

# WOMAN and HER WORK.

I wonder if the woman who goes shopping, taking either a whole day or a long afternoon to the work, and breaking the fatigue by long rests upon the comparatively comfortable seats provided in all shops for customers, and yet who goes home utterly tired out, with an aching head and "a broken back," as she says: I wonder if she ever stops to compare her feelings with those of the patient, good-tempered girl who served her, who answered all her questions so politely, and never murmured, or showed the least fatigue, as she took down roll after roll of heavy goods for her customer's inspection, every one of which she had to replace, and who said "good afternoon" almost as pleasantly as if the shopper had made an extensive purchase? I don't imagine many women ever give the matter a thought, they are so accustomed to being well served that they take it for granted, and consider it only their right. More than that they would be very indignant if any salesgirl failed in her duty towards them and very probably complain to the girl's employer. And yet that girl has probably been upon her feet since eight o'clock in the morning with only an interval of one hour at the most, for dinner, and most likely half of that time was taken up in walking to and from her home, or boarding house, and if her day ends at six o'clock in the evening, she may count herself lucky, because in many small country towns it lasts until eight every day in the week but Saturday, and then it extends itself up to ten o'clock, at least.

Just think of it, fortunate sisters, who toil not neither spin! All day and every day spent in a ceaseless effort to efface yourself and please others, to anticipate the wishes and frequently put up with the rudeness of women who differ from you only in the one essential of having more money. To stand on aching feet hour after hour until your back feels as if it must break, to do your very best to please and then fail, watching the customer, to whom you hope to sell at least twenty dollars worth, walk out of the shop with a dissatisfied expression and to know that the floor walker is watching her too and making unfavorable mental comments upon your skill as a saleswoman and then to go home too tired to do anything but rest for an hour after tea and creep into bed. This is the daily life of some shop girls, and yet I have often heard ladies complain of their inattention and carelessness. I wonder how many of us would manage, and whether we should display any more amiability in their places.

I think I can truthfully say that I have never yet met with an impertinent or disobliging salesgirl, and I have known only one or two who seemed indifferent to their customer's requirements or inclined to resent being given too much trouble; while I have often marvelled at their wonderful patience and cheerfulness under provocation which would try the temper of a saint.

I don't believe for a moment that women are intentionally unkind, or willingly make the lives of the working bees, in the hive of the world, harder than they should be, but the well-to-do, or wealthy woman is often very thoughtless about those who serve her. Who has not watched a lady, or perhaps a bevy of ladies, stroll into a store at about two minutes before the appointed hour for closing, just as the weary shop girls are covering up their counters, and perhaps one or two have their hats and jackets on ready for departure? Of course these ladies are well aware that if they came at one minute past eight they could not gain admittance, but if they can reach the door before the closing hour they may remain as long as they please and one girl must remain to wait on them. If they were always purchasers it would not matter so much, but unfortunately some shoppers choose this time to look over goods, simply because the shop will be quiet and they can take their time to turn over everything in the shop if they please, and they can command the exclusive attention of one of the girls without feeling that some other customer is waiting her turn.

I have seen this happen frequently, and been surprised at the patience and courtesy of the much tried salesgirl, who has taken down roll after roll, and box after box of goods, without a murmur, and even bowed her tormentors out politely when they did go at last, leaving her with shelves and counters to re-arrange, and perhaps half-an-hour, perhaps more, of her scanty freedom, wasted for no purpose. I tell you "my friends" as the parsons say, that there are some tired little girls standing behind counters to-day, who are nearer being angels than we have any idea of, and they get so little credit for it too! How do I know all this, you ask? Well, one must understand something about a subject before she undertakes to write upon it, and so I have managed to be in a shop just about closing time, on several occasions, and I have noticed lots of things without seeming to be looking.

