

WOMAN and HER WORK.

It is quite an old saying that "love, and a cough, cannot be hid," and though I am not prepared to fully endorse the first clause of the proverb—since I have not only seen love very successfully hidden, but so thoroughly disguised that it might well pass for a very opposite feeling—I can say amen, with all my heart to the latter part; because, in the first place the victim is not able to hide it even if he wishes to, and in the second he does not seem to have the least desire to do so, but seems rather proud of his affliction than the contrary, if one may judge by the number of people suffering from violent coughs, who persistently attend church, and thereby render the lives of all the other worshippers a burden to them. It may at the first glance seem harsh to suggest that people afflicted with severe colds should be denied the satisfaction of attending church, but surely a more sensible view of the matter would be that anyone whose cough is so bad that it disturbs the whole congregation of a church, would be much better at home as it is impossible for a person whose whole time is occupied in coughing, to pay the attention he would wish to the service.

I have known people take children to church when they had such colds that a warm room, a tub of hot mustard and water, and a bowl of steaming gruel seemed the only fitting surroundings for the unhappy little creatures, and while they barked like coyotes throughout the entire service, their parents who had become accustomed to the din at home and therefore scarcely heard it, devoted themselves to their religious exercises with a pious unconcern, beautiful to witness, and not easy to attain.

If a cough was amenable to reason or at all possible to control one would not mind so much, but it is the utter independence of all rules of expediency and convenience, and scorn of the trammels of control, which makes a bad cough one of the most trying maladies known to science.

The clergyman arises, clears his throat, and gives out "The hundred and—" "Wool! wool! wool! wool!" goes the man on the third seat from the front; and the number of that hymn is an unsolved mystery to the congregation who have opened their hymn books expectantly and are now glaring fiercely at the cougher in a perfectly unanimous longing to pound him on the back and ease the paroxysm by heroic methods. The sufferer ceases abruptly, and the clergyman once more endeavors to tell his hearers what hymn is to be sung. "We will now sing the hundred and—" "wool! wool! WOO—OOF!"—rieth hymn. The organist has his hands on the keys and is glancing impatiently at the choir who have cleared their throats for the third time and are eager to begin, so the clergyman gives it up in despair, the organ peals forth the opening bars, and the congregation have to be satisfied with the certainty that the hymn is somewhere between the nineteenth and the 91st and they are free to pursue their researches in this wide field with but indifferent chances of success, until the amen convulses them that they have failed. It is very hard! very hard indeed! And the worst of it is that the man with the cough is likely to experience a period of rest and relief during the prayers, to cough only a few times during the sermon—after he has succeeded in obliterated the text by one well directed bark—and to break forth with renewed vigor as soon as the unlucky pastor begins giving out the usual notices of services and meetings during the week; then he wraps himself up and goes peacefully homeward leaving a long, vibrating trail of coughs in his wake, as the cold is likely to extinguish the flames because the wire frame kept the skirt extended and prevented the flames from being smothered. It really is true, that a large number of women were burned to death during the day of the hoopskirts, and it will be two dreadful if any of us should be exposed to such risks just because we have not sufficient strength of character to resist a senseless fashion.

I am afraid that if we want to be in the height of the fashion next summer, we shall have to remodel our last summer's dresses a little; and I saw an excellent plan for doing this the other day. Skimpiness of outline is no longer fashionable, and so the girl who wants to be up to date must make her skirts look full, and puffy, if possible, or else floppy and empurpled. The dress I saw had the plaits in the back let out, and pressed, then gathered and sewed to the short, pointed basque underneath. The skirt was then trimmed with five full ruffles, each about three inches wide, which were made to reach nearly to the belt by being placed fully eight inches apart; the first one was directly at the foot, and the last, about six inches from the waist. It does not sound very well I know, but really it looked pretty, and I believe this style will be very much worn in wash dresses during the summer. One pretty model for a zephyr heading had a two inch ruffle at the foot gathered with a puff, and three others were ranged above it, a quarter of an yard apart. Three ruffles set one above the other from the shoulders up, form the trimming of the bodice, the lower one falling over the sleeves in the fashionable but hideous cape effect. Fancy a girl with a pretty figure always going about with a cape over her shoulders?

