

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I was talking to a pretty girl of sixteen the other day, a saucy monkey who had infinite faith in her own charms and who was fully aware that her youth and good looks were going to be potent factors in procuring for her the best possible time in this weary old world, that a daughter of Eve can reasonably look forward to, and who had every intention of enjoying her privileges to the full. This same damsel calmly propounded the theory that looks were not everything, and beauty was only skin deep, but she admitted that it was a pity one could not be always young. The little rascal could afford to promulgate such doctrines, and she knew it too; but alas; and doubly alas, if looks are not everything they are so much in this world that the woman who does not possess at least a reasonable share of good looks is apt to be "not in it" as the bad little boy says as far as the other sex is concerned. You can preach about intellectual superiority mental charms and the domestic virtues until you are weary and your throat is sore, and your audience if he happens to be a masculine one will listen in smiling acquiescence, and even applaud mildly to distract your attention from the fact that he is yawning, but as soon as you make a sufficiently long pause to give him a decent excuse for escaping he will desert your banner leave you to ignominious defeat, and enlist under the standard of the prettiest girl he can find in the town utterly regardless of mental superiority. Small blame to him I say, for after all the world was made for beauty and beauty knows it, so why should she not take advantage of her glorious endowment.

But let me whisper it here for the benefit of those dear girls who are not so fortunate as to possess beauty, there are two things which go farther towards captivating the fickle fancy of the magnificent animal man, than even a pretty face; and the first and most potent charm is that indefinable quality called style.

The pretty girl may look her best and sweetest, she may charm as wisely as she knows how, but beside the girl who possesses that best of physical gifts, style, combined with a good figure, she will not be anywhere at all; while, if the stylish girl happens to be bright and animated, in addition to her other attractions, the pretty ones might as well fold their tents like the Arabs and silently steal away, as far as most men are concerned. Of course the fortunate lass who rejoices in all three of these charms has the world at her feet and can keep it rolling—in a metaphorical sense—with a very slight motion of her little foot. I have always thought Cleopatra must have been a very stylish person indeed, for no ordinarily beautiful woman could have had an opportunity of getting into the terrible amount of mischief she managed to create around her, unless she had something besides mere beauty to aid her. Helen, glorious Helen too, was dowered with some other and more potent gift than beauty alone. She turned men's heads with a glance, and set nations by the ears till they went to war with each other, and fought to the death, for the possession of her lovely, if not too virtuous ladyship. Never mind girls! We can't all be Helen's and we don't want to be Cleopatra's because if we were we should get into the divorce courts and have no end of unpleasantness. This is the prosaic latter end of the nineteenth century, and if we cannot be heroines of romance we can at least try to be stylish and well dressed; so as a preliminary step to that desirable end, we will talk about fashions for a while.

One of the oldest and prettiest fashions this winter has brought forth for our approval is the colored velvet sleeve in the black dress. Imagine a dress of black gauze or chiffon with sleeves of old rose velvet, or one of black gauze dotted with polka dots about the size of a five cent piece in poppy red silk, with big puffed sleeves of poppy red velvet!

I heard of one black lace dress with sleeves of turquoise blue velvet, but somehow I did not care for the idea, and I think one's taste would require to be educated up to the idea of it; black and blue do not go very well together.

The America fashion plates and books all indicate a decided tendency towards the long dreaded return to crinoline. No longer do the skirts draw in so closely about the foot as to threaten to trip us up at each step; instead they flare outward to such a degree that they almost form frills, and are far from graceful, or convenient either.