Think it over, girls who are not obliged to stand behind counters all day, and make up your minds to leave a shop in future ten minutes before the time of closing, if you possibly can; if not for any other reason, just to oblige your friend

which follows this, and imagine Astra is "setting herself up" to be a better housekeeper than you, and almost accusing you of having dirty ovens. I have not the least intention of doing such a thing, but I was so much struck by the good common sense contained in those three paragraphs, that I thought I would give all young housekeepers the benefit of it. I really believe that most of us who depend with too blind a confidence upon, "the girl" would be rather surprised if we could turn the searching rays of a strong electric light, upon the innermost recesses of the oven, in our own kitchen.

## Care of the Oven.

The condition of the average stove oven in which food and pastry are baked is not such as to inspire admiration. In fact, a pertunatory sort of sweeping is about all the cleaning our stove ovens ever receive. In a great many cases remnants of dishes which have boiled over remain for months charred on the oven bottom.

Now, all this negligence in the care of the oven undoubtedly affects the food cooked in it. In some parts of England where brick ovens are used the walls of them are whitewashed. This purifies them, as common whitewash, it is well known is an excellent disinfectant. Of course it would not be possible to treat an ordinary stove oven in this way, as the lime would corrode the oven. In some parts of Europe the ovens are tiled, and these may be easily washed clean. There is no possible objection to washing out the oven of an iron range. If this is done systematically at least once a week from the beginning, the oven will never get in the black sooty condition in which it is so frequently found.

When anything boils over in the oven, it should be allowed to burn to a char, as it then may be easily scraped off and brushed out. After this, the oven should be thoroughly aired. It is a great mistake to bake a delicate dessert or cake or pie in the same oven with a dish of meat which has been flavored with onions or strong spices. The flavor of the meat will invariably affect the more delicate dishes. The shallow closet under the baking oven, commonly called the heating closet, where dishes may be temporarily kept warm after they are cooked, should be kept as clean as the stove oven. It is certainly a very disagreeable and hard job to clean a stove which has been neglected, but it is a small matter to keep a stove clean if you begin at the beginning and never allow it to become clogged with soot and dust and the debris of food. The flues of every oven should be cleaned out once a month.

Now that we have the oven not only swept but washed out and all ready for cooking, I am going to give my readers some recipes for good practical every day cookery, the kind which makes the least show for the amount of labor expended, but which, after all, is the very foundation of good cooking, and more necessary for us all to be proficient in than all the cakes, pies and creams that ever haunted a girl's dreams, or gave her indigestion. "No girl is fit to be married until she can make a loaf of bread," the old ladies say, and as good yeast is the first essential in its manufacture we will begin with an excellent recipe for yeast, sent me by a friend to whom I am frequently indebted for "expert advice" in my cookery column, and has sent me some of my best recipes. I give them in her own words because she makes the different processes much more clear than I could and also because every artist can explain his own methods much more clearly than another person could, and the little interpretations my friend has put in her MSS. have been of great assistance to me, so I am sure they will help you also.

## Hop Yeast.

A handful of hops (I use the pressed hops so a small handful is sufficient) tied up in a piece of cotton and boiled for ten or fifteen minutes in two quarts water (boiling water from the first) while the hops are boiling mix in a bowl, two tablespoons flour, make a smooth paste with a little cold water, one cup brown sugar half cup coarse salt, one dessert spoon ginger, squeeze all the liquor out of the hops before throwing them into the fire, then add the flour, etc, stirring well and boil for about five minutes. When lukewarm add 1 cent's worth of sweet potato yeast (by sweet potato yeast I mean not sour, and not yeast made of sweet potatoes) and set to rise all night. It is fit to use in 24 hours from the time it rises. I make my yeast as early in the morning as possible boiling it and letting it rise in a porcelain lined preserving kettle closely covered and set in a warm but not hot place. After it has risen or worked for about 24 hours I pour it into a jug, cork tightly and set in a cool place for future use.