VERE, Nova Scotia—Yes—You are a great stranger, and I almost thought you had forgotten me, or that you imagined the correspondence column had been done away with altogether; it has not been, I assure you, and we can have just as pleasant "chats" as of old. The only change made was a necessary one brought about by the limited space at my disposal being taken up week after week by people who really had no questions to ask, and no object in writing except as they often told me "for fun." So in justice to my real correspondents a change was made, and I should feel very sorry indeed if it had the effect of frightening away any of my old friends; and you may be sure that as long as this page is here at all, the boys will be

welcome to a corner of it. Why some of my very best and oldest friends are amongst the boys. (1) The crinoline, my dear boy, is nothing less than that old-fashioned abomination the hoop skirt, which our mothers used to wear in their younger days, and which some lunatic whose name has not been made public lest he or she should be lynched, has endeavored to revive; but so far without any great success. I am glad to say. So Chum has left you? Yes I saw by the papers that he had, and some of these days you will be following his example when you are old enough, but I know how lonely you must feel, and I have been thinking about you ever since it happened. What a strange thing this love is.

He will come one of these days all the same. You seemed to have a gloomy presentiment as to Chum's probable return when first he set forth on his voyage. I am glad he is so happy, and I am sure you are too. Write whenever you feel like it Vere, for you are always sure of a welcome, and I miss you very much, when your silence is too long.

Bourgeois.—Your letter was a very manly, straightforward one, and I appreciate the awkward position in which you are placed, though, but yet I scarcely see how I can help you. The lady in question forgot herself, unpardonably, when she told you of her sentiments. If she had kept them to herself, and you had only suspected them, you would both have been saved a great deal of embarrassment. How in the world did it ever come to such a confession, and don't you think you must have been a little in fault? As it has gone so far, your duty to your friend, as well as yourself demands that you should take a very decided stand; if it were practicable absence would be the very best thing, but I know that it is not always possible to run away from one's troubles, and the next best thing will be to avoid her as much as you can without hurting her feelings, try not to let her see that it is intentional, with a little management you can make it appear accidental that she sees so little of you. I am afraid you must not lay too much stress on retaining her friendship under the circumstances it would be rather dangerous to attempt any halt measures, and it would scarcely be fair to her, by-and-by you may be the greatest friends, but it would scarcely be fair to her to stop half way now; don't you see it must be all or nothing, and she ought to respect you all the more for trying to help her to forget? When you do meet be as kind and respectful as possible abiding her rather more deference than your other lady friends, so she may not have the misery of thinking you despise her. Perhaps as you have already discussed the subject it might be best to talk it over again, and tell her honestly what you think about it. In answer to your last question, I do not think you would be doing right either to yourself or to her if you took such a step. Every woman is entitled to the whole of her husband's heart, and a man does a woman a great injustice if, in a moment of weakness, he offers her less than her just due, because it will be unable to give her all. Some other man will come along in the fulness of time and give her his whole heart in return for hers. We get over all these things, we must, you know, in order to fulfil the plan of nature, and a little suffering now is better than a life long sorrow from which there is no escape. That is the best advice I can give you and I hope it will be of some service. Write again some time and let me know. I am glad to know that you take an interest in my part of the paper, though you are a man and men usually despise a woman's page, which they think is entirely devoted to fashions and fancy work.

ASTRA. BY AID OF A PISTOL. One Way by Which a Laggard in Love may Be Landed. At some time or other in her life every girl whose big brother owns a pistol has a desire to master it, says a writer in the N. Y. Press. There is nothing surer to land a laggard in love than a pistol lesson. It is better than a course of dieting for a dyspeptic spectator. The fair pupil and her lukewarm courtier repair to some secluded spot. Of course this is absolutely necessary. If there was even so much as one small boy or one peaceful bovine the fatal bullet would be sure to find him or it. Then the inclusion is also very desirable to prevent the lesson being transformed into a popular entertainment and attended by all the lively small fry.

