

WOMAN and HER WORK.

It has become so fashionable lately with members of the clerical profession to preach serial sermons, in which the argument is continued from week to week; that I suppose the same mode of reasoning will be pardoned in a mere scribe,—and after all, why not? Why should a subject be closed, merely because the writer has laid down his pen, or the clergyman finished his discourse? Is anything ever really ended? and why should not different phases of the same subject suggest themselves at different times, especially after mature thought? With these few remarks by way of preface, my dear sister, I will proceed to enlarge slightly on my little sermon of the week before last, in which I spoke of the folly of imagining that the ability to earn her own living interferred in any way with a woman's chances of matrimony, or unfitted her for the duties of a wife and mother.

There seem to be a number of people in this world who are convinced that the whole duty of woman consists in staying at home, cooking a phenomenal number of dinners, and raising an abnormally large family, or, to use their own words, "her truest sphere of usefulness consists in staying at home guiding the house, and bearing children." In other words she is to spend her life in a perpetual oscillation between the nursery and the kitchen, a mere domestic machine, borne down with cares of maternity and the drudgery of the kitchen, with no time for social intercourse, none for intellectual improvement and none even for needed rest, and proper care of her personal appearance. How many of you can recall some pretty girl who got married ten years ago, the belle of her "set," the prettiest bride of the season; and look at her now! a faded sharp faced woman of 28, who looks at least 40, whose pretty curls are all brushed back smooth and close, and whose fluffy hair in such picturesque, and studied disorder, is done up into a hard uncompromising knot at the back of her head, while her strictly neat dress is devoid of all ornament. "The mother of five small children cannot trouble her head much with furbelows she tells you, and even if she had time to take an interest in her appearance the baby would soon put a stop to such vanity, because he would soon pull her curls, prick his fingers on her brooch, or stick pins, and tear her ruffles off, by the yard. So by and by she gives up the effort to look trim and pretty, and finally she does not care, but is satisfied to be merely the children's mother, and John's wife: all other ambition is dead, and she does not even care to be pretty, which is about the lowest ebb that a woman can reach.

It this, oh bright-eyed and ruby-lipped sisters, is to be woman's ideal let me ask you one vital question—What is to become of the future race? Scientists who have made a careful study of heredity assert that the son takes after his mother, and the daughter after her father, also, that if the mother be even fairly intelligent the son who resembles her most will be the flower of the flock. It is this true how can we ever expect a generation of mothers whose intellectual life is dwarfed and cramped and whose ambitions are restricted to the physical care of their children and the smooth running of their domestic machinery to rear sons worthy to bear their part in the making of history? It seems to me that the question answers itself; the child of an overworked and careworn mother cannot possibly be the same mentally or physically as the offspring of the woman whose life has sufficient leisure to enable her to take an interest in all the live issues of the day, to keep her mind bright, her ambition alive, and her person as beautiful as possible. Such a woman is an education to her child in his earliest years, and a helpful companion to him as he grows older. Every boy loves to be proud of his mother and to think her prettier and more clever than any other boy's mother, and it is a blessed thing for him when he has good reason to do so. It helps him along wonderfully and gives him an exalted ideal of womanhood no after experiences can ever quite destroy.

"Why is it I wonder, that some of the brightest writers of the present day seem incapable of forming more than two ideas of the representative woman of today, and both those two so woefully narrow and stereotyped? One of these is the domestic woman, the meek colorless creature who is a mere pale reflection of her husband, the mother of many children, whose whole soul is absorbed in her household duties; who—I quote from a brilliant woman writer—"is the woman who is going to rule the world. To steal from the suffrage people, she is the coming woman, but she will not come accompanied by a brass band, and with shouting and screaming, but her influence like that of all diplomats will be fine and intense, and she will succeed." And the other? Well the above sentence is meant to describe her with negative cruelty. She is supposed to go about in a constant state of shouting and screaming and to be constantly accompanied by a brass band which last is not only a very expensive taste, but a most unusual one, and she is supposed to wear short hair, spec-

tacles, and perhaps, since there is no end to the halo of exaggeration which surrounds her, trousers. She is also fond of grasping a large cotton umbrella much the worse for wear, and considering the unusual size of her feet it is surprising that she should wear her skirts so short.