## Bread.

For a small batch, 2 quarts of flour, warm if the weather is cold, make a hole in the centre of the flour put in one teaspoon coarse salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  gill of the yeast given above, a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, a dessert spoon of white sugar and a pint of lukewarm water. Stir a little of the flour in, just enough to make a batter, and scatter flour from the margin over the batter, cover with a cloth and set to rise from noon till 10 o'clock P. M. then add another pint of lukewarm water, mix with a knife until it is dough and knead it smooth, adding a little more flour, or until the dough ceases to stick to the hand or pan cover with a cloth and set in a warm place to rise, and in the morning you will find your dough as light and sweet as possible, make into loaves any weight you please, I find 1 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound make very nice little loaves, and cut into nice sized slices. Have the bake pans warm and let the loaves rise for an hour and put it in a hot oven for an hour, or even hour and quarter.

## Muffins.

3 cups of flour 1 egg, 2 tea-spoons C. Tartar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup light brown sugar, piece of butter size of a small egg, 1 teaspoon soda in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint sweet milk beat all together

thoroughly with a knife, warm a pan, and muffin rings, rub them with lard or butter, put the rings in the pan and fill. This quantity makes a dozen muffins. Bake in a quick oven 30 minutes. Some split the muffins & toast them, and once eaten treated in that way, spoils one's taste for them in any other.

## Tea Biscuit.

Three half pints, or rather one pint and half of flour, three teaspoons C. Tartar sifted through the flour, one and a quarter tea-spoons Soda, dissolved in a half pint milk or cold water, add as much more water, or milk as will make a soft dough. Roll out to about a half an inch thick, crush them into smaller rounds or biscuits before putting them into a warm buttered pan. Bake in a hot oven, for about twenty minutes.

## To Brew a Good Cup of Tea.

In China they pour boiling water into a cup and turn some tea into it, and when the leaves sink to the bottom, which happens in a few seconds, they pour the water off and drink it. We, on the contrary, let the tea "stand" sometimes, even in the drawing-room, while in the servants' hall it is allowed regularly to stew on the hob until a brown decoction of equal strength and bitterness is ready to be served, to the detriment of the nerves of all who drink it, on account of the tannin squeezed, so to speak, out of the stewed tea leaves. Now the remedy for this is very easy and consists in never allowing tea, when made, to stand for more than three minutes at most, or, better still, to have it made in one teapot and poured off into another.

## Improved Lettuce Salad.

A bowl of lettuce salad can be made to look very pretty by the use of stuffed eggs in the place of plain mayonnaise. Boil the eggs hard, then cut in half and remove the yolk. Mix this with pepper, salt, vinegar and oil. A suspicion of mustard sometimes improves it. Fill the whites with this mixture and put the two halves together again. These served with the salad are not only attractive, but delicious.

EGLESTINE, St. John.—I am afraid I cannot help you very much, as there is nothing more difficult in housekeeping than to remove that peculiarly close, unpleasant smell which seems to belong to some rooms. We moved into a house once in which we had the same trouble and could never entirely get rid of it. I believe it is caused by the paste with which the paper is put on, turning musty from not having been properly dried when the room was first papered. Have you tried burning coffee in the room? If not, take a shovelfull of red coals from the kitchen fire, sprinkle them liberally with ground coffee, and carry about the room frequently, or place on the hearthstone and let it burn, renewing the coffee often. Sprinkling the floor with camphor is also good, but I am really afraid tea paper will have to be removed before you can banish the smell. I am sorry I cannot give you the recipes for sweet pickles today, but I will hunt some up for you before it is too late in the season.

