

WOMAN and HER WORK.

When Edwin and his adored Angelina have finally triumphed over all the obstacles, which an unkind, and most ingenious fate has delighted in placing before them; and when they have concluded the extraordinary, and very tiresome series of self-examinings and self-analyses, which seem a necessary part of the modern society novel, and discovered that they were meant for each other,—that their love is of that serviceable kind, which will not only wash, but will outlast the world itself!—Why, then, they get married, and we are treated to a final tableau in which the happy couple are either standing at the altar surrounded by a group of admiring friends, and arrayed in all the glories of creamy satin, duchesse lace, orange blossom, and broadcloth; or else just stepping from the porch of the lichen-covered church, into a flood of golden sunlight, while the bells peal forth, and the village children cast flowers in the fair bride's feet, and the groom murmurs ecstatically, "Mine alone, at last!"

Sometimes, but rarely, we are treated to a glimpse of the home-life of the newly-wedded pair, while once in a while, some especially realistic author drops the curtain on the last act of the drama, and then lifts it suddenly, a year later, to let us see the heroine bending over the cradle of a phenomenally beautiful son and heir, who has his mother's eyes and his father's chin, and an indescribable look situated somewhere between these features, which reminds his mother of the faithful but unappreciated lover, who lost his life in saving hers, somewhere in the 35th chapter. Then the curtain falls for the very last time, the lights are put out and the play is over.

And yet how utterly untrue to real life the whole thing is! Marriage is not the end, but only the beginning of a girl's life, and maternity, though a wonderful thing in truth, is not all. It is highly improbable that Angelina spent the remainder of her days hanging in speechless adoration over a gilded shell of a cradle creaking in silk and lace, and containing a sleeping cherub; any more than she continued to wear the soft white cashmere tea gown picked out with rose color, or trimmed with swansdown. Things never remain in such a state of repose in real life; the baby certainly awoke before Angelina had been hanging over his cradle long, he was probably hungry and yelled vigorously until he was fed. Then by the time the novelty of his presence had begun to wear off, he began to get his teeth, and to make it very interesting not only for Angelina but also for the manly Edwin during the night season, so much so, that our hero not only learned the latest and most expeditious methods of warming peppermint tea, but also to give up quoting poetry on moonlight nights, and take to swearing instead.

Then it is quite within the bounds of probability that Mrs. Edwin was not exempt from the usual troubles with "hired help" which fall to the lot of all housekeepers, both young and old, and that there were periods in her existence when Edwin was forced to get up and light the kitchen fire, and his heart's best beloved came down, not in the white cashmere robe mentioned in the epilogue, but in any sort of an old dress, and made the coffee, fried bacon, toasted bread, and "chored around" generally.

More than that, it is unlikely that the beautiful cherub remained alone in the household, he probably had three or four little brothers and sisters, and I have known cases in the very best families where he might have had ten of them—the Countess of Derby has either ten or eleven children, I am not sure which—and if this was the case, then indeed must Angelina have realized that marriage was not the end, but the very beginning of life; and the chances are ten to one that she ceased to take much interest in her personal appearance, no longer cared to be the loveliest of all women in Edwin's eyes, forgot all about her courting days, and was contented to live in, and for the children, to be simply their mother, and not much of anything else.

Now I am far from wishing to disparage the holy duties that come with motherhood, but I sometimes think that too much is sacrificed to the children, and the mother herself in the end becomes a mere slave who scarcely counts in her own house. When baby is very young great allowance must be made for him, and all things are subservient to his comfort and well-being, but as he grows older there is no reason in the world why he should not learn that the world was made for other people as well as babies, and that his parents are entitled to some consideration. The woman who neglects her husband for the sake of her children, is only a little less culpable than the one who effaces herself of her own free will, and is satisfied to be a sort of humble follower, or unpaid servant, for both husband and children.