These are the two types, wide asunder as the poles, and in the minds of their truthful chroniclers there is no intermediate stage, you must be one of those or you cannot exist at all. Someone must be responsible for such perverted ideas, but it is hard to say whom it is. Can it be the few, the very few, who makes woman's honest struggle for independence a reproach to their sex by their abuse of that very independence, and their frantic fight for what they call their rights, which may be briefly defined as the right to push their way through a throng of men on election day and drop their vote into the ballot box? I am afraid it is. And yet why should the rest of us suffer for their sins? Why should you, and I, who, either from choice or direct necessity, have gone out into the world and earned an honest livelihood through sheer determination and ability, be reproached because we have not chosen to sit by the fire, or to be more correct, stand over the fire at home and cook, and bring up children. Is it a reproach not to multiply and replenish the earth? Then, alas for Florence Nightingale, for the Sister of Charity, whose name has escaped me just now, but who devoted her life to the lepers in the most wretched leper settlement in the world, for the missionaries, the nurses, the Spanish nuns, and the bravest and noblest women in the world, the Sisters of Charity, for all these have gone unwept to their honored graves.

No, the home life is beautiful, honorable and happy, but it is not quite necessary to salvation, and there are women in the world to-day who have never had children, and yet who will leave a greater blank when they die than many mothers of a dozen children. It seems a sort of fashionable fad to sneer at the woman who manages to make her mark, and at the same time her living in the ranks of the toilers, but what do you offer us in return for our liberty? A husband! Yes, that is a fair price, because a good husband is one of God's best gifts, and to be received thankfully and cherished tenderly. I would not take a fortune in exchange for mine, though I would just as soon be did not hear me make the assertion too often; but, how about the indifferent husbands, the men who take the best their wives can give, time, labor, body and soul, and in return give her food and raiment but nothing more, and then consider that they are overpaid, who take care that their "partners" are only partners in name, and never let them touch a dollar from one year's earnings to another? There are plenty of such men in the world; amongst the farming classes they are counted by scores, men who would laugh if you suggested that their wives were just as much entitled to be paid for the work they do, as the farm hands, and whose wives wear out their lives in ceaseless toil. And there are numbers of men, not farmers who are thoroughly convinced that the one who earns the money is the only fit person to disburse, or even handle it, and that woman's true and only place is at home taking care of the children, and working day and night for his own and their comfort. And strange to say, it is this type of man who is largely responsible for the increased independence of our sex, because his sister, his daughter, or his cousin looks on at his peculiar methods, marks, learns and inwardly resolves that as his wife is, so will she not be. She will earn money for herself as soon as she can, and never suffer the humiliation of being dependent on any man for the commonest necessities of life, and have to ask humbly for what she has fairly earned.

No, girls! you need not be either domestic drudges, or howling, screaming agitators, you can be independent without being unsexed, and you can earn your own living and yet be a charming wife and a devoted mother at the same time. But if it is not God's will that you should be either of these last, you can be a true and useful woman and an ornament to your sex for all that.

In deference to the requests of several of my correspondents for different recipes, I have dispensed with fashions this week, and prolonged the cooking session.

A Good Luncheon Dish.

Boil one or two chickens with a little salt in a small quantity of water, and when they are thoroughly done take all the meat from the bones, removing the skin and keeping the light meat separate from the dark. Chop the meat and season it to taste with salt and pepper. If a meat presser is not at hand any other mold, such as a crock or pan, will do. Put in alternate layers of light and dark meat until all is used. Then add the liquor in which the chicken was boiled, which should be about one teacupful, and put on a heavy weight. Many cooks chop all the meat together, add a pounded cracker to the liquor, and mix all thoroughly before placing the preparation in the mould.

Pickled Crab Apples.

One peck of apples, three pints of vinegar, put on together, and cook until half done. Allow to get cold and then add seven pounds of brown sugar, boil until quite soft, but not broken, and seal while hot. The blossoms should be picked off the apples and a clove placed in each before cooking.

Pickled Plums No. 2.

