in the same manner, the rows being put on in graduated widths.

For evening wear, and the decoration of evening dresses, there are lovely jet girdles, which are not girdles at all, but really deep pointed bodices, made of jet with heavy jet fringe on the lower edge, zouave, and bolero jackets of jet which make the plainest dress look handsome; and beautiful little simulated zouaves made of either black, or cream lace, of good width gathered around the arm holes and caught down, both in the back and front, to imitate a jacket. The sleeves can be similarly trimmed, with two trills of lace falling from the shoulder, and the back is finished with a bow of ribbon placed just below the neck, but not quite as low as the shoulders. Numerous ribbons are also used to decorate new evening bodices, as well as to freshen old ones, they are applied in varied ways, as bows, as straps, and as rosettes, and they are always fresh and pretty. Nearly all the new evening dresses have high collars or trills around the neck, the unbecoming low cut style so fashionable last year seems to be falling in to deserved obscurity, and the soft becoming trills gaining ground every day.

What do you think of the modified chignon called "the bun," girls? And have any of you had courage to try the effect of it on your own heads? It is said to be the coming fashion to which we shall all bow in time, but if one may judge by the fashion plates it is not very pretty, and no way of wearing the hair is so universally becoming as the moderately loose coil worn rather high on the head; the low knot at the back of the neck or the new Vienna twist soil the collar of the dress, and between ourselves it requires a better shaped head than most of us possess, to wear this very severe and trying style, especially as we all want to look our best according to the means at our disposal, and if one's head is not pretty there is no occasion to let everyone know it, is there?

But enough of fashions for a few moments. I wonder how many of our girls could cook an appetizing meal for an invalid at a few moments notice? Not many, I am afraid; and yet few things are more necessary for every girl to know, than the best way of preparing something to tempt the capricious appetite of an invalid. It is an extraordinary thing how neglected this class of cookery is. As a late American paper sensibly remarks:—"In many families the knowledge of sick room cookery is confined to the toasting of a slice of bread, the boiling of a hasty porridge, and the making of a broth from a piece of beef, which, in nine cases out of ten, is plunged into boiling instead of cold water; in des-

perate cases a 'beef tea' is brewed in a glass fruit jar. Boiled rice completes the resources, and to serve the food with any unusual daintiness seems not to occur to anyone." This is true as I have often observed myself; numbers of girls who can make delicious cake, lovely Charlotte Russe, jelly and ice cream, have no more idea of making a palatable dish for an invalid than a child three years old. Who does not remember Hood's delightful story of the elderly British parson travelling on the continent with his two spinster daughters, and being taken ill en route? I forget now whether it was in Switzerland, or France; but I know that the daughters distrusted foreign cookery for their father, and after some consultation the elder one decided to descend to the kitchen and prepare some delicacy for her suffering parent with her own fair hands. After a reasonable interval she reappeared flushed with mingled exertion and triumph bearing in her hands "her first maiden effort in cookery." After carefully propping her father up in bed, tucking a napkin under his chin, and arranging the tray beside him she administered the first spoonful of the nourishing compound, and waited in smiling expectation for the verdict—it came! "'Paste! common paste! spluttered the Reverend T. C.'" And over the rest of the story I will draw a merciful veil, having merely used it as a warning to my girls not to place themselves in a similarly mortifying position. Good and savory beef tea is an essential in the sick room, and suppose we begin our lessons in "invalid cookery" with that? The following receipt is from an old French nurse's list of invalids' dishes.

Savory Beef Tea.

Take a pound of beef, freshly killed, and lean, hackle it well with a sharp knife or cut it into very small dice. Put it in a perfectly clean bottle, with a little salt, one or two fresh celery leaves and a sprig of parsley. Pour over it a pint of cold water and cork the bottle tightly; put into a pot of warm water and let it come gradually to a boil, it must be kept boiling at least three hours, and four, is better. Strain off, and serve with a bit of toast. The seasoning will make this palatable to invalids who cannot endure ordinary beef tea.

Another and plainer variety of beef tea is—
Bouillon.
Take two pounds of lean beef, chopped fine, pour over it one quart of cold water, put in a porcelain kettle, cover tight, and let it simmer four hours. Strain off the liquor, and let it cool, beat the white of one egg, and add it to the tea, put on the stove and stir until it comes to a boil, let it boil till perfectly clear, skim, then strain through a fine napkin and season with salt.

Another excellent and nourishing dish for the sick room, is the standard delicacy,
Wine Jelly.