It is a curious thing, but nevertheless true, that the most selfish women I have ever known have been the most idolized in their own home circle, and it really seems an argument in favor of the assertion that people take us at our own valuation. The woman who has toiled and slaved for John and the children all her life, and thought nothing of her own appearance, her own comfort, or the ordinary require-

ments of her own mental life, will find that both husband and children will regard her, by and by, in pretty much the same light that she regards herself. If she thinks only of their appearance and their comfort, openly asserting it does not matter about her; they will very soon learn to agree with her and put her opinions on that score, to such a practical test that even if she had the necessary spirit for such a struggle, she could never regain her rightful position in the household.

I wish I could make every wife and mother in the land, realize the bitter injustice she does her husband and children, by a slavish effacement of herself and an undue exaltation of them. As soon as the children are old enough to teach them first to help themselves, and then to help you; do not let them get the fatal idea into their minds that you are "only mother," and anything will do for you. Preserve your own dignity and take a high place in your household if you would have your husband and children look up to you. Teach them that mother must always be spelled with a capital M; that she is a most important person, and that nothing is too good for her. Let them understand that nothing is more dear to mother than their welfare, and when they are sick or helpless it will be her greatest pleasure to wait on and care for them, but let it be distinctly understood that they must consider it an equal privilege to wait upon her, and that under all circumstances papa's and her comfort are just as important as theirs. Don't get into the habit of jumping up either from the table or from your work or book every time one of the children, or John, happens to express a wish for something that is not quite within their reach; remember they are quite as well, if not better able to help themselves, than you are to wait upon them, and though it seems hard to say such a thing, I am afraid they will respect you much more if you let them learn to help themselves.

Above all, never allow yourself to become indifferent to the charms of dress, or the attractions of a bright and well stored mind. The wife and mother who never looks nice, and never knows anything, according to the children's ideas, is sure to be looked down upon by her own family, and lose much of the influence she should possess, even though her devotion to them may be the cause of her deterioration; while the woman who has sufficient determination and strength of character to attend to her duties as wife and mother and at the same time preserve her own individuality in the household, keep up any little accomplishments she may possess, read the papers and magazines, so she may not lose her grasp upon the events of the day, and care enough for her family to dress as becomingly as her means will allow, is pretty sure to find that marriage, far from being the end of life, may be but the beginning of another and fuller life than she has ever dreamed of.

I am afraid that fashions for elderly ladies are decidedly neglected by most fashion writers, all the styles seeming to be designed with special reference to young, and charming women. I often go into a milliner's shop and look around, to see if any thought has been taken for the mothers and grandmothers, and wonder how the skill of the milliner can ever adapt the huge crimped and folded hats with their draped brims and invisible crowns, or the tiny cockle-shell bonnets, to the wrinkled faces and white hair of the dear old ladies who no longer aspire to be fashionable, but only wish for neatness and comfort.

It is the same way with the dresses, the full capes and huge sleeves seem out of place on elderly ladies, who dislike them most cordially, and yet scarcely wish to be quite out of the fashion; of course the full skirts are a boon to them, but the accompanying trimmings are rather trying, especially if grandma happens to be stout. So the only thing which seems to be left for those who are no longer young to do, is to modify the youthful styles to suit themselves, and evolve a fashion of their own, which will be perhaps more original than any the fashion plates show, and will also possess the advantage of being specially adapted to their own needs, and will allow them a much wider scope than if they were tied down to any hard and fast rule.

In the first place the old idea that only black, pepper and salt grey, and occasionally the darker shades of brown, could be worn with propriety by those who had passed the meridian of life seems to have gradually faded away, and now the older ladies are seen at their best, instead of their worst, in soft pretty tones of brown, dark blue, some of the softer shades of red, slate grey, and some shades of violet. Anyone with an eye for color, should know that nothing can be more trying even to the youngest face than unrelieved black, and yet for years it has been set apart by a foolish custom, as a sort of liver for those whose youth and freshness have passed away; black, with white collar and cuffs, or even frills, can only be worn with safety by a youthful blonde, and the effect on a thin dark, elderly woman cannot be anything but absolutely disastrous; while the same woman clad in a dress of soft maroon cashmere with frills of creamy lace at throat and wrists, would be absolutely at her best. Black is not only unbecoming, but far from economical in some ways; it catches every particle of dust and shows it mercilessly, and unless the dye is of the very best it soon turns a rusty brown, and looks as shabby as possible. Unfortunately the price has little to do with it, because I have known a cashmere costing a dollar, ten a yard, to turn green and rusty long before one which cost but 65 cents. Of course those who are obliged to wear black must put up with its disadvantages, but there is no reason why those who are no longer young should make martyrs of themselves just because custom has dictated black as a sort of uniform for age.