To every quart of plums put half a pound of sugar, and a pint of good cider vinegar, fill a little bag of fine muslin with mixed

spices and let it boil with the vinegar and sugar. When the syrup has boiled up well put the plums in and give them a good boil. They should be pricked with a needle before cooking to make them preserve their shape.

Spiced Pears.

Select ripe, but firm fruit, free from blemishes, peel them carefully and make a syrup of one pound of sugar to a pint of good cider vinegar, place cloves and cinnamon in a bag and boil with the sugar and vinegar. When the syrup comes to a boil drop in the pears, a few at a time and let them remain until cooked through, but not broken. Then remove them carefully with a skimmer and place in a jar, continue until all the pears are cooked, then fill up the jars with the remaining syrup and seal while still hot.

Cake making is supposed to be one of the easiest things in the world; but let me tell you my friends that it is nothing of the kind, it is one of the most difficult, because it is nearly always more or less of a lottery, and the woman who starts out to make cake may almost be said to take her reputation as a cook in her hands, there always seems to be so much "luck" about the result. Sometimes she takes extra pains and the cake is a failure, and again, an unexpected visitor arrives to tea, and she tosses together a cake in ten minutes which turns out simply perfect.

A great deal depends upon the oven, which should be quick, but not too hot. It should take from thirty-five to forty minutes to bake an ordinary loaf of cake. The pans should be rather deep and only half filled, and the greatest care should be exercised in the opening and shutting of the oven door; it should always be done very gently as the least draft of cold air striking the cake will cause it to fall. After the loaf has been in the oven for about ten minutes it should be covered with a folded paper or a tin cover and then left alone until it is nearly done. Whatever the recipe may be, the rule for the mixing of cake is nearly always the same. Cream, but do not melt the butter, mix with the sugar in an earthen bowl; the beaten yolks of the eggs should then be stirred in, and after that the stiffly beaten whites. The baking powder, or soda and cream of tartar should be sifted with the flour and stirred in alternately with the milk, first a little flour then a little milk, and the cake stirred, not beaten, as the flour is sifted in. So much for the preliminaries, now for the cakes.

"A Good One."

Two cups of good, rich, sweet cream, four eggs, the whites beaten separately, two cups of sugar beaten with the yolks, two heaping cups of flour, into which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a teaspoonful of vanilla or other flavoring and a little salt. Add the whites last, after the other materials are well beaten together, stir them in lightly and put the cake in the oven in two moderate sized tins or one large one.

Delicious and Inexpensive.

A very delicate and inexpensive cake that may be used as the basis for all sorts of layer and nut cakes, is made from the following formula:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, 3 eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar, 3 cups flour, 1 cup water or milk, 1 spoonful flavoring.

Beat the butter and one cupful of the sugar to a cream and add the yolks of the eggs. Then beat the whites stiff, add the rest of the sugar to it, and combine the two mixtures. Stir the flour and milk in alternately, allowing one level teaspoonful of baking powder to each cupful of flour. If instead of three whole eggs, the whites of five are used, it will make a white cake that is very pretty with chocolate or caramel icing between the layers.

Chocolate Cake.

Chocolate cake itself is rather rich for Summer time, but it is so good it tempts one to forget prudence, complexion and all. The cake is mixed in the usual manner of: $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, 2 cups of sugar, $2\frac{1}{4}$ cups of flour, 1 cup of milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Then put in a teaspoonful of piece of Bakers chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk, and the yolk of one egg. Boil it one minute and pour it gradually into the cake mixture. Bake either as a loaf cake, or in layers, with white or chocolate icing between.

Dolly Varden Cake.

Two cups of flour, one cup of white sugar, half cup butter, one teaspoon cream tartar, two whole eggs, and the white only of the third, half teaspoon soda in a good half cup of milk. Beat thoroughly, add the grated rind of one lemon, or any flavoring preferred; bake in a quick oven, and when the cake loosens from the sides of the pan it is done.

Make a frosting with four tablespoons of frosting sugar and the yolk of the third egg; flavor with vanilla and spread over the cake when nearly cold.

Chocolate Cake.