GOLDEN ROD.—With the greatest pleasure. The groom and his best man drive directly to the church together and wait in the vestry until the arrival of the bride is announced. Then the clergyman enters the chancel, followed by the groom and groomsmen. The bride and her party wait in the church hall until the groom has taken his place at the chancel railings and then they enter preceded by the ushers, who walk two and two. If there is but one bridesmaid she is now called the maid of honor, and walks along directly in front of the bride who comes last, leaning on the arm of her father or some near relative who is to give her away. The groom and best man stand at the clergyman's left hand, the bride and bridesmaid at his right, and the brides father just a little behind her. The bridegrooms relatives sit at the right of the chancel and are thus at the right hand. The bride's relatives always precede her to the church the bride and her father being the last to leave the house. The bride removes her glove, when the ring is to be put on and hands it with her bouquet, to the maid of honor, whose duty it is to throw the bride's veil back from her face after the ceremony, at the first convenient opportunity, which sometimes does not occur until the party enter the vestry to sign the register, but it should be done as soon as possible. On leaving the church the bride and groom walk first, the groomsmen give his arm to the maid of honor and the bride's father may either escort his wife, if she be present, or the bridesmaids follow the bride and groom, and the bride's father and the bridegroom follow them, walking together. It is quite customary in fashionable circles for the bride and her maids to walk to the church, when it is very near the house and the day is fine, but if the church is at any distance the bridal party drive. Now if there is anything else I can do for you I shall be very happy, and for additional information on this subject refer to PROGRESS of last June or July, I really cannot remember the exact date, but I know I devoted some columns to wedding etiquette. Let me wish you all happiness, if the wedding is your own. ASTRA.

## It Had Its Use.

They had tried all the nickle-in-the-slot machines on the pier, until at last they came to one that didn't respond to the magic coin.

"Look here, my man," said Crumbles to the pier attendant, "that machine is to try your weight; the next, your height; the next, your strength; then your sight; and now I've put a penny in this thing, but I didn't see what it's for."

"That, sir," replied the pierman: "oh, that one is to try your temper, sir." And it did.

## Must Have Been in Chicago.

Not very long ago, troubles in a well-known family were the cause of divorce proceedings. The wife obtained a divorce. In a few months the ex-wife was again married. One evening recently, at a large reception, the two men met unexpectedly, and an acquaintance, not well up in the family history, was proceeding to introduce them. "Oh, we've met before," said the fast husband; "we're husbands-in-law."

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## WAS A WISE OLD FOX.

The Pasha's Ingenious Devices to Keep Peace Among His Wives.

One day, when I was at Constantinople, I asked a Turkish minister if it was true that the sultan had turned his back on the triple or quadruple alliance, and had given in his adhesion to the Franco-Russian instead. He replied that the policy of the Porte was to flirt with all the powers without attaching itself to any one of them, and to declare confidentially to each sovereign that it preferred him to any other. "It is the system of Ahmed Pasha," he added, "and it is the best for preservation of the peace at home. By-the-by, do you know the story of the Pasha and his forty wives?" And he went on to relate what follows, says a writer in the London Sketch.

Ahmed, a sturdy fellow from Anatolia, has covered the person of the sultan with his body in a riot of the janissaries. This act of devotion had won for him the eternal friendship of his sovereign, who showed unadmitted wealth upon him, and in the end made him a full-blown pasha.

Having to spend his days in a vast konak, which was put at his disposal by the Commander of the Faithful, Ahmed Pasha found the means of improving a Mohammedan paradise on a small scale. He had four legitimate wives and thirty-six odalisques, or slaves, who were ready to obey his every caprice. This motley household—you would hardly believe it—was nevertheless, the most peaceful in Stamboul. Jealousy did not make consumptives of a portion of these young creatures as was the case in other harems. They never had recourse to those magicians who boasted their powers of divining the favorite, whether by shuffling cards, or throwing beans, or counting the beads of a chaplet, or looking into a well, a mysterious book, or the hand of the subject. They never crossed the threshold of Düyümlü Hodi's cabin to ask him the secret of gaining the exclusive affection of their husband, nor did they visit the house of the witch to whom public opinion attributed the gift of warming anew the heart of the lover, by placing close to the fire a plate on which she wrote down cabalistic letters. They did not seek to rid themselves of their rivals by uttering charms on a lock of their hair, the parings of their nails, or the rents in their garments, nor in seasoning with witchcraft, if not with poison, their food and their drink. This unalterable peace was the topic of all the neighborhood, and the old Turks shook their heads, being unable to penetrate the mystery. One of them had the courage one day to ask the secret from the Pasha. He answered with a smile, "I have a talisman, it is true, but it will only be known when I die."