I saw one dress lately which was, I suppose, in the tip of the fashion, but, oh dear, it made me think of what a hoop skirt would be without any cover; it was of taupe-colored cloth, the skirt trimmed with eight rows of brown velvet in graduated widths; this trimming reached above the knee, and the skirt itself was so wide at the foot that it fell in irregular pleats about the feet, and flopped about as the wearer walked, in the most uncomfortable manner. The costume was finished with a cape similarly trimmed, which reached to the elbow, and instead of being cut closely to the figure, flared out and flopped about much the same as the skirt. It was stylish, people said, but I was not taken with the style myself, and would not have accepted it as a present with the condition attached, that I should wear it. Another unbecoming fashion, which seems to be gaining ground, is the fillet worn around the head; so, if you want to look like the Honourable Mrs. Norton, girls, you can easily do so by winding ribbon or folded gauze around your head, bringing it twice around so as to enclose the hair. I don't know how or where you can fasten it so the ends won't show, but I do know that it will take two yards of ribbon or gauze to make one fillet, and that the gauze may be either white or colored,

but it must be at least nine inches wide, and then tightly rolled into a sort of cord. Tea gowns are coming into prominence once more, and I have seen some very pretty ones, most of them have the Watteau plait in the back, or rather the newer fold, which is not plaited but shirred at the top, and falls in folds to the foot of the robe; most of the new ones are made with trains and are very graceful and pretty. The old fashioned mother Hubbard retains its popularity for comfort and convenience, especially as a lounging robe, or real dressing gown, but with a pretty pointed yoke in some color contrasting with the rest of the gown, a pointed girdle and wide full sleeves with deep cuffs, it can be made into quite a pretty house dress.

Well, girls, I hope you have been proving some of my receipts, especially those adapted for the sick room, and that your experience was more encouraging than that of "The Reverend T. C.'s" daughter. But really if you don't send me some receipts of your own soon, I shall come to the conclusion that none of my large family of girls know anything about cooking, and therefore not one of them are F. F. W's.—Fit for wives.

What a dreadful thing it will be if some day in the future, Melissa Ann, the goddess who presides over the kitchen range and the appurtenances thereof, should take it into her head to leave at short notice; dear Jack, or dear Harry, will have to go dimerless, because his sweet little wife does not know how to cook; she never made a pot of soup in her life or even broiled a steak, and she is afraid to venture the experiment of boiling potatoes because she does not know how long they should be allowed to cook. Cold comfort for Jack or Harry, is it not? But these are extreme cases I know, and most girls, have at least an elementary knowledge of cooking, while some I could mention are, such excellent cooks that they can put their mothers to shame on their own ground.

But I do think that of all modern cookery soups are the most neglected, beef tea, mutton and chicken broth seeming to comprise the menu in many houses; so, I am going to give you a few, just a very few simple soups to try today. The first is a true and tried receipt for

Tomato Soup.

Take one quart of soup stock, and reduce it by adding one quart of water, and in this put one quart of canned tomatoes, boil half an hour, then strain and mash through a coarse sieve; put in two or three pieces of celery, one onion, and a pinch of cloves; boil together one hour and then serve. A large tablespoonful of tapioca, or rice, may be added if liked, or the yolk of a hard boiled egg rubbed fine.

Every one likes pease soup, from the sailor in the "fo'c'stle" to the wealthy merchant whose mother used to make it for him when he was a boy, and who can never get anyone who makes it as well, but still keeps trying to do so, in the hope of ultimate success. Here is a good receipt.

Pease Soup.

Soak the pease over night, and put them on to boil as early as possible next morning; take one onion, one turnip, and one carrot, slice, and fry brown; add them and let all boil together till dinner time, then strain, and to the liquor add pieces of bread cut into small pieces and fried brown, and small pieces of lemon. I greatly prefer this soup made with one quart of beef soup stock, but the above is the original receipt.

Another Tomato Soup.

Boil chicken or beef four hours, then strain, and add, one can of tomatoes and boil one hour, and serve.

Did you ever hear of potato doughnuts girls? I never did until I came across this receipt for making them; I have not tried it yet, but as it is an American dainty, and the Americans are noted for their appetizing cookery, I will give it to you and let you experiment with it yourselves.

Potato Doughnuts.