Of course, the girl has long ago seen the weapon and admired the polished steel and shimmering mother of pearl and thought how proud she would be to hit a sparrow or even to make the hammer snap and hear it go bang. But now Tom holds the pistol out to her and says: "Now take it this way and hold it this way." And she begins to have a chill. Her fingers refuse to catch the handle of the revolver right. They tangle themselves up about the hammer, and Tom, scared out of a year's growth by her antics with it, comes to the rescue. He tries to arrange her fingers in the correct position. That is very dangerous to the peace of the young man's mind, but, of course, his touch makes her slender fingers all the more accurate! Not a bit of it. Tom fusses again and again, but the obstinate little fingers refuse to stay where they are put. He notices the rings, and for the first time thinks what slim fingers they are. Then he discovers that the hand is slapping and wouldn't be a bad sort of a hand to hold one in awhile. Then a suggestion is in order that he will hold his hand over hers and help her fix the first time.

And she—well, she would back out now if it wasn't too late. The pistol looks as fierce as a Fourth of July cannon. Fire that awful object? Never! But his offer to hold her hand rather braces her sinking nerves. His firm fingers close over hers. The pistol is cocked. He says: "Now!" There is a click, but that's all. He drops his hand in astonishment. She lets fall the revolver in a similar mood, and then comes her triumph. An examination of the machine discloses the fact that the able instructor has failed to load a single chamber. Now, here's where her tact comes in, and this makes him her slave generally. With the sweetest gesture in this sphere she says: "Oh, Tom! how thoughtful it was of you to think of that way to let me get used to it! Now, I shan't be a bit afraid and I was really awfully scared before."

Then this instructor looks gigantic and pompous. He inflates with pride at his originality, and when he fills up the five

chambers he puts the deadly machine in her hand with a very patronizing gesture and says: "Now try it all yourself. Don't be afraid. It won't hurt you. Just cock it and pull the trigger. Aim at that apple tree."

Then she cocks again. She doesn't mean to, she isn't to be blamed for it. Finally in desperation she cocks the pistol, points it wildly at anything ahead of her, covers her face and shoots. The report is bigger than a whole broadside of artillery. She is sure she has wounded something, and with a shriek falls into her instructor's arms.

Now that's the climax, and if that pistol lesson doesn't end in a proposal then the young man is a hopeless case.

The Proper Salutation. "No, that's no longer the style," said one girl to another, as her friend raised her arm until the immense cuff of her velvet sleeve, was on a level with her head. "We don't shake hands in the air any more. At present the ceremony is performed very low down; the arm is held rather stiff, and the hands meet as near the knees as possible. The clasp is the same, as is also the shake. Wait until we reach home and I will give you an object lesson in the new way of kissing," she continued. I learned it at school, but not from a book, however; our principal taught us, and she forbade the girls to salute each other except in the prescribed manner—that is, a kiss on either cheek. While your lips are touching your friend's right cheek hers are taking the powder of your left, and vice versa. It's very pretty, very foreign and dignified, and requires time and practice in order to accomplish it gracefully; besides, its more satisfying than a hit or miss salutation that lights sometimes on the chin, sometimes on the tip of the nose, but which was meant to reach the mouth.—Washington Post.

Lamb's Tongues. Lamb's tongues are rarely seen except pickled, but they make nice little dishes. When boiled until tender they may be served hot with tomato or brown sauce, or they may be rolled in flour and butter and then be browned in a quick oven, and served with a garnish of vegetables, a la jardiniere, and a brown sauce; again, they may be cut into cubes and heated in brown or white sauce with boiled macaroni; and still another method should be, to cut them into cubes, put them in a shallow dish with white sauce, cover with grated bread crumbs, dot with butter, and cook for twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven. When they come out you have a handsome dish of lamb's tongues au gratin. The tongues cost from three and a half to five cents a piece, the price depending upon the particular market where they are sold. As a rule, one must engage them a day or two in advance of the time they will be wanted.—Good Housekeeping.