The soft lace fichus which are so much worn just now, seem especially adapted for elderly ladies, and lend a softness to any face, while the full lace berthes seen on nearly all handsome evening dresses, are equally suitable for young or old. Slight trains are seen on many dresses for elderly ladies, designed for house wear, and they seem especially appropriate for

the grandmothers. Black velvet, it is almost superfluous to say, is always fashionable, and nothing can be in better taste for an evening, or dinner dress than that richest, and most becoming of all materials, which possesses the great advantage of being just as appropriate for the dame of 70, as the matron of 25.

Many, quite old ladies, dispense with caps now, and wear their own pretty silver hair either in soft curls about the temples, or in puffs; but this style is only popular with those who are fortunate enough to have an abundance of hair; the cap is a boon to the old lady whose scanty locks, will not admit of any fanciful or picturesque arrangement.

Tea gowns for elderly ladies are made rather fuller than those for young people, and are seen in some very soft and pretty colors—slate grey with slight touches of red, and dark violet with little knots here and there of heliotrope, being prettiest.

In headgear, the larger capote shapes are shown, trimmed, or covered with black velvet either puffed or folded, and sometimes combined with either dark green, violet, or even a little dark red; but of course lace is the popular choice for old ladies.

The fashions for children this year show a most sensible plainness, and the best dressed little ones are those who wear the simplest of frocks in style and cut, no matter how expensive the materials may be. Nearly all the little dresses are made in blouse fashion, with sometimes an odd little Eton jacket effect, but usually the trimming is all placed as near the neck and the tops of the sleeves as possible. For instance, a dress of red cashmere has a little velvet yoke surrounded with a flounce of the cashmere, the hem of which is feather-stitched with cream silk; a slightly deeper flounce trims the upper part of the sleeve; the skirt is plain and full, and simply gathered to the yoke, but a side sash, either of the cashmere or of silk in the same shade, may be worn with it, if a more close fitting garment is desired.

In wraps the choice lies between capes and rather long, semi-fitting jackets, double breasted and with a double row of buttons, and revers. Girls of ten and twelve wear large hats—Tam O'Shanter—and much the same style of millinery as their elder sisters, while the little tots wear Kate Greenaway bonnets and quaint little "Tans" of white velvet, felt or beaver.

For baby boys the fashions vary very little from the garments worn by their little sisters, up to the age of eighteen months, or even two years; after that the cut of the little dresses is changed, and the full gathered blouse is never seen. Their dresses are usually made in the form of a straight, and rather tight fitting blouse, often double breasted, buttoning at the side and fastened at the waist by a belt either of the material or else of leather.

By the way it is reported that before the end of the season earrings will not only be revived, but more fashionable than ever. ONE OF THE GIRLS, St. John.—My dear girl I do not always have PROGRESS at my elbow for purposes of comparison, when I am writing, and I have not got one at hand now, but I know there was nothing about being "chub-faced" in the French sentence you gave me, and there was something about being dimpled, I really cannot remember the rest, but I think my translation was reasonably correct, and yours does not differ very materially from it. (1) I am afraid PROGRESS would scarcely be the market for such sketches as you describe, try TIT BITS, or the "Youths Companion." (2) I will try to publish the recipe you want, next week. (3) I shall be very glad to have you try, but of course it would depend a good deal upon the letter itself.