Beat up two eggs, and add salt and pepper, about four tablespoonfuls of milk, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, melted. This is sufficient to moisten a quart of cold potatoes. The potatoes should be placed on the back of the range a little while before using, so as to become slightly warm. Pour the liquid upon the potatoes, mix thoroughly and mould with the hands into symmetrical balls about the size of an egg. Drop them into hot lard or butter, just as doughnuts are fried, and brown nicely; place upon a heated dish garnished with parsley, and serve hot. This is a most attractive dish for tea or luncheon, and can be prepared very quickly.

Potato Rings.

There are several ways for cooking potato rings, but so long as they preserve their shape they are sure to look pretty on the table, and they always taste nice.

Paré and slice five or six good sized potatoes, the slices to be about a third of an inch thick. Cut a round piece out of the centre of each slice with a baby biscuit cutter or a sharp napkin ring, then cook them carefully in lard after the manner of Saratoga chips, taking care to let them be thoroughly well done. Another way is to parboil the rings in water, skim them out carefully and finish by cooking in a scallop dish in the oven with cream and butter, thickened, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Still another way, is to make the rings out of cold potatoes which have been lightly boiled for the purpose and dip each slice in a plate of beaten eggs then in biscuit crumbs, and fry them in hot butter, shaking the pan frequently and turning each slice with a cake turner.

New Way to Boil Eggs.

Here is an excellent way to boil eggs which makes them taste much better than the old three minute rule. Have the water boiling; then take it off the stove, or move it far back where very little heat will reach it. Put in the eggs and cover closely; leave for nine minutes, when they will be evenly cooked throughout.

HYPHOSPHITES, St. John.—Well, my dear girl, it is entirely a matter of taste, and since you think it is beautiful winter weather, I wish I could conscientiously agree with you and hope that it might continue; but I cannot. I think it is the most

horrible winter weather I ever experienced, and I am sure that if I feel the cold, blessed as I am with every comfort in the shape of soft furs and warm clothing to keep the sharp winds and bitter frost at bay, those who have scanty clothing and poor fires must suffer terribly. Somehow I never could see the beauty of those bitter days I only see the misery, the sorrow and the suffering that they bring to the poor, and to the unfortunate animals who have no protection and no defence. "God help the poor," as a witty man once said, with so much truth that I don't think he had the least idea of being irreverent. "For the rich can take care of themselves." I have not shared in any of the sleigh drives this season. I have not even been in a sleigh, for the simple reason that no punishment could be greater for me than a sleigh drive. I prefer the fire and a book "every time," as the boys say; but it is kind of you to express the wish that I have enjoyed what is so great a pleasure to most people.

(1). I am afraid the life of a hospital nurse would be too hard for one who is "not very strong," as the work is hard and continuous. I have known very strong girls break down utterly after a few years of hospital life, and you know that published statistics show the average life of a hospital nurse to be the shortest of any given profession; and yet I know girls of anything but robust physique who have engaged in the work of nursing, won distinction in their profession and are at the present time enjoying excellent health, and perfectly satisfied that there is no more congenial work in the world than theirs. So you see how much depends upon the constitution. (2). No, certainly not; it is part of their duty to conduct such services. (3). I have not read it because, if I must confess it, I do not care for her books at all; but it is not very new, my dear; it came out some time ago. I have so little time for reading that I seldom read long, heavy books such as that. You are no bother at all.