The happy mortal was pleased to call together from time to time his forty hours to the salon of the haremlik. While puffing away at his chibouk he passed them in review; he looked as proud as a cock in his hen-house, and said, laughing to himself: "You are all beautiful, *mashallah*, but my heart belongs to the one who has the turquoise ring. She alone is my favorite." And each one answered with a cunning smile: "Dear Pasha, to whom, then, have you offered this ring? I would have given up everything to be in her place!"

But it is written that everything shall come to an end in this vile world. One night a great commotion suddenly roused the whole quarter. Ahmed Pasha was dead, and his forty wives heaved piteous sighs over his corpse. "Ah!" cried a Georgian woman, "I shall not be able to survive my poor Pasha. He had forty wives, but he told me over and over again that I was his only favorite, and as a proof of his predilection for me he handed me in secret this turquoise ring." And she took the precious talisman from her pocket. At these words each of the thirty-nine widows displayed a similar ring, and declared that the deceased made the same declaration *tete-a-tete* to her. The stratagem of the old fox was unmasked, but too late to alter his happiness. He had lived forty years in the society of forty rivals, and the peace of his harem had not been disturbed for an instant.

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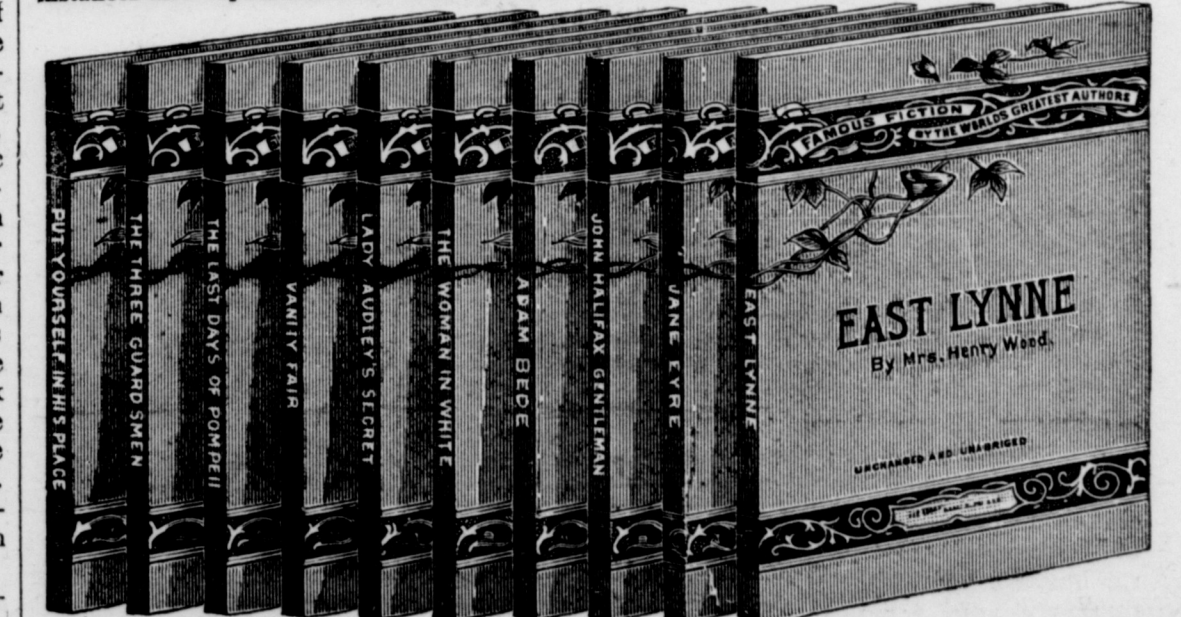
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