Soak half a box of Lady Charlotte gelatine in half a coffee cup of cold water for one hour, add half a pint of boiling water, half a pint of sugar, which will be just a coffee cup full—a quarter of a pint of wine and the juice of half a lemon; stir gently to mix the ingredients thoroughly, and pour into a mould which has been dipped in cold water.

For lemon jelly use the same quantity of lemon juice instead of wine, and add half a tablespoonful of whiskey.
When gruel is required, a little wine or a squeeze of a lemon will be found much more attractive to the uncertain fancy of an invalid than the stereotyped nutmeg, or worse, raisins commonly used. I have tasted delicious gruel flavored with strawberry acid, the tartness of the acid giving just the desired fillip to the taste. Above all serve everything to an invalid in the daintiest and most attractive fashion with the brightest of silver, the whitest of nappery and the prettiest and best china in the house, nothing should be too good for the sick room.

Here is a nice second course dish which will doubtless be a boon to the weary house-keeper whose soul sickens at the thought of the interminable jam roll, and whose mind is weary of pies; it is
Lemon Custard.

Take two eggs leaving out the white of one and beat them well, then mix one and a half tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little cold water, using a coffee cup, fill the cup with boiling water stirring all the time, add it to the eggs, then grate a lemon, add the grated peel to one cup of white sugar, squeeze the juice over it, add to the corn starch and eggs put in a good sized lump of butter mix well and pour into a baking dish, bake as a custard and when almost done, beat up the remaining white of egg with a tablespoonful of sugar, flavor and pour over the pudding, return to the oven and brown.

Here is a delicious dish either for after dinner or for a little supper, I am not quite sure of the name though I think it is
Vienna Cream.

Soak one quarter of a box of Lady Charlotte gelatine for an hour, in enough water to cover it, heat a pint of milk, and have ready the yolks of three eggs well beaten with three quarters of a cup of sugar, pour over them the hot milk, set over the fire and stir until it thickens, then add the soaked gelatine stirring until it is dissolved, flavor with vanilla, pour into a mould and set aside to harden. When it is to be served turn out on a flat dish, and pour around it the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth with three tablespoonfuls of sugar and a few drops of vanilla.

I may be mistaken in the name; and if so, I hope someone will set me right.

What is the matter with the correspondence column girls? not enough letters this week to make a column, and none of the receipts I asked for at all. Surely the girls cannot be altogether forgetting their friend.

Chapped Hands.

Every year our hands chap. Every year we ask anxiously for something to cure them. It seems sensible that washing the hands in warm water opens the pores of the skin, and that is what makes the trouble. I have found that by powdering my hands with borated talcum powder immediately after washing they positively do not chap. of course you should use a good soap. Palm oil is an excellent ointment. Try it with the talcum powdering.

THE MINISTER'S SOCKS.

Their Effect on the Congregation and How the Matter Ended.

"Kit" of the Toronto Mail tells an excellent story in her bright "Woman's Kingdom," which is strikingly appropriate in these days of church squabbles over trifles.

"There has been a 'row' in the church," says "Kit"—"nothing particularly new in that—but this time it's over the color of a minister's socks. It seems that a well-known non-conformist minister refused to defer to the taste of his congregation in the matter of underwear, a distinctly personal matter, you will all grant. Though otherwise decorously attired, the gentleman has a penchant for hose of brilliant hue. On a recent occasion, when addressing his congregation upon the many snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil, scarlet socks were distinctly visible to the eyes of all beholders, gleaming like danger signals from the gap between his clerical high-collars and the edge of his ministerial continuations. Old ladies turned up the whites of their eyes and thought of the Scarlet Woman. Deacons looked aghast, and elders whispered that the evil one had laid hold of their pastor by the heel, to say nothing of the sole. So a deputation was formed and commissioned to wait upon the red-topped shepherd and point out to him the unseemliness of his attire.

"But the holy man was obdurate. He had got the socks at half price, and taken the whole lot. He could not keep several pairs on his hands, so he determined to keep them on his feet. 'If I had,' he said to them with much truth, 'if I had appeared in chapel simply attired in two scarlet socks only, my congregation might have reasonably interfered, but under existing circumstances I think the color of my under-clothing might be safely left to my own discretion, particularly as I conform to the popular prejudice by covering it in the usual manner.' It is said that several of his congregation have since embraced the 'errors' of the Roman catholic faith chiefly on the ground, I believe, that the weather is unfavorable to total immersion."

Verily times are indeed hard, when a minister's underclothing must conform more to his hearer's tastes than his own.

Taking to a Useful Fad.