INQUIRER, Parrsboro.—Don't you know that this column is like a street car, it always has room for one more? I am very glad to welcome you, and give you a place. First, any method is preferable to a copy book, which will of course teach a child how to form letters, but will never develop the handwriting properly. What you want is practice; select some good writing, that of one of your friends, for instance, and try and copy it as accurately as possible; after a time it will become second nature, and your hand will have formed itself. Your writing is rather too small to be fashionable, but it could be improved very easily. Second, I am not sure that I have a good recipe for banana cake, but I will try to get one for you next week, also the mince meat. I am afraid I have no remedy for the pimples, no external application would be of any use, but if you take some good sarsaparilla, such as Hood's, or Ayer's I think it will cure you, as the trouble probably comes from your blood. Your questions were no trouble to answer at all, and I shall be glad to hear from you at any time. ASTRA.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us: "When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

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STEAMERS.
INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
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TWO TRIPS A WEEK FOR BOSTON.
COMMENCING November 10th, the steamers of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Portland and Boston every Monday and Thursday mornings at 7.25 standard. Returning will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 8 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

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EQUITY SALE.
THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on SATURDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 20th day of September, A. D. 1893, in a cause there pending wherein Anna M. Jordan, Administratrix of all and singular the goods, chattels and credits which were of Thomas Jordan deceased, at the time of his death and Anna M. Jordan, are Plaintiffs, and Eliza Eth Sharp and Thomas M. Sharp, I. Arthur Sharp, Annie T. Sharp, Alonzo J. Sharp, Minnie H. Bejea, William Sharp and Grace P. Sharp are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, duly appointed in and for the said City and County of Saint John, the mortgaged premises described in the said Decreeal Order as follows: "ALL THAT CERTAIN PIECE OR PARCEL of land, situate and being in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, fronting on Queen Street, and being forty feet on the said Street and extending back one hundred feet preserving the same breadth to the rear, known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City as lot Number One Thousand and Thirty three (1033) the said lot being on the Corner of Queen and Wentworth Streets and having been conveyed by Timothy Daniels and his wife to Gilbert Jordan by deed dated the Twenty-fourth day of December, A. D. 1823." For terms of sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor. Dated the Tenth day of October, A. D. 1893. CLARENCE H. FERGUSON, C. N. SKINNER, Esq. Q. C. Referee in Equity. Plaintiff's Solicitor. W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

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Holders of second class passage tickets, to or through above points, accommodated on these cars on payment of a small additional charge per berth.
D. MCNICOLL, C. E. McPHERSON, Gen'l Pass't Agt., Asst. Gen'l Pass't Agt., Montreal, St. John, N. B.

Intercolonial Railway.
On and after MONDAY, the 11th SEPT. 1893, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN:
Express for Campbellton, Pictou, and Halifax,..... 7.00
Express for Halifax,..... 13.30
Express for Sussex,..... 16.30
Express for Point duChene, Quebec, and Montreal,..... 16.55
WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:
A Parlor Car runs each way on Express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Cars at Montreal, at 19.40 o'clock. A Freight train leaves St. John for Montreal every Saturday night at 23.30 o'clock.
Express from Sussex,..... 8.25
Express from Montreal and Quebec, (Monday excepted),..... 10.20
Express from Montreal (daily),..... 10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton,..... 18.40
Express from Halifax and Sydney,..... 22.30
The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.
D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Railway Office, Montreal N. B., 8th Sept., 1893.

YARMOUTH & ANNAPOLIS RY.
FALL ARRANGEMENT.
On and after Monday, 2nd Oct., 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:
LEAVE YARMOUTH:—Express daily at 8.10 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m.; Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 7.00 p. m. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 1.45 p. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 4.32 p. m.
LEAVE ANNAPOLIS:—Express daily at 12.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 4.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 5.50 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.
LEAVE YARMOUTH:—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.15 a. m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 11.15 a. m.
CONNECTIONS:—At Annapolis with trains of the Intercolonial Railway for St. John every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. At Yarmouth with steamers of Yarmouth Steamship Co. for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings; and from Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday mornings. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted) to and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 120 Hollis St., Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway.
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