ANIL.—You are very welcome, and how could anyone refuse to give you all the information possible, when you ask for it so nicely? I am afraid I cannot give you the names of any very new plays, as I have been "out of the business" of amateur acting for some little time, and you know one loses track of matters dramatic very soon, particularly new plays. But if an old, and very good little drama would do, why not try "Caste"? It is especially suited for amateurs, as it is not too difficult and realizable by a standard play, I do not think it has been played in your town very lately, so it would have all the advantages of a perfect novelty. There are three ladies and four gentlemen in the cast; the plot is light but good. A young officer in the guards, I think, falls in love with Esther Eccles, a ballet dancer, but a good, true girl, who helps to support her worthless drunken father. He marries her, and they are very happy, but soon afterwards he is ordered to India, and reported killed; her struggles, and the faithful love of her wild, gay sister Polly, who sticks to her, and helps her through everything are well told, while Polly's flirtation with Captain Hautree, and her honest devotion to her humble lover Sam; together with some delightful scenes in which the tipsy father takes a prominent part, form the comedy of the piece, which has plenty of fun all through it, while George D'Alroy's return, safe and well, is full of pathos. It is by George Robertson, I think, and any bookseller will send for it for you. If you do not care for this, write again, and I will think of some other play, for you. If you wanted a little farce, which would only take an hour, "Betsy Baker," or "Lea on parle Francais," are both excellent.

MARION, St. John.—I do not see how you can possibly wear mourning for so near a relative less than a year, it would look like the poorest concession to public opinion if you wore it for a few months, and then threw it aside. A sister or a brother comes next to a parent, and you are expected to wear deep mourning for a year; after that you may lighten it as soon as you like. Better not put on any black at all, and pass for one who is strong minded and eccentric, than put it on for so short a time. **ASTRA.**

WHAT WOMAN HAS DONE.

The Mirror and the Falling Star Superstitions Are One to Her.
Were anyone to gather together all the superstitions and legends regarding women we poor representatives of the present day would find that a great deal more has been laid at our door than we had any idea of. According to traditions, it was a woman who caused the mirror to be invented, while another is responsible for the habit of wishing in a talling star. Well, begin with the looking glass, which, by the way, was first made to spite one of the world's fair. Impossible, you say; spite a woman by showing her a reflection of her own pretty self! First read the story and then, perhaps, you may be convinced.

According to Japanese mythology the deity presiding over the sun and turning light to the world became infuriated at some trifle and hid herself away in a cave, thus depriving humanity of a very necessary element. In order to induce her to come out, the wily Japanese invented the mirror and placed one in the cave. The beautiful Goddess seeing another beautiful Goddess within those narrow limits, immediately departed and the people took care that she should never again enter its precincts.

So much for the mirror; now for the falling star. In Galicia, a province north-east of Hungary, the peasants believe that when a star falls to earth it is at once transformed into a rarely beautiful woman with long hair, blonde and glittering. This splendid creature miraculously engendered exercises on all who come in contact with her a magical influence. Every handsome youth unfortunate enough to attract her attention becomes her victim.

Thus having allured him to her she encircles him in her arms with an embrace that gradually becomes tighter and tighter, until the poor dupe is strangled to death. If certain words are murmured the moment the star starts to fall her incantations lose their power. From this superstition springs our custom of wishing when a star is seen hurrying through the air, and the wish is said surely to come true if completely formulated before the light is extinguished.

A wife of three summers gives her experience of matrimony—"Well, if you want to know, I'll tell you. It's just like a plate of soup; the first two spoonfuls are too hot, and all the rest are too cold!"

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.

These are all fresh goods, but some of the sizes being gone we want to see them all gone.

WATERBURY & RISING, - - - 34 KING AND 212 UNION STREETS.

AMERICAN DYE WORKS COMPANY.

Lace Curtains Cleaned & Dyed by a French Process

Office—South Side King Square, Works—Elm Street North End, St. John, New Brunswick.

Riley's "Leonainie."
About 15 years ago, Jas. Whitcomb Riley, then unknown, created no small sensation by publishing a poem which he claimed to have found written on the fly-leaf of a book that once belonged to Edgar Allan Poe. The poem was reviewed by many eminent critics, and Ralph Waldo Emerson pronounced it a genuine composition of Poe's. Even after Riley acknowledged the imposture, certain papers would not accept his authorship, but accused "this Western upstart" of trying to palm off as his own a masterpiece which was "undoubtedly from the pen of Edgar Allan Poe." As several versions have appeared in print, I recently took the liberty to write to Mr. Riley. In reply, he forwarded a newspaper clipping with his corrections made along the margin. **K. C. T.**