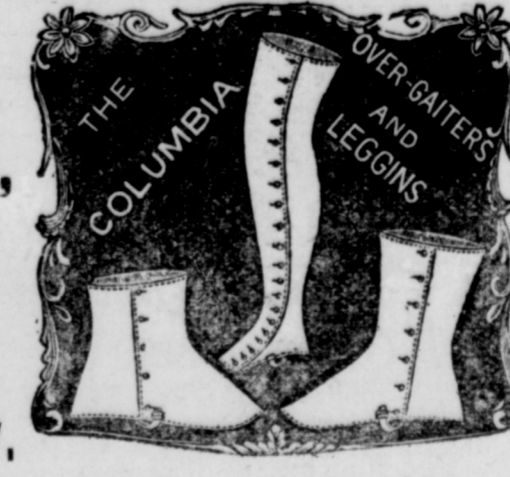
One cup of white sugar, one cup of milk, half cup of butter, with half a cup of grated chocolate mixed with it, one teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two cups of flour. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Jelly Cake.

One and a half cups of flour, two eggs, one cup of white sugar, two tablespoons butter, half cup of sweet milk, half teaspoon soda dissolved in the milk, one teaspoon cream of tartar mixed through the flour. Bake in two layers, and spread jelly between. The cake can be frosted with any frosting preferred.

HOLLY—I have given you the very best recipe I possess, for apple jelly. I am sorry to say that I have none with the exact quantity of water to a quantity of apples, but I think you will find this satisfactory, and in the meantime I will look for one such as you want. I have never found anything to equal plain whitening for cleaning silver. Use an old linen rag and moisten it with either spirits of ammonia or whiskey, the latter is best; dip in the dry whitening and rub the silver. Polish with chamois leather, or else wash in the hottest of water and electric soap and dry

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carefully with a soft cloth. It looks lovely this way. I have tried over and over again to preserve the rowan berries, but always failed. Varnishing with decorative varnish is supposed to preserve them, but it doesn't. Perhaps some correspondent can tell us of a better way, and oblige both "Holly" and myself.

WHISKERS—I don't remember publishing the recipe you speak of, but the best thing I know of is an ointment composed of one grain of red oxide of mercury to an ounce of vaseline. Get a druggist to make it up for you, and rub on your upper lip each night on going to bed. I am sorry I could not answer you sooner, but many things are crowded out every week. ASTRA.

Blouses Will Stay.

New blouses make their appearance almost daily says the Boston Times and indicate that this comfortable and economical style of dress will not die with the passing of the summer girl. Surplice waists, serpentine bodices, and crossover blouses of striped and polka-dotted bengaline, shot taffeta striped with satin of armored silks, lace, with spots, splinters, and figures, in their changing tints all the beautiful autumn colors, are universally popular for common gowns. Dressy blouses, striped cross or from neck to waist with lace insertions, are much fancied for transforming, with little trouble plain gowns of satin, or of wool, with something suitable for dinner or evening wear, or informal occasions.

I think it must somewhere be written that the virtues of mothers shall be visited on their children, as well as the sins of their fathers.—Dickens.