One of the fads of the present season, and one which promises to become more or less popular among the ladies, is the manufacture of their own trimmings for underwear. In England and France during the last season, at the afternoon teas and at the meetings of the ladies' clubs and societies, the making of lace was distinctly popular. The ladies who visited abroad have come home, bringing with them dainty patterns, and the fashion is sure to spread. The knitting and crocheting of lace is the most liked of these occupations.

A young New York society girl, who is to become a bride just after next Easter, tells with pride that she is to make all the lace for her trousseau with her own fingers. More than this, she is to do much of the needlework for underwear of fine nainsook made entirely by hand. Hems, tucks and puffs are not now the correct thing. A waste of time? Well, why? Think how charming she may appear in the eyes of her devoted admirers of the other sex—those gentlemen who think strong minded women are so unwomanly, and that this sort of thing is much more suited to the display of woman's talents. There is another thing to be taken into consideration. Nothing will so effectually display dainty fingers and pink tinted, polished nails as the handling of the knitting needles. Christmas gifts this winter from young ladies to their friends have been silk socks which they have knitted, every stitch with their own fair fingers.

How to Hang a Muff.

The type of girl who last summer proudly wore suspenders has broken out in a new spot. She is full of resource, as her latest departure shows. At present she hangs her muff at her knee by means of a black satin ribbon. On this ribbon are slides and fastenings of silver very much resembling those she wore on the suspenders that took to themselves wings when the cold weather appeared. It is quite a different style of girl altogether who insures the safety of her muff by tying it on with colored ribbons. She is, or assumes to be, artistic, as she says that in order to be in keeping the muff, ribbon should match the "high light" of her costume; that is, it must be the same shade as the rose in her hat and chignon at her throat.

The Dressmaking Class.

The dressmaking class is one of the new whims of leisurely women. It began last winter and promises to be more popular this season. Several ladies unite in hiring a competent instructor and are taught the technique of the dressmaker's art in its most minute and practical details. The Woman's Exchange has several classes each season, where women send their daughters to learn the art, come themselves, or send their maids. Each pupil is expected to make one gown entirely herself before her course of lessons is finished. One society lady of natural skill with the shears and needle turned out five dresses in a single term to her own and her teacher's surprise.

Those Poke Bonnets.

The poke bonnets, in order to be becoming, should be worn like the Salvation lassies wear theirs—far back on the head. Some of the new bonnets have white tulle cap fronts, but these are most trying to the complexion. One of the most fashionable mixtures is black and pink, and an easy way of making a dark hat or bonnet becoming to a brunette is to line the brim with vieux rose velvet. This shade seems to throw a soft pretty light on the face. If one's complexion is not of the best it is worth while studying one's hat brims. Some of the close fitting small bonnets made of velvet have the quaint little old fashioned curtain at the back made of the same material.

Pug Noses.

A learned person has discovered that the girls with pug noses marry quicker than those with Greek or Roman ones. The reason seems to be that nez retousse accompanys a good temper, a cherry disposition. You may have noticed that it isn't the most beautiful girl, but the most amiable one that gets the best matrimonial offers. Now, with this discovery about pugs, what genius will invent a machine for elevating noses?

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Miss North's Wedding Get-Up.

When Miss North, daughter of the nitrate king, was married recently in London to Mr. E. J. Lockett, she wore a wedding gown of white duchesse satin, the front being covered with fine point-de-gaze lace, the gift of her mother, and the long train was edged with the same lace; her tulle veil covered a tiara of real orange blossom, and was fastened with a diamond crescent and a diamond bar brooch, both being presents of bridegroom. She was also wearing a pearl necklace with a diamond and pearl pendant, the gift of her father, a diamond buckle and diamond earrings, the gifts of her mother. Her bouquet was made up of rare white exotics, with white satin streamers.

The Fashionable Pen.

The fashionable pen is the old-time quill, but not cut from the pinions of the humble goose. The pen elegant is the sharpened point of an ostrich quill, the feather permanently and closely curled, and fitted with a gold nib. The monogram in gold, or silver, or tiny Jewels, adorns the stem, and the pretty trinket is warranted to give the desired stylish and scratchy illegibility even to a copper-plate hand.

Women Who Carry Daggers.

A prominent jeweler says that he sells a number of daggers annually to women. These are not ornaments, but serious weapons. They are just large enough to slip easily inside a woman's gown. Some women have these made to order, when they are lavishly adorned and incrustated with precious stones. They are frequently carried in travelling when they are intended as weapons of defense.—Jeweler's Circular.

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