LEONAINIE.
Leonainie—Angels named her;
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars and framed her
In a smile of white.
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In the silent night.
In a solemn heart of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed up to greet the comer
Like a rose in bloom;
All forebodings that distressed me
I forgot as joy caressed me—
(Lying joy! that caught and pressed me
In the arms of doom.)
Only spoke the little leper
In the Angel-tongue;
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper:
"Songs are only sung
Here below, that they may grieve you—
Tales but told you to deceive you—
So must Leonainie leave you
While her love is young."
Then God smiled and it was morning—
Matchless and supreme—
Heaven's glory seemed adorning
Earth with its esteem;
Every heart but mine seemed gifted
With the voice of prayer, and lifted
From me like a dream.
(E. A. P., really James Whitcomb Riley.)

Horstford's ACID PHOSPHATE.

An agreeable preparation of the phosphates, for Indigestion, Nervousness, Mental and Physical Exhaustion. Recommended and prescribed by Physicians of all schools.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!
FOR THE WINTER SEASON.
Choice Prince Edward Island and North Shore OYSTERS.
For sale by PINT, QUART, or GALLON. Large orders for Parties or Church Fairs at a reduced rate. 19 to 23, N. S., King Square. **J. D. TURNER.**

Have You Shaved This Morning?

If not, step right in to the Royal Barber Shop, 36 King street. The best workmen employed. RAZORS HONED TO ORDER. Face Washes Supplied for Home use. **D. J. MCINTYRE, Proprietor**

ESTABLISHED 1855
TAYLOR'S FIRE & BURGLAR SAFES
HAVE MANY PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS NOT FOUND IN OTHER MAKES THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN INVESTIGATION BY THOSE WHO DESIRE TO SECURE THE BEST SAFE
J. & J. TAYLOR.
TORONTO SAFE WORKS, TORONTO.
MONTREAL VANCOUVER
WINNIPEG VICTORIA
Agent for the Maritime Provinces

B. B. BLIZARD, St. John, N. B.

Would you Like to go Shopping in

MONTREAL

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILIP'S SQUARE, MONTREAL. Special attention given to Mail Orders.

Dry Goods, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, China and Glassware Kitchen Utensils, Silverware, Lamps, Japanese Goods, Ladies' and Children's Boots, Shoes and Slippers.

MANTLES and MILLINERY. Full Stock in each Department. Trial Orders Solicited.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., Montreal.

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.

The New World Typewriter.

Price \$15.00.

SPEED—30 WORDS A MINUTE. SIMPLE IN CONSTRUCTION. ALIGNMENT PERFECT. EASILY LEARNED. ALWAYS READY. WRITES 77 CHARACTERS.

Agents wanted in every town in the Maritime Provinces.

H. CHUBB & CO., Agents, St. John, N. B.

Worth Remembering!

FERGUSON & PAGE
Always carry a large stock and are continually receiving new goods in Watches, Jewelry, Solid Silver, Electro Plate, Clocks, Bronzes and all goods pertaining to the Jewelry business. Call at 43 King Street

MAKE SURE of a nice Envelope, see that the box bears the number 1050.

Ask your Stationer or Printer for them. Wholesale at **SCHOFIELD BROS., - 25 and 27 WATER ST.**

SUN INSURANCE
IRA CORNWALL,
Gen'l Agent for Maritime Provinces.

SHARPS BALSAM
OF HOREHOUND AND ANISEED.
FOR GROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS AND COLDS. OVER 40 YEARS IN USE. 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE. **ARMSTRONG & CO., PROPRIETORS, SAINT JOHN, N. B.**

INSURANCE
"PLATE GLASS" INSURED AGAINST BREAKAGE
S. R. W. FRANK, 78 PRINCE STREET, JOHN N. B.
STEAM BOILER INSPECTION & INSURANCE
ACCIDENT