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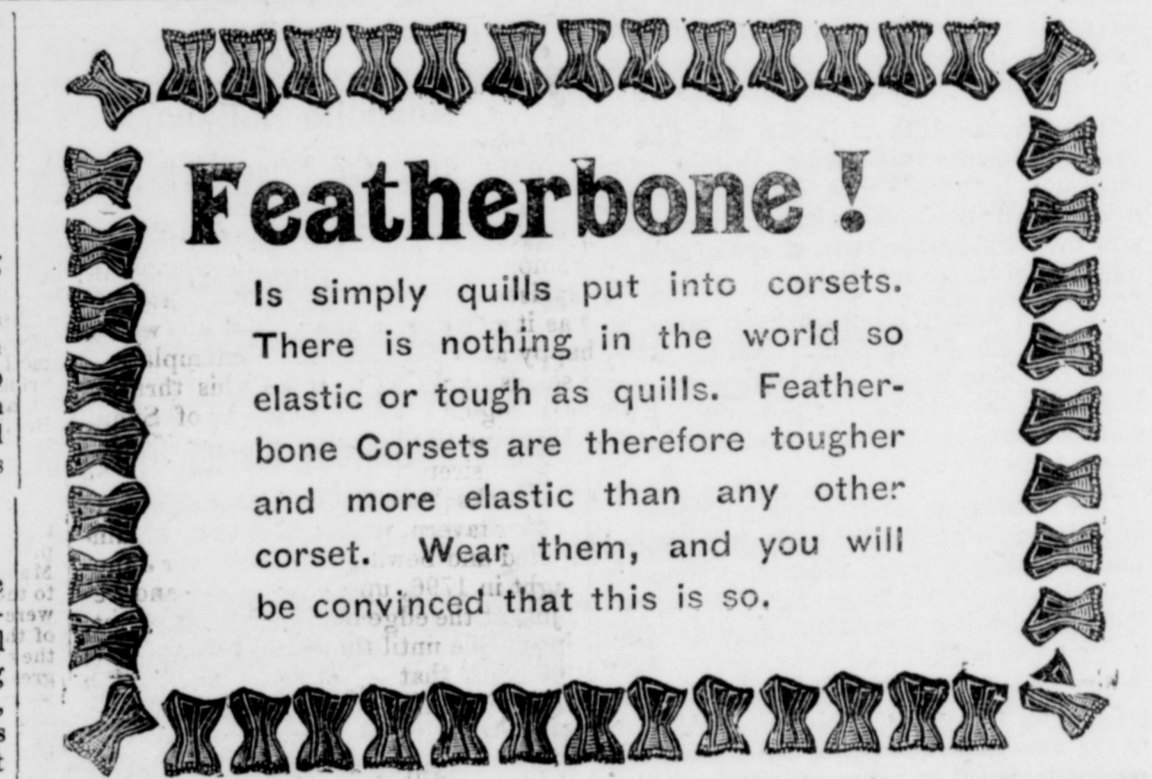
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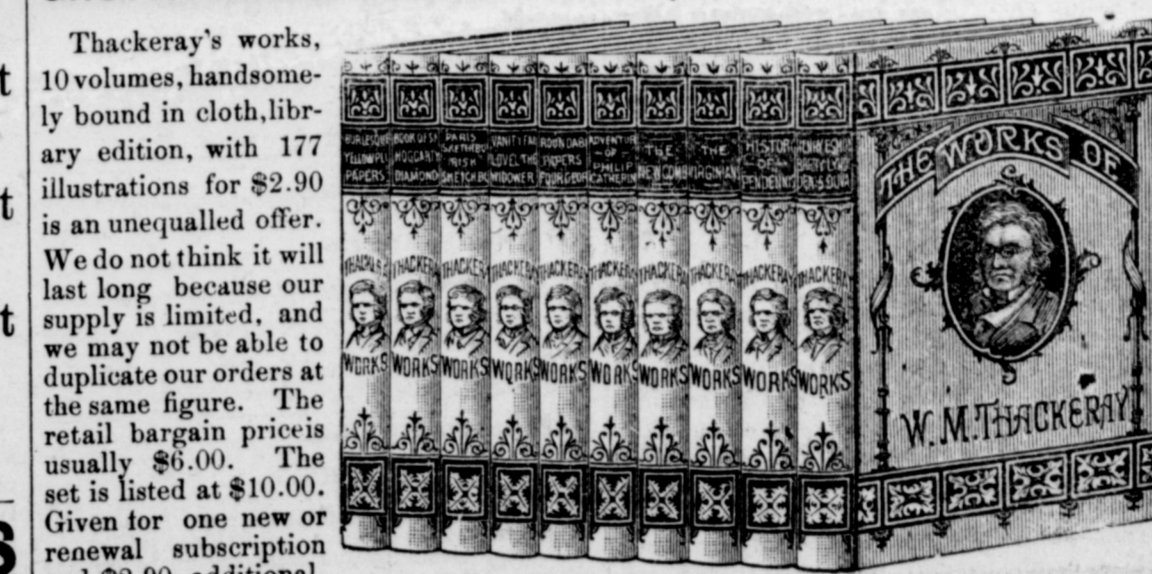


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