Will Be Essentials For Women. There are two branches of knowledge now not generally acquired or known which will be absolutely indispensable to people of the next generation. These are chemistry and stenography. Even nowadays educated housekeepers are devoting much attention to sanitary science, round which cluster many ologies and in which chemistry plays no minor part. As for stenography, that still difficult study is being constantly simplified, and it is a question of but a few years when the stenographic art will be taught in the public schools. Pupils may not be obliged to acquire an exhaustive knowledge of it, but to such a degree of proficiency that in after life they may save much time and labor in the routine of business or in the exacting functions of professional life.—Nast's Weekly.

DURING FEBRUARY

We propose closing out a number of Lines which if not sold this month will not be sold this winter. Therefore the following lines will go at prices that in some cases will be much less than cost. Men's and Women's Black Moose Moccasins DON'T sell at \$1.75. We'll try them at 75c., all around. Men's Yellow Buckskin Moccasins, broken sizes, \$1.50 and \$1.75. Now at \$1.00. Women's warm German Slippers, broken sizes, formerly \$1.00 and \$1.50. Now 50c., 75c. and \$1.00. Children's German Slippers, formerly 50c. Now 25c. Youth's Oil Tan Larrigans, formerly 75c. Now 25c. Sizes 10, 11, 12 only. Women's, Misses' and Children's Warm Lined Skating Boots at reduced prices.

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Advertisement for a prize portrait puzzle. A PRIZE PORTRAIT PUZZLE. Find The Grandmother. The young lady in the above cut has a grandmother whose picture is combined in the above portrait. If you can find the Grandmother in the above Portrait you may receive a reward which will pay you many times over for your trouble. The Proprietors of the LADIES' HOME MONTHLY offer either a first-class Upright Piano or cheque for THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS to the person who can first find the grandmother. A reward of a pair of Diamond Ear-Rings to the second person who can find the grandmother. A complete Business Education at a Commercial College to the third person who can find the grandmother. A Gold Watch for each of the next two who can find the grandmother. An elegant Gold Brooch (Solid Gold) for each of the next five who can find the grandmother. Each Contestant must cut out the Portrait Puzzle and make a cross with a lead-pencil or ink on the grandmother's eye and mouth. Everyone sending an answer must enclose with the same Three three-cent stamps for postage on the puzzle. The date of post-mark on letters is given precedence, so that persons living at a distance have just as good an opportunity of securing a valuable prize. For the person who has just as good an opportunity of securing a valuable prize. Increasing the subscription list of this popular journal. The object in offering this Prize Puzzle is to attract attention, and to introduce our publication. Perfect impartiality is guaranteed in giving the rewards. The following names are winners of the leading prizes in our last PRIZE PUZZLE: T. E. Shipley, 27 Elm St., Toronto, Piano; Miss Bancroft, 107 Lippincott St., Toronto, Bicycle; Miss Barns, Ridgeway, Ont., Bedroom Set; Gladys McPherson, 55 Henry St., Toronto, Gold Watch; L. B. Southam, 81 Maple St., London, Ont., Gold Watch; Mrs. J. S. Meadam, 442 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont., \$10 in Gold; M. Hampton, 80 N. Y. Life Bld., Kansas City, Mo., \$10 in Gold; Emily Riley, 85 Alexander St. E., Winnipeg, Man., Banquet Lamp; Jean Taylor, 104 Macdougall St., Ottawa, Ont., Banquet Lamp; John Armour, 155 Main St. W., Hamilton, Ont., Banquet Lamp; W. E. Gilroy, Mount Forest, Ont., Banquet Lamp; J. L. Forest, 319 Visitation St., Montreal, Que., Banquet Lamp; W. E. Ramsay, 20 Bathurst St., Toronto, Ont., Banquet Lamp; Florence A. Kelly, 125 Scott St., Quebec City, Banquet Lamp; Mrs. L. E. Thompson, 69 St. Louis St., Levis, Que., Banquet Lamp; M. E. Goodwin, Lakeview House, Bowmanville, Ont., Banquet Lamp; Mrs. G. Cunningham, 45 Carmichael St., St. John, N. B., Banquet Lamp. Answer to-day, and enclose 30 cents and you may win one of the leading prizes. Address: (D) LADIES' HOME MONTHLY, 192 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

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